

Poetry Series

**PRIYANKA BHANDARKAR**  
**- poems -**

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# PRIYANKA BHANDARKAR()

To hear the children play and to see the waves come ashore is the sound beyond silence&quot; .

# 1984

ss.

I ought to climb Everest.  
Where They think it is cold.  
But universe descends.  
And flesh moves.  
Eyes covered.  
The ng like burns.  
It covering.  
Around the for help.  
What deeds humans could do.  
To be developed before dust covers.  
Issue lets.  
I am leaving the city.  
What about the rewards?  
The floor looks like snow.  
White over red.

PRIYANKA BHANDARKAR

## A Mango- - How It Was Born

Mankind sung glory to God, the sweetest fruit on earth, adam and eve....  
the pulp of hardwork, a lie to mankind, thy might connects with eve  
.....'it was not an apple; a green lush entity at first and then orange  
God; thou had taught mankind, the very image of a women, a necessity  
a praise or a two'..; from other fruits; the greatest danger to life  
the leaves of a tree, an idea of recession, beaten black and blue  
under the earth as mankind sleeps, a fruit so noble; to take it on himself  
again a praise or a two.....nevertheless to be picked up  
a mango so kind; the waste of an idea.....lonely or alone?  
all to look after the last.....the idea of a newly wed  
blessings, blessings.....hail o mighty fruit to stop thy work  
just look at me.....mankind gave birth to thee! , 'to cook'.

PRIYANKA BHANDARKAR

# A Musical

Inside the heart.  
And the blood warm.  
The rise of altitude.  
And I heard you.

.

And still is the piano.  
and white.  
So is you!

PRIYANKA BHANDARKAR

# An Ode To God's Beauty

O but God's grandeur was known  
what i had to do to grin slender and beautiful, an Idol  
that like a sleek ball of justice.

It grew a billion times more lovelier  
gathered to pretends.  
nothing else, zig-zag dints and creasing  
and all is a sacred secret  
what does god want?

Is bear now not fool being shod  
there lived the desperate dearest  
The holy ghost over the bent.  
World woes and abrest.  
wings of r and light.  
God in beauty.  
the second act of re-creation.  
To mend we ended.  
When we twelve hours.  
A prick to the eye all it seems.  
epithets and identities that catch.  
the best things as things are.  
the beauty which initiates sacrifice.  
the loved and darling's dauphin.  
the images further and the ecstasy.  
as silicon sings the last song.  
until beauty pretends. nowhere to go.  
last strands of bhakt'; there itself..  
heaven of gates of heaven,  
Darksome, Farewell and Fructify.  
the matter of life as it goes on.  
the beauty that he flees arrive;  
of all tasks worst nowhere.

lie there sheer and clean  
Conflict with self, the divine  
lapped strength and joy, cheer  
MY GOD, O MY GOD-purifying grace

Terrible art thou to know thyself  
kith and kin of your own blood.  
why doth vanquish this beauty.

nothing take an old battering sandal,  
a beautiful meditation and a symbol  
The art of dexterity, sick love is born.  
a humble priest, a silent fortitude.  
on death it took surprise  
As he mended, reprieve of fruits  
BEAUTY FOND OF Y.  
like a boisterous GOD.

PRIYANKA BHANDARKAR

## Anger But.S. Anger?

Fromm a safe distance I watch.  
but no damage of the room.  
none of it makes sense s of virtues.  
I am here to scratch a chance of pride.  
in front of ted too.  
To see the morning in due respect.  
the hope of names which brought words.  
on the heart other way.  
a woman falls of intimation.  
What is that howling? the pursue of sympathy.  
half awake I opened eyes.I know the world.  
It that we could here better.  
The needy and propogation of deepest silence.  
hold you could describe fury.  
but what if kind and kindness?  
when it art of mind?  
I get I write this?  
Reflecting from Advice.

PRIYANKA BHANDARKAR

## As I Plz I Write

I am waiting for a godman, the name of a citizen, a promise  
it went invisible that ray of light of the sun but in many ways  
the exception of worship, the bounty of memories and desires  
the tragedy of comedy, the past, present and future, the history of a joker  
sailing from eternity to elixir to the life of pleasure  
to plz the mouse on the hilltop and the skull god  
a symbol of hope against hope, the danger to human pansy as it withers  
the silent steps on the shore, the depiction of the sands of time  
the trace of prints, the fame of a scribe, matching tail of the squirrel

all the muse that is fit to print, all the pages that have lines  
all the drive left in a car, all the days that are alone  
all the ideas of conviction to copy, the dynamic nature  
that of which endears, the good or the bad

the tongues told of war, all the mosaic paintings on the pavement  
the clock strikes twelve, awakened to the beauty of nature, the bundles of joy  
the same of sweat and toil, the condition of a feather  
the area of darkness, the imagery of resurrection and redemption  
the repentence of the soul, a simple living  
life goes on; beauty, artistry, magnificence  
do what one pleases, a promise to a child, the incarnate  
the tools of nature she pleases to use them  
the greater the prayer the merrier is the poem

the simplicity of a child to do what i plz.

PRIYANKA BHANDARKAR

# Awesome Critic Who Does Not Know Love

A worshipper at the temple of earth,  
save me. o God. life.  
Did Caleb a knowledge indulged.  
The awful sickness, endless pedestal  
The Hunger gem of kindness, as flowers came  
He prayeth well, both tired and man.  
and I in pettiness, handover to God.  
The oneness with harmony of death,  
a once simple nature  
The interception of knowledge  
a debt of disinterestedness,  
the influence of prenticious virtues.  
life can do man God.  
Knowledge the only support  
A bottomless precipitant  
To otherness of love not known  
He prayeth who know not  
The nature a bride of silence  
The agony of God of passionate life;  
sinking, sinking, hopeful modern writer  
together with chosen, the voice of education  
The popular critic, of full satisfaction.  
singly feel, all the Home.  
I see Gods, Gods of earth  
to the Sons Of Soil.

PRIYANKA BHANDARKAR

# Beggarly Heart

Thy heart is bound to many desires, to achieve success  
the mercy of God is sought, emotions to hide  
the law is bound by this kindled joy  
an innocence to lend, the blood of ten thousand tigers  
to use power with thy meaning, the test of a human  
a reward given too, brilliant and bold  
to find peace in maintaining an attitude, the fear of time  
to have a heart to change with age, the toy of a child  
and learnt there are in guise the joy of being a child  
and through our good years we are taught to forgive.

PRIYANKA BHANDARKAR

# Brotherhood

are brothers.  
Shall you regret.  
Well again, happiness  
But come again.  
the way of trust  
onset of a century.  
be it ity.  
less thy.  
of each heart throbbing  
to the note of a repeat.  
A faint crimson light  
each feet.  
let us check this delight  
to a Nestle's weep.  
that trod down up beat  
that stopped to speak.  
kindness well known.  
but it being the only promise.  
of I, u and Me.  
leave Known.

PRIYANKA BHANDARKAR

## Crossed Buttons.(Jacket Or Uniform) .

It it is not of size.

A good cloth cannot go to waste.

I am doubtful about surroundings.

If it is inside out but all around.

We cannot change .

To like before.

(Work in slow.) .

PRIYANKA BHANDARKAR

# Daffodils

On the verge of ecstasy i came upon the daffodils  
an enticement on that pure occasion, a world of enjoyment  
on untrodden minds it crept upon, creativity, to bring joy  
the honesty of relationship, daffodils to a human, the art of worship  
red, white and yellow on that green assemblage, the good word  
the color of light it gives, a compare of attitude on man  
a compliment to each for being beautiful, roses are red and violets are blue  
an incarnation in future, to be with the flower, as they wither being the best  
daffodils everywhere to that aura grown,  
a promise the daffodils give, a promise of god, a promise to live.

PRIYANKA BHANDARKAR

## Dear Merily

I looked at you in wonder.  
for your t taught myself  
but ad kept quiet  
Milder she catches.  
I wrote a poem anyway.  
My Shelves tend to achieve gravity.  
scrabbled for the .  
I can live prisoners.  
of the red crown.  
for a seventeen minutes ts.  
The Dictionary said A.  
First alphabet. Missing Prisoners.  
anyway was Pass Class.  
Surrounded all r.

PRIYANKA BHANDARKAR

# Evening Flowers

The sigh of a flower  
from leaf to leaf  
on to the leap years  
the differences of dawn  
a sudden bend.  
the flowers lost.  
the last sigh.

The black shadow  
nothing's lost.  
but the root's grow  
as each day explicable  
come's again.

gone with the green  
toward the start  
from flower to flower  
to the start.

The Hibiscus.  
I smiled So.

PRIYANKA BHANDARKAR

# For Google.

Never give up.

Seal? xxx

The options.

Poemhunter likes

ion.

Clauses and dialogues,

Like a path.

But giving locations.

prayers but eyes.

These are powers.

She selects her own soul.

In continue.

Introduction not necessary.

Particulars.

PRIYANKA BHANDARKAR

## Go To Hell-1947

The great which dwell here know to use the traits which they carry  
the revolution which began comes to an end, the boon of difference  
i caught the ancient mariner in the here, ice there.

i am a child, the length of emotions for the supernatural  
a contemporary character of repetition, a fascination of words  
the reputation as high, a satiristic knowledge which speaks  
the achievements held to be the supreme, an important virtual warning.

the old man gave a bow that of which i cannot understand, a world war  
a note of alcohol in the drugs of modern english.

a source of inspiration, the contribution.  
i washed the utensils, hang them immediately  
the remaining, the soldier no use.  
i lay asleep, here and there.

a difference therefore; a consequence different  
is possible that object may be  
i had umpteenth breakfast  
December, June, January and thirty days i had thee.

PRIYANKA BHANDARKAR

# Goodday

course.  
It beats me.  
No voice.  
To guide my buds.  
Gods and angels.  
I eat like an animal.  
I don't want weight.  
Like a hunter besides.  
The popular bait.  
Works out with advertisement.  
On the road .  
The shops were closed.  
The Groom.

PRIYANKA BHANDARKAR

# Grey Matters

Good is the grey to me and it's privileges  
like a Tortoise ran over my home.  
or two carrots that was my prize.  
a hare that co-existed on that next alumni  
to those regular activities proved correct systematically  
as those took a long time on entanglement

spread wide across like a Lotus that blooms on dots.  
it's range more or meagre than .  
the colors that thinks to escape energy civilized.  
the way a nation rules the citizen on some wealth  
to give into charity a thousand lives lived.  
a shadow it extends that which cannot leave.  
the birds that immediately follow migration  
a mighty sound that rejects being revealed  
and fly, zoom and arts of heaven.  
the way a child loves to eat Ice .  
each other of co-ordination and harmony that repeats.  
and the stars and planets that remained silent  
how big is this? to show sympathy art thou regret.  
the greatest desire that announces .  
Gone like the boats that slowly drives across waters  
filled with soot of your articles of love.  
hand in hand but now by occupation.  
The beakers that reduced pigments of youth.

Unable to come across dignity that ruined  
dark matter for dark energy that located  
institution that breaks ol of lines.  
as the telegraph advances to human intellect.  
a code of luck and a hand of fortune.  
in the path ferocious developed.

To look for sub-conscious mind that had written notes.  
over God's and slaves filled the table of destruction.  
a control of attitude that sustains expressions  
face that changed no time.  
as one receded questions to bring in the probable

a choice of words to a change of patience.  
so quick that it created difference.a modem.

Gravity that held together the seeds of the universe  
it floated around the sun.A ray of hope.

At last an amount of dust that ng.

wind, water and up in flames.

To announce the continue.A mark of respect.

thoughts of the great that remained great.

Hidden were the discovery of the .

TO COMPLETE THE ORDERS OF THE NEW.

PRIYANKA BHANDARKAR

# Hate To Waste Money On Sweets

I carry many with me.  
Like a dacoit eating at nights!  
So I have become fat.

.  
I carried them with something else,  
From door to door.  
Enthralled taste buds.  
After that drank cold water,  
Quick and fast.  
My aroma of hard work.  
I love to watch a chef.  
The same place.  
But I find a circus;  
Laughed I at the contribution!

PRIYANKA BHANDARKAR

# How I Died Immediately.

List.I died.

That which mounts without knowledge.

Maybe likes ar.

I tried wearing a sweater.

And cover neatly with a rug.

But could not get up.

I was too small.

c.

I wish I were asleep.

Could not tations.

Repeated over again on my mind.

.

LOUD SNORES.

PRIYANKA BHANDARKAR

# I Heard You Give Me Whisper.

Fencing.

.

Late but true.

n pond.

Where the Lotus blooms.

But duckout.

What is this?

Where stars appeared for help.

Catch pine trees also plants,

Reach you there.

Who would make voices?

But I do not know.

I have powers.

When there is growth.

trees.

rences.

Lend me your years.

PRIYANKA BHANDARKAR

# If I Make The Choice To Read A Book

She selects her own soul.  
But famous circumstances,  
So ecstasy.  
I love to read books.  
Maybe, an autobiography.  
With laughter as attributes.  
Would you like using a book mark?  
But I stall for time!  
I know that I would get satisfaction.  
Myself has knowledge and hype!  
And one day I am gone&quot;  
My name on one of those?  
That is why I like to read.  
Or skip to .  
My Addition(edition) .In correction.  
Maybe, I like that being.  
In my own voice.  
Don't keep me from that fame,  
I love to read books!

PRIYANKA BHANDARKAR

## If Some Feel Hungry.

A banana at room temperature said that it was selfish,  
So I dressed it with salad.  
Had it with Icecream!  
Watched the same on television.  
I thought of n.  
So, I kept it in the refrigerator.  
This was quite a punishment.  
I waited.I was being selfish.  
Then the next day- -  
A lamp of vers.

PRIYANKA BHANDARKAR

# Judge Me And Remove Intellect

Like clatter and clumsy, the ugly hole  
God the maker, the same to him  
the contempt to stop it, only the Snake  
the undignified going away; overcome me.  
to sort of horror on protest  
looked around like a God.  
put him head into the hole;  
like his back was turned.  
The honor and self-respect; a spiritual crisis  
lord of wings, vulgar but wait- -  
greater the ride more applicable in 'pettiness'.  
I am in exile', The last two liner.  
of a remembered instinct  
It is 'My Snake to prudence.

PRIYANKA BHANDARKAR

# Literature Of Wales

The immense satisfaction of wants, the destiny of life  
always a news, memories of success and desires  
a copy of the liberal arts, that which elucidates independence  
the knowledge which cannot question or quench  
a hired lily which lived to tell the tale  
the idea of curriculum, the modern English

I died when she died, because I measured four  
two inches to what I was born  
man is an animal, a seriousness of a jungle of kadu  
look at it and die in queue

the length of time that thinks of age  
to learn the use of time  
to leave time to think and perceive

a general word of fine chocolates and erasers  
an example of a poem, a sadist on the judgement day  
the art of interruption, doth bring glory to all  
as heaven and humans praise each other  
polite, angry and kind.

the power of paradise, regained always that has lost  
thy praises lavished on the dead  
food, clothes and shelter and make merry  
a hidden fruit, the curse of the universe  
an apple a day, the majestic gift of pi

as the creation of formulation of the opposite  
as paradise regained the faerie queen would never die  
the exile of the human power, a little violet pansy  
to bring on earth the virtues of heaven

far a better place to attain perfection?  
a conviction given to life  
the profession of a poet, innocent said god  
the success it brought and all the muse that is fit to print.



# London Bridge Is Falling Down

Vegetables that mean nothing to her, a child to be  
a problem of choice, the time which gives opportunities  
transformation of beauty, a conceit of age  
the journey that she lived, a little flute bearing a horn  
to complete perfection, as god believed the ten commandments of love  
she would wrap around like a living cabbage, to the roots of deconstruction  
a child which waits with patience, tears of blessings  
the moron who would considers himself, a disgrace he is a moron  
creating the intricate lines of leaves, a job commitment  
the splotches of god's grandeur which comes alive  
never were our desires, never was there a lamp of love

for time man did not create but follows.

the inches missed a bullet  
the creature that has fallen  
a greater teacher one of possibilities  
an image, the lamp at the round table  
the knights and squires who bare the truth

the world eats on a plate or with hands  
the world tastes the food all love  
the smudge on the bridge  
to the lonely window naked  
a consideration of a child, the contendness of god

the wonderful rays of the sun, awake, arise  
a host of daffodils flying in victory to another day  
they even now grow between the weeds, the virtues  
fruits that had been eaten, good god

I called it luck, that of which gives a bow  
my fair lady, my fair lady  
the atmosphere created, untitled, unknown

But time man did not create but follows

We all fall down.

PRIYANKA BHANDARKAR

# Look Back In Anger

The drab sunday ritual, religion and church  
the fiercest invective, parent's and friends  
the rule of old psychology, money gave justice  
a list of all things, what exactly nature wants  
book reviewers, being self and despises  
those bursts of fury, newspapers which create the garden theme  
like a Rhinoceros which threatened itself, one-eyed horn  
the old fashioned world, a colonial anglo type  
the familiar patronised celibacy, worst not there  
shining more, a pledge to turn white  
no sweat anywhere, never the brutal and coarse outbursts  
making a rich offering for anger, a baleful innocent eye.

PRIYANKA BHANDARKAR

# Look What Made An Icecreamcone.

Share.

val

dden.

Money.

.

Burns.

Mother.

Solids.

Doctor.

de.

After .

h.

Ice there.

Ice ice everywhere.

.

Timeout.(snakes and ladders.)

PRIYANKA BHANDARKAR

# Lost

.  
nue.  
The child.  
As I wept.  
And the eyes.  
The river near es.  
And then harbor,  
Where frogs leap.

PRIYANKA BHANDARKAR

# Love's Labor Lost

Well i will love, love and sigh  
the moor must love, a long Joan of arc  
the owl as 'ole', a puny name cuckold  
pleasant, just and courtesy with wooing  
love three a year to reach the cuckoo's song  
two on way death, farewell and fructify  
the last sorted and consorted, paved with thine eyes  
o upward lies, the street she n or deed.  
and i to sigh, to pray for her.  
admire and made by two birds.  
to lose our oaths ourselves to keep oaths  
it is religion thus be forseen and occur  
then for the place where i mean  
on blue colored ink and snow white pen  
your king dead for life, worthier away;  
the cloud, i give back again; 'welcome'!

PRIYANKA BHANDARKAR

## Major In Love.

Go get me the night's are dark  
or come embrace me the night.  
When the day, a ray of n.  
And you are of merry.  
There I hold full grief.

The falling summer which blooms.  
Your love of the wicked Sunday's.  
The kettle rabbit's run.  
on a home to the nature up.

as the bird fly's on the minion.  
make merry and forget grief.  
And I believe you may love.  
And rest will change O love.  
to face no danger and come.  
rhythm and change.

PRIYANKA BHANDARKAR

# Me

when the smile astounds  
the truth proclaims itself  
miles together the crowd  
stones on which they step  
a coin to the feast  
my work preludes me  
the maximum of the thought  
a signature at the last  
for it is my own book  
or a currency note  
I gathered through the autumn  
I am only a leaf, masterpiece  
the very aim of mankind  
a women's who weeps about

it surely spreads a smile  
for a entirely new purpose.

PRIYANKA BHANDARKAR

# Morning's Minion

You seem to me like a star  
that is why i noticed you  
i slept away those years  
because you were just a child  
i care for you then nowadays  
because you never knew any surprises  
clamped, brittled you climb the stairs  
three days at wait you were there itself  
you soar high above the clouds  
in an attire of mornings minion  
dauphin, pied beauty in grandeur.  
you would never feel the same again  
a perfection god has granted  
i was there itself but you never understood.

as i arise from east to west  
a host of golden daffodils  
i cried yesterday  
so i know you today.  
as i awakened to the lofty clouds  
everything had changed  
from evening to dusk for i work.

The threshold of power i recieved  
to gather what you already had  
so that you would not be hurt  
And the morning's minion came to life.

PRIYANKA BHANDARKAR

# Mouse

Things made iron and steel.  
things men have, warm still a life  
the life forgotten who made them

he will cancel the machines  
men with smash machines

They are like slender, leaves a web  
scattered toys and maize

For God's sake stand still  
as where where is

Are born dead as we walk  
a tail piece, black matter

The wool into long, when the blindness  
leaves, a long and web leaving leaf

monkeys, grim over faces  
a look back in anger

WHO HINDER ME, THAT EVER TURNED INTO FIENDS.

PRIYANKA BHANDARKAR

# On A Snowy Sunday

Tiny droplets of water on the window pane  
a unique making, silent steps of glory  
a billion feathers that hath hatched  
one little room, the intellect decided on a holiday  
the beautiful moments of nurture, a frenzy looking boat  
that sight of victory, white and white  
it lay there itself. a success in work  
the art of fiction, the idea of nothingness

an idle memory, desires and hopes  
the snowman is lovable  
mending walls of the neighbors  
a matter, mind and money  
this masquerade of massacre  
this snow is only a women.

the rest a holiday, our forefathers and traditions  
the hope of light, a prayer  
one needs to be simple.

the sun on the sublime when the day is done.

PRIYANKA BHANDARKAR

# One Day Visit.

ue.  
up ment.  
n.  
d.  
wait.  
illness.  
cut apple in the kitchen.  
stall for time.  
I respect you.  
donot want to hurt you.  
I cannot speak just anything.  
what if you laugh at me?  
in my olled.  
it takes a while to get adjusted.  
after coming ness.  
when they faction.  
fond of allow in home.  
the ideas.  
visiting hours of a doctor.  
I am greater than you.  
and I am made.  
you need not act like an adult.

PRIYANKA BHANDARKAR

# Pied Spots.

hing.  
bigger and big.  
happiness.  
that I .  
if it continues.  
a end.  
can never see.  
a mirror wasted.  
it is how to find.  
every possible eye.  
It goes on.  
Imagine, even the past  
the nged.  
my .  
like a .  
I am ite.  
and the joy.  
and into me.

PRIYANKA BHANDARKAR

# Punishment

What have I known? recently in justification of kindness  
the generosity of The father, the son and the holy ghost  
a verdict that defends punishment, the thought derived  
a hearing of words, praised be the words of bare heart  
as the process of growth and the innocent lure  
even god cannot attain perfection, the worth of a human  
and a Banana that wonders to obey the pineapple

the vegetable love, a kind of emotion clean to the adult  
without the woods would I grow?  
a guide, the natural ray of intellect  
the count of the number of stars and planets  
who doth have the happiest life?

success is hardwork and the paid condition  
the spread of idleness, the birth of an orphan  
a virtue of it's own reward, the kith very own  
a analysis of being proud, sensitive and intellectual  
the lightness in execution, the regret of poetry  
the life of people, the line of successive poverty  
the rise of anothers imagination

as the autumn rises, the personality and the idea  
the conservative majority of people, to live in obedience  
the second category of the society, in his name  
where in exception the kind, away from the law

the punishment of Krishna, a must read  
the assumption of childhood.

PRIYANKA BHANDARKAR

# Road To Kipling's

We are not to thin red heroes  
nor aren't we bodyguards but single  
heathen, nigger, beggar of racial superiority  
loot, don't the British soldier on red earth  
a choice and his drum and mouth  
he wished to set on another road  
the ballads of the east and west.

Mouleim as wrongly used for 'saw  
a long street in London, all men equal  
Moses asking to do 'unto certain things  
but neither country nor the road  
the law of ten commandments, great Gaud Buddh  
as the dawn and thunder roars dry salvages'  
and the sunshine on the palm tree tinkle bells

o what is that sound so far?  
on the painters eye, dark tree deep woods  
a snake came my way, golden bowels of the earth  
tortoise that i together horror struck

one against i had no complaint  
stop and pretend till you think  
of all the future that blossoms into flowers  
old-fashioned'-when all must be well.

PRIYANKA BHANDARKAR

# Sonnet

A human power.  
The subtle but ate.  
the color of o.  
and the grow.  
the days of ness.  
In the the Spring.  
the med.  
the roots  
and wandering e.  
s.  
So .  
on the fields shy to dream  
and clear is thy selected soul.

PRIYANKA BHANDARKAR

## Sons And Lovers

Mother, mother come now  
not for my sake perilously  
mind! the floor whispering  
like a girl dreaming; she was still with him  
mouth so dumb and hurt wondering  
i donot love her, i had never-my boy!  
ha-father hair and mouth  
long fervent kisses.  
now, she had three sons in this world  
wanted; it would work out.  
pale, quiet child- old of years;  
oak the years that i aged.  
leave no room to the strings.  
beautiful and bright and love  
Mother! the floor whispering through her.

PRIYANKA BHANDARKAR

# The Job Of A Tomato

A problem of choice, the child to be, which gives opportunities  
transformation of beauty, the conceit of age  
the journey that she lived, a little flute bearing horn  
no sound, thoughts which make memories and desires  
to complete perfection, as god believed, the ten commandments of love  
she would wrap around love to the roots of deconstruction  
a child which waits with patience, tears of blessings  
the moron who would consider himself perfect, a disgrace he is a moron  
the intricate lines of a leaf, a job commitment  
the splotches of god's grandeur which may be alive  
never our own desires, never a lamp of love

for time man did not create but follows.

the inches missed a bullet  
the creature that has fallen  
a greater teacher, one of possibilities  
the lamp at the round table, an image  
the knights and squires who bare the truth

the world eats on a plate or with hands  
the world tastes the food all love  
the greasy smudge on the plate  
to the lonely window naked  
a consideration of the child, a contedness of god

the wonderful rays of the sun, awake, arise.  
a host of them flying in victory  
they even now grow, between the weeds, the virtues  
a fruit that is being eaten, good god

i called it luck, that of which has a bow  
my poet, my poet.

that atmosphere which creates seems untitled, unknown  
but time man did not create but follows.

PRIYANKA BHANDARKAR

# The Achievements Of A Whore

She cuddled a greenish eyed cat, a piece of justification of the crosses  
it went all around her to help death  
she is blue with joy, an answer to the muse  
the idea of a loin cloth, the simple beauty of the wheel  
the contendness of a nation, the mast which flies  
the seven woes of wonder, a child to be  
the hard work which is success and the success which is hard work  
two ways of the fire, 1001 ways she toiled to the colors of the mosaic  
as the clock struck twelve, the idea of incarnation  
the black soot and in her praise of the chimney sweeper  
to wash the lamp on the door, a new idea of leisure  
the candid form of praise, the lovely lamp  
the difference, the use of time, one little room  
the yellow parchment, the scriptures and the upanishads

a name given, to understand and respect deliverance  
the deliverance of a woman, give her strength  
the creation of a critic, a woman to be  
the making of conceit, the aftermath of money

the correct direction, the thoughts of character of a human  
the person on a vehicle giving a ring to the nature  
to derive from time the desire and memories  
the satisfaction of a prisoner, the crisis  
to loose god to his temple of obedience  
the way of life which succumbs to practice  
the perfection of time there here  
as we open an eye, nothingness

always a woman, the greatness of god, the success what they cannot  
a remorse of god.  
as we all fall down, the curtain rises  
a drop of water, women to consider.

A Remorse of God.

PRIYANKA BHANDARKAR

# The Bridge

There is a difference between the moon and the stars  
But the sky is the same  
The sun is not ignorant  
I must confess it is a star  
Colors that add to their beauty  
And I can see a rainbow only when it rains  
Here both are present  
But always both cannot  
Black or blue and over the horizon  
When the day is done  
They are in deep sleep  
Even now man does not know nature.

PRIYANKA BHANDARKAR

# The Complete Making Of An Unknown Citizen

Long narrow vessel, a narrow opening  
The appeared volcano mt. Etna  
mean and a repeated rattling noise  
appreciates the rhythm of knowledge  
silently, on the day of November 2  
Being earth brown, Golden Bowels of the earth  
a yellow brown tree under the letter 'I' and 'A'  
He sipped with elongated nose touch  
The hot' coffee besides, the water trough  
on his blindness, must wait  
A second coming, the reverence for 'otherness'  
The harmless God, Golden color of the Snake  
The sun is hot and brilliant.  
The hypnotic poise, a still picture  
the black innocent battle  
The Etna is smoking, both beautiful.  
And i feel thankless to be honored.  
If not afraid, The Unknown Citizen.

PRIYANKA BHANDARKAR

# The Defeat Of A Poet

Two times a better thought than forlorn  
to accept defeat is a great difficulty  
an upsurge of dreams that cannot be forsaken  
an emotion that brings back memories  
wonder at the height of success  
a greater meaning that could take  
victory to behold and worship  
because some can never accept defeat.

the intellectual thoughts that are our own, a perception  
the action taken, a condition of natural thoughts  
to listen in fearfulness, a lesson of another goal  
as natural thoughts overflow with imagery  
the success already achieved, to work more  
the grace of god and grandeur, a job commitment

wash the ink and tear the paper  
the respect, a simple wardrobe, a lungi'  
once upon a time, the host

to a poet the importance of others imagination.  
to his poem, a noble cause.  
a poet is an orphan in his thoughts.

society, society; a new poet is born.

PRIYANKA BHANDARKAR

# The Gift

A difference to be with that human  
away from the frost of the game  
past the pride of a nation  
it gives one to take, a beautiful mind  
to accept that dignity of labor  
to be known as the best  
the idea for the sake of others  
when one has to give up his self  
that other lumpy idea given by god  
to be known as a winner  
and all can know that  
this is a fate of a winner  
one one has to know the expectations to mankind  
when one has to make the world a better place  
the gloat of victory, a gift to mankind.

PRIYANKA BHANDARKAR

# The Idea Of An Adult

Thoughts to be pondered on a happy note  
we are the people of this nation  
look up and jump around with joy  
for happiness has unknown bounds  
a victory to be pondered on  
play a game and win it by hook  
my child of delight on my lap  
happiness and joy are my comrades  
innocence and inspiration my power  
think thoughts thrice, a symbol  
look back and do not think to quit  
for all this life can take  
hail thee mighty: i have won.

PRIYANKA BHANDARKAR

# The Photograph

.  
and fails the eye.  
like against an ocean.  
but drops of water.  
check e.  
the 27 ness.  
enough to your face.  
blur and headless.  
on the king cobra  
as fusion smokes.  
and shoot.  
ng away.  
just delete  
like a scattered mouse  
you as the snake God.  
continue the disclosure  
and light ed.  
the bursting dullness  
it changes  
as I remain still.  
Behind in folding them away.

PRIYANKA BHANDARKAR

# The Power Of Maturity

I had heard.  
hts.  
So, I wondered even more.  
Made my own conclusions!  
I didn't a smile.  
Maybe, it was my intellect.  
was a conversation.  
like from a movie.  
iant.  
Then it was complicated.  
Lost the paratrooper.  
reconstruction.  
A glass of water.  
But I could not argue.

PRIYANKA BHANDARKAR

# The Punishment

What have I known? recently in justification of kindness  
the generosity of The father, the son and the holy ghost  
a verdict that defends punishment, the thought derived  
a hearing of words, praised be the words of bare heart  
as the process of growth and the innocent lure  
even god cannot attain perfection, the worth of a human  
and a Banana that wonders to obey the pineapple

the vegetable love, a kind of emotion clean to the adult  
without the woods would I grow?  
a guide, the natural ray of intellect  
the count of the number of stars and planets  
who doth have the happiest life?

success is hardwork and the paid condition  
the spread of idleness, the birth of an orphan  
a virtue of it's own reward, the kith very own  
a analysis of being proud, sensitive and intellectual  
the lightness in execution, the regret of poetry  
the life of people, the line of successive poverty  
the rise of anothers imagination

as the autumn rises, the personality and the idea  
the conservative majority of people, to live in obedience  
the second category of the society, in his name  
where in exception the kind, away from the law

the punishment of Krishna, a must read  
the assumption of childhood.

PRIYANKA BHANDARKAR

# The Scarlet Soldier

They doing of this morning, this morning  
he tries to confront the usual manouver  
wheeling, wheeling suddenly to pray  
for the doctor's care to rein the injured horses  
they donot stop or none is wounded  
over the distance brightly bright  
the scarlet letter real to the twelve  
on the mosaic pavements on the dull kings and queens  
the failure of romantic love,  
stay with me here! and then go running.  
It must be the soldier so cunning.

The refugees owes'and the long snore  
on the rising tempo of respect; a terror  
to work for the Lilacs that later bloomed  
and it sprouted on the well laid drone  
the soldier sobbed at noon.

PRIYANKA BHANDARKAR

# The Story Of God

A happy thoughts, a happy few  
health which allows a critic to speak  
to stand up to the shot, a respect  
the idea that adam hath eaten the apple  
the birth of universe, the virtues arranged

the use of intellect, the record of noise  
the game of another to give away to creation  
a preservation of death, on the feeling of immortality  
the condition of a Harijan  
utensils which need to be clean

great is such an occasion, to talk about life  
made modern with the elements of god  
joy and prolonged with a break  
the fame which overtakes

to go hand in hand with nature  
all which require, in persona of grace  
the one little room, the lamp of love

let us not forget, a prisoner in the dungeon  
a little flute which sings it's own glory  
a width and inches and holes  
to work not even his angels  
the ideal exclamation to god  
and it was God who came down on earth  
to grant a wish to me  
wish I were.....

PRIYANKA BHANDARKAR

# The Taste.

.

.

Mouth.

PRIYANKA BHANDARKAR

# The Thoughts Of A Sailor

Of decayed flesh and bones, the bundles of complexities and joy  
as the clock struck twelve, the enchanted air of the sea tormented gong  
the ride on Santa-Maria, the fire which blazed  
the possibilities of reflection, the idea of realization  
Higgin-Bothams'; the winding path of the snake charmers  
the mouth of the sun and the holes of human power  
the captain lay dead, train; train; train  
beneath the sea, a littlerock off the cleft  
a complete making, the cloud of darkness rises  
the shooting star which has fallen, and the lilacs bloomed

the movement of the coffin from shore to shore  
the catamarans lay divided, the cry of arguments  
the reversal of such circumstances, 'farewell; celebrate  
the shadowy waters touch of the past, a nature  
the example of an image, the dolphin to admire, the shades of purification

on the moonlit night the shores lay still that of which may summon life.  
the transcendence of the Golden dawn from justice  
the akasa which protects disdain from action of human wants  
an echo which brings back to life the profound thought  
the captain lay still one arm under  
stains the white moon and the merchant of performance  
an alchemy divine in expression of love

the violence of the shore, the rocks and the waters of eternity  
the fury of splashes, the sun blazed to die again  
the droplets of water which enter, the rugged binds of the ship  
the wicked gleam and bony albatross on the cockpit  
tear, repair and wretched sea'a life to the fathomless universe

a bow to the wheel spindle, as the ship summons  
the silent steps on the shores, recalls a mouth that cannot summon.  
the fifth element in mind and body of man.  
the captain lay still and lips blown  
the dockyard borne to the edisis of march.



# The Valley Of Solitude.

The moor smiled to tell it's own tale.  
that which has stood by time. Silent.  
their uncanny remark made to this valley.  
this idler of time marks respect. lovely.  
the lake which is a biological home to many  
the fireflies which deem a ray of hope  
flowers which carry happiness  
the solitude which denotes time.  
away from thy I fall sanctify.  
given away the deserts of history. a legend.  
There it stood. There it lay. The valley.  
of blessings without attention. the indulgence.  
a jester made his remark. nothing the sadness denotes.  
to the pebbles that paved the path.  
to be thrown into the river, picked up nicely.  
the octopus keeps thy luck. simple fortune.  
written through the wind, the buttons of disclosure.  
a way to my home. a horizon view of completeness.  
under this a ceremony to remember. a God festival.  
the valley hidden. later to technology. a drift.  
the band of flies, the occupation of diaries;  
to come the hard way. a story of solitude.  
but no such incident.

PRIYANKA BHANDARKAR

# The Woods Are Asleep.

HEAR the silence of the Woods that are asleep.  
Holy intellectuals that are those idlers.  
to the shadow of time that  
the dearest of my possession that are uncontrolled.  
to the honors of Environment that pays thou.  
to become and being the Green brown.  
ways of Animals that makes them happy.  
a conception of emotions that thy.  
to help themselves to danger.  
an honest opinion at thy .  
let the inside, outside and beneath astound you.  
listen! thou art above the waters of Thames.  
Still more the sounds of es.  
the touched passion of revolts.  
filling the Earth with nature n eggs.  
the response of the trees all around.  
big, large and dark as I heard conversations-  
of Frogs, Lions, Cotton, Pines that threaten.A Compromise.  
Quiet went thy n to the deep Woods.  
the DIN OF 'S ELEGY.  
AS YOU WALK the woods are asleep.  
as they Whisper and IDLE AWAY THE IDLER.

PRIYANKA BHANDARKAR

# Victory

In a smile a little dazed, i hear  
cheers and a lot of sweet memories  
would I celebrate in succession  
that a goal has been achieved  
medals, trophies and a recollections  
a grim satisfaction read my face  
that win could cast a life forsaken  
my own efforts and a success enroute  
inspiration and innocence are my comrades  
thoughts true truthful of sportsmanship  
a poet is always a symbol  
my victory would remain one forever  
Is it life that missed a goal?

PRIYANKA BHANDARKAR

# Virtues..

The i have worked hard.  
to hire ornaments for this occasion.  
You art a sad tale of success.  
the consideration of words.  
Thine fathomless universe in despair  
a check on the Matrix of happiness.  
o! and your environment creates indifference.  
the spread of truth or dare.  
the apathy of time.I wandered lonely as a soul,  
You in hand and lay gentle still.  
The glory of God is inspiration from vow.  
thou seek from me a appeal higher.  
to live a life of .  
She selects her own soul.

part 2

Shed of honor.a conviction of additional virtues,  
admist stood the chimney with puffs of energy.  
the drones of eyes of stillness.  
Once I ceased to wonder the lovely darkness.  
the aims of achievement of a goal.  
m to a higher fool.  
The charity of the space for faithfulness.  
like a worker with hands of me.  
not a nobler those end of days.  
When the SUNFLOWERS lead a happy life.

PRIYANKA BHANDARKAR

# When Pinky Got She Got Friend.

Not wishes.  
The sky I watched.  
the moon, the sun and stars!  
It was a crowd.  
And they watched.  
Such clear observations.  
But there was no use of powers.  
There were happy feet.  
way they went?  
Cried I as a es.  
This unquiet Kashi river.  
ver.  
Don't use please!  
Then as a poet I felt ashamed.  
Gratitude on behalf of spectacles.  
I was lonely and brilliant.  
First d statement!  
But I appreciated you!

PRIYANKA BHANDARKAR