

Poetry Series

Vashi Pandey
- poems -

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Vashi Pandey()

Angel's Eyes

Your eyes so calm and bright,
like the first ray of sunlight.
The moon seems to be inspired by it,
so pure and pious bit by bit.
Every time you stare at me i feel like a traquild soul,
little angel, to live for you seems my only goal.
The twinkle in these little boxes provides me with all the strength,
Like a fairy grants all my wishes moving her magic wand.
The silent questions of yours are answers to all my pain,
It seems before you my life was all lived in vain.
My little fairy, you give me reasons to smile,
holding your little hands I could go miles and miles.
For you I live and I breath,
The reward for my existence,
I wish I could show you what lies in my heart's beneath.
Do keep your stare firm on me,
as it gives me the will to meet all the hurdles of the day,
as I long to see you running towards me, so happy and gay.

Vashi Pandey

Do Think!

A watchman guarding us at nights,
With the rain and the hail at times, he fights,
But who is guarding his family,
I ask myself occasionally.
He who is a soldier on the front,
Fighting with enemies across dangerous and blunt,
Might have a wife longing for him,
While he takes care of our security.
The other day postman handed a money order,
At times some good news or a long awaited letter,
But in his need when he wants his daughter to get married,
Who would take care of his funds and worries!
We humans are in a habit of taking help,
But once through, we only think of self.
God created us to take care of mankind,
But our ears have gone deaf and eyes blind.

Vashi Pandey

Final Wish

Wish I was a flower,
would have spread the essence of me,
on a hill or on a tower.
Sight of me would have given joy,
a girl would have accepted me from a boy.
May be for a single moment,
I would have been a perfect present.
A bride would have adored me in her hair,
or had been a part of someone's last prayer.
Rose, lily or jasmine had been my name,
but the character played had been the same.
In this ugly and mean life,
I would had enhanced the beauty of a vase with other five.
People would had made a pass by me,
when I had grown behind a tree.
But my bit would be added in the God's creation.
Beauty and love would have been my only religion.
We humans divide the lands with boundaries,
But He grew flowers in all territories.
Guns and bombs is what we gardened,
Bloodshed and wars and hatred are the means,
on which we depend.
With flowers thorns grow naturally,
but we had grown thorns around us intentionally.
If somehow all this which we created can't finish,
I want God to grant me my final wish.

Vashi Pandey

Here There And Everywhere

It's me here there and everywhere,
in the knock of the door,
in the shadow of the floor.
in the bud which just bloomed in the pot,
in the fumes of the tea which might still be hot.
I am in the sheets which watched us cuddle that night,
and I would always be there melting in the wax of that candle light.
I am there in the little temple where I prayed for you,
and I am still smelled in the coffee which every morning I brew,
I am in the curtains preventing you from heat & wind,
and I am there in the tanginess of the pickles,
which for you I preserved and tinned.
I am there in the buttons of your shirt which i held so tight,
and I am in every bit every breath of yours,
and I will always be in you day, noon and night.

Vashi Pandey

Journey Of A Seedling

A seedling opened it's eyes meekly,
in the large open ground.
In the lap of earth, in midst of huge pines,
it seemed more lost than ever found.
Trees beside it saved it from the snow and storm,
rain nourished it while sunlight made it strong.
With time he learnt to face the thunders,
and shed the leaves of blunders.
Seedling bid farewell to his childhood,
spring came and along came the youth.
In his prime, the tree looked like a groom,
ornamented with buds all ready to bloom.
Bees celebrated the wedding, boozing on nectar and buzzing.
once tired made the buds their bedding.
Tree babysat the kids in shade and in heat,
Fruits took shape, some being sour some sweet.
Birds came chirping,
the showers of rain drops, kept the leaves drums beating.
Many took shelter on his strong branches,
as he stood tall, watching life's challenges and chances.
Roots of the tree were finally firm and traveled deep under,
but came the autumn knocking, finally he had to surrender.
Fruits found their own destinies,
leaves waved farewell, leaving him pale and skinny.
Birds found a new abode,
on the ones much younger and broad.
He was not the first one to be left in vain,
but somehow he still felt the pain.
Standing all alone in midst the chilly winds and fog,
the tree was still content and smiling.
As he watched one of it's fruit fallen next to a rock,
sprouting into a tiny yet beautiful seedling.

Vashi Pandey

Love

Books say love exists,
science says it is just a chemical bit.
Few say love is life,
for some its like walking on a knife.
Love is God, love means to share,
at times it does leave in despair.
For some love seems everything,
but this road sometimes leads to nothing.
To love is to trust, to love is to care,
Nevertheless, it's a war in which all is fair.
For me it's still a mystery,
many got lost and many found in this game,
as narrate the pages of history.
It is risky, it is tough,
it is killing, it is rough.
Love travels through your eyes to land in the heart,
transforming you in an angel, hit by the cupid's dart.

Vashi Pandey

Love Birds

Two birds met in the sky,
as they were flying high.
Destiny brought them along,
together they wrote a new song.
At first it was a bit hard,
the music was loud at the start,
he was smart and she was shy,
he was rough and she would cry.
Her tears though melted him at last,
they started to fly along so fast,
took long dives in the air so light,
they looked lovely as they took the flight.
He cared for her and she was sure,
they looked pious and looked pure.
They sat for hours saying no words,
lovely doves were thus named love-birds.

Vashi Pandey

Lovely Companion

Every morning your warm touch on my lips just makes my day,
fumes of your love refresh me in the bed, where I lay,
Wait of you makes me anxious enough,
once face to face keeping away from u seems really tough.
I hold you as you shiver nervously,
I try to give you a peck when it becomes finally hard,
to resist your personality.
I have you till the very end so passionately,
and you gratify me after every sip,
O' my lovely cup of TEA.

Vashi Pandey

Memoirs

As the night falls so does the splendid shadow of my pen,
leaving traces on the paper as they kiss each other now and then.
Words conspire the chit-chat loudly,
though my diary had been wrapping my mysteries
since long, very proudly.
My tears and smiles,
my dreams and turmoils.
The name of your's though was never said,
but it was you and only you my prose ever had.
My tears helped the ink to never dry,
As the memories of your sweet smile always made me cry.
I know off-course, you I can never trap but if someday,
You can't find yourself, knock the door of my memoirs,
and you and only you is what my heart will always have.

Vashi Pandey

My Birdy

Birdy my little birdy, love the way you glide,
Like an angel personified.
Your chirping wakes me,
As you sit on a nearby tree,
Singing a song of harmony,
That can never be bought by money.
I miss u as you absence gives pain,
When you don't greet me in rain.
You are so free from all the bounds,
This is sky is your's if not these grounds.
I wish I was the same as you,
Could have opened my wings wide in the open blue.
Bidding farewell to the puppet like life in the world's stage,
Would have never returned to my golden cage.
Singing the melodies of life, have taken rest,
In my own nest, celebrating the nature's fest.

Vashi Pandey

Nature's Lullaby

Lying down on the bed of dew's,
I watch the curtains of mist flutter in amuse.
The roof of clouded sky embroidered by silver lace,
once again complements HIS art,
Who also gave the moon it's face.
My cheeks blush as the wind leaves a chilly peck,
after all in the embrace of such a beauty,
who would give the other world a heck.
Heart and mind rest in the lap of peace,
while the aroma of flowers blooming across,
never seem to cease.
Sun rays sparkling in midst of pines,
shine all across like diamond mines.
The lap of nature sings a sweet lullaby,
as it makes me sleep,
overwhelmed with the pure love,
my heart smiles while my eyes weep.

Vashi Pandey

The Night We Fought

I cried last night,
When we ended up at a fight.
My heart cried more than my eyes,
It was hard to recollect the broken ties.
I stood there watching you break my heart,
Your each word hit me like a dart.
It was not the first time we fought,
But it's love which helped us a lot.
Your arms had consoled me before,
after each fight, you had loved me even more.
Something cut me deep inside,
As you slept away from me hugging your pride.
Each time I tried to move close,
Your rage pricked me like thorns in a rose.
One hug of yours could have healed me,
In your arms you would have concealed me!
I knew in the morning all will be fine,
I'll be yours and you will be mine.
You would wake with a sweet smile,
Though I would ignore you knowingly and would take a while.
The rain is tapping outside to see us together in bliss.
My love, my darling let's makeover on a kiss.

Vashi Pandey

The Wedding

O'moon you are an handsome groom,
and the lovely night,
is your pretty bride.
She is walking down the aisle of dusky evening,
as sun had made all preparations before leaving.
Her gown is studded with stars,
especially designed by the hands of Mars.
Venus has done her amazing makeover,
she looks stunning and you bowled over.
God Himself is her Best Man,
as he gives you her hand.
You say I do in presence of angels,
while the clouds and wind ring the wedding bells.
In late hours when all are asleep,
you hug each other, when no one bothers to peep.

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