

Poetry Series

**Mukesh Raval**  
**- poems -**

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# Mukesh Raval()

Literature gives me passion and inspires to live a teacher of English it has always been my endeavour to give my students the best they should get from my knowledge and experience a nature lover and mountain trekker I love poems are part of my life. Always keeping my eyes open to life and wandering like.. a bee. Sometimes The Goddess of poetry does pay me a visit and I go on....

# Come Next Winter, Friends

COME NEXT WINTER, FRIENDS

I WILL WAIT WITH MY SON IN MY HANDS  
FORGET NOT COMING TO MY LAND MY FRIENDS

WHEN THE WOODS BLOOM WITH FLOWERS OF SNOW  
WHEN THE BOREAS BRING YOU HELL WITH BLOW  
WHEN YOUR HEARTS CRAVE FOR WARMTH AND GLOW

FORGET NOT COMING TO MY LAND MY FRIENDS  
I WILL WAIT WITH MY SON IN MY HANDS

YOU SHALL NEST IN A PASTURE NEW  
CLOVER IS GREEN AND FOES ARE FEW  
I WILL SHOW YOU SOME ETHEREAL VIEW

FORGET NOT COMING TO MY LAND MY FRIENDS  
I WILL WAIT WITH MY SON IN MY HANDS

YOU SHALL BATH IN HOT WATER SPRING  
WRAP INTO SWEATERS THE SUNNY DAYS BRING  
STROLL ON THE PLAIN WHERE SUN RAYS CLING

FORGET NOT COMING TO MY LAND MY FRIENDS  
I WILL WAIT WITH MY SON IN MY HANDS

TELL THEM THE STORIES OF LIGHT AND HUE  
TELL THEM THE STORIES OF GREEN AND BLUE  
BRING WITH YOU SOME MORE FRIENDS NEW

FORGET NOT COMING TO MY LAND MY FRIENDS  
I WILL WAIT WITH MY SON IN MY HANDS

PACK IN THY BAGS SOME FAIRY TALES  
WRAP IN THY LUNGS SOME HOMELY SMELLS  
MY SON WILL JUMP TO SEE DOLL BELLES

FORGET NOT COMING TO MY LAND MY FRIENDS

I WILL WAIT WITH MY SON IN MY HANDS

BYE BYE O BIRDS IF WE CAN NOT MEET  
FORGIVE ME FRIENDS IF I CAN NOT GREET  
FORGET NOT THE SKY YOU FLEW WITH ME  
FORGET NOT THE LAND YOU ROAMED WITH ME

WORRY NOT TO COME NEXT WINTER MY FRIENDS  
MY SON WILL WAIT WITH MY NAME IN HIS HANDS

Mukesh Raval  
India [29/01/2010]

Mukesh Raval

# Haikus

My whole world  
is full of fragrance  
without my own

evening party is full  
I, my glass and memories  
waiting for you

looking at your photo  
the walls weep  
and so do I

Love remains the same  
Time passes by  
not You And I

Mukesh Raval

# I `m Not Alone

I `m not alone

The cool breeze  
Like a pampered girl of the summer night  
Secretly enters into the room.  
She suddenly ceases to be naughty  
Like your locks,  
And hurriedly stalks  
Around your picture on the dark wall.  
I look into your eyes frozen under the glass.  
You blush at me and so do I  
I take a sip  
And see you assimilating into myself,  
The idle heartthrobs away the rust,  
Every pore of my body feels a thirst,  
The smell of your touch rises within me,  
Sitting on my eyelids you sweep away the drops of agony  
From my forehead,  
Feeling not alone now  
I begin to live again...  
The smoke of solitude leaves my territory head down,  
You are with me  
And with you  
The breeze is,  
The rain is,  
The blush on your face is  
And the whole memorabilia is here.  
I m not alone  
You are here... With all your charms

Mukesh Raval

# Its Not Your Fault, Haiti

Millions of dreams had slept  
under the debris of modernity,  
and they say we are fast  
approaching the gates of eternity;  
Many a times the mothers had their lunch  
by the flesh of their beloved,  
the poor father is always indifferent.  
they say that often happened thus  
in near and far past.

We have learnt the ways of civilization  
the mother is still natural, uncivilized.  
Science can never stop an eye shedding tears,  
It can never ignite the heart that stopped;  
But science has ignited the flame of fury  
in the soft, spongy heart of mother;  
The mother once smiled when we cried,  
Then she always cried when we laughed,  
Now its her turn to laugh.  
Its not your fault Haiti that  
The mother has laughed brutally,  
sitting on the debris of modernity....  
sitting on the graves of eternity.....

MUKESH RAVAL  
Palanpur  
India.

Mukesh Raval

# Let Us Experiment

Let us experiment

When i come to you  
with springs blooming in my senses,  
with the fire in my eyes,  
I know it will not work,  
a cold hand, a withered look and a frozen heart  
always welcome me.  
The winds that brought the rain dried away long ago,  
The rains that brought the life died away long ago,  
I remember we walked miles and hours hand in hand  
This barren land was fertile then;  
The age also plays with glamor and charms,  
The stereo type routine bores bones and arms,  
I shouldn't be so expecting,  
i must control my flames,  
I should be cold too  
like You,  
perhaps coldness doubled  
may ignite  
the latent heat,  
and one day  
may the Sun shine again,  
let us experiment.....

Mukesh Raval

# Let Us Uncomplicate

Let us  
uncomplicate  
the matters  
that irritate us  
for centuries, ages and millenniums  
You unveil  
and I withdraw into your recesses  
unlock the bonds that keep us apart..  
Open the treasures of the mysteries  
let yourself rain on me...  
from eternity You are disguised  
I want you to release,  
to shatter into the pieces of broken glass  
each piece showing me naked  
like you unveiled.  
I pray thee to unveil  
O' whole consisting millions of atoms  
like  
me.

□

□

Mukesh Raval

# Love Me Less O Lady

Love me less O lady love me long  
Rain all along o lady rain all along

As the earth absorbs but not all the rain  
The excess water goes wasted in vain  
So love me less O lady love me long  
Rain all along o lady rain all along

Everything in proportion pleases more  
Ships over laden reach not the shore  
So love me less O lady love me long  
Rain all along o lady rain all along

We love the rain when it is drought  
But do not we pray it to cease  
While in flood we are caught.  
So love me less O lady love me long  
Rain all along o lady rain all along.....

Mukesh Raval

# Luna Thy Elanra

Luna thy Elanra,

Beware she sheds silent tears  
pangs of betrayal thus clears,  
Her first love forgets she never  
clad in white mourns for ever;  
maddens poor hearts in the night  
monthly once she shines bright,  
takes the form of beloved first  
shouldn't you know this? you must!  
perpetual desire always she is  
still a lovely barren miss  
father of storms she lures with a kiss;  
tempts him always to embrace strand  
makes him fool on spongy sand  
a spotless beauty of rugged land.....

Mukesh Raval  
Palanpur  
India[23/01/2010]

Mukesh Raval

# My Valentine

My Valentine

Whenever I am out bare headed  
Under the scorching summer Sun  
My skin does not blacken out,

Whenever I am on my duty  
To graze the cattle alone  
On the green thatches of high hills  
Chilly winds of winter not tear me off,

Whenever I am in search of food  
Wandering in the dense forests  
Fierce beasts never look upon me

Thy presence in my heart  
Works wonders for me  
All these elements play not with me  
Because of only thee,

Thy love makes all the difference  
I think you love me  
More than I love you.

Mukesh Raval

# Ode To The Beauty

Ode to the Beauty

Alone  
she stood,  
whistling her lungs,  
perspiring,  
bleeding,  
against the hyenas licking tongues,  
her only saviour  
her shadow  
had turned his back,  
thousands of arrows  
pierced  
every inch of her body  
and  
the hunting  
seemed unending....  
They grew  
more fierce  
more poisonous  
more deadly,  
Her only fault  
her beauty...!  
and she remembered  
her literature class,  
' A thing of beauty is joy for ever'.

Mukesh Raval  
Palanpur  
India[27/01/2010]

Mukesh Raval

# The Cupid Has A Brother Too,

Once I met a drunkard in the way,  
he consumes everything as elders say,  
Beware of him, he staggers to cheat  
and tempts the heart with beauty and wit;  
He has a brother, a thief well known,  
he spares nothing, not skin nor bone,  
like a rat he cuts, doesn't let you know,  
flies in the air like wind on the snow;  
brothers twin are they, work not same,  
one calls the prey, other kills the game;  
one spreads the net to trap a catch,  
other hunts with smile, has no match;  
helpless cries the prey and laughs the elder,  
breathless lies it against the younger.....

Mukesh Raval  
Palanpur  
India.[19/01/2010]

Mukesh Raval

# The Forbidden Moon

## THE FORBIDDEN MOON

Hidden was there the light bright  
The knowledge true, deep and right,  
Eternally proven and absolute  
cursed was I stood too mute,  
Dared not touch, the fear  
of being kiss dead, the sheer  
beauty was there on guard,  
her mark left on every card.  
From within it kills, the deadly kiss,  
bargained knowledge, did hardly miss,  
slept in a peace, eternal bliss.  
Again in the morn the eden was cool,  
tempted me to walk on forbidden moon,  
alert and agile she kissed me soon.

Palanpur  
India. [Gujarat]  
30/11/2009.

Mukesh Raval

# The Mysterious Waters.....

The mysterious

Waters of Umardashi (a small virgin river in Gujarat, India)

Had long ceased to sparkle

With the kisses of sunlight,

But some old fishes of that nectar

Still breathe the spirit of that virgin soul....

They still wait for someone

Like a country waits for his warrior hero,

Basking on the heaps of sand

Pierced by the thorns of the babul trees

That grew from her grave,

Crying with a hope

They weep at night

And try to find him among the twinkling stars.

That one day

Their loved one would come again

And make them bloom....

With clouds, wind and rain

And

Umardashi

Would wake up from her sandy grave  
Like a barren mother with a fertile dream....  
And they would cherish  
His jumping into her throbbing lap  
With a splash  
From an aged cliff  
The mute victim of their love  
like the Kadamba tree on Yamuna bank  
Who eroded much, years ago,  
through the collisions  
of his paper boats.....

Mukesh Raval

Palanpur

India[25/01/2010]

Mukesh Raval

# The Snow Lovers

The Snow Lovers

A Poem by Mukeshkumar Mafatlal Raval

'dedicated to my students....'

Every time  
I climb  
the spiral of that temple,  
My heart shivers,  
My legs behave abnormally,  
but i push them up,  
I begin my prayer,  
my eyes see the hearts pre-occupied,  
darkened with the ashes of dead thoughts,  
the effigies of capitalism,  
the products of absurdity,  
showing no signs of recovery,  
nor a wink of remorse on their faces....  
not ready to welcome the spring of light.  
They love chill, snow, cold, ice and being frozen...  
a mere thought of spark or fire  
makes them afraid,  
these doves only chat, surf and murmur,  
they are sure to lay eggs of dead tomorrow,  
I feel my eyelids getting heavier,  
I can not see,  
I withdraw and get lost in my own realms,  
I descend with the weight of evolution on my shoulders,  
and reach at the gate,  
a little shabby soul appears before me,  
he greets me with his eyes piercing into my heart,  
and gently asks me a question.  
My heart beats regain normalcy,  
My eyes can see clearly.....

Mukesh Raval

# The Wedding Night

The Wedding Night

The Luna

With all its celestial light,  
Poured from the sky, the magic white,  
On the newly wedded bride;  
The cool breeze on terrace  
Played with her locks  
Like the wind plays with water,  
The chill Fondled on her face  
As surfs do gently shatter;  
Suddenly  
A sonic boom,  
A mild heart quake,  
Fission in the blood cells,  
As she traveled fast into the past;  
The dead leaves from old books  
Suddenly became green,  
The ancestral bangles on the hand  
Identified the anguish of blood within,  
Her obedient heart hurriedly  
Shut the lids of grave,  
The cunning mind assessed  
The agony to be borne,  
Confused she stared,  
Like a drowned in the storm,  
The past merged into present,  
The memories compromised with reality,  
A cloud veiled the moon.  
Darkness transformed her into night,  
A wedding night.....  
The Sun on her forehead rose at the midnight.

Mukesh Raval

Palanpur.

India.[21/01/2010]



# To The President

Thou art not born Dhrutrashttra same,  
Not by the eyes, but the mortal game;  
Makes thee impotent to behold  
And makest thee fool and cold.

Beware thee of thy own hands,  
it looks straight but bends;  
And bends to suck, thou don't know,  
The sacred blood of shrine, oh!

Thy senators not thou trust  
Betray thee they with may and must;  
Thou art seduced like the virgin Eve,  
As the poisonous nectar in a sieve.

I writ thee thus not to hurt,  
But to warn and clean thy vision blurt;  
Nabobs never trusted the folk around,  
Never they flew but stuck to ground,

Thou hast wings but not the sky,  
Not to fly old man not to fly;  
Gravest folly thou commit by  
Placing thy pride afloat ?

The saint peter dogs you pet to save,  
Are wolfs with sharpest teeth and brave;  
Beware thou of the dagger that ended,  
Mighty Caesar and dug his grave.

Thou hast garlanded a hound nay ye know,  
More lunatic than science and law;  
Chew would he thine soul and drag thou  
in the darkest grave of the raw.

Three things thou art warned to make,  
Remove the veil, give wings a shake;  
If thou be able to get through this,  
Thy land will shine and lads in bliss.

Thou wouldst wrong thy land,  
If thou mayest live with this pang;  
And spoil thou thy last days,  
Burn thou thy ears in the ways.

I pray thee lord to open thy eyes,  
Think thou the best and be wise;  
Old English I use and allegory to hide,  
Trust thy worth spread deep and wide.

Time is not a fool but shows  
The height of lunacy and blows,  
Such wounds which never soothe, never soothe,  
never soothe.....

Mukesh Raval

# To My Daughter

My Darling

When you think I am no more now  
and if you are sure about that  
do not cry my darling.

When they tie me tight with the strings  
and fetch me out to fumes  
do not cry my darling.

When the sun set and darkness veil the sky  
come out in the veranda or  
go to the roof  
and look above the stars.

Turn northward and stare  
until you find a star twinkling in your eyes.

That would be I  
darling, that must be I  
watching you,  
but come not with tears in your eyes  
I may not be there.  
I never liked you weeping.

Mukesh Raval

# Unloading The Obligations

Unloading The Obligations

THANK YOU SUN  
FOR LIGHT AND GLOW,  
THANK YOU WIND  
FOR BREEZES SLOW,  
THANK YOU SKY  
FOR THE MORNING COOL,  
THANK YOU EARTH  
FOR FOOD AND WOOL,  
THANK YOU GUESTS  
FOR A VISIT NICE,  
THANK YOU LOVE  
FOR GENEROUS PRIZE,  
THANK YOU RIVERS  
FOR QUENCHING THIRST,  
THANK YOU PARENTS  
FOR PUTTING YOUR TRUST,  
THANK YOU GOD  
FOR LOOKING ON US IN OUR JOURNEY TOWARDS LIGHT.....

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Mukesh Raval

# Unveiling The Veil

unveiling the veil

You carry thousands of curses in eyes  
your heart has nothing to cry but sighs,

each wrinkle thy face has a story to tell  
O'black flower restrained not to smell,

You contain the mysteries unexplored still  
no will is a will against your will,

sunny days make you shine more bright  
a slave that keeps master out of sight,

the last colonial that still breathes air  
poor and diseased do take your care,

modern Mephistopheles you suck the soul  
millions of Faustus underneath you growl,

Hater of curves, beauty and aesthetics  
the ruler of world with black magic whips....

Mukesh Raval

# Whose House Is This?

whose house is this?

silence crawls on night slowly like bugs  
I stretch my limbs under warm woolen rugs,  
a shrill cry of the moth and whistle of house cricket  
dueling under my bed to have their accounts set,  
The sound of feasting ants from a slit of wall  
half sleepy I hear lover flea's invitation call,  
two pigeons making love near ventilation hole  
my existence feels affiliation with nature's whole,  
a spark of the firefly in the black night  
reminds a fall of star once shining bright,  
a mosquito murmurs a secret in my ears  
an expansion of universe my eager heart hears,  
a house within the house within the house I live  
mine is not mine this foolish mind can't believe

Mukesh Raval