

Poetry Series

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**- poems -**

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## ...and Slowly The Pieces Began To Fall

Looking from the outside,  
At a life I live today.  
I wonder where the end began,  
I wonder when I died.

Every moment passes,  
Without realization.  
Decorations; aplenty.  
Living; not a penny!

I walked from one end of the world,  
To an altogether different end.  
Yet all those ends,  
Seemed so alike.

Life's in its variety,  
A little devil; a little piety.  
Well, wherever I go,  
They seem the same to me.

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# And There You Go Slipping Away...

I try to hold on to you so tight,  
But you always end up victorious in the fight.  
I try to hold you close,  
And never let you go away  
But you never fail to leave me dismay.

And as the veil of age makes me slower by the day,  
You never miss your excuse for slipping away,  
I wait for you to wait for me,  
End my eternal tryst with misery.  
Misery that you never waited for me,  
Even when I needed you, to shape my destiny.

Oh time, when will you learn to wait?  
You could just do enough to change my tottering fate!

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# Introspection

There I stand; staring at myself.  
Could I have been anybody else?  
Could I have changed what was meant for me?  
Or did I have to surrender to destiny?

I try to look beyond what I see,  
Could there have been a different me?  
Could I have chosen a different way?  
Did my life have to see this day?  
Could I have done more than what I did?  
Would I then be able to flay all those fears,  
That I often hid?

But is this the real picture of me?  
Am I really drenched in misery?  
Am I not happier than what I look to be?  
Am I not satisfied with what life offers me?

Then the reflection in the mirror speaks to me,  
Tells me that God chose him for me,  
He tells me that he never walked the wrong way,  
He may only have walked slowly some days.

He tells me that there is still time,  
To mould the path that we are on,  
All the chances in life haven't vanished and gone.  
There is still lot more of life,  
That we have to see,  
There is still time to shape our destiny.

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# Iraq

Two dreams vaporized into dust,  
Two nations displayed cold eyed lust.  
Two kids played in the sand that day,  
Two nations; for war; cleared the way.

Bang bang, boom boom, rose the voice,  
Civilian targets weren't supposed to be the choice.  
One died, the other alive but lost in a haze,  
Two leaders, lost in a money minded middle age.

They took him to a hospital;  
Bandaged his wound,  
They told the boy to hope,  
Hope for a better day.  
But tell me what use is hope,  
When that lonely boy looks for his mate?

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# Mother

She's got a garden in her backyard,  
Two plantlets, waiting to become plants,  
She waters them everyday with care,  
She wants them to grow, oh so fast!

Then she loses herself in memories,  
Memories of the plantlets when small,  
So tender and so naïve,  
That they'd always tend to fall.

She supports them with twigs and sticks,  
So that they are upward bound,  
She chops them sometimes,  
If they branch, towards the ground

She waits for them to grow,  
'Oh! Why do they grow so slow'?

She's got a home in her house,  
She's got two naïve kids in this home,  
She's brought them up with utmost care,  
Now she waits, to see how they fare.

My mother; she waits,  
For us kids to become men.

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# Rain! ! !

The sun is covered, its glory lost;  
The earth shivers, shrouded in frost.  
As the light of day faded,  
Clouds of rain paraded.

The tender leaves, in an infant green,  
In mirth unknown,  
Bend towards the ground.

The wavering rain, in steady breeze,  
Drive home, the restless bees.

The water trickling down the blade of grass,  
Steadily forms a puddle ever so vast.

With reckless ease and effortless grace,  
Down the slope,  
The ever-widening streams race.

The chirping of the birds, the hum of the breeze;  
The sweet sound of the raindrops  
And the swinging trees;  
An enchanting melody goes unsung.

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# The Conflict Between Black And White

All these shades of gray,  
Nibbling into my black and white  
Will one day convince me,  
That they are, but black and white.

One after another, they parade  
Into this small world of mine.  
White, a day,  
Black, another.

How was I to know?  
You God of black and white,  
That you had arrived,  
Masquerading as gray.

A test, I failed again,  
A dream, I dreamt away.  
Would it be the same,  
If I were to know black from white?

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# The Path To Desolate Dreams...

There's a path I've never walked on,  
There's a road left forlorn,  
There's a place where desolate dreams come true,  
But that's a place I can't go with you.

I've heard thorns pierce your bare feet, out there,  
I've heard your blood and sweat is your only prayer,  
I've heard it takes you long to reach that place,  
I've heard it's the end of a victorious race.

But you staring at me, from across the mirror,  
Never learnt, how to walk the hard way,  
My hopes and dreams just drifted further away,  
While you just stared from across the mirror..

And so I decide to shred you from me,  
Burn you and let your embers free.  
And so I decide to tread that road,  
Pricking thorns matter no more!

Dripping sweat and flowing blood,  
I take them all into my stride.  
As I walk towards that place,  
Where forgone conclusions fade,  
And desolate dreams come true.

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# Waited Too Long...

Waiting to die, he reflected on his past.  
Waiting for the right time,  
He let life pass.

A life of deceit he had lived,  
Only managing, to deceive himself!

In the wait for perfection,  
He waited too long,  
He forgot to live life all along...

His story was that of the child,  
Who failed to grow up,  
Because he laid waiting,  
For the right time to become a man!

His story was that of the man,  
Who waited for his sleeping beauty to awake,  
When all he needed to do,  
Was wake her up!

His was the story of striving for success,  
When life, was already filled with excess.

....now he wants to live his life,  
When all he has left,  
Are a few moments of strife...

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# Waiting

Shuffling down this path of gloom,  
I observe there is much more room.  
Fear dominates cheer here,  
And sweat is replaced by the tear.

"Dig on my lads, we have got some to go,  
How many more who is to know? "...

He went one day to the shop.  
Waited, `coz someone asked him to stop.  
Why didn't he know he'd never stop again?  
Now wounded, he waits for death in pain.

They stopped a train one day,  
Set it ablaze and ran away.  
They were a mighty lot, no one could touch,  
So we tormented their innocent clan as such.

It's a cycle and we have come back,  
How many have gone down,  
We've lost track.

She waits for her son by the window,  
Angry; for he's walking so slow.

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# Waiting For You...

...and years go by waiting for you,  
A lonely cry, a moist tear,  
Is all the company I have here.

Amongst white lilies and roses red,  
Were you entwined in nature's bed.  
Divine in sight, yet ever so present,  
Your face glistened in the morning sun.

And as you walked or cruised instead,  
Like a serpent curl ahead,  
I watched your dazzling hair,  
Playfully bounce off your shoulder's breadth.

You were mine and only mine,  
Yet you remained so far away.  
Visible yet out of reach,  
A game you wouldn't cease to play.

...and years go by wasting away,  
Lonely still with moist eyes,  
But memory of you keeps me waiting here...

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