

Poetry Series

**Nithin purple**  
**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**  
2017

**Publisher:**  
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

## Nithin purple()

Nithin Purple is an Indian born post -diplomate, writer, poet and draughtsman, born and raised in Kerala, is a man of hybrid curiosity with audacious dreams, Who likes to tune his own fancied lute through the golden steps of literature and his evergreen fine artistic whim, which tooks a course in him to nurture his literary skills. He gives importance to cultural studies and science and astronomy. A freak who runs back to revolving time, an antique fanatic who has nostalgic dreams to apply in poetry, prose or any sort of creative work. A graphic mind in him helps to force his boundless language that circles a passionate tinge to diffuse his Career, He likes aggressiveness to keep his visionary ideas by freedom to think and work. He likes to travel and experiment his eager thoughts where he is strongly fond of nature and all the Forms of it

# Love That Waked: When For The First Time I Grabbed The Love!

Hush, like this mid night's surprise, for love has waked  
Sprouted its flower, the defying thorns in me  
Thus gave sensitive pains for my thoughts they embraced  
With and now dissolved with her in that night sublime.1

Beauty wakes from her sweet, cherubic countenance,  
Her dark, soft and a long hairy band unfurls  
In the wind, that fairness where grandeur loves to trace,  
In an adorable way, shines her eyes' petals.2

Moonlight smiles poured from her very special lips,  
An heavenly aura, encircled her sweet moves,  
The starry studs pressed her lovable ears' tips,  
Her anklets jingled, while her foot caressed the stones.3

Bedecked her the conscious world with creative  
Hands afresh, with features rare and unusual,  
Like as a Venusian lulu, she brought a wave  
Of vision, as her immortal love did appeal.4

Like dove of blissful love; from Eden's aerial  
Abode she flew and inclined to my life's cloudy  
Shores, and savored her red winy lip kisses with real  
Joys and many essence of love she spread on my body.5

O' my love is pure, like the fresh gush of water from  
The mount's thick and dense green, and for her I must melt,  
With this stainless heart, yet it bears an unknown gloom,  
And weary sadness, whilst I said her all my guilt.6

Ah! tonight has her spirit and forever yours—  
Aye, that self-same Nightingale— for my thoughts to keep!  
For I have my myriad songs of love— like answers,  
For her warm expectations through life's hopeful step.7

NITHIN PURPLE

Nithin purple

# On An Insight On Grecian Spring

Blossomed spring from enchanted year,  
Now may long lipped surprise weave—  
When Fair Persephone's love, unwrap  
As thus azur'd flowers wide appear.

O' wake with the darling season!  
Where green bosomed earth will pine,  
For butterfly wings and cuckoo's flap,  
And tame their consorts to the boon.

West wind adrift from Dorian dell,  
And bliss as whose ascended harmony,  
Beguiled scents among posy bands;  
With murm'ring delight as they loll—

And the blue skyward they did stretch;  
Seen a train of Oscine's up rise,  
Therein they tweet, and slide afield,  
To that moss-bloomed wilder couch.

Lo' golden harvests round many beech,  
With sweet-lushest fruits and overjoy,  
From clusters of tiny yellow flowers,  
With sassafras trees brighten much.

Panting multitudes; bestir!  
The enthusiast obeys this clime!  
Yet sun with its moderate glance,  
And flow'd a narrow Brooklet fair.

Cyclamens in her tints of pink,  
Bloom'd on the peaks of Meteora;  
And lilies sprung from Olympus,  
With yellow star like daisies blink.

Nature has embellish'd rare as May  
Its dew-gemm'd primroses glitter'd up,  
To show pride from each budding weed,  
Since from skies naught a ray dismay.

'Tis the ancient sculptured high-land,  
Of flowers and long-age heritage;  
This decorates fields and plateaus,  
The steep mountains of peaceful land.

Woodland sedges outgrowing beneath,  
Where Grasshoppers find frisky time,  
Which keen to that syrupy spring—  
And Greece bows the grandeur of Earth.

Look yon paradise; glides Athenian aura  
It's well seen beauty as from golden car descent,  
Whose spells did charm and bliss those outstretched flora  
Are Inspir'd by winds, with pleasures, too pleasant.

Thence Fair Arcadian pines grown,  
Being nursed by some glory mists;  
Of argent fumes, the trees they drown  
Are such by year's balmy effects?

Life's renewal came and pacey flown  
As sparks that roused eager jets,  
Those spirits by clear morning grown;  
Encompasses those extend'd spots.

Yet deep beauty, still more to sooth  
To mingled earth we humble lay  
Will ward off infectious dearth,  
And pensive dirge no more to may.

Oft has Peace our soft passions see,  
Sensible to every birth, triumph  
And smooth revival on pastures glee;  
Is graced this from a fecund nymph?

See golden spring blest in its verdant form  
Like robe's the morn an ever greeny patch,  
The genii of her deeds which rais'd so charm,  
Thus seems the woods gleaming to enrich.

Glad brooms and blue-bells are they, these

Ha! Countless violet-color'd fancy weft  
Awhile will queering heart once ease?  
Him, whose eyes see happy aloft?

Goddess let lush, laughter this way  
In me thus soft as concord make  
From this world's yelling sway;  
Let bursting buds they wake-awake

If duskiness awhile it fade  
Aye, there joyous wings shall mature,  
In me, spring if then rosy-clad  
Sweet reflects this song from my musing lyre

Nithin purple