

Poetry Series

Tribhuvan Mendiratta
- poems -

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Tribhuvan Mendiratta(22 May 1959)

Primarily a poet, artist, writer but
with age mellowed down to an educator
with a desire to share life's secrets
so that they don't stumble in dark stairs
Met many travellers during the journey
Some understood yet why they so unsecure
Life is a mystery now it appears clear
situations may be same but reactions vary

A Day Is Too Long

A day is too long
as in an empty station
when the trains are parked off
somewhere else, asleep.

Don't leave me, even for an hour
the smoke that roams
looking for a home will drift
into me, choking my lost heart.

may your eyelids never flutter
Into the empty distance.
moment you'll have gone so far
I'll wander hazily over the earth,

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

A Life Lived

Life of spite and defiance
To watch people tooling around on Mars
To celebrate the end of the last war
To attend the funeral of corporate personhood
76th wedding anniversary walking across the dry Ganga
Hundredth birthday drinking my age in pints of beer
Why don't you join me? Consider yourself invited
To throw a bushel of rose petals from the space elevator
Zero emissions ambulance sweeping me to the hospital
And I'll saddle up my Horse for the ride home
All bad things must one day end and so will I

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

A Message

Breeze blows so soothingly
Even a blade of grass stays unmoved
Storms rage violently
Clear all the leaves that were shed

Not all storms come to destroy
Some come to clear the path
Negatives are temporal
Never give up - lest they be permanent

Better to be grateful for the hard times too.
That open eyes to the things not noticed
Never promise more than you can deliver.
Yet try to deliver more than promised.

Let there be less doubts and more trust,
Let there be trust even when there are doubts.
Let there be happiness without reasons
Reasons end - happiness should not

Let there be no one - to forget with time
Let there be a few that make one forget time
Treat True guidance like a small torch in darkness.
Wouldn't show much yet enough for the next safe step

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

A Poet Paints

I am a Poet - nay-
A Painter of emotions
with my eyes I paint thee
In a natural hue
Painting as it is,
with imperfections
and blemishes true
I just dip brush
In colors sundry
And first pure sweep
blurring the edges unclean
Painting baleful turquoise,
in mauve and claret,
Blending the lilac and ocher
with the cerulean moon.
Comes optimistic silvery dawn,
purple tells the bruise
smudging black white to gray
the colors of my palette.
I wish to paint you
As a delicate bird
with soft fluffy feathers
creating melody of a violin
To sing thy solitary tune
In painting of my poetry
It depicts not just my mind
But unveils your mind
which is carnation and white.
Let me paint your heart
in glowing cranberry
with a true blue shade
creating cloud and the rain above;
to erase all remorse
and all your regret
Let me make my eyes
and hearttrue
with a dash of courage too

Abstract Love

Too abstract is LOVE!
Yet it lives-
In slow songs.
Ripples down;
every stride every step.
Can be found;
On crushed leaves;
Of the grass
Can be found in
Leftovers of chocolate malt.
I see it in you.
And it smiles back,
Flushed, un-scalded,
And perfect.

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Add Life To Life

Life is not easy -
Tackle head-on.
Nor is it;
So Difficult;
To be taken -
Head bowed-down.
Look - what is wrong?
Not - who is wrong
Find time to laugh.
Add LIFE to your Life.

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Adult Child

An adult can also be a child
I see one in me
Not at all changed;
Just matured;
Essence of what I am
Is the same as I was five
Just a healthier,
Fuller expression
Of that essence.
I live in that solitude
So delicious.
Navigating the world
With excitement of a child.
Because I'm an artist.
I'd die - Really die -
Without an outlet for expression.
My childlike energy-
Is the maturity
I bring to circumstances.
PLEASE.. maturity is not outgrowing,
It is growing up:
I - adult, is not a childhood dead,
But a childhood that survived.

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Amber Blue

Thick, warm, fuzzy air
Radiates against the skin,
Making one want to doze off
The world feels amber.
As if clear smoke has filled the air
I'm in a lucid daze
Remembering
Refreshing blue even in amber
Fresh water, so cooling as I gaze.
Taking in the sun
Not needing anything else

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Amber Kiss

I bathe in
gentle reaches of the late afternoon sun
A light reverie
Swaying breeze...
Caressing the web we've spun
In the warmth
Of amber coloured spree...

Swathed in the glow...
Laying on a bed of green
Eyes closed... Under the blue that spanned forever
Feast for my senses thus honed keen
Relishing the lingering touches
Of her radiating amber.

She's finally dipping,
Taking all of her light...
She'll sink behind the horizon,
Descending gracefully
I'd still remember
All through my night
That amber...
Amber - the colour of her energy.

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Amber Love

Amber—a blaze
Glare sweeping after—a ringlet
To deeps of the ripening wheat.
Sunflower wilts to the lazy wave;
Wind swirls in stunning links and coils,
Oscillation between shadow and light,
So here amid your swells, I am,
Across your grasslands plain.
The bees' buzz appears a rhyme
Colours of Sun or chameleon?
From amber to gray to dark black
To blue so blue
That it reign in your pink
Know when to retreat
Know when to only
Be seen.
Yes - in your every colour
I am about you
Quite keen

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Another Page

Life is just hushed notes
And electric crackle.
Buzzing neural circuits
Held in shaking hands
A lake of calm
Reflecting in my soul.
A ripple of love quivering
through my limbs.
The light of day
Shh.. hushed notes
Reading and Writing
Into the AM.
Warm kindle glow
Of comforting words.
Ruthlessly disturbed by
Billowing smokes
Criss-cross Train tracks
Waiting to be pulled apart
In the era of air packs
like an eagle
My soul drops down to
Where music plays
symphonies buzz in my ears.
Beating a drum roll
And then
Between pages
My finger taps
A portrait in my mind
And the neural crackle
Synapses of wonder pause
Shut down
There is quiet -
There is love
And stillness
Until I turn the next page.

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Awaiting Sleep

Gazing through
Skeptical eyes.
I prayeth
A torrent of
Tawny leaves may fall
Drenching- submerging
And suddenly commencing
A flavescent dance
On wind and gravity.
I am awaiting
Such time to
Arise for my safe haven,
To sleep in
The arms of Nyx.

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Baby Girl

Soft tender
White as milk
Ushered in under the whisper
"it's a girl! "
Wrapped in nothing
But pink outlooks
She screams
Life from first breath
Softness wrapped
Cotton candy kissed
Soft baby girl
Pink bunnies hide
Pink intentions scream
Words rounded
A baby born without the blue
Meant to sustain a life
She's a pretty picture
Hush! No one likes a girl
Who smirks as you touch her
But it's a mortal sin
To make RED baby-boy cry
Red is not pink
Be gentle! !

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Be On The Go

when you are up, you are up,
when you are down, you are down,
And when you are only half way up,
you are neither up nor down.

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Be Real My Love

Skin so smooth - nearly translucent.
I wonder if she's really there,
Or will dissolve at the slightest touch.
I never risk it. I must make sure.
I whisper things into her phantom ear.
I whisper what I want.
I whisper what I know she wants
And cannot or will not say.
The blush begins in her cheeks,
A rosy, frosted red.
It flushes her entire face
And down her neck.
That's where I want
To kiss her first,
Even before her lips,
To feel her pulse.
To know she's real.

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Best Gift

?Please accept The Most Beautiful
GiftIn This World
The Gift Of Encouragement.
It will Help You Cross
A Threshold -
that seemed fortified
Let me perform this
Best Exercise daily
Lifting Others Up. ????

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Best Life

As and when
You do not feel well
And don't know the cause....
Spend time
With Someone
Who can ease your mind
Or - the one
With whom you can chill-out.
Remember
For some situations
There are no Medicines,
The Only cure is
The Best times of Life...! !

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Best Times

As and when
You do not feel well
And don't know the cause....
Spend time
With Someone
Who can ease your mind
Or - the one
With whom you can chill-out.
Remember
For some situations
There are no Medicines,
The Only cure is
The Best times of Life...! !

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Butterfly

fly as a butterfly,
breathe as a kid..
hold only the love and the memories...
not so special i am,
only feel and read the pains of the others..
to take off the pains from the others, , ...
and to give them the love which they always dreamed about..
that is the poet whom you see inside me...
nothing more...
not so special...
only human, i am

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Captive Of Words

A captive of words unsaid
And lonely feelings
Trying to keep quiet.
What to speak,
Better stay silent.
A Hard day – a tough
Reformatory of words unsaid.
But I'm a fighter.
That's what I am
Grating for a piece of myself
For peace in myself...

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Choose The Untrodden

Lying down languidly in grass
Letting the crass world cross
Time just stands still in bliss
Infinite talk goes on in the eyes.
Pursing the lips, then part a bit
Feel the petals – conveying assent
Sensing yours scent in the air
That you walked through ages ago
Paraffin in the heart
Yearns to be kindled
Why to seek a safe refuge
Let us choose the path we fear to walk.

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Come Anonymously

Don't dress me up
Don't Cover me up
Leave me about with details.
Come to me and anonymous
Shimmering like far off sails
Gliding where the wind has blown.

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Create A Life

If we fail in life
Life gives another chance
If we fail life
There can't be another life
Can't luck;
Can'ttime.
Dream at night
Live it during the day
Nights turn to day
Dreams never change
Dream the life - live it,
Enjoy the status of life.
Enjoy the life
Stay connected
To create a life

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Crying Chime

Whirlwinds make even the wind chimes cry
Whittled and jaded paint with wobbly doors
Creepers snaking through the wobbly fences
Yet - not a boring monotonous life - they say

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Dancing In Peace

Alone in the darkness
On the edge of an uncertain real
I steal my Peace
long, chaotic days
too tired to remember
I steal my Joy
my power to create
is more than I am aware
and knowing that
I create the chaos
the darkness
the unrest in my soul
I understand
and reclaim my power
and fully aware
I paint the light
I dance in peace
I sing with joy, ! ! !

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Diamond Face

Diamond face with frolicking pinkish peach freckles
Curly spring flyaway hair rippling around the face
strands of unruly twister hair caressing the face
Clear skin, oh-so-perfect lips - plump as cherry
The hands' fragrance of soil -and warmth of love
Like warm bowl of Sweet-corn soup - served on cold night

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Dodging Thoughts

So small gestures
made me look up to you
with a fountain oozing of love,
How it disguised into askance
and a look of distrust,
How it went to and fro
between anger and disappointment.
I don't know why was your conscience
so shallow and words that hollow,
That it spilled
all the unconditional love to pity,
So much that
now these emotions have ceased,
But are still addicted,
To Laugh At You! !
Aloud

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Dry Tears

DRY tears is what I shed
The ear is open and heart prepared;
The worst is worldly loss no one can hold.
Cry woe, destruction, ruin and decay:
The worst is death, and death will have its day.
But, , , But...Dear earth, I do salute thee,
I weep for joy
To stand once again.
I see a long-parted mother with her child
Playing fondly with her tears and smiles,
Weeping, smiling, I greet you, my earth,
Gentle earth, let thy venom,
Cause annoyance to the treacherous feet
Which with usurping steps trample thee:
And when they from thy bosom pluck a flower,
Guard it, I pray thee,
Mock not my senseless conjuration:
This earth shall have a feeling and these stones
Prove armed soldiers.

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Embrace Uncertainty

Scenario of uncertainty;
Clasp it.
Relish the fissure
Between your present
And your future
It Is Not
About surviving,
But A Means Of
Transmuting as well as Budding;
A Way To Unceasingly
Move Toward A Superior Self.
In scenario of uncertainty
Everything Is Possible.

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Empty Heart

Shut out of my heart
My love is far from me,
None can fill its hidden empery:
Dawn of my dream has won,
The riches out of Fairy lands;
All are buried with bridled sun.
I am in a narrow place,
And all its streets are cold,
Absence of her face has robbed
The sullen air of gold.
At times I see my heart glistening
With a flowered odor of undying spring:
Living alone though in a crowd,
Sweet madness of the springs I miss,
Shed beyond that clear laughter,
My lips feel that elusive kiss:
And from me my joy parts,
I wait the key of my heart: -
Oh! I am shut out of my own heart
Because, you are far from me.

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Endless Heartaches

Heart Says

No heartbreaks today

But it lets me down

And heartaches find their way

I never kept score of

Number of heartaches

Or nights laying awake

Nor the tears that would fall

And whispers that heart would call

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Fading Reality

Reality fades
Fiction becomes truth
Birds hum
An enchanting lullaby
The sky melts
The rain washes
Away tears from my eyes
I hear the colors
Closing my eyes
Making me numb again

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Falling Apart

Yes,
I would love
Really love
To be whole again.
Quotes I create
Are pieces of
I - me;
Just glued together
Somehow
So
Occasionally
Pieces fall apart
Yet there must be -
Must be someone
To make me
Whole again.

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Fill The Gaps

My bond with you

Is not based

On Any Promise,
A Term Or Condition.
It Just Depends On
One Who Can Trust,
And Another Who
Can Understand..!

People may question

We are not equal

In Qualification, Talent,

Money or Age..
But I say equality is

Incommitment

To understand each other.

And Understanding

Is Much Better than Knowing

So many - know us

A few - only a few - understand

Knowingly -unknowingly

One may hurt the other

Hurt by Words,

Hurt by Action

But not by Silence.

And never by ignoring

Bond tests one

Like one is a goalkeeper

So many Goals one saves,

Don't remember the One - missed.

Tests in Life

May Make Bitter Or Better.....

Problems will Come

To Make Or Break

Let us not be Victims

Victorious we have to be.

We have to decide

What is Important...

"Pain or Person"

Relation or Situation

Choose the one

You like the most,

After that

Don't compare it with another.

God Created Gaps between Fingers

That Someone

Fills Those Gaps -

Now there are no gaps.

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Floating On Tides

O Yay, I never looked so far
To be one of the trite.
For writers,
life is never
A glass of sparkling red wine
Every sip; sublime and kind,
Every gulp a harshened spray.
I am still in haze
Having flounced the ways of rhyme.
In the tides of the time,
Content is receding sip by sip.
But aroma and taste still the same.
This poem means.
I'm off in my floating state of mind
Stranded for far too long
Now on to recreate
That ocean - still young
Evoking of waves that were,
The tides in a state of trance
Don't wander too far
Keep this boat together
Else it will only sink deeper
Dreams of mine can only pray
An ending, with heart seeking yay

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Fresh Pain

Fresh, mischievous, pretty and cute,
Vivacious smiling eyes, a Cat too.
I really want, to take your hands tenderly,
To hold and hug you and make it all right.
Your getting hurt affects me
Who you lost, I don't know,
But you can give, that I can tell.
Your sensuous side shows when you write,
You are sure to find that again soon.
I don't want to cause more hurt or pain.

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Friendship Should Not Demand

Friendship whether long or fleeting
thank god that we have it smiling
all colours are in its painting
whether it is sharing, loving or hating
Never make it too straining or demanding
Let it flow naturally for a smooth sailing

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Frosted

I Need

Some other world to sip at,

Replace it

This one is diluting.

How everyone moves around

A row of tombstones; economics

But this Market

Of waste, reinvents me.

I am in suspended animation

So - will wait for years.

Frosted for regeneration.

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Girl Is A Girl

A Girl is a girl
Wearing her hair in curls
Or let it flow, sleek or straight
Facing the world with makeup
And keeping her nails polished
Pink and purple be her favorites
Opting for black, blue, - still a girl.
Preferring jeans to dresses
Breaking the binds of stereotypes
Projecting her own thoughts,
Feelings, and ideas to look and behave
Her body image, beauty standards,
Her biology and behavior.
Let her have athleticism
and be"tomboy"and "wild, "
A girl is a girl,
Whether she accessorizes up
Or relaxes all the way down,
Living her life is what makes her, her.
Applies blush or prefers a bare face,
She is still a girl. And,
When she chooses basketball over Barbie,
She is still a girl.
A Girl is a girl as long as she is a girl.

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Good Ones

Neither Good Books
Nor the Good Ones
Are easily understood
One has to read them;
Understand them -
To knowthem.

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Green Life

Hey, you appear blue
Please laugh and turn pink
Hum a bit of tangy orange

Run your pastel hands
Through the hair turquoise
As you walk in shade of black

Fiddling in flashes of silver
With smile Rosy-red
To make your eyes sea-blue
Turn my yellow life green

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Healing Wounds

An empty hand
An empty heart
A vacant look
A vacant spot
A vast void
A deep scar
PLEASE!
Don't touch
The healing wounds.

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Heartbeat

A spectrum of emotions
Created by a light
Passing through the heart
Prompts words to emerge
In various hues
Woven into a poem
Subtly reverberating
Like a heartbeat

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Heartless Sleeve

Sitting here
Feeding the air
with hazy blue smoke
I stretch out my heart
and feel
what the eyes
have forgotten
before me an empty
slice of the world
slides under my chin
like moon
and slinks under my collar
tugging my heartless sleeve

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Hearts

Missing the intensity
Of sweet honeycomb heart
The way your soft eyes
Become so light
In the morning bright
Your floating laugh
I could sit in silence forever
Happiness knows no bounds
The concrete floors - brick walls
Yet open windows,
My open heart

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Heliotrope

When hurt,
The prospect of change
Calms the heart.
Heart feels ochre moonlight,
Heliotrope;
Brief pulses
Of electric-cotton bliss.
In the newest blue
Before the sunrise.
Still inside this warmth
Silent through the night,
Lest there's need to speak.
Whispering with palms
Cupped 'round skull
Pulsations dance past
The nerves of my ear
To know this not be a dream

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

I Am A Poet

fly as a butterfly,
breathe as a kid..
hold only the love and the memories...
not so special i am,
only feel and read the pains of the others..
to take off the pains from the others, , ...
and to give them the love which they always dreamed about..
that is the poet whom you see inside me...
nothing more...
not so special...
only human, i am

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

I Am Happy

I am happy and it's the best way to be.
They can make something out of nothing.
Nothing always takes something
To give forth, to yield.
Those with nothing can't make
Anything, not to mention something.
But! who are Those?
Busy themselves courting
Nothing with flashy something.
Their trick is something indeed.
Their something is their art
Nothing is special. "Nothing can breed
Something beats Something's heart.
From naught to dots to a red rose,
And everything mine rendering.

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

I Am Like You

fly as a butterfly,
breathe as a kid..
hold only the love and the memories...
not so special i am,
only feel and read the pains of the others..
...to take off the pains from the others, , ...
and to give them the love which they always dreamed about..
that is the poet whom you see inside me...
nothing more...
not so special...
only human, i am

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

I Am Lost

A day is too long
An empty station
The trains are
parked off Unknown place,
asleep.
Can's bear isolation
Even for an hour
Loneliness will drift
Choking my lost heart.
Do not flutter
your eyes
Into the empty distance.
Do not be so far
That I wander as if lost,

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

I Am Not Special

I am not special in any way
Not that a legendary lover....
Not that fabulous a writer....
Not that a stunning poet...
just a normal simple human...
with all what these words carry...
human who holds between his ribs...
a heart which beats with his feelings...
and hold a real heart to love and feel with others...
that is who i am...
flying as a butterfly, , and breathing as a kid...
Holding only the love and the memories...
Feeling the pains of the others...
that is the poet whom you see inside me...

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

I Can't Be Nice

You want to be nice

Oh Nice I am

But I don't wish

To be Just Nice

Being Nice can be

A thin coat over aggression

May be not at you

But at self

I would rather be

Please let me be

PURE

To Experience my worth

To experience your worth

To experience power

Of clarity

Of firmness

To develop

Real kindness

Deep Kindness!

I Deserve U

????? ?????? ?? ??, ????? ????? ?? ?????

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

I Fly

Seeking refuge;
The wind heaves
A pensive sigh;
Sapping me dry.
Only to set free.
In shades of yellow
Tossed in the air
Yet, I fly.

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

I Have Learnt

I have learnt
To stick to the truth of observation,
Irrespective of the audience;
To keep it simple and
Trust the first emotions
To slow down,
Observe the life;
To take long walks
And greet others with a smile;
To hear sounds of birds;
To pay attention to
Bugs on flower tips;
To enjoy quietly
The quilt of moonless nights;
To hear the sound of rain falling;
To pour secrets from soul into wells
For others to draw and share upon;
To be a garden, gardener;
To bloom in spring with exuberance;
To be vulnerable to love
To receive it with both hands,
And give it with both hands

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

I Miss You

WE miss the one we don't have
So I rejoice by myself and sing myself,
Thinking what I assume you shall assume,
Your belonging to me as I belong to you.
I call my soul, I lean at my ease observing
My tongue, my blood, formed from this soil, this air,
Hoping to die away not till death.
Faith and instruct in abeyance,
Withdrawn back a while
But never forgotten,
I harbor for you, to speak without check
I Miss you now that you are not there.

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

I Surrender

Whispering your name,
I surrender to you, my mantra
Ravish me with
Passionate eyes
Voice like sweet flute,
Calling my soul
I answer your call.
Stargazing vast Milky Way,
I surrender

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

I Wear A Mask

The kids at school always ask me
Why I am always smiling
I chuckle a little and say
'It is what I always do.'
They accept that answer
But it is not the truth
I only hope I shall one day
Be able to remove the MASK
And reveal the real me.

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Just Think

Do you remember when we met?
Do you remember what you thought...?
Did you think what song to me it would be?

Would it be to town with me?
Would it be to call me Honey?
Or Share some food with me?
Or Sent an email to me?
Or share the silence with me?

Just A fun moment!
Or an angry moment?
Else A crazy moment?
I would take it all you can think.
Just for once please think.....

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Kindle The Love

Lying down languidly in grass
Letting the crass world cross
Time just stands still in bliss
Infinite talk goes on in the eyes.
Pursing the lips, then part a bit
Feel the petals – conveying assent
Sensing yours scent in the air
That you walked through ages ago
Paraffin in the heart
Yearns to be kindled
Why to seek a safe refuge
Let us choose the path we fear to walk.

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Kobe And Gigi Bryant

So surreal - it doesn't seem it is.

"It can't be, " Yet it is.

"It's So Hard to Say Goodbye to Yesterday."

"Truth Hurts - Because I Love You even today.

You were a legend - on to make a sweet legend GIGI

Both of you are a legend with wings now.

Let me take a moment and just hold you inside me."

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Learn Lesson Of Love

Blind Yet Magical
But hard to find
A wonderful bliss
Change to be
Whatever want you to be
Unpredictable and Stupid
things it makes you do
It is strange
Ruled by
Heart and not your mind
It's a lesson
You have to learn

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Learn Love's Lesson

Love is blind
It is magical but hard to find
It is wonderful love is bliss
Can you tell by the touch or kiss?

Love is change to be whatever
That person wants you to be
Love is unpredictable
Stupid things it makes you do

Love is strange ruled by
Your heart and not your mind
Love is a fire that burns
It's a lesson you have to learn

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Let Me Be Full Of Me

Thinking, breathing, praying; .
Of Life, Love and death.
Of family and friends.
Praying for time with life.
For me, she, children and friends.
To Love, laugh, share and care.
Why is God ready so fast?
Let me be full of me.

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Let Me Burn Alive

I Don't want
anything ordinary
Let me burn alive
In heaven of life
Slow and easy
Till I live the life
One moment
of pure bliss
All the time
Anytime
My heart beating
so close to yours
In a dream come true

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Let Me Cry

Some people say, they never cry
their hearts are never broken
not without the written word
preferable to spoken

dreamers never sleep
they never close their eyes
their nights consist of fantasy
and sexy lullabies

May be I can now understand
Poets or artists never speak
their work does it for them
Whenever they have something to say
No one can ignore them

writers never read; artists never paint
unless they can be tempted
familiar is a danger zone
from which they were exempted

I never die
So, I am with you forever
My words will go on though I be gone
(at least, that's my endeavor)

I think, I never lie
it's called poetic license
yadda, yadda, blah, blah, blah
it doesn't have to make sense

I Proclaim, I never cry
I bet you have never met real me!
for if I cried for you
you will never forget me

But I know
When I shall make you cry
You will say

I want you!
BUT please don't cry!
Let me!

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Let Me Embrace

Mounting the muddy trek
holding cracks on the rock
letting hard winds blow
Sweeping through forests
Hear hissing of the stream
nesting birds coo.
Fragrance of flowers;
Blended stench of refuse;
With the rotting trunks
But it is earth's heaven
Sturdy and able
Tall to adopt the climate
Let me embrace nature
Till it is in my arms

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Let Me Rise

I rise
Up from a past
that's rooted in pain
I rise
leaping and wide,
Welling and swelling
I bear in the tide.
Leaving behind terror
I rise
Into a daybreak
wondrously clear
I rise
with hopes lived
dreams alive

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Life

Primarily a poet, artist, writer but
with age mellowed down to an educator
with a desire to share life's secrets
so that they don't stumble in dark stairs
Met many travelers during the journey
Some understood yet why they so insecure
Life is a mystery now it appears clear
situations may be same but reactions vary

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Life A Carnival

Cleave off the Grief
Grief is just the love withheld
So - Show it; Spread it; Spend it
That -
Every sound reverberates Music
Every movement dance l'aire
Every smile turns to laughter
And life a perpetual carnival!

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Life And Love

Life could be fun
If mood swings did not exist
Yet such sways are met
With recurring ups and downs,
No option but to nourish with love
To give more than demand own
To Enjoy every Moment
And not save joy for tomorrow
Life Unused/saved
Does not earn interest
Nor provides a refund
Why not help others
Yet we don't
Why expect love in return
There is more joy in giving.
Why not avoid hurting others
Yet unknowingly we manage to hurt.
Let us learn to be in know;
Not take excuses of unknowingly.!

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Life Is A Dream

Dreams do not die
Life is a bird
Broken winged
Still - dream to fly.
Dreams do not die
Don't let the dreams die
Hold fast
Without dreams
Life is desolate
Frigid – without response

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Life Is A Mirror

Life is a Mirror!
Really so?
Please find the mirror;
If you can;
If your try;
You can.
If You can;
You are alive!

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Life Is Not A Poem

I have a life...it's an unfinished poem
imperfect picture...an unbearable truth
I am writing but my pen is out of ink
I am painting but my canvas is empty
i can't sing.....my throat is sore
I can't see colours....my eyes are all red
Salt storm of hardships weakening images before my eyes
Still strong in the hope a sweet scented breeze.
Will it come? ? ? ? I am not sure...and no one tells.
I cannot live perfect...how much I try
I love life
The more I love it, that much I lose life
Why does God hate me
Lift these veils of darkness O God!
Too late i think.....
It's time to leave or time to reach....leave what...Reach..Where?
I'm going
for the search of immortality
immortality of soul
Yes beyond realm of God...longing to reach there....There.

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Light Peace And Love

Light is the smile
This in turn reflects peace
Turn on the light.
Find happiness in dark,
Soak in the Light
Close your eyes
Open your mind.
The thoughts in mind
Reflect in the life.
Cherry-pick
Light, Peace & Love

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Like Dirt I Rise

Write me down
With your bitter,
twisted lies,
trod me in the very dirt
But still,
like dust, I'll rise.
Why are you
beset with gloom?
Because I walk like
I've got billions
No- like moon and sun,
Certainty of tides,
I'll rise.
You'll not see me broken.
Shoulders falling down.
My haughtiness will offend you.
I laugh like I've got gold mines
Shoot me with your words,
Cut me with your eyes,
Kill me with your hatefulness,
Like air, I'll rise.

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Lips - Shadow Of Smile

Succulent saline
Arched in a smile
Fascinated by mystery
The two
Brought together by fate.
Tryst of body and soul
Silk and lace,
In the shadow
Of your smile,
Where rainbows meet

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Lips Speak

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Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Little Things Are Bigger

A mirror is a bad omen
It's a piece of useless glass
Like a stray thought
Is a sight of god
And sometimes
it's soap scum down the drain
Finding gold is nothing really special
But coins in the sofa are always miraculous
To find a soulmate is a dream
But a secret little kiss
In a room full of strangers
Fills me forever
With such little things there's nothing bigger

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Loneliness

Share of heartaches
no need to count
laying awake
walking those floors
tears falling till daybreak
loneliness all my way
being alone
it followed me home
Atleast loneliness is my own

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Lonesome Life

Lone some life lacks luster

Let me lay lavender layer

Lest Love looks lean

Lest life leaves long lines

Life is just a Love's LOAN

Let lips linger Longer

Let LOVE Leather Laughter

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Love Blossoms To Bloom

Some Trees
Grow and bloom
Like women
Like young women;
Soliciting
Birds to
Come and play-
At times fruit
Too lovely to touch!

Some women
Are like trees;
Autumn be momentary -
They blossom
And Bloom for - Love

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Love Happens Everyday

Why Love someone;
Who doesn't care?
You will be just crying
And never get anywhere?
Falling in Love
Doesn't pay
It hurts like hell
It causes heartache
Why then;
It happens everyday? .

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Love Is Art

Love is not art;
some say
Then Art is not love
And If art is not LOVE
There is neither Art
Nor is there any LOVE

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Love Suspense

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Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Love Them While They Still Are

Always love your loved ones
And show them how you feel
before it's too late..
You will never know
when they will be gone
from your embrace..
If you were given a time
to bestow petals
of everlasting compassion & love
to your love ones,
today is the day.
Love them while they are still here...
TRUE AND CARING LOVE
IS VERY HARD TO FIND...
ONE SHOULD BE LUCKY
TO FIND THAT
BUT WHEN IT IS IN FRONT OF THEM,
PEOPLE BECOME BLIND.

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Love Without Vision

Embracing a soul
Love without vision
Achieve a purpose
Share emotions
Confide within oneself
Breathe with a flower
Sharing its beauty
Through self expression

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Lurking Looks

Beyond compliments,
ogling eyes,
desperate thoughts,
lurking looks!
had my thoughts on you.
You, the soul inside me
made me blush
with your thoughts
The moment of self love

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Measure Of Love

Loving to not loving you,
Waiting to not waiting for you
The heart moves from cold to fire.
Hate you deeply, and hating you
Measure of my changing love for you
I do not see you but love you blindly.
Light will consume it with its cruel ray
I am the one who dies,
The only one, in fire and blood.

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Mercurians

As time goes on,
The taste of relations changes.
Either it becomes
More Sweet or More Salty
And that depends
Only on
What we add to it Daily.
Never Try to Test Good People.
Because Good People
Are Like Mercury.
When You Hit Them,
They will Not Break.
They just Slip Away
From Your Life Silently.

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Mirror

When people
rub the wrong way
Heart feels
nothing at all to say
The more
the mirror is rubbed
Clearer, brighter,
better reality it reflects

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Mirror Eyes

Glass so sparkling and fine,
To quench thirst,
Loving smile
A Rosy promise fades,
And sheds,
With solitude tears,
Sprinkle figment,
Love pigment In dry lips linger,
And rhapsodize,
Eyes encircled with tears,
Fragile Rosy image,
In fragile mirror,
I gaze

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Monotonous Life

Whirlwinds make even the wind chimes cry
Whittled and jaded paint with wobbly doors
Creepers sneaking through the unsteady fences
Not a boring, monotonous life - I must say

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Moon Cuts

Opposite my window, the moon cuts

Clear and round, through the plum colored night

She cannot light the city

It is too bright

It has bright lamps and glitters coldly

I stand in the window and watch the moon

She is thin and lusterless but I love her

I know the moon and this is an alien city.

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Moon Face

Moon-shaped face with playful peach freckles
Kinky flyaway hair rippling around her face
Wisps of unruly hurricane hair stroking her face
Clear skin, oh-so-round lips - plump as cherry
Her hands' fragrance of soil -nurturing the earth
A warm bowl of minestrone soup- served on cold night

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Mother Mine

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Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Mother Never Forgets

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Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Murder In Womb

Why you didn't
Want me.
You didn't even
Give me a chance
May I thank you,
For sparing me
From this cruel world.
I wish I could've
Been someone,
If you had given me
A chance to be me for once.

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

My Chocolate

Do you about my chocolate?
Her kisses sweet like Hershey,
Rolling through me like thunder
Every touch so tender,
She is my soft teddy bear
Her embrace pours love on me like rain
Pray the Future holds my Sweet Chocolate

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

My Color Of Holi

Let me cup my palms
to gather the petals
of your laughter
that my palms flow ever
with your laughter...

Let me fill my heart
with ripples of
your laughter
that the heart gathers
the floating petals
to smear colors on my cheeks

Absorbing the perfume of
your laughter
Let me offer my
perfumed being
back to you
just for once ...

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

My Doll

The skin of porcelain
Not a blemish
Eyes enticing marbles
And hair silky soft
What an amazing figure
No imperfection to be found
Fragile but divine
Soft to eyes and to touch
Rosy cheeks and petal soft lips
To hold softly and not to drop
Pity to those who let drop
Such a doll and still do not cry.

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

My Dusky Beauty

I feel relaxed at sound of her voice
A walk by the side with soul of hers
Night sneaking out from day hours
Even the face gives a light of mirth
My Dusky beauty has such a grace
Shy wind blows over her face
Evaporating tensions far to gaze
Stars slowly twinkle like a maze
Without expectations of grace
She holds my heart in a tight embrace
Hope of new rise stirs in heart
Past always taught to tear apart
Move on ever with joy and mirth
Our relationship will not be naught.

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

My Epitaph

here is a smell of religion
in the human behavior called murder
Speaking of which I remember a movie called
'Murder Without Passion'
My epitaph is decided
...'My life was beautiful'

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

My Joy

It's little things that only I love
Those are the things that make you mine
And it's like flying without wings
Cos you're my special thing
I'm flying without wings
I'm flying without wings
And that's the joy you bring

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

My Love

You've taken away my looks, my identity, by just a glance.
By making me drink the wine of love-potion,
You've intoxicated me by just a glance;
I give my whole life to you
You've dyed me in yourself, by just a glance.

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

My Motherland

I vow to Protect my Motherland
fighting
writing
for victory
with brains
...grains unity and INTEGRITY
with this knot of unity

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

My Personality

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Tribhuvan Mendiratta

My Sewet Friend

Welcome my sweet friend
You have strange and sensuous
Old world charm blended
perfectly with everything delicious
How fortunate to have my hand
dipped in a meal so sumptuous

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

My Smile

My smile.

Something people loved but mostly envied
It came so fast and so soon,
Full of life and happiness, .
From eyes – stretching to cheeks;
Whether bad or good day, it killed the blues
Always had it on my face anyway,
You could hear it in my voice,
Showing that I loved you and life,
I greeted everyone w with it on face, .
I showed it at any place,
Have you tried to see smile behind my smile?

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Nectar Of Love

Thinking about it all day
What to make of you
All night long
Got my motor running
Now I want to show it to you
Give it to you
Surrender like I never have before
With all my heart and soul
Mould me
Bend me
Anyway
Anywhere that you want me
Whatever it takes
For a taste of nectar of love

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Never Good Enough

No one is Never good enough.
Yet when delved on such matters;
Painful feeling pervades actions.
Unfulfilling relationships
People cross boundaries.
Not feeling good enough!
This is the inner critic,
It can be very cruel,
Yet trying to protect;
But afraid,
Yet trying to motivate;
But this backfires;
Can make feel exhausted.
Do feel good enough.
Remove signals of unmet needs,
By meeting those needs.
Feeling overwhelmed or despondent!
Anxious, insecure or jealous!
Acknowledge and sit with these emotions.
Explore your inner critic.
Ask what it wants, needs or longs
Maybe independence or acceptance!
Appreciation or security!
Purpose or wholeness!
Feel into the longing.
Find ways to meet that need.
Be kind to self
Don't get caught in that lie
As No one is never good enough

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

New Story

The Past is not a Prologue.
Not a Point Of Reference,
Not A Place Of Residence;
It Is A point Of Learning,
Not A Place Of Living.
Don't live in the past
Live today positively
Write a new story

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Nonchalant

I am nonchalant
About what God does;
I believe He reciprocates
And is equally indifferent
To me.
Have you heard Cosmovore?
Nasty, deadened Black! ! !
I am sharing this- But
Why should I share?
All are curious
I am on lookout
For someone
Who is serious.
Who can tell me:
You have not changed-
You have compromised.

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Nothing Self

I can't do anything for myself
Can't live myself, can't feel myself,
and definitely can't provide my own self,
like a bottomless self humiliating human being,
being brought to the world,
desiring for more, wishing for there to be more,
in my own unsatisfactory self
but even so i keep on being happy, keep on living,
Not living for better or for worse,
Being What I am is my own fault,
but i can still keep on dreaming and still keep on trying,
even though I have had my mistakes,
i can still say something more
That i have all my dreams,

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Nothing Special

Nothing is special
You won't hear me speak, or
Notice my presence beside you
When I am gone
will my departure even register?
I already know the answer..
When you go away they notice,
If they only knew
I was already gone
I close my eyes and sleep,
the morning is no redemption
I just want to be free

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Nothing Special About Me

Stars in the darkest skies
like the flowers in the wild
the leaves that fall in autumn
from the tree
I think it's their colors that amaze me!
thinking back on old times
I write poems that mostly rhyme
reading things with my meanings
I write poetry to express my feelings.
I dance even though I am not that good
I like to laugh and joke around
I listen to songs I love the way they sound
I like spending time with people
I care I also love going out
There is nothing special about me

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Out Of Nothing

I am happy as I can be.
Making something
Out of nothing.
Nothing that sees something
I Can't yield.
Who are Those?
Busy courting Money
With flashy something.
Nothing can breed
In me anything
That breaks someone's heart.
Naught to a red rose,
And everything
Mine rendering.

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Palette Of Colors

Surroundings are mine
Bronze amber leaves
Tumbling in the wind
I feel like a leaf
Never attached to tree -
No need to let go
But gently released,
No desire to control
The forces of the wind; .
Separation is an illusion;
So, I never cringe
When crushed by unsuspecting boot.
Sitting in sheer stillness
Encompassing all totality;
Resting in ambiguity
Adding life with vivid vibrancy
To my palette of colors
To paint the residues of me!

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Peom I Write

My life has been the poem
I would have writ,
But I could not both live and utter it

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Pink Sky

Pink sky

The light from a dead star

Why isn't the sky pink?

It is following the crowd

you need more than a pink sky

Be the one

who walks into a room

full of strangers and

the world slows down

while laughter and gaiety

surround you, the constant chatter

of dysfunctional consciousness,

you recognize every fear

and every failure in the lives

of these party goers,

you know who is hurting

and you know which ones cheat

and you know the good lovers

you can pick out the sinners by

the look in their eye

until the spotlight shines on you

your fears and frauds are revealed

and you look to the sky for

the pink but it never works

and why should it?

a fellow poet might tell you

look again and see me now

you have seen me in

grilled cheese sandwiches

and the pink morning of

the day after you didn't

touch the pink of your bare knee?

I should simply say: In the

name of God, stop a moment,

cease your work, look around you

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Plagiarized Colors

I am a vagrant.
Pursuing glint of moon.
The heart alive with marvel.
Soul somnolent with reveries -
Into the darkness raking,
Exploring mysteries
Recounting tales of obscurities
Chasing tracks of light..
Daydreaming through the night
Visualizing the magic colors
Plagiarized from the sky

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Radha - A Divine Love

Embodiment of love
Purest form of love.
Divine lovers why they met?
To part again - never to meet.
A village belle from Rawal
Born in a golden lotus
Or entered the womb
Of wife of Vrishbhanu
Eleven months elder to Lord
Divine lover of shri Krishna,
Didn't open her eyes till
She beheld face of Krishna.
Looked at face of her lord
Her life and soul, bal(baby) krishna.
Barsana of Radharani.
Consort of the lord of the worlds.
Laadli ji would meet Krishna In Gahvar
Spend hours in the mood of love.
Krishna adorning her hair with flowers
Love bloomed in vrindavan
Heart of Radharani and the blessed braj.
Performed many leelas
Krishna left for Mathura to kill Kamsa.
Binding her in promise of 'NO Tears'
Devastated, Radha made the promise
Krishna told her love is unconditional
She would ask everyone where Krishna is
And when is he coming back.
She asked the bumblebee
If she had brought a message from Krishna.
Gopis revered Radha
She wouldn't comb her hair,
Won't wear jewelry, and
Won't have flowers in her hair.
Her face a full moon looked waned.
How much happy Krishna's wives
His pain was only for her.
His smile for his wives
But his tears were for her only.

Leaving the earth for Golok
Krishna played his flute for Radha
Radha came immediately
And merged in his body forever-
She is the Hladni Shakti of lord Krishna.
Inseparable from Krishna
Radharani is the base of love,
An epitome of unconditional love
Integral to beloved Lord Shri Krishna.

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Red Is The Color

RED Rose petals-
Essence of acumen
Amidst all beauty, beautiful
Unlike the earthly beloved

You are creative not created-
Kernel like blood sipping
Is not your interest. Sweetened
By rapture, the world loses

Its appeal too soon
And you bite your lips
To loosen your hold, me like
To shed the borrowed state.

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Reflections

REFLECTIONS

I feel belonging to the surroundings as I walk through the bronze amber leaves tumbling in the wind that evanesced from their jagged edges upon their lyentranced, mesmerized, utterly hypnotized I just stand still for a while feeling like a leaf never having been attached to the tree - having no need to let go but gently released, feeling no trepidation, no desire to control the forces of the wind. Ah, separation is an illusion; whirling in the wind it shimmered as it wafted with no need for reins gingerly cascading to settle tenderly on the ground. Like me, it did not cringe when it was crushed by an unsuspecting boot. I listened to the leaf intently and sat in sheer stillness seemingly encompassing all rested cozily in ambiguity whispering to me that heaven is a state and not a , here I vow to black and white existence pledging to climb higher creating life with vivid vibrancy adding golden bronze amber to my palette of colors with which I'll paint the residues assigned to me.

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Rose And Thorn

Found a rose in my diary...
flower was dry, sans the smell and colour...
but the thorn was sharper than before

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Rose Smelt Me

I smelt a rose... rose smelt Me - I don't know
My Parents said Roses have thorns
I thanked God Thorns have roses
Wow! What a bouquet!
So many roses- I can't keep all
Ouch! A Thorn - mistake of florist!
Pink roses—Red Blood...A drop..will clot.
Thanks friend for the Bouquet!
You gave me to bring cheer- brought a tear!
What you wished let me do here.
Here is rose for you my sister;
My friend dear and for a brother!
I know it will bring cheer.
Most of my Life's Roses
I prefer to give to you all
Roses are so pretty
I can't keep them all
Thorns have roses
That belong to me all

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Rosy Smile

Glass so kind and fine,
To quench thirst,
Loving smile signal
I recall...
Rosy promise,
Fades,
And sheds,
With solitude tears,
Sprinkle figment,
Love pigment
In dry lips linger,
And rhapsodize,
Many words to say,
To stony lass,
Eyes encircled with tears,
With shock heart thrill,
Fragile Rosy image,
In fragile mirror, I gaze

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Rubbed The Wrong Way

When people rub the wrong way
Heart feels nothing at all to say
The more the mirror is rubbed
Clearer, brighter, better reality it reflects
Not upset even if smashed
Splinters reveal truth manifold

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Salvation Of My Soul

Crescent face with frolicking pinkish peach freckles
Curly spring flyaway hair rippling around the face
strands of unruly hurricane hair caressing the face
Clear skin, oh-so-perfect lips - plump as cherry
The hands' fragrance of soil -and warmth of love
Like warm bowl of veg-pasta soup- served on cold night

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Sandpapers

I Love it

I Like it

When people hate me

They are sandpaper

Made to rub me

Made to hurt me

But they are good for me

They make me smoother

They make me shine

Please hurt me

Please hate me

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Save The Earth

I like tender glare
Of the Helios at dawn
And Hesperides
Captive my soul
As the nymphs come
On amber wings.
I visualize dawn of future,
In my bottomless worry.
Desperate for tomorrow.
Lungs may burst
With froth all around
I wish I could fly.
To plead to Gaea
To please Dionysus
To cease my fears!

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Say Nothing

Do you say?
What you feel
Do you say?
What your mean.
Say nothing
But
In a way
It leaves
nothing unsaid...

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Score Of Heartaches

We are frail;
Love will mend that
Which is vulnerable
Don't keep score
Of heartaches
Every one has
Share of laying awake
And of heartaches
The loneliness that follows home
And the heartaches find their way
Lonesome share of heartaches
Don't keep score.

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Scream The Feelings Out

I want to be a poet,
To scream my feelings out
All my feelings brimming
The words, The passion
Stifled there.
In a tangle of words
I always felt I had it
To use words that sing
To disregard each disaster
Poetry forces me to remember
The things I really should forget.
We are living still.
To see
The heart burning in blazes.

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Seesaw

A seesaw
Is so rightly
Made for two persons.
You can up lift
The loved ones
Though
Going down yourself
As you go down,
Someone special
Or the one
Who went up
Will lift you up again..! !

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Self Contained Heart

This look in the eyes
of a self-contained heart
May haunt the hearts
Don't let it loose
The years It takes to retain.
No more void, it seems.
The souls appears at peace.
You have a chance.
What makes you get up in the morning?
Habit is a tricky sucker.
Virtue or vice?
Why to know which is which?
Life, smile, self contained heart.

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Self Love

Is it enough to love self?
And not care what else;
We are not islands in a vast ocean,
Our actions do affect others.
Or we are too self-centered,
Focused on own life and goals pursued.
Change - do every bit of every work
Stop using the "Too busy" basket;
Things may crop up out of the blue,
Invitations too good to miss
Reason to miss out - pre planned list
Suddenly someone says -Don't stress about it
Don't take lightly - there are mental relations in it.
Still - Love - and like - SELF too,
Not as being self-centered
Just make life much easier;
After all - Nobody is perfect,
Yet everybody is perfect,
At any given time,
As all are trying the very best

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Shadow Of Smile

Lying down

On silk and lace,

I see the love,

In the shadow

Of your smile,

I may come to know,

And understand,

Where rainbows end,

I may be with you,

My love, my friend

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

She Is You

Hear the voice of a girl
No..No....Not a wife;
Nor a mother;
A GIRL;
The warrior.
The independent thinker.
The anti-pop star.
The underrepresented.
The activist.
A Girl - a movement.
If you know such a girl
She is you.

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Silence And Alarms

What is the morning news?
Delete the headline and the views.
What a collage of violence! ,
Like the colours without the hues.
Just flesh and blood in your arms,
The mix of silence and alarms.

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Silent Spaces

Life is an unconvincing metaphor
Used against me with simile
Left begging for more.
But just the silent spaces,
Sharing time with anonymity
And impressionistic faces as company.

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Silent Tear

How much for your smile that I miss,
and your tender lips that you let the breeze kiss;
I visualize your angel face,
with thoughts of a loving embrace,
And the thought of your beautiful eyes,
makes me miss you my dear,
But there is just a silent tear...

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Smile

smile behind a smile
is like a butterfly
dancing around roses
not in the least minding its thorns.....
having the dark clouds
... passed over sun
is giving its naughty smile
spreading its warmth and happiness

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Smile Behind A Smile

I Try to Imagine

How a smile behind a scowl looks

And I do

We have all seen that

What I would really like to see

Is a smile behind a smile

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Smiling Face Rosy Lips

Sweet smiling face
Flowing black hair,
Flying in the fair weather,
Looks like an angel
When Rosy smiles she smiles,
That is the happiness of life.
No, other damsel can be so sweet
The Rosy lips with deep eyes?
In the sight as lover
She is the one none other,
Rosy lips with dreamy eyes,
Sweet echo of Rosy voice-
A bell to hear and rejoice.

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

So Many Years

So many years
I've been on this earth.
What's so special about that?
Nothing, nothing that special.

Such a long period
I've been on this earth.
I have accomplished many things,
but others have accomplished more.

Quite a huge opportunities
I've got on this earth.
What's so special about that?
Not much, not much at all.

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Social Distancing

How was the day?
"Until Tomorrow"
Social distancing!
So you can't meet people.
What about siblings & parents!
Oh, they are not people!
Try to find people in them;
Befriend them;
You will be surprised.
They are like books:
Some deceive with covers
Others surprise with the content.
They aren't as they look,
As they walk or talk.
They are beautiful
As they love, care and share.
Their soft hug can wipe big tears.
These memories will last for years.
Easy - Smile Please!
Laughter is better.
To Create & Complete a day.

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Soft As Cotton

The vibrant colors display passion for life,
A slight accent from native tongue adds to exotic style.
She struts and strides like the waves along her shores.
Her hair smells of fresh cut sweet smelling flowers
That can only be found deep in the bosom of forest green.
Oh, how I love the sight and the feel,
Soft as a newborn and silky as coco butter.
I am into a spell with those seductive eyes
That pierce into the soul, and lips that feel like virgin cotton to the touch.

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Speak Out

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Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Splinters Reveal Truth

When people rub the wrong way
Heart feels nothing at all to say
The more the mirror is rubbed
Clearer, brighter, better reality it reflects
Not upset even if smashed
Splinters reveal truth manifold

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Spontaneous Expression

A Smile is unique to humans.
Nan be genuine or fake, mostly fake.
Can be innocent or flirtatious, mostly so.
It can disarm without any arms.
Let it be spontaneous,
To show gratitude, not to win a favour.
It is expression of one's heart.
It is something that is everyone's part.

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Spot In Moon

Dear all
I am and
You are
As pure as
The bright moon
Yet
There is always
A dark side
Unseen by all
Yet there
All the time

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Succulent Lips

Succulent no crease lips
Saline by sea breeze
Arched in a smile
Fascinated by mystery, the two
Are brought together by fate.
Tryst of body and soul
Two pieces of one heart become whole.

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Suicide Heart

suicide heart be your e-name
but it is heart that prompts suicide
keep heart safe ins your cupped hands
Don't let it fall to break into pieces
Don't let it be stolen lest others break
so that you say then you are not suicide heart

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Surrender

Sweet surrender.....
he folded all his fear
into a perfect rose.
He held it out
in the palm of his hand.
...She took it from him
and put it in her hair

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Sweet Smile

Mesmerizing smile;
The luscious red lips
Striking white teeth
A face with its own style
With that soothing smile.
I am her desert, she is my Nile
Will she flow in me with her smile?
I want to live on a lonely isle
With her smile at every mile.

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Tangle Of Words

I am a poet,
Screaming my feelings out
My feelings brimming
The words, The passion
Stifled there.
In a tangle of words
Let me use
The words that sing
Disregarding each disaster
Poetry forces me to remember
The things I really should forget.

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Tangy Sunshine

Mango Sunshine

Emitting rays of tangy flavor

Creating Mango horizons,

Golden color emerging

Filled with juicy sweetness

Hanging on the trees

Slice to eat the pulp

To replenish the soul

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Tears Are Mine

Impulsive judgment
A fault-line between rocks
May shift and slip
Create tremors unbearable
Still, who am I
To judge others
for the choices they make...
Not really knowing;
The options
They had to choose from.
Yet I may say
Never seek someone
To solve all your problems..
Never let go someone
Who won't let you
Face them alone.
If a tear falls -
Even a drop
Will not be wasted gone.

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Tell Me Who I Am

I can't tell you who you are to me
When I don't even know who I am... to me?
How can I say, 'I love you'
When I don't even know what love is?
How do I know what I am living
When all I'm living is the truth
And the truth is all a lie?

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Tender Touch Of Eyes

Thinking all life long
I want to surrender
With all my heart and soul
You may mould me, bend me
Whatever it takes
For the nectar of love
And taste its goodness
Just r you and me
With, roses and caviar
Tender touch of eyes
To make the day bright

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

The Child Within

I went to the garden of untroubled thought
I wished again to enter, and explore
The sweet, wild ways with unstained bloom inwrought,
Beneath bowers of innocence with beauty fraught,
But some purer voice I needed to hear Before
I dared to tread that garden loved of yore,

Suddenly within the gate I saw a child, -
Appeared known-child, yet to my heart most dear;
The child held my hand, and softly smiled
With eyes that knew no shade of sin or fear:
'Come in, ' he said, 'and play awhile with me; '
'I am the little child you used to be.'

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Thrown Like Trash

Why so abruptly;
Thrown away like trash.
No words spoken;
No views exchanged;
How can there be,
Any conviction;
In paranoid actions?
Is there no former me,
No forever me;
Only imitations;
Beset by limitations?
Feeling trapped in a tight grip;
As my veins spill blood;
Creating a sticky sheen;
As I glean;
What it might mean;
And experience shiver with chills
Blocking "Nutrients"
That could satiate my head.
It is a game;
with no way to win;
With no ending once began!
Ah! My head spins;
At the demon-like reality!
I wish to retrieve the treat;
All efforts end in defeat
Chills run all down my spine
But it is aromantic thought;
Fighting despite a sinking ship!

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

To Be With You

O MY!

You Love me!

Crave for me!

Forgive me O Goddess of Love.

I am off.

On the wings of Love;

To be with you;

Than to stand

And stay here

With those

Who can't even see me.

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

To See You Once

How will it be...to see you once,
Till today I have not got the chance
What the expressions will be,
When eye looks into eye?
How will hello and hi sound like?
I often wonder...
Touching you, will run through
the current so electrifying.
Will the words find its way
of asking about your day?
Seeing you, hearing you and touching you,
Will I be able to do anything else,
other than just admiring you?
Will you understand,
feelings not expressed, words not said?
Yes! Your smile takes away all the fears.
My eyes get moistened with happiness' tears.
Doubts minimize, being with you is all
no matter it is dream or real.

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Tree - My Love

Look at her
My tree - My life
Green and beautiful
So lavishly dressed
Brimming
With wide spread bough
Like disseminating her sleeves
To soothe all
In her cool shade
She teems surroundings
With her breezy songs
And sings a lullaby
To make me fall asleep
In her lap

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Unsaid Song

Obsessed with the song of Life
That won't last long.
In love with complex simplicity,
That I know is all wrong
But how to leave everything unsaid,
To tell you explicitly
I must just leave it unsaid.

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Unveil My Heart

I carry your heart in my heart
I am never without it
I fear no fate
I want no world
I don't wish to unveil any secret
I can read the soul
I can enter the mind
I carry your heart in my heart

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Vibrant Passion For Life

Your vibrancy displays passion for life,
An accent from native tongue adds exotic style.
You strut and stride like the waves along the shores.
Your hair smell of fresh sweet smelling flowers
Found deep in the bosom of forest green.
Oh, how I love the sight and the feel,
Soft as a newborn and silky as coco butter.
I am into a spell with those seductive eyes
Piercing into the soul, and lips
That feel like virgin cotton to the touch.

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Wake Me Up

If I sleep, wake me up;
You know, I can't sleep.
But my eyes shut in pain;
May give impression of sleep;
Just hiding pain;
Please don't let me sleep;
I sleep; yes, I do;
Regular hours- they say;
Why they - even I say;
But fear of loss;
Loss of what held me so long;
Echoes like a wild cry;
Wild cry of desolation;
Anguish of helplessness
Unable to prevent;
What I wish I could!
I wish I could:
Still hoping- I can!

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Wanna Find True Love

If in the soul of men,
True love you wanna find,
Get past the beast within,
You better stand your ground.

Bred into these men,
Hormones get excited,
When they look at the lass,
She feels slighted.

For he is just a man,
Nothing very special,
Maybe she's the one,
Make sure you hug her,

Then maybe just maybe,
You'll find what you seek,
And hope this time,
For love you to keep.

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Want To See You Happy

I want to see you happy in life.
I don't care you are Not with me.
Just your love keeps me warm
Makes me happy on my sad days.
It takes my soul in a spell
Where there is no pain, sorrow or negative thoughts.
I would love to stay in a trance of your love.
You are my dream come true and
I'll always be with you till the end of time.
If you can't stay in my life...
You will be in my heart because
There are beats in me that love you...
You are my life's diary,
Where I write something new about you
You touch my heart and I discover something new
About you that is incredible to me

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Waterless Well

I am feeling the emptiness of a waterless well.
My eyes shed the morning's dew.
I'm very, very confused about these strange feelings.
Whenever I'm troubled and blue.
A fear caused from lack of security,
My life has never seen raindrops of purity.
Therefore, I cannot understand
What celestial being is in command,
Of my present feelings of depression.
If only I could find the right expression

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

What Is Right

At times

We take wrong Ways,

Befriend wrong People

Create wrong situations

YET

There is sometimes good

In going through wrong

BECAUSE

Wrongs make Us Realize

What's RIGHT for Us

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Whispering Heart

Embracing a soul
Sire a seed
Love needs a vision to
Share emotions
Confide within oneself
Kiss a fruit
Breathe with a flower
With your hearts delight
Respect all life Bring about peace
Seek compassion
through self expression
No need laying awake
Listening to whispers
That heart would make

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Who Am I

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Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Windchimes Cry

Hurricanes make even the wind chimes cry
Chipped and faded paint with wobbly doors
Vines snaking through the rickety fences
Uprooting the trees and Yet - the grass survives

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Words Are Nothing

The words are
Nothing but bird language
Small birds come up to me, but
Eagles and hawks just watch cautiously
With their sharp eyes from high up in the sky
Even though my language is clear
No one responds
A few did
But they're all gone

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Write Your Heart

Mischievous, pretty and cute,
Smiling eyes, Vivaciously a Cat too.
Your getting hurt affects me
Who you lost, I don't know,
But you can give, that I can tell.
Your sensuous side shows when you write,
You are sure to find that again soon

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

You Are Fine! !

Let Sadness never dare to approach you
And emptiness may always elude you
Life is a long strangely winding corridor
Opening moving, its length & breadth to explore
When ever you feel like, drop just a line
To let me know those who are mine, are fine

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

You Are My Light

I'm burning up
With sweaty palms
A hazy sight
Fever all through the night
With flames inside
Help me tame this fire
I don't need the sun
You are my Light
More so Fire

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

You Are My Wings

It's little things that only I love
Those are the things that make you mine
And it's like flying without wings
Cos you're my special thing
I'm flying without wings
I'm flying without wings
And that's the joy you bring

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

Your Wish

To accept your wish as a command
I need only myself to reprimand
For pestering you so often
Let it be an issue forgotten

Tribhuvan Mendiratta

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Tribhuvan Mendiratta

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Tribhuvan Mendiratta