

Poetry Series

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- poems -

Publication Date:
2010

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

vittal vandavasu(November 4th 1994)

I am a 17 year old boy withered through life with woe. I started writing poetry from class 8. Those were one of the most complex poems which needed polishing on their surface which was done in my 9th class and now in 10 I presume I write alike mature poets. Woe has always been my source of inspiration and my most beautiful poems are on woe. I write nature poems relating them to the eccentricities of life. They turn out to be elegant. Poems on death were started from 10 class as I have seen a lot's of fading dreams and dimming candles. I have not written much of merry poems because i just do not have the feel of joy. My best poetry so far has and maybe will be one sorrow. Sometimes i even write dream poems but they tend to be complex and many misunderstand them. Anyway i just hope my talent doesn't lament in the way of life's strife.

A Death Fanatic

Below the dark skies
In the unforgiving twilight winter
Outside the house that sighs
The moonlight feebly showed a mentor

He was a death mentor
Who believed it was the last thrill
And he was a woe lender
Who demanded nothing to his will

He sat at the cliff's edge
Enjoying the river below
Waiting for the fall of bridge
For a leap it was too low

Smiling to himself, he was proud
He knew the ways of life
' What fools these fellows sound
who live in scrimmage and strife'

Said the death fanatic to the night
As if to hear the heavens laugh in unison
he felt he knew the might and sight of right
Blind to everything preoccupied by the vision

He looked around his weebegone world
For the last time dearly
the pine trees waved sadly to behold
That person white and pearly

How could he leave
But there is truth to perceive
What of the benevolent nature
He would miss it in the future

' But I've seen my pointless world
There is not another meaning left to find
Anyway my soul was sold
I have but woe to bind'

And saying so he jumped,
To the welcoming arms of death
Smiling his last grin of bliss
Luckily without an undone wish

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A Little Girl's Story

Below the dimly lit sky
On the gravel earth
A little girl let a sigh
On all that hurt

Life as an orphan is hard
Ignorant of mother's love
And it is always an unlucky card
These innocents longingly see to the dove

She walks away between barley fields
Running her hand on them
Almost forgetting her hollow yields
And her torn hem

There stood a tall man
Who used to walk with her
They sometimes together ran
It was a fragment of joy that bit her

Smiling her innocent smile
Ignorant of the woeful mad world
And those sinister vile
She knew the joyful sad word

Afterall nature took her growth
So she knew to love
And to speak the piercing truth
Sometimes sweetly she asks how

A day came when she had a job
A day came when the old man could,
No longer run or jog
But give a happy grin he should

Another day came when,
She had her last joke with him
Soon woe would spread in the glen
And a day gray and dim

She took her first solitary walk
Through the fields so beautiful
But with no one to talk
And woe so bountiful

It was time to stand and think,
Help another child's bliss
Now she had no desire for pink
But just a mild wish

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A Lover's Dream

In those streets of gloom and pain
To walk alone for some is vain
they search for an eternal partner
In a restaurant eating a starter

Perpetual love
Immature now
Is a doubt
Of love's clout

Eternal bliss through love
And a million smiles
Like a gliding dove
That flies around miles

Incessant sighs
Silent whys?
Shy whispers
and passionate kissers

Draped in love
Served on life
Never asking how
Hence evading strife

Love is beautiful
But so painful
Yet so bountiful
And so eventful

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A Mad Suicide

A river runs in-front of you
On the green soft grass you sit
Pondering upon things to do
And you smile at your good wit

You can never forget her talk
You imagine she is beside you
Together you might take a walk
With joy and reality so few

You lazily throw a stone into the waters
A ripple occurs provoking you to think more
The most traumatic love of all your matters
She fades before you look to the fore

You must jump for otherwise it is pointless
Ignorants and savants do not bother you anymore
But you aren't called one of the courage less
You say what is there behind the door

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A Merry Little House

I came across a merry little house
From the long tiring walks I had
It stood serene, but with no spouse
I thought this man liked the solitude

Handsome tall oak trees surrounded it,
A gentle wind bent the waving grass,
Gray rocks on which one could sit
And I beheld it with no lass

The butterflies danced around it in circles
The song bird sings the merriest of songs
Enough to enchant any traveler, these miracles
But what was the horror within beauty?

I went inside the house listening silence
The most pleasant and frightening tune ever
There it was, the aftermath of violence
And there was the letter to his lover

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A Scapegoat's Life

There was a boy who was taunted by everyone
Except woe, which welcomed him with the poignant bliss
A say or why was never given back by the one
Inept at revolution e turned anger to woe an let go his wish

Summer, spring, winter or autumn
It mattered not
A sinner is boring a hunter is rotten
He was shattered and hot

The flowers which are trampled
Mother nature who is in torture
Where to beseech a way out of their shattered,
lives without any folly; there is woe to future

Isolation and woe were his best friends
Childhood snatched away,
The sinful teachers were his amends
For none understood his say

Too ignorant perhaps
Or a life's burden thrown on an innocent
The rain that taps
A window blurs the omniscet

There was another unfortunate's life
A scape goat's life
Withered and faded with the vain strife
Alas he proceeded with the knife

Well, he found the bliss desired
The sinister peculiarity left behind
And so the shots were fired
Those misters and misses in hell have woe to find

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All Poets Seem To Know

All poets seem to know
Is how to express love
Ignorantly or diligently
Gracefully and gently

All I seem to know is how to-
Show the feeling that I am a human
If bliss and woe will take me through
But still I'm still not graceful as a swan
If I do sigh?
A lover asks why;
A cry and die
Are not a lie

What do I say?
What is the way?
Dreams just fade away
Everything woebegone and gay

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An Amateur And Paradise

I spent a day in the corner of paradise
It thought me how to be a bit wise
I stole an everlasting memory from there
Excited, I ran wild as a hare

It was where the gentle breeze kissed me
It was where trees spoke a strange language
But everything was saying there's love to see
It was an epoch of a blissful age

The clear blue skies suggested purity,
Showing that everything has eternity
It was where ivy was spread,
Where the dew and grass wed

And there were singing songbirds
The merriest of tunes ever heard
Then there's a magical sunset
The place where brightness and darkness met

The twinkling diamonds of stars were scattered in the sky
And the moon hung like a glowing orb
The beauty compels me to cry out aloud why?
Then thinking and thinking it's love I absorb

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An Enchanting Song

I art waiting for the songbird to show it's grace
Perhaps with a song or mere presence
I come from long tired journeys I chase
The lapse of wrong leads to perseverance

So when shall thy merry song embark upon,
Towering yew, spreading greens and colossal hills
I yearn for thy charming song, for it is a spark lit on
The mellowing of sew of harming wrongs and collapsing sills

Thou art evident soaring above the peaks
Is thine song with thou?
How stark it seems without thy song which speaks,
Of mine long folly with woe

At long last I heed to thy enchanting song
The one I hast been waiting for
The song's vast lead on encumbering wrong
Is some seen in blur

I know not what thou wishes in the song
But I craft my own significance
I bow to thine bliss, for long,
Have I been in draft with ignorance

Bar the sins out I art cleansed by thine enchanting song
Been to the murkiest corners in life in strife
Soar the wins prevailed out of ignorance, a charming thong
Hit me on my frailest bothers, wounded by a knife

But, thy song heals mine wounds
I heave a sigh to respite
Tell me why thy sounds
poignant despite
having an enthralling vocation to act
Art I the reason?
Craving for thy song is it a violation pact?
Then art away with my treason

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An Old Man's Story

There was a merry old man
Beneath the blue skies
Defying every ban
He enjoyed telling lies

Merrily walking and singing through his way
He met his jocund friends under trees
Joking and laughing for a while he lay
And then again went for the breeze

Some little children come towards him running
Dragging his stick to provoke him to chase them
And for joy's sake he would, happily grinning
They would sit for hours together on the glen

With great restrain he returns
The one he always detests
Alas in the night he could not roam
But let them dwell upon his rests

The sourest of memories
His son walks away getting married,
His daughter and wife's funeral ceremony
All of this inside he carried

'Maria', he used to call in sleep
'Catherine', he used to call in sleep
In the depths of woe he fell deep
Frail and weak unable to creep

Eventually forgetting bliss he dies
Leaving all his wishes and sighs
Caring not upon all the cries
Giving a letter for all goodbyes

And so did everyone of his friends
The children's play was weary of him
Ah! but those innocent don't know amends
The bliss in them is dim

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An Opulent Night

They were scattered like shards of diamonds
On a black background of velvet cloth
The horizon that divided the high bonds
Between heaven and earth, nothing was wrath

The moon hung like an orb amidst stars
Glowing white and spreading pleasant charm this night
From below they appeared like the healing scars
To all those who fell to beauty's might

A gentle graceful wind kissed the night
Carrying fragments of odors, roses and jasmines
On the trees for shadows fell moonlight
And lovers wish to bring their darlings

No alcohol nor drug would match
All of beauty's silent lucid bliss
From above fell angels to catch,
by those fortunates who did wish

The lustily might of the opulent night
Enchanted those few an ethereal scenic spectacle
For this look by the mortal's sight
Was a priceless price rigid to tackle

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Beauties And Sins

The dreamy waves hit the lazy beaches
The scattered light on the waters,
Is the radiant opulence that reaches
To the resting sinful haters

The gentle beauty of the moon
Becalms two fighters to peace
Here hatred has to swoon
But somewhere it prevails unwilling to cease

Two drunkards play to their bloods
Poor nature sighs on what they turn her into
Heart's thirst is not quenched even with floods
The delusionizing intoxicator just so untrue

There is grandeur of spring
Blooming with flowers
The land enchanted by a songbird's sing
Teeming with lovers

But a lonely soul weary of love
Sat behind and oak tree in isolation
Withered with a lonely scrimmage now
A difference made the difference of consolation

Autumn plucks some leaves and leaves
But winter halts to howl
A poor man in grief heaves,
A cold sigh for his woeful soul

In the depths of nature
A dead man is buried
Those inept acts of a teacher
Who in vain hastily scurried

Spring seems so far away
I have no bliss for today
It has been a while since I've seen the ray
I crave for the soft untrodden way

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Casting My Say Upon The Way

Casting my say upon the way
Lately I have been thinking
Should I forget about what may
At life in confusion I am blinking

I said to the morning
Don't bring any mourning
And I said to tomorrow
Is it going to be sorrow?

Waiting for some letters I will never get
In this I have forgotten what is my wish
I said begone to a Monday I met
Which is the incessant demise of my bliss

Why should I be happy? Why should I be sad?
What is good and what is bad?
I am just a lad like any other
I'm bored today and don't care about the further

I do the things I do in haste
But yet so gently, yet so slowly
Then when everything is to waste
And the sinister is said lovely

Should I change the world?
Or of mine every word?

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Come To My Arms

The leaves have fallen
A mild breeze plays
under an oak tree I sit to see
Your memory of past days

The green soft grass is spread,
Flamboyant flowers bloom
Yet I long to be dead
I so wanted you as my groom

The sky is all clear and blue
Like a blanket covering me
While i sleep I dream of you
In nature's cradle I'm in glee

I remember we met here
Then it was fair love and bliss
So dearly you called me dear
Ah! how desperately i long for the past

We used to sing a merry song
In chorus with the songbird
I know not where it went wrong
My love was not heard

The songbird flew away
You went away
the breeze fades away
Trees never dance today

But now, enchanted by your memory
Everything has come to life
But yet i celebrate alone every ceremony
I live by your memory and fear of knife

The way you smiled
You shook my hand
All i have is a piece of paper
On which you wrote

The paper is my most prized possession
I shall go the grave with it in my pocket
Ignorant of my love you took the decision
I'm all weebegone amidst your blissful racket

WOULD YOU HAVE STAYED
IF YOU KNEW
I LOVED YOU
BUT WAS THE WAY ALREADY PAVED?

I stare at your piece of paper
You scribbled for if i ever wanted to talk
My way seems damper
I'm blind and need you to help me walk

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Desires

I stood there waving goodbye to autumn
It was another sorrow after spring left
The days ahead had no use of woe
There is winter to begin it's theft

An idle mind is so much more happy
Than we who think a thousand
But we presume him shabby
We know not an end for our and

Maybe such is my longing for eternal spring
The Utopian vision of universal love,
Immortality which none can sing
It is foolish of us to ask how?

The eccentricities of a mad man
The flame that flickers in a lamp
Bogusness, is an undone sad plan
A hollow lame excuse of a vilian and a vamp

The jollification of the dark,
The jocund company of the devil,
It is all a rightly wrong bark
An emancipation of the evil

Oh! the poignant love
I am so desperate for the past
For I cannot bear to see a dieing dove
There is no inspiration to last

Honorable Shelly did assure us
If winter comes can spring be far behind?
I merrily settle down without fuss
Having no more woe to bind or find

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Die For The Last Time

Every time you feel sad
Well are you living?
If you say yes, it's mad
Because it's everything you're giving

When you feel hate roam your body
Is it the bible you study?
But every night is a sleepless night
Because every core of your body is eager to fight

Of bliss you realize it's transient
So you embrace woe
It's truth that's eminent
So do you know where you go?

The guilt of a sin is to sway
Al you see is your life fading away
In vain you look for the way
But as blockades barking dogs lay

Why don't you die for the last time?
And forever to kiss nothingness
There isn't a ting called yours and mine
There is a desert upon greenness

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Education And Love

I witnessed the rain of moments
That provoked me to think again
in mystic houses we are tenants
Willingly or unwillingly, love is slain

Education has thought us everything,
Everything but love,
The tune divine to sing,
Reaching from above.

Bearing love with care
Actually forsaking it gently
Making love so bare
Fictionally picturing it bluntly

As flowers bloom
It seems soon
Love will prevail
Undoing the wail

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Elegy Upon The Shattering Of Dreams

The wind bears them with utmost care
Those dry leaves of a weeping tree
But somewhere they might stop their fare
All this, from a window I see

An idler has a lot to think
His dream is to someday cease dreaming
What of us who many times wink?
And live a life, many times screaming

Why can't one dream dreams that happen?
I have lost the needle to sew
But I still clutch the good cloth
And ponder upon fantasy and the reality

I am the boy with the gloom
I'm the flower that will never bloom
I'm the traveler who walks towards doom
And sadly, every second seems so soon

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Elegy Upon Undoing Love Forever

I cease for the importance of humanity
I know not if mine was a desire or necessity
The fire had died out
The cold had no more clout

But if I ask will it arouse again
If I am to spot another
Of mine body, soul alike to pain
Will I be able to go on further?

The elegance of love is tarnished by necessity
I know not of amendments
But I can never forget you but can dim
In old ages increments

But will I meet another
I think while watching you go somewhere
Heart is maybe wet leather
It can be thrown anywhere

[With this poem I end my love I shall rather die than forget. Alas I am a mere spectator as woe plays and celebrates its might]

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Everything That's Woe

Moments of bliss fade away
When desires start to sway
Thorns are cast upon the way
And blood comes out when I try to say

Rumours strangle me to shame
Taunts are thrown by the lame
Hell and earth are same
I am the scapegoat taking the blame

As I see my love fade
I dig my grave with a spade
Cut myself with fate's blade
On my heart woe tries to invade

I feebly write my will
he enchanting smell to fill,
mother nature is a powerful pill
And I miss them watching through a grill

Slowly walking towards demise
Forgetting those who were the wise
I have no fancy anymore to rise
For everything has the most expensive price

Let me go and die
You coe to me no more
I shall end every cry and sigh
You shall find me cold on the floor

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Fade Away To Nothingness

Those dreams which I had
Begin to dim
I assure I was a good lad
But I hate him

Because she was never for me
Blinded by love I did not see
But when they fade away to nothingness
I find all my emotions meaningless

I embraced love in haste
I forgot about those rules
For so sweet and intoxicating was the taste
I forgot was one of those tools

Because she does not anymore talk to me
Blinded by love I ran in glee
But now when they fade away
I find the right emotion to sway

But oh! bless this eccentric love
I wait for you till today
Nevertheless alone watching the dove
Someday together we'll be walk the way

But oh! woe curse something
You were never for me to sing
Well what do you feel now?
Is it ignorance or love?

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Fanatical Dreams

Admiration of love is better than love
Consideration of the known is better for now
Because things tend to bend the other side and you never know
To rouse the wringing of dreamt dreams is to ride the severe row

The dreams may only be dreams not bound to be pragmatic
One may scream to wane, the sound isn't dogmatic
Variations come and go missing, leaving the fantasist in desolation
And then he'll have to go running the leading path in isolation

Obsession of the unfeasible is precarious for one may become mad
Sensation of the realizable madness isn't going to be sad
All the beauty of life's lost in fleeting fanatical dreams
So the fantasist screams
For unworthy persistent dreams

One dreams the dreams he'll never get
Soon he'll scream in agony which he'll never forget
He may see the wickedness of immortality
The way is wretchedness beyond immorality

Dreams fall and shatter almost knocking one out
Seams of hell clatter on fate without shock or doubt
For those are but worthless fanatical dreams dreamt
Who's the meaningless fantasist who needs to be cleaned?

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How We Express Love

To be your mine
Well should I sign
The line of love

The three merry words
Would fly like birds
You heard them love

Nature plaudits this love
Up flies a dove
The breeze glides on

Whispering trees so strange
And hues that change
How we express love

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I Gave Her Strawberrys

She's so beautiful
Like the night with stars bountiful
Is she ethereal I am doubtful
And I gave her strawberrys

We were so like minded
The best ever love I finded
The best memory I binded
And I gave her strawberrys

But I didn't know her
Is it sweet or lime now?
And I gave her strawberrys
Is it a coat of fur
Materialistic wasn't our love
And I gave her strawberrys

Cause I'll be her and she'll be me
There's lots and lots for us to see
I gave her strawberrys
She didn't even like cherrys

And she took them
Without letting them even touch her hem
And I thought they were precious as a gem
I gave her strawberrys

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I Shall Love A Poetess

Sometimes a poet is called a mad man
For he sees sinister,
Even a gentle graceful swan
And so I shall undo a spinster

A woeful heart,
Can understand a woeful heart
For they have felt being apart
And that is how love is to start

I want a like minded lass
I shall love a poetess
Together we shall write poems of loss
Or poems of bliss,
-An ode upon fulfillment of our wish
To each others might pose meekness

She will appreciate them,
The way I expected them to be
Her comment I shall take as a gem
There will be eccentric dreams we will long to see

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Ignorance Dances Long

We understand the reasons untill,
You give them to us
We go according to our will
Because there is no fuss

No matter how hard we try
There is just to sigh

We blindly roam inside the maze

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Imagine Satan Knocking Your Door

On a dark twilight winter night
The darkness was enchanted by Satan
You could call it evil's might
Someone called him to return

When Satan smiled
The night howled eerie
Shuddered those wild
The bold had nothing to derive

Imagine Satan knocking your door
And you open not thinking of the fore
He would have blood to pour
To quench the thirst in hell of throats so sore

Someone threw the bible in the fire
and cut the throat of a cat
And called someone from the lands so dire
On the pile of innocent soul Satan sat

He sold his sell to yours
What is this eccentric business?
Imagine what hatred he had for years
The demise of your easiness

Should you wake up in hell
what is it you will yell?

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Innocence And Ignorance

Little girl wher do you go?
In cheerful haste
Don't you know what's woe?
Ah! the joyful innocence you taste

Shall you teach me how?
To be hapy perpetually
Outside the world is sad now
I have to go to the purgatory naturally

You know not sarcasm
You never give a sardonic smile
You just know enthusiasm
But will you with the world become vile?

Come into the arms of this pessimist
I promise you he he will turn an optimist
Afterall no one; s born evil
It is the work of the world and the devil

You smie like the spring,
In your heart there are green winters
The sweetest songs you sing
Oh! breaks this sinful heart to splinters

Shall you turn splentic someday?
Due to desires so long
I shall be there to tell it is wrong
I won't let you fade away

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Isolation's Salvation

Upon finding a jocund company
Of dear nature's own
I said let's have a symphony
And in bliss let us drown

Little daisies, little fairies
Come let us dance in the prairies
My dear buccaneer
Where did you learn to leer?

And so he has to go
Away with dear woe
While I behold the breeze
those skies and those trees

Nature is the keen listener
To all my say
And I am a merry prisoner
On joy's way

It is the isolation's salvation
And the solution of my confusion
Here I make a confession
And on myself a close inspection

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Love Me Dear Peotess

Dear poetess, if you were to say I love you
I would write a million odes to you
But I would even if you didn't, but I'd rue
I would love off course with love returned so few

Can we meet beneath the oak trees?
Under blue skies and neatly spread grass
With the fragrant, soothing breeze
I would hold your hand and give love to you my lass

You write with such passion
But we are mad to this world
I see, towards me you have compassion
We impart truth in every word

I love you,
For you are beautiful,
In poetry so bountiful
And contaminated so few

So would you love a mad man?
Or laugh along with everyone
Oh! but you are a poetess, I'm your fan
Come let us from everyone run

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Maybe Love

When the stars shine
I remember my love
It is finer than the above line
The merrieness of a dove

Your gorgeousness spell bounds me
This sinner has to see
Your love shoot him in the heart
And he will remember it part to part

Like the wind that moves the fields
I shall charm thy heart to ecstasy
And I shall take my love's yields
You are the most important fantasy

Your heart is pure of thought
It is hard to find an innocent mind
I war with my emotions I fought
I do not deserve your find

I love you against all odds
In this I have the aid of gods
I'll bet my lucky star
That you are who you are

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My Introspection

I am powered by hatred's offering
Motivated by woe
My experience is suffering
And that is so

I am compelled by hate
To do the things I do
I withhold my fate
What is it to you?

You call me a sinner
But have you known my side?
I had a poisoned dinner
My talent's lament is what i ride

I believe joy is fooling my self
Today i know the truth i never wanted to know
Selfishness lay behind every cloth in the shelf
It is why I let go their say and run my go

Wish i could write like William Wordsworth
Wish I could sing like the songbird
Wish they knew the words hurt
And I wish I could be truly heard

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My Say On Monday

Call the blooming spring
There are things to say
Will the songbird sing?
I shall wait for that day

Well, in my everyday day
I despise Monday
Perhaps I like it not
Or is it that that day I rot

Laugh ladies and gentle men
For when I spoke the hardest of truths
A young lady thought I am vermin
Tell me yourselves, can all be sweet fruits?

Somewhere somehow folly creeps in
Ah! Now it is wrong to say unseen by us
But yet ignorantly we sin
Upon an innocent we rant and fuss

Yes nod your heads true, true
Ha ha ha, well really life is so eccentric
But listen every thing bad chooses Monday to sue
Things give jolts of surprise, now that's electric

Ah well thanks for reading it
I hope you do not think I am at my end of wit
It is just that all my love is fading away
So I thought you might want to hear while I say

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My Talent

Upon fiery roads it walked
And to strangers it talked
I told it not to
But it had to

The flames danced and taunted it
But it went on ignoring dogs
For it still had the wit
To not face the wicked fog

My talent is still walking
Some day about it you will be talking

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Nature At It's Work

Butterflies danced round and round
The sweet fragrance spread with bliss
The songbird's mellow tune was profound
in the crystal stream gently, glided fish

Jocund trees danced with the breeze
Flamboyant flowers charmingly bloomed
Mother nature was all in ease
The serene sky's purity, eternal it seemed

Ripples were made by fish in the stream
The rustling of leaves on soft ground,
The breeze gushing through trees,
A songbird singing for no one to please
Here, tranquility without sins was the fees
And to this just blissful law everything was bound
Except a whiner's ridiculous vain dream

There sat a poet on a white rock
Witnessing the play of his bliss's wish
He penned it down elegantly with a shock
A sinner sat there, who is this?

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Nature Is A Just King Of Itself

Sweet summer flowers bloom
Songbirds sing mellow tunes
The trees make the breeze their groom
It was one of the long awaited afternoon

A little boy wished the trees would talk back
Strangely uncontent with the opulence
The clouds had a long time to turn black
This is where dreams danced with nature's elegance

With a plaudit a flower is not to bloom
And with a rant it is not to shed
With a sinister thought one cannot bring gloom
And a rose was never painted red

Nature is a just king of itself
It is good to die knowing everything went alright
For a dieing life's dream, what else?
Sometimes even bliss is bored of it's might

vittal vandavasu

Nature's Features

I remember it as yesterday I was with my friends
To the lake surrounded by smart oak
Where we used to have a say on life's finds
Ah! How merry those days were without these folk

I search although I know I lost it all
After twenty years it is but a wild goose chase
I lost my nature and my pals without call
Lamenting I gaze at the dull granite phase

Disappeared are those trees,
Those lakes, those moments
And those people, now I've no use of pleas
I behold in disbelief the materialistic monuments

I walk my solitary go on gravel
Heart heavy with my survival
Things that have just faded away
Alas they are so far from today

But again I spot a narrow green laid lane
It had apple trees casting their shadows
Leaves dancing with the breeze so sane,
As familiar as the past I remember those meadows

With daffodils in hands I see my friends
I wave, they wave back
We sit down on the soft grass and forget the amends
I save my woe for a trash sack

It's been so long I heave a sigh of relief
But again there's the sound of city streets
I wake from my reverie which was brief
In vain I try to beseech my meets

vittal vandavasu

Never Say Goodbye

I'm standing alone on the lonely hills
With cedars and a charming breeze
That talks to the trees
And the sunshine gently fills

The clear blue skies above so vast
The enchanting wind with the sweetness of rose
It all appeared so eternal to last
And i had all the meekness to pose

I call out to the wind
Never say goodbye
For I'm left to sigh
And I'm the one who sinned

You move the grass to make it wave
You help the falling leaves dance in circles
And now you find an unfortunate to save
Please don't take away the miracles

Or I'm left lamenting
Never say goodbye
Or I'll brood and die
Don't go with the theft of happening

vittal vandavasu

Ode To A Summer Spring

It was last summer's spring
I played in nature's arms
I hear the songbird sing
A melody spread over farms

With my friends I used to go,
To the blue lake with mango trees
And a charming breeze
We sit for long, quite away from woe

To welcome the bliss of solitude
I walk the streets with falling leaves
This was my wish of attitude,
From life that always leaves

Used to give merry sings,
Sitting on a river's side
Used to ponder upon things,
From woe I try to hide

Used to run on the greens
Below the blues sky
Never let go a beauty unseen
I tried to pursue my why

And now I am the scapegoat
With people crafting my woe
I am searching for a boat,
Which would take me back the go

Stand up on dry leaves fallen
With the coldness in my eyes
With a bundle of sighs
My heart with grief is swollen

vittal vandavasu

Ode To The Wind

The wind whispered some words to me
In a language so elegant I cannot describe
I felt oddly sad sad and oddly in glee
But the words forever on my heart I inscribe

It spoke with the trees
And carefully beared the leaves
On me it was emollient
A memory is my emolument

They were words of endearment
I don't understand but feel
It was an enigmatic enlightenment
Slowing down the moment's wheel

Every second seemed to last perpetually
For the greater god I am no more an epicure
I find my lost self eventually
But this wicked evergreen sorrow has no cure

Perhaps it's a problem I should help myself with
But surely before my end of wit
In this world I have sinned enough
Now I have but nothing to bluff

vittal vandavasu

On Monday

I used to walk by the morning barley fields
On a Sunday evening of spring
Ahead was a patch of tall oaks unconcealed
Further was a river t whom rocks I fling

Lost in my ecstasy
I fall beside the brook
Hope these are not the last to see
And Monday shook

My slumber of nature's miracles
I encumber the folly of many
The fall of timber and break of shackles
The weather was rainy

On Monday the scenic spectacle faded away
I am feeling so lonely
Lost on the murky darkness today
I may collapse surely

vittal vandavasu

On Some Dark Night Black Road

On some dark night black road
Should you find them lights glaring at you?
Coming nearer and nearer
So near that death could smell your adrenaline

A chill runs over your spine,
Your heart feels heavy,
Your eyes become narrow
And your ground is quick sand

Calling a call to all that you've ever known
But your dieing scream is unheard
For it comes and ends very deep
And there is a loud sound and warmth

A second becomes eternity to you
In your mind you run over everything
But again you just see large chunks of metal

A cold metal hit's your jaws
Eyes blinded by yellow and black
Energy fades away to defy pain

You have already died before you hit the ground and your rib cage broken.

(I know this is the most annoying blank verse without definite meter sorry!)

vittal vandavasu

On Woe And Bliss

Should I think of woe as bad
I must be esteemed to call myself mad
Because I'm a monument to seasoned by the sad
Beauty lies because of the strife I had
Inside there isn't much as a scratch
I would have opened the latch

Joy would have given me wild elation
The most unnecessary thing for my emotion
It is but merely a health potion,
Something just to shape m motion

vittal vandavasu

Secret Bliss

There was an old man
In the merry glen
Who would sit for hours that ran,
On green fields then

Joyous birds chirped in the air
The jolly man be blessed
He had no more woe that's fair
But dances although still stressed

He would close his eyes for the breeze
Passing through him slow and smooth
It glided through the trees
I never saw him act moodily

For amidst nature his preacher
Would he feel anything but soothe
He saw the bliss of every creature
From nature, love he used to loot

With so little time left
He must go with the theft
Of perpetual memories and emotions
Lucky lad had all of nature's elations

He dances below the shower
Of leaves and flowers
The chances and wishes hover
But there is the secret bliss he covers

vittal vandavasu

Secret Spectacle

On a lonely mountain i lay
Spellbound to the blissful nature
It was the merriest of beauties to say
In it I forget my disdainful torture

Dandelions I behold as a crowd
Fluttering and flying with the breeze
With my secret spectacle I am proud
An ethereal ecstasy among the trees

The songbird sings the sweetest songs
For a poet who longs,
The eternal bliss of moments
I'm afraid I disturb the tranquility by my movements

When I leave pushed by fate
Back to the land of hate
Will I loose my faith?
For the economic bait

It was my hiding place from dear Old Nick
The elegance left behind,
Makes the world a place so sick
The significance hard to find

In the blues sky i see the songbird fly away
Maybe compelled by the same hindrance
But the memory never fades on my wry way
I fear, could the spectacle be seen through a dusty lens?

vittal vandavasu

Should Angels Laugh When Demons Slay

As the devil walks the streets
People hide every bit of their sin
For they with the devil will have meets
There was no merry din

But when god is to walk
Pretention starts from bad to good
It is all divine talk
But all of this is a mere hood

But can god forget their sins?
Those sins which put cupid in shame
While the sinner has his wins
Before god can he not be lame?

Should angels laugh when demons slay
All of us who sinned
And for us real pain will sway
Angels would never give back the wind

This should be a good lesson
For us humans
Who can defy every nature's law
Against sermons

vittal vandavasu

Some Other Day

one may have to sometimes see his things fade
Some may weep on lost things which couldn't be forebode
Everything that's won is lost
The things were too brief to last

As one sees before him things turning away
He says with a sigh 'some other day'
Talent is made to lament before the known few
Vibrant one is sent to shade, biased to undue

He sits in a corner and sings a sad song of let downs
His wits get diminished to sighs and bad long swoons
He feels put away and hard for attention pay
So begins to sway on some other day

Some other day he might find himself somewhere high
That day he'll sight the way to beseech the end of sighs
Some other day he'll undo the past prejudice
He is done with his vast pleasure in life

vittal vandavasu

Some Secret Silent Whisper

Some secret silent whisper
Glided in the air
From silence I infer
Things are not fair

Diligently deciphering dismay slowly
Of tunes eerily dulcet
It's dubious, I'm lonely
Like the gloomy sunset

My heart is hale
But mind so shifty
Like shadows so pale
My thoughts are misty

Introverts are living vanity
Sometimes words are intriguing
That is intrinsically insanity
Delirious deliberation to deluding

vittal vandavasu

Sweet Flower

I found the sweetest flower
Although I keep staring at another
But choose a place far to hover

The nearer one has a charming
aroma
Of the everyday beauties go
But the one I found has quite a different
drama

And I want it to know
Someone's calling it's name
Do you know what is love?

I dream the dreams I never dream
Your the one that keep's me going on the stream
Someday I'll get to you and try to steal

Know this, my mind is older than
your merry age
Although my body seems young
just turn the page

It's me you have to see
It's what I feel you'll have to feel
We'll meet again at the sea
And together have a meal

vittal vandavasu

Talk To Me Today

Talk to me today
I will one say everything I ever had to say
And you can stop pretention
You never paid me attention

What is your situation
Can we do a negotiation
Why do you walk away when I try to talk?
With this lover sincere to thought you never walk

I write my write all for you
But all the things you do
Make me sleep in woe
There's no where to go

And when summer comes
Amidst all I dreamt I am alone
Because away she runs
I am not the one that shone

vittal vandavasu

The Autumn Leaves

I gaze out to see the lonely lane
Longing for a tread
Autumn's charm chases the bane
I'm leaving what is said

While I walk in a snail's pace but not in faze
The golden leaves descend gracefully
Dancing in twirls with the breeze in ease
The evening birds singed their say delightfully

I sunk against a cedar tree
Every moment and all the bliss,
Seemed so eternal to see
And so faded every wish

An unforgettable episode in my book
I hope the story goes on and on
I am but an unforgivable to look
I know it come and gone

vittal vandavasu

The Baleful Teacher

There came a teacher as sinister as old nick
Where roams the goodness she acts sick
She was blinded by ignorance or perhaps discrete anger
She didn't see the goodness happen she really was a stranger

Her taunts and reprimands came out like death smoke
I apprehend the thought that how do me stand her mock?
There are several things we'd like to say to her
But how?
Where do we gather rings of truth to strike?
How to sue?
The baleful teacher someone preach her

I presume she fell from hell
Her irksome tell is'nt well
The gibberish talk of her poses no meaning in anyway
Some wither and sulk against her raving say
While some ignore some tend to gore
Vile rum being she is, we bend to sore

Her visit made the crows blacker and fright brighter
Herbogus sweet talks simmer away, blight's brighter
She's as discouraging as a death predictor
She's the insect that sucks the wrath nectar
The baleful teacher someone preach her

vittal vandavasu

The Charm That Enchant's Everyone

The support of evolution
The cause of every second's breath
The unseen true veneration
And the eternal beauty defying death

The enthralling nature lures the troubled
It unveils its splendor even to the ignorant
It's the annoying of the worldly rubble
Only by it does a sail's grandeur go vibrant

Nature plays the charm that enchants everyone
From a saint to sinner
A thief to the chief
The appeal of soothe for the hard heart
And today's bogusness of the last part

The gentle wind that moves the paddy
Te green lush grass that spreads
The brooms of the sky that shade us gladly
The mean darkness of the twilight winter leads

The opulence of nature has but unending plaudits
The significance of ignorance dawns before it
The radiance of the future lies in our habits,
Towards preserving this divine elegance that is lit

But regrettably we demand and reprimand in vain
The clear blue skies must not lose their elegance
Unforgettable are those colossal moments, the wand does not turn again
So, we hear the innocent cry of agony we hunt our existence

Nature is the charm that enchants everyone to perceive the truth
The beauty that demands nothing but always bestows,
Upon us the weight of life and the sweet fruit,
At the sacrifice of it self for our greedy deals and the quench of woes

vittal vandavasu

The Girl Beside The Stream

There was a merry little place
I used to know
It is where the sun show's it's face
And it is where the bruised go

It is where a blanket of blue covers things
The trees stand smartly and grass blissfully
It is where a bird on a tree beside the stream sings
And it is where a little girl played gracefully

She played as merrily as spring
Watching the ripples in the clear stream
Searching for a tune to bring
To give life to a near future's dream

Another time I saw the winter's coronation
She weeps her heart out near the steam
Amidst her isolation nature is her consolation
She keeps hope in her woeful hear which is to scream

Her dream has died
They never knew to encourage
But still she tried
It is all woeful wasted courage

Yet another tomorrow I beheld sorrow
This time the demise of a life time's bliss
The stream went on, the birds song was hollow
Without the rhyme of an innocent's wish

In the grass was another unfortunate's demise
In the arms of her best friend
Maybe she has seen enough of those wise
The sinners and judges of the life's amend

I came back again to embrace the solitude
She is gone forever
I am jealous of a sinner's attitude
Aimlessly i roam with nothing to endeavor

Nature did preach her the way
maybe she misunderstood the say
A breeze must fade away
There is time away from today

vittal vandavasu

The Highstone Walls

The gentle wind softly chimes the bells
A sound I'd love to hear again
Afterall better than what my mother yells
my mother, my father, my dear pain

The highstone walls, the narrow path
and with the ones who are caring
Leads to a mournful destructive aftermath.
The oddest of ornaments one is wearing

The ones who're walking this narrow path
Never feel the charm of a breeze
The world outside the walls is wrath
hey wish that I impersonate their every sneeze

But imagination takes e to everything's eternity
I see every bit of nature's hue
But those narrow minded call it impurity.
To beggars ignorance they threw

vittal vandavasu

The Other Side

Have you ever stepped aside and perceived life
You rave the severe stripped rides of stained strife
The things beside your vocation never get spot
The wings of preside and evocation hover to rot

Step aside the daily go and discern what you've never known
Get up and ride the wailing-concerning thoughts never seen
Have you ever known the other side of life?
The side where numbers of despair are on the dice

A person begs to save his hungry child
The salvation could have been done wild or mild,
Only if you weren't so narrow minded
Helping wasn't another sorrow to be mended

Didn't you ever see the tired eyes of the youngster?
Won't you ever see the pained face, who's sinister now?
Let your thoughts over the other side of life
You meet fights against your own lies

Step aside and have a glance at the other side of life

vittal vandavasu

The Silent Biss Of Poignant Love

It is sadly bad time to love
I say goodbye gladly now
Or perhaps forever
But will forget never

Let me love you in secret
The silent bliss of poignant love
In this country if love was sacred
No one would have asked why

Like the parting of me-
and the summer breeze
I say goodbye, not in glee
I shall wait for long to see dancing trees

But if you were to love
With equal delight and devotion
Such as I do now
Perhaps our hearts would have been in elation

Pity somethings in life cannot happen
The silent bliss of poignant love
If an apple were to ripen
One can eat it if he reaches it now

vittal vandavasu

The Sky Above Me Loses Colour

Above me the sky is losing colour
I walk the boulevard where dreams fade
I look at the weeping gloomy flower
Yesterday to living bliss farewell I bade

All I seem to know is how to show
the feelings that I write on paper
Why can't what we desire be undesirable
For sometimes it never comes to life

The true salvation of an idler's dream
Is solitude that speaks all the truths
If not it is an unheard scream
One eats the poisoned yet sweet fruits

If we live in the future's yesterday
Can we sing what's the tomorrow of future?
Time takes the dreams with it away
So all I do is turn and sigh before nature

vittal vandavasu

The Vile World

I have to say some unsaid things
Before it is long
But it flys away, the song bird that sings
Am I the wrong

This lip is weary of a smile
With the world so vile
Of misters andmisses so senile
And a suicide beside the nile

Why do you take my bliss away
Even the mothers love fades away
Because hatred starts to sway
An unmovable hindrance on the way

I live with the unforgiven
With a woeful life that's liven
All the ove that I have given
Are from this world driven.....

vittal vandavasu

The Way It Feels

You came asked me
What if your dream shattered
Before your eyes to see
Well, one usually feels bated

It is eternal agony
To see the helper snatch the thing he helps
You'd give away paternal ivory
To hear and undo his yelps

Now two people in dispair have the night
But there is but woe in sight
Afterall it had been and will be sorrow's might
When can just lament at evil's height

You cry on my shoulder today
I say this is the way it feels to say
I remeber you asked me yesterday
So, I ask you what's the way?

vittal vandavasu

The Winds Of Spring

The winds of spring
So elegantly to sing
The song of arrival,
Maybe the winters rival

They came causing trees to whisper,
They came provoking flowers to bloom,
The sigh to bar out winter,
the sign to bar out gloom

Like silent stars, like dreamy oceans
like lazy beaches and flamboyant hues
they come carrying the soothing lotions
To repay all the undone dues

But woe is an unwelcomed persistent guest
My dear lass ceased to love me
The moment haunts me like a ghost
There is no more bliss to see

She had gone away from greenfields
Gone with the winds of spring
Now alone i count my yields
Still had a song to sing

NOTE: Dedicated to all the lovers who let their dreams depart

vittal vandavasu

There Is Still Something To See

The artistic avenues of paradise
Seem to hover before me
In nature are the wise
There's still something to see

In those streams, in the tree
of fine dreams, of silent glee
There is still something to see
Meaning to show how I'd be

Basking in the sun's glory
Risking my thoughts to settle
Reading I am, a story
Of some shepherds and cattle

Speaking, the sound is admiration
Listening, with love's determination
In those skies is inspiration
I'd say darn this education

Education thought me no words
That I could utter here
The songs of the birds
get silent comments to hear

There is still something to see

vittal vandavasu

Things Like Today And Tommorow

The night was filled with jocund cries
of cats, of dogs and of woe
There came man with sighs
He asked all signs, where to go?

Darkness embraced the cold air with pride
Somewhere was suicide and somewhere was love
Some call it righteous or bogusly wide
The man heard this and asked how

Somehow resurrected was bliss with the warmth
The sunshine suddenly celebrated the second Easter
Satan shouted madly, I harmth! I harmth!
Christians were deaf, Satanists thought something's sinister

Like rose that harms but still charms
Colours danced, colours talked and colours flew
Time ruins steel and brings green farms
Maybe again woe, what is it to you?

Conviction is construction
Elegance is mistaken for ignorance
Thinking is teaching
None know arrogance has significance

vittal vandavasu

Tradition And Modernity

When young thoughts are geriatric
Even dear god must wonder why
But they are not lunatic
To ponder things old and sigh

It is an exotic thing they search
Something one did not value in the past
Perhaps out of use for a reach
Tomorrow is so dependent on yesterday to last

It is surprising gilded youth-
could be so realistic
Yet some expect good from every mouth
Pity them, optimistic

Alteration done in tradition is modernity
These amendments were for ease
But now from all of this one craves liberty
Action is mightier than a please

vittal vandavasu

Untrue Love

I wonder whether love given is true
I ponder upon things liven through
I gather all the things come and gone my way
I bother about times spent alone, what to say?

Would it be right to say it's a showoff
Could truth light the way that's not rough
Is the love true or not?
What's my way move to besought?

The transient joy was but joy
Now poignant joy, it was a lie
Should I believe the unknown?
Or be relived with the known?
I know love given was untrue
Should i go now, given was but woe

vittal vandavasu

What Are You Thinking?

I am in a dilemma call a sage
I am waiting for you
Are you waiting in the same scrimmage?
About time did you know?

What are you thinking?
At me are you just winking?
Do you see me sinking?
In the emotions lurking

Do you cry as I cry?
Looking sadly upon the past
I wonder shouldn't I die?
But I guess time is vast

Will you wait for me
You will have to see
And if you ask who is he
I shall forget my deed

If you're to come back now
With open arms i'll embrace
And shoot the arrows of love
I will find my life to enhance

vittal vandavasu

What Is Love?

It was to be seen
But must be unseen
Some demand reason to learn
But reason doesn't prove

It is called sweet
But oh! so bitter
It is a treat
Surely of many woes

It is so beautiful
But one really thinks
He shouldn't steal beautiful
So he but steals

Raising above everything
Decreasing below raising
It is something
What is love

NOTE: This is a nothingistic poem. Nothingism is a new style of writing poetry I invented to show the meaning of something while suggesting it is nothing.

vittal vandavasu

When Monday Ends

Summer has come and gone
Need to wait for spring so long
Wake me up when monday ends

Glaring with their hunter's eyes
In despair I give sighs
Wake me up when monday ends
t
Of woe and suffering
School is my agony to last
Longing for sunday that's differing

And my memories are vast
Paperwork's a donkey's work
In those shadows I lurk
Wake me up when monday ends

A scape goat I am made
To justice goodbye I bade
Wake me up when monday ends

I know it sounds similar to green day's Wake me up when september but nothing
but wake me up when - ends has been borrowed

vittal vandavasu

Where To Dear Songbird?

Where to dear songbird?
Where dost thou fly in haste?
As skiey as the wind
Without thee the sound is waste
How can thy will bend?

Upon an oak, upon a rock
Thy song is a mock
To that proud lass singing
And to the bells ringing

It heals this gloomy heart
Of melancholic work and wound
At eventide, enchant this earth
Or else this wanderers doomed

Where to dear songbird?
Leaving behind opulence,
Leaving behind trees,
What is benevolence?
Without the breeze
Which carries thy music
thy tune is magic
But never so sarcastic
And ever so romantic

Where to dear songbird?
Away from this heath
Will you be heard,
In this whiners death?

vittal vandavasu

Why?

Everytime I look at the clear sky
I think, does it ever say why?
We mortals say it all the time
For us 'why? ' is a rhyme
This fits in our everyday toil
No soul ever walked without a why over this soil

Why does it always have to be why?
When we look in the sky or in leisure sigh
Before a say and may, before a wish and bliss
It always had been and has been why, is it nice?

Would there be things without why?
Could there be beings without sighs?
Should there be lives without dies?
Why does it always have to be why?

A shy guy says why?
Is there a way?
Where's the say?
Could he stay or set out away?

vittal vandavasu

Willingly Profound

The July winds,
Provoked me to walk,
And time seemed to talk,
'Do what you want'

Il rules and structures definite
For a beautiful thing are butchers
the imagination is bound to be infinite
It's well off expressed as it is

So I loved,
And low I bowed,
For that good lass
A heart everyone has.

The spring does sing
A song so jocund
An unfathomable meaning
Beauty is the sound
It is a thing,
that is willingly profound,
While ones dreaming
And screaming all around.

Good time to love
Would be above
the blues are waiting for a thankyou
Bellowed with sincerity surpassing every adieu

vittal vandavasu

Young

It was autumn flew away
And winter took over the throne
A little boy merry at play
Saw his last sun that shone

He craved the bliss in imagination
Before he ceased to be,
He did play in glee
He was young for death's coronation

To cherish he had a memory
Of playing under the tree
And kissing the cold breeze
Now he gazes at his ceremony

He fought a scrimmage for bliss
To give life to his wish
But of love he was mystic
And to woe he was frantic

vittal vandavasu