

Poetry Series

**Pradeep Uthaman**  
**- poems -**

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## Pradeep Uthaman(09/06/1985)

Iam Pradeep. I was born in Haripad, a village near Karuvatta, in Alappuzha District, Kerala, India, on 9th June 1985 as the one and only son of my Parents.

I have completed Computer Science and Engineering, ACHP and MCP. I have worked with Idea Cellular Ltd for 3yrs, a leading mobile service operator in India as Activation Co-Ordinator. Currently residing and working in UAE with DMG a leading healthcare provider in GCC.

My Family consists of My Mother, Father and My Wife.

Iam Married to the most the most beautiful and for me she is so precious. We are now waiting for my Junior to come and join my family.

The first appearance in a particular capacity of English Romantic Poems was in year 2003 after a persistent journey through the malayalam literature during the late 90s. I have been always inspired by the feeling of solitude which turned out to be the backbone of my writings....

# A Reverie

Dreams owe the visits-  
still at the darkness.  
Keeps the silence,  
too invisible than the black.

Comes and wakes up-  
and breaks an ambiguous solitude.  
Drags us to the blue and  
twist the grey to walk in the moon.

It makes us learn-  
to fall in love with the night.  
And waves a magic wand,  
so the cupid strats the voodoo.

We would love that glimpse,  
a loaf of moon fell down near.  
It turned em all to gold-  
and touched again for a glitter.

Dreams owe the visits-  
still at the darkness.  
Takes us where it flies-  
and grews us a bee wing so fine.

We flew together to the highs, -  
the downs, lawns and the yards.  
Those folds were filled in flowers-  
and they danced in blithesome beauty.

Enchanted by the allure! ,  
and we were wiggled in to a bottle.  
Fliped and turned;  
in a whirlpool of venusberries.

Drenched in the berry wine-  
it wake us up from the reverie.  
We were not wet, its morning,  
But the incense remains with us.

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# Queen Of My Dreams

Your eyes are  
Array of heavenly stars,  
Sharp enough to-  
Conquer my heart.

Your laughter is  
Wild than the wildest,  
Brave enough to,  
Shake my soul.

You enlighten yourself as a-  
Candle, in my dreams.  
Your dusky hair did shining,  
In my lovely little heart.

Oh! Dear you fill my days in glee,  
Much more than in a sea.  
I saw your face as a flower in bloom,  
As you were in the moon.

You blown my heart like pollen grains,  
As I saw you at a glance.  
I hear you there, I feel you here,  
With me in my void brim.

For my cogent pain and my silent screams,  
You were only my darling cure.  
Just as filtered light from brume,  
You were near me, soothing air.

In that tender eighteens-  
You were a dazzling star.  
And inside that -  
An ocean of treasures unknown.

Dear, shall I part my heart for you?  
Or I risk my life for you?  
For your beauty and pride,  
Shall I dare my lifetime?

For ever and ever,  
Oh! Queen of my dreams,  
I shall be in your world-  
For a share of your love.

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# The 'I' Volatile

I was designed to vanish;  
and I know I have to.  
I may hide in no where,  
and I am sure I have to.

In the mornings to come,  
You will not see me in the sun.  
And the moon;  
for me there are no nights to come,

I was calm unusual,  
quite and more dissolved.  
I flew entwined in memories;  
so messy of my past.

Then I saw the pretty days -  
where we fell in love.  
And with every moments;  
sank more deep into each other.

We saw them together-  
the sun; the cloud and the weather.  
And at monsoons, lightnings and thunder-  
our fear melt down in our heat.

My evenings were red.  
But still i loved them.  
And I loved those twilights,  
as she was with me.

One day clouds came to me;  
and whispered that I am fragile.  
Feeble and I am meant to break,  
tender and I am designed to die.

Any other day remains;  
for the sun to rise and the birds to fly.  
And I wished to ride back to time,  
and make everything alright.

But I was made to vanish;  
and to hide in no where.  
And to sail so far,  
a voyage of no return.

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# The Sleep

I went to the sleep,  
That was more than a sleep.  
And I went to the places,  
Where my dreams were alive.

I saw the demons,  
The devil, the bad and evil.  
And I stood at the black shade,  
Where I felt all in vague.

I was bound hard,  
By the silence of night.  
And it wasn't too quite,  
As the sounds of dark were aloud.

I drowned in to the deep,  
More deep into the past.  
And I heard narrations,  
they were all untold fairy tales.

Oh! I knew I fall,  
But I wasn't pulled down.  
And I fell into the angels,  
Down to them like a feather.

I found everything closer  
Closer than reality.  
And in the holy hands I was alive,  
But couldn't touch anything either.

I saw the woods,  
The leaves and its shadows in blue.  
And I stood at the milky shades  
Where I felt the mist in solitude.

I slept one day alone,  
But that wasn't just a sleep.  
And I went so long  
That no one could ever see.

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