

Poetry Series

Aashish Ameya
- poems -

Publication Date:
2010

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

Aashish Ameya()

Divorce

Thorns grown up on innocent
Flower's chest
Eyes are bleeding
Parents just got divorced

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Eternal Pleasure

Sweet sound of sparrow
Awakened my mornings
Fragrance of fresh flowers
Mingles with your breath
And travels in to my soul
To many unknown destinations;
Like a naked, pure, divine dew drop
You are lying beside me
Unearthly beauty of yours
Is so sacred; that my fingers doesn't have
Courage to touch you,
In the flood of love,
Thousands of stars, two bodies and one united soul
Lost their identity.

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Homeland Is A Distant Dream

There is no one, other than you
Who think of you,
There are no memories, other than
Your own mirror image,
This loneliness is born out of infidelity
I found empty envelopes in my letter box
And you can find words running through my nerves
Now I can fill up the sky with verses
But beloved soil,
I have lost your address

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I Died Long Time Back

I died long time back
Buried in the soil of my homeland
Where I was wandering freely
My spirit was at its pure
Innocent people were my friend
And a beautiful hand caresses my hand
The day...
I bid adieu to my soil
I left my soul also

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In General...

Our life ends
Where love begins
A road to the heaven
And a lock on the heart
And the path, full of dirt
Life would be simple
If we wear our face right
Everybody wants a bright sunny day
But all are thinking about night
Oh! Two eyes never meet each other
Then why should two bodies?
(If they should, then find right answer)
Empty vessels need wine
Not the filled one!

Aashish Ameya

Zen Poem 23

Thirst of butterfly
Essence of flower
Sate nature.

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Zen Poem -4

Thoughts come to me
Like a breeze
And inside me they freeze
When pain melts
Poems will bloom

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Zen Poem -5

It's shadow or body
I do not know
But I bow with my whole heart
And pray for the life of ephemeral flowers
Vernal buds and eternal love.

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Zen Poem-11

Genes arranged in helix
Life grows in twists
Soul breaths in line.

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Zen Poem-16

In this very space
I am no-where
See, I am everywhere

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Zen Poem-17

Neither of us said it
Both of us hear it
Silence is messenger of love.

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