

Poetry Series

Rita Pal
- poems -

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Rita Pal()

Writer and Poet based in the United Kingdom

- a. North American Poetry Competition 1997. Second Prize.
- b. National Poetry Library Contest 1998. Runner up.
- c. Faber and Faber National Poetry Day Contest 1999. Second Prize
- d. Faber and Faber National Poetry Day Contest - Sutton Coldfield 2000. First Prize.
- e. Jazzclaw Poetry Competition 2002 Fourth place.

A Bride In A Shroud

The blood of the innocent
Pave the steps to heaven
A price was paid, a bounty sealed
A statistic concealed, a soul erased
Gold was counted by sniveling men
Who gleefully carry their hearts of ice
Playing dice with gold coins
While gambling with silver souls

Rose petals wilt by the shroud of the bride
Laced with raindrops that freeze in the night
Waterfalls of tears cracked the tired hearts
The saddened eyes of the old remember
They remember the smiles that once lived
They remember the brave lights
Before the crimes of the truth
Were paid by the blood of the dead.

Rita Pal

A Handful Of Daydreams

In the dead of night, silence cracks
Nightmares haunt with demons dare
Hourglass frozen in crystal fear
Gravestone laced in fated days.

In the distance, a ray of light
A filtered sunrise, a casket of hope
A flicker of fire, a subtle desire
Locked to a handful of daydreams

Rita Pal

A Wish Forever

It is a wish of angel dusted dreams
When moonlit nights fell to dawns feet,
It is wish for seven golden suns
When crystal tears fell to fear's feet,
It is a wish for the cold winter's end
When dewdrops fell to roses thorns,
It is the wish of firelight summers
When my sunsets fell to your horizons,
It is a wish of innocent hearts
When I fell into your beautiful eyes,
And drowned there forever.

Rita Pal

Beautiful

In your eyes are lovers desires
In your eyes are gold dust fires
In your eyes are starlight pyres
In your eyes are sunlight showers

For your eyes are beautiful

Like the dawn's first kiss
Like the gentle summer rain fall
Like the soft spring breeze whisper
Wrapped in sun-kissed dewdrops

For your eyes are beautiful

Rita Pal

Beggar Of Love

Twisted lusted passionate desire
Love be it betrayal
Love be it sacrifice
Love be it death
Love brushed in concepts
Snake rosed, wined, dined
Angel dusted fairyland
Ecstasy fruited
In closed doored whispers
To beckon midsummer dreams
Of sweet floral caresses
In the bewitching dawns mist

Incoherent, incomprehensible
Infatuated, in-congruent
Calculating logic seek to wonder
In hunger of reasons
To scour like the unfed rat
To seek worlds in minds
Of the powerless unrequited
In slumber by the hemlocks hand
Lies the beggar of love

Rita Pal

Castle Of The Crystal Tear

In the distance, I see a sailor
A sailor who sails the stormy seas
A sailor who cries in cosmic laughter
A sailor who hides his crystal tears
The tears that pour through darkened nights
Touching tormented oceans' reflected lights,
Awakening the ghostly dances of the sea dragon King
Who rises to capture the desolate shattered soul
Spiraling to crucify his fragile cracked heart

He cares no more of life or death
He cares no more of love or hate
He cares no more of summer days
He cares no more of winter mists
He cares no more of dulcet tones
He cares no more for crashed dawns
He cares no more of lovers' trysts
He cares no more of twisted fate

Can I call to the ocean's mermaids?
To braid his heart and seal his soul
To sprinkle colours on his jaded paths
To sparkle sunsets through desert dunes
To throw cosmic stars through blackened skies
To capture the heavenly flickering moonlights
To fire up his sunsets and untwist his dawns
To throw his tears to crystal castles in the sky
So he may live in angel flower dew drops
With a smile that that lights up the sunsets
And melts the castle of the crystal tear.

Rita Pal

Centuries Of You

For centuries, I have craved to snatch a glimpse of you,
For centuries, I have desired your timeless conversations,
Wrapped in the warm solar flares of the magical northern lights,
My prayers are heaven sent, reaching the glittering stars for you,
To keep you safe, to keep your happiness, to keep your smile.
When you reach eternity, search for me for I will wait for you
Recognize me as the mermaid that collects your memories,
With a hour-glass of teardrops and pearls of wisdom,
Sealed tightly in my shelled casket of sparkling dreams.

Meet me by the moonlit oceans and the sands of gold

With just a promise

Never to forget me.....

Rita Pal

Dinner At Dal Lake

Moonlit are the nights on Dal Lake
Starlit are the waves of Dal Lake
Firelit are the trysts on Dal Lake

Walk with me when darkness falls
Walk with me when fears call
Walk with me when skies fall

Dream with me in dusted moonlights
Dream with me in millions of star-lights
Dream with me in kissed firefights

Talk with me when silence haunts
Talk with me when demons taunt
Talk with me when ghosts haunt

Let me show you the diamonds on the lake
Let me throw stars to light your skies
Let me write the magic of lovers dreams

Meet me at the stroke of midnight
Meet me by the lovers dream light
Meet me by the magical blue moon

For Dinner At Dal Lake.

Rita Pal

Don't Say Goodbye

Don't say you love me
Don't say you hate me
Don't say you miss me
Don't say you want me
Don't say you need me
Just don't say good-bye

Don't leave me standing
Don't leave me waiting
Don't leave my tears
Don't leave my heart
Don't leave my hand
Just don't say good-bye

Don't leave me at dawn
Don't leave me tomorrow
Don't leave me forever
Don't leave me for eternity
Don't leave me at angels' gate
Just don't say good-bye

Rita Pal

Dreamer's Lands

Waiting near iced dusted oceans,
Lying beggar for the frozen rains
Drifting aberrant satellites sky fly
To eclipse spells of his shadows
The shadows that gently kiss
The frosted red lips
Left dead in frozen winter.
Crystal tears cross the kiss of dreams,
In rhapsodies of splashed fire,
Sprinkled in a fraction of passion,
Fluted in rose petal sugar drops,
Of days of sweetened summers,
When the rose garden blossomed
Before winter killed a soul.
Glimpses of the secret love
Beckoned bewitched betrothed
Mirrored misted in rear windows,
Mixed twilight haunted reflections
Of the magical mythical sea-goat
Spins Capricorn's sparkling dust
To the waterfall of crystal tear drops.
He waits for princesses in dust dunes
Dressed in silks perfumed perfection
Evening blue tresses that fire his light,
Unnoticed is the fallen broken heart
Dying patiently until the end of time
For a glimpse or comet of affection
In her winter's dreams of glaciers

Rita Pal

Field Of Dreams.

Field of Dreams

Meet me in a field of gold
Where the sunlight rains
And the rabbits run free
Meet me in a field of green
Where the rain drops settle
And the bees fly free
Meet me in a field of love
Where I stand still
And the butterflies fly free
Meet me in a field of dreams
Where you hold me
And our love flies free

Rita Pal

Fireheart

Why fly from the dreams
Where the oceans laugh,
And the diamond nighted whisper
Sweeps fire to your heart.
Why drown yourself in fleshed
Decadence of carnal desires
To cleanse the tears of forsaken
Love in minds past.
Why chase the wind
And mock the rain
Why dance with the devil
Of emotioned moonlight.
Why gallop to gunshot
Pleasure derived in functional
Lusted physical attraction.
Why laugh at the ships
That jest for your nights
For your soul means to love
To cherish, to weep, to falter
To forsake, to feel to touch
The lady of the fire heart

Rita Pal

First Rose Of Summer Dreams

As gently as the summer breeze
As softly as the summer rose
As sweet as the summer rain

Just one stolen kiss

Thrown from you
Stolen from you
Captured from you

In those summer dreams

For, I miss you most of all
When all my sunsets start to fall.

Rita Pal

Fly From Me

Fly from me to sunset dreams
Fly from me to Saturn's rings
Fly from me through diamond rains.
Fly from me through solar flares.

Fly from me through sun-kissed rays
Fly from me through autumn's rains
Fly from me through winter's snow
Fly from me through tears in spring.

Leave my love for dreamers lands
Leave my days for drifting glitter
Leave my hours for cosmetic gold
Leave my minutes for midnight glamour

For I stand in ice with my casket of dreams
I watch you fly, I watch you leave, I watch me die.
Frozen in winter in iced showered storms
For I know you will forever

Fly away

Rita Pal

Forever

Our hourglass is forever
In a love that has no end
In a time that has no clocks
In the galaxy that has no limit

Let me drown in your eyes for eternity
Let me walk with you till the ends of time
Let me hold your hand for vampire centuries
Let me belong to you till the last sunset

Wear my band of gold my dearest darling
Take my hand and walk with my dreams
Though our white lights onto our star
For I will always love you,

Rita Pal

Garden Of Butterflies

A chaos of webbed larvae,
Secretly, softly, silently revealing
Like christening holy water
The architect of dragged time
Began to weave the character
Like orchestras of French horns,
Dressed in wedding virgin white
Waiting to be unveiled into caterpillars.
Colour Chromium leaves in winter
Is this the witch's magical chemist?
Twisted braids to mythical mystery
Filled with technical secular beauty
Sparkling birth of chrysalis spectre
Yearning in gasping hunger
To feed its famished stomach.
Summer beckons, nightmares shorten
Rainbow colours blossom into butterfly wings

Rita Pal

Holi Rain

Throw black ashes in my eyes
Throw black ink on my face
Throw darkness in my space
Throw hauntings in my pyre

No caress of colour
No look of longing
No electric life

My tears in silence
Are your Holi Rain

Rita Pal

I Remember

I remember that you liked the land
After the rains had washed the earth
I remember that you liked the storms
After I feared the frightening thunder
I remember you left me with fragments
After you shattered me in millions
I remember you said it was kinder
After you planned out your logic
I remember you said I loved you
After you decided your own pathway
I remember you always decided
After you left me with nothing

That was nothing to say
That was nothing to do
That was nothing at all

Except in my silence

As the tears fell endlessly
On my summer roses
I simply loved you
As always.

Rita Pal

If Only

If only the world shut down
So I may sink into your eyes.
If only the clocks stopped
To lock my hand in yours.
If only the rainbows escaped
To run to catch your smile,
So I may capture its beauty
When tears drown my mind.

If only I possessed the secrets
Of medieval mysteries and Camelot passions,
So I may purchase the magical key
To your wizard-like thoughts.
If only you could step from my dreams
And walk with my worlds,
To trap me in rhapsodies of seductive charms.

If only I could secretly be yours,
Today, tomorrow, for always.

Rita Pal

Kiss Of The Vampire

Lock me close to you for all my eternal lifetimes.
Love me locked to you till the ends of dreams,
My sunrises are handcuffed to your twilights.
Capture my thoughts for I am your prisoner,
Wrap me tightly in the coats of your arms
Melt me powerless with your darkened eyes,
Imprison my breath, lip-locked until I am yours.
Dress my quivering skin in crazed deepened kisses,
A million kisses through starlit nights
Spiral me through the magical centuries of time,
Crush me into you, draw me near you.
Love me in stormed frenzied thunderous nights,
Helpless to your mesmerizing shocked seduction,
Come to me in ghostly midnight encounters.
For I long for you, wait for you, yearn for you

Hold me – for always.....

Rita Pal

Kiss On A Rose Petaled Bed.

Will yours be kisses of death?
Will yours be kisses to haunt?
Will yours be kisses to taunt?
A touch of spice, a twist of fate
To remain untouchable for wedding pyres
Cindered kisses by the band of gold
Darkened magic of satin white
The lord of the ring, curses me to falter
No Autumn days to run to you
No Summer haze to speak to you
But today, I am frozen in winter
Paths spider until I am lost

Ghosted rose thorns of chilled winters
Slowly, softly like halal sacrifice
I stand empty in monotony awaiting
Grains of affection in the beggars mist
Blood drips slower, time stands shut
For there is no rose petaled bed
There is no twist of fate
There is no summer's dawn
There is only a jaded pyre
For I am dead and gone.

Rita Pal

Light Of The Heart

Black is this destructive world
Fired evil that spirals in vain
Killed hope in ghosted memories,
Fractured sunlight, pyred sunsets
Cindered summers, cracked love.

Through the frozen haunted darkness
The sparkled light of your gentle heart
Flashes quietly on my thorned spiraled path
Lines it gently with dawn kissed roses
Showers it in firefly spring blossoms
Dipped in iced caked windswept dew drops

Crystal this time-frame for me darling
Hold it static in my dreams of you
Hold your warm sunlight on me
For you are and always will be
The gentle wonder in my frozen world
Known only to my saddened sunsets as

-The Light of the Heart.

Rita Pal

Log Cabin

Shut the world with wooden doors
Shut me into your prisoner arms,
Frozen away in snow teared mountains
Freeze me in your eyes of wonder,
Let your kisses torment me playfully,
Firewall my thoughts of sleepless nights,
Timeless watching of fired warmth,
For the angry fires whisper to fragrance wood,
Dying slowly in tears kissed by time
Embracing that swelter till midnight's shut,
Sink my mind and paralyze my heart,
Drip fantasy into oblivion laced in words,
Run fears of futures in bewildered minds,
For I shall be locked from this world,
And banished in eternity into yours,

But only in the log cabin of ghostly loves.

Rita Pal

Memory Tombstone

Dark, black blindness,
So I may view nothing
Of the rose on the sill
Episodic shots of street-light
Make features of a face,
Senses dampened madness
In mirages of blackness,
Eclipsed on grayed matter,
Collected in crazed shadows,
Thoughts are my secrets
Tears are mine alone.
Church bells in distant song
Call to my memory tombstone,
In eviled deviled undertones
That whisper as I sleep.
Which tombstone turns?
In the peril of my hearts call
To speak to haunt,
To mock my weakness,
Tomorrow I fear.
The haunting of my
Memory tombstone.

Rita Pal

Midnight

Moonlight, night-light, star-lights, fire-lights,
Lamplight, candlelight, tea-lights. street light
He ignites all my lights at midnight,
Softening his kisses to fire my senses.
Electrifying my terrified broken heart,
That races for him helplessly, silently, secretly.
His sultry dulcet whispers surround me,
His smooth tender caresses imprison me,
Locks me closer, throws the keys,
Shuts the doors, locks my heart,
Wraps my curves around him,
Breathes heated desire through me,
Softly, secretly at Midnight.

Darling, never leave me at dawn's first light.

Rita Pal

Only The Beautiful.

Only the beautiful are thrown in love.
Only the beautiful bask in affection
Only the beautiful smiles are noted
Only the beautiful tears are caught

Only the beautiful rule the world
Only the beautiful are handed glory
Only the beautiful are written in memory
Only the beautiful make beggars of lovers

Cold is the world of dolls that writes our fate.
For I lie in stone, forgotten by the rush
Clutching onto the dead pink petals
That once held my love for you
You will find those dried dying petals
Strewn on the pavements to heaven's light

Remember me when I am gone
For I am not beautiful, I simply waited
For an age, a century, a life-time
You never noticed when I died
You never noticed when I cried
For your glances are caught
Only by the beautiful

Rita Pal

Rain

The rain is cold on me
Your words are ice on me
The rain is warm on me
Your knives are gashed on me
The rain is slashed on me

Love drips scarlet blood
Trickles in the summer rain
Red ripples on oceans, rivers, streams
To reach your darkened quagmire
To die by the hand of eternity.

The rain is scarred on me
Your words are cruel on me
The rain is soft on me
Your knives are struck on me
The rain is splashed on me

I forgive you

Remember me
I set you free

Rita Pal

Rainfall

In your days of silence, your mind speaks to me through millions of crystal raindrops,
In your days of absence, your mind walks with me through fiery thunderstorms,
In your days of darkness, your mind searches for me through stormy rainfalls in battered forests
I see your wall of silence, laced in your secret collections of crystal raindrops
When all is quiet after the rains, you secretly scatter them to the moon-lit night sky
Weaving your jeweled blanket of sparkling stars filled with tales of your secret dreams
In the forlorn hope, it will cloak my world and comfort my tear-drops
While I patiently wait for your words of wonder for a thousand broken star-lit nights.

Rita Pal

Sacred Rose

A rose filled with sacred love
Sent across the darkened seas
Kissed by the painted sunsets
Swept by the diamond rains

It was not gold
It was not diamonds
It was not coins
It was not silver

The twelve pink petals
Held my sacred heart
Laced in pearl tear-drops
In a tapestry of love

On the twelfth month
You cast the rose aside
No value in your vain eyes
Its price you will never know.

Rita Pal

Sari

Wedding days laced with delicate dreams,
Waiting for the feather-tailed sparkling groom,
Scripted in clichéd Bombay celluloid colour
That manufactures the minds of the innocent,
In ghosts of glorious great expectations,
Cloaking the faulty darkened lives of reality,
Braided in wickedness shaded two tone sadness
Splashed in complex intricate human nature.

Affection expected in light speckled magic,
Bright dazzled colours painted melted
In sequinned diamond gold threaded red,
Of twisted fathomed decadent sarees,
Each promising a love supreme in eternity.
Tresses of pretty fanned sequenced pleats
Dance around scarlet veils of virgin brides,
A bag of gold to buy a casket of love.

Hidden demure in veiled twilight shadows
Drenched in scented perfumed rose petal beds
He watches the garlands of jasmine dance
To soft rhythms of delicate blooded feet
Decorated in belled glitter golden anklets,
Singing for the kissing gem-lit bracelets
In echoes of soft whispering heaven's rains
Are the ghosts of hot monsoon romances.

Rita Pal

Sea Of Crabs

It was in days of old that the crabs ruled the world
It was in under the golden sands that they slept by day
It was under a sky of stars that they weaved their magic
It was under the sunsets that they carved their paths.

Paths through the sea bed lined with pearl droplets
Paths that led to the castle of golden treasures
Paths that hovered under the crystal blue waves
Paths that lost your dreams to the ends of the earth

It was in the castle of treasures that the mermaids lived
The crabs clapped their claws when the mermaids tears fell
Tears of magic turned to glittering diamond droplets
Captured by the crabs and stored in their treasure trove

For when all is quiet on the darkened sultry waves
The crabs gathered around the golden treasure trove
To throw a sky full of magical mermaid tears
So it lights up a world of wonder for you and I

Rita Pal

Sea Of Roses

My crystal tears fall
Secretly, silently, gently
Into the casket of roses
Never caught by you
Never seen by you
Never known by you

Frozen in the casket
Until we meet again
By the sea of roses
By the scarlet sunsets
By the golden sands

For you are mine
Until the end of time

Rita Pal

Shores Of Souls

Why are you in another world?
Leave me to complexities of tampered fears,
Shattered dreams, fragmented futures,
Desolate despairs deathly futures,
To capture the purity of sacred hearts,
Answering the Gods in paths unknown,
Legendary times for creatures in torment,
Suckling for answers of devils talk,
Grasping in death for angels wings,
Unknown are answers of the deep,
Dusts in dunes fly corpses on souls,
Fate, Karma, religion beliefs,
Cluttered righteousness, turmoil philosophy,
Crimson dragons, pearled corralled gates,
The rightful answers in global intensities,
For hallowed grounds you aim to enter
On shores of souls you are deserted.

Rita Pal

Sleep My Sweet

When you sleep my sweet,
Think of me, dream of me
As fires die in dawns mist,
When you are in deserts
Where the camels thirst,
Light my heart for your smile.
When all is quiet and beauty
Curtains your saddened eyes,
Do you my sweet think of me?
Watch the trains in dawn's light,
Sunrise fragments kisses thrown,
Affection caresses, midnight misses,
For my sweet I think of you,
When moonlight kisses,
And sunlight closes,
Thine eyes in mine,
Thine hand in mine,
Until tomorrow my sweet

Rita Pal

Sleep Tight Candlelight

Sweet darling, when all the days
Have deserted you on earth,
And you fly with the angels of heaven
To dance with sleeping satellites,
Will we see you with firelight sunsets?
Will you play ball with our dreams?
So we may skip with your smile
And clutch your toys for the stars.

Our hearts will drown to reach you
When heaven's angel dust has blessed you,
You leave us today sweet darling
For all the valleys of time.
On earth our eyes shall seek you
To capture your childlike laughter
That echo for all our tomorrows

Sweet baby remember we love you
Take our love and cloak yourself,
For when you face troubled waters
And all has deserted you
It shall armour you like the knights of valour
Today, tomorrow, forever

So sleep tight candlelight
Until we meet oneday in starlight

Rita Pal

Smile Once More

Smile like the summer suns
Smile like the solar fires
Smile like the starlit nights
Just smile once more

Smile like the winter sunsets
Smile like the dawn breeze
Smile like the raindrops shine
Just smile once more

Smile like the lakes of diamonds
Smile like the oceans glitter
Smile like the crystal moonlight
Just smile once more

Smile till the stardust settles
Smile till the clocks stop
Smile till the ends of time
Just smile once more

Your smile is the light
In the darkened world

For now and forever

Rita Pal

Stargazer

Stars and comets find him for me,
Seek my betrothed and let me glimpse
The dreams of his eyes and the fire of his soul.
Dawns crack and twilight's dance
Mesmerizing me in fired madness,
In visions of his dulcet laughter
Tormenting my fate to fright.
In singing anklets of Indian summers
Where the dawns sleep with lovers,
Showered in blooded roses of romance
Sweetened by the jasmines perfumed caresses.
Drifting for magic kissed destiny
He dwells in my inner minds
Entwines himself with the thorns of my heart
Gently shears my fears to the stargazers
To persuade me to meet him in sunsets
Pray why can I not imprison him?
To caress his sleep with my love
To hypnotize him in passions of my soul.
Witches, tell me of a potion I may devise
To let fate deal him to my destiny.
Witches, tell me of the magic and secrets
Of fairy tales where happily ever after beckons.
Oh witches, read me a spell
So he may never leave for the princesses.
Oh witches, cast the lovers spell
So he may be my prisoner for eternity.

Rita Pal

Stoned Love

Are you stoned in lust
Are you stoned by lovers
Are you stoned by drinkers
Are you stoned by dreamers

Let me stone you with love
Let me stone you with stars
Let me stone you with comets
Let me stone you with forever

To cure your stoned mind
To cure your stoned path
To cure your stone heart
To cure your stoned soul

In the rain, I stand alone
Lost amongst the rose graves
Counting tears on hearts of stone
When sunset strikes, I turn to dust.

Rita Pal

Summer Rain.

The fire in your eyes drives shivers through my soul.
It is the same sky of night-lights that flickers in the dark
For there is a glimpse of your saddened cracked heart
Lost in a forest dreams, locked with its casket of tears

Glistening through the tortured path is the lake of love
Diamonds in pearl droplets, sparkling in golden suns
A glint of hope for crystal tears on moonlit nights
Gathering at the fountains of innocent dreams

Always, gentle as the summer rain.

Rita Pal

Take Me Away

Take me away with you to the sunset's fire.
Take me away with you to dreamers desire
Take me away with you until the stars are a pyre.
Take me away with you to our soul's island

For there we will meet by the sunrises of fire
For there we will remain locked in eternity's lair.

Rita Pal

The Butterfly Whisperer

The secrets of daylight butterfly
Embroidered within its wings

Tell me where the sky magic lies
Tell me when the winds fly
Tell me when the flowers shy
Tell me when the haze falls

Whisper secrets to me
Of dew dust mists
Of devilish flutter
Of daylight dusting

For I shall keep them
Locked away
Hidden away

In my glittering casket

Of

Butterfly secrets.

Rita Pal

The Doll House People

Silence

The doll house people,
Two dimensional, glassed, iced
Peering from laced curtain cracks
Pray who is the darkened one?
A novelty in a land of polar bears,
Curiosity clouded the narrow-minded
The neighborhood watch
Like witches they sneer
Pointed oddity
Stranger in a land of dolls.

Echoes flashed the street,
Help me please, help me
My house spluttered in yolk,
Shattered in stoned glass
Swiped crucifixion on tomatoes,
Stained dripping like the savior
My screams dagger the houses
But they watch
They look, they stare
They disapprove in silence
Of there disturbed slumber.

Today, I know them well
Their superficial smiles
Sickly polite and subtly snide
Love their neighbor
They chant in church
The essence and breed of hypocrites
Tied in straight jackets
In constraint of politeness

In this land of dolls
They are the neighborhood
Licensed to watch

The Magic Carpet

Fly her away where skies caress the suns
And the dawns mist laughs for romantic nights.
Oh Persian peacock prince of moments
Where are thou-est gold dusted carpets?
Of midnight suns and silhouettes of silver moons.
To spin the sultry fires of princesses eyes
Of fountains that mirror the rustic passions,
In miracles of fated drafted sweetness
When scarlet horizons softly sing to her
For her arctic freeze drives fogged logic
Through the dreams of clouds and dreamer's screens
In painted horizons and flashed ignited skies
To be the parchment in the tale of the Arabian nights

Land your carpet by deep blue seas,
Join your hands to souls and feather the roses
In Mantras fires and Korans chants,
To cherish his princess of distant lands
For comets times in hourglass showers.
In one worlds terraced jasmine garlands
For the tales to be told in nights of the thousand eyes,
When wise wizards shall secretly harness the legend
Of the mysterious magical flying carpet.

Rita Pal

The Mind's Eye

Putrid meat of human flesh,
Feeding vultures circle
Parasitic like human nature.
Showers of knives that drive
Quenching my serenity
Freudian concepts
Filled in Picasso madness
Time stuck in limbo,
My thoughts locked
Shocked in fright,
Littered in my fears
Pick mouse-like
Fragments of reality
To punish, torture and batter
In fears of rejection
Sorrow and destruction
The vultures watch
The death of my conscience.
I cannot escape me
Because I am the victim
Haunted by my mind's eye

Rita Pal

Thief Of Light

In the days of spring roses; you gently kissed my nights,
You were gone when the summer breezes whispered gently
To the secret garden of delicate pink and scarlet trysts
Where rain kissed roses sparkled in diamonds at first light
Gently wrapped in star crossed dreams of silent wildfires.

You are the thief, who steals my summer suns,
You are the thief, who captures my winter's slumber,
You are the thief who holds the lock and keys
To imprison my desolate starlit love for you
With an entrapment of dreams locked to you.

Helplessly, I search for your beautiful smile of decadent gold,
Curiously, I search for your fragile heart of sparkling diamonds,
Tirelessly, I search for your soulful eyes of starlit sapphires,
Recklessly, I search for your elusive wondrous mysteries,

Secretly, you conceal all the gold, diamonds and sapphires,
You locked my heart away in your box of fire dreams,
You imprisoned the glimpses of daylights' gentle magic,
Banished me to the lands of warm summer rains,
To wait patiently for just one gentle rain dropped kiss.

Rita Pal

Turquoise Bay

Seas of dreams in turquoise silk
Quilts the sands of distant time
Mermaid trysts with ghostly sailors
Haunts the nights on turquoise bay

The shores of whispering souls
Awakening at midnight's sky fall
To the soft dances of sea shells
To tango with the turquoise waves

Past lives drenched in secret memories
Laced in tales of mythic mysteries
Awakened by the midnight moon clock
Are the souls that meet at turquoise bay

Rita Pal

Walk With Me

Walk with me through star written nights
Walk with me through islands of solace
Walk with me through gold dusted fields
Walk with me through sun-kissed fire rays
Walk with me through spring blossom rains

Walk with me to star dusted pathways
Walk with me to lands of passion fires
Walk with me to comet dusted galaxies
Walk with me to eternity's dreamlands

Walk with me

For my eyes are locked to you
For my hand is locked in yours
For my dreams are locked to you

Walk with me

Till love is locked

And time has gone

Rita Pal

Waterfall

Silent tears fall till endless dawns,
Clown smile plastered to daylight,
The hourglass drips slower,
Each sand particle draws blood.

Tears were once droplets,
Tears scattered to streams,
Tears rained rivers of dreams,
Tears flowed waterfalls of fears.

For you have silence for me,
A present of blue ice by day.
A slice of frozen every night,
The unseen ice-pick for my heart.

Rita Pal