

Poetry Series

Sam Sam
- poems -

Publication Date:
2016

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Sam Sam()

Warrior poet- I sincerely and passionately try to put into words for what i feel and the way i feel.

Beseeching

' oh dear nightingale!
feel there a misty musk-ross
scenting air with perfume,
sweet autumn rosses blossom
in my heart's garden again
incense long lost pervade there in
lift on thy soft wings
of angelic melody
glide me over time long lost
Beneath then amber sky
over once shimmering sea
Of exotic memories.

Sam Sam

Confessions Of A Secret Admirer

And still I feel you, why?
Way back in years
Witnessed your parting:
No kisses, no farewell
Nor even parting glance
Stood frozen in life-mist
For mine was a love:
Even angels forbade
Nipped in bud
(And) trampled silent under time;
Wish heaven would take back,
My memories free and fragrant
One breath away, when am failing back to you.

Sam Sam

Contrast

Pink lady of pleasure, red vine
Of rapture; luring wanton moments
Its teasing charm
Tattooed skin, pierced flesh
Wrapped up pleasing warm,
Never enough to lift heart
A step further the chandelier-lit
Windows half-open; silhouettes
Away of lonely night cold
Breathe home fragrance of old
Romance, lulling back on mind a picture:
A melancholic maid musing frail,
Celestial scent on her locks
These perfumed chicks fail,
When on her light touch violin rhapsody
Would melt in tearful melody.

Then for a smile
Would blush this little heart shy;
A smile... on her face would vie,
All these lips money could buy

That parting sad kiss sad and all
Years of separation,
Like heaven to hell contrast.

These lens eyes
Glancing empty looks,
Reflect hearts shallow
On this bare stage of conceit.

Sam Sam

Country Chapel

celestial peace a thing of past
yet rarely it exists,
many our frays life brought
melt sober then in time;
here in chapel, the choir
to the celestial son immaculate,
lively a wall picture here hang
lit by a bleak eve ray
signalling salvation;
seem to sing nature a myriad hymn
out there on lawn; lambs
hop in a heavenly shower,
and in glee pigeons rise,
from sparkling corn field around;
sight in a maddening rhapsody
and here is heaven's delight.

Sam Sam

Delirium

</>Today, in bleak twilight
I fall deep down into despair
Dark clouds shadowed
Over dim colored valley
With no silver rays above:
But on times young i roamed on this hill
Of hope with a sod on my lips,
With the nightingale would pair in its service
And to the mountain breeze
Run against with the fireflies of the rill
To the white night; with its fair moon rested
Softly on this hill top, silver clouds decked.
Then like an addict i'd fall
In delirium of a looming poesy;
Hard fought to put in words'
Picture with many a thing i
Sought lost on days break.

Sam Sam

Departure

</>Where once myriad moments of mirth
further yet fairy daisies of the fall
none more for a scented soul
to company, parting its feeble breath
not joining this autumnal lyre
the vale would play to the ear,
holding no longer for another spring
when one less flower it would sing.

Sam Sam

Ecstatic Earth

Thy colors the rainbow does vie,
Radiant so your blue-face the moon does envy,
Silver clouds bow at thy season-spring
And sing to thy lyre with many a string.
Sun boast right to brighten,
Yet stars attend ye at nights serene.
Our senses crave at thy sight;
Feel to float this moment and fall quiet off
The valley of colors warm like a leaf
To thy bosom; Like a sod thou soothes from storm
Deep blowing minds ravished in thy quest.
Promised ne'er a kingdom of heaven,
All we have is thou, more than our breath even.
This brook, this bird, this breeze only ye have
For another world will own not half even.
The depth of thy hues that stir our senses.
Lift on thy angelic wings of incense
Than a bird higher we float without wings
Perfect thy scene serene, pant the painter's
Brush for thy hues superb or our lines feeble
At thy grandeur ever does surrender.

Sam Sam

Endless Love

</></></>My love come and embrace
And we
Like little fawns dance
Around the valley
For one last time;
What else we more have
Than these precious gems of rapture,
In the wild vine of love
Drunk at the altar of a heavenly nature.
no matter
Its years, hours or still much less.

Sam Sam

Eternity Of Beauty

Sweet hues, scented flame of thy eyes

The maiden rose of winter

Amber musk perfume our senses

Soft caressing warmth of thy deep voice

Lull alike us in pain and pleasure

Gesture to which no parallel

And thy exotic manners innate

Beauty to our eyes fade instant

Thou preserve it constant and true

But when lights of thy eyes must shade

Deep lines and memories capture

For ever and to eternity:

A light heaven sent us

Beauty we fell for,

Then return our voice

With tears of rainbow

Fair like an angel of sorrow.

Sam Sam

Euphoria

Behold on the satin sky the moon glance
And by that milky light we like angels dance
My veins fail to frame thee tonight
And my eyes shrink to capture thy love light

Thy voice a music on its own
Lull my heart wandering lone
Yet tonight why thou fade?
For in thy lap i'd rejoice
The solemn shadows of silence
For long cast a spell on my sense
And would melt in those lovely nights
Of passion or revelation defying might
Of time seemed tottering along;
To that time having now taken over us,
Belong the spoils of our love and life,
As i know with this night falls my last leaf
When I feel my voice that flaps
Step that faints.....

Sam Sam

Forlorn Dreams

Like an exotic orchid or an English
Lavender she adorns the garden of mind,
She the only Italian vine wound
Around maple dreams here embellish

From her orange face honey dew
Would drip forever sweeter than vine
Dissolving here scent from her lily lock's hue
In this fiery ecstatic vein of mine

O west wind! rise from your slumber
And shake the ripe boughs of memory
Where each leaf falling has a story
To tell of a song-sparrow with rare
Blue eyes once would sing
On boughs like that a blue moon aloof
On this sky palace above, fairy stars along
On her spicy melody afloat clouds of grief
Would melt; now drowning in a rain of tears

Here still lies a few feathers of memories
But now with each flower blooming
In the mist of those yester years
Dreams wake up to a new ray of reality
Away from that deep blue delight.

Sam Sam

Night Eerie Or Ecstatic?

The sea of oysters exotic
Drench littoral bed of nature,
Stormy waves sparkling
Wake lone crystalline shore,
Drowning in the rapturous blue bay
Beneath the satin sky- firmament;
The palm trees slight swaying
Like the magic wands warm,
To the mountain breeze freezing
Around the valley,
Chilling the young night through
Its smooth scene of rapture;
Erect behind the coned hills distant
Woodland spectators resplendent
An eerie, ecstatic, sense slowly
Spread in this night ensemble
Far around in enchanted valley.
Gloomy vision around till horizon
And beyond, studded on zenith a few
Stars above together the moon dismal,
Darkening the eyes of the night.

Sam Sam

Ode To The Meadow

Slopes blend beautifully with mature sun:
Embalmed in crimson, roughing cheek
Of sky in rose; meadow turning in fun
Pasture green, pinkening at the peak.

Pairing off rainbow in the sky
With heavens would vie,
The eve of painted vales below,
With vanilla stream trimmed long.
Perfumed the wind that winnow,
The daisies bloomed along.

Breeze to the blossom clasp by,
Doting dearly on to wake
(From sleep) Many a bud, wont bloom shy,
Wiling into hands frail bloom to deck
Onto lowly bed of pasture soft
Like tint to the scene's tapestry touched.
Nature's ode exuding on meadows murmur
That butterflies concert,
In a swoon that sense surrender
Lit a heart that lies lured.

Gracile grasses wave in light
Breeze, blushing in the glen, with glee spark
A delight, senses sap to convey upright

Drizzling onto scene, pink sky
Firmament; lambs hop in thrill
Their way home nigh
Blend their frail bleats into shrill
Of mizzling sky in its innocence.
And from hill lulling its way along, the rill
Downward spring in this presence.

Piper's melody, afar, melts along the glens;
His music soothes the scene serene;
(And) Passion enliven a voice

Ripening on this ensemble pristine.

No human consort I ever sought
In thy comfort I still lie soft, on
Pasture warm, for a wind besought
To set free a mind vexed at ways lone.

No desolation in isolation we seek,
In this ensemble a moment I thought;
For Nature has a song, a thousand words
Of human voice stops short.
Or still lines of human hues curt
To recount her majestic chords.....

Sam Sam

Ode To The Song Sparrow

</>The song sparrow come yet again
In the woodland garden by the rain
Warmth of land - breath rise high
When she alight on willow nigh
Above blue clouds spill drizzling
In this morn silver hue sparkling

Hark! sings a song or sobs a sod?
Honest haunting voice from a heart of gold
Never melodious enough for a nightingale to vie
Nor does she like an eagle soar high
Yet her angels would envy
When in dawn by the deep mist,
Singing on the willow over the creek,
She heralds the day-break;
For she sings pure not shrill
And soar on soul not wings
numb as I find my veins mellow
At a loss to capture her celestial halo
For having once dearly sought a love
When on impression high and low
My heart would like a crystal glow

Behold, her unsung spirit brave fate
With an unheard melody sweet
Enough for this grief to melt
In tears dampening my eyes soft

Yet she shows a heart no fear
Can conquer, no defeat deliver
(When) with deep blue eyes lure
Me out of this life entwined
Alike in doom and despair

Ah...You impute no blame
To the fate; bewailing not a moment
For it is too precious to mourn
You have a flight in glee
Away from gloom and

Why..... Why? Away from this life
You too fly away? ? ?

Sam Sam

Requiem To Inspiration

Here sapped in strength
With a song ne'er penned
To thy bosom, now fade
Lines all lost of warmth

Longed ecstatic in thy praise
To be most romantic of the sort
And build in thy hues a paradise
For those in heart most hurt

Will thou ne'er be reached,
Or a life after i get to breathe?
For this life hath thy scent blocked
To a breath pained deep in depth,

Blur the sight endeared,
Wither a vision even more entreated.
To yield soft to the fate bidding,
Or to yearn back with a burning?

But, thy colors still warm and fresh,
Set the passion ablaze again
Last to quote the lines out of blue
With a heart paling to dark

'Take this not from me, all
Left this imprint warm.
Shaken though to the core still
Hark to thy song soothing calm

Hold what hues on, hear
What melodies more? all to my heart's keen
Content has thou ever been!
For a word thou never kept here
Travel i to a world afar.....'

Sam Sam

Reverie Or Real

Fret, fever or all fancy combined,
Brought to my dream a child face
Lisping in words from moon and stars,
Tugged at me to walk a few yards
Not for real what to see in front;
But in his eyes I saw many a light burnt,
Kept he on his way innocent
Talking of a moon-monster above
'My son' I hugged him up
And to the distant call I straight awoke
'Like stars and moons do there hang,
Every word you make me a true song'

Sam Sam

Seed Of Life

Curious dark vistas ahead,
Flash lousy clouds above
Clashing on one another
There the myriad cliffs overhang
A gloomy land of mirage
Prophecy or fancy?
Come straight
A voice from deep within
It's not to frighten
But to fulfill a vision;
So resolved
Here sprouting unattended
A seed- seed of life.

Sam Sam

Slaves Of The Earth

Yet another elusive ray of hope
Abandoned long somewhere in past,
Sure of nothing to change till the breath last.

Bred, stained and coiled in hate
Holding it on as the only strength;
Where love fades, darkness reigns,
And survival the only purpose; to what end?

Barren cracks of earth, where I stand thirst
For a touch of snow night shadow
Might bring home; another bell far rings
To the Arena I rise and walk
Return or no return, in glory will be
My name-or at least so am I told.

Sam Sam

Wayside Wonder

</>wobbling over wayside chapel
spreading wings over cross
alight an eagle on its cone,
eve of soft rays beacon
souls craving salvation
maple avenues beside
there a frock white pink spotted
a gamp in yellow hue
half shading a face hatted blue
seems way nearing;
carts slowing, shops glancing
breaths fainting, my heart pumping
she still coming
caressing me a soft breeze
there stand i freeze
'angel' my heart dance
with the maple studded avenues
scenting out of my frailty
land of sensuous reality
sparrows and rose symphony
nature in an oblivious harmony;
cling away the chapel knell
touching me awake from this spell
past she few yards away
as i awoke to my life's fray

Sam Sam

Wild Song

</>Born to the rhythm back alive
Dance to the tune wide awake
the rill, the shrill and the thrill
oh! this what called to live

rocked nerves to this new rhyme
burned fears all in this delirium
flies every wave of heart high
to the heaven i see nigh

to mind full answered
a query life put us on
come: be born at this moment unique
know if would it dawn again

swing every beat in this air aloud
sing we to the feat aloud amidst;
sprout wings new with this sod
and to a new sky we fly at last.

Sam Sam