

Poetry Series

**Rajesh Kumar**  
**- poems -**

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# Rajesh Kumar()

Some day, when the wheels of destiny starts creaking around me, and the groans are heard to surviving few, I might ask myself If I have lived a good life.

Until such time, I live with no regrets. If life were a trade, and me a trading partner, let it be recorded that my partner has not discounted me. In this world I inherited, I stand in profit.

# 01092010 -Magnificent Desperations

Weaving dreams  
out of stuff I could not share,  
Aspiring to fly to places of no return.

I await oblivion in the hands Of the one  
Who does not care!

Does the fiery sun that sets tonight know,  
If there is a tomorrow,  
I shall rise again  
And with folded hands to the unmoving,  
I shall write again.

Jan-1st Week

Rajesh Kumar

# 01092010-The One Who Went Away

I would stand by window sills  
My mind gathering storm, falling rain,  
Thinking about you.

I would stare out of speeding trains,  
Endlessly, as if the ever changing landscapes  
would show me you.

I would fall silent  
over phonelines and chats,  
having heard or read something,  
That reminded me of you.

I would stop in mid traffic  
Or stupidly follow some girl on a scooty home,  
Just because she had straightened her hair,  
And looked Just like you.

I would doodle your name, draw your eyes,  
Shade the lashes,  
Even as my boss and other colleagues,  
Ramble on.

I would kiss the chubby cheeks  
Of terrorizing little tyrants,  
Just because you loved,  
Babies!

I would remember you in a sneeze, a breeze a pollen a grain.  
In a flight a wink a fall,

You are all my pleasures,  
So much of my pain.

When were you so close  
That now it now feels; you are so far away?  
Jan 1st-Week



# 01092010-Young Branch; Growing Shoot

The twinkle of your eyes when you huddle close  
Still fighting with yourself  
Whether a hug would be too much  
A pat too less,  
And the wicked witch like grin followed by that lost look  
Are now etched in me forever.

See what you have done to the rest of my life

For now if I see an eye that twinkles  
Or a laughter in confusion  
A wicked grin  
Or a beautiful pout,  
I will remember you!

Grow deep, grow strong  
I am a rider of storms  
For now,  
All my shelters are yours.

Jan 9th 2010

Rajesh Kumar

## 02092010: Merchant Of Dreams

Some love have sad beginnings  
Desolate that life is, it hangs on to mirages.

You know how these stories go,  
Things that never begin  
Never ends!  
And you have another life spent  
Chasing mirages conjuring dreams.

Rajesh Kumar

## 02092010: One More Time

Just because your smile  
Can cause an heartache  
Is barely reason enough  
To fall in love again  
All over again..

Can I hear that laughter  
One more time?  
Feb-7

Rajesh Kumar

# 04082010-I Remember

Lines from the poem  
You read to me last  
Thoughts of music that played  
When you danced last

The SMS that you sent  
Just before all this merged

Into a distant past.  
Mar-27-2010

Rajesh Kumar

## 09052010-How Do I?

Every time I scribble a note,  
Intending to start something new,

The words that hurry forth script  
Your thoughts anew.

There has to be a line  
Resting  
Somewhere in between times  
When I think of you  
And I... think of you.

Until such time my words remain,  
Forever scripting  
Thoughts of you.  
May-3-2010

Rajesh Kumar

## 09052010-Your Voice On The Phone

Reaching out and yet remaining,  
Just outside where my world begins,  
Never stepping in,  
Never actually stepping away either.

Will you for ever maintain  
This wonderful balance between what is  
And what could be?  
Will you forever stay near and yet so far.

Someday if I reach out to hold on,  
Will I find you standing there?  
March 25

Rajesh Kumar

# A Walk To Remember

For the years we were together  
We have together walked  
You and i  
Through potholes and puddles  
Through sunshine and rain  
Through times when your feet would kiss the sea  
And times when the sea would run in and kiss your feet.

Tonight lets walk out into the night  
One last time,  
Lets walk upto babu's shop and have panipuri.  
You adored them once.  
And then lets walk upto the KBR park  
And sit on the cement bench for a while.  
I will read you a line from one of my poems you loved  
And you can show me your dhruv thara again.

I understand that you leave tonight  
I know that your other life waits for you out there,  
But then that is tomorrow and we still have this one last night.

Lets walk out into the night  
And meet babu.  
8-Oct

Rajesh Kumar

# About You

One neat string seamless and strong

That runs through my book of life  
Tying in togetherness my pages  
Days, events, years and lifetimes  
Into small readable chapters.

You string my life together  
Because of you I am  
Because of you I have  
A story to tell!  
Feb 2009

Rajesh Kumar

# Addiction

Shots of you I need, multiple shots,  
One call at a time, one sms at a time,  
One short drive at a time.

I need to drink from your laughter that overflows  
In short bursts of child-like chuckles,  
And be right there when you holler,  
In the middle of the night  
Bringing down the house.

I love to listen to your poems,  
They are so terribly better than mine,  
And I so love it when you ask me to read my lines,  
Late into nights, and so out of time.

I love to go to cinema with you,  
And when you whistle at Salman, God! ,  
I have no where to hide!

And I love to go shopping for churidaars with you,  
I love the pile you mount in the trial room  
And hate the look those ladies from the mall give me,  
When you dont buy!

I love to walk down lovers lanes with you,  
My left hand in your right  
Hearing your chatter right into the starlit nights.

And I so hate to dropp you home,  
When you to look my way  
And sashay away knowing well,  
That my eyes are glued on to you.

Some faint waft of perfume ever remain,  
In the car as I find my way back,  
Home and so alone.

With your tears and your laughter,  
With your delights and your disappointments,

With your urges and your surges,  
Your needs and your denials,  
You paint my life in a million hues.  
All my memories, are so awfully  
Colored by you.

Should there be more reasons...  
I am so damn addicted to you!

Rajesh Kumar

# An Indian By Choice

If there be fire and I need to burn again  
If there be bullets and I need to bear again  
If there be famine and hunger  
If there be floods and disease  
Even if there be a million unfulfilled lives to live  
All leading to death that leave my life's business unfinished

Let me be born all over again  
Every time, forever

Again and Again

An Indian

Dec'2008

Rajesh Kumar

# An Ink That Stains In A Pen That Rusts

I do not want to write about you  
Writing about you wastes my words  
And define boundaries  
In an otherwise infinite world  
Full of infinite possibilities

I do not want to write about you  
My written word stains  
The paper where my ink blots  
And words penned take on meanings  
That was otherwise not thought

Let my words rest in peace  
Let my worlds survive.  
8th of May 2007

Rajesh Kumar

# Autumn In The Winds

I see shades of gray in the sky  
And driving down the road to office today  
I see promises of springtime  
Falling down the trees.

Its Autumn calling

Wonder why it always coincides  
With the times spring showers melt  
And leave me dry.

04-Oct-2009

Rajesh Kumar

# Betel Life

The green leaf melts  
With white lime and burns  
Translucent red in my life  
Its one betel life.

Rajesh Kumar

# Bringing Back The Dead

Tonight I have decided  
To bring back my poetry.  
It is here, amid wind fallen rubber trees,  
And grounded electric posts.  
It has to be here,  
Amidst the stink of FC's

And the discontent of my workforce.

If idle dreams can set desires on fire  
And lead to strikes and lock outs;  
Then surely my poetry too lurks  
In the grand evil of disillusionment  
That weeds out every dream;  
Every hungry desire, for hope.  
Tonight I have decided,  
To bring you back by force.  
I will court you  
With the lustful eyes of the Taliban  
And I will follow you  
Like the Mongrel follows Papu's daughter.  
Though courting be cheap;  
I know you will come.  
And when you have finally arrived,  
I will celebrate your arrival  
As that of a new born  
Into my life.  
2000

Rajesh Kumar

# Butterfly Landing (1)

In my fleeting frames of life,  
Someone just hit the pause button;  
The world hushed down to a whisper  
I looked around

It was my Butterfly  
Landing.

June 2009

Rajesh Kumar

## Butterfly Landing (4)

Sometimes you ask me  
Why I fall so silent on your calls,

And I tell you,

I am such a lousy speak and you;  
You such a wonderful hear.

Butterfly landing  
Dare I squeak?

June 2009

Rajesh Kumar

# Colors Of The Sun

Of all the colors of the sun  
The one I love is a fiery red  
The color of the sun on a tranquil evening,  
Bracing for another day.

Of all your moods the one I love  
Is the one when you go astray,  
When you live in the moment that ticks  
And do not think of another day.

The Sun that will rise tomorrow awaits,  
For us to live out our little nights.

Goodnight & then one more.

30th April 2009

Rajesh Kumar

# Coming

I close my eyes,  
As this journey ends.  
I know this path well  
I know where it ends.  
1995

Rajesh Kumar

# Cross Roads

Three women walked into the night  
Steadily towards their hostel-gates.

Five wait with me at the crossroads  
They have a different place to go.

I waited ...  
Watching those three walk farther away;  
They were lost,  
Might have reached the gates and turned in.  
"Cant' we move on, it's so late", said one of them.  
I walked on,  
In silence; wishing they would know,  
That of the three, who walked the other way,  
There was one who never looked my way.  
And she was the reason  
Why I was there.

(14th November 1997 As I walked Rekha and her friends back to their hostels)

Rajesh Kumar

# Days

When your face glows  
Bright red like Pune figs,  
It reminds of the Simla season of my life,  
In that one terrible winter  
Aeons ago,  
My young heart was full of summer glow.

When you blush and bloom  
Sudden smiles of sun-like hues  
It feels that warm spring breeze  
Danced with the winter chill  
And swept it off its feet.

And then there are those days,  
When You would sit by my side lost in thought,  
Wondering how you could pick  
One more fight.  
And hit me just again  
A little more tight.

And then there are those days  
When you have those self doubts and blues  
When you play hide and I play seek  
And I am left figuring out ways and means  
To ring you back again.

Each day brings a new you  
Each day that I set my eyes on you  
I wish I could start my life anew.

Rajesh Kumar

## Deep (Lamp)

The lamp that lights your eyes so bright,  
Burns me in its wake.

I am the wax that feeds your fire,  
I am the oil that fuels desires,  
Because of you, I burn;

Let there be light.

Rajesh Kumar

# End Of The Report

Dear Sir,

I have drafted my report  
For the last seven days.  
It's on your table, right  
Next to your paper weight,  
Under the pen-stand.

After you have read the above  
If you feel I should change,  
Some part of what had happened,  
To what actually  
Should have happened.

Edit it, its open to change,  
What I did yesterday,  
You can undo  
Today.

6th October 2002

Rajesh Kumar

# Fill My Life

Fill my life, one droplet a time,  
Let my living be filled with sounds of splashes,  
All life long.

I am an ocean,  
I am never full.

Fill my life  
One falling snowflakes a time.  
Let my living be filled with hush,  
Of falling snow.

Let there be silences all life long.

Rajesh Kumar

# First Bloom

Nothing will come to happen,  
Until the clouds have drained  
Their rain, and carried on.

Until it rains,  
Nothing happens.  
Until it rains,  
Nothing grows.

Come away until it rains.  
Our rituals are wrong  
For we have missed the seasons.  
We will try again the next time,  
When it rains and the earth sprouts,  
Humid fumes of pent-up passions.  
That time, I know,  
We will do it right.

Let us wait until the rains,  
For until it rains,  
Nothing grows.

7th November 2000

Rajesh Kumar

# For Whom My Pen Writes

All my lines, all these years  
Each one of them, all these words  
Have been penned for one  
Who would never read  
Any of these.

Like love my lines exist  
Irrespective of you.  
May 2009

Rajesh Kumar

## Four Lines

If I were to count the hours we spent together  
Once sunny silences replaced idle chatter  
Time would give way to timelessness  
I would have to borrow another lifetime.  
June 2009

Rajesh Kumar

# From Down The Memory Lane

Somebody came walking in  
And gave me a box-full of candies to chew.  
Once again the lavender mists bloomed  
And I was reminded of you.

1998.

Rajesh Kumar

# From My Other Life

He knows me from my other life  
From the days in which I walked back home with him.

Those days were wild  
We had a field day chasing butterflies,  
And we messed around much.  
Many times the guns boomed  
And sometimes there was blood.

He remembers me from those days  
Those days are dead.  
1997

Rajesh Kumar

# Hero Honda Passion Plus-The Girl In The Ad

I Surf channels waiting  
For the girl to smile, twice;  
I know who she reminds me of;

Of Shveta from fifteen years ago  
Riding a red Gypsy SUV.  
My heart misses a beat  
I feel twenty again.

June 2009

Rajesh Kumar

# How Could I Let You Know

How much I needed you?  
Like all those things in the world  
That live for aeons  
I am silent too.

Rajesh Kumar

# I Am Going

Every time you know  
That I am just about to let go:  
You squeak and shudder and blow  
Even feign a thunder  
Before you strike at the door  
Three loud thumps  
That mean  
Please Don't' Go.

8th of May 2007

Rajesh Kumar

# I Needed You

It had been mighty big time  
Since I had felt love's tenderness and longing in me.  
It takes one like you to return  
All those human forms to me.

Thank you for all those messages of mine...left un-returned,  
For all those calls That went unanswered,  
For all those hours of waiting,  
Unfulfilled.

What would I do  
Without You?

Rajesh Kumar

# I Tried, Will Try Again

Sun sets across my window sills  
Even as I squat by getting its glimpse  
Between the dish antenna and the tree.  
The woods are brooding; soon  
Then will be camaraderie of the crickets  
And the Mooply beetles.

I had twenty days of leave,  
I took leave,  
And six, I spend on trains.  
I could not make it to you this time;  
It seems, now;  
There may be no other time.

I have told the bungalow servant  
-He attends all my calls-  
if you call from Himachal,  
I will never be around.  
I tried Princess, and I failed.  
And this is the third time  
I failed.

Eight years of desperations,  
Two thousand nine hundred and twenty two  
Days of desperations.

I tried Princess,  
I will try again.

2000 (I did go and meet her in November of 2003)

Rajesh Kumar

# Iron Wheels

Have you heard the incessant clatter  
Of steel wheels on steel tracks?

I wish my life too  
Would sound so clear.  
July 2009

Rajesh Kumar

## Kitna? Safed Pannon Jithna

I have loved you through the cold midnights  
Up north; when I used to whisper words  
Of love through cold telephone lines  
To keep you warm in me.

I have loved you in the sultry heat  
Of a humid southern drought And in letters tried to water  
Your thoughts in me.

Through seasons without ample reasons  
I have loved you.  
Through time, and out of time  
I have loved you.  
For such things to go on  
And on  
I have defined continuity on my own terms  
In my love for you.  
2000

"Kitna? Safed Pannon Jithna." (In the vernacular, Kitna? stands for 'How Much? ' and 'Safed Pannon Jithna' is a response which means 'As much as a page of White Paper')

Rajesh Kumar

# Let Life Decide

From the hundreds of time I have fought  
And lost  
And a million times I have won  
Without a fight  
I have learnt one simple truth  
Let life take over  
Let life decide

Rajesh Kumar

# Lines

I have lived more days everyday  
Than you in a lifetime.  
My seconds are shorter  
My hours longer.  
I sharpen the blades of my memories  
And each day weed out  
The seeds that grew overnight  
And thus my life.  
1998

Rajesh Kumar

## Lines (2)

When the last of your heart's fountains go dry  
And no dreams remain to drive you on;  
Reel me in like you reel in kites  
And make me your own.

1998

Rajesh Kumar

# Living In The Moment

A scoop of Silence splattered with sounds  
Hot chocolate fudge on frozen vanilla  
The taste of nuts rolling and melting  
With the corn and the crowd.

Stay back for a second will you,  
I have a moment to live  
One single melting moment in life

Let me live through these seconds  
These frozen freeze frame seconds.

Later, you will melt away

Go on to become a face  
That catches my attention  
In a crowd  
That I avidly avoid.

A friend now  
A Stranger an ice-cream moment away!

March 27,2009

Rajesh Kumar

# Magnificent Distraction

What magnificent distraction this!  
Ebbs and flows and throbs and throes  
Disconcerting to degree  
Away and beyond!

The Kite flies away  
The thread tags along  
All the way all along  
Up and up and beyond  
To the yonder till it falls

Catches a tree a shrub a hedge a storm.

What magnificent distraction this!  
Ebbs and flows and throbs and throes.

April-5'09

Rajesh Kumar

# Many Moods You

Somedays you want me,  
Somedays you dont.  
Now you want me,  
And then you dont.  
Today there is silence,  
Tomorrow there will be storms.  
Finally definitely maybe  
Today someday eventually,

O Lord I beg thee,  
In thy hands remain,  
My sanity.

Rajesh Kumar

# Many Worlds

Of the many worlds that live within me;  
Colliding, colluding, ever competing;  
The one that I love to live in,  
When the rest of them hound me,  
Is the world in which you live with me.

My desires are pots of gold,  
Away across the fading horizons.  
While I love to aspire for brilliant shores,  
And love to row towards the unknown  
anchored to you forever my boat remains,  
You are my favorite shore.

Rajesh Kumar

# Memory Full-Pls. Delet Some Messages

A cell phone full of you  
Crowding out the realms  
Of all other relationships  
Eating into the many worlds  
That fight within me for space.

And once you are gone,  
I'll sell that space  
To make a living  
A living out of telecast rights  
Of the highlights of my life!

28th December,2007

Rajesh Kumar

# Milan

(In the vernacular, Milan stands for coming together in love)

Stealing bits and pieces of time  
Out from an unforgiving tyrant,  
I sit besides you and hear my heart beat,  
In wild fleeting throbs,  
Outside the spheres of thought and time.  
March 199

Rajesh Kumar

# Missed A Beat!

And then you smile again!

(June 2009)

Rajesh Kumar

# Mother Of All Passwords

There is a password  
Which opens all my locks.  
The digital diary squeaks in assent  
And my cell phone loves it too.  
The files in my computer  
Open by this name;  
And my e-mail id too.  
It's all you; always you;  
All the way down the road,

All my passwords  
Have always been you.  
2000,

Rajesh Kumar

# No More Lines For You

I knew you would come this way  
Looking for memories from our yesterdays  
I have wrapped my pens back into cellophane  
And hid them behind their metal lids

There are lines for you no more,  
I don't live here any more.

I knew you would come this way  
Picking random thoughts of love and care  
Among the remains of what remains  
From the little time we shared

There are lines for you no more,  
I don't live here any more.

I know that you are hurting  
Accept my condolences too  
I died yesterday  
This is my tombstone.

Nov-3-2009

Rajesh Kumar

## Not That I Needed More ...

Some lifetimes are not enough  
To settle our guilts, our debts.  
It cuts across dimensions,  
Unlike love, unlike hatred.  
And it sprouts remembrances  
In scarlet red and translucent whites.

A lifetime is barely time enough,  
To realize our Himalayan blunders  
Our so called hits and our near misses.

But a lifetime is not enough,  
To bury our guilts, our debts.  
And those that we leave behind  
Bury us.

2000

Rajesh Kumar

# Now That It Is Done

The script that carried the play  
And the actors that played the roles  
The prompter behind the wings  
And the lightsman right up there  
Now that they are all gone  
I see empty rows staring  
Where the faces laughed and cried before.

Now that it is done  
Life's reset to where it once was.  
To where it began.

Now that it is done  
It is time again to move on.  
This once more.

May 2009

Rajesh Kumar

# Now That You Are Going

And now that you are leaving  
Scatter some seeds as you go,  
And whence comes a rainy day  
There will grow flowers  
And flowers I will follow.  
12th April 1997

Rajesh Kumar

# One Meandering Life

I know how it began, we all know where it ends.

Between this beginning and its end survives;  
One meandering life.

Seasons come and go,  
Relationships bloom and burst,  
The Constant Gardner is ever at work.  
Seeding flowers, planting trees,  
Some to bloom others to grow.  
Amidst this growth and decay,  
Amidst fading-by-the-night flowers and everlasting trees,  
Is one meandering life.

Climbing mountains riding waves,  
Catching an 'Appooppan Thadi' chasing a dream,  
Amidst sleep and wakefulness,  
Is one meandering life.

Answering questions questioning answers,  
Questioning the questions that longed for answers  
And the answers that begged for questions.  
Between moments of clarity and aeons of confusion,  
Is one meandering life.

Milestones by the way  
Discount distances yet to be run.  
What is known is your truth,  
The unknown is all mine.  
Between the distances of the mind  
And those of the milestones  
Is one meandering life.

Stuck between truths,  
Yours and mine;  
Is one meandering life.

Rajesh Kumar

# Our Lives Are Our Lines

If I were to write you a few lines  
And you were to name them after  
Some poems you would have read  
Somewhere in time to forget  
And be remembered of it again.

I would write my name "Rxxxxx"  
And I will write your name "Sxxxxx"  
And I will place them at the two ends  
Of a very white  
Of a very wide  
Sheet of paper.

And I will write no more.

Our lives are our lines  
And between these few lines  
Of lost spaces and misplaced punctuations  
Let us, you an I  
Help each other make sense  
Of what remains of us.

Rxxxxx

Sxxxxx

Rajesh Kumar

# Parting

As the Train moved,  
You moved on,  
And I,  
I stayed behind.

Rajesh Kumar

## Parting (2)

The smell of parting  
Hung heavy all around.  
A liner  
Portholes full of strange faces.  
A fragrance ...  
Somewhat known;  
I turn  
Sweat with perfume mingles in a hurried fierce embrace.  
Salt in the sea and stars up there,  
No time to stare.  
A kiss into the darkling night,  
Giving away, taking back  
Taking back, giving away.  
Three hoots and a clutter,  
A "dupatta" brushed my face goodbye,  
A strand of her hair between my lips,  
Footsteps ...  
Receding waves.  
Bleeding eyes and kerchief.  
Strange night tonight  
I win back leased lands,  
Good Night, Good Night.  
1997

Rajesh Kumar

# Reasons

One day I discover  
That the shadows that tagged me  
Were not mine but yours.

The music that lent rhyme to my life  
Were from songs that were not mine but yours.

The faint light of hope that i would follow  
When my hope gave way to despair,  
Were from sparks of life I borrowed from you. They were not mine but yours.

Tonight as I fumble for reasons, as to why this love sustains?

I read these lines again and need reasons no more'.

Oct-25-09

Rajesh Kumar

# S

Wax in my life,  
When you do not call,  
I melt, and die, slow,  
Burning, wax and wick, and all  
Into embers, and smoke.

And when you call,  
I am reborn,  
Like a phoenix  
Wax and wick and all,  
I am reborn,  
I am reborn again.  
31st January 2003.

Rajesh Kumar

# Sleep, Please.

Let the moment pass,  
It is not as important as we think.  
Let it pass and you would not think,  
About it tomorrow.

February 2001

Rajesh Kumar

# Solitude

In my backyard  
There are two drooping pillars for basketballs,  
And towards the evenings  
Each stand brooding forlorn  
With the other in his eyes.  
1998

Rajesh Kumar

# Sunflower

Each Sunflower that follows the Sun  
Reminds me of my love  
For you.

How could I let you know  
How much I needed you?  
Like all those things in the world  
That live for aeons

I am silent too

Rajesh Kumar

# Temptations

I love chocolate, it is sinful!

It is the taste of longing  
Passionately melting, and fulfilled.

Its is the taste of desires,  
Tumultuous satisfied.

It is the fruit of waiting,  
Finally quenched.

My chocolate, my temptation,  
I can resist anything,  
But how do I resist you?

Rajesh Kumar

# That Feeling Of Deja Vu'

My yesterdays leap into my tomorrows.  
It forms an interesting situation.

I now live with a constant sense of dejavu'.  
I have already lived my tomorrow yesterday.

The future holds no surprises.  
Its just a bundled reflection of me  
From an era which included you.

The summer and the sun are just the same.  
The Fear too  
Is just the same.

Rajesh Kumar

# 'That Little Drop In Your Eyes'

If all were right this night  
The silences would have lied again.

I would have missed as yesterday  
That little dropp in your eyes.

Goodnight.

Rajesh Kumar

# The Alternate Time Machine

Come with me  
Let's take a ride  
Plant yourself next to me  
Let me smell in your hair  
The whiff of yesterday's shampoo

Closer still  
Until the discomfort of distances melt  
And you let go  
Of that last bit of shame

Close enough  
For you to hear my heart beat  
Over yours

Close enough  
For my face to fill your eyes  
Just as they silently  
Close behind

Close enough  
For me to smell your Dove face wash  
Your Charlie Deo  
Your Ponds moisturizer

Close enough  
Closer enough  
Into me, into yourself  
Into an alternate  
Time Machine.  
(Saturday, October 25, 2008)

Rajesh Kumar

# The Beginnings

The seed that I was  
Ever in waiting  
For that little warmth  
Of an astray laughter  
That warm cuddle  
Of another  
Stranger in transit

You came along

And in the hurried embrace  
Of those molten moments  
I bloomed lines  
Forever flowering  
Never ending

Rajesh Kumar

# The Girl In My Wallet

Weather-beaten though they may be,  
The leather and the woman in it;  
It serves the larger goal of withering  
That relationships undergo, in time, and  
Some times out of time.

I make friends and in time they melt away  
As friends are wont to do with  
The sweet fragrances of friendship gone stale.

I plant flowers and they bloom  
To fade  
With a tired yawn  
Into the darkling night.

I smoke cigarettes and with life  
They burn the paper  
Into  
Inert ash.

There's no reason why,  
An e-mail should not end everything.  
The leather of my purse will outlive  
The girl it has so long imprisoned.

2001

Rajesh Kumar

## The Girl In My Wallet (2)

These six years  
There's yet that freshness  
Lingering upon her faded face  
Echoing traces of the way she used to smile  
And it's lasted me a lifetime now.

It little matters  
Her whereabouts these days  
For she's been wedded to my leather,  
And these six years that she's been  
Her powers have been on decline  
And she brings no new troubles,  
Nor does her smile hurt  
The way it did.

Forget her  
Forgive her for being there:  
As now  
She can't be elsewhere;  
For then she fails  
To work up the magic.  
This Girl  
In my  
Wallet.

1998

Rajesh Kumar

# The New Patch (Life 2.0)

Incessant chatter amidst eerie silences  
Self doubts, confusions, misgivings, anger,  
Anguish angst pain.

These are troubled times  
Times when life leads us by the nose  
Into places we would otherwise  
Never venture.

These are times when the Programmer  
Is busy fixing bugs, running regression checks,  
Times when the CPU double spins  
To keep the game going.

Once the new patch is in place  
I promise you,  
Things would be different.  
June 2009

Rajesh Kumar

# The Storm

I remember the other day  
When the winds blew our voice away  
And I, standing by you upon the side-walk  
Failed to hear you moving away.

Later when the winds were gone  
And the kids from the blocks were playing around  
Then I was happy for them and for you.  
But when I looked into your eyes,  
I knew where the storm had raged  
That only now was gone.  
And I knew then that you had moved away.

Rajesh Kumar

# The Train That Hurtles Into The Night

The train that hurtles into the night,  
Is driven by a sense of purpose that is mine.

Tonight,  
I am just another traveler.  
I share my destiny with those who are around,  
In the same space and time.

I believe, and hence,  
This journey!

March-5,2009

Rajesh Kumar

# This Night Ends Tonight

This night that runs into tomorrow,  
Ends tonight.

For all that remains to be said and done  
You have just this one night.

HE who maintains those registers would know,  
The number of nights we're yet to live.

All I know at this moment in time,  
Is that this night that runs into day  
Ends tonight.

Goodnight :)

May 2009

Rajesh Kumar

# To A Friend Who No Longer Had Time For Me

Each time I called you, these last few times,  
I could hear my loneliness echo wantonly through silent telephone lines.  
You were always busy.

I now try to live with myself.  
This time,  
I am busy.

Rajesh Kumar

## To An Old Friend... On St. Valentine's Day

Some days the tides come ashore,  
bringing home remnants of a relationship lost  
To yester year storms.  
One such tide just drenched me.  
I am sending it your way...  
Happy tine's day.

Rajesh Kumar

# Waiting

Back home I wait  
For a call that dont come.

Sleep waits with me  
Wide awake.  
Oct-27-09

Rajesh Kumar

# What If?

When my life hits the rapids

And the currents lead me astray,  
I fight for control  
Of my little dingy life;

Veering to the left and then  
Veering to the right,  
Fighting with all my might,  
To keep the rapids away.

And then i remember what Columbus had to say:  
'The sea will grant each man new hope,  
And sleep will bring dreams of home, '

I stop fighting the rapids,  
Let my little boat have its way.  
Chance these rapids I will  
For there are only two things that could come my way,  
One shall lend me hope and the other,  
The other shall lead me Home.

16 April 2009

Rajesh Kumar

# When Dreams Start Hurting

Ablaze in the daylights of Nagpur  
I now realize why their Oranges  
Are a fiery red  
The color of fire and the Sun.

Its a fire so frenzied  
That this beautiful town with is beautiful roads  
Clean and neat people  
Scurry around the streets  
on bipeds and mopeds attired  
Like terrorists.  
Yesterday in my hotel room  
As I made way for the mistress  
of sleep to invade  
I dreamt of us  
Of the last time I was in Nagpur  
And we had a softy ice cream  
@ Haldirams.

Fire of all fires  
My very own dreams  
Have now started hurting.  
Nagpur  
Is on fire.  
May 2007

(Nagpur is a town in India famous for its hot sun and fiery red oranges)

Rajesh Kumar

# White Spaces

Hidden White Spaces  
Between words and thoughts  
Hurling out surprises  
Shocking Senses

Hidden white spaces  
Living among us  
In our minds  
Our deeds  
Our Actions

Hidden white spaces  
There is no escape.

Jan 2008

Rajesh Kumar

# Yesterdays Poems

I put to words  
A handful of drift wood washed ashore  
From my yesterdays storms and later realize  
When I open those doors again  
That strangers sit staring  
Vacantly towards carpeted floors  
Where I thought that I had  
My friends installed.

1998

Rajesh Kumar

# You Colored My Life

Once the loved one is gone  
Life rolls back into a routine,  
In months and years it moves,  
Till such time as ordained.

Not that I mind this empty life,  
Not that my canvas was ever white;  
But the colors that you leave behind,  
Now that you are gone,  
Paint my memories screw up my thoughts;  
Wonder why the hours of the night,  
Now seem so long!

Dec-2009

Rajesh Kumar

# Your Love For Silences

Your love for silences  
Clutters my life with random noises  
The thoughts in my head  
Crowds everything else out.

I await  
Your noise.

Rajesh Kumar