

Poetry Series

Poornima Kanasen
- poems -

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Poornima Kanasen(01-01-1989)

A Crush...

Swept away from the reality,
Looking for the unspoken pleasure,
Gratifying my desires,

I come across him...
Those eyes threatening my soul,
In his absence, I speak of intimacy,

Waiting now seems more intriguing,
Yet, patience couldn't be practiced,
A contradiction that can never satisfy many,
A dangerous one, indeed,
My unpredictability answers it,

His demeanor makes my cupidity to arise,
The smiles of his, the glances I stole from him,
Let me, let me imprison them in my heart,
Obsessed by his bearings,
A simple word of his means the world,
The solidity in me over claimed by questionability,

I have not made my way on a flight of fancy,
He isn't an exaggeration, he is the whispers,
I hear them too often, as my heart beats each time,

I venture through my eagerness,
I lay out all the odds...
Just to see him frown a little,

He entices me, ever tempting me,
To end the barriers and reach for him,

A crush isn't hereby to remain,
Will he or will he not stay?
My short-lived infatuation....

Poornima Kanasen

A Journey....

A journey that never ends,
Yet, its own beginning is uncertain,
Uncertain it seems,
But it treasures almost everything,
Destination is not a must,
But, you will encounter some,
Memories and experiences are embedded in it,
Each scars that you bear tells a story of its own,
Happiness and bitterness make you,
If what happens is fate, then why do you dwell upon the past?
If you question fate, then be the master of your life,
Demand the truth, the truth only...
Don't cark upon your challenges,
Grapple with them,
Envisage your future,
Let your determination to bring you forth,
The wisdom you harvest leads you through,
When others let you down.....
Be you always...

Poornima Kanasen

A Lie

Seems genuine but not,
Questions different facets of truth,
But the truth is hidden beneath all disputes,
Left unnoticed, unattended and unclaimed,
The truth remains dormant,

In a world where satisfaction can't be pronounced,
It dominates, it abides, and it hovers,
Feelings aren't valued anymore,
A whole lot lays barren, spiritless,
Nothing is mere, lucid or veritable,

A lie speaks for another,
A well intentioned untruth is still a lie,
A lie is a lie,
No such thing as little lie,
Can't be straightened, can't be taken back
The way you yell into a forest, the way it echoes out.
You square up for your misdemeanor,

In the throes of calamity, life's forgotten,
Untruth, a lie, stays real,
Instead of solidity and life itself,
When a lie is entrusted to us, unbidden,
Witness the threadbare of humanity...

A lie camouflages the truth,
Yet, the practice doesn't vanish,
As forbidden fruit is the sweetest....

Poornima Kanasen

A Question! ! !

I asked myself a question,
Thought, there would be an answer,
A definite and an exact one,
One, only one I asked for...
But, there were plenty,
Each one, to dwell upon,
The first time, the clause was,
If you don't want, it wouldn't happen,
Satisfaction, never heard of it,
I inquired myself again,
My heart parting shot yes,
Though, my head said the opposite,
Why? Wasn't it all me?
If so, why did I fail to give an answer....
I interrogated my heart this time,
Wanting an elucidation,
If yes, wouldn't it be appropriate?
Love, not lust, not forbidden,
Then why not, said my heart,
Was that the answer I wanted?
Or
Was it just another question?
In complete puzzlement, I was...
Virginity, irreplaceable, beyond price,
Once gone, irretrievable
Counterclaimed, my head...
Loaded with options, but a wisecrack,
All I desired,

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A Star That Glimmers The Most! !

A persona that makes simplicity,
Yet simpler than it seems,

Speaks the real meaning of life,
To masquerade, he is not aware of,
Stays close to the existence of actuality,
And truth only,

A heart, a mind, a soul,
Creeps into you, allowing you to witness,
The existence of truth despite the bitterness,
Nothing beats the reality, ever real, he says...

Remains as a proof of virtue,
Outshines other members of the same gender,
The forthrightness you encounter in him,
Verifies a path towards solidity,

In his mannerism, you ought to get entwined,
Like a maze without an escape,
His traits hold you through,

Such tendency, such readiness,
Draws enthrallment within you,

A cipher of friendship, a well composed ballad,
He is.....
Indeed a star in a many but glimmers the most...
That's you, Pretib.....

Poornima Kanasen

A Stranger.....

A stranger.

Hoping for one more word, one more glance,
One more smile please,
But, he left in withdrawal to his sweet promises,
Everything changed,

Made way into my life as a stranger,
The stranger that soon I loved,
Loved him for no apparent reason,
All of his became mine,

When our eyes met, once, I could feel his soul dancing in rhythm with mine,
A rhythm of love, we were bound together with strings of love,
Heartfelt smiles of ours, in disguise of our carnal thrill..
Lost in our own world of passion...

Now, that glance of his, no more the same,
Piercing deep into my heart, leaving me in agony..
Tearing away the the embedded part of him in me,
Denying my presence in him, carving ostensibly his absence in me...

Barren soul of mine, trapped, left alone,
Barely, I could speak the words on my lips,
Smiles and laughters, have deserted me,
A future that I had in my hands, dissolved

Yet, hoping for one more word, one more glance,
One more smile please,
But, he left in withdrawal to his sweet promises,
Everything changed,

But, once gone, let it be forever,
What's done, it is done,
What's said, it is said,
What's delivered, it is delivered,

Never can he unwind the time,
Never can he take back his merciless words,

His heartless deeds to me..
His departure, let it be for eternity

A lover, he was to me, once,
A stranger, he shall be forever.....

Poornima Kanasen

A Turned-Over Verdict...

In replacement of unforgiving anger,
IT journeyed through swiftly, carefully, yet promisingly,
Blossoming in him or myself?
Another uncertainty, yet my assumptions leaving no other solid options as
answers...

An intention that was accomplished,
For good of me, does it echo in such a way?
Bearings of mine, ever intimidating others,
Altering their perceptions together with unfairness,

I stand alone in my own justification,
Sensing what is right and not,
Yet, I am stagnant, in an unknown parameter,
I declare occurrences there, yes ...
I fail to pronounce the gains!

No regrets but a sense of insecurity creeping in
Albeit, there are two sides to a coin,
A mishap is still itself, not excusing anyone.
Fate of mine, who decides?

Cleared from conviction, for that I have gotten my precious.
My thoughts revolving around my decisions,
One after another, adding weight to my mind.
To disown my thoughts, what more can I ask? □

But my dignity is on the verge of sinking
Staggering for more words,
Struggling for a survival,
I grabbed hold of something invincible for me to digest,

Emerging slowly for the poor soul in me,
Thrusting upon me, the visibility I yearned,
Revived from the past, rejuvenated from my sins,
Sins will remain; it is the unfixed duration that tells you tales.
Tales, penetrating to your inner self, reminding you of your sins!

A path of spiritualism, pardoned me to be all one again.

Poornima Kanasen

Benediction Of The Past! ! ! ! ! ! !

In favor to my arrogance,
I took a forcible possession of his feelings,
My logical mind seized the moment as an opportunity,
To forge him to something he is not,
I blindly agreed to what I felt, avoiding carefully to his justification.

Innovation failed amidst practicing perfection,
I chose to oversee his ground,
So far I traveled through his soul,
Numbing his senses, taking his rights in my grasp,

Yet, he never spoke of any disagreement,
For he loved me and chose to see me as I am,
Seeing imperfection in the most finest way,
That is what love meant to him.

I fabricated love in pure domination of him,
For I was blindfolded with my own pride,
As my sky was never meant to be dark,
I walked away with more empty promises and fake desires,

One day, he whispered, as softly as he could,
"No more strength in me, just no more, set me free"
His voice shivering, seeking for mere sympathy, begging for more mercy,
My arrogance shattered, my over-confidence drowned me,

As the benediction of the past, I am not who I used to be,
Simply, it is because I CHOOSE to love with more justice.

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Destiny.....

Confident, I want to be...
Something's holding me back,
I want to go further,
Further into the future,
A promising one,
Nothing comes easy,
I am aware of that,
But, to what extend do I have to go?
To achieve my ambitions,
To turn my imaginations into reality,
I ponder, I wonder,
I shall not surrender to fate,
I will oppose until I become the master of my life,

Poornima Kanasen

Discrimination.....

The act of inequity,
Done and still being done,
The purpose undeniably shows Jim Crowism*,
In it, some finds fulfillment and contentedness,
Whilst others, disrelish it,
A fixation, I would relate it...
A trend, a mien it has become,
For the upper-class and the prominent,
It serves as fate for the unsuited ones,
Why? Is it the call of nature?
Or
Is it the fiddle-faddle of life?
Feelings hurt, benevolence left unattended,
The cries of heart, simply forgotten,
Rendered based on unfairness,
What good can it bring?
Favoritism, intolerance and small-mindedness,
Sway banefulness into life itself,
It cripples the growth of mankind,
An act of devils, evil it is,
Enough is enough,
In its own pace, let life prospers.

Poornima Kanasen

Drama King

Drama King

The name itself suggests such exaggeration,
A step becomes many in a split second,
A name of ordinary becomes the mark of fame,
An end to it, not defined in any words, any languages

Such tendency flows within him; my heart speaks out of love,
Logical thoughts are out-bounded in the medium of love,
Such optimism I witness in him, he pulls me up, crafts a path hand in hand,
A miracle I waited all these years, a gift given by the Lord,

Betwixt his love and mine, everything's alive,
No mere stage-plays, no mere actors, no rehearsals,
Do you need practice in love or stages to portray your love?
In seconds, two hearts become one accompanied by well composed ballad,

Let it be known or not, drama king of mine resides within me,
Questions thereafter, no explanations needed for I have decided,
Silence between lovers like great distances of places, it resembles,
Across the ocean, across the globe, no matter, your presence defines me,

An exaggeration of my imagination, interpreted and crafted in the form of you,
So true that the sweetness of reality sipping into every inch of my soul,
Expressions of love well distributed in the love story that we share,
Every moment, well lived for every second forward,
So, my love, stay there safely, awaiting just an opportunity for me to slip in

ima

6th of May 2009

Poornima Kanasen

Erstwhile, Not At The Present...

Erstwhile,
Like a coloratura, your voice echoed in my ears,
Your touches seemed ethereal,
Evocative, your kisses were,
Each of your kisses deeply engraved in my soul,
Evermore, ardent I was, vehement I was to be undivided,

In the after hours, the night falls,
A starry night appeared in disguise, to witness us,
Entwined, we got in each others carnal thrill,
In you, I glimpsed the lost part of me,
You sensed me, I felt you.

Erstwhile, not at present,
My feelings are dead as a doornail,
Frangible, I am now,
In a fracas, an invincible thread emerged,
Alienating our love,
We parted, relinquishing our reminiscence back,

You left me in the lurch,
To hold the fort, you declined,
You had erred as my valentine,
Present moment, our love lingers as an ember,
Just breathless to vanish!
In the fire of resentment! !

Poornima Kanasen

Expensive L.O.V.E

Expensive love

Few steps ahead, marking the years of being in love,
On the contradiction, a price has to be paid for that,

A journeyed passage called life by a worn out soul,
Not denying the existence of love, but seeking for peace,

Being passive in reality with desires suppressed,
Only for the fact of hurting not your true love,

Love, isn't it full of bright colors?
If yes, why mine only has shades of grays and whites?
As if colors have lost their potency to luster, again.

My love was garnished with diamonds and gems,
Fake it was, nothing was real,
My words were tight but hers diluted with lies and secrecies,

Years of unresolved questions,
Answers weren't a necessity to keep things going for I did set the boundaries,
Each day, she was enveloped with layers of absolute lies,
I let it go for not wanting to trigger another drama,

Each bit of my heart, flesh and blood begged for her to understand,
She failed, unquestionably for her mentality was blurred with misconceptions,
Love made no sense to her!

I call love an art,
I painted beautiful lines with colors,
All she did was to overlap my lines with smudges,

Expansive it was because it took my entire life,
Expansive it was because I forgot how to breathe,
Expansive it was because I never really recovered,
Expansive it was for I really LOVED her!

Poornima Kanasen

Faraway, Yet Dear To Me! !

Faraway, yet dear to me! ! !

Those lips, conceals love between,
Dreamy eyes escape into mine,
Words, left unspoken,

Entangled deep within you,
Withering down in you...

A kiss upon another one,
Embed your lips onto mine,
Let the union begin,

A sequence of heart beats of mine,
Set its tempo on your rhythmic voice,
That still echoes in me,

The pulse of your voice and pauses,
Creates a thoroughfare for you and I,
To travel timelessly, together,

In a journey where we set the pace and the stop,
Till then, fascinate me with your voice,
Look into my eyes, stare into mine,
Will define the real meaning of love...

Be mine,

Just love, for my love...

Poornima Kanasen

First Encounter

Rush of emotions in my every veins, chaotic yet a feeling so new in me,
Few steps ahead of me was him, a young man with sincere intentions,
Time has no dimension, said Einstein once; time may pass or not,
I have predicted such an encounter, a predicament beforehand,

First encounter caters directly to first impression,
A stranger not by definition he was after all,
His gestures not different but each one of them is embedded in my heart,
His eyes penetrated any inhibitions I had, feelings of mine, nowhere to hide,
Such an honest moment, such an occurrence, tremendous hit to my soul,

A mind of an observant, sight of brilliance, a persona to be admired,
Logical seized mind with questions, hoping for absolute wisecracks, always,
Practicality was bequeathed upon him, it seemed, full of it, yet stunning,
As ripe as any other matured fruit, a prominent and a visionary he was,

He might be observant, but could it compete with my ability to explore his
bearings,
When he looks away, my mind takes hold of the moment,
Exchanged stares, smiles, and perceptions, we did it all,
Never thought a slight touch of his could steer my feelings towards a new
direction,

The question would still arise then after, who is he to me?
Two sides of a coin, flipping it, I wish I could, to decide,
Love, could it be, would it be, and should it be, what is it?
What if we couldn't be in the same frequency, what would happen to "us"?

ima

6th of May 2009

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Forbidden....

My heart feels trapped,
Torn apart,
Which looked real, now seems bleary,
Am I going against my Lord?

But my inner self yearns for him,
Voices of heart, blood and flesh he says,
How true is he?
Am I questioning his truthfulness?
If yes, what difference can it make?

Imagination, more unyielding than reality,
Yet, reality unfolds the truth,
The truth, do I want it?
Am I imprudent to accept the truth?

Once, the truth was my master,
Now, I am ticking in secrecy,
My heart beats, for it to happen,
Again and again and again,

Is it forbidden indulgence?
What I felt and feeling now....
Is it immoral pleasure?
Not in my knowledge,

A puzzle with a missing piece,
That makes me incomplete,
Like a riddle, yet to be solved,
Everything is entangled,

Infidelity, I would want to avoid,
Promiscuousness, not in me,
The carnal knowledge between him and me,
Does he want it to last?
Despite, the age....

Poornima Kanasen

I Am Not My Mistakes..

I am not my mistakes,
For I don't pretend nor masquerade,
Comfort can't be achieved in illusion,
Allow the reality to speak to you,
Let alone the phantom of the mind,

In the junction of the life, I stand, alone,
Where the dawning truth, ambushes me,
There's no shame in my sufferings,
Or healing in silence,
Grant life as it is,

Yet, I stand alone,
Beaten by harsh reality,
Enslaved by virulence and enmity,
Tormented by guilty consciousness,
Withering deep into myself,
Dying slowly but ostensibly,

I stand alone,
But, I am no prosaic, I am myself,
Through mistakes, I unearth self-realization,
To forebode, I am not a Fay,
So, I am not my mistakes....

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I And Myself.....

Years passed by, can't be reclaimed,
My sense of presentiment growing intensely day by day,
No question about the future,
Because my present is uncertain,
Being abashed with reality and imagination,
I seek nothing than peace in my soul,
My past sins haunting me,
Leaving shadows behind me,
Lament, I won't
I have lost the rights to do so,
I disrelish myself,
For taking advantage rather than opportunity,
For sacrificing my dignity,
I sold myself without thinking,
The evil I,
I gave away all the tenderness in me,
What is left now in me?
Not in my knowledge,
There are no more fulfillments in me,
Vulnerability is conquering my inner self,
I am no more the same person,
The old me, gone by the wind....
Diffident, I am...
Waiting for the time to decide...
I let my Lord to craft a path for me....

Poornima Kanasen

I Can'T Read

Tip of my finger, caressing the skin of the book,
Fingers of mine, dancing in rhythm forming a wave on the hardcover,
A tap on it, the softest sound magnifies into a wake-up call to my soul,
The texture of embedded words penetrating my flesh with a touch,

The debility of pages you constructed, shelled with verisimilitude,
'tween the pages and added life journalism, I sense faded quests of love;
Upon what you have delivered therein, past it is but exquisite pain,
I stand in such delicacy of mind discrimination, of which persists,
Despite the ups and downs; in total contemplation, it leaves me!

A blend of mortal lover with my immortal thoughts, circulating my innocence,
Alas, a reason for suppressing the wickedness in me, surpassing it evermore,
Like a witch without a broomstick, I wander now in dark, lurking, waiting,
Actuality versus the truth I witness? Is it a gift or a curse bestowed upon me?

The book of your life, intermingled with mine with blood ties,
You left in a rush, pardoning me to protect the book, the cipher,
With spells and rituals, impotency and mind games, secrets and darkness,
A swoosh of pleasure sipping through me, like a nectar the book would be,
Yet, I stand by my own rules, neither the life you had nor you, I seek to be,

I can't read! I wish not to read the secrets of becoming one with immortality,
For your desires were against the law of nature, you served the consequences,
I can't read! I can't read! I can't read because of you!
I have got to bury it deep, never to be searched for again, let the truth be
overlapped! ! For, I can't read because of it, I have lost you....

Poornima Kanasen

I Would Live, Till Then...

I wanted to reach for the stars,
Within reach, I assumed,
So close, yet so far....
Unreachable is the fact,

Still, I struggled,
I wanted to go fourth,
Never did I imagine falling back,
Never did I, but undeniable is the truth,

I recollected my past,
Apart of me, not denying that,
To go forth is to let go off the past,
Did my past signify anything to me?
Was it trying to tell me something?

Pain, unbearable one, I felt,
In the corner of my heart, I kept,
I would not overlook my pain,
Apart of me too, still not denying,

I loved once, hurt many times,
Yet, I would not stop loving,
For I knew, I would be loved one day....
The pain, would disappear,
Replaced by love, all love, only love...

For that moment, I would live till then,
To feel its presence in me,
My thirst for love, unimaginable it is,
Not forbidden love, true one, it is,
Understand, would you or wouldn't you? ?

Poornima Kanasen

Identity

Is it a state or a fact?
If it is a state, then why isn't it a fact?
A state when it shows likeness,
Personality portrays the fact of it,
It is an association of both,
Yet, who you are matters,
The sameness in you, creates your own style,
Identity's, unclashes the real you,
Brandishing you always,
Lavishing upon you a significant life,
Allowing you to be accepted ...
The way you are,
Revealing the inner self of yours,
The uniqueness and the semblance,
It bequeaths you,
For you to relish upon,
Interchangeable, you are not,
It opposes any dissimilarity in you,
Any disparity, any dissemblance, any anomaly,
Identity's, pardoning you to be you.....

Poornima Kanasen

If I Die Tonight....

If I die tonight,
Will you feel my lost?
Am I worth your tears?
Will my absence be felt?

If I die tonight,
Will you hark back the pleasant memories?
That you and I shared,
Will I live forever in you heart?

If I die tonight,
Will you attend my funeral?
Will you smile for me, then?
Will you whisper your love into my ear?
Will you caress my face softly?
Will you stroke my hair gently?

If I die tonight,
Will you be there, actually?
Will I then get a true kiss?
A kiss upon my death, never did I imagine...

Am I worth that?
What do I entitled for?
Tell me, speak to me,
Mi amor...

If I die tonight,
Will you forget me?
Will you not shed few tears for me?
Will my departure signify you of anything?
Will my death be overlooked?

If I die tonight,
Shall you leave the past unattended?
Will you go forth without looking back?
Will you not dig into the past?
For the sake of me,

If I die tonight,
Tell me, will you ever miss my presence?

Will you or will you not...

If I die tonight,
Have I missed you forever?
Will I not see you, again! ! !

Poornima Kanasen

Inexplicable

A strange feeling, yet to be discovered,
Peradventure, I wouldn't be able to
But my curiosity wouldn't let me,
My determination made me seek amore,
The endearment I felt,
Told me a different story about you...
The passion in you changed me,
You became my life,
Amicability, it portrayed,
The semblance you created assured me,
The bond between us is unexplainable
Looked easy, crystal clear perhaps,
But, beneath that, deeply embedded were my feelings,
Yet, it was all me, you were as if blindfolded,
You didn't see the real me,
For me, you mattered...
Was it the same for you?
I pondered, I wondered, I contemplated, I dwelled,
As long as I loved you, you should not fade away
The truth should remain as long as that.....

Poornima Kanasen

Initiation

Initiation of something so delicate, out of a groundless tale,
A baseless one, the characters woven, laced with carnal knowledge,
The base is crumbly, in favor of the wind,
A castle is built in the air, the fate, known and comprehended,

An idle mind is the devil's playground
The devil's ushers enveloped a convincing sense to the notion,
It kept whispering, nudging my consciousness, stalking my soul, teaching my
mind,
"Taste it again, for the forbidden fruit is the sweetest of all,
evermore"

The vulnerability of my indecisive soul gave way to the subtle intimidation of the
devil,
The whispers of temptation grew into a roar, wilder and louder.
The loudness, humming and catching up with my fidgeting thoughts,

Oscillating, kept oscillating to feel the rush, the flesh,
Cold, vicious and illicit, desires clad as such,
The urge, suffocating my soul, trapping the scattered good,

One more time, let me be engulfed in the forbidden touch,
Let me be stripped, exposed, laid bare for his manhood to wander,
Let me be prized by the tricks of youth, let him do justice to my yearning,
Craving for his excavation deep into me, to feel his muscles,

Initiation of what's deemed by carnal appetite and not the soul,
To err is the nature, to provoke a sin, having anticipated the consequences,
It is capital chastisement.

Poornima Kanasen

Jealousy...

An unnoticed defect, at times,
A glimpse of it, halts the presence of love,
An unexplained cause of agony,

An unfamiliar quietness that dwells within,
More mysteries, less solutions,
Is it a state of mind or just an unforgiving feeling?

Unreasoned doubts, unanswered questions,
Unmapped guilty consciousness,
Hollow, it makes one to be...
Life, stilled! Emotions, frozen!

Insensible ideas of yours colour your characteristics,
Out of norm, out of mind, you become,
Intersecting with parallel lines, causing more havoc,
Indeed, a distraction from the beauty of life itself,

Paralyzes your inner soul,
Small details are missed out, all skipped for a bigger picture,
In the quest to search for the truth, love is simply being misplaced,
You lose in your own crenelations against your vulnerability,

Soon, only loneliness accompanies you,
Arrays of disturbed thoughts,
Passaged through a lane of memories,
Once precious, now unwanted....

Time tells you no tale,
It is the unfixed duration that heals others,
Jealousy, a simple but untutored notion.
Let you, you alone to battle with it.....

Poornima Kanasen

M.A.S.T.E.R.M.I.N.D

A plan produced intentionally to mark the end of evil,
And assigned to a scapegoat whose guts is the most valuable possession,
Storyline rehearsed repeatedly, each bit was given the light of truth,
Actions placed accordingly with precision and accuracy,

The day of the event arrived,
Rehearsed plan switched its facet for unknown reasons,
Scapegoat pulled the wrong leaf leaving efforts a meaning so less,
Triggering a commotion like never before,

Evidences gathered, footsteps were traced,
The moment before and after the events were recollected,
Leaving the scapegoat all the blame,
Denials were never heard off for the scapegoat's future was set,

Calling out the new enforcement line,
Face-to-face confrontation took a dip in a sea of guilt,
Scapegoat toned down and let the truth to be the master,
Yet, leaving the mastermind, a figure never in the picture, a name never
mentioned before...

MASTERMIND left unspoken off, hidden behind an unknown parameter,
While the scapegoat is never the same, shattered beyond rejuvenation,
In the name of friendship, mastermind was pardoned ever,
A truth never to be told yet its existence is never to be denied.

TRUTH HURTS WHEN THE EVIL REMAINS!

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Poornima Kanasen

Master Stroke

Delusional truth equals to inevitable lies,
Made to see, made to feel, not necessarily it is the truth,
You saw what I wanted you to see, alas, such ignorance dwelled in you,
You walked away hare-brained, the success laid its head on my shoulder,
Enormous amount of pride filled my chest; unknowingly another plan was
transpiring.

Many sides to a story, I grew up accustomed to that,
A part of me got entwined in soul-searching amidst the practice of being evil,
Stressed out fact is that I never thought actions of mine misguided or
miscalculated?
Betwixt passion and necessity, I drew a visible line, brittle one,
Shadows of the past knocked down my innermost desires, the line dissolved.

Master stroke of self-taken decision is always a clear cut, elucidated as such,
Yet, this heart of mine, beats to another composition, beats zealously,
Blurring the effectiveness of truth momentarily, fly-by-night
Master stroke is that, you reap for what you sow
You pay for what you did, thus the consequences follow by.

9th of April 2010

Poornima Kanasen

Masterstroke

Delusional truth equals to inevitable lies,
Made to see, made to feel, not necessarily it is the truth,
You saw what I wanted you to see, alas, such ignorance dwelled in you,
You walked away hare-brained, the success laid its head on my shoulder,
Enormous amount of pride filled my chest; unknowingly another plan was
transpiring.

Many sides to a story, I grew up accustomed to that,
A part of me got entwined in soul-searching amidst the practice of being evil,
Stressed out fact is that I never thought actions of mine misguided or
miscalculated?
Betwixt passion and necessity, I drew a visible line, brittle one,
Shadows of the past knocked down my innermost desires, the line dissolved.

Master stroke of self-taken decision is always a clear cut, elucidated as such,
Yet, this heart of mine, beats to another composition, beats zealously,
Blurring the effectiveness of truth momentarily, fly-by-night
Master stroke is that, you reap for what you sow
You pay for what you did, thus the consequences follow by.

Poornima Kanasen

Memory!

Memory

On the trail, that was once started,
A few steps back to originality,
Yes, not ignoring the future,
Just a moment, a moment revived,
To what was and to validate to what is for now,

Memory, a constant reminder of the past
Kept by some, casted away by a portion, suppressed momentarily by others,
Difficult to abide its presence,

Interwoven with clusters of misconceptions, it remains untouched,
That drains the best of others, further drowned by resentment,
Who you were, who you are and who you will be....
It has answers for all,

"It is sad to go to pieces like this, but we all have to do it "said Mark Twain once,
Into pieces, where originality dissolves into uncertainty,
Elapsing after a deformation, and another and another,
Fading within the fixed time-frame, decaying ostensibly,

The mind's store losing its' capacity of holding back its asset,
Slipping away, dispersing into tiny fragments.
It stands vividly in the minds of bearers and as for real.
Tarnish it as much as you before it become the victim of age...

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Poornima Kanasen

Music....

Music

An artistic form of communication,
A compilation of sound and silence,
A language where words are impotent,

The rhythm defines it all,
Allocates love into life,
Brings forth the essence of enchantment,

Handed down aurally,
To safeguard the existence of it in the minds of us,
For it can't be seen,

Escapism, forbearance it is....
From the calamity,
Into the seventh-heaven,

Mellifluous, eloquently it cradles us,
Into the paradise of bliss
Holds us together,

Arrays of individual tones muster life,
All binds as a whole,
That triggers the soul of the dispirited ones,

A sensation of joy, a gift for ourselves.....

Poornima Kanasen

My Divergence Factor..

My Divergence factor

Stealing a glimpse into the future; apparent off-beats creep into me,
Not the same from where I stand, different horizons, all varicoloured,
Leaps I have to take for wanting heaps of love of my divergence factor,
My divergence factor drifting me away from the solid base,
Solid base of where I have been named, raised, addressed and taught,

My divergence factor is painting new lines, adapting me into his dimension,
Embodiment of our carnal thrill sets the phase, too deep and bizarre for others,
Blizzards of love taking control of me, the lovesick thing, he puts me in such
extremes,
Pardoning all the changes, I safeguard him in me, knowing the consequences,
Consequences of love knitting stories of many and yet love is all responsible,

Consequences of love?

Pleasant and breathtaking or melancholic and in a throe, it buries you?
Tastes of love? Bitter for a handful, tasteless to some, sweet for many,
Well said, I am not in a calamity to determine in which you fall,
For you are the sweetest taste of all, mastering love buds of such in me,

My divergence factor, you are, my sweet apple-lover!

A master of words and thoughts, A master of theatrical acts, A master of
amorousness,

Above all, A master of love, for me and only me!

Poornima Kanasen

Nature

Its' definition is profound,
Is it because of its vastness?
Indeed, it is impenetrable,
Perhaps, its presence is a doubt in a doubt,
A meaning for it is impossible,
Such greatness lies in its originality,
So perfect, Lord crafted,
The sea, the sky and the earth,
It dominates,
Living entities it bears,
Yet, can't be elucidated...
Because it is simply inexplicable,
It creates the amicability for us,
For our survival, for our essential,
Interdependent, we are...
But, what is nature?
How can you tell for sure?
It conquers almost anything and everything,
The master of all lives, should be addressed,
Pleasure and agony it entrusts us, without whistled for,
Difficult to be comprehended nor understood,
Aforesaid, incomprehensible it is...
Nature remains unfold, Nature remains itself.

Poornima Kanasen

Pleasant Has Antonyms

When what was said stands no chance in reality, mere past has it enveloped,

I seek for you in a manner unknown, yet the pain sips in every now and then,

The past should not be rekindled yet shattered pieces of emotions tried to glue themselves,

The jagged edges will always remain, how funny it is when a person's chronicles of aches considered resolved by DISAPPEARANCE?

Never thought, never did it strike me that pleasant has antonyms...

Poornima Kanasen

Possessiveness! ! !

Its occurrence is uncertain,
Posits a fact that isn't one at all,
Feelings, abandoned, setting a path for aversion,
A shadow appears, casting an invisible thread,
In a relationship, that is yet not stay any longer,

Emerges slowly but gears up as it reaches the pinnacle,
Till one point of time, be parted seems the most sane
Option...
Lucid explanation becomes bleary,

Conquers all fear, leaves the history to repeat itself,
More misunderstandings, unnecessary thoughts,
Decisions taken in post-haste,
Life is at stake, indeed...

From a dot of suspicion, it spreads like wild fire,
It dwells within you, trapping your soul,
In a chamber of qualms,

To hate, or let the hatred to be you, you do the math...
In trade, it seeks for justice,
For trade, it fails to hold the fort,

Even assumption sounds greater than the truth,
Without much participation of a solid mind,
It glides through a lane of puzzling questions,
Oh yes, questions with no answers,

The source of this, not alien to us,
Love, it was, is and will be....
Be ye angry, and sin not

Poornima Kanasen

The Cupid's Arrows...

The cupid's arrows

The cupid's arrows struck me, once,
The cupid's arrows struck you too, once,
Similar verb on different subjects though the theme was preserved,
Parallel action, ignorantly I assumed,

Of arrows, I became a fool of,
For I was struck with the red ones,
And you the blue ones,
Arrows, yes, of colours, varied,

Perhaps, of that, you eluded eloquently from the medium of love,
Subtle matter, subtle theme, subtle story, in which we survived not!
Weaving a story of you and me was never easy,
For it spoke of cumbersomeness in every bit but I took a stack at it,

Leaving me an elucidation of where my existence erased with such clarity,
Leaving me a prisoner of the present in a transient state,
Acknowledging me of a tale ended abruptly, only to the loss of the readers,
Entrusting me with false hopes, threaded with woe,
Held in irreversible time dimension of where my mind failed to digest it all,

The cupid's arrows struck me, once,
The cupid's arrows struck you too, once,
Alas, of different colours, an earlier hypothesis of mine turned down,
Yet, I can make more, rather than being dormant and playing safe!

Poornima Kanasen

The Impalpable Truth...

Although some aren't crystal clear,
Yet others can't be hidden,
The truth won't fade away,
It still lies beneath all the disputes,
All the challenges that await you at the end of the day.....
Will you have to face them?
Is it a must or is it your fate?
Only time will decide,
Till then, make truth your master.....

Poornima Kanasen

The Look....

His eyes so profound,
Impenetrable, yet undeniable,
Those eyes, killing me softly,
Sending whispers to my heart,
Affairs of heart, I assume,
Those eyes, say thousand words,
My soul craves for more,
That look makes me astonished,
In awe, I am
His demeanor leaves me in puzzlement,
Irresistible, he is...
A face so perfectly crafted,
His smile, nicely embedded,
Bringing me to a land of hopes and desires,
As I build my own fairytale,
In a land so deep the fantasy,
Till it remains as itself,
Fairytale, not life,
In my mind, he stands...
In my heart, shall he remain...?
To be remembered, yes...
Not to be possessed, not worth it,
Aforesaid, life isn't fairytale,
To go forth is to let go the past,
The queerness in me allowed me to get drifted,
Away from the fact, closer to the castle in the sky,
The look, temperamental it is,
Now that I hold firm to my presentiment...

Poornima Kanasen

The Quest, Yet To Be Accomplished...

The mist,
Barely made my path visible,
Even if it did,
It couldn't elucidate anything,
Peradventure,
Life was never fair,
Through the mist,
I made my way,
Step by step,
But leading no where,
My journey seemed endless,
border less, unexplainable,
Not knowing my destination,
I kept on walking,
Overwhelmed with questions,
I went on....
To where, not in my knowledge...
But my determination would not allow me to stop
And look back...
For in every challenge, there lies an opportunity...

Poornima Kanasen

The Storyteller

He had a word for everything,
Amidst what was written and,
What was yet to be deciphered by his mind and translated by his pen?
He thought he had it all, destined!

Peradventure, he forgot,
Sometimes emptiness is just the absence of mere words,
Sometimes pain needs no elucidation, desperation needs not to be bold,
Poverty needs no evidence; brutality needs no more clarity,
Injustice needs not reasons; colours advocate not the racism,
Separation isn't the journey away from a destination,
It just needs simplicity to be simpler,
For it to be understood

He too needs silence,
The language of uncertainty, consolation and redemption!

Poornima Kanasen

Tricky Mind Of Mine

Interlaced by various thoughts; entwined by consciousness.
The branches of actions where one hit provokes another, lain effortlessly,
By the slightest slip of so many discrete substances,
It failed to look beyond the restrictions, the consequences,

Limitations, familiar to my mind, not practiced by my thoughts,
It touched the sky, synced the colours, conquered the depths,
Amidst that, became a slave of my mere emotions, articulated clumsiness,
Leaving me in disdain, leaving me just a victim of ignorance, self-inflicted,

It deciphered the meaning of delay and difference; it knew,
Yet situational series of self-defined thoughts emerged showy,
Well, the aftermath, now seems plain, twaddle and flimsy,
Peradventure, you barged in, held hostage of my thoughts, instructed, reaped
without sowing and barged out, all just too quickly,

It knew those branches needed to be threaded by a single but solid rope of
spirituality,
That rope, tied in vain some claimed, tied for a purpose my mind pegged,
For my mind to become less tricky, it knew which door to knock at,
It knew how to renew the soul; it knew the direction, the thoroughfare,

In short, you butchered my mind and everything that makes it,
Tricked my mind, mismatched my thoughts, bruised my consciousness,
Thoughts of mine would not stop fluttering, as if to refute those moments with
you,
Fluttering thoughts; Fluttering thoughts, flutter less!
Hands of my Saviour will have me to sin not or less, appreciate more!
For tricky mind of mine to be mine, ostensibly!

Poornima Kanasen

Trust Your Instincts, Would You Not?

The moon glorifies the sunless period of time
with a touch, it uncovers the outer most layer of darkness,
allowing some mercy to reach us,

Rather accompanied by its most faithful alliances,
than being lonely at all,
the stars, not one, not two..
tonnes of them, countless, in constellations..

It's like every stars has a story to unfold,
just like every souls present here,
has a story unspoken of,
the music dies off slowly resembling an ember, the lyrics unsung,
but the pain, casts its shadow against dispirited ones,

All of which that became a history, let it be that way,
the past can't be denied or forgotten or abandoned,
let it be as it is,

Welcomed by the promising horizon once,
now it seems uncertain,
the future's paths, all laid out, yes!
but, the routes are many just as the options are to us,

Which choice should you make,
ignoring the past, having faith in present, upholding a future that is yet to
happen,
or
having digested the past, living every moment of the present, hoping for a better
future..

Trust your instincts, would you not?

Poornima Kanasen

U.N.P.R.E.D.I.C.T.A.B.I.L.I.T.Y

A rush of thoughts, unorganized,
A stream of undesired questions,
Seeking for a decision with an undefined arrays of wisecracks,
Its occurrences, explicable it is.

Similar to unsettled waves,
An undetermined trait of beings,
Possibility, against it..
As spontaneous as it semblances,

To foresee or to foretell, locks life stationery,
A mind, full of volatile emotions,
Interchangeable, gets entwined with undecided notion,
Cancels out obviousness,

Arresting the direction of life, twisting the paths,
Diverting to another point, another thoroughfare,
On the verge becomes since when,
Leaves you in total qualms,

Unpredictability overwhelms familiarity,
Accustomed ways become frozen,
Speeding time allocates space for it to react,
One's unpredictability leaves another in double entendre.

Is it more of good or maybe not? It is for you to decide.
As for me, it is an embedded part,
It is within me,
Voices of flesh and blood echo for it.□

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Poornima Kanasen

Why Didn't You See Me? ?

Thought you and I, inseparable,
Never did I know, any betrayal,
You showed me the meaning,
Yet, I did not see...
I did not envisage anything,
I saw you, not your hatred,
Bleary, I was, but you weren't,
You knew exactly,
How unbearable, it would be...
You kept quiet,
Aforesaid, I saw you, not your selfishness,
Impotent, I was, but you weren't,
You made me suffer,
I lost everything,
I thought, once, you would be there for me,
I inscribed you in my heart,
But, you shattered me into pieces,
Thousands of them till I couldn't regain myself,
Did you not know that you were apart of me?
Did you not understand me?
I still saw you, not your betrayal....
Blamed, tortured, hurt and questioned,
My heart wanted none of that,
But, you insisted, without giving it a second thought,
I accepted because I saw you,
Not your intentions,
I only saw you, but you didn't see me....
Why?

Poornima Kanasen