



Vermilion

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Vermilion

Vermilion stars dance above us.
If just one could fall
to cut this darkness, and colour
it in iridescent shades;
mutilate this gloom with
those sparkling blades.
They keep dancing, though;
forgetting we're not
of steel; nor are we made of copper
nothing we do is ever proper;
every attempt is abortive
under this sky, are we captives?
Oh, vermilion stars!
Fall!
Illuminate our lives!

The hush and clamour

The hush and clamour of midnight
in a tiny frosted heart –
a poem that never dies –
that is Life!

And we? – Flakes in a storm;
don't know why we die,
don't know why we're born.

The hush and turmoil in the core
remind us we're alive,
dead, and reborn.

Cudgel the dreams

Cudgel the dreams
for they are a futile *deed*.
Deed?! –
What's got into your mind?
They are simply pale words,
a pianist blind.
What use of them?
They make a cavity in the heart;
the Iron hope melts
when they flee;
when they dart.
Banish them –
foul cowards!
Crucify them!
Liars!

Leaves

Yellow rotten leaves
deep in the forest sleep,
then, suddenly snowflakes dance
covering the leaves fast.

Those leaves resemble my dreams;
and death breath resembles this life
yellow, ochre, no red or green
just a pallid fantasy.

One by one
leaves are falling....

Perpetual

Perpetually do I hide
behind the steel lashes of disguise,
behind verses – broken or sham,
perpetually asking who I am;
no answer, retort or whisper
came as an echo – closer
but dispersed into the wind –
into life – quick sand or paradise?
The latter it is not,
so, I drowned on the spot
perpetually rising
from the ashes
to love you.
Yours faithfully,
Mistress.

Achilles

To dream is to fail
for a dream is Achilles heel;
shall we combat today
when we know we'll lose doubtlessly?

Open the eyes,
dream is a fiend,
blast the skies;
what counts is a deed!
Achilles didn't dream
yet he died on the battlefield
of a dream,
of the fiend.

To dream is to fail.
Will is what you need!

Echo

Again, a desert of words in the throat;
a fear of losing the world I know.

I became a statue cold,
no blink, no breath
perhaps, just an echo of love
whispering in the distance
of a billion light years,
vibrating in the icy veins;
so, the sky sometimes clears.

Then, somber clouds invade
the wasteland around the statue's lair.

But the echo resonates
in this marble heart,
it forever stays.

Blue

I can hear the cave-in of the future.
It blasts in my ears;
all the stars seem to fall
tumble over my left shoulder.
Blows,
something my mind –
shower of electric kisses and your eyes?
Or just a flash of lightning
that splits my heart
into two?
Is there future?
Or are we just wandering stars
...blue?

Isle

Where have my words fled?
The angels with no wings
or red little fiends?
They marooned me
On this desert isle of destiny
Is poetry dead in me?
Forever - on the isle
never - to be free!

Moon

Back to familiar smell of the room,
tastes, perfumes,
back to my ground
again I am sitting
on the “*writer’s*” chair
but I have lost my moon;
entangled in the naked branches
then, a pale smudge on the horizon, soon
will be gone,
the darkness ensues.
I’ve lost *my moon*;
Now, stretch my soul from the room
to the moon.

Nail polish

All that's left of life colour
and glitter –
just this crimson nail polish;
all that's left
of the flock of birds that twittered –
just a random shriek of a crow –
vanished!
Now that the ending is a beginning,
where do we stand?
Now that the nail polish is chipped,
is there any life colour left?

Limp

Limp with fatigue,
my poems falter
down the poetry lane;
blind and gagged
they struggle to cry
but just a mute tone is let forth.
Is this the end?
No more pen?
All the words dissipate...

....can't finish this poem...

Serpents

My hands are cold
like two serpents;
produce no poem
but frozen silence instead;
the silence among verses dead –
venom that slowly intoxicates
every nerve and vein,
then, settles in the heart
to forever remain.
Who am I without a poem?
A serpent?

The seams

All the seams on the soul
have yielded ;
a torrent threatens
to dash the dams;
flood all the crops,
this is where the world ends.
Poetry – declared a forfeit!
Nothing to revive this torpor,
the hands no longer bleed
over the pale sheets of boredom.

All the seams on the soul
have yielded;
an ocean already born.
I am sinking, drowning
in the embrace of the cold bottom.
There I'll live
but no breath in the lungs,
there I'll wait
for the resurrection of A sun!

Garnet

Dreams can burn us
with their garnet flames,
bury our souls into desert lands
with their moist hands
but not a drop of water on our lips
dead,
scorched; garnet eyes
look down upon our end;
no pity in them.
The dreams have murdered us.
This is our garnet death!

Vicious circle

Powder blue sky
tumbling over us
and we fell prey
to the fleeting years
sketching wrinkles on our face;
we wade through this life,
we are just a phase
in the vicious circle
of Fate!
So, why are you just wielding the gun?
Fire it!

A modicum of silence

A modicum of silence
in these stentorian times –I demand!
Let fancy dance among the waves,
ardently swimming
to the crimson horizon
where we find shelter
for our brittle bones,
dreams spent.
Shall we ever capture the free
and steal their breath
for our souls that wept..?

A modicum of silence –
I demand!
No bustling movements
where I stand,
just peace and serenity,
just the river, the wave,
a pen and me....

Speechless

I am speechless
before the vast kingdom of pale sheets,
waiting to unleash their hounds
on my throat.
I have no words to combat with
no swords.
My sheaths are empty,
so are my hands,
I forgot my pens.
The sheets of paper have released
the hounds;
nowhere to run;
too late to break the bounds.

Paper gown

Should I wear a paper gown
to the fiery ball called “life”?
Blaze in my greatest beauty?
Then, extinguish at the crack of dawn –
forgotten, forsaken, forlorn.
And all my vain verses
printed on the gown
burnt in the voracious fire!
Nothing left tomorrow
but a smouldering desire.
The ashes descend...
Is this the end?

Miss

I miss you...
Where did you go?
Into the waves of wind
or down the fiery halls of hell
below
where you caper, where you grow
into a monster that doesn't know.
Oh, where? Just where did you go?
My voice, my pen, my muse –
Did I smother you,
banish, and choose
other demons to guide me?
You were the angles
sleeping peacefully...

Is this the summit we've hunted?

Is this the summit we've hunted,
reaching for it assiduously?
Now that we've come
to its foot
it doesn't look impressive;
rather wretched, desolate;
a word in a burnt dictionary, obsolete;
tears in the crystal eyes
that are now looking at it,
wondering – why such a wish
in the bosom -
now empty, vacant....

This hush

This hush of pen world
stretches my soul
from heaven to hell
where the mute sleep like the dead,
where the fiery words penetrate
the heart, and jive there
on the scarlet dance floor
and you can't escape
trapped, locked, gagged
no foes
except for your pen
and its hush
its bleeding silence
destined to last.
This is no pretense!

Stainless

There's a lump in my heart,
...silence
and disappointment.
They cuddle, they slumber
then, wake up and roar forever!
Is this heart of stainless steel
or is just a bread crust
that the teeth can crumble fast?
Nay, the lump is stainless,
and silence – a dagger
twisting slowly in the cushion heart
till the feathers scatter around
and land on the tongue
smothering the last word.
Alas!

Shame!

Has this hand relinquished
its grip on the pen?
Forsaken it for good?
Have we choked our dreams
under a pillow,
and buried all the bloom
into the dirt
where worms crawl?
Oh, sod off to hell
whence you came!
Those were such beautiful dreams!
Such a shame!

We, poets!

We, poets!
We woo solitude and pain
summoning them
to our lairs.
We, poets
shall use your soul,
drain it dry
to pour down the blood
on pallid sheets of paper
that burn slowly
with a blue flame;
we - poets play a game
of seduction, and then
forsake you bewildered
with verses entangled
in your shaking hands.
Nothing to understand!
We, poets
are monsters under an ink veil.

Drizzling

Bathed in ennui –
every day – a pearl
on a short thread;
torn every now and then;
Then, woven into the ennui again!
Shoulders shrug,
can we do anything else?
Dismal bleak rain
drizzling
seems ceaselessly
upon this writing day.

A parcel

We have sky in our eye,
sometimes azure,
sometimes gray;
universes collide
deep within the chaos heart.
We all have heaven and hell
in our palms.
Which one will you choose
to caress the cheeks?
And which one will you choose
to give
to the eternal paramour,
to his soul?
Remember!
There's a parcel of sky
in us all.

A mute piano

So many poems have died in me -
a silent, yet vociferous death.
And they didn't plead
for mercy, or help.

So many verses buried under my bed.
I vaguely heard them say –
“We shove off for home;
no one to take us in”.

...and melodies wandering
the gossamer halls of the poet's castle
up in the hills
a mute piano plays a disaster,
all the poems are killed.

Whose hands are bloody?
Whose eyes are lachrymose?
So many poems buried
underneath these small toes.

Sham

These sham verses
perpetrate an imposture
in this soul,
assuming all the main roles.
Who are you
but a mere ghoul
in the lieu of the old demons?
Bored and fatigued,
haggard, exactly,
the old bard
swimming in the desert
ceaselessly.
These sham verses
suffocate the poet in me.

A shot dove

Are these hands
the hands of a poet?
Who is she?

A wandering butterfly
among the waves of rustling sea;
drowning, decomposing
at the bottom, slumbering,
algae covering all the melodies.

Are these gossamer wings
the wings of a poet?
Who is she?
A shot dove
above golden deserts
of melancholy.

Unwritten bleed

Where am I?
Somewhere I didn't want to be?
Like a butterfly in the fire,
like a ship at the bottom of a sea?
Who am I?
Someone I didn't want to be?
A poet with no words?
A writer with the unwritten bleed?
A broken typewriter?
Where am I?
Somewhere far from the "safety".

The ladder to success wobbles
then, collapses
"unexpectedly"?

The royal

...shells?

Sunk in the wet sand
far from the precious depths;
here in the scorching sun;
someone will pluck us,
take to some dusty shelves
to be mere decorations
until a child breaks
us into pieces;
ready for a bin
and the royal ocean
used to be our skin.

Are we?

Old cur

Time –
that old cur
mercilessly bites
and leaves bottomless wounds
on the soul
and the face;
hands hide behind
but they never escape.
Time consumes us all
and we shall never win.

Bury it!

Do you ever flick through
the burnt pages of your life magazine?
What are you looking for?
Deep wounds, pale letters
that end
in velvet flames galore?

Burn it even more!

Bury it!

A pearl

Women!
A jar of litter
or a pearl at the bottom of
a savage ocean?
Invariably sauntering
on the edge of pain
excruciating, agonizing
stream of nature and fate;
or the society's course of events?
All the same –
We are dead
in the end.

Our art!

Our arms are twigs;
no unbreakable boughs
that stand against the wind!

Our skin is milk
drunk by the Gods of sin,
that mock us,
pulling our legs;
our art is sand
swept by a hurricane.

So, don't try to stand
out!

You're just a...
...?

Anything left?

Is there anything left
for the poet to spit out?

Anything to colour
her somber skies?

Any verse or a word
to combat those silent demons
of the past?

Nothing left, that's the truth;
the poet will rest
on the "long-forgotten" blues.

Skirmish

A skirmish near the
battlefield of poetry!
All the gore in vain!
A sudden uprising
among the rows of verses
that sharpened their spears.
And they are coming!
I hear their boots
on the cobblestone
singing an anthem
that I've never heard before.
My verses have turned against me
No skirmish!
But a war, indeed!

Written on the sky

When the waves collide
they make a wild ocean in your eyes.

In it, I drown,
sink

to the dark bottoms of your soul

then, see a light
that bathes me all;
my decaying body,
and the lips sore;

I've been waiting for you
to pull me down to your core.

Somber sky
levitating above us
but we never die
for we are the poem
written on the sky!

Never mind...

Never mind the tears,
and loud words
uttered in rage;
never mind all the verses
written on a blank page
of the heart – a red deep well
and when you slip
you fall,
never come back.
So, I slipped
and now I float
on the surface of the calm waters
of your soul
Never mind all we said.
Love is silence
between life and death.

Fly on...

You send an army
to defeat one man –
the peak of cowardice!
You send flood
to drown a fly -
what an exertion of bliss!
And who will prevail?
A petal or the hurricane?
The hurricane will stop
but the petal will fly on.

Gothic eyes

Where did they go?
Those gothic eyes
in blaze.
Seems they explode
in front of me
every time I try to recollect
how they avidly watched
Poetry!
Long time ago
it lived in the eyes
in their core....
No more!

Your moon

Don't drown your moon
just because the sun is rising;
in the gore of the future and the past;
don't drop it into the fathomless ocean
but let it defeat the sun and last
for an eternity,
to bathe your dark sides;
don't drown your moon
or sell it for a penny
to wicked brides;
clad in black
with a bouquet of dead roses;
they are waiting for you
at the crack of dawn
to buy their last escape
from the sun.

White choker

There's a white choker
around my neck;
delicate, yet wild.
A bride's choker
on a "non-bride".
Pale lace pokes, chokes!
I should rip the choker
right now!

Dead!

What should I write
on this November night?
About dissatisfaction
that melted in my heart
long time ago,
filling every nook and cranny?
Or about Love?
I'll write nothing instead
for the poetry in me is dead!

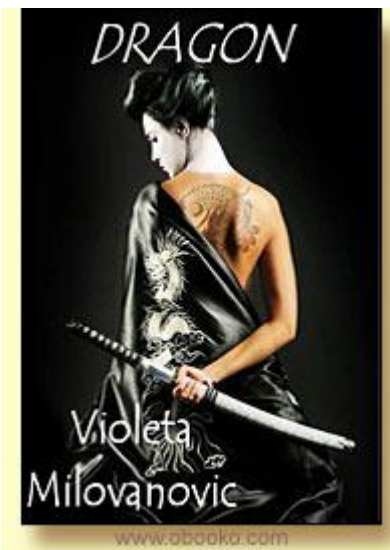
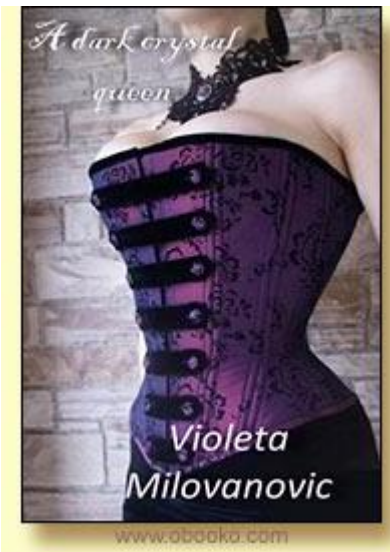
These times

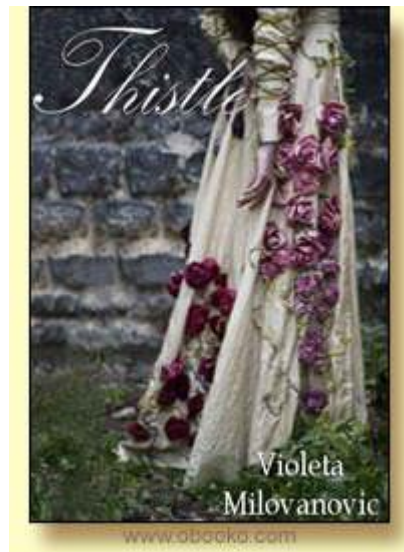
These times that have come –
I cannot vanquish them.
I left my gore and core,
trying to rein them.
In vain!
On the battlefield –
they squashed my skull;
to make peace and accept –
persuaded my heart.
And it betrayed me;
it fled these rusted cages.
Now I shrug my shoulders,
nothing else to do
in these new ages.

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