

Poetry Series

Satish Verma
- poems -

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Satish Verma(5-6-1935)

Satish Verma is ferociously original. You feel resentment, outrage and violence, cannot pin it down but wonderfully spin your brain. Satish has the greatest sensibility which sweetly exploits the delicacies of human conflicts. You are taken aback. This is magic, profoundly soulful. In a lone, long journey Satish Verma is still discovering himself. Beaten, betrayed, felled, he comes back with fierce velocity. His childhood was traumatized by India's partition. Terror, violence and death were witnessed which built the morals of poet. Becoming defiantly recluse Satish Verma pursued his value based life on the path of truth. Teaching Botany for 35 years he was writing poetry, privately and solemnly and published twelve collections. Worked silently with social causes. His scions, doctors and engineers are living in USA. He chose to live back in his beloved country and resides in Ajmer (INDIA) with his spouse Kanta running the Charitable Holistic Institute of SEWA MANDIR FOUNDATION.

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* Bald And Painful

in emptiness staying aloof
to set the wings free,
a shadow self without flesh and bones
to rip out the enormity of silence

of words, cold in the face of duality
metaphysical but of somber echo of tension
between reconciliation and deep anger
causing a long flight of fantasy

of grains sprouting after self-denial at
the turf of remembering deep, it would be
a comeback for the pelting rain on the swan -
song of a sizzling desert,

the omnivorous sanity of claws in the golden
fabric of blood caked body of a star

* On the death of Jade Goody

Satish Verma

* Return Journey

I forgot, was it me
in a body pile draped in dust,
still hot, bruised, burnt, a mad megalomaniac
starting a civil war, creating suicide bombers,
young virgins inhaling death?

This journey under the guns, displacing
hapless thousands, will reach destination
on thick, blood stained red, dirt road of life? Step by step
the dynasty breaks and violence, a malignant
spread overtakes the bones

of avatars; the round bloodshot eyes
cross the barriers of silence and step out
from the skin: they were bombing
his bunker.

*On the death of Vellupillai Prabhakaran, LTTE Leader

Satish Verma

* The Dead Tiger

the hunt begins after sunset
under cracked moon, blindfolded clouds
start visiting volitionlessly:

the nesting eagles, I choose
this bitter absurdity of large wings
under the sun, where they will announce the shade,

a lonely patch of life, of signature
kill of future, the metamorphosis of a street
into unending wait;

undress the sleeping lion
of combat fatigue, his brain splattered,
the dreams moved like tectonic plates

* On seeing the body of Vellupillai Prabhakaran

Satish Verma

* Unfathomable

After lifting the fingerprints of bloodbath
a bushfire starts, engulfing contradictions,
the gulf between erosion of truth and
survivors appears widening. Tiny ants smell

blood, exfoliation begins, from
nameless earth for the exodus of barefoot,
the epic of tragedy, something in the debris is left
for acetic reminder, a death reunion.

The pain starts the saddest saga of human
suffering, a salt lake melting in each eye and then in
every courtroom the defence for the crimes, bail -
out by the buried dark sniffing of fecundity.

The night wraps me, the land of my birth
haunts in its greenness, the wounded sea bids
refugees to hostile shores, a cracked sun
welcomes the lost umbilical cords.

• On the plight of SRI LANKAN TAMILS

Satish Verma

* Velvety Return

Like a dung beetle you were guarding
the tunnel, I will not let the ball roll away,

a grain of ache in my you had
to go, on cathartic release of mutual trust?

A stone in the heart, ice on the wings,
there will be a terrible crash today.

He died by his own hands, failing to reach
the ceiling of solid pain, trekking across

the memories in deep waters. The born depression
had the bride of moon without flesh, beyond the gaze.

A hand holds the sunlight reaching your eyes.
You may swim with fish in mid stream of death.

* On the death of Nicholas Hughes, son of Sylvia Plath in Alaska on 16th March
09.

Satish Verma

* Voiceless

Crisp and tight, a parallel voice
of black stars talks to sky, protesting
the presence of ultimate outsider, when
everybody was a partner of collective
guilt in nightscape.

What was the center of fight in elite
members? The unhindered ego or claim
of bland crumbs of authority? The innocents
so many, on streets, surrounding a red
smudge, liberty, watching her personification, who
sleeps here!

Whom it burns? As the blood spurts
from the chest of a white stone.

• On the death of Neda Agha Soltan in Tehran on 20st June 09

Satish Verma

* Yes

Untie the knot, patriarch,
the broken kiss was
intimidating.

The backhoe picks up the
devil, it was within you
when you were casting stone
at the fear.

The pagan was covered
with leaves
raw and painful;

belief in a thought
was not working,
think, man think.

The system,
the birth of rebirth of sorrow
was the tragedy.

The shaper,
I am, still wandering
to find the words.

Satish Verma

* After reading the massacre of 57 people in southern island of Mindanao,
Philippines on 23rd Nov 09

Satish Verma

*depression

There was thunder in the hut
teeth clattered under the ground.
Handcuffed you walk in inequality
to qualify for hanging till dead.
I may not tell myself
what was happening to me.

Moving in opposite direction
the bird was able to catch the smell.
My stance was always making a stroke
in the canvas of a tormentor
abbreviated in a muscular arm
starting violences of sleep.

Corralled in doorframes, keeping
the lights off, this was the nemesis
for asking for the change. Haungered, the
human being, absorbed by the
absence of chains which were not
coming in sight.

*On the fate of Kanu Sanyal, founder of naxalite movement, who hanged himself
to death on 23th March 2010.

Satish Verma

*impact

Turns me on

I will write a poem.

Delirious moon had

picked me up from under the skin.

The safety pin was broken,

now a crowd will disrobe me.

Everytime when my pain makes you cry

oranges are not meant for the sale.

A collegium will stich up the wound.

Once upon a caste the country will go.

• On reading Orange Crush of Simone Muench.

Satish Verma

*on 100th Birthday Of Alan Turing

Why were you collecting the
people all around?
Unsure of yourself on the
ambiguity of an inquest?

I remained unhappy my
whole life and left the
bed after chemical-castration,
in hurry.

In hindsight inside the
nightmare room, what was
left to imagination? The
half-eated apple?

Hold my hand. I am coming
with you, to settle
my account with god, for
creating people of this type.

•

The purple spillage
was ready to play with-
fire, for estranged lover,

24 June 2012

inventing a fake enemy.
What if I die again and
again for you.

It begs the identity of a
black moon, perhaps to reflect
the stuttering homophobia.

Crossing the time zones, searching
the old snow, in the cracks of
volcanic rocks, you kiss a clove bud.

In anger, I receive your ashes,
when it was raining blue.
A baby died in a crib, unattended.

*Code breaking genius, founder of computer science, who allegedly committed suicide on 7th June 1954.

Satish Verma

*plasma Screen

It was an absent answer. Terror
was one abyss in unhindered
waking of eternity in being. The passions rise
between downpour of black rings on the terraces,
was nonstop a parade of excuses and pretensions, no
body was taking the responsibility of the war lost, and
we nod in unison. Hunger drives the wedge. This
is a city of moonless sky where the headcount
never stops.

Warriors sit down under the volts opening red
eyes, the trade gets a bad name, rubbers
win the coin. Yellow metal gleams around arms,

a wound becomes a talisman, you start collecting
the awards from severed hands.

Satish Verma

*On watching a massive blaze of gas depot at Jaipur (India) unebbed for 3 days.

Satish Verma

*return To Ashes

Holding the thread,
I catch you in midstream.
A moon was watching.

*

The summer sends
the salt. You start licking
the red beans.

*

Let me fold
your hands. I am planting
the wild kisses.

*Again for Gustav Klimt.

Satish Verma

'...Roots That Clutch...'

You know I do not hope
any intermission,
between life and death.
My path goes nowhere.

A hiatus between the mirrors has questions.
From childhood I was always
floating between the meanings
of lessons unknown.
I longed for straight humilities.

Present redeems the past.
Each sound leaves an echo
and has-been becomes the shrine of peace.

ad infinitum I will wait
for the primitive blood
to reappear, the truth of
midnight sin.

Satish Verma

'crossing The Bar' Once Again...

Beyond the gaze there is a time zone
of rumored agitation
when you cannot sleep.
You open your eyes quietly to complain.

The caretaker has prepared the shroud, .
Smoke is rising on the hills.
No body walks with you,
it is a lone journey, where
centuries throw the dust on your hallowed gifts.

The pyramid of signs, symbols, signatures,
disappear in penultimate flare.
Time to leave the waiting room.

The resurrection will take place now;
of fear; of despair; of foot steps in dark.
I will hear them, holding my breath.

Landscape will change into valley of tears.

Satish Verma

..... Distant Shores

Twilight song of a cuckoo
taps the window softly.
Gothic tree and drooping sky
humble my thoughts.
Past was me.
I will know then
why your hills turned away my clouds
by shifting sands.

Was it a colossal guilt of tomorrow?
Which never wanted to become present
and enter my house.
But my memory was sharp
and days were numbered.

I wanted to invite the death discreetly
while praising the life and listening to birds
without dropping the history
from my crooked fingers.

Between yourself and myself
a sea was surreptitiously raging.
The waves were dividing the shores.

Satish Verma

..... Must Unbelieve

No more the sun was hot.
October shadows were clinging to hills.
I was ready
to speak, to negate and to kindle the dust.

The issues were floating in the wind
like bleached skin of the dying man.
You could look through it and beyond.

Do you think the ageless will die?
The impotent rage will speak for the street?

I wanted to negate the remains of pedagogy,
the shoddy make-up of the lies,
and the men, in ugly immorality-
cutting the truth to the bone
with roars of laughter,
bidding for the flesh of carved saints.

The faithful must unbelieve
in the history of the star,
who could not reach the earth.
Time was creating fear.

Satish Verma

..... Of Humanity

Do not knock out the water from the eyes,
each dropp is temple
each dropp is death.

Veins were becoming darker
friends disappeared overnight.
A family comes to squat on grass
to scrape the souls of forefathers.

I become puzzled of failed truths,
of guilty nasturtiums fashioned on graves
gathering the human failures.

The deeds and the theatrical prisons
of homes. Anguish and sorrow.
Learning - sucks the beautiful
scarves of splashed deceits.

Into the future you move,
glory or doom? No certain payments.
You have not forgotten the false commitments.

Satish Verma

..... Afraid Of Whom?

Coming out of the cemetery,
Faith, does not tell you the truth.
Becomes chaste innocence,
Of imbeciles.

How shabbily life treats you sometimes?
Tossing you on garbage, squeezing
your brain, smashing your marrow
and turning you into pulp.

We are all eyes, but no vision.
Ownership of a spinning pain,
does not entitle you for a liberation
and a gift of guardian pendant does not protect you.

Brutal hanging to sever off the neck
was not crucial.
I wanted to know
who was afraid of whom?

Satish Verma

16th December 2013

Leaning against the shadow
of self, starting the
monologue. With the fall
I don't want to think of the other.

The beasts.
I give a call, to someone
over there,
who will listen.

A systematic peel, opens
the doorless cage and
sets free the malignancy?

to spread. Now multiple argan
failure, stares at you,
celebrating the anniversary
of the rape.

We are made up of
charcoal, writing on the walls
with dark fingers?
name of the victim.

Satish Verma

2007! So What! !

I watched in horror,
your pride was tilting.
The landscape was losing the freedom of anonymity.
The labels were rejecting,
the moods of winds,
and embarrassing the consensual sleep.

Where was the need of constructing the arches
on ugly roads,
when mob was indulging in incestuous manner?
Incognito moves the truth, crest fallen.

I had been on edge since long.
This human atrophy was appalling,
while I was searching a doomed culture,
in orchards of wits.

Two thousand seven, and still our angular limbs
cannot move the time.

Satish Verma

A Living Soul

Anxiety was touching the mime
I cannot hold a reality.
We were playing with each other.

The creation and hunger of living
takes you to unknown fields
I am, what I am not.

Always bluffing, puffing on the road,
counting the milestones
in reverse osmosis,
feeling proud of mighty mistakes,
talking to faltered ego,
going against the sun.

My climate merges with hot desert
A story reappears again and again
like a dried skeleton in sands.

How long I will run
chased by planetary fears?
Barbs pierce the tender zones
I see my own demise,
body floating like a flower on lake.

Satish Verma

A Rebel Being Born

I do not want to become
plaintiff or defendant.
Untethered, I will punish myself
for metaphysical nuances.

Sometimes a silence talks to grieving sky
about a fake truth.
The tears will never stop now.

Give me my freedom to cry,
to exhume the body of justice
and bury my future in memories

I do not sell the dreams.
Eyes tell it all.
History repeats itself
when message dies on legs!

Satish Verma

A Search Beyond Quest

My thoughts halt at your lips
beyond lies your silence
to start a voyage in snowy dialogues
to find a meaning of futile life
and trash of the myths.

Our entwined life has chosen
consolation of past,
We are still alive
kicking and reveling.

A shadow imitates the God
meditates under the unyielding tree.
The fugitive may find some greatness
in insult.
The vastness of loneliness
ultimately takes over.

Satish Verma

A Sunny Wait...

Young days start with a nostalgia
for a lost freedom
Anxiety was the prime suspect.

As the age moves on,
truth consumes the virtue.
I hold this insult
in the throes of conscience with tears.

The dreams did not last long
in the wild eyes of geniuses.
Grace and dignity fell short of sinners.
The prince of blackness strode
on the white souls.

I could not have been a witness
of paradox.
Lacked in the old books
I still wait on the highway
for a sun to climb the hill.

Satish Verma

A True Deception

Going to shake my inner world.
Inconsolable is the loss
of faithful truth.

Echo of past comes between the knockings,
some one shoves a semblance of a riot,
death is not a ceremony any more.

Slowly, dark breast of night
will feed the moon.
Air will kiss the lips of fire
and loneliness will take over the heart.

Not sure of the pattern, and my existence
first I must look beyond the self
and find out the forbidden belief.
I think I don't trust myself.

From the smouldering psyche
the muse always runs out
falling between vision and confusion.
Sweet ephemeral strife
always in toe.

Satish Verma

A Banquet Table

Performing to a script
you divide me like a fish.
From dirt a face rises.

One flew over the sea
to count the red islands
where the rocks hanged the dry skulls.

Why did you kill the panthers
by feeding them the toxic menu?
Sugar was never my cup.

It was not the question
of bread and butter:
we were talking of clean air.

The ashes will rule now.

Satish Verma

A Beautiful Song

To begin again,
the travesty of understanding
life.

A mole, a warton
the face of fractured psyche,
I will never know you.

Generations bleed,
to feed the corpse flower?
of fraternity. I go
insane.

Going beyond the
touch of your life, I begin
to shred my forbidden
sin.

You know what
was classic love, to burn
like a moth on flame.

Satish Verma

A Big Idea?

The moral dilemma was
unlearning.
less than truth.

Downgrading the-
branded witch.
Vaccine was spawning new virus.

O Buddha, why did you
started looking beautiful
and began sitting in a living room?

Trailing the smoke
I was going to find the-
burning home.

What were those intimate-
words of unthinkable
dirty secrets?

Satish Verma

A Bird Song

Come, sit beside me
holding my hand.
We will look at the moon.

Bathed in milk,
our life has signed a bond
to become history.

You will not follow?
the stoned eyes. Vision comes
in darkness, in stillness of voices.

The city sinks in creek.
Invaders had snatched the pen
from the empty hands, of lost truth.

All I need, was to
sleep beneath your eyes,
to wash the guilt of dreams, about
the falling snow on your lips.

And you were praying
with your invisible body.

Satish Verma

A Bitter Fruit

To undo, the rare
appearance of a god;
scouring the water, before the
sun, divides the land.

What was the worth
of a ritual, around the fallen virtues?
The salt lake threw up
the broken genes.

The swirling sand covers
the boat, stranded on the beach.
A tempest is waited upon. The
gestures carry a message.

No authority.
I do not want to corrupt myself.
There was a narrow path
leading to the pink eyes.

Satish Verma

A Bizarre Event

I had no words to
explain, How a headless cock was
walking with me on road.

It was a fierce battle
between water and flames. Wind,
blood and sky will avow.

The secret pain lies in
my heart. I am sighing slowly From.
sea was emerging wounded sun.

Satish Verma

A Black Speech

Refusing to be
healed.
A wound will stay awake.

Mired in bitter controversy,
the captain said?
the war was not a deliberate act of
atoning for the soul.

That prevents the sun
to come out after a long night.

You walk in the light years,
gaunt and dazed,
in pain of hunger. The words
hang in shame.

A city fails, for
another voice of verse,
in favour of renunciation.

Satish Verma

A Blackbird Will Not Sing

How would you describe
the stampede, when there was
no crowd sourcing?

You can draw a perfect
square. If I lose and you gain a miss.

You cannot win a war
without coitus.

The life and death
of a jinx was there to see.

The sun will have a moon?
moment in dark.

Who was building the pain
of emptiness, when
I am filled with grief?

Satish Verma

A Blue Castle

The veiled threat of
black sun and green moon in woods
to start their affair.

How different you
would be walking on dirt road
to meet your shadow.

A starlight colors
your eyes in variant moods.
You laugh and then cry.

Satish Verma

A Bold Step

Yes it would remain
incomplete, my story?
my poem.

The henna speaks today
against unadulterated lies,
against the rage of
losing path.

No more the wrens
will sing, till the clouds don't send
apologia for not
sending the rains?

of blueberries. If I
were you I will turn the
bees into butterflies.

Satish Verma

A Bomber Unspeaks

To find a safe god
he traveled inside the books
to develop the tradecraft of winning the world.

Fog squinted from the sky
and elite sun waited in the lobby.
Steel-pellets, flesh and body parts will follow,

to nip the blood. A door is flung open
for a pat-down. You understand the philosophy
of revenge? Take back the hundred lives

for a nail cut. A bewitching smile
and tantalizing fragrance of a bomb
makes a lethal mix.

From where to where we have come.
The scarved beauty and secret love;
some rare vision was giving the push.

Satish Verma

A Bone-Deep Knowledge

Untie my hour with the Mars
I am burning and I am going to disappear
in my words. An alienation of a healer in deep
angst? What did you find in the night of confrontation?
Will you be able to save the babies
in wombs of truth?

I have turned my back without blaming
on the fictional fall. The first pain was the stranger.
No other had been the same in complete solitude.
Do I need to take a side in the face of suffering?
Today is more dangerous than tomorrow and
I am going to make a deal with my talent.

The rules are becoming charred shirts
covering a pure body. Give me hands to
ship the thunder in bay of blood.

Satish Verma

A Broken Chain

A dumb copy of me.
You were done for.
Sometimes the design goes awry.

Ptosis. You are called for?
a fall. But you refuse
to die.

You survive the clouds, the
first moon, the brown eyes.
Me before the sun.

Let us take a risqué humor.
Forget each other
and become strangers.

One intentional error.
Honey, honey, honey.
Bees ready to fly away.

The shrine of a flier.
Where it was?
I was searching the sea.

Satish Verma

A Broken Pride

A leap into death bed.
The water of life
had sucked you dry.

Tracking a subtle sound,
I was chasing you
in the jungle of untruths.

You being in the crowd,
I was locating the god's
vision in failing lights.

Who was hiding behind
the torn pages of
scriptures? The words

had started bleeding.
O, my god, the man was
going to defile a beast!

Satish Verma

A Bruised Memory

The basics to live
was with the peeling off,
the tangerines. The innovative flight
takes you to surrealism?

of a countdown, which begins
to send a subsonic device
to small jupiters.

You receive the call and
jump into black sea?

eliminating the foes, breaking the bridge.

This moment after sometime splits,
ejects the god particle.
You slip out of backyard
to embrace the apparition.

The ending was never a happy thing.

Satish Verma

A Call To Murder

The rain enters back
into your eyes.
A private door quivers.

A moonless beam
flashes before you.
You start seeing in dark.

Silt settles in headless bodies
of poems.
The shadow of a tree-

opens the seeds of
unknown. The world is shattered
by an unending scream.

The struggle with the decision
was there, you squeeze
me like a prayer.

Satish Verma

A Celestial Missive

One strange movement
stops. You won't conform
an angel's thought dream.
And I will not give in to an epithet
for paradigm shift.

Unblinkingly you stare through
me weighing my
dewy eyes. They had spilled the ink
of heart. Subatomically, a mass
becomes a howl of unheard scream.

I want you for all the
pores of my consciousness. On a
blank paper you will write a betrayal
of cuckoo. The small songbird
cries in joy.

An earthen lamp burns
tirelessly. I cover the flame with
my palm to give you a handprint
of my waist.

Satish Verma

A Centriolum

Never in those sizzling conflicts
displaying the pink eyes
you were able to reach me.
Was it metagenesis,
forgetting your selfhood?

Fragments of a beast were floating on sea.
Was umblicus of death broken
in the crotch of a mother?
Lay the corn again on my palm
to smoulder in the heat of sun.
Hunger will take revenge now.

Burn, burn my truth, burn!
I was the creator,
and I was destroyer
at the helm of unbuttoning coal.

It was a black, black sky,
where the stars were hesitant to show their
centrioles.

After the sun rises in a black dawn
there will be no shocks.

Satish Verma

A Child Once Thought

A new
adage. Who was
infallible?
Because there was no space.

*

The final
journey, begins
for beyond
the infinite.

*

Where the gods
live, there was-
a small particle, waiting
to expand.

Satish Verma

A Circle With An Outsidecentre

After drawing a self-portrait,
I want you to believe
that I am not in it.
The style of rebellion cannot be judged by
blurbs only.

A chunk of refusal,
a narrow escape,
and thin veiled hysteria,
all go for a parody of exactness,
which had been really absent from our lives.

Can you find out
who is betraying whom?
where the tears are migrating?
And where the smiles have gone?

Instead of brutalizing,
I care for the tender torches
moving in the dark bush.

A precise definition is needed
for self-denial of molten lava
which moves like a river
but does not grab the heights.

Satish Verma

A Civil War

These were the children of
wrath, the fire god. What I am
watching was a subtle suicide
pact taking on the style of a civil
war among sparrows.

The transmission was offering a
dark vision of future. The skies
were not answering the prayers. The
old lover wants to come back in small
land to forbid the division of hearts.

No resonance comes after the surgical
strike. You remember the sunset on
the mount of your palm. I said, you
will survive all your enemies. I
distil the eyes for the coarse admission.
After all the poem has a meaning.

Satish Verma

A Clean Murder□

Standing on a beam,
shrine:
holding a black dawn,

my phoenix roving on dark river.
The bell still clangs;
I hear the footsteps.

A weird thought
spreads out on peripherals,
makes holes,

the undone communiqué
of a war
between knuckles;

the blind eyes
lift the fallen globe
of light.

I move from tree to tree.
Who was left unburned?
The sky was overcast.

Satish Verma

A Complete Contrast

The lazy eye,
staggers. Looks behind
the moon.

Retaining the uniqueness
that you were not.

The eagled-hoot.
Your spirit, muddles the air.
How much truth was there
under your skin?

I had always admired your stiff neck.

Only the veil was needed
to cover the green fears.

Would you ever know, how
I was killing myself in small poems?

The danger lurks.
Sparks, seagulls and blue lake.
The blaze never dims.

Eternity prowls around, cutting the ribbons.

Satish Verma

A Cracked Visit

The other sex was stapled,
I started unfolding the secret:
what was static and who was silent.

I searched, therefore I was lost
before the end of journey.
The stench of grafting was taking over.

The incendiary recce was carried out
to shut out the voice of the street
in the melting snow.

Lake will find the woods for disquieting
sleep of muse under the blue-lipped moon,
and I will face my night.

Satish Verma

Satish Verma

A Crazy Theme

sulking penetrates in deep veins,
deliverer becomes bald,
jumps to his death in scorching sun,
a starfish inherits the costume of
skull and crossbones –

the cynosure tries to wear a crown
of hawthorn for the freedom of soul,
the bonds of pink capped dahlias, a version
of milky smiles, in a battle of withdrawls,
it was impossible to wrench the crumbling style,

the caterpillars were walking with iron shoes
never to become butterflies, the secret
of eggs will be buried in bitterness of separation,
I was drowning but for my faith for the river
flowing in my back yard.

Satish Verma

A Cricket Invades The Night

in a rumpled,
black city
homes are sliced in half
the equality demands
the rights of people

sometimes you love a
tormentor
he will be able to wed, albeit
shyly, with the physical
cleaning the love's deficit

how far the waiting will go
skirting the mist
it was there
in you
in me
a rapist
a serial killer

Satish Verma

A Crouching Stance

It was an outrage.
The weaver on the
loom was brutalized.

A design was raped.
The color screams,
I want to live.

Septicaemia spreads.
Time to be ashamed,
when your gut was removed.

The salt hurts on
the bitten lips. A
genome falters.

Let me try to define;
who we are; and
where we are going.

Satish Verma

A Dark House

The accretion of a perfect squall
when claws were out-

scavenging novelties. A lewd
paranoia slains a farewell

in a trench. The chamber has
vomited a mound of gold blinding a shell.

The combs did not straighten
the puff. The old man was very lonely.

I would stop hunting the stings
of a bare-chested moon.

I recuse myself from judging the paperboat
which wanted to cross the ocean.

Satish Verma

A Day Of Counting

You gave it
when you were poor.
Today I went to unwrap the gift.
The soul! Ripping out from the body
to deconstruct my vernacular pain.

Pulling off the toenails to extract a promise.
Feet first; the birth of a child to die sooner in the crib.
My brother, tell me, do you understand
my imperishable grief.

For a future's peace
sing my poem, sing ascendancy.
For laughing skulls in a killing field,
ideation will become a routine talk.

Give me a hand, brother,
am I insane?
Becoming teeth of wisdom was a crime?

Satish Verma

A Day Was Crying

Can you define this relationship?

In a tumultuous city
I was missing...
But in this absence I become whole.
A chemical clock becomes awry.

Night was my poem
I was writing for the moon
and throwing a handful of dust
to meet the dust.

Black flamingo will not
eat tonight. Wading through the
water, its will broken,
searching the pink eyes.

How do I catch you when
you have flown away?

Satish Verma

A Death's Kiss

Sometimes I do not
want to be talked about.
Like the setting sun.

The earthworm was busy
in turning the soil,
printing the seed's path.

I had removed, from
the house, all the clocks.
I wanted the time, to stand still.

My moment has not come.
In aloneness I will
find you in my shut eyes.

The dark night swims
once again, on the sea
to reach the boat.

You lay down your head on
the oars and go to long sleep.

Satish Verma

A Discreet Failure

A midnight darkness?
threatens the purple moon,
standing in awe.

There were two poems?
in your hands? which you
wanted to read in my face.

One for the asking?
and one for the moral defeat.
Do you have anything else to narrate?

A thunderbird makes?
a landing in my insomnia?
to scatter the dreams.

The insane world returns
the gift of the pagoda tree. Buddha
will not come back.

Satish Verma

A Divine Interlude

A lot more has to
be done, when moon
hangs out at the window.

Observing what
was, unknown as if
becoming feral
looking through the black hole.

Dreams were bizarre stones, on
your poor fingers
making palm rich.

Prudery and anguish
will not go together,
when predatory wants a mercy kill.

Leave some afterwords
before the Apocalypse.
Nobody was walking back home.

You can invite the
asteroid to hit the earth.

Satish Verma

A Dream

Remembering you
under the palms,
sitting on sand.

Reading William Carlos Williams
"The Red Wheelbarrow";
eating dates.

Celebrating
my unborn poem.

Satish Verma

A Dream After The Demise

Man becomes a bee
assaulting a rosebud.
Death, do not punish for unlived years
when Budha was sitting inside me.

At center stage a dance begins
wading through salvia and absinthes.
The soil craves for the roots,
lake was not deep enough to sail.

Stem cells resume the debate
tapping the amniotic fluid.
Salt lick becomes lethal in midnight syndrome.
It was a tall claim.

The beards hang in rows, testing
the impatience of the system. A line
of funerals becomes longer, on burning beach,
where god and beast meet in dark.

Satish Verma

A Dream Turns Into Desperation

Half acting you take
the broom for the journey
of doom.

In human odor, you find
a secret sin. In stampede
you may walk on the fallen bodies.

Between me and my, you
stand squeezing the lines
in holy script. There was no dogma.

Your image overwhelms
the prayers, insulting the
future of man.

Like amber encased,
parasitism, comes alive
with mass execution.

Satish Verma

A Dying Hymn

Your face had only the
eyes, when you flew backwards,
hovering like a humming bird.

There was no absolute,
hoisting the beheaded god.
In transience I will meet you
in air and shed the body.

In mouth-hole you put
all your wisdom, to bisect the
virgin house. Violence creeps into
the roses. They droop and bleed.

I will talk to burgundy-black
moon, not to leave footprints on
my face. My lips are going to
catch the stolen kisses.

Satish Verma

A Family Dust

A thirsty town fails, harvesting the moon,
and turns into a vast lake of tears.
They were fighting for their right to remain
poor and hungry. It was a fractured
amnesia in the pit of flesh.

Was it a pink rose? No one had planted
a kiss on the lips of a thorn. An unbuttoned
triangle snaps the cold and opens the thighs
of a tulip valley. Drop by dropp honeydew
dances into a hairy lap.

The shooting stars go into trance, multiply
the intimate minutes and indulge in
sprouting the horns. The longest night feels
betrayed and beseeches foremothers to
conceive again.

Satish Verma

Satish Verma

A Fracas Goes On

Remarkably steadfast, the
mighty oak was standing up, as
the thick rain was pounding at it.
I had come a faraway to unleash
the tenacity.

The flesh and the moon.
It was the anniversary of ropes
and shackles. You should not have
adored the distant dreams
without touching them. The transcript
was not ready. No template
was perfect.

I would not know most of you.
That was a bliss. In blue and dark?
I will sail for nothingness. No more,
no less. The chirping, synchronized trill
of crickets, encourages to stand still, I listen
without hearing.

I have come back to zero.

Satish Verma

A Frightening Dream

After a sacred kill
you thrived in scriptures.
Many centuries have passed for us
living without you.
Thyme will preserve you body,
your brain, syndrome, for our children.

When the apocalypse starts,
Arctica would keep the seeds, grains, alive
and every death will be accounted for.
From mars the ice will come.
And people will bow before
the chariot of sun for breaking the stars.

Why the sadness is pouring?
I was not afraid of falling saints,
of big poles, but the masks of bones and skull.
Those veils are burning. The grandmothers
look at the blue sky and again we are
distributing our secrets to poor.

Satish Verma

A Future Waits

Do not give credence
to mundanity. An iconic
black night was getting ready
to welcome Venus.

A storm was raging inside,
vandalizing the secrets of the house,
uprooting the doors and windows.
The whole life was at stake.

Shrinking the head of foes,
you start eating the live insects.
But the truth was escaping
from your lips.

My poem drop the seeds,
for the unborn children of violence.
I dedicate a book for the other me,
as I near the crossroads of uncertainty.

Satish Verma

A Ghost Dream

When you swap
your emotions with red moon,
my poem bleeds.

A huge graffiti becomes
visible, when dark clouds
gather for the gossip.

In absenteeism,
you were the sharpest pain
of my pen.

A purple smoke was
rising again, without?
a flame. One beat skips
and hundred blames come.

You don't speak
your mind. Pure faults go
unnoticed. The conversation
drops between two blades
of grass. Magenta
moon drips.

Satish Verma

A Grave Question

The bio sheet remains
incomplete.
I am leaving the papers blank.

Singed, as the white coal:
the ash, smudged on eye brows.
I have come to rekindle
the dying flames.

The anger was mine,
scolding the scarf in winter storm,
what was the need to spread the
white sheet?

Like you will not write, an?
apology for kissing a cobra tongue.
It was ok to become a fool?

Where a tear sits on
the edge to fall in silence
for not undoing the hawthorn?

Satish Verma

A Grave Reminder

The green hills are drinking
the clouds,
keep pouring out
the scented breath.

In capsuled hour the wind was its own rival.
A slant on confessional suicide:
the charm obliterates the solitude.

A gray shower of thoughts outside the window,
I forget, I remember in coyness
my sparks are humming.

The plundered land
by advancing columns of hunger
tosses around the dead lips of tropical
hues.

The fear demands learning,
finding the uninvited death
in the manipulated existence.

Satish Verma

A Greek Tragedy

Reticent were moon, sky and birds.
A pall of gloom spread on the trees.
Stoically I rode on the wings of pain,
to watch the descending values.

A timeless truth separates the charm from lies,
and I long for the generosity of past
which could connect us to future.

A flame burns the eyes.
When we took the wrong road?
Still the fever is rising.

Gods sneak into our affairs.
A firebird flies in the space with long span of shadow,
the helpless victim lies in wait, to be dispatched.

Satish Verma

A Green Pride Has No Ambition Now

Walk with me, till moon rises
on the griefs of the dark,
and the tongue tastes the pain of centuries.

On the erected dome
when the golden leaves start a flame
which throws up an image of a prophet.

My nightingale was giving a call
of a very sad tune, on the death of peacocks -
but for the poisoned feed, they were dancing.

A green pride has no ambition now,
roses were wilting.
Fever was rising in the roots.

Do not give it to me, my award.
Could I have shut up like a fame
when my house was being ransacked?

Satish Verma

A Guilt On Trial

Like a blood sport
you play with me.
My thumb bleeds.

Cannot be salvaged.
You are put on display
like lamb meat..

Jealousy will ultimately win.
Uncoupling has started.

The betrayal hides
under the by side
are laid the golden chips.

Now you liberate the unbeliever.
One day the avalanche will bury the rings.

Let's not go back to the
sordid details of relative truths.
I only wanted to to prove that
I was wrong.

Knees broken, I will walk.

Satish Verma

A Handful

There was peace
without scapegoats.
It was a monopoly. A prelude to a kiss
of insanity. Unzipped between foibles
and forte lies the sanity.
The path will know the sex
sans flowers.

That was the outer side of
fence in the cattle shed, where
the panther had left the half-chewed
leg of a young girl. The naked
model denies the sanctity
and starts talking aloud about the
flying insects.

It was worthless
the travesty of truth. Everybody
wants a share in mining.

Satish Verma

A Handful Of Victories

Where death
and exotica meet,
life stands naked
in midst of our sacred hymns,
Shadow fighting is not actuality.
An essay on truth fades.
Someday I will pull down the curtain.

At the end of the road, death waits,
apologizing for coming unannounced.
A white cloud drifts in our arms.
The deep sorrow walks with us
and the empty home,
now belongs to moonlight.

In nothingness our achievement claims.
A handful of victories,
tossing here and there.
The empty words transport
the dark lies.
The truth lies bleeding,
and we flee,
from our predictions.

Satish Verma

A Hanging Tale

Your hands tremble,
when you accept?
the cup of hemlock.

Not like Socrates,
who described the ascending bane
paralyzingly.

Art of letting it go?
was inherent. Exogamy.
The root population grows.

I have come to take
your hand, O death,
out of caste.

You tell me,
it was out of turn,
to stitch the black wound.

The howling was persistent?
Moon was not yet sighted.

Satish Verma

A Hermit

Over the lake
moon was hounded out
from the dark clouds
into the defying blues.

The thick orbit hauled up the debris
of falling stars.
I was watching the crowd of centuries
piling up in history.

Global heat was settling
on the flutings
to start a black magic
of secret fear.

A hermit sitting on a glacier
melts into a cave.
God knows how the stunned
colossus will stand up.

Satish Verma

A Home In My Home

Messengers are out,
dynasty strikes.
A haze of dust storm filters down in tearless eyes.

Not caring, not grubbing my inward eye.
I am becoming blind.
A white moon starts bleeding
under the weight of wingless stars.

You never said,
I never heard the rich voice within
the rocks. A tale went to asylum.
we trembled under the trees, listening to war drums.

Totems were incoherent. Temples were mute.
I am nude in my wounds,
cannot raise the hands, cannot hurt anybody.
A swallow has made a home in my home.

Satish Verma

A Hot Patch

All the wayward words
mock me for inadequacy.
I remain detached from meaning,
emigrating to eloquence of wordless solitude.
The hymen breaks.
Dumb poems cry. I don't want to be buried
in ruins of daydreams.

Sandstorms have a strange melancholy, holocaust.
A legitimate uprooting of faith.
Sometimes I feel a hot patch
of sun on my face.
One moon away was my cool,
abode in a green painting,
but the frost never melted.

This darkness is only companion,
I will talk to winds.
The comments on riddles will continue.
A selection of memories,
will make my meditation.
The friction in history was shame.
May be love will win.

Satish Verma

A Hum□

Take me, share me if you can
my heart goes to my sun,
my feet will go to my moon.

O, little home
my dream was bigger than you
in the melody of sorrow.

Will I walk again on the
wrinkled sands? what can you
visualize, which I have never seen?

Praying in the scoop
of fingers I feel, gold nuggets
in the throes of doubts –

neatly dug out from the frozen
past, birds, smelling sex, souls
suspended in air.

Was it beginning of hate,
on the yellow mountains
where I am climbing with wooden legs?

Satish Verma

A Hybrid Of Man

Confessional truth
is not my aggressive ego,
it is my fault.
The resolution of my conflicts with time,
the smell of the broken limbs,
my head in hoisted fever,
my eyes searching for a cloud.

The ultimate otherness,
of an idea baffles me.
Charity creates the misery,
you seek a window,
not the sky.
Looking for the gods,
enjoying the sweet depression,
of a pseudo-hurt.

I wanted the sanctity of a tree,
full of fragrant bloom.
To break the spell of hot arguments,
the fire of ideals,
projects self worship.
Town meets casually to select
a hybrid of man,
and a beast.

Satish Verma

A Keyhole Surgery

Sometimes, I want to write
a folk poem, without name.

Anonymously, you want to
postpone the commitment
to accept the murder
of yourself,
the griever.

The towering belief?
that there were skeletons
on the grains, as the words
become verses.

A snowy virgin
will take a knife, to bring
down the stars
when you sing centuries
of love.

Satish Verma

A Killing

Buried at sea
the dead man lives, as if a blood
in a reliquary.

Remains of a day
were very backlash
will start with a kiss of moon.

By the lack of a sin
you meet an ambush
lying in wait.

The severed hand will
hold the sunrise.
Who will write the epitaph?

A stunning breast, over your
reflection, the red rains
come for celebration.

Satish Verma

A Kiss Melts

Turning me blue
blithe thoughts had come like snakes
wriggling, biting, leaving tooth marks.
I remained holding a dew drop
on the blade of grass.

Essence was untouched.
Night will change its dialect
after a casual death.

I contrive no more assemblage.
No condolence for the razed home.
The flames will leap again from words
to describe the inspiration, as the
sprouts break the earth.

When the logic ends
a kiss melts on the lips of fire.
The rainbow pierces the clouds
At the interface of sky.

Satish Verma

A Labyrinthine Passage

It was oneness,
which brought my poetry
in the folds of autumn.

From words apart
you want to talk in space
for transparent signs.

The city sleeps
in morning mist, without
opening the windows?
of consciousness.

I come out in open
to watch the lone ficus tree
waiting to become a deity
of the walking shadows.

Satish Verma

A Lantern Guides

Cereus was in bloom in nightwashed
desert, sand was cool, it tipped off
the contour drain, a river sent its compliments.

If the death was at home, like an
estranged lover, will you open the door
in dusky stripes of morning?

Rubber was burning in afternoon rain.
An alert was sounded in curious lanes;
the shadow was lengthening its stay!

Standing on the burnt-out hull, I count
the shouts of the fathers on artificial limbs.
Bits of violence have broken the sea.

The seedless fruits descend on the glistening
coffin. A city walks with me without end.
There were roses, roses all the way.

Satish Verma

A Lasso

Battle remains between
white and black,
a synthetic truth
and a bald faced hornet.

Aching violence was spreading
on moon. I was tossing around
the stars placing the apostrophe
in the end.

There was a conflict in pain
and the pill. It was a prelude to the
carrier of a gun. Father was degenerating
in his son's boots.

The social split was widening
in the gulf of posterity. You dress
as a bride to receive the punishment
from the hands of arrogance.

Satish Verma

A Leap Of Faith

Nothing left to do
anything today.
Snow falling incessantly.

Did not believe ever
in shortcuts.
Still moving on legs.

Soundlessly I
meet my strange god
under a sickle moon.

Faraway my old
faith listens?
to the footsteps of dawn.

Satish Verma

A Letter Unwritten To You

Are you ok? When
the moon rises on sea, I become
worried about the blue butterflies.

The Morning Glory always
inspires me, in her swaying to
welcome the beautiful dawn.

And when your sleep
goes, you start reciting shlokas
with smoke and sparks.

Satish Verma

A Lifelong Journey

On the night when vessel
was empty
grackle did not sing.

For the sake of honey,
smelling a dead city, after
the rape of a daughter.

A black buck jumps on the
queen of roses, stoned after
the death of a green house.

A python had wrapped around
the child on bed,
come, save the red crying moon.

A soft drizzle wets the eyes.
I can see only stars -
disturbed by the winds.

Satish Verma

A Life's Worth

The brown dust?
floats, while reading
poetry.

It was my first?
love with the dancing words
in the jungle of departures.

The genocide of?
reliefs. I erect a shrine
for the slaughter of unknown.

Innocently, I utter?
your name in dark, that
lights up the aubade.

Strange things happen.
I stand where the roads don't cross
parting the emptiness.

The deadpan. Another city falls.

Satish Verma

A Living Death

I may be saying
goodbye under the stars dust.
At distance moon burned.

I was not familiar
with the shadow of eyes, that
moves faster then vision.

The morning sun
uncovers the pain of sky. How
far was the lotus in lake?

Satish Verma

A Lone Journey

Invasion was thin
like a feather's fall
on the mirror.

Only bride will know,
the rose petals were
meant for unthinking.

Scattering rice
to dig out the tools
of prehistoric man.

The previous night
I taught myself
how not to peel the oranges?

with bare hands,
in terror, when there was
endless path to unknown.

Satish Verma

A Lone Prayer

Leave your seminal
expression with minimal
damage. I am excluding the
human race.

Your chin protrudes
when you think aloud.
Were you becoming-
a unique animal in haste?

The man has the
erectile ego as that of
gastropod will
never cross the Atlantic chasm.

You always wear
a slippery shell externally,
when your thoughts are born.
God save this earth.

Satish Verma

A Lone Warrior

You have put up the price on your shirt.
I have started seeing the return
of the death instinct. The curtain falls
on profile of joy, of giving away.

A solid swelling of clotted ego
of antimatter shows frugality
in spending of laughter. It was
a total consumption of beautiful lips.

That was that, of hollowness of globes
and golden peacocks. A seed of mildew
implants a kiss on the nakedness of greed.
How far the want will go in dark

for the scent of transgression?
Today I am going to meet a blind angel.

Satish Verma

Satish Verma

A Long Hot Summer

Sitting on the hill,
nestled against the moon,
talking to stars.

You love a woodpecker.
What a stupid thing.
A panther dies of thirst.

A tall fern unfurls
the frond, to catch
a crested iguana.

In deep blue water
seventeen summers
drowned, in one go.

A sapsucker goes
on, making holes,
in my psyche.

A tree will wait
for the summer to end.
Then it will tow the rain.

Satish Verma

A Long Night

Without words, I wanted
to write a poem. Would you
read it from the moist eyes?

*

It was a strange thing.
Finding the darkness of whitemoon
in blue air.

*

The wolf was there
in the house, to
molest the moonlight.

Satish Verma

A Long Road

Nothing to think for,
at this moment. Faceless fears?
like pine needles,
prick the toes in walk.

You cannot?
collect the white roses
in blue rains.

You remember precisely, a toothless?
poised tiger. The prey
tied to a pole gives a
long whimper, before being mauled.

The game continues. You
cannot do anything. Violence was
real, the pen becomes the
weapon.

You start drawing vultures.

Satish Verma

A Love And Hate Story

I was learning, how
not to catch you.

Called the cloud
hugging a hillside.
Can you climb on the road?
No, it said, I want to play with the moon.

So,
this was becoming,
without presence.
An epiphany? No it was a crying
theme, discovery of the self.

When the tremors came,
you were flung like a doll,
opening the earth
one breath long.

Swallows were eyeing the sky.

•□

The hollow tree
traps the light and sends out
the blue pupils of yellow eyes.

I am still counting the limbs
under the boulders.
The landmass was moving asking names.

The big vulture was watching
the end of the feast,
for schizophrenics.

A bomb hidden in turban will
kill a saint. You say I should
call for the girls.

Why don't you wear the skullcap
to cover the beautiful mind
which will not kiss the fire?

Satish Verma

A Love Song

When the intellect was
defiling the unwritten book;
 half-read, you reach for epiphany.

Why you had to kill yourself
on the swing, before reaching;
 the peak? Searching for escape?

I cannot know you, O flame.
Do not go beyond the sky.
 My wings twist like nasturtiums.

Last night a city wept in;
my arms. There were no roses;
 left and, no cut glass nudes.

They bleed, when you dig
out the roots. The croci were
 planted by me when snow had melted.

Satish Verma

A Love Story

Have not asked much,
still attached to you with subteltities,
I wanted freedom from you,
For removing stings from the flesh.

Anxiety was the darkest color
of floating buds on lake.
Sitting on the edge of panic,
I started counting the waves.

Mixed emotions always subtract a smile
Just lonely, I went for the swim in rimless agony.
Have not heard much of you in ages.
Still memories crop up for a while.
I wanted nemesis from you.

Talking of blue and white clouds
love has many moods.
Devastated by a burning moon
I was wishing a watery burial.

Satish Verma

A Love Theme

Dusting a rose
dissecting a heart. There was wilder-
ness in the woods.

I cannot touch you
O, wood sage
you were so ephemeral.

Your hands were
knitting a bright wound in the air.
Where was the moon?

Not a kiss,
the prodigal sun
wants a death wish of a canary.

The snow on the
eyes. I wished I had
met you earlier.

Satish Verma

A Maddening Phase

Humanly
a violet river flows
under the earth.

I will convey this
sacred feel by gestures.

I lost you between
the words. The ancient ritual
was to recite the pious hymns
hundred one times.

A goddess mocks
the mortal to go dreamer? for
the moon which never stops smiling.

What was the dream
of huddled thoughts, when
light comes through a small window.

How far the Viola has
fallen? The landing pad
will not receive?
the fugitive guest.

Satish Verma

A Mask Done

Your time
was not my time.
An arrow had pierced the space.

There was no past,
no present.
Only I had given you the future.

And now
a volcano will not sleep.

When the death
arrives from sky, how
will you welcome it
with broken heart?

When somebody is
burnt-out, would you collect
the ashes of poems?

The proceeds should go
to barren fields of human mind.
May be, a virgin marigold
bursts out.

Satish Verma

A Massive Withdrawl

The moon was coming up
in cross-dressing style
from he to she.

Smoking in pensive mood;
itching to be ready
for last farewell.

The evil makes you feel
good, to prove the
unrestricted love between the two.

A slight criticism for
Sisiphus. Why does not
he sing like a poor farmhand?

To die young makes them
cry. Why you were burning
your fuel without running on blazing coals?

Satish Verma

A Mauve Wound

A moment's pause
before the death dive,
I look back at stars.

You came as it was
to happen in a dark night,
to embed a pain.

A nowhere slips,
carrying a monolith
of your lineage.

Satish Verma

A Monument

Wanting to feel your breath
in this room, in half-light, my hands
opened the window to let him in,
the green moon.

For so much violence in everyday life.
let's break a poem and squeeze its honey
and carve only feet, of invisible fear.

When I had run after a dream
the frills of your gown caught fire;
at the door a music stopped

to listen to rustling of a caged bird
longing for the green flight of a silent
morning joining a procession of a recent
mythical hurt.

Satish Verma

Satish Verma

A Moon Has Crashed

After bending the oracle, there was
participation in voice of grievors.
The child of sun was dead
in arms of nature.

It moves,
when I thought it was stillborn,
the history of mankind. In the saddest day
today, I believe we remained beasts,

same, when we jumped from the trees.
The end of night, the vast darkness was
never near. Love will leave you here
dying in the bush.

How wrongly a home pre-empts, and
drifts from land to land. Without bullet,
without knife you can bring domestic
violence in the lives of innocent sailors.

Satish Verma

A Moral Fable

I don't have to
say anything.
We are set to
demolish each other.

Crumpled,
you were the face of
future, I wanted to read.
I fly like a feather.

Quit the path and think
quickly. Pain comes in
full circle. You had started
battling your demons.

Who seeks the attention,
when you were invisible?
The truth kidnapped
cries in cage.

No elegy was needed
for an immoral grief.
I am sick of repeated
sermons.

Satish Verma

A Moth Speaks

Fragile calm almost
breaks the silent voice
of dead glow warm
felled by full moon.
There was nothing left
to write about darkness.

Sometimes I don't
understand you in vacant
looks. Weightless you
fly away.

Golden dew drops fall briefly
on hot iron, steamed and
misunderstood.

You are the last listener
living in wax house. I will not light
the candles for fear of
burning the nest.

The deaf cuckoo
goes on singing with out hearing
his voice.

Satish Verma

A Mystic Paradox

Not superficial,
real inside,
something was ruined.
Tonight I will walk out in dark
beyond me.

Creased,
under tyranny of love,
wanted to unwrite the script
in the stampede of sins.

Impeachment
throws up the shock syndrome.
No wish to swim back.
Drowning, clutching my truth.

A mystic paradox?
Million faces of yes or no.
Wrinkles are getting larger.

Satish Verma

A Name Of Clemency

Belief will lynch all the vistas,
one by one,
for art of living,
to break the silence of innocence.

I will scream, when hurts bruise
in temporal sleep,
for man's hymns of wheeled corpses
wafting in eternal cliffs of truth –

being proud strings of a forgotten song
in the valley of death
chastening the majesty of scars.

I will pray for the brief funeral
of old age,
I shall not beg for mercy.□

Satish Verma

A Narrative

A giant tear rolls
on the face of moon
and intend to ask, why did you crave for
the thing which you
don't get.

And then you would
smile to match the burning
lakes in the eyes of the distant star.

A void was coming up in
strange rituals. How will you
make a temple of panacea?

The hysteria erupts
in a mud dance, to plant the
lotus seeds, kissing water of god.

Smokeless flames
rise from the nameless
fire of the savage embrace.

Forthrightly a poem was ready to be boon.

Satish Verma

A Nightmare

The system aborts.
(Multiple organs failure)
A deviant art
of dying pompously.

I wish, I was on a !
moving floor, sailing
without a walk, looking at
the camouflaged ceiling.

The shrill voice of a whistle!
blower, mimics an opera.
I will snatch the words,
raw, from your lips.

It was here, in absence.
Your poesy, matter-of-factly.
Can you raise your voice
against the fall of the thing.

Satish Verma

A Noble Life

Taking the drugs in heavenly
night. It is very precarious state
to live innocently.

The petals fall on your brows.
You are not ready to meet the stigma.
Pistil was wary of the human touch.

Neoplastic. I wanted a botanical
end. Like evening primrose, a
yellow death facing the sun.

The opal effect. You were changing
colors. A precious sin to become
a saint. Who is going to be a scapegoat?

The bankruptcy. Uncertainty will
overwhelm the haze. Stay indoors.
You will not be able to make a speech.

Satish Verma

A Nonarrival

Munitions in place
you were ready
to strike.

What you wanted to
find out, I had
found in my poems.

It was the dark night?
that becomes ink.
I am writing in black letters.

What was the
obsessive cult of
fingertips, holding the pen?

Sometimes you look
at you, when
you were not you.

Satish Verma

A Nondescript Night

The quality drops. You
look at the sky.
A juvenile moon was
following us.

The intention was not very
clear. To shake off the tail,
we went behind the bushes?
to understand ourselves.

The ennui was taking a
big toll. The roots were becoming
robotic. Cannot negotiate an issue.

Seedless, you cannot
impregnate. No thoughts?
no poems.

But then the life has so
many giggles.

You can start reading a murder.

Satish Verma

A Nonsensical Poem

Wrestling with a theological
puzzle, I would like to talk
about the nature of God. He was sitting
besides me. The man has
become arrogant, he said, I want to quit.

Were you afraid of
becoming a narcissist, while
eating a daffodil?

Convivial.
I was trying to listen to the lunatic's story.
The other side of the indiscretion. The
corpse comes alive
after resuscitation. The bones in
desert started laughing. There was
a chorus of cricket's symphony
and hopping toads
became friends with stray dogs.

Satish Verma

A Pain To Forget

In candid silence,
we come closer, and
healing begins.

Where the moon
bends, I take revenge
on night, fumbling
with the garter stitches.

And what a poem
will do, without
touching your eyes in tears?

Star weavers want
to knit purple moon on your
veil before you walk
away as a bride.

Don't keep your
mind empty. Somebody will
put a newly born
to fill in thought.

Satish Verma

A Pain Within Pain

A golden bullet will bite
the adolescence for the sake of
prudence. Inebriated
everybody wanted to go in a state of bliss.

It was a targeted killing
of a dream. Redolent of a prophet
who will not answer the call
of a burning dune.

The holy moonless night will wash
the sins of a city today. I am not
going to meet the death tonight.
I am the eye and I am the nude.

Like truth on the other side of
exhibits. Pure beak was ready
to eat a virgin lie. Again we are
sitting to solve the mystery of adultery.

Satish Verma

A Parabe Repeats

A glimpse of you,
looking at me. I was giving away
my blood to my poems.

It was coming and going of your
body song. Standing before the
mirror doing hair. I am numb.

Colonization. I am
breaking. An interstice tells me full
story. An arch in sky becomes arrow.

Satish Verma

A Paragon

Like a starfish? you are
not a star, always opening
the shells? with your tube fest
to find the pearls.

Predator? you will attack
in a crowd? when it is dark?
coming out of your skin.

Flesh for flesh. It was your dynasty.

I cannot reconcile. I cannot
play the game of chess?
and checkmate the opponent.
Will wait for a nemesis.

Unorthodox. The nature
reveals its move? in the galaxies.
The earth is in?
mid-life crisis.

Satish Verma

A Paroxysm

Something was left behind.

I was collecting all the
dried roses for the prison of
eyes. I ask myself? what was that.

Something was left behind.

A black rose? Near the
smoked candles of poems? A
tiger lily, still had the blood spots?
Why do I forget the precious things?

Something was left behind.

I wait for the butterfly,
to wake, which had breathed
last between the tender
moments. Why do I want?

Something was to be left behind!

Satish Verma

A Part Of Whole

I had not asked for
all of you,
walking your path
above the clouds.

Do you think, it was
end of beginning?
The republic of sagebrushes has
nothing to say. Incense stops drifting
in desert of crumbs.

You start talking
to your esteem self for the rigged factuality.

I don't want back,
your virginity of first tears.
Underneath lies the stunned poetry
of the bruises.

There were ruthless secrets
inside your lids.
I will not wait for the moon
to go red.

The swastika wants to justify
the chimneys?

Satish Verma

A Parting

I was once again?
angry with me, for
cheating the smile and
wading into violence of tears.

It was hard on me.
You will not find any remains
of my departure.

Like a cuckoo
breaking its flights in mid air
and falling from the sky.

It was not that simple?
to embrace the solitude. I
was your dream and I was
your pain.

A pithy moon?
in all-out night, smothering
the wet lips. I want
no more affairs.

A ripened age wants only
a handshake to finalize an exit.

Satish Verma

A Patriarch Maps

Speak less. The setting sun
behind you casts a shadow.
Can you plant a kiss?

On dry lips of moon.
A songbird was playing with
fire to jump in flames.

My hands are singed.
I was trying to collect the
melting wax of eyes.

Satish Verma

A Patty Thing

The primal urge to undo?
your hair. I am going
crazy.

It ends at beginning.
A rite of passage to nakedness
of soul, when you have
nothing to hide.

The master cell, has flipped
over, after you squeezed
its belly. The tasteless sphagnum
was out.

The hunger stands at your door.
Wants the bread of pride.
Will you stop the clock
and go for timeless?

I had lighted the incense
sticks. One for you and
one for God.

Satish Verma

A Peep Within

I woke up clutching the dreams
in deluge of tears.
Night had a brackish taste,
the other side of moon was dark.

One by one the stars were dying
ideas were no longer candles in gale.
The final thought of liberation demanded
a tribute to partners in revolt.

I wanted a sunlit corner
in the blighted sky of hopes.
Instead of scorched impulse of a mob
injured truth, walking alone.

Give me a bitter fruit of certainty.
I don't want to loose myself in fogs.
The truth must meet the lie-
alone, in woods of craft.

Satish Verma

A Perilous Journey

For a moonshine,
there was no moon.
There was no moon
for a moonshine.

It starts a tenuous
soliloquy, raising a –
slew of questions.

Slew of questions will
evoke a mixed response.

Were you ready for
a sleepover at the shrine
to watch the St. Vitus's dance.

It was leaking at night
from the corner of eyes.

Unaging was the secret
of polity. Are you in?

Satish Verma

A Phalange

Your stretched nerves
move, like a reptile
in a dance;
for the evolution of sexuality.

The exodus was a stunt
playing with fire.
I will hide nothing.
I was a cloud within a dot.

Unknowing the fall, I
seek, the failure, to climb
again on strange words
to find the underlying meaning of pain.

You begin exploring
the hills after the unexplained
apartheid, after the bloodbath
of the golden peacocks.

Satish Verma

A Pilgrim's Woe

Strange. You want to protect
the house after the attack.
Debunking the grammar. Take
a look at the cavernous eyes.
Do you find any rains?
Refresh drops. You will
need them, once a while.

The life. Hides many grudges.
It was scorching. A country
of cantos in politics. The-
language keeps on changing.
What was next, nobody knows.
The trees were there, the birds
there, but there were no leaves.

Satish Verma

A Pinch Of Salt

Was there a purpose
to wear mascara
and nestle in giant
clouds?

You scare me
holding the candle
burning at both ends.

What was the
confusion before jumping
from the bridge?

O moon, I always
loved the honey color
of your skin, before
collecting ashes.

Who had created this maze,
I will never know.

Satish Verma

A Poem

A poem, like death-was
unpredictable. You wait for it,
it does not come.

Then you drag a corpse
on stones to find its home
which never materializes.

You give me a hurt. I
become mute. Very shy
to accept the verbatim.

How different we are
in likeness. I touch you in twilight
of life to become one.

And from daily life
I gather the pain, to print
the version of tomorrow.

Satish Verma

A Poem A Day

I whisper your name,
when breakers crash at shores.
The paper boat sinks.

The hunger was not
a new thing when sun sits,
backyard watching you.

Your smile plays trick.
White pearls sing in moon's ears
to tie golden knot.

Satish Verma

A Poetic Version

You were at it again.
Ignoring the truth
of lies!

Embodiment suffers
when you break
the sacred threads of perception.

Dried up tears blemishes,
on the voluptuous cheeks of time?
speak another tale,
catching the fire.

In your smashed tree
of verbosity lived
my small poem like a spirit.

Animistic!
You will not write my name
on the sinless rocks before throwing them
in the sea.

And I will watch your face on each
fallen bract of colored bougainvillea.

Satish Verma

A Primate In Distress

Putting the sun behind me
I walked into the stars, beyond the
succulent lake.

A bitch drags you

on asphalt, walking with lipstick,
purse and follies.

Changing the daylight on every corner
you drink a toxic juice
in the recess of darkness.

A theater goes in frenzy
after the bloodbath and inferno in a tunnel.
The spray of hormones will cool you
and I will remember
sadness and sugar
hanging from the bright moon.

A fallen hair, traces the path
of a gorilla.

Satish Verma

A Queer Challenge

World wanted
to know, how I am.
I say, ask my poems.

Let's run through the skin
of new heists I was
fighting my own demons.
Racial silhouette
against the backdrop of moonscape
was becoming visible.

You stand in queue
to get the food for thought and home for homeless,
trying to use my poems as activism.

Inviting new-fascists to come
and walk death houses.

Stuck in a cleft stick today,
you search yourself intensely.

Where was my nightingale
in this jungle of raw wounds?

Satish Verma

A Quiet Night

After the spooky night
there was the
morphean balm.

You pull out the meat
from the bones.
A genteel confession-

keeps tumbling out.
The haunted house
sends forth the tiny ghosts.

It was moon time.
You will drop a torpedo-
to unsettle the stray thoughts.

The geometry
falters. Lines are drawn
to remove the dots.

The skin you left
on the road;
still glows like a smoldering coal.

Satish Verma

A Renaissance

Infidelity knows
how to make fire. Shared
truth carries a tiny coffin.

Under the god's
tree I pray for you. Life will
not see the face of black moon.

The nudity of sun
hurts. The distance cannot
be reduced in blue pain.

Between why and
how lies the primordial
question. Where the truth lives?

Roll me over on
burning coals. The stones
were not able to break mirror.

Satish Verma

A Replica

You go down in the dry pool
foraging for the political errors,
irisprints, a certain desire of revolt,
any skeleton to identify the victim.
An awful claim, the accuser was becoming accused.

For namesake somebody was dying
unceremoniously for holding tuberculosis.
Dots did not help. Washed and dried curses
went into the background. There was a cease-fire
for sometime but the guns will start blazing
any day on fake pretexts.

The ending of pain or pain of ending begins.
The past was chasing, future uncertain, present
is ugly. Peahen likes the tail not the crown.
Peacock is on tree and on fire. Deflection
of sun marks the beginning of eclipse.

A word falls from a crossword puzzle, makes
a history. Death was in crucible, dualism
will survive. The long beard of a terrorist
becomes brown with age. The train is screeching
to halt. There was a landslide.

Satish Verma

A Revival

Patenting the human genes;
fence-sitters
will ask for the god.

You will not reveal
your preferences, though
natural selection propels

you to young veins. A
self-denial comes into
play. The jade was million

years old. Taking a cue
from the fathers, a
monkey runs on the water.

Making trouble was
easier than to erect a
home for the extinct to live.

Satish Verma

A Riddle Unsolved

Something novel:
a good augury?
creeping to augment,
an esoteric fall.

I repeat the mistake of knowing too much.

Submodified. The man?
still wants to bite the tongue
on the name of truth.

It was very unpleasant
to see a hummingbird
becoming a sphinx.

No need to commit a suicide after homing,
to a blazing icon in the urn.

Satish Verma

A River Flows Inside Me

You drape me, with wet kisses
O moon.
I will not forget you
in freezing rain.

At dangerous arch,
blue-veined?
milk in milk has made me red.

The ecstasy digs out
the hidden lyric,
I would never sing.

Will you find any
questions, to defeat the?
intimacy of a rape?

A hurt here, a bruise
there, my faded shirt
covers the poems.

Satish Verma

A River Flows Underground

That was unscarred night.
The full moon was rising.
A contagium had spurred it to go high.

A brazen assault bleeds
the painter's eyes. He sees only
red in the pubescent rage.

She walks out of the stain,
turning into ash, urchin's
brightest moon.

Standing on the crossroads
who was burning clouds?
Rains will never come again.

Phylogeny flattens the guns.
We were hiding behind the
rituals watching the fall of light.

I will make my own truce
with death. I refuse to walk
under the belly of smoke.

Satish Verma

A Sacrifice

Your face becomes
an eye, a saga of
holding the assaults.

A body hails
the sagacity.

A child becomes a man
away from home
of truths, god forbids.

The innocence gives
rise to a mound of bones.
Death lingers to
take revenge.

Brutality breeds
brutality. Can anyone
break this cycle by giving
one's life after receiving the award?

Satish Verma

A Saint Between Us

He was no longer angry
writing his own epitaph.
Fighting a singular brute
without repeating himself.

Midnight. Untouchable moon
drops the ear-ring.
A mottled face worships
a ladder expressionlessly.

A monk walks past an
oversexed monkey.
A hidden agenda in end,
shows a dirty hand.

You know, I do not want
to tame an exploding -
navel. Transfixed I throw
the bottle in a sea.

One more parakeet dies
in my hands. How do I catch
a flying saucer in the
alien body.?

Satish Verma

A Scare Comes Back

I have never been the same,
after watching, the abandoned

moon, rising gracefully,
and becoming secular. There

were no words, no speech;
but a biological war had

started between the shadows,
like gondolas in the air.

You unexpectedly turn blue.
Somebody had left the bloody footprints.

Satish Verma

A Secret Self

Every night this body
becomes a dissecting knife

a crime scene of blood
and unstrung flesh,

the lamb spreads the wool
for a deadly charge of skull plate

with a gift of mathematics
a moon cutout in sky

before the shadow of myth in the depth
of tortured chemistry:

the endless nothing will kiss the darkness
my blindness becomes a diet.

Satish Verma

A Short Journey

Death after:

In a decisive moment,
you abduct a
template.

Of insular world,
to explore
the ethereal beauty
of nothingness.

Melting like a big
chunk of glacier,
watching the civility
of a nude.

You will never
forget me. My alchemy
scatters,
the golden nuggets.

Satish Verma

A Sick Uncertainty

Rhetoric had a theme
like crab-grass to destroy the lawn.
Fly ash had submerged the legacy of sane lips.
The river drifts between the broken walls
of binge soaring. Tension was descending
in the lanterns who were flickering hopelessly.
Was there any need of autopsy of dark secrets?

The terror burns the bed. You don't get a wink
of sleep. Between bubble and sky, wrapped up
afterlife aches. You wear the blindness, then slide
in grey fog. The hypocrisy and violence will walk
side by side.

Do not touch the leftovers. A vulgarity
of expansion! Step aside from the continuum.
I will wait for you.

Satish Verma

A Sickened Craft

Waiting for a chaste bread, whole
life under the moon,
to speak off the inconsistency of
happiness,
with a monologue
of a needle in eyes
for a madness of sublime verse.

Canoeing in a frozen lake
for a stranded rose,
you stop at a bosky bank.
A weeping willow greets
the lost son.

A school bag measures the knowledge
of surrounding hills, who had
plucked out the stars
from the sky.

Satish Verma

A Silent Worship

To understand your
niche, I listen to echoes.
Moon will draw a map.

No beginning, no
end. Arguments continue
till the next world.

To go, not to go
was a crude dilemma.
The volcano waits.

Satish Verma

A Small Chance

Standing on a sandisland
I was looking at the landscape
of the aura of a lobbied avatar.
The chill was spreading on the river unfazed.

The sassafras had a logistics network
to penetrate in the oysters, becoming
grayish white pearls of wisdom.
It will protect you from any insult.

When the temple of learning was
being rebuilt, the words were finding
an echo in sky's fear of abduction.
The sun was hiding behind the lies.

In a trance I move unmindful
of interbreeding. Some grizzly thoughts
were near the cave of skeletons. The
panther was readying to jump out.□

Satish Verma

A Small Story

Talking of obscenity
you were undressing
to show the scars.

It was and it was not
a display of is. Little
raw wound.

The lungs will not take
this insult and scream
in full horror.

One collapsed faith, after
the god failed him
to climb a ladder.

I am still convalescing
from the gunshot injury,
when you fired at a blackbird.

Satish Verma

A Smile Falters

You were collecting the
clocks, to stall
the time; for a pathless journey
to nowhere.

Quietly the colors
start disappearing. Only
a blank void
hangs on the eyes.

The body, is at work
to teach the soul. Fat will
sing the mind. You will
never know, why did you suffer.

My sleep was ordained
to become eyeless. I
will never watch the dreams.
Blind spot snaps out the light.

If I become you, the
freeze will set in.
The blackbirds are
circling.

Satish Verma

A Smile Was Raped

A pinch of moon
in the glass of my wine.

I was looking at xerophytes
in timeless zone.

Like vampire bats hanging
down from a branch, till eternity.

What a tenacity, I would say.
The world was not going to end.

I would also not like the continuity
of any drift or agitation.

You make the water silted.
Truth of baby innocense!

takes birth again and again
even the dark energy or

dark matter overwhelms.

Satish Verma

A Snaky Path

Where do I begin,
extracting the earth
from your skin?

The grim reaper
would wait. I have
to unwrap the gifts?

digging out the roots,
peeling off the bark.
The time stands still.

An exit wound
will receive the unborn
daughters.

Mother dust will
return the name
of annihilator.

Satish Verma

A Sneak Preview

Hold your saliva.
The kissing syndrome,
is on prowl.

A threat looms large;
over the face on the face
of most beautiful eyes.

Are you fascinated by the-
picture of shedding the skin?
The reptile was most venomsus.

Strikes, when you are
sleeping. Floats into your house
when it is dark.

A remake of the horror
of holocaust? Will it
affect your lips?

Satish Verma

A Somber Night

A volcanic kiss
was becoming ungreen.
The shark was coming.

All night it was raining.
The sap was rising
and love-farm was deluged.

A blue moon
walks on the dry eyes.
Why the tears had gone to exile?

A mole was growing
on the face,
while a smile was sitting outside.

When I woke up
into her arms, the moon
was blith and round.

Satish Verma

A Sombre Moon

This is for the
smaller gods sitting
in rains, seeking asylum in
snow.

Nobody knows the
fate of sunken erotica
when the glacier
melts.

A wild rose
sends the thorns to
prick your conscience.
Let the death walk
in sleep.

Satish Verma

A Soul Dies

Sky overcast, moon was sad.
Ashes were sent to the lake.

Who killed the bird in morning rain?
Ashes were sent to the lake.

A hidden slaughterman did not die.
Ashes were sent to the lake.

The good old name now spells the doom.
Ashes were sent to the lake.

I will call you in pitch-dark night.
Ashes were sent to the lake.

Ascending gods have ruined my life.
Ashes were sent to the lake.

A child was stolen from a mother's bed.
Ashes were sent to the lake.

Satish Verma

A Space, A Dot, A Line

The hesitant?
dawn cracks, as the
river of darkness squirms.

The moon?
was in last, to leave
the howling bank.

It looms large, a ?
brain-dead future. I think
I am forgetting my age.

You must face the
dying earth? sustained?
on prayers only.

This is the height
of dilemma. Why?
poems were hungry?

Satish Verma

A Spirit's Tale

They brought back saddle
without the warrior.
Wrinkled eyes of a broken mother
frozen with tears, pick up the pieces of carpet
woven with blood.

Lotuses are disappearing
from the serene lake; migrated to seeds.
There are no visitors.

Who was losing the battle?
Have not you heard about militancy
and mutilated god? We gave him
our sons and daughters, still he was hungry.

The mankind celebrates the decline,
mourning hills,
dances with the bones of ancestors.

Satish Verma

A Spirited Dust

Was it a calculated
risk, when it was poetry,

falling like rains
on the parched lips

of yellowing pages.
Like the stones of a

grey mountain,
singing a hymn to blasts,

pick pocketing the sun?
I start reading the anatomy

of violence, ever, never
easy to understand.

Lots of red blotches
were spread on the tiny figures.

Satish Verma

A Spiritual Rage

The neck pain was singled
out. Roll yourself down?
from the hills. The
figures were crying.

You cannot dismiss
the infamous past tense.
The butchered birthday?
of freedom of speech.

The underpaid stone cutters
of the quarry, and the
golddiggers crowding the street.
Whom will you give your hand?

In glass, the progeny-
grows, away from home,
from inheritance.
I stare in disbelief, unblinking.

Satish Verma

A Squall Roars

I don't want to take
my words bad. Where do I keep
them in burning house?

*

It simmers, the sandy path
to bury you alive in hot truths.
No end of beginning.

*

Who does fall, which
has no height? Moonlight spreads
on hot lava of tears.

Satish Verma

A Star Plunges

A pristine smoke was pointing
the where of pawns
abetting the glacial runaway.

Emblemic,
he was the last man on the stairs
ready to jump in the lake –

when night arrives.
Now this was the tipping point
to stand erect

where the tongue was wasting away,
The death staged a drama
of a feel up of young buds

in a virgin garden.
The key breaks the lock
and darkness prevails.

Satish Verma

Satish Verma

A Strange Phenomenon

When the lone night sleeps
I wake up the moon
for a monologue.

You listen with unblinking eyes
and hear by shivering skin.
Constancy remains alert.

You wanted me to define?
the time. Will that change with
our age, unknown to bystanders?

You were not yourself
in my presence, becoming a lost
child in trance, struck by a magic spell.

There was no physical passage.
Timelessly you would stare at me
to enter my thoughts.

Like a blue butterfly, I will
fly in the room to kiss you, and
bring back the feel of merge.
After a long pause we would part,
taking the scented dream
of our interrupted moments.

Satish Verma

A Summer Poem

From the fog to fog,
grim reminder eludes me.
Where had you been?

•

The gray dark circles
confine the blue lilies.
Unkissed by tears.

•

The shifting dunes
hide the silver moon.
Don't cry. O brute!

Satish Verma

A Summer's Stroke

Don't come near sea,
I ask the moon, braless?
in love galore.

What will you see
in eyes of the burning sun?
rising very sadly?

It was writer's cramp,
coming at shrine of snow
god under dark clouds.

Satish Verma

A Suspended Rock

Your freckles should not
go like innocence. Sun
was overlapping the galaxies.

I become whole for a while,
when you cry for the blueberry
moon in vain.

Why the night dips into your blue eyes?

No irony. I will wait
for you on the burning deck.

The schism was widening.
An animal living inside me
wants to raise his head.

The loser gets the inky jet
to cover his body. How about
getting a glimpse of lightning
walking down the road?

Satish Verma

A Tear Drop

Dying daily in eternity
for it to be,
a tear dropp held all the pain of life.
You were lost in words,
between the phrases
time was in, time was out.

The color, the theme was fading,
a seduced century
contriving the reasons to commit
the destruction of self-being.
I was struggling to empty my mind
completely.

To remain human in the loneliness
of ruins
I want to walk straight.

Satish Verma

A Torn Page

A hundred pounds bite.
It was a matter of faith
with copperhead.

A maddening silence
dodging the window,
where the moon sits.

The peril will always stay
renegeing, of the big space
for next victim.

Quaint feeling persists.
Of shearing the clouds
to knit a bright Venus.

The eventual escape.
To be the name
on a bloodied sword.

Satish Verma

A Touch Of Class

The tree, the sky, the moon, of
summer prick the eyes.
We suffer majestically.
The aberrations will
now rule the city.
Incorruptible winds
languished in crooked lanes.
A pale hand will paint the unlatched doors.

When stars meditate in unison,
moon upcurves.
The blue becomes dark,
my eyes climb the hill.
The day has ended without a conclusion.
Clouds are frightened.
Virtue when cuts open the heart,
it does not bleed.

Pseudo reality reigns,
and we amputate the limbs without analgesics.
The philosophy of being
is quietly murdered.
Green leaves start dying.
A terrible dream flicks the hope,
a touch of class with littleness.

Satish Verma

A Tree House

The rubble was still rising
after the direct hit. The
private dens were in ruins.
Salicin? Do you know the!

willow-bark? My father said,
the spirit of the tree healed
and removed the suffering
and pain of man.

Celebrating the cease of
fire, death moves in a circle,
seeking the truce between the!
cage free neighbours.

Don't pull out the tubers, the
roots. The ancient souls!
live in them. The psyche, you
will have to read off mute greens.

Ask the questions. From the wounded
earth, will be an electric response.

Satish Verma

A Tree Was Talking

He returned empty hands.
Death was casually running around
on charred bodies.

Was lank poetry of a ruthless god.
The house was on fire after
selling its children. The days were becoming
longer than life.

Casus belli, whom do you want to name
the culprit, when everybody was fighting
on a new front? We talk of truth in small
tablets, in small moments.

The hills were burning, one after the other.
Barefoot walking, all mind, mother earth
don't go to sleep.

Satish Verma

A Tumultuous Welcome

Tell me about the bluetoothed man,
of his stark naked truth, in toe
for a brief pause. The toll was mounting.
The tallest fraud of chilling facts. The city of
cold murders of hermaphrodite. The sex of
meanest level to become rich in seduction of wooly legs.
The wasps were hovering home. The stings
of famous wives.

Predicament of deficit bombs. Motivated artillery.
It is incursion of sterling thieving, of sisyphian
pain. The plaques were becoming honorable.
The spoon bills landing on dry lake.

Bracing the embattled knees, I dismantle my
life to start again from living the
death of beautiful.

Satish Verma

A Very Hurt Poem

Last night
moon was following me
discreetly,
skirting behind the trees.

A white splendor
drips,
like a dropped coin
on poor's hand.

Did you see the blood
on roses?
The petals were wounded
in rain.

Casual violence
spreads in the streets.
I write a very hurt
poem.

Satish Verma

A Very Simple Adverbial

I didn't want it any more.
In pain footprints, I will
not replace your gift
for any blood money.

The angelic profile
had no deadly option,
only to dip into your eyes water.

The moon
fell for the thief, who
stole away the smile of purple lips.

What else was your
dream, when god made it
to your house for begging pardon?

Hunting in the clouds
a poem was searching a
beautiful title.

Why did you come in the way?

Satish Verma

A Walk In Omninight

Being a soft terrorist,
you cannot change me.
When there was nothing else
to do, I will mix the tears
with sweat.

Will you think of me?
Violence was growing
in garden. The spirit of
roses was becoming restless.
Why we were quarreling for grafts?

You said it was a
custom to kill the dream?
in bud. Timeless past
becomes my present. I will
never believe in the gift
of prophecy.

Will you join the painful
blues? Remove all the conciliatory
phrases and write a new script
in blood calligraphy. Why
all the clocks have stopped?

Satish Verma

A Wall Painting

Imperishable,
you keep the truth frozen
like the marrow, in the limbs of life,
producing blood cells
when sun rises.

Knocking again
at a rapist door
to leak the secrets of a hidden bed
of polity.

Contours of a dimmed
tunnel.

The times; Oh, the tongues
were tasting the peels of aorta.

Satish Verma

A Whirlwind Romance

I have accepted myself, now.

In incompleteness,
and all flaws.

The bunker was intent,
on self-destruction. Why
did you want to
stop that?

The prodigy will not
walk with me, I know.
Yet my shadow falls in love.

A tear-washed poem
was a good beginning.

Satish Verma

A Window Burns

Mind-set of fractured
faith, falters.
Now you want to ignore the god.

The bald cypress
hides the buttress roots.
Eagle was flying very low.

The clouds speak
in favor of sky. You cannot
heal the sun's wounds.

Flames are mine.
You burn the poppies to
float the arrogance.

Half burnt-out letters
of a lover, make a glory
of withdrawal of summer.

Satish Verma

A Window Speaks

Shadows?
were lengthening.

I start mending myself.
Speechless?
you commence telling in signs.

Grass flattened. Glass?
in water. The body floats.
The game was over.

A new chapter opens without a book.

Another spurt of poetry.
I will never forgive me.
Fear becomes my guide.

The sound of decapitation
resonates. I lift the pen
and kill myself.

Satish Verma

A Wrong Turn

Standing on deathway,
choking back tears,
for a stance.

There were few minutes left,
when you took the cover
under pervasive falcon.

Was it not a
molestation of a baby moon,
when you wash your sin in dimlight.

Amazing was the
religion of short legs.
An ailing mother was waiting at door.

You strike a chord
(while I don't stir)
before anointing the dark.

The battle of penultimates,
after a hill down
shackled to river.

Satish Verma

A Yearning

If hate was becoming an absolute truth
and love was transcending lies
where do we go now?

This daily life, I was seeing
the pain of troubled identity,
turning into punishment of unbecoming.

The hired untruths
are killing the tender doubts.
No body wants to look back
at the subscribers of violence.

Be my friend.
Let us go for a pilgrimage into past,
for a sacred bath.
Uncovered and naked
in the hot spring of madness.

At last we will take the heat of sun
in open sky,
manipulate the wind metaphorically
and sleep in our bodies.

Satish Verma

Abandoned

the punctuations
 start crumbling
a soldier
 falls to coyotes
 this was their space

a moon was sitting
 in waiting room
 inhabiting war at
a defining moment

it was a fatal attack from
 the guards impersonal
 ripping through the passions
 to hold or not to hold

the fruit – end was near

Satish Verma

Satish Verma

Abandoned Path

Give a nudge.
Tears are falling from
the leaves. Who was crying
under the bo tree?

The lonely eyes
searching the moon in
vast blue sky.

The moles impinge
the shell, not to become
a pearl donor.

The beautiful nails
scratch the paper, to rewrite
the soul-searching song.

You throw the stones
miles long, to avert the
thoughts of bleak garden.

Nightingale will not
come back.

Satish Verma

Abdication

It was a domestic pain,
when we came apart in boots and helmets.
Taking the shine away, moon gave up the fight
on lake, against the clouds, a sniper
intuitively, started a homicidal blasting
to start the rains.

An ode to sepia needs scrutiny;
cuttlefish had a second thought. No faith
permits the slaughter of septa. Walls were squinting
to see better. A square root will find the squall,
between the breaths. Beyond arousal of oceans
a shaken, surreal, blast from a craven rifle.

Satish Verma

Satish Verma

Abduction

Riddled with shocks, a
ripening moon, rises in
pain, like wingless bird.

In search of human?
nest, to get back to sanctuary
of tender embrace.

I imagine you
standing at half-open door,
creating a myth.

Satish Verma

Aborted Faith

It scares me. We
need to talk. It was very difficult
to remain honest. We are changing.

I ask Buddha, can you
come back? Moon has disappeared.
I forget the human touch.

Filed bones draw a
volcano on the chest of nature.
You inhale sulphur gas and die.

Satish Verma

About Unhappenings

Taking refuge behind the
solemn words, you speak loudly.

It rattles you, when you?
hear, it was the world's end.

I have not yet spoken to you
about the happenings, which never happened.

You want to slingshot the
malignancy without your remedy.

Illegible was the writing
on the parchment. I must dig up the ruins.

Matter of instinct, when you start
washing your hands and spitting unendingly.

Satish Verma

Abrasions

A small galaxy
had been devoured. I was
watching earthworms.

Blots reached the moon.
Aborted, the last year's plan.
No starfish moves.

Scooped the dust
of ruins. Brilliant gems were
scattered by you.

Satish Verma

Absconding Dreams

Let me do, what I want
to do. Lights on street are gone
and I have to meet my last hope.

Don't bring any wealth
before my eyes. I become blind. Will
not be able to read god's verdict.

Where has gone my
universal pain? I want to walk
in burning woods to final seeds.

Satish Verma

Absinthe

I was a non-believer in exodus
of nothingness.
Here you are,
I am.

In crimson sky
talking of nobody, unbuttoning the moon.
Fill up my glass
with tears of joy.

And sleep I must
in the arms of sorrow.
There was a shipwreck in absence
while chasing the eyes.

Satish Verma

Absolute Being

Transparency.

Where were you in dark,
in my intense moments?

A lonely spirit will
try to meet you
in blue moon.

Wading in shallow
waters, you speak slowly
to defend depth of pain.

The absolute
becomes nude. There was
no limit to draw the blood.

Uncensored, I
set up the stage for a
guillotine to punish sun.

It was a bright
sun day. The bells
will not ring.

Satish Verma

Absolutely

Deep within, you
wanted to know earnestly, why
did the things go wrong?

More than asking
you go mad. There were
no questions for god.

Peel of the words,
and lineage falls apart.
A sword was naked.

Satish Verma

Abstract Thoughts

Escaped soul
was pronounced dead, after
becoming rich. You start
peeling of the skin of neo-poverty.

Hunger equates you with god.
It hurts your tarnished honesty. The
image of half-man, half-tiger.
The veneer coming off very soon.

The pepper spray was well
planned for steady hands to
make you spring-blind. Your pockets are
full of fireflies.

The poetry effect was negligible,
when you start praying for snowstorm.

Satish Verma

Abstraction

Amnesia.

I want to drink tonight,
purple hellebore.

Like to protest?
the display of private things.
The humming.

The alphabet of
betrayal. Who wants
the award?

Amnesia.

I dream of dying,
feeding the doves.

Was it too early
to start getting dressed up
without a show?

Amnesia.

The hyphens don't
connect now the broken strings.

Satish Verma

Abstracts

Immaculate fall.
I will take the opiate
for a stark profile.

Violated with
stones, concept of reason
dies in space and time.

In sharp pain you need
an Aconite to unroll
rose petals on mound.

Satish Verma

Absurd Flight

Rain of victims.
Crossing a parched field
a summer moon was laughing
like a naked lie.
I intend to lie in state,
no grass was going to cry.

A red spot was growing
on your chest.
Were you shot in heart?
Creeping, they want to put the sandal paste
on the dome.
I walk waist-high between
the kneeling heads.

Who were the inmates of the
black house,
which was so sexy?
I do not mean anything, over the head
a kite was flying.

Satish Verma

Absurd Myths

Crossing the divine,
I ask the marigolds
to return to the dust.

The gods were angry,
and dead would not speak
and the living were dead.

I am now heading towards?
the mute bells, disbelieving?
the great enlightenment.

Rebuilding what was not true.
A dream will start telling
the price of the inflicted wounds.

I am not sure:
who were at fault.
The letters?
or the words?

Satish Verma

Absurdity

We always searched for the center,
the dark hole of a naked mind.
World moved in concentric rings,
like onion peels.
I scream at myself,
on the absurdity of finding,
A truth which had expired.

If the trees could talk in end,
and bail out
the saint of fallen apes
I will start measuring,
the deafness of a storm,
its eyes squinting
and whose deep genitalia,
had delivered a still birth.

Why should we mourn
for the unfolding disaster?
The loneliness and despair,
are not the big themes.
And no body cares to listen,
to the ripped confessions.
A purple patch appears on the green heart.

Satish Verma

Abusing Self

Starting a blaze
in rape crime.

Schizophrenic scroll,
outwatching you.

Forgo the sun,
your friend, death!

was ambling again!
nearby. A troubled!

bee cannot find
her hive. They were

hanged in a row.
All the nudes.

I will declare war
on the vulgar exhibits.

Satish Verma

Accepting Defeat

Where was the empirical
evidence, that you don't exist?
The vibes were becoming
stronger.

The comb has fallen, and
honeybee feels lése-majeste'.
Where the dots end, a
new line starts.

Adrift. The resistance is gone.
Reflecting on the added
infidelity. You cannot pay homage
to ungraceful exit.

Will you be able to draw
the wages of your life? For the
bread and liberation?
Who was responsible for your falls?

Satish Verma

Accidentally

Standing under a
bottlebrush I write a
poem for you.

Something going
to happen. I feel that
future will turn.

Crashing against
a tunnel wall, injures
me collaterally.

Satish Verma

Accounting

On lotus leaf
a frog sits meditating-
the parenthood.

Fetal coaxing,
was on trial. Will you
come to witness?

A premature
death of a dream. Who
was responsible?

Satish Verma

Accusing Whom?

The unthinking begins again
watching a lunar
explosion.

The smallest droplet:
I never had any agenda,
holding on to emptiness.

A dark jumps out at me.
I push the light
forward?

to see your face, O
invisible. Where the road
ends? I want to start

my new journey, unloading
the accumulated wealth
of erudition.

Satish Verma

Acid Test

Was it a sorcery?
In broad daylight,
you snatch away the echoes.

Now I am shadowless.
Walking on toes.
I reach the pit.

Bluebells. From a
precipice, I bend down
to hear the divine music.

A dumper picks up
the foreign traveler, hot
iron. I become a refugee.

Talking of non-violence,
you become violent
against the poppies.

The drugged apostate
wants to live in
lesser space than a mouse.

Rainbow becomes
dark. Colors singe the eyes
ignite the psyche.

Satish Verma

Aconite

Polarity hits you at face, Thoughts. Move
inversely. The deed, words, slogans
divide the eternity of time. No hygienic
patience. Persons coming from channels only.

The thing. Image in hundred mirrors.
Varieties of fakes and counterfeits. Foeticide.
Paedophile. Necrophilia. Peddling pink flesh.
It is. Peels of skin left on roads. Your shape,
my contours, his art. I am passing through
a tunnel. Open-and-shut. No end. No beginning
Two nothings.

Will keep on moving. Roaches are scuttling
like rats with wings. Their country. We are
outsiders. Strangers. Not to reveal the names,
No landmarks on walls, intersections, doors.
No vigilance, No corporatized pain. No
bleeding wounds.

Impatience. Nobody opens the eyes.
Long sleep. I pray, no waking up.
Let the global warming end. Let the
terror die of its own Aconite.

Satish Verma

Acoustics Are Not Working

Maimed, tortured for love of resistance
this night appears to be
without an end.

There was nothing to lose,
it was looking for some reason
to die on the side of a cloud
when the sickle moon was sailing.

Tomorrow a new lie will be born.
Even a suicide bomber
will be tossed around,
like a new coin.
Weaving a dress of skin and bones
in the little sky of so many
purple birds.

Acoustics are not working
walls have no doors.
By night only a torch will be moving.

Satish Verma

Acrimony

In longest night
of pitch-dark space
you disappear like an arrow.
No star brightens your face.
Rumor was cruising like a bat on streets
to capture the gullible victim
on winter solstice.
The snow was falling like
sorcery.

A little anxiety to taste the
dried out grapes
and listen to the hunger
mouthless.

You draw the lake
on a canvas
and then jump into it
with visible nakedness.

Satish Verma

Across The Silence

You failed me.
I have started learning
from myself.

The man-made world,
a culture of stinginess-
overtakes the ism.

Confronting the hawks -
you scramble over
the wet shoulders of wounded sex.

In hiding
your own exit rope;
are you thinking to end the solitary confinement?

I will wait
for the suffering to end -
and aurora to rise.

Satish Verma

Actualis

There was a strange carnality
in flowing robes,
a waiver penetrates
in incorporeal ellipse.
I must speak of him in his absence
combating for the actuality.

Knowing lust manifolds,
yields a prayer,
primrose opens the eyes.
The knowledge liberating -
you cross the inlets.

Anxiety peels off your mind.
An obnoxious presence of unbeings,
the weeds, the vocal generation
of priests, are anything but art.

The body blooms, in suicidal note.
Birds shriek, before the moon climbs
on the dark trees. I let go the orange,
only the white spreads.

Satish Verma

Adam's Mend

The bald mannequin, stands
undraped, without genitalia
moving the lips.

The choreographer walks in
caressing the knobs
to open the invisible door.

There would be knife between the teeth
and dance in the flames
to lift up the veil,

to kill the sorrow and pain.
A spill from the eyes becomes
red. The whispers

will decide the prices.
Glass case will never be empty.
Sweet show will continue.□

Satish Verma

Adding To Woes

Again I would hear the night sounds
through the hours of civilities
when there was a pause in the body
untouchable.

You were sleeping with counterfeits,
running down the golden dome
sailing over the silken clouds.
My rough palm was still holding the pen.

That mirage, that fire on the road
had cheated us. You had pushed me in an
aging portrait. Alive, I am looking at you
from an empty glass.

Satish Verma

Adoration

Tends to droop,
the narcissus, after
shedding the tears.

Per minute, you
were drawing
a self-portrait.

In water,
your image splinters
in thousand names.

Holding the?
earth on your neck
where would you go?

Satish Verma

Adrenal Flowing

It was a basic instinct.
You wanted to become something-
on unstable legs, hijacking my dreams
for treason.

Like an amputee-
you were hobbling around
to find the door of gold
in the jungle of twists and breaches.

Only a fathom depth
you need to hide your cadaver
of past sins.

Scattering your seeds in vain
all-night, the dawn was away,
still waiting on the wings of tomorrow.

The mourners with their quivering
lips cannot sing an elegy.

Satish Verma

Adulterous

As innocent as buds of jasmine
twilight of a falling night
offsets the nakedness of a baby moon,
the subterfuge of a slant lie.
How crooked was the conviction?

Blessing was flawless. Only the sky
had an anguished exoneration
for a particular sin.
What was put out for a show
was hired.

He did not want to become a spot,
a speck, or an insect. The ending
of loneliness had a high price. Give
and take were insufficient. Only giving
was a gift. Duality of ugliness shined in the mirror.

In despair he picked up the replica
of a humanoid ancestor,
who was to become a model DNA
of a simian who was not capable
of becoming adulterous.

Satish Verma

Afloat In Words

Would not move the things.
They had moved me.
I will never be the same.

Probably a time to learn,
listening to yourself. The
sensors didn't go wrong.

More often I will unroll
my candles and burn
them with my life.

Ripening old, in dry
fountains? waiting for
rains in songs of sorrow.

History does not repeat.
I am preparing myself
to start again writing my book.

Will not commit anything.
Standing in morgue
searching for my unclaimed face.

Satish Verma

Afraid Of Suffering

Feeding the mouth
of fire with tribal love.
My contextual wait?
for the pledge begins.

You come as an
accused, wearing the
veil of moon to explain?
the vanishing act.

The purple nails
scratch the scented skin
to bring out the red,
flowing love.

If you become
beautiful in praise of
moment, I will bring
the burning moth.

The vicious bell rings again.

Satish Verma

Afraid Of Unknown

A patch on my shirt
was growing.
I could not, because I did not
want to remove it.
I took everything, without choosing,
a flag of my territory fluttered
without wind.

Like a marooned kiss on fainted lips
cryless eyes.
The body fails, climacteric defeat evident.
A satellite crashes in midsky.
A star in waste was rising.

Multiple setbacks start,
like the botched transplant.
Thieves were active in dark alleys.

Kicked at slump bodies, like
sleeping on road.
I was always afraid of unknown.

Satish Verma

After Eyebaths

Dahlias laugh like
you, swinging their heads.

You want to rub
over me, like a vast sea in wait,
linked with an island.

There was no reason
to script like Albert Camus.
But I was moving
out of line.

Would you be my best friend,
after I was asked to love
my rival?

No ghost name was
needed to follow the truth,
when you were being
counted.

Behind the red
clover lies a promise.
There was no malignancy.

Satish Verma

After Leaving The Home

Superstorm
outside. Inside a deep
ocean, thoughtless.

*

You want to know
the boundaries of scent.
A musk deer wonders.

*

After the death!
of hurricane, would you
come to see my hibiscus?

Satish Verma

After Meeting God

You should not be present?
everywhere, O God. Pull down,
all the shutters of your temples.

I am mortified, of a
hidden hand, that gives
spurious? sugar coated hymns.

A hometown crowd
assembles at the door of the?
palace to hear the arrival.

What was the natural
descent made of? A cyber attack
was the most desirable thing.

A crypt sets you free?
from the engraved sermons.
All night I will sit on the vigil, for a vision.

The book was blank
for a goodnight deal. I will
not cross any unwritten poem.

Satish Verma

After Rebirth

Want to celebrate
each day in mud pack. Life rewards
one day daily. My bones glitter.

You trespass the deep
pain and my words bleed.

How come we move nearer
to each other after the fall
to search oneself.

Where the love goes
when a ghost takes
hold of you.

Satish Verma

After Rumi

A secret moon
climbs.
There was a sudden
drop of height.

All along you were
there, inside me?
to hold my tremors.

I will try to recall
a lost call from horizon.

The triangle breaks.
The born, an unborn,
and the maker perish.

Only the designer
will survive.

Satish Verma

After Separation

You filter time.
Time filters you.
I catch the words.

The empty bowl
of a fakir betrays the fabric
of life, without seeking.

Mid winter I will ask?
the moon not to freeze.
Some sounds you will not hear.

Tearing the fog, I
wanted to teach you the language
of pain, becoming cold.

Like meteor of
a melting star, you were moving
away faster than light.

Satish Verma

After Separations

I had asked you to leave
some stings for me. It helps
to bleed on papers.

Some artifacts like my ring
is in your box to remember
me after crucifixion.

I didn't take my last
super. I will kiss your hand
before I drink hemlock.

Satish Verma

After Serial Blasts To Make A Point

After seeding the clouds
they were going to buy wet lips.

Seven minutes to make a bomb:
a micro-chip, ammonium nitrate and a circuit,
one headless body squirts a long jet of blood.

Run, run for the cover, with nuggets of
wailing times. Black walls intercept the flames.
A nimbus suspends the door.

Cryptic commands fail. A body sprawls
on payment for wheels to move. You
hand me a child to find his biological mother.

A long manifesto makes the cadaver shrink.
Clocks spin in frenzy. Mirrored people
look like ghosts. A city burns.

Satish Verma

After Sunshine

Be my soul in outrageous
sunshine of knowledge.
I need a shade of tears.

The barrels were still smoking
after the war.
I will not wake up in morning.

Lightless the day will mourn
for the fallen moon
on the breast of a hill.

Tear down the curtain.
Let me see the face of death.
I have a long debt to pay.

Satish Verma

After The Assault

The hurt of a game.
Myth has played with the;
life of a song bird.

A dream becomes opaque.
You cannot find any;
image of blood.

A window shuts;
the moon. The rainbow will
grope for a sky.

And I must find
some excuse to live. The nascent
hope outleaps the black;

rain falling on eyes. Panic
grips poppies. They throw up the
color, the fresh dawn.

Satish Verma

After The Body

Time has no time.
I cannot find myself in skyless
story of many stops.

A bohemian wants
to become Buddha without
sitting under the Bo tree.

You were touched
untouching me, when I
adored the water of deep.

Satish Verma

After The Bruises

I get you? earnestly.
In my short poems,
in binge reading, of your eyes.
The tears of hills will not go waste.

Lamb by lamb, you
search the pink contusions
becoming nebulous images.

The fear of black waters
will always chase you under
moonlight.

And the night releases
my pain. Iris and muse become
one. Devastated stings
go back home.

You will not commit,
will not offer the grief of veil,
which would not hide the face.

Satish Verma

After The Carnage

Prepare the beds
for the nocturnal read of book.
The wodden angels-
have arrived, carrying
the golden caskets.

O zero town,
your children are coming home.
There will be no interrogation
in this fusion of grief
and anger!

I refuse to take
a hoax call of death. The
moon becons for an eternal bliss.
Let the red eyes!
speak not of any pain.

The agony of crying sky
will not be said by any mourning
mother, when you throw the dust
unto dust. A new journey
had just begun.

Satish Verma

After The Ceremony

I would be riding
your stumps? to
byzantine castle
of ardor.

It was not
my thesis? to make
me blithsome.
You were your own enemy.

In a crushed phenomenon
I was sketching you
in coal, without scratching
the face on moon-paper.

The room
crumbles. Space shrinks.
I cannot touch you
in moments, in time.

What I bequeathed
remains unclaimed.

Satish Verma

After The Chemo

You said this summer,
hold me tight,
when hanging lights?
go out.

I will heal your moon,
your cryptobiosis
of seeds?

at dawn, when you wake up
before the stars leave.

It would not be a day of mourning.

The quinces, japonica
irises were deeply disturbed.
Under the tongue
lies the religion of masses.

The menus are same, only
the taste was different.

Satish Verma

After The Execution

Just wanted to be
myself today, ripped after
the apocalypse?

of stainless bodies.
You pull down the era of
earthen lamps from ruins.

Give me a wrapped
guilt. I am a boat in water
without wooden oars.

Black eyes stitched
to dolls. They were going to
wed the white gods.

A knife's cult invokes
the barren cave. You had planted
the severed heads.

Satish Verma

After The Eyebath

In absence of words,
the silence rules. Dying
color of moon conceives
a sun.

There was a subtle
hint of constancy. You will
say something unsaying
to retrieve the blame.

In word war, nobody
wins. A blue stain was
spreading for reconciliation.
There will be no more hunting.

Like a small lake
enters in your eyes. You
start swimming along
the swans.

Stunned butterflies
lie under the paper weights.
There was no argument
between the hunter and hunted.

Satish Verma

After The First Moon

Reigniting blood moon,
I have come to
seek my abdication.

After a long haul of
dark clouds, I come face to
face with my failures.

My experiments with faith
and disbeliefs did not help
to understand the mysterious self.

Now the significant hurts have
become my strength, accepting
the challenge of changed winds.

I meet you O god?
midway, one day to
settle the scores.

Satish Verma

After The Harmony

Frightened of ending?
what, that did not start.
I try to touch? the timeless zero.
There were no numbers.

I give you what I did,
not have. The future of gilded doors
and agonized window's past.
You offer an eternal smile.

Will I carry the red clouds
beyond your tears and
my trampled wreaths?
We talk ceaselessly ear to ear.

Your silent invite always
baffles me. This world has
always used me as stairs. Why
were you still standing on the ground?

The twinkle works. I shut
my eyes to grab you.

Satish Verma

After The Scream

Purpura, I will breath in you,
the purple-pink flowers of
foxglove, when you collapse.

Clairvoyance. I can see
through you beyond the fog,
in the darkest night.

This was the primitive pain.
My pampering has given
you a taste of surrender.

Like an unborn poem
you swim on my tongue
to find the shores.

I want to lower the?
guard and dance with the roving death.

Ah, the passion flower.
You will not mind, if I
embrace your beautiful sunset.

Satish Verma

After The Snow Storm

It tumbles down. The real.
Heels start hurting.

Once upon a night, there
was a red moon, which used to hang
on your head and I
would watch something beyond.

No outburst of profanity
will take place, when you were
dissecting a triangle?

of rainbows. I will not
assemble the waist of a tall tree
after the fruit fall.

Gone with the snow, my
temple, my god. I am now
waiting for the looters of rings.

Satish Verma

After The Stampede

The dusk panics.
Molten ash stings, bearing
you down. Your enemy had penetrated
very deep.

Your pride shrinks.
Infinite pains from moonlit streets
climb up the palm trees
to count the dead.

You can not arbitrate in disputes
of wind and flags.

The night rolls down on the
battered past. Your face becomes
a broken clock.

Color-blind, you will never?
know the green recital
of the spokesman.

Satish Verma

After The Storm

Unfettered for a little while, I was
catching the sleep visitor. It hurts
when the dream ends and a poem starts.
An eucalyptus, drinking lots of water, throwing the aroma
incensing the air, I pick up the fallen seeds of light
in winter solstice, befriending the home traumas.

Fireflies leave the scorched marks of daydreaming.
I talk to moon for sometime and leave my address
with him. Tomorrow he will come to inherit the
pain. I wanted a sunless garden to commit
the sin of forgetting you. The night will find
me undying till eternity.

In my words I carry the charred remains
of time which smells the hunger of tomorrow.

Satish Verma

Satish Verma

After The Sunset

Night was young.
Shameless moon
wanted to talk to me.

Will do what?
I was not supposed to do,
holding back the tears.

We had killed
ourselves with indelible scars
for a puppet show.

Reddish-yellow
rind of bloody orange in
the eyes of severed head.

Satish Verma

After Thoughts

How I loved you
green, in hot summer
noon, when you

Were not mine.
Sky scented with nostalgia
talks to gypsy moon.

Each star becomes
a wound. The winged thoughts
fly like monarchs.

Satish Verma

After Valentine

The art of faking
will not come to me.

Your breadth
twists the moon, making
a dent on the face
of lookalike.

Becoming a stranger,
celebrating love? without
my arms of flames.

An old story repeats.
Beautiful but trembling,
the farewell handshake.

Neither comes
nor goes, the vase life
of withering roses.

The sculpture
was not yet ready.
The angel recapitulates.

Satish Verma

After You Left

The chilling offer
of thumbs in the voyage
of monk's insanity.

Sun stops for while
to steal the time, separating
poem from poem.

You may like to
destroy the hemorrhaging
moon before dawn.

Satish Verma

Aftereffects

Give me your smile
like dew drops of rose?
the tears like pearls.

The flight of swans?
writing a secret message
for the forlorn earth.

Celebrating the return
of the lost river?
after the torrential rains.

A boat sails
in bright moonlit
dark waters of the moat.

Satish Verma

Afterimages

A whisperer with its begging bowl
wants a moon in alms.

A candle burns in panic.
The serpent was sitting in a prayer.

The golden teeth will find the apples
leafless, pleading for a fall.

Stoking the fire, you step on a ghost.
It was a fake, I scream.

Do not tamper the ruins of the tower.
They are going to find the death masks.

Satish Verma

Afterpains

In my blood book
what was your
divine constant?

The arithmetic fails.
a black hole? sucks in,
the brilliant stars.

I was collecting
the rare salt, from the
abandoned beach of eyes.

Poetry was the flesh,
bones. Heart stops
beating, when images drop.

We will not speak
in dark, when the moon
was rising in the east.

Not lived to die.
The road will not end.
Every word becomes a milestone.

Satish Verma

Aftertaste

That targeted sleep will not come
at once
in the tamed night.

A shifted pain
lifts the irretrievable word
shamed at edge.

The godwings
weave the rhyme of flight
for the wedding of death.

You are born again
in sleep
for another journey.

Satish Verma

Afterthoughts

Come via
moon gate. I will meet
you at midnight.

*

Only in halfway
house, I will find you
in dark.

*

O my firefly,
why have you come
to a wingless bird in dusk?

Satish Verma

Again A Sheep Walk

I will be kissing in proxy?
at the dark side of
the moon, where my twin crashed.

The cracks had emerged
in the fiery zone? the flames
reaching the zenith of blue, killer sky.

A tamed hematoma,
speaks? for the ripped open brain.
There was nobody left to be whole.

Survivors were the gift
of miracle. A saint starts
abusing the stars.

The god's temple lies?
in ruins, buried under the sand,
debris and the dead faith.

Satish Verma

Again Falling In Love

I don't belong to me,
to you, to her, to him.
Who are you, I ask myself
again falling in love for a tender shoot,
uncoiling under the debris of unfaithful corners?

I was watching a small birdie
hopping against a mirror, cracking the beak
to kill a rival.

She was pulling at my arm
white death in red scarf.

This is for you my fellow-traveller,
a beautiful sector of my hidden garden,
where I have permitted you to come for a walk.
Hand in hand we will watch the peerless evening –
sitting on the wings of gulls.
Will you like to break a promise
before I implode on the moon?

You light the earthen lamp daily under a tree,
to possess me, trap me, digest me. Voicelessly
I melt into smoke, fly away in small huffs.

Satish Verma

Against Deportation

Ahead of pain, we did not cry;
intimating of dreams, crowded;
stranded on issues, reaching nowhere.

Black, a weired hairdo, unfurls a moon
in half-sleep. You can open the door
without sound. The snake writhes under your feet.

A traveler waits for a hymn, holds a green
urn, full of tiny eyes, looks at sky and returns
the darkness for any possibility of light.

The missile whistles down; hushed, gnarled
fingers start the rescue efforts in a lonely
cosmos; goldilocks starts howling.

Terror strikes again in offering, so far
about nothingness; a vague, masked scapegoat
sits in bold greens, to start the beginning of end.

Satish Verma

Against A Backdrop

Like the light
trapped in a diamond.
I watch your face.

You know, that
you will never know yourself.
There was no elegy
before the cessation.

One day this will pass. You
will not lie against you,
naked as a moon.

A pride sins
the rose for tearing off the
bee's wings. I smell
a self-conceit.

You were drawing on your
fingernails, a portrait
of a dying river.

I wanted to live
before my cold-blooded carnage.

Satish Verma

Against Nobody

Do you need a divine witness?
if I abdicate a claim
on you, saluting the dark?

Drawing the ire of a void,
the violence becomes visible?
when earth starts dying.

The completeness? will give
you a rude welcome? after
you were languishing in wait.

An intern surrogacy?
defies the sexual assault of the
gimmick. Why did not you
swear in the moon?

In jitters. I start?
making circles again? and again.
Will I remember?
who am I?

Satish Verma

Against Tattoos

Don't print on the body
a pattern, grayish red.
Damask rose?
The cilia will propel you
into the tunnel.

Clowns have assembled
on the street, to write
the history of fall.
Acts of kindness are being
translated into profanities.

You are hurt by the
petals, thrown at you.
Kingmaker, why you have become
a joker?

Red lilies?
Do you like the buttercups?
Eyes ago, there was a bouquet.
I am not sure, why you were walking
on nails.

Satish Verma

Against The Current

That mad truth.
The unborn was knifed
long back. Now you throw?
the net in the crowd.

I had found you
after the centuries of conflict?
in small eyes, looking
for the stolen myths.

I want to hold your
face one day and bury it
in my tears. It should not have
happened in the jungle
of jinxed plays.

The unmarked tree. I
had picked up the fallen fruit
to taste you. Would you
find me in dark?

Satish Verma

Against The Rocks

You were obliged
to watch the curse
on the caterpillar,
forced to fly.

It was a stunning spectacle.
The walnut tree scooping
to gather,
the gold of black berries.

Speak up my lord. Did you live
in the ghetto to know the
truth of thatched roofs? Were
you afraid of huge mansions?

It was not your heart; a
borrowed sample of imitative
poetry. I will still go for
the rhythm of unspoken words.

Satish Verma

Against The Tide

Like a dwarf planet,
you follow me in distant
sky, so near? so far.

I love you like poet
Pablo Neruda. My eyes in?
your dreams, wide open.

When the tears would wait
to bloom like hidden flowers?
under the steady rocks.

Not me, not you, were
aware of the rising moon,
between snow and sleet.

Satish Verma

Against The Times

Lipped-wet,
Counterfeits.
Fakes neither audible
nor visible.

The moment dies
in our hands.
It was a non-
happening.

Silence booms
destroying the palace,
of dreams. I should have
become the scissors.

This poem is not charitable
gnawing at the underlip
of an orphaned
moon.

Satish Verma

Against The Winds

Impatient, was green
snake in grass, I watch the sun
ready to give a chance.

In dark winter I
will dig out the sad poem from
your burning eyes.

Not soliciting
from any god I will build
my own sky, my script.

Satish Verma

Against Thoughts

The lake was drying up
touching raw nerves.
Epicenter of violence was standing
on gun powder-

nursing charity groups
which were spewing hot lava.
This war was different, wearing masks
played by gloved hands.

The face in the crowd
was twisting the knobs of nuclear doors.
A tender haze over the winter
of relationship. The stones were smiling.

The dance of the road, I am the lone
survivor of genocide to witness
the romance of death, the nameless
liberation.

Can you negate this matrix? This fall
of becoming? I smear the ashes
on forehead of history and squander
my poems.□

Satish Verma

Age Of The Straw □

Silently you went to disappear in blue -
alone or unalone -

I was watching a moth
on the burning lamp in night way
scrawled flat as death's signature
on the heap of broken wings,
between space and time
an extra dimension,

the position of a point from void to
center of chaos,
life extracts the measurement,

a smile lost the lips
a vision, eyes -
outside body, the soul scribbles
mist and crumbs of age.

Satish Verma

Ageism

a pervasive bareness
walks like an honest lie
on the road to truth the bone white marble
god oversees the planet green's woes
a climate change of heart its manipulations
its intrigues

something remains unsaid when i look back
i think again before i disappear between
bread and god whosoever is stronger
than me i remained unchained distrusting
the rules laid down by hoaxes now i
am not me

i am not a god i am not a thought only
innocence of an unopened bud.

Satish Verma

Satish Verma

Ageless

Too beholden to water of life.
It hurts deliberately when you were thirsty.

You break the bread in reflective mood.
Who will climb the cross today?

The sheen was wearing off the smug faces
Civil war was starting again.

The declinist god was weeping soundlessly.
Someone shot the flamingoes in flight.

Militias have started the bloodletting.
Painfully I was collecting the sounds.

A new world begins on broken plasma.
Electrons have shifted their orbits.

A dog sniffs a freshly dug mound of earth.
Instead of a body a wreath was found.

Satish Verma

Agony

Let me douse this flame
with tears.
My nightingale will sing no more.

Ringed by dragons,
I decide to tie knot with a tempest.
When the birds start dying

the frightened choir becomes dumb.
I wait for the butterfly effect:
the thought was deeper than pain.

Tension arises. I see the face
of a moon. Bound but free.
My security starts a guilt. It was immoral.

The forgetful, yellow bones of
a thin father, with a gift to fathom
the flute, takes hold of the wind.

Satish Verma

Aham Asmi... *

Night melts into tears,
day sums up the pain.
A fear stalks the flute,
and darkness falls on the drapes.
I was lake,
and I was sun.

I held you on to my breast.
give me your fangs,
and give me your venom.
I am blue and I am the death.

Centuries of wounds
and millions of scars.
Silence of sky,
and lull in the clouds.
I am the storm,
and I am the gale.

* I am... I exist...

Satish Verma

Aham Asmi, I Am I Am

Night melts into tears
day sums up the pain.
A fear stalks the flute,
and darkness falls on the drapes.
I was a lake
and I was the sun.

I held you on to my breast.
Give me your fangs
and give me your venom.
I was blue and I am the death.

Centuries of wounds
and million of scars.
Silence of sky
and lull in the clouds.
I am the fire
and I am the gale.

Satish Verma

Air Was Naked

After the putsch, through night he set himself alight
ensnared in flames of societal conflicts, for a
vision of tomorrow, in the birth of a bloody dawn.
The drone of history had failed on a loaded salt.

A solitary murder of truth was sufficient to unsettle
me for a downturn of unborn wounds of drowned
voice, of a requiem. The dead were coming back to life
in dark alleys of black skulls. The pink scarves

were still holding the snow flakes of standing
wheat for the thirsty children, of grieving mothers
who lost the homes to red hands, the white paper,
the hungry guns. The thieves were coming again.

I was never naked in my blood, my howling bones.

Satish Verma

Akin To Madness

You always tried
to conceal the imperfect
hunting under moon.

One must recite
the ghost mantras to
be bohemian.

They will pound
the chests with whole kin
to pacify the pir.

Satish Verma

All By Myself

Leaving a trail for
the game of kill in watery eyes
for sane surrender.

*

That was a fake turn,
when you slipped from the edge
of enduring pain.

*

Like first raindrops,
I was going to wet your brows
to write my hurt poem.

Satish Verma

All I Remember

Your world collapses A name shies of comeback
breaks the water for bare bones unaligned you
hunker down for the happenings didnt fit

in the shoes of black magic it was a damned
reversal of the pygmies to become tall the old city
dies on the hill young steps start a never ending

descent of the wheels can you stop this vintage flow
in night king was sitting without a glass
rolling stones were laughing after the conversation

and the sons of soil smashed the barriers
after the illumination cacti become prominently displayed
in the jungle of weeds wearing nightgowns of thorns

two headed snakes lapping up the milk from the teats
of a moon the cow jumps on the hemlocks amidst
the cries of children of tomorrow

Satish Verma

Satish Verma

All I Unread

I unwrite a song
for she,
a gratis homage.

Questioning imperils
the sky,
clouds would not weep.

A cover-up comes to quote
scriptures
the meaning of deployment.

Was I feeling smug after
counting
the pages of unread death?

Satish Verma

All Is Forgiven

Don't give me aches,
by becoming tall.
I will not change my style.

Not scared. There
was a pause, between
the screams.

There you were
playing with the other truth,
which was not mine.

I was not alone,
buried in your hums.
Pain was my goddess!

The lamb was dead
taking off her coat. I wear
the skin of dandelions
to walk on wet land.

Satish Verma

All Mercury, All Bare

Stepping on small spots
of shallow river, I was trying to reach
your bank. I took my place in pain.

A bonafide crime of looking
at the moon to forget the hunger
of earth in a disastrous fall.

Who was criminal in
court of divinity, when the most
evolved creature reverts to worm.

Satish Verma

All Night

Noiselessly you come
in my poems to light the lamp
I ask myself, who were you?

I remember you intensely,
when you move away from gale
I floor my heart to taste the blood.

Do you think tears can
heal the wounds? Does a fall has
a moral to rise again?

Satish Verma

All Prophets Fall Down

There were some ashes
in your eyes, when
you kissed a flame with
containment.

A golden phoenix
swoops down to snatch away
your signature.

Henceforth the sky will
wear the skullcap of moon,
before touching the blue lake
of silent eyes.

Why do we fight
for our insignias? The saber
dance must continue in
the morning of our doom.

The phantoms come again.
Why you were in dilemma?
to surrender or not?

After all you were my gems.

Satish Verma

All Said

Some things are not said,
uncoupling the cut glass.
Flowers will not come
from the new moon.

You collect the hundred
loops from your hair,
and part the heat. An
ancestor turns in his grave.

Collect the grapes, fallen
plums from my garden.
I am not sure, how long the
spring stays. You were
not ready for the
rocks, for sure.

I am scraping the song
written for a tree.
Cannot decipher the sap.

Satish Verma

All The Dreams

Sitting on black stones,
to feel the global angst,
and doing nothing.

Good or bad, time
takes revenge. You will
always blame self.

Like grapevine,
everyone wants to climb the
moon in pitch dark.

Satish Verma

All The Empty Hands

To catch himself
he jumped into fishpond
becoming opaque
between silk and lethal crotch.
Milk of silence started flowing
from earth's breast.

His name was a flower
who was a blind witness
of the love-
for a moon
which plunged into a lake without a bottom.

Pain is spilled since then
on the charred lips.
Marigold-
waits for the sun
to rise only once.

All the empty hands
carry one eye
of the seeds,
to sprout in jungle of smiles.

Satish Verma

All The Griefs

The mysterious rival:
suffering of resignation.
I am reading myself for the surrealism of life,
juxtaposition of love and hate.
Another blast went off.

White rose and black rose in the same
garland; ruins of truth
were older than lies. Humiliation
brings another crop of mines.
Must keep the walk on cinders alive.

Raging moon will rise again
on the blue lake, with earthly whiteness.
The distant invite of future makes the present
sustainable. I will ask the infant sun
to enter slowly.

Satish Verma

All The Questions

I would ask one day,
how close you were to me
to know my faults?

One day I will not
come home to repeal the dharma
of cosmic order and wars.

The midnight syndrome
looms large. Can you afford
to lose me in existential conflict?

I was not able to
stop the clock or make it
move slowly, when moments
count like words.

Are you listening to
fake people, stubborn lies?
Emotions stirred, you
fly like a blackbird.

So many questions,
promises and escapes.

Satish Verma

All You Know

Your breath
a prayer in water, when
vision fails.

Life will treat you
in beauty, when you were
ready to meet future.

Like touching god's
feet, to smear the lunar's
dust on fore heat.□

The journey never
ends. Bright stars beckon to
you, but you will not
find Miranda.

The fever was mystical.
In delirium you will recite
a poem.

Satish Verma

Alligators Were Dying

I always differed
for the sake of semblance.
Feathers did not agree.
You flew away for your sky.

Impatience had killed the defeat
my elixir, the baby sea in my eyes.
Genocide of the figs, unlearning
the sweetness of life.

Yet a white python was hungry.
A heart rendering feat to dig-out
a home after the earthquake.
Alligators were dying in midstream.

I was running after the desert.
Why bustards were disappearing?
Trees were hung upside down.
There was no suicidal note.

Satish Verma

Allusive Pain

Blood has one color.
No face. Was always virgin.
Has no other name.

*

I cannot find any
nativity of violence in
breaking novice heart.

*

You in disarray,
will not find the path of
death's spin. Truth will pay.

Satish Verma

Alone In Crowd

Being my other soul
would you go for?
a saddest kiss with a gold fish?

Nothing else matters.
Weaving blue flesh on
starched bones.

What else you need,
when the moon cries outside
the broken window?

And the sands and
palms and cacti had the
guts to take in trifecta.

And the blood
to remember the affinity
with the unknown.

Satish Verma

Alone In Myself

The scaffolding falls.
The end and means
become one. There was?
no other second moon.

The prosthetic hand
feels your face. Blind eyes
hear your lips and a severed
leg walks me near you.

Under the tongue you
hide a word. I will never know
what. The armless sun
steals away my golden key.

Will never find you again
in my poems. My book torn,
my pen broken. I am picking
up the old lost coins.

Satish Verma

Alone In The Heat

The insult to sober conviction
unsettles the saints.
Give me your hand,
to solve this problem.
An abstract idea joins
the postures of different conflicts,
the worship of crumpled illusions.
After great sufferings
only proverbs give a soothing effect.

Images blur, misspent energy
distorts the palisade of love.
Perhaps history repeats itself.
Moon cries at midnight
looking beneath the soft clouds,
to follow eternity.
Past & present are losers.
The trustworthy future
does not hold any promise.

Again questioning brings
the numbness on surface.
The agony of realization,
moves away from just mistakes.
It is hard to smash
the strong beliefs.
A self-denial brings
the death of truth.
I am alone in the heat
of an argument, pathless, rising, sinking.

Satish Verma

Aloneness Of Fire

He was asking for, at least,
a passive euthanasia.

Rage or hostility
was giving pain to phantom limbs.
Race puts forth,
a trembling version
of ethnic choice.
A piped dream
which never took off.

On middle of the road
a dragon rumbles,
hissing flames.
Something not on the left
not on the right.
Cannot keep the sky open.
Nothing moves now,
not even leaves of a lone tree.

There was a random cry
unheard in the aloneness of fire.

Satish Verma

Along The Dots

What would you seek
from the collection!
of lyrics?
It is getting dark.

Dismantling the notes,
I heard, when tears
were sitting dead in!
the crying eyes.

Life reeks with the violence,
from inside. You wanted
one more religion to
atone for the stink.

But the signs will not
convey. I become the war,
the missile to destroy
my own kingdom.

Satish Verma

Along The Path

Encountering a dislocated self,
here it goes, the "I",
flicking out the name
which will reach nowhere.

The foreword will not
disclose the contents of
the book. It was reading
only a footnote.

I place a searing moon
on your plate. You can take
a slice of it and gulp
your agony.

The arrival does not finish
the journey. There are far?
away worlds beyond
your fantasies.

Satish Verma

Along The Sorrow

Fire in kidneys
was burning the basket.
Privacy of green thumbs
was intimately involved.

Let us share the candle light march
for the blossoms,
who would not stay
for old birds,

Read me again the epitaph
of the martyr, who wanted to remain
unsung, for the sorrow of
the flowing river.

Frenzy of a lone wolf was
inconsolable, when the dam spilled
the dead wood on the empty
bed of roses.

Satish Verma

Altercation

The father and child
Will not talk to
Each other.
There was a dispute.
Who was father?

*

Sometimes I wake up
In a dream, looking up
In your eyes.
Was it dark or moonlight?

*

Why you need to nurse
A pain? We will jump
In a river of inferno,
And drown together!

Satish Verma

Altruism

Truth was me
when serotonin appeared
for a golden deal.

Self-effacing?
a fragile kiss, in
bouts of darkness.

Moonlight was sitting
on treetops, when I was
conversing with god.

There was slaughter in the
sea of demons. I do not survive.
I do not die.

In ripened pain,
I will go for half-moon
to solve the puzzle of bald hunger.

Redwood knows?
how the sap rises to
build the tight grains of faith.

Satish Verma

Always

How will you carry the mount of tears
in the vally of temples? Kites flowing
in sky of beings-egos-denials and
repeals.

Smiling at pain I unspeak to a keeper
of cage, under the shadow of golden
roses, walking with blue eyes of private
hymns.

I craved and dispossessed myself in the
rainy convulsions. The stupidity of
invoking rainbows. In tall grasses
the eyes were looking for the brazen
clouds.

And I am arrived today at the quirky
revelation to exist or not to
exist amidst the crouching facts, trees
down shedding the arms and legs
always.

Satish Verma

Always A Thunder

The nightingale was
very sad. Nobody
was taking a call.

*

A scream would
go unheard, when
the floodgates are opened.

*

The snake will not
change the color. It
will watch the Noah.

Satish Verma

Always Self-Deception

You collapsed?
on the stairs in frenzy
falling into a debt trap.
The moon was asking back his pain.

This was a naked aggression.
Kitchen was not ready for roots
and flowers and footprints
of staggering price of being alive.

Riding in a Humvee, the
rhetoric fails. The lies become
spiteful. Your arms holding
a wavering testament.

Religion of sending
a young legatee of death, to veiled
untouchables, to spread
the glitter of bones and red meat.

A gift of asking to become
blind, nothing less.

Satish Verma

Amaryllis Blooms

It was yesterday's
sin. The poem like a lovely
face starts a monologue.

In infinite dark
you come like a prayer,
I shiver like a temple.

Nobody wants me
to depart, under the stars
like a genetic gain.

The moon was on.
Light was dim, I was still
grieving not to touch you.

My apology for
saying goodbye. Breath to
breath I gave you my life.

Satish Verma

Amazing

Among the crania, clouds allowed
a variation of sky. The hominids
stood up and started a stride, with
long steps towards noxious future.

The cobalt was emitting radiation
turning you black, melting your bones,
suppressing the marrow. On the thigh
climbs the holocaust.

A child in polythene, O golden god
you have killed the man by giving him
the gifts. The sand-pit, I am buried
alive in it before I understood.

Of stones, a voice was rising. Do
we address the deep water disappearing
fast in the mind? A projectile to
be worshipped?

Satish Verma

Ambiance

Trying to face fiction,
poetry was falling apart
between the glasses.

Telltale signs betray
ghostwalking of the black stones.
Sculptor coming up.

Moonrise will decide the
fate of lovers. Nobody was
ready to tie the knot.

Satish Verma

Ambivalence

Your limbs tremble?
when you stand erect
to end the silence.

Nobody wants the clamor put to sleep.

It was a direct insult
of surgical kill.

When it was light, you start
covering yourself, caught in a vise.

Every dialogue was worth living.
You can only pray for the wrongs,
come to right.

A secret of tongue was
out. Ladders and snakes,
snakes and ladders, were not meant
for you.

The ambulances has always written the
letters? in reverse.

Satish Verma

Ambulating Pain

A candid confession from you,
when your identity started protruding
from innocent rage.

You were accepting defeat
without a fight.

The lips tell the grief of human failure,
your prudence propped up
by Prozac.

A beautiful collection of anxieties
adorned on the shelf of life.

A cruise in veins
to dispel the high cholesterol
dewy-eyed mirror
and ambulating pain.

Satish Verma

Ambushed

To wean away a tiger moth
from a bell jar
for a journey of faith
against ebony of illusion.

The caterpillar has restrained
the roof,
of future accidents
to coming of age.

You do not know
the speed
of nakedness
on silvery path.

Where,
the ending comes?
You know
we only watch the heels of forerunners.

Satish Verma

Amen!

I would give anything to die
in you, in your belly,
innocently. My voice of dissent
should hold the wings atop the kisses.

The wards in between fall on
choked Eustachian. A global grief
encircles the fallen gods, prophets
of sins.

My other self silently awakens me,
this very night as I swallow my pride
and walk through the corridors of childhood
to learn again the alphabet of death.

The shadows are lengthening.
One by one the friends have departed.
The hour of loneliness was stretching.
So it be!

Satish Verma

Amnesia

You were not sin.
Pain interrupted to trigger
an ancient love.

Marigolds were in
bloom. Copper? brown. Your body
does not belong to you.

Paper dreams fly
to catch the moon in dark.
Time to burn wings.

Satish Verma

Amour Propre

Was revisiting
to quiet the moon in pink rage
crying in faithful arms.

Through the soul, I will
arrive in poems to shine
the bunch of roses.

Hauling oneself to
face the mirror in twilight,
with salt of the sea.

Satish Verma

Ampersand

Call the god
of blood and bones
to see the earth rise.

You stand in
mid-air to make history,
and the flames were
rising on the tongue.

Ardently one tries
to find the secret of mermaid
in the delta of crossgender.

No one wants to calm down
after peeling off the color
from the face. The memes
were real vampires.

You want to sit
down and brood, where
we are going on the burning road.

Right words were not uttered.
You want to keep eyes shut!

Satish Verma

Amphibians

Sometimes you want
to drink monkshood, dust to dust?
ashes to ashes.

*

Creditability in half-moon
fails. There was fierce battle
for new algorithm.

*

I wanted to know,
who you are in the jungle
of beautiful newts.

Satish Verma

Amused

Night falls in rings.
The poetry becomes
a summer dilemma.

A dancing frog
starts foot-flagging.
Mating was the ultimate.

Politics becomes
a ritual. I will not come back
to face the lynch mob.

Satish Verma

An Agonised Prayer

Death was prowling
from funeral to funeral.
No shadow will be spared today.

I am not ready yet for the final curtain.
Bullets have left some clocks
ticking in the pockets of time.

I shall call the leader
who is hiding behind the scriptures.

Don't choose the destiny.
Don't commit the date.
Anguish itself will find the path.

What was wrong with the earth?
It has stopped moving,
the stars are drifting away.
Another explosion in the sun?

I don't know.
This world is heavy with pain.
Rivers are flooded with blood and tears
and I am roaming in the jungle of lies.

Are you listening?

Satish Verma

An Unmasked Eulogy

It will come back to you
again and again? the thought
nudging through the magnolias.

Without telling you?
the creamy pink? waxy smell of
the death of the guiding light.

I am lost anew
at the center of conflicts
between earth and moon.

The unspoken pain
of the aroma undrafts
from the fragrant words.

Life folds the hands
at the chest before cracking open
the yawning chasm.

I touch you without any meaning.
No eyes. No ears? miming
secretly the footfalls of shadows.

Satish Verma

An Absolution

Why were you afraid
of unknown?
I am washing away
the whole truth in the vicinity
of discrepant nouns.
The words will articulate
the body overrun by rough
handling of the golden triangle.

The arrival does not stop
the allegro.
Claustrophilia enslaves you.
You start a new journey
towards a non-space and non-entity.
Was there anything beyond the naught.
I have come faraway.
Will not return to numbers.

Satish Verma

An Abstract End

Why the naked cells of
heart? were fearing exposure
of blood pain?

The poem at midnight speaks itself
without throwing signs unto
the moon.

The night slaughter,
of beautiful dreams begins
in the hands of the
dead light.

There was no myth
of mercy. You cannot exonerate
yourself for not jumping
over the vipers.

The venom spreads
slowly, reaching the distant
thoughts which were buried
in wet eyes.

A red scarf
covers the blue lips.

Satish Verma

An Acid Attack

Sometimes I would
look at the lame moon. For
whom you were faltering?

Perhaps, I was a
mirror. You trip, fall
and become a raw wound.

One day I will
touch you with my ragged
hands, to heal my knife.

Satish Verma

An Acid Rain

This is it, I want to say.
An acid rain falling each evening
and you, reading a poem
surrounded by flame – attendants.

Nothing moves farther than activism.
Conversation centers around the flares
on the surface of an orange sun,
a big hole coming up in the ozone layer.

You are an ocean, needs penetration
of inquiry. Running a relay race in
a big cage to keep the torch
burning. Clouds in the sky

objecting to full moon, coming up,
nonchalantly. Landscape rips – off
the ideas from the thorn
in the heart.

Satish Verma

An Acrimonious Dialogue

The ambrosial ending
of the day. I was not sure
of myself. How would the
thumb mould the pen
in internal search
of cavities?

You are not going to live
hundred years. Falling from
the terrace, with a thud,
lying in the pool of blood, till you
find the celibate truth?

Between the dust and dawn
lies the dark. The oesophageal
reflux makes a hole
in each eye. Can you
read in the thick fog
of absent faces?

Satish Verma

An Angst

Was it kosher to wake
up a sleeping poem, when
someone has burned the book?
A rite of passage
between the poppies?

The soaked swans
were not ready to accept
the challenge of the defining moment.

A smart moon walks
behind me, snooping around the pines,
to drink the brazen lips.

Why small girl walks on the snow
to get the blessing
of the bells?

Satish Verma

An Anode Will Discharge

Your window
was very small.
Why did not you throw the dice?
Walk away
without a want?

I had no courage
to tell the lies,
to hold the secrets
of brave tears,
which failed to live in red-bricked house.

And a naked womb
protecting the fetus
from scars and curtains,
will find a anointed bed to sleep for eternity,
for delivering, a new star.

An anode will discharge
on a galactic light,
a message of the hungry
birds of prey.
Death wants its share of flesh.

Satish Verma

An Anticlimax

Do you share the bed
with a perceived lover in illicit
borders?

A pink gestation
of a thought? Hands
holding a naked truth?

The winds were harsh, cold
and persuasive. And lake was
sending an obscene invitation.

You were ready to make
a jump, ending the speculation.
I speak alone -

in the arguments with
sooty bust of the sky.
Moon has no other name.

Satish Verma

An Art

A calling from zietgeist;
when a flute versus beast
starts a power play.

My world becomes wet.
Amorous,
when I watch a moth in your fist.

A split moon peels off
the cuticle, for a mega show of the
cone, shedding cruciform sword.

The white tiger leaps with
precision, spilling the milk container.
It was moonlight.

The baked smile now gathers
the teeth for a final bite.
The diamonds now quiver like a fear.

Satish Verma

An Awakening

Profiling the flaws
after the ignition, starts
the outrage.

A stoic will assume a
secret. The mute testimony
against my naked walls.

Your gifts are lying unseen,
unused. I have gone, O tormentor?
beyond your reach.

When you would try
to annihilate the vision, I will
check the bleed of eyes.

If the bell rings;
somebody will arrange the table
for anaesthesia.

Satish Verma

An Awareness

You wanted to vend
the dignity of pain, crazed
by moon. Stars won't tell truth.

*

What was your religion.
I ask the ocean of grief. You
will talk of man's fall.

*

Faith flickers like candle
in wind. One day I collect
some footprints of light.

Satish Verma

An Ecopoem

Climbing up the sun,
you had no expectancy.
Pressed between the lips
there was pure blankness.

Something dies in me
daily. It was time to commit,
your shirt to a magician
asking the miracles not to happen.

Beneath moonlight
dark tears of stones flow.
Someday the mountains will cry
and the snow burns.

The world does not end
here. It thrives on hate, murder
and abuse. Will you stand up
between love and blues?

Satish Verma

An Electric Affair

The calling deepens at
night, when it is pitch-dark
and I go in abyss.

Unknowable my angst,
keeps me restless to blunt my
hyperaesthesia, which wants to
drink moonlight.

Clumsy with my pen,
I write and rewrite a message
which will not reach you.

You have the same faith,
as that of the sleeping bo tree for the
god of void and blankness.

Tell me, what is a classical
fall of animated suspension.
You leapfrog for the bird catchers.

I plead guilty.

Satish Verma

An Elegy

The abundance spills on my
torn shirt, when I was
gathering your voice.

The affiliated sore
begins to fester in your face?
after flying a kite.

It blurs, when you give
a speech, manipulating the lives
of innocent bystanders.

When you were heaving the numbers,
I was holding on the poems, like coins
not your paper thoughts.

Being blind was not becoming
a Buddha in the garden.
Suicides were increasing every day.

Satish Verma

An Equal - Armed Cross

It was true.
Something had happened to me.
Killing my innocence?
I was dying daily.

Unflinchingly you
dragged me into the arena of tigers.

Like the obelisk, an
unfinished missile, you accept
the tender vows for
the undoing of an angel.

There was no poem today.
Only hollow words? floating
in a snaky ring.

Do you hear the call
of Mars? Its red hot flames had
singed our screens.
You cannot see afar now.

When I suffer unabated in wood
smoke, don't move away from me.

Satish Verma

An Ocean Speaks

On my tongue and
skin, your salt burns.

My anxiety brings
the moon to become a witness
on eleventh day of fasting.

Renunciation had failed.
Clay soldiers continue to fight
the dream ghosts.

The body goes back to?
untouched soul.
No language will describe
the kiss of death.

Unbroken thorns
will not give up. Catching your sleeves
they will beg you to come back.

An untainted candle
refuses to burn in the bed
of roses. You never knew, when
did you become water.

Satish Verma

An Opening

I will color
the sky, grieving for the
departed moon.

*

Tossing my words
onto the lake, to bring back
my baby pink.

*

Night I had woven
a gold pattern on the bed.
Memory will know.

Satish Verma

An Opusculum

No stitches will work.
You have to navigate-
in mendacities.

You have to navigate-
in mendacities to find
the truth, the truth.

A papyrus write may
know the future, the destiny,
the future, the destiny.

You always run to piss
at the tree, to draw
the borders. The animal.

The animal within you, becomes
salmonella, dones a cap,
enters the dome.

Enters the dome.

Satish Verma

An Unmasked Eulogy

It will come back to you
again and again? the thought
nudging through the magnolias.

Without telling you?
the creamy pink? waxy smell of
the death of the guiding light.

I am lost anew
at the center of conflicts
between earth and moon.

The unspoken pain
of the aroma undrafts
from the fragrant words.

Life folds the hands
at the chest before cracking open
the yawning chasm.

I touch you without any meaning.
No eyes. No ears? miming
secretly the footfalls of shadows.

Satish Verma

An Unborn Prayer

A twisted journey starts on wings
after the end of the road. Ambition
sits in corner,
nonchalantly and a tempest
hollers around the spires.

Broken down from parched ceiling
a mural turns into a mundane knife.
Lifts the rage,
of the fallen shirts
and starts a war with bleeding arms.

Light weeps on the shoulders of night,
I am not yet conceived in the womb.
Suns and stars
beyond the innocent years
have not crossed the boundaries of guilt.

Naked mankind sits on the banks of grief
after the futility of mourning
for death. A child rises from the shadows
of flame.
The eternal burns become green.□

Satish Verma

An Uncanny Feeling

I would let it go
anything now. Will not accept
any grace.

I am moving unfazed?
buttons apart. Let the night
descend.

A hired applause was not needed.

As the gorgeous earth plays its last tune.
I will wait in the lobby, to fail again.
There was no repeat
of the deciduous teeth,
coming back to chew your fingers.

The small steps you won't
take to bridge the unknown.

Scoping the language, watching
itself dying.

Satish Verma

Analysing Myself

You will change one
day, in rattling bones, trying
to make yourself whole.

Living in heart only
for transient love. Was it possible
to become immortal in poems?

One day I will meet
you outside the moon. Where
our embraces have gone?

A street car stumbles
on rocks of broken windows.
Now I cannot see your face.

What was left in
our hands. I read daily your
lines. They cry every night.

Satish Verma

Analyzing Myself

What was the infinity
of pain in everyday life? At night
I scramble to catch moon!

You were always invisible
I collect dust under your feet.
Wanted to become like you O Buddha.

Sometimes you cry
silently in sun under sky. The
shade of Bo tree burns.

Satish Verma

Anaphylactic Shock

Night was descending
on the tonsured heads,
terracotta robes,
clasping the palms, hiding the seeds
of earth.

Against a ban on lips
for belonging truly.
Blissful. The squids settle in the weeds
of overbrimming sea of arms.

Blood was red, brown and pale.
oozing from the slit eyes,
soaking the green voices, herbs and sad kisses.
In the death, your name will be engraved on your shoes.

The steps were small
but shadows were very long on the ice.
The stings unflawed, did their job.
Suddenly you go
in anaphylactic shock.

Satish Verma

Anarchy

Wind prowled.
You had a hornet's sting
buried half in your hand.

Anaphylactic shock.
Translates into night of terror.
You hesitate to smile.

Midnight blues.
You cannot count the stars.
Pesky. Stories spread about moon's pink thighs.

An ode to the death's kiss.
You were sleeping in the
sole embrace of pain.

The denizen breaks the rule.
Moves into the sea
for courtship with depth.

Satish Verma

Anatomy Of Violence

The insider,
of a windowless room
outreaches a gun.

A signature assault
nips at your heels
in revenge.

Mind in a rubber sac,
in search of!
a real country.

A balloon thought,
soars high, towards infinity,
to snoop at the god.

You should have
myriad tears, for the
fallen, *Black Beauty from unknown.

Satish Verma

Ancestral Present

Pardon my mask
I will put you on pedestal to torment me,
because you were necessary
for my existence.
When I prepare finally my death wish
you can smile.

Your eyes are looking through my head,
I know,
you were hurt from my moon face.
I will wash your feet with my tears now.

Exhausted, nameless in a crowd
I was counting my see-through triumphs
all piled up as burned out bones.

To live without meaning is very painful.
Everything is abused for self gratification.
Over a black sky, against the mountains
the old silence becomes teeth of a dead faith.

Satish Verma

Anchor Buried In Clouds

A dimpled moon
crosses your path. The surreal
loop empowers me.

I catch the fire
of loves echo in valley
of tears.

Don't break this
mad world for the sake of
your enemy's dream,

A tiny dot grows
into a big wound of your
lips to write a poem.

The blood-colored
pain overwhelms the eye
of hiding Sun.

Satish Verma

Anchorage

I do not want to take you,
either the road ahead,
or lovely gyrations
on low stage of voicelessness.

The swoop of eagle
on a little bundle,
of chromatic fever:
was it unbirdy?

The tree of death grows taller
than indelible darkness
of life, harvesting
tongues.

Part of me were you,
I had abandoned in fog.
The gate will not open
in common courtyard.

Satish Verma

Anchored Briefly

While melting-down he was going to cheat
the death. So be it, bribing the inevitable.

In search of me, you and self, life was
coming to an end. Standing on sharp edge

he wanted to go back to beginning of era,
to try again his fear against coarse future,

to be versed in or not to cease, to yield
to the butchering-ground for salvation.

He did not want to pick up the droppings
now with butterfingers. Let there be a revolt

against the buyers of wallets. Gods have
left the caves and crowds are thinned out.

Prayerwheels are broken. Sky was overcast.
The morality heaves out of bush and steps

up to find a new crisis.

Satish Verma

Anchorite

Layer by layer, a pterygium
was removed to improve the vision.
Eyes did not blink.

The words did not come
on your tongue.
You learned to become a stranger.

A cemetery woke up tonight.
No body was going to put
to sleep in dark.

For peace you die,
living alone with death
in a desert of bullets.

Under the sun
you abandon food for the sake of red ants,
who were going to crawl on your body.

Satish Verma

Ancient Echoes

Art of dying
comes, after
you listen to the siren song.

The intention
was to kill yourself,
non-violently, when
moon was hiding.

Man was changing the skyline. You can
redraw the landscape without hurting the grass.

Don't offer to sacrifice
the goat on the rock,
where the shipwrecks took place.

You burn that, what you
would not eat. The
assassination charges were true.

Satish Verma

Ancient Landscape

Weeping asokas were talking.
Only THE Plato will tell
the truth about republic.

I was shaken like
dew drops on grass in whirlwind.
No end of unending.

Moon goes on rampage.
When will you meet me in charisma
of midnight September?

Mankind will not
change. The stones roll down
to remain afloat in river.

Take off your hand
from my shoulder. You have
to go for a long journey
without me.

Satish Verma

Ancient Sins

Drunk with pride
the streets are bursting
in self-indulgence.
Who was calling the shots?

Do you know the words
between intermissions, carry a secret-
till the brazen scoop
finds the hidden meaning.

It was grave
very grave truce, unmaking love
between the estranged lovers-
when clouds were seducing the moon.

You don't belong to this
crowd of renegades. Ants
will take away the
divorced dreams.

•□

Fissile belly
has started showing signs
of reckoning. A gloom has settled,
gyrating in a sunken garden
for the hung corpses.

Never cruel were the times before
when blind needles were unstitching
the lips of frozen faces. I refuse
to start a prayer
till the grass covers a silent tomb.

Last night it had rained
on the private flesh. It was
full of semen. You do not
belong to this world
of pregnant pause.

Satish Verma

And Many Eyebaths

I shut myself,
you becoming a fugitive,
of the neo-genre.

Birthing a truth?
of this world.
No one was a prophet.

In my inconspicuousness,
I touch you with my poems,
to cross the gloomy door.

And the cup remains
half. You kneel in a prayer
to seek what was not possible.

Who would become blameless
if there was no crime?

The gifts of love?
lie scattered. I cannot
solve the jigsaw puzzle.

A heart bleeds without crying.

Satish Verma

Anemia

A sage plant scrambles for the
mob, walking out of bed
and begs for a death.

The adolescence had become
graphic. Do you agree with the
splurge of moonlight under the street light?

The unborn stink was hovering
after the shipwreck. The seagulls
were bewildered.

There was only one slogan
for the black booth.
Priest was sitting cross-legged in a liplock.

Satish Verma

Anger Within

A gem cutter
takes a pause
and finds the hate of a locked house.

The words scream
and hurl a propensity for violence
becoming an aphorism.

A pithy precipitation
was delayed. The seeds in desert
will not be able to catch the light.

I am still lonely
making peace with rain of arrows
coming from nowhere.

Satish Verma

Animal Kingdom

There was too much, violence in the
house. I walk through the pathways?

of divided family. As if waylaid
by the thugs. I am stranded bereft of?

all my achievements, fixating at withdrawl.

The menu
alters.

I go
hungry.

The toothache persists. Life is
vision seethes without wings.

Pulsating silence.

There is no voice.

Like mannequins, we dance
without geniality. The master
is nowhere. Who was pulling
the strings?

Satish Verma

Animating Fear

For whom the bruised
fingers tap the door of
invincible death?

When the water will
touch the feet of dying earth,
to pay homage?

Man stands in mudhole
watching sunflowers to wilt
with waning sunlight.

Satish Verma

Animation

The animal thing inside:
My half-brother,
was unsettling me.

Over the sunset I watch
the drawing procession
carrying the dead body of a tiger.

The light is fading. The stripes
were becoming a myth. The
guest was ready to depart.

I am holding the molten lava
in an urn. In the black sky
a satellite burns to undo the grief.

There is no death, no stopping.
A face pressed between the leaves
of a book smiles.

You come back to me in rains.
I call you by cinders dancing
in the mirror of whistling time.

Satish Verma

Annex The Belief

A dialogue with fear,
to end the thought,
was walking alone on the edge of death.
All the mercy of life was with it.

Gone were the waves,
whispering, back to the sea of mundane paucities.
The sky and the pain were there.
Again a question of collective guilt was rising.

So much noise was coming
without any resemblance
with the damaged certainties.
An act of voiceless jealousy was starting for the ethnic slur.

It will not disappear
a conjugation between light and dark.
Can truth annex the belief
with a half hitch?

Satish Verma

Annihilation

What was left in our hands
after risk and awards were given to seekers?
Sign of grace at hairpin bends
was y was speaking.

A moratorium was announced.
Somebody will have a glimpse of the moon
through the interstices of pain. Not
a word will be uttered for the elite

ravines of truth. Blessings of facts
will interact with amnesias. The bribery
of bleeding will extract a price. I
am moving the wheels of doubt. The
vulture of time throws a shadow.

Satish Verma

Anniversary Of Flirtation

Imitating the waves,
I try to end the attachment
touching the shores,
then moving away.
Search for eternity erases
the designs. Birth
and death cling together.
I let go the passion,
the deviation of fear.
There cannot be two lives.

When the illusion meets
the pain, truth laughs,
I forego my future,
tear the past and burn the present.
Failed life hangs on
the silence of sorrow.
Names don't hold any charm
they come & go. Days
dropp like long coats
I search the night.

The desperate seeking
will not end the journey
It is there in the dark hole of the heart.
A pitless gloom.
I am afraid to be revealed.
Art of life is scissored,
Anniversary of flirtation
with death forgotten. We celebrate.

Satish Verma

Annotated Fingers

Becoming myself, pricking the soles
staying alive, frozen, mistless eyes.
I bite my tongue,
chewing the forbidden peel of
what you are.

Can you move with me?
With my atavistic welts?
Emptying yourself of all the poisons,
while the space was shrinking.
The golden gate is silently watching you.

Give me your hands for a quiet journey,
they are shouting to blow the dirty dreams.
Every thing is done for the vanity
of the naked paper
fluttering in the annotated fingers.

Satish Verma

Annual Ritual

That awkward moment
when you stammer,
truth spurts out:
how not to offer a straight reply.

Your green eyes
tell me the pain
of last century.
Of armistice, of amputated legs
and then you don't know what to do with your existence.

Darkened trees spit the starlight.
I will wait for the maddening crowd
to take the dip in the holy lake,
to wash out their sins
under the full moon.□

Satish Verma

Anonymously

You want to cover
the great distance,
between you and lost innocence.

The imploded silence
will speak of
great murders.

I was going down-
the stairs,
to dig out the skeletons-

from the latched, oak
chest. The empty drawers
had the imprints of fallen ancestors.

Soon the eyes will
swell, with salt of
a frozen sea.

Satish Verma

Another Assault

Set free the water?
do not harm the spring.
A short poem will write your
theme in air, without asking.

The unbaked bread
will feed the oven.
And the silent prayers
will seal the lips.

The bride of desert?
weeps. No palms, no ariels.
You run over the ruins
to find the tools.

Now breathing stops. A
hammer strikes.

It was the tragedy
of a brainless tumor.
Aneurysm brings the stroke.

Satish Verma

Another Blossom

The eye within the eye
of a soul is tranquil
but the storm is raging.
Around the body, the cluster of names.
Father and mother,
brothers and sisters,
I am refugee in my home.
I steal glances over the western sky,
a blue star beckons.

Ambition was a small
city in twinkling night
a pilgrimage of amazing nothingness.
My heartaches for the missed
happenings. The decay was inevitable.
The flight of swans continued.
The memories of flowers
had a funeral for me.

Death was ready to strike
eyeball to eyeball, I refuse to gratify
One long vigil was still
incomplete, ash & flame
will break the distance.
Today a song will rise
from the ruins.
I will wait for another blossom,
another voyage to dreams.

Satish Verma

Another Creation *

Detaches,
a part of me. To find some space.
Time cracks a dark matter with unknown speed,
colliding to release the invisible. Chilled
particles land on distant psyche. I will
give you blue rains.

It hurts when I think between choice
and will. Light was arrested in the stone.
At dusk the stone becomes a star.
I kiss a beam and bid goodbye to stilled doors,
of my ancient past.

This universe,
after the bang
plunged in a dry desert, moving
through dooms. Yes and no confirmed to uncertainty.
Another explosion will expand into
a fresh galaxy. I will watch the rise
of hundred suns.

* After the LHC successful experiment to simulate the creation of universe by colliding beams of protons on 10th Sept 08.

Satish Verma

Another Harbinger

Something was sinister
in beautiful night.
The sharks come stealthily
in your eyes.

The apparition has
no vision. It springs
surprises. The angels put
on the masks.

You look like a
mannequin rolling the
eyes. Small battles start
between the aspirants.

I feel very lonely,
Words would suggest, but
not explain. I was
afraid of losing the truth.

Satish Verma

Another Journey

It was the hiatus
that underlying silence
of which I was hearing the voices.

There was nothing left to be said.
I wanted to levitate in void
to unlearn what I understood.

Why the distance interpolates
between the guilt and acceptance?
Leaves are falling in different colors.

Time avenges, burns the grass,
the lips, the retina,
the black walls and white numbers.

Inner peace will return
On the ashes of fallen trees.
Life will resume another journey.

Satish Verma

Another Love

Give me a moment of pause
in this eerie lull,
I do not want to call it a day.

The blind fist had provoked the shrine,
before the lips started demanding
the dazzling kiss of a knife,

pure cut-out neck of high volted
embrace of a tall pole, black and white
like moon-struck anchor.

The strip search for tear-salt
under the unripe breast of dying flame.
Like a trembling peacock attended by hawks.

Not the comfort of street stone
heals the cleft of forehead, split open
by a shower of dancing missiles.

Satish Verma

Another Mistake

Training your voice, you
had come around to open?
the door of the miasma.

The departure stretched
very long. Strange blinkers
were holding the light.

A cunning God would
not let you die?
in the trenches of syllables.

The moon would withdraw
from the humming night?
for a face-lifting.

One blind sun, hurts
the path, where I had
laid the marigolds.

Satish Verma

Another Name

When postponed, death had no meaning.
It was lying in ambush.
Journey was imperfect without
a termination.
Behind the dust was another desire.

Another thumb on the trigger
starts shooting through the bubble
of moon. Every bone springs
to jump for final galaxy
of hidden stars.

Striving was brutal. Being
was dying for life. Profits
of morality on sale. Fragrance
without house. A memory
now invites another name.

Daughter of next life
lives hundreds of years
in death. Becoming
becomes the fear!

Satish Verma

Another Stroke

On the hay stack lies my body
brought from the shooting range.
Brain dead, I exit, to watch
the blood drenched earth. Foot prints of eternity.

Window is shut. No light enters.
In tiers, the cadavers are lying in a heap
of stinks. Violence has brought the perfect
insult to bubbling life.

A naked truth sweeps the floor, burns
the statements of filthy peers. I was
young with small eyes, full of water,
in the face of crime, looking at the stars.

Death will walk on payments now.
History will ooze in spurts.

Satish Verma

Another Tomorrow

You forgot the lines
and lineage. Getting all
or nothing, pulling away at the umbilical cord,
seeking liberty to commit a sin
or feeling liberated after committing the sin.

The tone embodies the elopement, unbound,
to invent the disorder
and divide the provocation.

Night was approaching with few stars,
flowing like the squealing of a dark saint,
blameless, under the thin breath
of the dying sun.

Into the orphanage enters the day
riding on the dust of history.
My journey begins into time
to change into another tomorrow.

Satish Verma

Another Trial

Liquidity crunch turns you
into lip slave.
The candlelight bed has the broken legs.
Asleep by the boat you sway in dark.
You are still a number in the books to be fed.
A jigsaw puzzle in the economic boom
starts a jihad. Here I am waiting for you
to start a crusade against the falling stars.
The encounter turns bloody. Shoot out for innocents.
Kids and women, criss-crossing the path of hate.
I was not ready for this disgrace of religion.
The king was making it free below poverty line.
Every wound will be addressed and healed.

Satish Verma

Answered...

I will ask you no more.
An answer settles the question.
Let myriad questions remain in air.
Thirst is larger than the river.

Silence! Ghosts are walking.
You can hear footfalls of time,
past is peeping from the windows.

Dyslexic kids are not able to decipher,
the code of gifts, the sweet tongue.
Powerless hands are tied behind the back
and neck is broken with precision.

The rape of fragrance,
petals are curling up to storm,
flying homeless in sky without speech,
ceaselessly searching instead-ness.

Half-burnt bodies for feast, roasted dreams
for taste.
But for fire, a single tear drop
frozen on the cheeks of mercy.

Satish Verma

Anthills

Beyond the moon
spirit, I will wait for the
holocaust to disappear.

Spruced up stones were
becoming idols for pagans
of muse.

The singer is gone. Only
the fluted men will wear black,
till the moon arises.

Sitting near the feet
of saints, the fronds unroll the
untidy sins, as a homage to sun.

The vigilance increases.
Nobody will write one's name
on the growing trees of palms.

There would be no
preface, when the violence
starts without lips.

Satish Verma

Antimatter

Solitary moon makes a silent ascent,
penetrates into blue sky.
Night is cool, careless,
throws long shadows.
Undulating wind unfurls a tree.
My thoughts are pinned down to a nostalgia,
unbutton a grief.
Even the death has a charm.

Into every choice there is a hollowed one self-center,
anxiety begins, makes a crouching trail.
It is the untouchable, stillness, which hurts.
Passion for survival softens the blow.
I become moment of truth filled with anguish.

Another life begins with swooping dawn,
the soul sprints out of the emptiness,
darting on the brink of darkness.
The sun seeks the windy arms,
the innocent side of the world.
Soon the day will ride on antimatter.

Satish Verma

Antithesis

Strangly enough?
it was the most silent night...
I hear the footfalls
of your absence.

There was no affair
between you and me. Only the flames
of frost I was born with. Blue
roses still keep a ritual
of counting the deaths.

I didn't touch you. The
placenta still dragging the neon
light of the womb, the
sins lay bare.

The land mines exploding
one by one. Maimed truths speak
of the communion
with unseen gods, who will not come out
in the courtyard.

Satish Verma

Anxieties

What could you do
when the donor fatigue
is on display? And stops the succor?
You are no more hungry.

A Buddha sleeps nonchalantly.

Small, blue grapes leave
their mark on the plate.
It will take decades to unknow
the sexual orientation.

Breathing in the incense,
the cannabis rules.
You were inhaling the history.

A unisex quality
in the seedless pomes.

Satish Verma

Any Ambiguity?

Between us was
left a prelude. I open
the ruined book.

Why there was other
pain in eyes. Differentia?
Of unknown feel?

A creeper climbs,
your small window of psyche.
Jets ethereal spray.

Satish Verma

Any Dilemma

Kiss me hard?
defending your poverty.
It was a flawless depression.

Do not need any sand-storm
to cover the jutting bones.
Time was full of tragedies.

Did you ever hear of?
the fences in a divided house?
The prayers without words?

Drunk in a moonless?
night, of the unheard voices,
you stumble on Ars Poetics.

More wreaths for the
forgotten lover of letters.
Life moves on.

Satish Verma

Any Panacea

With a hushed tone
the shadow of the full moon
falls in the blue lake.

Stampede brings into sight?
another murky tale of fast
disappearing earth.

You must not hear of?
me again, at the pile of
gifts from the red Mars.

Knowing you in end?
to unknow my destiny of
walking on hot coals.

Satish Verma

Aparthied

Offspring were preoccupied in their spiral career,
you feel sorry. You don't get the sleep,
core-feelings flee from
the windows of an ailing house.
A cloud softens again in the eyes.
Wronged truth has created
an Aparthied in ranks of candles.

Inner pain gropes towards
the spot between eyes.
You survive by the
whispers of absolute bliss.
Looking becomes a sequential text.
The self divides the darkness into hot flames.
Outpouring the anguish, the frailties.

At dawn the blackness
of dripping night fades.
The earth wins the moral nothingness,
beyond the regrets of inspired sermons.
The psyche is rooted
deep in the mud, topless
dust spreading the
message of preferred truce.

Satish Verma

Apocalyptic

A lone tree
waits.

The song of
. dub.
Dub, dib.

The ocean was
rising. Make a wall
of tears.

Nobody would
listen to the?
rage of earth.
Brown men still
drink tea.

A lone tree
waits.

Satish Verma

Apple Picking

Immenseness of the contrast –
from blue eyes to red apples,
(we must stop apple picking!)
from smashed leg to a stone wall –
squanders the soft toys of time.

A peach colored queen lies in state
from centuries
to be buried in a golden casket.
Poverty of words,
hunts for the meaning, rhyme and consonance.

I drink darkness from the white lips.
Green eyes will find,
a sun at last.
The urn is broken.

The scented hairs cover my face –
tendrils of a brute fate.
A mutilated mirror will reflect the distorted history
of man, through the ages of dust
and wounds. The earth was riveting the god.

Satish Verma

Appropriatly Speaking

No use, running after the scent
of the hounded animal.

The cat was dead.

You cannot travel beyond the sound.
Your presence was noted?
in a particle only.

In the blurred image of a paper
you may exist, may not.

But I am alone. What was life?
An unheard script handed down
by unseen hand?

Sugar curtains and salt-water:
you cannot stand the acrimony
of the pair standing nonchalanty.

Satish Verma

Approximately

ripening on the tree
loosing erection
the redeemer comes back to orphanage

for the biggest fraud of times
we are playing with each other
hide and seek

cutting edge I plant
chrysanthemums in my esplanade
at least they give company

you know gold plus
flowers make a very potent elixir
cold-blooded sure to melt a steel

through knobs you enter
the laughing eyes would you
mind to take off the extra wrinkles

Satish Verma

Satish Verma

Archaic Humour

Something was always missing around
one had to die daily.
To find out, what?
Just a slip of time,
life was death and death was life.

Death of a man or death of a city
death had no other name.

Hearing the footfalls of death
dogs were howling around a temple
where god was dying.
The nation now mourns
for the banished priest.

At the burning pyre
there is still no peace.
Anger lives inside the books,
flame hides in the candles.
And a rage surges forward
in the bones of archaic humour.

Satish Verma

Archives

Fear of a mound,
tumbling down
on the half-buried, half dead
archives of desires, comes
like a stampede of hoops on my chest.
I lie alone in a desert of insanity.

From the sea of agony
one dropp of salted tear,
the title of a wasted life, brings
the blood stained truth.
I want to wash my eyes again.

To watch the autumn leaves falling
on impeccable stones
for forgiveness.
We were not the fruits.

A song of blind water
enters the earth
to kiss the roots,
foo giving liberation from
sun leaked night.

Satish Verma

Arctic Tears

Would you become
my plaque one day?
Unknowingly, unspoken?

Blue poppies will come
without footfalls and kiss
the dust of memory lane.

We will cry together,
unopening the lesions,
between the flesh and bones.

The essence drips in?
the flask, drop by drop.
Reading the urns of pain,
to be buried alive.

The search of other
moons will not start till
the spell of unknown
deity breaks.

The migration ends.
Blackbirds were coming home.

Satish Verma

Are You Somebody?

Autumn pains.
How life treats you
when snow comes?

The mountain path.
Will you climb with me
to meet the unknown?

Satish Verma

Are You There

The wheels.
I decide to abandon?
the home.

*

The pain of darkness
returns. Wax
drips from a taper.

*

A sickle moon?
stirs,
my religion.

*

Deep anguish,
after the taste of
your own blood.

Satish Verma

Arithmetic

What was the
secret of the path?

A tree was climbing on a hill.

*

Temple festival.
I have come from faraway
to pick up the marigolds.

*

My clouds
will not reach your summit.
They are heavy with rains.

Satish Verma

Arithmetic

The day was killed
diving in the books.
A lamb was dyed to
please the race.

You gambled for water
huddled in eyes.
I wanted to scatter the pearls
on cheeks.

Drenched in gasoline you
tried to send the message.
A flame was ready to
light the dark.

Margarine had the lustre
but was not a gold.
A red hot iron will
tell you the same.

Satish Verma

Armistice□

unreathing the fallen saint
you wash your feet
and enter the temple of forgotten god:

cult of escapc from
tangled half- truths
with dramatic entry of hysterics

you fail to accept yourself,
the grieving death – mask
transcends a fresco

labyrinthine, spacey
soul-sick mates
disputing for no things

the unstained shirt
reminds the absence
you bake a new recipe

Satish Verma

Armless Enemies

In your domain
walking with men of straw
to immolate myself.

If power was sacred
why you did not stop
the reversing of gender role?

Oh, there was water on Mars
streaking like the tears
on your face.

The apes were coming.
There was elation and suspicion.
The vortex of existence needs surgery.

Unlikeness calls for
introspection. I am asking
god to pray for me.

Satish Verma

Armless Fight

Who was the dancer of death?
You went for the kill,
and not for the killer.

The frail armistice. You
launch a drive for the drill.
It was more than what?

meets the eye. Looks like an
Armageddon. You begin in earnest
to ward off the paranoia.

Nativity was at stake. A
captive psyche fights the fading
memory. Your face goes blank.

My things and your things.
It should not have happened this way.
It should not have happened that way.

Satish Verma

Armless Salutation

Going within to feel
the war pagan
gods have come out
on parole.

Was it an esoteric event
to propitiate a violative
divinity? From crude to soft
affirmative nod, I am going to-
see the game of chairs.

Between sin and virtue,
wrong and right, nonage
always jumps proud to accept
the the annihilation
and then the fathering.

This genesis had no design
no vision. A miraculous journey
dawn is still
long agony
will continue.

Unclenched I hold the pen
to say nothing.

Satish Verma

Arresting The Tides

Talking of prudery,
you acquiesce in,
and let it go.

The eyes lit up
refraining from comment.
A fish jumps out of water,

and becomes mermaid.
How can you eat the raw moon?
The pubescence on the

young leaves was not
ready. Will you restrain
your hubris and foot soldiers?

The imminent descent
was evident. The fire breaks.
I am afraid, it will consume you all.

Satish Verma

Arrival

Between she and he
and sexuality swoops a gender
patenting a word, as it is,
at the birth's door pretending to
be a kiss of radical thought.

Mediocrity always has an intentionality
with colored plumage, a passionate
dance before the final plunge of
a true love. Black or white, somebody
is etching a dangerous scar on the skin
of a maimed girl. Myalgia of a
nation like a lipless epic on the
while book which cannot be completed.
I wanted to believe in never tomorrow.

Satish Verma

Arrival Of Shrieks

An image was talking to you
in your mind.

There were fudged voices
of foot soldiers of half-gods.

I was scared of synthetic leaves
and black stars.

It was a most explicit blood dance
baring-all, the hiss of cones.

You wanted to define yourself
by overexposing the bisexual
stain. Celibacy was
unleaping in shadow.

The blessings will not wait.
You stay in coma after the haemorrhage.
The bloodbath will find the answer
in fever of sheer size.

Satish Verma

Arrogance

Sometimes it pours like hot
drips of melted wax from a candlestick;
your migraine.

I wanted armistice.
Untangle the lies,
I am not in your firing line.

The tulips in the barrel of your gun
cannot forgive the bullets.
There will be no ceremony after the funeral.

Give a slice of blue departure
of moon to light the beach,
there was a brutal murder on the lake

among the muffled waves of protest
in the home of insanes, who were
praying for the sun to return.

Satish Verma

Arrogant Curves

At the dance of the naked moon
a single leaf quivers
I go into trance.
A fetus in womb turns.
The first appearance
of the magnitude:
a sad cloud leans on the horizon.
Hostility of the summer
is melting in blue sky.

It will never end.
The eternal soft music of silk
the death had been hunting.
I will call for a song-
I need a transcendental soul
to sing an elegy for my unborn revolution.
Give me a hand,
a presence, a touch.

My fading blanket of stars.
at the golden gate
was not a voyage
to total emptiness.
When the assault comes
I confront the sad poems
stained by blood.
A solitude of corners
is better than arrogant curves.

Satish Verma

Ars Poetica

1.

You don't have to walk
in self-discipline
and abstention.

To transcend
the prying eyes and
rub off the naked shoulder
of moon.

2.

Would you come back
in dark to light the lamps
in my eyes?

I need no pain
to write the epitaph of
an undying poet
in jungle of wild screams.

3.

There was no beginning
no end. So from where
you will start reciting
the beautiful saga?

I don't think of your
luxury to pick up my craft
and hack me to hundred stanzas.

Satish Verma

Art

Indulging in self-obsessed navel watch for greedy eyes
like a cloud of saliva around the amygdale, they

walk on sands fudging, seizing contradictions,
smelling of raw flesh and salt, an extinction spring.

The seeds are floating an parachutes between the
burnt-out lures. Everything splits into sparks

charging the air. The guilt looms large, arches
like an octopus, riveting before an artful design.

Just one lump of sugar on peripheral fields to
dilate the pupils in dark baking the bones.

Let us swim up to the wall, wild in our groins
tie up the shoelaces and climb the portrait.

Satish Verma

Art And Desire

Living on fringe
he was stealing genes.
Fear of rebirth
started a dialogue with death!

Ignited by an asexual urge
the belly went into flames.
The super star dived in sea
dragging down his old father.

The sleek content of million years
defies the water, the wind.
The godhood remains a mystery
in the blue shapeless sky.

The impatience becomes the godmother.
Like mushrooms we grow.
Nobody will notice the change.
A white shroud stuns the artist.

Satish Verma

Art For Sale

Clapping with one hand,
when a suicide note was found
in the fist of a dead man.

I set the fire in my chest,
remaining again
unanswerable to you.

Inadequate was the
street sense, where the walls
go empty and meaning
was lost.

Take away my name,
my face, my legacy. I will
come back when nightingale sings.

Where was the law,
when you spoke truth
and lightning struck the temple?

Satish Verma

Art In Dying

Walls are suddenly
lit. Sun was getting ready
to set on spires.

Watching a pome
to fall from wisdom tree
to color your smile.

Goddess surrenders.
Eve commits suicide.
Adam quits home.

Satish Verma

Art In Pain

There was no one
at my back. A very tall moon
stitches your name.

I wash your body
in tears to the concept
of undying love?

When the light goes,
trees start falling to pay
homage to roots.

Satish Verma

Art Of Punishment

Can you see yourself
from my eyes in dark.
The moon will not help.

Your face tells the
truth of timeless pain. Why
did you keep the viper in bed?

And then the blood
oozes from all the pores. Was
it the punishment of not believing?

Satish Verma

Artful Pincers

A terror of likeness looms
like stricken birds, incenerated in split seconds.
You smell the burning flesh in an air blitz.
Nearing endgame a conceptual hate
is jettisoned in sky. You start collecting
the fragments of life.

Words start jumping. You refuse to accept
more than the want. And yet a finite
listening was absent. And the secret kennel
in the dead child fails to sprout. The toys
and dreams lie unattended on birthday
of the nation. A monogamous judge ascends
to heaven.

Any durable peace on the way? Unruffled
you are still in freezing water. The boat
is half-submerged and tears are burning
the deck. No wrinkles. The fish nod
their fins for the final plunge.

Satish Verma

Artifacts Of Pain

My unique offer:
I want to embrace your
downtrodden faith.

A continuous buzz makes
me nostalgic of my
rendezvous with a walking
fern in early dawn of
enigma on limestone.

Would you mind to stand still
in blue light to-
read the unwritten command
of astragalus?

Where you want to
go to find yourself in
the black autumn of ashen faces?

The ice. A brittle
transparent truth of water.
Can you walk on the frozen lake
of eyes?

Satish Verma

Artist And Puppets

Surging tears
let me go, in rivers.
Sun will find shade.

*

Lunar eclipse
will not spill blood on road.
Reflection of self?

*

Time lives in
veins. The past and future
meet in present.

Satish Verma

Arts

Why the jasmine was
now becoming sensual?
Drummer was dead.

The blackbird comes
again to sing bluesy.
Clouds on moon?

Economy of love?
Will you bargain the
delta for stone?

Satish Verma

Arts In Telling

I will never be able to?
tell the full story. Winds
are changing and?
the innocence has ended.

Centuries of recital now
starts the inquisition. It haunts
my psyche. In deluge?
the ferry will ever come?

Yesterday you had seen me
in a very vulnerable state.
Even gods weep.
Do you know what is muse,
goddess of art and an inspiration
of a poet?

In one of the poem I had
asked my muse, can you prey for me?
This is my style of conversational
or confessional poesy.
What do you say?

Satish Verma

As If Life Has Stopped

Why am I so sad?
I asked the waning moon.
The sun started flirting.

The vellum? still carries
the imprint, where you had
pressed hennas hands.

I came out once of
myself to look at me
from the falling star.

You would never know.
How had you cheated yourself once?
by praying for death.

Satish Verma

Ascendancy

Seizing a chance in
a trice, in one dark September
night of apotheoses-

a bird crashed in my
lap. I would not know
the virginity of the strange surrender.

The windows were tall,
with the black laces violating
the sovereignty of light.

I will not know you, will
not call the black magic,
will not transcend the body.

The white lilies were
staring down at water.
Was the dawn nearby?

Satish Verma

Ascending Paresis

This was the art of killing.
From the dizzying
heights you throw the
vesicants.

Now you need the gliomas
to finish the job.

At wrong time, I was
raising the bizarre questions.
Why the wealth brings-
the change of life?

A wandering pain
caves in, where the moon
looks sick in its paleness.

The massive lies, deep
in dirty tricks after the traffic
of blank space
I plant my poem.

Satish Verma

Ash On Roses

I am, because
you are not there.

In cold blood
you slice the moon
and drink the tears.

The forest path
opens for the shot
tigress. She will
survive.

A mysterious hand
picks up my name to
write a wounded
poem.

There was no war
between the gatherers
of blood-soaked shirts.

Will you come back
bone, flesh, heart?

Satish Verma

Ash Poem

I could not take it, the fear.
Transient flesh
vibrant in a sunken ship.

On a coral island
deconstruction of a fallen window.
Jumping on million skins.

The level of violence was rising.
Rebuttal will not convey
the truth, the reality.

A thin line of lips
skates on the ice of power.
In a palm grove

I was held by music of death.
My arms unwrapped
around the portrait of life.

White swellings on the knuckles
betray the gliding priest,
who denies the god.

Satish Verma

Ashamed

Afraid to ask, the white
fingers, to write a name on black paper.

The milky way.*Janus will
trap the light and open the doors.

War of words was not
going to stop. The alphabets do!

not pronounce well. The!
rape, the brutality, the mutilated death?

The mother tongue weeps.
The masks will write a history, in exile.

Throwing the coins? The
real face becomes a poem, lifting the wrists.

Satish Verma

Asia At The Edge

I wished
a solitary temptation,
to write off karma
and become responsible for the spattered blood.
You were generating hatred, Asia,
in the land of Buddha.
I can hear the glaciers receding.

Answerable to belonging,
the change of generations,
makes me free to become deaf and dumb.
Only I wanted to see, and see through
burning walls,
the hands, who lighted the torch
to burn the transparent shame.

Rejecting the original script
of fighting a god, in the midst of
non-truths, how far the time will decide
the destiny of man? I break off
from the cliches, wait for the leaves to fall
and its drifting darkness on the open land
of wounded whispers.

Satish Verma

Ask Me

It was a celebration.
You were ready to start
self-questioning.

In this immoral
world, why someone died
laughing?

This is not true.
Nobody wants to be honored
after the death of unknown.

You become a child,
after the murder of sepia night
for the sake of moon.

It was like a
trail of the trembling comet,
when the god cried.

Satish Verma

Ask The Ladybugs

With your basest coins,
will you not add
to my woes, like invasive
hyacinths?

In the hot power
matrix, don't become
the hypothermic.

A geometric design
was coming up. Most innocent
was responsible for the
rape of a beautiful city.

A burning sitar
was still giving out a
melodioustune without
a wire pick.

The hot days have turned into
wild animals, eating away
my thoughts.

I freeze in my step at
middle of the road.

Satish Verma

Asking For Pardon

Invite the hemlock.
In my end, you begin to climb.
Not political.

*

You let out gossips
for me to sort out pebbles
to prove narcissism.

*

Let the waves come. I
will stay at the bay to watch
the sea to go on fire.

Satish Verma

Asking For Sovereignty

It was a cloudburst-
from your saddened eyes.
I want you to hurt me.

Like blood fingers writing
a name in sky-of
a towering sin
Of unabandoning a hymn.

The breach will swallow
the lamb.I would not know
of the Aquila, how
big were its wings.

Burn me in your eyes.
O goddess, why you always

look like a fireball?

O liberty, what was the color
of your torn gown? The aconites and anemones
have beautiful buttercups.
How would you drink the lethal dose?

Satish Verma

Asking For Validation

Playing the double life,
coming apart at?
the seems.

I was thinking aloud the death of a
supernova, and here
an araucaria burns out.

Hands unknown,
someone mixes the cards
of your fortuity, and you
become very rich.

You couldn't carry
your happiness and crashed
on stairs, like embedded
in quicksand.

I regard this a
slaughter in broad daylight.
Sun was pierced by a
blistering eye.

Satish Verma

Asking Myself

You walk in air
without leaving footprints,
giving me nothing.

In the sound of
dry leaves, I search nothing
in abstention.

Who had molested
the white moon in rains
of the sacred land?

Satish Verma

Asking No Mercy

So normal, the poverty
makes you rich.
At the same time, you cry.

Not needed to be
adored, I was my own slave.
The long journey suffers.□

The big shark makes
a dive. You fall like ginger?
bread in mouth of kismet.□

Satish Verma

Asking Old Moon

An abstract romance
will take you to micro love
of nothingness in void.

I start collecting the
evidence, how to kill space
and you transcend time.

A rainbow knows the
secret of dark winter, when
snow hides under your skin.

Satish Verma

Asking Yourself

Exploring yourself?
with an ornate dagger,
to find the missing link.

My integrity was at
stake. From where did?
you start?

Bring the steel from
the sea, and loneliness
from the storm.

The beige sunset
would dare to go ahead
of the red moon.

Will you threaten a
small reply? The lips were
in the state of siege.

I will meet you
one day at distant dangers.
How far you will go with me?

Satish Verma

Asphyxia

The dark energy
brings a little death, everytime
you throw a lighted torch at -

the hunched mass of a wounded
pride when you were wanting
a wayout from within in vain.

A neurotic dilemma to
arrive or not to arrive
for the final act of -

kicking the bucket. Silence
one day will speak to me
in whispers for a beautiful
elegy of a charred remains
of a renegade god who always
wanted a silver rain.

Satish Verma

Assaying

Sailing,
triangulating the body.
I will not come for the false blues.

You dig out the bones?
to evaluate the sickle,
that failed to trim the dark.

The murder was clean.
A religion lies beheaded.
Anaerobic, the poem survived.

The animal smell,
owers the limbs.
You run blindfolded.

The crickets emit an omen.
A sulfur burns.
The yellow sun was rising.

Satish Verma

Astigmatism

Decoding the self-portrait
in false exposure from me
to light. The wounds hide
the smell of alienation.

The infinite was never
created, as biological father.
Crestfallen wallflowers went to protest.

If you could find a god on the road.
you must ask for the reason of
astigmatic vision.

There was an uncanny feeling;
somebody was watching you. Afraid
not to see; time was making room for you.

Answer becomes a question mark.
Don't shut the door.
Death will walk with you.

Satish Verma

At Crossroads

I become your past
in some confrontations
trying to hear you.

The lexicon gives me
a path to go in the quiet of
night, when you are sleeping
in moon's arms.

What a dream. A
white tiger jumps on the
pink belly of earth to
find the browless eye.

Standing before the
firing squad, you were
still planting the lilies
and iris will go blind
for thousand years.

The coral reef has
started dismantling.

Satish Verma

At Dusk

Not the salt.
The water hurts.

The frostbite connects
the moment of break.
I will not write
any elegy.

Frivolity takes
away the rose
buds of moon
in dilemma.

Tracing a swastika,
did I ask for your long life?

This was the
oral death of soft
butterfly, who will jump
into bonfire.

You could have given me
a little star.

Satish Verma

At Equidistance

Being rationalist
you wanted a secret sun
in your dark house.

Brainless also sleeps.
Season was not right for me
I was planting words.

The weird norms of
the parapsychology.
Why do I read mind?

Satish Verma

At Precipice

There was soft
purring. Inviting but malicious,
when you entered the cave.

A bittersweet encounter.
Quantified. A new dna print
after a cyber attack.

Another turn of the Venus.
The whole world
has never been the same.

Anatomy of violence
was shaping the
future bêtes noires.

Stupid thing, our roots
still commingled with dust
searching the stone-deaf god.

Satish Verma

At Risk

No story was left
between us. You will not
start any new event.

You sing the absolution
amidst the hails. I was not
ready to retaliate on two legs.

The vibrations reach the
sea. The waves prepare the
advance attack to pull down the sky.

Two small lips tremble.
Even the irises swell?
before the frost.

The naked dolls swim
before the moon rises. There
were no stars in sky.

Satish Verma

At The Beginning

A dewdrop climbs
a cloud to inspect the
Broca's area and tears.

My speech was
fragmented, picking the
wrong words to convey?
the pith.

Weary thoughts tremble.
You won't be near me, when
the jungle burns.

A war always
looms large, between the sky
and caged birds.
I don't want to break.

Venus flytrap,
becomes my home, I need
to sit at the edge
till sun sets.

Satish Verma

At The End

The ultimate, unsung!
spreads out
and sails to oblivion.

I wanted to become
you, in desperation,
clinging to a swan song.

The great wall!
of silence, built on sand
still stands in hurricane.

Questions mate!
behind the curtain.
The truth, stands naked on stage.

Nothing to declare
now, I collect the pebbles
of childhood, hidden

from your eyes.
Locking the door behind,
I walk out to liberation.

Satish Verma

At The End Of Game

Very grim. You
promote the copperheads.
Lakes go dry.

I cannot stop
thinking, watching incessant,
the rains.

Waters send? the
crimson clouds to hide the sun.
Now that ice melts.

Become genderless.
You are walking on a
sleeping volcano.

Where the three
rivers meet, I stand on the bank
to watch bipolarity.

We are not yet dead.
Some wherea flutey whistle calls.
Follow the flames.

Satish Verma

At The Navel Of The Earth

Again you took a wrong path
to meet the angel.
Like larkspur, you had
the dolphin's back.

Tears will not stop in the?
eyes of the moon. The
eternal itch remains. You will
not drop your smell like musk.

Like the Nazi salute, you
raise your right hand to bless
the crime of telling truth. Now
people listen? when you are gone.

The poesy suffers. As
also the ink. You want your
dark spots to come back. In
contrast, the sun will shine.

Satish Verma

Atonement

Come inside
me and explore god of
fire burning the world.

A miracle was
not the answer. The pathless
trek ends in water.

To live or not
to live like light
in eyes of moon.

Satish Verma

Attributed To Peace

Impatient, I will
not say anything to me.
Come burning the moon.

Surrendering truth,
you lay bare your daisies.
We don't share enough.

Pain me ever to
eternity. Who knows you
will sleep in my eyes.

Satish Verma

Au Revoir

Skin deep, the moon
goes with me,
to bid goodbye to old year.

I have moved nearer
to the door knob,
of the unopened crypt.
The stale air leaks from the crumbling door.

The unfinished books
are under the frost. I cannot
shovel the walk. A grainy
picture emerges, of despair.

Going to dig up the ruins
to find the script.
Ink spills on the paper,
words depart.

Satish Verma

Auburn Dawn

I believe, I had not arrived
when you were arbitrating
between naked steel and the truth.
Violence were you. I was watching
the burning pyres in a row. Small hands
were collecting the ashes,
casting glances on the falcons.

Why reincarnation of the reaper again and again
arching the helpless life in terror?
Half-filled cups of tears are spilled
on the marbled smoke.
We made the truce with slaughter
in moonlight pitying the survivors in sun.
The face watching from the window disappears.

An auburn dawn wakes with swollen eyes.
I might find a lost child of the empty womb –
wandering in wilderness of three dimensional sorrow.
O mother! somewhere the roots are waiting!

Satish Verma

Audio Pain

I cannot hear you
in my absence?
for a transient heartache.

Life gives you a dirty slap
and you write a poem
and this was not to happen overnight.

Looking at you straight
I discover myself
surrounded by glares.

From where the horse
was felled, a warrior makes
a hole in earth to reach
the flesh of time.

The flames take away the
gifts of death. Only the grey
ash smears the face of moon.

Satish Verma

Auspiciously

You evoke the desire.
I break like bougainvillea leaves.
Wind sweeps the floor.

After tarantula bite,
I pick a peony? ambling
aimlessly in rains.

Until the seagull
lands, I will stay on the beach
waiting for sunset.

Waves scramble before
the moon rises. I will hold
the flowers in palms.

Satish Verma

Autodidact

Will not donate
my bloodstained shirt.
It divides the cuffs.

The alphabet turns
around to watch the fall
of syntax.

Everynight I wait
for the moon to rise
from the crescent of golden eyes?

for another encounter
with a god, who
would not listen to soliloquy

of a rich begger?
sitting in the ruins of a temple,
he built of dreams.

Satish Verma

Autumn's Harmony

Moon crazed fonts
starting a genocide of words
in narcolepsy.

Don't ask me about the amphetamines!

The letters have gone crazy.
No discipline,
no shoes.
They run wildly barefoot,
make you feel a victim of curved lips.

There were no afterthoughts?
about the massacre of essence,
of message, gist and substance.

You stand alone in jungle
of books, unprinted, unspoken
of, finding the
sequence of life.

Satish Verma

Avalanche

A hand wipes away the dried tears,
chemistry working.
Somebody puts a hand on the globe,
gives a strong twist.
Flesh helps to forget the agony.
I squeeze the heart,
smell of pain wafting through the pores.

Despair and solitude maintained contact with me
I go blank, cease thinking,
graze melancholy.
Listen to humming of bees in the ears.
Scrawl a note on existence,
of a dropp which started an avalanche.

Talking of sensual divinity
and neutral attachment
a river moves on bald terrain.
Somewhere the water in the eyes dries up.
The salt remains, burns the cold prayers.
The hawks move in a swift dive.

Satish Verma

Avatar

The coming again?
of a submerged face
in silence. No black magic.

No dreaming, no moon.
We grieve together. How
many out fingers were lost?

Just like this I am
sure. It was not
any cognitive impairment.

I want to forget
myself. A revelation
has pulled me out from
burning pyre.

Satish Verma

Avoiding The Virtue

In moments of hubris,
of artificial hip,
the most unknowable thing was
the blood thought.

An invisible ink, of late
marks the error
of autumn. A lone survivor
of leaves of time, would not
break the word.

The donated eyes will not
see the dreams. You can
boil the bones to get the truth.
Somewhere a guilt prospers.

It is what you don't think.

Satish Verma

Awake, Arise

Birth of dark secrets
would extend in black light.
Travesty of sun.

I am in troubled
mode of mind. The eagle
dives to catch moon.

In water. Butterfly
effect you can see in
distant blue stars.

Satish Verma

Awakening

I am writing off all the symbols,
will not wait for the judgement
and cross the boundaries.

I am not you,
I am not him,
a blemished soul
it wants to be set free.

Conjugating fever at large
colliding, colliding with guts of needles.

Tasting ambrosia of pain,
oedipus asking for another name.

I am offloading the ancient guilt
give me some time.

I do not want any clouds to follow me,
my words are scented with streaks of blood
and shine when only the cinders arrive.

Satish Verma

Awareness

A fragile pistillum sways to conceal
the sperms in pestle. Unilaterally fired salvos
were increasing. After the dig, bodies in the
debris were popping up daily. There
was no truce for brothers in arms. Struggling
to hold on the humanism, anger was rising
from the white paper.

A sense of lost is weaponized. There is
a mix of solemnity and hurt. Pacemaker was becoming
a slave, will not respect cadence. Obscurity
must take refuge. The golden lined clouds
were enduring the sun. A howitzer fires at moon.
It was time to find the anchor, shoving aside
the mortgage of life.

Satish Verma

Away From Home

A frame
lifts the skirt of a portrait
and throws her genitalia
on your face.
A twin blast has taken place.

Why did you stand for
eclecticism?
The fables will miss you
and blue horse
will not return home.

The naked feet
will roam on grass, when
shoes will ask;
what is the miracle?
It happens once a while.

Reified the colors into pink
thighs – for every word,
cubics
stood undressed.
Now the table waits for you.

Satish Verma

Away From The Home

Non-thinking was a tremendous effort,
I scratched the years one by one.
Between you and me was a river,
it has gone now.
Are you beyond the imagination?
My eyelids bleed,
and there is a painful punctuation.

Give me fireflies,
it is too dark here.
The future tense,
is not relevant now.
Present is very tense.
Books fail to open the lyrics.
I am lonely in the prints.
Life makes a big leap
for the sake of splash.

I place the candles in the wind,
away from the home,
which never was.
Going where the memories,
had seedless interior.
Emptiness sings for space
refuses to be filled in.

Satish Verma

Baby Face

Why did not you
cross the black river
and remained innocent?
Unhealed, failed inside, broken and honest?

You won the race,
the space, the heaven.
Moving away to the farthest blackness.
Your god sits crosslegged, clotting.

Brown hands on white shoulders, boneless
move in circle. Deportation
of words opens the green wounds.
Birds carry the snow on the wings.

I was confused, wanted to love
my broken vowels, for absolute you and me.
The baby face pops up again
in my perfection, speechless.

Satish Verma

Baby God

Carrying my words in a small jewel box
I was listening to silence
of falling rain,
to heal my truth.

A blueberry moon
was peeking from behind the hills.
Crazy clouds
started a celebration.

Sometimes you want to stop
in your tracks and look back
with doleful eyes. Was it important to collect red roses,
suicide notes, purple robes for seeking liberation?

The baby god I wanted to laugh with,
does not smile anymore.
His tinkles lie buried in heap of dust
in your skinny heart.

Satish Verma

Baby Steps

Time may defeat time
when you start moving in dark
tunnel against the light.

*

Before you change your
mind, you got me trapped to
sing night after night.

*

At sun's untimely
death, the stake burns nervously.
You were not in sight.

Satish Verma

Baby's Steps

If there was nothing
to chance at, we will not quit.
I won't see your hands.

*

Pulverized faith
seeks a new name to survive.
Prophets are dead.

*

Would you bow down
to collect the dust falling from
tresses of goddess?

Satish Verma

Back And Forth

Someday I will
ask questions standing
in the deep forest.

Where the swarm
of words would go if?
the pen was broken and
you were hiding behind
the marigolds?

At last I was
looking for you with
minute details.

The silken touch of
your hand still burns
on my face.

Days don't change.
The pink symmetry was
a mirage.

Satish Verma

Back To Savagery

Hacked to death.
All I scribbled on?
your breast.

I was on the verge of
a confession. I loved
you like never before.

A full moon, like a
toddler was hopping
towards me.

Never reached the
perfection. Do not have
any wants.

Getting the burns
from the cushions.
I will call you later.

Satish Verma

Backtracking

Leave something for me to imagine.
A skeleton in a pond
leaps to the moon.

In an air bubble
lies the history of a suspended
name, wasted away on water.

A war is declared on the
family of words, not spoken
to anguish of man.

I thought of my sun
averting a disaster. The sprouts
will not come out of the earth.

An enquiry into the nature of
immanence, leads to starvation.
The body of truth turns into a snake.

The revolution within, shows
a false victory. You start again
from the ugly fingers.

Satish Verma

Bailout

Moon stepped gingerly on clouds.
Apples were painless.
Yes, centrifugal goes the truth
on a ploy, unveiling the sky.

Pain of the dreaded times,
was visible through the invisible.
Tremors in the mountain range were
palpable passing through the spine of faithful.

I am not. But I am non-believer
in me. A real transcript of a restless
syndrome. The oranges fly in all directions
to gallows for humor.

A false poem. Sexless. The uranium was
getting rich. Bang, the hypocrisy again
rules amidst the shaved heads. Exactly
the truth lives far away.

Satish Verma

Baked Tragedy

It was a waste.
The mantel was too sharp
for the dying words.

Will not give a call.
I was angry with me.

Your skin wearing
on my hands,
O god I want to undo
my sins.

It hurts me,
whena praying mantis
keeps a watch.

I have defeated myself.

Very proud, an instinct
prepares me
for blue burns.
You will never know yourself.

A thick pain drips
from the swollen eyes.

Satish Verma

Balancing Act

Collecting the dirt,
a speechless drama unfolds.

Now you can hear the?
wails of buried amnesia.

You can touch now the footsteps
where the activist fell.

The gift of bleeds coming
from the saddened past;

the space was expanding?
to accommodate missed abortions.

My limbs giveaway gathering,
the blackberries of moon.

Satish Verma

Bald Arguments

How do I remember
you, I ask grammarly
between life and death.

You were not very
keen to know,
what I did not say.

What I saw was a
moonshot, restrained by a dig in.

Ultimately I sniffed that,
nobody wins in love.

The bona fides are at stake.
The mob was not a validity,
stranger than real.

Collectively I will gather
the stones to throw on god.

The road warrior was dead.
There was no path.

Satish Verma

Bald Sky

The fall
was imminent
on the moment of complete truth.
I was talking of annihilation
standing on scaffolding of fear.

Walking on burning coals
was a sacred commitment,
a spiritual solidarity,
with lake salt –
to lift the spirit
of sagging trees.

Of freedom of body
in camps of violence.
Without sound, I wanted to see
the creation in nothing.

Anything was happening
under the bald sky.

Satish Verma

Bald Winter

Pushing you away
from me.
I was in flames.

A cadaver walks
without shadow. Blackbirds
were falling dead from
the blue sky.

Do you believe
in omens? Nameless a star
melts into my eyes, burning
the face, arms and torso,
making a history.

All the blind pilgrims,
are ready to depart.
I let you go to
find the hidden import.

The live skin
becomes leather. You want
to wear the shoes
to remember your foes.

I look back, from
where the journey didn't start.

Satish Verma

Bare Journey

Overly possessing the karma,
you sail in meditation.
Does creation tag along
the destruction of self?

The chain persists. You leave
the theater. The ancient
voice gives the soft resoundings.

Something was always left
to say. The neophyte will
not speak. The arms
were overreaching.

Take hold of the window.
Some light will have deep
penetration. Edge was very
sharp. Pack up your belongings.

Satish Verma

Bare Moon

My poem done. The
blood night comes gingerly
I will stay awake?

to die every inch
in your purple dreams. O love
why it was scary?

Not my doing. This
utopia in fake play
chasing my verses.

Satish Verma

Bare Tongue

It was
a killing line.
Walking on razor wire,
when toes would not leave the sky
and heels will not touch the ground.

Myths and legends
were becoming a witchcraft.
Are you ready to eschew the classical script
and write a new fable, about
a life size robot,

who will speak for millions
and put his signature on the wall
of a dying moon for the sake of blue clouds?
The caldron is empty. No body was
throwing any baby in it.

Stay still.
The bold instincts will come back with vengeance.

Satish Verma

Bare-Handed

Can you come like
a violet stream tonight?
I will keep the window ajar.

Blue rain-would
wait for you to
sing the parting melody.

Why you did it
to me in dark, when a
spark was burning the virgin grass.

I will wipe away
the tears of roses. The
yellow vase had broken.

My pain was
very deep, fathomless.
You will not find the floor.

Do me a favour today.
Don't cry.

Satish Verma

Bareland

It plays tricks.
Rattles the animal, inside you.
Back to back, you start giving names.
 It had happened?

under his watch. Opuntia.
It spreads like a cobra head.

Prickly fruits. Represents death and bones.

How the people believe you,
when I am thirsty,
I wanted blood.

The skin becomes black. Stones
shine in sun. You extend
the hand to touch the mirage.

No water. The black bucks
turn around. Somebody shoots
them between the eyes.

Satish Verma

Barreling

The limbs had the raw strength.
They were learning
to walk on the water.

The silver axe
will hack off the neck
after the daunting recovery.

In gestational surrogacy,
you don't want
the incisors.

To kill a wanderer,
you need a howling
wind, fledged.

A shoebox contains
the handprints of a skeleton
and liquid eyes.

The hunger has a blue
desire. A savage bite
will bring out the space.

Satish Verma

Barreling Down

Now talking of the snowstorm
you wanted to go deep
in the woods and find out
where the small birds sleep.

It is all white like
the cotton candles, or white heads
of witches sitting in a crowd
to turn you into a tasty morsel.

Who eats whom? The stinging
cold reminds you of the frozen
relationships. You don't want to
recall the warm hugs and kisses.

The fear of dying unclaimed,
haunts. You want to be buried
alive unnoticed, in snowy white
lake of tears and eternal sleep.

It should be less explained,
with a foot note. There was
no gender peace.

Satish Verma

Barriers

Your frozen words float
like flakes
falling from invisible lips.

Aimlessly I would
pick up the yearnings
trying to caress me.

Talking to me in
hushed tones, to give a
tang of silence and release.

The otherness, like a
silvery spider's web invites.
You wait at the edge, pondering?

To walk in or not. You
bite your tongue, cannot move.
There were suicides.

The cadavers talk.

Satish Verma

Basic Schooling

Look into my eyes.
I was changing every day
to read your genes.

For supertruth of
isness in valley of sparks,
when peaks glint of gold.

Like a black hole
eating watercolors of
dragged, setting sun.

Satish Verma

Battered Faith

Deserting a shrine, in the swirling
waters, I move, unbuilding
a path, under the shade of the moon. the
sprawling village has been swept off/and
so were the ponyriders;
a lifeless symphony of howling winds/
scatters the silence.

I step forward to meet the vapors
of after death./The souls are dead/
and the ghosts are walking in dark.
No ignition was left to recognize the faces.
No god was seen nearby.

I am at loss to make the return journey.
A boulder as big as the temple/
obstructs the view. There are moaning
voices/coming from under the sunk
houses. Why won't the unseen hands/build
up a bridge. I eat your words
and go in trance.

Where are the bottle's jinnees now?

Satish Verma

Battle For Madness

I see it coming
the end before the beginning.
Of dawn.
The midnight call.

Impeachment was fragile.
A satanic cult
overwhelms the freedom
of negation.

Do you think we can
move the tree of wisdom
from the altar of ethics
sending shots to the sky.

From the grief of paradoxes
Can you run away? One
moment you exhibit the caked blood.
Next moment it is dark.

•□

Standing on crossroad,
do we end the walk
and wait for rumbling
surge of anarchy?

The anguish is writ
large on the tanned sun
who was moving along with
porcupines.

The wild berries
have colored the skull caps.
Swarms of red ants
are running behind the heels.

Satish Verma

Be Alone

I was reluctant
to miss the blood moon
in your clear sky.

Shame. The city was
dying in flayed arms of words,
revealing muscles.

Violence breaks
the message of Gothic
trees in prayer.

Satish Verma

Be Deceived

Living a death daily,
becomes a normal chore. It was an intense
realization about the ephemerality
of words, the message appearing,
import dying.

The sparks in your eyes
ignite the earth,
without defiling the blue sky.
It was most elemental.

Walking, chatting
green flames? convey a denial
of condensed thoughts. No
milky way. Farewell to tears.

Until you come, the stars,
the moon will not brighten my
kingdom. A peeled off enigma
still prevails.

There was no daymare.

Satish Verma

Be The Human

Not giving or taking.
I will share you?
in water.

Believing was not significant.
I was holding you
to implode.

Not your words, not
my script, will translate
the thumbprint.

A time comes, when
you become your own father,
to carve out the pure truth.

The duality bothers
a lot. You want to convert
the myriad into one.

Satish Verma

Be The Vanity

Walking in shadows
with bated breath to find
the sun. Your forehead was telling
my destiny.

Gradually I was moving
away from the shores,
towards deep sea?
to discover myself.

In blue space?
you will meet an
unborn suitor in forgotten
pain.

When you think solemnly
you look innocently?
beautiful like a larkspur
in naked moon.

In hushed silence I
propose the diamond kill.

Satish Verma

Beast And Lovers

In the orbit, fear was invisible;
was not seeking anything, just wanted
to become a stone;

break my body into seven rocks,
each one becoming a rhyme
never to die;

said, I am, now, is, not mildewed
past, not grizzly future.
Every moment myself.

Tree, river, cloud and mount
become aboriginal alphabets.
Sun walks alone.

Behind the death, another miracle
seals the lips of a dumb;
Only eyes will speak now.

Satish Verma

Beat The Clouds

You cannot kill the
hunger, eating dry leaves
of beautiful scape.

Where you placed the
thumb imprint, it was fake.
Big hands didn't move.

It was waiting to
fall, the colossus under the
rains of silent eyes.

Satish Verma

Beautiful

A cinder,
neither coal nor ash,
my life,
clogs the roots of swaying carnations.
Fear, like a cheetah, runs faster than discretion.
Helplessly you tear off the last page
of the book
without reading the end.

One petaled coral, green,
hides the white death,
drowning the hope.
The river has changed the course,
without meaning, purpose,
meandering, engulfing the cardinal designs.

A homeless god wanders,
in my garden, to sit for a while
in the ruins of burnt umbers,
till the shrine is completed.

Satish Verma

Beauty

In the dust storm
a discarded moon
sat in my lap.

Then internal rhythm
crashed.
Amorphic I would not find the music

of words translated into a kiss.
Gold started weeping
in my hands.

The clouds will rest
after committing a sin,
of letting out the sun.

Satish Verma

Beauty Of Pain

Behind your face
was cleaver
releasing past poem.

The sensual milk
flows from the palm
into your lake.

Grieving for
the torn wings of pink
light.

Cruising on thighs
with eyes closed
death utters a shriek.

The eternal flame
closes on pollen
to tell a lie.

Satish Verma

Beauty Of Truth

Sometimes I will not
tell you. You had shown me light.
Do not go in storm.

Let me unlock the
known. Knowing too much
was curse of unknown.

What you want to
say was a predicament. The
problem of non-loving hurts.

Can you exist with
my humility? I will touch
your eyes colour.

The time of sorrow and
sorrow of time are not same.
Do not break the silence.

Satish Verma

Because You Count

The name. You were my
flesh, my bones. Forgive
me for this moment. I am
burning all my belongings.

Looking at small things,
weather beaten. I have
come back to pay my
indelible debt.

Darkness was always there.
Who am I to light the candles
in storm to glorify the thoughts?
the shrine of past sins?

Ichthyotic. I am peeling
off the skin, the dirt? the stains.
Want to stand naked, firm, rigid
and erect in my aloneness.

It was time to climb blood totem.

Satish Verma

Become My Father

He did not want to climb the spiral helix,
a son will be born without him.
He said I want to become my father
and see the decline.

How for shall we go to investigate?
An infant wrapped up in plastic explosive
was going to be presented on dais.
An unclothed carcass was lying between you and me,
body donated for the study
of failing restraints. How death would behave
in broad daylight?
The vasectomy did not work. Testosterone was
still flowing.

Reading Kafka, peanuts!
We have come near emptiness
of a tree, hollowed by white ants.

Satish Verma

Becoming A Legend

The craft of
creating darkness in
bright sun.

like boat
docking without sea.
A sloth bear?

was sharpening
carved claws to climb the
vertical rage.

Ruins of past
glitter in dense moonlight.
You stand under a fig.

What spectacle
you want to decipher
during bloodbath?

Something else
should have happened
in the dying light?

Satish Verma

Becoming A Recluse

How much I know me,
I will ask you one day.

That was a symbolic
wish, if you were on moon
to celebrate your own death,
at the hands of unknown.

The deepest mystery was,
why must you live.

This was a culture of thriving with
make-ups. If you recite
a truth, you become ugly.

Hunted by lymphs and
nodes you cannot walk straight.
You turn back, when
the time of departure comes.

Hail the dead, who
licks the rock-salt in end.

Nothing else was real.

Satish Verma

Becoming A Totem

Moon was playing
with a skylark. I give
a whistle. He ducks behind
the palm.

This was your figment
of imagination. You had
said, bring the last sound
of the forest.

I was the giver.
I am the taker.

An immaculate kiss
of the flame will decide
the destiny of bullet.

There was no distance
between the lips and
the hiss of the venomous snake.

Satish Verma

Becoming Less

Catch the waning
moon. It may not come
back tomorrow.

The traveller stops
under the sun, not to ask
for shade. The anger
was rising.

Like candle light
brightening your face
in autumn halo.

Would you like
to read a love sonnet
to retrieve the lost
Taj Mahel?

Squeezing the cool
bright moon in a glass of
drink, I want to see you
mutable moods.

Satish Verma

Becoming Myself

A ghost truth
levels down,
the traffic. You enter
into catatonic stage.

Rage and anguish
will ask,
for the price of blood
flown down the river.

Listening
with the eyes. Leaf-fall,
luteus, music of descent
on grass.

A dust storm
settles on sill. I will
look through the window, at
a setting sun, unadored.

Satish Verma

Becoming Nobody

In search of a missing clock
he went to the city of a fake encounter.
It was irrelevant to find
the lost tunnel.

There was no street without a rustle.
The sap of tall trees had bloomed
into jaws of death.
He stepped on a land mine
and blew himself
to reach the truth.

And his gift was an
apostate of me.
The tenth day moon will
celebrate my becoming nobody.

The rivals will have
a field day
dancing on my shroud.

Satish Verma

Becoming Oneself

Truthless,
I was searching the self,
in truth of life.

It leaves many
questions, unanswered.
There was import-

of risqué. The generated
heat would kill
ordinary answers.

You can tear up,
a mountain to release
the particles,

although invisible.
You stretch out your hands
to collect black currants.

For a kick-start
you start shouting.
I am the truth!

Satish Verma

Becoming Otherself

My goodness, you too
hit the road, to be without desire.
Resolute black birds follow you.

Sun is visited by red
moon in twilight, before parting
once a day for a kiss.

Life betrays everyday.
Yet I won't accept defeat by
lover wearing a face mask.

Satish Verma

Becoming Strangers

I was rearranging
the things, in order
as if I will come back.

Ah! Life has
lynched my poems. I
feel? I cannot write
something beautiful.

A frenzied mob
calculates your height
and starts stoning at
an erect totem.

The hardened rocks were
melting without fire
to submerge you and your
castle made of clay.

At sunset-point you
reach to stand in twilight
to morph into an alien!

Satish Verma

Becoming Whole

I don't ask. Will go
fighting. The maverick plays
a game of blue hearts.

Not galloping love.
A subdued undercurrent
flows in brown eyes.

Shadow at moonlight
clings to my feet, not to meet
the Karma this night.

Satish Verma

Becoming Yourself

The fear right
below your skin, festers.
I listen to hissing sound of
simmering muse.

Space between the
words suffers. There was
no meaning left by
unspoken ties.

The castle of dreams crumbles, brick
by brick, in the hands
of sleeping volcanoes.

You need a
snake charmer to sway
the beauty of crooked
smile of time.

I still watch the trap.

Satish Verma

Bed Of Stings

Unconsciously?
you take on the impossible.
What is left, was yours.

*

Creed suffers. Pen wins.
Religion buys a new god.
You won't remember.

*

Bring the semi-truths,
lies bloom, among the converts.
Who was the original?

Satish Verma

Bee-Stings

Life was behaving
strangely. You said I
have the right to die in
zero gravity. Blood moon?

flaunted a big smile.
The last kiss was on fire
I burnt my poems. There
was an eternal peace.

Why one should shut
the golden treasury. No
more ruptures. Was it not
a miracle? You were chasing still me.

You hire the tongue
of others to speak truth. Your
vernacular was changing. Why your
words were dipped in honey?

Satish Verma

Before The Hanging

Today you are moon,
tomorrow Miranda.
I will call you by different names.

To atone the travesty
of justice, you pull down the flag
from atop of the fort.

Nodoby else was there
when you hit the planet.
We join our hands to drown
without a lake.

The king of sky, now
waits for the tempest. When the
daughter will come to wipe out
the tears of snowy peaks?

Satish Verma

Before The Sunset

I am trying to do my bit,
nonpareil. A soundproof doer,
erasing the palm from the painting?
drinking the nitrogen from the air
starving myself.

Cannot bequeath my eyes,
my thumb vision. You were always
asking about my sadness, emptiness.
I will not tell about
the acid times.

That killing instinct was not
there. I will give you the
unborn poems, that would not wear
the death mask, my unspoken
thoughts, peeling after the darkness and
I will let you go to find your path.

Satish Verma

Beforehand

On the blue veins
going to waking sleep.
It has its own city.

Like big cherry picks,
when your presence purred in my chest.

The bare fangs,
approach slowly.

It crumples your hormones
that was not a small dying.

The pulse runs fast,
even faster than light. Still
you wait in penumbra.

All that you did was
raising the eyebrows, to
ask, who were you.

No introspection was needed
to clean the color of smiles.

Satish Verma

Begin With Ending

Your half-surrender was
unique. Going home to find the truth
of end of a beautiful story.

A mid-life pain takes
the memories in lake of fire. The
saga of urgency of moon ends.

Once there was a name
to solve the cognizant problems
of truth. Now prevails the virtual.

Satish Verma

Beginning From End

Not accepting death,
eyes search in dark, the meaning
of the salvation from?

*

coming and going.
What were your thoughts when it
rained in lightning?

*

Would you climb again
to prayers that were soundless
and wordless in eyes?

Satish Verma

Beginning Of Voyage

A fear stalks you
in the dead city of broken paths.

If god wills.
Listening to truth in golden dawn
you become a stranger.

Where you want to stand
between far-right
and far-left?

I relapse into grief.
Who was not a god....?

Between you and me
what was missing?

Brotherhood?

The silence was heavily
pregnant. No one speaks.

Give me a chance
to look at me.

Satish Verma

Behind The Brick Walls

Winter is round the corner.
A single dew drop?
cedes a concession to tall trees.
Watchers of virginity
will stay to freeze the fidelity.
Eyes will not let fall
the blood tears.

You were not reading
your mind, skipping your mantra
of departure, behind the
curtain. The winter takes revenge.
Not a single leaf will
follow you, when the blaze
rages in the eyes of moon.

Listen my love. Story does
not end here. Deep within is purple
band. Win or lose, you
will walk on the stings to mutate
the pain of amputation. And
I will paint a fallen
bo tree unfinding a Buddha.

Satish Verma

Behind The Glass

I will write a very
soft poem for you today.
Moon had promised
to standby.

You cannot stay outside
your lips. They were frozen.
I will trap a ray of light
when you fall in a pit.

Such aplomb. I must
give you a gift of an Ariel.
Come equinox, I will wait
for the harvest moon.

The pure hymns. I
turn my gold ring for a miracle.
The scars were singing again.
Out of reach, a star winks.

Satish Verma

Behind The Whispers

One day?
you may become,
your own revenge.

Making a preemptive
move to torch
your book.

The steely arch
in sky, in solidarity
with pain of past genocides,
was losing its way to the
rude and narcissistic era.

The night will not
listen to any sunny prods.
The moon will take
a dip in the lake.

I will swap my poems
with your smiles.

The shifting sands
had wiped out the traveler's
path.

Satish Verma

Behind Windshields

Moving towards the east,
to meet the rising sun.
In wet eyes, I was receiving
your image, losing myself.

The pink doors of
deep cave, touch the flames
of yellow moon. I was surprised.
The night waits to depart.

It has rained all night,
at the pathless hurts. In sync
with the swaying of crab apple trees,
I unfurl my pains.

A milk shade spreads
between us, without breaking
the firmness of earth, where
we stand without looking at each other.

I stitch the undone
poem to bring you back, in
cottonwood arms, ready to fly away.

Satish Verma

Being Trust

Don't speak the truth?
loudly. Biped
are listening.

I will not blame
any one ever,
for my poems.

I must invoke
Buddha, if he
was an avatar.

Rage again for
the dying sun. Night
was very cruel.

Satish Verma

Being Alone

Writing your own elegy in a
blocked artery?

for a syntactic analysis.
How do I know

that dolphin will remember
my name,
my address?

It swims silently.
No ranting.

Eating nothing? anorexia.
Standing under a tree,
tying the thread round the trunk,
you want to move against
the time.

Only a question
remains unanswered.
From where the journey begins?

Satish Verma

Being Grateful

Trying to shake hands
with moon hanging out, to
reconstruct a memory.

Was fortunate
to have survived the night.

A theater of death was birthing.

No sighting of mercy,
I was going to punish myself.
The faithless will hatch a plot.

Why swear words
are needed to make a point?

The man-eater
was climbing up.
Your body language leaves you.
In despair of aloneness
quietism overtakes.

You have reached there,
where you had willed.
I will wait for the wasps.

Satish Verma

Being In God

Skin-hot, I will bake
my words to impress your unique
martyrdom? sans blood drops.

*

The apple on tree laughs.
It is not going to fall down?
in this Omniverse.

*

You conceive a
baby god in your mind to know
the eternal truths.

Satish Verma

Being Mortal

Oh stranger,
was I making you taller
than me, when lightning struck
both of us?

It was raw and basic
my trust in you. You couldn't
wait for my call to pursue the truth.

The light breaks
into nuts and bolts hitting
the open faith. World brings the marigolds.

Like a castway
god lies bleeding in the street.
Your agonized voice calls for the
blood siblings.

Who to spell, anarchy
of man's descent? I am scared
to find the hidden burials.

You bend down to
collect the dirt falling from bare feet.

Satish Verma

Being The Untruth

You had dropped
the moon like a burning coal
in my courtyard to
ignite me.

A splitting image
to prove that the ontogeny
will not repeat the history.

Sun tilts to spite
the magic of rainbow
in the eyes of Ovid.

This was the moment
of love between gun and
the bleeding poems.

Perhaps the exiled
poet's error becomes a sage
to spread the incense of erotica.

The vampire opens
the wings to go for benign bites.

Satish Verma

Being Watched

The one happening;
which never happned.
A slice of mock invasion on
inner sanctum to find your own name.
Who were you?
A mind not on the mend? A
house you were not living in?

The forecast was wary of strangers.
A deadly intent was hurling
the desires onto the stones
of eyes. A fog hides the melt.

You were not ready for syntax,
a rhyme breaks into sobs.
Washed by pain, a sting
becomes the poem.

Satish Verma

Believing In Myths

Wanted to dip my
pen in light and draw
your face in golden lines
on dark clouds.

The time announces the
arrival of spirit. You land
like butterfly, on the
lips of voila for seconds
and fly away.

But you did not come
to say goodbye.

The bell tolls for
no one. Nobody dies today
to celebrate the departure
of death? gracefully.

I lived dangerously.

Satish Verma

Bell's Palsy

Recalling memories was difficult.
I presume, today was not my day.
Theme uprooted, I stood for the branches,
the spirit, the truth, the roots.
Do I see more than what was needed?

Only eyes to eyes speak without words, sound,
vision or reality.
All the flowers have shed their petals. Now
seeds are shining. I feel liberated. The
faultline has defiled me. Bilingual insult.
Time leaves the questions in air, suspended.
You have to find the answers, yourself, in the
debris of arguments.

Bell's palsy. Face, lips distorted, lids drooping,
speech slurred, you clog
the brain with help of anti-depressants,
how many endings you have seen?

I have not lit my dark cell,
moonlight, mauls the window,
jostles to enter
hurts in my face!

Satish Verma

Belonging

Let me navigate the resentment
in non-verbal manner, I go in myself,
dislocating the whole experience
of goodness for vulnerability

I was stung a hundred times
into playing a role not of mine
deceiving the life,
which was on the other side of self.

This encounter with hypocrisy in meditation
was very gratifying.
I begin trying a repetitive motion
of my hand to ward off evil,
and find a parallel home for a second thought.

At night I travel to galaxy of waste,
the perfect paradox of failure
where time clones a beautiful mistake
which will hop from man to man.

Satish Verma

Beneath The Skin

It was not a demigod, elephantiasis
of a beast, snakes sitting on head. A catastrophic

tree view. I was proud of being alive during
carpet-bombing. A catnip was needed to clear

the vision. The town was moving out shedding
its landmarks. Nocturnal flares were disturbing

the lovers. A chronic shift in sex starved
season. The birds had stopped going behind

the bushes. Each day seeks permission to bury
the dead, and grass waits for the noble feet.

Ultra hemo cover was not there. Drained out
we were becoming pale to account for the loss

of blood in cross-firing. Ultimate pain in chest
will unburden the task of a funeral prayer.

Satish Verma

Benevolence

Need mercy for a
Freudian slip.
I was sitting on a window.

The light went out
from the eyes of the masterpiece.
Only stones were left.

Give me the figurine.
I wanted to cut open the navel
and find out the blue god.

Will you pull the chariot
of moon? The black horses
will not send the blessings.

The dawn was still hiding
in a bunker. First you feed
a child and then kill the rising sun.

Satish Verma

Benign Guilts

Will you maintain
fidelity in a time of war,
when the stars were burning?

Extravagantly, I paint
the moon blue
on your pale face.

Unspeakable was
the terror. You never had
the nightmare to
frighten the sculptor.

The race will never
end. Nobody wants to
be defeated by a savior
in the province of clovers.

Who would forget the black rock,
from where we
jumped onto the flames?

Satish Verma

Beseechingly

Do not live like dead.
The minarets were trembling
without a dust storm.

*

Will the man change one day?
Your fair skin turns brown in sun
after burning the book.

*

Stars move sometimes
to understand the weird landscape
of the squirming earth.

Satish Verma

Beside The Truth

You are in
anaphylaxis. A prayer
on the blue lips.

The weightless time
knows the secret of past
and future game.

The incisors of
ancient skull of Lucy
had remained intact.

Satish Verma

Betrayal

A medieval smile
picks up the frozen pain
of fallen hero.

The fear prevails.
You cannot move the finger
to stitch a celibate.

The lies shine,
spitefull, but wrapped in
tears of broken pen.

Satish Verma

Between Fear And Courage

I visualize you all time,
my death,
A beautiful partner of my life
my redeemed ego!

Hate was not showing
its concrete face.
Love has lost the scent
and pshyche is leaving the path
of abstract truth.

Bruised, I loathe to go
in this unbridled ordeal.
Intuition or stupidity?

A spotless dialogue I dream
between fear and courage.
At end,
life can flow quietly
amidst the promises
clasping the peace, at its breast.

Satish Verma

Between Flesh And Soul

Under the pear tree
a rape survivor
wavers.

Elsewhere a moon
was sailing in
ghostwalk.

Unsteady in human
chain, you wanted
to know, what?

was the logic
behind the savage
metaphysics?

A curse becomes
a daily bread of the
tongueless victim.

How far do I go
to unearth the myths
of nodding religion?

Satish Verma

Between Hunger And Escape

Something was not polite in signs.
The smell of incarcerated bed of gods
was floating down.

A subdued shadow of black moon
was climbing on the window. And each
house had offered a son, to rage

a war of retribution. Malice towards
one and everybody, they were ready to cut the
hands who were holding the book.

Out of the ore comes out the gold, when
you use mercury. Vacant eyes have the
veils of tears. Dampness was melting the bones.

The mud on the face, a gift of birthday.

Satish Verma

Between Love And Hate

After decapitation, it was
half-honour,
half-land,
and half-bread.
We had prepared ourselves for epilation.

A war for milky sap
starts for an empty chair.
You are asked to abandon
your field and go for
a hate profile.

The gated religion now
scars the high searing, wayward
fronds of untanged age
of absent truths and
faithful lies.

I will go again to
find the answer in a similar
darkness to stand
my unconditioned faith
to stumilate the unflowing river.

Satish Verma

Between Real And Unreal

Adopt mannequins,
like aliens in frozen state?
for whispered crime.

*

Howling encircles
a saint in meditation. Where
did you hide your muse?

*

I will ask Rilke to
come back and to write new note
messaging to god.

Satish Verma

Between Strangers

When I speak to me
your golden skin listens, stretching
the pigments on your face.

The words disappear after
making tears. I start reading a
name on a shrine.

Everyday the worry comes.
How to remain a human being in
the jungle of sandalwood?

Satish Verma

Between The Accidents

After the ammonia leak,
there was a visual hallucination.
An ad hoc proxy of stardust
will not settle on the lotus.

I grieve for the sobbing moon
who was kept waiting to?
wash the feet of a sunken god.
There were no wreaths for the departed.

Death had a debt to pay,
to a hungry child, who was
given a chance to see the light,
but was not fed by the night.

To perpetuate the crime, there
was a syndicate, who would bet
for the nested game, in lieu,
of wiping the green tears of earth.

Satish Verma

Between The Names

To delegate death,
a mirror condenses the human sorrow
with an unclouded
penury.

The suffering competes
with debt and pain,
to find the difference between
just and unjust.

Prayer was not the full answer
to cross the beyond
of starvation.
A parasitic twin always rides
on your shoulder.

That infant of sun lied on earth
in the afterwords.
I heard someone crying
between the names.

Satish Verma

Between The Veils

Knowing too much
was sin. I will shut
all the windows, one by one.

Trapped in his hymns
the man made god?
trembles.

In virtual collusion
between real and fake, you
will ask? what was true,
what was not.

Something was left
always, unsaid. You were becoming
afraid of yourself.

Incorrigible,
the fire? loves the body
to write a mantra of oblivion,
burned to ashes
in bed.

Someone lives in your eyes unseen.

Satish Verma

Between This And That

There was a trust deficit
between the rose petals, under □
the wheels and the moving feet.

It does not resolve the ancient
conflict of man with
the machine via perfume.

The smell of the pungent smoke,
sits in the empty chairs,
when you were left alone on the burning deck.

Where the sky meets
the ocean, my ship had sunk
amidst the blood and the blaze.

In absentia, I am baffled
by the time's minute, when the search
of the self goes unending.

Satish Verma

Between Two Centuries

Choice was washing the guilt
or keeping mind shut.
Microscopic deterioration
in the brain had set in.
The monologue of humility
was not relevant for the flame ritual.
They said the death was a dropp of wine.

Immoral alchemy had
broken the enormous myth.
The electrons went crazy,
they orbited like hungry eagles.
Truth was never the same.
Fading age wears new wrinkles,
black on black rose praises the air.

The return of grief, was very evident.
Eyes blinked endlessly,
I too lifted the pleated pain.
Enzyme of new creation
was worthless.
We were walking
into an epic, oscillating
between two centuries.

Satish Verma

Between Us

As it appears?
as if nothing stops you and
the spring will ask the direction.
Like a bipolar, I will swing
between moon and sun.

It may not sit true with me
like a lethal drop in an empty cup!

I don't know, what I think
in dual state of mind. Time stretches.
As if involuntarily my?
hands start shaking.

Not yet. It was my wound.
I have to carry my ship down
the river. In hour of ending
would you come to write?
the ascending pain?

Perfection incomplete. There is
voiceless silence.

Satish Verma

Between Whips And Tether

Listen to silence
of pain of heart, where
sun cannot reach.

Write to me a letter
in calligraphy. I want to
sleep in words arms.

I will not explore
any relationship for any
amorous signs.

Satish Verma

Between You And Me

Who goes haywire?
You make me to break again,
I break you to make.

*

Latch on to a poem
and you become yourself a
warm heartfelt song.

*

The saddened thought
was a omniscient truth,
between you and me.

Satish Verma

Beware Of Pain

Sitting in a wake
you don't feel peace. The vigil
has a buzzing sound.

No benefit comes.
Your fingers speak for the broken
faith. Where gods sleep?

The candles in wind
were blowing up at the bank
of river, which has dried up.

Satish Verma

Beware Of The Peaks

To repel the slice of
hope, the patriarch
falls midway.

Pushed to the end of
leaf, a moth is propelled
in the mouth of deeps.

The boat starts sinking
in the age of doubts
and dementia. You

will need to manage
your fires. A hollow
rustling of slogans will,

not repeal the canorous
sounds coming from the
orgy. Life takes a turn.

It asks for an insane man
to change the world.

Satish Verma

Bewildering

The restless legs take you,
weightless, to marshes
to find the stilts.
The sea was rising.

What was inside our tongues;
such unclosing stink,
we were afraid to spit it out?
The wronged angels were waiting.

A topless soul wanders in the
ng, the tigers were
dead without sit on
the window for marrying a moon.

The quick grafting of the roses was
night it had rained. The hail-
stones were as big as skulls. Eyes were
gouged out and time was blind.

Satish Verma

Bewitching

Absolutely zilch.
Sometimes you feel?
nothing moves.

Coming out of
remorse, there was no
confronting power?

to reason. Even
time freezes in your pen,
ink evaporates.

The blues, become
a sacred cove, where
a lake would take birth.

And a speaking
pain will embrace your
sinking boat.

Satish Verma

Beyond

In emptied mind,
nudging the inner absolute,
you wanted to know the Other.
You were being observed.
but observer was missing.

From trivialities to stark realities
fusion of substances –
started a movement in pain.
The questioner
missed the questions.

You started losing yourself
overwhelmed by silence.
Talking the truth was simple;
difficult was
feeling the truth.

You wanted to know
the answer, through me.
I wanted to go,
` `` I was thinking –
beyond the answer.

Satish Verma

Beyond Change

It slides stealthily in you, the fear
shifting the blame, stoking to run. He said
the wolves are coming. I heard a wailing
sound across the black wall,

I hate you, I hate you. He was crying
and shouting. Why were you so good to
me, why did not you hit me? He started
throwing stones on jasmines –

and then hanged himself with a shoe
lace. Fingerprinting the DNA was inconclusive.
Senseless incarceration, a hidden paranoia,
a tormented soul arrested under the canopy.

Heights, yes heights were responsible for the
fall, for the hurt, for the pain. Could not
stay fearlessly for a long time. Perfection
was the watchword.

Death was the peace.

Satish Verma

Beyond Discernment

The last thing
I wanted to say before
the sun went down.

Heal thyself, Oh
seer, stoking the flames
under the lake.

Honey-yellowed,
fall of your climax?
for golden calf.

Like a hen in blind
panic, under the spell
of innocent blade.

Satish Verma

Beyond Imagination

A truth a day
was not sufficient.
There were many snakes.

The tree will speak
under the sky.
You will need solitude.

You see what
you want to see.
Eyes don't tell the real.

The silky way
you want to hold
the poems of moon.

Satish Verma

Beyond Infinity

I touch the timber
and smell my hands. Jacarandas
have solemnity.

Will walk on the blue
trumpets, to start talkathon
with soul of the tree.

Why we are born to die?
Can you stop this cycle? Tell me
the truth of the road.

Satish Verma

Beyond The Clique

Dignity of knife in hope or fright
cuts the outer edge of ed
anxiety oversees the fringe bites

of comforts. The child you abandoned
on road becomes a tree I nurtured.
A leafy town grows in the calyx of capricious

impermanence. Calisthenics permeates the
vibrations in nflies become
vulnerable in feckless shadows of eyes. The

lithe body metastasizes into a mausoleum,
you adore. A tiger mauls a gift of bed.
Your whispers start hissing for intrusion.

A pilgrim of negation raises a non-belief,
creates a stimulus to bestow an endless
pain in summation of all night.

Satish Verma

Beyond The Stars

Coming from the dark?
to deceptive bloodletting.
The light was my father.

That eternal moment
of pine cone?
to become the third eye.

The ancient memory
becomes vandalized. I
still treat it with respect.

The unclaimed truth was
yours. I wanted to retrieve
the spoken word.

Incongruously brazen
was your thrust, exhorting
me to drown.

Satish Verma

Beyond Tomorrow

Nixing hate buds was prime lens.
You thought that it was sagacious.
The roof was leaking fiercely.
It sucks your tangerines.

Squeeze if you can,
all the moons of universe. No
milk of mercy, flows
from the eyes.

Something skinny, peeps
in, from the small holes
of walls in a big castle, where
the ghosts walk at night unclothed.

Was it true that there
was no blood, when the
snake bites a white lamb?

I want to come back
from the nirvana where
only the carpetbaggers live.

Satish Verma

Beyond Transcendence

Breaking the boundaries,
you released energy.
Life was an immense emptiness
with dotting of pain and sorrow.
Counting did not help.
You had to escape
to painless unawareness.

Nameless you moved,
unacknowledged, unsung.
Humility became a meaningful dialogue,
reverberating in the creative minds.
The contentment
did not need any followers.
The occult gratification,
did not need any fame.

The cessation of agony
and anguish was important
for becoming.
Love and compassion became palpable;
when your heart poured,
when silence became eloquent,
when words become phrases.
And intelligence moved
beyond transcendence.

Satish Verma

Beyond Words

Skinned alive, as
an aftermath of speaking
against the unhinged
blue gods.

Like cacti: growing
straight towards the sky
exploring the questions,
you open a can of paint.

The secret spills. In
happenings, you will find
some poems, written
for tribes of flowers.

The colors sings at the
feast of tearfalls.

Satish Verma

Beyond You

Why do I always remember the time
of departure?
The parting maze of tears?
I accept another day that will never be
the same.
I will carry the cadaver of sin,
the crime of silence, amidst the dancing
dunes.

Who will go after the barbs of rays?
Father, go slowly in the sea.
I am closing the windows now, take
care of the clock
and potter's wheel.
The cruel age is harping on the new
designs.

My epilogue is short with love of
death which does not go beyond you.

Satish Verma

Bifurcation

I dream to you.
You were moving like a space
rock ready to collide.

Everyone reaches
to one's own end any day.
What would you carry?

You may need to
sedate yourself. It is a
long pain to live.

Satish Verma

Biography

A name without
a face. I am an ancestor
unknown.

A shortened height,
difficult to exult
in honors bestowed.

The light hurts, in
earthen cave. You write
on wall of conscience.

The mud clings.
Stink covers you, like
serpentine arm.

The arbor has many
colors. I will choose
none in dark.

Satish Verma

Bioluminescence

Like a lingering doubt,
the moon stood on the maple tree?
for a relationship.

For my sake don't take a
downside, my liberalism
will suffer.

Killed in your own house
by lightning, have you
ever heard of self-immolation?

Let's make it simple.
Take it from the giver,
what he never had? and
don't ask the price.

Your eyes again befell
a giant. How would you live
without the fireflies?

Satish Verma

Birth Of A Poem

In the sea of flesh:
pomegranates.
I will not say
what I mean.

In nameless pit
of hollow breast,
a parting kiss
of poetry.

I will count my steps
tonight.
walking on tectonic plates
before the quake hits.

It was the green blood
of craft.
A bloodless surgery
on heart.

Satish Verma

Birth Untainted

It is now dark.
Talking of exposed genitalia
I go into a terrible shock.

A compulsive deceit
takes hold of the attention.
The candle burns me inside.

Between eyes
a *chakra uncoils, like a Naja.
Strikes! You are stricken-

with a bulbar palsy.
No haemorrhage. A purple venom
spreads in the whole nativism.

Voices move in half-lit corridor.
The doors do not lead to rooms.
All exits disappear.

A chandelier crashes. You
are awakened from a deep slumber.
A poem is born.

Satish Verma

Birthday

Shot in the face an insider
tells the story of withdrawl
of the vision thing.

Crooked hands lift the
frozen lake to drimk
the elixir of death.

Lonely home inspires
the dark bird to land
on the window of mountain walls.

Should have left this day
untouched by lips.
I am counting the bridges.

Age will tell the bones
to bend like strings
for a velvety song.

Satish Verma

Bites

One wardrobe malfunction
was a blast, a kill;
undressing imagination.
I was ready for an ambush.

Like boa's grip, entwined, strangulating,
hardly breathing. I am in blue water
like a humpback whale;
donot go for the revenge.

It was not the fabric of flesh
hair and bones. I was tasting
the ash falling off the forehead
of a fallen saint.

The smile was going up for sale
in a gulp of greed.
Tomorrow morning I will find
amnion shaved on street.

Satish Verma

Bitter Sweet

Autumn was round
the corner. I was preparing
for the fall.

The great wall
is crumbling. Will you
come for reunion?

Thea leaves,
I am ripening for you in sun.
Come like the moon's milk.

Satish Verma

Bitter Sweetners

Vexed at a long sit in,
after collision
we will meet at a canal
in the watery grave.
You believed in philosophy of giving
I would apologize for the slaughter of babies.

Pink dolls
I wished to know why they were thrown
on a bank of the river.
The maroon red water
wanted to snub the lawmakers.
Step out from bloody arm badges,

there was no hope to count
the death toll. Abandoned lies
the face of god in mud.
Paper name for the dead child
paper name for the living father.

Satish Verma

Bittersweet Nightshades

It was time to
modify the heritage?
in a delicate bid to
aid the dying.

A wrenching decision was?
to ask for an apology
from a living god.

I will crack, but
not come to you, to
invoke the grace of mercy.

The twilight sits at
my door to seek the nemesis.
Why did I swallow the moon
without asking the sky's womb?

Cocooned. Afraid
to show the scarred skin.
Your words bloom in dark,
like a cereus. I collect the fame
to light the candle in wind.

Satish Verma

Bizarre Phenomenon

After race arousal
there was animal descent.
The gold diggers climb fairytale.

The controlled blast
avenges on the street. Belonging
drops the veil. We are topless.

Mode of violence
changes. Thrust was diplomatic.
Everyone shuts the mouth.

Satish Verma

Black And White

The nihil extract seeps into,
hungry roots of thoughts,
doubts the doubter.
I do not abandon the
flame of nil shadows.
Try to find the way back to home,
where I was born,
breaking my leash.

Equanimity suffered when
continuity bargained for
substance, while I opted for
emptiness where the space was enough
to turn the pages of life,
and I listened to the unhitched
voices of virgin lips.

Moon shadow in a self portrait
hangs on a tear
but I worshipped the sun;
Its heat melting my contexts,
entombed in scaffoldings of hope.
The crisp day witnessed
a miracle when no body
complained in black & white.

Satish Verma

Black Currants

You do not want to reach?
where the journey ends.

Can you keep this secret
how do I harm myself in ecstasy?
Your shadow walks?
on the lake solemnly.

I want to talk of?
the broken musicality of black
veils. Do we need to touch
the tulips under the moon?

Big toes digging in wet
grass. Grieved, not getting there
where the sink hole appeared
let the hands tremble.

You freeze in the space
between the eyes. The groove
widens to suck the guilt
which never was.

A little finger points towards the sky.

Satish Verma

Black Days

It was a marathon race of
timeline. The days are bound and shot.
How do I come to you to express
my grief of the country
in tumult!

In shouting and screaming,
there was no magic wand to invoke
peace. Your mouth opens
and shuts like the shell valves. The
scollops? words, swim in
sea of burials.

The seriality was unconscionable.
It falls short of a stroke.
The blood splits. A riot erupts
to wet the lips of curved razor.
The sun retreats, to let
the stars find their sky.

Satish Verma

Black Dreams

Authentically
open your palm for me to
print my signature.

*

You look straight
through me to find a mirror
reflecting moon.

*

The thoughts don't
die, playing a game with
a second suicide.

Satish Verma

Black Ecstasy

From the other you
comes a rapture of flame,
with blueberries.

*

The depth was in the
smoke, arising from burning
nest of nightingale.

*

At surface we meet,
divide the moments of lilies,
and then fly away.

Satish Verma

Black Hole

Will you walk with me
on the banks of a silent and invisible river?
Not paleowater eating the earth
but a collider, flowing in conscience.

One more dip with epidural
to stay away from awakening,
to start climbing on the burning tower
of truth.

Planting lethal swords in the hands
of earthlings. The essence of memory,
throws counter-questions. Strange happenings.
I am afraid of a black hole.

Satish Verma

Black Magic

He was still paying the price
for ultimate unbending.
Before the black icon locked the waves
to start tremors for an apolitical murder.

He took the call and stood straight,
stopped the melodrama of drinking the venom
and became larger than death.
This is the story of a common man,

who remained silent, went on looking
for the invisible marks on the ornamental sword
carved after every farewell to the severed
head of another clan.

Satish Verma

Black Masks

I am hurt, when I
don't know? whom I was
talking to in dark.

A lazy moon smiles.
I will do it again.
The murder of boby thoughts.

Measure the real time.
The sulphur smells.
Someone was done for life.

How much will you need
for the blood of raccoon.
It promises not to wash
its prey in water.

My prayer will
save the golden peacock.
God sleeps for eternity.

Satish Verma

Black Moods

I will not beg,
never. There were some mistakes.
You took a wrong turn
hitting below the waist.

It was a disaster. Asking
for the moon? for chilling.
Drugs make you unholy?
you try to whack the clouds.

I give, you take. But the
balance still remains. Somewhere
we don't meet and part with
unease of sea waves.

I am loosening the grip on me,
let go the legs to take me
nowhere. Unwrite the poem
meant for you.

Satish Verma

Black Moon

He made me move on the rough edges
to the abyss of ` I ' , persuasive, but strong
for a thrilled journey, on the snow-clad
relationship between disquietening
follicles of wants.

Completely alert, still drowning in fear
of abstract river, of fire, of nodal pain
of self-destruction. Suicide was below dignity.
This was annihilation of the present, past and future
in realm of faith versus asexual love of sin.

Only one moment was sufficient to disturb me,
between me and my flips, between captive
and captor. The quiet honing of silence
for breeding vowels and petals of narcissus.
Black moon, I always loved you.

Satish Verma

Black Poetry

A black swan was worried
about the debt slaves
and misogyny,
sailing along the
marbled slopes of red meat.

The ghosts in white cloaks
of truncated wombs, wait
for the pearl's extraction
from the doe eyes of future.

Can you trust the truth of
the city which will not climb
on the rooftops to look at
the white moon?

Instead you get paid for the
crimes you did not commit.
Now you will write your own
epitaph before you are shot
down on the back.

Satish Verma

Black River

The supermoon was rising with
a great aplomb to shame the stars.

At night the buttercups wage a war.
Come unpretending, as you, not him, -

on the lake, becoming a stranger to
yourself. There ia an endless nocturnal confession.

Do you know the poison tree blooms,
when the golden eagle rises to take a dive

on the row of funerals.

Satish Verma

Black Roses

BLACK ROSES

15 June 2010

Wading
in your memories.
Through
an orange smoke.

Against
a mirror,
a lake
shrinks.

Days are smaller now
licking
the night
I will count the candles

Of your birthday.
A haunted landscape
scoops a wedding
of a flame with a gale

Satish Verma

Black Script

After the skin, the corti
were trying to measure the silence
before the cloudburst.

The white noises were
very accurate, disciplined shouts
ready to pull down the stapes.

A cochlear fall from the
great heights of vesuvian peak.
No matter how big was the chasm.

You have given up yourself
to broken stirrups. The planets
begin the dance without the god Apollo.

The road never ends. The
rider stands alone to ride the moon
gliding over the empty sea.

Satish Verma

Black Stones

Your color was changing.

Sometimes I wake up in
midnight to feel your breath.
Why does it happen?

Sustained Artemisia.
Deadly poison. I loved to know it.
My head aches, when I
think of my destiny.

The vision fails. You
collect the shards of crashed chandelier
from your eyes.

Agile thoughts restart
the song to drink moon.
Where were you?

Satish Verma

Black Sun

Witch hazel jumps the
gun. Questions arise.
Why the cuckoo will not sing today?

I am drumming the wall
raised between us,
opening a small window towards the sea.

Strange things happen.
Full moon was bleeding
Astringent. I call for the mountain's music.

This fractured statecraft.
You become a stone after a blast;
moving towards the periphery.

Half-naked a statuette
was walking in night to find a
mortuary where Apollo was laid to rest.

Satish Verma

Black Walls

Aura begins from tongue
to spit fire and frozen rain
in the epileptic rage of insanity.

Excruciating charm of august mind
is fading.

Life wants to humiliate the sunshine
and hate desires to meet its rival in disguise.
Hope's termination had a beginning somewhere.
I search the inky sky for a star.

The void didn't have a center
A collection of tears becomes an art.

A bit of sin here,
a grain of guilt there.
The ending of dark stairs
depends on the black walls.

Satish Verma

Black Woods

The hanged girls,
unraped?
Or the slit throats?
What your antennae are sensing?

Unlifting the veil,
why were you rubbing the
stones in dark?

Absent seizures.
You blink only, without
any response.

Print your body on the
canvas, with cracked
hands.

The cities are burning.
Throw the nets in the
river. You may
catch a prophet.

Satish Verma

Blackened Crozier

Let it remain
ovarian pure. After strangulating
the truth,
for hypoxic euphoria.

Flies in your face
the dirt,
the denial, the terracota
of superposition of speech
hiding self-interest.

Blackened crozier
for wrinkeled crotch
drops the ashes of love
on unopened buds.

Weeping willow sways
in warm winds of prayers.
Strawberry in holes
nothing like bruise.

Satish Verma

Blackened Seeds

A hot body
was a hymn to the night.

I will drink
the moonlight.□

In December;
a poem? Words freeze

in full bloom. The
corona becomes blue.

A rose bud breached.
Beast was out.

Satish Verma

Blackest Mood

Indicted,
the firm grass?
will start a fire. I was trying
to find my path in smoke.

On fingertips, was at stake,
the creek's departure.
I would wear a mask
hiding my emotions.

We will wait for the spring.
There was still a mound of snow
at the door.

The rape of the moon
was not in cards. We were ready
to sit in moonlight, reading
our hands.

Philosophy of death
has many questions. Religion
of birth has many answers.

Satish Verma

Blackness Of Moon

You walk out from
the bruises, like a late
bloomer, for a clandestine
affair with indigo pain.

I break the barrier,
and teach myself, how not
to make an incendiary bomb.
A cohort will untie the barbed wires.

Now you can tread carefully
on fire ants, undaunted.
While stitches will take care
of the woundless blood.

A hoax sends you scurrying,
to find the golden apple,
which never emerges in light.
In despair you commit a crime.

Satish Verma

Blackwater

A self-protecting game was going on.
After the paternity test
there was slow burning
inside the moon.
Earth heaved a big sigh.
Blackwater was making a muddy sound.

Embroidery was fading
afternoon.
I open the window to uncover
the chill. A young lass has jumped over
from a flyover to meet a concrete end.

The liberated soul of nation
indulges in cocktails of free erotica.
In beginning there was a sacred river;
now in bed, dry bones
were found soaked in release.

Satish Verma

Blade Of Temper

That appears my last
race, though sun refuses to set.
Ablaze steals the moment.

*

It comes apart;
the surrogacy of imperfect?
seeds of love and hate.

*

Dry leaves of a tree
will not carry the message of
a beautiful lake.

Satish Verma

Blameless?

Rebirth of an anxiety,
of an abstract thought,
takes on the impossible of something
left between false and true.
Out of spite some body was betraying the life.

A bodiless lie becomes an imposter
beats the truth and walks away.
You, dumbfounded, discover a malignancy
in the roots of a crying tree.
The soil bacteria were taking over the grains.

The price of the sick crop, the insects,
the greed of the state, where the normal
man will go. The comets and the crabs
are circling the island. Scratch the prophecy,
and every man was turning against himself.

Satish Verma

Blankscape

Chasing the embedded sex of the moon
you torched the sun
by the stares of dead
and turned yourself into a stone
of steps. For survival?
I knew the gravel, the water
therefore cried inside.

Navigating in swathes of tristesse
makes you insane. Let us split the god
open, and find out the meaning of life.
The missed beats demand more blood, more
slavery. Bivalent limbs become untrue
to heart. I was late in coming.
You too!

Satish Verma

Blast

In a pool of blood
a face swims.
Under the boulders
there is a muffled scream.
Your private god was not there.

The space is littered with death-snacks.
Births a bloom of limbs,
stained shirts,
twisted wheels.
Dam of tears had a breach.

Stampede of legs –
abandoning the footwears.
Faces disappearing in smoke, confusion.
Road is deserted. A white pigeon lies dead
on his back, slicing the air.

Satish Verma

Blast Cells

I forget,
leaving behind? ambiance
of your arms,
burn the windows?
not to come back.

Preparing for
water burial of moral questions,
where the unnamed pledges sit.

Now theft has taken
place of stakes, meant for black lungs.

Tongue sucks the acid
of hairless assault. You
won't subscribe to buy the oral taste.

From trees, death strikes,
without wings. Tears float
with glory.

Will, not count
the ordinal numbers.
There was a zero to begin with.

Satish Verma

Blazing Trail

They swim like tadpoles.
Thoughts!
I was waiting at the far end of pond.

Heartburn increases at dusk,
fierce battle of blazing stripes
on blankets.

On the scarlet face
a bridge was burning
in wide open eyes.

Somebody takes an aim
hauling a runaway bruise.
Blood comes out roaring.

Weep, my stars,
ice was thin –
drowning the lake.

Satish Verma

Bleeding

A stammer bites the tongue
of hundreds of years.
Beyond the page lies the blood.
An outrage of a metaphor,
a blast in a bowl,
words are getting mutilated.
An unquiet love draws the river
to drown the sacrifices of parched land.
Sands will bring out the beautiful
property of a trademark.

There is no shadow between the cannons
My feet are not touching the peels.

Satish Verma

Bleeding Day

Bilobed ginkgo resolves the conflict
of soul and body on the right side of truth,
laid out on a table visited by desolation;
here comes the crash of bodies.

You stand up against the end of beginning
to lock eyes with destiny, answer obliquely
to raw questions about the baking in plastic
cauldrons, when heat was rising in blue veins.

Engulfed in fumes of muscular words, resonant
with agitation of black banners at the door;
who will stop the sea of whispering veils
defying the shower of bullets coming from windows.

They were out in black night, impoverished,
burning inside, in grass green mud, covering
the ornate faces. Folks dissipating
on blunt shades, your sun outraged.

Six steps to reach the house, you take
six hours. It was naked and desperate aggression.

Satish Verma

Bleeding Heart

And everyday we talk about the sinister designs
of semilunar nights to rob us of our days
when the sleep was far away chasing the sleep
and the crumbeled continuity of a tale lay unpeeled.

How to highlight the dates on our calenders?
You keep forgetting even the years
when your forefathers left.
And deep in the green grass the names were wiped out.

Winged days were shot down after returning homes,
late evening, when listening to commentaries on death
and reviving myths of blissful healing
from reincarnated saints.

The pseudo-dementia, scented jasmines,
flickering flames, leaking petroleum,
human torch,
and your non-stop crying.

All night the onion breath blows on my sweaty face.
Tomorrow morning I will walk with
my shirt ripened with stains
where my heart had bled.

Satish Verma

Blemishes

Without assent
I open your book
to find your crazy god on mat.

Love was a blind bird
in a state of agony.
Learning to fly.

Moon would not reply
through aslant door.
Something was between us.

Here, now a sordid tale
breaks the taboo. They
were investing on skin.

It was a cheap wine
in a golden chalice,
for a lipless mouth.

Satish Verma

Blending

Lion's tooth, dandelion
in dead winter,
holds on to your dress.

*

for warmth. The oranges
are not meant
for sale.

*

The obituary was short
and sweet.
When would you die for me?

*

Wolves in white,
were very smart. A rose,
red rose for every martyr.

*

Behind the bars
you try to catch the sky
for the lilies.

Satish Verma

Blessing

At dusk, when moon was coming up
fidelity was challenged.
No soul was searched.
It was the body scarred in bright sun.

One pink petal flew over the cloud
and landed on the lake.
Will you gather the name and
send it back home?

It was a sacred gem, in the
navel of organdie, you had
worn on the night of a slaughter.
Opalescence, scolds the light,

dark was beautiful?

Satish Verma

Blind Alleys

A nascent cry
demands the signature
of space.

I will start the self destruction-

clawing back
on the land of
betrayals.
The rule of sky was at stake.

Trees were burning
and the birds
want to grasp
the stark reality of notional violence.

In dark hour
I know not words
to lift the eyelids
the cloud, the flowers, the blood!

Satish Verma

Blind Encounter

Round dahlias.
Your eyes have started speaking.
Let there be a dialogue-

between two lovers-
under the glare of sun-
once again, initiating a tropical storm.

Oscillation.
A tendril moves in swings
to catch a mate.

The body finally surrenders
to a flame. A yellow cinder
starts a white fire.

A cindrella finally walks
out of ashes to find a pen
leafing the pain in colors.

Satish Verma

Blind Swings

gradients

vivid, humbling

I was collecting a bit of myself

reading anatomy

of animality

spawning the hidden eggs

flecks of echos scarring:

reconnecting to starry night

I could not hold my enraged otherself

and the homely smell of gunshots

orchestrated to send a message of

mayhem – for optic illusion

the reptiles have broken

the law for an oceanic boat

collecting the golden fish

on the burning ghats, streetscape

full of falling leaves and

bloody wings of black crows

Satish Verma

Blind Walls

Icons of evolution and
loud men made a circle
of nihility, leaping high,
splashing the black perfume.
Nicotine reclaimed ne plus ultra.
Lurching thrusts reached nowhere.
Dirty fingers held the prosperity.

The dialogue of root
and earth started a nameless fire.
Hunger stunned the leaves,
brutalized by unmanaged truths.
The sting operated in dark.
Let going the lights,
phantoms were starving.
I saw my face for the first time.

I accept my responsibility
for closed drapes.
Doors were banging in terror
and there were sparks on the roof.
The blind walls squirmed.
It was time for your roadmap
to show the lines,
sign the winds.

Satish Verma

Blind Waters

Random fall from moon
descending into riots
wants to err again.

Moonlight sleeps in my
room. I will ask her to go
back, after sunrise.

Will not accept your
unseen departure. It will
hurt, picking on me.

Satish Verma

Blindfolded

A dented version of an old grudge,
blackened lips with an elite song,
your relentless search ends in
a terminal shock, nursing a green wound.

That anguish was still there, and the wild anger
sprawled on hidden fractures, false teeth,
and twisted spy glasses. Sky falling silent
in terrible gloom of centuries.

Blindfolded we are led for a ceremony
of total dedication, drinking opiates
from the cupped hands of a silver god,
with alien innocence and silent submission.

I stare at the changing colors of world
shifting like summer dunes,
dancing on the graves, in dripping
dew of midnight moon, salt of tears.

Satish Verma

Blinking Lights

I let it go, sometimes
my unborn poem?
listening to my
wilderness inside.

Spreads the pain in
every cell. I welcome
the poison proffered to me.

Life becomes a message to me
of no return. You
can only move forward, towards
the edge?
joining the family.

A forest grows in?
you, when you fail to
curtsy the black verses
of white days.

There were any choices?

Satish Verma

Bliss Of Another Self

Must we go beyond
the black holes of burned books?
The flight from the edge of circles
leaves the dust behind.
Inside our wings are embedded
the years. In the sky
we must part. The parallax is here.
I will pursue the centuries
circling over the memories.

A single page flutters,
rest of the book is silent
not skillful technicality,
only a smuggled simplicity.
I fall into the stillness
of a ceaseless motion,
fall into yesterday.
The feeling to put out
the bright candle is very strong.
A burning solitude.

Face to face with motionless dream
the wide space between letters unfold a meaning.
The absence of central thought
was the essence.
Refusing to churn the evidence,
we forgot that our territories could,
not hold the bliss of another self,
of another relay.

Satish Verma

Blistering Attack

A peacock becomes non-violent
keeping the warheads
in his tail. In bird hour
who wants to blink?

The chicken runs amok.
Lying motionless was
painful for being slaughtered.
Subversion was more acceptable-

than falling in love. The bare
chest shows a gored scar.
They have started a dance
to entice a herd of pachyderms.

Bleeding? No. They have
cobbled an army of bedbugs
to start a violent protest
against the moon.

Satish Verma

Blood Draped

It was coming up, the politics
like dirty sex
in tall Parthenium grass.

The panther was hiding on a steppingstone
watching the hot, field hockey
played with skulls of peers.

Mauled, the peach skin was
entertaining sunlight in
the metaphoric village.

Prisoners of false ceilings,
we sing the anthem with
the crowd of wolves.

Satish Verma

Blood And Bones

A body of fear
blooms like the desert.
The bizarre womb
delivers the virgin
son.

The Earth moans,
I will not send the moon
across the continents.

How two persons
can live in one body?
It was a blood feud.

You walk into
your ancestral home,
where you died in the corner
of dark room.

Where the mirror
was placed? I don't
remember. I climb the
attic to cover the bones
of father.

When we will get
the judgment? The city
burns again.

Satish Verma

Blood Diary

Writing on sleeves
to remember your departure
and becoming a stray cloud.

The maternal touch
of the sky, you can sleep whole life
on dense logics.

White sheets were burning
unannounced in the home.
I lost the key, to open the door.

All I wanted to tell you
about, selling the roses.
Thorns must not go free.

The snake was shedding the skin,
time to hone on whetstone.
The tender loaf was ready.

Satish Verma

Blood Feud

In moonscape, a flower
remedy, enters the white
smoke of your eyes. An open?
house shuts.

The coal writes its name on
blue skin. We were slaves of our
own deeds. I want to go back to
my ancestors, to learn the clock.

Unheard the suicide of
a viper, eating its own venom.
The fat people will come in line?
to pay homage.

White caps and black caps in
thick silence, drink the empty glasses,
cutting the meat of the books?
and reading again the sky.

Satish Verma

Blood Nature

The dark night
was becoming impatient
to give birth to new moon at the sunset,
when you wanted to find,
the meaning of the curse
of killing the light.

Why did you see
a beast in me mirrored
in you once? The restive
stars were reflecting your face.
You will not go against
the will of the sky.

In meditation, you had
discovered the opal, the truth
of the ripened age.

I do, what I didn't
want to do. Open the door
again, to receive the
final assault.

Satish Verma

Blood Prints

Do not wade in
tears, in blood-deep wounds.
It was a black gold.

Moon was hauling
the night. There was no ending
of empty words. Silver

would not leap in
sun. I become poor in
the court of charity.

Satish Verma

Blood Stained

For a long time
I will look at you
to find my image.

In the grainy morn?
the frivolity,
dithers.

Thrown from the roof
a cluster of flowers
for vanity.

Satish Verma

Blood Was On Sheet

Was it necessary to see,
what you wanted me to see,
when I was keeping open my wound
to hear the unheard scream?
What was that which was getting in air?
A little disjointed time, asking
peace for the land
to stop the moulding on the medallions?

The divide and hate the hate and divide
the kill the kill the kill of mercy
and this was to be believed, not to believe
in the grim fate of the fall.
Pain was you was me was him
the guilt of chewing polluted words
to accept the uncertain,
the naked lies.

Blood was on shirt blood was on sheet
blood was on paper blood was in eyes.

Satish Verma

Bloodied Mouth

Tonight I lift your eyes from the face
and paste it on my window.
Even death cannot claim the space
reversing the age.

A bra bomber blows up herself
in a windowless cell,
to get her a name on the wall of silence,
sort of a miracle.

Roses are in bloom
perfume of your life.
Do you take for granted
a claim for the sun?

Over to next moon
I will wait for the night,
to start a turf war
for the bloodied mouth.

Satish Verma

Bloodless Eyes

The fresco had started
peeling off. I was?
searching for my ancestors.

The walls had the secrets
buried deep in the bricks?
when they were baked.

Few abandoned poems,
some fakes and counterfeits
and many masks.

A dynasty speaks of
the grieving world without any?
remorse. I do not arrive.

A birthday present for the new
generation, a bronzed
face with glazed eyes looking beyond gravity.

Satish Verma

Blood-Lipped Prayer

There was no begging
no end.
Only an apology
for the credence.

The predators were
dirty. Peace comes
when you go
for war.

The angles guide
you to roil
under the stones
unremittingly.

Satish Verma

Bloodscape□

Monologue of a monolith
to live in a moment
was futile. A young house was in disorder.
Not listening, I would find the missing links.
Grey ash to be smeared on forehead in horizontal
lines for shifting the planets.

The age creeps quietly, irremediably poor,
unchanged in hysteria: after hysterectomy
the womb lies in dirt. Ethnic violence will fill
the carts of mutilated bodies, move to market,
selling the rage. Be in today, or tomorrow,
the blood brings honour.

Do not complain of weather, these arthritic
fingers, crooked toes, you will end on a cliff
after the logic of war fails. A bald year
moves, untrusting the noble men, I ascend
a coin to find the circa of topless democracies
destroying the pillars of feet.

Satish Verma

Bloody Words

Between poverty and
theology. I want to take on you
in moonlight, but is not controversial.

It was very beautiful,
the rain dance of symphony invoking
the godless punishment.

How can you carry a
crowd to complete a journey at the
bank of the river of blood?

Satish Verma

Blue Blood Moon

Looking at the blue moon
to become deeply sad,
to be true or not to
be true to oneself.

You were always at
a distance, untouched,
unkissed. I was very
reticent to tell about my odyssey.

How not to understand
myself, remaining
voiced in my verses to reach
obsessively at apotheosis.

And then to fall at
inviting earth as dust
meeting the dust, reaching
my abandoned home.

Satish Verma

Blue Bloodspots

A fallout from your
waning smile, parades
a naked wound.

A slice from a wake?
remembers me.
I was sitting in lotus position
ready to go for abdication.

Your message was elegantly
subtle. Not to lose conscience,
remaining the first lover of death.

Exiled from guillotine,
you don't see holiness in
the talons of eagle coming down.

The tree and a river
were old friends. The scarves
tied to the old branches, will
tell the collaborated suicides.

No sane hands will break
the knees of moon.

Satish Verma

Blue Castles

Your lips go dry, when
body twirls to catch a kiss.
The sting ever asks.

Unshackled, you will
come to become prisoner
of a seething sun.

Visiting city of
orphanages, you cross the
high rise asylum.

Satish Verma

Blue Divinity

In situ,
a pod holds a promise,
in the wake of a terrorist bomb.
Peace,
said a weeping well –
my bucket is empty again.

Because of a spin
in the rainbow
sky was becoming dark.
The hand on the trigger was trembling.
You are praying,
for a dying god.

And the golden dust was sprayed
on the sins, yellow wishes
to walk on water, killing truth.
Time was moving very slowly.

The flame burns low,
giving out blue divinity,
for resurrection.
New born grass under the feet
was trying to smile.

Satish Verma

Blue Dragons

When you would not be there
where I was, my fingers will twist
like questionmarks
not getting any answer.

Baby talks were increasing.
Time to leave this planet. There
was no death. We move from
breath to breath.

Sleeping without blinking,
dreamless, with hope, to
resuscitate the dawn.

Who will keep the fire
burning? You have not kept
the promise to come back.

King of stones, don't throw
the black statues in river.
Water was red and palms were
burning.

Satish Verma

Blue Games

I think not,
I am. Still blindfolded
carrying the rusted shovel
on my shoulder.

The old rage
refuses to die. What is that gene
which makes you shudder?
And you lie like a beached whale!

The eccentric words
wrap you up again and embrace
the moon for taking revenge.

Very little arsenal
was left in my blue-veined
arms. Nobody wins in our
daily war.

Some hidden wounds will
surfaces at night. I
come out in dark, cruising
the lanes to find my poem.

Satish Verma

Blue Grace

Darkness always weighs heavy.
And light was weightless.
You were visible to me.

I was not sure, which
god went numerical.
I was carrying my scars.

It offers no solace
if I become you, and
start hunting the filters.

Let the moon rise in?
its imperial robe, in
praise of setting sun.

Satish Verma

Blue Heights

There was an unease in the flock
of lovebirds. The lynx was on
calling again every night.

An execution on a wheel
was a better choice
than to die without speed of kill.

Cannibalism becomes alive
when you start eating live-
words without shedding a dropp of blood.

What was the urgency to invite
Ginsberg on paper? The ink
was still superstitious.

It was invisible.
The destruction of an impregnable.
When the moon explodes, where will you go?

Satish Verma

Blue Lights

In lost island,
water and boat, I
will never know you.

A volley of stings.
I bleed inside, without
single drop falling out.

There will be no
tiara, to put on the head
of pain.

Play on flute,
before the sunset. I
want to invite fireflies.

The numbers don't
agree. War continues for
the red sea of tears.

You won't reach
your abode alive.

Satish Verma

Blue Mountains

The lesson
of sudden fall
and forgotten kiss.

Everytime I was afraid of me
unforgiving the gorge
of blue mountains.

When I usher you in sun
you flare up in color violet-green
I stay in ebony's arms -

with eye spaces
and everything turns water,
water of a lake.

I will not remember the shooting
stars when you are beside me.
Drifting curves had left behind

the seeds, planted under the moon.
Now they are exploding
one by one in the conch.

•□

Tending to my pain
when you were unborn
O my poem

how you lay on me
asking for the whole truth
which would undo the helix

in eye long vision.
If the loneliness smiles
I will call you.

I will call you.

Satish Verma

Blue Sky

The stem cells coaxed to become
a kidney or a trachea failed to
ask the Himalayas, why were not,
they gathering the ice for glaciers!
Some sexual jealousy?

The naked darkness will nurse
the roses to rest on the barrel
of a gun. Civil war will start any day.

Colored man, the tattoos will not
tell the truth of the body. Blood
was always crying to give up
the fight. Why half-brothers were
destroying each other?

No squirrel will climb on the trees.
Nuts have gone. The winds have dispersed
sine die. A prayer is rising from the lips of earth.□

Satish Verma

Blue Sunstroke

Time to think.
You bring handwritten
testament with mistakes.

I exist because
you were there. Between
sun and moon, there
was no controversy.

I was knitting
my life near hornets nest.
Words betray the anguish,
giving credit to hemlock.

Disempowered
in shadows, I become
my own rival to fight
green snakes.

In sleepwalking
you discover the blind
walls. All blood-stained skulls
start rolling.

Satish Verma

Blue Tapestry

At the ritual you
become half angel and
spread the cascading black
hair on white moons.

The unwritten words
can start a private violence
in public domain.

I suffer silently
digitally in discrete
signs. I will not project
any genesis.

Inspite of voiceless
protests, you inherit my
theme, like the morning
glory of sun.

There is no mutilation
of truth. I will
take the Agni test to
prove my incapability.

No medals were displayed.

Satish Verma

Blue Targets

Let my pain go, then
I will think of you during break.
I was teaching pure truths.

You disturb my sleep
to read the holy books again. Why we
were guilty of not taking arms?

Don't shoot at bull's eye.
It doesn't bleed and you always misfire.
Your fingers will play Beethoven.

Satish Verma

Blue Triplets

Half waking in red
moon, to seek revenge of
fallen grace of sun.

Was worth the pain of
dying light of meniscus
waiting for songbirds.

Farewell for home?
less, who would not come back
after the sunset.

Satish Verma

Blue Valley

A tiny doubt sends out
the solvos. Self on fire,
you want to bail out the hierarchy.

Physically imperfect, a star
ejects the charged rays.

There was no secret of coronal
mass. You were taking a dip
in golden plumes of nirvana.

No suffering, no remorse.
A slice of moon will heal.

In your path lies the gray earth.

Who will incite the ocean now?

A transient truce will not give

you the leaping death of

valley. The clouds will take there own revenge.

Satish Verma

Blurred Landscape

It was frightening
to grow up in light.
You wanted to come out
in dark for gene intimacy.

There were long
shadows of words, which
had their own character
and morality.

The suspense hovers.
The spark ignites the double
kiss when asked, stitching
the break.

In finding myself
anew, I lost you.
Death will not separate fragrance
from the rose.

Satish Verma

Boat Capsizes

Stammering quarrel
with classical fluidity,
fails to measure the uncertainty.
I was finding my rocks,
that chunk of certainty
in midstream,
when you were not sailing with me.

The wait,
stirs high the separated pain.
Boat capsizes on high sea,
churning the eyes.

Suspense was killing
behind the veil.
Half-belief
half-truth
sustained the spirit, kept
possibility at bay.

Satish Verma

Bodhisattava

For the sake of lake, I climbed
on the weeping hills
to see the other side of moon.
The precipice of hunger weighs heavily
on shoulders.

Capricious time moves inwardly,
Strikes at the chest.
I set free the love-birds.

Conflict of trees tramples the grass
All summer the smell of dry winds
was scorching tear drops.
Every word was crying.

Dark in my city
I am wandering alone in alleys
of hostile homes.
The collective guilt of the flesh
blazes the mind.

Satish Verma

Body And Soul

I will keep mum.
The spirit and flesh of
some words are dead.
The werewolf had become
an executioner.

A sample pang flutters
for a piece of meaning.
So long, I will say to my stars.
No light appears to be coming
from the moon.

The veil hangs from your eyes.
I will not seek your vision.
Only the sacred thought,
you had been hiding,
from centuries.

Suddenly a freckled hand
stabs the propriety. You
hold the rock like Sisyphus.
I stumble, walk in?
and break the pure gold.

Satish Verma

Body Game

Alone to witness the crash I
invited the moon to walk with me
on the harsh terrain

of the agony of a poem,
I wanted to give it as a collateral
for a shadow,

who has moved away from me.
The moon I will need again
for no turning to flesh

in naked rain of words
which climb and fall on the wet mountain of
my belief: it was crumbling

before my own eyes. The forgetful
age trudges like a tired cow coming
back home in evening.

Satish Verma

Body Recomes The Path

Joining the seams for the sake of probity
you opt for the wages of truth.
Staying hungry to read the cosmos,
connecting the meditation to love
denatured. You are afraid of losing
the thread. Memory of infidelity of conceivment.

A vision without the thought
was a consecration
to think or not to think
was a great dilemma.
A backdropp of the prisms
always made you crazy.
Listening without ears,
seeing without eyes
became a brilliant idea.

Children of grief coming through
the open doorways
of mind. Soul mates.
I dream of a desperate ending
of midnight journey into song inviolate.
What if the night ends
without a human face?
Body becomes the path unending.

Satish Verma

Body Script

Does it stir you,
a body bag?
Journey of million years
stops here,
decoding the numbers.

A humming bird
inflight catches a dilemma
before the sun sets on the
whirring wings.
The moon will never be the same.

Hanging by a thread
a suicide bomber memorializes
the unhealing land.
Who will cry
when he is gone?

Satish Verma

Body Was Temple

I was so shattered.
What was your truth in
saving human fall?

It was all fake.
Few minutes before death,
a sample of god speaks.

You bury your dreams,
saying mantras to appease
the godforsaken land.

First I used to fight
with my father and now I am
fighting with my son.

Values are changing
I cannot jump out of boat.
It is sinking, sinking.

Satish Verma

Bold Sentences

The migratory ache,
one day for you, one day for
me, or lunar storm.

*

The realm takes shape
of impossible metaphysics,
I shall leave your arm.

*

I want to become
what I was in wind, water
and flame. Hold my words.

Satish Verma

Bold Step

Night enters into the drift.
I get through a fossil, quite beyond
the light, a search begins for a tortured
being in some ideal's mire.

The battle begins, of fears and doubts
and upon the trampled sun-blind truths
of past in dry desert of hungry sands
where the veined clot rises to the lung of moon.

Revival of black magic takes place, marking
the boundaries of denial, you will not cross
the line of fire, till the shade between evil
and good was obliterated and sins become
bones of dreams.

Will you wait on the gate, till eternity
accepts you as a forgotten child of
wronged parents? I shall start calling
the names of innocent bystanders.

Satish Verma

Bolting Dark

Some sadness, some pain.
I tell myself, don't be proud
of reaching the peak.

Come on mini moon.
Earth was devastated. Loneliness
plays havoc. I want to?

Run away from myself.
Who will stop me. You had shaded
my storms. I will remain happy till death.

Satish Verma

Bon Voyage

Absolute yes or no
makes you wish
not to understand philosophy
of semipermeable life.

Sort of, lies pass through,
truth is left behind.
The fingerprints don't speak
the identity of runaway minutes.

Somewhere you fail miserably,
break the cushions
and lie on thorns
to feel the terror of time.

Where the birds have gone?
Trees have startled the sky.
The staircase is broken.
Bon voyage to blue eyes.

Satish Verma

Bones Of Winds

Inside, the battle wages.
One step down,
I drown myself in the frowns
of a thought. Night sucks at my fear.

The rhyme of the fading moon
intends to fix me up.
I refuse to smell the breath
of the catch.

I bloom on the pain,
sweetened kill of the day. An empty jump
in void of a portrait;
shaking wall.

Watercolors were ruined
by smudging the reasons.
Clutching the bones of winds, falling
from the sky.

Satish Verma

Botanically

It was a slant love.
Back to back,
lips to lips.

Lethal and dark
strong yet delicate
like spider's web.

A dark side of the moon
sending conflicting
signals to bacilli-

of dirty lane, pink
and blue. My pug
licks the toes.

The pugmark on
green body. I am now
flowering. Hydrangeas.

•□

The primrose half-asleep
Calendula was burning
in veins.

Unisex. The clenched
fist of a desire. I will
not accept a half-lip.

The chaste tree was sending
a bouquet of
steaming pistils.

Where the sun will sleep
tonight? Till the love-making
was over on tangerines.

The loose skin now
invites the red ants, crawling,
wearing your nails.

Satish Verma

Bottom Of A Doorway

There was once a worried face
who unbuttoned
a white fire

in a pink hole
of an eye to lift
the fingerprints

of depression. It was
a closed-circuit
for a galaxy of

hot flares and flying hurts.
You must not cross
the threshold

of silence, abducting
the blood stained
words.

Come back to your home
O grief,
the fog is thickening outside.

Satish Verma

Boudaries

By genetic accident!
I fall in your way.
A city sleeps between the arms.

Will you give me
a nickel of memory?
I have lost my home.

What do I do
with the moon? The night
has called for the sun.

Making a nest for
the sparrows. Want to
hear the domestic voices.

Here, the dreams
go. I am selling the
family silver.

Satish Verma

Bound By Ceiling

Sitting at the edge of a bubble
uncooled, trying to light an eternal flame of anonymity;
counter the wrangler, one skull in each hand,
of ancestors, you prepare for the crime of breaking
the umbilical cord.

Ostracized, you forge the ariel in arid zone,
burned, one patch on the eye, rubber thighs,
sniped at, lay still in a pool of blood,
in cauldron of terror, the brilliance of sun cracks
the marble statues.

Avarice of black boots mirrors the borewell;
washes out the color of smiles on blue lips.
Fireflies sink in darkness of punishment.

Satish Verma

Boundaries

The city breaks me,
when you try to bury memory
in the feral woods.

*

Pains shall not buy
the tears as an evidence
of endless slaying.

*

There was no time
to halt between life and death.
Someone pulls the string.

Satish Verma

Bouquet

Come in the evening,
on the lake.
Together we will watch
the sunset.

Some unsung lines have been left
on our lips.
Some fractured smiles,
and some unwashed tears,
on the misty cheeks.

Sadness was stuck
in our reddened eyes.
Layer by layer
I want to wipe it.
A song, a reed, I will arrange
in a bouquet
in the name of redundant past
holding the unblemished time.

Come, when it is dark
in the night.
Together we will watch
the moonrise.

Satish Verma

Bouquet Garni

A golden fish in
blue waters, with many eggs,
collecting the sperms.

Haiku in sun-
light was the essence of
the daydreaming.

The lost road in
bamboos comes out
as solitary song.

Satish Verma

Bowl Was Still Empty

Trying to follow truth
his journey was nightmarish.
Alchemic fusion with past and future failed –
his bowl was still empty.

In the inner space
a largesse, free of present,
becomes the pain of perfection!
Now what to do next?

More afraid of life than death
he tried to manage the fear,
the futility of becoming somebody,
the nihility of ripening in celebrations.

In the darkness, an eye looks
beyond the stars, at timeless silences
of hope, waking, slits of dreams
like lasers, creating new designs.

Satish Verma

Bracelets

Interned in my own prison
beneath the skin,
I stop the silver wheels.
An aloof sliding, down the impotent rage
I shout, I will not buy the flakes.

The hirsute nobility
of gorillas
dancing on knives
before striking a lamb for ribs
splitting the history.

A seedless walking
to erase the footprints of sunny ghosts.
You want to raise a crop of lies
dreaming about the mother
and her sins.

Satish Verma

Braiding The Destiny

The time will not heal. The
aging looks. Erotica. Each
scream ends in a dry river.
Who had the right to deliver
the needle and a silk thread?

Sometimes I will read you for
the signs of remorse. There
was this rigid wrinkle which
will not move on the face.

It will not matter if the grief
overwhelms. The scare was
real. Regurgitation. The bell
will not ring today. The pod
splits to release the seeds.

Come my mentor. I have tested
the floor, smelled the rope. The
translation should end tonight.

Satish Verma

Brain-Dead

reading more between the words, my fractured
dream, identified by its teeth, begins to bite
in pursuit of an unknown fear, the river
 becoming red, a paranoid delirium
 sets out a scream under the praised
 beheading of a jolted lover in the name

of a betrayal, a son goes to court arrest
for mother, in earth hour of unseen grief,
voiceless, vendetta between the pacemakers
 of sick hearts, the horrible incest, nicked
 and kept in a glass jar to be witnessed by
 waxed faces of dying men rinsing the

heart with blood of fallen heroes; the honeymoon
of unborn centuries waiting in vain

Satish Verma

Bramble Gates

Hauled up
the breast suture.
You were following the milk route,

epitomizing the fall. From the
golden clouds. Wanting to
swim in blue veins,

you were drowned. The fire
has spurted the blood. A carbon
copy of exit strategy

in your hands, you unreel
the chains of libido in failed
state of limbs.

The cartel has littered
the street with gentle greens,
to buy the lips. Spurned

lover commits a suicide.

Satish Verma

Bread Of A Moon

For little grains of truth,
listening to intuition
he disrobed – and walked into river
to die.

In the footsteps of silence
to eat bread of a moon
facing the onslaughts of life.

Death walks in stealthily,
pays the price of hunger
to the ruins of a fortress.

Satish Verma

Breakdown

When you talk of
a war on the behalf...
you become a sinner.

A self-deceit
wants to believe in demon,
what he was.

In mode of morphing
into a giant, who
had no limbs.

Truth was not
this. It was trying
to prove it was.

Satish Verma

Breaking Black And White

Bending the truth,
you return back to your home,
separated by a?
monologue of lie.

When do we become human,
collecting the firewood, to burn
the wax houses, lifting the sky
to fall from heights?

It was a rare glimpse?
of the running limbs,
in unison, when the rains arrived
in the long-armed dahlias.

This is cryptic nonsense when
you start seeing the flesh,
in grass, where moon has come down
to water the Lucifer.

Satish Verma

Breaking Dawn

A squirrel on a stone bull
revives a genre,
after a black rose
fell on the lips of tremor.

One amphibian was always there
part in water and part on land.
Climbing on words,
to become an avis -

the avatar of a flying god.
There was no song -
on the bridge of tears. Let us
share a lost dream.

Do you find seashell in the
desert of diction? Here once a
river flowed under the rocks.

Friends don't squeeze the moon.
It was honey in a blue urn,
collecting the morning rays.

Satish Verma

Breaking From Past

Fighting with his ghosts,
intimate dirt,
disseminating pain
he was going home.

Finding a panic room
in pectorals, for numbness of toes,
lifting the door of burden
in dying vision,

his father comes in daylight
of old age, climbing the stairs
of bones, swaying
like an ash tree in frost.

One counts the annual rings of
old trunks, depicting
mighty happenings, black and white
green summers of choked life,

tasting one's own decline, filling the
cups of rosemary, a child learns to speak
thatched words of wasted birth in
tune with younger years of grief.

Satish Verma

Breaking In Piece Meals

Between the hills
lies the secret of deep
valley. I love what was
a voiceless pain.

Die by me, if you
will, when I wouldn't
be there to see your mutation
into butterfly.

Where the horizon
meets the moon, I will
place my shivering candle
to burn at both the ends
in a trench.

The destroyer sleeps
now in the nest of golden
eagle. One day he will
wake up to sharpen his
beak and talons.

Satish Verma

Breaking Point

Where do I touch
you in dark? You don't have
the skin, like water.

The echoes were dying
in the stillness of nightbirds.
Do you call it tranquility?

Unhinged, a sharp cry
moves around a Michelangelo,
unbelieving in last judgement.

Catching of the falling
leaves in autumn, reminds
you of impermanence. Yet I
will explore eternity.

The call returns. Time
to collect the bowls. Roses
are dead at altar.
You cannot stitch the wounds.

I will again
measure my height.

Satish Verma

Breaking The Golden Leash

Float seamlessly in dark.
Come in my arms,
like a cloud?
like a moon.

The cult will live
on for eternity to
meet the challenger.

The objector had
the flatfoot. Will walk
overdressed.

In eerie silence?
an agile titan was going
to vilify himself.

Conscientiously I
wanted to feel you once
in my verses.

No virtue, no sin
was needed to come to
the lips of an abyss.

Satish Verma

Breaking The Rules

Graveyard of stillbirths.
I am walking on severed legs.

She was pushed off a moving train.
Could not be raped.

No I don't see any sickly aberration.
It was ossification of stunted intellect.

Who was desperate to exit the hazy
flesh? Peel off my skin. It is dirty.

You are becoming furniture. Drunk.
Immovable. The bed was moving.

Holding the breasts of mannequins
you walk down the stairs for a rejoinder.

Satish Verma

Breakthrough

Take a call and bring
the upside down.
The desire becomes supreme.

Are you going to redeem
for the lost empire?
A musk deer will start

the scent-marking.
This was the price of
insecurity in the mob.

Unhook the wounds.
Life will give you
a new pretext to die.

It was an ordinary name.
No prefix and no frills.
You were ready to become anonymous.

Satish Verma

Breathing Again

You dig in your heels,
when blood spills
under the skin.

Refuses to go, the homeless moon,
I will call the snow to cover the sod.

Scavenging,
through the stray thoughts, you
pick up the threads, to knit?
a scarf for the poem.

Body born, a planet
breaks, in your epic. The ivory
shaving will make a white gold.

The birth pangs start in natal pain.

Satish Verma

Breathing Barriers

You receive when
you don't ask,
celebrating the soul
with mind.

The matter, the blurred
awareness was made
of tiny faults.

The fabric breaks
in yes or no. Pricks draw
the blood of million screams.

The moon catcher blights
himself. Flowers
pull up the roots. Nowhere to go.

The shadows close
the windows. You grope
in dark, searching the right
word or answer.

Don't turn your head.
Pathways are sinking.

Satish Verma

Breathing Dust

Do not stoke the desires tonight,
my moon is away on the cusp of doubts.
Count you must the needles in heart, of
ifs and buts? A fragile truce was anathema
to me. The nagging day lies ahead –

of my failing gifts. Living was a whispering
silence, no secrets had a spite for you.
A fine drizzle of thoughts fills the lungs,
mind cries for the space to arrange
the corpses of dreams.

The uncertainties take a heavy toll.
A new voice precedes a wet moon,
the sun was rising late today, living apart.

SATISH VERMA

Satish Verma

Brief Answer

One day in a dream,
I will ask the deity of ancient
temple, why did you father?

*

the elephantine
blunder of creating universe
to destroy it again?

*

I was also the builder
of bold world on the paper
for nightingale.

Satish Verma

Brilliant Stroke

Unstable like a mercury
drop, when you hold
a pen, hiding your
icy thoughts.

Like an archer, ready
to abandon the bow, without
shooting at the target.

The bull's eye was a
blue rose, sitting in the dark
niche, afraid of light.

In synesthesia, of
nights assault, you fume
and sizzle, when the dew
drops hit you.

You will not give the name
of slayer, who killed you with a smile.

Satish Verma

Bringing Down

The road breaks here.
Give me something to heal the fractured earth.
Angels are too much for me, the
gash turns inward ripping apart
eternal vigil.

They head into the burning books
and then explode themselves
on wet sands, generating grids, blithely lethal.
Wired blind, the sun weeps.
A green catastrophe tears a huge iceberg.

Post-coital emptiness. The sweet nothing
stops. He becomes everything, the world
was not. The clouds bleach, moon
strips to bone. The artist goes into
exile to find a fiction.

Satish Verma

Broken Armour

I hear your voice
coming from within.
The disconnect, the cultural clash,
from river,
from tree,
from the golden nest.

The circle was complete,
breach birth,
the explicit insult.

The parched moon?
will bring the cold
tears, to extinguish the sparks
going home.

The roadway leads
to nowhere land. You will
again meet the wounded
cuckoo which will always sing
the hurts.

Satish Verma

Broken Arms

The witch-hunt starts
for an unexploded bomb.

A racist slur becomes mute
for posterity.

The words start migrating?
coming out of their skin and colors.

A dead man walks into
a coal pit for exoneration.

Breathless, I become privy
to mass suicides of the flying moths.

You become a child, hiding
behind a tree, watching
a tiger maul a striped ariel.

Satish Verma

Broken Bridges

If you come near
the moon, you will find the
collective grief.

Someone sets free
hundreds of fireflies
to begin talk with me.

The angels are
becoming boneless. Your throne
is dirty. Temple sobs.

Satish Verma

Broken By Waves

Why withering look,
and I will ask the sundew
to snub tentacles.

Noiselessly you step
in my sleep and sit on brows
to count rolling tears.

The wind will start crying
touching the tender buds
you placed on snow.

Satish Verma

Broken Dam

Let's not go,
let's not reach anywhere.
The toenails have started digging in the earth,
to make peace with the distress response
of the bruised hunger for transactional surrender.

And the surrogate mother will abandon
the child for the father who had
run away in pursuit of pleasure, like others
sowing his wild oats in rags
unwashable in the milk of mercy.

It has spilled again my full heart.
The pain provokes the stopped clocks,
in the wake of explosions. Unstitched
fissures bleed, I see the ashen face
of a floating wisdom.

Satish Verma

Broken Mirrors

Live children
between you and me,
breathing last.

Viola blooms
near spikes of flames.
Your hands tremble.

How will you live
without moon in dark
night of terror.

Hope flattens.
You love only yourself.
Earth, breaks water.

Satish Verma

Broken Peace

Falling in tender
pain of line drawn between
us. Talking in air.

Bleeding night comes again.
I will not send it back to you.
I was stealing your curves.

Walking in dark
You have a hope. Sun will
rise soon. You will find the truth.

Satish Verma

Broken Promise

Who will deliver the blow
to hissing winds of red hot skin
when burning desert hits the green trees?

Life flows through fire in the shadows
of cloudy peaks. I resume living
in the bodies of other people,

I am not myself. And change must
come in the garb of numbers,
in the mode of nothingness,

like the horns locked in the middle
of the road, raising dust and hoofs
two bulls fighting in the ruins of widespread

culture of politics. Only slogans give
the clue to black power of flesh. A
dispute does not settle for the last rites.

Neither burial nor a funeral will take place.
Only bones will give rise to a flower bed
where ashes will read the history.□

Satish Verma

Brooding

Me and my pride,
me and my hurts.
Who are you, which you are not,
a verbless statement of nirvana?

No pain
no asking, narcissism.
A stream of unbecoming.
Eyes wide open
jaws tightly shut,
sitting in a corner, brooding,
brooding.
Now what?

A stunning duplicity,
a surrogate god
was running an empire.
Precisely polygamous
on the name of a latter saint
annihilating the third image.

The future demands its past,
its mode of becoming endosperm
in a sleeping leaf.

Satish Verma

Brooding End

For the bird,
I knocked the cage to set it free.
My tryst,
with a nightmare begins.
It was me, dismembered
in sour death
where sorrow meets the sorrow.
Now rising, now falling, the delicate frame
on unseen wings
beneath the stars, above the moon.

The killing circle
of trampling wishes takes you nowhere. In cubicles
you are lost, recycled. The theme of projecting yourself
looks straight in your face. What next?
The time infects you mercilessly. Vaguely
you become aware of imminent chaos.

The hollow drums will beat endlessly.

Satish Verma

Brooding Over You

A city grows in you
overnight. You stand on the bridge
to watch the train whistling by.

More poems in starry
eyes. I catch the bouquet
of nicotiana? the night bloomer.

Nihilism tends
to wash the pungent smell of
purgatory. Who was
not a sinner?

When you are sad
I forget good byes and bring
the swan song of an oracle.

The truth does not
shine now. I make friends
with black ciphers, which
were pure.

Satish Verma

Brooding Silently

Entire age was spent in search
of self ultimate and he was still
unable to redeem a sad tree.
The silent unglorious drop. Florets falling
one by one like dreams.

White spread. Orange opus. Good-
bye crescent. Blue sky shying away.
A cuckoo on mango grove starts
a melodious croon. Sweet allegation
of betrayal, but for what gain?

Pain bounces back in the eyes of
a sparrow. Cannot find a window to
enter. Concrete walls. Closed doors.
Ad infinitum will move the traffic.
Where to stop? And when to fly?

Qualities were crashing down. Faint
bruises on face. Sticking plaster on
eyes. So many already gone to galaxy.
Sitting on a garbage dump.
He was brooding silently.

Satish Verma

Bruised Knees

You gave me the
ageless pain of drifter.
The gale won't stop.

Can there be second
coming, I ask you before
burning your name?

If love was blind,
why did the wise time stop
to welcome you?

Satish Verma

Bruised Spots

After the deluge: dark,
where the river,
meets the sea-
a city becomes a ghost.

*

The narrator,
went to sleep,
A story moved on.

*

A replica
steps out from the black
water, white
as the moon.

Satish Verma

Brutal Time

Innocent inside the circle,
you reached nowhere.
Dirty hands on the knob
kept the century locked.

Carbon footprints were deepening
under the sun, blue bird
circling in vain. The jealous
moon exiled to black hole.

The dust of the brutal time
settles on the umbrella. I am shivering.
The lies, the religion, the horrible
facts smell of the million deaths.

Who mode the tapestry of violence
into boneless truth and hairless
legs of prayers? Freedom escapes
through the scrolls of flames.

Satish Verma

Buddha Sleeps

After the plumes,
legs are blown off.
Your body smells of migration
and length of
wasted strings.

The questions will
never return.
Buried deep in crescent heart.
Do you have the authentic
information about the murder
of the crested tit?

The woodlands
will go without a song.
I will live in rotation
with biological grief of earth
and emotional blackmail
of moon.

Satish Verma

Bull's-Eye

The divination.
A broom?
becomes a wager.

The penury
begets the rags.
How much you need?

Sweep the
courtyard. Tonight,
moon sleeps here.

I have come,
a long way to
meet my lost friend.

Satish Verma

Bumpy Ride

It was a lethal dip
in meaningless seduction of
hollow moon.

We were talking of
climactic events of ancient
pains without footprints, in whispers.
There was no issue. No sparring.

You place your ego first,
like the narcissist tendency of
black hole. It was ready
to devour anything.

Vibrations start when in
storm two dark caves meet in
jungle of irreverent words.

The sharp curves will not
take a bone of contention
for nothing.

I will keep on prodding
your stooping shoulders
to stand erect.

Nothing else will count.

Satish Verma

Buoyancy

I punish myself daily
to deny a god.
Do angels cry?
Pinning hope in a crisis to extract
the truth from a dying moon?
A ghost walks on the
wall to enter the alphabets
of living deads.
Ambrosia? was not
sufficient to resuscitate
a bleeding cross.
I am charting my life
for you to forget me.
Quasi-surrender. No never
I am just learning?
how to meet the death.
Another name of victory.

Satish Verma

Buried Silence

Blaze on the horizon was spreading.
No peak was left green,
time was running out.

Courier had left without a message
carrying cyanide capsules,
to kill or get killed.

My grey sky stuck with silent clouds
will wait for the stars.
The bride will leave under the shade of shine.

Serum was darkening
its milk of poison.
Blood was thinner than water.

The buried silence was turning
brown with pain.
Bruises had outraged the words.

Satish Verma

Burning

After the puppet show,
the nest was calling.
Indeed, the leaves held the slanted light
expanding the shade snared on branches,

of dancing ash, of almond eyes.
Why the hangman was waiting
for the echo? The river was calling.

Was this the inheritance of less
talent of pugmarks, which strayed
into the city of abused words?
The book was calling?

After birth there was no death of my
rhyme. The flesh has gone, only
the burning bones are lying
on bed of roses.

Satish Verma

Burning Across The Sky

Like a stingray it stung me tonight
the new moon.
A live flame lobbing the sparks.

The seduction had bypassed
the sleezy love
of white egrets.

When are you going
to make a history
by failing to fall?

Can I touch your blue veins
my moon?
They had been aching to step out.

When beast and passion
meet in the blue-faced sky
you start a belly dance.

Satish Verma

Burning In

No anchors. I was not seeking
a blind spot
in shadows of the wall, standing

on a hot, glistening, obsidian,
wearing only death-gloves
of pink body, the caked fronds of a fossil-name,

inviting the rain to wet the brown
grass as tall as the fallen pride
of a coiled accomplishment of a tiger,

the lips nearest to the fangs of
cobra, still nonchalant about the Murphy's Law;
mute belief of a blueberry

shedding the grey ash of pollen
from the virgin flowers of doom,
from dream to dream,

when the shifting of night starts
at ground red, a white shirt climbs on
a tank to challenge the turret.

Satish Verma

Burning Them Alive

Do you remember,
what did I ask you once?

You start melting?
the frozen, unspoken
words.

There was my prescient fear.
All you could do was?
opening the stitches.

The heart ache
remains. Eyes shut, you
assume? he shouts, rising
after the kill.

The red salt was
spread on old limbs which
would not carry the dead child.

Behind the wall
there was no sinister design.

Satish Verma

Burning With Flames

Who calls my name
when I am absent
from the stage?

Do you want me
for the endgame, my
future decided beforehand?

Until you come back
I will remain in
shadows of time to come.

The grape seed extract
and your brown
irises have, become water lilies.

And I catch fire
in midstream, when
night was feeding the moon.

Satish Verma

Burns Of Hatred

You put up a price on all
the gifted items.
I was not ready to pay back in dreams.
Wanted to tell you
without telling.
Lips to lips we talk of a stillborn
space which does not crack.
Betraying the anger, words feel sick.

I was trying to decipher the moist
corners of eyes.
I will wait till sunset, when
I will call for the night and take off
my shadows and dropp petals
one by one and come out
in hot sun to receive the
burns of hatred.

It was not easy. Tulips were in full bloom
and my tracks were warm.
There were false shades
all around the garden.

Satish Verma

Burnt Out Words

Tryst with nano was like burning in hell.
Headless body of truth,
turning into invisible particles
flaunts an absent God.

The mist envelops a rag picker –
sleeping on the payment.
Hunger fresh grown will be served,
when sun rises.

Indelible ink on yellow pages
bearing the burden of unborn grief
inherits this globe, the ashes
of burnt out words.

Satish Verma

Burnt Taste

A cyan globe
rolling in the black sky.
I was visualizing
an earthset
on the horizon.

Lianas
threw a noose
around my neck.
Did I
start the fires?

My dissent
was of any relevance?
Who was standing
on the moon?

Self-centered was your vision
I was trying
to turn the tide.

So much bragging
could not go well with me.
The tongue had the burnt taste.

Satish Verma

Burnt-Out

Abdicating your
throne, O god, I am not
worthy of human being.

Has the man risen
from the salamander's leg
severed from body?

At the mercy of a
creator's path you will not
find peace at end.

Satish Verma

Burying The Past

A trivial pain
becomes a storm, severs the
words, bleeds the truth.

My legacy travels
with you to discover the ruins
of forgiven mistakes.

Do we belong to
primates, in evolution from
humanoid to god?

Satish Verma

But Truth Will Not...

Space has all the silent approval,
truth will not multiply.

Another funeral takes place
in the barren field of lies.
Fire burns the life's hopes,
while town mourns the death.
Sunshine bakes the eyes
but truth will not multiply.

Desireless peak of thoughts
sets out the smoke,
towards our homes,
trampling the shame, guilt and hurts.
We were still indulging in useless talk
but truth will not multiply.

Virtue has a unique impulse
a drone in the ears.
Fog was waiting for the sky.
The planet empties a bucket of sorrow.
I will favour the faceless name,
but truth will not multiply.

Satish Verma

But Nothing

No it will not work.
The amalgam of arrival
and departure.
Debunking the theme
of reincarnation, you enter into the body of a poem.

Crowned and faded out,
all the icons were diminishing
in stature. A winter bath
tries to hold the halo-
for sometime, and then disappears
in obscurity.

Where the things go wrong
and connectivity snaps?
The tall people, yes very tall,
crumble under the weight of anonymity.
When you climbed down from
the pedestal, light was dim.

Did you ever receive a blast in face?

Satish Verma

Buying Time

Nibbling at a piece of moon
I lost the zero line
of my violence
mapping the lone
jungle.

The waning light
flaunting the peaks
for docking
the missile
in dark.

The body of water,
prior to the tempest,
will invite the brown
creator to pull
the ropes.

The past reappears,
shows presence.
I search word anchors
to reach
buoyancy.

Satish Verma

By Any Reckoning

A young grasshopper lands
on the paper, I was writing upon,
making a chirping sound?
and starts reading the poem.

It was an exceptional treat
for the eyes. Shutting the storm
window, I will watch the rain?
pounding on the frame,
to recall the visitor?

which was behaving like a
celtic Druid, in meditation, to see
the future of mankind.

Not sure, the bent legs, will
ever lift the body and
propel it to move.

The mayhem was thin, but I
declared? the poetry
was not for insects.

Satish Verma

By Drooping Lids

There was no ending
in sight. You were not
a participant in?
my sadness.

Some unseen pain
hovers around me. I return to
my surface tension, trying
to minimize my fragility.

And injuries tend to
expand in caves of black
lights. Wild thoughts invade the
tranquility.

I unleash the words
like pigeons to fly to their homes.
I will not play?
hide and seek.

Waist up, you seek
godliness, wearing a veil,
when only your eyes were
visible, ruthlessly dry.

Satish Verma

By Grace

I can only offer you small things?
like a coma,
a full stop.
Parenthesis?
or a hyphen.

To lit up the sparks
in visuals.
And no page was left unread
of my life.

Walk and talk
with me? to unsolve
the twisted humps
of times.

Your assets
had failed you.

You stand alone not to return back.

Satish Verma

By Kisses

You can see whole
world in my mouth. I start
knitting a blood scarf.

To raise gender,
thebeestings will play a role.
The skin prints history.

You become your
own teacher to read the hymns
engraved on leaves.

Satish Verma

By Sparks Stay Young

In unconscious you,
it was defeat of reason,
I am trying to define life.

A bodyless thought
gives birth to misconceptions
I count your fingers daily.

Why did you show
me your hand wearing a
mask to hide the kill.

Satish Verma

By The Words

Always he was picking up and counting the pins
to distill the essence of rainbows
and find the symmetries of elementary
laws and eating leftover words from the table.

The terrorists had wired his house and he was
not aware of it. The wrinkles on the face
for the bridge destroyed, would not bring
peace within. Times were different, icy and slippery.
He hated only himself for the failure of ships
to sail through the scope of explosions
rage and tears. The madness of unchaste
happenings submerging the cognition.

His tongue was heavy, hands writing the epitaph
on air. The bald eagle scoops a bride,
slices the breasts for the green stigmata
of liberation. Ajmer, INDIA

SATISH VERMA

Satish Verma

Byantium -2

Long night will start the pincer movement;
pyrexia is rising.

Something like an extraterrestrial hand
digs deep in the mind to open the tomb
to unravel the tragedy of nuts and bolts
which could not fix
the mutation of the hour of death.

Dark blinking lashes of soul
measures the cliffs of silence
and then pours the hot red
vermilion in parted wisdom of sky.

The clang of bones again penetrates
the liver. The green flaming jelly of
innocent bellies.

The hyacinth is choking the village pond
hiding the corpses of precious flowers
with green blood.

One day foundation of skeletons will build a
temple of hope.

Satish Verma

Caged Bird

Penchant for bats. Always
nocturnal./ Sustained flight.
Eyes piercing./ Incisors ready to
dig in you with anticoagulant saliva.
Your echolocation will attract
more suicides./ Don't write
poems about leitmotifs.
I will say.

An imaginary withdrawal.
I am no more in your eyes. A sheep
jumps from the cliff.
You start a bonfire / of all your wins
as a signal. The immaculate dawn rising.
Killing me.

Satish Verma

Calamity

In my assets
you blaze.
A part of you in my
future torments the wait.

Lynx-eyed you-
nip the will rise
after awhile.

My kin,
God's untouchables,
were born with hoods.

I am the snow
you melt in
natural thing, suicidal.

Now the shadows
eclipse
was very near.

I am going to drag out
the eternal truth.

Satish Verma

Calendar

Writing on my sleeves,
I visualize an invisible coupling
of grassroots with starless sky,
when I walk on the wailing earth.

Hails big as sparrow eggs
smash the bougainvillea blossoms.
The wrestling clouds
begin a storm.

Witchcraft of the moon begins.
The pubic curve of a rock
holds a centipede
wriggling, gnawing.

A spider climbs the weatherbeaten
cheekbone
and indulges in navel-gazing.

Satish Verma

Call Of Faith

What a lovely thing,
moon meets the sun in sky.
Were you sober today?

Your almond eyes
ultimately meet the destiny.
You tie a knot in tresses?

It is true you will
go far where an asylum of
trust waits for a blessed one?

Satish Verma

Call Of Unseen

Snared by clouds
the crescent moon was swaying,
like a palm tree in a hurricane.

There was no ethnic
divide. My skin was colored
like your lips.

The predator was
on prowl. Don't go near
the pink lake. The animal would want
his pound of flesh.

The plurality was
at stake. I don't need to
burn the evidence. I was the kill.

An extra syllable
will claim the singulant.
You stay in motion
like hummingbird.

I will never be
myself without your
aura.

Satish Verma

Calligraphy

Teaching self the,
art of dying
after a serial failure.

Stone pelting has started.
You cannot hear your own voice.

Praying for the inaccuracy of time's arrow.

A physical dimension,
you will give to your impermanence.

And silent flows the glacier out of banks.

Clear fall, seems inevitable.
The sun rises from the debris of moon,
from drop on drop of watery eyes.

Satish Verma

Camouflaging

A hard drink of
heartache, and you blink.
It was very difficult
to understand blues.

In black sky
you whimper and ask
only for the love to happen between
the sweaty hands.

The stings have
a job to do. They breed the
wasps amidst us. So your
signs bleed.

The night terrors
return. I touch the toxic
insignia. Such pure flesh
will kiss the poem.

Satish Verma

Can Die

Wide awake,
the double helix splits.
Chasing the debris of refusal to die.
The new genes choose to mutate,
fencing the child who wanted to become
only brain. No flesh, no bones.

Will he survive on this date?
In the tortured ravines of hate and someone
will not hang him from the tall branches of yew?
The train was burning on the track,
bridge collapsed in the valley of gloom
and snow bound peaks were splattered red.

The young shadows are afraid to return
to play. The fibrosis will not allow the fingers
to move, to pick up the tulips, waiting for the
first time, to be harvested. The gardner is
dead under the dew. It was
cloudy again.□

Satish Verma

Can You See Me?

The last moments
float on unspilled words.
I will give you a call?
from body to body,
to reach my voice? across the time,
zones and history.

You wouldn't dream me.

I'm not ready to give up. A
moth takes the flight? strikes
a hot teardrop shaped light bulb.
Brick walls hold back the sea.

The rage attacks a black sun?

Why do you think of
vanishing without a cause?
Hairless the moon cries.

Pink peony waits for the
sick gods.

Vocal cords vibrate.
No vowels come out. A naked
speech becomes museum.

Satish Verma

Can You Take Me To My Home?

The valley holds on, to murder
of moon, behind the trees.
It is dark and clouds are meditating.

You think of a perfect horror
and a poisoned arrow flies straight
into heart of a blissful sun.

It is red, splattered on the wounded sky,
scorched by shrill cries of crows.
It is dawn.

You feel intense penetration of separateness,
from the beauty of a drop,
reflecting the wholeness of an ocean.

The stress starts breaking you.
Can you take me to my home, into abeyance?
My wakefulness, reaching by silence?

Satish Verma

Candle Burns In Colors

Will mediation
work? I don't know.
Half-truths will betray.

A united birth
of good and evil. Was
it ordained? How do you
mend the eternal tear?

We had climbed
together the steps of god's
mount. But temple was
in ruins. Deity mauled.

The bullet holes
stillbleed. This was a
perfect win of black moon.
I cannot drink your tears.

Does it matter? You
were loosing the charisma?

Satish Verma

Cannot Hold

Got struck on the spiky gate
a half-eaten deer
shattering the panther.

Daggers were drawn.
Terrier was in the glass house.
Canine discretion to draw the blood
between friends.

A crisp murder of a terrorist.
spotted face of the relentless moon
sending flames to jasmines.

The little skulls popping up
amongst rumors.
I scream in a celestial leap.

I could walk in ruins
of incarnations
preaching for death.

Satish Verma

Cannot Open The Loop

When I am completely denuded
Of my tremors,
I come at peace with my skin.
Burnt by raw blaze of reality
The brilliant confusion of today.

Promising night
selects the partners of grief.
Vacantly I fix my eyes on stars.

The words will never convey the silence
the mystery of eternal search
amongst the ruins of dreams.

Tongue falters on recitation of factuality
Over coming the rage.
Fatal dichotomy of life and death
starts sleepwalking.

Gulf widens the shores
seeking in metaphysical depth.
Speech does not bring solace
mathematics cannot open the loop.

Satish Verma

Cannot Say

On a hollow path
you had failed
carrying the loaves of bread
in biting cold of politics
scaring the lips.

I was standing near
the dawn in praise of dark.
The sharks were coming.

Here goes the marble floor
for drowning in black blood.
The fire between the palaces
was eating the golden thighs.

I think flowers have gone
to drink from the little ponds
near the escaped souls
of scribes and guns.

Satish Verma

Capsized Boat

A dynast in the storm-razed
polity will ask!
for a pardon.

By choice there was
no suicide. You will
eat the clouds one day.

Taking the brunt, |
living near the sea of
people, a window goes shut.

Curtly, with
levitation, the wind
twists, one and everybody.

An owl tattoo, will
tell it all. The hurricane
has reached your door.

Aftermath was a
conspiracy of silence.
Every one was speaking of landfall.

Satish Verma

Captive Clock

It takes time?
to brace up, after
the sudden meltdown,
casting a spell on you.

Sometimes I want you
to walk away from punishing
memories of a strange
solar eclipse.

I drop the crumbs
involuntarily, to pick up
my timeless hunger
of a nameless neighbor?
the Grim Reaper.

Wide-eyed irises smile,
when you touch the distraught face
of dipping moon, caressingly
in pain of quickness.

Your crimes are wiped
out, you rise from the red sea
like a sunken dream.

Satish Verma

Captive Of Conscience

You shut to it?
the window, on watching
a row of walking stones
without feet.

Pouting,
scowling?
in a mile of tears.

(A pink lotus spills
the colors on water)

Let me talk
to my wilderness. The
script was incomplete
in shadows of greyhounds.

You crawl on the grass to find a four-leaf clover.

Satish Verma

Carbon Choking

Uninhibited violence. The disappearing
she-factor in stem cells at sunset point,
which could not collect the
the tomb-sweeping stopped and
candles blown out? This time
the thorns were bleeding, flesh was again
gone out of sight, and the dark silence
ejected from teeth, was mugged by words. Your
kiss arrives in vain, the night was without
a moon. Asleep, a seed sprouts howling
at the crossroads ready to invite the bottom
of abyss at the child's rape. Come and
see the birthmark on forehead, the map
of his country reddening and oozing.

I am on the run now to graft the
skin on unhealing wounds, unanswerable.

Satish Verma

Care

The noise of a crescent
climbs wordlessly.
In the night of dew and wind, for
its native starless beams-
holding the thread of a thought, walking
through wall of disbelief. Before and after
the murder of a spark; the heart misses
a beat. Cold sweat rustling on forehead;
you bend to pick up a coin,
a fake one. Possibility of becoming rich fades soon.
You want to say nothing. Troy, Michigan, USA

Satish Verma

Carelessly

Where will you go
when you are not right,
not wrong?

And train will not stop
at your station. You
have to wait till sunrise.

Half-mist, half-moon?
and the glass houses.
The rocks refuse to fly.

The consecrated dawn
on a silent street whispers.
The city was dead.

I sleep after the naked
assault. The black shirts
and the white shirts have no answer.

Satish Verma

Caretaker

Cannot undo, the
headless leap of faith.
It was not the answer.

A thousand moon
I will wait for the calamity, when
you come back with empty hands.

Playing Mozart,
I discover myself in the
jungle of antlers.

The grief survives
eternally. I arrange all
the words to spell correctly,
a white death.

The black tree
stumbles on pale moon.
The angel will not
open the door.

Satish Verma

Caretaking

A witch-hunting
starts, when you become
invisible from the centre
of trinity.

I ask the stranger,
what you hide from the
stars of galaxy?

When I am finally
alone. I will encounter your
ghost to know your intent.

For god sake do not go insane.
Word-by-word, I will read
your history of becoming
human.

Swimming like a
seahorse in water, your
pain stands erect like
a totem to build
your own kind.

Satish Verma

Carnality

I moan the departure
of death,
which was sitting in the golden
throne after the vision.

It had been a waging
war between religion and sex.
You want to align with the
sect devising the bared gestures.

Was it a personal vendetta
of the god who led the thirsty
years of man? It was a lidless
Hibiscus who will not stop crying.

Satish Verma

Carrying Scars

The prediction goes awry.
I wipe away an exotic
smudge on the paper.

I was trying to fight
venom of adverbs and
adjectives.

I want to retrieve my
poem, as it was? before
the digital onslaught of beheadings.

Give me my garden room,
baby moon and spotless
needles. My blood was blind.

I would come again in
my burial mode, when
your trenches are ready.

Satish Verma

Casualties

I am standing in peat.
The war drags on.

The dirt is raw,
squirting on to fingernails
turning them blue.
Who was running away
from hinges?

The genital warts were
spreading. The cold facts will
wear casuistry. The train
derails. Only the earth
is hurt.

Dreams cannot close the
wounds. You want to go
where the jungle is. Teeth
are broken. Eyes
become the house for ants.

Satish Verma

Catastrophe

Are you genuine, I ask?
Your face, a stone wall,
I had been bruising my psyche against it.
I have no strength to bury myself alive,
in the mass grave of lies.

An ancient fear
descends from the hill.
Wants to marry a tree.
Or worship the terror
of a diaspora.

The vultures are dying every day,
We were talking of pregnancy,
desire and death.

The sparrows are gone.
Heat is rising.
I am starting the countdown.

Satish Verma

Catch A Butterfly

Deep lies the truth, unfathomed,
you cannot touch it.
Crossing the faceless matrix,
do not reach the level,
reasoning flattens the spikes.
On sand, elixir falls
like drops from awakening.
Arising from sorrow,
mustiness fills your eyes.

This was truth or untruth,
two strokes of madness,
wedged between night and sun.
Silence becomes an eloquent speech.
Each day brings silly
statements wearing artful masks.
Commentary on a vision fails.

Right versus wrong.
The contents of conflict always
linked the fear with poverty of a Being.
The involuted self uncurls
a scheme of war with a big world.
Now the smiles catch
a butterfly to immitate the colors.

Satish Verma

Catch The Sunset

A lifetime with a classic pain,
does not give me peace or freedom.
Blind ideas scream,
breaking the antique silence.
Becoming was not,
the ending of desire,
or senile decay of lips.

You were destroyed,
by your weird dreams.
Silver spoon,
seldom became the bread of poor.
Sweated and smashed,
I picked up green
sprigs of sorrow.
It was a gift of sun and water.

Waiting for my turn
to catch the sunset
and the new moon together.
I wanted a life as a leaf,
drifting out on the hill,
touching the stillness of the thing,
the emptiness.

Satish Verma

Catching Fire

When the rage
will not find an exit.
Would you come to
share my grief?

*

We left our bones,
our souls behind;
to remind the word;
it was a booby-trap.

*

There was a gun debate
all the times. To kill
or not to kill the
fantasies in infancy.

Satish Verma

Catching Myself

Defining yourself,
I wanted to know, how long
you can remain honest?
to yourself.

The craft of harvesting
will not stand the acid test.
What do you see when
there is good sunset?

Still combustible
a cinder gives off flames
inside you and inner silence
becomes bold.

In between the sentences,
the pause betrays the balance.
You cannot decipher?
the code of sacrifice.

The road sleeps.
Coming to peace with not
reaching at horizon,
when sky was drinking the lake.

Satish Verma

Catnaps

Like maiden hair
fern, I return back to my
tribe and ancestors.

You tear off
the preamble, before
entering the hollow
of tree to find the
nest of vespa.

Unparalleled,
the forecast of the death
of nacent secret of
undying darkness. The
mankind digging the graves.

Why am I waiting
for the arrival of the
bride of moon? A thinker
broods to understand the
abstraction of human nature.

One day the man
and beast will become one.

Satish Verma

Cause And Reality

In the moment of reckoning
or nemesis, I call you
from the clouds.

It was a poetic
whisper, no rectification. Only
different versions of truth.

The maverick will not
take it as a personal slight,
if you are preparing a premature
exit.

Can we undo the damage
and become friends?
Unuttered, but still vocal.

Who was talking
of eternity? Your love
was Being. Nothing else matters.

Metaphysically you become
abstract. I will draw
the unseen other for me.

Satish Verma

Causing Intense Pain

Clouds had veiled
the waning sun.
A topaz.

A blast,
becomes quite blasé at first
then becomes green.

With envy, the moon
gives no light.
My faith tumbles.

Sometimes I ask myself.
Why did you cover
your sore spots?

As a perfect pretext
of buying peace
why did you go for the lies?

Satish Verma

Caved In

Between dead and live
god sleeps in the golden crib
to rename unborn.

In a recurring
triangle of deities, will you
ask burning questions?

Why do you ascend in
violence of words, when I gave
you gift to come back?

Satish Verma

Celebrating Blood Signed Will

Was there any
time space to recuperate
in self-esteem?

How can you define
hunger, when there was
no food for thoughts?

Who will name
the icon to regeminate
the lost dreams.

You tried to catch
the flames without burning
your hands.

Self-immolation
was animation of a prodigal
sun giving away light.

The ailing justice
cannot deliver the mercy
to wounded humanity.

Satish Verma

Celebrating Dark

I do not write about something
or anything. You will
not knock at my door.□

I will be pained, if
you sweep the floor, to
tout the unwritten song.

I sing wordlessly. Even
the echo will open
the waning wounds.

My body, I give to
hawks, to escape the
elegies in the death well.

Even the night
will bring the pillow
for the dying moon.

Satish Verma

Celebrating My Defeat

Skylit my bright atrium,
pumps the future.
Which becomes the today
righting the wrongs.
I want to go back
to my ancient furrows,
hibernate and sleep.
Let the life bloom on dead words.

In vitro a tiny face smiles.
Pink petalled
a crooked moon goes up in the sky.
Tangled thoughts resume
the search perceiving
the depth of the subway.
The waves splash on the rocks madly.

Celebrating my defeat,
I burn my books.
Cannot follow any path.
Lonely I trace
my truth in sands.
Wind communicates the disaster.
Still my hands
break the branches,
snap the thorns, bleeding.

Satish Verma

Celebrating The Crumbs

Your hands,
fingers speak your mind.
You will never compromise.

I ask myself
the impossible. The skulls
will not stop laughing.
Face to face the moons burn.

Will you keep
my most precious secret?
how I loved a snakecharmer.

That never was.
White lie on the black
tongue to recite a
blank page.

Why don't you leave
the shade of Acacia?
The thorns will always
entice you?

Satish Verma

Celestial

Lime green you
were navigating in
the light of moon.

Who had fallen in
mid of journey, giving up
the bronzed body?

A giant tree
walks with us, sending some
signs of the surrender.

Satish Verma

Celibate

Standing on a cliff
holding the hand of a tall tree
the wind said –
I am going to die in few minutes.
Moon was laughing.

In elements of air and fire
a deity was in burns.
Who had the déjà vu?
Sky was wearing white.
A divine mushroom was going to fail.

A purple wart is growing
along the innocent neck.
The colossal death of hungry strangers
is going to go in waste.
"Being" was truth, but conditioned to lies.

King was wearing an amethyst
watching a marathon.
A single sperm will win
to enter a paradise,
for the sake of a celibate.

Satish Verma

Ceremonial

Coming of age becomes
temporal, when
I start to speak.

It was my ancient wound?
which had come into being,
to bleed.

No mannerism,
idiosyncrasy or culture
was needed to stay dumb.

Time runs in a
narrow tunnel, to cross the enemy lines.
I will unmourn my death.

Like collecting the bluebells.
After the burial of candor,
there was no other ceremony.

Satish Verma

Chained Love

I sit in your prayer.
Marygolds clap.
You come and go in dark.

Buddha lies down and
thinks. Why sandalwood gives
beautiful smell without burns.

A room collects
cadavers. You search your
father in ashes.

In the domes your
voice comes back after meeting
God in distress.

Where truth lives? Have
you ever heard of him or
crossed him on the road.

Satish Verma

Chameleonic

Like a birthmark
you will remain
on my forehead.

Round cups and
blue drinks, the dark
side was capitulating.

You become my
partner, I will unleash
many moons.

I intended to
talk in walk about the
woes of life.

Satish Verma

Chanced To Meet

It was not,
just a kiss of a zodiac sign.
You had become a stranger
between fight and flight.

The trick was capricious.
Albeit, a calligraphy
on a bare tree, engrafting
your name which keeps
on growing with broadening trunk.

You watch the sky
at night and start a monologue.
The stars were expanding,
filled with grief. The
despair of going back home
in dark.

Satish Verma

Change Of Life

Becoming wise to
your faults. I will not wear
any talisman.

No fireworks were needed
to celebrate the return
of the sane fakir.

Standing up? was the biggest
ideal of the oppressed. I
repeat the act.

Taking the helm? without
retribution? was a challenge
thrown by the dark.

I have come to be reborn
in the name of symbols
broken.

Satish Verma

Changing Landscape

Living on shifting sands,
do not go for the rains.
One day you will become
a robber crab.

A cross-dresser you were.
My candle burns to see
your face in dim light. Moon
said, it was not yet dark.

Playing with rustling leaves
of autumn. I went on collecting
the gifts of winter like my
variant moods, yellow, brown and red!

Go and meet my deadpan
silver. It would never be my
sizzling poem. I will pour the
green river in your blue eyes.

Satish Verma

Changing Name

I don't seek the
renunciation. It were
you to turn divine.

What you would not
tell my tale of abdication
in pain of the birth?

You are shrinking
at blanks between tears.
Only the steps bleed.

Satish Verma

Changing Syntax

No apology for what
I would not say. You were
not my listener.

The heat sucks the
sweetness of moon in sky
before quietness.

Let's meet again
in dusk of life to correct
meaning of love.

Satish Verma

Changing Vocabulary

You used to say, I
was your accident, but you smiled
in unspoken words of pain.

Did you ever make
friendship with scorpions? They
don't change their habits.

It was not matched
with tears. Now you will sleep
in my poems, and I sleep on your lips.

Satish Verma

Changing World

A marble conceives
the geraniums to revive beauty
of rise from garbage.

It happens with mud?
slide. Not very sensuous but
your humor goes down.

Even beasts behave
when they are level hungry.
They know what to eat.

Satish Verma

Character

Transcending the wall,
living in the shell of a moment.
I want to retrieve you.

The bush fires may leave
us separately. The wayfarer
has still the grit to walk.

You walk around
the mount, seven times to
prove the fidelity of legs.

I did not earn you.
Like a comet you crashed
in my lap burning a hole.

What was the desire
of a wailing night, never
reaching the ocean.

Satish Verma

Charisma

The caterpillar on the lawn?
in the name of god,
eating away the copper,
the blue veins of thighs.

Barefoot I come to wish
you farewell. You must stand?
in the decaying woods,
to pronounce me dead.

The auburn fawn climbs on
the podium, to mimic a birdsong.
It was sloth time. Moon was
away and it was dark.

The eagle swoops on tiny
breasts, popping up from the
nest of muse. There were no
feathers and no beak left.

Satish Verma

Charity

Sometimes death lives for eternity,
a captive of silence,
or in hidden journey to flesh;
unless the body betrays the falling stars from eyes.

Dying was an appropriate thing
a festival of freedom for veils,
to leave you alone with your morality.

This terrible life ejects you
on the gravel to become a stone.
The fall from the beautiful height
was meant for charity.

No body wants to die for a toss-up
with life,
for a secret game of tears and smile.
The true thing of despair generates
a darkness, whom I owe my light.

Satish Verma

Charred Mistakes

Inside me, I take a turn.
By tightening the noose
hangman feels liberated.

In the grave, charred mistakes
waking under the massive ashes
of slaughtered sun, grieve

for the light. Time was death.
Every lovely tree was time,
leaving footprints on our existence.

Seeing the stillness in total eternity
like the calm lake dying on the
other side of the truth.

Of the dismembered faith,
and fear of future, and action
to move with the higher lies.

Satish Verma

Charting Your Destiny

In solemn consciousness,
I wanted to know, why
the shroud was white?
after the abandonment?

Peace or was it a surrender?
Is it the passive victory?
Are we betraying ourselves
in the reign of violence?

Reviving the cult of
collective suicides, I will
take more sins, wearing
the feather-crown.

Going for a black
hole from abattoir, still
dazed, I am leaving all
the question marks on your chest.

Do you know how
to tell the doomed fall?

Satish Verma

Chasing The Shadow

Drowned in unclogged arteries:
thoughts.

I am going to release a swarm
of bees. It was your dark hour.

A father sits outside your body to collect the stings.

A restive finger
on a blue gun invites the ghosts
to witness a burial of a fractured faith.

Thieves were waiting in wings.
A silent intimacy becomes invisible.

Sit back and comb the house
before it catches fire.
The earth spins in your eyes when you
pay the debt of a river;
when we were kneading the mountain.

Satish Verma

Chasing The Wild Cat

Pushed aside and
sequestered, like a
frieze, you hang on a wall.

From grape to grapefruit
the journey was tedious.
When you start reading the mind,
the crisis deepens.

Cannabis? Like psychoactive;
the anger rises against hyper?
male identity. A gender

based disorder. It kills
scores of cuckoos. Who will
give now, a mating call?

A prison-break. You set
free all the songs and
release the inmates of conscience.

Satish Verma

Chaste Energy

Let it be,
you don't engage in dispute
with me, to make us complete
and whole.

Sharp stings leave
my skin singed. Barehanded
I will fight with a
hollowed tiger.

A dark fear still hangs
on the milked mind. The tunnel
was unlit. You wanted
to become a white god.

The dead wine spills
from the ceramics. With feet
of clay you run very fast
to catch your shadow.

One day you will
walk in, to take revenge
on kismet and blend with me.

Satish Verma

Chaste Tree

A poem writes my name.
I am trembling
on paper like salt.

Flowing like moon
on the black wound.
The lamb and the skull.

I know the saint
invented by masses.
You need a fresh awakening.

A vastness from nothing to nothing.
Later the pebbles will dance
on the bay of death.

Sometimes the scales were jinxed,
sometimes the weight was light.
I was sitting under a chaste tree.

Satish Verma

Chaste Words

How to begin
the journey of truth?
it was moving away from all paths.
No concrete answers were there,
questions loomed large,
a moaning confusion reigned.
I moved inward,
to open the door,
I had to talk to my poems.

A beautiful truth,
hangs on my thoughts disempowering.
Engaging the years, of twisted happenings.
It cannot be rude, must be palpable,
must be soft, like cactus bloom.
Never turning,
away from heat.

This repetition of reality,
always helps,
I may not listen to the voice,
of the other side of faith.
But the chaste words,
surround me with dignity.

Satish Verma

Chastity

He turns, forgets the hollyhocks
tries to become human
accepts the stupidity.

When he could not help the hops
closed the door
and gave sermons.

A horny hooch
or judgement on honeydew
was tossed in dust-bin for integrity.

And deep in river
a crocodile dies
for underwater truth.

Chastity was in peril
tormented by creativity
of the underground.

Satish Verma

Chemistry

In twilight of pain
I blink for a dot
to punctuate the intelligence.

My incoherence brings the unseen.
I stay at a vowel
to see the truth.

Immenseness versus depth,
in shoals of turbulent life.
Where do I hide my vessel?

A lure of the exotic death
does not bring the peach color
to reveal the light on earth.

An inverted blankness prints
the words of green bruises,
where the falls meet.

Satish Verma

Chemistry Anytime

In the city of avatars
uncharitable names were cropping up
for wet and wild awards
scripted on lips of unreliable nights.

I wanted to quit archives
of headless soldiers and standing back
wanted to watch a river
of corpses flowing to morgue.

Another blast has killed a dozen
bystanders, who were shopping
for a white chador of peace
from blood-streaked owners.

Become a homosexual to catch up
the wave. Don't tell, don't give up.
The birthing of blue moon amidst white stars
will take place shortly

Satish Verma

Chessboard

dark matters are floating
like bowls made of leaves
spilling hunger, make me upset, figures moving
like ghosts wrenching out the fish plates
from rails, nothing will move now except
the eyebrows of stone faces, bodhisattvas
sitting in scorching sun, unshaven, crosslegged
waiting for realization to come, not to
them but tormentors, a milky way in ever
night, the dry wind slaps on the faces
to remind them not to sleep, the shade
of the Cacti and Acacia seldom stubborn
to give you the shadow of the blades, the
sun ultimately compresses you in the
waist- high grass of death trap.

Satish Verma

Choking

Like a quivering leaf climbing
unreachable thighs of a cloud
in naked shelter of sun.

I lament the fall
of a colossus
who would not live in a glass house.

Ash smeared on face
a name walks on the book
of barefoot poems.

Today I am going to morph
into a death sentence
for an uncommitted crime.

Who had lost himself
in unslept awakening
of a disaster?

Satish Verma

Choking On Words

It was past endurance.
Flattened rage went into shaking palsy.
He moved into sculptured dark
like false reason,
to defend the ankle-bone,
for sequential pain.

Every one seemed a fallible saint
wet eyed, sitting on extinct volcano,
between tickling bombs of flesh.
He imagined –
that he was evaporating,
from the eyebaths, steadily
for a spiral journey.

By way of fear,
he wanted to break monotony –
sitting upright in a lotus position
to reverse the clock, of hunger, of extreme failures -
choking on words, mixing
continents of hate.

Satish Verma

Chronic Wait

When a full moon was taking a bath
by the serene lake, you moved about in
abandoned identity, your sides flaring up.

A slate gray nubion cloud was tossed
around by a tall tree. Hotstepping you despaired
to prevent a stillbirth of a genre

in genocide of anonymous flora viberating
in cyberscape of ominous sentences. The
exhibitionist was taking over the podium. Petit mal

brings the heels down of worshippers anointing
a pair of sandals. Someone goes a non-linear
fashion, denies the holocaust and howling.

Hospice was needed for non-believers in any
case. A continuum of exurbs intercedes in the
slaughter of bovine names.

Satish Verma

Chronicity

I was keeping a vigil in holy town
on a water cut. Lucy, Lucy did you have
a dirty mind?

This luciferina, will not tell the truth.
Venus and Venus flytrap had a
parallel birth.

And I was facing the dismembered tragedy
of freedom, unblooded in alien land
of unthinkable prayers.

Where the country will carry my pilgrimage
of fears and apprehensions? I thought,
and therefore I disappeared.

In convoy of great ideas, the escort was
a beautiful god, who went to sleep
when assault came.

Satish Verma

Satish Verma

Circle Of Glory

Pain unites the victims.
Discreetly, afterword, was the same.
Only loser helped you to die instantly
for the millions of stars.

The shadow was a terrorist
on the terrace.
Wounds were flying on erected dais,
the circle of glory was complete.

Over the dead nurseries
sun was kneading the earth,
for a graying sky
to bear the night.

A shameful retreat
of the weaver, of faked skin,
when body was stained with orange bruises
inviting the moon.

Satish Verma

Circles

Releasing the pain.
Your eyes laugh,
when you cry.

*

An ancient city
wakes up. A bird, a lizard
and a beast.

*

A triangular hollow
of the valley
throws up the moon.

Satish Verma

Circling

A bucketful of moon
falls on my door
with the smell of a salted night
on frozen shoulders of a punctured landscape.

I start expanding
unseeing a sentimental lake.
Life was asking a very high price
for the purple bruises.

Why do you land on the sea of names?
Only one face sinks in the spill
of words. Would you put the green
rain in my glass of absinthe?

Satish Verma

Circling Moons

When the time faults, it
becomes metaphysical for me?
to write a poem in flesh and blood.

A night's terror, descends.
Buzz of an insect hovers,
until I give in.

A thoughtless invasion?
makes you unstable, when
you reach the heights, where
snow wails, time and space
start collapsing.

A vacuum bubble expands
into a dome. You draw frescoes
in dream. The colors penetrate.
Blind landings begin.

Looks as if you were sitting with dead,
till eternity.

Satish Verma

City Of Stones

Anointment of any prefix was hurting
I started shedding the names.

To fill the void, dialogues were not sufficient.
So many of thorns, without seeing,
in flesh, reading the closed mind, to
reach the inner blue.

After dark bloody spills on the rose petals,
you stagger on white tendons;
cracking the fright, peeling off the truth.
How nervous was the death to tread in.

In the pit, no sound, no hiding.
Deep down was hung a turmoil.
calling a name, when night was sad
and lightning was lifting the clouds.

The city of stones in me, the solar system
the galaxies, were stumbling out in defeat.

Satish Verma

Civil Resistance

Being me
like a butterfly I cannot
fold the wings.

Why do we need to
burn the orchard grass
for an interim exit.

My bête noire was me.
I would not separate the
statecraft from worship.

Snubbing the trees,
I want to climb tall to know, why
were we using sarin and mustard.

On the road to avatars,
I won't believe, that a released
soul should come back.

Robotic, someone was
searching a lost forest.

Satish Verma

Claim For Fame

The journey is brutal when you arrive nowhere
striving for unsaid perfection.
Life drips. Your wounds snap the love.
A tale becomes a twister.
Between the blinds is buried, the window. In dark
a depression fills the room.
The untethered loneliness.

Fearing from self.
A time to become insane without anchorage.
My ruined book becomes a home for spiders.
Bewildered dreams rise like vampires from the skull.
I will not mourn the body.
The spirit walks like the white light.

It was a thwarted desire, to die empty-handed
beside the troubled mind.
Was there a path to truth?
Being, what lies are?
The soul rustling the shadows of mortal thoughts.
The tree finally gives up
the claim for fame.
The roots squirm.

Satish Verma

Clairvoyance

The spirit hovers.
I am not interested in a
séance. Let me come face to face
with the book to share clean
or unclean thoughts.

Not able to print my deep
angst. A clash of cultures. I
will call the unprinted scream. The
dismembered limbs begin
a dance of unfolding
the hate.

It was a jig.
Of scaffoldings for the
peacocks to shed their wings.
Everyone was falling for the green-gold
to be embossed on the dust
cover of life.

Satish Verma

Clampdown

It was a dirty war
of moat
flaying the legs in emotional outburst.

No stings.
Only mandibles will do the job of chewing
on your dark fingers.

Flat, the taste of milk:
a synthetic formula to eat your entrails.
The plastic nose will smell the rose.

Unbuttoned,
message will bring the fishplates
and birthmark of violence.

Death has a cult of contusions.
You bleed to bones
for illuminating the street.

Satish Verma

Classical Entry

It takes billions of years
for ancient light to reach us and
rescue the trapped darkness.

You can hunt among rocks
in the palisades, behind
the ramparts.

There was an apocalypse.

Stem cells were ready
to repair the myelin?
searching ancestry.

It was a tense stand-off
between the headstone and a living dead.

Cannot repay the debt of blue
Sky, sending us
the warnings of catastrophe.

Satish Verma

Clauses

Children of stink, cannot smell the rose.
Lithium in their blood
fathers were happy.

Power over the fire of groins,
was a music to ears.
Everything else was secondary.

The wishes squealed
on the mattresses.
Grief was served in the bed.

Big tears flowing
on the cheeks of ice.
Antarctica was crying.

Sexed up vendetta
did not kill a fly.
Bee was hovering over the heads.

I will expand till infinity.
Life will take care
of ferocious clauses.

Satish Verma

Claustrophobia

For a patch of happiness
you rushed into the arms
of clouds. Only to fall back with tears.
The glazing authority of moon
hangs on the poverty of spiked wisdom.
Betrayal is the norm of celestial thinking;
how can you accept a dropp of death?

What is your motive
in watching the pain?
A path, a tunnel,
a precipice. The collage of purity
has the innocence of sorrow.
And truth, sails like a phoenix.
There is complete silence.
The flameless fire collapses
lapping up the anger.

Pouring out all the heart beats,
emptying the mind
darkness lowers the wheels
between muscles and bones.
Your body is eaten half by dusty thoughts.
Claustrophobia chokes the little stanzas
you are afraid, some one cares for you.

Satish Verma

Clawing Night

The waves crash at your threshold.
You had given me lot of tears:
I was dying in me-

in veiled existence. I want to hear me
loudly; my secret coming,
across the book in black box.
The androgynous deity
limping back to shore.

The claws, gnawing, stretching, giving
arterial push to the dead thighs
of ailing planet. First purple, then black
gangrene appears on the toes.

Chase of wealthy robes, spilling of sperms
for sake of virility. The slicing of time
gives dividend to survivors.

Satish Verma

Clean Hands

Deeply troubled inside,
I become silent
like a quiet, serene sea.

Impatience. It
has erupted again in my
hardened mood.

Playing a gamble
without a dice. An unmasked
body trembles.

I will ask my
river goddess one day?
where was my moon?

Exploding in its
face, the enigma had never
any physical.

Making things easier for you.
I stand in the moment of truth
on flames.

Satish Verma

Cleansing

It was a removed behavioral aspect
of a vivisection;
the moon had left
the grey anatomy of earth.

Crazy,
yes the system shows
sheer lunacy. The prudence
was chasing a smoke.

A long winged golden eagle
soars high for a prey of short limbs.
The opaque ankles
will not take the victim very far.

A cut-glass vase will have
an unrelenting rose, who was not
responsible for crucification,
like hawthorns.

Satish Verma

Clear As Water

A poet's eye
sails from room to room.
Do you know which wall
opened to devour my love?

I had wished to see
the femineity of moon risen.
It had burned my
lips like cinders.

In very dark time
big China roses were waiting
to honour the anonymous
author of gravity.

I don't hear your
voice in cloudburst.
Fragile poems will cry?
if you don't open the fist.

Satish Verma

Clear The Decks

Searching human
teeth. Real fossils.
Let go my hand.

Chasing the
flames. No moon to
brighten path.

Sweating in woods.
I am holding roses.
Not thorns.

Struck by
lightning, truth burns.
Rains will not help.

History repeats.
Animals roam in garden
of colored lilies.

It was diplomacy.
The patriarch dies, leaving
the legacy of harms.

Satish Verma

Cleaved Love

Between wolf and
vampire, you burn the
marrow of moon.

Carnivore. You
define the perfect surrender.
No peace as yet.

My father talks to
my son in sleep, to wear
an old hawthorn crown.

Satish Verma

Climacteric

Tonight when you deploy
the pillow to block the doors
and the skin fails; a moon
 will enter by sealth from
 the window in virgin black night.

I will bring forest flames from
where, adoration never stops.
There may be a disconnect!
 when you kill the time; yet
 turmoil rises with sensuality.

A fluid design appears
in blue dark. There was balka-
nization in the limbs. I grab
 the waterfalls, climb the strings
 and reach the bliss of a poem.□

Satish Verma

Climbing

Before sinking to knees.
I will talk to flowers.
Day of arrival has come.

In death, wisdom of trees
will eject the seeds
of fire on hip-locked roots.

A miracle will raise the bones
from the rage of crowd.
The king has agreed to depart.

Darkness sings in the
valley of sun.
Tongues are free to weave the moon.

Till the words are ready
to walk on street of sorrow
to remove the blood soaked prints.

Satish Verma

Climbing Up

We are burning?
the boats.
Freckled in the sun.
The river was drying up.

The stupid moon,
will not listen, was
in love with lake. One
day the water
will flow.

Do you believe in
rebirth of a universe?
from the fallen
debris of life?

The dead man will
walk out from the shroud,
to reclaim,
the lost integrity.

Satish Verma

Clinging To Hope

Revealing id,
without ego, and hunger.

I may not touch
you ever, placing my palm
down face on the burning candle.

Step by step I come
near you and move away
collecting my pins.

The medallion still hangs
in the cleavage.

You will throw your head
backward and laugh in misty chimes.

The skiagram shows the increased
vascularity. Would you come
if I don't call you?

We will smell together
the parting lips, trying to say
love, but unannounced.

Satish Verma

Cloning

I dream a nightmare
of anti-moon, when
the smile leaves your face
and you become a phosphorescent
butterfly in dark.

A flight of bluebirds
makes a last circle, and
lands on the mound of bones
as a shrine of paranoid of
waist down paresis.

No one was perfect.
No savior will appear.
Anniversaries come and go,
The Homo sapiens look back to identify
their progenitors.

Have the mercy. O
god, it was too late to
strike at the womb.

Satish Verma

Close The Circle

Why are you packing up for final journey?
I am not getting the signals from the stars
through the amnesia. The moon will rise
on the desolate landscape of broken dreams
A shudder gives away. You always pursued incompleteness.

So the striving continues, for wholeness,
without sitting in meditation, remaining restless,
churning, agitating, creating comets on the lips,
touching the tulips, red roses, scented air,
traveling all alone through the black memories.

Talking to yourself in emptiness, wading in the
green eternity to find pure, unblemished truth,
the secret of eternal youth. Which fear had
perverted my vision? Why should I be afraid
of meeting you in me? Cannot I maintain my.

Integrity? The wheels are moving and your
gifts are lying unclaimed. Where do we meet?
No temple is safe. A foreign land where the
clouds bleed and sun unloosens the threat,
I will seek to close the circle.

Satish Verma

Closed Chain

Not a single word
wept, when sky was overcast.
Who wins ultimately?
The cell in the death,
or death in the cell?
I tried,
I tried not to do any wrong.
The centuries suffered.
The pollen in the wind
will not land. Each grain
was a harbinger of a relic.
The purple tears?
for bread and water. Who was
not hungry?
A peacock dance
goes waste?
without rains.

Satish Verma

Close-Up View

I saw you dying for
basics. Your legs were heavy
and then you start walking.

There was no Plato.
Hemlock begins to climb. You
smile and get ready for Odyssey.

Who will decide the fate
of earth. Aristotle becomes sick,
looking at the new tapestry.

Satish Verma

Clouds And Roads

On a sizzling riverbed, how many suicides
will make up the loss of a green moon? Must
we count our rags in sleep? Victims of a
manipulated music of bricks!

I thought, I will give you more, taking
less of you, have finally laid to rest the attacking
needles in the black holes of flesh. In rains we
will cry endlessly.

Another promise broken, would watch the stars
to set forth the eggs. A melon sweetens the
tongue of dissenters and robes are taken
off after the helicopter crash.

On the palms opium grows, bubbles learn
to float with the words of priests who were
reciting hymns to anoint the new incumbent,
will start the black magic again for mass slimming.

Satish Verma

Clouds Were Collecting

Time
was moving without wheels.

Not a match. I
don't exist. Anonymous.
You were also not same
as I lost you.

Black walls.
You will kiss them
for a promise.

Your lips, wrapping
the wounds, like bandages.

The bruises smell
like poppies.

Not thirsty. Still
I revert to the theme of
dry lake.

Are you going to
shut the eyes of moon?

Satish Verma

Clustered

Was busy
carving out the white clouds
like stanzas, unflawed.
Now I begin to fall apart.

No meaning was left in a drink.
You could see only your image
drowning in a scented charity.
At last I am watching myself.

Black paper. The ink was white.
Speechless. No body language.
Only you will discover the space
between the unspoken words.

Only buttons know the hollowness
of a floating gun. Meeting you in
an empty glass. Future will always
talk of a setting sun.

Satish Verma

Cobra Night

You had failed
the truth, staring at
the hot sun.

To prove the criminality
of demigods, you
use a ploy to listen to
the inner voice.

The body revolts.
Fluids break the
boundaries against the
mixed thoughts.

You pick up the
grace of a fallen star.
Night weeps for all night.
Mystery of truth was
never solved.

You can transcend
the deep pain now.

Satish Verma

Cobwebs

It was difficult to
rewrite one's own death?
on parchment paper. The cloudburst,
had washed away your writ.

The cadaver turns around
and talks. Faith and fire going together.
A flickering light from the brown
eyes, would tell about Advaita. The
nonduality of pain and body.

You can become painless?
if you leave the physical and
watch yourself intently.

Captivity crumbles. You want
to make sure, the bread does not
come between desire and grief.

Satish Verma

Cocktail

Beings of erotica were
at the gates of heaven.
Shell-shocked, the city was becoming political
but people were absconding.

It was global warming
for obscenity. The remoteness
was collapsing and moons
had come in my arms.

Smoking the serrated leaves
and glandular hairs, hurling
yourself on the pathway to ecstasy
to forgive and to forget.

The blue mercury was
ascending. Anti-depressants were
not working. You don't own the
phrases. Words were becoming surrogate
for thoughts. We embrace the fall.

Satish Verma

Coding An Ocean

You fault me for
a silent poem.
In infinity of this moment.
I catch the miracle
of unspoken words.

Let me not forget
the way you look at
me via tears.

Why buttercups were
poisonous, untasting you?
Even a simile touch
brings a shudder in leaves.

Give me a kiss of parting,
only you can give. For
ages I will remember the sting.

Satish Verma

Cold-Bloodedness

Gifting myself a new
hurt, though ephemeral, do
you feel my nearness
when I don't speak?

It doesn't work, your
patience with a deadpan face.
How would you talk to
butterflies, hollyhocks and
blackbirds?

You had tried to overrun
your own self by giving away
your it, your
vision will still follow you
at burning pyre.

Weep, weep my poems
seduction was not
your gold, nor your enemies.
Then whom you are going to make
your god?

The handcuffs have no answer.

Satish Verma

Collapsing

He wants to revert
back to mutism.
No thyme?
no secrecy.

The half-baked pursuit
of non-violence,
accepting the violence,
on other way round.

The otherness.
You want to identify yourself
with a new religion.
Terror of anonymity?

A night blooming cereus
wanted to avoid the sun.
And love, must you
play desert?

Satish Verma

Collapsing Lights

There was no ending
of questions.
I grope, I miss.

Memory plays
tricks. I have come
afar in shrinking heights.

A face jumps
in mirror.
Cannot recognize me.

Aging eyes.
Moon. Fallen leaves,
wrinkled yellow, harsh winter.

Satish Verma

Collateral

When the curtain falls, the puzzled instinct
inherits the confusion of clouds. The beleaguered

moon goes into a rage. Hungry vultures start
a wait for the fall of a titan, stimulating the sun

to exhibit the trove of the golden rings. Go
blackberries, with bloody roses into the dawn.

Whole night our bones had gone crazy. Flickering
like stars on the lake of speechless body.

All his life he was searching for the windows
to let in the fire for burning up the boots.

Satish Verma

Collected Thoughts

Like tussoh, I collect snow
after the blizzard, churning
the quartz, O December.

Time to hang my boots
and listen the call to quarters.
Windows would kill me.

I had my horrors
I had my wine.
The moon was still calling.

My thumb bleeds
for white skin of sun.
Who was depressed in night?

The collateral damage
is bound to happen; if drones
don't listen to me.

Satish Verma

Collecting Milkweed

I will not understand
the gift of hurting
in unsolicited encounters.

Will chase you around
the world,
without arriving.

O fear, my bread;
cannot feel you, unbirthing.
Life gives me many stitches.

A parallel face mocks
in the sky, unless the moon
cries for the kiss.

Wooden wheels move on
the laid body. Your venomous
tooth I break.

Satish Verma

Collecting The Relics

Predicted to fall.
Man battling against his
demonic spirits.

A killer silence
becomes a knife. Slicing your thumb.

You want to invoke
the missing gods, sleeping
under the dams.

No one should bring
me to tears. I disapprove
the color of blood.

My bones are becoming
stronger, without flesh. I walk
without legs on the hills of fog.

Do not throw the
acid on moon. Hands
will do.

You cannot pass through
a ring of fire. Bonding fails.

Satish Verma

Collective Death

I am talking to me
in a muffled tone.
Unhinged, cutting myself.

Murder was shaping. Cheating
oneself. What was the argument
to concede the religion -

of a no-god? The actuality
of present time? Black magic
was turning human beings into stones.

Amid unrest someone claims
the obscenity of truth.
The torture becomes fearless.

Paired needless stitch the unhealing
wounds. I have left the home
to find the black-hole.

Satish Verma

Collective Guilt

For the sake of lake, I climbed
on the weeping hills
to see the other side of moon.
The precipice of hunger weighs heavily
on shoulders.

Capricious time moves inwardly,
Strikes at the chest.
I set free the love-birds.

Conflict of trees tramples the grass
All summer the smell of dry winds
was scorching tear drops.
Every word was crying.

Dark in my city
I am wandering alone in alleys
of hostile homes.
The collective guilt of the flesh
blazes the mind.

Satish Verma

Collective Guilt□

profiling the divine phallus
on terraced shrouds of fault the dilemma
of arcane notation starts for that
succulent rumours, emotively torn asunder,

a green room becomes epiphanic,
the voice was gone with black sun;
buried onto neck in the drenched earth
the age old sins will be purified

today i meet you for a refusal to place
wreaths for soft death unceremoniously in
the lethal dose for assisted end of life;
a flame hangs like a pendant on the wall,

deflowered chaste tree, stretched unchilled
in deep wounds: it turns to my inner
eye, the voyage to anonymity of incomplete
cries of a broken dream, tody sleep not

Satish Verma

Collective Loss

In grey zone of life
I find you under bodhi tree
searching footprints of Buddha.

In war we take off
our shirts chasing the pain of
poverty. Do you doubt yourself?

In grief I was learning
from you. How to paralyze yourself
in voices of fake slogans.

Satish Verma

Colloquy

Will you wait for me
till the moon parts the clouds
and the lake looks serene?

A reticent encounter;
I want to speak through;
silence. A shadow play will do.

Mystic nights weave;
a conspiracy. The insects
hover like words.

A lamp? No I will
burn my bridges to illuminate
the river.

Between the math;
and a story lies
the bloody corpse.

Satish Verma

Color And Shades Of Punta Cana

1.

Memories on edge
one after the other?
salted, dried and smoked.

On green sea?
in a sail boat.
You do not know, where to go.

Hot and humid night.
Half moon, sitting
on a royal palm.

2.

A violent sun
was rising. Knocking down
the unending music of night.

The purple flight
of fish, clams and crabs,
overrides. Tomorrow they would be
on table and white sand in your eyes.

The waves, come one by one.
To die on the receding shore.
Your hands tremble, holding the sea.

3.

China rose. Evergreen.
You will find its glory
petal by petal
at every step.

On a tropical beach?
at sensual dawn.
You come out

to pick up the poems.

Love is the arrival of carnations.
Do you mind the nameless pain,
When you walk Matilda?

4.

Earth breaks here
into palms, like spread hands
and hibiscus blooms.

I find the red lips
on burning globes.
of honeysuckle shades?

the sand, sky and moon.
They will meet tonight
at beach for parting kisses.

5.

Something climbs your bones
like an invisible wave
of primeval lust.

A blood feel?
from the pricks of Duranta,
the secret of land's native instinct.

6.

It falls like a quivering leaf:
the sultry night.
A salty wind slaps and tickles.

Walking under the royal
palms, escorted by
lined cycads.

Full moon hangs

overhead, watching the sensual
dance of light and shadows.

7.

The absolute stillness,
hisses. A vicious assault.
Your hands fly to ward off the evil.

A savage storm
of whirling thoughts?
uprooting the dream of wholeness.

8.

I spread rose petals
on your frame.
You smell?
like a garden.

Around the moons
I will draw the Caribbean sea
with a roving eye.

The lush green, your body
of domes and hairless seeds.
Skin starts burning like a peach.

9.

The flames
now leap. Sabotaging the surging blood.
A subtle and delicate presence begins.

The ism has a silent
fall. You can hear the turbulence
before the poem is born.

10.

The age
unwraps you.

Listening to the sounds of sea.
You are ready to face the ageless.

Time takes its
pound of flesh.
You bleed in grass.

Wind smears the pages with dust.
You were writing?
in praise of absence.

And when the full moon
gives a call, you
become speechless.

I have lost my home
again.

Satish Verma

Color Change

from known to known
fear moves
in a circle, like a cheetah;

a jounery starts
from shivers to shivers –
when it was pouring

the taste of sting
ascending
loosening beside

between the lips
a word strieks,
terror spills from a naked eye,

you move inward
peel off the face
the eternal shame

of mankind, a hunger will miss
the date with a chameleon

Satish Verma

Colored Designs

Everytime you discover
a new black hole;
someone crosses the border
and starts crying.

Thread weaved in and out
of tapestry. You were nailed
to the wall, which never
had any doors.

Why were you not a mackintosh?
You scripted strangely, talking
of an open world. You smell
a war between the poems-

in a book. There was no ad hoc
pain in groins. Your boney
nose went to find the peat moss
in the jungle of sandalwoods.

Satish Verma

Come Again

Intercepting the random
poems, pick not
the holy water, in your palm.
I cannot lift the words.

Dark bellies, in moon's
autumn, will play with flutes.
You will swoon on the
sight of blood at the hands.

It was not the first time, a
lamb in the midair?
falls on the golden spear of
new theme, to bluff the naiveness.

Somebody takes a turn, to
find the bell, which will not send
any sound, on the death of
the poppies.

Satish Verma

Come Out Of You

The inscribed stone
winks at moon to compare
smudges on face.

*

I ask myself to know
thymself. Life will smell the blood,
of what hurt your dream.

*

Will not erase your
name from jessamine.
Winter always waits.

Satish Verma

Come To Me As You Are?

You are landing
in all my poems. Mirror
speaks death from death
life from life.

Born in clay oven.
I praise god. You leave
your handprints.
Loaves were mine.

Was it not insulting
fire? A catastrophe? I
worshiped the goddess Agni
for its immaculateness.

An eagle makes
a preemptive dive
at interphase of lips and
tearful eyes.

Satish Verma

Come Whitely

Moon injured?
after reaching climax.
At the death of a poem
nobody was ready to climb the pyre.

A collapsed river was
sleeping in your eyes. I will
come and wake up the sun.
Now I am melting.

Some troubling signs were there.
You were becoming vulnerable,
if the rock cried. And you
wanted to die in my arms.

O brute, cold-blooded
murderer, the shadow of the comet
was lengthening. I don't
want any roses for funeral.

A self-image had the last laugh.

Satish Verma

Comfort In Hobbling Home

Washed by tears, the flame kindled again.
Crimson magma was quick to engulf
the drops on forehead. Fired from close range
the bullets opened the bloodgates in quick succession.
It should not have happened!
Therefore the journey resumes outside the good
or the evil. The rdx bombs are found at
your doorsteps and you watch helplessly the
murder on dining table.
Are you safe in linens of truth? The lip
gloss of diplomacy will work? The sea
was turbulent and a hijacked trawler was left
on waves with the shot body of captain.
Your hands are trembling on the knobs without
doors. Through the death I perceive a
child crying in the arms of a sobbing galaxy.
There were needles on the road and our
soles were bleeding.□

Satish Verma

Comic End

The swamp was in
boil. It was raining
again on the open wounds.

The scissors will
play a dirty game. You
divide the river
in right and left.

Enough was the greed
when you follow the bun.
After the surgery, no blood
was left.

I will go.
You would sing in praise
of coolness of water.
It refuses to move.

Escaped the blast, the
sparks. You can sail
in bottomless boat.

Satish Verma

Coming And Going

In last breath,
when the door remained
open, you walked out.

Accepting the truth
was my fault.
Everything was not true.

After a death
there was no other dying.
Thoughts were deathless.

A self-portrait
would be not simple,
you were watching.

Satish Verma

Coming Back To Alma Mater

Your voice has dimmed.
I cannot catch your
beautiful profile.

Wanted to see you,
where you were not present.

O god! who was running
this weird world?

Prepare for a
heat stroke in moonlight.

Naked as a blank paper.
Can you print
the end of unending?

Do not want to call
seers. I will search myself
to know the meaning of
dying gracefully.

Were you ready to become
a silhouette?

Satish Verma

Coming Back To You

Becoming tainted without
a stain, seeing
you in dark, untouching.

Why do you draw
a circle around you? keeping
out the center?

Voicelessly,
a howling call? per
mistake, disturbs the slumber.
Moon had yet to leave.

The grace of crying
wordlessly. Buddha sleeps
again on side, through
the vacant mind. Partial amnesia?

The gift of the angles
against the dots. I was
left with hyphens only.

Satish Verma

Coming Face To Face

When a gravedigger
mourns?
the impasse ends.
A robot turns on the rains.

With horror, you release
the doves to reach for
olive branches for peace.

Paraplegic, the horse
will not run? on hawthorns.
King was decapitated.

You talk to your seers
sleeping six feet down in earth
to explain the genocide?

of unborn fathers, when
they were praying
headdown for downpour.

Satish Verma

Coming Full Circle

This was the surrealistic
nightmare.

Omitting the guilt
I will paint a nude.

It was not kind of
pink. Cosy with words?
you will polish the legend,
misspell the murder.

Transfixed I enter
the still life. You come
out with bound hands
to say goodbye.

Sometimes I feel, it is
not over. The sap of black
pine becomes red.
Needles prick me, not to move.

You fold the holy book
and put it in bag.

Satish Verma

Coming Into Unbeing

Eyeing the pale moon
I will grace the path
of neutrality.

Piercing red
a current pulses through
the vacant eyes.

You always
curl the lips to remain unsaid
about the embrace of fire.

Conversing with
the waterfall, you forget
that you were standing on edge.

Invisible undercurrents
have a ritual. They appear like
glazed cleavers when there
is no crowd of thoughts.

Like indigo child you
extend the purple hands
to heal the bruised ego.

Satish Verma

Coming Near You

Like a walking fern, you were.
I was talking to you. Why
would you nose down to touch
my landscape and fall into my arms?

To protect you, I was
making a massive wall? encouraging
the revivalism. Predator
drones were intending to follow you.

The dirt? it will not
stain your innocence. Don't
stand on the ledge. Faceless
winds can topple you at night.

We are beasts, with no space
in between. Like sardines you
are packed without names. The
sea has dried up. How far
was the sun?

Satish Verma

Coming Out

Celebrating
the midnight at target shooting
making away of yourself.

The morning smells coming from
your axillae?
I cannot believe my
jaundiced eyes.

The blue night abusing
the white moon –
in a sizzling sky.
Hedonism?

I will keep your name
on the brink, before
I jump into fire.

What was the secret of the
lovers, who left their belongings
before disappearing into dark woods?

Satish Verma

Coming Out In Dark

Starting a crush,
on the baby face moon.
Only half-sinned
by staying quiet.

Think straight.
If you don't spell out,
you will snap?
like the fallen blue angel.

Falling in arms. Space
was small. Ars poetica?
faulted. You feel?
luggage was heavy.

For a griever, it was
a long walk. In trance a
city lifts your pyre.
You refuse to burn alive.

Calling names in sleep.

Satish Verma

Coming Out Of Asylum

Multiple hurts? and
you still want to live
in this dystopia.

The queue was
lengthening to catch up
with moon.

The gate man will talk
of an apocalypse.
The repeat flame, which
does not die in the presence
of sun.

The thoughts. Will they
ever stop in dark? The
moonlight gathering the ashes.

The erotica fails to
cast the net. You want to
collect the venom of desire
capping the end blues.

Satish Verma

Coming Out Of Skin

Banded I walk
on the dirt road,
when discreetly, your shadow falls behind me.

Melting the distance
a voice loses the sharp birthmark,
becomes perfectly an onlooker.
Where I was going?

Greed was splitting the fat.
An owl creaks.
I pick up some daisies to walk into a crypt.
New mind was some steps away.

Coming out of skin
nakedness, brings out the tears.
We have stopped speaking. Only whispers
are parting the blackness.

Satish Verma

Coming Under The Wheels

Highly vitiated was
your kitchen. I assume
I was dead on your table.

The halo was fading.
Stage was set for a showdown
between the believer and the iced river.

The red carpet had been
folded. Chief guest? the black
death of sun was not coming.

There would be no
ceremony to alleviate the
aches of separation.

I may resume my
journey to deep ocean, now
since you are flying wingless broom..

The ants have found the carcass.

Satish Verma

Commentary On Last Wishes

The snakeskin smiles.
Shoes hurt, when
somebody gives away mercy.

Fidelity has come
for sale. You want to listen
Beethoven only.

The questions were mine. You
had no answers.

I never want to talk
about truth, as if everyone knows
it. I write poetry.

Did you jump into a
dry pool to know
the depth of sky.

Do you think
that was a right thing
to become a saint.

Satish Verma

Commentaries

This was my book of pain
with no ending.
Life had two meanings-
Anticipation of today,
and fear of tomorrow.
Time was running out
like sand from fists,
mists were rising,
commentaries on setting sun had begun.

Mind was calculating, computing all the time
the duality of desire.
I wanted to catch the words,
the movement of grief,
the completeness of a thought.
It came as a stroke-
the revelation of self.

We did not want to break
the bondage of problems.
It was complete annihilation
of our identity.
We loved conflicts
we loved to hate.
We adored the disorientation.
The violence of our thoughts
created an empty wasteland.

Satish Verma

Commerce

The snarled monogamy
needs a firework.
A solitary moon walks on a lake
nonchalantly.

The marriage
between the planet and moon
was falling apart.
In amphora lies the secret

of a jeweled crown. Cynical
berries were searching
a quartz to find the truth of the bush
where the colors were mixed.

There is no further news of
half-crazy stars who became
pretty girls to start trading
their shines.

Satish Verma

Committed

A flash point in ocean
becomes omnivorous
eating the boats.

The sharks unstick and
sleep on waves
for another abeyance.

Sitting on the wheels
of a tank,
men waited for the revolution to scoop

a scorched motherhood
where the children
were becoming missiles.

The light moves in circle
to find the mirrors
on a blue horse.

Satish Verma

Common Thoughts

Dying daily
without touching you.
A panther plays?
with a fawn and then eats him.

The mode of living
is changing. I rise with
sun and fall with moon.

Read me in your
palms and recite the
prayer to belongingness.

Ah, all the miseries
were coming on surface.
Who failed the religion,
the fidelity?

You don't want to
come near end. Will aesthetics
save you?

Satish Verma

Communion

This shapeless fear
gives birth to cosmic vibrations
a prelude to porous thoughts.
Foreign in pain, a face burns
in deep meditation.
Nothing consoles. Hurting
the contents of judgement,
a reflexive existence exonerates
itself from a spiral fall.

Indecisions of sun
to penetrate the fissures of dawn
failed the valley of flowers.
Aloneness was speechless.
The shoots plucked
the sky in flakes. The wind
played at the mercy of trees.
The royal departure
of night sprang a surprise.

The dying seed had
a pride to offer. The sprout.
Nothing is upsetting the garden.
no one is certain of crazy fate.
The sap has a sense of liberation
coming out of conflicts
and chaos. A communion
with space takes place.

Satish Verma

Comparison

Alone with an untouched,
untainted voice in me
I blunder into a rarefied
mist of thoughts,
listening, holding my breath.
A pause amidst thunders of vocabulary.
Gratefully the end comes
liberating the sap from earth.

Intense pain isolates you
from the drama of life.
Maimed by three dimensional
negativity you walk straight
inhaling the scent of death row.
The tapestry of pain outlines the path.
Your shoulders are broad with pride.

Nostalgia of a blooming tree.
Grateful to summer
gives you the aloneness.
Like stars we are sailing
in our separateness.
The perfumed gathering tenders no apology.
I always detested the comparison of heights.

Satish Verma

Comparison

By candlelight
crooked fingers drew a face
on water for the sake
of sun.
Night will tell the fate
of flame.

Smothers with Magnolia's
gloss.
There was an eerie silence
near the alarm clock.
Time to wake up.

The flowers in the book
will never read my story.
A naked bird hops in a cage for,
a parallel existence for another journey,
meeting an intelligent end.

Satish Verma

Compelling Charm

Don't pick smoked
words. Drink milk of moon
for rapture of deep.

Will not define
the war. Impairs vision
and you flounder.

Who was victor
at the end? We go crazy, and
give you a name.

Satish Verma

Composing

Beyond dreams,
a wise lake, watching my absurdity,
of playing with the tyranny
of absolute. And I am trying
to remember, who had said,
that the core victim was me;
in simile,
to a drowning boat.

I remained,
a small seed, still
waiting till eternity to find a
thread of light, which should reach
the depth of the dust, the stone
the water, awakening me to
send my radical, going down,
down into the evasive words.

Satish Verma

Compressed Emotions

I had met the flower
after a longtime.
The rose.

And its fragrance
hauls me to childhood
after the big dying.

A tender, scented dream
will touch me,
to become a poet.

Lying on dewed grass
you think, a promiscuous
microbial libido begins.

The explosion will eject
free verses, waiting in silence?
to witness? the April fall.

Satish Verma

Concealed Fever

It is raining.
The water colors.
I miss the ache.

When, to wear a crimson
dot on forehead, the sky
had become a bride.

Destiny fractured.
Why didn't I tell the lies

to achieve the greatness?
Not my effects. I stare
blankly at your portrait.

Blaming the conceptual
crisis, you cannot speak the truth.

Weaving a web of unseen
threads, you hold a poem
ready to take a flight.

Satish Verma

Conceived In Tears

Almost touched
the birthmark of lips
on my poems.

Will not want
for it to happen, when
the sun breaks into stars
in your amaranthus eyes.

Syllable by
syllable, you weave
the inferno to burn
the sins of voodoo.

No one was
traitor when grass
dries up under the feet of
glaring moon.

Ah! this was
a Vedic punishment. I
want to learn the
early form of revenge.

Satish Verma

Conceiving

The knife peels off
the silence.
Colours were very shrewd.

*

Tonight I want to sleep
open-eyed, to keep a
vigil on shooting stars.

*

The wood god
had no limbs. Only jewels
were used as prostheses.

Satish Verma

Concepts

Your intent was to
peel off the frozen poem from
my lips to taste it.

Planting a seed daily
on my palm to start a blaze
for burning the book.

Look how I brace you
to move the steps one by one
to reach on my Sun day.

Satish Verma

Conclusion

Standing alone in
dying light, to find darkness of
sun crying in bushes.

You were not me in
shipwreck. The sea was rising,
Will call doorkeeper.

Truth was not the need.
Will collect messages of
sad, ravaged moon.

Satish Verma

Concordia

Peace at stake,
it worked.
Withdrawal of rubber dolls
playing with fire.

Empty bowls in lunar month.
Concords were flying very high
noiselessly crossing the peaks
of great grudges.

Pure golden hair –
of grief.
It really was miracle.
Bald eagle was waiting.
Enough time to steer a murder.

The irresistable desire
to rub with a paranoid.
Extracting a genius from mediocre genera.
Life had become too genteel.

Satish Verma

Concreteness

After the organic death
of soaked breast,
I put up tiny islands of eyes
in spooked water.

The dead were coming back
to live on the terrace
amidst the roses
of roof-garden.

I talk to flowers to end
the war. The light was waiting
behind the hills and
birds were ready to sail.

Were you afraid of mother
earth or roaring sky?
The corpses are standing in row
to receive the mighty wrath.

Satish Verma

Condemned To Live

It was not enough.
Your charity to feed raptors
with two supple hands.

Birds of prey will want
your flesh, bones and eyes.
Don't nod your head.

Can you walk over
the burning coals to prove
virtuous chastity?

Satish Verma

Condensation

A butterfly
in a bell jar.

All I know, we understand
each other.

There was no sun
at midnight.

Only a blue black
dilemma of?

the sky, to burn
like human combustion.

I am ready to start
a journey with sunbeams.

Satish Verma

Conferred Guilt

A felled tear reflects the rainbow.
I wait for the night.
Moon had promised an audience.

Yes, I will sit beside the moon,
will tell the woes of earth, uncomplaining:
the heat, the dust, the life needles

and expressionless faces of trembling
angels. The heroes were disrobing and
attacking the pyramids of undoing.

I sweat and reel in chilly mornings.
A primitive instinct takes over the
nightmare. The spoons become the swords.

Satish Verma

Confessional

Rusted maple leaves
fallen on ice, from the
disgraced trees.
Spread like tiny palms of
sweet children?
ready for school.

I have come to teach
myself, the lessons
of nonviolence in moonlight?
washed promises.

Where lies the peanut
wisdom of man, crashed on
the cruel earth?

The refugee cult
grows out of the torn psyche.
So you believe in?
incarnation?

Satish Verma

Confessional Hurt

Holding the ladder
I was hungry
looking at the waiting dawn.

Raw landscape:
narcissism
forages the belly.

Picking up the figs
from passion flowers.
Is that right?

Can you sow the seeds
on a cloud?
Unclothed words?

Stealthily
a guerilla smashes
a summary of centre.

A falconer
releases a prey
to feed an anarchy.

Satish Verma

Confessional Truth

Liquefied version of pain has started working.
human material constructs
a floating emotion at last.
One by one I rediscover
the children of sorrow
among the ruins of ancient prayers.
The fear lurks
under the trees,
under the stones.

I can read it,
unwashed stillness of a revolution.
It was real yesterday,
but collapsed on the rim of today.
My wrinkled faith gets
ready for a proliferation of rites.

The land suffers.
My solitude remains unmeasured.
In despair I latch on to
sounds of pursuing light.
Impatiently the dialogues
are thrown around.
The philosophy of confessional truth
becomes very auspicious.

Satish Verma

Conflict Between Desires

I lost my soul.
You should not have left like
a thread from needle.

What could not be done
was to take liberty with alphabet
of life. Why pain comes without words?

Something turns my
past, after anointing young
poems of abdication.

Satish Verma

Conflict Of Centuries

The emptiness of
ageing cells seeks a tiger
to maul the house.

Of sizzled dreams.
Why one has to become
ethereal in?

Quest for elixir?
I peel off tangerine's
strange red skin.

Satish Verma

Confrontation

It erupts and then sublimates
in thirst of response
from the faraway wholeness of truth.

Will not be the same
again this life in motion
of reverse malignity.

Lifting the passage from
script to justify the
suicidal chair of kingdom.

Every morning I wake, the
town weeps for the dead,
killed by street.

The grieving mother tolls
the bell, for each fallen horse.
Earth, receive your sons in shame.

Satish Verma

Confronting The Unknown

I walk for a short while?
talking with the moon and
thinking about the zero?

and spirit and water? standing
my ground, I ask the earth?
tell me, whose fear was greater than mine.

If god was blind, then why
so many planets and moons? Is that true
that between good and bad lives a shaman?

There was something
behind the walls. A lot of noises coming?
out, as if nobody was perfect.

The realization itself was hurting.
The day I started sweating,
reaching the icy peaks of understanding.

Satish Verma

Confusion

You catch the words
in air. Life takes revenge.
Era ends with alter ego.

In the metroplex a dark
animal roams in lanes. I want
to write my history of salvation.

The sea will not
freeze, if you don't move to bank.
Moon takes his own life.

Satish Verma

Connect The Prophets

Outside me was a howling light
tracing a path.
Ending the struggle
of abstract thoughts.
The night was full of hidden flares.
The day was a luxury,
full of exclusiveness.
We must not cry.

The wounds turned up
like fireflies in dark.
I groped in my inner expanse to know what was not.
My fears were agitating.
Perhaps the unknown was unfolding
a sad chapter.

Time always turned back.
I joined the circle of heels.

Ultimately the crowd thins out.
The soul strips to the bone.
The void heals the grief,
and the twisted roots,
connect the prophets.

Satish Verma

Connived

Weaving fine fibres of unripe
beliefs, from a fire base, a blue bird

scrambles, shading the stone valley.
There was no thrift for the cadavers.

The burnt relics were eating away the greens
of tearful eyes. Sun was slugging again.

A gag, a prison, a list; the trial was not
ending. A smell of burning leaves from a

guilt of smouldering garden, seeps through
the procession of thoughts, something which

cannot be questioned. Red blossoms of
clouds distract the blue flames of stars.

Satish Verma

Consecrated

It was a severed finger
in an envelope,
which wrote the letter
of consent.

Oh, my father
I am still crying
with loss of words
and figures.

Past the hills
I sent the secret of
my poems which did not tell
me the name of knife-

that was put in my back
by my unknown
brothers of shame. I will
now bleed all life.

It was only an
apology. I will still
walk with my toes drawing
the stripes of welts.

Satish Verma

Consecrating Muse

The big toe
like some ego, breaks the syntax.
You cannot climb the poem.

Time knows,
whom to possess, when the thought
moves out of the mind.

Words were missing
from your teeth. You won't
bite the moon.

Black lips print
a kiss on white forefront, intersecting
past and future.

You learn to
become still in witch hunt
of a lost thread of sacred kill.

Indeed you discover
Yourself, reading the myth of modern
Sisyphus and floating rock.

Satish Verma

Consensual

You left behind touchstones
when I was inventing another zero.
Black and white, sobering transparency
was reclaiming the mandate of dust.

Barefoot lambs were clamouring for ethics
in forbidden land. The sun shrinks the
clouds to distribute equally, the landscape in
a vibrant consolidation. The small mouths

start resembling you. Something
unimaginable was happening in a diaspora
of maniacs. Interactive and dauntless,

I put my neck on guillotine, unfevered,
for the beheading of truth, in times
of false hopes and unturned stones.

Satish Verma

Constraints

Self-immolation
near a waterfall?
Why did you leave your footwear
on the bank?

A women
turns into a snake.
Would you call
a snake charmer?

Tonight,
the moon was not sighted.
How can I start
my drink of elixir?

Satish Verma

Consumption

The peace has a random price;
buried by sea of volition in knee deep puddles of
saline mud, being in being, after the crash,
to keep dissent alive.

Tell me, how did you go in arc light
in the middle of death, plunged in icy delights
of bloody waters? Prevailing withdrawl
spills the counts in endless moments,

of permanence and deceit, a face was
present at one time in two canvases;
the despondency was victorious in kelp,
of arboreal moon, night drips orally.

When the future comes in nesting birds,
I will search the eggs of cuckoo, before
I know you again; the venus-fly trap for hidden
kiss will open the honey glands.

Satish Verma

Contemplating

It was just my time.

To become responsible for
me and I had become recluse,
to lose my memory,
to pay back my debt.

I am returning
the gifts,
of night, birth and
sacrifices.

The wheels?
had pulled me to slavery.
I am now floating,
wingless,
weightless,
for I cannot see?

the parental fall.

Satish Verma

Contemporary

In tottering penetration
of blue summer
you become
silent game.

I accept my defeat
from stones
falling on
intellect.

Carbon fear of rosewood
was rising
to reintegrate
illicit love of twilight.

Testing the waters, before
a swim in prophecies
I ask the bank
to hold the seasoned waves.

Satish Verma

Contentiously

The desire,
rises like a spire-
from cloud forest.
You are a flesh eater.

*

You go into a foray
for the food.
A shrine trembles. A blood
stained body leaves the room.

*

A prayer
screens the faces of all
gods. Who was going to undertake
fast unto death?

Satish Verma

Contents

You tie a
sacred thread to
the hollow tree.

That walks around
in search of
a morose Buddha.

The world
has gone beyond
the suffering.

A square, a
circle, a dot?
Who are you?

Satish Verma

Contours Of Pain

Like Venus you were
hot. Intrusive, no beginning, no
end. I got very silent
to forget what made me very sad.

Me and my strange
discoveries always exciting me.
I didn't remain
a verdict of god, but a recreated
clay model. Baked
strong and sturdy.

Drink my cool.
Waiting for the rogue
asteroid to hit my world
and break me.

In freeze, we remain losing
our fingers.
Will not write down
the ascending paralysis.

Why dying stars were leaving
black holes?

Satish Verma

Contradiction

A textual study
of pain and bliss.
I was coming for a reprisal
from a temporal crisis
of intimacy.

Always gnawing at me,
the roll down from
love to hate. Which was
impersonating what, like
a talking parrot?

Soft murder. You will
half-die, poker-faced in
grey night under the full moon,
holding a poem
written for a black sun.

I shall never get
over my dilemma.

Satish Verma

Contraptions

When I was arranging daffodils
you send in tanks.

The sky was overcast.
When I was talking to clouds
Fireballs are delivered.

That signals the specific gravity
is shifting to knobs.
The artist was going
to disappear.

I think of faithfulls.
How beautifully they talk of
two moons.

I had decided to quit
when you send in a hymn.

Satish Verma

Contrast

Afraid of each other
we are hiding from farewell.
At stake was our nest,
you did not want to leave.

I think of kissing the dead eyes
of a phoenix,
I am a flame and I am ash.
The clouds will come as a curse.

Scissors: your lips had tormented me.
Why are we separating the grains?
transparent hurts?
Something we did not want to say?

A parting gift of silence
will haunt the blind memories.
I am walking on the rough terrain.
You are sailing in the sky.

Satish Verma

Contrasting

It did not stay in bed for long
the ultimate.
Clouds climbed down from immortality.

The sick motherhood.

We made love
listening to winds
draping our ashes.

A father waited at the door.

I am the sun
I am the moon
interpenetrating in you.

In concept of two enemies.

Satish Verma

Conversation

There was no end
to looking inside.
I was crumbling.

Unnamed homing in
of anguish,
not knowing me.

The wasted questions
of revival.
A depleted dawn of a failed sun?

A river war
between two hills
for a moon?

Time to ask
motor neurons,
why night had failed at ending?

Satish Verma

Satish Verma

Convolutions

Unhinged
in final descent.

A distrust starts
the speechless howling.

The veiled threat
to lock the door
and see the other world.

II

Unmarried? the pears
will not ripen.

Sense of persecution
haunts.

The doves fly away
you wrote your name on the wings.

Satish Verma

Convulsions

Death would not stop
coming on the dirt road
of undanced goddess.

God of sins waits.
Light refuses to enter
the eyes looking at sky.

The beehive spills
to make you human of
vanishing tribe.

Satish Verma

Cool Embers

There was nothing to hide
in house of fire.

In a singed ocean
a dew drop wants to live in peace.
I welcome the pouring bliss
from the gale.

In the raw, tormented
questions a paperboat sinks.
You float the earthen lamps
on glacier.

Why do you respect the
dazzle of mirrors? They don't
accept the gratitude. Give
you back your fakes.

Can your think sane and
beautiful? It has stirred a hornet's nest
which was not ugly?

Everyone wants to wear
a full face mask.

Satish Verma

Copula

In transit of soul,
when you were under siege,
you got a new number for afterlife
wearing a white robe-

and could see right through
your past picking up the
lips from the despair
of ancient dream.

Will you catch the honeydew
dripping from the eternal tree
of life? Have you seen night-
blooming flames gouging-

the intrigues from the black
walls? There has been a deepening
sense of despair. The venus is
ready to unrobe in full glare of sun.

Satish Verma

Core Values

A social metaphysicist
wants to know, how
do you speak, standing
under the palm moon?

There would be a redemption,
if you pronounce slowly, one
by one word, without chewing it.
There will be no commentator.

The vertical ascent should
stop, to stay easy, begging the
question. There was
no one path to truth. You have
to find it in brown eyes.

So much to
bite, not being hungry.
Who sells the shells? Somebody
picks up the axe to finish
the job.

Where lies the fault in utopia?

Satish Verma

Corona

A starfish was in my glass.
You blame the moon of brutality
while moondust had misled the ocean.
Darkhole was ejecting the stars.

An animal instinct sparts the bullet
like supernova. Black dwarf crop up
around the light house for airstrike
on a thermonuclear temper.

From nothing to nothingness you are
scared. The questions breathe into centuries.
The soul opens a globe of unrivalled green,
and a child wants to climb a tower of light.

Satish Verma

Corpse Is Being Sent

In the stand-off
between stolen history
and presiding deity
priest was hanged, while a blue cloud
was shedding the yellow moon.

Who was selling god on the road?
A tall coconut tree was my home;
all but your mouth was shut.

Face to face I am ready to leak
the secret of panic attack in open space,
it rips open the unhealed wounds.

The shot holes on the walls
were still bleeding.
I am getting visions of birds, trees and hills.

A pacific coast was punished
for not joining the conflict.
Corpse is being sent on shores.

Satish Verma

Corrosion

Some things left unsaid.
I will know you by tremors.
But will stand very still.

You need a space to
feel my lips in silent dark.
Birch had debt to pay.

There was no choice to
break from the past of Rafflesia,
you call corpse flower.

Satish Verma

Cosmetic Effect

You want to rehearse
for the pain, which
doesn't stop after burning
the midnight lamp.

When I am not
myself, I think of you.

Sometimes it was difficult
for me to look at me
from your doused eyes.

You are like
honeysuckle, opening
up in dark to seek the
protection from unknown.

Evil and good
were in league,
two poles apart, hot and cold
going together, hand in hand.

Now you want
to go beyond the stars
to test my prophecy.

Satish Verma

Count Down

Everlasting?
revelation. As if
a vampire was made up
of stars.

The spooking
tilts. I remake
myself as one of the
last voices.

This street goes
must
search yourself
to find your cessation.

Clock over
clock. Time does not
move without a
murder daily.

The democracy
lives. Somebody
laughs behind
the bars.

Satish Verma

Countdown

Are you genuine, I ask?
Your face, a stone wall,
I had been bruising my psyche against it.
I have no strength to bury myself alive,
in the mass grave of lies.

An ancient fear
descends from the hill.
Wants to marry a tree.
Or worship the terror
of a diaspora.

The vultures are dying every day,
We were talking of pregnancy,
desire and death.

The sparrows are gone.
Heat is rising.
I am starting the countdown.

Satish Verma

Counterfeits

Traversing atopia
I am touching your belly button,
to find the remains
of ancient connectivity.

Was that good-
asking for a nasal approach
to the golden incense
of a sleeping Buddha?

The faith crumbles at
the feet of a groping figure.
A falcon tears away the pink
globe, drinking the falling nectar.

Unzipped, a Venus now opens
the secret of a murder. The
dismembered parts were strewn
around over the surface of moon.

Satish Verma

Counting

When you were rolling in dust,
a puritan said, truth was me.
It was getting dark in Himalayas.

Black words, black themes.
You have started a journey in daylight
in a hot desert of fear.

Tormented, because of the heat
of arguments. Mimicry makes you sick.
Mocking birds fly straight for lofty peaks.

Self-denial was hurting sometimes
against copious rewards and generous handouts,
like pinned on a totem.

The happening must start
with hidden promises of price.

Satish Verma

Counting The Steps

When saline drowns the lips,
my words tremble.

Almost I stumble upon
the fish house spilling the vertebrates.

I had given them, the name
to the swirling limbless thoughts.

One by one they come on the edge
and blow the ashes, towards me.

You always dream of a procession
of dead bodies under the window.

In the little study, you are
afraid of leaning walls.

And you say you were responsible
and to be held accountable.

Satish Verma

Coupling

In the tiny truths behind the hidden
words and blood streaked cheeks, you
drink ozone in deep layers. I will count
all my sins and light the candles in a row.

On the pillow of moon, night slept in half-slumber.
I tendered an apology
and wrote a new poem. It was not a rebuke
of stars.

This was my ad lib before the sun rise
and roses opening the blood conversations
with the grand stings. The wrapped hunger
starts wailing.

Satish Verma

Courtesies

Mounting surveillance
on myself after snapping
hyphenated bond.

I will set you free
from the white paper, carrying?
your beautiful face.

The slanting eyes
will haunt me in dark, I will
turn around and cry.

When did rift emerge?
while playing the moons? The lake
was ready to drown me.

Satish Verma

Courting Fidelity

It was
a graceful exit
with audacious idiocy.
A cyclops was going
for a dress disaster.

Visitation
of flesh, mars the beauty.
Cheating starts
between the pails of tears.
I start hitting the planet.

Let the bride
sleep in fog. A volcano
was going to shed
the sperms on your
shirt.

Satish Verma

Covered With Quills

This paper lantern in lake
was in love with you.
The water oscillating,
not the taper.

*

The panelled remains of?
walls still hold,
your signs. You would not
come back?

*

Apparitions gather?
to bid goodbye to the moon.
A flame of the forest
was due any moment.

Satish Verma

Covertly

If,
I was not afraid of,
the thing, but the signature
strike of a copycat
in the art of dismantling.

You,
try to pull down brick
by brick, the
jeopardy. A dead premises
becoming alive.

How,
will you, numb with pain,
explain the poetry of victim's trail,
becoming a Buddha?
Can you find a bo tree for me?

The,
grape hyacinth, I still
carry your globular blue
eyes, chasing my
kisses. Why in the evening?

Satish Verma

Crab Apples

Tree nuts and squirrels,
play a game, as the day climbs up.
The food chain moves swiftly.

Walking on dead leaves
I was trying to find the truth.

How do I take you,
when there were no steps
to ascend the future. There was
no history of time to come.

And we are always trying
to weigh each other.

A ceramic goddess was hit,
by pellets of frozen rain.
Decapitated I pick up the head
and place on the stump.
She smiles.

You float the words.
I catch them, and write a poem.

Satish Verma

Crack Of Dawn`

The king
made a fun of our poverty.
Marble faced girls always thought,
wearing black scarves –
sweeping the floor of white mausoleum.

You made a death
a loving eternity.
We die daily
in the face of old shine.

Who shoots a peacock
on the tree?
I mourn for the blue peace,
let the clouds come.

Who remains unhurt
unpained, when the night calls?
I seize a moon
to enter the crack of dawn.

Satish Verma

Cracked Open

Living my own way
like flint,
you will not read
my cosmology.

We two, keep quiet in?
the same book? I
want to read some
hidden message from you.

A day slips into night.
What a consumption of will.
The train stops at the terminus?
without a traveler.

Stepping out, from the
grave of body? you will throw
a reflection, of the nerves,
in a wreath.

Satish Verma

Cracked Summer

not enough
howls of tormented birth
under a homeless roof, arresting the light,
a bleed from the pungent breast,
you lost the marriage with marigold,

to be grave purple eyed, missiles killing
the shrieks, i let a paperweight
sit on the vessels and stop a free run of black
blood from nipples: dawn, it was far
away, the goddess inhaling earth's ice

Satish Verma

Cracking Of Dawn

Death was the beginning. My emancipation.
Death of pre-memory thoughts. I am ready to
enter the sound, without a shadow.
The fire from orifice, clouds, tears and
cascading blossoms in a humming night. Love,
clap and dissolution. The construction of timeless
energy. Flight of future. Your resistance
melting like lips, going beyond the chasm.
A sculpted freedom for prophets. False disguises,
some body else's identity. Eyes were cool but
tears controlled by remote pain. Mirrors
spooking. A knife knows its job. It is better
to slice the sky. Great thirst for hip
graffiti, tattoos and sketches. To be seen
and admired by dregs of social fabric.
The thought surges like the heaving
breast, hangs on the face.

Death was the cracking of dawn.

Satish Verma

Cracking The Code

Blue poppies were poised
to meet the regret of thighs,
mother of sins.

No flesh now covers the eyes.
A candle burns a green
thumb. A silver bowl breaks,

spilling the milk of nudes. Liars will tell
the story of honour killing.
We were tired of listening

to ravens taking a flight.
No one had seen the corpse.
Only black bones will tell the truth.

Have you seen the holocaust?
It was inside my pen! my write!

Satish Verma

Craft

Meaningless run.
There is no meaning
in your name.

Where are you
heading in the rains; -
to find the snakes?

I believe
in myself. Will you burn the
books one day?

Satish Verma

Crash-Landing

The space in between?
the mayhem and spiritual hour;
was not much, but a spitting image,
of swapping with sun bites? was
evident without remorse.

The ice storm was raging.
Blueberries hang from your
eyes, to bluff me. I draw the curtain
and lit the fire to bring in?
the bride of vengeance.

A charitable act, to clear
the needles from the doll: No black
magic will work now. I am clean
and pure, will not cut a
slice of breast, for the red milk.

Satish Verma

Crazy Thoughts

A blighted ovum
demands a ransom for life.
Unhinged, you rub with?
the command and
set free a poem.

Some very visceral fears
hold your hand and
ask to write an epitaph
of yourself.

Unboiling the egg in
irreverent manner, you
proceed to make death,
out of eternal entangled questions.

The sheer stress unmakes
you into a creator
and you begin to spawn
a new religion of violence.

Satish Verma

Creamy Swipes

The virgin moon
and young lover?
talking in hushed tones.

The speed was the
limit of suspended
economy of wood pecking.

Sap suckers abound
on the pretext of exploring
the depth of resistance.

My bones were your
enemy, your flesh was
my temple.

I will bring daffodils
when sun sits
and night falls.

Satish Verma

Creation Of A Myth

When your name
drops in the wish lake
like a golden ring as numen,
I accept my defeat.

Like nanoprints, permeating
in my every poem.

Here I catch a swaying
scent to locate your
home in the jungle of denials.

Till my script is
completed, I will explore
all my options not to forget
you even for once.

Will you make it
easy for me to stop the tortuous
self-flagellation?

Who was better of
us with a magic wand
to turn either into a statue?

Satish Verma

Creative Shame

Neglecting the presence of choiceless
pain, I became singular and I said
I would not allow the life
slip through my fingers.

Looking inside, beneath the rags
of awakening, makes you to rebel
against the decadent forgiveness.
Belief in dying was a reversed nightmare.

Till the arteries explode in the limbs.
A robot kindles the hope to walk
without a brain and I grieve for the
death of a nightingale in the woods.

I will knead the invisible universe,
roll it to the stone wall of conscience.
Age will undo the million dreams
behind the creative shame.

Satish Verma

Creator's Dilemma

You had lost yourself.
It will need some courage to kill
the future, first moon.

*

The theater seals the fate
of brave and fragile to sail
to the home for exiled.

*

It takes your whole
life to clear the cobwebs of hate
from the closed eyes.

Satish Verma

Crib Of Sun

He faked a letter to god
and slept whole night.
(Fallen in a creek from a moving train.)
Indeed, he saddled himself with luxury
of oblivion.
The success around him was most obstinate.

Pretending to condone the arthritis
of social limbs, he walked straight
to become what he would be,
a fakir among riches without fanfare. The
absolute renunciation, slapping the door –
shut, for blackness.

It was visible, the nakedness of brazen lies
falling like cottonwool around him. He touched
coral eyes of truth and wept, never to speak
again. Cosmos would split
for his journey to home.

This was meant for you, he said to himself.
Your own choosing without any regrets.
His fingers traced the figure of a mother
of the thin moon, who was assaulting
the crib of sun.

Satish Verma

Criminality

Code of the veil was
darkening. You were searching for an
unwritten message in bandanna.

Rot was setting in flesh.
Sludge was becoming a stone
for an unmoving stream.

The talks had failed.
Hand-grenades will explode in shouts
later on, to resume the protocol of death.

Where we are going in evening
of woods? To go searching for the sapient
ancestors, in city of fingers?

Years were rolling by in fog.
The arguments were climbing on the
black hills to meet a drunk god.

Satish Verma

Crisis

To drill a hope in the drowned soul
was very difficult,
winds had blown away
the talisman.

Stress was palpable,
you could tear the weather with empty hands.
Mists had walked into the houses
to pick up the burning cheeks.

Man was playing with nature
until death time.
Stones piled up,
burning tyres on the road.

Visionaries were celebrating the all blinds
day, in an echo chamber_
and all the people were standing
on no-man's-land for peaceful coexistence.

Satish Verma

Crisis Moment

Stakeholders,
are coming.
There was conflict between
logos and mythos.

One black thorn
was in the flesh.
You come out of the body
to find the window.

One long eel!
surreptitiously enters,
in the guts!
to pluck your eyes out.

But you were
already dead! □
after the search of slant light
coming from the liberation.

Crossing the
time zone,
you enter the black hole
traveling at zero hour.

Satish Verma

Crisscross

When speed overtakes you, incision on
black marble crashes. Before the moonrise
your bygone sister falls in your arms
crying.

Babydeath had jumped from the second
floor to meet the earthquake of icy
forgetfulness in wild fire. A landslide
wanted to know, who was to be blamed?

Wind is split on two was
the lazy sun and second were the clouds
in absence. An evil eye has a theme of
breeding resentment of withdrawal from a romantic hug.

Tossed in a deathbin, a snail tries to
climb on a hot wall of bonelight.

Satish Verma

Satish Verma

Crisscrossing

Impaired listening.
Maybe you don't want to hear
the distant drums.

*

You try to quit the
rank of decapitated,
for sake of scapegoat.

*

You would never talk,
witnessing silent wave of
suicidal era.

Satish Verma

Criticality

When life is done
and parrots are gone;
take me to the canal.

All life lived in small
footprints. There were eponyms
all the way.

When the name is done
and wigs are gone;
take me to the canal.

The kids had guns, when
you were hacked. You wrote
for yourself one beautiful elegy.
When the road was done and
stones were gone;
take me to the canal.

In one blue moon, one another day,
a journey will start in
elephant grass. They were hiding
behind the bush. When pink and white
I will unfurl a flag
take me to the canal.

Truth handbound in jail for a crime
I will dig a grave for you.
Take me to the canal.

Satish Verma

Cross Beams

A quest for negativity
after becoming apolitical.

The moon was marginalized,
when you lighted your?
earthen lamp under the
holy basil.

At night the demons
begin the assaults to
make the milk dirty.

The bluebird descends
in the dream to pick up
the elders for a wreath.

I am not going to cross
the river in flames.

Satish Verma

Crossbars

The depression,
human brand was trapped.

They were talking about
the nukes.

To annihilate
the earth. It was elemental,

I said. An ardent
fan of moon.

A lark asks
who will survive?

Satish Verma

Satish Verma

Crossing

The body was arched in a denial mode
on the rose bed, unsettling human emotion
in the train of lots. A broken chain
of thoughts outranking the holiness of crime.
I am not getting the signals of fire, sparks
or flames. Only smoke on the mirror. It was
becoming a murder, discarding the clay, terracotta,
color in Indian summer. A sensuous dance
begins, on the mobiles. The portfolio contains the
numbers of streets for total annihilation so
the visual footprints will disappear. The mathematical
progress of genes halts. Million fingers will
write history of wailing waves, frightened
of hot winds.□

Satish Verma

Crossing Death Zone

You are repeating
hymns to douse the flames
of a burning god.

Walk to the potter's
field, where books are
buried in wraps.

In the wasteland,
you can search the frozen
tears of Zen.

Satish Verma

Crossing Names

Unrepenting you start
from a sore point
to ask an explanation
from an eclipse of the sun.

unreviving,
a corpse, the moon carries the burden
of light, on its bloodied shoulder
for burial in dew.

Half the century we were
reciting the prayers to open
a blocked artery of a dying god
who would not share our bandages.

The bride steps out
from dark,
unveiled, and undoes the hairs.
There was fire in her eyes
and ice on her lips.

Satish Verma

Crossing The Bar

Beyond the gaze there is a time zone
of rumored agitation,
when you cannot sleep.
You open your eyes quietly to complain.

The caretaker has prepared the shroud.
Smoke is rising on the hills.
Nobody walks with is a
lone journey, where centuries throw the dust
on your hallowed gifts.

The pyramid of signs, symbols, signatures,
disappear in penultimate flare.
Time to leave the waiting room.

The resurrection will take place now;
of fear, of despair, of foot steps in dark.
I will hear them, holding my breath.

Landscape will change into valley of tears.

Satish Verma

Crossing The Deaf

A siege had an agenda
for a suicide match.
Treat him with dignity.

A proxy face of a serial
adultery. The collateral damage
will not be undone.

The aggressor denies the scrutiny.
You will find some upheaved
boats in his hideout.

There cannot be any deniability
for a long legged journey
towards the hot coals.

The battle for the lost glory
has begun between two moons.
one in sky, other in uprising.

Satish Verma

Crossing The Fog

To undo, what I had
not done.
When you will not give?
me your scars.

No answer was needed,
falling in stutter. It
catches my eyes, the
moon spots.

Prayers you will not
offer, against the organized
crime. But I remember you,
whenever I fall.

Precisely I am hurt.
In the serene lake of your
eyes, a boat sinks. The
gray moon turns red.

The woods are burning. A
spectre of losing you in smoke
looms large. I translate
the agony into a chilled poem.

Satish Verma

Crossing The Road

You flock to a set trap.
A bubble.
Midnight: with pain
and anger, when a real and virtual drama
unfolds.
Mercy waits.

Meditating: still
like a Buddha, a moon was
watching you.

Watching you,
a moon, like a Buddha:
still, meditating.

Innocence versus
ignorance. A mob impaled
on the doorstep of future,
unsure, but agitated.

Life demands a full beheading.

Satish Verma

Crossing The Sea

Till the end story
hope was not visible
to others.

Lie neutral truth
and road side innocence
died under the sun.

End in view was shifting
from error to error.
Statements squeezed between departures.

Steaming cup of patience
dazzled the penniless.
I was sick of hypocrisy.

At the end of my forest
dawn of my child
was peeling a rainbow.

Pedlars of worn out boats
were standing at the shores.
Two little feet were crossing the sea.

Satish Verma

Crossing Time Zones

I became uniquely quiescent
like a depthless indulgence,
in shadows of conception.
The waves after waves,
of a restless continuity,
swept the floors of mind.
Anonymity of self started expanding.

Sun burns mercilessly,
on prayers of parched lips.
The breadwinner beats the chest
and the dirt of long legs
falls on the souvenirs.
With traditional pouring, we wash the sins.
It was too late for mourning.

Tears to tears, eyes
lie in wait for a miracle
which will not happen.
A longing always remains,
a dying whisper of a storm.
The desert will return with
vengeance and clouds will never come.

Satish Verma

Crossroads

At crisis of
inquiry, you search
the questions.

Life throws up a savage violence.
Bruising our psychies
we try to know each other.

At the end of the road,
we try to start a conversation.
There was a huge presence?
of some unseen force.

Much ado, looking
through each other. Would
you call me again?

Let there be a brutal
confession. I take back
my words and rewrite a poem.

Satish Verma

Crowd At The Morgue

A new planet was taking birth.
Stem cells were coming out of
obedience to carnality.
For resuscitation from kiss of death
faith was at its best in its witchcraft.

Complete blood count failed,
to diagnose the strange madness.
It was a whirling chemistry.
The transmitters merely took in
the sin, the insanity.

A huge crowd collected at the morgue
to collect the severed limbs,
after the death of a sun.
Picking the scars of dark
and slaughtered tomorrow.

The rage of sunrise will come back.
One day the clouds will burst open. Yes
the death will come as a bride.

Satish Verma

Crowding

Interlude cheats:
the mind fails to understand.
Demining
refutes the salt.

You know:
the self-knowledge takes you to a tormentor
for intimate relationship. A dirty hand
scrapes the script.

A sudden flight, you do not want
to face the sun.
I pick up a book
and hide my face.

Parkinson's dilemma:
The psychic persona
was shaking or tremors in thought.
Now unclasping.

Satish Verma

Crucifixion

You had big
violence in your bones.
I suffered. Dream merchants
were ready to violate.

Benevolence descended
to know the depth of anger
in the eyes of the primate.
Why skin had gone thick?

The trapped scream
of the buds waits in lull
before the storm. Roses were
going to explode on the altar.

Bride comes slowly.
She had a date with
the thinking god. There would be
no consumption.

Satish Verma

Cruel Bonhomie

Like a meteorite streaking
through the sky, iron
and nickel, for a proxy collision
with hidden destiny.

It was the post trauma
syndrome, after the great
divide of breast, lifting
the nipples.

The lofty peak crumbles.
There will be the scare
around, to grow the poppies
on the mounds again.

Are you ready now
for emasculation? The
legacy will, on its own, pass
onto alternative sins.

Satish Verma

Crumbling Down

Can you understand
the agony of a titan, which
cannot afford to show its fall?

Missing the defeat?
no one was victorious.
Battle cry was a phantom.

The questions, that were
fluttering in a storm?
had become the sufi fakirs.

It was a dirty stricture.
The colors had stopped flowing.
Even the death has lost its terror.

Satish Verma

Crying Silently

A deathless shadow
follows us O god. Your pain
was bigger than me.

Each day bears a
witness of my love for dying
truth in your hands.

A damper brings fog
in eyes. I cannot read
your citations.

Satish Verma

Cuckoo Will Sing Again

Way off at point-of-no-return,
my geometry,
collided with you for the last spell.

Lines, angles and curves had
started chopping off the hills of grace.

I had lost my path
in the slant profiles of brown eyes.

You stood in shade, like a
bronze sculpture of Michelangelo.

And suddenly you realized,
it was not moon
becomes pale. A palm tree
swings in its scars.
At distance the horizon crashes.

Time tricks crackle.
The poem was born again,
bluish grey gem.

Satish Verma

Cuddling

between unequals
to and fro
beastly joy of horror
you want to press the trigger,

timebomb, your laughter,
and sneaky mind
restless syndrome of legs
you cannot stand on tiptoes
to review the fall
from the clouds

the moon overshoot
the endless night
sun rises gently
on the window

Satish Verma

Satish Verma

Culpability

Adept in riling.
You cannot chew the thoughts.
There was no mandible.

This double-edged
cutlass. The curvy contour
brings you to a hole. You
spray a defoliant to
denude the trees.

Naivete.
Who was competent enough
to disconnect the sparring
bulls. Disingenuous, you
were not interested to –

design a stillness as a
requiem for the trailing dazzlers.

Satish Verma

Cult Of Lynching

Mountains were coming down to
never-home,
in surreal rebuff to shaking earth;
emerging from the shadows of sky.

In groping for the legs
this was the myth of lynching.
You are drenched in the rains
of promises.

A kiss for each lethal penetration,
for global time-
you are becoming a wasteland
borne out of swollen fingertips-

who would not write any name.
The many words of pain are finding
a new meaning from the vocabulary
of conceit and betrayals.

A deliberate isolation brings
the sound sleep to ashes to become a thing.

Satish Verma

Cultural Drift

For unwashed beliefs,
and semi -truths, someone wins
a half-bread and claims immortality.
I am ashamed to witness a filthy event,
life's descent into a can.
The quiet is broken in myriad,
fragments of noisy confessions.

One day older I become today,
harvesting the sorrow.
Laughter did not work.
On the swollen lips of poverty and dirt.
The primal need sprouts again
and again in the spaces,
between frightening steps.
Each day, one more song dies.

When death starts writing
poems on the wall
you are frightened and want to fly out.
The image-making was not sufficient,
grief had erased all the jottings.
The cultural drift was overwhelming.

Satish Verma

Cup Of Darkness

You refuse to grow in a grim challenge.
Already the witch-hunt has started.
It was strange to step outside your body
and don't look at the death
on your doorstep.
Softly flows the dolour in God's shining eyes.

I have run out my thoughts
my brain wave.
shame to be still breathing.
Starving, I eat the howls
and drink the limbs.
Nowhere green inks writes the passion
A procession of pain
starts in ecstasy.

Your extinct past has entered my body
It shakes and brings tremors
Give me a cup of darkness
I am going to burn my bridges.

Satish Verma

Cup Of Sorrow

A solitary moon rises
behind the seven veils
unattended by stars and clouds
between yes and no
desiring nothing
turns back through the centuries.

The religion to kill
refuses to stare at the tainted fatality
lying sprawled on the burdened earth
splattered red.
Criminal divinity of the blood
bares the undone creation.

Seed money comes again
into dead bubble.
Cup of sorrow is filled again.

Satish Verma

Cupidity

Aggravated
injury, after a man tries
to fall for goldilocks.

*

The yellow
metal, had lost the shine,
in full moon of November.

*

Suddenly
the life opens the door
to an autumn sunrise.

Satish Verma

Curbing

It was a lingering goodbye
for anchor moon
after a religious embrace.
I bid farewell
in the chilling night
for a song of separation.

Where the beginning ends
into a house of distillation.
Blasphemy, where did you find
the anatomy of truth? Mortality
demands a long
journey of tender age in prayers of sprouts.

The eloquence of dictionary
expects the price of hoofs
to stay with otherness.

Satish Verma

Curiosity

The invisible
throws a visible image
without a tether.
Do you see the god?

Was a matter of faith?
You tie a thread on the wall. Longing
finally reaches climax. Gravity
defies a flying dream.

You had erred, yet
failed to accept the guilt.
A scariest moment was,
when you entered the morph.

It was a U-turn. Robots
will dictate the polity. You
alight on a rostrum; like
a lovely pink swallow.

Satish Verma

Curtain Call

You are beautiful,
still untouched by moon.
I am creating myth.

In small hours, I
release the pain at dusk
to touch you unsaid.

I think, not to think of
you, when nightingale comes
to collect your song.

Satish Verma

Curvature

The visible was most
invisible.

Watching the moon
through veil.

A bomb explodes
in your hands.
The poem wavers-

and then falls on dew.

This was not bone-green;
original,
not a fake cloud –

to kiss the feet
of a burning god.

It was natural conjugation
between enemies.

Satish Verma

Curved Daggers

Hugging a tempest
after forgiving the sun,
that went to burn moon.

*

I scramble on the bridge
to watch the flow of blue bones,
from one smile to other.

*

The panther returns
home to turn human again.
There was no blood name.

Satish Verma

Curved In

Uncovering your breasts
and waist,
you become half-eaten.

Disaffection
father a child.

The intimacy was
false. There were anger and theatrics.

The paternity suit falls
flat. The boundaries between
underthings are torn.

Painting the self-portrait
I had made a cut on my face
for you to bleed.

With a flick of hand
you wipe out the whole future.

Satish Verma

Cuts And Bruises

Caught on the wrong foot,
you want to defend god. Myth
of destiny fails.

A breathless moon was
in hurry to meet an angel.
Earth was turning black.

There was the red
moon buried in blue lake.
Only god knows why.

Satish Verma

Cutting Edge

The rocks in water
like words, between
the tears.
Quasi-pain, reverberating
like a river.

It flows?
intermittently. The lava
of an active volcano.
You want to cover
the smashed skull.

The mirror
breaks, under the shock.
It had never happened before.
A nude streaking
on the screen.

The moon had nothing
to offer. Over and spent.
It moves on its axis
ungoverning?
the stars.

Satish Verma

Damned

Discarded, on a heap of broken
ceramics, a rotten tooth wants an
award, for biting the snake.
Who was pulling the strings?

The temper of a black moon
beguiles the sun. The green-pathway
was hidden under the rock.
Who was holding the baby?

I am again bewitched by my own
failures. Searching my legs under
the bush, my wodden self cries.
Who was asking the question?

Satish Verma

Dancing On Flames

I will retrieve your
consecrated shrine of
innocence.

You will kneel
eating grass. The great
shift towards Agni starts.

It burns the stigma,
the sins. Whitens your
dirty teeth.

What you have done
to me O queen of hoods,
hood of queens?

The kernels were intact
ready to grow, after the wild
fires on hills.

I will not utter a word.
A new breed of mix of man
and god was coming up.

Satish Verma

Dancing On Leash

It was a failed attempt
to employ the eternity
for breathing.

Iris, I cannot find the moon
behind the rainbow, when
I was throwing petals at your feet.

O, white truce of anemone,
why phosphrous was given up
at the fall of an oak?

In heaps of praises,
a monologue of the lamb
in the den of lions.

Satish Verma

Dangerous

After a grand design
there was a white leap
to find a boat in darkness.

Time was dusting the frame
of memory, and the age
will grieve for the lost vision.

The pace of assaults will
increase over the burning windows.
This was my priviledge.

The tongue tastes a superbug.
Some celestial entity, guideless
but ready to rub on the flame.

Here lies the moon of beaten stars.
Nothing was terrible
in greasing the naked groom.

Satish Verma

Dares The Storm

The pain out-thinks every moment,
all over the body
I wander in a solitary walkway.
There is nothing between mind
and brain. Whole prosperity of thoughts
curves easily. The body
spends all the internal wealth
to gain a humble peace.
The rambling melancholia
pales into white lava.

The fatal fear follows you
like a hot light. The pursuit
of incense, the chase of
beautiful icon's cleavage brings
the charm. Speaking about the ecstasy,
about the shapeless pleasure,
the ultimate opposite of
sacredness becomes instant
liberation, from any symbol.

The contents of the dumb
days are burning. Peace
never returns. Prayer
and worship wakes the child
inside you. Flesh denies
the natural desire. You
cannot accept the corrupt barometer
of obedience. It dares the storm,
gathers the momentum
and kisses the slayer.

Satish Verma

Dark Circles

I am not a paragon.
Everyday I will repeat
some hymns to myself.

Sometimes the
truth becomes transgender.
From god to goddess.

Grace and courtesy.
The moon anchors a smile.
Tears roll silently.

Satish Verma

Dark Corners

On a wrinkled trajectory
the blood averts to abstract remission,
I am out of place in time and history.

Try to nudge the jumping ants
with their cyberweapons
ready to strike the antique nectaries

of judgements. The predators were
coming. Killing for long necks and
pinkish lips. You envision a period..

of dearth for visage, for phrases
of dead skins: I start dismembering
the past, contained in future.

This was a total disaster of unknowing,
adrift between the fingers;
sands of time, ungrained, unwatered.

Satish Verma

Dark Feet

Overnight I have turned
grey, stuck on the threshold
of a song

which does not cry
parting the mist
of the eyes.

Why should not,
the humming bird stop
becoming voiceless?

O bystander,
wake up the moon
night will fall now glittering.

Satish Verma

Dark Language

Wanted to wear the grief uncrying,
sitting on the bank, counting the waves,
watching the swaying of earthen lamps.

There was a little water on the moon,
charged atoms settling in the lap of a sponge.
The water becomes the moon,
floating on goat's milk.

My descent starts to find the truth.
Where the water has gone from the eyes?
The mirrors always tell the lie.

The headless body writhes in the dust,
words change the author of a murder.
A crowd finds a knife only.

Once again a century weeps!

Satish Verma

Satish Verma

Dark Moonlight

Watching from pin hole
lamps of baked clay.
Every thorn was in my flesh.

I was losing my voice
in crowd of maniacs.
Dragonflies climbing on worn leather.

Through cracked sunroof –
skull splinters into million heirlooms.
Fever climbs the feudals.

Why were you impatient with me?
I was narrating a shocking tale.
Frogs had acquired the land.

Plot was thickening every day.
Take me if you can, in the heavy shower
of meteorites in dark moonlight.

Satish Verma

Dark Performance

An empty indulgence,
tortures the deep imagination
the immutable name of unuttered grief.
Gradually the fear of unknown,
takes hold of the lungs, spleen.
We don't put the,
solitude for soul-search.
I am hearing myself now.

The fake overtakes the acuity.
Death looks the sacrilege from a distance.
The saffron clouds create
the opacity in transparent green.
Once we were all colorless,
full of dirt now; storing
our memories in empty hearts.

The vigil was over,
rains scattered the seeds.
The hours and days were littered
with bruised limbs of shaken faith.
No body held the banner.
The dark performance of believers
was sheared off by sharp lights.

Satish Verma

Dark Presence

Blindfolded you wanted
to catch the moon.
It was no my fault.

The sounds first crushed the
strings and then came loud rumblings.

My darkness
was taking the revenge.

You knew because you were blind.

Cadavers. No names, after
cleaning the blood. You paint on?
the forehead. Quake.

Pushed upwards in seconds?
the absence. You were saved
because you were telling lies.

It was not an imagination.
Find out, who was?
omnipresent? no where?

Satish Verma

Dark Prison

unhinged i wake
tying ribbon around the tree
of amnesia, the butterfly startles,
despairs the blue of humility,
all i wanted was the silence
of ceremony to greet the prosperity
of death in valley of graves, the hungry
hyenas appreciating the art of killing
and the mourning fathers chasing the
shades of walking palms in rains
to remind the commitment of clocks
for stopping the fury of times: love,
let it go, it sucks the eyes, starting
convulsions, the moon hangs low to
feel the demon

Satish Verma

Dark Ruins

Those pomegranates.
What a weird thought, you want to
see it alive, dead being.

Like salt in extra?
cellular fluid floating in
veins of nemesis.

The relationship
between life and death demands
the absence of a kiss.

Satish Verma

Dark Was Good

You recite my old poems?
to understand the psyche
of human conflicts.
The long shadows won't leave
the fingerprints.

Between mind and soul
breathes a language
understood only by emotions.

I shiver when you
mime the real money. I go into
coma, to cross the
river of blues.

Future is pain.
Past was crime. In some god?
night I will write my swan song.

The life's many scripts
will remain unread
buried in the folds of sands.

Satish Verma

Dark Waters

Bliss of blue
and white, balancing
the dark.

This was my curse,
and this was my fate?
mixing the colors.

Do not go farther,
in sea, the fishes
have swallowed the sun.

The park-teachers
and path finders were
not aware of foot-faults.

The word stoppers
were abound. I have yet
to find an ear, drunk as water lily.

Satish Verma

Darkness At Noon

Tousling the opulence was
not modesty.
Who will adore the clan?

I am not yet `me`,
the refuge of elevated moon.
The heat and dust of nascent money

was burning like a loud prayer
in dark sun. Perfection tends
to terrify the stings.

A mogul of arts outlines the
script of drowning a desert storm,
when two flames went to bed.

Do not pick up the nails for
the coffin of a martyr.
They are going to make a dirty bomb.

Satish Verma

Darkness Singing

Like today.

I walk myself, in my footprints
tasting grassiness
sending the runners,
on the anniversary, of the brain's death,
when no deliverer was in sight.

The empty chairs in black rain
wait for the parted windows
to let in the screaming light
for a reunion, with the children
of tongue, who were lost
in wilderness of vows.

Looking at the world
from a keyhole, at an unearthly hour
you visualize a miracle,
to heal the blood apart, wounded
grains of golden dawn, a mother
thrashing for charred hunger.

Satish Verma

Darting Fear

Here again we are standing against
the wall of silence,
time has made us partners of sorrow.
Merchants of terror have spread their
wares
on the road. I was only a name.

Hundreds of miles fear was darting
no body knows who will become unfaithful.
Prayer demands subjugation.

Life sucks the laughter, we want to
go back to childhood,
shut the eyes and recite the hymns of
history,
when prophets were roaming in
neighbourhood.

Satish Verma

Darting Pain

O, how it was that
in freezing embrace:
a butterfly touch!

Then comes a fall
from your almond eyes.
Cascading tears.

A silken knife
peels of the edge, of -
question mark.

Satish Verma

Dawning Blue

The trust was intact
but you would not carry
it far, the stillness.

Propolis, that is
what you needed to plug
the echo of insult.

The polarized crowd
was throwing the rocks
at the moon.

May not fracture
the curve, you wanted
the release from unknown.

Where were you, when
the flame was extinguished?
How will I read the writing on wall.

Satish Verma

Day Dreaming

I was tired of reshuffling the stars
in silent night.
Will you come and stay with me
for a while? I will give you
my light years to reach the hurting valley.

Sit down beside me
and rest your head on my drooping shoulders.
Together we will cross the dark river
of doubts conversing with fireflies.

You are carrying my unborn children
in your deep thoughts.
Flesh, blood and bones
pain between the ribs
and arrhythmic throbs.

Small pebbles on the beach
we are dreaming an ocean in our eyes.
Waves are high and wind is strong.
We are ready to drink the blue sky.

Satish Verma

Day Of Anxiety

Between the soft glow of
twilight and moon, it was
cold. For a faithful swan.

*

The black smoke billows
from the rooftops of mud houses.
Time to celebrate a dinner.

*

I will not give up,
though nothing was left to do.
Atleast I can write a poem.

Satish Verma

Day Of Judgement

In last journey he wanted to have
a free run without rumors
of reconciliation.

From years back he watched –
friends, disappeared one by one. He
became his own enemy. The ravines

were waiting for the sacrificial throw
of a bound martyr.

Between being and action

he was ready for the kiss of death –
from a ferocious opponent,
whose chest spread like a hood of cobra –

ready to strike. His ghost will walk now
on the clouds, days in, days out,
to read the black lips of blissful time.

Satish Verma

Day-Night

By the time you had
left the podium, you?
had turned gray like an
overcast sky.

Life was short like a
twitter. How do I?
call you from the jungle
of screams.

Do not go into the woods.
The nightingale sobs
quietly. Flight was good
but there was no depth.

Want to nix my day? Take
away my pen. I will write
a poem with soaring
flames of my heart.

Satish Verma

D-Day

It was the centre of inferno,
where we met -
the chaste tree was burning.
Beyond the time,
we opened up our memories,
churning our minds.
That was without
space & measurements.
I am again turning deaf.

The stillness had a vocabulary,
and the words hummed a silence.
I emptied all my rooms,
came out to listen to otherness.
How thin was the happening,
the thoughts drifted out,
visibility became poor
and ending of pain came soon.

Pure tearless eyes,
became loyal to truth
which eluded the prayers.
I didn't want to hurt the lights
or myths would glorify the herd.
When the sun becomes cloudless,
I will come for D-day.

Satish Verma

De.....

When hope returns, will you be in
alternative mind?

Like a praying mantis brooding for a prey
in a bowl of momentum while I have a
sense of alienation collecting a cloud of

Memories ripping open the gates of tears
and blood for the human cost of dementia;
the disorientation was not complete in

Orthomolecular state, a suicidal visit will also
not bring the diagnosis of pain and iridium hole
of perception in a concentration camp for
searching a bomber base, whether milk thistle

Drags the fears out of the bodies and heals.
I would not come back to hemiplegic wisdom
of the land that was lost centuries back to
occupying, omnipresent knowledge, the eagle
had burned his wings in holy fire!

Satish Verma

Dead Faith

Pardon my mask
I will put you on pedestal to torment me,
because you were necessary
for my existence.
When I prepare finally my death wish
you can smile.

Your eyes are looking through my head,
I know,
you were hurt from my moon face.
I will wash your feet with my tears now.

Exhausted, nameless in a crowd
I was counting my see-through triumphs
all piled up as burned out bones.

To live without meaning is very painful.
Everything is abused for self gratification.
Over a black sky, against the mountains
the old silence becomes teeth of a dead faith.

Satish Verma

Dead Lips

Flesh by flesh
bone by bone.
I am tired of your religion.

The fake rituals?
to anoint the sins.
Meanwhile someone will execute
the pollen heads.

Blackbirds will come
and go in the corridors
of power to get the plums.

After a murderous day
slowly the moon
rises, to wash out the
dark stains of earth.

Satish Verma

Deadbeat

To live again, I
will not come after dying for
you. Resurrection?

I ask the dust, when
did you slip from the moon
to kiss immortal?

Don't leave a cut
on the sandstone to mark
the anniversary.

Satish Verma

Deadpan

The night calling. I start
the search for survivors.
A loquacious day shuns
the clouds.

A black hole. I move in circles.
A star was going down in an
abyss. To think, was a taboo subject.
A naivete' towards perceiving.

You can keep your eyes open
and not discern any frame.
A hand will not find another
hand in neighbourhood.

There was less sexism without
the chair. The paradox was no -
body wanted to discuss the
markers of malignancy.

The house was up for the sale
deleted from the manuscript.

Satish Verma

Deaf And Dumb

Are you sleeping with hate?
I wanted to know, does it have a meaning?
For we human beings, any equals in plants and animals?

There was this audacious betrayal of a brute force
to behead a beautiful lass, a scion of fine race.
The baby king was still sleeping in his tomb.

Tut, we were talking of a Kamikaze attack on
Tutenkhamun. Living in piece meals, walking
Alongside the wall only, fear writ large on the face

the moon birth had gone waste. Eye donors were
waiting for the vision in darkness of violence,
the hstages were thrown out limb by limb,

the crazy world going berserk. Somebody
was carrying flowers on the beach. My words
were losing the edge. I was dreaming of only bleeders.

Satish Verma

Satish Verma

Deaf City

We cannot think alike,
and we cannot listen together.
The words change the colours
and the colours let go their charm.
A billowing smoke
fills the space between us.
We are searching
our destinies amidst the ruins
and life hangs like an empty frame.

The jaundiced view,
mars the beauty of cognition.
I stick to my long path,
though journey is tough.
The immaculate space fills my lungs.
I feel the thick, stellar thoughts
and climb over the contradictions.
Balance breaks, becomes the faint window.

The disorder lies within.
Green moments evaporate
I wither up in veins.
Heart misses the beat.
Standing in dark I hear
the sounds of a deaf city.
My eyes search,
the letterprint of a tranquil childhood.

Satish Verma

Death And Apollo

Honeymoon with history was over.
A two headed snake was sitting on a coin
of leather in grass. Blue tongued

jewel was going to serve the enormity
of destination. Disquietingly, decomposed
relics were coming out of the rubble. Coil

of thoughts becomes a vector of violence.
Cobwebs of increased blood supply to
malignant battle. You die in your own

vision. The awns of oblivion pierce the
wings of dumbfounding words. Offering
shows the fear unlimited. Prices

crash in a meltdown. Poverty holds you
in doorway. Feathers understand the boundary.
A flock of sheep was butchered by a wild beast.

Satish Verma

Death And Dust

Looking beyond the window
I always wanted to shut my eyes.
No sky could hold my head.
I didn't want to see the innocent smiles
vanishing from the moulded faith.

The smell of burning leaves waftes through
the catacomb of dead thoughts.
The time does not spare any overflow of poetry.
Life extracts its price of tomorrow.

Nothing will change. People will laugh,
weep and mourn. A candle for those
who jumped from minaret of silence. A
bonquet for them who died on waves.

I will hide the kernel under the mud
by stealth. One day amongst the
spikes a pink spirit will rise. A double landmark
for death and dust.

Satish Verma

Death And Vision

The doubters will cross the coals
after the raid.
Apology will not be in attendance.

Sitting on the throne of
cold blooded assassination, do you think
justice demands the revenge?

Whom you are killing, the body
or the spirit? Heads will roll
after debriefing.

O my god, politics always
enters the fray, when you are preparing
a carpet of roses.

Against the black moon
a fast unto death
by a virile sunblind?

Satish Verma

Death In Exile

He had pulled in many springs
but failed to find a heaven.
Asked not to look away. In

absences he tried to enter
the wounds again. An aboriginal
pain flies over my shoulder.

A spiritual failure of mankind?
Counting unctuously the birds nesting
on an invisible tree.

This narration has no vocabulary.
Only oily sounds of original
lunacy. You want to cover

an empty canvas. A self-portrait
was abandoned after
the cloudburst of slogans.

Satish Verma

Death In Peace

When moon tries to
cover the sin, who was fallible
in the ring of fire?

The centuries ask, whence
we failed ourselves, when
god was watching.

Who created the
memory of stone,
infallible from the mount of truth.

Satish Verma

Death Mask

It was not the worth
of a cloud,
your garden, sitting
on the lake.

Refresh drops, in the
dry eyes of the rope, which was
wounding around your neck
like a snake.

You want to become
a blue god now, on
opioids. A living ruin, attracting
the tourists.

The terrible change,
we are dragging our dead body
under the shadow of
the toes.

Satish Verma

Death Of A Godman

I have agreed to cede
an unwritten moon
in a killing frenzy,
for a chequered spirituality.

Now visitation will start
ravishing the light at dawn.
The grievors will assemble
for a final scoop of dust.

Forgive my star,
for a failed touchdown.
A child stands before glitterati
born again to suffer the other sky.

Nothing comes out of nothing.
The circle was complete.

Satish Verma

Death Of A Protest□

to celebrate a beautiful sin
on the green lake
a sequelae starts a covetous lust
of white skulls,

discovering oneself was as exciting
as the fondling of breast
for the first time –

innocent graveside, road burning
stretching to throbbing millions
harvesting endless tears;

inattention of grief
was the punishment of unknown
shredding the veil into bit pieces

the ferocious clawing
tears off the sunset of age.
your jealousy?
bitter screams?

Satish Verma

Death Of A Shadow

This life has snubbed the bloom
like a thick brown sac
thrown on the sod.

An octogenarian tries to slice
the hope indulgingly
to achieve immortality!

Was it a virile snarl?
A rose bud wrenched open
in a fatherless home.

Psychopathic?
We are spinning round the bell.
It may not tell the god.

A moon finds a rival
in the lake.
Night opens like a black tulip.

Satish Verma

Death Of Absence

Gladioli stand in a tantric daze
under siege of prism. The colors fall dangling,
unsettling silent memories.

I thought I was nervous
while playing a smell game of wild guns,
when tanks were rolling out on streets.

A final farewell before exiting
the garden, in my ceremony of death.
A child lies down waiting for the boots.

The wheat grass of beggars,
never to mourn a falling cloud
undesires a dropp of blood on tongue spilling on skin.

A terrified leaf disturbs a mirror,
civilized image of a private crystal, beyond
the virulence of hiding legs.

Satish Verma

Death Of An Angel

Death, be merciful.
A part of me was broken
and became a star.

An angel had touched me.
He has gone back to his home.
Why am I trying to resuscitate his cloak?

O my light, you lived
in me. I had kissed you in my darkness.
In troubled times, you
just disappeared to leave,
your voice, purity of face
in my heart for eternity.

But the wait will continue
for you. The fall?
crisp falling of thoughts. Longing
to feel you.
Longing to feel you, on my bruises
like the dew on grass.
A-complaining?
No, nothing. It is the unopened
eye of a wound.

Satish Verma

Death Of Calenders

It is me, inside & outside,
movement of sensuous self.
Time sails through the mind,
a silken thread unbroken in names.
If only the death would erase the fear.
If only the other self meets my roots
and stir up the inner sap.

Reaching the end,
you tell me to remember
your name to latch on to memories,
to collect all the pieces
of conceptual loss & gains.
How we were fooling ourselves?
Nothing is left between us
to celebrate the dreams.

All the stray thoughts
could not give us insight
we were dusted off from start
to finish in our loneliness.
Once it was a glory
to watch carnations in our eyes,
now I am mourning the death of calenders.

Satish Verma

Death On Grass

Sometime, somewhere I will break
into many moons -
an oblique answer to a terrestrial question
of a pale river.

The heat is on, because of the
fatal mistakes. Violence has pregnancy.
Walls stand alone without a roof
hauling the suicidal balloons.

Blue berries are becoming scarce.
Vision short, we cannot see in the night.
Crystals in candlelight become green,
images creeping tall under the trees.

Of total failure, the chemistry of love
patches up with arithmetic of aristocracy.
Spoils the show of neutrality
in sky, hurting the gods.

I am stuck with autistic heroes
in poor desert of a waking sun.
Death on grass will never show
the second birth of the pain.

Satish Verma

Death Was Growing

This was profanity.

A dead club moss resurrects,
when you sprinkle the water over
dried wrinkled leaves.

From darkness to light
you break the bowl of an angel
and the invisible spills out.

Brother in terror -
of mixed smell
the burning flesh all around.

Speed of light from superflares
was not colossal, than the blast of man.
Look, it is still dark here..

Now climb the holy
hills, rising like the breasts
of weeping earth, to collect
the daisies for final call.

Satish Verma

Death Was Lucky

I will find another
indigo in you, when you
were linked to exercising talons.

Stealing my moons,
for a rapturous choke,
I was being observed.

A face off begins
on the stage of life, between
wrecked ego and collective guilt.

Thumbs severed off. Ghosts
of war are mushrooming.
A winter crop was becoming rich.

Only god knows, why
singingbirds were silent.
October was not very cool, and
big tears were not flowing.

The unparalleled blood
was becoming thinner.

Satish Verma

Death Was Pure

When moon will wash my doors
I will come out in night
to find you in dark
and lose you in light.

Does it resonate with you
O my truth
O my pain
time has moved back.

My love whitens the shadow
of a black rose in the nakedness of waking.
Do not want to disappoint the sun
and enter into a grain.

I am the stillness and I am
the noise. Motherless I am born
in black water
of immaculate death.

Satish Verma

Death Was Very Genial

In the service of flesh
new vision was perfecting a cult;
silence was going home.

It was not there
freedom of defense for bread, but
I must pay the price of hunger.

The oblique afterthought
compelled by nocturnal infidelity
picks up the black threads,
minute by minute.
Death was very genial.

Comes silently behind the cacti -
across the intelligent green.
One has to pay for touching greatness.

The thoughts will never go
from the unwinking eyes.
I was listening to the footsteps.

Satish Verma

Death's Reversal□

Coming to cephalic withdrawal,
sharing a deadly delusion,
O my world -
I will not ask,
I will not take back.
For my own liberation, I will set you free.

I am reversing myself,
my battles are still raging.
The flames have reached the tallest branches,
naked in sky:
Verga, why the drops are not going to come down?

Going alone in the woods,
to find the skeletons, in the shades of grief,
a deathless comp of apostates,
to start a revolution, we become
carpenters, carving totems.

The question marks are increasing
in wrinkles. On the shoulders of a lone tree
a black bird sings to an old moon.
Are there any worlds beyond the stars?

Inspired by a poem of famous urdu poet Allama Iqbal

ABHI ISHQ KE IMTIHAN AUR BHE HAIN
SITARON KE AAGAI JAHAN AUR BHE HAIN

Satish Verma

Death's Wings

Tryst with enemy
bakes the earth.

I am standing firm on dust of times
with rising threat. In vloaks, under the fading
moon they had come,
plundered my yard of truth and blackened
the face of an ancient statue of sun god.

The terror walks on streets
sequencing the genome of unborns
in womb; soot was settling in the lungs
of windows. Tomorrow night word by word
memory will be mauled, uncovering
the pyramids of fear.

Satish Verma

Debating Point

This was an interesting dialogue
going on,
between me and a ghost. It was
telling me that I love you
because you are not a virgin.

Was it a good thing, someone
asks? The game was fair
but the players were dishonest.

The bared chest, with scars
and raw wounds, tells everything
about blue wars.

The words float on water,
like dragonflies. Do you think
it was impossible to convey
the agony by phraseology of metaphors?

Satish Verma

Debating The Verdict

The night shift starts.
A moonbeam comes and lies
beside me.

I was not hungry.
Cuckoo gives a call
I will not raise the flag.

The flesh, starts eating you.
Sometimes, for this
unnamed, you run cross-country.

Memories flare up.
A primitive wolf sends a howl.
You start reciting a prayer.

The age, will not pardon you.
Limbs spring to catch a butterfly.
Noiselessly a door shuts.

Satish Verma

Debts Of Gratitude`

Wanted to pay
debts of gratitude.
There was a call from evergreens,
he was not ready to go.

Standing in pit of snakes
he was preparing himself for a random fang,
throat like a blue-bird
waiting for a song.

The solid waste of numerals
across the thinking,
developed plaques, while philosophy
was accepting innovation.

The authority had started
reading the couplets.
Glory came earlier
sea cracked into shells.

Satish Verma

Decayed Century

One by one kites were alighting on the roof top.
Door were banging and a smell was rising
like the anger of a house.
It was sobbing morning in frenzy
before the sunrise, when every instrument
was asleep and god was shut in the shrine.

Splinters had pierced the innocent chests
and blood ran on the stones.
A beautiful day for the suicide bomber.
Pain wore an illuminated crown.

On tower of violence and brutal death
birds are waiting for a feast of tender flesh
from the shattered limbs.

Quietly rises the sun on a decayed century.

Satish Verma

Deceiving Non

After the death of the dark,
in the way you wore
your smile, I asked you to
see me at dawn, before the
sun rises.

A star is born,
you take on the moon.
I embrace my poem.

You own the candle.
I was the flame.
The light pays homage.

A timeless pain
still follows you in woods
to stitch the womb.

You have to run
away from the wolves
to save the doves.

There were no more allusions.

Satish Verma

Deceiving None

After the death of the dark,
in the way you wore
your smile, I asked you to
see me at dawn, before the
sun rises.

A star is born,
you take on the moon.
I embrace my poem.

You own the candle.
I was the flame.
The light pays homage.

A timeless pain
still follows you in woods
to stitch the womb.

You have to run
away from the wolves
to save the doves.

There were no more allusions.

Satish Verma

Deceiving Self

Learning the art
of dying, cheating the ghosts,
talking to moon children.

Will you believe in
so much of death? An
octopus darting on sands?

In self-awareness
you look at the vast water.
The lake will accept you.

Aimlessly you want
to drift. A sick feeling takes
revenge and turns you into stone.

Somebody smiles.
Flickers like a candle,
before shutting down the beats.

Satish Verma

Deception

I am giving you up
for a delusion-
of being watched all the time.
The retrieval of a poem
must start now.

A mannequin was defiled at dawn.
The puppets on a string
were dancing whole night-
for a born loser.
A lemon without an escort
has become a tree.

A living corpse, after
the acid attack. Give me some
water to wet the lips. I am
going to confess all the
sins of a weak man.

Let there be a face-off
between a river and a bridge.

Satish Verma

Deciduously

You did not want to play?
into the strength,
of the other.

Wrecking the pecking order,
to become poorer,
giving away your entire height?

I could live,
without your blasts, O sun,
but I need my moon,
for whole night.

It pervades,
the dark matter, in every pore.
Like gingko tree
I will drop all the pretensions
tonight, and become leafless.

Satish Verma

Deciphering

Trying to meet the
best of you, after seeking
nothing. Two halves never sleep.

Silently creeping,
glaciers were ready for
meltdown. Earth breaks.

Into tears. I don't
want to think, to speak. Staring
at you finding fault in sun.

The poetry seeks
some answers for unknown
questions, sitting in wilderness.

The moon aborted
twice to land on earth,
to search for the namesakes.

Satish Verma

Decision

Waiting for a supermoon
like Aphrodite.
I translate my twinge
into moonlight.

The speed now hurts.
I want to go slow in dark,
Like wayward feet ambulating towards a carnivore.

It was not fair to call for
the soft snow,
when my eyes start
surging like a natural spring.

You had almost eaten me
alive with black fingers.
I did not sin, you come like
thunder making me deaf.

Satish Verma

Decks Are Cleared

You are dying inside me,
my little god.
I am awakening after a long pause.

The forked hazel wand
does not bend back, perched on a buried treasure.
I am disembarking from divining.

I stayed without body, nervous;
like aspen leaves trembling at slight doubt,
hearing footfalls of dew drop.

Fear of old fear arrives again,
when the seeds begin to explode
in the womb of a fallen tree.

For the spoken word, sting in the tail
becomes star-struck. Death zone enlarges on black
pyramid. Conscience is on its descent.

Satish Verma

Dedication

Answering your own question,
wrapping the kill?
as manifestation of
God's will.

The old earth
still bears the fruits and
comes face to face with the
ungrateful human being.

Not touching your breast, I will
hear your heart beat
once-over.

Before the rains come,
the rage will sleep with the stones
and reconstruct a?
prehistoric fault.

Apollo wants to leave
Delphi and become a monk.

Satish Verma

Deep Fears

Drop your haves and
have-nots. When you lose things
you are at peace.

From time immemorial.
I was hunting the moon
and you slept.

You never woke, my
god limbless you didn't
move, when earth was dying.

Satish Verma

Deep Inside

You know how
to live. Take me, a
lesser pain comes.

Meaning of life
was difficult to interpret,
sitting in sun.

You can conceive
meaningless numbers. I am
still counting ciphers.

Failed to achieve
something. Anything comes
in my wild poems.

Like hyacinth bell
shaped spikes I spread out
in moon to ripen in pain.

Satish Verma

Deep Tragedies

Life plays the tricks.
You become a meteor-
a streak of light, in the almond eyes
of a god.

I don't like the grey areas.
Can you become fearless
and confess the guilt of drinking
the mercury? Blisters had
appeared on your face red and blue.

Was it a pure fault?
Mother earth buried
alive thirty below the mound of lies
you remained alive.

Dehydrated, you speak
the truth and spill out the
false mind separates
from the heart and blood stains emerge.

Satish Verma

Deep Understanding

Tilted lips on the wet eyes.
Below the lids
was floating an island in a lake.

Latched to a full moon
I was trotting with snowshoes,
trekking with stars.

A volatile virginity
rebounds
ticking in your heart, spiteful.

And I, lonely as a black hill
seek the silver dew
that moons the green windows.

O malignant night
I was not worthy of death
you bestowed on me.

Satish Verma

Deep Voices

In my smallness
I think tall. Nymphs want to
become ageless.

Black earth moves
the moon? Spirits were
saddened. Mayflies.

Would die in one
day. The wholeness has a
purpose to kill.

Satish Verma

Deeper Meanings

Still I am looking
at the path, from where you
disappeared.

In void between
living and dead, leaving no
memory to drape.

The dust will recall
the weight of footfalls in
air to bleed stones.

Satish Verma

Deeply Scarred

There was no sky over your
head. You sidestep the lake
and drown in a stream.

After carpet bombing of
scars, you missed the moon
and skimmed by
virtue of birth.

Lifting the stony vices
for thanksgiving. A puppet;
dies on a string. Nobody
claims the body.

Mistrust runs deep. You
will not ride the tiger;
again. The urn contains the
ashes of blue eyes.

Satish Verma

Deeply Upset

The dark borders
were shifting, rejecting
the inner voices.

The echoes bring apocalypse
with costs. I hear
the silent prayers.

de jure? I want
to letter the unknown fears
of the epilogue.

The whistling pain of the
words, brings
the blood flowers.

Aghast, at the cupidity,
of man, where shall
I start the charity?

Satish Verma

Defaulter

After the long wait
I forgot how to kiss the flames.
All the moons failed.

The world would
freeze, when I burned and
the phoenix did not dive.

Listen, I love you
within me. O god to feel your pulse
when I decided to kill me.

Satish Verma

Defeating Death

To you, I
send my silence,
before the fire starts, to engulf
the open barn.

This mourning must stop.
I will wash your feet, of mud
and wet grass. You have
come after crossing the jungle of black roses.

Tomorrow I will call swallows.
A peacock will replace the
ruined, plundered, silk poppies.
The bleeding sky turns blue.

On the road, echoes
of greedy words will eat the smiles.

Satish Verma

Defining Equation

Returning to past
you tend to remain all mum,
murmuring nothing.

Measuring speed
of light coming from my eyes
without spilling dark.

What burns up, ejects
the sparks on your shroud
of three parting words.

Satish Verma

Greek Tragedy 28 October 2018

Where blue meets the
red, I will bring moon to cross
you river of tears.

Thousand suns away
the pygmy god sleeps in thatched
hut, to feel the pain.

When you swim in my
eyes, I become an ocean
to drown the deity.

Satish Verma

Definitions

Becoming intimate with
pain. Laughing with
death. My pastime.

Then unfold me
to lick the flames. You
and me burn simultaneously.

Why life demands
toll for crossing the river
of ashes and bones?

Like night bird
you hop and stop in neighborhood.
Looking for lithe snake.

September tears.
It was ending after the
red moon bleeds.

Was there any name left for the void?

Satish Verma

Defying Time

Sitting before the white
screen, thinking?
what to write today.
Suddenly you will appear to
take a sweet revenge.

Proding the sensitivity,
you will not utter a single word.
I will start burning my?
paper boats on the banks of brows.
River dried, no water was
flowing from the dams of eyes.

Only the moon was watching me.
Tomorrow you will find a?
washed out body in dew of a
poem, half buried in red sands.

It still becomes relevant.
You pick up the remains of a saga
make a shrine of the god anonymous.

Satish Verma

Degenerating

The dead sea
and the naked soul.
You are not worthy
of forgiveness. The smell
of sweaty soles
tells it all.

You dust the window
to read the green moon
and turn off the forest
of dark faces.

It is critical time
to collect the body
after falling from gray
humor of beliefs.

Satish Verma

Deity Speaks

A tryst with handler
of birth and death. To go
near him you need to start
describing yourself.

Let's go for love's
coursing without any
delay. You can have an
advanced encounter with destiny.

Sometimes an undisclosed
secret, hangs low on
your lips, but doesn't spill.

You remain hypnotized
by a mantra, like a stilled
cobra looking straight in
your eyes.

A Tango. You want to
dance with pink butterfly
carrying the rhythm
to fall in love with unseen angel.

Here comes a big NO.

Satish Verma

Deleting

Under the frame
lurking from a sun point
I will track the death
on mountain.

Unafraid, a wild animal
had killed the lambs
in a row, resting in homestead.
The ladders were squealing.

Dizzily you realize, that-
you don't belong to yourself.
After eating fire all along,
the birds had migrated; -

beneath the skin; now pigments
were changing the color. You
become selfish. Start removing
your name from the martyr's list.

Satish Verma

Delicate Maturity

It was scary to
listen to the sounds of
your glossy tresses.

To taste flavours
of your lips in return
for bleeds of poems.

The panther. He goes
a kill a day. Will change
legitimately?

Satish Verma

Delinquency

It was a complete disaster.
I will listen to moon tonight, while
writing your name
on bikini top,

holding the pigeons. The
birds had abandoned the
walnut tree in haste. Between
them can you see a butchered

image of little god, who
broke the cold chain of flirting
and sat on a rosette of
tears blocking the sun?

Was it true that death always
sits on our shoulders like an
owl undocking the life for piercing
contentious lips?

Satish Verma

Deliverance

Have not asked much,
still attached to you with subteltities,
I wanted freedom from you,
For removing stings from the flesh.

Anxiety was the darkest color
of floating buds on lake.
Sitting on the edge of panic,
I started counting the waves.

Mixed emotions always subtract a smile.
Just lonely, I went for the swim in rimless agony.
Have not heard much of you in ages.
Still memories crop up for a while,
I wanted nemesis from you.

Talking of blue and white clouds
love has many moods.
Devastated by a burning moon
I was wishing a watery burial.

Satish Verma

Demanding Answers After The Chemical Attacks In Damascus

I was not afraid of the clock, ticking,
dividing your attention. A guarded
withdrawal of the statement, had
brought a comic relief to the distraught
victims.

Caving on guns, the
mustard cloud could wipe out
the entire generation.

The tender bodies
wrapped up in white cloaks,
ready to be sent back
to mother's womb: earth.

Why a sun wanted to
pass out gingerly?

Satish Verma

Democracy

To slice a hope in stark terror
he thought to bid holy goodbye
to destiny, and let himself go
in the shadow of weeping deads.

The orange moon looked mutilated.
Quietly stood a suicide bomber,
ready to get killed for a home in white heaven
and destroying the leaping stars.

Who had the blood on the hands?
Hiding in the white gown,
crossing the shelter, to dropp the guilt
on the road, never to look back.

Century of oppression, like baked blood
shines on the coffins of martyrs.
At dawn the pariahs promise to lead
the band towards democracy.

Satish Verma

Denuding

Wearing a skin
where flesh had melted
in blankness.

The moon was sitting
on window
parting the curtains

The sunset
accepts the death
as final verdict

Small scholars
will find out the pain
of molesting.

Estrogen untamed
on street
rises in arches.

Satish Verma

Departing

Asking moon to
be mine at the time of
hyphens and the dots.

Of agony. Burn all
the pages of book. No
marigolds to toss.

The worn body wears
the cloak of yesteryears,
walking bare hands.

Satish Verma

Departure

Your absence was left beside me
for the white salt,
unsolicited, unbroken wants.

Asking to return
the dried roses
pressed between the pages of talking book.

Counting only the dying fireworks
the hissing sparks,
left in the unwrapped bones and skin.

In my solitude I reach your smell,
your lips still warming my vessel,
my drink.

Vindicating the tarred hurts,
the never name,
and twisted lyrics.

Satish Verma

Depending On Me

Disconnecting tragedy
you live again,
in myths
and illusions.

The grit. You lack the spine.
Rocks.
A slide.
The chicken.

The cow-pathway
leads to a barn of a mud hut,
where you stand every evening
to welcome the hoofs dust.

That tells the history,
the pain of unknowing,
revealing the name
of a killer.

There was silence
interrupted by a shriek.
Someone was rising
from the grave.

The inert things start moving.

Satish Verma

Deposition

A downy clay near
fingertips. I ascend light
to meet darkness.

An ambush memory.
Remember your name?
No, I don't know me.

Gambler raises
the stakes to win his dirt
from golden nails.

Satish Verma

Descending

i make ready myself for an insult
and chest pain, keeping unshorn hair like nettles
on contours, to take unknown turns for restoring
the clouds on moon-blue hills, spreading the water colors
on trees; someone inside the shrine was making
turbulence: yellow room has the footprints of
a naked fakir, after the apocalypse, who walked eyes closed
on the burning ghats, his rags are now worshipped,
the later years found the darkness
glowing in the furnace of propped up body
by roses, roses all the way, he tells the
hanging man, how tall were the poles, with song

Satish Verma

Descending Peace

After a hard day
a game-changing starts,
igniting the night.

You are buried
in stitches. The wounds
are devoid of blood.

Will you split the
silence along the words?
There was no awareness now.

A persona
becomes a revolution. The streets
are painted red.

The monument
drifts. You wash the landscape
with moonlight.

Satish Verma

Deserted Wasteland

Life invades the truth.
Who cares?
The night was thin,
my eyes will search for stars.
Now pain travels,
backward from a smile?
A myth unfolds the terror,
of infinite tomorrows,
an escape from the eternity?

We will die,
only in our separate truths,
united by untruths.
Picking our poisonous arrows,
worshipping our griefs,
an invisible hand unclothes our past.
I ask myself was it the spectre,
fear of extinction?

Death will not shout,
it comes quietly.
Death by cancer or cirrhosis,
it comes sailing.
We were already dying,
without our clones
like a deserted wasteland,
with lethal seeds.

Satish Verma

Design Of Death

You said you were grief,
the marbled tears will not flow.
Was it not much softer
to accept the life
as a design of death?
You needed the continuity of the sorrow.
Why were you seeking the ending?

The visible effect was mirage,
the guilt of genocide.
We emptied our tatoos
on the road,
driving the emotions to insanity
Everything moved towards
the precipice, rejecting the sky.

Sorrow was part of joy, my adversary.
I wished to separate
the fear from the cells.
The pain of perennial setbacks chipped away the ladders.
I stood there at the level
of death, demanding rocks.

Satish Verma

Desiring Impossible

To own you,
was my fault. I wanted you flawlessly,
to choose, who lives
and who walks away.

Trying to discover
pure truth, the whole truth?
nothing but complete.

You start groping
for eternal globes, like Mars,
burning hot, but far away.

An aesthetic oneself, searching a duplicate.

The suffering of useless
phrases hurts. Your eyes squint,
wanting to tell, but don't betray.

Who will succeed
awakening the sovereignty of a wayward bard?
Who will pull down the moon
from the black sky?

Satish Verma

Despaired

nothing is left to say,
the wandering cloud was bleeding
for white moon,

the elements, the purity, the ligaments
are fake, joints are festering
with fever on burntout resins;

the name floats in millions of veins,
tell me the fault line of tremors,
a mass burial was on way,

the surge of deadly intent
in this night of black spiders
in eternal pursuit of murder, unpalming

thousand hurts, poppies kissing the eyes
of ravaged shutters, locks broken
and ivory taken away

Satish Verma

Desperado

They slaughtered the icon in captivity
as an act of mercy.

To know the secret of madness
why people were falling on knees?

Outside a small narrative will give
creased excuses. The spilled blood
always instigates to drink from the fountain head
of sweet revenge.

A promise has to be fulfilled.
Death has seen the door,
it will come again.

On this day the maniacs, bipolars and schizophreniacs
will celebrate the independence day
and show their trophies of dried skulls.

Now the time has come.
Everybody wants to commit suicide
to become a saint.

Satish Verma

Destination What?

How timeless
You were,
O, violence;
After summary executions.

A climactic battle
Rages on, with self.
Inside you, seeking devastatingly-
The brown earth.

After the black night,
I will wait for a bright
Sun. it is there, feel
Of sharp landing, through the eye of a needle.

Freedom from the legacy
Of legends. Where you were,
There was no traffic
Of crawling truths.

Satish Verma

Destiny

Nomadic moon was roaming
in the maddened fear of night.
A wordless journey in silent dark.

Betonica
for a painless being,
sustains the blues of separation.

An inverted green
puts the roots upward
to send a message.

Fear breaks the bones
to mould the claws.
There was no oblique answer.

Nobody was blameless.

Satish Verma

Destructiveness

You were comfortable,
when you abused in native speech.
After the conviction,
there was smoke and ash.

Bring down the white plumes
from the volcano's crater,
and begin the swan song
for the sake of vanishing grace.

It is my turn now to
walk in penumbra, wrapping
off the dark core of human mind
and give a prelude to metaphors.

Below the wings, the
trapped wind lifts the fallacy
of a fall when you were
already buried in a shadowless flesh.

Satish Verma

Deterrence

This September. It is
going to be very quiet.

I am trying to caress
the mimosa, which
always said,
touch-me-not.

The spontaneous probe
will start the construct in love
of philosophy to mimic
the animal plus
the femineity.

A clock was moving
without hands. Time was up
but legs were amputated.
How will you walk
towards your truth?

Satish Verma

Devil's Realization

O flamingo, your pink is fading.
Pick up the spirulina, it was caste-based.
It hits there, where it hurts more.

You were chasing, standing on one leg
salt was dwindling in the lake.
The stink unlike you is going to stay.

I am learning the hard way, the
blue island of ice is staying with a thread.
A sweet flesh comes from the mountain from other end.

Whose gold was melting now?
Sucking the milk tinged with blood?
Breasts are shrivelling in monoxide.

Satish Verma

Devoid Of Feverfew

Did not make anything
out of himself. He was afraid
from depth to depth.

Muzzled lock had hidden the keys.
Shadow of door loomed large
on silence, now touching
nothingness.

Lips move without sound.
Eyes become dumb. Hands were misguided,
cannot hold the pen.

Mobs with fire bombs
waiting to ambush at night
ignite the cart. Nowhere to go now.

Golden leaves tout the era.
I am emptied of peace,
my vessel devoid of feverfew.

Satish Verma

Dew Drops

Washed-up your
facial nuance, like jellyfish
at abandoned shore.

I was collecting shells
today, to write a poem for
your brown irises.

Pink chrysanthemums
will not say anything, but were dying
when you were away..

In rains you take a
figure, like a blue black bird
ready to fly away.

Satish Verma

Dewdrop

absence of a melody
was wrenching
on the face of a song

surface tension –
a venom creeps
surging in twin black eyes

you raise your price
in extremes
unburdening of embryonic waste

outsider
matches his death
with antiquity

Satish Verma

Dialogue On Non-Death

Drowning her children
back in her womb,
a big tear rolls down the cheek of earth.
She was sitting on broken bones
to watch the terror,
ear for ear to listen,
eye for eye to see.
Hope was becoming ephemeral.

Nostalgia for breathing in,
the scented grains of death's fruit,
no analogue, no relics of blood
and a ceremony of water, soil and wood.

All gone. It is a battered rubble
back to back, autoclaved, clean.
We walk back, heads bowed, shaven,
absolutely fouled with no immediate answer.

Was there a dialogue on non-death?

Satish Verma

Diary

He went under pile of words
to tie the thread of understanding
but was stoned to death.

They put the piglets in liquid nitrogen
for future generations to study.
The point of departure had come.

Navel-gazing was the best pastime
for the commander whose sepoy
were fighting the battle for freedom.

I have to say something which I need not
say. The fight is gone from the bleeders.
World was moving towards the poles.

We should talk about looking, not only
owning up our blunders. The import of
saying No has been cooked under the small Yes.

Satish Verma

Did I Ask More?

Inviting yourself
for a kiss of wasp?

This was a hidden mood.

Being yourself,
you were insulting someone,
my poems, my theology.

Touching trees,
one by one, searching your
name on every leaf.

O God of half eaten
breads, why do you lie
on the petals only?

The tears fall
was becoming louder.
Frozen eyes are starting a
meltdown.

Where would you live
in autumn?

Satish Verma

Did Not We Cry?

Ash and smoke.
I am fever, not becoming
any sound.

Like a lichen, a mycorrhiza
on damp soil,
unfound by light.

Thriving in airless
dark. Will not see the cool?
moon of summer night.

There was no key
to find the invisible.
A random poem will see.

Your painted body
in blue scars, still
remembers the fallen roof.

Satish Verma

Diet Of Tears

The kiss of the wasp
still burns on
my lips. I will ask
the love, what was your age?

The words suck
the essence of unspoken
grief, when life turns
around to say goodbye.

When would you breach
the dam and submerge the
desert of beautiful cacti?
They hold the sap of last journey.

Myriad stars compete
with me to know my
worth in dark. A rolling
death of swans has dried up the lake.

Here goes the killer
of songs. Do not start
bidding to live.

Satish Verma

Different Pathways

Why silently burns?
the red moon, in
moaning night?

Why in my
absence, you started
picking the rose buds?

Who had placed
the red strings in your
dampened eyes?

A missed heart
beat, always sounded
as if your name.

Satish Verma

Different Renderings

You were lost
like a rolled away pill.
Hibiscus was waiting

*

As the night departs,
I will look at the moon
through misted eyes.

*

A bridge has collapsed.
How sad.
A bell tolls endlessly.

Satish Verma

Different Shades

Do you envision a creeping fear
climbing the minaret
to reach the moon?

A debate has started
between believers and non-believers.
Why not he who lives

in eternal emptiness climbs down
and settles the dispute of hymns
in the scorching heat of words.

I just want you to read
the script and don't say, a sky
has wept

dropp by dropp on the nakedness
of human beings
who could not cover their shadows.

Satish Verma

Satish Verma

Different Versions

Let's try a
human logic for
a monkey heart.

The knowledge was
becoming a
dangerous thing.

I know and
you know that we
were sworn enemies.

Not like a
flamethrower
come as a bee.

Satish Verma

Different Views

On the canvas,
I was drawing only the feet?
in run.
No heads, no torsis.

Was it a dark vision,
when you found the inert bodies,
crowding the summit?

Primates had already devised
the sponge, to gather up
the answers.

Geraniums become blind?
after their involvement,
in sorcery.

Making an inventory of
fugitives, no body was left at
home, when fire broke out.

Satish Verma

Difficult Choice

If a gadget turns
you on, and I cannot
listen the voiceless
music, how would
we meet in parasyntesis?

A parakeet lifts the long
tail to climb on?
the grill to watch the
sweep of clouds, whistling
past, when the world
was mud-splattered.

Take my hand and hold
the queer. I was never me
in the maddening crowd.
I listen to only my body.

Satish Verma

Difficult To Understand

To connect with a reclusive mind,
was an uphill task.
You become?
vulnerable again.

Everyday the curtains
come down after the entry of
assassin bugs.

Long-legged, bloodsucking
predators would roam
and abduct the phrases.

The young turks break
the nest, petals strewn, a
rose dies in my hands.

My night journey begins
I let out a poem
to become my lantern.

Satish Verma

Dig The Floor Of The Moon

A fear stalks me on the road.
Sun was very aloof and cold.
Cannot stop the decline,
give me prayers of your lips.
You talk of dark children dying
when I was losing consciousness.

Will not question the ink of death
or silence of night.
The random greed of man walks
in golden ruins without listening.
I am counting my years wasted
in pursuit of crazy dreams of climbing a watchtower.

Hunger had become a great teacher.
Pain becomes a face. Limbs and shadows
seek justice after rape and murder.
Something seeps in me. Wounds bleeding
on my hands, I dig the floor of the moon
where God was sleeping.

Satish Verma

Digging Hunger

The thrill of watching,
descent of reddened sun.
flustered moon!

Half-bitten bread.
The moon was chasing the
Dark. Captivating!

Rituals begin
to anoint the poem
written by naked man.

Satish Verma

Dignity

There was existence,
without space.
I was afraid of my unborn child.

Inheriting the stammer
of history
I could not think of any brand abuse.

On the contrary, fumes
throw you off the road.
Full moon rising on the cleft.

I was, as I am, never being
to any threat of drowning
in contradictions.

A dignity in withdrawl
and coming back after sunset –
to walk in night, alone.

Satish Verma

Dilemma

There was the hunger
and suicide.
In favor of my brutal truth
or virtue of my failure,
I do not want any comments on my trauma.
Morality has a dubious equation
with power, provoking my anger.

The days were full of abandoned kilns.
No more shaping of containers
in which one can put the moon,
and honey and roses.
Everything was turning brown
with infinite, sulphur smelling teeth
ready to bite into golden flesh.

Convicts behind the walls were playing
with mirrors to throw the light on slick
towers. Death was laughing, waiting on the trees,
eating black berries.
And I was forced to taste the blood of sky
with sodium –
in sanctum sanctorum.

Satish Verma

Dilemma Of Ink

The ostrich problem
of catalepsy.
You go into a cocooned
opacity.

I will wait, till you
come out, ready to take a flight
for an oath ceremony.

The land suffers,
the sky weeps.

The shotguns would now decide
the boundaries of speech.

I will walk into the
sea of heads, to find the sunken ship,
to retrieve the faded road map.

I have to face a new testament,
how to remove this poverty
of right words.

Satish Verma

Dimensions

You were sitting on a honeycomb
I wanted a life
without stink or stain.
Intently staring at every celebration
listening to every sound,
and warding off the hissing reptiles
near my ladder.

Nature, I do not want to fight with.
Grief brings psoriasis,
the eternal itch and restlessness.
I scream at every red patch,
my unreadable pain forgets the date.

Mutism was not the answer
to protect the purity of tongue.
Silence was not a golden word.
Without becoming hoarse
one can shout to tell the dimensions.

Satish Verma

Dirt Roads

It was a mediocre crowd.
You wanted to touch-
unblemished,
ordinary thing.

After he was drunk
he threw the blanket
and started,
a hate crime.

There was dark smoke
without fire. You can draw
a frame around the singed face.
I will not taste the blood.

The death will come again
to find the lover, after he
jumped from the bridge. There
were thousand ways to seek revenge.

Satish Verma

Dirty Mirrors

Life may mean anything to you, but
I refuse, to become a utility.
Come, let us face the death of time.

We were whisked away,
had taken a wrong turn,
and when battle lines were drawn,
the guns were not ready.

Dirty mirrors always complained of a bad weather.
Today I will go for a long journey,
to get the gifts of peacocks from green trees.
I want to listen to their grievances whole night.

Humanity stinks when infected hands
handle the peace. I splash the truth
on your face,
to see the sun clearly.

Satish Verma

Dirty Homes

While going my way, searching an eternal flame
I confront an extraordinary trauma,
God does not live, but dies in me daily.

There was green pain in this condemned strangeness
as the young world moves on
dancing with joy.

It was not a coincidence
that intellectual anesthesia
was not able to bring good sleep.

So much passes by your city
existential traffic, soaring above arguments,
but a chilled, far away voice
defends the crumbling palace of syntax.

The masks are crying from the split walls
languishing in the hopeless garden.
Wherever you go, the windows are closed
and the smoke rings
rising from the chimneys of dirty homes.

Satish Verma

Dirty Time□

Depth of a bruised sea
rising from the surface
overwhelms the dumb shore

shining
for impossible tomorrow
golden sand, the locked door.

History repeats amnesia
for a depressed meniscus
shifts the nameplate.

Here was laid the image of
priestless god of dusty face
small dreams.

The book remains incomplete
who wrote the contents
for blank pages?

Satish Verma

Disaster

The cult, the
rape were also in play,
when Icarus flew out of Crete.

Carrying the sky
on your shoulders when
you were burning.

After visitation
I will write a poem
on the triumph of failure.

The dialect of body
will tear down the bed
unlearning the love.

Whom would
you believe in distress
unforgiving the sword.

Satish Verma

Disaster And After

What is the relevance now
to live for a cause?
Epicenter has changed.
They were altering the human gene.

Butterflies, the lips of squealing
babies. I was very fond of monarchs,
flying in huge clouds, settling like
a drizzle on pink rose bushes.

What do you want to achieve
by cold-blooded murder of the sleek geniuses?
Death was smiling. You deny the god's script
in the temple of your faith?

Nascent crimes are still rising
in the face of human suffering.
After the earthquake, in the rubble
we let them come, the young shoots.

Satish Verma

Disbanding

Pupil was on parole.
You abandon the inexhaustible
patience with increasing distance.
Everything was fading
when you look back.

The things, always return.
Like you did not carry a bundle
of postcards written
by your father, while emptying
the house.
His carved signature is still
printed in my brain.

Now my grand daughter saves
the e mails sent by me. The woes
of a pilgrim. A neutral passage
with no feel. Some day a glitch
will wipe out the treasure.

We have changed the costumes.
The inside has raw palisades.

Satish Verma

Disbelievingly

Fraternising
the needles
on abbreviated lips.
Handful of sand
hauling uphill.

Code of particles
feels the entire lie.
You wear mauve
when I cry.

Like diatoms
in eyes.
Erase the sun
from my hairs.
I am turning black.

The brine
had encroached all around.
The brown grass, the soaked laughter,
but I will come again in disbelief.

Satish Verma

Discerning

After descent was
a puerile attempt to save
the virgin's blues.

Blind faith kills one-all.
You bow down to touch feet of
semiclad idols.

Your half-grief to sell
the portrait of insane god
will go waste today.

Satish Verma

Disclaimer

A brush with pain of chest
starts recalibrating the fog of eyes.
World has come a long way

from a child's brain to prepare
an indigenous bomb
for a roaring ascent.

Where my son, you want to go
in trees of words? The temperatures
are rising to widen the scope

of violence. Every one was
claiming to be a terrorist
for bringing the peace on earth.

let the party begin.

Satish Verma

Satish Verma

Disconnection

Move on. O city, you
were not worth of
living any more,
sleeping on your tusks.

I will not assume
any other new name?
when the hurricane
finally arrives.

It will not go. You
can keep scratching
for whole life.
Your psoriatic scalp.

The attempt to
commit suicide was
worthless. Nobody
will write a note.

I will not invite
the white moon to?
break the fast,
after the bloodbath.

Satish Verma

Discovery

As I accept the verdict,
 the dead-soul beast?
jumps up, draws out the sword
and starts cutting the drift. You shout,
wake up from a nightmare.

The words had betrayed. Vowel
harmony was gone. Voice hoarse, you
stammer, accusing the city, the country
the century.

It was consensual. The suicide pact.
Cloth and body, print and color.
Paper and pen, bed and grave. The
moon had kicked out the feline.

The insomnia, now rules. You
start counting the sins. No stress,
no indecency, sleeping with
dead poems. A big explosion changes the fonts.

You go into long sleep.

Satish Verma

Discretion

Some apologies for the anatomy.
Stain -
has shifted to moon.
No fragrance, no color, no dewfall.
Night has been spooked.

Disconnected - I will meet the
transparent truth about the lies
of a prose. Sick earth will receive
the dismembered verse in locked embrace
of bloody limbs.

Raw diamonds-
will teach to play with sex
in the house of terror. When -
you forget the space between
the clouds and thighs.

Between good and bad
I bleed.

Satish Verma

Dismantled

Trembling...
the burning coal has gone to sleep,
before igniting the dry grass.

Eye to eye colliding
turning you into ophelian mess.
Light had gone back to black matter.

It was a frisk season?
in sick society. The hidden plaques
have come out in the blood stream.

You are now backtracking
on the uphill, ready to fall
from the green heights to connect with ground.

For keepsake I will
again unwrite the book
not mentioning the stillbirth of freedom.

Satish Verma

Dismay

It was not ending, not beginning
this fracas,
to search the exit.
Where to go where to.

The window
has jumped out
from the moon. what was
your ultimate? What was?

The cold-blooded
creepy object
discharging the virulent
flames virulent.

Migratory ink
always lands on the
paper, would not
move the words would not.

Satish Verma

Disoriented

I was worried.
A deviant had lost the shape,
and had thrown a word at your face.

The black name was crawling
on the white paper. It was not
a rape, but the abduction?
of a mystic.

The snake time. Politics.
The crowd was celebrating the death.
What would you say, death
had many names?

I want to sleep with you tonight,
O moon. The slave
had become the master.

Satish Verma

Displacing The Milestones

Talking of myths,
in dichotomy of grace?
when somebody said that
the facts were loose truths.

Your faith slumbers?
when you are awake. And
you, my door of night, will
wear the tears of dawn.

Not sharing the loneliness,
when I was dispensing the
laughs amidst the grief
of hills. The trees, the slopes
and seeds? that will never bear
the fruits.

And there, I didn't want
to celebrate my unwritten epitaph
after completing the life
of falls.

And the neighborhood still
sleeps when I decide to walk away
towards the dark.

Satish Verma

Disquietingly

A thirst for seeing?
you again in sleep, dreaming
of sacred altar.

*

Making sacrifice
of all your proceeds of pen
and burn black roses.

*

Dazzled, the life was
jealous of you, walking among
jewels of fallen.

Satish Verma

Dissection

It was haemolysed
the homeless night.
Flagellation will bring out the truth.

The bloody kerchief
was thrown on a crowd.
A new comet was sighted.

Dust and ice were
near the tears.
Sun was rising.

Something fell
in the lake. Death was going
to be celebrated.

Flesh has emptied
the juices. Now
bones will laugh.

Satish Verma

Dissolving Holiness

Becoming blind
in lightless depth;
between the faults
we meet.

Moving the wheels.
I was the sound; -
spreading across the
unspoken epiphany.

Flirting with inevitable
doom, you crash on
the poems of -
raging green.

A tongue wants a
novelty of death,
in the arms of
the frozen light.

Satish Verma

Distant Dangers

Aquila. Would you
carry the burden
of ungiving?

Transmuted, I
will find you in portrait
of sublime?

And I will see in your eyes
a cosmos, floating in void.

But a primal question
remained unanswered, who were you.

Through the blue sky
and legends of dark, the
constellations squirm.

And I start believing
in God dust.

Satish Verma

Distant Voice

Today I will shed my body
and meet you halfway at watery address.
My eyes were not blinking to hold the clouds.

To live or not to live was a great pain.
Two small hands and two bubbling eyes
glued to a broken wall was my hope.
And glitter of the road,
fallen trees,
dead panther,
had sacrificed my sun.

I think I live to die daily,
and die daily to live again
over the enormous property of shame.

Melting in my own blood
I was becoming dark.
The night was dancing on my sadness.
Now it was me, shaking in remoteness
of a distant voice!

Satish Verma

Distraught

A long pause
after my signature peel
of the spasm.

It was a broken flight
of an anguished
end in itself.

Retrograding toward
an apolitical fault
for an apology.

Illegal, soaring, preparing
to take a dive
in the pit of fire.

For a gospel truth you
take cloak off the dagger.
You will sell your nudes.

Satish Verma

Distressing Call

Fear returns to
glass jars. The generic gap
flutters in narrow
basin.

The caged image. Regency
starts burning. The
divide widens. Your fidgety
fingers roll the stiletto.

Premonition. You condone
the crucifixion, beheadings. I
heal the broken limbs,
punctured hearts.

The striped, elegant walk
on the ramp. I dream of
empty bowls. The rubber
mannequin smiles.

Satish Verma

Disturbances

How far you can go
to remain dumb and dare
to become legless?

Show me the spirit
once. The streak,
the clouds.

I will leave my
footprints in rose-garden
for you to follow my scent.

Neighborhood of
stilts. I wanted to stand
erect in marshes.

The time shrinks,
when you grow old. Years
come and go with generosity.

Take off the frame
of your mind. I wanted
to read your last wish.

Satish Verma

Disturbed Age

The odor brings the
neo-violence, along the fault line.

Standing on the road.

You,
do not want to go right, or left.

Chemoreceptors will warn about
the incoming quake.
They will crush the blooms, the
corrupt winds.

The landscape was changing.
The unlikeness, when you come
back from woods.

You do not mean anything.
Words don't convey the full meaning.
The thoughts will find a poem.

Satish Verma

Disturbing

The flame tree
burns again my house
of cards in jungle.

Sometimes, things.
Float without air
touching you.

I watch a moon
rise like a fear
from blue window.

Satish Verma

Divider

Mauve detachment;
I wanted a short placenta.

The dust wants
to eat me. My legs give?
away, when sun goes
blind.

I will offer you
my dreams to nestle
in paws of destiny.

Don't walk on the
hot sands. They are going
to roast my poems.

I smell your pines
I drink your cones
Lake was inviting
the boat.

Satish Verma

Divine Losses

I am defeated
by myself. My weaponless
democracy has failed.

By your own dignity
you carry a burning coal
in your hand to teach posterity.

A voiceless assault
of neoreligion spikes the truth
of armless lies.

Mountains want to
move. We have lost our
script of wordless commentry.

I say take away
my dead gods. Robots will
sit in temples of no gods.

Satish Verma

Divine Revelation

When you shed face
I will wait for your rebirth
like Luna Moth.

Would have been
an achievement had you
remained human!

Why should we live
in different time circles
of awakening?

Satish Verma

Diving

Forest was partisan
lilies blushing,
moon was parting the milky way,

on the terrace
the absurd man, and the spaces
missing,
the house locked in,

are left
wrecked manuscripts of attempts
to save the translations
of life's books

Give me some language
to read again
from the walls

Satish Verma

Diving In Shallow Water

I am rolling down,
down, in dream, thinking of
you pulling a thorn.

A butterfly flirts.
You find shelter in pain. The
power wants to celebrate the dark.

The hands tell your
anxiety. They tremble while
holding a pen writing a name.

Satish Verma

Divinity Without

Your fangs open like lips.
I am ready for the kiss of death
at a war zone, where I was adrift
holding the flame, moments
stabbed by hot bullets.

Black and white words break the
embrace, I cannot study the bandona now.
Eyes winged, were sailing to distant
lands of smugness, a darkening calm
taking over the poems.

The pungent stink hurts, I swim
without water on dry riverbed, becoming
target for kalashnikov, the courtyard
filled by encroaching blood,
dominion of silent sobs.

Satish Verma

Satish Verma

Do Not Be Annoyed With Me

This life has become a shrine.
I will knit the words for requiem,
to paint the unblemished body
for vultures.

Empty punctuations.
Born without mating, like aphids.
You swim like a shark.
Predators wait for hidden lovers.

Live show
of a war
without army. I wanted to know
how much truth was there
in your lies.

Where you sit today,
there was a temple erected
on the? bones of ancestors.

Like stonehenges
in circle. Do you know, how
much I love you?

Picky and neat,
why did I raise you
above my head?

Satish Verma

Do Not Throw Dust On The Graves

Your gifts, I do not want to keep.
Shapeless doves on the grass,
were ready to take a nascent flight.
My small hands prepare a daisy meal.

Dahlias will bloom when the sun climbs.
I pass the door, that moves like a
stranger, between the people,
looking out for black roses.

One by one the tribes are changing
the colors of flags.
Conversion into sleepless towers
watching the whistles blowing.

Do not throw dust on the graves
in the valley of golden stairs.
The voices are growing louder
after trampling on the bones.

Satish Verma

Do Not Throw The Stones

Living in a wax palace
and deliberately?
firing it.

The beseeching fault
of life. It demands pure
blood.

Self-consciously I
pick up the glossy cowries,
with beautiful patterns
and play my childhood.

How come, the style
remains the same as that
of a butcher or a saint?

The humiliating defeat
in the hands of a dirty character?
becoming a class.

The cradle rocks. A new?
born theme is thrown out.

Satish Verma

Do Not Wear The Dreams

You were different from
others, away from home and hypocrisy,
unlistening to the fiat
of karma.

There should not be
any put-on face. Hibiscus will tell the truth.

Sanguine. I will again
invoke the bride of moon.
Time to go for a simile.

Eros tips. I educate
the limbs, not to go
for the anima. The bearded face.

You had ruffled the tranquil
poem. I cannot gather
the tender moments.

Satish Verma

Do You See?

Distrusting a
sure rise of moon?
if clouds were there.

From inside
a voice comes to haul
a burning sun.

If you open the
dark room, would you
find the tether?

The beast roams
in night, to escalate the
violence of sleeping truth.

Satish Verma

Dog Days

Why do I give you the bliss?
of my poverty?
The burden of asking, was light.

Not like the unquenchable
thirst of a desert. I will be a
night blooming cereus.

In exile, I will remember
your sky, tying the stars in
my poems, to recall your shades
when the moon moves away.

The sunlight throws the voiceless
profiles of clouds, motionless
suspended, waterless? dead.

There is no traffic, no history
of any scandles. The corners of
my prayer book have?
become dog-eared.

Satish Verma

Dogmatically

A mysterious nudge
wakes an idea in you.
Can you think differently?

See through your
mind, by virtue of birth
and death of past.

Don't you cover
your face with wrinkles.
Sun will never die.

Satish Verma

Dolphins

Sometimes I will meet myself
in an unlikely spot
to tie the loose ends of fugitive life.
Run, run I used to tell
my blisters,
you are caught in a bushfire.

I will say, take hold of the moon
and start wiping the stains.
The antelopes, the trees, the rocks
will keep your footmarks alive.

What a crazy idea, I will think
to pretend to be happy.
Gods are sleeping,
vault is broken
and priest has become a thief.

A jab in my back, I am bleeding.
Why not a meaningless word,
a painless wound
would play like dolphins
in my tranquil sea?

Satish Verma

Domain Inveighed

Cambium will cheat one day
the pace of climb,
snakes will dance
peeling off the skin –

the urgency of moon
to take away the body of victim
from sunscape.

You thrive on a window
switching off the sky.
A quaint reptile walks on the moon.

The medium sits on a black stone
and the mob
burns the house of a lord

Sarracenia, your lip is too large.
for a kiss of death. I am coming down the steps
to drink the acid

Satish Verma

Don't Throw The Bomb

They will not come down
with branding iron and bobbing stings.
Instead.
we will walk down the earth,
to meet the silence
in half-lit homes of enemies.

This poverty
of pause
and peeling off from giants of
fences. I send a green rose to you
from trembling hands,
to smell the death of half-truths.

The bridge has collapsed.
We start digging up for the bodies
beyond curtain of bricks and stones,
the iron-grids of flower gates.

Satish Verma

Don't Alter The Red Cape

Black names?
were on list. Bring the
French chalk to wipe out
the white board.

The list was still breathing
though you had faked your death,
and the birds had left their nests
for new perches.

Does it hurt you, when
you go hungry? Even the grass
was green. The prince
was watching the apple fall.

Who will climb the
brown hills of moon, to
witness the earth drop in
withering trails?

Satish Verma

Don't Bless Me

Standing on a rock
near a temple's dome, the
bells chime voicelessly.

For a dark secret, passing
through your big eyes, the colors
want to believe in cryonics.

Freezing the dead body, of past?
face intact, making a heap
of wins, the bundle of desires.

Only skeletons of empty
words hang from the windows
where chattering sparrows used to sit on sills.

Give me your skin. I will
were that till end, creaseless,
hanging from the bony arms.

I am still alive daring the
tomorrow to walk through me.

Satish Verma

Don't Die

It comes nearer
and nearer every night,
the face, like fog.

A cult of moon
spills the milk on the pink lips.
Salt and the honey.

Before fated
kiss of death, you pluck,
roses from eyes.

Satish Verma

Don't Dismember The Earth

Take heart I say
to myself, leaning against
the wall to end sorrow.

Solar year, O red
and green pain, don't invite the
wounds. Don't cry moon, don't.

Standing in pulpit
I invoke peace, to stop the hand
of clock. Time was moving fast.

Satish Verma

Don't Forget

Not sensual.

Searching you in daffodils,
like four-leaf clover.

This dysfunctional life,
ought to have given me once,
a piece of moon.

Crammed skull, sometime
gives an abrupt
pause. I become a stone.

Walls separated us.
I would not cross the
river of inferno.

Can we laugh
together, before we peel
the oranges to make
our eyes blink?

Satish Verma

Don't Grieve For Me

Far away was your
home. Do I give you to
moon from love to pyre.

I myself make me
cry in loneliness of strange
words. Nightshade stabs.

Nude picture of
nasty stings were ready to
slice you half and half.

The nebulae would
blind you to tract the alien's
footprint on your chest.

My thumbmark was
sufficient to give
order of beheading of black roses.

Satish Verma

Don't Kill The Moonlight

Dying inch by inch
to catch you between the poems
before night ends.

Life changes words
without sounds and vowels.
You will not find truth.

Create a wound
for me to print image
of fall from honeycomb.

Satish Verma

Don't Sell You Thoughts

You have taken back
what you had given to me.
I offer my sleep to your eyes.

Shared pain was tangled.
Love takes the temple
is demolished under moon.

A chandelier crashes
with piercing glow
vanishes from the cheeks of sun.

Satish Verma

Don't Sell Your Thoughts

You have taken back
what you had given to me.
I offer my sleep to your eyes.

Shared pain was tangled.
Love takes the defeat. The temple
is demolished under moon.

A chandelier crashes
with piercing noise. Pink glow
vanishes from cheeks of sun.

Satish Verma

Don't Tell The Truth

Searching hegemony
by a lazy eye was not
an easy job for you.

Like an impromptu
attack by a bald eagle
for a small bite.

Let's talk to burning
moon of the dark sky for a
thought of becoming.

Satish Verma

Don't Throw The Pebbles

The name between the
dots, was it you,
my lost Firebird?

Listen, I cast off
my knighthood and wear
the tattered cloak to meet
my other self.

Stoke the flames. I
will burn my hands. Do not
weep for my books.

Who will write the
epitaph, when the grave
was desecrated for unknown sin?

The roaring fall
of empire? resonates
with the weeping clouds above
and bleeding earth below.

Satish Verma

Don't Touch The Black Sun

In your nirvana
border pains continue to
find inner peace.

Hope has no flesh
and bones. Difficult to
tame my blue body.

A butterfly lands
on your lips to cover
eternal smile.

Satish Verma

Doom's Day

The rapture
was on prowl
to get the believers.

You knew
what you should not have known
about the baby blue.

Aphasia,
experiences an impulsive
violence, beyond the dead.

Bionic hands
to capture the moment of
swapping uremia with swastika.

A lake
ravishes the moon.
No body will sleep tonight.

Who was behind
the divination?
Allies were born enemies.

Satish Verma

Doves Had Stopped Flying

Somebody had put the feet
against the flame,
the street had become a wall.

Commitment had failed,
the doors were locked.
Collective guilt was seeking favour.

Repeating the same story
blurs the sky.
Sun will not come out.

You are speaking.
He was speaking.
Truth was speaking.

Solitude and silence
come before the summary.
I was responsible for myself.

Earth refuses to conceive –
fire in veins.
Doves had stopped flying.

Satish Verma

Downfall

It was
a stunning defection
in dark.

+

You felt
halved
in dark glory.

*

Angry,
Hurt.
Reciting the hymn.

*

Legless larvae
do not want
to become flies.

Satish Verma

Downhill Journey

There was no need of a sharp knife
in Calvaria.

Night was fighting with the moon.

From a concealed canvas
I could find, galloping,
black horses were gone.

A duplicate key does not work
now. The lock had been
replaced on the door.

Stairs were climbing on my
stale body. The snowy peaks
will not melt in sun.

Disrobing the blue skin,
under a blue sky for blue moon:
unstoppable laughter.

Satish Verma

Downpour

Your lips were me.
I wanted a kiss
which never came.

Insertion of a word, was committed
my wings took a flight
for anonymity.

To keep suffering alive
truth was accepting the hurts.
I was not speaking for myself.

Who was me to want a praise
for the custodian of morality?
Something for my name?

I must salute the fallen fingers,
who did not write death –
for my hugging blankness.

Satish Verma

Downward Spiral

Like pine needles,
you prick, draw blood?
doing the beauty.

Between an angel
and angelina, there stood a wall.
Ah! A religion also.

You are asked
to smear the bone ash on
forehead, and drink moonlight.

Cannibals. All the gods
were cannibals, devouring
their progeny.

You turn back and
give a last glance before
going for a faux pas.

Not a heartache?
for a faun, you were too
proud to accept the gift.

Satish Verma

Dragging

The Asperger syndrome: you will not speak,
you will not tell me about
fertilizer bomb. In a farmhouse blackwater
becomes a death chamber.

A toddler falls in a borewell,
you can still measure hypothermia,
the tilting of meteor saves the landfall,
stalking through the extended body.

What was the right thing in a chorus of protests
to underline the resilience of beaks and claws?
It bugs the space and diameters of arguments
about the sweep of corruption in integrities.

It is very difficult to stay being whole amidst
the broken shards of bones. The dreams were
set in stones and water was rising.

Satish Verma

Satish Verma

Dragging My Load

Killing myself
creating a new man, breadth
by breadth without birth.

Ash smeared on your
forehead, you move towards setting
sun. Flames write your message.

On the chest of dead.
There will be no past, no future
in the dust of fallen warriors.

Satish Verma

Dragging The Clouds

And my love, when do we talk
of wilderness
and daisy blooms?

The snakeskin?
twirls, and I watch the
wriggling night moving away.

I swallow the
empty words. They are not
heavy and no concoction.

The body and desires.
I have let them slip away,
my dreams, my knocks.

Against the dying of
blueberries in your eyes,
I will not wash the stains.

The curve of umbilicus
still remembers the dazzling
fall.

Satish Verma

Dragonflies

A shirtless detachment,
will speak
for the dead,
attaining peace!

*

Knowing oneself,
I was told,
was a very ardent
effort. I don't know.

*

Disconcerted,
I float the words, on
lake. One day they
will reach you without rhyme.

Satish Verma

Drama

A fugitive chameleon sits on my window sill
daily, ceding the space horizon to thickness

of delusion; wants to decimate the infamous
rotting image of man, shining everyday in lush

damaging gossips. A perfect imperfection of treachery
to attack the hapless blade of grass who cannot

stand erect in a gale of glory of tall trees.

The star-glint overwhelms a prophet of dust.
A goddess enters the labyrinth of anthologies.

The smile that sets to sail a thousand slogans-
flies from infinity to the branches of flesh.

And the rivals collapse like dark alchemy
without qualms, naked and speechless.

Satish Verma

Drawing A Circle

Nudging the contempt,
he wanted to become
homeless again.

I had never seen
such human insanity.
Hate me now?
I was your sin.

You made it easy,
making my nest empty.
There was a colossal waste.

The salt was
becoming scarce. Night and
moon were going to break
the hills.

The cost of life
was falling. Diana? the huntress
will not shoot any arrows.
Artemisia was no more sacred.

Satish Verma

Dream Catcher

Walking towards you
prudently, lighting
my bones, like candles
in dark.

For salvation. The
lone cobbler cheats on you.
He has placed the rough bricks
instead of cobblestones to cover
the surface.

Healer has become
avenger. Illicitly? drinks
from the virgin eyes, to
be called a survivor.

The cadaver vanishes.
There was no death of
any Fakir. Only flower bed?
will be the last darshan.

You win the battle, waging
inside you and
forget your name.

Satish Verma

Dream Catching

Silent dialogues,
had given me
a new lease of life.

The discussion between
two mute observers to explore,
who was animal
and who was god.

Take me once,
I am writing my life story,
standing before a crumbling
wall of weeping stones.

Tilting minarets and
rising domes, under the burning
skies engage me. I just
wanted to be human being.

Who wants to swallow
the flames? On virgin legs
you move to find the absolute truth.

A cold-blooded murder comes in view.
There was no witness.

Satish Verma

Dream Hunters

I will not mime
for the sake of belonging.

Moon albino, gives
a piercing cry. Why did you
look like solar eclipse?

When you intend to borrow
love, in parenthesis, I will
go mad.

Light filters from
the chips of your armor.
Essence was nearly invisible.

An insane encounter,
took place once. A red tailed parrot
landed on the pretty pomes.

A face lost in crowd,
floats again in my poems.

Don't you open the blank
pages, where your name
was watermarked.

Satish Verma

Dream Landing

Candle by candle
you burn your dreams
unflaying the blue veins.
That makes you still beautiful
hanging in sky.

On the dead land your feet
will not touch the pond. Stumbling
I bring botanica to cover
your innocent faults
for telling the truth.

That makes me feel guilty.
I pretend to be not what I am.
This is the time when I start
hitting the road, missing the
scandalous moon who will -

kiss me hard when I was alone.
Just a fleeting pain. I ask you
to become a tree, so that I
can sit under your shade
and write a poem.

Satish Verma

Dream Song

Will you read
the snow on the grass knitting
the big eyebrows

of moon at night
which will never know hidden
hands of a wetland?

The tears implant
green circles on cheek.
Spring was coming back.

Satish Verma

Dreaming

Going nowhere.
Stuck in middle of road.
Bruised castle.

A paradise,
thinking about windows.
Air palace.

Lips to lips in grass,
moon to moon. Roses
jumping on lake.

Satish Verma

Dreams Wandering

The moonlight?
singed him at night.
How will you write a poem?

*

Standing at window,
you watch a shooting star?
hearing a cuckoo's two-note call.

*

Picking red hollyhocks,
your face swims before me,
and fleeting time!

Satish Verma

Dreamscapes

Yes I will not understand
the mathematics. It divides
you and numbers kill.

Nietzsche said? "Live
Dangerously". And the lost
ship agrees, takes in water.

A lump in throat
looks at the glittering knife.
What purpose does it meet?

Your pride should not
grow tall. The homeless words
will search me.

In bright noon
your shadow shrinks. Fall
at your feet to beg.

Satish Verma

Drenching

To find peace,
you break the coconut,
a ritual to dent
the dark night.

Amnesia disconnects
your pronouns.
You do not remember
your name.

A monkey or a fowl.
The existence was
the same for your
unknown inheritance.

Want to collect the golden
motif; from the
old brick house, sans
a real god, old brick house.

A straight line hangs
from a roof, igniting the
faith. There was no ghost
no jinni.

Satish Verma

Drift Ice

Absurdity was waylaid
like a black swan on the
grass shaking a leg.

A child walks through me
antithetical to scorched life
of parallel egos.

Austerity was neither present
nor nic ash
was spewing on recti.

It was drifting, the snow bound
killer, spilling the blood in sea.
Home was still for away.

Satish Verma

Drift Wood

This politics of poverty
erupts again,
entrapped in arcane script.
A code of words will find
the fault lines.

Coerced to wait in a
black book, you start forgetting
the rules of game. It hits you
when you were writing
a poem.

At the end of the arguments
a lynx eyed moon walks
on the lake of tears, constructing
a dam of bread, for
a broken promise.

Satish Verma

Drifting

Killing field
was still red!

What you were
searching in moonlight?

A small poem
cannot provide balm
for troubled mind.

Moon will come
every night to find
his paramour.

Words keep on
changing the sounds.

Satish Verma

Drifting In Dust Storm

Difficult it was
to understand oneself?
protecting the link
of the dust.

Restrained, a brazen
accident of the first
time. The creed has the originality.

Moving on opposite
paths, distances apart?
I beseech you to turn back.
The weed will divide us badly.

Do you believe in
afterlife? May I wait for
you, when you had blinked?

Your liberalism, and
peeling off the past will change
as future looked uncertain.

Will you insist on the
parting of the light
in crevices of mind?

Will you let me off to move away?

Satish Verma

Drifting Pain

I am in retreat, for a music
of visitation,
playing with the words.

Mission failed,
the upheaval starts in the islands
of void, to find out
who was unglazed.

Folding the protuberance
in a pilfered fidelity, the shards
had no input in violence.

Mistrial. A half-mad moon
crashes on grass. The fireflies
resume the journey
to darkness.

The fangs were out
in green charm, in fierce silence
of the exhumed vault.

Satish Verma

Drooping

For a desolatory trident
I was feeding my anger.
I could not do it, sell
myself for punitive lenses of my calculus.

A nymphalid arsenal.
The war was still going on
to strike in deep pockets, demolishing
nascent hope. Future will

ponder at the mascots. The grief
of rags and riches will continue
listening to eternal conflicts.
The wounds will develop whiskers.

Not for the opulent pain in the body:
we were crying for the glory of the man
which was disappearing fast,
under the whirling snow of broken stars.

Satish Verma

Drooping Lids

Like it was pain of sea.
The waves are not rising.

You remember the depth
of eyes, of heart,
when you cannot read the
face of shadows.

So much soundless crying.
The birds have gone
to distant shores
for water.

Manytimes I had given
a call. Immaculate exit.
I will not carry any stigmas.
Want to travel light?

to meet my tormentor.

Satish Verma

Drought

Ah, the baby clouds
rapped down the moon
squeezing hands-

mourning for grass
when the snow fell all night
burying the graves

of the hunters, who
climbed the rains during
dry spell of the hot sun.

Satish Verma

Drought In Riverbed

A random creation
convulsed by grief.
Death of a pendant was not able
to recall the cleavage.

Kosher scream, the grandchildren
will not know the fakes of
reality show,

pure as honey, then the
scratching starts: look the tiger
was sitting on the branch.

Miracles will happen again
when the prince manipulates
the throne.

The dust melts in the local crowd.
Amid droughts there was a rivalry
to pick up the left over grains in field
between urchins and squirrels!

Satish Verma

Drowned Syndrome

I was not the truth.
From where comes the light
in the dark tunnel?

Na, supposedly the sun
immolates itself in its
own flames?

There will be no
contrast with a cameo.
You will embrace the shadow
of unknown nemesis.

There was some
sleaze talk about the dancing?
moons. I always loved
the hissing snakes.

Like a terrible
toothache, my poem throbs.
I call the genie to rub the lamp.

A summer tree was breaking
into blaze.

Satish Verma

Drowning

I was not indifferent to graffiti
but oracle was telling a different story
of embellished arms race
about the mathematics of terror.

Less comprehensible
I presume.
But who was transparent and
simple today.

A wisp was rising among the hills.
We do not want to know,
is it scattering the cobalt?
Toys calling the masters?

And that sinking feeling,
they were singing money
in fake currency which
was not hot.

Satish Verma

Drowning My Faith

Partly stripped, head shaven
for a royal revelation of eternal scars.

Blood oranges.
You want to practice your knife
on the boneless.

No loaves left for the rainy day.

Do you believe in after life?

White pigeons convulsed
on the hot, searing sands of
the rebel stronghold.

The politics works. Small breasts
with no filling. A gender bias
makes you fit for a Stark effect.

I search the flesh, the eyes
the wisdom.

Satish Verma

Drumming

in hired spring and naked thighs

the eternal sorrow did not go, it was living in our
memory under the gun of an unknown soldier. The
mania

had brought the overwhelming jeopardy of artificial
smiles, the swords, and ropes and different

tools of torture brew abomination, my clay
absorbs the shock, the abandonment of pain;

I reach for the icicles of veiled fire to burn
the generosity, the sacrificial amputation

of one's own neck in service of opposition

Satish Verma

Drunk Like A Bee

My charm lies. You
will not come in this poem
without toes.

An amputee runs
on blades to wipe out
tears of colossus.

How do you know, the
karma always walks bare
foot in dry river?

Satish Verma

Drunk Like Black Stones

Drop the million
stars. Don't you go high
in the air. Sky will
do some scandals.

And there was a deeper
meaning. Can you read
between the lines drawn on
the forehead of a blank face?
A sad man's dilemma?

You know what I don't
know. It was upon me to
prove the guilt of mirror. Overnight
it was raining on roses.

So simple but enigmatic.
So many buddhas for many
questions. I will move inwardly
to find you in the jungle of bluebells.

History repeats.
I fall in your autumn.

Satish Verma

Duality

Have you tasted the silk
in the pit of snakes?
Exit was not in my fate.

Winter was kissing my toes
and spring was blooming down
in my estranged poems.

You don't feel like to wake up
for ingrained disbelief.
The fangs were not ready to strike.

There was dignity in death
of magnolia. Snow had failed to
appear at night.

In the aftermath of the rains,
the moon climbed up the hill
to bid farewell to virgins.

Satish Verma

Dumb Dolls

Moon was ready
for a swan dance
with clouds.

For a tied up
integrity, did you
need a collective silence?

Sun has not yet
risen as a drag queen,
to wake up the people.

It was an ant
to uncover a face in dark
to show the curved lips,

Apples have ripened.
Wind shakes the tree.
before the whispers start.

Satish Verma

Dumbfounded

A blacksmith exploded a missile
at point-blank
to lower the animal
in a candid manner.
So close that truth went brute.

Nativity of a patriarch
was challenged.
The birds had migrated a long distance
to find the water.
The doors remained unlocked.

An apology for the flesh. Bones
had exited long back. Sermon
was writ large on the face of moon.
Night was very black.
Aphonia was the word.

Satish Verma

Dust

Creeping in waking night
was fear of fear
and you wanted to accept the defeat
retreat,
It gives you solitude of
blank space, featureless.

The terrorist mask of blazing guns
bribing the absent gods,
for whom you are aiming?

The holy man on road
fakes,
crushing the grass
lilies getting flattened under the giant wheels.

Moving an bloody toes
festering heels
carrying the sacred earth under the nails
all night.
peeling the time, throwing the skin
and waiting
for the dust to settle.

Satish Verma

Dust Always Knows

I don't want to hear,
what you say, now unsayable,
flaunting golden ring.

Another sun and
another moon. What was this
soft December pain?

The smoking gun in
the trembling light of candle tells
a different tale.

Satish Verma

Dust Grafted

Fractious smokescreen
between celestial reflection
and contempt

floats on a shaken rug.
You cannot stand still
incognito.

The indictment stinks
for the impoverished victims
who make history through to the bones.

Grappling after theft,
interstitial existence falls like glass pieces
nowhere, black and bleeding.

A robust chorus rises against resistance
of strips. The ocean rides on snails.
Hills threaten to go partisan ways.

The division had started the perennial conflict.
A pebble is thrown in the pond.
A racist moon becomes a living doll.

Satish Verma

Dust Of Dreams

When you carry
my poems in your eyes,
I will bring the
daisy moon.

Leaping into the
cult of climbing the books.
I lost myself.

The reign of terror
begins in fireflies. I pluck
the tangerines from your
beautiful valley.

The falcon sharpens
its notched beak
to rip apart the pride
of the wild thunder.

An angel bleeds
inside. The ashes are
swept away from
the funeral of lips.

A song echoes from
the far hills.

Satish Verma

Dust Under Feet

I have come back
to myself, after
immeasurable loss.

I will give a call
to my alpha mate in sky,
to ameliorate my sin.

You had given me
pain. The difference between
pen and paper was the ink.

Not maleficent, we
were returning to war
in trenches.

This life had been
too much. Not more than
an honest penance.

Satish Verma

Dust Will Laugh

Romancing Neptune
had an
amorous wish.
The body is water.
Take it,
split it,
and then become a doormat.

Blocking the fiesta,
a ghost brings in
storm, in a glass.
Will you drink the moon
in night?

The street now walks in,
taking a call to kill the shades,
of wrinkles. You forgot
your name and move
gingerly from post to post
lightening the lamps.

Satish Verma

Dutch Door

Moving among the glittering?
crowns, as in glaciated valley.
once again, in capital of grief.

I am folding the twilight.

The viciousness of the hisses, zooms,
once you sleep on the bed of silence.
A blue light cuts you half.

I survive on the black tongues.

The assault was imminent now.
Flat foos will invade the afterthoughts.
The incline was treacherous?

You cannot climb up, nor down.

Give me a haiku after the sun.
There was no night work left and?
I am plotting not to kill myself.

I will burn an empty bark.

Satish Verma

Dwarfing

Decoding the love
which will not do us
apart, like death transcending
the history of man and beast.

The perspective
of history was changing. I
didn't want to be happy, with shifting
epicenter of pain of severence.
Let the river flow between the banks.

I was there, where
you didn't reach. Becoming stupid
was the choice. My pen will
dig up your mind, when you were
hiding behind the unspoken vows.

Taking revenge was
no career. You will fall from
the heights of rosewindow.

The sculptor was ready,
to anoint a fallen angel.

Satish Verma

Dying Art

The wind was in your hair,
I will bring the
valley, for you.

A major shake up. People
bend the moon
on the lake, against hanging.

The snow-capped peaks
would collect all the green fires
for the running tribe.

The centuries weep
for the unknown warriors;
who were born to look like chaff?

becoming fodder. I will
ask the god to write a requiem
for a person, who dies
thinking too much.

Satish Verma

Dying Beautifully

I stay connected out of the body,
with fireworks,
to widen the relativity,
to read the language of fear.
Death of a tree was mourned
by leaves in shadow.
The dew lies awake crying.

The town was disappearing
without a dialogue
with past, we were digging our heritage.
In search of roots
life was killing the tomorrow.
You an answer seeking
which was not yet born.
Over the mind
an ancient prayer floats.

The house was on fire
the words cannot cover the flaming body.
It was dying beautifully.
The space between the memories
will shrink and we will destroy
the ugly calender.

Satish Verma

Dying Flames

When white mushrooms
come in procession
after the rains,
you bring back my ache?
O pink rose
words fall like birds.

Caparisoned, the
moon was rising from
the sand dunes, like a
camel after the festival of kiss
of love. The singed bank
of the lake was submerged in tears.

Fold your wings, O peacock,
clouds are going back home.

Satish Verma

Dying Screams

Shall we go like innocents with heavy
breathing in the pool of blood to find
the innerconnectivity of a boldly beautiful
death? In the open pit of an ancient gold mine?

There was a loss of hidden dance, in the
cancer stricken human chain, chiseled on the
grey walls of history. The artifacts stolen, even
the ankle-bells of a toddler had gone up for a sale.

A visual oval gives a liable comment. A
flame nauseates a baby doll. The yellow hornbill
puts up a fight for the sake of memories.
There is a huge silence of the rocks, moaning inwardly

None of me was a god. A simple slum's promised
y roads will lead to a ruined temple.

Satish Verma

Dying To Live

Eight kisses of death and I am alive
My chest is still bleeding
Come brother, come,
stitch my wounds.

Whom shall we believe, rebirth
or life after death?
Both are study of wasteland.
To speak through angels is difficult these
days and prayer has run
out its charm.
I want to swim with octopus
again,
to test its suckered tentacles.
The envy of ocean cannot stop me.
Tonight the burning candle is going to live.

Satish Verma

Dying To Understand

Moon winks.
I collect darkness
to make sun.

I cannot see
your face in daylight
while hugging black
trees.

Everyday you fill
me with tears of unthinkable.
The silk slips from
my hands.

Will not hate
you ever, though you
disappear like a
fugitive moon.

I still walk
in woods to hear your
footfalls.

Satish Verma

Dying To Unsay

A lesser person walks
in the dead man's street
to meet his metastasized
oncocytes to,

kill for the sake of kill,
death for a song that was
not there.

And you will keep wearing
the explosive vest
which will not go off.

Luteum. The color of
spring spreads. No prolactin.
Milk has dried up,
and so the tears in the eyes.

Satish Verma

Dysphonia

Silence has become
my book. I read?
from your eyes.

A wall you had
raised to unreach the
gifts of moons.

Electra complex of yore
still haunts you, walking
on blue lake.

I will sail crossing
the water barriers
scaling the heights.

There was a panic attack
igniting the stars of night
I will stand by the sky
when you rain?
in dots and lines.

Satish Verma

Each Day

The suffering
was suffering.
You pay for it.

There was no point
in returning, to fumble.

Sodium or Potassium
fluoride will make it lethal.

New crack's open the
mind, like a walnut.

God's creation?
lies in halves.

Take it, or reject it,
the maze of words?

describing the brutality
of life's half-truths.

Satish Verma

Each Thorn Was Crying

Sometimes I will interplay
the secrets:
faded rose in a book,
a distant star spelling out
your name.

When I go, will you come
to my home?
Hold my eyes wide open
and become my iris?
I wanted to see the innocence of a sin.

Black stone on a white belly
petrifies the womb.
Maniacs were dancing on the petals
of marigolds.
A mauve revenge

Petit mal holds the sanity
of defeat.
Pheromones will decide the gender
of a flat chested angel.
Each thorn was crying.

Satish Verma

Earth Is Moving

It is pouring.
You can feel, smell and touch
the rain. A river of qualms?
starts swelling. Watercress?
will decide the fate of water.

Do not consent to switch off
the amplitude. You cannot drink the sky.

Keeping the lexicon? of road map in order.

The scope of communiqué
expires, if you do not offer the apology
for dousing the snow with
conspiracy and setting it on fire.

A daring attack takes place
to avenge the insult of mountains.

Satish Verma

Earthen Dam

An earthen lamp
in loneliness
calls off the day.

After giving you
the golden light,
in its death.

Was it a pure sin,
if I touch
you in pitch dark?

Where the time
sleeps, I will meet
you under no moon.

Satish Verma

Earthenwares

You cannot bisect
the darkness,
in this unreal world.

A silent pause in words
ups the rejection. You
go out of your mind.

A shadow fear,
follows you in corridor
of light. You become friendless.

Amnesty comes in
way, to dismantle the truth
of kill, without blood.

Don't chase the columns
of light or beautiful
orbs, in intense winds of black hole.

It swallows you
whole, when you want
to touch them.

Satish Verma

Earthly Claims

The lunacy of
touching you, to plug a?
hole, in your innocence.

I wanted to explore
the horizon in your eyes,
where sun meets moon,
in graveyard of sins
and virtues.

Before you had become
my shadow, I used to smell
a distant scent coming
from a slithering
wet body.

I fumble for the words
for mercy of pain. My desert
was once a sea.

Satish Verma

Earthly Wounds

Anatomy of fear,
is revealed before me.
Like a red flower opens.
A shadowless figure, deathly-white
holds my hand.

You watch the wounded earth
athirst, fumbling to catch the
greens. Vomited blood when her womb
was upturned to release the metal.

Civet will leave the trail on convicted
grass. The iron grip of greedy
windows. The red ant hills were
spewing white eggs. Now rains
were coming.

Unkempt my house waits for
the ending of truth. What I mean
you will not know. The law always finds
a black veil to cover the face.

Satish Verma

Earth's Intelligence

Do not open this dirt file of
the suspended time. It reverberates
in me while standing
on the edge of a precipice.

Are you hungry of a desert
light in dark. The birds are
going to follow the sun carrying
the moon on their wings.

A dream creator stands on
a golden rock to retrieve
the archaic relic of a Desinovan
who hit the grave without shoes.

The greed ultimately takes over
the silent death.

Satish Verma

Earthy Smell

The tricks
of honey-beaters become
evident. You in old age
churn the truth of losses,
raising eyebrows.

No bottle brush was
left behind to act as secret
weapon, to bring down
the pygmalion. Like an earthen pot.
The leaked dam of tears
would stand erect.

The fallout gives a
shudder. You are stripped
off the boat, meant to cross
the muddy water.

A temple becomes
a monument, without deity.
There was only one survivor,
the godless curse.

Satish Verma

Easy To Forget

Somewhere the truth lies still and frozen
why can't we measure ourselves?
Measure the unseen depth?
Not for gain, not for bliss.
For inner tranquility, moving into the time
where living and dead meet.

The silhouette of circling hawk was frightening
the Sun was wilting
and I had entered into a lonely sky.
The flash of insight burned my thoughts.
I must count my gifts.
Time was ruining my creases.

Here was a naked truth
unclothed by time
beyond the innocence of age.
You were walking on the planks of emptiness,
inviting death.
Was it so easy to die?
Easy to forget the unforgetful?
Your loaded years falling away?

Satish Verma

Eaten By White Ants

Downy mildew,
blinks. The sun
will not come back
to rein in its own might.

The temple gold,
has come for sale?
in bazaar.
On the balcony, stand
bystanders to witness the free fall.

The black door,
plays hide-and-seek
with light.
Green eyes will now
bargain for hips.

Satish Verma

Ecce Homo

When silence stays alone
in the hollow of the eyes,
would you come?
In the audacity of
beauty and pain, when
the moon does not rise.
Like beggars the clouds
roam, parting the
sky for a glimpse of a vision.
We will speak like
strangers not looking into the eyes.
Not quite sure?
you blinked. Time to return
back the gifts of ocean
profound and deep.
Pearls, tears and half-angel.

Satish Verma

Echinacea

Every kiss has a
price. I love you green.
O magnolia I have nine lives.

This was the magic
of drooping eyes under the
sparks of swaying moon.

Who says god was
very cruel. The goddess was
making beautiful dolls.

Satish Verma

Echo

He refused to yield,
and the stars were burning hot.
Night was foggy, and the moon was hiding.
His white, shriveled hands
held the center of gravity.
Obsessively he anchored himself
in the muddled egos and bleeding knives.

Somebody was shouting that the legend
was a big fake.
The pardon will not work. Death was
still sleeping. They were searching
the saboteur when the sun went down.
Winds were in coma.
The ink rolled back from the warrant.

Two faces of pain, right and wrong,
fear and agony, all were him.
He had nothing to hide, nothing to declare.
Walked away in the high tide
in raining abuses, in hurting slogans,
and found his past, buried deep
in the ravines, where only the echo comes back.

Satish Verma

Echoes

It was burning again
like goldenrods in drift valley of ethnic hate.
You start climbing down deeper in fear
holding tight your identity.

The anguish of ruined home
under the shadows of bribed hands,
runs on the bodies of pilgrims
who were protecting the unborn baby.

Along the shores of morality, a prodigal
becomes a martyr, forever a blind rock
in the womb of an infant truth, not yet
reached the gates of heaven.

A father begs for pardon, spawning the
tireless edicts, with its grieving craft
of burdens and weightlessness. The time's predicament
will not tell the secret of death.

Satish Verma

Echoes Travel

Can you foretell of the
death-like the hound? after
the loss of game?

Past my last poems I
will meet you one day
to settle the debts.

I was incomplete
in my wholeness. I will dissect
the words for bleeds.

Satish Verma

Echos In September

Under a sickle moon,
the effect was colossal.
The mute words
were floating like vespae.

There was no?
promised nest of paper.
You cannot land
without ink.

The grey beard starts
weaving a web of
lies. Larvae will?
feed on blessed water.

Very warm, very hollow.
The globe turns. You stand
on the surface,
cannot fathom out the human mind.

Satish Verma

Eclampsia

A catheter leaks,
quality of hearing suffers.
A tethered song sears on blue flames.
The actual, displaces the pain
truth becomes non-pigmented.

In space you move noisily
waking the birds.
Tomorrow will come with writhing cries-
bounties of past.
Not myself, himself, yourself.

The new experiments in womb
remained fruitless.
A malformed, distorted progeny was born
on payments without glory.
Masses were swelling without self knowing.

Thinker was silent. Philosopher was dumb.
Architect had the thumbs amputated.
A mausoleum of love remained unbuilt.
Sky was overcast, hid the sun.
The earth inherited the broken glass.

Satish Verma

Eclipsing

Like a hot cinder
on the black paper, makes
a hole in heart.

Your zodiac sign
will burn under the moon.
The other side cries.

The fair queen has
a scar on forehead. Third
eye was waning.

Satish Verma

Economics

Revisiting my lust, in
beyond borders;
I want to write your
name in cursive script.

Forked, when I pick up
the undiluted hemlock
from your eyes. How would
you like to become a game changer?

A shirtless moon walks
with me on empty stomach
to scrap the night from
the exuberant trees.

Conversion factor comes
into force, unusing the nector.
I will still say my prayers
to seek nothing.

Satish Verma

Ecstasy

A pink rose was set to strip
letting the leaves fall.

The roots were jealous of a thorn
for stealing the blood from heart.

It was the last page of a book,
no more commas, no full stop.

The dead tongue now seeks syntax
of the lips that smell like enemies.

Two hard little breasts start a dance
like geraniums on bush.

Between the shadows of thighs
slept the pride.

Satish Verma

Edge Of Revenge

It was not like life.
I am worried,
they were hitting the womb.

Social support for surgery.
The hills were crying.
A ring of fog was disturbing.

The elements and spasticity.
Brain leaves a trail of acid.
They were killing the genes.

For the proud generator
over the deaf and dumb
lies the chanting crown.

Terror and the battle of garden,
edge of revenge
annihilates the light!

Satish Verma

Effortlessly

Negotiating
your tomorrow, to
bring you near me?
at eye level affinity.

As night breaks
for sun, you shine with
a strange beautiful poem.

The anklets
learn civility and vibrate
with a heavenly hum.

A pause,
then a rapture of the deep.

The questions
come on surface, for
eternal answers from the night's god.

Sometimes
truth becomes very elementary.

There was no piracy!

Satish Verma

Effrontery

After scarring, the big gap
confronts a mascot.
The caster is telling a lie.

Under shock and anger
you start cursing the renegade truth.

Black windows now perceive the light.

Nobody wants to catch the dust now,
falling from the stars.

War of words comes to disarming of
wailing hands.
I reconcile with the setting sun.

Back and forth, back and forth
the unabashed, moves a bridal moon.

Satish Verma

Ejection Fraction

Step down from your
ego. The brain dead has
left a lesson.

Left a lesson, the brain dead.
Will you measure the
EF before the cardiac arrest?

Sexing an issue
of dented verbs, why
do you need a defence?

The numbers are climbing.
You have entered
a high risk zone,

of killing yourself.
Give me a ghost writer, I
need an art, not a duplicate.

Satish Verma

Elevating

It was not your body,
but blood was on the wall.

Inhale the stench of the day.
Grim scene, the multiple kisses
of marrow and flesh. You were
not drawing him, inviting-

him tonight for a date,
but the fetch was on the wall.

From, to turn. Put a starfish
in my bowl, to play. There was
a guest waiting at the door. Will
not abuse your lock and key.

Crawling, groping, darkness descends.
But there was a light on the wall.

Satish Verma

Elusive Answers

Constrained.
The starlings will
not fly today.

There was a hole
in the sky.
The god particles will fall.

Drawing out
the blood of fallen?
angles, on the street.

Can you count
the sins of man?
We still celebrate the hate.

Satish Verma

Elusive Peace

One scripts one's
own doom, standing at the
bank of a dried river.

Bone china reflects
the destiny of 'being' in war
of grounded ships.

Limbs take you back
to the ruins of young night
outside of moon.

Satish Verma

Elusive Thoughts

Time eats the winter, to?
rebuild the fallen ally
of solar storms.

You refused to accept
the incense of disdain, while
carrying the lover in your muse.

Like dandelion's seeds
with downy tufts, your eyes laugh.
Lips pursed, you do not want to go insane.

The need to break was
very strong. I lose myself in a pause.
should shift for another niche.

There was a conspiracy.
Moon was going for a walk?
with another suitor.

Satish Verma

Embittered

Mauled, with no
known crime. Autumn wanted
to take revenge.

God's will, not the brown
eye's dilemma, to suck the
venom of moon.

How long the struggle
will continue to understand
the color of blood?

Satish Verma

Embracing Dark

Unclench your fist.
Release the fireflies.
It is getting dark.

The moonflowers
are in full bloom, opening
at dusk till noon.

In the morning
I will unlock the moon
to go back its home.

Satish Verma

Embracing My Words

Let me go into long pause.
I want to dig my consciousness.

How many intimates
you need to share the hyphenated
half-bloods of air born myths?

Surrounded by lacerations
I go dim, and then I invoke
you to come and sit beside me
to look straight into my eyes.

Days are ripening and months blending.
We listen to the unheard calls.
Can you see through me
to find the depth of my blues?

Wind hides the replies. You
go unhinged, suspended in
sun, waiting for the sunflowers to
bloom after the dark.

I often forget myself and become you.

Satish Verma

Émigré

It was not mental,
when you said, ?
in solstice, the body
and the physics of ashes become
one, the duality is lost
and indentation removed.

This fall it was a freak
weather. The tangerines are
covered with accusing ice. The
insomnia has set in the trees.
No body was sleeping
in gray.

Do not forget the prayer.
Retroactively you can be pardoned.

Satish Verma

Emission Biochemical

The spill overwhelms-
the bank. The fish
will meet the mates.

*

Fireflies outstretch,
in green blaze, igniting
the extinct flame.

*

It is September, and
I need you, for
a final rendezvous.

Satish Verma

Emotional Chains

Two kisses for a golden
lie. Don't manipulate the shelter.
Moon will take rest in my poems.

Song of sparrow has
died. I am bewildered. From where
I start writing glory of sunrise.

My each nerve trembles
when I gather the dried jasmines,
you dropped telling goodbye.

Satish Verma

Emotional Resonance

Sorcery comes handy
when you start
beheading the sunflowers.

The mountain goes bald,
qualifies for the
murder. I set a bronze?

lover on the pedestal to
arrest the muffled
voices, coming from silent cries.

The grace was missing
from the artifacts, you pluck
from the freezing lips.

Stones are falling.

Millions of words.

No meaning.

Satish Verma

Emotionally

When it is a moonless
Night, you
Start repeating yourself
Like a parakeet.

*

Give me a call, when
You are distressed, I
Will come as a cloud
To read your eyes.

*

A rain drop
On the tip of
A thorn.
Are you crying?

Satish Verma

Empathy

Word by word I was drinking
your fathomless pain,
not asking to shine
any prehistoric sin.

You are still flying straight as the crow flies
into timeless grief.

Why we have to suffer in the hands
of tiny barbs?
Who will outlive the wits of ancient insects?
The jungle is spreading far and wide.

With infinite patience
I have been watching the world go by
carrying the pulp of intelligence.

This knocks me down,
the betrayal of blue sky.
A black hole is widening
in the sniffing cosmos,
flooding the desires of flesh.

On dust I sit frightened.
Where are we heading?

Satish Verma

Empathy With Tattered Cape

Weep every don.
All the translations were fake.

The yellow peaks do not burn the
sky, now at sunrise.

I am forgetting myself?
in the gathering of my foes.

The pilgrim's path is now dirty.
You cannot transcend the?

dead remains of ancestry. In
the hutment, that was the end of view.

Nightblindness. I cannot fathom
out the saint descending a great depth.

From beastkinds I swim back
to save an unborn epic.

Satish Verma

Emptiness

What would you like
to wear, when oracle's
prophecy comes true.

Temple of pure love
was coming up, but there
was no deity.

You wouldn't think,
what I was thinking often.
Last night I slapped myself.

The black moon
rattles, after its message
goes into flames.

Can you talk
in piecemeals, surrounded
by smokescreen of words?

A baby nightingale
sings awkwardly. There
were clouds, no rains.

Satish Verma

Emptiness Was Screaming

When your lies pretend to be truths,
Your house becomes full of cadavers.
The reticent progeny,
you abandoned at birth, strikes.
My hands bleed, lifting the bones.
Actuality overwhelms the landscape
like molten lava.

Shadows in the sun, grow larger when,
we are dissecting the truth.
A daunting work to dig out the relics.
We have not modified our speech.
Ill tempered time
makes me insane.

I was not prepared for this calamity
losing my way in a jungle of untruths.
Mighty darkness
pierces the perennial thoughts
in the brain edifice,
knives were out all evening,
emptiness was screaming.

Satish Verma

Empty Bowls

Standing alone
in darkness of stairwell
searching light.

You were not immortal
I had lost my speech
in my pain's birth.

Why it had to
happen, altering the genes
of unborn progeny?

I miss my divine
peace. You say nothing.
Space between nights shrinks.

We were scared.
Sun was hiding. I re-send
my prayer. Never pick
the meaning.

Satish Verma

Empty Day□

take back your smile,
the fish has died in my hands;
nowhere you have touched me
deep in the brutal corona of a black moon -

my sun spots were waning:
a hole in the wind, chased
adulthood of man for a frozen
infantile mutancy

something stopped you
to discover yourself in the rage:
what was it? I am refusing to believe
something between the unbuttoned
golden flesh of a mummy,

the old version dies hard, fear escapes
from amygdalae,
in mourning, comes the rainbow
of pain, the rain lashing on window
i am melting inside a cast

Satish Verma

Empty Dreams

After the civil war in temples
a wooden god
with broken nose, was walking
with a stick.

Half-way to home
he wanted to turn back
and meet his shadow
in the lake.

A mountain goat climbs
down the rocks to become
a martyr. Leaps into a dark
stream clinging to the veil.

A blue pine takes a bath
in the summer rain. A
midnight moon will call the spirits
to dance for gamblers.

Satish Verma

Empty Hands

Landed into a pi I?

am still struggling to
sort out, what did I lose
in vocabulary.

It was a functional deficit
of a low profile. I
have come to speak for
the fallen year.

The new dawn brings the
red poppies. You can squeeze
the milky sap from the
moonrise?

will give you heavy dreams
laden with anxiety and despair.
Somewhere you fight the
inequality of inheritance.

The words always betray
when you stand tall.

Satish Verma

Empty Mind

Do you know the pain
of somebody on the road,
freezing alone? In Asperger syndrome?

You do not want to talk
about the forest of words; -
though a small window opens
to the hazy mountain in dense fog.

The shadow lengthens,
when you stand against the sun.
a stupid thing, being a
proud owner of an evening moon.

Where does the small island
of narration lead you? A
temple of nobody's god?
I am frightened now.

Satish Verma

Empty Of Answers

Alter ego,
you were my broken
mirror.
From where do we start
watching crescent moon?

Where the poet
will go in search of ink,
to reshape the words of solace,
living out of truth?

O, incredible! Your
maiden steps had faulted
to reach the vanity
of glittering heights.

How will you fill in
the blanks, blindfolded?
Sun had already gone down.

Satish Verma

Emptying

perversity behind the orbs tilts,
scatters the fragile cohesion, a spectre
looms on the wrinkled face of an old tree,

the bee-eaters have flown away;
annual rings on wooden panels were defying the age
of smile on the mouth of bright doors

petitioning to the naked beams of body;
infusion of totality for antimutagens
of nude spiders weaving a lethal design:

the tender fall of deathless night on
forgetfull; I am ready to reach the bottom
of fear, bring out the poison for celebration,

unveiling the apes of tomorrow on the
black prints of dragonflies stumbling out
from golden words

Satish Verma

Enactor

The art of wooing
the moon. Will you
actualize for me, this floating
in sky?

This obsession
will not go? ever, never.
Like the everblooming Van Gogh, haunts
in the wheat fields?

Great, I will find
some brown sugar to make
life sweet.

A poem has the
prowess of a tiger in rage.
It takes hold of you like
a carnivore.

Satish Verma

Encased In Amber

I always walk
a thinking moon. One day
I will ask him how to release
the destiny encased
in amber of your eyes.

One day you should
paint me blue, when the
sun sets on the lake for
a final dip.

My grey skin
melts in your hands to
interpret the viscosity of
trembling heart.

Don't give any
testimony against the unseen
murder of a golden deer
drinking water from
your cupped hands.

Satish Verma

Encasement

As if you had kidnapped
my profile to live
just beautifully,
and then be mourned.

To swim, first you
have to dive in a dry pool
of pain. Weird thoughts
like aphids would make young'uns
without mating.

The violence was inborn.
It spurts when your animal
comes out beastly. No
god would come to your rescue.

Thinking must be unstained
when moon drops anchor.

In this lonely sky,
no songbirds are flying.
Only stars are killing each other.

I am burning my fingers again.

Satish Verma

Encircled Gloom

Was it a spriritual failure of a man
to become an animal effortlessly?
and how difficult it was
to change the street's crowd?

In the human drama
no dialogue ends. It begins again
and the hero replays the tragedy.

The fight between one versus many
continues endlessly,
like jungle's law
where a body is thrown to beasts.

Though I have run out my steps
I will count the miles, I have to scramble.
My hands tremble when I write the
epitaph of a dying light on mount.
It is getting dark now.
Saturn will shortly rise.

Satish Verma

End Game

I would dream every night.
Are you there among the crushing
artifacts? The ruins?

had entered into my
bones. The erosion demands
the price of tomorrow.

Make it easy the severance
of my right arm. Blood does not
frighten me. It was donated.

I have frozen fears. I cannot
touch you. Not in day light.
Darkness will carry my
poems to you.

Blank papers will weep
for unwritten end of the naked
truths. Plasma will dry up.

There is no bone marrow
to be investigated for graft.

Satish Verma

End Of Beginning

The dangling moon
behind the ornate gate
waits for beheading.

*

Indeed I had
called you in dark to change
the name of slaughter.

*

Blood tastes salty,
when words were sweet, slicing
the white lilies.

Satish Verma

End Of Suffering

Snow and Sparks. Methane
burns. I will scramble for the
moon in dark woods.

The desires leave
the scars in dreams. I walk in
sleep to touch you.

Where the world was
going? You dismember the
frog's limbs. No rapes.

Satish Verma

End Of The Beginning

Being cheated by
a moon in dark night
of winter.

A corruption of
my name makes you
everlasting.

Would you ever know
the spirit of surrender,
without giving yourself away?

In the start, there
were no signs. Only eye contact
with adrenaline rising.

Because I will not
know you, sparingly
silent footfalls
of rain will overwhelm.

There are shadows
growing under your eyes.

Satish Verma

End Race

Privy to my crypt
O paragon!
I turn around in my ashes.

And take a rebirth.
Inextinguishable
was my desire?

of gravid pain. Life
opens a new book of
unmeanings.

Will not call you by
any other name.
I will set you free today.

Through discreet,
stenosis. I will move
in your veins till eternity.

A pure kill?
I vibrate to
catch the last glimpse of the ocean.

Satish Verma

End Thinking

First encounter was skimpy
unleashing a terror
of tales. I will not find the
perfect body of a poem.

Remember,
the salt lake, where you were
drowned one day in the eyes
of the needle.

It was an ode for the failed
prophecy which predicted
the fall of an author
in the ravines of jealousy.

A trampled butterfly exudes
the yellow fumes. Meanwhile
you can draw a nude on
the road for bystanders.

Satish Verma

Ending Of Time?

The identity moves ahead
of the shadow of truth
I search for the absolute
in vain. Can I remove the emptiness
and talk to myself?
The core feeling is same.
We flow in our own separateness.
I want to outlive my brethren
and eat my death alone.

Mindful I watch the kernel,
swaying tree is silent
I am here due to a fault in the genes.
Grief is not my skull house.
Each night I sleep with dry lips
dreaming a lake.
My pillow floats like a chopped moon.

Silence of anonymity
in the heart of a storm.
It is a curious apparition.
The vibrations of distant whispers
fill up the lungs,
ripping apart the veins.
My inside blood utters
a shrill to go?
We cannot return back. Ending of time?

Satish Verma

Ending War

Lashed together
for a better tomorrow,
ending war of words.

Heralding the new
moon I sacrifice
my becoming age

I will sleep now
on hawthorns in bleeding
flames of forest.

Satish Verma

Ending Was A Ceremony

Unbecoming, you watch
the sunset.
Something snaps.

Violence was loud.
There was no agreement
between the trees.

I draw a plan
and reach the lake
to listen.

There was no
manifestation. Only
unheard voices.

You get the answer.

Satish Verma

Endless Search

Moon was not faraway.
It rejected the evidence against the rhyme
and proceeded to release
the poem.

The colored bracts of
bougainvillea, fall solemnly, to kiss
the grass. Spring was around
the corner.

Quizzing a stone, a dream
crashes in my hands;
becomes a tiger moth and
settles on your lips.

Future turns into a shell.
I pick it up from the beach of time.
Play with it for sometime and
give it away to my offspring.

It was the beginning. It was the end.

Satish Verma

Endless Yearning

The thirst will know,
the river was there.
To lie on the grass was ultimate.

It was not the green,
it was not the blue,
but desire had the keyhole to look
at the fine sands,
where you stand to find the
elixir of life.

A crackling of joint, awakens
you. You will not wait
for the rains to come and overwhelm
the permeable umbrella.

A fluttering butterfly
knows, how to become floppy
and dangle like a dead leaf.

The stream was
drinking its own water.

Satish Verma

Endoskeleton

For a good road map you need
whistling words and biting
flies of porn videos.

You go overboard when you
see a virgin falling from
podium of a hundred smiles.

Sitting in skin only who wants
a tattoo of a butterfly, when
the book goes for a sale?

Gettysburg water for the joints.
Do you need some of it when
the economy has pored off the poems?

A courtesan becomes the bride
of the city. The grooms were many
but no body wants to sit on a mare.

Satish Verma

Engagements

I intuited.

Something had crept into
my room in dark,
and slept on my bed
devastating me.

It was a moonbeam.

There was no animal on the loose.
Activism had empowered the gender base.
One long nightmare started
between innovation and miracle.
Unwritten, I was loth
to understand you.

The abstract sky was
ravishing the moon. I become
visibly upset. Ask you to shut
the door and start reading me.
I had become an epic
of water.

Satish Verma

Engaging In Argument

No more partisanship
with hatchet.
Better if you come like
a scorpion to give a taste.

You can hang the darkness
of space?
daring the sun.

Gone blank. This was
a self-inflicted wound to
attain liberation.

No use to remain deeply
flawed in the jaws
of a croc.

Once, high you sail, for
resurrection, faith
tumbles down very fast.

Satish Verma

Engraving Your Name On Trees

Telling the truth
was becoming difficult. You want to
become a cult.

A sinister design takes
hold of a satanic urge. You
start throwing the limbs.

Was it an emotional upheaval?

The train whistles by.
You are ready to board. Unsleeping
you will rhyme with the wheels.
Home was left behind. A hollow
tree waits for you to become another Buddha.
Fantasy moves beyond the fiction.

Irises move to close
the pupils. They want to become nuns.

The coffin was empty.
A cadaver morphs into an angel.

Satish Verma

Enigmatic

The secular love:
you are contaminated
between skin and prayer.

Back from the odyssey
finding a crop-circle
in bridal chamber.

Rival was an alien
with a flat stomach
thinking black.

The thieving sperms
had a glorious end,
unentered in grass.

Your body was churning out
a religion.
I will find out my own god.

Satish Verma

Ennui

In a frame of a?
window, I watch
daily, a saddest,

star, and a palm
holding the clouds
like an Atlas.

No winds. The
bougainvillea still
drops the colored bracts?

in wait of moon?
unheeding the advice
of bright sun.

Satish Verma

Enormous Guilt

Cannot stare
coming on terror radar. Every night there
was Celsius rise in deadpeace. The climate
debt of a dark cloud was changing.

What is going to happen, tell me blindfolded.
We have a never or nothing attitude. The
roads were on edge, grazing under a blood
spinning midnight lamp, like a whipped

up cream of convenient truths. A subterranean
anger was banging against the wailing
wall. We did little in our synchronized
failure. Nobody was going to blink.

A tooth was smashed by a flying missile
of a homegrown myth. The glacier was
shy of a black fire. A holy moon becomes
opaque in white winter.

Satish Verma

Satish Verma

Enormous Precipice

Ah, the statecraft of
present times, was becoming
agender.

The strength of institution
would lie in old oil paintings.

You become stupid
and start living in dark rooms
to understand the sun.

Half-beliefs were?
cooked straight from the
sermons of striped coats.

The delusion was
simple. There was camphora
to revive the fainting glory.

Satish Verma

Enough

A leached amputee
living with stumps of flawless
dying.

Round and round, blindfolded
moving in circle, drawn by rhyming
bells.

Perhaps you need to suffer
with the drunken race of
snipers.

I am in the silent valley of
barefoot secrets where moon waits to
die.

The poppies will buy the bullets,
a gift to unending kiss of
grief.

Tell every vulture on the tree,
there is endless arrival of
feasts.

Satish Verma

Entangled Sufferings

In time-lapse, I will
watch you again at sunset,
when tiny drops of evening rain
fall on molten lava of angry earth.

The desert will suffer
in cool moonlight, without shade.

You set free the tiger, into
wild. He will not come
back to smell the cage.

The affairs, bloom or die
between man and beast. But
new born anxiety lives.

You are coming of age, in
between cacti with their exotic blooms
and piercing thorns.

The cobweb is spreading,
complicated, three dimensional.
The large, hairy tarantula waits.

Satish Verma

Entering Sanctum Sanctorum

A sacred lotus emerges
from the navel, while you rest
on trembling waves. I am shedding
my leaves.

The knotty hole. Center
of the earth. A shell
breaks inaudibly in the churning pot.

The pledged promise was
deep. Pole's red aurorae stream
in new birth.

Was it necessary to take
an oath under the bo tree?
to become a sacred Buddha?

It sucks. Fake or genuine?
I am searching the faces of whites,
browns and blacks. Who
wants to be buried in a nameless
grave of a soldier?

Satish Verma

Entirely Virtuous

How we had started
hiding from each other, your
green lies and my dark truths.

*

Moon had crossed my
path when sea was boiling and
you? searching a boat.

*

Who saves the tears,
when there was cloudburst, in
last leg of journey.

Satish Verma

Entranced

It was a broken lamp,
the orphean tragedy.
You were found sexless
in a naked bowl.

Making love on hay
the moon crashed/on moonstones.
Memory of shells tossed on bed
of roses/was still alive.

The divine leaf falls/opens the
scars of plums. Immoral,
a white tiger pounces on a
rimless scream.

Covered with crocus you break
the brown hills. Through touch
I meet you in dark. My green hands
hold you in folded palms like a firefly.

Satish Verma

Enunciation

Entering into hypersonic gridlock
you become one of the crowd;
remain devastated, slip into unconsciousness,

defer to a calibrated emblem and speak
untainted. The debris was taking to the
street. The trees were drinking from

geyser basins, mutated restraint. The crow
was taking a bath in milk, to show that
it has no venom. Or rather no controversy

for a tedium death. That is the stripping of
ambition, till the light arrives. Darkness
will reap the grains of sorrow. The fire

digs out the secret bones. You cannot stop
the whipping of skulls which were without thoughts,
when silence was bidding for lips.

Satish Verma

Ephemeral

Again a forest
walks, wounded and broke.
I sculpt a poem.

To get some relief
of truth, give me a vedic
hymn, Beethoven script.

The spring waits in
the buds of chest. When love
sprouts, look at the moon.

A virgin kiss
of Karma, turns the page.
Acid-burned, my hand
hold the pen.

And I think of
the beautiful orchids trying to
find a home.

Satish Verma

Ephemeral Wings

Night was pregnant
with the moon.
The execution will follow.

An arrow finds
a path, which leads you
in fog of baby steps.

Adoration lived in
the narrow eyes of firefly.
The dark bush sways in
flightless arms.

Embrace of an
angel goes amorously
tense. Negation leaves a
deep wound.

There would be no exit?
of the trembling pain,
live on the flames.

Satish Verma

Epileptic Truth

When I touched your pshyche,
my completeness wavered.
In the empty words
and hollow thoughts.
The road to my dream house burned.
I longed to meet my flame.

You were listening to declaration of truth.
It was a refuge,
there was no evidence
of any movement of humanity.
My soft mind took the imprint
of golden spaces between
the dark alleys of earth.
The skeletons of history remained unclaimed.

Remembering your trust
My attachment floats. Anxiety
of seeking. The dust smears
the face of epileptic truth.
The clogged arteries of mundane heart twitch.
There wasn't room for sentiments.
Moment to moment I travelled
to break the silence in vain.

Satish Verma

Equality

You were not normal.
Relentlessly you were trying
to kiss the flame.

Agni, goddess of fire
still invites. When nightingale
comes, you undo earthly pain.

To recover the lost
poem, black rose still haunts.
A jewel twirls in your brown eyes.

Erotica? No beyond
that. A desire sits on the lips of
bee-sting, the words wait.

Sylvia Plath, where
are you. I have still not
understood you. The Venus cries.

Satish Verma

Erased Writing

A scream comes from
the shooting comet. Your poem has
become a prayer.

The tonsured moon
rubs with sooty heart of a satan.
Life will never be the same.

Mirrors become dirty.
I don't want to see the reflected
faces of stars landing on earth

Satish Verma

Erected In My Pain

Life gives you a sudden shock,
with ugly scars of mutilated truth.

Arriving becomes a failure,
a tilted faith.

Your eyes were blank but
you were seeing through
your hundred wounds,
spinning in the import.

Continuity of lies starts again.

From post to post
a sting was preoccupied,
fed on odium.

I had an indestructible desire
to set the throat free
from the obtrusive rust.
Love was not enough
a little bit burning on tongue was needed.

Polity has ruined
the green valleys
quietness cries in vain.
Fear in the mirror strikes.
I begin to run towards the sun
erected in my pain.
Times alter the image.
The cosmic bend is trapped.

Satish Verma

Erecting Another Totem

A conspiracy of the sort.

This is what I wanted
from you.
Abandoned in space?
between the eyes, you were
supposed to lead the humble light
for an elusive peace.

I was lost in the
lexicon of intrigues, the
nest of prudence of the
proverbial lap dance.

Standing at the gate
of morgue, waiting to receive
another caravan of
pseudo remains.

Like a Spartan, you will
not retreat, not bend, your feet
near the grave? still standing erect.

Like wasps the green words would zoom.

Satish Verma

Erosion Has Set In.

I am not going anywhere.
Nocturne battles for survival.

Words are growing
like mushrooms, making a
fairy ring around make-believes

A mauve surrender.
You die daily without cause.
No contempt of love.

I don't want to think.
Only ask you, don't move
away from the moon

This is land of fear.
Will not leave you alone.
Searching your home, kissing doors.

Satish Verma

Escaping

You walked with me
when it was pitch-dark.
How do I find you in light?

*

These were the last roses,
for you. Henceforth
no water will flow from the eyes.

*

Only your face will swim
on the nippy moon;
burning skylark.

Satish Verma

Escaping The Wait

Perfect domes?
beehived.

An alien sitting in
Mona Lisa? Do you believe in the
pshyche of a beekeeper?

A vision. The future tense
retrieves the past glory of tenseless era.
The mimicry will do its own job.

A freak incident. Earth was
moving. Corned bodies riding on lead.
You must fill up the blanks to?
prepare for lethal descent.

Idolatry. Every cult becomes
a new idol. Hate-filled sermons.
Yestersins will pay
for the mortgage.

Satish Verma

Essence

I am trying not to
think loud, analyse, undress scars.
Tremors will answer.

Not understood well.
Will write charity of giving
blood to unborn poems.

Sounds and dust have
no names. I bounce back
to claim my right to unspeak.

Satish Verma

Et Tu?

Like half-brother
moon was following me.
Tonight the dethroning commences
on the murderous hills
of faith.

You grab a snowcloud
to refuse what you would be.
The animal that lives
in you has become silvery haired.
There was a terror of being isolated.

Earth was dying in me.
A bloodied machete?
travels across the lands,
riding on the tears, screams
and disembodied peans.

Lifting a sacred book
the hand trembles involuntarily.
Is it the homicide of bright sun?
Et tu, O man?

Satish Verma

Etching Your Profile

I will take you:
In claustrophobia,
head-to-toe,
fully immersed in death.

*

Where the horizon
meets the asteroid.
I will call, the near
earth, my prayer.

*

A distant touch
of your encounter, takes
a big toll. I have started
talking to moon.

Satish Verma

Eternal Cuddle

To become or not to become a renegade,
or to die or not to die for a semi-god?
These were some of the questions
thrown at an incomplete script.

What elevated you to a celebrity?
Your hump or deep wrinkled groans?
Age is abating, abattoir is empty.
Exile from the past is over.
When you intend to comeback to childhood
and become a simple star?

Behind the mask lies the embrace of death
I am afraid the flames will engulf,
the genius of pathways.
Everything into turn with obsolete gossip.
A patch of sunlight becomes a costly exposure
Bones are entwined in eternal cuddle.

Satish Verma

Eternal Drift

A hidden lump was revealed
in annual ritual.

You flung open the gates-

to take away the regal pain.

Was it a reprisal
for a purple nail?

Withdrawal was threatening.

In the line of fire
comes the guilt.

The suicide in the goddess

womb? Celebrate if
you pull out.

Floating on the drifting
threat. The welts will sing
the erotica.

Satish Verma

Eternal Nothingness

A dirty word
waits for the chilling moon.
Be aware now. I am
going to ask the black mountain.

There was no credible
reason, why did you wait
so long for a chimera?

A chaste excuse for
seven seas. They wanted a close
encounter with aliens.

This was spring of orange
and black monarchs
who have to distribute
the gifts for hunger earth.

I cannot understand myself.
Sometimes I am happy,
sometimes I start grieving.

Satish Verma

Eternal Verities

Let there be dark
in your life.
One day, you will
be able to see the light.

Wind would sleep in the
earthen lamp during day.
Come evening?
tears will light the wick.

Hordes of moth have
resumed their sorties. Any
cruise of moon was
impossible.

Not acceptable was hiring the womb
for manipulating the race. An
eagle dance, brings out the
savagery of man.

Satish Verma

Eternal Wait

Fear of becoming sane
inherits the hate of earth.
I wake up in the rains of time.

Fire of soul
extracts the thought shapes
like stark naked truth
in the desert of pain –

unbirthing the child of wisdom.
I hardly think, in my failures.
The house will go up in blaze
by the earthen lamp of fading glory.

There was no light, a quick death
of lips and speech. The human touch-
prints had avenged for words.
Inspiration will wait.

Satish Verma

Eternality

All day it rained.
There was no destination.
The futurist will incite
the blue light in the itinerary.

You can convert the eye
into moon. The sky follows
the assassin under;
the cover.

O Brother, I wanted to
scream. Lines were not clear
but the blood was same,
in syntax and on knife.

The potential, the genius,
the capital. They were clubbed
to win the game. The earth
will go searching the fakir.

Satish Verma

Eternally

In shadow of moon?
amidst banal, repeated answers,
you take a shot.

Moment of truth?
dissembles, the religion
of fear and kill. I hear

a sea of daffodils
going wild.
After the aching, The vision is lost.

You revert to bind
alleys. Between faith and hope
flickering light waits.

You stir and churn,
breach the obscene party
and go for a god.

Satish Verma

Eternity

Pearl – drops
on your upper lip:
heat –
of a stand-off
between
inside and outside.

More spiritual
I become
forgetting
the black eye,
I want to go back
with empty hands.

My home
is far away,
doorless,
roofless,
where dark squints at the moon.

Satish Verma

Ethnicity

What was that in your
eyes, which still haunts me in
evening of life.

You will not say, I
will not know where the story of
wailing song bird ends.

The first dark cloud of
Monsoon, becomes messenger?
of the young drowned moon.

Let's go and collect
the gifts of parting kisses.
Deliverance stops.

Satish Verma

Ethological Signs

A street sense awakens
the purple rage.
Ah. Bougainvilleas,
the winter has set in.

There was no encounter.
No bloodshed.
Only bloodstones were displayed
for sale.

A domestic brawl
between the religious signs.
Each sun-flower should
have a separate name.

The pomelos will not
come this season.
There was war between
the brothers.

Satish Verma

Euphoria

Moon, eye of
night, will watch
your mandarins.

Deep orange-red?
No. I would
prefer hard cider.

Daisy has a
flair to wink?
in bright sun.

A netter on
prowl, for wingless
butterflies.

Satish Verma

Euthanasia

I was not ready
when the gift arrived.
Today I cannot share my laugh,
my tears
with you.

The debt of ashes
was climbing up.
Clouds outside,
clouds inside.
My room was full of friends.
Wind was coming in,
wind was going out.
And I was trying to convince them
about euthanasia.

What was I dreaming? Mutation versus creation?
Botox? Somebody removing the wrinkles?
Augmenting the breasts with implants?
Black insanity?
Death was another name of birth?

Now I was transfixed:
Love birds were feeding their kids!

Satish Verma

Even The Planets

Pieces of day falling like
severed limbs of time.
Acoustic shadows
drinking the pain.

Exodus has started
of thoughts to find an
enabler, for misting voices
of indecisiveness.

Obscene contour abruptly
the ink. Now there is blank
depression, behind the globes.
Cubes have become toeless.

The night has locked itself in,
when suddenly grief becomes the sun.
The celestial makeup was melting.
We are becoming naked, like pupils.

Satish Verma

Evening Prayers

I plant my last kiss
on the wall of mausoleum,
and turn back to face the
inevitable transparency.

Like a birthmark?
you stick to me for an eternity.
Honeyed tongue swaps
a blue. I am not a path,
only a candle in the wind.

Moon-washed your face
swims in my black eyes.
I search my genes
in you, for an answer.

In poetic jargon, with
broken wings, I take a flight
to that horizon, where
my aura ends and your spell begins.

Blameless-you spin,
and break into hundred of shards.
They become stars. I remain
stranded at sunset.

Satish Verma

Evening Smoke

It was like a combat
exercise at sunset.

I won't call any deity
for my prayers,
and expect to survive
the blasphemy.

No, there was no carnality.
How could you take
your own creation?
An affair with your own shadow?

You always loved the
hidden meanings,
unstitching the wounds.

Seeking an endless
peace for a pilgrim, climbing
a river of quivering eyes.

A tongueless marionette
does not need the strings.
The Barbie doll may not crumble one day.

Satish Verma

Evening: A Self Experience

When the sun dips on the horizon,
I will invite the yellow moon.

Time raises the mist,
profiles become grey,
vibrating in trance,
limbs colliding in way.
When the love's violence escorts you to death
red eyes will melt and an avalanche
will drown the landmark.

We were kith and kin,
now strangers in motion of earth,
meet only speeding towards dark.
When the life will miss the sorrow
I will invite the yellow moon.

Satish Verma

Everlasting

A name breaks on the tip
of a pen.
Like a wildflower after a
violet end.

The yellow stripes will
enter the past,
retracing the path
of failures.

I pick up a broken thread
to weave a shade of blue flag
to open under the weight
of a guilt.

A cluster of doorknobs.
I retrieve my future
to lock the death
in erotica.

Satish Verma

Every Moment

Do not unveil the
wound of errors.
Let me in?
in your green eyes, where
the goddess weeps.

The terror changes
the polarity. You were in chains,
fighting the demons of sea.
Unlike moon, a star
plunges in valley of tears.

Who will measure
the depth of fall, from the
edge of life? Time has the
wings of golden eagle. It
flies on the peaks of thoughts.

And the merciless
gray of dementia wipes
out the words.

Satish Verma

Everything Was You

A poem dies in me.
I search for you again
deep in my breast.

The initial spurt of
the raging thought?
sleeps on the rags.

With scrawny fingers?
you write a verse of?
moon in night.

The half-moons rise
in the vacant looks
like venus flytrap.

Do not pluck the?
blood roses. My fingers
were still bleeding.

Satish Verma

Evocative Images

A single line,
undefined, hangs
to make your life vulnerable.

The drifting starts.
You fumble for the right?
text,

to convey the urgency
of a moratorium. The
dew on the grass,

was not ready to
accept the rainbow of
false promises.

Flat refusal comes
from the deprived homes.
The poverty has become a sin.

The elegant procession
of the king was throwing
dust in our eyes.

Satish Verma

Evoking Images

It was not easy to recall,
the love in truancy. Needs
extra gene. I would wake up in blue
darkness for an aubade.

The salt glitters when I
shut the mind.

In random wreckage,
the first glow before dawn,
sets you on fire. A star gazing
begins, buried in the flesh, only
the eyes protruding, incapable
to locate the moon.

A blank paper floats. You
were surfing on words. Not
yet to meet the inevitable. Not
the kiss of hurt. I am coming
to unfurl the opus, the
noble commitment of navel crossing.

Satish Verma

Evolution

For cloning of small gods
you took out the kidneys, lungs
and stomach, from slain truth's
body. My bête noire, the lies.

Do you smell the stink? You make
yourself, you are not your id.
The urge to take a flight was very strong.
Groins aching for the heroic jump.

Legs amputated, the tragedy, swims
like a fossil truth in the sea, under
the layers of centuries.
Man has not changed, cheated of the death.

Satish Verma

Exasperation

Even the tree enters its shade.
It was very hot this
summer, while walking in moon.

*

Sleeping under the cacti
and talking to God. Do you
know the ecstasy of pricks?

*

This was my total wealth,
the verses. I cannot spend on you,
Oh my god, what an idea?

Satish Verma

Exchange

This road will not take you to a theme.
In wind,
a pebble was making different strokes.
Hanging stones were hiding
the music of poppies.

To fill in my glass of silver
I place the stitches in images
of naked wounds, slapping the
pink roses on lips, the shadow
of terrible interior crawling out in tears.

The incredible space between hollyhocks
bends down to pick up dead silk
of fallen monarches. The colors will
find the other side of moon
in dark, except infinity.

Satish Verma

Exhausting Me

The faint scars were
becoming green. I remember
my bewitchment of me?
not becoming.

Like pine needles. I
will ask my muse, to confuse
me with some shock depriving
me of aura.

Why do you enter my den
to enrich me with golden words?
I go crazy in phrasing?
the stars and mouthing the moon.

It was a charisma. In my
stasis, I tend to forget me,
start wearing your voice.
Will you some day ask, why?

On silver stairs sits
a marathoner.

Satish Verma

Exiled

I threw myself in deep slumber
pledging not to play the game
for others and exiled myself within me
after the rebellion.

A realized being, suffers
at the hand of a thorn skull,
learns to be silent, choking on words
across the pages which are blank.

Immeasurable limits of space and senses
start a hierarchy which will breed contempt.
There was a memory, a suffering of absurdism
I am still caged in.

The kingdom collapses in brilliance of sun,
the man starts another version of hate.
Acquires the blood of royal vein
and promises to become a beautiful cadaver.

Satish Verma

Existence

A toddler unrobes the secret
of death. Modifies the circadian
rhythm of honeybees, opens the
daisy clock. Cage of tears.

The virus had the acrid odor
of sulphide. Decay. It never happened
before. Spring was helpless. Primrose
forgot to secrete the nectar.

Stones were everywhere,
on beds, fabrics, eyes and berets.
The white walls were painted with
blue camels. Smiling?

A cold moon walks on coiled snakes
consuming the venom of incendiary itch.
The grey people were dancing on broken
glass. Blood will make the visitation.

Satish Verma

Existential

Dying with minutes
in dark, when the sun
prepares to leave.□

You cannot kill
history. It had happened
on the skin of freaks.

At midnight, I will give
a call to unseen, unheard
egoist, to forget anger.□

Satish Verma

Existential Dilemma

Arrive with me in untainted
light. Between two threats:
life and death. Falling from
mantle, there was no surrender.

Bone-deep, I will ask you a
question. What life has given
to you and what death
has taken from you?

Read more in my eyes. You will
find the ravines of hunger. For
truth. No organic pain. Only thirst.
For a very violent rush of rains.

Ink-stained moon was willing
to cede the moonlight, even dew
to wipe out the nightmares of
your scrapped ego.

Satish Verma

Existential Plight

Will not put any claim.
Neonate my poem
has gone gray.

Black days and white
nights.I will recall my
ghost and ask, O god-
do you exist anywhere?

A thread of pain, makes
a family of feet, climbing
in smoke.

Vulnerable to theft, my
thoughts divert me towards
cemetery, where I will
bury my sins.

You remained a question
for me on calender date.I
will hold on the time,
which has thrown me back.

Satish Verma

Exited

Tell me exactly, the
real meaning of love!
Don't say it is a flower lei.

It is also not hornet's
breed. Will you take my shelter
one day. Truth was not worthy of it.

Who fathered the Satan?
I ask. I don't recall you
O my god! What happened?

Satish Verma

Exiting

On marbled lids we
stretch our arms to collect
the frozen tears.

Will you stand up
for a final good bye
kissing the eyes?

A dewdropp was -
the strength of silver, drinking
the fluorescent sky.

Satish Verma

Exiting Fog

Water has no feet.

With cupped hands,
I will pick up
the crying baby.

When stars
go to sleep, I hear you
in dark, wandering
like amusk deer.

In a book
I will keep your eyes.
When you cradle in
Selene's arms, my thoughts
will catch a poem.

Once your mind
was not occupied with
my image, a fly of poison
bit me.

I was never the same again.

Satish Verma

Exiting Self

The glass eye looks
at moon, caves in moonlight,
to hurl the flames.

*

Bright pink will have
collision effect on you
to lose me at dawn.

*

No grass, no palms in
path of self-immolation,
when sun was cooling.

Satish Verma

Exodus

In memoirs,
I send you my poems,
from this insane world.
You can hurt me again.

Like a stone
of an unknown, I will
wait for you, for a potency
climb to understand the resurrection.

Life will extract its price
from you when you
are passing through a burning
heap of skeletons.

Your unending romp was
over. Night was getting ready
to wear a ceremonial gown at
the wedding of the genius loci.

Moon starts licking his wounds.

Satish Verma

Expanding

My palm,
collects the dark energy.
Reversing the code, I
am not going for a big crunch!

Who wants to reclaim
the thunder from the spent
cloud? A pristine pure,
hot and wetted moon,

will never decide the fate.
Tonight I am going to drift
intentionally towards the
antigravity. Your eyes are

going to become epicenter
of a quake. A desire had
hundred moons. The galaxy
was vast and deep. The

world was still revolving
around the phallic symbols,
altering the walking pace
of the ruins.

Satish Verma

Expanding The Sky

Something unsaid
will remain between the words.
I pick up the dots.

Drink the rain first.
Dawn will wait behind the moon.
Cobra's hood frightens.

Time was running
out. Boat may run aground.
Sea was my friend.

Satish Verma

Experiments

Poaching on the brooding landscape
you crashed while scaling the flame.
A togetherness became a half-truth.
How troubled
I had been for basics.

Then shifting loyalties for petty things
you were holding up my soul,
and I did not move with the changing times.
For the rivers
to walk with green trees.

If the words had the answers
to rebel against the eternal guilt,
to beat the death with pain.
Fighting
for the faded truths.

My experiments with lies will continue!

Satish Verma

Explicitly

The pixels refuse to leave
the screen. There was a
 defiance, unheard so far.

Will not misspeak about
the rape! Was it not a murder
 of the white goddess in light?

Are you going to shut a
pink flame, smouldering
 in the vicious grip of greed?

The skinny-dip in boiling
cauldron of hate? What
 was left now of humor?

Walking on the lake water
retrieving your youth? Was
 it worth your grand wasted life?

Satish Verma

Exploring

Angina, after
the vessel broke,
tumbling out all the gifts.

You will take a long walk
thinking about the moon
in wilderness of lonely trees
of mid December.

There were no blood?
spots on the street, after the
removal of hoofers.

You would not under?
line the red verses. The stray
full stops alter the pain.

When you repeat
the names, I start forgetting
who were the sinners.

Satish Verma

Exploring The Bonds

Like a lifeless child,
clasped around the breast,
moon was coming up
in the sky with fastened cloud.

A frozen embryo?
has become a supernova.
The democracy makes
everybody poor.

Slithering, your face
becomes a mask, to hide
the bruises of
mangled truths.

The vision takes a
new turn to liberate the
psyche from the trap
between our eyes, where
the sun sets.

Satish Verma

Explosion

Spitting the blood, he said,
every winter for few days –
he would feel outcast and there was
pain in the idea of pain, but he wanted to live
without a painkiller.

Sometimes he will singe his hands on a flame
to protect his dignity. The history of his
unrest remaining untold. Then he will go
out in rains of knowledge and soak himself
in mixed joy.

A lump in the throat hurts, when he
tries to decipher a dream to measure
the life. A liar knows the complete death
of a truth to assert his independent existence
in myth.

A deadly poison of the choosing,
your own microclimate, aggrandizement
of royal tradition, makes you popular in masses.
They surge to touch your gown, ripping
the explosion.

Satish Verma

Explosions

Violence unalloyed.
I want you to hear
the noise, light and blast.

Shrouded inside,
a chandelier breaks
in splinters of hymns-
all enveloping. In the positional
vertigo, you hit the nail.
I call it quits, undating
a curve, an arch.

Incubation.
It was incomplete. They will parade
the victim naked, because she was
raped. Why did she let loose
the testosterone?

Walking ferns and
wish bone.
The inmate wants nothing.
She has come to stay in dark
till the sun unrisers.

Satish Verma

Exporting

That kind of kiss and runoff.
Why don't you concede to the fraud?
It was a haunted dilemma,
kidnapping of a verdict.

Dinosaurs were wiped out
by a clean sweep of a meteorite
long back, millions of years. Now,
present ones, tiny reptiles

still surviving in water, air and
earth by active faults.
The great Indian Bustard was again
sighted in a poor man's field.

Are you a moon friendly?
I am dispossessing all my domestic clouds.

Satish Verma

Satish Verma

Expressionless

A silent war with oneself
devouring all the cells,
the gory remains of words
and grainy kisses of tears.

A curved hook in the mouth
to start a prayer for the freedom
from whispers of brand and labels:
liberation from the weight of testaments.

Bruised glints from the flesh dripping,
wiggle on serene rocks of resolution,
before the sin was discovered. A poem
was awarded to me for excitement.

An eye and a mirror, a gulch and a stone.
The smiles are fatal, the blood is pure.
Hot sun bakes the sand, nudges the
skull and a pal of gloom settles for eternity.

Satish Verma

Expressions

It was a turf war.
The moon was booby-trapped
by clouds.

*

An electronic
claws holds you to the
chest of night.

*

From flesh
to flesh, I surrender
my nomadic spirit.

Satish Verma

Extolling

With timeless words,
you glorify the puppet,
slapping the moon.

*

How strange!
The master was stealing
the wheat of hungry.

*

The man versus
beast. A chaste rivalry.
Who was vulgar?

Satish Verma

Extraversion

Being outsider,
you will not be excused.

Deluded perfectly.
This was a holy crime to be
burned out.

You can walk
round and round around the bed,
in search of sleep.
This night was yours.

I had embarrassed
the moon. It was watching me
from the window with a quizzical look.

Of meager existence
an asteroid wants?
to beat the sun.

The palm holds the secret of orbs.

Satish Verma

Eye Lakes

For a believer, it
was impossible to fill
in the blanks. We were
the rarest pygmies.

Afraid of each other,
trying to demolish, the windows.
We scramble for awards.
We remain unstable.

Don't move, don't
touch me with your sacred
hands. I break down when
I kill my poems.

I shall wash my
hands again and again.
The stigmas won't go
in icy moonlight.

Water grieves for
the moon, it will not get
the honeydew.

Satish Verma

Eye-Openers

Can you contain it;
the call,
one animal?

*

A baby hurt,
sometimes?
you enjoy.

*

The full moon was?
as poor as,
a church mouse.

*

Sitting in court
watching a
finch play with water.

Satish Verma

Eyes Become Stones

When you become
a question, I had
no answer.

Lingering in secret
alleys, I turn to
fragile defence.
And a bird is shot down.

There was no time
to hold the time of arrived, for you
to come late to join
the festival of home coming.

You were me, once
upon a time. No I don't change
the game, when the gun
was pointed at me.

There will ne war
In death, you will ultimately
become deathless.

Satish Verma

Eyes In Sky

Listen,
take your call.
You can smell the
musk of a wandering deer.

Retrieve,
the lost soul of
the wounded age. Ravens
are increasing in number, waiting.

The grace,
disappearing fast. The
random silence, in terrible
commotion, remains unheard.

I step outside,
my body, my thoughts,
on flat earth. You touch
a poet's dilemma.

On your bones,
lies a small bundle
in white, of the future
child? stillborn.

Satish Verma

Eyes In The Bowls

You become absent in
repose..I try to rein in the
subterfuge in stranger's eyes.
There was nothingness. A chestnut
tree was refusing to let go
the nuts.

The phantom fight begins between the
daffodils. The sun had given
the borders, step by step, to
different colors. Still the bloom
weeps for its blindness. I will
not unmake me. The faith?

this winter was bad. The
deathmarks were evident. We
wait for something to happen,
ready to unroll the schizophrenia.

Satish Verma

Eyes Like Flints

A streak of sin,
just as culpable,
gives back my pains.
A half-finished poem
jolts me out of my vision.
Someone drops the moon?
and becomes evident in mist.
A profile floats. I
imagine the spreading smile.
I want to understand myself.
The colors blend. Have
you read Rilke? You will not
rise from the surface of?
life and death.
Authenticity has become
rarer. Copyright to kill is
religion. An aquiline nose
smells the prey.

Satish Verma

Eyeshades

Your body, intense?
eats the sins,
dedicated to hunger OF temple.

Weeping windows
will speak for ground zero
from where you picked up the rosary.

Would you invoke
the spirits of owls, who would
not open their eyes in day light?

This was the thought
of the moment. I hail
the half-finished kiss.

There was an allegro
in the outskirts of moon.
I wanted to wear a mark.

Satish Verma

Eyeshadows

Red horizon?
had bite-marks
of setting sun.

On the table,
I will place all my oblique wares
for a change.

You embrace the strange
things, horns and all. The
dissection was accurate.

A multiplex opens the
gates for all the
lipless gods.

The maddening silence
of the priest was
deafening.

I will not come near the skulls.

Satish Verma

Eyesores

A wreath of skulls
you want to hang on the wall.

I don't want to
lose the skin.
The land was bleeding.

Mars mission. A very
lonely flight, pulls me down.

Do you have a
pearl knife?
Small talisman, you used to wear
when you were a child
to ward off the evil spirits.

A buttonless chest. The map
you drew on the torso was tense.
The woods were nowhere. Only
the dry sands.

I wanted to make a slit in the stone,
to release the holy water,
but it was only tears?

Satish Verma

Fabric

Throwing the prosthesis, he jumped for
numericals, refusing to expand,
walk with father of sorrow
the revolutionary.

He wanted to talk as an equal
in interpretation of truth about death
and God, the new incumbent
of faith.

An aptness to spill the blood on
your face, of some recent slaughter,
as a witness of dying for peace,
as soothing law of nature.

He wears the fabric of inspiration:
the city and streets are empty
weaving the welts of pain,
for nothing.

Satish Verma

Face Mirror

Half your young age,
violence comes in choppers,
to avenge on the solemn moon?
for a long night.

It sucks, day and
night. The assassination
draws the blood tears, unwashed,
from the sunny plasma.

The crotch was saboteur.
Pure love had become
an echo of hemlock.
Your lips were blowing blue.

It was terrible trauma
of believing in your religion.
Truth will not rise?
from the dead.

The perfect U-turn.
A dead poem turns into
dew on your eyes.
I am singing again.

Satish Verma

Face Of Truth

It hurts, the abstract isolation of life
emptying of self.

The infection
of water in the sun.

A nameless pain annihilates
the ascending desires.

I want no more
traffic of dreams.

Only discovery of Being.

Where the city had gone from the mirror
of my poems?

Streets had the color
of a wrinkled maid.

And new dictionary had new words
of an obscene vernacular.

I wanted my stack, my lake.

Surface exploded into nothingness.

The lake boiled in the heat of eternity.

A part of the evening was cool,
participating in the festivities
of homing birds.

It took a whole night
to see the face of truth!

Satish Verma

Face To Face

In the valley of blasts
a row of jacarandas
tall, sweet smelling,

shed blue petals endlessly.
A colossus spread
on wounds of earth.

A small girl with pellets
in her belly
was searching her wounded mother.

Essence of sorrow
helps to find myself,
in defense of freedom.

In the city of death
an unbeliever like me
wants to find peace with God.

Satish Verma

Faceless Journey

An insider was asking:
this was a very troubling question.
Why a culture becomes sick,
burns the book,
and beheads a god?

Forgive my loincloth. This
century was becoming very hot
till the nose bleeds
and fills the cauldron
of kiss.

The dust was settling
on the pages of history.
Strangly you want now a
sexless death. Porn and religion
were making you really mad.

Satish Verma

Faces

You go for a daily ritual
to water a passion tree;
for greasy palms of petals of
lewd figures.

Always had a goddess
in young days,
now you are trying to find an
erogenous zone in searing heat.

It is not raining. The impact of
instant romanticism. The past
throws the virtue in vain. Terror
had been benevolent.

The beasts and flowers, endless
friendship of strippers. The holes
are widening in the sky asking
for the blasts to go for ever.

Satish Verma

Faces Of God

Would you be one day
my assassin? I don't
want the god to act.

A sacred promise.
I will meet you behind the
sacrificial moon.

Who knows the future?
of bright twinkling stars in sky?
They turn to ashes.

Satish Verma

Facsimile

One fringe of image
disconnected, a knife within,

in a trench
battle still continues between you
and yourself

for ending of animal. Did it bleed?

Home was still faraway
a secured period.
Bouncing euphoria.

blunted and bailed out
paper thin memory
of broken mirror.

O Unseen,
take a bow,
lightning for a requiem
in sky, was embossed!

Satish Verma

Facts Of Life

The decay has?
killed the dream songs,
of shut mouths.

Trees were rolling
down on beach
when hurricane collapsed.

It was raining,
carbs and limbs, when
clouds gathered.

You love the
potholes, underground
caves, to hide cardinal sins.

Satish Verma

Fading Faces

Widening the scope
you want to remain
at center stage.

Thinking starts, battling
the ghosts. Doubt remains alive.

A broken beer bottle, at your throat.
You suffer the fall
of humankind.

The acid burns. You wire the
clouds. Tears will not flow.
This is not the end.

Turn the page. Why you
need the signs?

Those pale, staring eyes, unclosed.
Not sufficient?
Can you read the red line?

Was it not an oblique cut,
where the sand was lifted?

Satish Verma

Fading Glory

You want to cover your
amnesia. Death
has no other color.

How far you will go
to retrieve
the sensibility?

Time does not sit idly.
Undeniably your foe?
poisoning the well.

Sky was overcast and
sends misty rain.
Have the heart-leaves and moon-seeds.

The history concedes.
Molybdenum was god,
initiating life on earth.

Satish Verma

Fading Sheen

My little dirty moon,
why were you hiding?
when the vulture-poems had
an uncanny similarity with
raging road show?

The volatility would not exit.
It rises in flames to make
a big black hole in the sky.
Sometimes I hate you,
sometimes I, love you,
my elusive, beautiful karma.

At night when I disappear
what poem you will read?
In fast-running stream, your
croaking will not be heard.
Try to begin a dance of democracy.

Satish Verma

Failed

When I bring moon,
flower, will you simmer in
haemophilia?

A tall promise was
broken. To see or not to
see writing on wall.

What was the half-truth
which would change the color of
horizon at dusk?

Satish Verma

Failed God

Without pretension I try to dissect the truth
with a leap of faith,
which was a whole of me
and no outside fable.
The part ambition and part failure,
become a lump in the throat.
An intense enquiry starts with a shudder.

A crystal depth spills in cosmos, the words scream
you die for a chaste language.
The clarity of wing's span,
and the purity of essence.
Yet life repeats some relevant,
questions of unknown,
of livid pain and sorrow.

As preamble to witness
a sad demise of a vision,
shock of abandonment
of a dream of future intellect,
the valley of clouds suffers a set back.
The ambition collapses like a failed god.

Satish Verma

Failed Immortality

Blaze was coming to terms
with pyrotechnic cascade.
The dignity was emotionally drained out.

The persona turned to anima,
to find out the answer
for quality verdict.

A rogue mission had flattened
the brain. The piano man was dead
and climate was changing.

The safe, warm and wrapped up
seed, hiding in the mouth of a
drowned moon exploded in the silent

sea of telling thoughts.
A trembling tongue will spurt
out translated earth.

Satish Verma

Satish Verma

Failed Performance

For death of conflicts,
and conflicts of death,
the coming of cessation, I was waiting.
Tomorrow must come
before eternity,
that inness, I will come to terms with one day.

The absoluteness of certainties
creates a danger of half-truths.
An intelligent mind suffers _
in ther era of hoaxes and contradictions.
The happenings of existence
continue without dignity.

Hand-picked rainbow is dumped
face down in shallow creek,
drugged, raped and abandoned
to lose colours in water.
When the sky hangs on the shore
the blue sea sends the condolence.

The sharp cleavage of silicon breasts
weeps for a failed performance.

Satish Verma

Failing God

Onlooker to your own empty life, you try to conceal
it was not that simple, to confess in silence.
Pain was the first question,
I give no answer.
The smell of pungent sweat
and levitating incense are entwining in the air.

Seeking my own truth, I abandon the path
and fall upon lies.
The lofty drama of life unfolds.
I was not seeking any labels.
Devoid of sanity, the possessed people were dancing,
around the fire without flames.

Fear of infinity haunts me,
I must answer to myself
to solve the mystery.
Of the fragility of my existence,
amidst the sounds of stubborn, half-baked truths.
This is, therefore a part of my poem,
dedicated to a failing god.

Satish Verma

Failure

Sound of footfalls was drawing near;
the tiger has been set free.
In the wild landscape you need

some feverfew. Death was constantly
stalking to trade off the dolls in
lieu of sameness of the stones.

The shifting sand drips in the eyes.
Face to face we come near the blind
ruins of today, denying the questions.

Who was responsible for the dark
skulls in the ragbag and explosions
near the granite temples?

Your face was not on the poster, but
you write the lessons to interrogate
the past. The gods are not visible.

Satish Verma

Faint Vibrations

I want to be
eloquent, with myself?
to write a poem.

*

Do you have
a clean blade
as pure as a plum?

*

Not enough
were the seeds,
for green fingers.

*

A grivever?
comes back, to undo
the guilt of others.

Satish Verma

Faint Writing

You wanted to live
inside a shell
and step outside, in
a bowl of habits, sometimes,
nudging accumulated sins
to offset the aftershocks.
Tsunami is here to stay.

The crowd was swelling
lured by candles on the sea.
Each candle for one living grave
carried by each person on the head,
for the raging waves of life.
In one minute you will become a shadow
of long legs.

Satish Verma

Fainting Spell

Climbing
on the celestial pole,
did you come
for a lethal kiss?

Floating
in vacuity,
do you find some depth
in the black hole?

The wheels
move on stolen track
of an epic. You come back
to a dead sea-

for a swim. What looked pink
was not a flamingo
with a bent bill
held upside down.

Satish Verma

Fair Play

When God kings come?
down stealthily,
it is your waking time.

You had never counted the awards.
Refrained from watching the oblation.
When blood pooled on
the floor, you were holding
a love child of moon
and earth.

Do you think a collateral
damage will ensue, when you
chart out the trajectory of missiles?

The incredible ink will not
go dry on the tongue, when you
read a ghazal of indomitable
pen.

Today I climb a red
mountain to know my height.

Satish Verma

Fairy Dance

You wished a
talented end. When you
denied me, where

Was the wrong moon?
Like nightbird you birthed
an astral poem.

Plunged in bone?
deep, an arrow ejects a
rose from belly button.

Satish Verma

Fairy Rings

Immensity of deviation was exploding.
Abruptly my frail frame collapsed.
I did not know the answers. I was lost
in my inner sanctum, full of hollow escapes.

The ugly `ism' was devastating. Not in,
not out. I was blowing up in a burnt out moon,
pure as sin, prodding, writhing,
stuck in tar, melting in hot sun.

As a projection of inner violence, a psychopath
shoots an innocent on the temple, forsaken, revengeful.
No qualms for grazing the godhood,
the voice of sanity remains sitting on a toad stool.

The fairy rings are growing larger and larger,
sanaria shrinking. Epileptic paranoia overpowering
outside, I am sick, but relentless, the shadow disappears
in valley, down the memory. I let go the blurred spirit,
in a fit of rage, standing alone.

Satish Verma

Fairy Tale

The unwed moon
rowing like a swan on blue lake
after making love to silence.

Dignified shadows
walk on black beach
gathering white heels.

Only lunatics will sing
in shapeless lines.
Who cares for a sequence?

The milk of love
after the kids, in night
the moon was drinking nonstop.

Satish Verma

Faithful

Basking in brothels of mighty corridors,
who was seeking an annulment
of lemon grass for enquiring into the
genesis of mutilation?

It was a terrifying situation for
a smell, drifting on the tarrif of
polity when fingers were busy
to dig in the flesh of victims.

Cleric wants to dictate the rhyme
of poetry distilled from anger.
Hundreds of thousands of monarchs were flying
in defence of dementia. The age was awry of death.

Close your eyes and listen to the sound
of melting. Somebody is drawing the green blood.
Dismembered, I swagger barefoot
on the steps of black clouds to take revenge.

Satish Verma

Faithless Autumn

Bleak landscape
transcends its shoulders,
writhes in pain.
I praise the light for green haloes
and tall figures, which cast
long shadows on parched lips,
my world. The hot sand fills the eyes.
A palpable seizure shakes the horizon.

I drift like a dry leaf
on the winds of time
the perplexities of sand dunes
and dancing smoke.
What I was striving for all life?
A metaphorical silence
spends the energy of unspoken waking.
The rich decadence of things unhappened.

The occult rules the flesh
and the music of life dies.
The names start trading the tree,
full of flowers, inarticulately
to faithless autumn.
The twigs long for mother shape
the icons will swallow
the melting grief in vain.

Satish Verma

Faithless Hands

There were subtle declines,
still I opted for incompleteness.

A fierce battle was raging.
I think to start my descent

in roofless castle of mania
to watch the self-destruction of a landscape.

Thousands were squatting on mud tracks.
till the dead rise from their ice beds.

Ghostly hands were building the fire
to send the rivers in exile.

Hunger will decide the fate of the earth.
Man was playing with the sands.

Satish Verma

Fake Arrival

Gliding on the clover
you invoke the sky.

A tiger moth lands on the?
sweet viola to seek liberation.

You die to find a rival?
to cheat the moon.

Everynight a silver bleeds
to write your name on the stone.

What you dream, does not
become your neighbour.

You give a big hearty
laugh to frighten yourself.

Satish Verma

Fake Encounters

When the surveillance increased,
the curtains started
falling. You were ready to
start the dialogue with death
holding off your hunger.

Each face had its history
scripted on the forehead. Dark is
after all dark. You unroll
the night-black lace and
confront the moon.

Under the old banyan tree
a dream lies with limbs tied.
A mob smears the vermilion on its body
and then starts lynching it.
I have only one question.

Why were we towed on
wrong leads for tallest peak?

Satish Verma

Fall In November

Hurting myself
in piecemeal to reach
your meanings.

Paradise lost?
for one day, when the makeup
goes in flames.

I will be in sea,
when the valley burns deep
and a Digambara
finds the truth.

The mob was arranged
in place. Wasps had very
thin waists, but stings
were sharp.

The smile was
venomous. You will not
live to see the slaughter.

Satish Verma

Fall Of A Tender Doctrine

Talking of existence and being,
amidst chaos and misery
my heart aches. In truth,
I become a shred of broken
life. Your integrity at a price,
anything for sale.
How easy we are degenerating,
absent-mindedly we clamour for antidotes.

At least death is not corrupt,
when it eats the age
without a mask.
Seeing without eyes
was a great achievement,
I thought. With no thoughts
I watched the immensity
of truth. My choice always had a wet eye.

When the thinking becomes zero,
I enter from smile to grief
your glance penetrates the wall.
I stumble again in light,
lung filling with verses,
untitled. A moon is going
to be eclipsed very soon.
The fall of a tender doctrine.

Satish Verma

Falling

Something impossible would happen.
Truth was too much to operate,
life was easy with fakes.

Neither mortal pain, nor needles
would mend the wounds. The chasm
was deepening. And I stitch the orange lights
with the kisses of green tears.

For the punishment of disjointed commitments,
I dream of the killings
standing on the corpse of faith. The
obscene slogans raise the dust,

of hate crimes. The color of the race
was spreading, on bellies, on stones.
The night will bring spiralling comets
in the sky, burning and emptying
the pure.□

SATISH VERMA

Satish Verma

Falling Apart

A surreal religion comes, straight to altar.
The doubts shift, organise the intolerance.
Life looks deceitful and modesty goes awry.
The craft, the art, the maneuvering become sexed.
Sperms gauge the pathway.

The beauty of empty mind,
always delivers an eclectic music.
We search our hearts, the bared silence.
The death was creeping,
within the seeds and,
we were counting digital roses.
The pinnacle of vision was crumbling.

You squat on the cinders of untruths,
it was powerful dementia.
The denial of fire,
was your timeless perception.
The brain had ruined,
the realm of hard truths.
We were falling apart behind the curtains.

Satish Verma

Falling Bricks

From the blank book can I
lift some questions for the lofty hopes
when I lost myself near the home?

The fear was darting inside the white sores.
Keys were lost for the answers
and truth fell castrated.

The magic was fading from the cusps
of designs, unconceived thoughts were
seeking proportionate punishments.

Congeniality drifted from the
architect of hominid species. A nameless
storm plays havoc. Humble peaks bow

before the unmeasured meteors. You
can shut the orphanage now; no
bombs are bound for the wet crypts.

Satish Verma

Satish Verma

Falling Crumbs

The things which did not bother you,
like crossing the crowd unspoken.
Long pauses between the questions,
halting silences between frenzied wails.

Flesh stayed untouched by hand,
center of controversies.
I still speak noiselessly, for urgent whispers,
time for exit has come.

The fog now deepens in eyes
and then a cloud bursts.
Trickling, when you bend backward
to wet the floor of grass,
which stitches the earth.

Winds will not expose the naked skeleton
consciousness now hiccups
crumbs fall from the table.
It was not me
It was not me.

Satish Verma

Falling Debris

Purity of thoughts,
must limit the knowledge?

collective withdrawal from
the valley of words.

Each life you had changed
the bed, to meet the god, in different attires.

Hanged from the roof
to understand the pangs of poverty.

The unborn century will wait
for the collapse of identity.

Man has gone too far carrying
the burden of acoustics.

Satish Verma

Falling Falling

A translator hits the stop
a parable tells the million lies.

The spill was overflowing the walking fire,
dissenters were rising from seabed.

Looking inward I open a pathway
leading to home faraway.

Who will keep it contained, the smouldering
anger? The colossus was bleeding inside.

Cut moon, as the death walks between stars
into forgetful sky. Overnight it was red.

The necklace crosses a lake becoming
a swan's neck in tearing chains.

Satish Verma

Falling From A Precipice

In a chilly moment
a metaphysical shadow
descends.

I start studying in
granular detail, the substance?
cause and knowing.

The terrible. I become
an executioner; climb down
a tar pit to drown
the skulls of peers.

Everything goes in
circinate mode. A ball
of spines. You bleed,
you ache.

I want to go before
a firing squad, for not
remaining innocent.

Satish Verma

Falling Man

I take the big
space. Coming of age was
visible. Can you
bend the time?

An ant runs on
the mirror to land on the
moon. There was the cabal
to defame beautiful.

Violence, who will
control the uncontrollable.
We stand in mudslide
to reach mountain.

Steering blind, do
you know how to die
in moonlight, when god's conspiracy
of silence is uncovered.

Satish Verma

Falling Rubble

Numerical death
walks quietly in the ruins
of hubris and pride.

The neostrength of
the grass, goes for some aberration.
Wind stops at the gate of unknown.

It was not your fault.
We all were responsible
for the fall of grace.

The calculus of the rubble,
would not tell about?
the last words of fallen hero.

It imperils my belief,
when you wear a brace to?
tell the truth in dark.

Satish Verma

Falling Seed

This world was too much.
in him.
Sometimes he wanted
to go insane.
(He was talking to himself) .

He cared too much
of things and people around him,
but it splits
like a dry pod, the life,
in throes of running
to save a falling seed.

Yields his whole earned silence,
starts turning the pages
of a soiled book
lost in the attic of grief.

Satish Verma

False Accusations

Every night you become
an insect, crawl into
the bed and chew the lips of unknown,
listening to the music
of flowing blood.

Outside the slogans?
tear at you. It was a wound
night, the words, untouching the space,
go? straight into the echos,
without any halo.

So where did you sink in
defiant orange of the sea,
while turning back from your designed
path? Another terrorist's sexism
was on play?

There were no barnacles, no
frog mimicry. I silent walk into
the arena to find the length of
the caravan.

Satish Verma

False Boundaries

I again went for the goldfish.

One day I took you, in the
night sky, rubbing on the
sea, under an ebony moon.

The roasted munching in
fabricated letters for
the orgiastic drill.

Why one always becomes
sadistic in self- torture,
the drifting among tombs-

of broken words, in our
maligned ink? The clear
path suddenly becomes invisible.

I again hear the sobbing of
a trembling ghost of past.

Satish Verma

False Ceiling

You wanted tranquility
clean and sane,
scudding at persona
impact.

Some thinking disorder?
You start cutting yourself.

Collecting the body parts.

Yellow jasmine. I will know that
I do not know the fields of hate.

When your world falls apart,
what I would do.

Every day
I dig up a sin
with a knife.

Satish Verma

Faltering Tongue

He did not want anything
after the sex and death of a protagonist.
Rebuffed and sliced through the body,
the onus was left on toxic mix.

He died in deprivation, in intensity
of hunger and fluidity of thirst.
The quartet of grenades stretched too far
the indemnity of shell shocked apostles.

A clan lost the sense of hearing.
A mystic odyssey of massacre, raising
the doubt of gifts in heaven. The starchy
statements and commands scattering.

Satish Verma

Fangs

Crossing the hate walls,
turning up the severed moon in stunning
landscape, you scatter the rose petals on ice.
One day I will find your frozen footsteps
of self-denial.

Now he has made the lines of stem cells free
for nymphs. Double helix will make the new Barbie dolls.
The cruel thing builds the dredged gravel difficult
to swallow on a price. I don't have bricks to
make a house of love.

His picture now hangs in the street. The
white smile no longer sails to wrestle with sun.
Stark naked, my luck now grips the black rock
of golden sleep. I will come back with
new moonrise.

Satish Verma

Fangs Open

Aghast at the?
burning brutality and domination
of the glaring sun, I will
ask the moon, when will
it release the hormones.

A palm size,
unscripted poem, struggles
to come on the surface;
pulled between the moon
and the sea.

The libidinal instinct,
overtakes the activist. A newly
minted face throws the shadow;
equivocal. The traffic of
poppies will freeze in the tracks.

Here are the keys and
there were the locks.

Satish Verma

Fantacies

In starless night to-
think of you, watching the
moon dying away.

Downy mildew on lips,
like the secret killing
without a sword.

Libidinous
encounter with a spark
for honey-bee.

Satish Verma

Fantasies

Leaving a bloody trail?
moon jumps into lake in hurry.
Sun knocking on doors.

Existing without
the soul, was a fatal mix
of lips and hamlock.

You write your name
on the decapitated moon
declaring a war.

Fireflies now dip
the sparks in your eyes, which
will become blue poems.

Satish Verma

Fantasies And Myths

Bleeding the planet
between life and death.
O invisible, in time and pain
I want you.

Telomere? the capping
has failed. My genes are shrinking..
The acid burnt face still
smiles behind the fingernails.

The spurious drugs will
not allow you to pass away. Lip service
was too fallacious. You never
knew how difficult it was to die.

The night dissents. Day has
many upheavals. You stand alone
in tall grass to count the flames
engulfing the sunset.

Satish Verma

Far And Wide

The night poem
crucial
was the breast-feed
the train whistles by

the thugs squirm
no waylaiding now
in the dark hour
till the moon rises

the drag queens
are out to collect
the marbles
would you play the chess?

faithfall will spring
a surprise becoming
god himself
do not tell any prayer?

Satish Verma

Far From Touching

From uncultured to
subcultured, I was made to?
feel responsible.

My coffers remained
empty. The nightmares had
squirreled away my peace.

And I was always
steeling for a reply. Embracing
the dark woods for support.

Everyday you changed
the mask to become innocent,
separating the sparks from the ash.

Paralysed like sea?
anemone without water. The
sea had receded in haste.

Satish Verma

Faraway

How much you can carry,
carving a deep gorge
during last rites
of a river?

It was a skunky remain
of the civilized terrain
gone berserk.

Oh pilgrim, don't come
again to wash your feet
in the snow of
painted storks.

Hiding behind the tattoos
my raw galaxy perspires
climbing the graveyard
of old songs.

Satish Verma

Farewell

They will not allow the assisted suicide.
The beetles; fiery and drunk.

After the betrayal of arithmetic,
the spiral staircase.

Fireflies set foot on the skies
to measure the darkness.

The fire between us, of burning fat,
of thousand years, terrifies me.

Moon bleeds on grass, I prick the
voice of the hugging earth.

The salt of the lips now hurts
it was your parting kiss, O sun! ☐

Satish Verma

Farewell, Hummingbirds

Soft night.
I wanted to outlive
the waiting?
for rendezvous.

A lesser god,
will not erase the path
of infinity, reaching
grey zone.

The tragic half
of timeless time would
witness the slaughter
of helpless faith.

Keep me in your
prayers. I would ask
the beautiful mind.

Who favours the great
sun eclipse, when
the creator becomes created?

A sick feeling ensues when
the temperature rises in deep sea.

Satish Verma

Farther Away

To disconnect oneself
you push apart, from the stasis,
like flesh from the bones.
Coming home becomes dreadful
when you discover yourself.

A dark energy impels you
in a cosmos which was drifting
towards eternity. A fight between
space & time ultimately settles
for a second life.

Paralysed mind goes into dementia.
A riverbed, waterless, where you can dig out
the ancient marbles, edifice of a great flaming past.
It was obscene. At a hunger meet
tables were set with delicious cuisine.

Satish Verma

Fastening

Identity ravaged in snow dust;
now I am writing my name
in water.

It was not my time,
not yours. We play like
saddened kids today -

under wounds of stars.
I beseech the sky to wash
the tainted roses.

Where do I go now, to find
the stolen kisses of moon -
after I was sick of hot sun.

Take away all the blue letters
from my sleeves. I have
dropped the links.

Satish Verma

Fate Of Man

The roses you bring every morning
become an interval between hope and ending.
Thinking about it, impulsively I
contradict God against humanity.

Little murder here and there
of nihilism, sweet smell of faith,
taking any road to reach the climax,
to die for the zeroism.

An outsider becomes the altered hero,
you would find the unimaginable,
lamenting and bleeding, blunting
the eagerness, the spark.

We will inherit the crowned homes,
the brief interlude between crime and award.
The mud, the water, the slugs
will decide the fate of man.

Satish Verma

Fate Of The Key

Watching the charred remains
of the toys
you want me to search for another house.
Eventually I decide
to go for a voiceless door.

Who was calling whom?
Eternity hurts me.
I want to come to a stop,
pause for the evening
and climb up the hearse.

A howl is waiting for me
to engulf me in myself.
The blind statement will sit as a judge
and decide the fate of the key.
I cannot open the lock!

Satish Verma

Father's Day

Lashing out at invisible enemies
you focus on virtue test –

putting the ethics into incarceration,
when you ask to dip the hand

in boiling oil. Epiphany, a magnus
tells, gives a sensual arousal.

Without you I was fighting
graffiti on no-name lips.

The green eyes were watching. A
terse detergent suicide.O my

architect, what game you are playing
with a child who refuses to become a father.

Satish Verma

Fatigue Of Wasted Years

The wheels find,
the track on my body,
why do I shiver & tremble?
The night gives me the depth,
a grim reminder of realism.
The consortium of thorns,
the splinters float in my eyes.

The dignified seizure,
takes hold of your body
your mind writhes,
under the surface.
You hold head in agony.
Waking is more painful.
Is it worth that?
The biography celebrates,
the death of a god.

The negative virtue and,
upright truth clash,
in midst of worst weather.
The red tongue gives,
the hot sermons.
Fatigue of wasted years,
weigh heavily on my arms.

Satish Verma

Fault Line

The template had the fault,
I was buried alive.
Brick by brick they erected the cell
around me.
I could see only the reflection
of a moon at night
in my glass of water.

During the day sun peeped through the cracks,
was hurting and very disturbing,
forming a skull and crossed bones
on the walls.

I watched a piece of sky
as a hub of pallisades.
I planted a word in that hole.

After one seed, there were many
echoes. Starting in the distant hills.
I was rising in red fog.

Satish Verma

Faultlessly

Trending like a
dog walker, the disheveled
moon, comes out
from the cocoon, to welcome
the new year.

This was a flash point
of pure sulphur,
to steal the kisses in rose valley
of violence.

And you stand at crossbones
to kill, or get killed.

The leader climbs down
to sin, to predate
the celebration of womb's disaster.

Earth trembles
in anticipation. A merciless
shreak comes out from the
man-of-war.

Satish Verma

Fealty

Doing nothing, for no
obvious reason, engaging
the travails of self-watch, I do
not want to confront the propensity
of withdrawal.

The elder pain blooms, again
like Ipomea. Will not stand the
bright sun's gaze, I will sail?
out between the blackened
teeth and stammering
words.

It sucks, the female snake.
The phloem, the flora. A tree kills
its own birds. Cannot ambulate
tender promises. A stricture
chokes the poem. Double-
edged truth lifts the weight.

Moon knows the art of giving.
Sends the blood tears.

Satish Verma

Fear

It was fear and anguish.
You were talking about evil. Returning
evil to evildoer. I touch your psyche.
I am not happy. Some thing is burning inside.
Dehumanizing the death? Betraying the muse of god?

The ending fo hidden mist and sick bedrooms,
I am counting the parameters. There is a moral pride
in humane slaughter and annexing the smile.

Sun is again coming under eclipse. Light is
growing fainter. I am again afraid of darkness.
Night of shadows and running midgets. They
prolong the agony. I turn towards the earth
for the impromptu music of life.

Satish Verma

Fear And Love

Way beyond I will
come, to accept a farewell
invite, being mortal.

*

To honor god we love
fire, like molten lava shooting
out from earth's mouth.

*

Tiny drops of frozen
tears on cheek. The bruised time
bribes all corrupts.

Satish Verma

Fear Of Losing Someone

Your memory returns
to listen to waterfall
and watch sunset.

Body speaks to soul,
interpreting eternity.
Something doesn't die.

Whom to call in dark
when you blow-off the lantern?
Hail the arrow man?

Satish Verma

Don't Kill the Moonlight 7 October 2018

Dying inch by inch
to catch you between the poems
before night ends.

Life changes words
without sounds and vowels.
You will not find truth.

Create a wound
for me to print image
of fall from honeycomb.

Satish Verma

Featureless And White

This night of the long vigil
has betrayed my soul.
Columns of smoke arise
from the landscape of shrines.
There is no need now,
to sing the praise of oblique wars.
Truth has made
a big dent in my heart.

The tears of the bronze statue won't stop,
they are mixed with blood.
Its pain for pain hurts the flesh.
Orphaned kids move in a circle,
their parched lips in silent prayer.
Remains of bread crumbs strewn on road.

The stench rises from the trash.
A face swims,
of our demolished culture.
Even the vultures are gone.
The dead and living start talking.
Tainted blood flows in dead veins.
Featureless & white.

Satish Verma

Feeding Silkworms

Living in a different
reality. You wanted to confuse
the honeybees. They were dying in large
numbers. There was frantic search
for the skullcaps. Power
of the crowd was on display.
The stingers were on prowl.

Again the mountain
slips. The terrain becomes pathless,
placeless. So where to sit with a mirror?
A tulip garden has arrived
for inquisition. Are you ready
to surrender your cloaks? The
public servants will make an inventory.

The day dreaming does not stop.
I wait. The best is yet to come.

Satish Verma

Feeding The Past

I take me,
in the whirlpool of bridges
for a nonprofit.

Gathering on rocks
begins. Moonlight reads
quickly, the faces.

I would not give you
my speech, my blindness.
Become mute like the call of
a mountain.

A broken cry will save
the poetry, the river,
the sea.

An old adage brings
the solace.
Somewhere a truth sings.

Satish Verma

Feel Of Sharing A God

It should not have happened
this way, or that way,
rendering breathing difficult
in the intense smoke of misunderstanding.
The granite wall between the doors!

You grope through a thicket of words
crossing the centuries of hate.
Sun, no sun settles for the hope
of a slain blankness, to properly
heave, a sigh after the childbirth of truth.

All the dead white bones, jutting out
from the ancestral incompleteness of
forgetfulness of man to accept gracefully
the suffering of neighbourhood. The very
feel of sharing a god.

You are what you are not
I am not, what I am.

Satish Verma

Feeling Hot

It was middle noon
on the deserted street.
Nobody will come out
to greet the sun.

You will lift the fallen leaves
to soften the blow,
corrupting the morality
crouching in the shadow.

A slumber was needed
to get the head shaven.
Touching the dust,
the heat, the winds.

Dig a sinking hole
deep in the heart.
It will suck all your tears
all your salt.

Satish Verma

Feeling The Terror

You want more charity
from poor, collecting moon seeds
to brighten black walls.

*

My eyes become
lakes, you would walk in moon, when
monologue ends.

*

Why dip your fingers
in blood of sacred book
and drawing two wings?

Satish Verma

Felling A Tree

It was the intense
pain, when you turned suddenly
to watch the queen's dilemma.

Seldom you go for
apartheid. What was the space
between the grains?

Roll up your sleeves
and walk out the door to meet
the snake charmer in light.

A sliver supports
the kiss of unaltered agony and
that human touch saves life.

A flock of birds
commits suicide, crashing
on the fractured faith.

Satish Verma

Femina

It was the frontal assault
of brutal summer.
I waited for the rain
to come and fall on my neck.

There was no grief
between the aches.

In starlight, flitting
around in bushes,
fireflies,
you take me in twilight.

The vernacular nirvana
begins, till my moons squeeze.

It was not a stabbing
wound, to be picked up
by a poem in distress. Light
on light will speak

of femineity in dark.

Satish Verma

Fencing

Scouring, the unmarked
silences?
for the invisible executions.

My name was
on top, for exclusion
from the list.

Now you can read the
applicant's account
under the sun's fault.

A thrill of terror
runs through the buds.
A celebration will stop the words.

There was no other
way, to know the pink of
a dying rose.

Satish Verma

Fermenting Mind

A desire spews the rocks.
Between two moments
lies my body.

Learning the first alphabet
of violence. I fail myself
in the lily pond.

Statues and inscriptions
were me. I had become
the god of doubts.

A disembodied faith
overtakes my senses,
I float between the words.

The humming
starts from a formless bee.
The everpresent honey drips.

Satish Verma

Fever Rising

What is the thing of poverty,
of frozen pain,
fury under the snow,
between fire and rain?

You come on the surface
to breathe, douse with petrol
and show off a flame. A slum of emotions
burns with rage.

The masses in the garden
play with a fountain. The screams
bloom into a scam. A dead blue peace,
except the tears obscene.

I am in fear. The pillow was used
to choke the ripples were
spreading. Wheels were broken. A child
in a womb cries.

Satish Verma

Fever Returns

Death wil wash
the feet of truth.
Grass, where the blood spilled
has gone for sale.

A pink eye stalks
the night in dark
humility. You know
moon was rising.

A melting pot rips
apart the ghost.
Besottled I celebrate
the arrival of flames.

Thirsty, you throw the
ice cubes on the ramp.
Butterflies are going to
visit the altar.

Satish Verma

Few Points

Write me a poem,
under the flickering candle.
Moon will not come tonight.

*

I was very sad today.
Could not find the vault
where I had kept your prints.

*

Not far from the lake
where we used to walk,
a blue bird has arrived.

Satish Verma

Fierce Mooning

Trotting along; fighting death -
with delaying techniques.
Chemo had failed.

Weeping Ashoka, how do I
name you differently?
I may not see you again.

I am hurt, very badly.
Absolutely rooted, firmly
in autumn. My leaves were falling.

Pushing back the interface
between smiles and tears;
the trespasser goes to moon.

It was traditional,
garlanding the poet-
who had killed his muse.

Satish Verma

Fighters At Large

A nebula rises unfazed after fission:
after a fractured debate, greed crouching on
the wrinkled noses of rugged bouncers.
In remote history someone was burning itself out.

A black eye surges forward, sings an ode to
championship. Ankles swell up. Veins become
jelly. The thyme is absent. Stink bellows on
your faces. The green pond becomes red; tragedy of wounds.

Speaker in bloody silence quotes the black sun
out of despair. Everything was in disarray.
In mating of souls flesh flew in rage;
a pink river swamped the inmates of tomorrow.

Enough! Time marches on the dead leaves of sorrow.
My candle burns at both ends. Alien moons
keep a watch. Bloodlines are obliterating. We
seek the graves of unknown soldiers!

Satish Verma

Fighting One Another

What was your dharma
while sharing an occult?
A weird thought flees
from the landslide of eyes
to find an alter ego.

Half home was not
needed. A blue lake freezes.
I will never ask you to come back.
Let the sun melt all the dreams.

The littered words
start anarchy. You cannot
pick the vague meanings of
wild verbalism. Moon sinks
in sea to lick the wounds.

I feel a presence.
Jessamine's smile.
A bright planet was going to
take birth. Nobody wants
to be left behind. I take the pen.

Satish Verma

Finally Injured

What you did not know
was the resilience
of tulips.

The riots start
in colors, earnestly. A violent
outburst of the theme of surrender
before dawn.

You kiss the irises,
blue, violet and crimson
for nominalism.

The vision emboldens?
the wounds, the slit throats?
to come again for guillotine.

A sliding blade
with promise to kill,
will not move.

Satish Verma

Fingerprints

There was no final
truth in half-lies. When
you were hunting moon,
I was talking to myself in trance.

You were different,
but obstinate, I survived
your savagery.

Like a castaway after
fighting with my gods, I am
preparing my own tomb.

Holy wars were a great fun.
With changing tribes
and casts, you couldn't spell a mantra.

A lip-lock with death, was
blackening the tongue of sun
you will not stand on beach.

No virtue left in featherless flight.

Satish Verma

Fire And Straw

Lovers of death were on prowl:
nothing was words
were bouncing back. Quotes by the fire
had stripped down the carnage. More
bombs in courtyard and hope was confronting
death. Few branded names were causing
rift in the ranks and I must forget
about the waterboarding too.

After the outrage you would not trust
them to govern themselves. The towns were
still sleeping accustomed to the knocks
on the doors. The water birds were not
coming this winter. Smoke and fire. Sound
and fury with flashbacks of flood of red streams.
I was tumbling down beyond challenge.
With message of menace they will do no wrong!

SATISH VERMA

SALT PLUNGED □ 17 January 2009

Seizing the fire after hidden sorrow
predicted the synchronized slaughter of
the river, bodies were being ditched
secretly. The sparkle of waves was murderous.

Blue wings of tall dangers dodged
between war and hatred. The golden
face of a child was smeared with blood.
You carry a moth to be burned on a flame.

The black rose hangs in balance,
against the red cross. A sea of white ants
was entering into a microchip to eat the
months of prayer. Nation's crimes were

pinned for troops to turn the gold

into dust. Catch my hand if you grieve
for the lost mother carrying the child
of century for burial.

Satish Verma

Fire Game

An ocean floods
your eyes. Flares the wound
of words. There was no friend.

Across the borders,
nameless horses run to win
the race. There were no masters.

Let it go. The time,
I forget myself and start
searching the other self.

Will you walk
with me in snow? To locate
the buried hand of the butcher?

Tonight I will
become a priest to write
on the walls of love flame.

Satish Verma

Fire In Chains

An earthly love, wears the sun
to collect Delpheniums, the larkspurs
made of blue color of your eyes.

I had given your name
to the crazy black rose for all time.
Moon starts fading after the night.

Wherever we go, hydrangeas
mopheads of purple, pink blue colors
come as strangers to meet us.

Satish Verma

Fireballs

The flame singed
the absolute reality.
Every spark connects.

Knives were out.
Hopping towards fiery end,
you walk into the lake.

Provoking a crime
for self, you draw the circle,
become blue moon.

Satish Verma

Fireflies

A pagan will search for antiparticles
after a collective wrong:
some tantric will throw up the smoke rings
before the poean starts.
Come, stand beside me,
sadness is going to find me again

on the oak tree. A hairy spirit climbs up
to give a call of a touch wood for a voyager.
The viscera has been packed for the
final verdict of a forensic lab.
Now I have nowhere to go
between myself and truth.

It might not end, the poor conversation
between life and death.
The eyemask saves the guilt of sleepless
nights at old punctuations. Makes
the words ferocious for the lamenting cause.
From tree to tree the fireflies swing.

Satish Verma

Fireworks

The tiger in the woods
waits.

You play with blue tits
in backyard
hiding the insects.

I have become?
clean, absolutely empty
like a dry well.
Will you fill me with
brine?

You wear saffron
I go green.

Tell me how you dance
on the flames?

Satish Verma

First Step Of Creativity

When insects were crawling
dreams had contradictions,
a sudden dropp in temperature
brought the quantum touch.

Ending of the grief
or grief of ending
rejected every intact truth
and death was trailing behind the candle.

Fear and agony were following
the footfalls of night
Blindness was weaving a broken moon.
The time will not be answerable for any plight.

Corners of childhood brighten up
for sweet nothings
I adore the fallen god,
he was inhaling the earth.

Satish Verma

First Words

Tie the knot with my mortgaged life –
I have started the self-descent.

Don't leave me alone –
I have to unload some debts.
It was very disturbing. I have again forgotten
my alphabet and become illiterate.
Your consent is must
for starting a new journey.

I am neither afraid, nor worried
but fever is rising, like a flood
and ridge was collapsing.
The death was unknown to me –
it will come one day as a guest
and stay with me forever.

Times have rattled me enough
and sword hangs from the roof.
Why do I dream such?
The dichotomy between gold and lies
will start one day. I cannot go back
to my dilapidated house where I met the first words.

Satish Verma

Fish Ladder

Like a snake
it moves.
My poem.

You are not, what you were
in the night, lightning
the grey moon.

I hear, what you
did not say or did?
not think.

Even dark
forebodings, move like red
ants, from the slit eyes.

I cover the faults
via songbird, which
was calling, desperately,
unwaitingly.

Satish Verma

Fixed Flux

Looking beyond the window
I always wanted to shut my eyes.
No sky could hold my head.
I didn't want to see the innocent smiles
vanishing from the moulded faith.

The smell of burning leaves waftes through
the catacomb of dead thoughts.
The time does not spare any overflow of poetry.
Life extracts its price of tomorrow.

Nothing will change. People will laugh,
weep and mourn. A candle for those
who jumped from minaret of silence. A
bonquet for them who died on waves.

I will hide the kernel under the mud
by stealth One day amongst the
spikes a pink spirit will rise. A double landmark
for death and dust.

Satish Verma

Flagellation

Would you remain
you, after the time lapse?
There was no terror.

I could not change
you. Death to me. Scarred
in your courtyard.

Moon shot failed.
Petals of blood rose fly. I
hear some footfalls.

Satish Verma

Flame

What shall I write
from the empty, desolate heart,
when every word is being scraped?

You want to clean the mess
of a lifetime,
yet labour brings loneliness
and you inherit
the depth of a problem.

A thought which has no ending.
A constant battle with yourself
in the bleak winter of age.

One by one they have died,
Your invisible gods.
The vast landscape
of knowing the truth
still remains unconquered.

Pursue you must for the sake of moment
a flame which has no heat!

Satish Verma

Flames

You went blank on the line
between sand and water,
between seizure and assault.
The tribes have unwrapped their torches,
they are coming in numbers.

Who was going on trial?
Fierce fidelity is demanding vendetta.
The drummer announces the fight.
Justice parts the lips for
peace against tragedy!

The golden voice caves in.
Time moves as a profane octopus -
suckers clasp on the vital stomata.
Green blood oozes from eyes.
The truce was transient.

Childless earth throws up the flames.

Satish Verma

Flames Of Song

Tonight moon will write a poem
on my hand
about an almond love.
I find a breeze.

Nightmare: I was caught stealing words
from your lips, a lark
flies into death, paralyzed
by peace!

I will have the baby, I cried
at the insult to a rape
of truth, after the brawl
Pyramid was not made in a day.

Who slept in the arms of ambers?
Look, it was an atomic illusion of a guilt
of centuries. Time walks with bowed head
like a blind man.

Baked brown in heat of wars like
a salted pistachio, perched high on dry
grass, a swallow watches the rising
lake with no stones floating.

Satish Verma

Flares

There was no secret
among mountains.
Clouds were their adopted siblings.

*

Only the rain drops
were dancing.
The mounts stand still.

*

I beg your leave.
The spring has invited.
I have to meet the yellow blooms.

Satish Verma

Flawed Moments

Listen to wind in
dark. I was hurting myself
not to kiss black rose.

*

There was blood under
the eyes for writing unknown
truths about a fall.

*

Time was not for myths.
The traveler resumes journey
to meet failed god!

Satish Verma

Flawless

Like walking on coal dump
coming of age.

Magnifying the blackness
of a miner's hands.

Excavating a long burrow
to feed the pain.

A muffled cry and you
locate a bound sea.

A clear moon was rising
as a witness to this atrocity.

A classic dance of an
angry god to show the presence.

Satish Verma

Flesh And Bones

Signs versus shadows in city
of reasons burst amnion.
White cranes manipulate black clouds,
smudge the nomenclature.

I want to become deaf
in grazing blasts. Young lovers
dance on machetes; nifty wounds
of red alpines.

Thieves loot the basket of zodiac,
death on tall trees.
Even the grief has enemies,
for another farewell to sky.

You could hear the finger tapping
on the empty belly of little girl
from the broken childhood, not allowed
to scream loudly.

Will the sanity grieve on the charred
remains of a virgin, in the exiled home
of a brave truth? Then two little hands
will thump again in fog?

Satish Verma

Flickering

A chalky midnight
I wait for the sound of
flapping winds.

A celestial embrace
with your duality.
Are you wearing my shoes?

The blood wears a coat
of dreadlocks. I
want to return to my soul.

Will not touch you
but always think about
the dialect of contours.

A death wish of a mountain
flower was to shed the seeds
in the lap of a dandelion.

Satish Verma

Flickering Curtain

Circles under the eyes
becoming darker?
perforating the disaster
of moons.

The arcs will take a trajectory
going nowhere. Cannot reconcile with the
untouched depths of
failures.

Not enough was night?
rest, for death's pain.
Faraway the toes will meet
the pulse of glassy lake.

Defiant brows will come in
defence of the fight against tall
lies. You want to act till
the end of the play.

I do not sleep.
I do not move.
Waiting for the bell to go.

Satish Verma

Flickering Dream

It was your
integrity

at the time of ubiquitous pain
of separation, you want to move the home
away from home

coming
to terms with the trauma
your shadow was not following you

playing dead
nuzzling the earth, racing to fill
the void, entering the truthlessness

this world
of violence, of mayhem, of self-betrayal,
the flags are not able to cover the nudity

Satish Verma

Flight Of The Lost Bird

Why were you impersonal,
redeeming from blues
by blues?

Your shadow shrinks
under the moon, when you
are speechless, and set free
by unsaying.

In the mauled
pink dreams, you cannot keep your
eyes the
sorrow speaks.

Sometimes you undo
the cobwebs, failing to trap
the beautiful words and
start groping.

Have you listened to
nightingale's song? It becomes
restive and panic-stricken
when the call is not returned.

Satish Verma

Flirting

Half-mooned I have left the envy.
The basic instinct of lesser love
for my failing god.

Come to me, my cloaked enemy,
a sweet lover of pain
in the milky hours.

Mother of seeds was far away
and you wanted to suck on the
pollen from the wings of honeybees.

Soft and cruel, I cannot leave you
nor I can abandon the post.
The war cry was coming nearer.

Was it a virginal drink to –
placate the lips of a flame?
Time will never know the ultimate.

Satish Verma

Flowering

To find the
essence of nothingness
you need to play a bluff.
The birthmark will come
without motherhood.

It lacks a commitment of
fatherless progeny. The stigma
arrives later when you meet
the moon at night.
I don't defend the puritan's version.

It was natural. Are we returning
to a thinking tree where parakeets
are nesting? The illegitimacy
of bold argument needs the
blessings of the birch.

Satish Verma

Flowering Of The Thought

Belonging
to unbelonging
was becoming a method
exploring the path.
In the backyard unpleasant fumes
were rising.

Nocturnal swoop of enlightenment,
clearly becomes a festival
of yellow death.
Who was hiding the truth?

Flowering of the thought in sky
ripens cessation of grief.
Slopes and summits,
bring tears in eyes.

Solace of ancestral home
was gone. Bold ceilings were hung by ungodly fears.
Wet hands lift the body of past,
classical future was gleaming slowly.

Satish Verma

Flowery Path

I will return you
to yourself in the twilight
of waning moon.

No more we will speak
in dark, to read the message
of holy night in pain.

A long way to reach
you in misty thoughts after the
priest breaks the vowels.

Something was certainly
wrong. Coffin was on way to
pick up the vessel.

Satish Verma

Flute Was Quiet

Will not find like you.
Why do you bring
god in every symphony?
Pain heightens the silence.

The soloist smiles.
Will you wear a night belt
and walk on the moon
to gather the footprints of
first crime?

All I know was, nothing
is pure like sands. It doesn't
want to become stones.
Do you want to stand against
them in metropolis?

A song for you. You
come again to smother the
burning poem.

Satish Verma

Flutey Silence

Light the candle, I
fed creepy in the grey
night of terror.

Fear overtakes.
Heartbeats reach crescendo.
Is it end of charm?

The riot begins
in dim moonlight. Who burns
the coat on the hills.

Satish Verma

Fluting

Time unleashed from ferrum
becomes pain
like a palm moon.

A tableau vivant was gliding
on the road.
It was a night of rage.

A frozen scene
undulates the history of fire
in the eyes of a flute.

Who was breaking
the clouds
wading in reeds?

Satish Verma

Flying Beard

like ether, permeating all space
mesmerizing,
he walked away, head of his enemy
in his hand,

like a trophy?
frighteningly orangish
a decapitated body shudders.

The holy war
demands its price of a joke.
The face of red and blue.

A terrible reminder of a snaky past
that kills the puppets. The hands
dance in air.

The irreparable, pink wounds
bleed, sweat smoke
of death?

SATISH VERMA

Satish Verma

Flying Glass Shards

The mess you made, was
apocalyptic.
How the debris streaks
like a fireball.

The blood becomes
a sheer truth.
Moist, sticky on
your hands.

Up in your sleeves
the past had planted
many wrecks,
You will not be able to retrieve.

The burnt-out roses
emit a beautiful odour.
The phoenix rises again
from the colored ash.

Satish Verma

Flying In Dark

Meeting my twin soul?
for the first time,
in abeyance of any evidence.

Cutting myself?
to know the truth of undoing
of a voodoo in random
violence.

Why you had many different
lives to lead a client?
heritage, paying debt of
wronged dreams?

While lying to yourself,
you fell in trap and moved
away from yourself?

I will be seeing
my counterpart daily in my
thoughts to solve the global puzzle.

Why didn't I bite the Apple?

Satish Verma

Flying Straight

Trembling,
you whisper? like an aspen
in self doubts.
No words were coming
no rhymes I heard.

I was here beside an angel
for honey bites.
No tears had flown,
no veils were drawn.

As I asked for nothing,
you give me bit by bit
the grains of truth, filtered
by extreme pain.

Am I not playing
a gamble? Sneering the
ashes on god stones, to bring
you back, my religion,
my faith.

After all I measure you
as the peacock flies.

Satish Verma

Flying The Names

There was no raised
plaque.

Rituals of resuscitation
had failed. Something to lift
from your paintings. I wanted
everything of you.

Not touching the
death cookies. I prepare myself
to witness the?
bread breaking.

There were no tears,
no pangs. No agony.
Peace.

Was it true that you
were no more you
whom I gave my vision?
my lungs, my pen.

Were you jinxed?
I would never know.

Satish Verma

Flying Woes

The cat was finally
dead.
After a professional cut.

An infant injury
of the cadaver, will not speak

of the dead river, of elegy.

No life?
after the rite of passage.
You are confined in a coffin
buried in ice?
in north and south.

The space shrinks
between the screams.
A syncope overshadows the moon.
The howling starts.

Satish Verma

Fly-Trap

You are not me.
It was not gentle,
it was not sweet.
It was fire in the glass.

One yellow rose was opening up
in a very bright night.
I was shivering
under the leafless shade of hawthorn.

One surrogate mother
picks up the wormholes.
One tendril oscillates
to entwine the lover.

Stealthily, the sad moon slides
into the big bosom of clouds.
My eyes now search,
the bared, Venus fly-trap.

Satish Verma

Foeticide

Ends did not meet, like beginnings,
fact was insulted by fiction:
the newborn stuns the God.
Drop by drop
life drips from ankles.

Desolation takes advantage,
forgets the path, becomes self-centered.
Dialect changes, to taste the foul
heritage,
cadaver breaks the glass jar.

Foeticide of a flute, overnight
the soft face becomes dark. Orange moon
floats like an empty boat.
Waves burn
for the sake of swollen lids of time.

The essence of lies weaves a theme
a skull rolls down on a slide
laughing like sin of omissions.
Night screams.
A hot sun glows from the window.

Satish Verma

Foetus Was Not Moving

The mood-lifters
you will need, when
night falls and the poems
start howling.

The crisp massacre
of golden dreams, and you
start disposing off the defunct philosophy.

The myths of heaven
and hell, causing the colossal
anxiety. A dog walks past
a dead body, near the burned temple.

This is the world apart, where
you opened the book for
an eye you suck the images.

The pebble in the pond
starts water was left
to wash the dirty idols.

Satish Verma

Fog Lets You Go

History repeats. You are
drifting away from point of return.
Life cries hurt, in eyes of Venus.

The golden gate of love
swings back to flames of
lovebirds want to be caged.

The sensuality of moon preens
before the broken mirrors. Time takes
revenge. After pause sun comes up slowly.

Satish Verma

Fogging

Walk rosie, walk on the serrated thorns;
exiting the blue abyss, shamelessly a baby god climbs

a salt mountain, incantatory, flicks
through: cranberry, cranberry it was the end of beginning,

the whole, was in peril, bits flying, licking
the toes, upending the truth, cracks appearing one by one

the attic was full of portraits, atrium empty, the
blue landscape latched to windows, a sick air map,

pseudomonas again attacking the viscera, festering,
a roadshow full of blisters, ribbed easily, climbing

on the poles to get a look at queenbee, pretending
to replace the beyond, we will remain faithfull.

Satish Verma

Foggy Night

A machine pain,
scripts the name secretly,
intones the verdict.

*

I don't need,
to prove it, like the man
who sells the dreams.

*

Privacy interrupted,
I have come out in open,
to commit the god.

Satish Verma

Food Was Left On The Plate

For you
I am walking on rocks
holding unburnt match sticks,
you want me to throw them
behind me.

To step down in lake
for washing sins
from the snuffed out
skylights.
Between green and blue I climb on leaves.

Remained pygmies
till end,
in frail human relationships.
All that we saw, was only for ourselves
in questions and replies.

Wasting shine of titles,
followed by empty looks.
Nothing remained to be said.
Food was left on the plate
untouched.

Satish Verma

Foolish Sparks

You will see and will
not see, at the same moment;
the son of moon,
and daughter of earth?
not meeting at the horizon
of lids.

The hole in the back
of skull was widening. An
atheist becomes a Greek God,
edged out after a heart wrenching
departure.

A trail of blood follows,
after the sharp words pierce
your poems. Dying in pieces,
becomes a daily ritual.

To be different was
very painful, like white mushroom
turning back to black soil.
Who will walk in the footprints of light?

Satish Verma

Footfalls

It was in you,
the beast.
Reading your private thoughts:
tribal instinct-
to gather tools.
Dwindling belief.

You are left high and dry
after the deluge receded.
A big fire
erupted in your house
to burn you alive.

Footfalls of disquieting roar
breaks the empty silence.
So thin was the salty air,
it spewed the fire.
Death of the moment.

You sit down on the rocks
outside your body
and start counting
the winks.

Satish Verma

Footprints In Dark

Diplomacy of inconstancy
unmeets the urgency. Aura
of brilliance was falling in your feet.

After the death, it was not a name,
only a frozen moved backward
swiftly, to find out the footprints in dark.

Winter was becoming harsh and
less meaningful. A weak muscle brokers
a peace for dewdrops on rose petals.

I become an earlier story, failed.
Pick up the moon rocks
and start throwing them at sun.

Satish Verma

Satish Verma

Footprints On Sands

It was to happen
from known to unknown,
sibylline hands held the head.

This was my first
love to catch the tears of moon.
Honey drips. From where bees come?

After I gained you in light,
I lost you again in deep dark.
Birth of venus was rehearsed.

Why did you paint
your name on forehead to
attract the dying desire?

The poetry decides the
fate of falling star on the hey,
before you burn your port.

Satish Verma

For A Cause

Do not talk of unhealing wounds,
talk of the weapons.
Talk of the hands which used the arms
and talk of the brain which pressed the trigger.

□

Violence was primitive
but the cruel eyes had a new glint,
At night they ransacked, stamped and burned
the relics.

Is it the retrovirus of a new menace
dreaming the feast of thousands of corpses
choking the drains?

Why are we heading for the slaughter
of earth, pure vengeance
to turn the sun gloomy and black?

This time the river will turn aside and not meet
the ocean.
It will spread out in the parched land of thirst
and die for a cause.

Satish Verma

For A Denial

It rained all night.

Heaving up the dawn immaculately, at my window
the lake crashed on white sands.

A lone tree

smelt of mist and grief.

A fury had submerged a road
leading to a forgotten childhood.

Knives and pins

clouds and bins-

a hate crime erupts between the teeth.

You meditate sitting on an anthill
to recover the lost bones.

Why don't you leave the country

for good,

the empty vessel, incense and dirty coins?

For conceptual pain, the snake licks the breasts
of a white goddess, with a forked tongue
for sweet milk.

The hungry womanhood cries holding on to morality.

The memory leaks.

You go back to your gods
for renunciation.

Satish Verma

For A Desirable World

An extreme smog descends
on your eyes. A heavy haze envelops
the landscape. You watch the
world crumbling around you.

The death was very beautiful
thing, a moment before dying.

Becoming activist had contributed
towards the end; like
targeting yourself to be hanged.
The particulates pollution of
depression had seeped, and
Milky Way was asking, are you breathing?

The fish now swims outside
the body. Death has many colours to celebrate.

Satish Verma

For A Forgotten Story

The decline is steep and fast
Life groans
under the debris of charities.

Can you trespass the designed lies?
When the path reaches the milestone
long arms of justice defies the boulders,
which were ready to build a shrine.

The mutiny was feeble
and the poisoned arrow did not find the guilty.

A big mouth causes
delirium tremens. You weep under a cloud.

Let us drink a toast
in memory of a failed god
Who could not rescue a town
from loneliness.

A courtesan lies in the mid of road
under concrete asphalt.
The wheels don't stop
and world moves on.

Satish Verma

For A Pinch Of Light

The black thread
tied on your wrist was
meant to end the siege.

The fire-eaters were
back. I will watch
the birth of violence.

When the night
comes. I will move from
door to door for a flame.

Fireflies will assemble
to mourn the death
of the baby moon.

Satish Verma

For Anything

A fake sanity with its wisdom
enlarges the space between the coarse
land of craft and sea of emotions
for stress to walk with soul
in sleep.

A dope for the last hurt in hurricane
at burning lake where I was collecting
the black seeds from the fallen tree
of love near the deck of house we built
on waves.

Do not corrupt the innocence of sky
enveloping the rage of sun. The call was
imminent from the dead leaves of autumn.
One day the anginous waste will become
seed vessels.

Satish Verma

For Eternal Kiss

I am sending you
a sea of zinnias,
asking the guardian angel
to protect you.

I am also picking sunflowers
for you. Living in the shadow, you
were always running
after small suns.

And round leaved nasturtiums
will drop bright orange
flowers, one by one
like tiny dreams.

And jasmines will spread
the fragrant flowers in your path
to make you reach in my arms.

And lily of the valley in bare
naked heart, will present the bell-shaped
white flowers, to knit your braid.

Nothing else.

Satish Verma

For Fallen Deity

No more I will
confront you in rain after
imprint of peach lips.

A collective
scream goes unheard, god sleeps.
The sky burns endlessly.

You will never know,
how do I live, when glacier
breaks, I fall in chasm.

Satish Verma

For Good And Evil

Thoughts?

were not picking the words.

This was ultimate loss.

How do I stave

off the disaster? You

were taking away my smiles.

What kind it would be

the next quake, when

I was standing at the door.

I have yet to

know myself, searching for

the invisible truth.

Cannot drop the?

pen. The eyes will read

the last sermon.

Satish Verma

For Heaven's Sake

In shreds,
the day has passed.
At night, I will touch;
the unasked questions.

You were sending, the
soap bubbles, like
swans carrying the messages.

The weather changes. A
fantasy becomes real.
The moon has missed the night.

Like the Morse code, there was
a flurry of taps, the
blank paper flies for a rite.

It is dawn, breasted and melting.

Satish Verma

For Hidden Hymns

In a passing moment,
giving you a call in Milky Way,
like a lone sun.

Where the white clouds
go in distress, after
the multiple deaths of stars?

Sweating in surging
heat, only tears will speak.
Freaks will inherit the poetry.

Wanted to touch you
like hummingbird, coming
out of silver cage.

Your hands had lingered
on the blank paper, to print full stop
before taking the phenomenal flight.

Mixed with bone ash,
my china has felled.
There was a long hoof in wilderness.

Satish Verma

For Intensive Eyes

There was something
between the lips.
You will not recite my name.

A muted word?
becomes a psalm at
execution. There was no
crowd to witness the grace.

If I prepare a book of
all my defeats, would you
write obituary.

The antiquities had become
alive. This was the beauty
of lunacy.

And the saint was dead
without meeting his god.

Satish Verma

For No Obvious Reason

When I wanted
to stop you, the flame was
snuffed out by an invisible hand.

I let the missing link
go. My body turns blue.

You return back the
rusted coins. Fountain was
dry. Someone was going insane.

An albino touch with
blue eyes? the planet quivers
in chill.

A punishment for
remaining brown in the
crowd of white lilies.

Summer is breathing
last. Frozen lips now stop the flight.

Satish Verma

For Nothing

You broaden your desire
base, by legitimacy,
ignoring the will of
storm-ravaged sea.

As the sun meets the
falcon, I will give you!
a call, that demons were
entering into the dreams.

The time stoops to pick-
up the wounded peacocks.
The red hibiscus will write
your name on the wall of bricks.

This was a swan song
before our parting. The
darkness will find the stars
hiding behind the strewn;

feathers of blind moon.

Satish Verma

For Others

Salt burnt, you come
under the shade
of milkworts.

Not fated, you still
wanted, unaided departure.

Reading the lifeline in your hand,
why did you opt
to kick the bucket?

You wanted to celebrate the luge with vodka?

How do you get in my shoes?
You become me?
The blue lake of your eyes was frozen
I will walk on ice to reach your home.

Satish Verma

For Permanency

Let it not be just only once to
make you mad, at the ugly
things existing around.

Talking to your vesal fear
with its spread hood to start bearing
the human pain.

You were counting again?
to meet your god,
in moment of truth at your nadir.

To catch the beauty
of silence in midst of
homeless noises.

Elliptically I hold
you, in my soft sleep
like an oriole, forgetting
its melodious song.

Will I ever hear your
voice once, before I open
the window to the sea?

Satish Verma

For Pythia

In suddenness, I will
write a poem for you.

You had stopped at the
outset, like a black moon
opening up perfervidly.

Remote from the oneness
of life, a flame leapt up
to ignite the process of birth?
without perceiving.

Come let's meet at the
navel of the destiny.
I had the penchant of
burning myself.

You, who would never be
visible, I will dust all the mirrors
to find out.

Waiting for the festival to begin.

Satish Verma

For Reincarnation

Head hunting
in ghost time. You
had tried to influence
the stars.

A whitefly bickers, that
there was no more a
prey, revealing the faults.

You were very near
and very far.

Untouched, a wandering soul
cries for the rebirth.

Receive me
as a thought,
as a blood,
as a seed.

Satish Verma

For Something

Genus Viola.

Which gender you want it
to belong?

Pansy was most effeminate.

The tender touch.

It reaches you inside. You
start trembling
like aspen, ready to fall.

Full breasted, a
crimson moon will spill
the buttermilk for
a rosarian.

It was hot, very hot
for the quivering pearls of pistons;
for merciless decapitation.

Satish Verma

For The Clotting

seething yet silent in land of outrage:
strictures of life,
my eyes will not see the setting sun;

this was the blind spot
before the battle starts
and spine turns into ramrod in hot sun –

to speak the version of domestic grief
without lips because the death does not come alone,
she has a company

of corpses swelling the earth but she also
plays piano with two fingers only
pouring out milk and venom

for a long journey, we start unprepared
I will not fall asleep

Satish Verma

For The Heritage

For the beasts and men,
a transition will not work.
This was explicit cap?
the polar ice was melting.

He will not take the slights
for the moon. He will
not go far from the eyes
of stars.

Not enough, the astringent
microbes were peeling off
your mask. Sometimes you want
a frugal strangulation.

Incredible. The words
were making a mound, out?
of the space, left by
the departed fever.

Satish Verma

For The Skin And Eyes

Not confessional.
Without reading the body
there was no room.

My fever rises
in limbs.
Giving me a double vision.

This was not my age.
Out of place, I
call for limestone.

The sea and
moon will make a castle
on the waves.

Whom do you call
careless? I was writing
the verse on blood paper.

Satish Verma

For Whom The End Waits?

Saturday.
Night cries again.

Can I call you midnight
to kill the moon?
and celebrate the dark?

A book and sitting on the
birthmark of a fig tree's thigh
in the temple of a failed god,
I haul up the stains and blues.

Dirty linens. You would
faint in the stale smell of jasmines.
How often you loved to weave
the white beads into a lace for your bun?

Small things. We look
at each other to drift away.
Night lamp struts and flops.
There war no end of pink aches.

Stay aloud. Sky was
listening. Where is the god?

Satish Verma

For Whom The Moon Spills?

It was a sane apology,
for not forgetting you.
Concealing your tears,
you come to land
in my poems.

You are crazy?
trying to teach bloodless affinity
with milkweed butterflies.

I think of not anyone else,
when I am thoughtless.
You creep into my veins like
cobra love.

The scream remains trapped
between sharp teeth.
I eject the mercy of venom.

And I step down as
trooper of Magenta.

You throw me the rope to cross the river.

Satish Verma

For Whom The Sky Weeps

You stop at the brink,
to flirt with the rim of
the lake.

Reading yourself in water
you wanted to defang
the life.

The blood berries expose
the guilt of the moon.
Would you sit at the bottom

of the bay and become
a doer? The white cobra waits
till you are paralyzed.

The lovers go crazy
baiting a god, to unleash
the trapped tempter.

A conflict between a
prey and the bottle. You
do not want to live in luxury.

Satish Verma

For You...

You said a lot today
without telling anything.

I braced myself for another?
night's assault? aching
for tomorrow's journey on
the volatile trail.

All night I will remain
in tizzy. Unceasingly a fragrance
will hover. That would be killing.

There was sheer urge to fly
with untouchable pain. But
the shadow of bliss, the calm walks with me.

I take you once for all,
bring you back to my paved
words, you become my muse.

Satish Verma

Forced Tragedy

You loosen the grip
and let go the bank.
After throwing itself on the
burning pyre, the phoenix
has failed. It will?
not rise from the ashes.
An agonizing script
unfolds. In a visceral moment,
I was scared. Life, till natural death.
What do I do now? Words
do not help. Stop doing anything?
A void becomes a voice.
You become whole.
Living precariously, thinking
becomes a tree. The roots
will feed the heart.
A songbird reminds me.
Time to salute the dawn.

Satish Verma

Forces Unseen

He was slated to become
godless, without engaging?
the nature.

The violence continues
in every joint, after an ego clash
in fractured body.

A blood carnival, between
divine and the beast, paying
the debt of earth.

The decadence. Let it be.
Becoming beautiful
in great decline.

The dice has been thrown.
A chance to meet?
the death after the duel.

Satish Verma

Forebidding

Standing knee deep in water
invoking the sun god
going upward phenomenally.

I was learning to forget
the edicts of a fake lord.
Would not recognize!

the dirty tricks of a godman
in the garb of a hermaphrodite.
One day he was...

One day he was not. The wild
czar was pounding his chest.
A snow-capped moon was!

going down unseen in the
blue lake of words. There
was three dimensional appearance

but no deliverance for
the poor speech in distress.

Satish Verma

Forecast

The camellias.

Catch the witch on the pole:

A spring was here.

Sweep the road.

The exhibitionist
will put up a show.

Monsoon tours

the landscape amidst blows
from the rooftops.

Satish Verma

Forecasting

Understanding?
the sexuality
of clock.

Time moves
the hands, of past,
the present.

The future
belongs to no one.
This poem, cosmos.

Satish Verma

Forever In Coma

Zinnias were stalking.
The fading moon hangs upside down
from the massive Ficus tree.

Ultimately the grace withdraws.
Now you sit under the bo-tree
becoming a wet Buddha.

Unthinking, unblinking
falling out of thoughts,
and start supervising the barren landscape.

The dawn sets free, the white
regions to become prey of ravens.
Would you talk about peace?

The evil touches every next door.
I will write a long letter
to me, to unwrite the sermons.

Satish Verma

Forewarnings

I start breaking?
after the hate call.

Like emery paper,
something rubs my lips.
A raw affection bleeds.

It was only dust. I don't
want to wait for my tomorrow.

A conduit forbids
to improve the congenital
lisp of a godchild. You want
to preserve the virgin innocence.

Tears on both sides,
who will wipe off the scars
of the moon?

Not universal,
you were the cosmos,
staring into the eyes of void.

Satish Verma

Forgetting

What was about this face?
Between mirage and actuality?
A fireball was coming towards you.
You upturn the underside,
wanted to taste the blood
and get orgasm.
The statues were posing nude.

Mothers were clad in leaves.
Fruits were the greed of man.
I refuse to lie in state. The
sand grains will find the innocence
of silver breasts when sky will
spat a murder. Were you ready
now to become corrupt?

At last the beginners are now
becoming the boots.

Satish Verma

Forgetting Peace

The crozier makes but
you break me. You should
stand on burning deck.

This was the poverty
of words teaching non-violence
to rich people.

The pain of biting
human was sharp refusing
the mercy of god.

Satish Verma

Forgetting The Hymn

Spherules start a pincer attack
on the modesty of an epiphany.
The manifestation was incomplete.

The windows were very small in-
the wind-palace. Only ringdoves
were sitting on the sills, cooing all day.

They were sitting in a row; cross-
legged, the naked monks. As a penance
they were getting the scalp hair pinched off.

Swearing will not help. You need to
suffer like a forgotten language,
like grass blades who bend again & again.

Satish Verma

Forgives The Past

Going back foot
he looked inside himself and felt a breeze
on empty stomach.
Mother-of-pearl,
he was a sand grain in the eye
of a storm.

He wanted to shut off all beliefs
to further the search of truth,
be happened,
and walked alone on the sand dunes
to meet the sun,
and smell the salt of tears,
aloft in sky.

In the stillness of a shadow
he forgives the past
and prepares himself
for the negation to create
a pause.

Satish Verma

Forgotten Hills

Again I was giving chase
to a mirage.
Wiping off the transient thoughts
oozing from every orifice,
I will sell my dreams today.
Limb by limb,
the naked and brute will buy
the bonanza.

For a lost scent
I wandered from moon to moon
flitting past the sky of doves,
and the lonely winds
of crowded griefs.
The trampled earth
will not soak the joy of burning sun.
The tree and the flowers,
and the seeds falling in a heap
went unnoticed.

Now I will go in the forgotten hills
through mist and rains.
Give me some more pain,
it makes me move faster.

Satish Verma

Forgotten Mantra

The lake was calling.
I will go untelling every one
conch shell on the beach.

Morning star moves
away from the stranger, who
brought the silent pain.

A stigma, an ache and
tears, embrace moon sitting,
on weeping Ashoka.

Satish Verma

Forked Tongues

'Twas your ghost
to secure the promise,
that you would not commit
yourself to the story.

An island sin
confronts the sea
of tears. Was it an
emotional kill?

Did you hear the
sound of moon? It has
come down in the space
where we used to cross the arms.

That was my raw poem.
I had mentioned your solemn
departure. I don't believe
in blaspheme. God would know.

Fever for no misdemeanor.
We walk away on our
different paths.

Satish Verma

Form And Muscles

You talk of evil,
I become incendiary.
The name had power.

Unthinkable. You
fight the lurid details of
chopping off fingers.

How would you write
the opus of human slip
for seeking royalty?

Satish Verma

Found Yourself

A parallel pain walks with you
when you split into space and time.
You were too shy to die, to feel
the anguish and bliss of death.
Something inside you springs
into a tree for a half-life.
The search for the meaning of life
takes roots in calamities.

They get back at you, the paranoids
on the horizon line, where the galaxy
meets the paradox, the void, the fear.
Any physical possibility generates the sparks.
The realization takes you back in mud and grass
outside the body to rest in peace.
The formless listening, seeing without objects
furthers hyperesthesia.

You have found yourself in emptiness!

Satish Verma

Fountain

Revolting inwardly
the fountain chokes.
New year amputates
the fingers of a whole man.
History repeats a parallel.

He sets the house on fire.
Sky withdraws the light
till the queen of darkness sleeps
before the future unfolds.
Smell of burning flesh drifts.

This moment was for God
to wipe the sweat on frightened face.
Hair and bones hide in the urn
that was forgotten.
Death has mouthed a betrayal.

Satish Verma

Foursome

A complex ego:
lips on a flame
like Kama Sutra.

Starless night
to probe a moon
going downhill.

A needle in hay
protects the wound
of a kiss.

Portrait was incomplete
without pilot
to fly a plane:

Satish Verma

Fractured

Blunt and bold were
the wet spots.
You bleed like me.

The seizure takes hold
of millions thoughts.
My sins are walking with me.

No annihilation of
the flesh. I was meeting
the spirits.

The face becomes pure
gold, when you
start burning the issues.

The years had survived
in slumber.
Death will not come to the hanged man.

Satish Verma

Fractured Time

He would set them free,
words. On cityscape.
For extended release of connotations.
Part of him, not his way,
and become weaponless.

Once the silence descended,
nothing was left to be known.
Between doubt and belief
anguish was palpable.
Truth was a capped fossil.

The rumors and denials
were similar. Fractured time.
From lie to lie watercolor ticks the clock,
fells the tribe of seekers
and breaks the mirror.

Satish Verma

Fragments

One night, in moon
labyrinth, you will find
the ache of a lone survivor.

*

I think, I should
have read the anthology
of white death.

*

An acid attack, burns
the black roses.
Would you come at dawn?

Satish Verma

Freak Happenings

When the moon
dips in lake in snowfall,
I let you forget me.

I am reverting
to count the beads in
memory of unborn kisses.

Rock prison of
roses, you don't want to
leave the enticing smell.

The grit, the mettle
was gone. Poem hunter goes
back to barn.

A new god may
take a rebirth to bury angst
from lust to dust.

Satish Verma

Freaking Gods

Will go to any length,
reeking of moonlight
to reconnect with you.

Impersonal, the
red buttons, don't hide
the enmity. Life demands
its pound of flesh.

Crunching the bone
with mysterious pink pain,
to receive the knowledge.

Between Adam and Eve,
there was a poison on the
arrows tip.

Hand care, making
honey without the queen.
You cannot make a fist
without a thumb.

The spirits bequeath
their fireeating sculptors.

Satish Verma

Freaking Out

Before the spill there was
soaring. And then anti-g.
I readied myself
for the ultimate fall.

This was the poetry of submission
sharing the pain of disillusionment.
Who was pretending of liberation
in a see-through heart?

This was the time when
you run amok
under pheromones of dead clones:
the drowned dreams.

Pelting stones at moon
we were made for each other.

Satish Verma

Freedom

It dims the hope.
Eying peaks of flame.
Absolution?

Seeking moksha?
Do not become what
you dreamed.

Blue sky and moon,
where the passion was.
Coming and going.

Satish Verma

Freedom At Last

The tears have washed my sins.
Taming the dead,
I start a vivisection
of myths.

I take an impromptu walk,
go inside my weaker self,
abandon the pretention
and come face to face with the fear.

No portrait, no symbol,
no map was needed.
I was going to open a locked attic
to liberate the imprisoned past.

O colossus,
O my golden bird,
my sun baked grief has ripened
in ruins of desires. I am free.

Satish Verma

Freedom From Pain

Again my heart
breaks. The light has dimmed
in moon. There was no mandate.

A knock at death's
door. I had slept in your arms.
Slept in your songs.

Don't remain mum.
It hurts the ethos. Mortal
injury comes to poetics.

Satish Verma

Freezing In Sun

You were not the
complete face of body
in water of life.

You delivered
half-baked words between the?
bleeding lines.

The balloon bursts
in the chest of a stranger.
Where was moon?

Satish Verma

Freezing Scream

It was a perfect
cover.

I ask you to let me go,
and stop praying for me.

The unspelled secrets
of moon, will not bother
you now. They start pain
from thoughts to thoughts.

Like a china rose
in exile, you hang out
in solitude. Not dust,
but water will melt us both.

In aloneness, I will
find you on red stones?
surrounded by wolves of
memory and freezing dawn.

Satish Verma

Freezing Time

Not understood you well.
Me living in myself. Your eyes will behold
what my naked hands carry.

My truth was also your truth,
in same boat. I cannot recognize
my path in sea. Moons dancing with each other.

Let us wait for night fall.
The lines in your rough hands. What do they tell?
I am collecting palm leaves. Who was coming?

Satish Verma

Frenetically

The nephrite syndrome.
I will not change the?
calculus, to find the truth
of the flesh.

The paid price of chemistry
will make history. If
you can stop the blitz?
of the replicas.

It ends like a fire, without
ashes. The limbs check
the fall. Across the river
an isle erupts.

The prisoner at last escapes,
from the procession of profanities.
You are finally liberated,
releasing the lost poem.

Satish Verma

Friendship

When life burns out.
You create a colossus that will
ultimately destroy you.

Pinnacle of success
brings loneliness. You would
search yourself for company.

Who will not sit
for your wake, when somebody
pulls you out from pyre.

Satish Verma

Frightening

The winds ruffle the
solitude. Sparrows were
watching me.

*

My name was floating
in dark. I want to burn the
book, to throw some light.

*

Violence will toss
you around, when you
are wearing the grass.

Satish Verma

Frivolous

Motionless within the ambit
of moon,
the rain squirms and flickers
under the street light
in the vacuous silence
of a monolith.

A cricket walks on a cloud
and starts the lightning.
The urn was blind, fills up with grief.
The goddess climbs out of rainbow
and accepts the message
of fireworks.

After the pain, there was
frigidity. The lips will not move under
the mortgage of unvenerable words.
An innocent deal was brokered
with stings about the truth
of the wasp.

Satish Verma

Satish Verma

From A Dot

One final leap
from high solitude
into city of dusk,
takes you to presence
of charred remains
of a fallen god.

A housewife moves in the kitchen
to prepare a farewell dinner
for the encounter of fatal descent.

A paranormal parting
to comeback to body of truth,
as you pick up your words.

Space odyssey in eyes,
palms folding,
to receive the punishment.

No complaints, no grieving
conclusion of foregone stopping.
A line will start from a dot.

Satish Verma

From Comfort To Pain

From within, a
fawned virtue follows
the breath, I spell
your name.

The cymosed
surrender at the feet
of a tall god was disgrace.
I will know the incoming stranger.

Spotless in dark,
your words breed. There
was something mysterious
displaying the grains in daylight.

I will count the golden
rings, in your pink eyes
becoming a ghost.

A wrong step in a
right moment, you become
a prisoner of a cell, with
no key.

From the ending
a new race begins.

Satish Verma

From Death To Death

What do I do with the words?
They hurt, they flourish without thoughts,
destroying the civilities.
The sky cannot hold the conflict.
The strange friction
of the image blurs the colors.
Love has become a cauldron.

A tough question
tries to penetrate in my skin.
I come out of my body,
peeling off the conflicts
from the timeless silence.
The voices of doom hang on the trees.
Somewhere the tears
turn into watermark.

Not afraid of afterlife
I am ready
from death to death.
Another autumn
will take away all my greens,
water & grace.
But primordial smile
has a history of matching a face,
with the dead.

Satish Verma

From Dusk To Dusk

The dazzling star
went through me.
I was undemanding
from dusk to dusk
hurting myself, not anybody.

Time to meet my twin,
to set he black on orange.
My guilt, my fear, my foreboding.
Let go off, my sap in the twigs,
fruits were coming down.

Under the guise of innocence
eruption entered into non-thought.
One by one snakes unrolled
with black eyes, under the succulent breasts,
the black poison clapping the pink lips.

The dirt was spreading
on the hands of unborn children.
Their eyes searching the seeds.
On dark beads of mother.
Father had been killed in a cave.

Satish Verma

From Fairyland

Searching in your
rainbow eyes
relics of past.

Your pride on the leash
goes on a rampage,
refusing a kiss of hemlock.

My indulgence ends,
becoming a sufi
you walk through a thick smog
to drag the failed suicides.

A tinge of vulnerability
when I meet my image
in water. You break into hundred tears.

Where this path leads
in the jungle of predators?
Would you carry the flag
of dramatics for quick relief?

The bubble bursts. My
feet buried in swamp,
I look back in agony.

Satish Verma

From Front

It burrows deeper in the covert
recess of pain, shunning violence of light:
the epicenter of Armageddon,
giving collective death to providence
in a proxy war.

The colossal gossip rests on the river of ashes,
deflects the incredible starved children –
wind blown without geysers, dripping in sweat,
licking the salt lake of damnation.
Cutthroats will come shortly.

Centrifuges are churning uranium in underground
a was increasing. In
another garrison germ warfare was getting a shot.
Choked off I still carried the holistic style.
A blockade was sending the sleepers.

Inheritance of lean arms but brave wants,
bares it all.

Satish Verma

From Lids□

a facsimile of torture
candlelit in moony dark
i want to unread the anointed death
on this tip of an arrow,

here it comes
the hissed phrase
wrenching the gut –
for conceptual withdrawal,

dawn of dark secrets
without footprints of echo
extracting a price,

do not stop fighting,
smear me with blood
hot spurts of thrills to defend the pink

in valley of counterfeits blades,
the green was fake,
the red was fake,
pure white poison

Satish Verma

From Suicidal Angle

You become a crimson
dusk in a sea of greens.
The cost of the murder
had increased.

With lock and key you
can enter a new era of
misunderstandings
and misquotes.

The fertility cult skips
the gravel, catches hold
of thighs and climbs
the fame.

Healer was in great
despair. Grape seeds were
ready to sell the garden
of honeysuckles.

Oh novice, don't go alone
in the war-zone of suicide?
bombers. They were looking for
the witch in breaches.

Satish Verma

From The Ancient Lips

Now if the moon
sinks, will you talk to me
about the octopuses
and aliens?

There were two
offshoots of pain. One comes
from the sea and
other from damp eyes.

We always think
of salt and fidelity to
describe the characters of
disintegrating man.

I am very restless
to understand me, when
you speak of the future
of space between black
and white.

Will you ever drink
hemlock with me participating
in yagna of human beliefs?

Satish Verma

From The Cherry Blossoms

Not asking, was most difficult, from
the magma, to send a hot spring. It was
a classical translation of the pain in winter
of human spell, in a temple festival.

The space widens between us, between
our thighs and absences, while stuning
the red roof of the landscape, where blood
had dripped from the cherry blossoms.

I say to mother earth, where the border
begins between your breasts and foeticide.
Warriors were becoming monks or priests
were learning the art to kill.

This road is not going anywhere.
The interval between matter and time
links to movement of grief. The ahead
is tomorrow under siege. Sun is refusing
to melt the snow on mountains.

Satish Verma

From The Edge

You were becoming more prone
to violence, confronting
the moon. Heat was rising.

Like a mongrel, twirling
round and round in dirt,
to sit in.

It was very dangerous, the
racial thought of eliminating
oneself in the mainstream.

A morphogenic change
was visible. Why were you
shrinking in horror?

The group pain was getting
a hold of me. I am not
sure, what I will do now.

Satish Verma

From The End

Hard and brittle,
the cost of sealing the lips
was increasing overnight.

Cleaving the thoughts?
you would not tell,
what do you believe.

I watch in horror. A
planned trajectory has
failed, shielding the tears.

A furore rises. Half?
humans were fighting
with stones.

It will talk, one day
the agony of deathmask,
you did not want to wear.

Satish Verma

From The Flames

Under your eyes
shadows, my poems curl up.
When do I call you?

From wires, tiny drops
of dew hang perilously.
Sun was going to kiss.

First I take you, then
I will cry for the last time.
Going to meet the gods.

Satish Verma

From The Streetlamp

Hits you in the face,
disseminating the chivalry
of fragile connotation.

A virtue slips away from?
your hands, when you think
what is a pain.

Then the poem starts
writing about the pen
which had no ink.

You need courage to?
smash the mirror which
was telling the truth.

And the complexity of
relationship comes, to the fore, when
the belief was stronger than love.

Satish Verma

From The Womb

The p oetique listening
to the reason, as foggy
as the past, untelling the
future of midnight onslaughts.

The rain of emptiness, was
playing havoc with the
fiery cross. No orchestrated
withdrawl, I am?

preparing myself for the
supersonic cruise missiles of
vendetta. Golden heart,
you will carve out and eat.

The bluebirds. They had left
unannounced. This summer
the snowy peaks will melt,
for a lone tree.

Satish Verma

From When To Where

In deep bottom,
at first light, I
will give you a call.

Because, I was only bones,
muscles worn out in hymns
and the nudes were?
putting on the masks.

You will not deliver?
a denial, nor you will
put forward the Buddhist stance.

Like a curling fern you
want to go in dark shade?
eyes shut.

The circus of stunted men
and lady birds?
will go on unabated.

I swear by fire,
The battered umbilicus will
not bear any gods.

A miraculous escape. I
will not eat your
flesh, hot and red.

We start hitting each other.

Satish Verma

Frost Was Setting In

No moon tonight
I had to find?
my path along the hedges
by fireflies.

The river was in haze,
not wearing any scent.
Some invisible hands were
rowing a boat in midstream.

At this time a god jumps?
in, to sort out the memory of dark nights.
Not dementia. But I will
try to remember your face in moonlight.

Once I had lost my way
to your home. Now my
home has lost me for ever.

Satish Verma

Frozen

After dousing the bride to a nice flame,
in between the howls
there were songs.

On mud path the hoofprints
came out prominently. On bullock carts
they had come for a sit in,

to resist, rebel or kill.
All day the heat, dust & winds
blurred the vision.

Hills between us
to feed the hate.
It is nothing like the good old earth.

The nascent bleed.
Time of non-movement.
Shadows of snow-peaks.

Satish Verma

Frugality

wanted to send a call to me
sitting in a flowing traffic of life, a sinister,
sadistic happiness to see the disasters

coming home, in triangle of death,
for visitation of a nihilistic visual, the wedding
of taxidermal violence, at scope of frugal

clay, moulding the age of anxiety
because there were enough girls to be raped
and hunger was disconnecting the tribes

in camps, the bunkers were safe haven
for daunting, unremembered prodigal sons;
the vultures were dying daily,

you were outcast, a sleepwalker in dark,
confronting the boundaries of labiate palms

Satish Verma

Fruits Fall Like Dreams

We were absent from ourselves,
the stillness roared
like a mad sea.
Keeping a night vigil didn't help,
we felt protected in blazing sun,
quality of answers were deteriorating,
the truth existed,
beyond our beliefs.

In non-aligned manners
we disengaged from pain.
It had become a habit,
to walk in swamps
instead of asphalt road,
which was leading to peace.
We watched the rise,
and fall of attitudes together.
Language failed to find an asylum.

Ataxia of windows,
cannot barricade the light,
the fruits fall like dreams,
on hard ground, to crack open,
and disperse the seeds.
When you start the
voyage to distant realities,
your days are over.

Satish Verma

Fugitive

Like woodpecker
someone knocks at door
to deliver acorns.

Were it you after
resurrection to pay back
the debt of half-love?

Door will remain open
to let in the known killer
of beautiful sin.

Satish Verma

Fugitive Swan

a moonache levitates
on blue lake
you shot me at close range

predictable encounter
the whole truth had plunged
between two eyes

self flagellation
of the waves on beach
i was walking on marigolds

your body becomes a flute
when i was writing an epilogue
on the life of a gold leaf

it was raining on the rose
like gnawing illicit drops
on the upper lip of a virgin

Satish Verma

Full Stop

I allowed you to tread on me unflinchingly.
My mind on pause,
ungrieved you turn back the clock.
Enough to stun the century,
I take cognisance of divine's club foot.

I did not believe in self-pity
but I was racing against time
to avoid a jealous path running with me.
Yet I was sleeping on bushes of estranged thorns
without locking my golden age.

Tulips are no more my favourites.
You have to dig deep to plant the bulbs
and wait. When death opens the door for me,
I wanted to be free from any commitment
and ready to walk in, like a foot soldier.

This cosmos is mine, body is for you.
It no more obeys my command.
No more commas are needed,
a final full stop will do.
I am returning back to my home.

Satish Verma

Furious Wounds

A hoot at midnight
goes challenging the deaf.
You strip to bones.

The dawn persists:
Will the sun on the sea
kill the dreams?

Do you see the gap
between the clouds?
I am going to make a heap of
all the interstitial escapes.

Flesheaters were scrawling on
the cheeks. A revolution of
wheels has failed.

A baby dies in womb
without A leap into future.
The father carries the burden
of chimneys.

A godless moon laughs
at the stupid earth,
which was talking about stars.

Satish Verma

Fury

While I limp,
a schizo runs parallel with the moon.

Climbs the hill

to sort out the night. Terror.
The shadows were fighting. The lost innocence.

Delta was forked, dividing the pain. Sensuous

bliss rising, falling.

Where will you go now? Billions of planets wait for your arrival. Einstein

was calling you again.
The shards of moon were waterborn

reflecting in your eyes.

Satish Verma

Fury Of Juggler *

A primordial fear takes over.
These pathways are not reaching anywhere.
I am leaving blank papers
for you.

This was dark matter,
you start dying from birth.
A fireball sails through you
reaching for the shadow of the soul.

The seawall collides with hurricane
shattering the window panes,
of temporal lobes.
And I am the salt,
I am the eye.

The sky is stepping down from heaven
which never was.
Man was the destroyer
man was god.

* On the eve of HURRICANE IKE striking GLAVESTONE and HOUSTON on night of
12th Sept.2008

Satish Verma

Futility

The snow mounds
have started gliding?
on the rocks like
mute swans.

I was collecting
the landmarks of my failures.
From jade to jade
and wins.

Plucking the fear
to remain alive in the
ruins of wingless dreams.

I cannot catch your
face now, in my words.
The grey hounds of dementia
would not wait.

Satish Verma

Future

Ugliness in pink flakes
elopes with a terrorist.
Sun bleaches the black scorn
muscles ache with cramps.

Full moon peeps through the veil
of branches. Eucalyptus sways
in majestic conception.
Time to exude honey.

A perfect discrimination against
the trees. A painful ulcer on tongue
bleeds, pure as the malignant pain.
I will not talk about existence.

The shadow of god crops up.
Foolish dolls play the game.
Subjectivity has frills to counter
the drive of madness.

Anguish becoming responsible
to deliver the particles of imagination,
which move faster than death.
Future of man was in peril.

Satish Verma

Future Hides

It should not have come early;
the death, had insulted the terrible suffering.
Shadows were lengthening.

I wanted to live
in infinite nothingness
of the wrong time.
Hope was not
a perforated dimension,
it was my religion.

When nobody was there
truth was walking with me.
A strange tragedy
was visible only to me.

The future hides in my face.
The terror is too much
with us. No frown of earth
defies the questions of past.

Satish Verma

Future Signs

arriving to shun that wolf
on your blood's trail,
you comb through rubble,
tormented:

glimpse of fear,
fixated at otherness of yellow sin,
threatened, panic white,
suicide note;
now you have come out from your tremors
stillborn, sine die

with umbilical cord around your neck,
squeezing,
choking,
after shocks settling on interrogator:
I am running aground in deep waters

and your body becomes a boat
of terror, disbelief, later a collaboration
with seeds and birds, this smelt side
of truths, I regret my art

Satish Verma

Future Tense

The reflection was never
complete.

I was trying, was trying
to understand me,
in absence of you.

Looking into the persona
making a saint?
out of sexual surrogacy.

The human gene?
transcribed, on the borrowed womb?
Will you now speak for the fear?

I will never know you
in dimlight?
of suspicions.

Are you a complete man now?

Satish Verma

Futurity

The show is on.
Sedition will play with death now.
Deceitful black knives, white gloves.
No hope, battle lines are drawn.
The wasps are whirring at a furious speed
stings ready to inject venom.

Bronzed body,
huge turbaned skull.
Eyes looking beyond you,
hauls you through slumber
of ages. The autopsy extracts out a bullet
fired at close range, poured into chest.
Death had a party.

Frilled guns,
yellow metal
are ready to kill.
Extended pain of centuries haunts the future.
Give me the tearful farewell
for another ruined journey.
We will bury the present, forget the past.

Satish Verma

Galaxy Of Fame

When you try to find fire
in edifice of whispers,
you are badly singed,
the wronged truths demand scrutiny.
Fabulous smoke settles
on false statements.
The tunneled thoughts sway.

Epithets rise and plunge
in clefts of chastity,
remedying for sorrow and grief,
for death and pain.
Between us what has been left of truth?
Life had been a travelogue of designs,
inwardly we all are burned out.

I am frightened.
The probing must be painful,
conclusions will finally
dissect the superlatives.
Gloved hands will become visible,
which killed the innocent sparrows
in the galaxy of fame.

Satish Verma

Gallows

When you were talking about purity of
Platelets

I was thinking to let the blood flow.
How easy it has become to kill now?
Is it not homecoming of the violence?

You were looking for a method to execute
yourself
and I was searching for an answer to
become free from bondage of self-contradiction.
The veins are bulging on my hands. Death
will not be happy to see me. The blood
has already frozen.

From your side and from world's view
the ending of conscience is the right thing
But I squirm and I scream,
gallows are forever.

Satish Verma

Gather The Sun

In the untouchable dream,
night floats tugging at my sleeve
pain moves like a cloud.
My silence swells. A terrified impulse
breaks the window
and lets in the black shadows.
Pulsating noise explains
the human equation. Restless,
all night I give up my body.

The austere immortality
embraces the passion like a blast
I adore the drama,
but agony stops the words.
The earthly pettiness bothers
me. Somewhere the life ends
in nothingness. And sorrow
dictates the heart.
We abandon the paths taken,
walk back to the curtains.

Dying in pieces,
we disintegrate in semi-colons
and when the innocent eyes
seek the beauty of truth,
the life moves on to find
the meaning of bitter triumph.
The green fabric of emotions gets criss-crossed.
I gather the sun in my poems.

Satish Verma

Generation

untouchable that bleeds, lonely
in black sky, that haunting moon
walks gingerly on quivering sea:
lovers killed in shame in broad daylight
by gunshots before a crowd; some possessed
maniacs turning the clock back: history
lets go the leaves, the autumn,

trees stand naked, not malevolent
but want to poach upon the wrong side
of faith; my vision starts failing,
crosses the river in ancient lingua franca
joining the broken hearts

i was apprehensive, clouds come and
go, each death becomes a daisy

Satish Verma

Generosity

Velvet thorns
become signature
of my pain and joy.

Body paints the naked earth
blue. Eyes in hot desert
search red poles and blue moon.

Emotional strife:
dripping accidents with sun flowers,
extremely talkative.

Then the words litter
on white paper. Very sad,
you leave nothing between the waits.

Dawn to dusk, pleasing the gods.
An owl on each branch
disregarding the stars.

Satish Verma

Generously

Different hues were lit up.
A water drop falls on my lips.

I will ask the words
to traverse the circle of clouds
for cascading moon.

let the mob?
climb the mount of greed.
I am here on the earth,

to meet the flames
of thoughts and shades
of wounds.

There is hope and the
chains. I will receive
them in ecstasy.

Satish Verma

Genesis

The sludge rattles as you tilt on one side
heat and dust swirl around you.
The sun baked age drifts.
The book of life with greasy stains,
preserves a part of your history.
The earth moves on.

Suffering to filthy chatter,
this city was not your choice.
What were you doing,
with your innocent thoughts,
under naked aggression?
Confessions were not sufficient.
Seeking you were not,
then why you were counting the coins?

The last person defeats the death.
Deaf and dumb go in a tizzy.
The bipolars are puzzled.
Is that the answer to a revenge?
No body knows the genesis.
The fog deepens.
Clouds climb up the sky.

Satish Verma

Genocide

King of sex,
the third gender
or hermaphrodite,
half male, half female,
existing on margin,
beheads the creator
to propitiate the deity of destruction,
starts a genocide
to create a new model,
new world, sexless, moonless
sunless.

How could you remain normal
when you were being robbed of every myth,
every truth?
And you were walking under the guilty sky
unmindful of the pouncing, long legged tarentulas
to bite off your elements?
All of your tongue?
And the heat will give up the slaughtered spring
dried up in eternal shade?
Within the memory will lie the pain
of million years?

Satish Verma

Geography

A gasping confession
of a pubescent fault.

Why did you enter the bed
of a molten lava?

Wisdom was in silent eyes
not on the lips of a blackened rose.

The water was white and cool
the sun was red and hot.

A mirror will never tell the truth.
Bleached was the face of moon.

One night I will be killed
in the hands of a benevolent foe.

Satish Verma

Geometry

You catch what was convenient
for age of denial. The exit.
Not being for nothing,
a better half of a belief.

Dependence was increasing
on wounds inflicted on others.

I stop at the mid of road
to turn or not to turn.
For the lost paraphrases of existence.

The myth of amorality
was getting a new title. I close
a chapter of non-committance,
walk along a wheel chair.

I am not limbs, not topless.
The toes are prodding on a green vein!

Satish Verma

Gestures

A killer moon
blinks
in a mating dance.

Smothered by kisses
frugal night
seethes with anger.

In synchronized,
house of limbs -;
the pink underside.

Fireflies
lost the way
between light and dark.

Of sunflowers
and a nude
lies a tale.

Satish Verma

Getting Acclimated

Fear is on rise.
How long would you live with that?
Terrible questions bring
arousal bouts.

The days are demanding
answers from the red noses.

Like potato peels
you were wrinkling.

The burning moths.
How do they smell? Young
beautiful faces wearing explosive skirts.

Evening fever. You must
be rooted not, to listen to?
the call of desecrating the comic book.

Satish Verma

Getting Nowhere

That was a pioneer,
lunatic moon,
and me an unwilling partner.

The panther leaps again.
I suffer from
stab to stab.

The giver, sucks,
in tion
becomes a scourge.

One malingerer
leads to another.
The healer was very sick.

My master was a fake
The book was empty
and the print was gone.

Satish Verma

Getting Solace

Pain indigo of
half-moon, will travel
from head to toes.

You cannot carry
your own weight on rocks
of life without tears

Of mortification.
Perhaps one day you slip
the crude slaying.

Satish Verma

Ghost Town

Watching the descent
without god
in an intelligent design.

Come have a look at
our adversary.
The template offers an open hand.

The culture of hunger
in this urbane obscenity
sitting on the payment making a motif.

The giant strode into
the hut to blame the poor
who would not eat his words.

Satish Verma

Ghostly

An alien feeling
of weird dreams
whirling in eddies
of thoughts.

Vertigo.

I snapped at moon,
bursting on to pow wow
at phallic rocks.

The God was kind enough
blessed the knife
which fell in lake
without noise.

Satish Verma

Ghostwriting

Flaunting your new skin
like a salamander,
ready to endure fire,
O stranger,
read me,
read my tears,
the pathbreaker is going back.

I will not extort, never your integrity.
The trump has committed suicide.
A game was over. I am
gathering my ruins to go
into winter sleep.
Let the sun wait for eternity.

Somebody was climbing
on the breast rocks. There were
no landing planks. Words
mingle with four? leaf clovers.
You can inhale the smoke,
eat the walls of palace. I open
the latch of mud house and
disappear in future.

Satish Verma

Gift Of Love

Between the blue eyes,
wind smeared a hot kiss
on forehead of moon.
There were no half-brothers to watch.

Swarms of thoughts descended
in zero hour of night.
Sadness was beyond threshold
a crucial insult to the arrival of time.

Now I was not going anywhere
I was afraid of myself.
The centre was disappearing,
in the statements of truth.

Pleas are falling apart in
global freezing, of collective brain.
I start sifting through the leaves
a gift of love, my fruit.

Satish Verma

Gift Of Takers

The poster boy
was a blind hunter
waiting for the blast.

The salt mausoleum
melts in moonlight
white as a sand.

A mofussil background
will search the estranged
words of childhood.

Like a hostage held
for the return of holy book
written in blood letters.

Satish Verma

Gifted Death

Sometimes
you want to shut the book
and bring out the darkness from bleached words
of a lonely march of the tree.
How to think or not to think
drinking the wine of pain?

Baby, do not go into the river.
The alligators will celebrate your birthday
by climbing on you for a purple bath.
Today the sun will not rise from Styx.
An anonymous author will steal a gun
and make a hole in head.

A black tulip in snow bleeds red
for a fallen sky and dies to ask some
uncomfortable questions.

Satish Verma

Gifted Hands

I don't hear
I don't speak.

Only the ink flows-
without words, waiting
for birth mother.

Water breaks.
A poem is born

Satish Verma

Gifting

O viola,
go over the grapes
and find an ageless green.

It is difficult
to be born
again, undoing death.

You swoon
at the continuity
of crossroads –

with blue flags
in your bowl.
A rosette,

without a winner.
A birthday gift
for all the failures.

At seventy five
you walk over a prairie
to find a shade.

Satish Verma

Gifting Away

Want to return,
to unknowing, the
trap door.

Filling up the gaps,
the arrow slits. No more
I will need weapons.

Trespassing the,
brutality of sin, committed
against the sanctity?

of body. This is how
I am re-creating myself
without morbidity.

Annihilation, was not
the answer. I am holding
the gold leaves of sun.

Satish Verma

Gimmickery

Such
a simple life,
so hard
to live.
What a
mutant pain
so compacted kiss.

This verdict
was for me.
Unable to meet a prophet.
You can fall
in line to lose.
What a
brilliant muse.

Satish Verma

Give Me

They were burned alive.
Most cherished to me,
betraying the functionality of a system,
interstitial asphyxiation took place.

In the garb of a garlanded saint
a gun booms.
The death is rolled from tongue to tongue.
flying limbs get strung on trees.

A faith was in flames,
somebody leapt from the inferno
with folded hands, to melt into a stone
reaching nowhere.

Non-particles were becoming visible
parting the sky.
Nostalgia was possessed with belief of non-believers,
a thought without a thinker.

I am taking liberty, O God
give me something to live!

Satish Verma

Give Me Some Poison To Live

Give me,
some poison to live
I had been dead
for many years.

I burn my hands on a flame,
blank space has started talking.
I am ill at ease –
My lips are not moving.

The pellets, the bullets, the steel –
nothing matters now.
Dirty games can go on,
I am going on bromides
to ejaculate the pain.

Sleep will not come in dark
nor the relief in white robes.
I will remain awake till eternity.

Give me,
some thorns to bleed.
Rose petals
are hurting now.

Satish Verma

Give Me Something

As if walking?
in cyberspace, searching
for you.

I want to ask you
to give back my tears?
which were shed,
on murder beach.

What renunciation?
you need, living in the shell
of a mollusk?

You don't want to?
be found. O destiny, goddess
of ciphers? tell me,

why did this happen?
Your silence opening the
blood trails?

My branded poem still weeps.

Satish Verma

Given Dark

Not afraid of any
jinx, hearing strange voices in
brain and very loud screams.

Comes rolling down, the
fear stops, of fire of seeds
still unborn in pods.

You pick up the words
in trance and start prophesying
of bare wounds of dawn.

Satish Verma

Giving A Miss

Backlash of scars
becomes glamorous.
It was not my fault.

Pulverized temple?
rebuilds the god lying
in dust.

Miracles are no more
relevant. You treat the ending
as part of rebirth.

Breasts plundered?
galaxies were ready to
reglitter the dark moons.

Why to hide anything,
when you don't possess
any earthly gifts?

Satish Verma

Giving Away

A study of soul continues;
hold back the animal,
discovering yourself in blind light.

Awaken the hungry child
of autumn
and give him the dreams of strawberries
to eat, time would drink his tears

sans lips. A second death of the
pain of separation from the footprints
of hurricane who bartered the home
for psalms;

counting your failures. Take the bowl
and go to the hills of soaring flames
and bring back the burning song.

Satish Verma

Giving Up Oaths

One day balancing over
waters, someone drops dead.

Birds of a feather,
of no final abode,
were going to fall on
burning coals.

This was an era of
collective suicide.

Something goes amiss.
God was absent.
There was no evidence.

I should not have
fallen in love, with no talons.
I cannot bite the nails.

There were no sources.
No walls. You cannot find
the shade under the moon.

The imperial bell
will not toll.

Satish Verma

Giving You Space

Let's go to search
ourselves, in our bewilderment,
to defeat each other.

In our home, what
was this game of the
infinite mystiques?

I will ask the blind
moon, are you
a futureless theme? Validating sun?

A hallucination effect
ensues after choking the
missives. The reject it was.

My dream becomes
a volcanic glass, crying
for a mother's hug.

I was losing the Midas
touch. Clay was shrinking away.

Inheriting the unending wars
of human beings.

Satish Verma

Glass Barriers

A clear sky to sit
under the stars, in your gaze
to find missing moon.

Keep it to yourself
what I gave you in the shell,
a pearl, dream and ash.

Landscape was haunting.
The truth gives a loud call,
like a big flying owl.

Satish Verma

Glass Cutting

When the cut glass bleeds,
you cannot decide
for yourself, what was the truth of?
occultation?

Fleeing from dark
home of erudition,
trapped in rubble of karma
you want to forget the
pride of sin.

How would you know that
somebody loves you
so intensely that his
water mark does not fade?

Like a titan, a priest
holds you in palm, to protect
you from vicious eyes,
before saying the prayer.

The sun wants to take
a refuge.

Satish Verma

Gleanings

Autumn moon?
in full grace. I have
come out to say hello.

*

Everything was in
order. A stunned silence.
The cuckoo gives a long call.

*

Long ago, such
was the night. I
wrote my first poem.

*

My innocence,
intact? I still feel
my stupidity.

Satish Verma

Gliding

Was it altruistic, donating
the light to the
data-catchers?

Sexing at the crack of
dawn, when you
were still a primate?

Let a requiem begin
for the repose of undead
souls, writhing in life.

Draped in skin, the
hungered crowd, comes
for a dip in confluence.

The frail sky now falls
in the river. there will;
be no prayer today.

Satish Verma

Glinting

Ready to barter my
last wish with your tulips
glowing in eyes.

I didn't ask for
any help to decipher my
blue dream of edge.

Two little words may
be sufficient to
resuscitate charm.

Satish Verma

Glitches

It was more than
I could take.
The phallic paranoia.

Can I come out of
your body and kneel
before death?

Less than dark
I dream of the nipples
spurting out venom.

A pumice raft
of the crowd, sailing
on the waves of narcissism.

Invisible sharks
on high seas
open the lambs for salt.

Can you eat your
words please?
There is nothing left on the plate.

Satish Verma

Glorification

I see dark lines
under your eyes. Something
was amiss.

Tears had dried
up. One does not get
even the longing.

To find the missing
letter to tell the desire.
Will you follow me?

Absurd hyphens increase.
Do you get some serenity
from bloodberries?

Cannot hold on?
my lovely rags. Words talk,
hello the pain.

Satish Verma

Glorified

Undistorting
the truth, I have come
to you spatial love.

Bracingly I reinvent
myself, soft and humane
to retrieve the blessings.

I will walk alone
in my amnesic state.
Wanted to bleed unnoticed.

And the limbs throw
the ancient steps to atavistic
fears. Let the animal instinct prevail.

Words are mine. But
I cannot get to you. The
destination slips out of sight.

Touching the tender
stings. I give the final call.
The lips must not leave the shadow.

Satish Verma

Glorified Discreetly

Living on margin he was deceived again.
A grasshopper was perched on door
shedding green pigment.

Granary was empty and he was,
worried about the health of nation.
Glare and splendor always hurt his eyes.

In the name of prosperity, leftovers
set the dirty houses apart
from polished faces.

He was again afraid of interior –
bursting with statements of elegance,
releasing the bald answers to nettled questions.

The stench was glorified discreetly,
giving a pause to sorrow.
Who was destroying the sweetness?

Satish Verma

Gnawed Through

A fat island burns
under a looming sun.
Bleeding rays will enter your eyes
to see the blundering world.

The gods were melting down
looking at the corpses of
faltering orchids, spread out
at the feet of a white blaze.

The oriole sheds the gold
and embraces a brown –
black cloud against
a dazzling green.

A dishevelled country rumbles
to get a street sense from
a meditating Buddha.

Satish Verma

Go Away

Unlived death, that was me
waking in exile from the bones.
He said I remember your verse
a split open bloom!

Given away your gems to sea
ready to become ash, green blood,
you have killed a white cloud
now go for a floral burial.

He said I remained unpacked
like an open wound.
How far space will hang on the shoulders,
how far the sky will remain blue?

Snow will not melt I presume
I will burn my shirt with stain.
Life will not stop but conceive
the proud burning pain.

I stand today without complaints
grieve for my silence, ignorance.
There was a home I could not save
miles from water like bright dome.

Satish Verma

God It Kills

Get to take call,
I will follow myself? and
open the old wound.

Of conscience.
The veins of leaves will knit
the face of a brute.

Ready to violate
November. The dilemma in
waves of lake rises.

How to pick cotton
flowers to celebrate snowfall.
We have reached moon.

Is that you, I
ask my poem, can you maintain
the purity of dawn?

Satish Verma

God Of Blessings

Moon-scented I walk in dark
to put me back in place,
unwithered,
opening the inner casket for a glow.

Pleading not guilty
after killings in bed, of affectionate
kill of lies, a black widow
romps around with a flag of morality.

Was it a systemic swallowing
of a bait put up by a shipwreck?
The bodies were flowing in a row
in caldron of acrimony.

Satish Verma

Satish Verma

God Was Bleeding

And now the pain wants me to speak,
the words, but I wanted to listen
like winds and keep back the thoughts.

I refused to move from the scene.
God was bleeding
and his dolls were strewn around
on marble floor
broken, dismembered.

No tree was safe now.
The sky had cracked,
off the light. I cannot reach.

The dark thing shoves in,
from a precipice, I am falling,
falling!
The pomegranate blossoms?
Where are they?

I am not afraid of a terrorist.
I fear more of the shape
of the humanoid eyes
they are red, very red!

Satish Verma

God Was Helpless

Perpetual war
with smoking candles and blue
darkness in eyes.

*

Paper boats floating
on tears to show the white flag
to foes for surrender.

*

Ash on the palm leaves,
and blood stains on cooing doves,
tell the house still burns.

Satish Verma

God's Birthday

It was not mandatory.
The penalty
of hope.

From a killing machine
propane and fertilizer.
It was a god's day.

Don't want to contend
against porous death.
Words, I will not betray.

Satish Verma

Godly Interest

To recall a memory
at sundown will be painful.
Moon doesn't agree.

*

I assemble the words,
to tell the truth of blood?
on your trembling hands.

*

What was invisible,
would be known to unknown.
You remain silent.

Satish Verma

Gods Of Darkness

The disaster had come
to the fore. In harm's way
stargazing was coming?
to an end.

A monster like a hurricane
starts pounding my
poems. The dry ice will
not quench my thirst.

A mid-gender approach
will not differentiate between
noun and pronoun.

The myth of waiting
and reincarnation had
patisan attitude. I am
tired of the make-up beliefs.

You cannot reverse
the clock. Time moves on,
devastating the palaces.
Only the broken pillars
stand in deserts of life.

Satish Verma

Gods Were Changing

After carbon dating
you will find?
that pain does not shimmer.

The terror of words
and words of terror, testify
against the predator
for twisting a confession.

The world will never be the same!

The savage cool
of the landscape, turns me on.
I decide to burn the
god books.

A charcoal portrait on the wall
tells the truth. The blackbird
will come stealthily. Radar
was aimed at the temple of love.

The world will never be the same!

Satish Verma

Godsend

Standing in the wet
stones in rain, cursing winds,
that had stolen sun.

Why do I wait for
you, when you had sealed the?
secrets of golden fall?

Nostalgic walk in
woods to catch the fairies
sitting on toad stools.

Satish Verma

Going Blind

Seething with agony.
Unsinned?
the creatures were asking for
human rights.

Tracing the spiritual odyssey.
You have landed in a
volcano pit, looking for
the first autumn.

Smudgeless you walk in a
coal mine. It plunks. There
were spots in the sun. Bragging
was coming to the fore.

I am closing the book, not
to read again the drooling
script. Ages were harvesting
the tunnels.

Satish Verma

Going For Vendetta

Take me in moonlight
when it is dark, outreaching
every ache.

I will not ask you anything
when you are on prowl in cobra night.

The womb crumbles.
Salamanders will not endure the flames.
Elemental soul wants to
stay in water.

Living in a wax palace
with honeybees inviting sparks.

My religion wants to change its name.

Cold touch, I will wear
a shawl of slaughtered scapegoat.
Don't call me on the name of a
messenger.

You know there was no
dearth of lies.

We shall meet when our hands start trembling.

Satish Verma

Going Incognito

Don't drink in eye
of storm. Go and sit on
the seat of judgment.

Stars are beginning
to walk again. Tulips want to be
born again without moons.

So sad that I cannot
recall your face and I give
up my name for you.

Satish Verma

Going Insane

What you heard was
not true. I am writing my will
after you lost charisma.

I am dying daily, after
reading the smoke signals
coming out of your book.

Can you sing the
ghazal of Ghalib. How will you
agree when you don't agree?

Satish Verma

Going Into Space

Why do I think
different, gripping senses
to catch the god.

Rugged hands have
soft lines to reach truth
by pursuing blood.

The honesty suffers
when you go the other
side of moon to lie.

Satish Verma

Going Nowhere

On the blue icicles
you were colliding with orbiting electrons

naked legs on rocking chair
were expecting the visual words to spook

for clairvoyance with the sun decline beyond borders

my eyes are damp, I know the bottom
was echoing after the shipwreck nevertheless,
archives were swimming in muddy water.

Can you defeat the throb of pain?

The fake drunkenness of bailouts, it was
still not happening – the whiteness of dawn, only
gray clouds over the peaks, speckled with

orange blooms, the shadows of red blood,
a million despairs of avenging marriages
of voices in dark sea.

Satish Verma

Going Wastough

Less likely to be a truth,
let's celebrate the healing touch
of a hidden god.

It was an absolute
invasion, but I didn't believe
in any war.

Timeless quest for the-
elixir of life and enigmatic
rs were
always fragile.

I want none of your books.
In humbling pride I will
find my own solution.
Life was a question.

No birthdays.
Rolling thoughts- need
no sermons.

Satish Verma

Gold Coins

A hate apart, living in embraces,
one night? you find the
bridge collapsed? in the
forest of skins.

In exasperation? I watch
the face of the adultery. I
will know? I am going too fast
for the hypocrisy.

Why you were becoming too
cozy to the silence of the necks.
The little feet are not?
able to run for the morning star.

Shutting the lamps. No moths
will descend on the books? no
bleeding of the verse, so
you can become empty of arithmetic.

Satish Verma

Golden Afternoon

No questions were taken
from unforgiving sword.

And the dead horse.

A river runs through your body
defining the wet castles.

You look into the eyes of the invader.

The palace intrigues dig in.
You cannot meet the princess.

The inevitability of war looms large.
You will finally know that every
body is mortal. The remains
are meant for the inconceivable.

The scripture versus a blank
page are on the collision course.

Satish Verma

Golden Cut

Living without you,
locking horns with unhappenings.

May not harm you,
my imaginary pride
in your shape.

Remember,
when you dreamed of crossing the
crescent gate of moon?

Your audacious leap
into dark to wade into the
mortgage of future?

I was frozen,
standing in the crowd of incandescent
fireflies? heart felt.

My letters will not
reach you, after the dynasty grows
pale, pure as the setting sun.

The lake will not die.
It will keep the secret.

Satish Verma

Golden End

All I wanted was to arrive from the absence
of me, through the sluice of scars; life was
never the same again. Some inner birth took place;
awakening of sorrow for the attempts to take on adversary.

Pure disquiet, I shed myself, fly in grains.
Truth scares, stalks on the hot dusty road;
blinds the pinnacle, gives a call, needles in
eyes, a cult blooms in the rubble of fallen roofs.

The self betrays, does not reach the door,
within grief the sky blames the senses of space,
the flying bird sprays blue sparks of silence,
a cadaver collects the fire of neglect.

A spoken body loses the arithmetic of
stubborn cleft in the faith, pebbles on the beach,
each one for a fallen man, kissing a snake.
The memorial has golden letters on black kill.

Satish Verma

Golden Leap

at cremation ground
the flames were creating
strange words

he stood still, in void, between unfenced tears

there was no need to question the answers,
kicking up the history, of crossing the bridge
over the river of annihilation

of self, making a gift of forked tongue
of cobra, spiteful, as an old virgin

it was over without thinking, scribbling
on the margin, his name in different inks
a young smell floats an funny rocks of

events and the fish swims in eyes of dead
foetus in womb, with unclenched fists

Satish Verma

Golden Leash

It was religion.
The yellow viper will strike.
No weight of sin.

The spirit will not
wear a body if I fail to
die in your hands.

The bridal oath
drops some words to become
winged and fly away.

Satish Verma

Golden Sunset

Gently the invisible
strength overrides
penetrating every bone.
The desire was not seeking,
it was emitting a gloss.
Fierce truth was reverberating.
Only the mind was alert,
flesh was hissing.

An intense light
knived my sadness, death wish
it was a legend, I went into a process.
A quietness catching
all the voices of disharmony.
Word by word vocabulary
filtered in my heart.
Priests were prophesying doom.

Instant attention gave a passage,
uncontaminated, closer to the truth.
Gloom was glorified.
Scissors had done their job, few will remember the designs.
I should now think
of a golden sunset.

Satish Verma

Golden Throne

There was a belief in street sense
for an extended purpose
of fire-eating.
Shadow of past was condensing
into future.
The ascending serenity had pockmarks.

Meeting your assigned killer,
in a dark alley for forgetfulness;
earth was ready to disown you
and the warriors were waiting
for an ambush.
But you wanted to enter the no man's land of understanding.

There was a suicide
from the edge of a rock. I am.
Eyes were swelled with tears,
washing the feet which were immersed in flowing blood.
They hunted for the bones
to built a golden throne.

Satish Verma

Golden Valley

Blackened silence was holding the reflectivity,
reality was on the run.

Exile was complete.

Dark secrets, standing on head
remained buried in your chest
absorbing all colors of sun.

A night remembers the friends
who went over the hills one by one
to find the pugmarks of panther
that was killing your infant biographies.
The world stood bodyguard
not allowing any immortality.

Your speech was clear, but unheard
in terror of burnt-out principles.
New sleeping cells are coming up for a
metaphysical revolt. A heron was
stabbed by soaring kites
in the golden valley.

Satish Verma

Goldilocks

Take me home now,
I am tired.

It was not physical.
Too perfect for connecting
with stars.

Can be most revealing.
Time to make an exit to become
paranormal?

Dust falls
from the moon's feet.
What will be future now?

Thou shall not
fail. There was no clear
path to truth to reach me.

Unless you live
in glory, you will
not remain an angel.

Loving yourself in extreme
beyond recognition!

Satish Verma

Gold-Tipped

At that time
I was thinking something else
when you gave me a half-kiss,
my winter naked moon.

A souvenir left by sun
for the sake of night. I remembered
pink roses
unpetaling green thighs-

for quest of shelter in civil war
of ful was the landslide
which buried the whispers of
dead dreams.

Unpretending, unleaping, the ocean
sucks the grief of clouds. The
rains have started a dance
for the suicidal gods.

Satish Verma

Good Bye

Sometime I want
to say to myself, why don't
you walk the ramp?

of burning Amazon.
The naveus was becoming
darker on moon.

You partition
the souls and then begin
climbing the rising sun.

Satish Verma

Good Morning

The dawn, arrives.
Like fawn, under window.
Get a silk rope.

Across the sky, ravens-
bragging in shrill voice,
of early rise.

Sun chops the sea
in sharp blows, distributing-
light for everybody.

Satish Verma

Goodbye

He had only one vision now,
as he chained himself not to be set free.
He was afraid of living.

No, he did not want anything from world,
or god.
He was not him always. Somebody in him
was watching.

Any gratitude he did not want to expect.
Not obliged anybody.
Wanted to go, but stayed.

Sons and daughters, he loved them –
for not getting cash mentions from them.
Some debts he would never pay back.

It is time for a deep breath of relief.
Empty house, empty soul,
and mind full of hurts.
He wanted to say goodbye.

Satish Verma

Goodbye Moon

No time was left
to call you to bring in
black rose to ward off
the ill omen.
Garden was burning.

Between the dense
smoke and golden flames,
blood moon was disappearing
like brisk pain.
Nothing matters now.

I had kissed your
hand only once, before
the door was shut. The
lips would count the poems
we didn't share.

Clouds come, clouds
go. The story ends
of rags to riches. The riches
of knives become blunt.
The Beekeeper was dead.

Satish Verma

Gordian Knot

To patch up with a
confidante, the partaker
goes away.

It was same moment
for anxious sleuths.
You don't know, where
you want to go.

Togetherness was
bliss, yet it doesn't work. Let's
not go in opposite directions.

The elected path
haunts us. Where the moon
sinks in dark sky baby
sun rises. Morality goes on sale.

You hold my small
finger to read the message
of unknown.

You said I am
not going anywhere
will I look back.

Satish Verma

Gospel Truth

Body was culture
at blue heights. Frozen
till my candle lights.

I fumble in dark
to remain human. No one
would be godfather.

Give back my pain.
Unwrap my bones. The blood
should be drying up.

Satish Verma

Graceful

Why did I go
for you at the end of road?
Copper weeps.

Like air hugging
you, smelling your wet
scented hairs.

Poverty was a gift
of god. You were very
rich. Strange!

What you will
wear at the death of moon?
sun was red.

Signing on the
skin of dying butterfly,
what you wanted to say?

Put off the lamp.

Satish Verma

Gracefully

A lake walk,
in the forest of limbs.

Like the blind man said,
I can hear the truth.

It was more of a ritual
to sit in intense moonlight
when seagulls were stealing the sky...

And you will belong?
to the darkness, of unknowing?
self.

Knowing the inevitable end,
that will come, uninvited.

Satish Verma

Grafting The Lichens

We are going back.
Let it be.
I will never know?
when will you arrive.

In the aloneness,
going blind to the playing
light, you prepare to drink
the darkness of noon.

Becoming dishonest will
not be possible for me.
The times are revengeful,
come back in black to fix the smiles.

Like water hyacinth, the
disquieting worries will grab
you and hound you to the white bones
and turn away.

Where the blood and
nerves went down? It was
no sin to rise and
stand against the sun.

ShareShare Grafting The Lichens

Satish Verma

Grains Of Wood

Read me a poem.

The lightening has touched again;
my raw nerves.

*

I say, don't
climb the terrace. Bougainvillea
has made it a home.

*

I have come,
a longway to meet my lover,
the solitary moon.

Satish Verma

Grammar

Only the love-birds will know
it was time of inquisition.
There was a lot of prodding in
the neighbourhood.

A voice without sound
was resenting with guilt-virginity
and the bell tolls
for a zero hour.

The entrusted trust was
still moving off the transparency.
Was it not a weird night?

The newly hatched babies,
jutting out their necks
from their clay homes were
to know the roots of verbs.

Satish Verma

Satish Verma

Graphics

Drunk at
midnight, playing with
moon squibs.

*

Hearing! □
a nocturne, the spirit soars,
when you are drowned. □

*

A galaxy
invites me for a night vigil.
Some elixir will rain.

Satish Verma

Gray Dawn

Sudden onset of an insertion
going for a kill in bluish green valley.

Pretend as if you are dead
and start disintegrating.

Your poverty of words disconnects
you from cogitation and you start-

walking in sleep. Cannot reach
the breasts jutting out like pine cones -

dismantling the invasion. You start
manipulating the seeds. Fruits

are nowhere in sight. The risk is
grave crossing the borders of virginity.

Pure aching and one thousand moons.
I have not reached the gates of truth.

Satish Verma

Gray Hands

It is neither end nor beginning, I am
still suspended between punishments, primrose
gives one answer, hollyhock another, I
catch the moon in flight to west and
enter a sand grain to probe the universe

for the sexual selection of a terror bomb,

harbinger of mass destruction, give me some
asparagus to uproot the cancer for the sake
of a humane evolution: bougainvilleas are

not blooming and in twilight I wait for the two
eyes of a panther which start blazing in a dark cave,

she was expecting to deliver her first progeny
of gentle cubs

Satish Verma

Great Defiance

A smear campaign starts
against the ladder, which permits?
the ascension, but leaves the spaces in between,
of dark. You stand still.

The hunger becomes the mouth?
of rags. I will come and collect
some numbers.

It was useless to hunker?
after the game. The fear will ultimately
start a monologue.

On bees, I will build a
synopsis. The sleuth always falters
when the moon hides.

A canned script draws the
scorn. The player had become grey?
in dark.

A bunch of mushrooms,
like tall girls, standing
in wind, gossiping.

Satish Verma

Great Expectations

Celebrating the death.
Neither physical, nor nostalgic-
I adore the finish,
in place of wages.

Not was
my pledge to remain a husk
after the carnage.

In manthanal I will preserve
the memories of hairless moon-
my nomadic friend.

Like a woodpecker to mark my
territory, I want to stay
alone in my grief.

March and imes
I stand before them and,
talk about ephemerality of the beauty.

When would you come
to say goodbye?

Satish Verma

Great Kills

Let the dialogue begin
between the apostate and
the threatened god.

Heretic demands
an apology from the religion
of assassin.

The bleeding ancestors
release the mathematics
of grey crimes.

So your temple was
destroyed because of the lion
sitting at gate.

A moon falls on the
raw hides of innocents and
the planet stops breathing.

Satish Verma

Great Leap

The stones will speak for
river bed? a perfect home
for drowned principles.

Like shrew you enter
the belly of jewels to talk
to a bronze Buddha.

He stands in vigil,
your godhead, after the thieves
plundered the frames.

The small hands pointing
the pistols at the heads of
ancient fathers.

Satish Verma

Great Withdrawl

The urgency to bite the bullet
was uncalled for.
I could wait for eternity.

From night to night
a candle burns to understand
the repentance of a fakir.

Self-denial, you would say
was an act of renegade,
who deserted the throne.

The title of the book
misleads. Touch me inside
the pages. You will find blankness.

Read my hands. Full of?
blisters, after digging out the
truth from my failures.

Satish Verma

Greek Thoughts

Season's intimacy
starts schooling you. The voice
halts the bloodshed.

From bone to bone.
Love is halved, flesh here
and there. No bargains.

Let me touch your
sprinkling glass, before you move
a step to sip hemlock.

Satish Verma

Greek Tragedy

Where blue meets the
red, I will bring moon to cross
you river of tears.

Thousand suns away
the pygmy god sleeps in thatched
hut, to feel the pain.

When you swim in my
eyes, I become an ocean
to drown the deity.

Satish Verma

Green Circle

You are peeling me off
like a crab.
Time has sunk very low.

For the hungry kids
who was growing crab apples?

Creating art,
arriving between the pubes.

A microfossil
roosting within me.
I could live without oxygen.

Incandescent,
the liquid wounds.
I will not send any salvo.

Satish Verma

Green Eyes

Faith was not taking him
near the truth.
Staring at reason
his inner self became a burden
on the whispering road.

They were going to exhume
the body of the martyr
for finding the ethos of hope
invoking the afternoon sun
to guide them in dark.

So the blood had a terrible
celebration of alienation
generating the heat of hate
not for the proud mother
who was grieving.

Time will not forgive
for the murder of green eyes.
The masses are rising
like a turbulent sea
riding through the tears.

Satish Verma

Green Fire

When I need something.
I will ask you.
But I was never going? to need anything.

From where this?
armoury comes, trying to
influence the vowels, from
the clenched teeth?

When I hold your hand,
you start trembling.
There was mist and
there were walls.

Are we drifting apart?
in search of moons?
Flesh for flesh, bone for bone? You
swim fast, I track on the land.

Satish Verma

Green Night

Deep down thighs, unhoisted,
what was there, harvesting the sperms? At dusk
an inflorescence breaks into myriads
of fireworks, wrecked apologia,
interned unlikeness, insanity, kissing the goldenrod
to start the flow of bare grief.

I deserve no nobility, my moonscape
has a blazing truth about a shooting star
which went into a gape groaning. Somebody
is done for, for a fragile skull. The riverbed
buries the dead child in white sands.

That lump rises again. I said, I never carry
the death on my shoulders. Wrap up and play
the drums for I lost the pathways to enemies

Satish Verma

Green Pastures

in lunatic scape of
fringed labellum
the creeping malignancy was advancing.
i missed a rendezvous with moon
when you had brought a blue kiss
from abducted lips;
again I become a sisyphus
lifting the rock off your comets
of round tangerines.

something was missing from our parched
lilies, this teaching was hurting, in our maniac depression
tampering with our melting,
the body had left the golden leash,
the first liberation from nagging pain of verbs
the noun moved farther than silent classics
shadows in between
the fatalities

Satish Verma

Green River

The red cherries.
You ask me to taste also
the acidic lips.

Cannot speak the -
language of eyes.
A city of tears.

Sun plays with shadows.
I keep walking towards
the green river.

Satish Verma

Green Valley

Your chair is unoccupied.
I am waiting for you to come.
You will not.

Why it happens? When
I touch you. You are not there.
A silent poem writes your name.

Untouchable was your
pain. An eagle hovers in blue sky
to pick up the child of death.

Satish Verma

Green Vision

In a starry night
an adolescent thought starts
a rivalry. A baby moon squirms.
No hour was safe from terror in dark.
I climb the stairs breathlessly.

The great divide deepens in hearts.
Incisors bite the tongue,
grey cells bleed inside.
Thick ash has not stopped the cinders
smouldering under the veils of flushed peace.
Cupped tears wash the feet of death,
a caravan of words moves desolated,
cutting on the edges, before you say
goodbye to green vision.

Today I am pulling out the nails
from the walls. No hangings of departed centuries.
No portraits of exiled flames.
Only the face of truth, burning
at the interface of untruths.

Satish Verma

Green Waters

Gifting yourself the speed?
you betray me, when
I was trying to heal?
the injured wings of time.

Archipelago. The islands
were very lonely in frozen lake.
No boat was in sight.

Having no coastline,
the landlocked language,
suffers the ignominy of the tribe.

The neighbourhood crawls
after the nose-dive of
the plane without agenda.

Shelterless, you want more
sunshine to fight with
the cold beach.

Satish Verma

Green Wounds

You have your own
words, hired from my
lips. Ad libbed I will
go dumb.

There was instant
empathy with fireflies.
They don't sing while burning.

It was a highlitened
pain, when I moved my
dark fingers on your
white skin to write a poem.

Who was picking
marbles after breaking
the glass windows?

Love was not
a job to be completed.
It makes you immortal
in your grave.

Is this was my
punishment? I will not
see your hands?

Satish Verma

Grey Zones

Turning a prayer wheel
to fire an arrow
towards your heart.

Let the veil slip from
your face? coming near the sun
ridding of the clouds.

Trees also can sing,
if you sit under them.
Was it a human way to
become a stone?

Talking to a candle
in windy night, I will ask?
if ever fever rises, will you
blow off?

Under the lips
some silver was spread.
It shows up only, when
eyes rain.

Satish Verma

Grief Unspoken

It was the interplay
between shadow and moon.
An encephalopathy
in ring of fire?

The blast was the tipping
point of your identity. Now
you don't recognize yourself
amid the books.

Grieving can start now.
Tossed from temple roof
on to mound of ash, you
stand on your grave for final count.

Again your voice will drown
in a green pond. It was a
prelude to a voicelessness for
ever. Irretrievable was, a bird song.

Satish Verma

Grieving

Could not decipher,
who am I.
You stab the words.
They bleed.

Gypsy thoughts,
don't tell the fortune.
I will write my own will
in coal.

In blue waters
black moons float, before
seeking the volcano to
bury the hatchet.

You come hiding
the chopped toe, you
offered to deity to punish
the pen.

Satish Verma

Grim Reminder

You come like undersea
quake, hitting
the sleeping moon.

No headlines,
no bleeding hearts,
just masochism.

Drinking angst
and spirit, from? a
Venus in exile.

After holy scripts
drifting out
with battle scars.

Satish Verma

Grounding

In the surge of dark
there was a lunar smile in my glass
I will not abandon the moons
in your eyes. A white sow was
going to deliver the babies.

It was departure time
and the profile was ready to collapse.
Mars was throwing the loaves
to human beings and aliens were
going to land on earth.

Sing my baby, sing. Opening the
knots of life, returning to barn
in wild tempest. I know I have
to unearth the buried truth and
talk to ghosts of lies.

Satish Verma

Groundwaters

Quotes fail to wake on?
neat thinking. Truth
was going to a trial.

I will speak less
for ultimate, what we are
heading for. I was?
my own god.

At the start of the poem
you will find a swastika.
With curved arms, I was rowing a boat
under the moon.

A nose dive of a
shooting star still haunts me.
Where were you, when the
sky was burning?

A sacred prayer binds us both
waiting for an angel
to tie us apart. We will
watch, but go blind.

The hunger keeps the fire going.

Satish Verma

Guiled 'me'...

That is how I injured myself
desiring the right thing,
extracting the reason from charity.
I will now pluck off the rage, the silence,
the exotica from the frozen valley.
Words will become my foes swimming in your eyes.

I was listening to your questions
without becoming a witness; I was my own answer.
The time was revengeful. Show was over.
We were losing the relevance
and guests had departed.
We were becoming the walls of a glass house.

I dread my conscience, a terrible roaring in mind.
Does not allow me to sleep. Values were insulting me.
Falling like an old wall-paper; truth went unnoticed.
Peacocks were dying daily.
I am going to lose myself in the night
of a moonless sky.

Satish Verma

Gyrations

I am lifting
your blood-soaked shirt
giving the latitude to planet
which broke the law.

The elite
wants to know, why you were
still here, when steam was rising
in golden night?

An extended
grief overtakes the wind
in the flute. You become a free man
walking naked.

The gyres
were calibrating the magi.
An empty niche waits for a Buddha
to take the re-birth.

Satish Verma

Hacked To Live

He used to dream
of date palms, covering
the defended wounds.

The scoli crab after
the fall will stay. It will
not change the referendum.

The neuter will not
form the trinity. I will
not hear the signals.

Night was not yet
dark to explore the moon.
My stars remain faded.

O country, the people
O planets, the goddess
of rape is dead.

Satish Verma

Had Been

The most wanted moon
was writhing
in black sky, after a star
fell for a pebble.

The nymph had become
a golden nugget in east.
Sun was rising.

Guilt of burning the sea
was writ large on the face
of purple clouds.
I am collecting the garments of dew.

Sitting in a night
of waves, watching the theater
going in day
a cuckoo did not sing.

Satish Verma

Half – Being

Between a calm and a thunder,
I amputate my days, from the mediocre life of mindless alienation.
I bemoan for sanctity.
Man remains innocent of,
another man's melody.
I get frightened.
Birds are suddenly falling from the sky.

Where the heart denies
a heart, a perfect rhythm,
mind bares a wound.
History does not repeat the truth.
Blank shadows break the windows
and I collect the ashes,
from the burnt plots and ruined homes.

Sometimes you pretend to kill,
an argument deliberately
to know the depth of the answer.
The turmoil of half-being;
the unhappiness of fulfillment,
the transformation of a death into peace,
was it in harmony?

Satish Verma

Half By Half

Half the night for you
half the night for me
in between,
when we are going to light our lamps?

A clock is ticking away
time elopes with stars.
When the gametes meet
a spark will chuckle in dark.

Tonight I am going to open my wrists
throwing the lines in water.
Take care of the lineage
flesh eaters are moving.

A pink rose looks at me
like moon in a honeycomb.
It was bittersweet, hurting, kissing
the thorn in my thumb.

Satish Verma

Half Sinned

We will talk about
life and death, standing on
the track in dark.

*

Do not reach anywhere
untouching spots on hands
where sparks kindle.

*

Do you want to wash
out your sins, kissing the
black rocks of moon?

Satish Verma

Half-Blues

Don't bury my pain
in your sad blinking eyes.
It won't fill the void.

Who was evolved
from a cruel beast into
a human being?

Some pieces of
divinity survive in the
bright passion flowers.

Satish Verma

Half-Closed Lids

This nothingness was overwhelming.
When words fail to tell the facts,
only silence talks.

That brutal interrogation of self
to undo the decline, like a
a viper in your home.

The mortgaged glow of stoned infant
in the exiled land, brings
the exodus of shrunken legs.

A shadow survives on the debris
of frozen voices,
sluicing through the cries.

Open the stitches of night.
Death was skirting the prison.
No ropes. No ropes.

Satish Verma

Half-Drowned

The knot was broken
from the waist,
as if we were struck
by a bolt.

Thinking must stop.
Violence was there within
the pods, to explode and
eject the seeds.

The silent rape of a
sleeping book. You cannot
tear off the pages,
limb by limb.

You will not read the
past. Would not write
the future. The present roars
through the window starting a brush fire.

Satish Verma

Half-Lights

With silver spoon, I
cannot eat your words?
selling my poverty.

Another pain comes,
when you walk barefoot
in hot sun, to feel the old burns.

Black moon, and red
eyes, in white nights.
These were my poems.

Your body comes in
between my blues
and trembling morrows.

Satish Verma

Half-Man

In the exodus of emotions
I try to flee human fears
in earth hour.

The sky will not be civil to me.
You had become a dark flame
like port wine.

Who was changing
the skin like a snake?
I was busy cupping a hemangioma

on the face of a moon.
Tucked between the breasts
a dream fumbles with a cyclone.

One more city dies
in my head. The streets
are walking back.

Satish Verma

Hallucination

Watching the ascension
of half-moon from the brown hills
there was a blast in veins.

A raw hope strokes the clouds.
Starting a fire in stars,
making you blind.

Till the eyelids become heavy
with guilt, striving. Waking up
in middle of blue.

I was trying to reach you, when you
were not there,
wounding me in void.

Satish Verma

Haltering

A red clock and the dwarf
will not meet on the wall.
Time slips out in virginal shyness.

On the verge of collapse was
an ossified civil group
after emotive conception fails.

Unambiguously an azure
sky measures the human steps
in somnambulant thoughts.

You throw a bound kid
in a water tank, after postpartum blues
and walk away with a halter.

Who will grab the fractured
age, during the fire dance?
A mirror lies flat after announcing the award.

Satish Verma

Hand Gloves

today i am not one whole, placid;
blood streaked globe of full moon
was hovering over me all night
to freeze a ruined landscape, i was
not ready for the departure, untying
the knots of water, like the storm opening
the mouth of a hidden cave in a deep sea,
there was anything unsaid between us,
a new verb joining strange nouns, the lips
swimming in coral tears, amid the frail
words of assaults and wounds of fractured
signatures; in the end are left only the orbits

Satish Verma

Hands Of Enemy

With frugal memory you wanted
to tame the radical spine,
while fright was bending the thighs.
Was it a travesty of the graduated thumb?

The speed of the river had accelerated
in aching land. People gathered to collect
the alms daily. Violence was sending
the severed heads on the road.

What do you think of the failing effect
of tricks of politics? A deep tunnel
opens the wounds of centuries, of hate
and acrimony, the opacity of large lips.

Ultimately you suffer the words,
hairy sexuality and pungent darkness
of the breath of salt hills. I am
reverting back to count again.

Satish Verma

Handshaking

I dreamed of you.
Otherworldly. Blue and tender.
Not my pain anymore.

Did you pray for me
and asked to write a last
poem for sake of veil?

A bird takes, sand
bath, before jumps on a pyre
to prove fidelity.

Satish Verma

Handsome Ending

In process of?
searching you. O invisible truth
I was hurt.
One death leads to another.
You must have changed your cloak
not your voice. I will
find you one day.

Your angles were
right, except the distance.
At your lying down place
a marigold was born
defying the sun. Make sure
night was not your enemy.

It was not yield?
my pride. You must shift
your zodiacal light to match
me on the waves. You will
need me, and I will need you.

Satish Verma

Hanging Eyes

No ceremony. I
will walk out from the star?
gazing one day.

The spirit moves
away of body to wear the moon
of a dying sun.

I don't like small birds,
that make loud noises
in hollow trees.

Satish Verma

Hanging Garden

Decanting the soul
to achieve the silence
of the moon.

Can you find the peace
after the screams? Celibacy
after the violence in bed?

The pleasure's guilt
and pubes failure have made
the Mars glow brighter.

Do not do anything.
Become a fake and
unveil the statue of a stonehenge.

Spring is back with vengeance.
The sky was still very bitter.
All the colors had gone to water.

Satish Verma

Happened

He climbs on his being,
crawls
like a lizard;
frightens.

Sometimes after,
in a shock
falls back.

Runs away
leaving behind
a trembling trail.

Satish Verma

Happenings

A transient smile lights up a moonless
landscape, catalyzing the woes of
labour of hot arguments. A fragile

peace prevails. When the plot thickens
let me count the bodies in the domain
of a wasted god.

Meanwhile I will get an interim sunless
day to find the mystery of believers.
A bridge had ultimately collapsed.

In the panic room, no image filters.
You continue to draw the nudes of goddesses
and distance yourself from the rubble of axes.

Battle-scarred earth throws up
a severed head of a patriarch
who refused to open his eyes.

Satish Verma

Satish Verma

Happy Valley Of Stings

I don't fake the pain
pain was me.
A grafted rose opens up along the road rage.

This was the city of my birth
my oblivion, my reincarnation
ejaculated from the dark.

Here I found the golden dust
nuggets of truth
and the nostalgia of a broken moon.

The marble white love
and green bowl of arms
a happy valley of stings.

The sun backtracks on hills
when I walk on sands
leaving the deep scars.

A small horizon was my window
hunger of nightingales on branches.
The tree was walking in, my house.

Satish Verma

Harmlessly

In a hollow tree
like hiding your past
in a talisman,
with bleeding heart,
when sun eats you
ant by ant.

To my clouds,
with a premonition, they
followed me every day
when I was walking on my
toes, moving away
from my bones.

Like walking fern
you hop from one hole
to another, to plant the roots
for future of echoes and
footprints. Towards the
dark I will sail to find
the slaughtered moon.

Satish Verma

Harvesting

Unsown peaks of fear
under aggression.
I ask you to make a choice
between I and inventing yourself.

I will not abandon the tree:
the animal, renunciation.
The belief and emptiness
will find symbols of foreverness.

Ephemeral colors;
Leaves will fall one day.
Someone was translating
the text of confidence.

One day,
the miracle shakes the cosmos
sap climbs up in darkness.

Satish Verma

Hatemongers

Waging a war
for peace. Rage of
silence abates.

The heart of a flame
has an earthiness. It will
bear a smokeless slight.

There was a terror
link. You could not handle
the trick.

Come to the fore now
and place the honesty,
on the back burner.

I will not speak
between life and death
going from light to dark.

I was the shadow,
and I was the moon.

Satish Verma

Hating To Do

To get my dues I come to your door
talking to myself
Today I will present you
my theme song in a live shooting belt.

A confined thought had
the influence fading away
It was a stark, frightful
journey to venus.

Will not tell everything
about the wounds of earth.
It was raging. You tell lies
for seeking liberation from commitments.

Trading abuses when love was lost,
the ancient tribe plays a game.
You have let me grow into a tree
standing at the dirty drain of life.

Satish Verma

Hauling

for self deception
sulfur fumes incite
mood swings
soaring to clean the malice,

reaper of gravity zero
what was the price,
of a tongue, mimicking
the greatness?

between birth and death,
for survival of crotch,
undressing the fear, terror
inflicts the pumice,

for honour killing
a roadside encounter,
with meddling of thighs,
lets down the clouds,

words in print were unacceptable
for a verdict on a silky mat
my fate splits open like a pod
in summer, for a love untold

Satish Verma

Haunted

In a cruel joke,
the torturer becomes
the tortured.

The colossus in its
aloneness, meets the goddess
of death for once and
messenger turns
into message.

The mixer of violence
and mantras, becomes god of
non-believers.

Let me disappear from
the words, a smoke
rising from the book.

Unpraised I was in between the names.

Satish Verma

Hauntingly

Sometimes the unholy fears
come obliquely?
from the scorpions.

Tongue tastes the salt of spilled
hate. You execute the hooded anxieties,
creating a cadaver pyramid.

Stich-open-stitch. Cobra
in the bush. Awesome colors of eyes
Brown-blue-green.

I am not going to kiss
the chillies. Burning hot lips.
The contours were enticing.
I shut my eyes for a weird encounter.

The floors pulverized. I still
stand in mud, on my own.

Satish Verma

He

Walked into the sun,
He. With weak flesh.
A storm was raging on burning sands.

In hollow of his knees
gravel was hitting hard.
He moved onwards in trance

Visionary, homeless, life in open
was blessing.
A huge crowd followed him, voiceless..

Hushed silence breaks the dam.
Valley of timbers was ready to receive the blood,
from epicenter, from fields.

Satish Verma

He Came, He Saw, He Grieved

A kiss, which
came from the firefly,
when I was in pitch-dark.

Floundering about? in
search of you, to move
away from wars, noises and explosions.

There was no love
lost, when you wanted to
come to misty gorge, to slide down
the steep silvery falls.

Not being open to talk to
sleeping eyes of sun, to read
the book of pain in bright light.

Outlasting all the miseries
of losing sovereignty
of tearless solitudes.

You have to prod
at me to bring out the
infinity of the frills.

Satish Verma

He Did Not Return

It was not a jubilee,
but I had come to pay my debt.

Stepping gingerly in your
father's study, you open the almirah.

No I am not afraid.
I have come to visit my father.

The hurt has not destroyed me completely.
Days were numbed like by vespa stings? with
burning, swelling and soreness.

I slide the clothes. In
deeper layer a plastic pack appears. on the
bed of dried rose petals,
sits a singed, brown vertebra?
collected after his funeral.

My talisman. I touch it.
Turn around?
don't look back
and walk away.

Satish Verma

He Who Learns Must Suffer

Strange thoughts give words
a pain. A mountain unfolds
a who carries a vase of ashes
must enter the gate to plot a path

for have turned into stones.
A violence erupts in long winter night.
Nobody understands the bird of time
who has lost the flight.

The bones learn the absence of house
in the forest of men. You realize the anointment
of unlearning. A gaudiest opulence

comes slowly in huts. The body becomes
blue in gentle fall of skimmed silence.
A prayer has a pernicious omen.

Satish Verma

Head And Torso

Nothing-ness fills me
again. Once visiting a funeral
home, a child asked me,
why do the people die?

How do I explain the dark
side of life? A blunt trauma,
makes me jaded. One collapsing
process creates the black hole.

A nude, the tall figure, stands
on the rock, much venerated,
and you cannot take off the
eyes, deciphering the skin.

In the intense pain of?
learning, a fantasy of
looking out at a ghost deity
in the vegetable, springs a miracle.

Satish Verma

Head Wound

Twitching will not stop
after you hit the bull's-eye.
Somewhere a nightbird,
had a hallucination, moon was
scared to come out.

The game we play all
the time. Tracing blue nudes
on the beds. A gang rape
went unnoticed by the
diehards.

A sphinx was rising in
east. What you have done
to stall the riddle of winged monster
sailing like hawk moth,
drinking your honey?

Satish Verma

Healed Landscape

An unusual melody,
a reticent antiquarian
I will wear my galloping age
with your dark eyes.

The lines were drawn
in the crocus fields.
We were fighting for the wild
immitative geckoes.

A toad stumbles out from the eyelids
of a zero hour. You will not
touch the counterfeit of questions
thrown at the meadows.

Evening of life celebrates
the failures. In the beginning
there were no lights.
End came with a red moon.

Satish Verma

Hear My Voice

Needing a bit less,
I wanted to discover myself.
Raise the chimney.
The house in on fire.

The door sleeps in the room.
Sun will find no corner
to sit. Can you call a cloud
to make the floor wet?

The knuckles come alive, rap
the window to stay calm. Someone
had knocked out the space
and coming in to meet the hunger.

A shrine has asked the roads
to be washed with tears of pilgrims
who had come from the faraway
hymns of darkness to script the light.

I am carrying the seeds of my
native place to find the roots.

Satish Verma

Heart Of The Matter

A man,
in the shadow of a child,
walks, for the sake of
phylogenesis.

The Great Bustard,
was on the brink of
extinction. Somebody
was not an achiever.

Seeking,
an inborn god in thighs,
for running faster than light,
weightless, faceless.

Dust will take,
dust for the dark matter
sequencing a disaster.
The animal within roars.

Satish Verma

Heart Searching

Leave me by me.
I was an onlooker in
wilderness of knees.

Primal truth is dead
I search peacemakers
of nowheres in vain.

Watch my loneliness.
A bronze elephant stands
still in dream traffic.

Satish Verma

Heart Unsnaps

You gave me a name without asking.
History of my pain
did not need any label.
I recalled only
the blooms of bougainvillea,
not the heat which gave them color.
My burned lips
remembered only the dew
and rear view of life.

The total otherness of the moon and stars
did not heal the scars.
My perceptions had
given me hot tears.
How the distance between us
created the schizophrenia?
The familiar laughs
have frozen after all!

In the middle of night I lie awake
to count the door
and the closed windows.
I listen to the moaning of walls.
My eyes remained half-closed in freckled sleep.
Heart blinks, unsnaps
and weaves a moon.

Satish Verma

Heartache

Wanting to die young
hairy and unbaked,
not telling the truth.
It was a savage vendetta.
The crowd was not on your side.
In manic intensity,
they shouted? death to the veils
in holiest dip.
I repudiate the presumptiveness.
A super religion gives birth
to a devil? another godman.
In chains, I will carry
a cloud. Very disquieting.
There was no water.
The seeds crawl?
underground in the wake of earthquake.
Collecting the tears to grow.
It is a blank summer.
The fat spiders open the eyes.

Satish Verma

Heart-Wrenching

Cruellest thing would be?
you are being watched all life
as from the sky in dark.

Trembling, you open
the knots of entangled life,
to watch the baby sun.

When you try to find
yourself in the lies of society
where will truth will go?

Satish Verma

Heavenly

Walking with death
talking poetica.
Living without walls
and firing squad.

While new culture was
drowning on steps of
dots and bass voices.
The blood on hands.

Sometimes you are going
nowhere in a pathless
city. Back to back setting
ablaze bazaar of black gods.

Between the veils lies
the trauma of man. I
step out from the underside of
hymns. Cannot sleep in temple.

Satish Verma

Heavenly Guidance

A quivering mud lamp under the basil
was sending signals for benign inconsistencies
and a covert interceptor
to stop a death to himself.

It was a no moon day
to monopolize the open eyes
and closed lips. Piercing screams
were coming from the empty chairs.

A garland of currency bills or pink snakes
for the leader breaks the music
of averted eyes. A terror attack
starts frisking the souls.

It wakes up a slumbering century
of fossil books. The birth anniversary
of a smoked thesis starts. The masses
start descending like buzzing flies.

Satish Verma

Heights

After drawing a self-portrait,
I want you to believe
that I am not in it.
The style of rebellion cannot be judged by
blurbs only.

A chunk of refusal,
a narrow escape,
and thin veiled hysteria,
all go for a parody of exactness,
which had been really absent from our lives.

Can you find out
who is betraying whom?
where the tears are migrating?
And where the smiles have gone?

Instead of brutalizing,
I care for the tender torches
moving in the dark bush.

A precise definition is needed
for self-denial of molten lava
which moves like a river
but does not grab the heights.

Satish Verma

Helmeted Version

Will the shouts work
on blood seeds in climate of conflicts?
Winter was shrinking.

Give me a hand.
I am going to invite clouds softly.
Let the drumming start.

War has broken out
on many fronts
for a god, for the grains

and for the golden gates.
Where shall we plant
the sacred tulsi?

You need a holy soil for that.
The transliteration of a famished lake
throws a foul smell.

Will you be able to walk
on the ice again?
Outside the climate of change?

Satish Verma

Satish Verma

Help Me

Love hours.
When you cover your
face with hands,
light dims.

I enter your interocular
space, to understand the
truth of dissent.

I am learning
from you about the black
theory. You wanted to?
take titanic steps
in small feet.

Human facts.
I cannot breathe.
You possess the power of
manipulation.

A bird doesn't know.

Satish Verma

Hemlet By Choice

I was not capable of
contradicting the quietness.
A silent emotion was insulting me.
Forgetting the self-denial
I went for choosing the impossible.

Am I sick of myself?
The agony overwhelms me with mystic relief.
Here and now I feel the human spirit
outsmarting the gifts of revenge
in the eyes of past.

No hope of breeze. It is hot inside,
the spirit burning. False peers
were scoring with debts of darkness.

Tiny ideas crowd the mind
flying straight through the mist of anguish
I elect to be nothing.

Satish Verma

Hemlock

It hurts me, my poems
when you don't come in dreams.
Moonlight waits.

How devastated
was your faceless voice in dark!
The nightingale cries.

Like "la grippe";
the noiseless words leave the
night wounds in eyes.

Satish Verma

Hepatica

Black livers?

Are you really desperate
after a vision? Miasma
rising?

A disheveled sky was
calculating. Tide was turning
back carrying the
tremors of shores.

Was that true, you faith
thinning? I see myself
getting ready for slanting moon
eating seeds of death.

It tears through
the veils of abstract. Are you
looking back at paralyzed
sun who has swallowed a stabile?

Satish Verma

Her Looks

Jinxed out
was the sex panel
on the honour's integrity.
Deep water a fish
was found dead.

The destination
of your rival was
feminism. I was talking
of the moon
without gender.

Your fingers were probing
the dancing words,
in this strange event.
Darkness was falling
on my lips in morning.

Satish Verma

Here And There

The collective
scream of peacocks,
brings the night horror.

The horses run?
in morning blue.
The call has come.

Cotton wool on?
retina. I cannot read
your command.

To immerse
my god in your lake,
the wait must be long.

Satish Verma

Here Lies The Queen

The frozen voice hangs on the
door. A crowd waits.
Midnight explosions
will start soon
to herald a benevolent sky-
for squatters.

In rise and fall of an empire
I won't put any label
to generation drift. The
changing geography will
take care of the ashes.
A ragpicker will tell the story.

Ambulatory moon
had become economical, blanching
the stained dreams only
like our land's wounds.
The sea of hate lies naked before us
to sweep the carcasses. I know not
how to become omnivorous.

Satish Verma

Heritage

A vigil for scrolls:
who writes the history now?

Actors are barbaric now –
playing the malicious music of
rebirth.
There is no threat now from intimate-
bombers.

Be drunk on my breast –
in lunar landscape, wearing no shoes.
Buddha has lost his libido.
Can you fix the bed of black
roses?

A sick mind now writes-
a transgender prose.

Satish Verma

Heterosexuality

Were you ready for a virginity test
to cross the umbrella of harpoons.
A chilled moon

will welcome you after slaying
the hot sun in the valley
of gods. A schism scoops

ignominy. Seeing the lights
which were not there. Almost
sexy, the sky pretends to unrobe.

No weeping. A Caucasian brings
red grapes for a naming
ceremony of black password,

searing the age of complicity.
A rocket propelled grenade
is going to blast a whisper.

Satish Verma

Hewn Words

A black hole detonates itself
to stigmatize the substance.
Now a silk road leads
to sight and touch.

A scarecrow starts screaming.
Sky was falling on fire. The space
becomes deviant. Chopped hands
were drawing the tattoos
of winged feet.

I return to the ashes to find
the stolen fame. Unstable angina.
The pain comes and goes. I am not
going to receive the avalanche
of burnt out thoughts.

Want to pretend my suicide
to meet the harbor waves.

Satish Verma

Hidden Paths

Autumn sets
deeper, after equinox. The
homesick moon comes close.

*

Was there any hope
beyond the darkness?
My hands are very dirty.

*

What was the maniac
pain of the sea?
No boat wants to sink.

*

Soundless was your
enemy in bush.
Why were you lamenting?

Satish Verma

Hidden Sojourns

Watching in shifting
stance of futurism, I will
be choosing frozen?
pains of the past.

Endlessly I begin
again, the pursuit to meet
the end at moonrise.

I look up at the moon,
and you look back at the road.
And I will ask, what
was the black truth?

You always think of
the windows, when the doors
were shut. To escape from
the colossal mistakes?

Truth, one day
will melt in your eyes.
I will pick up the pen.

Satish Verma

Hidden Voices

I don't count the
Countless, black hurts. Hear
the unhearable.

Pink over pink. A
golden drive after the
moon's marriage.

In deep calm, I
dig out the bare gospel
of the unknown god.

Satish Verma

Hiding

After plundering the moon,
the skins
have dug their heels in candles –

for a night vigil.
Why you want to know the hidden meaning
Of a benign meaningless.

The beginning and end
were most visible tragedies
of an endless affair with invisible enemy.

Unsayings were very sincere
to truth if words were not mutilated.
Pure murder of an illusion in whispering sands.

Satish Verma

Hiding Truth

In inner conflict,
wearing snakeskin, to make
a very sacred kill.

*

What a sinful dream,
in moonless night, when rain stops.
I will find you then.

*

Don't follow the stars.
They will mesmerize you to
love the beautiful lies.

Satish Verma

Hieronomo! *

A sin between us
transcends hidden paths.
I start digging endless questions.

What was that interminable and esoteric?
Give me a clue. Lift your hand
and write the name of the recluse.

I am connecting to unknown
for the answer.
we are all guilty here.

Do not wait for me
I have steered the boat
towards the rapids.

Without time a half moon
will shift
And I will weep for the fallen saint.

Begging for the words
beseeching the pernicious wounds
I will go in hysteria.

* The protagonist in Spanish Tragedy of Kyd.

Satish Verma

High Moon

Not the words,
you were burning the papers
sideways. It was a public domain
someone was drowning a child
in a milk pot.

And the half-past moon,
iodine level was rising in ocean.
On the beach, the dancing sand
throws up the dead horse
after dysfunctionality.

Pray for the bleeding sun,
its golden mane has inspired
the mimicry of a leaf. The grass hopper
is going to find the secret
of chlorophyll.

Satish Verma

His Or Her Majesty

That inner probe?
and access? was the need. I
promised myself, not to
sail on the waves.

It was difficult? the way
of birth, to deliver the truth.
You must invoke?
the legacy of the reals? against the fakes.

Factuality, your image
will not suffer. I will witness
the ultimate happening. The
testament will not be written on the beach.

Between " I " and "you" lies
the gulf of ancestry. The
unknowing will make it
easy to understand the glacial fall.

Satish Verma

Historical Grief

A perpetual war between
frame and content feeds
the fire!

I step outside the house of thoughts.
The death begins the counting and
jasmynes start crying.
I hear the over-worn desert
blowing the sand.
A raw stone throws up a sculpture.

Midnight knocks on the door were loud.
Rain was banging, moonlight drifts in.
The huge cloud outlines
the ceremony of deluge.
Abstract ideas have to be clothed again.
The naked truth stops the clock.

A proxy death shatters me.
I also die in a dome.
Night melts in hissing sounds,
time becomes a paper weight.
The splendor of quartz cracks.
Demolition is complete
historical grief now takes over.

Satish Verma

History

Focused on burgundy palms
as the age blinks,
you start distressing on a unipolar
pinnacle, biting the nails.
The road absorbs the horizon.

Perched on a controversial tree
the birds break into small events
to reach the grass roots. A transparent question
always chases you about the consequence
of a war with troubled priests.

Do we need nitrous oxide to offset the gloom
of hovering religion? One enchanted
crowd spills in copycats to bring about
a revolution in ranks who were busy
in translating the epics of past.

Satish Verma

History Of Pain

Your alignment
with sea was not perfect. You
were wading in sand.

Give me a slip
of eyes. A scion was
ready to catch winds.

Behind the teeth
lies a bloody tongue. Will spell
your ancient name.

Satish Verma

History Repeats

My killing instincts
were intact.
On this bloody moon day?
I must talk to myself.

Just lips would move,
not the mind.

A mode of non-being
comes in fore. You watch the pansies dancing?
nonchalantly.

The air passes. White phosphorus
ignites on its own.

Memory alternates with pain.
It is not over.
We are still searching ourselves
in a mound of earth.

Satish Verma

History Was Walking

Death in meadow
on leaves, under the sky.
History was walking over the bodies
of those who were in service
to move the wheels of sorrow.

The horror sinks slowly.
They were killed without war.
Unpaid debts of life, conflicts
at home. Amidst the laughter
somebody hangs in a noose.

Cry, cry, the possessed one,
your script had failed you.
Your chosen god was fake one
your unknown fear was real -
under the veil of sky-blue peace.

The faith has a price now,
put up for sale on the combed street,
from the opening of a number.
No wages are fixed for lying deep
round the pain of centuries.

Satish Verma

Hoisting

A fledged reincarnation starts a carnage
before the scared skull, ribs were missing
from the pink wraps. Eye over eye opens a split

vision, to live in a shirtless thoughts, to kill
where the truth was. An accidental lover hovers over
the green breasts, full of secret grief.

All the birds on the lake have surrendered
the sun's light to extinguished nests and flown away.
The pain of yesterday now, will haunt the bride

of moon who had to abandon the baby in mud
to be watched by wolves of garlanded priests.
The tear was me, subway was me.

The skin was changing colour, camouflaged for
shame and guilt, pleading a glimpse of fire.

Satish Verma

Hold Your Breath

Something was always
missing. I wouldn't
recognize me.

In my quietism,
I dig out the words, that
would give me otherness.

The ocean accepts
the martyrs of woody frames.
Fuel was not sufficient
to burn them.

Moon sizzles in
black fumes. Pure cotton
was needed to make wicks.
There will be a night vigil.

Where the crowd assembles.
I will present the thoughts
of a wandering soul
of unknown prophet.

Satish Verma

Holding Back

The credibility
of an apple
becoming an icon.

It draws first
blood, when you?
were sleeping.

It still matters:
thinking of milt
but sinking your ferry.

There was no epilogue.

A midsummer night.
I will forget
your name.

Standing in a
queue, you should not
punish yourself

becoming unmatched.

Satish Verma

Holding My Toes

An evening primrose glides,
on my rough hands.
I pluck a laugh from the lips,
of a parched face.
It knows the meaning of death,
kissing the pink eyes.
Of the lost fidelity
and the innocence of the dying sun.

How to tell myself,
you are not coming.
Gradually the house,
will go back to its still air.
The white ants,
will draw a pattern
on the stale books.
The traffic of private tears,
will begin to move.

The truth is a happening,
with all the little gods.
I demand nothing,
only pink rose buds, of early winter.
There is no one to know,
that weeping grass,
keeps me touching,
holding my toes.

Satish Verma

Holding On

Bounty
of landfall.
I am collecting your berries.

The castle
has connived with the moat
to end an era.

The first step
ends the journey.
An avatar has accepted the bribe.

Gather the tents
and return the sky.
My morale is sinking very low.

The dream
will wash the eyes
to read the book again.

Satish Verma

Holding The Poems

The moon scrambles on
the fragrance of the trees
I think of humility & grace.
think of the secret of death,
honey of life and survive
by holding the poems.
I will ask myself
not to invent the echo of tomorrow.

In my aloneness
I watch the dancing of words,
the white tract of thoughts
without thinking. There are
no holes in heart, still the
numbers build the nest.
The abstract arguments of depression.
Lull before the explosive creation.

Movement of grief
is footfall in dark night.
We always blamed the self image
without perfecting our contents.
Liberating self from
bare hands was the theme.
We could bring the screaming moon
to rest upon our souls.

Satish Verma

Holding The Waves

Poverty of thoughts
beats you endlessly.
What was the other form of violence?

Body of water bursts.
There was an absentee lover
trying to overtop the levee.

Pounding of chest
was figurative.
Someone was dying of hunger.

It was a great paradox.
The eagle was rising
for a sudden dive.

Labyrinthine. An intricate
argument. From which-
side will come the death?

Satish Verma

Holds Me Green

The cult
catches you
like a black hole.

You cannot scale the walls -
slide back
in a crucible.

Like fried insects
crisp and dry.
Witch-hunt starts.

Sky was blue
in eyes,
winds will divide the space.

Do you need a mediator
to read between the lines?
To cross the fence?

Who sucked me dry?
Who leeches me white?
Death holds me green!

Satish Verma

Hole In The Heart

It was all white.
You wanted to see the interruption
by black rocks.

In frost you don't
leave footprints, do not
reach anywhere.

A facial deviation
separates the primates from
enlightened beasts.

Stones won't roll
today. Bystanders would not
pickup the fallen.

The unarmed question?
marks fall flat. There was
no ready answer.

Satish Verma

Holed Up

You are becoming a
frozen leak, the violet
end.

Ultra was not going beyond
the zero. Here the?
journey ends.

Dispersion of light was
increasing, the surface tension
between me and religion.

Again you are deflecting,
taking an oblique route
to find the truth.

Who was the father
of an unborn lie?
I was not expanding any more.

Satish Verma

Holiest Dilemma

Somedays with
human touch, I will talk
to white roses with
blood spots.

This was inner beauty.
The ferns start walking to
cover the wounds of earth.

A sea horse stands
erect in sea to salute
the warship.

Where we are going?

When you don't leave
your thumb print, the song
of nightingale is lost.

How do you want
to die in the hands of
deaf and dumb god?

Satish Verma

Holocaust

Like flint, I knew,
it won't work from beginning.
I wait for red moon.

A tragedy was to?
happen. So it happened.
Suddenly one day!

Could you halt it,
the engulfing inferno?
blazing the home?

Satish Verma

Holy Bath

The smiling god, □
sitting on the throne
wants the invisible sacrifice.

The sounds of executions
which should not have happened,
to please the sovereignty.

The night vision was perfect.
You can see the roof caved in.
An old man was collecting the spent shells.

The anguish was writ large
on the walls of kitchen.
Smoke still rising from an oven.

What are you going to do today?
Stargazing? Going after the lust?
Or feeding the pigeons?

Satish Verma

Holy Script

See, what you have
done to me.
Chasing my
poems engaging
the soul.

Will you like to meet
the heart of a rose?

Continuing without
pause, you will discover the path
of unknown.

Half fathers were steering
the lives of unknown, long-limbed sons.
Don't stand in queue?
to throw your flesh, peace by peace
to predators.

Satish Verma

Holy Wings

The twisted moon
moved horizontally,
plunged in cleavage
of dark trees
eating the stars.

Aloneness; midnight dream,
faces the wall of nails.
Scratches on the flesh
blood oozing.
The benign end.

Put off the lights,
it helps to think clearly.
Drape the mercy of night.
Snake was hissing, may strike.
A cramp will kill the joy.

The fish will be welded
to a candle.

Satish Verma

Homage To Flesh

Far beyond the light years,
I will seek the darkness?
where the hope was born,
and night had the faith.

The trust not betrayed, become
meniscus, when the crowds
start coming. Dog bitten you scowl.
A half-written poem was ripped away.

An inside truth comes too close
to flames. Something limbless?
moves in empty mind. In the
falling snow a dove flutters like a myth.

Half-truths are touted now as,
a new brand of secular religion.
Something was amiss. Man was
afraid of himself, becoming semi-god.

Satish Verma

Homage To Unknown

Half-living in your gaze
a prisoner of messed?
up life in a petri dish.

Streaking in blood and salt
your inoculation failed.
Now a missed abortion,

takes place. You cannot
defend your freedom, before
the ruthless destiny.

The courage versus scourge
of dust and rage, of
the blowing grains of skeletons.

In my crescendo, you
will hear the most intense,
music of a resilient spirit.

Satish Verma

Home Coming... Hypothetics

I will make amends with me today,
stop fighting with myself.

Unthinkable to live without pain,
in war with suffering.

Quietly cries the flame without sound.
While night lingers on.

Nothing was easy for a quick resignation
of ephemeral tears.

Again love opens like a senile gash,
a chandelier suddenly crashing.

Going back to old city, blowing the limbs off
I will find my house.

Trying to search a clue to the colour of wound?
Catch my style.

I will remain in your thoughts for eternity.
Was not I your hoary past?

Satish Verma

Home Which Never Was.....

Faceless fear leaps from the book
I close the chapter.
My ancestors start hovering about my
head
What did I achieve?
Glorified stones and shining plaques
adorn the garden,
round and round my spirit soars. Are
You listening?
Two things always haunted me. Space
and voices. I searched
my atlas and traced my home which
never was.
Nothing will alter my hurt. I am
afraid to lose my soft eye,
roving smell and final judgement.

Satish Verma

Homecoming

The yellow beaked vultures were waiting.
A cloth bag contains the bleached
remains; his father.
Impeccable gift unmasked.
After the inferno, hydrants went dry. The guilt survives
the dispossession, pondering over the black dew
now covering the pink roses.

The illusion persists. Master is coming home.
jug was empty. A miracle will start
the kitchen. An infant cries in the backyard.

The windows were sleeping. Let the sun
stand outside. A yellow moon at night will
open the door.

Satish Verma

Satish Verma

Homelessness

Bending the forked-stick to find
underground water ?
and immortality of thirst.

Lips were fragile. There were
no dew drops on the upper lip.
It tasted like a frozen moon.

Clouds had sucked the childhood.
No one picks up the fireflies
from dark bushes.

Tasered by stings, the moonlight
hangs by the window.
I watch you undressing.

After the blizzard, a rocking chair
waits. Hypothermia. The musical
return of the mute did not take place.

Satish Verma

Homeward

Suddenly, the full moon
pops up soundlessly. I was stunned
by sheer nakedness.

*

Will you catch a
butterfly for my reluctant wine?
I had invited the black roses.

*

A city does not
sleep any more, after the call
of service, fumbling with the locks.

Satish Verma

Homing

Like each dropp of your humbleness
engulfing my urbanite woes;
the graffiti emerges in tender grace
to resurrect a windmill.

My spirit, the abode of small birds
carrying the sunset on its back
was returning home for the final-
sleep in the lap of twilight.

When autumn comes and crippled,
brown leaves start falling, I will
set the birds free in the winds
to find their new master.

The nest will weep for the broken song.
In space between the eyes, lies the negation
which will not accept the peace of a
grave. I will follow the wilderness-
of thoughts again.

Satish Verma

Homonym

Don't you agree with my ability
to loosen up on our times in no night?
A river thing was flowing
through foliated silence.

In deranged hour of the
neck tie, you throw up obscenity
on road. What? Chicken hearted?
Sickle cell anemia?

Goat rioting before sacrifice: -
the tiny feet will dropp from heaven
to walk in blood and bless you
for dispatching the head of unlove.

The night hawk butchers the hope,
if the baby owl cries again. Afraid,
I am going to take a flight
to yellowing moon.

Satish Verma

Honey Mooner

There was a silky assault
by a gray cloud over the sickle moon
and I went crazy.

Moon said I will come again
for the glittering makeup
when the curtain are drawn.

Indelible tattoos on my breast
will haunt you whole night.
You must suck the stars meanwhile.

Come March, I will shower the
blue stains on your shirt.
It will remind you the number of nights
you slept with me.

Satish Verma

Honey Trap

The shoes
will have to come off.
You have to walk
barefoot on grass.

Life had become
unworthy, of death.
Do you believe
in killing of a river?

This was age
of denials. When glib was
beseeched by truth not to
speak against dry bed of water.

The flames of battlefield
suck the glory of coci.
They were standing
in a line for the prayers.

Did you know what
was beyond the sky?
A loveless world
where no bird sings.

Satish Verma

Honor On Sale

Coming of age
in dark waters of thoughts?
to swipe the moon.

Half-bread was
not sufficient for the earth.
We need some sky.

Words don't come
easy, from the scythe, to draw
a line on face.

Satish Verma

Hope And Banality

Tired of exhibitionism,
nostalgia for an eternal
herd of thoughts -
moves for the real intent
the intensive thirst for unknown.

The lie stamps the vanity on a pseudo book.
Everything turns in a rage,
and pain strips to bone.

Dressed in his gaudy fame,
great idol lifts the arm.
Must I become a part of this motley crowd?

The return is difficult
for the disowned faith.
Great hips, broad shoulders and pointed nose
reach nowhere.

Beneath the disillusion lie the shades
of hope and banality,
to choose a tomorrow
which will never arrive.

Satish Verma

Hope And Despair

Home coming
was not true. A character
remained unread.

What image was
holy? You walk barefoot
after worship to listen
the voices of earth.

The volcano weeps
for centuries, waking
the flames one day. What
were the questions
which had no answers.

A pink bandana
becomes the heartache
of moon. No star was
worthy of you.

The book wipes out the
new sermons.

Satish Verma

Hope Dies Daily

I was extremely
hurt. Your taped lips won't kiss.
I will die hundred moons.

Can you give me
freedom from the pink rocks
of salt and snow.

I think, I should not
drop your name at the edge
of my trembling poems.

I walk in sleep
to listen to your surrender
before the bald eagle.

You were always in
hurry to shut the book
of life without reading it.

Satish Verma

Hope In Undoing

Stay till end of
my poem, for
dying sun.

Howling winds searched
my body, my soul
when I stood alone.

The blue scorpion knows
its religion. That was predation.
Landfall for hungry.

If the blood leaks,
the victim sings for moksha.
Milking starts.

The golden leaves
are peeled off from the moon.
No night was safe.

Satish Verma

Hope Was Done

With minimum solar
effect on black spots of war and
peace. I was trying little water for sanity.

I always weave dreams
to invite my moon, so that I can
see your beautiful eyes.

Don't go my angel back
to your abode in deep sea.
Earth was burning. I am on fire.

Satish Verma

Hostage

Cohabiting:
my poems make me sad.

You reflect the times
my body leaves the wound marks on sand.

Again I had gone to my tattered home
to sleep under the moon.

There was only a small window.
I would look at the stars whole night –

to conceive and jump into a lake
of synthetic fathers and hired wombs.

The grieving faith now holds you responsible.
O god, in reverse order, become a man.

Satish Verma

Hot Corridors

Shame of centuries,
you wanted to erase.
Breasts were empty

Strafing nonstop,
you throw
the rocks on martyr.

The naked saint
accepts defeat.
Covers himself today

Ode to severed
head. He was
still smiling.

Satish Verma

Hot Poetry

What matters if I am
entering water. It does not
attitude will preserve my pain.

What should be eliminated
to keep us in peace. Words don't die.
They float in air. Moon hides- -

The blood leaking from
black sun.. I watch the grief of purple
beauty sitting on flames in burning sky.

Satish Verma

House Of Rains

Hold the innocence,
at brink of sliding death.
Formless learning never answers
the questions of life
and truth. A single meaning
connects to unnumbered voices.
Anarchy of rimless vision
flourishes. I trace out
the pink stain of a murder on the sand.

Going beyond the fear
was a sane thought
I was the pain
and I was the truth.
Life presided over
the hyphenated relationship.
What do I do with the broken mirror?
The severed head of sun
trembles in the mid - afternoon.
Light of the east fading?

Cogitating on fear of dying,
In contrast to benevolence
I flung out the pleasure, from window
to find the brokenness of time.
The depression swelters under the doubts.
I want to see the house of rains,
of wounds and your pride.

Satish Verma

How Blue Was My Country

The godman also had
an underbelly.
He lost his vision,
came full circle.

Now paper lamps
float in rows
on tear effect.

An underdog?
becomes a horseman,
follows the royal buggy
with a naked king.

The verdict was
very simple.
It was a nightmare.

Satish Verma

How Dazed?

Eons ago, it snapped.
You don't fit into the mold.
Like onion peels, I am trying
to open myself
holding the secrets.

Flawless,
you always had to invoke
the inner god and?
forgive yourself.

With the same
left foot, always leading you
to truth. That was not now.
Your belief was going up in flames.

Who was sleeping
in your bed, nude, like the
moonbeam, when I was not there
to undemand, the eternal sleep?

Satish Verma

How Did You Arrive?

After sitting in dark
through the black smiles,
you cannot stand the light.

The bloodshed, inclusive
of measuring the purity of intent,
celebrating the arrival?

and departure, ignoring the passage.
The road smells the spot, and feeds the rags.

These leaps and bounds
land you at the dead end. No trees
no leaves. Where you will go now?

How you hate yourself, now
beheading the roses. The cloud forest, where
you will find a new carnivore.

Satish Verma

How Far Was My Home

It does not exist now,
the conceited gait
of my fantasy.

It was not a cakewalk.
You may be coming?
for a daily ritual, but a
genuine thought suffers.

Tipping over, I will
say to me, accept the day
and become a recluse.

The violence
of the lips don't give a respite.
The glazed teeth under
the mask become red, spitting
the blood.

For whom you had
saved the moment of surrender?
The moon will move around
the planet, not to crash.

Satish Verma

How Far We Are

Poisoned to live
like a corpse flower, on the
singed, black earth.

*

The gratitude was
scarce. Can't see your image in
undulating water.

*

With grey ashes spewn,
you invoke the blind hunter
to heal the blue toes.

Satish Verma

How Many Times

Sitting at a funeral;
in ashes, you search-
the faces of dead. To
shut down the apostrophes.

How far was your home,
you don't want to
go back? A black moon
invites the tallest flare-

of the sun. Bright
death will ask no compensation.
You can travel over half-
memories of frozen pain.

Hourglass to Kundo clocks,
you were collecting all the
souvenirs to stall the
translations from coast to coast.

Satish Verma

How Much Certain You Were?

Not reached anywhere.
In finding the meaning of life
a shadow falls in mirror.

Wanted to pick
your mind. Quantum leaps
in blood-stained feet.

Walking under foliage,
I don't understand why you
wouldn't taste the fruit.

What was the
brilliant thought to solve the
daily tragedy of life?

You want to become
forgetful in the crowd littered
with golden swords.

Satish Verma

How Much Do I Tell You?

Dark in dark
I climb your spiral stairs
for the roving eyes,
reading my poems.

Will you pull down
the basil a bit? I want the
restless aroma to spread out
on my pages.

You keep a bloodhound
to track my nomadic thoughts. I wear
your smile in moonlight.

Pry open the hatch of a treasure.
My complete oeuvre was
left for unknown you.

Waves had washed up
a bright moon?
on the golden beach. I was not ready
to turn your face.

Satish Verma

How Much Does It Matter

You were not choosing
the right words, being reticent
for a seasoned yes.

The hurts of intimate
symphonies? don't bleed.
Only scars were left in triangles.

The chilled morality
of summer stream, was eating
away the banks of amnesties.

It was a sublime touch
of unseen fingers moving into
the trees and sky of dark spaces.

Days were slipping
away. I cannot put my
memories on flame.

There were explosions
on the crossroads.

Satish Verma

How Precious You Were

I cannot say adieu to you.
Like an implant?
you will go with my bones.

Truth was always underlined?
with lies. Now lead was
floating in my blood.

No one will read the
hidden map. Pink claustrophobia,
with clenched teeth.

I will bring the blue
death in September, when
there would be no shade.

The human fires burn,
ablaze in verses. No tears
no masks. You move in circle
with no center.

Satish Verma

How To Decipher

Like a virgin birth,
a poem floats
without any pain.

Superimposes, as if
on a face, like Mona Lisa,
with her mysterious smile,
longing a release from
the cycle of rebirth.

Are you going to reperform
for me, your silent
surrender, bewildering
a lost pilgrim?

Will you become a
sitter like a moon-faced, veiled
by crying clouds? I had been
trying to touch your lips, eyes.

This vicious assault
was for me. Stony eyes, and
the striking hood?
impel kleptomania.

Satish Verma

How To Do Propheying?

In grim moments,
quivering with fear,
separating the tears
from buried eyes.

How will you break up
your life from the
stanzaic epic?

The painting remains
incomplete. You don't want
to touch the colors.

Like snowflakes
I am creating a design
of your thoughts.

Sirius will not
rise today over the hill.
It was a rainy night.

There were dark
clouds, even at doors.

Satish Verma

How To Fly

Either pain or smile!
No, you won't give any. But each
night every moon matters.

I was always speechless,
when you were steaming out.
The stone-deafs seldom listen.

Like barn owl, I dig
a hole in your heart. You
were melting like snow.

Satish Verma

How To Proceed

Opening night's silk,
remembering you, under moon?
walking on wet grass.

You were not fake in
a crowd of naked fakirs,
taking bath in sun.

The truth must come out
to face the mother tongue,
when god was killed.

Where it hurts, the shoe's
nail. Prodigal son was blind.
Did not read the road.

Satish Verma

How To Say Love

Strang, nobody speaks
lie. A poem to Venus, in the land
of flames. Like you wanted to think.

It was fever. Can
you twist the moon? I was waiting
for something unheard. I die daily.

Akhmatova, don't cry.
I still read you daily. Did we
know each other from other life?

Satish Verma

How To Think

The vision of the past was
blurred. The future doesn't
promise the utopia.

I stop digging
and wait for you,
to restore the trust.

Back to back the
ideologies would suffer. You rustle
the hair of unknown pain.

Nightmares hiss.
I will bite your hand.
Didn't call the stranger.
The reaper will play your game.

Cinders and clouds.
Nobody wins. I unwrap
my book and read your
face again.

Can you see me in dark?
I am burning.

Satish Verma

How Will You Do It?

In transition, of
a starry namesake, holding hand?
in priceless moment,
of anthropic lineage.

Give me the heritage
shock, contents of unknown.
In ghostly silence, I will
talk to an empty chair.

Remember Van Gogh. Why
did he cut off his own ear?
Not to hear a big No?
Million fragments speak the truth.

I will write on my skin
my dark name in blues.
Do I make me understand?
Soon the moon will rise
to take a side.

A face drowns in my arms.

Satish Verma

Howling

Before I leave
I will give you my gift
to perceive the human anguish.

Time had passed like a snake
noiselessly, skipping the years
I grieved.

The solace of harvesting the dreams
was thin.
A terrible shadow of a futile
creation.

Hopes always lied
hollowed by anesthesia of truth.
A surrogate womb trims
the love.

My garden was always green.
Howling was generating the heat.

Satish Verma

Hubble Turns 20

O Hubble
what was the need,
to discover, to go beyond
for it.

It was here
in our hearts,
the dark energy.
When hearing would be lost.

I will go extraplanetary
to find the truth
of star birth.
On earth everyday a star is born..

On hundred light-years
down in a bottomless pit.
The contusion brings out the stale
abuses. No kindness for even gods.

Satish Verma

Human Gifts

Moon was climbing
down the stairs for the
soul searching.

Red, yellow, blue.
Someone has to die
for the rainbow.

You pretend to be
innocent, sitting outside
your home. Time was up.

The feeling persists.
Something has left behind
to knit the two torn threads.

The future karma
still claims the oldest
hymns of dark.

I am not going anywhere.

Satish Verma

Human Lab

Half-buried in a mud pit,
a polluter bares all, body and soul.
Hands bound, ready to be stoned
to death.

A god was going to kill a god.
A dense judgement of planet green
of an unreliable sun
scribbling a code of conduct.

My god, I will go insane.
Save my woods I say. How can
be the adam was so naked running
in a race gene altered?

My arthritic fingers again lift
a mansion of gold leaves, dissolving
the sky.

Satish Verma

Satish Verma

Human Tragedy

I was collecting
the stars to welcome you but
there were left unspoken words.

There was no grit
present in the rocks. No reason
to paint love blue.

Trees were talking.
Can we seal the borders of pain?
Who were the vectors of death?

Satish Verma

Humanized Pain

You teach me to
cry for the lost future after
yestergain offered

In a sacrifice
ritual. Blue lines are
appearing on my hands.

The child was walking
towards moon at apogee
but light was very dim.

Satish Verma

Humbled

You miss the words and numbers.
The gameplan gets ascension. The
podium was high.
And so was your head.

Swallowed by the winds
unable to reach the end of journey.
Were you not thinking?
Was it a treason to withdraw –

from the frills? In love scare
there were other things to do,
in the storm,
like collecting the thorns.

You step outside the dark and
feel the limbs of light,
altering the script to become
a miracle.

Satish Verma

Humbling

I love you in poverty of
words;
when you are not seeking
anything.

A dusky strength, self-
deprecating,
holding forth the virtues of
self-denial.

What was the awareness of
a blind?
Of shadows of migrating birds
in moonlight?

Hold my extended arm. May
be you can fall,
looking without eyes in the depth
of the sea.

Satish Verma

Humility

While drinking the long night
you became taller than the eternal
question, bitten by the moon.

Witchhunting will not stop
in oligarchy. A human right
stands on the ivory gate to enter the dust.

The weightlessness is paraded
nude amongst the full-lipped
follies of ornamental speech.

The duende was lacking in palace.
Rivals held the moonlight.
Now the muse will become celibate.

A giant mantis hops on a podium
to bless the dying god, and the candle
burns whole night.

Satish Verma

Humming Night

The enlightenment drops words, things
I am at peace with the light,
the sand, the river.
The thought of non-being is subtle,
touches a cord.
Hours slip, silicon hardens.
Grains of truth move towards essence.

The thought of emptiness
was very powerful
I sit by myself, swallow a stunned voice.
My hands become white.
Inside of me was a book
holding a past. I hid nothing: my faultline.
It was a strange poverty.

I could not plug it,
a hole in memory.
The voices drip.
A moon-knife slices my room.
Far off a poem drifts, in blue nothingness.
The day was very ill
and night again humming
a tune of rising sun.

Satish Verma

Hundred Stories

Shrinking like the
face of moon, dark truth slips
from elite height.

The fear of unborn
poem, tears the blank paper
hiding the words.

Will rebirthing work
in stoned psychotherapy
of conversation?

Satish Verma

Hungry

Be my sleep, I tell a dream.
A lantern was chasing the shadows
on wall. My fever?
I say, past one awakening
I will sleep eternally.

The age licks the grief of fallen
pride. I was still walking on
sharp stones, bleeding inside.
Howling,
here I come from the caves.

A whole truth becomes unholy
when mixed with crackers and has
a loud noise. Let the river of life
flow in breast in night of hunger
without a provider.

Satish Verma

Hungry Angels

Tonight I will not sleep
I will call you in my eyes.

My hands were trembling
when I opened the book.
Words you uttered long back
tumbled out ashen-faced.
I started burning inside.

Where did we take a wrong turn?
The oven had baked a burnt-out
face. They are altering genes.
Suddenly it is going to start
a riot among the gods,
a pure kill.

Frightened I move in circles around
the little black hole in the center.
Martians would throw the boys
to appease the hungry angels.

Satish Verma

Hunting A Prodigy

An open truth beguiles
the instinct, the bare facts.
Something precious will remain
under wraps.

I was not ready to give voice
to the delicate subject. There was
no dwelling, no niche for a
virgin lie.

The soul was an essence of body,
psyche or inner self of
ageless? sexless being.

Give me your palm. I will
read your lines. You will strangle
the illicit terms. The tiger
always battles to win.

Predation was not in
blood, then who was the
prime suspect?

Ask, your deities, who created us equal.

Satish Verma

Hunting The Dreams

Place the midnight?
lamp near my bed. I want
to read my biography.

From opus of pain,
you climb the sands.
Sun, heat and glare.
Then blasts.

You were not reaching
anywhere. The mountain does not
come to you.

The lamb in your
chest raises the head and
strikes the trembling moon
in water.

Silenced. You scalded
the words. A dismal, distraught
mood. The night enters
your flesh. Eyes burn
to give light, going beyond thoughts.

Satish Verma

Hurricane Lamp

To break free from
existential spin, I will
start a new journey.

Can you walk a poem,
towards unknown, to kiss the
destiny of dying world?

It is adult postmortem
of brain-dead diction,
Why the god failed?

Satish Verma

Hurting Dive

As if pruning was not enough.
After severance from the peak,
the ladder was becoming
aloof and murky.

Acid burn on the day
of breaking confidentiality.
An imperfect mirror was
wiping out the cloud, all night.

You are going to take on the
starless sky. A moon was
left out in the stillness of black sheen.
You are now poking at the globes.

Give me a pen to lift the
remorse. I was desperate to become
human. Death was looking at me
with great amusement.

Satish Verma

Hurting Myself

The blue stare
will stretch on the horizon.

A princely moon
enters the perforate shell?

in the oviform eye,
of the bruised lake.

I was ready to drink
the potion, the viper offers.

Tears and laughter, the
twin ecstasy of dying

by hinged fangs.

Satish Verma

Hushed Speech

Was worried about the assault
from inside,
holding the shoes of his sons,
he was trailing the sectarian kill.
Utopia had its own weapons.

I was trying to understand schizophrenia
knifing for peace. Do you think mental
fragmentation would find me on
the door bell of sleep? I was walking
through the hard kisses of death –

on mouth so that I would not speak
about the valley of tears.

Satish Verma

Hymn

When glacier recedes,
Your eyes start flowing,
and by the swollen river
an island is swallowed up.

You swim from the lake to the shore
of grief to err again.
Water was your home,
water is your life.

Soft marble swells up in deep crevices
of brain, shaking the foundation of
thoughts, naked as it is.

The fog sleeps on the sea for eternity.
The wrath of sky will burn the skeletons
buried in sand.
Summer will bring the violence.

You cry for forgotten greens,
and kelp and sailing ships
full of hops.
When the hymn recedes,
your eyes start flowing.

Satish Verma

Hypens

Hired time felt that terminal import
was cloaked, and we were not ready
for the consolation.

Our conscience was giving a terrible blow
because world was not interested in knowing
why the man went outside of truth.

Who is deceiving whom? Closing the eye
while answering some question, you find
that shadows are not exiled.

Transparency of skull does not
betray the thoughts.
Clumsily you cover the swollen wounds
with a cap of innocence.
Eyes are searching for the snakes
I hold my rope and trap
It is flooding my ripe age!

Satish Verma

Hyperaesthesia

Growing moon seeds
on palms? Where was moon?
A single thought shakes us both.

Who was under
surveillance? You generate your
own rains to wash the stains.

Who you love in dark
when stars sleep and night
birds come out for singing.

Satish Verma

Hypnosis

That intense pleasure at the height of negation
haunts me
from the sense of weightlessness.
In praise of complaints I sacrifice my anger.

Sanity demands an explanation
for the grieved flowers
who assembled for a wreath.

The window will not betray the sun.
Prodigal sunshine will come back
to face the arrest.

The prism breaks the charm
flings off the clouds of flirting winds
and removes the veils from the eyes.

Satish Verma

Hypocrisy

Listen to wind.
Silence was tied to
the stake, before burned
alive. I wanted to know
the truth.

Home lies, growing
louder in the din of impeachment.

Stand at the breach
of love and ask the blind irises.

For thousand of years
you have confessed for
the dark omens.

Did you find the pure
Agni?

Walk with me to
look at the moon.
It was in flames.

Satish Verma

I V/S We

Cannot decode the signature of fear beneath the huge eyes,
serene and calm, darting right and left, like in stricken
animal at frenzy. Drift we must; will seldom cross the path.
Agony of existence, flying thighs, erect humps, sliding on sand
dunes. Even moon melts in our mouth.
You had kissed the frozen lips; of betrayed night.
The sudden gyration of hips, fading of stars,
and waning of nameless memory. Let's go and
hide in blasts of whistling train. Pale wool of
knitted love cannot hold the heat. The waiting will
be over in minutes. Wheels will run over an epoch.
I would raise my head after ages in astonishment. I was still alive, cast
in a different mould. Dislocation became my integrity,
my fate, a frightened truth.
People were very short sighted, could not cross infinity.
Supreme was in them, discounting morality.

Satish Verma

I Am Burning My Bridges

To search you
I am burning my wheels.

Put your hands
on my shoulders
for opening the book.
To read the message
between the words.

When the time comes
I want you
to smear my ashes
on the stones of footpath.
I want them
to walk on me
and dissolve their steps.

Stop looking
at me.
To reach you
I am burning my bridges.

Satish Verma

I Am Drunk On The Hemlock

My lips are black,
I am drunk
on the hemlock, proffered by you –
my life. I am still in love with pain.

What not, the trial
tried to break my resistance.
I will walk on my hands
paraplegic legs lifting my eyes.

Why did you want me to fake a death.
She was my lover, my shadow
always walking along with me.

So, you did not authored the article
on my demise in ravines
watching the sun eclipse?

Extinct, headless, corpse of a
thin warrior, obliquely refers
to the pygmy moonrise.

Grey plaques in white mind
like snakeroots, glittering
in dark gulleys of time!

Satish Verma

I Am Not

Time capsule in gangrene
foot. It was madness of the legs.
There were no sins in the ghetto. Only
illicit distillation and girls changing
the beds.

It stinks when he says he was god.
What was the ism of the sex
in the language of violence? Trash, you
throw the half-eaten apple on the road,
and sun rises nonchalantly in penthouse.

Not the full moon tonight. I will filter
the moonlight in my cup stealing the
autumn from the lavender, despair
of the tormenter.

Satish Verma

I Am Not Afraid

There was a road to landslips.
Why would the mountain break
for consanguinity?

You had spurned the hovering
clouds altering the means
of communication?

by adopting the lightning
for jousting with new gods.
As the thin cobweb flies before the eyes?

I go for insomnia to talk
with invisible in dark. In
moment's lapse I become grey.

A life's learning makes a
fool of me, hurting myself
in moonlight. The

abandonment brings fear
of me. I am ready to go
to a sheepeater carnivore and lie still.

Satish Verma

I Am Not Changing Myself

Holed up
in my book
I find peace.

Riding moon, you don't
reach the other world.

Voiceless in
grief the words don't land
on paper.

The salamander
slips back in black hole
to taste old blood.

The holy place
ignites.

Satish Verma

I Am Not Myself

Moon down I will
give a putsch to forget
a fiercely contested
claim.

Silent defeats had
the deepest wounds.

Like miniature paintings
were framed in
dried tears.

Why the ethnic divide had
stolen the skin of the teeth?

In fragments, I was
collecting the gifts not
given to you.

O god, make an ordinary
will for me I don't
want to see you dead.

A trembling voice wakens the sun.

Satish Verma

I Am Not One

This saga follows
the stargazing of one
buried ethos.

Where the words stop
to transcreate the ruins of
hymnic heritage.

You cannot change
the world. World will change you
at the end of gaze.

Satish Verma

I Am Not Sad

Living in
a house, sans
a roof and walls.
You can touch
the dark sky
with burning
fingers.

Nothing to give,
nothing
to take.

No transcending.
Your roots
were going very deep.

Blindfolded
you will lead
the vision.

A legless
search begins
to find the god.

Satish Verma

I Am Smile With Tears

He felt very guilty
while defending himself. Being nothing
in the times, he became so dangerous
for himself that the buttons were lost for
patriarchal connectedness.
The faces had become the permanent masks.

Now what?
Flutes lie broken in bottom of the pond,
stones had committed suicide.
A window lets in darkness.
I love the pace of history walking on the back
of alligators. It does not die.

I am emptying the urn, again and again
to write poems on the flyleaves of life.
Pure pain. I am smile with tears. My
knees carrying the amputated leg. A big
throw on the trash. I am thirsty,
not hungry. My hands reach for a strip.

Satish Verma

I Am The Lover

After separation from death
rain-scented moon was rising
in broken sky. Night birds started
fluting one to another relentlessly;

earth unjointed, was speechless, in
failures we meet often, a little while.
I was ascetic scaling blood pollution,
the life had no mercy, incapable of healing.

You surge for the bleeding miner, the
gold missing, priest was innocent, behind
the peels lies the empty hand, insanity in
parallel depression will find a new praise.

The infinite solitude of the soldier in war
fights the demons of blind desires. One by
one they kill you from the mountain. You
rise from the ocean under twilight of winged stars.

Satish Verma

I Am Thinking

Eels apart-
would you like to greet
the squid?

Resurrected,
from the mud
of quotes?

Epic was being
written, for the sake of the
sunken ship.

There was no pretext.
It was a brazen
assault on the delta.

The clash, the skirmish
will never end.
I am going to meet

the needless,
who had refused
to stitch the wounds.

Satish Verma

I Am Walking On Sharp Edges

Hold me tight, my friend,
I am going to sail in damnation.
Between devil and saint
I have lost my home.

A wooden ship is on fire
at the turbulent sea
and I am going to welcome you
on the starboard.
I would keep the funeral in waiting.

Flowering of the ashes has begun
in urn. Sitting in semicircle, you watch
the spilling. Bones meet mother earth.
Death creates the challenge.

Go for a tree, watch your silence,
we are going for a contradiction.
The thoughts are same, but not similar.
I am walking on sharp edges.

Satish Verma

I Am You

A brick by brick for?
repeat of coming wall
in between us.

The ill-faith was
taller than the divide,
searching deceit.

It was not possible.
Something doesn't make
you human again.

Satish Verma

I Am You Are

Migration continues,
me to you. Conception guides
you to deep sea.

At middle? of pain
there can be mass extinction
of thoughts. You stay.

Like printing on
tablet of psyche, my genre of
immortal yearning.

Satish Verma

I Ask Nothing

When a poem writes
you, I smell the
crimsoned moon.

Were you a possessed
angel, printing
desire on my palms?

Smearred on forehead,
the ash had left
the scars of kissed end.

You turn me on,
for a smile, before the honey
traces the question mark on lips.

There was no miracle
to retrieve the third eye
from the hidden love.

Satish Verma

I Become Black

Playing with cinders
I will reach your home
to absorb light.

Give me a talisman
to win your heart?
to save the moons.

Mars becomes the poorest
god. You won't reach
there to erase the red doubts.

The visitor stumbles.
There was no path.
I wanted to hold your hand
for eternity.

Why to murder the
god's messengers?
Was not every star a guardian
of your beliefs?

Satish Verma

I Begin To Think

Abdicating the shadows;
totemic.

I return back to dig up the buried-
moon from the ruins of poetry.

It benumbs.

No response was coming from
cajoling the black secrets-
of time-cast.

A storm was raging in a pack
of emptiness. Like a dead fly
between the pages of skulls.
I couldn't find the exact words.

The religion of wish-lists.
Can you find the end of desires?
From thought to thought-
was there any vision?

Satish Verma

I Demand

A double helix
uncoils. There was a
beheading in Saudi.

You ask for the
ecstasy in spaceship
singing the oddity.

It was in the proximity
of a brick kiln, that you
wanted to take a sunbath.

It was not private, not
intimate. You had spread
the profanities in bazaar.

How many shots, would
you collect from the,
sinned city of big names?

Satish Verma

I Do Not Die

Manipulating grief, dirty hands -
open the lid,
release imagos. Eyes are blank.

You unravel the last of roses.
Surface tension wavers. An imbecile
sky pours the eyes, nose and ears.

Courtyard fills again, morphed resurrection.
I am persona non grata
in my own home. The moon does not cry.

Mystical lights. Headstones not legible.
Lockjaw. Waiting for morning-glory.
Stars are blinking.

Still I am stupid, courting my failures.
Cushion of thorns, I am weary of heavens.
Me, this earth, I do not die.

Satish Verma

I Don't Know

It was most beautiful
your broken heart
in the grip of twilight.

Who speaks the truth
after gaining the heaven a
double edged sword cracks.

I cannot decide
who wins and who lost
in the war of words.

Satish Verma

I Don't Need Any Approval

No, no? I will not
keep any hope.

First thing will be
a breakdown. To cleanse myself.
Then? burn the cenotaph
of black bridge.

The fringe vocabulary
repeats the axe's argument.
You can kill a star without
dust and slogans.

You were thirsty. Don't
drink large tears of
sky. No sun, no moon was
worthy of witnessing a
fall of pride.

The evil thoughts. Do
they come on their own? You
did not try to invite them?

I will not purchase the gift
of reading your mind.

Satish Verma

I Don't Presume The Truth

I am not in something,
anything. Let the
sanitization begin.

Walking in a dark
tunnel, I had reached near you.
This was not my planet.

I become a stranger in my house.
Brown eyes and the copper?
bullets. Who wants to be placed
in crosshairs.

An unspoken threat
hurts the quorum, to prevent
the downside of earth.

Heartwrenching.
I don't tell. I don't ask.
Watch with eyes shut. How the
blue dreams are destroyed.

How long was the distance
between you and me?

Satish Verma

I Have Arrived

Searching hot plasma
in your eyes, which
changed me for all times.

There was no legend,
you crashed on the spikes
swaddled in pain.

Thinking again in
circles. What did you give
me to keep me looking
at the cruciform shapes?

The war goes on.
Repeating a poem hurts again.
A gift must have
a sun and clouds.

The rage sins.
There was no chaste moon.
I never reached the
right word.

Satish Verma

I Hear You Crying

Now we will talk of daintiness
in dark, while the white
snow blushes with?
the glow of a kiss.

The scented moon will
touch the invisible, so
the imprisoned voices
would release.

Do you hear the unheard
song of a wounded bird?
A feeling of going no where
stops.

Satish Verma

I Knelt In Flames

Going away from me,
I will not stay at milestones.
Road accepts the defeat.

Who was orbiting the
lake to find out the buried
Noah's Ark?

History repeats itself.
God becomes a stranger
weeps for the stolen heart.

Satish Verma

I Know Me

It was a freak accident of epithelium
under anaesthesia.
You place a window
on to a hollow brain.

The money makes the monkey out of you.
A green light
blocks the fish, your memory,
to swim in black thoughts.

The yellow rose burns
in your hand. It was beginning of
a domestic race. The nightmares will
take care of the sleep.

Satish Verma

I Love You

Take a random fall
in the valley of flowers and
see the wounds of moon.

Who was an abettor
when nobody had dared to
touch your body and soul.

The serial cheater
moves on to search new victim.
Rainbow breaks into two.

Satish Verma

I Must Tell You

Can you get the seizing
without an encounter,
like rapture of the deep?

It was me who was lost
in one sultry night,
when jasmine bloomed.

In night blindness, the
trembling soul, landed
on the blue lakes.

You would not look
at me, without alphabets?
in siege.

In contrast we meet?
to hurt each other.
Falling in love after smouldering.

The soot will chase us till the end.

Satish Verma

I Need You

You are made anew
everyday. Something is peeled off
from your skin. Sometimes blood is drawn.

It is very hurting to
your pride. You cannot walk nude
in your house to invite god of rains.

The sun burns your
wall of truth. Strange, there was
no one to teach history.

Satish Verma

I Remember

I had my scars.
This war will not end any day,
fighting with my brute.

Your presence I
feel in my wounds. Will not
convert me into martyr.

Soon I will pick
up bloody path of learning,
what I am, I was.

Satish Verma

I See My Own Demise

Anxiety was touching the mime
I cannot hold a reality.
We were playing with each other.

The creation and hunger of living
takes you to unknown fields
I am, what I am not.

Always bluffing, puffing on the road,
counting the milestones
in reverse osmosis,
feeling proud of mighty mistakes,
talking to faltered ego,
going against the sun.

My climate merges with hot desert
A story reappears again and again
like a dried skeleton in sands.

How long I will run
chased by planetary fears?
Barbs pierce the tender zones
I see my own demise,
body floating like a flower on lake.

Satish Verma

I Shall Let Go

Moisture was becoming
the strength of dry eyes;
 pounding a glacier.

There were different stages
of anguish under the aegis
 of moon. I am abandoning

the night of terror. Days
were numbered. One by
 one, they fell before the dawn.

Time had been revengeful.
Asking for the pound of flesh,
 against kisses of death, given free.

I refuse to submit an
apology for writing my poems
 instead of sending laurels
 for the rising sun.

Satish Verma

I Speak

Connecting my poems
with your soul was my promise.
Now you set me free.

Give me a pain to
love you, to come back in dusk,
when it is raining.

The cuts and the bleeds
will have a common breach.
We search our faces.

Satish Verma

I Survive You

A bohemian moon
was following me,
playing in the hands
of dark night.

Man's marrow, the
essence of truth,
drips from the wordless
poem.

Hanged from the
gate, a wreath of capsicums
and citruses to ward off
the evil eyes.

You avoid the debate.
I wanted the perfect answers.
Wearing a hawthorn crown
does not make a Christ.

Every religion has its own pain.

Satish Verma

I Think

Eyes will not flirt again.
There were bleeding stones -
to speak of black magic.
We meet like strangers in tides
and part like sun and moon.
Do not go into the night.

It was scary to dare the barter
game of death. Gravel had no
complaints. The body was not found.
Nobody had killed the stars. Let
her go, I say, in the explosive light.
Do not go into the night.

I think I will move again in a
gift trap, accept the moon's treachery,
but I will not go into the night.

Satish Verma

I Think, I Don't Exist

I am reading
your eyes. Do you blink
when moon smiles.

This is my victory
day. A troubled poem has
found its muse in tears.

I beckon you to?
create a realm of understanding,
stopping at global heat.

I say to me
to become a colossus to bring
out the meaning of wall.

Was it not the pivotal point
of hate, conflict and wars?
Answer must be written in song!

Satish Verma

I Trust

When the hate began
subordinating,
where were you?
O!

My clothes were on fire.
When you climbed the lips,
words were livid on tongue:
beyond the earth and sky,
water and air,
fire!

You stutter?
Speak not truth.
I don't exist;
my flesh has become food
red meat,
dirty orchid!

I will forget me! !

Satish Verma

I Want Answers

Long back you were lost
in the herd. Do you believe my love will
come back? Dust covers all footprints.

Here you go. The humble
blood seeks truth from falling walls.
Can you write the spelling of fidelity?

The red lake was quiet.
You give a warm hug before you bring
down blue hills in water.

Satish Verma

I Want Bliss

I don't want to
be a winner. My words
are bleeding.

A dangerous god
manipulates the universe.
Everything will come to dust
and ice.

What does the silence
say? You need to erect a
god's temple on funeral ground?

Donate your blood
for heaven's sake. The
oceans are boiling.

Such wisdom of
no use? Stop thinking to
invade the stars.

Perhaps the burning days
will forgive us.

Satish Verma

I Want Nothing

A stunning hurl of androids
on command, pulled by empty space when
a talking primate decides
the course of universe.

A non-existent living
from moment to moment prepares
a moon man to jump into religion
for salvation.

The wedding of tin sliced,
dumping bodies, of forsaken brides
of gloom, widens the want of rocks
and people give a black-lipped approval.

A plane load of hand grenades
and missiles and rocket launchers
nourish the smug ideas of a watershed
on the discovery of self.

Satish Verma

Satish Verma

I Want You

You were my deepest
secret, like a blue
diamond. Playing with
children's moon, sun
releases you from chattel's
bonding.

Who was an abettor
in dark, when fireflies
were starting a mass
funeral? Moon was very
hot and you won't touch
it any more.

There was always an
ethnic rivalry, between
planets and stars. Anexoplanet
peeps into the field of
red clovers. Someone wants
to develop a progeny.

Satish Verma

I Wanted You

In deep pit of thoughts,
where even light does not reach.
Step by step I will drown.

*

You shall never hate
viola, blue recluse in storm,
even once for grief.

*

Speaking without words
you reach my ears with quotes.
I am erasing mu ego.

Satish Verma

I Was Always Angry

Whole world hides
in your liquid eyes,
I need to return to my consciousness,
to change my verse.
The dry air has wiped out the beautiful words
sitting on the edge, of a meaning
I write a new song.

Discovering your forgotten self,
was a pain,
I always avoided.
Years touched me softly,
on the temples in vain.
Dumb I was with grief, threading a pile of memories,
to know my other self.

Somewhere a god smiles on me.
God of my mud & water,
wide open like a father,
who never died.
The moon slaughters my clouds.
I was always angry,
with my odd appearance.

Satish Verma

I Was Closing The Weeping Chapter

When terror strikes,
fear inside you
makes a hissing sound,
breaks the vessel.
Pain spurts out.

Your limbs swell like sapphires
in a naked suffering.
You were searching the face
of your dead brother on burning ghat.

And then on, it pours.
Babies were burning in incubators.
Blasts devouring the eyes,
ears and noses.

But the dredging will continue.
Irrespective of ocean of death
leaping to fragile shores
till the waves send back the relics.

Whom shall I call for condolence
in the thick of fog?
I was closing the weeping chapter.

Satish Verma

I Was Lost

When will you go
in dark to explore the yawning
abyss of man's heart?

To rub the flesh and
bones to unmake god's will?
You truly want answer?

You don't want miracles.
Had you not covered my wounds
in blind oceans?

Satish Verma

I Was Not Green

Paper wasps tend?
to simulate. What
if death becomes a part
of our life?

I sent the message
over the hills and moon,
when you were gone.

Without pain, were
you ready for the ending
of life, when life was itself
dying daily?

The day lips crack,
little or nothing was left
to say the voiceless hymns.

Your truth, was beautiful.
Was it a real truth?

Satish Verma

I Will Embrace

What happened in
ritual abetment, you will
never know in dark.

*

One has to severe
off one's head to see clearly
the object of suicide.

*

The calligraphy on wall
gives a romantic relationship
between life and death.

Satish Verma

I Will Glow More

A river was frozen in my chest, O god –
I choose a burning boat to reach you.
My planet has become a broken bridge.

Voiceless hymns are haunting me.
Standing in a remote village of words,
my poetry beside me.
I want to cross the thick woods.

The hairy legs of tarantula –
I am ready to meet them on my body.
A skylark ejects a lyric at my terrace,
I become a flame.

Pour honey, pour water
I will glow more. The sparks will stay hidden.
When the sky would be overcast and dark,
thousands of stars will come out.
Suddenly there will be light.

Satish Verma

I Will Know

Time was short
and I was in hurry.

In Prophet of grief?
humility of pain was evident,
when you bit your tongue,
chewing unsavory words.

It was the trouble.
You wanted me to wait?
till eternity.

Someone throws an incendiary
device towards me.
I am burnt alive.

There was no need to invite
a moon. When talking to
you, I need a dark night.

Counting annual rings
of a felled fig tree,
Buddha becomes very sad.

Satish Verma

I Will Never Change

I would take a call
after I seceded from my wounds.
It took me a while to become Buddha.

You outshine, being
a wave breaker. I touch the
stars to squeeze light from dark curves.

Will you remain
vegetable? Your fingers play
like the blind pianist on my face.

Satish Verma

I Will Not Agree

This was the first
evidence of altered genes.
Keeping you in abeyance, the
barbs fly from lips to lips.
It is pitch dark.
Reaching the tortuous path of climb,
unabashedly you want to say
it is over.
At the edge of hurts.
What was your pride? Very
private, very distant, thinking
to and fro, when someone wants to pull you back.
Do some questions arise?
Are you ready to talk?
The sermons, the prayers won't
help you become a subject?
to unseen god.
The delusion of being chased
begins. Truth becomes silent.
Will nihilism overtake?

Satish Verma

I Will Not Be Back

One small step, in dark.
A silver of fear
slaps you.

You move around
to confront the past.
It was the partition of night.
Cobra white, when
eyes would not listen.

You drugged the stone
on stone,
hiss on hiss,
hair on hair.

I did not touch you
like burning coal.

My waterfalls
on red salt, bring the
largest tears of moon glittering
eerie wet.

Satish Verma

I Will Not Be Silent

Overlooks the juvenility.
The shrinking genitals.
 It was the militancy.
The freedom, brought
about by the guns.
Now indiscreetly firing at the sky.

This deadpan delivery
of the shut doors. Economy
has failed the toads,
the croaking minions. A raw
poem speaks now
 for the unopened coffins.

The run, the run of the
century begins. Some one was
running, non-stop, from
sleep to sleep, away from the sexual
assaults, from rapes, from
man-slaughter.

Satish Verma

I Will Not Come Back

Let me paint a still
your eyes- irises
with shut pupils.

Why I should be green-
I ask my old mentor?

The terror of a smile
wipes away the tail of dust, with comets.

And the pachyderm remains
buried in the sands of time.

Touching the margins was gone.
You cannot leap over the grass of antiquity.

In fog twin hills will move away
without any acrimony.

A denial becomes a stake
a part of the golden ring- the boundary mark.

Satish Verma

I Will Not Forego

Walk like me
on burning coals.
You will taste a moon.

A misty link
of inner planet, flaunts
the projectile, going straight
for the sun.

So you believe in
incredible rebirth of darkness
after full moon?

No standoff of this kind
will continue, if the
nightingale returns unveiled.

Infantile ache
spurs again the honeysuckle.
It was red sky after
the sunset.

Pray not crunch
with muffled scream.
There was a rose without thorns.

Satish Verma

I Will Speak

In stasis, time
was ready to abandon you,
I suffer intensely.

I didn't want to
hear my own voice. Cathartic,
I was beside myself.

Creating shock waves,
wanted to speak to water
to freeze in eyes.

Satish Verma

I Will Survive

The contours of
jutting bones refuse to
move. Poverty repeats.

Questions. Untouched
remains human behavior
of caged parrots.

Would you spare
some time to read lines
on the face of Sun?

Satish Verma

I Will Wake In The Dark

Shutting down the
windows, and let them
weep in rains.

A silver moon was
feet away, pleading
to be called innocent.

Something was left
after the sundown.
Where do we meet after
the journey's end?

Again my eyes
were wet after your
serene silence.

The call of the lake
was very strong.
I move, then stop
and look back.

Satish Verma

I Will Write A Poem

He used to tread lightly as if
walking on concrete, barefoot?
to capture the apologetic
colours of rainbow in lake.

A spinning top, he wanted
to float on water and touch
the soft contours in depth?
wrestling with waves.

A dark sky was hovering
around. Something was rising
from the black hills, as if
on fire. I had never seen before?

the golden moon, rising. Two
song birds darting to and fro
as if in great agony to save
the nestlings from the lynx.

Satish Verma

Icing

The twin blasts and
lip-syncing was
no insane coincidence.
The travail of incredible sinking
will never be found.

The abstract family
and myriad remixing of stem cells
may solve the puzzle of
assured suicide of the earth.
The small rapes and big assaults?

A crazy progenitor wanted
to have a control on volcanoes
as on sea. The spewing
lava was throwing gas rich froth
to start a megarevolution.

Was it a terrible mistake of
you coming out of the mud pits?

Satish Verma

Ideation

A fuzzy fear descends.
You become ensconced?
in the smell of a
paranoia.

The saltcutter will forego
the idiosyncrasy
and start collecting the oil
from the dome.

A stain on the shirt
spreads, covers
the heart in distress.
Codas were waiting.

Do not burn the book.
Go in a lily pond for a ?
script. The different shades
of flesh will be revealed.

The divine sin will ask
for a retribution for ?
the withdrawl syndrome.

Satish Verma

Identically

The town was
fissured.

It does not listen to me
that moribund heart, now.
The biome was ready
to set on fire all the smiles.

No person of god
will lead the prayers to grave.
Let the dust meet the dust
stealthly and
you win the script surreptitiously.
Beautifully done, the obscene death.

A bruise spreads
shattering the mirrors of perfect accident.

Satish Verma

Idolatory

I say to myself, why did not you learn
the ways of life?
The chariot blew up in your face.

Blueberry, blueberry –
they bloom in dark.
How difficult it was to stay normal
human being and speak your lines
carefully.

I will pull my hearse one day
unspoken, unseen.

This mirror has no more trappings.
It is reverted into original glare.
Hang your boots, it says.

I say I am a lobster
in a water tank,
listening to waves;
ready to be boiled,
when idol wants to eat.

Satish Verma

If God Wills

In a sneaky way
I liked to distrust him.
A between of daemon and man.

The fake guru. There was
a covert sign. I can find no name.
A delicate balance, of standing
in sun, shadowless, faceless.

The art of making a night
of riots with blood splattered roses.
This was magic.

The gullible falls, head on, carrying the cross.
A star crosses the moon.
A saint was born.

Satish Verma

If The Road Doesn't End

Where will you go?
I am not accepting
myself in a windowless
vault.

The luxury of
kinship takes a toll.

Will it make a
difference, if you don't
fill in the missing words
in the message unwritten?

It works to kill
yourself for the sake
of dying light,
before the blood moon rises.

There was nothing
left to say.

Satish Verma

If You Are A Human Being

When you predict
your end, I sell myself
to die on cross.

The trick to rise
from dust shows the strength
to make immortal?

Your name. why
do you like the game of power.
I will not play poker.

Many unanswered
questions still remain live
between lies and death of gods.

You will come back
to me one day for rebirthing
the old alchemy of love.

Satish Verma

If You Were Me

Like canary
you flew into my arms.

Capturing the inevitable.
Vowels and consonants had
separated again.

Chasing the melting
glacier, you jump into the sea.

Moguls were trying to
reach out, blow-by-blow.

Moon like half-brother
was envious, of the grace of fall.

A baby fist was striking a blow
on the wall of doped womb.

I am preparing to receive
a gay courier of apocalypse.

Bones buried in ashes
were jutting out.

Death game begins.

Satish Verma

Ignition

Like a butterfly pinned
in a collage, fluttering.
Death makes a deal.

I was appalled
standing on the edge
watching the withering body.

The lake drowns me.
Seagulls were waiting
for a renaissance.

It is not even midsummer.
The planting of the kiss
remains incomplete.

No sex was involved
in baring midriff.
Moon ignites the legs.

Satish Verma

Ignorance?

Who was honest to
toes, to take a flight
like a legend?

Hearing the voices
in head, you appeared as
a gift in dark.

Was there any code
of silence, in feeling a
guilt of smiling
when hurt?

I was talking of
basic pain, like a jasmine
to cuddle when touched
by a moonbeam.

Satish Verma

Illicit Games

Will you cheat me one
day by your sinful hands, I
ask the city in bloom?

*

You can call full moon
after amputating my legs,
so that I don't run.

*

It was not tragic
ending, when we pretend to
find a pink tiger.

Satish Verma

Images

Bending the fluid anger, it was coming: from
anthills to natural selection, the sexual drive of a violence;

invasive, brutal, the testosterone chasing wet thighs,
the night sweats. Kleptomania rising; castration

or helium filled masks for assisting suicides were
mutilating genes. Multiasking for eugenics? Hate and revenge

hangs a body on the turret of a tank, a wrong
for wrong. A little crown, winged pollens scattered

on brittle areola, the milky way shying away from midnight
sun. The toppled vision in blindness of a tribe

unearths the skeletons of mass murders; the
fanatics changing the face value of truths.

Images do not leave the temples.

Satish Verma

Images Rhymed

This was
a catastrophic state.
I had started
questioning myself.

The scientia implodes.
You swallow the pill
and become fluid.

A clock stops
I would be angry,
if the hands don't catch
the numbers.

Ancient pain.
You open the door
and light disappears.

I will draw
your face on sand
and then kill
the wind.

Satish Verma

Imitation Of Supreme

A bizarre dream,
You come out in starry
night to touch the moon,
and fall on the thorns.

The eccentric nobility
of lords demands the
evidence of slaughter.
But chariot comes empty.

Order, order.
Someone fails in boots.
You walk barefoot
to meet the god of untruths.

The victim stands
like a prey before the grand
master. The beautiful
pagoda implodes.

Satish Verma

Immaculacy

Consensual drop.
White bougainvilleas
were falling
on green eyes,
as I climb the sun.

Not a loss.
The seeds will carry
an image of a fallen
hero on the hairy chest
of a spilled sperm-

into the rippled lake
of a crowd chanting the enemy's
death. The heritage
of corrupt state will bury
the memorial of a honeycomb.

Do you hear a meltdown
of an ululating monk?
A piercing trill comes from
a scalp scooping the wardrobe
of a dethroned king.

Satish Verma

Immersion

Where was love
in a dewdrop and rose
when your lips went dry.

The salt now speaks
of vacant eyes of a
covered nude.

Untitled my song. I
leave at your steps
for a waterfall.

Satish Verma

Immortality

A very disconnecting creek where bodies
were found, presents a pictorial death in night,
which must be challenged, I say. Then I think without
thoughts; summer was ending and a pandemic
was at the door. The art of debating the image
sears the mind. Must act, think later: the gold

coins have been thrown in the market, the
frozen lens behind the slit eyes watch the cargo
unloading: the explosions come in spate. What
was it – greed or fear? We are running blindly,
the brides, the boys, the men. Of modern governance
a metaphysical meditation.

The strings pulled behind the curtain, game
starts. Award is gifted. The name dies.

Satish Verma

Satish Verma

Immovable

Unfolding the dark night,
quarter moon shrinks
The bitterness of the day,
cave weird taste,
burning the tongue.
You didn't want to live,
anymore. Roots lopsided,
starved. Age, language slashed,
mist rising. Names in the dust.

The ending was not there
sorrow burnt like candle
burning the meaningless words,
dreams, I hear the silent whispers
of wounds of faltering steps,
doubting the pain. Beyond
the age tales were endless.
Watching became a problem.

Nothing could be redeemed
by choice. I wanted
endless journey to find
the windows. long steps
towards immovable cliffs,
my own version of anonymity
and grace. Because glorification
has started the fear,
the escape and suffering.

Satish Verma

Impeccable

How do I carry the
moon, wherever I go to search
you between the clouds.

Gradually, thoughts
become homeless. Can't catch
the wheezing flies.

Blaming self, the trunk
dies inside. No sap will
rise. No glue will roll.

Satish Verma

Imperfect Present

Priests of cave temple
go to sleep. Street urchins
drink the thinner, eat nail polish,
crushed lizard for a kick and then
go without food for three days.

The valley burns. Of what consequence?
Sting of truth overreaches. Another committed
icon walks through the bodies
sleeping on slimed stones,
somehow.

Do you hear the wails? The sirens?
Whole life spent on margins of future,
drinking your own salt. A shadow
wants to know, what was the hour
of destiny?

Windows tremble. The owl's hoot hangs
in the air. Fearful dawn fails to
disclose the identity of death's kiss.
Green anemone engulfs the king crab.
A cloud brings a message.

Satish Verma

Imperfection

For image breaking
I exile myself
for one half-god
to lick my scars.

I have not touched
you even for ages?
in words.
The door knobs remained unturned.

I let go the dust. Time
was not ripe for me.
Still I have to
find my eternal muse.

I will strive, will
look around, to smell your?
presence. A warrior
always waits for the graceful exit.

Satish Verma

Imperilment

The interstellar
reticence, becomes the
muse of a storm.

*

Departure begins,
when the lights are dimmed.
Night licks the moon.

*

Now, you can
roll up the stings.
Cadaver will not rise.

*

The bell rings?
for the last exhibit.
Moths were waiting.

Satish Verma

Imperiously

A downy mildew.
I will undress
the leaves.

Leaving the truth
at your door,
trespassing the moon.

When a house
was felled, why were
you collecting the blueberries?

Now, a brown poem
will write your name
on the guillotine.

An ocean apart
a voice booms
a shame for an empire.

Satish Verma

Impersonation

You should have asked me.
Why was it not important!
to take a life, for saving
one other life?

I say, what did you give
me after the coronation?
Some sinuous questions?
Or splayed my heart open?

The crowd was always absurd.
You were latched onto the
bronzed face of a naïve hero,
who wants the ants to drag an elephant.

The bone ossification proves
that you were still a juvenile.
St. Anthony's Fire? You want to
embrace the death now?

Satish Verma

Implacable

The moon titled her head
and went inarticulate
in black and white.

Seeding the earth with
stupor, undoing my?
poem in water.

An asteroid crashed in
my blue lake. Sit beside me,
I would say to a songbird.

The cardinal sin was
to abandon the throne
and climb down at night.

What was the designer's
love, I will ask, when I
was preparing myself for a self-denial.

Satish Verma

Imploring

The ledge, jutting out
in quivering water.
Moon was sitting underneath, on floor.

*

I will look out?
for a songbird.
Something secret, I wanted to share.

*

I do not abuse anybody,
like a mockingbird?
I make a fool of myself.

Satish Verma

Implosion

Untimely.

Illegitimate.

I will not ask
for an apology.

The hymn

started too early.

The dust had
settled on the lens.

Imitation.

Not real pearls.

Your words do not
convey the thought.

There was a

long distance –

between your lips
and my self-immolation.

Satish Verma

Impoverished

You asked for an explanation
for a flame. A bat
flies in a passage of pain.
A poem becomes an accuser.

They were drowning
the moon
in a lake of blood.
A poem sails like a kayak.

The snow was falling
like drifting lovers.
Stains were becoming bits of screams.
A poem delivers an echo.

The fear turns you blue
in midst of knocks.
Doors had the outrageous locks.
A poem walks like a truth

Satish Verma

Impresa

In culture of counterfeits
a snip of intelligent gene
brings the pink tears
for the brown eyes.

A virgin goes for a spade
in the naked sun.
Let me think of polymorphism.
Can there be an answer-

for oblique questions?
Can this tottering frame live?
Life can still stalk the death
and stand for the body in the sack?

Fielding the enquiry about race -
gap, you said the walls
are crumbling. I read the message
half-believing.

As a whole, the glory lives.
Is that true?

•□

The gentle rain falls on
the emaciated Buddha.
Stand out from the controversy.
A foam-born goddess will
counterpoise the questions.

The grievors are sitting
in a circle for the dying moon.
The charred breast of earth
sends the flames.

Who has closed the window
of morning glory? My blackened
words are traveling fast
to reach the stars. I am
held in a shadow.

Satish Verma

Improbabilis

Forever the rituals
of hate and love continue.
The sun survives the feet.

You cannot run. It
disconnects you. There was
no beginning, no middle
no end.

Shapeless, unborn figures will
decide the fate of seeds. You
were sowing the bones.

Pulling out the head
of a terrorist from the rubble,
sometimes you forget?

the contours of the enemy.
Existentially you wanted to crack
open the psyche of man.

It was a blue parable.
Do you believe in utopia?

Satish Verma

Impromptu

You can legitimate
the loot. There will be no
spineless resistance.

The skull cap only covers
the baldness hiding
the keratinized skin.

The lust shines
like pearls on your upper lip.
Beehive.

Poking the rabbit
before it jumps, you will
remember the ducks have no ears.

Ah, the learned
professor, he has started
teaching the full lips.

Satish Verma

Improvising

Like a snake girl,
the black tresses trailing
behind the heels.

The wavering moon was,
gliding in blue sky,
for a rendezvous.

The beds had
become obsolete. Time to
use oneiric rocks.

Faith was no
more relevant. Now
you hear the dreams.

Satish Verma

In A Basilica

I was not myself
after talking to basil,
knowing what was sin.

Your heart throbbing
between the bruises touchdowns.
When the sunset starts?

Earth has no desire
to become extinct, coming
again between stars.

Satish Verma

In A Senseless World

Implicating
yourself, and telling lies
was an art.

There was always
a trapdoor. Giving a lot
more, than getting less.

Same unthinking
prevails. You forget to
feed the adversaries.

Very nightly
a moon crashes in your
path to meet a colossus.

The thin lovers
again reach behind the
sun. No fiddles were needed
for deaf people.

The blues are going
deeper. You drift like a
cadaver in the moat.

Satish Verma

In A Sombre Mood

Are you sure after the sunset
the hunger will find the mouths
in black alley?

I go to my ailing land.
Stand on a mass grave.
No faces, No names.

Brother, I am not bickering
I am listing on my fingers.

Was it possible that we could
count the virgins in the town?

Mudslinging starts. Who was not
corrupt? The prevailing conjugation.
How you will tell your kid who
was your mother?

I become restless, tossing around.
A single word shimmers like a
blood soaked jewel. I pick it up.
A baby poem is born.

Satish Verma

In A Tent Village

you walk on wodden legs
a lump in breast, though benign
but kids are abducted from wombs;
a road map is spread on the dirty mat
for finding the missing link,
while a solid-fuel missile was ready
to be launched

scarlet lips for décor,
unwanted hairs on chin popping out,
archipelago of hawks in brain:
the vulnerable, tending their wounds, hiding
in tunnels of shame; I like black berries
in sleep, cannot listen my own voice,
have become blind for my own hands

dried stigmas of crocus will color my
obscene poverty orange-yellow, slum
rain, no place to sit, old memories are coming back
I am unstuck from a wheelchair

Satish Verma

In Abeyance

Take my body for sail,
my wings to fly.
I am trying to find out
the meaning of a drop.

The point man was taking aim.
There was no culpability.
I asked, what was the need to
know the verdict of a rape?

The bed always suffers. The secret
of a muse overturns a disaster.
In insane sky a beleaguered moon
was taking a shower.

Unmasked, the desire turns to
fire and ignites the palace.
It was not enough to meet death
with empty hands.

Satish Verma

In Aloneness

It was a thorn in flesh
before our fires met in midstream,
the waterplant had become untouchable.

I saw you lying
behind a thin veil,
like a prophet, in timeless agony.

The moon had left a wreath
for a failed warrior,
who could not move into the tunnel.

Entering the childhood again
to reap the sorrow
of a dry fountain.

Ah, in the eternal withdrawl
I come face to face
with my dying earth.

Satish Verma

In Amnesias

Not a single line
was written today
on your lips.

End is drawing near.
I am trying to remember
where we had begun.

I want you, to know
yourself and start weaning
away from the moons.

No prosthesis will
work, I will run, run after
the fading sun for the
last kiss.

The raw wounds
don't need any bandages.

Like sandpaper
your hurting throat will
give a long call.

Satish Verma

In Anguish

Taking me to neverland
you turned me on.
The gypsy moon had smiled.

Disenchanted, the savage
handshake dropped the
lead. My goblet remained
full of black holes.

A cloud will cross the
line. Unrepentant my poems
would lie on hot rocks for baking.

Never made it. The
two small feet home. Still
searching the address of scream.

Ah, the snaky
embrace of the time. It
won't let me go near the lake.

Annihilation. All the
words are reduced to nothing.
Trying to learn the sign language.

Satish Verma

In Asylum

It heaves you up;
too antsy to stay
on the waves,
inheriting the power-
dynamics of deemed palaces.

Channeling the inner Gandhi
or Buddha to reincarnate
the fragrance of past. Could
have become a golden
era again.

The fraud! Everthing was
created by a mockingbird.
Are you sure there
was a war cry between
the insects?

You remind me of ugly
dads fathering a new generation
of unborn ands of
witnesses will keep their
eyes shut.

Satish Verma

In Autumn

Between the hills,
were you ready for a
snakebite ritual?

What was the choice
between a triangle and
a silver dewdrop?

The birthmark swells
after taste of venom.
Silent prayer fails.

Satish Verma

In Bald Sun

Visible
of invisible blues?

the hesitancy
to shut the door.

I speak for
myself in haze

reaching heights
and deep sea.

The mother in
child weeps;

when we will
meet father?

Insufficiency
brings the split.

Satish Verma

In Battle Of Amour Propre

Bloodline was in airlock.
Unlimited pique?
to move the wheel.

Shutting the door behind,
you face the moon, who
was walking in grief.

In my universal pain,
I enter a poem to
explore the omnipresent void.

Where will you go?
to find the peace of the
wrecked ship at the bottom of sea?

Carry me like a wounded
lion in blood, and fangs.
Only the eyes reflecting your image.

I will not put on a
call, there was nothing left to declare.

Satish Verma

In Bazaar

Where do I place you
declassified?
O my boundless thirst?
you have made me cry again.

The haters
were many. Like myriad
thorns in flesh. Cannot stop the blood.
You smile.

In your beak. Carrying the
death? fire bird. Where you are going?
Past lake, past hills. The hunchback
stoops further, to get the award.

Who was the enemy of
body art? Birthmarks were becoming
nude. You want to exhibit
all the wounds of earth.

O god, your hairs are growing.

Satish Verma

In Bell Time

Moon was not dead.
Now who will kiss the moonlight
on your face? Dark matter quivers.

Night sky was lit up.
There was a flower show to celebrate
the beauty of supermoon.

Soaked eyes sometimes
look beyond you. The contrast
hurts. Didn't want to privatize.

Satish Verma

In Black Eyes

Birth in birth, life
had been a dream. The fangs
sit in patience.

Trapped soul in
womb, waits for the kiss of
flame, a snaky hit.

The moon thought burns.
The ink bleeds on paper.
A poem turns green.

Satish Verma

In Black Lights

The day wears me out,
when I don't think
of you, and a poem was not written.

A quasi-sin to forget,
connecting with past to find
the solution of gated exits.

Soon you will enter,
the mythological world
and I would feel a grim threat.

I filtered light plays
a game with me, like a sword
of moon slicing the darkness to
spit out the stars.

The terror holds
you tightly, will not let you go
back to drown your baby thoughts.

And when the explosion
takes place, only the muse will survive
to tell the tale of unique love.

Satish Verma

In Blue Darkness

Between you and me
stands a winter solstice.
Light the candle, it is very dark.

Let the maniacal thought
remain pregnant with surrealism.
I will go north, you south.

The curves again rule.
The temple trembles. We go
our own ways to meet god.

Satish Verma

In Burial Home

Not for me,
this politics of living
for sexless alchemy.

You take on?
the pen's broken nib,
writing blood soaked birth
of an illegitimate avatar.

The spin was fatal.
Unfazed a bizarre tone,
announces a miss call. You
are pronounced dead.

You will swim now
in veil. Eyes looking deep
in water where light does not reach.
The mission of salvaging a
heritage fails.

Dog winter.
Sun hides behind the thin survivors.
There was no will,
no suicide pact.

Satish Verma

In Celebration

The giant pain was nameless.
Held captive in
tearless screaming.

I have come back in
my deserted home.

The sitting peace was unstable.

Never I will say,
I do, going outside the
accepted boundaries.

No honour killing.

Misfit for the slot, you were
making your own sky, where
you seek liberation
from twilight zones.

Satish Verma

In Chains

Listening,
to inner voice,
peeling off the hurts,

hammered memories.
You drop the answer
and throw back the question.

Something was totally amiss
Absence overtakes the presence.
The shadow was more frightening.

No movement,
A lull before a flash,
then explosion. The limbs will fly.

The ending of thought
or beginning of emptiness?
A green death starts thinking.

Satish Verma

In Clouds

You walk on burning embers
like a black stone
to meet the end before beginning
on empty landscape.

What was the need
to cross a saviour?
Death had the wedding anniversary
in a garden -

full of blessings for the sky
to enter the round seed of thought.
After the explosion, there were
severed heads of two smiling teens.

Satish Verma

In Coexistence

It never happened before.
You burned me by sending blue
light from your sepia eyes.

In night the goddess walks
out of the painting. The new moon
turns around to kiss me.

Are you real or
humanoid? I unwrap my pain
and set you free from tears.

Satish Verma

In Cross-Hairs

You look different
when you receive a huge
amount of love under crescent moon.

The baby kiss stops the
air amidst the leaves of roses
under black and blue sky.

Listen to darkness when
sun dips in crimson fog and
beautiful words disappear.

Satish Verma

In Cupped Lakes

How will you call
me, when I was invisible?

The whole thing
of burning ghat turns
into ash, from which
the Phoenix will rise.

Who was this
diva standing on my path?

Sun, time and
flames ripen the smile.
The sentence was heavy
to prove the fidelity.

This story is different
from the myth of Sisyphus.

The bird was flying
towards the sun. Moon
weeps to open the secret
of embracing a yajna.

Satish Verma

In Cursive Style

A bruise has appeared?
where you had kissed me,
last night. O Miranda?
I am not going for any other moon.

Like Uranus, I bleed
in my eyes; from every pore.
Astraphobia? I am going to
stay in dark.

This theology of aneurysms?
Who was hoodwinking
the ancient gods in the battle
of murderous themes? My hands
start shaking.

A blue rash spreads.
In honeyed voice you invoke
your angel and seek blessings?
before you go for a rape.

Satish Verma

In Darkened Mood

Deflecting the logistical
guide, you were
becoming a juggernaut?
running after the shadows of kites.

Mute testimony of a
bare cut of imagined
willow, which would not weep
for the winds.

Becoming surrealistic, you
knew too much of the truth, when
you were drunk on lies. Why
the poems were murdered in day light?

First time looking at a large
landscape, I skipped the beauty,
the land and the clouds.
Only the birds were flying.

Satish Verma

In Darkness

Talking to Morpheus
when moon was asleep.

I was not guilty of
waking you up.

In splinters, the man
goes deaf and dumb.

A violin was thrown
on the track to stop the music.

Death becomes a finger,
points at you.

The roads become blind.
There was no D-Day for exit.

Satish Verma

In Deep Anguish

Standing in half-light
of a sanatorium,
covering my eyes with
my palms, I look behind.

Thinking of relation, of
connectivity between love
and hate, war and peace in my
tumultuous mind?

asking to be relieved now
of the chained body. Fidelity
of being was done, leaving my
vocabulary unwritten.

No wisdom was needed now.
The circular presence of knife
and seers was sufficient. I
will not seek your religion.

Believing my inside, outside
of a child face.

Satish Verma

In Deep Conversation

Again,
a hunt will start,
incognito.

Uncorfirming
a freak. A zipless encounter
without a knife.

I am not going
to lose a blue peacock.
Light will not come.

Into the dark recess
I had planted
a time bomb

in the womb.
Give me a blight,
if you want.

Yet I am going
to sail, combing
the moon.

Satish Verma

In Deep Dark

The troubled mind
seeks boundless words
for eccentricity.

You grab the hidden
kiss. Give me the smile
of a mooned heart.

At dusk you will talk
with eyes, trembling hands
igniting dry tips.

Satish Verma

In Deep Waters

I always invited you
to touch my past
for an impaled?

prophet, who was
adored after his death.

Why were you always becoming
extraordinary, accepting
the closeness of flames?

Was there any ending of a play
which had not begun?
Was it interchangeable?

The mutants had
a field day. You ought
to have remained unchanged
like Venus.

Kissing the pale lips
of a martyr? What am I
doing to you!

Satish Verma

In Denial

In shadows of dawn,
there was no theme?
on way to home.

My agile hands were trying
to find the sins of
unbroken faith.

Will you hold for sometime,
the trembling questions
of my parched lips?

My deepest secret was out. I was
preparing myself in extremis.

Not worth speaking of,
I was changing my path.
You will not cry anytime.

Here goes the culture,
the credence of unbelieving.
Stand by me, when I explode.

Satish Verma

In Depression

Your face swims like
a myth.

Night spreads the veil
of a cloud on the
white breast of moon.

No family. Words
move in different tacks.

Water heals, when
your feet were sore.

Soya beans. You have roasted
them alive in jumpsuits.
The faith becomes a devil.

The black eye
waits for the rain to
wash the racial smudge.

Satish Verma

In Disguise

Raising the walls
around you, you started
a ritual of placing a single
rose on the tomb daily.

Trapped in the blues,
there was a killer instinct
to destroy the self.

I become a flame,
passing through the flesh
eroding the body's mystique.

The ravage words
now sleep. A dying
moon will set the
night free.

It was an invasion by
deathless roots at night.
A slow music starts by puppeteers
to undo the potter's field.

Satish Verma

In Disquietude

You were lost
in this brutal world
I was a failed truth.

Exotic your heart
still sings for the future
of awakening.

Very old, very pained
were our wounds.
Man was rising every night.

Why were you not
present at sunset, when
twilight was burning
in moon?

You need a gift
of grave to stay cool
when the sky was burning?

Satish Verma

In Downy Tufts

Downloading the fire?
from your long tresses, I have
singed my hands.

A carcass flaunts
the broken ribs. May be
someday it rises from the ashes
like phoenix to see your meltdown.

Not now, I am not ready to die
in your blue lakes.

One day the namad comet with a long tail
was going to crash in your bay.

The thick smoke
covers the embers. You raise
your eyebrows to betray
an unimaginable fear.

Must you lean on?
the window to see the depth
of the fall?

One day I will take you away
like dandelions.

Satish Verma

In Dragnet

The night at noon.
Will you come to light the lamp?
I am trying to write me out.

The surrealism bashing
continues. I am searching your
trapped face in dirty water.

Why are you sad
after knowing what was
unknown to all the stars?

Satish Verma

In Dustbath

The freckles were
appearing on the face
of Venus?

Arms broken.
A man-eater was shot
dead, while feeding.

The reddened skin
invites a vespa. Sometimes
you love the stings.

You wait for
the sunsets, before the
Venus flytrap shuts.

Drifting on the
dust road, I start
searching my lost address.

How will you hear
my voice?

Satish Verma

In Ecstasy And Pain

Stargazing
under a new sky.

Buried in the sands
of time,
to locate the gate of moon.

Nothing else moves
in my thoughts, except
a Venus fly-trap.

Your hinged, slanted
eyes, capturing my words.

Then your maze bleeds
in the spotless dawn
of baby year.

Between a mortal
and a saint.
I hang my mirror
to prove the divinity of the dust
of god.

Satish Verma

In Emptiness

Watching a full moon,
trying to mend myself, meeting
the hermit of me.

A sacred promise
was made under the eyes of moon
I don't know why.

The quirk of fate?
Can you decipher the script
of unwritten oath?

Satish Verma

In Exasperation

Open the news paper
and find out that war has a set sequence
of going daily,
and has a negativity.

The physical shock, when
the earth trembles. Your body
becomes stone, hairs stand.
Light breaks through the twisted limbs.

I don't love the ritualism.
Time will not stay for you. My life
becomes your life. Sod
will receive the ashes of rage.

And you will delete the
presence, the touch, the dust
of departed fragrance. Once upon
a time, death used to be a song.

Satish Verma

In Exile

With tall questions I am
alone, waiting for the
tomb robbers to come.

Truth was no more a religion.
You wanted to consecrate?
the illusion, sealed in myths.

A graffiti appears on the
waiting trees. Who put?
the curse on swaying blooms?

The dialect of the moon will
not listen to heart beats of sun.
The grammar was in primitive state.

Yes, the music of lake has
a meaning. The boat will carry
the wreaths for the wilting words.

Satish Verma

In Fog

Cannot see through,
when you
take different avatars.

Deeply quiet, I want
to be defeated
in your hands,
like a small Buddha.

Who walks in my poems
when the god fails?

When the blueprint
appears on the moon, I empty
my glass of Aconite.
The snake sleeps for
my self-esteem.

Here and there,
I find you in every rhyme.
After the dawn
whispers would die.

Satish Verma

In Frozen Time

Left in the den of
wolves, the half-brother
becomes human.

You start learning
from yourself.

A vampire, an
alien, fossilized eggs,
the house booms.

On your hand,
O empress I had left
my legacy to face the sea
of tears.

Love in the madhouse
flourished. Moon wept for
the lost of silver coin.

The falling morals
grieve. Money was changing
hands in dark.

Satish Verma

In Full Moon

Cuddling instinct.
Was that important to
hug a bear?

Standing like a
candlestick, you want to
touch the blue sky.

What emotions do?
you need to beat the
unbroken kisses?

Something crashes
inside, like bone china
to mimic the brutal
fall.

Be some tender?
to me, I am carrying
a burning glass.

Satish Verma

In God's Shadow

Searching a lost soul
I found you, and stripped
off the old moon from?

the forehead of Himalaya.
You wanted to manipulate the sun.
I will not stop star-gazing.

Do you know there
were no absolutes in life.
Will you brace the uncertainties?

Satish Verma

In Great Dilemma

When the sanctity?
will not alter, and sun
dips in the sky,
I will give you a call.

Sin versus sin were
going for a war in large
swathes of purity. If there
was no come back.
I will give you a call.

Small fathers now, will
not bring any revolution.
We will watch only that was invisible,
I will give you a call.

When dried lips will not
barrow the salt of sea, there
would be no anthem. You
start avoiding the altered nature,
I will give you a call.

Satish Verma

In Half-Spring

Read my sparks
in detachment, for the
intimate collage.

In agony of
summer moon, let us sit
on grass and watch the
shooting stars.

Writing the god poems
for you, was not easy for me.
I would bruise my wrist
to lift the pen.

In massive handshakes,
the birthing of
beautiful relationship took no name.

And now shelling
the nuts, I give you all
the kernels. Today it was a
good night to leave.

Satish Verma

In Harmony

A sudden shock,
when a snakeskin starts moving.
Behind the shut doors
a conspiracy was hatched.
Son of the moon?
wiggles on palms. Sneaks
a glance at the diving sun.
Cut and glued, a mourning looks
in the eyes of a Titan.
The anarchy raises its head.
The make-up cannot be
taken off. It will expose
the artless faces.
When eyelids flutter
of a fallen angel, you think
it was an imperial command.
A pause in pain.
You float on ice.

Satish Verma

In Honeymoon

Something was wrong.
I cannot catch your sleeve
after timeless fight.

Standing under the
pine, you wait for the cloud
birth in water.

The sun begins to shut
the eyes. Will die red before the
moon rises.

Satish Verma

In Hubris

Talking to
vanishing lights?
then I panicked.

Historic low.
Ghost will not leave.
I see him everywhere.

The journey
in caves, to reach within
the vultures.

Black and white
will meet one day all?
with empty cups.

Satish Verma

In Hurling Light

I will speak less
when words exhaust to find
the meaning of life.

Break a heart to drop
the pride of climbing pink
rose on the white wall.

What was left in
my brown eyes to see a river
weeping in the desert.

Satish Verma

In Hypnosis

I wanted to see you?
in leap of night,
when the dreams walk
like moon's center of pull.

A book keeper will ask?
where this revenge stops?
Like sex slave you submit
to the lust of the system.

How does one die inside?
A day after, when you surrendered
to a cheat under the sun,
a mocking bird started singing.

A paper hawk makes a?
dive in dry river. Sleepwalking
begins to collect the lost
memories with an empty bowl.

Satish Verma

In Ignorance

Become a friend of
yourself in light as a stranger,
without sexism.

I celebrate the fall
of towers. You cannot make
a big hole in blue sky.

Can we hold hand
like sun and moon entwined
together in twilight of sunset?

Satish Verma

In Inward Aloneness

One by one
leaves had gone,
several and many times.
Lone tree, standing naked in dry wind
was ready to walk.

In inward aloneness
to know the roots.
You look straight into the eyes of primeval
suffering. Under a cramped disguise of happiness,
behind the glassed life.

For the clawed, weeping silences
who had turned away from the shrill voices.
Night of burns,
and promised beach of immortality
shoulder to shoulder.

Satish Verma

In Making

Spurred the kerosene
to burn the logistics.
I had moved on untrodden snow
of tanned gifts.

There was no tomorrow for me,
living from moment to moment.
The warships
had moved into positions.

Adoring the monotheism, I still
loved many angels, you were
making many moons for me.
Breathless I was running after gold rings.

Terrible, the bell breaks my ankle
and the anklets emit the trembling
moons. Let us go out on the lake
I have many scores to settle.

Satish Verma

In Mist

There was a scream,
a howl. Something, somebody
had scuttled the platter.
You stop and frisk yourself,
and as if the red ants had
started coming out from your
eyes.

It wets the script. An apparition.
A dove flutters in the chest. A
fantasy, like you leave your body.
A window opens, shuts. Opens, shuts.
One vestigial flicker of the miasma
unsettles, the tree culture,
The undersides of the tongue becomes blue.

Do you know, you read
from the back side of the brain?
Have you heard the hindsight?
Yes, sometimes, means no.

Satish Verma

In Misty Day

Moment of truth.
Bougainvilleas
on grass.

A visible absence.
I was searching?
you in poems.

Your fluid eyes.
My moon-clouds
ready to crash on the land.

In my cupped hands
I collect the tears
of the sky.

Satish Verma

In Moonscape

A streak of sin was
always there, when I looked
at you in brief encounters.

Cathartic.
I would not kiss the
eyes of a viper.

The giver was insane.
A bane of
were getting pheromones all the time.

Parenting was difficult.
Now as the holy month starts.
You were always near the moon.

In golden sunset,
I will prepare my elegy.
The flames were always green.

With the relapse of grief,
drums sounded loud.

Satish Verma

In Mud House

Let the opus begin
in evening robes. Your hazel
eyes will speak,
will not shame the knifed trust.

Still dazed, I trip
against the mirror. I have always
spoiled me. Following your stars you move
with feline grace in charity
for truth of unknown.

I felt connected to some
invisible spirit in many shades.
The body smells the soul
of strange thoughts, you could't catch.

Under heavy foliage
sleeps the sun. I go for
your trembling hands.
A grueling travail begins
to find you.

You become a magical
crystal ball. I can see through you.
Twin loaves cry.

Satish Verma

In My Orbit

You had arranged
the words to invite me.
Path was not found.

Flesh and the spirit
lived differently. Death laughs
you had it coming.

I would be same
even when you will come
in dark to light lamp.

Satish Verma

In My Painting

You pry out my eyes,
when I look at your hands,
which were rough and cracked.

Were you digging
your future? Pomegranates
always left red scars.

Don't ask the god
who was helpless, sitting
on sun to cool you.

Satish Verma

In My Play

It were not you
at the end of poem. Something
of moon had died.

Time has not come
to intervene in parting
of lips turning blue.

You will not change,
in offering the drink of
stunning Venus flytrap.

Satish Verma

In My Small Fists

You seldom touch
the flames of eyes, when
I believed it was true.
Your hand burns.

Ceremonial. I
pluck the roses in
delirium. O pain-giver
there was beautiful blood.

Cloud, cloud tears
slip for thousand of years
to reach the dry lips of iris.
Why did I go blind?

After the snake bite
you turn blue, a goddess
of forgotten sins, I
will never blame you.

Satish Verma

In My Vernacular

Cleaning the Augean
stables, I was going
to punish myself.

A soldier of your conscience
you will not commit
suicide for the sake of heaven.

History repeats itself.
There was no waiting
to open the morgue and
search your cadaver.

A burnt out stigma
still spreads the incense.
Blackbirds fly in unison.

A crepe bandage
was not sufficient to alleviate
the pain of centuries.

I am still asking
myself to receive a gift
of poverty.

Truth has lost its glitter.

Satish Verma

In Narthex

Leave me with abba
after devastation. There was
blood before the dawn.
The feathers were floating.

And why should one weep
when the lake was dry
and there was a corona
discharge from the man's face.

I remember not, all the
ugliness of life, when I was
growing roses in my books, like
a moon striking my pen.

The road was there, the tree
was there, but your footprints
were not to be seen. Where have
you gone my words, I was waiting?

Satish Verma

In Night Terrors

In war of words
you were your own?
image in sea of blood lunacy.

About the diplomacy
dawn brings the?
stings of wasps. The spirit
rattles the peace of mausoleum.

This is the curse
of unknown gods. A black
throat kills you by sweet lyrics.

Barehanded you
catch the lightning, and
the moonstorm sinks the boat.

I do not listen,
I do not read. Perceive
you in my silken thoughts.

The colors are fading.
Shrine lives by its unsung music.

Satish Verma

In Nostalgia

Dual to one another,
I became
a victim's faith.

Collapsing at
far side of the moon, before
I remembered ars poetica.

There was a motive
behind the question, in
between the teary answers.

It was not possible to find
peace, in verses, on the loud
lake at night.

Will ask myself
again, why not to set
the boat on fire?

Satish Verma

In November

It was a subtle shock.
I will meet you before
the sun sets.
Smiles have come up for sale.

The failed aphorism.
You were always afraid
of an anvil.

Hot iron was not red. You cannot multiply.
There was no trauma.
I will ask for my blue stars.

The hooded threat
was evident. You were not
ready to face the stroke.

With bare hands I will
dig out my key. Your kindness
was enough to open the lock.

Life brings out the
intense eyes of cobra, ready
to charge.

Satish Verma

In Numbed Mind

The burden of life to
carry fund roses, neither pink,
nor yellow, just black.

*

I wanted to forget the
morbidity of violence and
crooked smiles of moon.

*

Unheard words move
like vipers. You don't bleed.
Freeze like a statue.

Satish Verma

In Orange Sun

Not enough, your love.
You were the most natural
thing happened to me.

Never aging?your
smile, when you walk in grief.
We turned strangers.

Long back there was a
tiff between the two soldiers.
None wanted a kill.

Satish Verma

In Order Of Being

A thousand moons
you walked to search me.
A sparrow waits at the
end of road to welcome a pilgrim.

You were wearing
the red linen to narrate
the story from birth to death.
How many rivers you had crossed?

The blue black sky
always glittered in moonless
night. Wine glass will
spill the elixir to meet gods.

Wake in my dream
O nightingale. It is god's
domain to find the answers
of perennial questions.

Satish Verma

In Our Breasts

Taut flesh of toxic seductress
comes out of the skin,
rolls in the dream.

A century buries the neck of God
and creates the words
of unbroken greed for useless faith.

A path stuns the sharp thorns.
Nothing would stop the seeker,
he has to annihilate the rival.

Somebody takes an aim
at the dancing egos
and brings down the marvel.

The bitter feud continues, between
stars and moon.
The molten lava moves like a snake.

Satish Verma

In Penitence

Unceremoniously?
you blow off the earthen lamp
after the night vigil.

Still stranger
to dark, you start self-destruction
in holy violence.

Was there any life
before death? You encounter
the crucified truth.

Now you wear the blue lake
to meet the moon?
in a forlorn sky.

I let you see
the falling star. It's heat
had savaged me.

Satish Verma

In Praise

Wisdom
picks on the dementia.
I lash out in drunken rage.

The water world,
I stand on an island
in incremental rain-

of denials. Time was
floating on the shells.
Sea was in sullen mood.

Sunless sky wants
to start a ceremony of
clouds and tears.

How far you will
walk with a gypsy?
I have started the journey for invisible.

Satish Verma

In Praise Of Unknowing

The unthinkable,
has happened.
I am still alive.

After the harvest
moon, there were?
many aspirants,

to reach the Mars,
when a lynx left the
pug marks on their chests.

First snow went
deep in asylum.
All gates were locked.

Satish Verma

In Prayers

The stains will wash
the blood moon.
I will bring the nightingale.

Show me your sacred
heart. Can it sustain a
knife thrust through the ribs?

You are walking on the
man's skin, spread over-after
the vision, as though you can reach home.

The ravens have a
field day. It is all black around,
with faces buried in sands.

And you sing in praise
of immortal, who gives you
a limited dose of yawns.

Satish Verma

In Private

A bruise-
opens up again.
Why you did not know,
how to stop, in the blue night,
under the shadow of
god particles?

A glimpse-
of the naked form;
the size, the shape,
unsettles the script, the committed
dogma. Why you were still
invisible, O glory?

Absurdity-
of the beliefs.
Life becomes a peddeler.
I don't want to go to any bazaar
now. A poem is good enough
to move on.

Satish Verma

In Prosaic

Your lump grows in your
throat. You cannot speak or sing.
Any reincarnation would be futile.

Late winter was never as harsh
like this. You need to grow thick hairs.
The bearded smile betrays the hatred
towards the tulips. Why they were so
beautiful? Appearing before the
summer sets in?

A paranoid controls the fate of
humanity. In dust lie the dreams
of unborn. God's fidelity was at
stake. Faith was breeding
the cults.

Where do you go from here?
How will you nurse the pubescent
buds? If I become a rose, will
you kiss me?

In angst I turn to you.
How do I untangle the ennui?

Satish Verma

In Purgatorio?

Sometimes I imagine, I am free:
free to come out from a diagram,
to bring inside out.
Ultimately rescued from the ancestors,
and ready to face my unborn children.

An apparition sneaks in.
Transgender? Half human, half god?
There is no shadow, no existence,
but presence.

Life sometimes take a strange turn,
panic moves between the walls of home.
Black silk, red cloud, fish in the bowl.
I walk without feet, making dents in air.
wrapped up so long.

Satish Verma

In Quicksand

It is the truth which
never was. After many
deaths I will come to you
to repeal my verses.

The festering earth was
making the rains green,
to suck the dry sands
thrown by the angry winds.

The soul upturns the body.
You will crawl in a tunnel
to come out for sedation
accepting the karma.

A non-acceptance of the
straitjacket. Let the anxiety
rise like a beast.

Satish Verma

In Quicksands

You wouldn't know,
what you didn't want to,
after a sweet osculation
of a cleaver.

There was blood
on grass, after witnessing
the afterlife of a future god.
The goddess still weeps.

A black moon hovers
in blue sky. Was there a
polite embrace after
a violent actuality?

Delicately you hold
back your tears. The most
important exit was to
remain reticent.

Unsaid ache was the
greatest bliss.

Satish Verma

In Quiteude

I walk towards you?
till it hurts.

In moment of nemesis
I set you free,
and deceive me.

You look beyond me
and become blind for the road.
Life starts drifting away from
each other to discover the meaning
of truth.

We may not meet again,
behind the faulted moon,
groping for light.

You always knew?
I was not you. A miniature
vice? religion apart,
had become a river between us.

I won't swim again.
Buddha smiles with alacrity.

ShareShare In Quiteude

Satish Verma

In Rebellion

Unbelievability.

I am nudged to shift
the centre of gravity.

The flames are touching
both of us. A civilized frisking
to unmask the secret.

I look at the dark
sky to plant the stars.
Unreached and unreachable
were you? in the carnival.

A creepy night nods.
I must wait for your zodiac
to blink and release the
incense of dew drops.

There was no destination.
I am a surfer, will not skirt
a thunderbolt.

Blood stains will appear later.

Satish Verma

In Restraint

Of many gods,
I chose the rock-cut Buddha.
At night we would talk daily.

Like at talkathon?
I will accept his grace,
to follow my inner voice.

I will narrate about the
walking giants, silent birds,
and weeping Ashokas.

In togetherness we had
separated with hate in
aloneness.

The love bites don't
excite anymore. The religion
of sex and?

religion of war have
become one. I will not
recite any adage now.

Satish Verma

In Retrospect

In a moon city
will you distill
the darkness for a hallucinatory effect?
Without wearing anything?

Polarizing the sex
with the leaky pomegranates,
vying for control of towers.
Will it be unrespectful,
moon hitting the sun, when
it was departing?

It was a lucrative business
to trade envies with luck
or qualities. I feel connecting
with the violence of brown pillars.

Playing with smoke
you start undressing in epithets.
A bumblebee
raises the sights on rooftops.

Satish Verma

In Reversal

The philanderer?
an anti-man, comes for regaining
moral conscience. I
pledge my peels.

Ocimum was not ready
to marry a giant tree.
This war will never be over.

The skin, the deep voice
within, were wakeful in dark. There
was no hope to revive the naked soul.

The sea and the whale.
Competing for death-dance.
Blue sky kills the stars.

Now I will become mute,
watching the jewel-thief...
taking away the golden calf.

Satish Verma

In Reverse

Just unbound, the death rate.
Red roses had no qualms. Numbers,
unapologetic, they die or commit suicide.
Death had no tombs. One by one they
cross the stream, sinking half, floating half
in a cynic system, heedless, emaciated,
eyes looking beyond, cavernous.

They kiss the doors, will not comeback,
pilgrims of grapes or hemlock, dead on the toes
of rehearsals, dried milk in breasts and pounding
of metaphors. The mankind stripped of songs
drifting from one forest to another.

Satish Verma

In Ring Of Fire

After a peek into the world news,
I will start asking many questions to myself
in the dialect of hurling petrol bombs that,
how many names of a god are valid
in my poor dictionary of past truths?

I start eating away myself bit by bit
and save few grains for my children,
for clenching hurts and start a journey of unknown.
The debate will never end for the sake of
poetics in many me, of many avatars.

Un-self I start searching the stairs
of the tower in dark conspiracy of silence.
The night has forgotten a
magic flute will not play again.

Satish Verma

In Sadness

It was a non-beginning.
You were there.
How much do you know
about this aggression, when
the emperor was getting
ready for self-destruction?

The heat of a bullet breaks,
the alien chest. I grab the
soft music of heartache?
and release the
the eyes will see the?
dawn of mind, and my little
dust will fly over the blue blood.

A man covers his mouth
with a strip of cloth.
He wants to talk to a laughing Buddha.

Satish Verma

In Search Of Peace

The tiny thrusts
and a blunt fuel
scrambled over the wet contours.

There was an ephemerality
in overdue kisses
of death.

The interplay of sex
and spirituality starts,
bites the bullet and pushes the boat.

The pungency of an elegy
was a secondhand divorce
with death.

Jealousy: sand was
under the nails. Now
I will find the remains of an ocean
in your eyes. There was nothing
else to be done than taking off
the bikini top like a death.

Satish Verma

In Search Of Tremors

Night comes like a
black dog
around the corner.

I start paying off the debt
cry for cry, with a
ceremonial sword,
cutting off the shadows
falling from the
distant hills.

My questions are burning?
on pyre. How did I fail myself?
Why some mercy
was unacceptable to me?

Standing in midstream
I let go your hand,
and drown in quick sand of thoughts.
Now a poem will
lift me from the ruins.

Satish Verma

In Search Of Truth

It was blue and
red. The rape.
What would you do in dark?

*

The bullet was
embedded in the spine.
Still you are walking,
straight!

*

You have become
a face, of terror.
Your eyes, eyes
tell it all.

Satish Verma

In Searing State

A bit, like you
I wanted to live, making
my own rains.

When you will not yield,
I would come to meet
my nemesis.

The life flings away your
innings. Still you were trying to play
with flames.

Like sun's corona,
you were encircling me
in my eclipse.

Somewhere dandelions
spread the magic,
like your spindle fingers.

But weird thoughts
hover again to extract
the price of lost moons.

Satish Verma

In Self-Being

Wearing leaves, one
by one, I become a bo tree.
Buddha will not come.

*

Can you devour the?
chilling pain of mushrooms, dying?
every one in cold?

*

The greed overtakes.
Toads don't find place to sit.
Podium fails the speaker.

Satish Verma

In Selfish Vein

What was the idea of charity,
when you were hiding
yourself from you?

Was it a non-existence?
Or you were writing an
unseen anthology?

Was that your kin choice
for a reciprocal pain,
inflicted in dark?

Between right and wrong
I am laying my wreath
on my grave.

Satish Verma

In Sleep

A cult of sound without lips
was growing. The veil had staked its claim.
Staying myself I thought I will become
you; there would be a lured kill!

Moaning inside, a wave has ruffled
the sea. Serpent of moon quakes the shore.
Death was worthy of a kiss. A gull
flies away with glassy wings.

Rediscovering a beehive, honey of the
immaculate queen, between the breasts lies
a rival, I do not drag out the rainbow, I
have lost the will to trap the blue-fish.

We are distancing. A saddest tree drops
the seed in abyss, blackened, somebody
buries it inside a wall. The stones have
no option, up to neck the opacity runs.

Satish Verma

In Solitude

In every moment
my weakness will hang. Who wants to
become a prophet.

*

Come in my vision
to pine for the eternal bliss
of waning pink moon.

*

Can you walk with wind?
In summer night to talk with
humming fireflies?

Satish Verma

In Starry Dusk

Reflection of your
profile in veiled threat
appears solemnly. I
come down as a hawk to
make my kill.

Lines on forehead were
etched very deep. More possessive,
I wanted every inch?
of your space.

Juxtaposed, I bring
my ghost writing art to surface
to understand your drawing power.

Clouds were creeping
towards the moon. Would not be able
to decide for once, who had?
the irresistible charm. I was
freaking out.

My life had been a reverse print.
The watcher had become
the watched. You were the victor
I was the game.

Satish Verma

In Stillness

A long night?
unending was,
the wait for the sickle moon.

Midnight,
shooting stars?
you are still breathing?

Doleful cry?
of the crickets. Why
the rain has stopped?

I was talking?
to the clouds
for a favor.

Satish Verma

In Surrealism

My inguinal pain,
watching mating of moons,
at bank of tears.

Would you come to
ask the sun not to throw the
sparks in the eyes.

Will wait in twilight
for the blueness in moon.
Then give a call.

Satish Verma

In Terrible Times

Poetry stares, unblinkingly,
in dilemma?
at mindless extremism.
Evolution of words,
was going retrograde.

Your pretty face?
needs dusting. I was
curious to know about the story
of night shifts.

Sometimes I am hit?
by your feline grace to go for
immolation of male chauvinism.

You erect the barriers,
so that I won't
reach your lips. The moon
went laughing whole night.

A slow poison, like
hemlock, you drink the hurts
to stay alive in a wax house.

Satish Verma

In The Garden Of Gethsemane

I tossed back the hot questions
before searching the answer.
Flaming torso of a limbless man
was seeking a place to rest his soul.

I inhale the death's pungent odour
so opiating and so brutal.
Burning train chokes the windows
calmly, billowing the ebony smoke.

Cries mingled with whistling men,
haggarded infants were stupefied.
Grass was their pillow and stone
was the bed.

Courage was needed to write a poem
to fill the vast emptiness of a long night
without moon, when human torches
were throwing the light.

Satish Verma

In The Labyrinth

The pungent smell of dry
smoldering leaves, greet you
when you cross the road.

The knower has become
unknowable and I start collecting
the pebbles, a reminder
of lost childhood.

Somebody has kidnapped the
art of the nocturne. The
songbird will never find the moon.

When you are under attack
you run faster,
to drink the speed of dust.

It was a case of intimidation.
Invisible ghosts were demanding
their bricks of gold.

Satish Verma

In The Name Of

Watching the wilting dividers,
wanted to declock the time
in timeless death:
though life must move on.
After amputation, body waits to be lifted,
negating the bed.
Now it was time, which would you like,
nouns that hurt?
Or verbs that heal?

After stepping down
from my self
said the star, I have become
a black moon. Three bombs went off
within three minutes. Was it a Mendelson's
syndrome after general anaesthesia?
The chemical god wanted to distemper
a flock of sheep. God
save the earth.

Satish Verma

In The Spin

To save the last bruise,
after an encounter with
a kiss of the breaking rock and melting voices.

I did not want to
remember you in twilight
of dementia. There was no birthday for me.

A brown girl drowns
in my deep poems. You had become
a river without a bed.

Can you give me a
name? for my unborn child?
I loved him to measure you my mate.

After all I refuse
to die inspite of all the falls.
Beyond the bricks lies my blessings.

It were only you.

Satish Verma

In This Age

Why do I part with
my grief, my poems?

All night I was awake
to know what went wrong?

I extend my empty hand?
so that you can draw my fate.

You have the beautiful gazelle
eyes. Why they always look beyond me?

The salt comes again in
my verses. No sweetened lies.

The truth was too hot to be punched
on my hand. It has made a bleeding hole.

Satish Verma

In Thoughtless Mind

That fleeting incandescence
was branded witch
in grotto of a cloud.
For the first time I saw
your face in water.

You said this is manic
depression talking to flowers
and seeing a bizarre
apparition in dark blue sky.

What was the thing called
arrival? Every moment
a truth dies before
your eyes.

Between laughter and tears
I touch your eyes. Is that real?
And your brown ankles
walking on white snow.

I am soliciting a bloodstained
floor for a dance.

Satish Verma

In Totality

The riot was within.
Not getting along with social
revolution you would lie
on purple patch without seeking
any privy.

Who were the barbarians
which were going to release
the brutal pattern of bloodshed
during sunset on
the lake?

A mistrial will dispatch
the violence and you will drop
dead on the dirt path leading
to bed of roses. A theme will
wait for the signing of the book.

Someone punched you in solar
plexus. You said, I don't
die daily to live.

Satish Verma

In Trance

Less molecular
affinity exists in the breaths
of time gone by.

I will squeeze
my lips stitching the
borders of pain.

Brown salt was
taking the color of hails.
Knives were red.

You know the truth.
Religion covers the half-
burned candles.

Draped in shroud,
the untouched womb
picks up the priest.

Even the stars
go dim like orphans
of sky, searching god.

Satish Verma

In Transit

A blind spot□
was clinging on to earth.
Point of entry had
an eye against eye.

obsidian falls
unshaved. The guilt
of dawn was palpable.
A nimbus surrounds the pain.

A microdrone takes on
the spider. Diffusion of
hydrogen sulfide starts.
Don't break the window.

Through my love, I touch
you on face with ashen fingers.
I step out from the hawk's talons
into the prophecy.

Satish Verma

In Transition

The end of night had left
a bloody trail?
of the fading moon.

Love erupts with
a pang. I love the privacy
of dark niches.

Life begins to write about
the bare pricks. I start
paying my debts of wounds.

A canary leaves me
bleeding whenever I ask
it to burn with me.

In flames go my
dreams when I invite the
sun to sleep with me.

Satish Verma

In Trembling Smile

The age has taken
away the bones
of tall trees.

I am drinking
from the lips of moon,
the tiny specks of pain.

Crossing my candles, I
try to read the dark
sky, hanging from distant stars.

What was in store
for us, secured in vaults
of future rage?

Is it the last confession
of dying bottomless
present, without a cue?

The prophets of doom
are on the doorsteps of a
long winter night.

Satish Verma

In Trepidation

It was in reach for,
a chilling sensation.
 A flame of the moon.

The world shrinks.
You become ready
 for the direst consequences.

You deserve to be hurt
in the arms of truancy,
 without a trace of remorse.

The wounded breast.
It wanted to disappear?
 and come back in dark.

Frozen, the repeat hymn.
It lives in my heart.
How can I forget you,
 O, my tormentor!

Satish Verma

In Twilight

A dream without
a dreamer wants to reach
birth pain.

Where would you
go in dark to taste the
secret right to burn?

A corona of scented
thorns on your head attracts
the queen bees.

Satish Verma

In Upheaval...

This was the rise of animal
after dividing
the pain of man.

The shared past?
would guide the misreading,
calling bloodbath a mistake.

Balancing the pole, walking
on long rope, in sheer
darkness of moonless night.

The words fall on your
feet, begging the exoneration
from name-calling.

Square meals and two lipped
lavenders, will bring the aroma
to wipe out nonexistence.

Satish Verma

In Vacuum

Before you eat
your words,
smear the dust of rose?

on your eyes.
The incense will blend
with your vision.

Don't walk like
a thief in the house.
Moon will face the night.

The bell rings
not. Tonight temple
god oversleeps.

Satish Verma

In War

O Earth,
today, standing on your bones
I will study my fears.

I am talking to myself
to say everything, which I don't
mean, presiding over the violence.

Bullet-ridden I
will return your sorrow
to sky, hailing the stars.

From grief to grief
I walk pigeon-toed,
to explore the mines of seed thoughts.

In summer, you
offer the naked hands to me
to write the poem of the day.

Satish Verma

In Yellow Moon

The fear of losing the game
looms large.
It were you, I wanted
to win.

For a gender neutral
god, you will need a wooden
high priest to invoke
the eternal peace.

More likely it was a moist
patch to relieve the
ache and blue pains
of deadly sting.

The paragon cedes
and suffers dragging the truth
and duplicate becomes
an icon.

You shake hands
with arrogant time and
return to songbirds.

Satish Verma

In Your Own Temple

Between direct and
indirect lies futurism. How
to take on the inevitable?

Will you leave my
hand? I asked the scented wind.
In sanctuary god takes turn.

You speak via eyes,
how to live in sanctum sanctorum
without dying?

Satish Verma

Inadequacy

A silence speaks up at ungreen
age for an unknown, finding
 dark matter in hiddenness
of sleazy light.

A dove in the valley of tulips
stops a flight for a wayfarer.

What was that persists, in environment and bunkers?

Queen bee will decide for a spliced
dawn of honeycomb in a bloodless coup.

 The stings were the torchbearers.

A smile comes out with a walker. The
vitals were dysfunctioning.
The end does not need any comma.

Satish Verma

Inauthentically?

Sperms and legacy.
You scream for the justice
for the space between words
and sentences.

I don't want to be separated
from my half-eaten moon.

Without a dance
your anklets have broken into songs.

Someone commands me?
to sacrifice my pen.

Hallucinatory- be seduced for the sake of fashion.

In anguish I watch
the terror was becoming a religion.

Do you hear the voices
coming from the crypts?

Satish Verma

Incanting

It was restless mind
and I ask you something.

The grammar.
When something big?
happens, I find an excuse
to say small things.

O invisible!
how do I resolve the puzzles
of life. It had become a big
traumatic event.

The rain?
of inflected words
backed up by silence, keeps
me running?
to find the import.

Tell me?
how do I remember you.

Satish Verma

Incarnation

Trampling the borders, he started
losing his vibrations.
He was asking for the perpetual forgiveness
for his bandaged ego.
The new incarnation.

For the broken homes
he refused to admit his side of guilt
and jumped into the frozen lake
for nursing his hot blood.
The faithless star.

The world did not exist
in total freedom.
Let him sleep, sulking away,
under the sea of wounds
unlistening to the wailing winds.

Not for the seeds
not for the flowers,
the crowds were assembling for the essence
of the drifting truth.
Nobody knew the red hot destiny.

Satish Verma

Incinerated

I don't find words.
Words will find me crying,
when a drone hits the coral reef.

Between guilty and
innocent, the sleep will
level the night and
let go the dreams in sea.

The school of fish dies
in my story. The ship sails
for a new port. I cleave
a pattern of withdrawl.

Roses will come again, to
sign a pact with the unshaven
god, sitting on the pavement,
waiting to be beheaded.

Satish Verma

Incognito

Agni was weird
slayer. You can vouch
for it, eyes shut.

In the starless night,
moon was arrested once
for trespassing palms.

The nest receives
the feathers of lost birds,
left for foreign seas.

Satish Verma

Incomplete Thoughts

You become a beauty
after abdication. The bell rings
without coronation.

Every shared pain
was tender. Each word
flies me to you.

You were afraid of
yourself in water. Sun wants
to be adored when I scream.

Satish Verma

Incompleteness

Sometimes words
are very cruel. You
cannot chew them.

For the spirit of?
dying moon, you
wear a death mask.

Sitting on a wind cheater, in
tower of pain, you
want to understand the breed
of conflicts, fuelling the duels.

Yes or no, you have
to come with me. Stones
will not shame you anymore.

The black spots?
of dream-dropped roses,
smell of family dust in the
eyes of white ghosts.

You fatten the flames.

Satish Verma

Inconsistency

Depression?
was deep blue.

In zero-reflux, I was
intimately involved?
with your pride. The conflict
was rising.

Human mind
like shutting off the sex,
was making a bibliography.

Purity of link will
describe a yellow hollyhock,
waiting to be crushed.

It becomes a burden
when I spend on you? my poems.
Chemotherapy had failed.

Satish Verma

Incontinence

Let me change the contours of life,
polluted mind-set.
Spider webs have
elective sites of emotions.
I want to open a new range,
to locate the corrupt moments.
Turn over your face,
let me find the scars.

The soaring pinnacle,
fatherless fame, were declining.
The rot was setting on
the fresco of the wall.
Aspiring for god-head
they have choked the fluiting.
Hands and eyes are cadaverous,
unmoving. Sun is burning very hot.

Not tomorrow,
today we have to bid farewell
to neutral day.
Life will not spare the casting.
Too much mist
has settled on the eyes,
raining madness on the road.
Month and years
are giving incontinence.

Satish Verma

Increasing Angst

I thought we knew
each other by our shadows.
Stratosphere laughs.

Inappropriate,
when you touch the moon
in torrential rain.

You pay a price
to listen to Beethoven.
You become blind.

Satish Verma

Incredible

I was hungry
and you fed the tiger
back and forth.

And then a fierce
battle commenced between
lie and truth.

In temple of eyes
deities were disappearing.

There was no signs
of large fig tree, under which
you can sit to become wise.

Satish Verma

Indebted

Hips and the rose hips.
You bite your tongue. Desire
has many connotations.

You always feared
of a free fall. I rise. The
war will continue.

I permit myself
to talk to the waning moon.
The clocks stop today.

A train whistles by.
The river trembles violently
under the bridge.

Satish Verma

Indelible Writing

The caged golden bird
discovers a very thin line between
holy sin and a painless homicide.

There was a beautiful
butterfly nailed on a blackboard
to read the savage fascism.

The nebula does not intervene
when the silver bullet leaves the home
to hit the eye or water.

Satish Verma

India Ink

In everyday life
you pick up a war with a?
moment in truth.

Unleashing a malign?
half gender? to speak
for the sake of a maker.

You were standing on
a fault-line, waiting for the
unhappened to happen.

I have come from a
faraway land to dig up the
legacy of the ruined convulsions of man.

The faith, a religion the
god were all forgotten when
you sit homeless, hungry under the sky.

Satish Verma

Indigenously

Sheer drop of lightning
takes the brown
land by storm.

The cult grows?
in the hills for
the wolf to stay.

There was no healing
ceremony after
the snake bites.

The bodies are revered with thyme,
when the moon
dips, before dawn.

The natives
were ready to abandon
the glory of man made world.

Satish Verma

Indiscreetly

You sit at a stanza
break and won't
start introspection.

This was your moment
of deliverance.

You bend down
to kill the flickering candle
to feel the stings.

A myth
wears a veil to seduce
the sun, when it was
saying goodbye to moon.

This is mass cheats
the time that wants to slip out
from back door.

In next life, will
you recognize me by
my stumblings?

Satish Verma

Individuality

One day, a dark tunnel
will ask, what was your
being, survival mode?

*

On a mission, concluding
the life, I am changing
the view of the world.

*

Back and forth, you
lived days, months, years.
Seeking eternity in moments.

Satish Verma

Individually

That roasting night
when honeyed moon hung high
weaving a humming sound
I spoke to clouds.

It happens every night,
when smoke rises to discover the pain
of a falling star.
I start making a god from earth and water.

The colors will come from golden tears
and eaten heart.
From wooden legs and black widows,
from an embattled dream.

The day rises with the mute songs
of unread thoughts.
You reach your otherself
by a back door of hunger.

Satish Verma

Indoors

Today,
small things ask some uncomfortable
questions. I enter the eye of a wound.

Unscathed, will i obey the law
of believing; the round mirror?
It reflects the absolute truth?

Consolations,
they begin the attack in the valley
of thoughts; words, were hung
over the paper, spill the ink

like blood on the street.
Who will lift the corpse?

Words on the wings;
let them drop
like stones, like knives. The flesh is raw,
bones white a century is going to sing.

Satish Verma

Inertia

The night had dumped
the moon on the hill.
I was going to drop your name in rose bushes.

Sleeping alone was a torture, when
anxiety shows its fangs
in drooping lids.

Mysterious calls come,
from nowhere, when you were standing
on the sharp edge. A crisp decision
had to be made.

You become gold, without crying
and expose yourself
in dim light? where day and night meet.

Who will talk
about the final descent,
when you will deceive yourself?

A soap bubble was
shooting skyward.

Satish Verma

Inevitable

When moon was becoming
bipolar, you were recuperating
painful love by black magic.

To bring down sun's
corpse, I kiss your song, so that
rainbow kills the clouds.

Let's go to the land
between two rivers and collect
Babylon jewels for ever.

Satish Verma

Inferno

Speaking of our troubled times,
Incensed, enraged,
the crowd seeks revenge.
Reason drowned,
Untruths pitted against individual.

My heart bleeds, beneath this monstrosity,
point-blank you ask the question.
Give me a chance to recover
I am deeply perturbed today.

Mist is settling on hills.
Cannot see the world through the vision of sunless god,
and I am going to walk under a cloud.

Ruthlessly the dust moves on
covers the faces.
Normalcy is out of town.
People float like corpses.

Toothache hurts. Caries are very deep.
Pray that it stops. I cannot chew the words.

Satish Verma

Infinite Loss

Small truths
of gun battle,
with black roses in hands,
beg for peace.

You fly with broken wings,
and fall like a damp squib.

The darkened facts
in outsized pain, want to
revert back to line of separation.

How will you enter
into the sinless book to find
the words of a prophet?

Nothing was personal.
I have come to you?
to complain about you.

Your wrinkled eyes
look straight through me, and
push me into a dark blue lake.

I want to go dumb?

Satish Verma

Infinitude

Be what you are.
As night falls,
I start moon spotting
standing starkly against the pain.

Reaching for you
from you, in?
moonless night.

The relationship of
dream blood, was never
seen but heard.

The pursuit of location
where the eclipse descends like a dot
on truth.

I am going to touch
the surreal constellation
again in your wet eyes.

Satish Verma

Infinity

Drowning in my blood
the vampire had
the lapse of consciousness.
I embraced the night
without moon.

Why does it happen
day in and day out?
You allowed the blood sucking
which was the choice for unanswering
of unpleasant questions.

I survive in death
staining the shirt,
keeping the footsteps waiting.
I had kissed a light
falling on the squirming dark.

Satish Verma

Infinity Of Aching

Leaker had started
the invasion of the lake.

The house blinks every night.

Was there any civility
for boats to collect?

the skeletons from the bed?

The dust dances in my
empty home. From where?

the ashes of wounds had come?

There was fear of unknown.

I was afraid of the fear.

I am burning your address.

I see an apparition. A
branded witch. I don't care.

Death was always my friend.

Satish Verma

Influenced By Lingua Franca

Be precise, I would say.
The definition was changing? of the sand,
in our eyes.

Who was going to judge the
translation of sex? There was no man, no woman
in terms of misery.

The nights were deluged.
Days dry. My grains refuse to grow under?
the timeless sun.

The mother tongue is
laced with fluid endurance. I stand in
a storm, breathless.

The absent death
mocks at the living dead. How many times
you will go to the river?

Satish Verma

Ingression

After tasting the homemade
poison, the walls,
start moving.

The poppies are in bloom.

I am not interested in morphine
or codeine. A sago palm has
come of age, preparing to
put up the conical sex.

A trust deficit will not know,
the signature of veneer, of
the gender.

Something moves behind the
bushes. I was already afraid
of emptiness. After the violence,
amputations and barrenness.

The desert invades my bones.

Cannot sleep with hands
on my chest. Will you
collect some runners?

I want to raise
the grass for the sake of commanality.

Satish Verma

Inheritance

When you plan to quit,
the ghost limb will slash the wrist
to swallow pride.

I do not want to
call you my yesterday. Past
takes revenge.

Nemesis comes
to play its role. Divine
punishment for me.

Satish Verma

Inheriting The Dust

You tell me, why did you
hold my hand to climb
the purple hill of flames.

On your lips, I had
planted the kiss, not to burn
the shroud of the goddess.

Why life was so cruel
that whenever I lighted the
candle, hurricane reached.

Satish Verma

Ink Fall

Snakebitten

you raise your hand:
not to strike back,
but to salute the pain.

Weaving the aurora of stainless performance
of inevitable.

Not going to change my path.

Gazing through years,
the fog, the hurts.

You were flame-born
in strong winds.
Father of woods,
the hunger was very faithful.

Satish Verma

Inner Agony

I ask myself sometime,
who was your dynast of pain?
Why sky weeps and rains stop?

Why the queen sleeps for
a visual dream? How many names
the love has? What life demands?

Who will unseal
my questions? A hand slowly
covers the flames and clouds burst!

Satish Verma

Inner Voices

traveling backward in dark to meet
my father I held the hands of my grandchild

in broken dawn of random spring to collect
the lost years of old house where we could not

meet and he sat feet resting on the thighs
in the valley of unwritten letters and thin

silence, you left before I knew my thumb
had your skin, climbed to despair I untied

the knot and had a fatal, pure wound, which
like a lantern still burns in the eyes of

my offsprings unabated, the seeds and salt
and bloodstained umbrella will cover the street

Satish Verma

Innocence

Night will feed the sleep
sleep will feed the night.
I will remain awake the whole journey.

Remove the mask and look straight
in eyes of evil dark and black
across the street.

Violence was lurking in corner
dogs were barking non-stop
somebody had shot the moon.

Give me hand I watch the blood
tricking from mountains:
beyond the border lies the corpse.

Which god was yours, which mine?
Let us divide not truth as divine.
Earth is tormented, suffering is same.

Unbearable was void, when father was away
stung by wasp of innocence
child starts crying.

Satish Verma

Innocent Was The Betrayal

The rose month is coming
I am not ready to receive the guest.
Mistletoe will takeover
With folded hands wind was blowing
No star accepted the gift
of burning earth.

He walked alone in the ruins
to search the time of rich.
His hunger did not find the bread.

He thought he was good as a bone
in the diet of sunset
on the snurfs of dew.

Innocent was the betrayal
under the sheets.
Pert was the sting.

Myth stumbles out from dead souls
I am walking behind the moon
your hand was on my shoulder.

Satish Verma

Innovational

You were shrinking
like microcephaly,
the mankind's evolution
in expanding universe.

The new thoughts-
do you think we were
always talking nonsense.

The real tragedy was
here, in your hands
when you held the
gun.

The lead in water,
and arsenic in earth.
Like celebrating the man's
victory on space and time.

Satish Verma

Innumerable

The opaque civility
takes a big toll. The fledglings
were dying in the duck pond.

*

I want to steal the moon
tonight for a ritual
and bring it on my lake.

*

A wet floor always
mirrors the voices floating
on the low roof of my rainbow.

Satish Verma

Inquisition

Joining back tribe
was not atonement
for separation.

The truth pricks like
needles in eyes. What it was,
comes through my poems.

Picking up pieces
of wounded light to draw
a map of darkness.

Satish Verma

Inside The Drizzle

Tainted blood
cruising in wrong legs.
You stomp on the golden leaves
of the fallen tree -
who will not go with the
winds.

A pregnant pause.
The storm was raging at the corner.
Put down the light,
put down the light;
hold on the road signs.

There is a reverse calm
inverse silence
between eyes and heart!

Satish Verma

Insight

Renunciating
the flesh, now you ask for
nomadic soul.

When ignited, a-
spark follows a dark moon
for a final kiss.

In ecstasy I smash
a door for a door
for the elightment.

Satish Verma

Insights

It was less savory.
The tibia breaks and you
enter into unbuttoned dress.

*

The deviance was abusive.
I cannot accept the celebration
of skin, unwrapping small Buddhas.

*

When the fear recedes, I will
move around the words?
to seek the meaning.

Satish Verma

Insignia

You want your gifts back.
Body by body,
pain by pain.
Moon separates from sun.

Why blood was naked
for small things.
No one wants
to burn flame to flame.

Can you take
the dust road to blue lake.
Where blaze?
won't die?

Satish Verma

Inspiration

Midcloud of the –
rainy day.
I am waiting for
the winged guests.

*

In trance
I catch the flying words.
The blank paper
prints the nude.

*

I need
to cover the sharp contours.
You will find
a mystic profile.

Satish Verma

Insult The Death

Blows had blackened the mist,
fear of crossing the road, dented the veil.
'Ism' versus the boundary had a long rhetoric.
I was struggling with scars of learning.
Pain unwrapped the gift of rhythm with confession
bitten by skorpios, blue and cold.

Finding the cause does not solve the rigidity.
Entering my own genome, increases the panic attack,
where I am heading after all?
And today sun beats the unentered thighs
marrow, blood of a martyr, who pledged
to die to himself between enquiry and truth.

Fragmented self now seeks totality
and the mystery of staying alive,
when the hills are dead and green had turned around.
As usual I am meditating, to live or not to live.
The greatness of earth still impresses,
it does not insult the death.

Satish Verma

Integers

When you were learning
how to kill,
somebody was beheading my faith.

There was lint in my eyes
and the lathyrism
of numbers.

In raw emotions
you took away everything from me
I was left with an entire whole.

Still I will owe you
a minus zero when fight for numbers
will break out.

Who are those people,
that were sharing the divide?
How much will remain when you divide death?

Satish Verma

Integrity

For an ailing love maker
ending was optional.
Nobody wanted to extend the truth
and hear the distant voices.

Half-waiting to divide the territory,
splinters will unravel the mystery.

A food chain slits the tongue, reaching, not reaching.

In the island of loneliness
somebody has left me midway in eternal twilight.

Amidst the stars
a river forgets the time, and moon
scrapes the sky.

A new pledge may bring back the sun.

Satish Verma

Integrity At Large

Was that a non-devil effort
to hide the language
□ from cultural onslaughts? □

The anger splits the opinion
about hurting goodness.
An isolated insult will spur

the words against the flight over
the answer, before the brush
with picketing fear, showing heroism.

I speak for unknown enemies
who wanted to alter the season
by planting horror on the street.

Satish Verma

Intellect

The hurt begins to move
and meets in a funeral procession.

For aging fireworks this was the last chance,
but lake had dried up.

There was no fall tonight of the moon
All the stars had gone for a memorial service.

The candle light vigil begins with a sole survivor.
The genotypes will multiply.

The legend had the last breath
and then walked away in a big whole.

I were you, to take the revenge
from the sobbing me who sent the body
without a soul.

Satish Verma

Intense Poetry

Breaking the path
by random steps, you move,
and thoughts make a ritual dance.
In a wingless flight,
a cosmic gloom envelops you.
You try to stop the dark tremors,
Yet you don't feel safe in a crowd.

Life has changed
it does not touch the younder.
The brain does not work,
and memory is not authentic.
Emotions are bruised,
and time is becoming ruthless.
Knowledge explodes the myths,
and hurls the naked truths.

In a corner of my heart, a song dies
I refuse to listen, I decline to see,
a world crumbling before my eyes.
My unbeliefs engage,
the intense poetry,
of my turbulent mind,
to understand the virulent pain.

Satish Verma

Intensity

Trapped in staircase,
huddled in dark,
you cannot go up.
you cannot go down.

The succession wars
have started again.
Bending the laws,
molesting, disowning.

The predator will get away
eating the gold,
the paradise.
You are left with the lantern.

Burn, burn my kisses.
The heat will melt the eyes,
the snow of the hill.
the glass of a virgin.

Satish Verma

Intensity Of A Flame

Without audible conflict
I invoke your face
from withered names.

It was always a big NO,
when I would seek comfort
in high sounding verdicts.

An unspoken, painful,
agony to script for an
unwritten foe.

The muscle will twitch
involuntarily, to taste
one's own ink.

In the waning moon
I will come at your door
to ask for a poem.

Satish Verma

Interaction

Holding the truth for the
sake of time and space.
I will not ask your name.

*

In fading moonlight
you had abducted my boat.
How will I cross the river?

*

A civil war erupts between
the flowers of morning glory.
It has changed the way you think.

Satish Verma

Interactive

Unknowing the known
was politics
of unsold thoughts.

*

This was!
cyberstalking. I do not want
to talk.

*

The game
has backfired. It has
become a land mine.

Satish Verma

Interlacing To Catch A Theme

With the tip in the center,
this is the circle of an iron will
undoing the circination.

You are moving in a straight line
now. The knots in the chest
will take you to surrogacy.

The needle's eye was watching
you? gauging your grit.
Can you take a prick?

Without blood? From an
urn you lift a red string to tie
on the hands of unborn thought.

You miss a line, a word
an image. Still it happens deep
inside. An angst constricts you in
pythonic grip. A poem becomes you.

Satish Verma

Interlocked

Between the tremors
falls the face
in a glass of water.
Sometimes false teeth reverberate
through the pages of history; devastation
sinks in. A faun rubs the landscape.

Hatchlings come out when death-music
stops. A miracle tends to quieten the bones.
You should not hate me,
it was the method of ruins, the spirits
hover like vampires. Tell me have you
seen the street walking?

A table sings in a kitchen, the knives
peel off the stars, a moon dips in milk
of morality. The house was in disorder,
but the bougainvilleas were shedding
ceaselessly the colourful leaves.
Summer was coming.

Satish Verma

Interpolations

It was the hiatus
that underlying silence
of which I was hearing the voices.

There was nothing left to be said.
I wanted to levitate in void
to unlearn what I understood.

Why the distance interpolates
between the guilt and acceptance?
Leaves are falling in different colors.

Time avenges, burns the grass,
the lips, the retina,
the black walls and white numbers.

Inner peace will return
on the ashes of fallen trees.
Life will resume another journey.

Satish Verma

Interposted

Escaping the unknown
becomes easier
when you listen
to the echos of dark.

My god says, the peeled
oranges will feed the
starved moon, when you
invite the rains.

Invisible hills will send
the bronze poems to you,
once the black night starts
drinking the green water.

The nightmare looms large?
climbs up my chest to
lick the isles, throwing me in
parenthesis, failing the commas.

Satish Verma

Interrupted

Like a pause in pain
I ring the bell
of homecoming. I was ready
to meet the hurricane.

The alien neighbor of white fires.
After the rains
the slush will overwhelm the abducted
silence.

The celestial peace will
be shattered. Something will remain
unexplained, between the kisses of doors.
Go softly into the dark

I know myself.
From your eyes the stained thoughts
will read the winter of leaves laden
with crisp snowflakes.

Satish Verma

Intersection

Your feet had
turned stones. The return
of the gale will find?
blood marks.

Embalmed was your
spirit in my roses. The
heart of garden trembles.

A lone pain
flutters in exile. I will
not meet you at moon.
The greek tragedy repeats.

The spark was
caged. I was trying to
find shelter under bottlebrush
in howling rain.

I will not call a stop.

Satish Verma

Intimidation

A chilled moon was standing
between the lovers
and night was cruising around
to extract the blood
of a hangman.

You want to go back and talk
to old house for selling the dreams
again. When the body ends,
the hunger lives in another eye. Let
me break the cycle and become
fodder of a thought.

Layer up layer aching in
half-sleep brings the frozen rain
falling from icy peaks. You bring
cherries for moon who wants more.
Give me a window to have
a glimpse of still life.

Satish Verma

Into Dark Abyss

Unsung something,
in space, in other life
can I raise you?

The aureole
cannot be resurrected
like Lazarus.

Fading jasmines
make me mad looking
at moon rise.

Satish Verma

Into Depression

When your suffering
drops by, something dies in me.
A cluster of stings-

Brings the anaphylactic
shock.I look at the faces to find
out, how many times god cries.

Don't write me on
your lips like an ephemeral
smoke rising from the castle.

Satish Verma

Into Her Deep Eyes

To read a map?
listening to your inner voice, for
changing the green color
of eyes.

I was studing you,
in the caravan of desert,
leaving the roots
going nowhere.

I will wait for the fall
to pick up my crisp, memories
breaking off from?
the sad trees of life.

Stepping stones were
beautiful, not the feet. I might
have erred in draping the
people who were fake.

Sometimes you mourn
the vision of dying moon.
It will not bleed?
till you cry.

Satish Verma

Into The Dark

In western sky
hundreds of small birds were
flying in an arc,
synchronized in orange.

The grass, holding
the skirts, wants to cascade
in death of the
paramour.

Let the copper?
speak of hurt, in the
thighs of moon.
It will not climb tonight.

Satish Verma

Into The Lair

Would not wear
the seasoned face.
Eye for eye
blasting the truth.

The path becomes the tunnel.
Unending,
in pain of speech
at the expense of ethics.

Under the fingernails
they start interbreeding
the ideas, criminalizing the
upright past.

A vultured darkness descends
on the raped bed.
The great seduction of moon
had triumphed.

Satish Verma

Into The Tempest

The dichotomy was complete.
I walk in your tears
to move away.

The night smelt like a
burnt-out doll, and I was
quaking inside like a peony lip.

The sunk baby. You stay
uncovered in half-sleep.
The drag of the noose around-

your neck was evident. I
want to squeeze the pods.
Why did not the pollen meet-

the stigma? The needles are
coming out of the eyes. A prose
is gone. The poem walks in.

Satish Verma

Intriguing

The wind was black
and I wanted to make an eye contact
with the unknown.

Following the stars
in midnight?

there was something called
desire, in clean moon,
untying the knots?

in breast. The truth
was not in kernel,

it was in the flowing veins
of the leaves; sun, trapped
in green carbon. The?

wordless poem dousing
the fire between the cinders.

The cosmic door opens, shuts.
The bird song covers your tracks.

Satish Verma

Introspection

Living against the food amnesia
gold bricks call for austerity
in passage of the hunger.

Canons hanging in their necks
it was the silence of death.
Whispers were floating in night.

The bodies will free us from
gold cure, tasting the forbidden salt
of stale lead of spices.

We will forget the color of lips
when you cry. Time falls
like a dead sparrow on faithless head.

When you hold a hollyhock
I look at the crescent moon
who was taking a shower after disrobing.

Satish Verma

Introspective

the pulsating ache of flogging
after internal cave-in, a goldfish gets smeared
with sperm, unclosing, opening a slaughtered canal
for the drooping roses under the black wings

of shame when in our translucency we were
generously distributing arms to legless boys
for transporting the name across the aisle of memories,
the history repeats again in agony

of centuries. The salt inside a name wakes up
a darkness hauled up from eyes of faithfulls
between the sentences and nude angels, a stroke
will empty the womb of earth;

i do not want to know, what will happen to shaking
robots of mercy-homes, drilling the holes in
walls of love? Will the rain come again of red
drizzle on the mountains, the drought had already sucked up

Satish Verma

Inundation

Standing on black stones?
in water death,
I let it go, my pride
at the end of bay.

No obituary
no elegy,
will erase the thoughts of coming and going
of moon, when night
starts crying.

The smoke-filled eyes
will speak of the burnt house,
when the sun was
telling the truth.

Setting frozen tulips
at your feet, I bring the
river of tears
to start the day.

Satish Verma

Invader Unknown

The grass reaper wants
to right your wrongs
of medieval hurts.

While I uphold
the clash of isms, it should
stand without violence.

You were worth my
breaths. Still something
blocks the sluice gates?

protecting the virginity
of the jungle. Tiger
must not come out.

A cloaked confession,
leaves the space to start
a new arithmetic in reaching
the downhill.

All therapies have
failed. Time to divide
the footprints.

Satish Verma

Invention

Finally I found myself.
This book of life
had never been the same.

Who had invented God
from the pilfered version?
I say my prayers aggrieved.

Again solitude murmurs.
This twisted world
indulging in phallic worship.

The huge torch in your hand
lights the ugly feet
leaving footprints on dignity.

Blood bath of humming-birds
on the sand dunes of silence.
Children are frightened.

Hungrily I follow the scent.

Satish Verma

Inventory Of Missed Beats

Under a perfect moon. I
missed you at dawn in,
rain dance, when stars
were going to hide.

Beyond midnight, you
were not supposed to stay
in my dreams.

Oh, was it the time
to drink from the falling
dew? Can I blend the nature
with your eyes?

The days were trecherous.
You were not going
to curve like a rainbow.
It was a good old art of swaying.

When you run short of
appropriate words to describe
the dilemma, you start
counting the folds in the currain.

Satish Verma

Inventory Of Pain

Lying on bed of
thorns, you revoke the curse
of moon to remain amputee.

This was signature
therapy to become secular.
You rub the side of flame.

My dissent was
natural. Cannot speak any lie.
Will listen to my ethos.

Satish Verma

Inverted

A tribal instinct stops the nemesis:
Spraying the blood-soaked, small
foot prints on my chest;
unlocking, I accept
myself.

Why contained anger
of awesome ache over the periphery?
Through the atrophied, black limbs -
an elite infusion of trespassing knowledge?
The green adolescence was waiting in chains.

The hoarseness as from a cyanosed throat
after the sips of hemlock, the brave ascending
of a gaint stroke on the cheeks of death;
the dust will sing a farewell
to a river of tears!

End was not me on the chainsaw
a chamomile will wipe the blemishes of the Grail.

Satish Verma

Inverted Body

Ending of day was beginning,
of a terrible awakening
when you started filling,
in the gap between the lies.
Truth aborts every time
we conceive a bright idea.
Somebody takes a shot
at you to kill the name.
Small birds twitter away,
the hopeless light.

Every day you destroy,
a part of yourself, concealing the light.
Lava flows in your eyes, scarring
the profile of mind, which was not stationary.
Confession was out of question.
Private feeling hooked you,
to a perfect kiss of fate.
Hugging the wisdom, you started a laugh.

From great heights you,
fall slowly, crumbling
I am on the bank of a stream,
identifying the inverted body.
From action to action,
there was no peace.
I tried to sort out the wearing down of life.
After all, the narration
cannot deliver the meaning of death.

Satish Verma

Invisible Import

The space had a scent.
In stunned silence, I will
speak my mind.

More was less. Nothing
stirs, the raging pyre.
As if the poverty of thoughts had ended.

The happenings, splinter
the dream again. Sun steps out
from the black clouds.

You find yourself
interpreting the propelled blaze,
sleeping amidst the mirrors in dark.

The bondage jumps the
boundaries. I am your only
dilemma. I never speak in whispers.

Satish Verma

Invisible Ink

I will meet the moon
on the terrace,
when the dust settles on the
lids, smothering
the uncharted barricades.

Life had been full of dresses
to play the lead in
conflicts of alliance vows.

Like untouched goodbyes,
you hover around the exit?
to seek the blessings of dark.

In the glasshouse, you cannot
walk nude. The wounds, the scars
the burnt-out fabrics
will tell the truth.

A priest will invoke
the mercy of the vessel.

Satish Verma

Invisible Particles

I care less,
walking on plateau.
Now,
mind rejects the peaks.

A small patch of green,
I knead on ice
of firm orbs.
This sterile landscape starts a fire.

My hands knit a taciturn probe
to enter the inconceivable.

The particles sleep in metaphors
of a baked sky,
where the stars bleed every night.

The fear looms large.
I sit in the crevices of hurts
to reduce the dimensions of time.

Satish Verma

Invisible Stains

Words throw us
apart in the desert of
eyes, where no rains
come now.

Misty lips don't
leave the imprints on
the frozen face.

It was very cruel
of times. We watch together
but don't speak
from wound to wound.

When you don't own me,
will not call the hangman.
Ropes were very weak.

Come November,
I will ask the sun to cool.
Moonlight was becoming hot.

A snake dithers,
before it puts its fangs
in the chest of sleeping moon.

Satish Verma

Invisible Stings

With dolls on your side
of a troubled life; you
go on rocks to receive
an unspoken answer.

The sounds, the echo.
Your father walks in -
and lays down the brick
on your papers.

Were you prepared to save
yourself from the onslaughts
of ladders. The snakes were
ready to bring you down.

Let the cityscape rise on-
the tall spires and snow
fall on the bones of birds
for a salutation.

Satish Verma

Inward Odyssey

Eating fire, but entangled
in the cobwebs,
of becoming or not becoming
a child again;
in the hollow of a maimed body
looking beyond the opaque
hirsutism
of lies.

Path leads to inward lake
where I will meet you
on the white beach.
And snap the waves.

Let the winds blow now
in reeds,
between cracked heels.

Satish Verma

Ironbound

Last night a dream,
died in infancy, when you
were drawing a circle
of pain in rainbows.

The hurt of blind alleys,
and the rebounding image
of burnt-out candles in night.
The full moon will only enhance!

the burns. I do not want to talk
about the divine will of making
a baby, out of willing or unwilling
surrender. Lines are blurred.

You want to ask the moon!
Are you convinced, it was not
a rape? A butterfly is snuffed out
in your palm, you do not know.

Satish Verma

Ironical

Sky drank the moon
when night was cool.

A lone tree on roadside
waits for the prowling wolf

to steal the electric skin
like the veins on the breast.

River was flowing
nudging, cleaving the rising frenzy.

Still the thirst does not sink
like the torpedoed sub.

A dropp contains million faces of a moon.
A moon does not have a drop.

Satish Verma

Irony

A severed hand on my shoulder
wrenches it off.

You sit on a toadstool
to measure the depth of grass.

A raven scans the earth:
nothing was left to eat.
The hungry urchins had
already punctured the garbage can.

A live show of committing suicide
will take place tonight.
To become silent in roaring noises
was the outcome of a dive.

A terrorist in pilgrim's pouch walks past
a bomb. The wires reach in the schism
of a faith. Again you cry in your skin
for sake of a forgotten god.□

Satish Verma

Irony Of Author

In the absence of a consenting moon half
my night was in disarray, the density of poems
was draining out the grape wine from the eyes.

This amphitheater of your life: where you
are spectator and you are a player, past
the tears and past the happiness.

Find out the lost baby, where we slept.
A crying bundle on the tracks of bones.
You cannot carry the outstretched alms, need to stop
the train of thoughts.

Green boys were hiding in their sleeves.
Did you perform your role well in speaking
your dialogue on the stage and give a loud
laughing call?

Satish Verma

Satish Verma

Irony Of Gist

The finger and a ring?
a story of bonhomie;
if you live precariously.

Difficult when you are perceptively nimble.

I would like to take off?
any clinger.

If you live in a crate, ?
there is no escape.
The pollination has stopped.

The washed bees will not go anywhere?
in this rain.

The bumbler will strike
when you are eating the poem.

Satish Verma

Irradiations

Tell me the meaning
of life in stillness of
vandalizing death.

I will pierce the
air to bring out the taste?
of the flowing tears.

Lingering at door,
for deep colors of summer.
Virgin kiss of cool.

Satish Verma

Irreconcilable

Genderless,
intrusive, was the withering effect,
questioning the sex.

Filling the space
between body and soul, you
sail into emptiness.

The mistakes?
happen in night, sleep.
Death will drop the stars.

Ergo, the embedded
testes will not descend; you
can kill the sperms of mosquitoes.

Blueberries, haul you
up from the darkness.
You will find your sun now.

Satish Verma

Irrelevantly

To drink the sea,
spilled over
from your eyes was not an easy task.

It was getting
dark, outside.
Inside an eternal flame
of separation
was flickering.

About the consent
of owning
privacy of truth,
I withdraw
my comments.

Now no shroud was needed
to cover the naked body.

Satish Verma

Irreparable

It was lack of contusion.
The relief had not come. Hours
were on after the nobility moved
on faulted track.
Methane was rising.

It was white death:
people were coming, people were going.
Pure and muddy, the treachery was
like trace gases in a mine.
Anytime the explosion will take place.

The children were shrinking
I do not speak. Watch the flowerpots flying.
All the celestial deities have entered the lake.
Take a quick dip in the nude serenity.
Time was slipping out from the aquarium.

Satish Verma

Irreverent

The show must go on.
Under a sable cloud.
I am on the vast stage
to perform.

Tall cacti and harsh
dunes will not find
a sweet acacia.

When I am hungry
I would like to write something
very personal on a yellow paper.

The potter's wheel will not
move today.
The potter had turned into clay.

Satish Verma

Isful Ah-Ness!

Winter has stopped indulging.
Brown body of summer
longs for the full lips of moon.
I become saddened
tracking time.

Desire is now a temple
outraged by sun
starts a dialogue with winds.

Grey hills kill the songs
and empty life again fills in
the cargo of memories.

Silence is cool, ticks like a clock
breaks a stone
and melts into night.

I prepare to die again
amidst the disguises of fidelities.

* A Phrase from Les Murray.

Satish Verma

Issueless

It was for a bridge:
water issue,
without a river.

We were fighting
for the tongues
on a wordless journey.

The unlucky sex
was on fire
after the explosion.

Hands off the
mouth. Life was
eating death.

The bells will
not ring today.
God was dead.

Satish Verma

It Bleeds

Before the dawn
black sky breaks in my eyes.
We were very sick.

You were avoiding
the cross. I cannot pass on twisted
version of beautiful end.

Tiger was alone in den
waiting for a saddened song
on piano for a last time.

Satish Verma

It Comes

Waiting under the opaque moon
a primeval instinct takes over you
and you start arriving.

A black bone
renders the ash on your forehead
and you complete the circle –

reaching childhood; you start
climbing the ladder,
for instantaneous release.

The insects don't forget the trail;
you were bleeding from inside.
You were never alone in a crowd.

Satish Verma

It Does Not Matter

After a face – off
you toss the coin
resenting the liquid fame.

Frame extracts the price
of picture.
Compassion for the artist was missing.

I suffer in mid moon
between darkness and light
clarity of rags was improving.

Homage is now going to hurt
after the fall of ego, in
ending of alchemy.

In spite or sorrow
a face drills holes
in my wheels.□

Satish Verma

It Happened

Born out of hate
condemned to fear from each other,
the race lives, the race dies.

The loser finds a quotient
to dig a mass grave
for innocent paeans.

My stains were bigger than you.
In no man's land, a corpse
is lying unattended.

A terrorist strikes in the house
of god, who will not react
in the face of a massacre.

Death will not atone
the grief of a child,
whose mother did not come back.

Satish Verma

It Happened Once

You wanted to possess me
and I sought to
drink the stars.

An optics? Tears and
blood. Lynching. I
ask the moon, have
you ever been kissed?

You hold my hands
and laugh, heartily,
throwing back your thick, black
interlaced braid.

The radical, retrograde...
white space in between, I
watch the falling snow, covering
my thoughts with silverberries.

This was the unspoken,
untying love between a mortal
and a celestial being!

Satish Verma

It Hurts

You start forgetting
the absence of
existence. Wishing to remain
dead for sometime? to see what you didn't
want to see in the hands of god.

A tricky aura
overlaps the consciousness?
of proxy war. Someone
cries out for the earth's hug.
Wolves start howling. This
was a stainless murder.

I get nightmares. Craft
slips from the tongue. You
must decide for yourself, who
was a clean angel. Door was
locked, key in your pocket.
You cannot move in the absence of proof.

I told you, we are heading
towards the Apocalypse.

Satish Verma

It Is

Telling a big no
was easier than conveying
one painful truth.

The hollyhocks come
back again, after the storm.
It was a religion.

Finding happiness,
when you are alone in
darkness of the noon.

Satish Verma

It Is Absurd

After the sunset,
the moon comes out whitewashed.
An extremist flies a hawk.

The bird's meet was
disbanded. There was no
mandate to decide the fate
of eggs.

I cannot think. After the
arrest of an anarchist the cauldron
was left to boil.

The bones start melting.

□

Step out from the dark.
The blind men were protesting
in the street against the sun.

It is a small world.
You meet me again and again.

Satish Verma

It Is Raining

Syllepsis. A story goes.
You can kill two?
birds with one eye.

Your charisma does
not work.
Solomon has failed.

Not difficult to live
in a shell, if you
are a white pearl.

In aloneness, you
meet yourself on the
way to morgue.

Satish Verma

It Is Too Dark

Forgetting the ultimate name
of clean truth
the essence of time latched on to the dangerous arguments.
Something went wrong.
I watched the foot crumbling,
everything was moving towards dark.□

I wiped the magnifying glass
to witness the hunger
of everyday life,
blue veins of the shriveled legs.
Sinking deep in smeared eyes,
a panic leaps.
Nothingness to nothingness,
I could not use any syntax.

Repeating same sentences,
you are lost in labyrinth stabbing the walls.
Sunset will send
the blurred sparrows to home.
Antiquity will become a burden.
I am restless, a candle must be lighted,
It is too dark.

Satish Verma

It Kills It Kills

Eaten up, by wanderlust?
I started my sleepwalks
cheating my dreams.

The grace of knife was there...
it did not open in daylight.
Night was the brilliant host.

When do I meet you?
behind the moon? when stars
were not twinkling out of fear?

The rare gift of footnotes
was sufficient to explain?
the meaning of abstract pain.

You will not treat the stings?
very unkindly. They were
meant to awaken you from letting it go.

Satish Verma

It Matters

When it drips
drop by drop, a burning candle
becomes a poem.

If you knew it,
time would stand still
to meet your integrity.

Come out some night
in moon, to watch the blue
love of lonely trees. The
melted dark becomes a song
of earth.

Tomorrow
you don't want it?
to come and yesterday to go.
If you can freeze this day
I will never ask for a requiem.

O god, will you
forget my name and
let it be a shrine of
unknown traveler.

Satish Verma

It Never Happened

I was not afraid of legacy
seeking out a collateral
collapse of a fantasy.

Raising the ante?
I was prepared to meet
the unknown in your chest.

What came as a surprise
in a white boat. I will
never know of death.

A pause, a stutter,
sacrificing civility to open
the door of the poor syllables.

The secret will go in?
the grave along with
the famished poet.

Satish Verma

It Opens

An oriole gives
an edgy call
in the blaze of morning.

I am not fully awake,
sky is melting on window.
Death has company.

Zen, it did not connect me
with your god.
I am tired of pretentions.

Small was the wasp
in a cobweb of pain.
It floated a sign of conflict.

My thorn did not prick your petals
in vain. Dead leaves
started bleeding.

Satish Verma

It Was A Trauma

Body blow becomes
a brand.
Talking to trees, hitting the trunk.

You were weird
asking for the blank
book to read the unwritten
poem.

Sometimes you watch the
rains unblinkingly
in timeless stance.

Like an amputee
walking on terrace wall
for a glimpse of moon.

Someone has come
to lie down on the rock
to meet the death?
after the unseen hands painted his face black.

I would weep gently.

Satish Verma

It Was Distressing

The red dot was sinking
to smear the lake. It was
in soft focus, the waning light.

You want to bury
the attachment, on the bank.
Let the waves wash away?

the footprints. The
clan was in great distress.
On ventilator, the icon was not dying.

Innocence goes on the block
I will not get a fair deal
from the silence of the stone.

The disk tumbles
into obscurity. Who will
bring peace to the withering art?

Satish Verma

It Was Enough

Yawning of dawn.

I scribble a note for night
to come again.

And I try to write a triolet
in memory of moon;
who forgot to say goodbye.

A pigeon flutters in my chest
for a beautiful bride,
who was fond of pecans.

I have not much to show
except my trembling hands
which could not light the -

lamp in dark for once, to
read the face of eternity.

Satish Verma

It Was Insane

Why do we
reach ending?
in our dream wars?

Walking on water,
in absence of body
when soul was dead.

Without names?
history was being written
in air. Like smoke
was rising in tainted sky.

You were on trial,
of murder on moon?
sitting in lotus position.

Wear the night
for your children playing
with stars.

This was involuntary
slaughter,
when you didn't listen to my memoir.

Satish Verma

It Was Invasion

How will you measure the wide
gulf between words and hyphens?

The apostrophes will give you
restrain and isolation.

The predators will sit and
wait for the fallouts. The night
was your domain to start
sinning; in erasing the numbers.

The midnight grief during the
assault of moon. Were you ready
to unmask the hidden inter-
polator? The merciless thrush?

Candidiasis? It was eating
away your smell, your taste
and moments of glimpses
of the fire in the groins.

Satish Verma

It Was Like That

Want to entertain
like a zany in the space when
it is bright moonlight.

The craze was to win
your smile in the drifting snow of
earth for dying flames.

And you cry for small
things which make the weary life
simple and beautiful.

Satish Verma

It Was My Pain

Behind your time
assassin walks
I will sit in a wake.

You had many
faces. The slave value
was increasing.

The impact craters
were coming up in dark
morning of realization.

Harmony suffers.
Explosions come from sky, as
if two stars have collided.

The frail peace
always grieves at the end
of the embraces.

Satish Verma

It Was No Magic

When you would be absent,
O Druid, I will know you better.
Time leaps my watch?
I have become blind.

It was not enough to
read? that was not written yet.
I am coming down the mountain
to meet the dust.

Life was not very kind to me.
Too much undoings had given
me a white sheet to?
write the names of fugitives.

I sweep the floor, I wash
the black earth and shut?
the windows. Too much knowing
had made me a dwarf.

Satish Verma

It Was Not Vicious

Digging deep into
the body of moment, you have
to find out the roots/of dopamine?
blend of dopa and amine,
circulating the gossip. It was
a prelude before a personal take?
into the consciousness of guilt.

Do you need to bring in
the demigods and tree nymphs?
for fertility? The arboreal pain
sends the apology of the shade.
There was no need of any limbs to
walk. Standing on the brink,
you can reclaim the pyramids.

The precocity of non-existence
appears, when you start confronting
the blue lake of tiny eyes.

Satish Verma

It Was Not Your Refusal

When you disturb
me, I feel as if you
have arrived.

You become yourself
like the serene water
of a blue lake.

Passion of a poem
has a splendid effect.
The street going nowhere cries.

Tonight I will ruffle
your hairs to hide the
moon face of a rising star.

What sparks a prayer,
when I think of losing you.
Organic tears give way.

Satish Verma

It Was Outlandish

The genial face of nephrite.
Jade, stone of the flank,
was becoming sectarian.

The pain was excruciating.
Not the evidence of god?
an imitation love.

The anatomy of conflict
looks vulgar. The street fight
comes out in open. A new born baby

on trash bin. I will not
ask who was the father of
truth. Today I commit myself

to the walking stones. There
was no music. You are
awakened by a loud thud.

The god falls from a big height.

Satish Verma

It Was Pindrop Silence

Into the nightscape,
an earthen lamp ushers in
the new year.

*

I will look
back at the bright moon
hung on a tree.

*

In misty dawn
the suspense grows deeper.
There was a huge explosion.

Satish Verma

It Was Time

Did you know
what was the time?
O, watchmaker,
trapped in your own shadow,
you were yourself a fugitive.

Leaky ethics.
Standing on the edge of
sunken earth, you were facing
an inevitable fall.
Do not take a flight, O time.

Walk with me. I didn't want
to lead you. Why were you
holding on to chaste buds. Birds
were gone. The gravitational
pull will find the targets.

Ah, the molested
intelligence, now wants, no compensation.

Satish Verma

It Were Not You

This one-sided
dumb feeling, rising?
nothing less.

Spurned.
I reconstruct your
profile after strip tease.

Stitching the
thoughts with my empty
pen, no ink? no paper.

A poor day at hand.
I will not talk to anyone
about a dumb doll.

No fillers.
You don't need any make up
to bring the black smile.

Moon and the candle,
both were wary
of silent storms.

Satish Verma

Itinerant

I would be thinking
of you in dangerous journey.
Who was redeemer?

When tree eats
its own roots, I become
sad. What role I play?

Thoughts tremble.
I cannot stop you burning.
I weep with my God.

Satish Verma

January Cool

Like corona a name
sits on your lips and the
moon starts dancing with you.

You stand there
before the mirror, eyes shut
flying to catch the rainbow.

Inaudible a prayer
zooms in. A hymn of moonlight
washes your hands to write grace.

Satish Verma

Jealous Blood

Standing on a hump,
a chilled remorselessness
of a shadow trauma climbs out of a sealed
grotto of infinity

like a vas deferens, spilling fiddled lies.
You grope for your identity in griping
acceptance. From the umbilical cord
the pink flesh brandishes a monster.

You forget the vowels in a solo monologue
in a tormented accent, muffled
in bleeding throat. Take my ears
for cosmetic therapy, which killed my hearing.

Between blindness and tidy rocks
I am walking discreetly to count the
digs of mysterious armless truths:
disappeared in the pages of history.

Satish Verma

Jilted

A fugitive slice of moon
was preparing to leave.
From nothingness, tiny thoughts
flew out like moths.
I was watching the fall of night.

The wisdom kills nowadays.
Everyday a scandal breaks out.
A child cries endlessly. I might say
for a logic. Her mother had hanged
herself from a ceiling fan.

A celebrity enters the fluid world of pain
talks to the visionary goddess. Impatience
was coming to be. Grabs the wounds,
does not talk, prepares for the funeral
of human spirit and walks away with hawthorn.

Satish Verma

Joining The Hyphens

Hitting from the
arch of eyebrows,
my pain were you.

One brief death
in illusion, settles on
all the descents.

Not taking any
road to reach the moon
on hill, when you were gone.

For all the half?
spoken words, this was
the moment of liberation.

Solemn signs without a
phrase don't turn the
key and door remains shut.

Between coming and
going, time remains still
like a frozen lake.

Satish Verma

Jottings

there was a tree rose
piercing me and killing me, I thought
it was cheating on me after the sunset
when moon was walking alone

you know what is love
we think different things at the same time
but we are always alone, you do not think,
I think about my god, saying a prayer

to unknow him or keep him alive
he has a debt to pay me back because
I created him what cosmologist would
say was an accident

somebody comes with a strange version
I say, a transgender was also entitled
for his or hers right to love, may be
marrying a deity one day and have free sex

what were you saying about the bait, now
a hapless buffalo will be tied with a rope
put up on a rough terrain to invite the
lion to pounce and make a kill for the benefit of visitors

I am perplexed, do not want to talk,
will watch the moon again, sailing
silently across the blue starry sky
throwing the shadow of dew on my eyes.

Satish Verma

Judgement

In a death-trap of a stadium,
as if I am stoned to death.
Chrysanthemums bloomed in vain.

On your body three beasts climbed
for ravaging a fawn.
The rape was only your fault,
you had to die.

When a crowd of thousand bystanders
came to watch your mutilated body,
you had left for home,
uncrying and bleeding.

A human soul,
undefended.
Now a script will be protected.

Stones leap to praise the ghosts.□

Satish Verma

Judgement And Curse

A city dies inside me
leaves uncharted
human bite marks.

A stinging match starts
between explicit statements
I move to keep an appointment -

with an angry moon -
who was incontrovertible by
sending the moon rocks at -

climategate. Here goes the
feedback to climbing mountaineers
who will not find any peak -

in the realm of award winning
shoes thrown at the
emperor of empty citadel.

Satish Verma

Juggling

Standing in a milk line you were
talking of depravity, of blood lines
and the breast enhancement.

A teenage fringe bomber wants
to sew the civil society and explodes
himself before the empty bakery.

A young gal throws her son
from the ninth floor and then jumps
to get the justice from indifferent god.

Can we talk and wash away our
guilt? Crossing the river was
not enough, we need drinking water.

Bits of human flesh are plastered
on the walls. The death wears a
face of daddy to kill the times.

Satish Verma

Jumping From The Surface Of Water

You were not a god?
in panic, seeking an asylum
with two little hands
holding a golden book.

There was a potential
threat of complete annihilation
from the foul writing on the walls
with spurious titles.

A political blitzkrieg
takes place in glass dome,
drawing out bad blood,
from healthy limbs.

Where would you go, now
in dark? Fleeing from the violence
of men, being migrant without
a temple at the end of the earth.

Satish Verma

Jumping The Wall

Walking in sleep
you tiptoed as if gliding
on the cold water.

The forest weeps.
Burning and billowing
for the deathless mind.

No slogans. I will
wear the hijab of moon
to meet my lover.

Satish Verma

Juncture

This moment was not
mine. Not this moment had
gone to you.

Each moment was-
a white death lying in
state on the dirt.

Send some tender
shoots of a poem to
bloom on my anger.

Satish Verma

Jungle Jungle

For ethnicity
draped in gasoline
you burn the sky.

Who was fighting a
jungle abandoning
every thought?

Step aside,
mirror, Oh mirror,
I am going up in heap of flames.

This self-annihilation.
Will it take you to
promised heaven of deaf gods?

The dust, the heat, the soot.
They are going to blacken your
entrals. How will you come out in moon?

Satish Verma

Just Beauty

Today I want to take a lethal dose
of black lips, confronting the killer on
contract. Time dithers to escort. May be
a cold-blooded murder of a handful of
sick shadows will give a transparent
memory.

Planting a sad kiss on blameless
insomniac, I rub the sweet tenderness
of morning blossom, a work of a faithful
artist, an unnoticed grief (for the sake
of old promise) . Meanwhile the blue moon
splits into thousand splinters.

From the height of insanity flows
the chaste river of history. I defy the
laws of gravity and climb with death
all the time, becoming dark to myself,
finding the shape of light in
beauty of death.

Satish Verma

Just Cried

Do not want to foresee;
the unknown me. On the tip
of tongue a stunted silence with singularity

sits. Me and my lantern burn
in dark. Thumbs down: the compact
seeking in failed state alters the future generation.

A reverse pain flows out of sunken
eyes. The perpetrator of bloodbath
wants forgiveness from the toddlers.

This side of a shadow, on the other bank,
a rustic river throws up a stabbed body
of a sailor. Another prologue for the sinking ship.

The rats grumble, bite the dead child of
sunlight. The sky bares the candid toys
of velvety jinx, the robots taking over the throne.

Satish Verma

Just Drop

The soft pain lashes
in a bizarre manner. You
become me and I
become you.

The veil cracks
on your face, to reveal
the contours, like
Saturn without rings.

Just like delphinium,
speaking truth? A hummingbird
dives in your lake
of viola.

Now the world has
changed I smell a Greek
tragedy to say that, we
have suffered too.

Satish Verma

Just Meandering

In search of?
lotus flower,
you go in water.

*

The frog croaks,
sitting on
bowl-leaf.

*

A lily with
dark pink flowers
for Buddha.

*

For a lotus?
eater, nothing else
was important.

Satish Verma

Justice

The band of clouds
wraps the full moon rising
like a shadow.

The unique birth, with
a placenta, encircling
the blackened neck.

The hanger was ready
to pull the rope. You lived
longer than a god.

Satish Verma

Justice Pure

Inquiring myself
to understand the goddess
of visitations.

This world was not
my choice. Space was shrinking,
and time expanding.

I walk in the crowd
to be lynched on the name
of forgotten god.

Satish Verma

Juxtaposed

Give me a piece of your body
before you go.
A tooth, a nail, a curled hair.
A relic, my sadness wants to keep.

By your absence I will live
in the bones of tangled bodies,
who were shot down on their tracks
under the sun, eyes apart.

The trembling does not stop.
Bread loaves were lying uneaten.
Wailing rises, reaching a crescendo.
Blood splattered soil, my hands collect

for god, to show a dirty game,
when I meet him as a witness.
Wanting to know, why not the right to live
was the most sacred thing?

Satish Verma

Kahe Ri Nalini Tu Kumlahni...*

When glacier recedes,
Your eyes start flowing,
and by the swollen river
an island is swallowed up.

You swim from the lake to the shore
of grief to err again.
Water was your home,
water is your life.

Soft marble swells up in deep crevices
of brain, shaking the foundation of
thoughts, naked as it is.

The fog sleeps on the sea for eternity.
The wrath of sky will burn the skeletons
buried in sand.
Summer will bring the violence.

You cry for forgotten greens,
and kelp and sailing ships
full of hops.
When the hymn recedes,
your eyes start flowing.

* A line from one of Kabir's famous poems which means 'O lotus! why thou witherest thus...'

Satish Verma

Kaleidoscopic

In shadow of the moon, why
an illicit bone, indentured
to the spirit of Buddha?

The footsteps were retraced
to find out the angst
of disappearing grass.

The blue eyes must remain
unclosed to print the
image of a pink cloud.

This desperate retraction.
I will not be able?
to write a single poem.

The unholy exit was
damaging the steel of a
proud man, still standing erect.

Satish Verma

Karma

Faith bluffs?
you. Makes you deaf,
dumb and blind.

You don't get,
what you give. In
return you seed roses.

Was there any
choice, in writing
your destiny, other way?

The remains were
still beautiful
after the fall.

Satish Verma

Karmic Influence

Under surveillance, the vegetable?
lives on ventilator.
All doors were shut? for the
dark? to remain inside.

The spastic breathing with?
rising chest, delivers the
nuances of death. Are you
sure? it was easier to live?

Asking the destiny to wait?
at the door. You can write
your own epitaph?
on the dust? for posterity.

I am coming home to collect?
your letters? you were
writing to me daily? but
never dared to post.

Satish Verma

Karyotyping

A dark secret
of double standard,
releases the hidden forces.

You must
bend backward to walk.
This was the rape of surrender.

The art of dodging,
the decoy effect.
You choose the ultimate hypocrisy.

You do not confirm
the rage of shirtless.
A name goes begging for the figures.

Shrine in mud,
will give you a final call
before starting the builddown.

Satish Verma

Kava Kava

What that I am left with, impaled in jaws
of mantis, starting a tug of war, for the

otherness in me, seeking a bloodbath between
my poise and incestuous blue hole of black walls.

I gave you my voice, my roses. I am not afraid
of an impromptu death, but I was connected to

time-space of killing grounds of truth to save
the tears salt. I promised myself a zero gravity.

And you might take Kava kava to resolve
the conflict between round tables and square chairs.

I will go on starvation death in moon washed
landscape freezing my breath to release my soul.

Satish Verma

Keeping Head High

Ah, in this?
culture of shames
you will need some divination
for mooning around.

You cannot mend the old
shoes, become an explicator?
of complex human mind.

Cannot face the sun to
catch my shadow. Father and
son were water apart.

The things become no-things
inestimable. I keep on intuiting..

First came the rains,
then winds. I stand for nation.
I fall for you.

Satish Verma

Kidnapped

Lamenting, what not to?
think. Condemned to burn
the words daily.

The dwindling values tear open
the sit-ins of faith. I was
not ready to become a stone.

A busy vessel sends daily, the
blood to remote memories.
I look askance at the falling peaks.

A dog star following the
heels of master with blinders. No
straight vision. Time was the
mystery of the clock.

The moon is nowhere
in sight. I was starving
for a cardinal pain.

Satish Verma

Kill

Some truth disempowers you. You wanted
to be yourself as if not to become extinct.
A negative stress
starts churning your entrails.

Zero inertia. Your body begins
rummaging the soul for a prayer
which can arouse your thoughts.

All drunk now. Flashback events.
Hallucinations.
The virtue of tongue lets go the integrity.
Bewildered, spirited flesh ultimately cracks.

The violence tumbles out. My heart
squeezes melancholy.
Soon there will be a crowd
to seek a philosophical kill.

Satish Verma

Killing Yourself

It was a flame in the drizzle:
a golden peacock.
I was trying to understand
the Adam and Eve.

Between X and Y, my
heliograph stood in the foliage of words.
The hetero factor was generating heat.

The mitochondrial Eve will
search the land where the seeds were
dispersed. The swinger was still
active in the dark.

You have missed the bomb.
The laser-fed boom landed?
in the crotch of death.
The black dust covered the grave.

Satish Verma

Killing Zone

If you walk straight under the
shadow of moon, to the salt lake
death will blow a long whistle.
Everything was ruined in war of words.

There was no peace in the heart,
even after meditation, the mind
drove for the flesh, caressing neither
blameless womb nor Oedipus.

The dead forefathers goad the hypocrisy
till the blood spurts out from
the black navel of centuries
and the forgiveness stands naked.

Satish Verma

Kindled Night

Put off the lantern.

I am waiting for the moon's
primal face. The lesser flamingoes
were going to shed the pink color.

Nude as a python, the kiss
of pomegranates, kills by asphyxiation.
I suffer in the hands of protests.
The black ice now enters the eye of a needle.

A barefoot noun feeds the junta.
The butter babies will serve the poetry
of poor on the mats of principles.
I will remain unslept on straw.

A newspaper eats the story this side.
After the bloodbath surgeons weep.
An armless lover hugs a priest
for not calling the gods.

Satish Verma

Kiss Me Again

Sitting on the legs
of swastika, a moon jumps
on the wailing earth.

The fire in eyes of
passion flower was ready
for crucifixion.

The snow on your lips
stays still, for the portrait of a
fall without autumn.

Satish Verma

Kissing Caldrons

Putting the fire in mouth
as a last rite
he readied himself for the onslaught
of questions, who will attack like
leeches, the blood sucking parasites.

It was a bizarre coalition of love
between kissing cousins.
The knifing will continue with
weapons of death. The suckers will neither
kill you, nor keep you alive.

At what price to get the ice from the ayas.
An abode of god was nursing the blood stained
footprints of men, the escalating war
and dripping mane of black sun.
Huge clouds begin a chorus of dark light.

Satish Verma

Kissing Gods

When we slept through our
naked loops, there was a silent call.
Moon was out walking on the street
peeping through the glass window,
the crossed legs.
Trees were meshed up in dark. Do you
know the impropriety of leaves, climbing
on each other? Dogs inbreeding? Incestuous in camera.
The elixir of life. Recycled urine. We
were not crying. It was the urgency
to die to challenge the infinity.
We get paralysed. Our legs will not
move on fallen skulls. Blood was everywhere.
The terrorists on terrace, negotiating for a massive
ransom. This interwar was wholesome. The
hysterical confusion breaks us apart
and morgue was full of kissing gods.

Satish Verma

Kleptomaniac

This kitsch
makes you hollow,
kleptomaniac.
You become blind in green
ready to make a dumb leap
from tall cliff.

Contempt for climactic throats.
The man walks on water
to meet death in icebox.

Pink torch like royal command signals,
black white moon enters a sober cloud
beyond the vibrations.

Now was the chance to kill
the light, fixing the graves.
One day the laughter was alive.

Satish Verma

Knife And Boat

Like the banana peel
thrown on the sidewalk, you
come across the life.
And you still go on, in the?
search of moonlight?
without pills.
The drugged sleep.
Unorthodoxly you insult
the sun. And one-liners
go abegging for the listeners.

You are talking to your
peers now, long dead.
Fair amount of water, is
needed to sink.
The river merchant has brought
no fish.

Satish Verma

Knife Into Us

Ethics of brands will find
out the anatomist,
who will rip apart the hope
from the bones.

Death will come from
underside. The sky
will remain blue even after
the murder of the moons.

The revenge at dawn
was very painful. The
crows will scatter the
light from your hands.

The mobile towers had
come to a standstill.
Sparrows had become suspicious,
left for a holy bath.

Satish Verma

Knives Were Out

Do not stare at full moon.
The distance between love and hate
has narrowed.

Not for the shrunk radiation,
sun wants to hide behind the gift
of sunflowers.

The golden ring on the black finger,
I love the death's cry,
fire will wear the jewel.

Collapsed roofs of the palace,
it is the cushioned agony
of the emptied king.

Everything was melting,
the child, the mother and the grain.
From where the water will come?

Satish Verma

Knocking At Door

I would not bend the
truth. A grape in mouth

will stimulate the wedge.
Night will hammer on my chest

with glossy fists. I am born
again in your muteness.

A ghost line walks with me
to pull out the delicate verse.

Everyday a tulip is delivered
in the folds of woodcraft.

Satish Verma

Knower Who?

Behind the veil, the
salt glitters.

My odyssey will never
ng myself off, how
to unknow the known?

Silently I will read your
lips, when the thoughts
sleep. I want to talk by myself.

The unhappiness never
ends. You discover the red ants
creeping under your vest. You
will kill yourself, not the guests.

I turn to inner mystery.
Deep down I had fallen in love
with an exploding bud. Between
the crack of clouds lightening engages
itself like a third eye.
The sparks fly. Ashen gray
a poem turns the side.
A dawn will kiss me in sleep.

Satish Verma

Knowing Myself

I promise
I will not write your
name, on black wall
of brutal moon.

Your footprints
after walking on?
burning coals
still smell of cologne.

Your presence
sits in my poems. Do
we become human after
separation?

Don't hurl the questions.
There are no burning answers
in my hand. The truth was
dying between the words.

Satish Verma

Knowing Thyself

Swirling
like flurries, my
thoughts.
I wanted to know,
who were you?

One by one perumbulating,
the scarlet, the yellow subtractive
packs, of perusals, fall like martyrs,
with burst of crackers.

Snow carpets with
streaks of crimson.
Do you know the script
of unknown?

The shrouds!
Who was dispensing them?

Satish Verma

Knuckled Down

Fearing the haze of ending
this body does not behave now.
Puppet show was over.

Punch – drunk we move
amidst the psychopaths, who were
foraging the aroma from armpits.

Loincloths hanging on the strings to strangle
the pigeons.
Everything moves with precision.

Sex on the mind.
The master wants the untouched flesh,
quietly without any sound.

Satish Verma

Kryptos

Moving on death trek,
standing near the stonehenge,
the hunger for immortality
begins to kill.

The summer solstice is there.
It could hinge on the bones.
Sometimes it takes all your life
to know what do you want?

Somatic. The flesh refuses to
go down on the divine path.
The urge was very strong
to go hegemonic.

Blue stones, walk with pagans
and druids were coming back.
I am not sure whom do I believe
I start an inward odyssey again.

Satish Verma

Kupfernicked

Looked downward –
the granite face,
to see imprinted kupfernicked
god, lying in dust.

From where to where
we have come sleepwalking?
In freezing winds, like brown angels
with swollen lids.

White moon-poised to commit suicide?
Blindfolded heavy as lead
in the trade of spared lies?
Back pain will carry us not very far.

Green stems have yellow leaves now.
We start blaming ourselves
to keep the winter away,
in torn shirts.

Satish Verma

Labyrinths

From the ramparts of a castle
a wallflower jumps.
A lynch mob discovers a prehistoric sex.
Silent roots crossing the deniability
endorse a fluid dynamics
of a scandal.

The fascination of a fairy tale makes
a lover seek the revenge.
He hates, he strikes, but fails to impress
the horizon beyond the galaxies.
Black laughters of fake seers
make an entry to plunder the stars.

A tremor in the voice betrays
the ambushed faith.
Now where to go, find the peace of death?
Time's white hands are snarled in pain;
cannot write the elegant script
of surrender.

Satish Verma

Lacerations

Were you a price victim
of an unknown?
You step out in darkness after
a family fled to walk barefoot
on bonsai of miffed arguments.

You do not know the barbs,
the hidden hate of centuries,
and yet you must finish the voyage
to truth, the song of eternity.

Upon these wounds lies the blue
eye of a soul, as pure as the Himalayan
ice, the abode of a quivering god,
not the terror, not the war, not
the imprudence of make-believes.

Satish Verma

Laissez-Faire

The smile conceals, something.
Does not offer any cue.
You were still traveling
within.

You wanted to leave the world,
as it was, without cleaving
the wood, not accepting the veneer.
It rang an alarm bell.

To evolve their own persona;
good to take their own path.
The fallout was
was an insider's story.

What an audacious withdrawal;
and you were in a silent mode like a Buddha
to uptake the film of dust
settling on the innocent rape of book.

Satish Verma

Lake Huron On 4th July

Sun breaks
on green lake?
into myriad of white birds,
fluttering their wings.

In wet grass
you sink, inviting the black clouds,
to hear the echoes.

You follow the sunset
in a glass of wine,
to become complete again.

Satish Verma

Lake Scenes

DREAM

Ambling on beach in dark
when the lake laps the feet.
Sometimes I wish to walk away
on the water like a dragonfly.

MORNING

Trying to figure out
what happened?
Lake Huron went
into flames!

MOONLIGHT

Up, above
a white ship was sailing.
On water,
thousands of boats.

Satish Verma

Lake Song

Nothing makes or breaks now.
I will not know you
on the lake. The clouds and shoreline shudder.
There was no speck of endurance. The wind
falls with agonizing thud.

The dusk was hoisting the white waves.
Time to make peace.
Moon will make an appearance
with a veiled threat.

A bleached skeleton on the sand
wiggles to become alive
like the bitterness.

After a midnight death of a battered
probe, it was time to give a final call.
A fire will freeze like a rose
in the wraps of black waters.
The folk singer was coming.

Satish Verma

Lakescape

After the rain wets the ground,
a damp, naked silence,
floats in air
on the wrong side of the moon.

A strange mist, like a post coital whiff
envelops you savagely.
The testa breaks.
A forest heaves beneath your nails.

History moves through the layers
of family. You become a forgotten saint,
an archaic reminder of half-solid
truth. Green mirrors reflect a fading sun.

Wasps are climbing on a presence,
for a kill. A lake drifts in the yes
to stun the departure. You breathe
death dreaming a blue flower.

Satish Verma

Lame Duck

A lame duck re-emerges
from water of life,
after paying for night of clouds.

The sex determines
the economy of a nation and democracy
writes the future of a man.

Who was bankrupt
in poor country of rich people?
You were the boss of a pavement.

The helplessness of a poetic justice
was writ large on your face.
A dog was throwing the bone for the poor.

A fierce battle was raging
between the sun and the moon.
The stars have eloped with the winds.

Satish Verma

Lamenting

For unspoken answers,
there was always the
question, why hawks
were needing the peace?

Tied to innate fringes,
I want an explicit display.
The prologue was very
misleading.

War was inside and
outside. Were you a hobbes-
ian? I am not afraid
of death.

Reacted so violently.
The colored shirts should be
taken off. Let us see
the scars!

Satish Verma

Land's Smell

Our mouths go dry
at midnight charter on papyrus leaf.
Are we reverting back to pristine stone reliefs?

How far we will go revolving around eclipse,
stumbling on the phraseology of cosmos?
Man was becoming inferior to beast.

Who will walk on the bones of ancestors
to dig out the truth from scriptures?
The proud cows have become violent –

separating milk from grass in agony.
The perks were increasing the rifles.
Freedom had fled away from the legacies.

The split lips cannot speak coherently.
Terror attacks were reaching there, where
drenched amnesia wants to remember only door bells.

Satish Verma

Landing Without Gears

In asci we stand like
spores in a floating pain
in trepidation of something
evil.

It was a lily pond.
The water brings a dead city
on lotus leaves. I will
become crazy for small deviations.

The body bags are full of
remains. You know everything
before hand, from alphabet
to full script.

In my own way I will
decipher the stream of
death's language. A part
of your face floats nearby.

The uncollected legs were
searching the flame of sorrow
without digging a hole.

Satish Verma

Landscape

Thinking was seeing through the time,
was a lone journey from naïve
understanding. Return was difficult,
back to bricks and forlorn shores.

How many beginnings had failed;
the doors locked, cobwebs, dust, smoke,
crowded with dangling hopes. Flywheels
broken. DNA twisted, life – in – heaps.

The purpose, warts and all, salvation,
as long as footnotes guided between
restless nights. Melancholy of space in
the bed. Silence of portraits.

A peacock explodes, defining the boundary,
then a chorus of approval. An owl hoots.
The candle kisses the creases of dark.
Moon swells.

Satish Verma

Landscape Speaks

Poster poems appear
again with all frozen insignias.
I was trying to find a good
remedy, for insomnia.

You wash your moon? shined
face, like a swan gliding
on lips. There was no surgery.

A cuckoo has gone
dumb. Wants a Victorian era
of silver coins.

And the underbelly
lies bare for the spiders
to ride the whistling pains.

Time stoppers were
ready to light the pyres. They
was no other home for death.

You kill the mini ants
running on the mirror. Were
you seeking revenge?

Satish Verma

Landscaping

Not contentious
I will put you in moon
for another rain.

The invisible sex
ticks the gravity of mouth
that eats the murder.

My body becomes an emperor
even for the dust.
Not the naked cloud.

Blood colors the name
of a sad priest.
Who defied a smelling god.

A pig burrows in snow
to unwrap a gift.
It was a strip tease.

Satish Verma

Lapsed Memories

Can you foresee the
future, the unstable peak, the
ground's underneath tremble?

A lonely moon sits on
the palm? watching the risqué
world go to long sleep.

I am nowhere in
this crazy? maddening race of
musical chairs.

Unsure, I meet the
blue eyes of the lake, ready to
jump into my leaky boat.

Satish Verma

Lashing Out

Lying in congealed blood.
You cannot wipe off the stigma.
Moon still shines.

A blitz sends a chilling
message. It is what
it was not.

The narcissism was on
rise. The center was always
in you, falling in love.

Perfectly in disharmony.
A snake eating itself
in great joy. Do you?

Just walk with me.
Don't say anything. We will
enter the black hole together.

Satish Verma

Last Dawn

A tardy spirit, when
you cannot change yourself.
The blue birds laugh.

Most needed was
the economy of words for
the brutal future.

Take my footpath
and walk towards the galaxy
to read human cost.

Satish Verma

Last Flowers

A hero demands affection, the heat
for a surrogate role
of a saviour of oppressed.
Deafness increases
towards the integrity of a failed man.

To become something after impotence
with implicit metaphysical rags
worn in chains of blind silence.
It was all, molesting the parting hour,
or nothing, obscuring the pressing hope.

The game continues to bluff the speechless
for casting a spell on innocent vision.
Essence and rose want to separate,
no sensual dive in the sea of
silken love with blackened hands.

The other forehead has a smear of blood.
My fingers move in tender wrongs, you
did not deserve this cold night. Nothing
will happen to the vase. I
am plucking the last flowers.

Satish Verma

Last Freedom

Nurturing,
a leaker on the prowl,
to become glamorous
killer.

The parting,
of ways in a jungle of
principles, life takes
a full turn,

sharply. The ascension
of dark matter,
believes: it's time has come
to engulf the world.

Realization,
comes very late in acute
labour pains, throwing
up the agenda.

Taking a call
of inevitable, the
dignity holds on to
the fringes of peace.

Satish Verma

Last Hope

When the dialogue stops
there will be a royal bleed.

I had not come to the
terms of slaughter.

Wanted now, to manage
the anguish incontinent.

Can you find some space in
waiting, for the hangman?

Footprints and invisible faces.
Somewhere a hope lives in amber.

Trapped light, in wintery dark,
will stop a seed to play the nocturne.

Satish Verma

Last Journey

You wanted to be covered
with dahlias, unmeasuring?
the depth of tears.

How do I go finding
an elegy?
in dim moonlight?

En route I will pluck
the stars, in September.

And when the river goes in spate
and you are submerged,
I will spread a blanket of poetry.

Who wants the eternity
of soul. My love was very frail.

Satish Verma

Last Wishes

Like for Terra,
the goddess of the earth?
I will leave everything to you.

Hot legs run,
run for the sea of shame,
to wash the holy guilts.

It was a holocaust?
stonewalling to elicit,
the number of dead bodies.

Dark circles under
your eyes. I love them?
for the sake of darkness.

Prepare the swan
song for once, the blasts
were ready to encircle me.

Satish Verma

Last Words

Like an asterisk
I adjure you to fly like an
eagle, on the wings of light.
The poems are ready to become
jealous;

an attempted murder
went awry, subscribing to water.
I swallow the hemlock without
any effort. Intoxicated, I move in a jungle
of knives -

where the tenderness is at stake.
You tremble with closed eyes. The
mutation had failed. Among the
shoulders the night sits and calls
it a day.

Satish Verma

Latest Woes

Like a jellyfish,
In raw pain
You descend abruptly,
In abyss of peace.

There was a streak
Of animal in silicone.
The matchmakers will
Rub the sparks.

The cauldron was
Simmering with tension.
Was ready to engage
A chemical warfare.

You are sitting on
A medusoid robot.
A replica of non-god's
Creation.

Now synchronized contractions
Will start to deliver a new baby.

Satish Verma

Laughing Skull

Name was more beautiful than the face.
It was charisma of night.
A dream without the eyes.

Laughing skull on the road
opens a wound,
and dying footprints were neither consenting
nor refusing.

A fatigued clamps the flow of blood,
I was counting the stitches,
somewhere the pain was reappearing.

Interpersonal hate had a story to tell:
greed, anger and bullets.
The legs were chopped off from truth.
He was not faithful to sun.

In my heart lies a trapped river.
Its history is old, its water was humble.
Uncontaminated was the knock on the door
to a melting of white snow.

Satish Verma

Launching Pad

It was a brutal
day. My choice was a pink
moon above me.

The violence in
absentia impedes the
kiss of phlox in spring.

The fugitive
comes back home to see
bloody handprints on wall.

Satish Verma

Laws Of Chemistry

You make history.
Don't move, like the stasis of
sea anemone.

Try to engrave
my signature on your chest, and
move beyond the darkness.

The persona hits
the wall. you cannot climb. Wipe
off the dream, go to moon.

Satish Verma

Leapfrog

A frog leaps between your eyes.
The fear was intense-
and pain was possessive.

In besieged apples, there
was no forensic probe. Carnality
takes the back seat.

One dropp of honeydew destroys
the contours of hills. Moon
will wear the unseen costume.

The purple sand now sends
the topless marines to fight
with tender stings.

I am here, with an azure sky
to unfold the secret of dark flames.
O rose, send the bouquet.

Satish Verma

Leapfrogging

Claiming my earthiness
in the starry night. A cyclone will
soon make a landfall.

Bright planet writes
a poem guiding towards the
truth of wounded time.

Take an old coin, buy
poverty from the hands of god
in weird utopia.

Satish Verma

Lear Again...

It was not worth it.
Building of castles on the dirty roads.
Offering spiritual coalition
of unscented certainties.

Admission of reversing the course of river
does not exonerate.
Mind polluted, face dripping with fantasies
clairvoyance, but confirming nothing.

Quasi-tales mingling with facts
take you to summer of hopes.
You are not here. I feel a cheap anonymity.
Charred body, clayey hands building a tomb.

Fronde unfurling from the stump
gives a clue, without plea.
Rising from nothingness
to unending nothingness.

Satish Verma

Learn From The Pain

You were a one-sided
coin, like grief
of the dour moon?
righting the wrong.

Maybe I was not able
to recall your beautiful face.
O, Miranda send your
smiles some time, as the
tempest was reading for a fall.

A salt mountain
will break to teach you fidelity.
You may run, may not run.
One day nemesis will come
to ask your name.

On trampled leaves of time
a huge pachyderm roams,
to find its master.

I will wait in my half-cave.

Satish Verma

Learning

Can you freeze the years?
Untrammeled mind?
Why lost in consoles, for
hurting odyssey?

Why we did not meet
in unhearing range?
Like the grassy lips
of silken stings?

A moon?
behind us the war machine
was walking.
Sunflowers had gone in a
beauty contest.

Tree lighting had begun.
Who was the night-sentry?

Satish Verma

Learning From Each Other

Sometimes, unwittingly?
I want to take you
to beginning? not to lose
you again?by unwriting.

Like a drop of ocean
waiting for the sun to quench
the thirst of night.

The quencher wants
to taste the salt of the
eternal wounds jutting out of the earth.

One day I will tear
you off like fresco from the
wall of memory and place it
in the pages of my book.

I will not seek any
apology from you, for not
bringing any flame.

You brought the ashes of
the bo tree.

Satish Verma

Learning From Relics

Like holocaust,
rolling moon brings
massacre. You
burn inside.

The empire was in
ruins, I was searching
peace in half-truths.

A flying snake
lands on your chest,
when you were asleep.
You wouldn't find a clue.

The philosophy of
dying in beauty creates
a myth.

Why did you play with
questions. There were no
answers.

Satish Verma

Learning You

You should not
have done this? Trespassing
the virginity of the
olive branch and the ashes.

I will borrow the
words to clean blood
in your eyes. A lovely
jasmine will sit on your lips.

The death holds its
own mercy between good
and bad. Any fondling
of moon was a bliss.

Where will dysplasia
go, after giving an unbearable
loss? You cannot roll the
carpet after the blaze.

The tangerines will give
a big surprise.

Satish Verma

Leaves

Under lip's shadow
dislocated in faint moonlight
we discussed the maligned communications

between fuming monologues
of desiccated life. Sorcery was not able to
knife the secrets of the park, branches

and trees of memory. The game continues
in jungle of lies, blessed by lines of murder:
a divided loyalty to have the last laugh.

The nose-dive for inheritance inside the flesh
lays the bones bleached white to dye
them again in pink morale:

I reach where I never intended to travel.
There is no death to mourn now. Each maggot
was ready to enter the spine of image.

Satish Verma

Leaves Are Changing Colors

There was no
blasphemy. Love gives
power to forgive.

Vestigial pain
was insulting. You always
feel a presence.

Beauty was intact.
You were sleeping on wings.
Bird was not ready to fly.

Satish Verma

Leaves Of Roses

A racial profile begins
between black and white.
A silver moon ambles
as a prelude to dark music.

A winter night tosses hundred
excuses,
for not lighting the lamps.

Words were still trying to
find the ropes.

You should know your boundaries.
The honeysuckle will
not graze your lips.

The salt of earth settles
in tears of dawn.

Satish Verma

Leaving The Home

Your hands
start a fire?
 thinking beyond the rainbow.

The next hearing
will encompass the unheard sins
of islands.

 In spot, you open
 the lock and let in the strange voices,

wearing the hidden masks
of untold flaws.

 The system starts crumbling
and you wash your feet
in tumbling water
of unsound river, held in abeyance.

 No house was left
 without ashes.

Satish Verma

Left On The Dunes

Talking points at ground zero
trap the heat. The tyranny
knows no bounds.

Trauma of awaiting liberation
was intense. No truth was
ready to accept the bends.

I feel cheated when,
the dark gives a sermon about
the hidden dawn.

The hair burn in unmade
bed, taking a cue from
the beast, who will not sleep.

Where do the white stars
go, when the sun rises? I
will ask the crying lake.

Satish Verma

Left The Body To Watch

In the ending, there was beginning of fear
of unknown.

The pain of malignity,
evil punctuation of
a serene landscape.

Life moved from one landmark
to another in alien waste.
I shuddered in a patch of sun.

The impulse was very strong to find out the answer
I was violated by many questions.
Words could not tell,
migrated back to their scriptures.
Time altered the names
of fear & death.
Waiting grew into self-knowledge.

Like pleated oxygen mask
life gave me a bump.
Saddened, I played the mutation game.
Failed, tried again, left the body to watch
the death of the self.
Beyond the mind, away from sorrow
and grief of world.

Satish Verma

Legacy

You put your hand
on my hand, stealing me
from me, erasing the?
past and future.

An irradiant face
floats on the still lake.
Moon by moon
I try to reach you.

It will not last,
the bee without the sting.
Honey brings the trap.
There was no secret.

Beautiful navel
harbors a dream.
You want to climb the
hills, to see the stunning
sunset.

Satish Verma

Legend Withers

I do not display, but am.
Where the heart lies.
In truth. I try to discover the centre
of sorrow and bliss.
Life has not given
me full text of death.
The shadows are larger than reals.

You will not remember me
in endless night.
I am going on a long journey
to find out what is death of a name
the death of a prayer,
and ending of self.
The naked helices of truth are blazing.

Death of a dawn
some thing dies in me.
I don't grieve.
The frozen pain melts,
legend withers.
The shadow is liberated from image.
The sadness leaves the fingerprints on my face.

Satish Verma

Legendary

It is a harmless
bloodbath under the moon,
when you stop moving.

Ripples on cheeks
deepen in the fog, that will
settle on red eyes.

Someone should
lift the burden of life from
the trembling hymns.

Satish Verma

Legitimacy

No plaques?
No head stones?
He did not start the inferno.
It was a misspelt agony
in purple ruins.
Pain had no other name!

While thinking of him
I evacuated the matter,
completed the circle beyond solitude.
More I did not break the silence
worse was the grief!

Meaningless threats
had no relevance.
I recaptured the color of stars,
glory of flames,
beauty of crucial controversy.

I was repeating the legitimacy
of alphabets.
Greatness was the idea of mediocres.
Every thought had the dignity
of its own!

Satish Verma

Length Of Time

Cell to cell a trapped apocalypse moves
breaking the taboo, deconstructing
the secret of body in chains

The myth explodes, offends the knowledge.
I know that I do not know myself.

Lacerating, ravishing the soil
the roots come out of air
to find the imprint of fruits.

I concede, I stop at the door of pain.
Hold me, when I tremble with stage fright.
My turn has come to speak the truth.

I have not made up my mind
to consume the light.
Garden takes a nap in the dark.
The boldness will face the dream
in length of time.

Satish Verma

Lesbia

There was a big question. Why
one was not raped.
It hits the gate of heaven.

The moon has not risen.
I become a victim of an elegy
before my demise.

Thus I am back to square one,
when I had not fallen in love
and you were still in errancy.

Pleading for levitation in tender
was the blackbird
which was not ready to swallow a moon.

Scaling the peaks without climbing.
I am going to bring down the milk
of an artist, who would not
paint a goddess.

Satish Verma

Less Asylum

This fake city
encounters

a thundering
moment; I go down

coveting a mating
call from an explosion

of hallowed
questions, with no answers.

Stones were after all
stones, not gems of knowledge.

How can you make a
universal elixir figuratively

out of garbage of
human tongues?

Satish Verma

Less Than Perfidy

Again, I remember you intensely
in dark night.

Fractious with myself
to fill in the void?
for not writing any end.

Trying to become human,
revenge for revenge?
life measures the exactness.

Like holding a firefly
in my palm, I was searching
the light.

Still trying to shake off
the dust, the ash, from the wings.
A long flight was ahead.

Satish Verma

Let Me Go

You walk in flames,
to reach the moon, biting lips.
I would love the win.

*

The wolf night starts
howling, till the coming of
the dawn's ceremony.

*

You stand at the brink
of hurts, when you feel a guilt
layer by layer.

Satish Verma

Let Me Go Into Snow

Audacity to live with your demons,
putting up a fake love belief,
who was the time,
of that dark night? Distinctly alive to what
I was not just putting up the shades of death
into nothingness of peace in war.

Searching for self in capacious hope,
was it the half-light of a moon,
slipped on the words of a hoisted grief?
A wild truth was better than silken ribbons
of fabricated lies. I am tired of playing
games on the turf of synthetic desires.

It would be time again, for what was time,
encapsulated in crazy dialogues of taking on
a chaste enemy. I will give my life for
a bright red rose in absence of sun, drenched
in fire and burning in dew drops, for the
flowering of melting snow.

Satish Verma

Satish Verma

Let Me Kiss A Flame

In my pensive moon
I knew you better.

Never to come back from
the winds of East.
I ask my shadow, the prisoner
of stings, where the truth begins?

I will never smear
you with any stain. Culled
from foam-born, goddesses,
you become my apple,
which I would not bite.

From green lakes of eyes
will you pick a new name
and disappear on the wings
of light to become a daughter
of rainbow?

Why did you turn your head,
to have a last look at
the painfinder?

The sun will go down in many colors.

Satish Verma

Let The Sun Come Late

If you touch
slightly drunk moon,
at the sill of window, you will
alter the moon of November.

I wait for the earthquake to begin.

The carpenter had promised
to deliver the rocker tonight.

I will make friends
with dark room.

Your hands start shaking
holding a glass?
half-full.

Time to shut the doors.

Satish Verma

Let Us Take Another Road

Let us take another road.
The boundary was not clear
between crime and pardon
between disease and murder.

The cleft in the ravines
had hidden the rifles and landmines
when we were busy in worshipping
the rock face with folded hands
to deliver us from fear and future.

There was no ending, no beginning
of disturbing the beehive
to drink the moon in night,
hear the blues of stars
and swim in dark light.

Where was the heaven?
Enough of nothing was not something?
The cure of curse was not in any hands,
polity of clouds was decaying very fast
they were raining fire on the grass.

Satish Verma

Let Us Think

The essentia will lift
you for an assumption.
The castle was empty.

Negating the gravity
I remained lonely
after a nightmare.

Watching a hub pushing
out the enigma,
encrypting an unwritten message.

Between odds and
evens, lies a zero. Neither
this way nor that way.

You run very fast
from the fear of persecution.
Why did you downed the Phoenix?

Satish Verma

Let's Decide

Less of charity
was needed, when you sleep
till dawn.

The spirit of the tree
comes down to
wake up the sage.

It spills the light
for a troubled window
cracked by hail.

A drenched house
of words
becomes pale, page by page.

I do not know
how to tell the story
of two bats which flew without wings.

Satish Verma

Let's Think

O Nemesis,
a minimal existence
and quantum pain, this is
how you had insulted me.

My vessel was
empty. So much was to
be done and you are still
digging the mass grave.

Who intends to go
blind in the dim moonlight?
Poem was always at the door.

Was there another exit
of purgatory? Can
you find an amicus?

love versus hate.
On whoever you will bet?
Why there was war against the war
when nobody wins?

Why one dies on the tacks?

Satish Verma

Let's Write Off The Moon

Once you were a
walking tree. Drifting. No one
stops planting the seeds.

The pangs. Moons clap.
A renegade makes a temple to die.
Therewas no other space left.

I will not call you.
Your book has been soiled.
I cannot read my own writing.

Satish Verma

Leukosma

A dynamic kill,
when you start crystal?
gazing.

Were you a participant
of an organized
rape of the planet?

Your roots drop,
as you gamble with the
change of coins. It would
become a stillbirth,
of a seaisle.

Telling lies has become
a lucrative job.
Are you going to buy immortality,
in the bazaar of bazookas?

The blast cells were
rising. There was intense
pain in my thighs. Blood
was turning white.

Satish Verma

Leviathans

You had dug in deep
to undo the garden.
Civil war started
between the yawning wounds.

Whose side was time:
in burning well of oil?
The autocracy will bleed
the earth till death.

An island in the canal
holds the ship of man.
For whom flows the river
in smouldering woods of hate?

Each matter, antimatter,
circles around the world,
trembles under the eyelids
and asks for a name.

Satish Verma

Levitating In Solitude

The heartwood had the ingrained
dream map, to reach the
divine shape of a solemn god, who
was guiding the sap.

One day you would go deep
in dark, to find your roots
where tomorrow was conceived.

And in the ruins, you will
find the warmth of
your peers, still walking on the god-particles.

A religion now takes over
the mob, ready to plunge into yellow
sands of dry river.

The hopes and promises,
give you a horizon, far away.
Your want to touch this furnace,
that brings the burning day of solitude.

Satish Verma

Levy Increased

The footman was
unseen. I assume, the
new democracy comes
into being.

A steady stream
of thoughts, spread wordlessly.
You feel only the plodding.

The river knows
the integrity of banks. They
won't cave in dry spell.

The rainbow digs in.
There were no arrows
to shoot down the moon.

Time will teach you.
You can't hold on
the realization alone. It
was late to pull back the strings.

Trying to become you.
Nonplussed, still wanting
me to hold on.

Satish Verma

Liberation

When I flew into a storm
my words collided with thunder
and stars fell on ashes of dead.
I wanted to scream. Seeking a freeze
on e was stretching its arms.
A ic explosions?

The ruins were becoming worthy
of r exudes the trapped
smell. You light an earthen lamp for
split masks, the face will never be known.

Only there were two concrete eyes
darting without thoughts, telling without sound.
There is no water, only million suns.

Satish Verma

Libretti

In fluid state
my words will catch you
one day.

Almost mortal,
a goddess visits the dream
and wears your face.

Not trying to
reach anywhere to get a
new name in writing
you a poem.

Would you ever
mean to die for a cause
when the trigger finger
didn't pull?

When you don't mean
something, I had become
a thing.

Beyond the time
there was an endless bliss.
Will you care for me?

Satish Verma

Lickety-Split

The silence of the road
intends to pause the observer's speed.
Unchanged continuity
had a cubic quality.

Presenting yourself to lick salt
before molestation.
The sanctity
stands violated.

The horror thing looms
large, neatly dressed
dancing in your boots.
The path ends at a tree.

You misprint the name
of a tormentor.
Man becomes a beast
in a love triangle.

Satish Verma

Lies

Face to face, I was bewildered.
What was happening to the garden?
My body left in absent seizure;
words had destroyed a beautiful poem.
I was listening without blinking
like a blue moon
or the serene lake.

The interlocking in no-man's-land
under a red rain,
somebody puts a hand on my shoulder
to bring out the sorrow,
the salt of my tears, sandscapes
of smooth bones.

Becoming something was music to ears
twisting the gaps.
Seeds of the brain, nude as the beach stones,
round and snug, somebody wakes the water
in the breast, kicking up the turmoil
I was nobody, nobody.
It was all lies.

Satish Verma

Lies Were Very Cruel

Dried knuckles will
not fondle the small moons,
accelerating the downfall.

Pomes go red. A
savage invite staring,
to bite the hidden pride.

We never agreed
dividing the river of grief.
Pounding non-stop
like the gorilla.

An endless hole sucks
our sun. Planets have no
choice in the moment
of holocaust.

The birds and bees
fly for the land of brides.
There was no marriage of sins.

Goriness has no excuse
to find another moon.
That was a stranger.

Satish Verma

Life Demands One Thing

The brain will not cease.
Agitation explores
the hypocrisy of paths.
My myths burned, I spun and tipped
over the inverted truths.
Again I skip the swamps.
Body becomes a frozen lake.

Take off the mask now, tree is flowering
solitary shade is beginning to enlarge.
It is arrival time.
For you it is difficult geometry.
The stolen dreams collapse at your door.
Exhausted, you are grateful to defeatism.

The moth eaten rags cover the polarities of words.
Faceless fear is ready to strike.
Your eyes are filled
with civilized tears.
The weaning from wings was difficult.
Life demanded one thing,
death another.

Satish Verma

Life In Dewdrops

In unblemished irish,
the vision was a link
in blankness of thoughts, when
I was weaving a dream
around you.

Your cameo appearance
in flurry of tears,
rips apart my landscape.

The other moon wails behind the clouds.

In androgynous past,
you want to separate the sandwoods.
Death comes as a long sleep.

Your thick braid moves
like a reptile.

I have stopped scripting
the letters. Words float on the
carpeted domes.

Rains would not come tonight.

Satish Verma

Life Moves On

You make me give up too easily
without a fight. I will not
ask any questions.

The elite mercy you are
endowed with, green eyes,
invite me for a daunting embrace.

It cracked under the chariot
on runway. The wings scattered,
I will not be able to fly now.

One day, I gave you my dagger
to put it my heart.
You had tied my hands for real.

Overreached by words of
mouth, a quill becomes a
pen, waiting about carnage.

Satish Verma

Life's Toast

Difficult it becomes, the secret of
the judgement and metamorphosis of
the painted cotton into a stained truth.

To save the present tense. A dangerous
crowd of vowels to express the incomplete
moment of watery teeth,

so hung, while misspeaking painfully
in dyslexic manne. I would not
understand the hour-glass proxy.

An undersized leash to walk
with a giant: the magnitude of tragedy
overwhelms the path!

Satish Verma

Life-Long Friend

Life has become blue.
O moon, why did I let you in
under my skin.

How come you want
to change the world? First I
ask you to stay in my heart.

Now would you be
adorable? God! you have
been arrested by man.

Satish Verma

Life's Pilgrimage

Tears locked, I
resume my journey,
moving away from
an iceberg.

Ethical stones were
erected in pristine memories.

The animal gods sleep,
until the drums awaken them.
Black cohosh will not
shut the buttercups.

You tremble like
X-ray. A magnetic effect
brings us together. Creamy pink
magnolias laugh.

Did I hurt you? I
will ask again. The weather
was fine, when you landed
between the words.

I will bring the groundwater
of deep crevices for you.

Satish Verma

Lift The Death's Veil

Questioning yourself?
like a Spanish Inquisition.
Ruthlessly digging out,
the anatomy of arrogance.

No flavor. I speak
to myself of atypical
intolerance of a man in revolt.

The slavery of tongue will not go.

On the verge, the other
thought collapses. No longer
the heritage remains faithful.

Love suddenly becomes
stranger. You won't touch
yourself. The narcissism becomes suicidal.

The black song
empties the mind. You want to weave,
but air does not become green.

I stand alone. The cosmos
moves away.

Satish Verma

Lifting

Again the panic grips.
Clones from the frozen cells of rot-scented
rafflesia growing in abundance.
Huge pitchers are swarming the landscape.

You walk into the trap.
The lid falls, blocks the way out
and sharp spikes pierce through you,
so suddenly that you cannot even cry.

The white darkness of the gray ash
is covering the limbs of history.
I am the past, I am the future.
Where do I enter the present?

At threshold they lift their arms.
Neither in-nor-out.
Begging to walls to close in
and let the roofs fall down.

Satish Verma

Light Luggage

It was not a random
scent, when honeysuckle
entwines the moon
in evening.

The bewitching smell under your
eyes lingers, till I kiss
it away.

It tumbles out
when the speech fails.
Still I would wake in dark.

Ah, the terror
to remain alive, under
the water of mercy.

Write me off from
the hounded list. I was
walking on the crumbling
leaves of autumn.

Emotions float on
the flames, like the syntax.

Satish Verma

Light Was Failing

Half-right, half-wrong?
faltering on altar,
I have come to?
pay back my debt.

The listening now stops.
Only unheard monologue?
will continue in void
wringing out the tongue.

The burning man will
not scream, even in ashes.
I did, what you did not.
I have cut off my thumb.

Looking at you nonchalantly
I pick up my thoughts in mess,
to stitch my death cap?
stepping out in dark.

All night it rained. I
will not leave any footprints.

Satish Verma

Like A Candle In Winds

Incognito,
going to an altar
to offer apology.

I didn't want to
lose you even for once.
Undefined, more than
any relic gold.

I will wear you
not less than any moon.

You may be walking
amidst dandelions saying prayers.
I will come and read?
your trembling lips.

After luminescence,
when I want to walk out,
I will not say goodbye.

Like poppy's fragile
petals, you will chart
out the vision.

In eyes red crimson.

Satish Verma

Like A Chinese Lantern

At the end of the thought
was sadness.

When temple lies broken
a little white lotus comes up
on the tranquil lake.

A cute word enters the lone voice,
stands down, collapses, retreats into silence.
A chaste tree becomes a sage
and tenderness of the ash turns into an elegy.

The moon-face has frost on the eyes.
Tears blaze the lips.
Unbounded grief holds the space between
sobs, a bodiless spark.

Moons ago when sleep was a fragrant
gift, the song never touched the earth.
That dream sways like a Chinese lantern
without enthusiasm.

Satish Verma

Like A Da Vinci

Come, become my mirror to read the backward. Script
wards have failed me.

The sea is turbulent
and I am laying flowers at your feet.

What was is your eyes
unfathomable like a da Vinci?
Hold my trembling hands
I am going to dropp the gems.

Nobody will agree with me
there was a face on the wall.
Bare as the night moon of October
I have undone my beliefs.

A loincloth was sufficient to hide the birth.
Ceremony has begun to knead the lies.
Use your death as the furnace of life
where knives are sharpened to start the healing.
A stranger has come as the guest of the house
answers should not insult any question.

Satish Verma

Like A Firebird

Like a whiff of pungent smoke
morality hurts.
The inner song dies
in chorus of sharp tongues.

Anger beats the wall
causes no beginning,
no ending.
A naked shadow burns.

The voice on the edge of truth
jumps in the dust of lies
like a firebird
bathes in immortal grief.

For deliverance from the depravity,
one who calls you a name.
How I longed to invoke
a time outside the space!

Satish Verma

Like A Hermit

Wading in tears
you want to catch time. Sun
will bake your eyes.

You undid my charm,
weaving a web, wearing the
threads of wounds.

Do prayers help the
cobalt valley of cleaved
breast in moon?

Satish Verma

Like A Moonbeam

A brief encounter with the depth charge,
paralyzed waist down,
looking within
looking without
counting the vibrations in sea shells,
I could hobble along with a younger poem
my love trapped in words.

We were reaching nowhere
near destination.
Our shadows entwined
with our steps.
Bluebells not withstanding catkins of mulberry
stood waist high
for the catwalk.

We kept wishpering
unworldly nothings,
like autumn leaves rustling in air.
Petals of purple bruises squirting the smell of desire.
I will touch you
like moon beam
from dark sky.

Satish Verma

Like A Poem

It is a long fight
to end the violence.

You can bury the body,
or, give it to flames on the pyre
but not the soul.

Must take a cue
in dark from trying moments
for Godspeed.

Having an affair
with a distant galaxy?
It will invite strange threats.

A bizarre friendship grows
with stomas, which open
when you smile.

In the portraits of the setting sun
there were no eyes,
only large lips.

Satish Verma

Like An Asteroid

Burning rocks had
a near miss. The
questions splatter
the blood-

to inspire and break
you inside and out.
Unbecoming, to end the
relationship. The story?

begins of an introvert.
The ungreen grass waits
for your wet toes,
to breathe again.

The blood-money was
very high, after the?
violent end of a
blade run.

My pillow is soaked of
a moonfall. The anguish
of a bodyless grave
was haunting.

Satish Verma

Like An Oedipus

Distraught?
you were suspicious
of the bliss. Why had I
stolen you from
the jaws of blue whale?

Your transparent veins
had always betrayed, the naive look.

The Antarctica of
pain, has started cracking.
The heart beats will miss you.

Your soft nudge
stirred once a while, to awaken
my sanctity.

Let's meet in the
garden of Eden. I have to
pay back my debt to
keep the god alive.

The bubble will burst
one day for not kissing you
unasked.

Satish Verma

Like An Old Song

Walking in mental
fog, you become
a swaying tree.

In mistiness
one becomes lonely
like a blackbird.

Hollyhocks
would wait, till
the sun comes out.

December rain
brings the gift?
of sleet on lips.

Satish Verma

Like Angels

Let's walk in zero
gravity, to find peace.

Stealing few stars
to decorate your black eyes.

Crossing the moral
barriers, you want to give push.

How much you know,
humankind was disintegrating.

The equation was disturbed
by noiseless flight of birds.

Your lips were painted red by
Mercury, after the solar eclipse.

I always think, what went
wrong in writing my name.

Satish Verma

Like Buddha

Light of dawn.
Day begins with
blue memories.

I sweep?
the floor, of mind.
The palm stands witness.

Nightingale,
does not believe in
nihilism.

Don't get mad
at dragonfly.
It cannot stand still.

Satish Verma

Like Haikus

I was not ready
to see the footprints of your
blood in my new poem.

This algorithm,
I will suffer if you don't
listen to subtle signs.

Moon was emerging
like a silent killer of doubt.
Someone draws curtain.

Satish Verma

Like Hurricane

How would you retrieve
the soul of moon? There was
not enough darkness.

Long back, the ink
was always black, and
the words would tremble
like aspen.

The echo comes
loudly resounding the green
valley's anguish.

Don't hit me,
by a vivid farewell. Buried
one's head in poems
somebody walks through you.

The wound had been? still raw.
A panther jumps on the antelope.

Satish Verma

Like Memes

It was hazy in Plato's
cave, I was trying to study
the painting on wall.

Why do I fear for you?
Words have gone dumb
in full moon.

Was it a presence
without flesh, bones?
Only sparkling eyes?

I touch you warily.
Trembling I ask you to come
back in my twirling life.

You do not move.
It happens like never
before. Spirit weeps.

Satish Verma

Like Rosetta Stone

White holes
in black teeth.
An empty truth bleeds.

A lesser light
fights the darkness in a ring.
There was no excuse
for harmony.

The earthen flame
meets the sun behind
the horizon. No more
violence should repeat.

The stripped candles?
cover their faces with melting
tears. You can snap only the wicks.

Your body becomes
a temple. You consecrate
it with blood.

Satish Verma

Like Searching Some Heirloom

It came like a hail
of leads.
An avalanche of
frog words.

There was no apology for pods.

Living in a seed vessel,
was very precarious. It
splits open from both sides.

You stand naked amidst
the barbs.

Will ever the man will do god
to a man?

I come near the lake
when moon lives.
Something was wrong. He was
looking very thin tonight.

I was not prepared for the pink tears.

Satish Verma

Like The Flames

To erase your subtle pangs.
You become ingrained in verses.

I will not speak?
a single word to come to terms
with the unknown.

But life extracts a price.
You must become a buddha?
and leave your princess.

You will not see?
the Apocalypse giving rise
to an opus. And my child
you cannot read my book.

The voiceless dumb
bell goes on ringing to send a
call for the faithful to come
and jump into the cauldron of moon.

I boil in the guilty sun.

Satish Verma

Linchpins

Do not sleep, as libido
Moon will visit
the shrine of love today.

□

It was an end of the?
lone journey. You recover
the path of lost poem.

A river lies buried in
my chest, unawakned.
Would you kiss the stone today?

Satish Verma

Lineage

It was set on fire, the market place:
from a distance I was watching, the
hieroglyphic climate of the cutouts;

some shoes with yellow human feet embedded
in them, were thrown on the images
of gods, lying on the steps of tanks:

on hills the sex workers were doing
brisk business in private retreats
of the holiest of towns, a golden dome

was being erected as an insult to poors,
the streaked priests chanting the sacred
hymns, hurling the abuses on red faced

simians waiting on the rooftops,
ashamed to share the inherited lineage
but why one should kill one's own daughter?

Satish Verma

Linkage

Too many mongrels on road
chasing inbred hymens,
while walking I try to find
who was not unipolar.

I am trying to fill in
magic and enigma
in intersex of autobiography
of a right man.

I must find out
who were you in feminine attire
drinking sap from merciless life
igniting god?

To uncover the antimatter
I place a wreath for the matter.
Body flashes the other side of death
to uncouple the link.

Satish Verma

Lipreading

Overdriving

the silence in zero light,
flickers of sickle moon were
fading.

There was a conflict between
reason and
conscience. My father was
smiling.

Where was the gold, he asked
walking with his wooden
stick in jungle of tears?
I kept the door ajar.

A smoke engulfs my eyes.
Before he died, he took
a promise from me.
I would not be visible.

Satish Verma

Lips And Wordless Miracle

What if the sword
leaves and purple eyes
of Iris become apocalyptic?

It would be for me? the arrow,
leaving from the arched
bows of goddess of rainbow.

Wearing a tiara, of
golden lotuses, in eerie morning
the sun was rising.

Dawn commits a
genuine sin. Wakes me up
to dig the past for bones of faithless truth.

The silent ocean has
a job to do. Turn me blue in
iced mercy without any smile.

Baked and browned, the
priest, marries a virgin to a ghost.

Satish Verma

Lips Of Moon Were Hot

Eggs went freezing in the sap.
Lips of moon were hot.

In the flare up, the
rebel had cast doubt
on cartridge.

Missiles were unique
but, hands trembled -
concept of sky was a lie.

Saturn and moon were coming closer.
Two way mirror of sun
was watching.

The fallen leaves on grass
refuse to be blown away.
They were waiting for the fruits.

Once in a blue lake
you had cheated the boat,
you may not be lucky this time.

Satish Verma

Lips On Fire

Sometimes the ice burns,
a fish moves in your eyes.

The ubiquity was at lowest level,
nothing was visible in sun.

Mission crawl in the crotch
does not find any fever.

The golden cave has caved in.
Moon will find another sky.

Nerves were green, pain was
black. No mercy for hooks.

Your map was here and my stitches.
Let us see, who tells the lie.

Satish Verma

Lips Will Measure

A perfect solution
was never found. The question
remained unanswered beyond
the skin. Stripped to the bone.
afraid of future,
you cannot invite the ending
and present will not continue
indefinetly. Unabated,
over and over again,
you hit the trail to drink the sun.

Pain and sorrow, hurts and grief,
is prescribed fear of unknown.
In the dark tunnel,
your numb limbs
search for an explanation.
The dialogues with stones
do not bring comparison.
You should remember your name.
The lips will measure the time.

Movement of fear begging
for unbuckling the dark
was like a calculated risk to alalyze
the wolf's intentions.
They are hovering like inhuman
crimes. A potent hunger
walks out of the kitchen,
gouges out the peacock's eyes.
Now rains will not come.

Satish Verma

Liquid Pain

The becoming,
before your sudden
surge of emotions
to finish the half written
message.

That was,
when the words were
getting wings.

Artificial vision?
I cannot look beyond
the exodermis.

A sizzling search
for the Venus
in wraps.

Who is going to
announce the fall of the system?

A hangman
does not need the
weeping tree to finish the job.

Satish Verma

Listen

Unlearning my life,
you ought to become a poet
in the dominion of words.

Wade the cool waters.
Your concepts become clear
I will give you a call from the boat
in deep sea.

Ah, this was embryonic
pain to bear the rape of truth.
This poverty's debt will
never be paid back.

Too far, the horizon
sinks in the arms of moon.
The condensed tears will?
read their own story.

The contours of broken
life will change.

Satish Verma

Listen

When you were searching an answer in
questions,
the end started near the beginning.
And you were still walking alone in the
unbridled tempest.

Lesser the light, stronger was the urge
to move in darkness.
Dirty landscape generated the brilliant stars,

Legs atrophied, frozen looks, I was watching
a strange phenomenon.
The spirit was drinking its own fountain.
Here is my toast to the march of time
Kids are refusing to write on dotted
lines
already the death was tasting the dust.

Satish Verma

Listen To Your Heartbeats

Talking of the character
and morality, a smoke
rises. To arms.

Butterflies, and
waterfalls. I stand between
the two to take a
look at the last clouds.

On the date palms
my future lives. The pinnate pair
rips apart the poems
of merciless summer.

Burning hands will?
pick up the dented heart.
No more blood was left
in the twisted veins.

Coming out of the woods,
I hand over my moons
to you, for a blue kiss.

Satish Verma

Listening

They walk in dreams
nightmarishly
spirits of nameless faces
staring without eyes.

The screams:
of a child
on whom you poured boiling water.

The screams:
of a girl made to wear only flesh, because
she ran away with a priest.

The screams:
of a whipped woman
who tasted the laughing moonlight.

Death makes a big hole
in a spooky silence!
Are you listening?

Satish Verma

Listening Schubert

Changing thoughts
were creating chaos in frenzy,
unabashed, following the stricken
prey, to reclaim
the violence of a stalker.

Was there any law of jungle?
Or rule of law in the midstream
of a formless prosthesis,
gaping void, throwing up
a primordial fear.

Becoming tired of looking at
the wastes around. No mystery
was left in life. How often you
will sit on the pyre to ignite the high
priests of knowledge?

The curved images of receding
years are disappearing. How long
you will wait,
how long?

Satish Verma

Listening To Forgive

A distended deceit takes over,
when you,
you become the fear –
under a distorted moon, tangled,
unscripted. The damp nails
scratching,
on the skin of light
after hurricane.
Ruins stand on broken skulls
praising the icy death
bringing the race on brink.

Killer smile shatters the wholeness
of imagination. Letters dropp from memory.
Words uneven, meanings disappear.
you search
the needle to stich the history.□

Satish Verma

Listening To Night

Walk warily.

You are in crisis zone.
Moon will not rise today.

*

A bare phenomenon
of shedding the
fears in dark.

*

Now you will confront
yourself
to take revenge.

*

Like nocturnal
flight of a bat, to find
the mate on plum.

*

Hangs a tale of
a squirrel, waiting
for a Buddha.

Satish Verma

Listening To Rwanda Genocide

In your azure eyes
I was teaching myself:
how to drown. What a nodal
agency to receive the award.

The ailing moon
will not come to my rescue.
The seized cloud had failed
to cry –

embarrassing the sidewalks. An
unfathomable legend.
A bloated name becomes the
mother of rapes.

At stake were all the crutches.
The tribal stain had a stark
reality. The basic instinct,
walks home to stand on the mount of bones.

Satish Verma

Listening To Sky

Keeping the end at bay,
spurning advances in dark,
going for a witch-hunt.

*

For the truth. The man and
the beast were one. You will not cry
for the sake of progeny.

*

The swift fall of pen
breaks the barriers. There was no
one to read the scriptures.

Satish Verma

Listening To Yourself

Treading gently, trying
to feel close to the heat of
the cardinal sins, why
you were not able to take off
your eyes from the
macabre slaughter?

The unknowable instinct.
You abhor, but still want
to see the execution. They
were blindfolded and
were shot at the
back of head.

Decimated. You hold the
globes, making peace
with the
will not alter his ego
and why you were afraid to
react?

Satish Verma

Listening Unheard Voices

The leaning neck
of the moon, getting
intimate with
a tall pine.

Partheno-sculpting
a protégé, without touching
the essentials.

Somebody waits for your
footfalls. Somebody
loves you without telling.

Like sensory pits
of a viper. I smell
your heat.

The swaying hips
of downing night.
Sun was rising.

Satish Verma

Little By Little

It was unfair.

The uncanny animals
are leaving an impact
on human beings.

Under the sway
of absurdity poetics
also comes.

I try to decipher the knot.

Do you know what
you become, when you laugh
like a mockingbird?

My only angel, who
has dropped by the earth
to see me in twilight.

The heart of palm,
you will not eat without me.

Unspoken words
come on the trembling lips.

Satish Verma

Little Feet Measuring Earth

You still don't know
how to address the lion standing
in the burning bush.

In my deep cave your
footprints unsettle me. You try to
save the half-written tragedy.

I don't see any violence
to fill my empty hands with new moons
to repeat the undoing of the faith.

Satish Verma

Little Gods

Do you know the
truth of lies, when
something goes wrong?

You pick up the names
from private dialogues,
to hurt yourself.

Increasingly on edge,
You release the?
doves, to reach the affiliates.

To buy some time
for a debate, I put
off all the lamps.

Why the amnesia,
becomes a blessing in
celebrating the mass beheadings?

Satish Verma

Little Truths

Deluge of criminality in the moral night;
sun was taking a plunge on the falls,
in the name of cobbled up front, for our
rise and fall in the primary casualty.

Sacred contusion, on the floor of mausoleum,
when you smell like a forgotten god, and
lie in the generosity of asylum under the downy mildew.
You cannot cry in the armless death.

History begins with starvation and murders
of innocents between the blasts. Spiders were fattening
on walls eating untangled, discarded syllables.
Punishment of defeat makes you a sex slave.

The ash smeared body must lie on doormat.

Satish Verma

Live Baits

An autopsy was being conducted
with brutality
to silence the rising dialogue,

pulling out the lethal crunch
of scripted history.
You want the kiss of a parting grain.

A secondhand face crops
up in a newspaper. Are you ashamed
of curtains? They have covered

all the skeletons. The tangerines,
why do I remember them
like juicy lips in dark.

We are going to bungle together,
decked up to receive the body
of a honed player.

Satish Verma

Living Dangerously

A moon interrupted;
riles the social class.
A native sense comes of age.

Piercing stare becomes rarefied,
unbuttons the peaks and
kills you with a mallet.

The scared mask falls
off the divine embrace, lets
free the pigeons from the golden cage.

The forked tongue will
speak only truth. Blood
was the only stain, washed easily.

I will get the tan
in moonlight only. My scars
will remain invisible in silver.

Satish Verma

Living In Wax Palace

Absolutely pure,
I would not believe, until
a dark spot
appears on your cheek.

The petals now split
into rays, as in marigold
dividing the sun?
between the eyes.

I look through the stains
now, wearing the blanket
of moon, mottled but silvery cool.
I do not mind to accommodate
the pain of dark sky.

The true words now
stumble out. Give me some
tears to wash the face
of my poem.

Satish Verma

Living Incognito

I refuse to give in.
Gagged like human sacrifice,
the face of defiance?
clings onto the dark stains
of bright moon.

There was no bond on
caressing. The vigil wouldn't
end after smashing the
lamps to invoke the darkness.

There was a day, when
you laughed over the spitting
of rosy wounds. The
psyche could alter the moods.

When you are alone in
the dusk, I will pledge a
fire in night, past human's
singed pride.

In the rose buds, you
can find ethereal memories
of uncommitted sins.

Satish Verma

Living Legend

The flame will not die.
I pursue the path of smoke
the virtue of suffering
gives the pure light.
The book knows my inside truth
and tells no one. I weep for the swallows,
I could not feed.
I lay one white
stone for each death.

You will scatter my ashes,
in the abandoned land
where silence walks
and words lie like microcosm
of contemporary hunger.
Life was a cupful of tears.
The voices always spilled challenging
the fidelity of flowing water.

The living legend turns in grave,
I pray for peace
I promised myself to stand erect
when the quake comes.
I will save the flora
and the grass of dying earth.
I ask for one more life
to clear the debt & bleach my guilt.

Satish Verma

Living Perilously

You will remember?
what I would not? the
inner darkness of noon.

A bright sun goes
blind for a caged bird. To
dream or not to dream in
the path of unknown.

Any celestial movement?
will bring the halcyon days?
One day the man will change?

This culture, your
ethos were making the
sense datum extinct? a fossil.

Far from the meanings
the body language flies
in wings of wax.

Again an era ends,
the very blood of stones.

Satish Verma

Living With Grace

Didn't agree to
sell the dream, for afterlife.
There was dread of
crossing the graves.

Moon intends to
come one step closer, to
find your candor. The innards
wouldn't take off the veil.

There was no iconic
shadow. Hope was fading.
Time to confront the unexpected
assault. Light enters from a crack.

What could be a
second coming of realization
on weak legs, in twilight
of disturbing truths?

I am holding the mirror
at a distance.

Satish Verma

Loaves

When the street was becoming alive
man had become a charged bull,
goring the god to death.
My father wept, took the corpse home,
that was his child.

In the wild fire, a tall eucalyptus
had burned, turned black.
What did you think, this year,
spring would not come?

I remained very sad those days.
When the self was me, my image
I was dying without death;
through the veils, I would not see.

Was the pinnacle of your is, was becoming
empty? Tell me when we would learn,
the tiny truth of a primate? Or become
snakes eating our own children?

Satish Verma

Locked

Stealing stones from skinny faces
snipers scratch the colors
of a withered moon at night.

It was anti-rape rally, the footsteps
falling in unison, the blood running out
of strange fruits

and we topple the golden grass under
the toes, hissing at tall trees who could
not protect us from descending fog.

There was no truce. They will not
lay down the arms on table before
sun rises to resuscitate.

The pilot has died on controls. Snarled-up
fingers will not let go the wheels.
The pain has no other name.

Satish Verma

Locked Door

Famelocked,
sometimes he was talking to flowers,
asking their names.

In the house
that never sleeps,
infidelity brings the charm.

Intense gravity
excoriates the crotch.
A supernova is born.

Worlds apart,
I am there,
where you were not.

A burnt-out wall and broken window
were left to tell the tale,
but door was still there shut.

Satish Verma

Loftiness

The shades of dawn
under the waning moon
reflect on your face.

The lace trembles?
when you watch the Venus
disrobing in dark.

Confession made.
You wash your feet in
Milky Way.

Satish Verma

Lofty Peaks

The ashes will come back
in mauve,
in furrowed face of hunger.

I will wait for the clouds
to welcome
the blue flames.

I was the one
to walk on time
and squeeze the truth

for finding the essence of life,
to know the goodness,
of the ills of neighbourhood

via fake creations.
When a gull walks on the grass
I call the sun

Satish Verma

Logistics

Midnight encounter.
In moon, on sand.
Why you were igniting a sheltered home
of wounded pride?

The blood spills
over the sea, in boat.
You were unrelenting, against traction
violence of unhappenings.

The blackness blooms.
A man will cross midstream,
writing on water the name of a lamb
who refuses to surrender.

I sit between the
kisses of dragonflies.
An empty paper nest waits for the wandering
wasps to come back with stings.

Satish Verma

Lone Wolf

On ladder, you climb
for espionage, with
a feeling of an evil.

Somewhere, somebody
pulls the strings,
at arterial roads.

You put yourself
in harm's way for
exotic blooms.

A civil disobedience, starts.
A bone of contention was
the muscle of love.

One on one
tooth for tooth,
lips for lips.

Satish Verma

Loneliness

In valley of moons
I stood alone to search you,
when daggers came out.

*

All night in garden
I was following a lost moon
between dozing palms.

*

Will you wake me up
after the chilling encounter
with a screaming poem?

Satish Verma

Long Journey

I will not talk, keep
your right hand in my left.
Something comes through your eyes.

Love is made of fabric.
You can wash it daily with tears after
bloody dialogues. Ants come later.

You don't belong to
renegade. I stand my ground
to carry on the mission to swipe suffering.

Satish Verma

Long Threads

In warps and wefts
I interlace a face in?
fine linen.

Are you frightened?
My thumb print goes awry.
You will not recognize me.

I bring the sameness
from inside out.
All night I suffered the elemental ache.

Like Dante you cannot
escape inferno. I don't need
any help, cannot climb out for lynx eyed.

The age inflicts, and
time bites. Still I witness through bleary eyes?
a moon rising.

Satish Verma

Longest Eclipse

Exacerbating,
falling in dust,
searching the dead truths
on pills of abandoned bodies of lies.

The dawn brings out
the trapped victims of transmigration
from capricum to capricon.
Then they commit a mass suicide

around hymns to seduce the
god with thousand smiles.
A flock of memories lands on the grey
body of moon for the last rites.

One by one they walk away,
the ironic actors of secular wake,
asking for forgiveness from abyss,
gazing at the eclipsed sun for the last time.

Satish Verma

Long-Feared Night

Eyes half-shut, you are seeing,
unseeing to house the failing light.

When the tornado writhes down, will
you come to clean the rubble?

And splash the bird, the sky in purple?

I am afraid of myself
to explore the craft of non-living.

When the silence descends, I will
know myself, like the bone of Buddha.

The words will not give
any relief, whipped into terror.

Satish Verma

Longing

Oh God
I don't believe you
for irretrievable sins in me.

My grandchild was asking
why did you have to go?
I had no answer.

My eyes were damp.
Okay, cannot hold you grandpa,
will you come again?

I was the end,
I was the beginning.
I kissed the burning tears of my small chit.
I said, let me go,
Set me free,
I will come, one day in you,
you are me.

Satish Verma

Looking Around

A furry mother squirrel
brings her small one
on my deck to teach
how to crack the nuts.

I will not utter a?
single word.
The fall of snow is very dense.

Satish Verma

Looking At Past

The cave man writes
his fate on your palm, but
you were unmoved.

Ah! The love multiplies.
Will freedom come one day
to embrace the comet?

Every thought goes to you
I ask myself, how long I remain
occupied with snow and fall.

Satish Verma

Looking Back

half-clad

cult of violence

boiling their

soulmates

roasting

the foes

one by one

killed

by a ligature

they were building the dams

to harvest the power

from tears

fear

climbs on your shoulders

unburns hydrocarbons

a train moves through the black cloud

night

lies naked

Satish Verma

Satish Verma

Looming Large

The art of losing the
core-hurts, standing in deepest
mood.

You want to see, what your
prefrontal cortex thinks.

The suffering: the debris
fall on the eyes.

Vast Greenland melts.

The terror strikes. You
inherit the barren land.

I start talking with the
spirits. In the shoe box, lies the
past. The water was rising
in eyes. The scent of moon
sometimes misses the earth.

The butterflies, sometimes
come, declare the deadline
for garden prayers.

Satish Verma

Loose Threads

Your thin white skin spreads
on the front. The blue
veins have become the strings,
annexing my peninsula.

You had said, it was a
bit of stretch, to cover the
lies of a fading sun,
for a delayed penitence.

Living water will bring clouds
to fill in the lakes of grief.
One day the lilies will grow?
meet in the air, for somebody's sake.

The black moon was still
raw. All the weeds had
become snakes. I start
hating this season of mating.

Satish Verma

Losing Again

If erupts again –
the eternal hate of caucuses.
A pipe bomb detonates in a gully.

Death glides as a superman
like a mutiny in the bowl.

Night stumbles against the kissing moon
on the shore of waning hope.

I will not mourn for my color
I am still nursing a grief.

Walking alone in the shadow of walls
to unhear the screams of dawn.□

Satish Verma

Losing Oneself

What would you give
when I ask for nothing?

A mysterious lineage
of the soul. It has no sequence,
no flesh, no body.
I was heading towards the edge.

Did you know the perfect
no home? It has no crumbling walls,
no hurting windows. The gray roof of sky?

The earth, the damaging
winds. An hour of awareness
in wait. You start
exploring jinxed mind,

hearing voices, but no words.

Satish Verma

Losing The Vision

I left a piece of moon on my
table and started writing about
the broken mirror. There was a time
when we used to cry together.

Dusting off the old books, uncared
for months. A rare ritual
defines the motion. It was the
temblor giving me a dustbath.

Do you know who was the leader
of the pack? The greed, the authority?
There was a bright door, between
the umbels. Would you taste the hemlock?

Every thing is in disorder. You
remember how cranky I was when
I found you unframed. Today
I will embrace the empty wall.

Satish Verma

Loss Of Identity

It was chillingly true.
You walked out!
of the soot, without
leaving any footprints.

There were some very
hard questions. Why!
did you snap,
while sparrows were mating?

Carnage. The roses
were burning inside. The
red cherries shriek and
run for the amnesty.

On the terrace, the yellow
moon descends for a
word. Why the nukes were
pointed towards the spiders?

Satish Verma

Lost Home

Who wrote your name
on the tongue of time? I am not
able to stop the clock.

God, I will never
understand you. What happened
when you were present everywhere?

I ask my lips not to
move. Nobody would know
when you can synchronize?

Satish Verma

Lost In Thoughts

The template has
no commas. You have
taken away all my sleep.
I cannot breathe in your garden.

In remission who
wants another life? Blue
spots on my body invite
someone, to lick cobras bites.

It was sameness.
You were repeating yourself
forgetting that one day words
may lose the prowerss.

The art of dying
was very weird. You wanted
to defeat yourself. Eager
to know who were you.

Satish Verma

Lost Meanings

In mangled bodies
and severed limbs,
the blood gives up its claim.

A twisted window blocks the landscape
of silvered faces.
No body talks with moon.

Night burns the fat
floats on the dead mouthings.
Death has the foulest taste.

Darkness looms overnight,
very false under the lamp,
eyelids are closing.

Dirty maps unfold the mystery
of religion. The longest book
has the restless words.

Satish Verma

Lost My Name

Did you taste the ejecta
after a sacred ritual of exploding
a makeshift bomb in a crowded market?

I am worried.
I am becoming death, curling backward.
The wood spirits have started a fire dance.

The healing, yes, it comes from the blood
of steel, they claim, the blackness of a hole
has a purity.

Hunger starts a riot of lewdness in the
ribs of an empire. A skull on the hill
betrays a slaughter of young boys.

The makers of AK-47 were repenting,
for the brutal aura. I have started
telling lies.

Satish Verma

Satish Verma

Lost Tribe

At life closing,
were you in peace
with your slips?

The weariness brings
a curse. You start
shredding.

Like a newfound
fossil egg, you kiss
the lost poem.

A dependent
wound stops hurting.
I bring a stoned version.

The moon and the
resurrected dream,
throw long shadows on lake.

My boat goes in flames.

Satish Verma

Lost Vision

The pain cycle
celebrates the pitfall,
dedicates to the eternal flame
of catharsis.

Syllables were ready to
burn word by word,
orchestrated for a
random repeat.

Like blue veins opening
in dark without spilling the?
blood. But no answers
were coming to compliment you.

Image of self in mirror
sometimes frightens. Now
you begin living without?
body, metaphysically.

A bonfire starts.

Satish Verma

Lotus-Eating

A repeat lover,
moon comes back
every night in different robes.

It was a question
of your conscience, when
you were being eaten alive.

Hyenas will come again-
to unearth the bones, to
give you the message.

Remaining poor was a great
don't
need to pay for anything.

The hunger goes deep.
eyes roam
in search of a face after the hanging.
Was he smiling?

You hanker to touch
the eyes, which were burning
like coals.

Satish Verma

Loud Portrait

Inspired by you,
I will write a nameless poem.
Would you sign on it?

Draw one beautiful
art on my lips. I will wipe
out your scalding tears.

Listen to your heart
for trapped voice in cage.
The poem sings to you.

Satish Verma

Love & Pain

Perhaps you know,
that you do not know,
the moment of truth is here,
and we are at the cross roads.

Night is without a cloud
and crescent moon is questioning a star.
Ghost of strayed peace
has slided back in dark.
Pure chemistry of love is boiling.

Planting the tender flowers on lips
I find nothing. I think I will go
for a new lover.
Strawberry was your choice,
but I always craved blue berries.
Pulpy red and blue black were teeth apart.

Your eyes are unreadable,
a watery grave of pain.
Something impossible should happen
Poetry is waiting for symbiosis.

Satish Verma

Love And Revenge

You shine high
when I was in dark. The
persecution still goes on.

What was love crime,
when you sleep in my arms
for eternity?

Who had angered
the flame of forest, that was
burning you without ash?

Tell me what blooms
in your chest, when at night
you look at the full moon.

I cannot assassinate
me, till you say goodbye
under the Bo tree.

Satish Verma

Love In Original

After a soot rain
the grey fear moved centripetally, seeking centrum;
thoughts, saffron colored, in the words
went mute.

You were still searching the head,
of a nameless torso, in a heap of your failures.
The river had run dry.

Why were you trying to revise the script
of anthem after the man made inferno?
A mushroom cloud was heading this way.

Ah, the prickly lips still eject the same
agenda for dualism,
now the yellow metal was nickel-plated.

Outside the stoic redemption falls the reality.
Man had become a crypt on a grave
of less guilty.

Satish Verma

Satish Verma

Love Scenes

1.

A body
lives in my pocket
I fathered a hundred moons.

2.

You touch me
with wet nose
I know you have come.

3.

The golden grapes
on your tongue
were very sweet.

4.

Illusion
becomes a squatter
I will peel off the tangerines.

5.

It was
A gold mine, at night
hissing on snake.

Satish Verma

Love To Learn

Light makes you poor.
There was a back deal for
a wake up call.

What was the nature
of your violence? Did you need
any philosophy to kill?

What was the beautiful
idea to skin a dead religion
unmade by a god?

Satish Verma

Love To Violence

I don't feel body
I don't feel pain. You play
with me O god!

From the flesh
I remove the pleasure.
A blood wolf moon laughs.

The fringe surrender was
in beheading yourself in dark.
I rise like the Venus.

Satish Verma

Lovelorn

A livid moon had started
a body count for undoing a book.
The base thinks it has arrived.

The death zones were unconnected
by quality of crime waves. People
have started sitting under green trees.

A social outcast silently reaches
the script. It was imperative that
two-edged sword should become sectarian.

The dew, the baked blood and the blades,
wait for the lifting of sorrow.
The fire would crack the code of death.

Do not bribe the stained linen
and dyed hair. The permafrost will
swallow the petrified feet.

Satish Verma

Loving A Street

A lead goes nowhere,
a ladder, a snake, bloody steps;
a city mourns, while blackened walls
of a house search its owner.

Shadows of grainy straws move
under the eyes. Scent of nails bites
bronze silence. Sips of cold statements
for parched lips.

Everything was hunger bound. Eyes on
walnut chair: snow flakes of grammar,
this time the monarch does not speak,
only brown skin wakes the fear.

Learning to listen intently, inner voice,
time caresses the feathers of forgetfulness.

Satish Verma

Loving Our World

We heard the screams.
Water to water,
fire to fire.
It was not marginal pain.
A meaningful dialogue
had started in unhinged doors.

The house is empty.
You come out from nothingness
to share the slogans.

The country wakes in the eye of guns.

Someone was fishing in troubled
waters. The bread becomes crazy.

Under the black moon
the white, hungry mouths.
A sacrifice!

Satish Verma

Loyal To Death

An answer becomes a question
without an effort.
The world hisses
in filaments of joy.
My hands become
green branches of a huge tree.
Terrified sun moves away
with all its glory.
I empty myself in a circle of voidness.

It was a sad chapter
the beginning of violence-
the heat dries up the sweat on brows.
Standing in the sun I watch,
how we are dismantling each other.
The innocence of civility,
eclipsed by ferocious flesh, loses symphony.

The fatal, brutal, savage times.
We are running
to reach nowhere.
The tension creeps under the skin.
The impurity of thought
hurts like broken glass.
A barren land forgets
the man & remains loyal to death.

Satish Verma

Lunar Eclipse

Turn the corner
and you will find, some dark figures
huddled together under the rains
of words. In a fractured
embrace. One chunk of floating
pain falls on you. The assassin
had come quietly.

A song was knifed today.

Turn off the lights. A smeared
moon will rise tonight in earth's
shadow. Now hashish eaters were
coming, now hashish eaters.
Unnoticed, disconnected,
stinging. From olive to bleeding heads,
poetry to prey.

The koel will not sing tonight.

Satish Verma

Lunar Touch

The space covers me now.
Words stayed too long
beyond the thoughts of I
and my landscape.
A burst of silence soaks me.
What was history,
a voyage to rough awakening?
Absence of a voice makes me suffer again.

My religion burns.
Life is a dark smoke
I will write a message on your palm.
Give me a breather,
the distances make me sad.
Black dust drifts through
the slits of our predictions.
At least I know what I am.

On a sunny day
I break a mirror.
My fingers slide like scissors,
open the envelope.
I know it has a sermon,
I don't want to read.
The depression has a lunar touch.
I break a flower into hundred petals.

Satish Verma

Lying On A Slab

Belly crawl after a dance.
Carnivores were ready
to jump on flesh.

That underground beauty
still believes in
battle of flowers -

skirting the hills. I am
at loss of words,
to describe the burial -

of a strongman. Misreading
a child god, he still
posits a human clause.

Darkness challenges the rival.
Death for a believer
of a spiteful cult.

Into the hole, a snake hides.
It is miracle, that
you are still reciting.

Satish Verma

Lynching

Eclectically, do not say anything;
put a bullet in your head
and go to sleep.

I know what was coming
after the ballot. A heap of
abuses, for not maintaining the war.

The presence you can feel,
I am the native of this land? when
hurricane comes, you untie the shoes.

May be, wearing a dark suit,
the bartender comes and pours the
honey in your broken glasses.

The music must not stop. The
black spiders, with paired legs have
synchronized with myriapods.

Satish Verma

Lynx-Eyed

The long tentacles return
to gather you,
in clawless loops.

What do you see in the godless
domain of winged
colts?

The colossus had
glaring flaws. Binary
curse falls like a barrel-bomb.

I remained oblivious
of the uncorrupted dawn,
rising from the ruins of fallen saints.

I am standing on the
grey rock, where black and
white meet. Time becomes a moment.

Satish Verma

Made On Earth

You by yourself,
will become me?
one day.

I am standing?
lone, with
body planet.

The intrinsic design?
of ampersand
falters. And

partition of soul
begins. The mutation
from the dust to schism takes place.

Where tears cannot
reach, the poem
will carry the message.

Satish Verma

Magestic Innocence

How far? How far the goodness will survive?
Born to suffer, a troubled mind
was punished, for melting down.
Livid with revenge sun bleaches
the man made God, a personal anger.
Executioner was on the street
lighting bonfires of your principles.

A silent hope revolts, like green fire,
evergreen, possessing the pride spurts
of hot flames, as the age grows,
the grieving will stop, and when the borders sleep,
it will rise on the horizon, a new moon on
a majestic innocence
of pure hills in sky!

Satish Verma

Magical Solution

Weird,
your hidden contours,
as true to yourself,
from unseen to seen.

Like a phoenix,
you are supposed to write
your own epitaph,
before jumping on a funeral pyre.

The bald eagles
like simple truth, give
you pain and hurts. I write
a poem for you? then
delete it.

A transitional encounter.
One of us was lying. There
was no eye of the moon.

In search of the silver bullets
to kill the werewolves
of our life.

Satish Verma

Make - Believe

The skin drifts:
explores the trash:
Atlast the path was liberated.

Each leaf becomes a face
of a felled tree
outside the wisdom;

you make death
on water.

Accidental –
reversal of pathology,
a hospital expires in bed;

peace was shattered
in the womb of an oyster.
No pearl was found.

Communicating
with void, you reach the door of truth,
requesting to meet the core thought.

Turned down. You think.
Therefore I tell a lie
to bluff the god.

Satish Verma

Make Believing

Unstitched, you visit
my navel, without
warning. There were

bloody stains. I made
no surrender. The bullet
went very deep.

Sovereignty was at stake.
I sit like Buddha
under a raging moon –

invoking the spirits. An
irreverence bites me, scares
me to the bones.

Glitch. I lost the vision.
The nude version was
very pure, very sane.

Satish Verma

Making Gunpowder

You walk into a trap.
The self-search must start
after the accident in hearth.
The fire has failed?
to ignite the thruth.

No more questions would
come. The shrine will receive
all the answers.

The system wants to know
what went wrong to
identify the protégé of crisis?

You know mimosa. It behaves
like a sensitive person. Touch it and
its leaflets fold together like
greetings and bend down asking
to exit.

The violence erupts. A god has no say.

Satish Verma

Making History

Pull out the pellets
from my chest, I had fallen
in a brutal crackdown.
A black moon was taking revenge.

You were staring
straight in the eyes of death.
The biker,
has lost the charisma.

The apples
were never so sweet.
Bursting out of the battle lines
ready to shoot.

A black hole
was calling. To take
a final jump of art
into believing?

Satish Verma

Making Overtures

Night.

A scantily clad sky,
with unkempt clouds.
Moon was climbing.

Caved in.

I had nothing left
to say, except
soundless poems.

No regrets;
in this climactic
struggle of life. The
pain eases, when

memory fails.
The flesh engages the
spirit. End would wait
till the grass banks.

Satish Verma

Malignancy

A cameo!
after the chemo.
Are you sure, it was a tumor.

*

A black hole
in my bones, gulping
all the pain.

*

You were buried
alive in the wall of patches.
Stitch by stich.

Satish Verma

Mammoth Blackness

You had left me reeling
under the bluebells,
like a trembling leaf, like wheels
in human conflict.

Trying to learn the democracy
of honeybees, like the
cohesiveness of fireants,

Handcuffed, staying in
solitary confinement, hitting at
the walls. Chipping away
the ungrateful.

The triage will leave me
unattended. The road...
do you think, it will be visible?

The stars will listen,
night will not.

Satish Verma

Man And The Beast

After knowing so much
of unknown,
you were afraid, but I
lunge for the relic.

How far you will sink
in the depth of cries?
The moon will not!
offer her lips.

Light will not give you
the vision. A sin unrolls.
The city burns in its!
own garbage.

As soon as the water
dries, eyes will blink!
to nail down the constellation
in fog. The tongues retreat.

Satish Verma

Man's Destiny

Fear overtakes the desire to happiness,
death is an accident:
it will happen for lesser reasons.
The meaning inside the meaning.
Delay in perception was
due to, surge between despair,
and hope, between touch and go.

A transparency in truth,
is always rejected for sorrow.
Center of life was sweet.
Needs courage to go for,
a conscious death of a script.
Your existence shudders amidst,
the roar of pretentions.
I adore the bloodless coup.

The solitude becomes my timeless strength of morality
of enormous silence.
Mind suffers a smouldering fire.
The longing for the other side,
of the man's destiny and will.
To choose was not the will for abandonment.

Satish Verma

Mania

Keep the paper blank,
do not write anything new.
Words were abducted earlier also
Let the truth speak from the folds
of dying clocks.

Fauns were searching the human
abodes for fake currency of truth. There
was no method in their method. Do you
find a pride in their attacks? A strange
militia had joined hands with sleep mafia.

My soul colours the half-black berries.
The sun will not eat them.
Father was beaten in war of tricks
I still follow the laws of kindness
in filling the extended empty cups.

Satish Verma

Mannerism

Bigotry, is that you with
the lost numbers?

Looking back, will not
light the road.

I could not haul myself
out, of the kitchen, of narrative.

Something makes me jittery,
counting my failures. You revert back
to the caravan.

After the love. The lines
burn and you set aside the goal?

of becoming free from writing off
the man.

Satish Verma

Manoeuvre

An acid dropp burns your lips,
dares you to question
the continuity of crossroads.
Nowhere you reach.

A burden to accept
the gratitude of a cactus
for permission to bloom
in starless night.

The perversity prevails over the body.
You strip to the bone
and start a blue fire
in the valley of denials.

The skill breaks the terrible wall.
Unlike a paperweight you bend
a clean argument
and climb on the stings.

Satish Verma

Many Blues

Night begins
the self-discovery
with green and cream pills.

A binary existence
you would love to
break the myth.

The wind in the sails,
you are going?
nowhere in darkness.

All colors of?
midnight moon,
were for you.

Time will meet?
you in different masks,
to find the truth.

Satish Verma

Many Headed Snake

The spat between the hydra
and sea,
was the end of perfect relationship.

Now an unqualified, unknowing?
will take on the depression.

Were you feeling liberated? I would ask the moment.

Let us delete
the faces and go to war
without limbs.

This was a summer afternoon.
The books are in cauldron?

and you are praying alone.

Satish Verma

Many Injuries

Your eyes return
to haunt me like falling
vultures. I am burning
like Vega.

You had shot down
the wrong prophecy. My
candle burns whole night to search
the lost ring.

Blame of tears
was fading. Larkspurs would
miss the delphiniums. Deception
attracts the crowd. Colors blend.

Concealing the wall
yellow lilies try to bluff me
from underground. Spring was
still afar.

The second existence
was not possible. Trying to
go again for a trial.

Satish Verma

Many Namesakes

Boots in air
an elite brain hangs out
from the tall tears.

It does not search an exit.
Time moves out
with a murder in eyes.

Leading a spartan life
in a lair, in tune
with absolutely zilch.

A sexy mouth mimes
for a glittering tree.
Parakeets were coming in swarms.

Can you believe, he was
in a hit list
of a gliding moon?

Satish Verma

Many Shades

The brown rice were
not yet ready.
An old man turns in grave.

*

The thingness
was shapeless in dark
Like a sleeping Buddha.

*

Once I told a lie.
The snow started melting
releasing methane.

Satish Verma

Many Things

The moment of truth
for a flower seller.
Sun will not rise today.

Learning the?
alphabets of violence.
I would not bet on you.

At nude beach
I was wearing the moon
in pitch dark.

Silently weeping
a prophet today asks
for the mercy of dead.

Satish Verma

Map Reading

In blood and grass
lies the snowman.

I must not look at it twice
after the spring melt.

The black magic has failed.
A mooned night will?
not reflect the real intent
of song's proxy in dark.

A lethal mix of twilight
and solstice, squats in gloom
to listen the surrender
of shine.

The glorious name, ultimately
drops the hint,
of profanity, written on wall.

Satish Verma

Marigolds

Wanting to know about
the violence in cuckoo's nest?
Heard the first call to court a mate.

*

You are not lonely
today. Moonlight will be
there at night.

*

The dark melts to
spring a surprise.
Suddenly there are colors around.

Satish Verma

Marking The Graves

Remaining hawk
in voyage of tears, birthing
a poem.

If art of communicating was
via testosterone, why
did you land on water?

Mongrels were increasing,
dirtying the road.

Greif multiplies. Hate was ingrained
in faith. The arithmetic goes wrong.

Landscape stays. Moon moves on.

Why red roses were
dying in your land? Tell me
angel, tell me.

The rage insults me. Who
was perfect in the crowd?
Do I ask the god?

Satish Verma

Marvelous Stings

Retrieve the ancient
mantra to invoke wandering
spirit of Agni.

*

Let the time burn
in crucible of fair pain to
test nugget's glitter.

*

Still virgin's book was
untouched? unopened
to redeem the words!

Satish Verma

Masculinity

A restive moon
went on skirmishing with;
the palm leaves in dark.

*

There was no
move to prevent the private
fleet of homegrown myths.

*

Scores of fallen
shoots you will find on the street
after the violence.

Satish Verma

Mask Unmasked

To become or not to become a renegade,
or to die or not to die for a semi-god?
These were some of the questions
thrown at an incomplete script.

What elevated you to a celebrity?
Your hump or deep wrinkled groans?
Age is abating, abattoir is empty.
Exile from the past is over.
When you intend to comeback to childhood
and become a simple star?

Behind the mask lies the embrace of death
I am afraid the flames will engulf,
the genius of pathways.
Everything will turn into obsolete gossip.
A patch of sunlight becomes a costly exposure
bones are entwined in eternal cuddle.

Satish Verma

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Bones are entwined in eternal cuddle.

Massive Explosion

Why does it happen,
when you collapse in,
 on yourself, a black

hole is formed? I don't
want to enter, the depth
 of eternal death!

Would you come with
me to have a look
 at the fading sun?

It is beautiful. The
rainbow on street, in-
 viting you to cross the colors.

It bleeds the heart, the
irreparable loss of the rival.
 You are here, not to come again.

Satish Verma

Matchmakers

non compos mentis
my monologue,
non-believer will say, it was
insult of salt,
under the bark, white ants were climbing, boring into sap,

kneeling,
at war with yourself,
disinheriting the loud blood,
you want to thwart the murky ariel
to scour the black mass
at belly,

the dynasty ends in obscene hugs,
grievers want to be forgiven
for the sake of kneading truth
on merciless palms:
it kills the headache, the eyes, the vistas
of bleeding expansion

Satish Verma

Mathematical Study

Rivals in equilibrium,
when conflict
interacts.

The reciprocal effect
hurts each other. There
would be no elegy for anybody.

The musk deer
roams for the mate in
the jungle of frozen dew.

Why it is? was
violent? No past, no
present. You want to live
with a diaper.

Small diamonds
poking out. O god, I
did not give you any gifts.

Satish Verma

Matrix

He said creating a will
to become whole Being,
was more important. Spacing of thoughts
can wait. Fear was there
all the time.

Life had been loaned on a timeless impermanence,
an in-between death and death
Light was being and dark was being.
There was no god, no icon
only shades.

Castaway on a lonely stretch,
you tune in to the rising pitch of cuckoo.
It stops for a while. A deliberate pause.
Again more resolutely it rises
to measure the awakening!

A soul caged in body wants to fly away,
on an austere journey; solemn and relentless
transcending the misprints of life.
The matrix and its secret will be out
after a short while!

Satish Verma

Matter Of Fate

While ascending throne,
you cover up your tracks?
by putting up the somber demeanor.
I don't find myself happy.

No stings visible. The world
is savagely beautiful, always
indulging in finding a goat.
Can you see through a person?

Wooden legs cannot take you very?
far. What you need was your intent,
to scramble and make a kill
of a subtone.

The crowd goes in a tizzy.
Tortoise in a bag, was moving
faster than the man.

Satish Verma

Matters Nothing

Like a cheat love,
moon sail, into the bushes.
I pluck a rose.

Leave me alone
under peach tree for a while.
The moon wants to talk.

Reeling in dark
to meet the guest of lake,
before he jumps.

Satish Verma

Maturity

Black tree
feeds the blood root.
There will be no sonic
connectivity.

How could I love
you so, at moonrise?
Shall I say the watercolor
has been washed?

It was not the culture
and style of time. The
renaissance wants to extract
the rare price.

Crisp nouns would
take revenge on the
unuttered words. The sacred
ism was no more valid.

Let the clouds cover
the bleeding sky.

Satish Verma

May Be

Like a planet you
are orbiting the black hole.
I become my enemy.

There was no life
left. Milky way wants the
journey to continue.

Disinherited. My
baby pains were chained.
I will not rescue the truths.

It was unasked
insult of artifacts. The hypocrisy
made the face ugly.

The world stops,
when you think of me to make
the replica of rebirth.

Satish Verma

May I Say

At ethnic moment
on the moonfront, artless impressionists
of parallel conflicts with anxious looks
come to share the self realized truth
of mangled uncertainties,

watching your own dead body:
small chicks huddle together for contemporary
thoughts of violence-to kill or not to kill-
humanity walks with bent head
listening nothing:

I am desperate, the moon was stone faced
black holes bleed and throw the crystals
of red light: dropp your pen and hold the death
on doorway, morning wind was coming
from the seaside:

for dissolution of your ego, I would go for a long swim.

Satish Verma

Meaning Beside Me

In time warp, to find
the fell of a dark moon
my thoughts bring out a birthday gift.

The first step in fog
discovers the sharp edge
of kindness.

Who will believe
this black and white,
suicide of a sage?

Newborn roses and dahlias
speak through
the nothingness of fear.

I just saw the face of death
floating on a pond.
Ashes and bones out of the urn.

Satish Verma

Meaningless

The shift to vernal tone
starts a standoff with eyelashes.
A sickle moon begins
harpooning the stars.

The unorthodox microlove
brings out a ciliated canon
of faithless interior. The gods
were going to become weary of snowfall.

Punctuating the silence, words
again scream, fly like eagles
in the valley of wounds. How far
the fire will go engulfing the untouchable?

Satish Verma

Meanness

Pushed by troubled waters
on the periphery; dream
interrupted, you start
coloring your nails differently.

A white moon was not that
white any more. You grow
overnight gray, becoming
older by decades.

Gravel was going for a coup.
Stones had upturned
the river.
Brutus, were you impeccable?

I don't want to travel
back to dark memories,
of a raccoon drowning
a little poor thing.

Satish Verma

Measuring The Scales

Was it a lunar effect,
I ask the fading light?
And my future invaded the magenta moon.

The saddest lips will
not tell the violence of uncluttered
words, that had wounded the heart.

I wanted to forget, my
foes, my friends? who framed
the charges against the mind bending quality
of my poems.

And here you stand
unsteadily in my vision, to fall
or not to fall in my trembling arms.

There were no beds
in the sea of daffodils. Either
you sit on the beach, counting the waves
or go very deep at the bottom.

Tell the watchman to
open the door of whispers.

Satish Verma

Medals And Awards

In a school of murder a hub of
terror survives.

An acid attack on face
captures the contradictions of first nervous countdown.

Step aside my truth, my tears
are under siege. The schizophrenic
will draw a landscape
of falling earth.

Tonight a visual poem will come alive
on a dirty screen of life.
Words were written like mercy
on the hands.

Why the face wears no smile?
Hard core pornography of blueberries survives
amidst the shooting and explosions.
The nymphs were waiting in the heaven! □

Satish Verma

Meditating Again

Adoration short of
consonants, was a sin
of little gods.

My silent prayers
beseeched you again, like
humming raindrops.

Kiss my bodiless
sleep in sad poems, when
the scars of words start
moaning.

Not to wake pain,
I held your hand for
eternity to write my epic.

I fumble, I forget.
The days I don't fall
in love with thorns.

Satish Verma

Meditation

talking of fire and passion
watch a scented pistil
guiding the asteroids, did you

hear the flawless silence
after the cuckoo's call, an interruption,
a suspended pause, then a

high pitched cascading note, moon
is still hanging out on the western sky,
it is dawn

sun is coming out from the hazel bed
violence must cease
clouds are meditating

Satish Verma

Meet Me Again

There was no collateral
damage to my flower vase.
My roses were intact.

I had asked you to wear
a yellow scarf like a ?
hijab of moon. Somebody was
going to meet plain brown end.

The famous leg cross of?
'Basic Instinct' does not impress me.
I will drink from your oceanic eyes.

Like Sylvia Plath in
death gown, you amble gingerly
to embrace my poems.

The dew drops hang
from the asparagus leaf tips.
I wipe away my tears.

Satish Verma

Meeting Ghosts

After I gave my life
to you, will you join a school to?
know, how deep was water in sea?

Beyond the stars lies
the dark sky giving birth to new earth.
Do we find, the aliens would accept us?

You will not find dead
souls in jars. The swollen heads
cannot think, cannot laugh.

Satish Verma

Meeting Nemesis

Blood on your hands,
do you belong here
to claim deity?

Baring my emptiness,
I have come to you
for some answers,

Sharing the same orbit, you
were shy to accept the debris rise.

Ah! Are we sliding
to mental downside? Snapped
under the stress of cultural climb?

You want to hurt yourself,
observing your own midriff?

No riposte was coming.
I am planning to quit
the stage.

Moment of hubris has come.

Satish Verma

Meltdown

Unveiled,
the moon will find you
after morose beginning
of becoming – me

Homophobia creeps in,
beyond the condemnation,
the incompleteness.

You walk straight in the arms
of contradiction, confusion
smearing the wall
with your crimson, nihilistic words.

Every other person
a demi – god
stands on your fears, sends whispers
down your ears.

To abdicate the colleagues
of dawn.

SATISH VERMA

Satish Verma

Melted Glass

Sometimes I do not
know what is happening.
I cannot say goodbye.

As you unfold, I watch
your proud surrender. I am not that.
In panic lovebirds fly away.

Once upon a time, life
had a meaning. I loved you.
Now river is changing course.

Satish Verma

Melting In Cold

Writing of words names
on paper gown, you catch the fire like
Casabianca on burning deck.

Must I stay! You
give a last call to unseen book.
It was not an ordinary trial.

Your eyes light up
when flames touch you. You
take a long breath and jump into sea.

Satish Verma

Melting Nowhere

Everything was in place,
and I started to find?
the kingpin, door by door.

Wanted to know more about the death,
when you were struck in silence?
of blackness.

Displaying the art of kill. It has
an ancient throw of fangs.
I am ready to catch the blues.

All day the hibiscus has
been bleeding. I will never
disappoint the skin of the pilgrim.

Oh pink eyes. Sometimes
I wonder, why this shade rests
after wedding a celibate.

Satish Verma

Melting Points

To sell the half-truths?
of lies, you quit
the post to live with Stonehenges.

Assembling another
dream. I rearrange the thoughts
to save the trembling planet.

Sleepover very discreetly
with me. Find out, how
my flesh has turned into gold dust.

Some wee moments,
chase after you, to become immortal
with each poem.

O life, read me.
I want to go quietly,
climbing down in waters of blue lake.

That was not worth it.
To wait under the moon
for a Cleopatra, who would
not carry asp vipers.

Satish Verma

Mementos

When huge trees
walk, the rocks
tremble.

This was a sacred
ritual, to get the
tang of stings.

Distressed,
the naked eye
roams in ruins.

Behind the veil,
the moon will heal the
acid burns.

How will you
celebrate the night,
for sylvan setting?

Satish Verma

Memes

After euthanasia,
I was conversing with a ghost.

Foam-born, he
wanted to shrink in a ring.

To cause harm?
a knife, apologizes,
for playing with fire.

That is the life,
of a mortal? to keep his
god, as a prisoner
of books.

And yet, you are called
a great warrior of words.

In your prime flight,
when the sun is setting,
you want to drop dead
like a sparrow, on eternal greenness
of silence.

The horses run in full alacrity.

Satish Verma

Memories Shimmer

A thought pricks again
and again. I cannot hear your
footfalls. In twilight, moon?

Comes, hugs you and
jumps into burning lake.
My ancient pain stands before me.

I have come faraway
from your home. My hand tremble
when I write your name on water.

Satish Verma

Memorizing

Under anesthesia
the elixir drips from the language
of poor and you come out
from the blue sea
holding a red lotus
between the teeth. The
sweet words take me to the
fire and smoke where
was a mangled corpse of a meaning.
The power of people now shows
the people of power.

You cannot read the signs
and arrows. The acid burns will
give the dying statement. Those
who doused the flames should
be punished.

Satish Verma

Memory Walk

Wanted to visit old lanes
for a mocking bird.
A luminous proxy wanted to play a game.

Treachery flees from
the trees and settles
on the white wings of flying swans.

No logarithm will stop
to watch the invisible
numbers going for infinity.

Tomorrow I go back to my
school, to wear my fallen mask.
The world was very obtuse to watch a setting sun.

Satish Verma

Mending Heart

I will ask you
to kill the weird thoughts,
and become wordless,
like a verbatim, voiceless
prayer.

At night, the moon
will break your silence
for the sake of mockingbird?
and tremblers.

A deep pain may violate
the peace again. You cannot
forget the veiled stranger, who
explained the myths of
losing oneself.

Discreetly you want
to surrender to win the
god of blue waters.

A blank paper starts
printing your name.

Satish Verma

Mending The Omens

My pick,
I will keep on giving you my best,
after the fear bath.

The cosmotic pain
caves in. Hirsute limbs climb
the steep cut of fog.
I will not punish me anymore.

A nagging doubt lingers on.
How long the dark night will last?

It causes a nip
in your voice. You speak very faintly
to understand me.

The earthly smell of your bare lips.
wafts in. Was it a surrender?

You become misty.
You tremble, like a poppy in
scented wind.

Like a walking fern. I may touch you.

Satish Verma

Mercy Kills

Laugh at me,
in sleep. Let the rogue
winds blow away my golden dreams.

Decoding my agony,
you will find the elixir of truth
by chewing the eternal pain.

Margin of danger
was big. On a short death?
trip you will not
encounter peace.

I am just me now. No frills.
All my desires shed, taking
off the appendages, becoming
bald like moon.

No more four-letter words.
Jawline widens by pressing the
teeth. The warriors had become rapists?

joining the gang of losers.
Planet was changing.

Satish Verma

Mesmerized

You open me up
like an envelope without
a knife. No blood spills.

Like arriving from Auschwitz,
you embrace all my skins,
my incompleteness.

I would know, you
are coming down from the
attic to meet the unknown stranger.

Goosefoots. You are
crawling, hugging the remorse?
a clear submission anonymously.

Wrapped up, I give
you my heart, still throbbing
without the rib cage. The
night brings the red moon.

Satish Verma

Message

And that did it.
Many voices in a mayhem
lost the face of lightening.

The starlight woke in rain
untainted by dust of beds
encased in wilful folds.

The tremors will not stop
the knocking of speech, after
an intimate kiss of the void.

Talking of lonely peaks,
whom I will not touch them in morning.
Let the night take its revenge.

Satish Verma

Message Written Off

Any need to stitch an acid,
bare designed, in endoplasm,
when moon was walking like a full-breasted bride?
The synthetic feat was neat and clinical,
yet I want to turn back and talk about
something which heals the spirit of winged sorrow.

Marrow implant blooms like pink dough.
Can you walk straight,
think clean?
Organs for sale; mannequins are real flesh, bones, heart.
Roasted incense of sick birds floats –
you become a possessed iris.

Can you do something?
My limbs are aching, terrific pain.
Want to run like a stricken buck,
go for fasting like a schizophrenic,
become a letter undelivered
and message written off!

What is the truth then?
I cannot afford to accept the defeat!

Satish Verma

Metaphysical

Like the artifacts of ruins,
you look back
at the lost innocence.

Too much knowing,
was hurting.
Life does not spare you twice.

You arrive incognito
in the jungle of
fake hugs and kisses.

Innovative. The fear
strikes, bites with
a lethal sting.

Could not reverse
the anhydrous eyes.
Trying to exhaust the vision.

Satish Verma

Metaphysical View

Sitting between the knees,
I am being bathed by intense anxiety
and fear of harsh light.

A canopy of doubts
confronts the dignity versus anarchy
for a watchman
who will not dare open-

the vault of truth. A fatal
ire of imagination puts him
to dire need of salvation.

Was I moving from the wrong
side of history in my zodiac
to change the drooping eyelids?

Death opens my door for a shortwhile
and then walks away
after watching the transparencies.

•□

The masks come and masks go.
Cracks do not disappear.
Either you destroy me,

or my inside will have
a singingbird,
closing the golden window.

The hardening of atereies.
Tension was rising
around the absence.

Who was the arbitrator
between dog and lamb?
The weather was ripening black currants.

Satish Verma

Metaphysically

Drop for drop
moon bites. You were
ready to taste venom.

The honey prompts
to heal the wounds of
autopsy. Resuscitation
takes place.

Life sucks the peace?
dear god. Any other
place to busy the pains.

How to erase your
name from torn papers.
There is always a print.

It requires morning
breeze to stop the
scream.

Satish Verma

Metaphysics

In search of happiness
I found you.

Who makes the slip?
God errs.
Puts the spirit between
mind and body.

Unbeknown, it
was ephemeral.

Think,
it was brutal
for a nerd.

Have a good moon.
I will say to my love.

I will stand
against the hot sun.

Satish Verma

Metaphysics Of Shrine

It was heart-wrenching
when you wanted to leave this earth,
by royal grave or by burning ghat.

Did you ever come
out from yourself, to find the
meaning of life versus death?

Mathematics of love
was a dark matter. The loneliness of
success had made you a purdue.

Satish Verma

Metempsychosis

Why would you need a
miracle to become human, after
shedding the skin?

In smoke screen you
become a lizard, creeping on lips,
hips, and chest of an ignorant person.

Verbs would roll down to
explain the gorgeous valley
of sylvian fissure. You had stopped
thinking after tequila.

The agave blooms once in a century
and dies. The man becomes
beast in one night and lives for ever.

Anguish calls. I don't hear my voice.
Become brain-dead, to meet my?
blue gods?

Satish Verma

Microevolution

Kissing under the
mistletoe. Moon puckers
wearing a hijab.

The creed tumbles,
for vast and open space,
to remove zeros.

Treat me as I was.
The shadow falls on lake
when time freezes.

Satish Verma

Microthin Smile

Stage was set for the god of death
to alight in vertical scoot.
Then a wall of fear was raised
to outrage the door of saviour.

The receptors were removed from brain,
rejecting the manhood
to join the queue of media barons.

Truncated lord becomes unbuttoned;
truth condition wavering.
Not again the ride through fire

Me and you are untying
the nuggets of tomorrow.
Death and dew will decide the venue of the event.

Go on beating the microthin
smile on the face of the moon.
Clouds are rising without me.

Satish Verma

Mid Crisis

Unbashed you
come and go in dreams,
like chrysanthemum.

*

In captivity
of clouds, the moon paints
your eyes with tears.

*

Dethronement of
roses was the art of
bare all artist.

Satish Verma

Middle Truth

White doves
with clipped wings
were losing the visual acuity.

The pride was
damaged without consolation.

How much you can climb
on the heap of the dead?
Honeybees won't buzz now in sun.

Can I ask your real name
by birth? There would not be any religion?

Perhaps I was not pure
as your virgin paradise.

Your breadth does not reach me any more.

I am going high
to confront the unknown,
to kill the flesh.
There were no bones of truth.

Satish Verma

Midnight Blues

Like godfather,
moon was giving a
benevolent smile.

Picking at bedclothes.
Cannot sleep?
moon was too bright.

Stony creek.
I collect the pebbles?
of all colors.

The peacocks?
cried in rising crescendo.
Night was silent.

Satish Verma

Midnight Happening

You never forget
the fat preemie.
A perfect revenge of the curse?
at unsgiving.

Streaking in
snow, when it
was frighteningly dark.

The moon-bathed
body of the thumb king
running without feet.

How would you?
climb, the black hills
of desire in tragic land
of skulls?

The living god was to
become a marbled statue.

Satish Verma

Midnight Shots

The bull's-eye on
your chest, the black marker
on death apparel, was
turning red after the shots rang out.
Somewhere in a golden cage a parakeet starts?
shrieking.

And which means, each grain
of the last portrait you?
made would inherit the color
of the dying sun. We were
martyrs bulled by milk of the
religion of the state.

After sometime there will be
no news of you. We will
forget, forget the footsteps
of past, our golds would bloom
in the garden of hate. The mystique
of palace will bask in glory.

Satish Verma

Migratory Songs

You will never know
how a poem wakes you.

When the moon goes to sleep,
like real, but cute, your
swallows hold the space
between the breasts, feeding
on words in flight.

Be fed with divinity.
The beauty lies in mute love.

The birth of pain
brings you back home.
You create your own brick world.

Like red rain, you
collect the sparks, floating
in brisk air. Something was going
for self-immolation, like an unholy
thought inside me.

I will ask you
to pull down the sky.

Satish Verma

Milk Bath

He had tied the brown thread on the pole
relieving the spirits from trees for the start
of belly dance of death on sand dunes,
whispering, gyrating to the tune of an
invisible snake charmer. Salaam
ambrosia, you had pledged to unhole
the milk bath, black waves will crash on the
windows, that I dream was true, god will
have the nativity for mankind and planet
earth will redeem peace.

Let us first accept the defeat of eternity,
and wounds will leap on, pouring upwardly,
aimlessly to defy the diktat of gravity,
contents you will know one day, watching
the birds fly away to warm lakes, that needs
a precision, geometry and courage
to glide over the tallest peaks.

Satish Verma

Milkweed

Mundane indulgence for a prolonged state
of agony in truth of fake lies and synthetic tears,

bloated rendition of angels; the hate crawls
out from the ruins of time. I crave for the musical

instruments left in the room. The song was inside
the winds, became untouchable in obscene

display of naked screams, the freedom of
stones to kill the

black roses for rivals. Somebody stages a
comeback for toppling the victor. A viper

is thrown at you in dark to deliver a message!

Satish Verma

Millennium Celebrating

I was ready to board the ship
laden with terror on mortal waves.
The patriarch was dying inside
the sleeve of hidden rocks.

Hope and death,
death and hope
flicker in dark. What if the blasts
start again in the cool air?

The planks lick the salt of earth.
Lipless mouths cannot speak.
Departure of sun was blameless,
unanswerable to human wails.

Satish Verma

Million Times

Completely broke,
an empty glass, wants
to drink from your eyes.

Validity was incredible
between the silence
of centuries.

Give back my nowness.
Future had migrated into past.
Moon will not rise
for me.

Where was the apotheosis
of my defeats? Any extra
kiss of fireflies was not sufficient.

I will write my own
end in your hands, when
sun brings down the flame.

To sin with the invisible,
had become a liberation.

Satish Verma

Millstone

They were decapitated
in winter.
To send forth again, fresh,
the green twigs of summer.
Trees of roadside.

My friends, I used to talk
to them in my morning walk.

Once I sat under
a wishing tree for a divine feel.
There were lots of colored threads
tied round the massive trunk.
I wanted to arrive in the neighbourhood
of absurd escapes of a
fake religion.

My footfalls on stairs were becoming
louder, lugging the wasted life.
It was time now.
To understand the deep shadows
of unanswered questions.

Satish Verma

Minacia

Dismantling the menace
very discreetly, the matchmakers
walked over the hurricane to bring
back showers.

Unreachable, moon was smiling
in the blue sky. The maidens were busy
in observing a fast to get a muse.
A million stars went on counting the sins.

Innocent milk will fill up the breasts
of waiting mothers whose children
were coming back from the front. The
shadows were changing with weather.

Inertia of dust turns into a sculptor,
with eyesless sight. A mask falls
from a reclining god.

Satish Verma

Satish Verma

Mind In Asylum

With unease, I follow
the terror on terrace.
The moon was sauntering on the spiky grill.

Fugitive words. I wanted
to take them home. It was
a tipping pain.

That was a brazen assault
in my privacy. Leave me
alone with my roses?

I wanted to talk to them
for a while, before I climb
the rainbow to become artless.

The muse sometimes leaves
me behind. The body gives in,
fighting off the daydreams.

Satish Verma

Minutes Into Hours

You do not mean, what
you say in dim voice, I
would, what I didn't say.

Light moves abruptly
to kill darkness. I was wounded.
Seeds would germinate?

Half a sun, King moves.
Queen sleeps on the golden bed.
Moon will weep at door.

Satish Verma

Miracles Don't Happen

Part of me? like a morpheme,
you are leaving.
Now I will stand without legs.

The slain shadow moves
from face to face. I
have yet to complete my chapter.

I know what you have to offer.
But I wanted more of
your intimate thoughts about life and death.

You have frequent mood swings.
Sometimes you wanted to go insane
in this clever and wise world.

I trace the terrain of the
inaccessible mount, where one day
you will find broken hull.

Satish Verma

Miracles Happen

No, I don't think,
when I write. My poem
finds its own words.

The thought
moves stealthily. You put
your hand on my hand.

Your eyes now
search the lost kingdom
of trembling nostalgia.

Will I remain
human? Living amidst
the burials? Do the dead
laugh?

Was there a casualty
at beach? You will not swim
nor drown, for becoming
a nightingale.

My eminent reverse
was to live, waiting for
you!

Satish Verma

Mirage

A futurist virginity in black rose
was seeking posthumous award
for immoral kisses of thorns.

Unaware of lethal thighs
skipping the lunar landscape
at night.□

Were you going to leap over
the mountains curling across the glaciers
of white pain?

I will extend the shadow
of infinite truth,
when we talk about the half-death
of unborn hunger.

Satish Verma

Mirror Ravaged

I was deeply annoyed.
One by one they were falling,
walking in quagmire.

For duplicating rights?
Dead pelicans, pouch empty.
Somebody was picking ants from the air.

Give me some cold pack,
my head is throbbing hot,
I am burning.

Nine year old innocent
raped by a septuagenarian.
A twin pregnancy. I will go insane.

They were still talking about
the golden beach, and perfected will.
Too late to count the gods.

The pale body was untying the mask.
The suffering borrows from the death
and embryo becomes a temple.

Satish Verma

Mirrored Echoes

Sometimes reading your?
own poems, you start
listening to your heart again.

There was no concealing.
Deep red to blue, you
will read your mind.

You peel off the pomegranates
the purple heart,
brown eyes.

Unhoped for the
acid test, you burn your hands.
Dry wood goes into flames.

The stains now
cling. You cannot wash
away the domes, split eyes, the fall.

The night waits for
the unborn sun. You write a new poem.

Satish Verma

Miscues

After a little wee,
I will put the record straight
by removing your name
from the hit list.

No more, the river
bleeds, chasing the mannerism,
of falling stones on
the glass houses.

A massive selfie campaign,
overtakes the school bus,
full of wayward, tipsy
wandering kids.

The negativity
targets the blooms. Roses are
roses, they will not stop
sending their compliments.

Satish Verma

Misdemeanor

A war was on,
(psychological)
to transgress the unwritten line.
Me, stranded on the
sands of time.

Day after day
shaven heads in protest
erupt in fury.
Firebrands join like
ducks to water.

In camera, you
open the folds of mystery.
As we start reading script,
the wounds were mine,
and you were the sounds.

On the table, I put my
eyes, ears and my
father's shoes. I come
out in open, to take
a shower of abuses.

Satish Verma

Missed Adventures

The waves
had brought me to you.
Do not be gentle to time.

Lower the songs
into a mass grave,
as the violence spreads.

This time-travel
will take you to panic attacks.
Blackness moves very fast.

Hypoxia.
Photons will take you
to fading sun.

Glitterati,
now hurts. You cannot
haul the gift of reeds.

Satish Verma

Missing

Dismantling the vista
for a missing link.
A moon rises behind the ruins.

I see only the water
and a sunken ship in shallow bed.
The wings have carried away the wind.

A beautiful sin to become
polyamorist worshipping many goddesses
dying everyday.

The blood draws a line
around the chaste bed, where
half-brothers will kill each other.

I tie the knot with hanging
fountain of virtual image.
There will be no consummation tonight.

Satish Verma

Missing Heartbeats

In the madhouse,
after the day of punishment
you walk naked.

Stunned, it was
legalized, pain that will
rule. Never more than pain
of peers was to be accepted.

Would you like to
rest under the palm tree
in scanty shade?

Utopia was no more
in our vision. You invent
scary contraptions stealing from
tribal myths.

Let me not mourn for
myself. Renaissance
reverts. Who was changing
the history?

Not political, my despair
was for you.

Satish Verma

Missing Portrait

I climb up the stairs to know
How much you need
between nothing and a thing?
Grasshoppers are storming the sky
in inverted outwardness.

They will breed in millions
and then die to become the delicacy
on the platter of man.
From basic instinct to martyrdom
Insects don't eat.

Violence was middle name of lust
Homo sapiens was walking again on all fours
hurling the abuse, grabbing the flame
becoming the god of oppressed and approved
words are crawling everywhere.

My fingers are burnt, my poem bleeds
give me some water, some real cool.
Lake is on fire, god is on run.
Clouds are empty and sun is an abstract.
Frame is broken, portrait missing.

Satish Verma

Missing The Bus

For the memory of palms,
the pretence lives on?
the blade of a saber.

You run on the sands
barefoot? to catch the waves
returning back to sea.

You had stopped
talking to me? wearing the
mystery? I loved.

On skin you print the
anthem. Somebody kills the lamb.
The pathos went quiet.

Becoming cold turkey,
absolutely white. The pilgrimage
over, you break the coconut.

Satish Verma

Missing Words

If you must go
empty-handed, the sacred
hymn will always follow you.

Poems had
entered into you. Enough,
you said. You were overwhelmed.

I will wear the cloak?
you had left behind to,
read your beautiful, mind.

Will not give up to find
out your lost footprints. Criminality
on its own would be erased.

Pain was universal.
Coming and going will continue.
Curtains will not come down.

Satish Verma

Mission Aborted

Walking in sleep at
night with large steps like a
colossus on earth.

*

Measuring the planet
to find shelter for unbearable pain
of suffering souls.

*

Some chaste efforts
will take you to a deep hole
to displace the satan.

Satish Verma

Misted

One thought we would
share, but won't talk.
A round moon offers
the childhood innocence.

Did you touch
my hand to transmit
a galaxy of bright
revelation?

The blood moon was
once hacked to death,
when you refused
to kiss the burning candle
of epiphanic moment.

A superembrace
sets you free from the
shackles of commitment
to become earthly shadow.

Untouched I cannot find
the title of incomplete life.

Satish Verma

Mitos And Fanatics

Deceit had a mitotic division, it was spreading;
temporal print on calico.
Possible, had many variations
and masons were existentially tense.

Frank discussion was taking place
between fanatics
to exterminate or allowed to live
shooting stars.

For demolition
you don't need scrupulous hands.
A giant pain was visible in vibration of sun
leaving footprints on grass.

Paralysed waist down
virginity kindles a prayer,
labial submission of love.
The dead faith stumbles down on climbing up.

Endlessly the war goes
between god and man.
Estranged keys have lost the doors
and walls are crumbling.

Satish Verma

Mixed Voices

You break me up,
with a tinge of salt?
playing with your god.

Like a new moon
talking to sky,
nixing the old bed?
leaving behind the baby steps.

Unvisited words
cause deep ripples.
You were climbing a tall autumn.

Wasn't it the malefic
effect of Mars on the trembling
legs of a pilgrim?

Having no-reservation,
curse of dismantling a pyramid
looms large.

I was not afraid
of half-lion, half-human.
Root suckers were happy.

Satish Verma

Mixing Bowls

It was your choice,
to seek or not to seek.
God wasn't everywhere.

*

There was not much
argument to abandon,
lofty peaks for river.

*

Will become classic
in heap of dark moons.
That was called grace!

Satish Verma

Mixing The Shades

Catching the colors?
of rainbow, altering sky.
You kiss me again.

The panic was real.
Confession of a lone wolf
enters twilight zone.

Strange undergrowth sends
misty feeling of raw wounds.
I sing my farewell.

Sorcery comes alive.
You tie my hands not to write
the violent sunset.

Satish Verma

Mni Poems

The maligned,
bloody moon,
will never show
the darkside.

Like
human nature,
a theorem,
unsolved.

*

The fiction
was incomplete.
The end,
was unending.

Blaming
the punctuation.

*

No
amnesic stance.
I wanted to stitch
The fragmented past.

The tainted
weeds, will not
allow the phrase
to complete.

*

Was there any
need to catch
the essence of physical?

The words were

sufficient to hurt
the unborn.

Satish Verma

Moaning Chimneys

There was no rationale
of jinxed proxy. Let me sort
out the gifts of a no god.

You want to initialize me
in forgetting you. Was it so
simple standing under the rains?

Who were you in
my nest, divorced from the
silence of the aches?

The door will not open now for
the moon to walk in for a tender kiss.

This soil, the grief
the stairs I am going to throw
your malignant civilization.

Start respecting yourself now.
I will come to pick
up my virginity.

You do not know, what was
behind this inertia.

Satish Verma

Mob Was Coming

The enormous evil pours
its darkness on streets.
Violence throws its tentacles.
Overpowering fear stalks
and we shrink inside.
Ancient wounds fester again.
Our pain knives the clutches and
suddenly we search for the roots.

When the centuries fail,
who will link the dates?
The spaces in mind
are thronged by promising tomorrows
of soft pornography.
The virus spreads far
and wide and calender bares the ignobles.

The mob was coming.
Windows have new paint.
We will collectively burn
the scriptures in the city.
The deep tunnels hide the debris
of our broken limbs and shredded belief.

Satish Verma

Mockery

Entering into deathless trance
the moon was galloping across the clouds,
clad in blue winds,
for a spiritual encounter with the sky.

A saint in making,
a grandson of god,
retreats in a religious retreat
to taste a forbidden pain of separation,
without surface love.

In a see-through transparency
the arrogance juts out
parting the tall grass of the assault course.
The prophetic self-absorption will decide the destiny.

The segregation of caste had ultimately
blossomed. Matter is generating energy.
Cosmos of a single dewdropp reflects in sun
The dry loaves are thrown on the street.□

Satish Verma

Mockingbirds

Have-beens went into fury.
Like silkworms, after the shock
spinning the myths around them.

Then the gossip will turn towards
the words, locked in extra
sensory awakening.

The gametes move in a chasm,
needing the pastoral scorn.
From the barrel of a gun flows the religion.

Spreading the thighs and baking
the sweet croissants. Will the honey
heal the wounds?

Of centuries? Moon god to moon god
under the swaying palms
man still cannot bring the house in order.

Satish Verma

Mode Of Dying

Brutal. Another lover
too. Four-letter words kill.
A self deception begins.
You shut up in yourself.

From meaningless trivia you
want to extract peace.

The leather was becoming feminist.

You can eat your partner
if conflict increases.

Will you like to read Camus
again? Especially- The Myth of Sisyphus?

The humming birds are
disappearing. No trumpet shaped flowers.

Half-naked in beachdress?
a truth was swept away.

Satish Verma

Mode Of Slaughtering

Blindfolded I groped,
to cross the line?
not to become carnivore.

The gorge was deep.
I turn cold. The echo of
silence boomed in fatherless
seeds of mercy.

I will warn myself,
and ask why was there transcendence,
when the impulse was
to hang?

Thinking of truth
was difficult. Your footsoles
develop blisters. No home
was in sight.

Accepting the challenge
you start searching the
temples where deities were
dismembered.

Satish Verma

Modesty

In fever, I will
always see butterflies
landing on your nose.

White, yellow, black.
They come and go and I am
sitting under a cherry blossom tree.

Stroking you, cajoling you
to drop the wings.

In grass the sun waits
in a dew drop.

The moon was not a poor thing.
Will come in white robes
to preach.

Satish Verma

Molten Anger

And, it tore through dumb claim;
the fakes had commingled with
the truth. Nowhere my soul
found peace.

One by one shadows were losing
their skeletons. The tarnished face
was forced to recant its nose
and shrank into hole.

Blood grievously turned grey
and skin tanned blue in fierce withdrawal.

He tracked naked in squall
of abuse leaving the eyes for blind rubbers
and bald tweet, the child
is coming back home.

Satish Verma

Molten Grief

Give me back,
me back, my affections.
I had planted the kisses on
melting lamps.

The dark tunnel goes
to a lake for a rendezvous
with pink death on white lips
of cinders.

Such agony of wintering tree.
Not a single bird
on the branches to pump the green
blood for the wheels of time.

The speeding moon was in hurry,
to question the oppressed night.
Why the days were becoming
shorter and shorter?

Satish Verma

Molten Tears

savage was the bond of weakness;
we were hiding behind the pain
of decline, abdicating the singed shrine
of nameless opposition, nowhere the roots
were reaching the bottom of truth, I ran
like river of life amongst the flames, you try to
resuscitate a dozing century by burning
poems, every one fighting the jinx,
counting the tiny deaths

give me your locked secrets of fire
let me face the cold-blooded murder
in caldron of dead lips

Satish Verma

Moment

To go beyond global suffering,
find death in blue glacier
of frozen physicals.
Greed of elements, and attached commentary
on the burning, anonymously,
when you were in dock.

The unfolding of the negation starts
softly down the blissful oblivion.
False pretensions keep you alive amidst
the crowd, the only art of rebellion
in the depths of despair.

The arguments were rising every morning,
when all the doors were shut
and sun was hiding behind the hills.
A procession of self-styled prophets
marched in the wrap of chosen blessed
to find the antique
non-movement of the moment!

Satish Verma

Moment Of Hubris

Discarding?
the past, systematically,
you reach the core,
of undoing.

A curse hangs?
over the empty cup.
Now you can fill it
with tears.

Space shrinks.
Eternal memory of
losing your faith?
brings in the damaged truths.

Stick and carrot?
both survive.
It was not, it was,
the liberation.

Satish Verma

Moment Of Truth

An ultimate lie becomes a reality in life,
Like slit in the throat of a lamb in a meadow.

A wounded ego scrambles
for an explanation,
which is not coming.

Who can stop this verdict of a non-trial?
The tragic nonending of a conflict
between doubt and inherited faith?

You search for a perfect rhythm in
a turbulent crowd,
search for a silence in a flaming torch,
in the moment of truth,
when an entity is disintegrating.

Satish Verma

Moments Of Inertia

I asked the suicide bomber,
"why you want to throw yourself
to your death
scattering arms and legs? "

A beautiful moon
then, rammed into a golden lake
to find the secret age of
a wee god.

I felt the colossal waste
and said, look within first
and then cross the river
of arguments.

Like a diamond ring
I wear the truth of morning sun.
My heart will ask, what was
the role of night in draping
the stars around the deceiver.

Satish Verma

Monilia

Irreverent arsenic of lake bottom
was seeping in me
I was riding on waves, moon-stuck.

The nude shot
of anemone, blindfolded
after the criminal assault.
Why they were throwing the lewed comments?

A raw cave
of white pain, drags the deity out
and dances on hawthorns.
The butchers become sick,
sick to the bones.

O democracy, king was not wise,
wise was not king.

Satish Verma

Monstrosity

What would you say?
if I shed my identity,
before the water enters the boat?

A cold-blooded,
culpable homicide, of the genius,
whom you gave your house
of cards.

Amidst the pathless windows
leading to no night
no dawn.

The ice bucket dramatics.
What message you want
to send, to thirsty small birds.

The fishermen sleep
beyond the echoes. No stones
were going to scream.

Satish Verma

Monument

A pithy moon
climbs
on a skull
to unmask the alien,
blacker than coal.

A pregnancy reduction
was needed
to prune out
the motor plan of the moving
target, who had-

a neural circuitry
for obstructing
the light. Can you
transcend a prude who will not
accept a celibate?

Not so sad, a beautiful face
abandons the darkness.

Satish Verma

Mood Swings

Must I give you
the chilled truth of dry winds
till the fire
reaches the backyard?

The half-thumb
was held by the wheels.
Why you were pushing
the hearse
of a dead lie?

Anonymus
was the letter written by moon
to the damp cloud.
The rain drops will never
agree for the trysts.

Satish Verma

Moods

coming out of the frame,
in evening without a sun, unflinchingly,
he said, he was talking to his father
daily, in his mind, who was in grave,
(when he was on ventilator)
about a lesson of deception, about the things
evolved in endogamy,

cherubic, it seems, but there was water on the moon too,
in solitude, on gravel, under the rocks;
he kept on washing his hands for hours,
to remove the dirt and stigma, gathered on shaking
the lamps around the dark and then he started
collecting the flowers from the embroidery
of clouds

do not cry in the afternoon

SATISH VERMA

Satish Verma

Moody Effect

When you were you,
me picked up the words-
you didn't say.

You stir up a verse,

incendiary enough-
to start the chakras of sorrow.

Why to believe in
reincarnation, when carnations
in your eyes won't die.

A bloodbath for
believing in nothingness-
of innocence in the folds of time.

The seeds were in mode
of dispersal, of hate
and crowds were thinning.

A strange thing was going to happen.
Dark sky would descend
randomly to capture the speed.

Satish Verma

Moon Struck...

I have put the darkness
behind the burning flesh.
This world was not very open.

Stoically I lift the nameless grief
and take a leap in the blind shaft.

Morality had always been in contrast
with enormous guilt.
The adventure of turbulent life
was in quest of scraped moments.

Tender roots come out
from fallen seeds.
Of untouched desires.
Moonstruck I will gather dust.

Was it not sufficient to live on,
when past and future were not my part?
And how forsaken
was the moon.

Probability was always certain
and worship of a new messiah
a distinct possibility.

Satish Verma

Moon Burning

I become again a fakir,
but not on alms.

A giver wants nothing
after a knife thrust.

Take away as many as
you can, my thoughts, my limbs.

There is no language
of charity, in the black hole.

You are the one, who
does not need any ladder.

Sitting on the beach, watching
the waves collapsing.

One day you will move
away from the walkway.

Satish Verma

Moon Child

Blessed dying
like a fading moon?
with no watermark.

A candle's flame
makes a hole in your shaking hand.

Skids off? on the
unpaved dirt road, a sleep catcher.

Climbing on moon shaped
rocks for the final jump.

Comes like a throwback
dialogue, what you did not say.

I will go in the wings now.
It is your turn to come
on the stage.

A nameless baby was born
on paper. It has
become an epic.

Satish Verma

Moon In March

You know what I mean.

You replicate the moon,
when someone dies for a cause
at the edge of light
between life and death.

Why in every voice
you appear. Blood sucking has
started. Vectors were ready to strike.

Earth was not my home.

Satish Verma

Moon Path

It stuns.
A vampire bleeds
the vein of black moon.

Unresigned,
I pursue the path
of your historical pain.

What provokes
your inner beast to become
your own light
to enter the darkcaves.

The stone tools
cross your footprints.
A python tries to swallow sun.

You steal,
not imitate my golden words
to become immortal.

Satish Verma

Moon Rise

Like burning coals on the tongue
the words smoulder the ardour.
I cannot pursue a thought of untruth
for sake of remainin alive.

The water hole is dry, we turn back
from poetry and greens,
heading towards onother cul-de-sac.
A fear mocks at the face.
About being a human failure preparing
to admit the defeat.
Despair will decide the path!

I always adored a struggle for reality
calmly choosing the self-denial.
Secretly I weave a memory of moon rise
in pitch darkness.

Satish Verma

Moon Slept In My Arms

The shadow love
behaves like cannabis.
I laugh with you.

Go to war. I say
to myself. You prepared
nothing for yourself.

Why did you want
to wash the golden ring
with your tears?

Satish Verma

Moon Walk

A frosty look when
moon floats in a cup.
I was uneasy.

Rose was rose.
Thorns want to tear it up.
Blood was mine.

After moon it
will be dark. I walk back
to find a candle.

Satish Verma

Moon Was Not Rising

Ask the destroyer
of the day, why did you
cross my path? when the
sun was setting?

A subdued sexuality was ready
to get the answer?
from the ultimate punishment.

Meanwhile I search
the ruins of old empire for salt seepage.
Freedom from bread and roof
was still far away.

The cultish nativity booms.
Who was the inheritor of this?
earth? Are you sure the face
of moon was shrinking.

Why the defence of
blood corporates? Shame
the arousal of hooded king cobra.
Snakecharmer was dead.

Satish Verma

Moon's Shadow

The path was becoming pathless
after seeking the deluge.
Gunslingers were climbing on trees
to shoot the white doves.

There were ice needles in my eyes
to check the inheritance of height.
Desires move with a feline grace, lynx-eyed.
You taste me like a lamb.

I am unfolding,
layer by layer;
year by year. From end to beginning.
The benign tumors are going to attack

my ng, falling
my bliss in midnight of words,
across the solace of killer gaze,
on a stretch of ancient footprints.

Satish Verma

Mooning Around

The porous mind?
in the vacant chair, thinking
of infidelity or unbelieving? with
folded hands in prayer
like mantis.

Eating moonlight?
a predator will wait
for a victim fall.

In meditation, you
evolve into Zen. The intuition
to kill, the urge? to go
bald and bare.

The kleptomania. Let me steal
your god from your garden?
without any need. Just
a showpiece.

In a death trap
millions of caterpillars die daily.

Satish Verma

Moonless Night

Hauling up
the debris of your life
in failing light.

*

Bending like grass.
Standing like a solid rock!
where did you reach?

*

The fatal night!
to remove the downy velvet
from your sharp antlers.

Satish Verma

Moonlight Through The Filters

At the foot of the
burning candle, a dancing
shadow gives you a call.

In moment of
hubris, all chandeliers
will crash and prehistoric dirt
will cling to hairy legs.

The taste of berries
was changing. In deep
autumn only skeletons
talk.

Near the lamp
festival, we will watch
the leaking sky. The
aliens would have the last laugh.

The time turns
back the clocks. The
defiant mood will bring out
the beautiful masks.

Satish Verma

Moonlit Lake

Hot fish

becomes topiarist.

I want to remove the scales.

Once for all.

The lesser island
holds the boat. You

become ready to rove
in dark.

Hot fish

scrambles at dawn.

Do not open the eyes.

It will go straight.

Satish Verma

Moonset

When you yield to be
my subject, I will go beyond
the moon to propose.

A rendezvous in
the lost Eden of ecstasy
to retrieve footprints.

On the muds of time,
who knows whom we will meet
in the jungle of rains.

Satish Verma

Moonwhite

Beyond the river
I will meet you one day
as a castaway.

Gently a mystery
resolves. You were my
half-being, uncensored by
quirk of fate.

That was the lost
innocence of a fakir,
who left the palace to
encounter the god.

Nothing to hold on;
the empty boat crashes
at the bank.

You were going to
become a father of unborn
progeny, which will discard
you at the end.

All the white lies had become
black truths.

Satish Verma

Moonwhite Heart

Let me reach the
zero point, where I didn't
want to go.

The hymn to saddened
goddess, will always belong to
sender of black roses.

I will ask a question
after seeing you. Were you
ready to receive a non-killer?

The coming of my
rival was a blue shame.
I did not touch your lips.

The sun wakes up
and the dew shines again
on your flickering lids.

Satish Verma

Moony Affair

I take you in my arms. O moon.
Crazed. You have become a muse
 of a dervish. I hear the noises. Inside.
Beyond perception. I could have swapped
with you. My rage. My skin. My solitary inside.
 Becoming a dagger into your heart jumping.
Never falling you said. The evergreens. I
have again crops. Standing, on the river.
 Not crossing the bridge. To meet the spring.
In meadows. May be. Unsayings. Will
it help to know? The words standing behind
 the lips? Will you catch the words?
Floating in air, when I am gone with
the clouds. You will keep on repeating I
 was here, in your eyes, in your tears.
Moving away in opposite direction will
you look back when dawn arrives?
 I will hold you and kiss on mouth.

Satish Verma

Morality

It might happen? that
I become you, in your spring,
you remain winter.

It will never come,
my birthday, till your bright?
red lilies bloom.

The lips won't move
for a kiss of the black rose
under the blue moon.

Satish Verma

Moratorium

A city burns.
The child carries the father
on his head.

The museum of skulls.
Nudes had blue veins
and scars on thighs.

The names were inherited.
Gettysburg water
refuses to mend the bones.

Ah, daisies are throwing
up the seeds in despair.
Civilization has come very far.

Progeny of death
were searching the mother
of all sins.

Satish Verma

Morning Hour

The grass clings
to earth?
for a feel of mother.

A tall conifer
sends the message
to sky.

Not hearing?
the cooing of ringdoves
in snow.

Listening to
the swish of a car
on silent road.

Satish Verma

Morning Landscape

In shrinking façade
of sky, my ardor was on edge.
Will you target the?
moon now?

Like sitting in a
padded cell, you want to
tell? everything to god of violence.

Was the time really
ready to explode at the
face of sun, pay obeisance
to Kali?

The golden statue of
a nymph has come for sale,
in swish of a candle's flame.
Any price for humanity at large?

The cherry trees are
in bloom, shedding their
veils. Nobody stands under
them for fear of discovery.

Satish Verma

Morning Mist

A complex question?
it was. Why your
hands were trembling?

The body becomes
a kayak. You were sailing
alone in the lake of bluebells.

Elegy and epilogue
become one. I have come
to meet my humming bird.

Still suspended in
deathless space, the sun
wants to hide.

The revelation
was not to solve the enigma,
but to listen to inside.

Satish Verma

Morning Star

There was no beginning
no ending.
Beyond tomorrow
you will be, what you were not.
Words would disappear,
only meaning will be left.

The interval ceases to be
from 'wasness' to open pathway.
When you are not ready
I will be there to lift the veil.

My total pain surges forward today.
Quietly death opens the door
to welcome the lost child,
whose burden was his taste.

Farewell to the visitors of night.
The morning star is rising.

Satish Verma

Morphed

What a long friendship with
moon!

I refuse to accept the blast.
Papa is dead, he said and
latched on to circularity.

I don't seek the interbreeding
with terror.

It was me in reverse mode
of cryptomania.

Too stoic; stop. I think
I am wrong; stop. And a serenade
for the lady luck. This life
was too much for me; stop.

Androgynous.

The female body wants to eat
maleness, by almond eyes.

The old man was walking barefoot
with a paintbrush.

Satish Verma

Mortal Blues

That satanic streak
of tireless undressing
of a hapless monarch.

Wings were gone. Cannot fly
across the tree
of hypocrisy.

A footmat for the suicidal jump
from the elegant hierarchy
to grainy lies.

Why are you turning ungreen?
You will dig up the temple
without god?

Satish Verma

Mosaic

Snippets of truth
come to you,
when you chase the anger and set yourself
on fire. An intimate slap of a fall guy
rages after the defiance.

You are no longer bleeding gold.
A windowless home
for the defiled, waits for you
at the end of the road.
The democracy has drained out all the symbols.

Behind the grain now lies the eye;
behind the wood now fire rages.
A stretch of pair on ethnic hills.
Wings unfold,
but light goes out.

Satish Verma

Most Gifted

The trauma will not go,
I will go to sea.
My lips reciting veda.

You hire the new currency
to buy a kiss of bodiless lover.
Sky offers the moon.

Infallible palm
spreads the leaves for your
footfalls not to single
under the sun.

I speak wordlessly
you listen by eyes.

Mercy kissing comes
in vogue. You have increased
the surrender value
before the Agni.

Satish Verma

Most Wanted

Meet a gender bender.
There was a precocious
revolt.

A cryptogamic kinship.
Someone writhes
ecstatically.

A god writes a hymn
on the chest of
a new born baby.

Beyond the origins
lies a marbled tale.
You have reached nowhere.

Inflammable was
the blue birthmark.
There was an arrival.

Satish Verma

Mother's Day

A heap of voices hails you, when you stop
in the tract.

The silence migrates to new depths
where silhouettes are created,
on the veil of solitude.

It was the flame of pride.
Only there was being,
Of non – being.

A load is lifted. a tender death smiles
I walk in the deep woods,
to collect my mother's ashes.
She had a scented presence in the sunset.
I will weave a pattern,
of shooting stars in the black sky.

I may not go back
to the epitaph, for a goddess of first
and last war with my conscience.
The full text of infinite pain,
will remain a secret.
I never wanted to remain blameless.
The sneaking time will tell the truth.

Satish Verma

Motionless

But I don't know
who was me, taking sunbath
to meet moon.

The marbles slip from
your hands to hit the white
mausoleum at dusk.

Dip any muse and
words bleed. I will not ask
for orphanage.

Satish Verma

Mounting The Zero

In the middle of a sentence
I become silent,
dig a grave
and bury all the smiles.

But you cannot say I have
not understood the wrinkles on
your face and ignored the
lighthouse which went for a sale.

The ocean will not spill the
secret of a sunken ship.
The volition was there, the captain
was there, but magnet was lost.

Toothache persists. Solar storms
were rising. A sunspot in black
center refuses to blast the mass
ejected by bowing.

Satish Verma

Mourning

Throw a nude at him and
he will make it a weapon-
to rape a moon.
Becomes a study to flaunt
the dipping sun.

Not mature enough to
follow the hanging valley.
Going nowhere. The black
sky was immaculately
blameless.

This is the destiny of charred
words. Untouchable now like
a violence from a dew drop. I
will not wipe out the dust
from the bleary eyes of the young spring.

No complaints. I have hundred
of failures to know
that I have not reached.

Satish Verma

Mourning Band

The descent starts
with a dance, of tears and fire.
A culture of lids
lowers the salt, the silver,
the gems.
Antithesis to cremate
a golden ascent.

The night long vigil had a
naked puff.
It will roll now in stasis.
The ash will take over the tongue
for a big lie. Faith healers stand
in a row. The empty hands
were getting a burial.

The toeless path will ride the
wheels now. Beyond the blue sky
there is no death.

Satish Verma

Mourning The Deluge

Something was not polite in signs.
The smell of incarcerated bed of gods
was floating down.

A subdued shadow of black moon
was climbing on the window. And each
house had offered a son, to rage

a war of retribution. Malice towards
one and everybody, they were ready to cut the
hands who were holding the book.

Out of the ore comes out the gold, when
you use mercury. Vacant eyes have the
veils of tears. Dampness was melting the bones.

The mud on the face, a gift of birthday.

Satish Verma

Moved Earth

In unthinkable death how do you carry
yourself?

An intimate dialogue with death

Fearless, undaunted.

I admire your grit.

One thin blade, one silken noose

but you want to face the bullet

straight in your heart.

The death should come instantly, because you

want to be witness, your head falling with

grace.

Why did you chase death

whistling on the beach,

taunting the eccentric sky

like muted revenge.

The grave will be too small for you

Your legs sticking out.

Lime burning your eyes.

Turning back the grave diggers may

not like to face your moved earth!

Satish Verma

Movements

you bring pink roses everyday
from nowhere

with an oblique smile,
some questions have remained unanswered

when I plunge in silence
you won't stop talking

anger is its own failure
for breaking the door

where was the need for honour
killing of flesh

I will come out of the oblivion
once you pray for the retreat

time was running out for the sky
tornado has started moving

Satish Verma

Moving Into Fog

It was difficult to
shut the window. Moon
was casting a spell.

A hill mynah in
golden cage wants to
start soul searching.

Will you peel my
thumb, so that I can smear
the blood spot on your forehead?

Why did the sedge give
the papyrus to man? I don't
want to read the tumultuous lineage.

Let the flogging stop.
The weeping dawn will not
witness the slaughter of moon.

Satish Verma

Moving Off

After a long time, I heard them again:
peacocks.
Bequeathing the pilgrim sun to palm trees;
poised to open sexuality.

Ah, the purple lips of a downing
cloud sets the sky on a chase
for a lost love of the blazing
moon in the starless night.

A recent pluck of a sharp grace folds
the lingerie, you open the fist to let
the explosion fly away.
This was the start of a crimson romance.

Satish Verma

Moving Shadows

Nothing to do and
nothing to kill. Clouds will
send the pink rains.

An excuse to
blow out all the candles
and burning the limbs.

Blue to blue
was the order of dark night
for encounters.

Satish Verma

Mud On My Hands

Green eyes in the crevices of rocks
will not let the fossil weep
for innocent sun.

A mayfly floats like
a dry leaf on water, in the circuit
of sharks.

I offer not my robotic arm, insulting
the jaws in the crumpled solitude
of night. I will walk
with new moon to understand
the wetting of a bleeder,
heart and soul.

The umbilical pain again catches. I cry
in my own silence. This was not the
end I wished. Hearing aid
to feel the sting of a scream,
which rises from the depth of a blue
lake wounded by pride.

Satish Verma

Mud Path

Non-eye vision penetrates.
The silent song trembles
I weave a pattern
to resolve the crisis
the escape to white
space was useless.
The ending of sorrow
was a movement on circuit
the center has started vanishing.

Thinking was preventing
the completeness of self.
A single flower is answer of nature.
The echo of pulsating memories.
the landscape is full of quotations.
No one reads. Denials
and evasions want more attention.

A new road enters the body
on the edge of a prayer
infinitely small, a handful of vowels
sailing in my mind,
give powerful eyes to faith.
The abstracted meaning
leaves a sweet taste in mouth.
I lay out a mud path for the reader.

Satish Verma

Muddy Depth

In between the scars
where was the frame?

With artichoke, you were
dismantling the ethos.

Giving a suspended
death sentence to cadence
of love. You know what
you did not know, about life.

Hauntingly ethical? You
do not want to become a sensual
father, releasing sperms in
petri dishes. The eggs will find

their mates. It was a dark
conspiracy to overthrow the
hierarchy of calculus. Do
not remove the asterisks.

Satish Verma

Muffled Sounds

Like the xenia effect
the terror
was changing the landscape.
Will you become my eyes
in scorched run
to my god?
The sea has turned black
in holy rain. I don't ask
any numbers.

A child weeps inside
me. Hydrophobia. You cannot
go near the water. Stay
away from me. A white
cobra was coming to kiss me.
Religion has become a
toxic drink. I cannot mix my
tears with hate.

The bodies are still
coming in the water.

Satish Verma

Multicast

In love with me.
To be with you. Eyesight
gets dim in twilight.

One day you had
moved away unsettling
the planets and stars.

Listen, we human
beings, come near each
other, then god fails.

Satish Verma

Mum Is The Word...

When I started seeing you, needs were
accumulating. A great paradox.
The price is high for stoicism.
My inner life gets battering
Give me something to think of escape.

It was not a deliverance. I was learning
daily from the elixirs, a prudent toxin.
The other story is simple. It was the game of
enchanted annihilation.

Miracles sometimes suffer in the hands of
ordinary. The scales start tilting. No body
stops for you. Grief becomes your partner,
Silence in your bed.

The silence is ultimately the moment of
truth. Truth erases the lie and seals a
kiss of death.

Satish Verma

Muse And Sorrow

An uneasy blood cascades
in the slender arteries
when you,
that I wanted to touch
disappear into twilight of memory.

Always a sense of bereavement.
why do I care for you?
Time drops like an old coin
in the hands of a drifter.

Take away my sleep
I want to wake for the whole night
and recite the unwritten poems.

Again life had been very kind to me
I am free to face
muse and sorrow.

Satish Verma

Musing On

There was an urgency?
to finish the job,
beheading the tulips.

Wolves were coming.

The surveillance had failed.
Nothing but clouds between
the titles.

Writing was illegible.
It was the last offensive
of blankness.

Before the dawn.
You have to draw a crescent
moon on my forehead.

I am going to scream.

Satish Verma

Mutation

Like black birds
homing in twilight, to the tree
my thoughts make a perfect landing.

I lift the silence in sleep.
A flying snake enters
a pink room.

A bullet pierces the heart.
No acolytes, I will
catch myself the drifting smell

of eternal caress. Basking
in pain I pluck up my
trail in rubble of dreams.

You defy the likeness to god
become poor like an undershirt.
and walk straight.

Satish Verma

Satish Verma

Mute Desire

Come Naja, come:
from the scented tree
and spread out your hood.
I will pull you down on my lips
One day.

Classical porn, Neanderthal.
In your stark nakedness I wanted an asylum.
A place guiltless, hands blackened, moony face,
Nothing to hide, except the fame
Of a fear.

Can I breathe in a cosmos? with integrity?
The interviews are corrupt, the dales stun,
The peace perverted, destroying the white birds.
O browning sun!
Wait till the moon rises.

The daily war is very raw
You burn your fingers
for purity.

Satish Verma

Mutiny By Words

You come to me
when transparency enables
you to paint your
knuckles blue.

War was on!

Peeling the tangerines
with delicate fingers, in
winter sun to recite
the poems together.

Why you will not sleep
till the snake bites?

Thinking of this brute life.
Nipping in the sharp nails,
wolverine sitting beside
the bonfire.

Calling, a lie a lie,
I am going to punish myself.

No ruinous effect
of soft kisses
without lips.

Satish Verma

Muttering

Miranda:

talk to your restive soul,
elementally abstract.

Home –

was minimal comfort,
for the flying birds.

Clock,

to explode today
on your face.

You were eying

the bride,
in turbulent sky.

Who had

brought the moon
at Agave's feet?

Satish Verma

Mutual Hurts

His murmur turned
into a howl?
after the blast.

Pumice and ash cover
the holy book. Time and space
were shrinking.

Like I had become
lava, that snaked in the
cries. Night spreads a
brilliant darkness.

A river starts
burning. You cannot swim.
I let you go to meet
your gods.

It is your face which floats
on the sea of violence.

Satish Verma

Muzzling

Listening to a gleaming
word whole life
and finding its meaning at
the fag end.
And you are in thrall
to a sinful pleasure.

The yearnings
of a small Pteris,
which drinks arsenic daily
to rescue a withering smile.

A poem sings to me
under a lantern, when a
storm was raging to roil
the blue birds of imploring peaks.

It looks into your eyes
to find the answer
of complete shutdown
of cotton feel.

Satish Verma

My Affairs

It was the presence.
Somewhere magnolias
were in bloom.

At this moment, there
was a meek withdrawl
sidestepping the explosion.

In the hour of
waking. Moon was sleeping,
morning after the acid attack?

putting ahead the
dilemma, before the sun rises
retracting the claim for martyrdom.

Anxiety was writ
large on the volte-face of earth
when it failed to lasso the witch.

Satish Verma

My Angel

Who will know
except you that I
killed my velocity to meet
you in infinite obscurity.

From autumn to autumn
I will wait for a
collision course of nobility
with pure surrender.

So many tattoos on
your body. How many poppies
had kissed you in the spring?
Shame on the blue sky.

Do you believe in reincarnation?
I was Buddha on death bed
when you had touched
my feet unsolicited.

There was no end of celebrities.
Who was quveten than you?

Satish Verma

My Angst

An obsession
to betray many faces
of man.

Likening you
with Venus only, who had
defeated the half-clad religion.

No scarves to hide
the bald earth. I was
at peace in my roots.

Or you can choke me
to die in a gas chamber
metaphysically, destroying your being.

An ocean
in my eyes. Can you gauge
its depth? Raised in water
I will go with water.

I become upset
when you don't speak in sun
like tall peaks of Himalayas.

Satish Verma

My Battle

After self-immolation,
what has been left with me
except the poems.

The tree will not speak now.
There was a good run-off
from the surface of golden leaves.

I will not meet the music
of sunset. There was a constant
flow of murmuring thoughts at night.

The narrative remembers the -
departure, but does not expect
anything from moon.

I will remain awake till
the dawn, then go
to a long sleep.

Satish Verma

My Blood, My Bones

Mind remains occupied
after repeat proxy.
Wanted to kiss the thorns of life

You steal a sentence
to travel back to celebrate
the other side of moon.

Will be the same
goddess will remain in the
asylum of my love?

Satish Verma

My Candle Burns All Night

Like dogwood flowers
I spread my palms, for
you to read the fate of sun.

Nothing else I would
need to complete my logarithm.
I had always failed in numbers.

Lines don't play the
game. Dots are winning the
horse race.

The hounds know
the art of killing. I was
not ready to undress the gods.

Can you surrogate
the death of a wasp, who
flew not to bite the innocent?

The point was not clear.
Nobody understands the geometry.

Satish Verma

My Children Of Sorrow

It was there all the time
the core fear, my inadequacy.
Tonight I will let go off the fire
and become a non-moving time.

When you come home for the arousal,
under the lids, you will find giant tears
frozen into a lake of no return.
Watch your steps and walk gingerly.

My unlocked door always welcomes
the incendiary past, pure happenings.
To return the clothes worn by the truth
on the night of gang rape.

It does not go, my nameless agony.
My children of sorrow, where will
they go? The scars?
I scan the sky.

Satish Verma

My China Broke

There was an endless war
between you and me O god
from time immemorial, in the
desert zone.

The scorching harsh light
of sun has spread the veins
of earth with burning oil wells.

Green pods will not open the round eyes.

Now the sky was crying.
Songbirds are thick-skulled
were trying to find the scapegoats.

The king
to kill the night's much
big mouth was your's? I wanted
to serve my were
no more waters, which
carried the flight of blue dreams.

Just because, I wanted to tell you
it was not easy to live any more.

Satish Verma

My Chivalry

What happened? I would
ask the realness
of genocidal face.

The blue cock
was numb in the laser thin
commentary.

The face was mirror. You
can apply a salve by implanting a womb
in the barren dream.

Beheading a thought
was not sufficient to kill the theme.
It will come back with revenge.

OCD. I come back again and again to
look at the portrait
of a failed god.

Satish Verma

My Commitment

December moon
and you, not to blink for a
while in the shadow.

Salt angel, you will
make my eyes dry? after the
glitter of tears.

What is the full sign
of the brave robbery when
it is stinging dark?

Satish Verma

My Craft Trembles

Why the sky cries
red for the clouds? Sun has
not come to burn me.

I never got enough
from you. The pain comes
between truths of life.

The anniversary comes
and goes I stand at beach
to see my ship wreck.

Satish Verma

My Diary

Unthinkable.
Lithograph of a malaise.
I cannot talk.

Will you abandon the thought
and care about
the drowning dawn?

The bandaged ego
of the book
threatens the reader.

Come and solve
the puzzle
of poetry.

Everything was quiet
except
the pulsating heart.

I will.
I will not scream.

Satish Verma

My Dilemma

I would not make
excuses. My nothingness let
me go beyond myself.

Sometime I ask
other self, why I find you in
pain and sorrow in love and peace?

Will you find freedom
from change, from power
and slavery of past?

Satish Verma

My Fault

Your genome was climbing down.
I hate to count the steps.

Feathers hurt sometimes
after the end of flying.

How far was the moment of dust?
You were still swimming in saline water.

A collective guilt will pay the price.
Blissfully nothing else was to be done.

On your behalf I will not accept any alms
I was giving it, and I was taking it.

Was it a disaster, a visit from the lake.
My feet were wet and my eyes were wet.

Satish Verma

My Gifts

Moon dust is falling
in melodious rhythm. Again
I remember you intensely.

An immaculate pain
spreads the white shroud. You
walk on it leaving red footprints.

Why I think, not to
think, amended by your tears
before you reached god.

God, I will not repeat
the sin, the crime to test the fidelity
of sun. he burns you to ash.

Ah! the poverty of words
cannot ask cobra to spread
the hood. I want to sleep under.

Satish Verma

My God

it was widening,
the rift, between waves and ocean:
the resilience of depth was going
to challenge the height of winds

on the beach
i stand against the sun
empowered to face a solar eclipse
unreal, something was sinister in the

shape of the house,
the child walks whole life to find
a door, the shock of the rape of a
moon in a prayer room, i drown

in birth of vision,
the hump of knives, in throats and
speech, you want freedom to pack the
dead body of floral tribute of words

Satish Verma

My Hymns

A decent price, less than
wages of pain. I have readied
myself for sacrifice.

There was a warning
of earthquake after the bush fires.
Gods were very angry.

My throat hurts, word
by word. I cannot sing, cannot
read writing in water.

Satish Verma

My Ignorance

What happens when
you stop thinking?
Reaching near the god
or becoming a stone?

It was not enough even,
when you go in coma.
A shrine of dazzling failures.

The animosity, the politics
of violence. I cannot remain
s would
never heal.

All fever. I am not alive.
of the marvels of religion.
I ask you to go
Friday another Christ will die.

Becoming it
possible today amidst the
unbecoming of human beings?

Satish Verma

My Injured Self

In your big eyes
my mission ends.
I lower the flag to half-mast.

The steps were small
to follow the footprints
of the demise of an affair.

Embracing the words,
you had felt pampered by
the demigoddess
of broken hills.

The white muslin, weaves into a wreath;
would be laid on the unbuttoned secrets.

The night watchman
stands guard till the last
candle burns out.

Satish Verma

My Long Walks

With stoned eyes
I gather the baby clouds
to search for old moon.

Being or not a being,
walking on the white sands
looking for blood spots.

Forgive your bones
which take you to forshaken
god, of bitter truths.

Satish Verma

My Muse

Tired from the world?
waiting for you, till the night falls
and heart accelerates.

You will come gingerly?
sticking the moon on forehead,
go near the mirror and smile.

I would ask if anyone else?
has loved you so much as me.
The fireflies start shimmering.

Tears will wash your?
eyes and you will read my
message clearly. Inside?

the eyes the image?
will develop of a venus.
I will write a poem.

Satish Verma

My Opus Was Melting

I was preparing myself
for a Socratic dialogue, when
you come unannounced.

If lie was the answer,
then where was the truth.

Meet me night before
night with naked names,
smashing the space and time.

The invisible particles at last are in view.
Can you count after the
trillionth number, eighteenth
digits and beyond.

Nothing gives me peace.
I want to say, I am the God
to end the discussion.

That ignites an explosion
and we begin our journey again.

Satish Verma

My Other Poem

It was me.
Real not surrogate,
behind the words.

A way of lips, without
you, with few things to disengage
upon, what the agony demands.

On skin, a lump
was rising? straight
from the animal instinct,
discussing the religion of predators.

A manhood was
in peril, unregarded by
otherness. You want to collect the scars now.

Because you belong to me
like a moon to earth.
We both were moving in different
orbits, trying to touch each
other, undying, for sun.

It breaks the heart, when
it is moonless night.

Satish Verma

My Pain

Falling in green love
with yourself?
creating violence.

Serenity has no relevance
now. The edge was
asking you to go for a jump.

Nil tolerance. I was
fighting with me, veiled
in uncertainties.

Listen, Here lies the
crux. Nobility forgotten, I ask
who failed whom in this age of betrayals?

The evil grows. Shapeless
truth was running in fog?
and now the dragon rises.

Satish Verma

My Penance

Do not want to be
judged by trivia. Only
non-words would appeal me.

The infiniteness.
It has great strength. There
is no ending, no pause.

The ghost house
still haunts me, where I
found the truth and young lies.

The anatomy of
death will exhibit the
red blood. No tears.

And when you live
with memory loss, only
last word will remain on your lips.

The suicidal truth
was always fascinating.

Satish Verma

My Pledge

Put on hold your pain,
outside our love. Your tears falling.
My hands to become flowers.

I go to milk tree to
pay back the debt. You rub my arms
gently. I shed my negatives.

Paradigm? Man says
ghosts live. A snake never leaves
her eggs. My poems remain induct.

Satish Verma

My Poems Wept

I had to let them stay.
My anguish & anxiety.
Denuding me, filling me with hymns of pain.
The blank days drifted in slow motion.
I tried to sing,
imitating the cuckoo on the tree,
to shake off the clouds from the eyes.

Everyday the pain was new,
dreams were old
in the eternal churning.
Grizzled clouds hanged on trees
for witnessing the chaining of desires.
Empty words went into seizures,
clogging the arteries of crisp brain.

Deep within a seed
opened the eyes sitting
quietly near the blast of pain.
Green sprouts drank the light.
My poems wept
and truth started a dance.
The time and space intermingled
to celebrate a birth.

Satish Verma

My Questions

On wrong side of truth
a prophecy burns.
A conflict of your own choosing
when more was less.

Do you need some divine
intervention in resolving
human questions?

The innocence of a sunflower
will not blame the moon
for dark night.

To watch a huge fig tree
coming out of a tiny
seed to give shelter
to hundreds of passersby.

Are you overwhelmed
by the promise of unproven
auguries?

Satish Verma

My Respects

The lovesick moon
falls into my lap, for the
earth's last journey.

*

Where the tears drop,
the marigolds would come
out to pay homage.

*

Murmurs were rising
I had buried the cleaver
of the bleeding man.

Satish Verma

My Revenge

No thought was enough
from a stunning fall.
I am leaving the paradise.

In urn the past moves like
a weightless peony. I am
touching your lips.

The drowned wand. Can you
pick up the future from the time's
lake? I am a fish now.

Tiny beads on shut eyes. Are
you watching my burning house?
I am still inside.

His blindness or my grace;
when you would like to kiss?
The pricks were on the floor.

Satish Verma

My Salt Was Not On Sale

My soul's half, leave
me alone. Things drop from
my hands, not you.

You become always a
new word in my poems
I will cover inequality.

Will you deceive me
one day like the god without
a temple on road?

Satish Verma

My Silver Bleeds

Life slips through
pores of skin, and eyes
of all needles.

A fawn doesn't know
how to go back home after
losing the track.

Did you ever go
in the den of wild cats to
offer immaculacy?

Satish Verma

My Story

This was exotic.
A single drop throbs in space.
I walk on blades.

I think farther from?
The relics of disasters.
You love to read palms.

Talking of slaughter,
moon bled to death,
when you left in dark.

Satish Verma

My Taboo

Hollyhocks will not let me go;
hold my hands.
Shying away
they were turning to ashes.

In the night, wisteria
emanates a hungry cry.
Though wind had announced
sun has not kept the promise.

I gasp for the body silver
like ancient lust,
pure and paranoid –
asking for the head of a spider.

This non-violent resistance
seeks more space to pasteurize
the beautiful milk in gold containers.
A passion flower was going to melt.

Satish Verma

My Theology

I will do no harm
in asking the colors of
dazzling stripes so lovelorn
that they cling like reptiles.

Cold-blooded. Transcend
like seagulls, which dive
to catch their own images. You kept on
walking on cobble-stones.

Half your life sat between two
deaths. One of redwood
and other of falling star.
You want to go back to lake for a holy bath.

Ignites. You bleed like a
hidden wound. Never finishing?
of endless journey. You
will never find your namesake.

Satish Verma

My Things Your Things

Sailing on flames to the river
inside you., I disappear in your thoughts
to swim in the eyes of moons.

A dead hibiscus wakes up
in your fondle the denials
of pain of internal bleeds.

You will know I hear footfalls,
of walking ferns in my abandoned
pages of burnt out ars poetica

Satish Verma

My Truce

Without trying to become
an avenger,
you were trying to find the?
joy of primitive faith.

The dignity of terror has
to be modified.
You were now afraid of?
yourself in the crowd.

This thing had a dark tone, when
you cross the street.
Underneath, the seed vessels of
past pain, were ready to split open.

The bandits wait on the line
of control. The shock
comes out in open. Society is
generous, accepts your blood.

Satish Verma

Mysterious

Grip loosening;
the lesser evil;

will liberate you;
from the nights terror.

The moon bleeds,
in your bed.

A raw wound;
unblinks in pain.

No words will speak
for the fallen icon.

The death has extracted
its price.

Black milk exudes
from the round breasts.

Sun was rising.

Satish Verma

Mystery

The fumbling picks up.
The sixth sense
was failing.

A mother weeps
for the unborn child.
You were still ogling the peaks.

Were you true to yourself
in the dark, when the
moon was away?

I had lost the burning
coals, after the
rains came.

The dark mine, where
they were shot, for
picking up the lightning.

Satish Verma

Mystic Paths

In alternative lies,
a which-hunt starts?
to find the blue eyes trapped
in amber.

Who will ask, not to
dig in the land of suicides,
without boundaries?

Behind you, were hidden the
rocks. The thin-lipped screams
would not reach the nests.

The color fades, when you move
in the sun. Survey
was futile for another truth.

Courier was walking limp.
Cherries were withering in moon.

Bare-foot a journey starts to collect
the salt of eyes.

In the crowd of swans? nobody
has found the water.

Satish Verma

Myth Of Suicide

Be laid:
with your private wounds
beside me.
For otherness.

Can you come out from?
your flesh, and watch
the ribs, becoming
infrasonic?

The desiccated dreams,
inhaling the fire,
drinking pain. You have
come full circle.

Can you describe the
journey of dead souls?
Without tears? Are you
going to reject the end?

The ruins are always a beauty.

Satish Verma

Mythic Hymns

A godly pluck
from your lips,
the nightingale sings.

I know your
concern for the trampled
mushrooms. Where
the fairy will sit?

I broke the
promise once, not to
kiss the buttercup.
Life was so hurting.

Sitting on rainbow,
sometimes you forget,
and start talking to eyeless
daffodils.

The Narcissus
was not me, pining
for the moon whole life.

Satish Verma

Mythical Thoughts

The senile dust,
which rises between us,
makes me sick.

I cannot stand
the mood swings of
aging moon.

This play of light
and dark in equinox,
confuses the waiting
dawn.

Love stings.
And fog covers, the aura
of falling leaves? green
yellow and red. I survive
the quake.

A tiff burns the fingers.
I will not hold the pen.
The blank paper shivers.
Who will write the
wet poem?

Satish Verma

Mythology

A saga of
sacrifice, when the
moon jumped into lake
to save a fish.

A fantasy turns into
a hope. You cut slice of
light to ignite the
darkness.

Reason always
skips the rope. You were
not counted, when searching
for absolute truth.

I ask you to stop
being you. Move away
from yourself to
survive the holocaust.

Satish Verma

Myths Of Ariel

Everything begins
with numbers, the curves.
The cleavage drops.

History is written.
Young times. You grow old
in shade of stars.

Brave words carry the
burden of weightless truths.
Moon immolates.

Satish Verma

Myths Of Centuries

Words would wear the blood caps.
In tyranny of the full moon,
the wound becomes bigger.

Mask after mask,
you will never find the
real face. The cannibalism
makes you sick.

I survived the branding.
O god, I will never
shame you. The virginity
was at stake in the hands
of angels.

You receive the bullet,
when glowers were thrown.
Violence has a price.
Brick by brick you make
the temple again.

Satish Verma

Nailed

eyes will chew the words
i will not see all day along, do you hear
my thoughts in the icicles of flames, my bones
jutting out of knuckles,
i will go to memory lane once again:

where the stale smell of yellow pages
throws up invisible thighs groping for support
climbing in vain,
half moon floating on lake of tears
in fire of dark night –

drenched, he was escaping without legs
in white darkness of unaddressed pain,
sorrow of locked shame
victim of blisters on blasting flesh,
knees give way,

what was the date of surrender,
i was meditating on the ashes of serpents
beneath the ocean of protests in voyage
of solitude, as your lips quiver
in resilience of benign submission

Satish Verma

Naïve Innocence

O pink horse, O timeless sun,
run on my body, run. Black magic
had pierced the needles into my heart.

Lying on nails to wrest a superearth
from amnesty, I start bandaging the bruised
ethos of my native conscience –

on the spike of a violence, refusing
to give up my home to fire, tending
the voiceless flora of a virgin rock.

The questions stand up, against
the black walls of silence. The blue birds
are going to fly in white desert.

Satish Verma

Satish Verma

Naked As Ice

Howling wind!
Why were you gathering the?
dead leaves, sweeping
the desolate white road?

A bleak and dismal emptiness
in-between, the
no man's land.

Thousand eyes watch the tiny flurries.
The perfect peace,
descends.

From moon's navel,
falls the golden bloom.

Satish Verma

Naked Doll

The child was trembling inside you:
eliminated,
revived,
walking past an explosion
on the extra edge.
The dash was stabbing.

And without hands
trying to open the crypt
of forefathers.

Things were not happening
as you dreamed of tomorrow.
The moon, too, has become a stranger

Clatter of hoofs
but no rider comes in sight.

Satish Verma

Naked Freedom (A Sequel To The Massacre Of 23rd Nov 09 In Philippines)

Intended to violate
the omnipresent,
stillness unzips the inviolate –
truth.

You walk through a legend:
To test the chastity
you need to dip your hand
in a very hot oil.

A sleepless summer night
descends on the hill
violins in dark
lie mutilated.

Hidden tracks will not tell
from where came the pattern
of enemies entering
the bloodied moon.

Satish Verma

Satish Verma

Naked Truths

Never had been
at distant pain to hear
the water's song.

At interstices
of tears, threads, filter
the salt of soul.

Muscularity of
oath melts. The fusion cracks.
You move away.

Satish Verma

Nakedness

Dying piece by piece in shock –
a life without a mutiny.
Walking amidst blue kraits
you never raised the stick.

Of extinct possibilities in the night
of unmanned crossing-
the blood streaked globe goes on
revolving round the blazing sun.

Short legged pygmies waving
to tall peaks of ice from the
burnt-out shelters, to learn
obedience again.

Crushed and upturned, we lost
each other in the jungle of
uncertainties. Peeled off skin
made us afraid of each other.

Satish Verma

Namaste

Back and forth
back and forth
culture whores
were removing the skin tags
from armpits.
The private plateaus spurting
lemon grass juice.

Between kind questions
and cruel answers
I watch the heat rising.

Scanning the leukemic beach
the sex drenched hour
squirms with pubic pain.

Two round hills -
firm breasts tucked under white clouds
were weary of lip slaves.

Namaste sunset
I was waiting for you.

Satish Verma

Nameless

Flame and smoke.
What else your skies have to offer?
Was it not a crime against
poetry articulate?

Come near me.
I want to amble with tears -
of humanity before the fragility
takes a big toll.

Who says it was time
to turn over a new leaf?
The blistering gale had taken
away all the boughs and blossom.

Are you pregnant with some
idea of a candle? When it burns
through night, it has an otherness:
nameless melting.

Satish Verma

Nameless Agony

O moon, when I
stalk you, why do you
bleed the colors?

Calm down. Virginitv
is out for lispinq. Impaled,
the spirit ? starts dying.

Don't sell the body
of the poem. Can you ask
the songbird to stop?

Satish Verma

Nameless Intruders

Fear swooped on extended mind,
when brain was never silent.
I was never alone,
voices broke all around.
The lead became kinky.
For sometime, I escaped into antiquity for,
a surrogate relief.
The clock prowled for
the graffiti of truth in night.

A programmed psychology
look extra-terrestrial.
The life mutated into a watch
which did not move.
The mob controlled the streets.
How thin was the tribe of fireflies in dark?
The sparks were cold
and stars were warm.

Stayed by the fire of meditation for a turbulent river.
er.
The movement of shadows made me sad.
An obscene climate inflicted wounds on trees.
Despair & rage, raised a panic in the herd.
Nameless intruders climbed our houses.

Satish Verma

Naming

Unfolding the lust, do not ask
for the olden love. The crowd
has hijacked the halo of spotted survivor.
A fish swims in your eyes.

Trembling like a love song,
while pulling the bucket out of
a well of tears, why did not
you stay beside me?

Life has left me on the cliff.
Burn, burn my love,
for the sake of the sea, for the
bloody rocks who would not hold the hurricane.

A pain of you hangs
on my door. My limbs are dying.
Cannot move the stars,
cannot climb the black moon.

Satish Verma

Native Of Death

He had started his own manhunt
for an autistic seal for a personal vision
in deep waters. They had left him to die at bottom of pain.
The silent screams against inhuman brutality

started coming from underground. A photo
montage was emerging on the walls. I
dip my fingers in blood to write my name.
Just the untitled truth will speak now.

New species of frogs are making headlines.
Men were becoming amphibians, sailing beyond
the shores of kisses to bite.

They were starving for the sun in caves,
to watch the murals for a resume of flames.
The snow was covering the peaks of shame.

Satish Verma

Native Touch

Repetition of same thought blurs the mind
invalidates the knot,
wholeness cracks,
and a tremendous force unleashes
the insult to integrity.
This is how the time has ripened.
Perpetual, malignant oozing from pores.

Fear enters in our voice,
we start hurling stones
on the icon.
And then, the nemesis takes over.
A dimpled moon tumbles down the tree,
and wolves start howling.
Now conflicts will make the holes in the sky.

Your loneliness is more frightening,
than the dark words.
Unfeeling the light, the sounds.
You craved for the native touch,
which was not coming.
This moment you are me,
brushing against the pshyche.
I am setting you free.

Satish Verma

Nature Speaks

Full of venom the -
sting will break on my breast.
O, a watermark?

The paper was thin.
Could read your words
across the face.

The body quivers
under veil, for a kiss
of yellow moon.

Satish Verma

Navigating

One crisp scaffold.
Was it possible that it became generous?
For the street which turns
the mutation into xenograft.

I pretend to be which I am not
for fear of dying daily or sleep no more
in the lineage of hope. The gallows
are set on every corner.

I walk behind blackness to hear
the steps of moon in exile for vindication
of sober sins against the sky. The blue
souls were going to release the verdict.

Without rejecting the will to count the stars.

Satish Verma

Navigating You

Tell me how to break
the moon, when night weeps
to bring home stars.

Anyone cannot be
my lover to walk the sun
for wooing marigolds.

And one day I will
not wait for you to bring
back the spring in eyes.

Satish Verma

Near The Sun

Don't interpret the light's
reach, on the longest
pain of summer.

There was no chaste tree
left for giving you shade
to sit and meditate.

You will not miss
a perfect sleep at dawn with
song birds sailing over your head.

A green snake has
dropped its skin bearing the trail
to copycat the detachment.

The backache returns
to dig out the hot moon
from the dark bushes.

I will sit and wait at the deck
for the cool fireflies to appear.

Satish Verma

Need Not Suffer

The tears were walking along with
laughter. My face was roasted.
The fish-men were moving
the political wheels.

As the chaos was widening,
the humming birds started to depart.
And the seeds were catching fire
from anonymous snipers.

The candle march at night
gleamed the question marks.
The dirt, the smudges, the motifs
and viscera, all were becoming one.

And the grass stinks with the
fallen monarchy, after dismantling
the author of funerals. Give me
a final kiss of death for baring life.

Satish Verma

Negation Creates

I was not there
when omentum was incinerated.
No unparing was called for
digging your own grave.

In eerie silence, I
start collecting the shells
of forlorn pearls.

It would be a miracle
if I can read the invisible.
I can become a killer when you
are not there.

The mute girl will not?
give her lips.
Only eyes. I must lift my
poem from there.

The Hamlet's dilemma. You
will, will not taste the
hemlock.

Satish Verma

Negation Of What

Living,
in the wounds,
like a gas dragged into
the black hole.

Bedeviling the light.
There are no winners in this war.
Corona will not sit
on any head.

There was ambivalence
in the robust thrust.
The hard x-rays will
burn the thoughts.

Do not go on chasing the
grazed genre. The style
will bring back the questions
which had no answers.

Satish Verma

Negation Of What?

Living,
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Satish Verma

Negotiating With Fear

Like a shadow
you were always
with me to meet the
biblical terror.

Hugging the function
of whole-being, I drive you
to do a crazy triangle
interpreting the universe.

The metaphors
were changing daily to
describe the unethical
slaughter of hymns.

I will not pray
to live in this circus.

The little pain grows.
Writing poems for you
calculating the risk
of becoming an angel.

Satish Verma

Negotiation

Like runaway water
you run to meet your lover,
the death.

The hidden story,
spurts many questions.

You want the
severed head of the pen
back, to write the destiny.

The savage resurgence
of abducting!
the aurorean light,

will demand a
heavy price, since the
cease-fire had melted down.

The lotus-eaters
will decide to open
the scars.

Satish Verma

Neighbours Watch

Riding the back of a sensual saint
a white tiger
was turning the human genome
into ashes.
The moon was climbing up.

Snips were becoming tainted.
Decoding the helix has brought down the god
into a module.
I am encircling the basic truth.
Sky is turning dark.

Saffron bull has broken the golden gate.
Blood is spilled on the sidewalk
lined with marigolds.
I am standing alone on a pathless beach.
Sea has sent back the harvest of grief.

From the periphery agitation starts.
Center has no choice. Absolutely
self-ending-in-self. Each breath comes discreetly
deep in the ravines of soul.
Neighbours were watching.

Satish Verma

Neonate

Becoming polar.
The climax comes
without end.

The physical
intimacy of headliners?
You were not reaching anywhere.

Pretty large
was the near-view.
Eons ago there was a neoclassicism.

The core intensity
was golden.
But circumference was ambulatory.

Planets will watch
the rover
for the final descent of god!

Satish Verma

Nepotism

Like illegitimate sons
becoming nephews.
Stay with me I have lost
my ink.

An underground knife
cuts you to wrist,
you bleed on paper.

It was a tip of trust failure
after a wake up call by a loner;
the molten lava will find another
sexual pursuit.

There was nothing left to be
concealed, after the bonfires of veils.
The celibate tears come unbidden
I am going to encounter the pool.

Satish Verma

Nestling

Words are mine.
Otherness will prevail.
I will call you.

Faraway in dark
I will wake up in arms
of a feeling.

A little yellow-
bird has made her home
in the glass window.

Satish Verma

Nestlings

Coming face to face with hemlock
you are not able to rain in the animal
and start climbing the temperamental tree.

Fathered by innocence of violence
on the name of war, when were you
going to kill? Your own progeny?

Slice by slice I am collecting the
wrath of tinderbox, dry winds
and volcano for the sake of peace.

And I hear the night's arrival
without moon, without stars.
The black needles will stitch the wounds of sun.

Satish Verma

Neutral

I will need
some new words today.
To say what I did not want to say,
scratching at the surface of truth.
I do not fight with meanings.
A shade between two borders of lies
between right and wrong. The eyes
will speak for the fierceness of hurts
carrying the fear of unknown.
It is, or was it drifting?

The declining time or sliding years
whichever was true,
will find a fallen tree
in a flowing river,
when I was still searching the sandbar
My sane world has no desire.

Satish Verma

Never Again

You to whom, I
am lost, the remaining pain
will fetch the grace?
poise and dignity of
ending.

The future lies in?
the halo of the hill, where
the blood was spilled last night.

A black spot on the sun was
enlarging. I spell your name
in a bird song, that croons
tirelessly in timeless dawn.

The moon drenched lake
wails for the boat not to come.

Satish Verma

Never Found You

I do not know
when to stop my steep ascent
after a random fall.

My dreams prick
me. Time to hang my boots.
Enough was enough.

But the tears won't
dry on the cheeks of love.
I start my last journey.

Satish Verma

Never Say Bull

The question
to solve cannibalism
was never genderless.

The real McCoy plays
the game of
sun's core, which
rotates faster than periphery.

I don't trust the
sun's setting. It will rise again
in full fury. Angels too
take revenge.

Branded as witch
the night runs,
after the moon for braid cutting.

There were red rains
from the sky, burning
the green eyes in love.

At departure time
I will collect the brutal sea-salt.

Satish Verma

Never To Sleep

Those migratory storks,
will not come
this year.
The lake was burning.

The secret kill
of the wringer
was metastasizing.
Make the tether-

small for the macabre
end. I am not yet
frozen. The stalker

will not leave the
flame. Outside a tribute
was ready for
an uprooted tree.

My shadow moves ahead
to catch a cage bird,
in the parrot green sky.

Satish Verma

Never Wanting

The weight of the ideology
flattens your upheaved chest.
You speak, what you did not want to say.

A fake hunger and pseudo-demands,
put you on the pathless clouds.
How would you now fly towards the sun?

The polarization was deliberate,
to usurp the authority. Blue jays
have refused to join gangs.

A faded document tells about
your missteps. A bunch
of eunuchs have come to guard the palace.

Black versus black will
not brighten the screen. One third of
generation had the criminal record.

Satish Verma

New Alphabet

Can your words find the color
and smell of a manslaughter
in an unholy stampede?

Head bowed, the handcuffed activism
walks on the street. Now pops
up the moon from forficated clouds.

A decoy was sitting on a tree
with a stunning gaze
to watch the lewd behavior ?

of a mirror engaged with a
self-portrait. Alphabetically
the breast milk spills ?

before you arrive without
mouth. A celebration
starts today for an unborn.

Satish Verma

New Apartheid

A skylight begins the apartheid
in ironed out differences.
At the shores skulls have reappeared.

Blue flames were eating away the green carbon
of the dying giants. Fake photosynthesis
was canning the skimmed breeze in books

and encapsulated euthanasia was available
over the counters. Eyeshadows were hiding
the dying grace. Tempest would go for a classical dance

only. Counting of heads had begun. Price hike
of black arrows would decide the fate of a nation.
Hunger was writ large on cheekbones of

roaming rocks, shining the landscapes.
The chorus spreads like eau de cologne
over the solitude of my homeland.

Satish Verma

New Arrival

Same moon, I
will not witness the bloodshed
during the starless sky.

When it is pitch dark
you open the hidden myths of
hanging China rose.

A world dies under
the Chinar tree to save a
rising crimson sun.

Satish Verma

New Bidding

Your calculus goes
wrong. Stones are melting
in cool moonlight.

*

Nightingales are
exiled, at the pretext of
saving the sanity.

*

In ending, I will
begin my journey to find
the eternity.

Satish Verma

New Blood

You were very keen for
sense of smell. I have
stepped down from the ivory
tower, repeating myself.

A mute revenge rape was
defeating the god. Would you
end up to be divine
than human?

Becomes difficult now
to rekindle. There was no hope
to touch your fringed orchids
with pouting lips.

Brokers have come out
in open to sell the fake Michelangelos.
I had painted you on a frail
paper with broken fingers.

Will you place some
candlesticks at the altered
windows of your house
to misguide me?

Satish Verma

New Dictionary

An offence committed by you
asks for the absolutes.
I am paying the price.

Are you going to drink the white-
potion from the black cup? The tiger
had taken away the child. Now we will-

kill our god between the planets. The
goddess reveals herself as a nude.
The chemistry stalks. It leaves

behind the surprise and wet eyes.
You enter the blue city of kissing
names. There are no square spaces -

across the legs. Taps are dry and
ash collectors are moving around
to find the murderous sky.

Satish Verma

New Enigma

To confront his terror
he changed the game
plan for a mystery dive.

The custodian of a flame
will show serendipity.
Sun was enveloped in a dark matter.

The Teflon has disappeared.
You will remember the things-
you did not understand.

Someone nips at your heels.
You run faster. The evil
was flying home.

The house was in disarray.
Give me a comb to keep
the dark figures out.

Satish Verma

New Family

To be honest, there
was no poem today.
A refusal to celebrate
the loss of truth in me.

The weather is climbing.
They have assembled to-
disgorge the peace efforts.
War was in our blood.

The great divide of
guillotines and blessed swords,
to behead or not to behead
the god.

There was very little good
in the evil have
logic and logistic problems.
You do not want a friend, only enemies.

The rebellion, the treason,
the betrayals, all were meant
to upgrade your divinity.
let us revert back to animal status.

The bread, land and water are one.

Satish Verma

New Features

Eating each other,
the survival instinct takes you
to the coal-pit.

*

Seeking the closure
of gold mine. The jellyfish
has lost the stinging tentacles.

*

The beehive was in
turbulence. Golden honey was
going up for sale in famine.

Satish Verma

New Generation

One's existence was threatened
by the overseeing iguana like crested disguise.
Repressive, explosive eyes. You
are trapped in words beneath bewitching
smile. The 'V' sign for violence
becomes more obvious. That hits
you in face.

The eastern wind is blowing. Cold and chilly.
An odyssey of massacre and blood bath.
The mayhem of democratic jam. Fingers
crossed, we wait for a miracle to happen.
Someone turns back the tide and sharp knives
are taken out from the flesh. A diminutive man
wears giant shoes, prepares for a long jump.

Donor of the egg was unknown
surrogate mother was on price.□

Satish Verma

New Genre

That elusive answer
which ricocheted to land
in a bush, throws you in tizzy.
Are you sure, you want
to hurl more questions?

This was a qualified Higg's
boson, which bowed out
from the race of God's creation
to become invisible.

A gecko climbs on the wall
shutting the soul. The huge crowd
was pushing the chariot, addressing
the shadows behind the glass. The
featureless becomes untouchable.

A moon beam glides on the carpet.
Priest will go to sleep.

Satish Verma

New Invasion

Nestling in the arms of
blue sky, a young moon was asking
the questions? like the pages of moth-eaten
book? why did the blood ties
are ripped apart with the passage of time?

Of the same poles, at the
axis of rotation? two celestial bodies?
would not come near each other?

Following the heels of the
hunter, a small dog star sniffs at
the earth, a pale blue existence?

The entropion overwhelms. The
lashes were scarring the
vision?

The all was not one. I am
still standing at the gate,
bleeding like sun.

Satish Verma

New Kings

And there was history
to map the terror. A neoplasm
was arising suddenly in the aching skull.
Chorus of wailing: the burning will not go.

Clouds of dense smoke were mindless.
All the centuries were smouldering
in the hearts of waiting children
while the bombs were swaying from the tree tops.

The fat men and women were melting down
to define the master and slave in the
dark chambers of commerce. The ravaged
body of truth anoints itself with blood.

Satish Verma

New Pathways

Despite the anger,
the truth will
not speak.

*

It was a concussion,
after the fall.
A prophet had fainted;

*

in midsentence.
A blue vase was broken
in the smell of roses.

Satish Verma

New Questions

For lurid details
of velvety arms,
in ashes you sleep.

Knowingly you walk
into a death well,
opening the trapdoor.

Seizure brings
the nearness to unknown,
deliberately.

I do not know me?
now, after reciting
your name.

Oh God, why did
you play with coda,
before the curtain drop?

Satish Verma

New Religion

When light will not
enter the cove,
water breaks in.

□

He jumped to death
with his book in his hands.
The silence starts speaking.

What was this brand
of homegrown belief?
Truth has been punished.

How big was the murder?
Realization comes very late.
The path to violence-

was through god. The
somatic victory gets
a gruesome reward.

Satish Verma

New Religions

Pure kill.

I pull out the shivering
heart in my eyes.

A rising sin. I will
not forget you, never?
your tongue bifida.

And a real?
murder of a blue-green cow
reared for religion.

That sucks. The
numbers, the lies and
the terrible abuses.

The shadows are
lengthening and you were
becoming small.

Satish Verma

New Sports

I will go quietly,
when moon sleeps,
and stars play the chess.

I would defy
the death, but life
defeats me.

Message of the
love was disquieting.
I prepare the ancient
alphabets.

I will go on
diet of pain, perfectly
making me strong.

We live in ourselves
collecting the
nuggets of tears.

Satish Verma

New Version

even vultures will not devour the proffered
war time victims, ruined was the impression
of untitled sacrifice, a wild anemone

slips into the river of blood, I tend to forget
the faces of embers –

arson by apostles of peace, it has become a commodity,

oppression releases a promise for optic illusion
through large-prints

a near miss when the truth chokes to death,
suicidal full of nerves-

the hills tremble in anticipation, lambs
were dropping dead on a green patch

such obligation

Satish Verma

New Year

The dream death;
while birthing a
poem, weeping
between the lines.

Why do you grieve
for the old year?
The moon will again
rise and you can

pick up the black
roses for the baby dawn.
Waging your war till
eternity, you can kiss

the red lips of morning
sun. I welcome you,
new year, in my tattered
clothes and golden heart.

Satish Verma

New Year's Mirror

In the empty house
of snow,
though, interred a blade of grass
when I was searching one
midnight flame

in frozen night, on
parting lips of darkness.
The art of delusion
churns the sea for an untitled
arsenic, of a blue throat.

I am dynasty and I am
the king of million whites.
Fatherless sins
in rusted boots
were having a last laugh.

Satish Verma

Next Night

I hate the self-immolation
of orange sex.
Weather was leaving
blue strings on the skin.

Redemption was incomplete
by sharing the legs
Lips will not knead
the ears.

Like wakng in darkness
for a passage to grief.
Black moon will step aside
for a flame at the end of tunnel.

Satish Verma

Night Blooming

Red moon wets
the eyes. I may not
sing back to trees.

You borrow the
light through negation.
Not by awakening self.

Don't invite the
fear. The Mars was rising
with salty streams of water.

And leave your
book blank. I have
to write again the history of truth.

A pure kill, when
you smile with eyes squinting.
Your lips tell something else.

Don't touch the stone.
It was melting.

Satish Verma

Night Eye

I will ask
the moonflower to give me
a beautiful death,
under the Nightshade.

A nocturne clue;
will you play the piano for me
for a last time? Are you going to meet me in
the grid, crossing the sharp angles?

The signs start shimmering
in dark, like cobra's
tongue. I don't call the iting, I
hold the words.

Loss of faith, I
don't believe in I
betray your creation O god?
The virtuals are overtaking me.
Your flagship becomes a hoax.

I change my name for ever.

Satish Verma

Night Games

You have made me
a replica of dust
without sins.
There was no questioning.

Would it become
a mirrored crime? Word
by word, the meaning
was slaughtered.

Civility cries. No
holds barred. Life takes
revenge. How will you
stop the wolf?

Sleep well, on
pillow of grass, with
impermeable thoughts.

Blood cantos. The
moments turn into centuries.
A confessional guilt
starts healing you.

Love divides you in
body parts.

Satish Verma

Night Light

That cameo was my secret grief.
He will make you sing,
the hooded moon.

Not a sacred thing
Kissing the toes of a traveller
for fecundity.

In doorway it was between
us and them for bargaining
for Dahlias.

Lips unkissed will call for
honey from bees.
Eyes will search for a candle.

In alien land of flames
and tumultuous desires,
the golden breasts will take revenge.

Satish Verma

Night Night

Like a vampire,
night swoops down.
Temple bells ring.

I am happy?
not to invoke any god.
Crickets share my muse.

The tall minarets,
stand erect in dark.
Muezzin gives a call.

My friends long
dead, would come and
talk ceaselessly.

Satish Verma

Night Raid

It was night sin
of domesticity. Dyed, I am loading
the white secret of pain
in the hollow of a mayhem.

Till every blunder takes a
downward flight striping the outsized
image of a kill. His flames are
now singeing the eyebrows of angels.

His foes have entered the compound.
The black was alluringly looped in
a stream of blood. Death did not
wait for a ceremony.

Lips forgetting the golden sheep,
tongue apologies for the wronged earth.

Satish Verma

Night Spots

Tonight the moon will sit
on the gazobe,
to have a look at the sea, rising.

*

On the night's shade
dewdrops will wait, till
morning glory blooms.

*

It was a long night.
My lamp starts to flicker.
I hurry up to finish my poem.

Satish Verma

Night Vigil

Let us talk about ligation.
I don't want to push the –
searing boundaries trumpeting
the sexual orientation.

The butterflies and bees
are disappearing. A petri dish,
a test tube and artificial
thrust through the red lights.
An unbroken promise
lies in shambles.

Availing something less,
had been beyond the topic
of returning back to home.
The desert blooms again
with indignant cacti.

Satish Verma

Night's Song

Grazing on the clouds,
moon was moving
in a daze.

Someone will milk it
for the poor, who will not
sing for the inevitable.

Witch hazel will stop the
bleed of unholy wars
between the diminutive fidelities.

This was the beginning
of a dialogue? meant for
the deaf? who will listen with the eyes.

There was no consolation
for a man who lost his finger
while searching his ring.

Satish Verma

Nightmare

sometime I watch
the fear held aloft by you, possessed,
you try to protect yourself from you in vain,

very thirsty, white
hydrangeas on your lips tremble, exhaust
their need for clouds in blue eyes, pale

fountain gives up
tumult of sand grains for high skilled
white god of snow who could not prevent

a land slide all morning,
my bones still do not agree for a
marrow withdrawl for an emptied leukaemia

hidebound, rapacious
in the chaste tree, stuck by night grab,
the bright stars fall one by one on ice

Satish Verma

Nihilism

Dust to dust the soul,
moves in a confined circle
to preserve a death.
The struggle of a truth to find,
the space between the fact and fiction.
Time comes to breathe in nihilism,
questioning the infidelity of violence.

I do not want to avoid the revolution within
let me use the knife to cut,
the moments into filaments of sparks.
I wanted to restrain myself,
from committing the act of accepting the pain.

The first truth remains the last truth.
Winds of change cannot erase it.
Right side of knowledge,
and wrong side of fact were always in conflict.
The sweet-smelling mask was baffled,
crippling the mind.
I craved only nothingness.

Satish Verma

Ninth Month

Goose-stepping on a soul song
you set the sky ablaze,
and I was not ready to welcome you.

I was hungry and I was thirsty
but could not find the road.
Back and forth, back and forth

walking with the toad. You can guess
my predicament when I said
that, I am, not I would

assult on the chaste fruit
of the moon, growing on the
tall tree of September.

Satish Verma

Ninth Symphony

A scented moon caves in
on a tree top
and solitude withers up in a seminal cloud,

It is good to be friendless sometimes.
Me and homecoming become synonymous.

We are ruined by familiar paths.
The mist deepens.
Not reaching anywhere.
I come out in dark to find the stars.
What will you do if the soul sneaks out of a body?

The wind starts a dirty dance.
A tall cedar scowls.
It starts raining,
fabulous as tears on an immaculate face.

Pull up the veil.
It separates the truth.
Do not filter the pain.
We may find a god.

Satish Verma

No

Reaching the end of
life, are you ready to listen
when I don't speak?

The charisma of
gods was wavering, you will
smear the poles red.

Step by step moon
climbs down, the blue lake, for
last rites of blaze.

Satish Verma

No Acrimony

You decline to speak?
to listen?
to see
like a meditating Buddha.

Like a sunflower
with moon seeds,
ready to explode at sunset.

Strangulated?
neck, hanged from a tree
to tell the tale?
that you were violated.

This was the principle of
cosmic order. Poor god
waits for the world
to show the rage.

I wake up the tree.
Leaves fall like unspoken words
from the decaying oak.

Satish Verma

No Ambiguity

Set to break;
something was left
incomplete.

Time's portal
lets go yesteryear, and
I ask myself, if the
moons were mine.

The jack screw
had turned the course
of life. Why did you
go for the wax model?

The chilly thing was?
everybody sings a question.
The vendor of pain
will not give the answer.

Anger edicts
to destroy all the moons.

Satish Verma

No Banality

Completely eaten up by
coherent light;
the dark niche smiles.

Your collect the toadstools
under a pine.
Butterfly will not need a siton.

You breathe tumultuously
heaving up like Himalaya.
A croc has taken a girl.

Satish Verma

No Carnage

A house without doors
I was living
in fog.

The infamous review
will tell about the
fallen words from the roof.

There was no history,
no culture of
cannibalism.

I only exhaled
the grief of centuries
shielding the ankle's pain.

There had been no
perfect picture of the
dancing god in nude.

A blue face swims.
I draw the map of the smell
of cinders.

Satish Verma

No Coincidence

Pink hollyhocks will
drape silky cloaks in sun,
to be caressed.

The praying mantis?
thanking god, will turn into
blood predator.

Man hesitates?
entering den of a wolf,
to pay the debt.

Satish Verma

No Coming And Going

Defrosting,
the mutability of homicide.
You were lost in dreams
stoking the protests of eyes.

What were the explicit
suggestive remarks?
A personality disorder for going back
to pyramids and searching the priest?

Embrace the death, who
says. The pavillion was empty.
Game was over and boys had
gone to dethrone the kissed thief.

The questions run, trailing
the path. What was the nature
of this thought, I say when
sky was infinite?

Satish Verma

No Complaint

A brown cloud descends
on charcoal sketch.
Moonstruck, a blast begins.

Marigold, beware:
sun is going to hide
behind the stings.

The fang penetrates deep,
in the breast
of sleeping pride.

A golden god
melts in the arms
of mercy.

The lips suck the blue poison
of the hymns.
The saint was a killer.

I am a ravaged path
who wants nothing
from the feet! □

Satish Verma

No Complaints

Moon was looking
in my eyes. Time to sink my
ship coming apart.

Sunset was visible.
Don't want to give a chance
to write off pen.

Ironic. Shifting
away from peace. Why turn
to black hole?

Satish Verma

No Contempt

Yearning to reach you
like out of body experience.
Dreams will not agree.

He was stunned when
you disappeared in flames.
Was this a protest?

Reincarnation?
I will wait until the death
of the Super moon.

Satish Verma

No Coronation Please

Like toothache.
Would hear the voices
of dark.

No beginning, no end.
I will not conclude.
Like the setting sun in west
dying beautifully?
without moon.

It is a chilling confession.
No offending. Trying to
understand unmoving lips.

In my suffering
there was no faith healing.
I won't ask your hand.

Every syntax, regenerates
the truth of the dirty mind.

Living amidst the
dangers of orthopedic blunders
you cannot walk straight.

The queen has gone insane.

Satish Verma

No Criminality

Paying back the debt
of virility. A lame duck
hobbles on the moon.

As far as, you can,
travel on my body, to?
catch the boat.

River was on spate,
sinking the groves,
bushes and fireflies.

Don't walk on
the clouds. You will fall
violently, when it rains at night.

The globes rotate
the world. You come back
to the poles, from where
you started.

Satish Verma

No Dark Crime

I am done for,
jumping the wall of
signature pain.

I hear you talking
in whispers, to an invisible
god of absence.

A journey breaks
halfway. Were you going
to write off our hand-made tapestry?

O God, you hit
precisely. I want to throw
back your kindness.

Ah, the scars don't
go. Time does not heal
the wounds of earth.

Satish Verma

No Demagogue

This was not a witch
or witchcraft, striking
a pose to entice the sleep.

The grass will not?
listen the earthly
eavesdropping on moon.

Some extra neutral
wine for a resilient poet
who will refuse to die.

My color was not black
nor white. It had the
golden hue.

Your nails were very sharp
digging for a *Digambra
on my bare chest.

Satish Verma

No Departures

A massive black hole
devoures the devdasi.
The temple becomes
a cadaver court.

Some say it was
less punishment for the sins
of the pulsar.

The dancing baby
in the womb of rubble
of prayers does not want
to come out.

It was a price of
dying intact.

The incense of screaming
roses blooms. How much
heavy was the wreath?

Overnight the image
was replaced. There was
no spinning wheel. Only
a water cistern.

Satish Verma

No Dues

Misreading?
the time zone, clock
refuses to rewind.

The brain shuts,
absenting the self.
No seeing no hearing.

The street,
resuscitates you.
Train whistles to take you away.

What home?
There was no destination.
You will not reach anywhere.

Satish Verma

No Enemies

Forgiving myself
to celebrate the
holiness of words.

Suffered every day
like marbles,
lying in dry grass.

Trapped. The dark
clouds will not release
the moon to take revenge.

I am afraid
of myself. Standing
against the blind wall.

Cold and blue,
the talking mirror
wants to go deaf and dumb.

Satish Verma

No Epilogue

The flame springs to
burn my hand. Blood drips drop
by drop from a hole.

I am signing red.
Inertia sits in the veins.
Do not know any god.

End and beginning
have become one. I will
calculate sins.

Satish Verma

No Explanation

How difficult it was to
remain a simple truth,
as passive grass
with no frills.

I was ready to talk
heart to heart.

You cannot stand all the ink,
writing, simple verse, furtively.

What was eating you up,
I asked the milkweed.
"On this summer, monarchs
were not coming to breed"
it said.

I felt the unease. Grappled with the
amount of pain, at tiny thoughts.

The scale and brutality
of the times, the throats slit open.

Like a clam you shut up.

Satish Verma

No Grand Landing

It clings to you, like a liquid rock,
burns your skin. You get a chemosignal.
Tethered on a rope your clenched iron fist
remains dysfunctional. From the elite enclave
red smoke billows like a jinni unleashed
from the bottle.

A stray mortar sends olfactory fumes.
The land concludes a twist, becomes
debris was a cluttered, goaded
inheritance. When it was not there I eat
the guns. Mission accomplished of death and
destruction, you start a prayer near an incapacitated tank.

Today, like everyday the war failed us.
Mother and son, father and daughter sleep in death's embrace.

Satish Verma

No Hatred

Step aside.
Tension of mining gold
barrels through
mating preference.

The shadows under the
eyes were lengthening.
A childhood alley had?
the cul-de-sac.

A face trembles in your
hands when you kiss
the tears of a melting peak.
The body collects the honey.

A sleeping moon drifts
 like a fallen virgin,
covering the face in the headscarf
of brazen clouds.

Satish Verma

No Hurts

This was an embryonic stimulus
for a sprint.

Knowledge itself has no legs.
Can you run faster than thoughts?

The sniper will take you in the open field.
I had hoped to die in your arms.

The podium was too high for a small man
who wanted to heal the masses.

Drowning in your own thoughts was the best kill.
The bones were always dumb.

Satish Verma

No Immediate Tomorrow

Metamorphosis comes first,
said the path
missing the trail of truth.
Spirituality remained unconnected.
Cunning lies kept on
popping up like bush fires.
Non answering provoked
a wordless war between tall trees.

Non sleeping fears
held the linear perceptions.
Tirelessly the thoughts mapped
the doubts and plunged into grief.
A name was engraved on nevertime tomb.
Show me your tattooed skin,
a proof of a dream.

Don't push it down, it is always there.
Your basic fear.
You want again to cook a slice of past.
A tragic penetration into darkness.
There is no immediate tomorrow.
You are seeking a burning star,
smacked of revenge.

Satish Verma

No Intimidation

A weird solatium
was offered by putting
off the lights.

The animal inside you,
wants to apologise
for remaining pure.

The pastoral grief of?
a wayward priest?
comes to fore to be stared at.

Lessons inspired by
light were waiting
for the dark night.

And a tiger mauls
a hidden lecher
in the deep bush.

Satish Verma

No Love Song

In black midnight,
the white moon, like a nun
sits stonely.

The sliding moon is toxic
and you are not ready to
die for the theme.

The high priests will
weave the faux mantras to
invoke the goddess of wealth.

The debt pervades in every
relief. I survive the ignominy
of not touching a yogi.

And you, little brown bread,
will not feed the thousands
who come clamouring for a bite.

Satish Verma

No Makeup

Milk thistle cheated me.
There was no incarnation.
 The solitary purple flower
 was my leitmotif.

A girl was taking bath
in rose water on moon.
 This was a poem of night,
 alluring the sleeping snakes.

A thick blanket of snow
covers the wounds of earth.
 You swear and spit and become
 the saint of all the fugitives.

The yawns had crashed
on the bed of pointed nails.
 How long you will take to
 get ready for a revolution?

Satish Verma

No Malaise

I trace the path of murder, reclaiming
the blood stains
on grass. Becoming a stranger
in my own land.

Stranger? Yes.
Lead name missing.
Always wanted

less than enough.

I bare my chest
scrawling a blue butterfly trying to
unwrap the colour.

Satish Verma

No Man's Land

It was an explicit "I"?
deeply flawed.

You had started hitting
your peers, asking them
to hate you.

Psychopath?

Mea culpa, who would not say?
Kindles a tender feel?
when you love a pink rose,
not uttering a word.

Scared, my tremors
start like a leaf. Cannot hold
the pen. Very quietly
I print my tears.

Thirst, mouthless?
I drink from eyes.
Earth beware? the crop has failed.
Rancher was going?
to commit suicide.

Satish Verma

No Message

You have kept the
script? to age in dark,
silent night.

Drawn into the upheaval,
of grains?
ready to strike the mouth.

Nameless wheels were out
to carry the gay pride.
I am not amused of the day.

Who was naturally?
born? breathlessly, holding
the flag, to spite the clan.

A pink window was
stolen from the green house.
The light now burns black.

Satish Verma

No More Halts

To end an impasse,
I had placed a yellow rose
on your lips.

Where the world ends, my
poem starts to seal the bond.

A flock of birds flies? to reconnect
the warring factions of blue winds.
And the chemistry of river,
sings in between the two.

The green rattlesnake, falls from
the moon, stops the enmity. You are
not afraid, not nervous.

The hummers are in vogue,
flying backward. I will bring
the caped jasmine to celebrate
the truce.

You are now astute
beautiful inside. The bell
will not toll today.

Satish Verma

No More, No Less

Noway, I will ask
the poem, to become stressed out,
like the street,
beaten and used again
and again.

Where do you want to go
for a rendezvous with?
unknown, in dark,
groping for the unsung,
unseen meaning?

Time is worn out. You live
on the fringes, unselling
your ancient home, submerged,
after the earthquake,
triggered by ghosts of comments.

Satish Verma

No One Cares

The dark side of moon
simmers. There was an outbreak
of romance on planet.

*

Ah, the senile edge of
twilight! Which way the light will go
to shine dry humor?

*

Shall we change ourselves
in dim hope of rebirthing
of our ancient gods?

Satish Verma

No One Survives

Out of nowhere,
a miracle takes place.
Silence starts speaking.

Years roll by to?
engage the asteroid
not to strike tiger.

Reason has failed.
The black hole of human
mind sucks all the truths.

Satish Verma

No One Was Real

In aloneless,
searching for you?
in a dark truth
trying to find a place
between the eyes.

Like a meme, a gene?
I carried you in my arms
by moonlight sonata
where the ocean meets
the flames.

Unmasking
pumic stones, the
face of volcano? frozen eyes.

You walk under the palms
in dream shadows.

The dust flies without
a wind. Exposed relics,
in dry river bed,
give you the bloodbath
of forgotten rhymes.

Satish Verma

No Primal Questions

Today you were
not you, sitting in your
cozy nest.

Talking of ethics
of pomp and rituals.

Your pageant was
fake. A disquieted observer
was being observed.

Everything is not true.
Sometimes human judgment fails.
You revert ?
to your native sense.

Morality again was nailed
on the stake. You are burned
alive for putting up the acoustics.

You hear nothing
because nothing was said.
A lull before the half-saints appear.

Satish Verma

No Prophet Speaks

You decide first-whom
to blame? As if I am?
on threshold of denial
and anger.

When to kill a polluter,
who was deployed to?
protect the virginity of blue ocean?
The stealth fighter becomes a fake.

They meet like polygamists
exchanging the rings to remain
unfaithful. The untested blood
was a carrier.

On the brink, comes the army
of black ants, waking the lover
in evening light. You should not
stir. Greed will make the sleeper move.

Satish Verma

No Reason

Collecting more luggage
while moving on.

The hostages were left behind.

A chilling reminder.
Travel light.
Snow was not going to melt.

Water was rising in the eyes. They look hazy?
the church, the mosque,
the temple.

Violence. It was inside you.

You were walking in sleep
inattentive of mines.

As if you will walk through the fire?
ball unharmed.

Satish Verma

No Reason To Wait

The vagility
was close to disaster.
Standing amid the ruins,
we were ready to break ourselves.

We had come afar
in search of the golden deer,
which we find now standing dazed
in the moon's dawn.

The dark circles under the
eyes run deep, hiding the babies
unborn, looking back at the dead,
living god.

The sick society now finds
relief in the screams of
windows, that will not allow
the sun to peep in.

Satish Verma

No Regrets

Looking at the
moon will hurt you bitter?
sweet one day.

At night. Tinged with
pink ache in eyes of the
collapsed soul.

Don't pursue flesh,
of the had been goddess
to avenge me.

Satish Verma

No Rescue

Civil war:

Again you are visiting
the childhood. A green pond.

Smoke filled eyes ask, what
was a home?

A black city of white hills.
You were climbing on dreams
to reach a baby moon.

And the night
was very long, like a bad name
you cannot spell.

The anthills, fireflies and
snakes. You are still lost
in cobwebbed age.

Pawned:

After books there were no other
tales.

Satish Verma

No Retaliation

Rolling the years
back to you, when you are
no more my rival.
Of unbecoming?
it was a total disaster.

Over to you, my debt.
I will not claim
my mirrors. You can sleep
on the clouds. I will
collect the rains of dark rubies.

You were the swan
who would not find the lake.
Forlorn, you collect the
hate and become a rose.

The tears make the
pearls. I draw a circle.
You are not in center.

Satish Verma

No Return

It was inheritance
of age
before the mirrors
for the language of windows.

The high rise buildings
always cast a pall of seems to slide
and I cannot reach the sky.

I want to say
what I did not want to say.
The lake has gone in a siege
till infinity.

Wrap me a sharp knife
I will cut my tongue today
to offer to goddess of shame.
The light has gone away from my heart.

Satish Verma

No Revenge

Penultimately,
I pick up my choice
of not accepting my defeat.

The grades were falling.
Yet my limbs move
on fine grains of salt.

I will write, blue names
with chalk
on the blackboard of?

a teacherless life.
The disasters had helped me
to redefine the attachments.

The jail-break was
imminent Moon was coming
out from the nemesias.

Satish Verma

No Riders

Again trying to forget
you, leaving behind the
loose ends in air. The descent
of Aerial begins.

A fairy? amongst the
gorgons. Like a soft poem
walking on burning coals.
I was always warning you.

Sometimes too much knowing
hurts. I want to become
ignorant of hovering dark clouds.
No light was the best option.

The stings, many of
them were closing in. The
cruel honey sticking to all
the toes. I cannot run.

Sowing the rounded seeds,
you don't get the poppies.

Satish Verma

No Rivalry

Something? you wanted to
say, which you would not.
Planet breaks? disheveled, weeping
being? unbeing.

Sometimes you play a game
of trembling legs?
waiting to run away
from your anguished inside.

The last hour of night
blinks. A baby sun about
to be born, and you find yourself
unprepared.

The black letters, on yellow
pages, under the streetlight
dance. A fat dream burns.
A book bleeds.

Satish Verma

No Room

Trapped necklace:
after a kiss of bee
to find the hive.

Honey spills from the
urns. I wet my moons in night.
Wind snatches a sun.

Let's go back to bricks
for the moral blindness of
king without crown.

Satish Verma

No Saviour

Out of ambit? you resume
the surfing again? on
yellow tulips?
in misting valley.

One who will not bless
the seed? will sit
in shadow of hunger.

Do not touch the?
impossible blue of the
eyes, unhunted by the tears.

Snare or be snared. If
there was a flint and
the steel? do you think the
spark will be faraway?

In silent night, I will open
the crypt to have a look again?
at the wornout cloak of a paragon.

Satish Verma

No Semblance

For the sake of fidelity?
a kiss, which was not.
On the lips of a flame
you burn for whole life.

You know, what you did
not supposed to.
You will forget the
unforgettable, the first
cobra grace.

The blue stigma, was
still alive in green scars.

The shadows walked
on ice, when you stood under
the full moon for an other encounter.

Satish Verma

No Sin

Farce,
you think?
you will not come back

like Argentine
dinosaur
130,000 pounds

That was
metaphysical

There is no space sacred,
left to die

No time, cause
or substance

You can speak to me, unspeaking
without wires

There is no carrot
for the god

Satish Verma

No Snobbery

Talk of politics,
and the auction begins.

Every rock has a price.
The marble will fetch more flesh.

The granite breaks below
your eyes. I limit the tears.

No time left for complaints.
I am ready for the good -bye.

Will you meet me beyond
the space, faraway in void?

No words will follow me
I am going unwritten.

No profile, no editing.
A bloom will pop up, from
below the fallen tree.

Satish Verma

No Strings

A fast in hurry. you
pretend that you
were dead.

The legend survives,
putting the land's blood
in the grass roots.

The tremors had started
in the blue flame. A lunatic
calls for the moon to explain.

The tides were not coming?
Watching hopelessly;
the decline of sinkers.

A watershed of humility.
The river has left the
body of water.

Satish Verma

No Telling

A severed head sits upright on mud floor
coruscating in moonlight. It was a meditating
Buddha with eyes downcast after a perfect death.

With indecent exposure there was no artifact
to celebrate. The steel was rusted and the name
erased from the asylum.

You walk like a stranger in your home,
possessed, in merciless purity. The greatness
of unbeliever touches a giant guilt.

Satish Verma

No Time For Mourning

Without shadow
an agony, slits me open.
As when I bleed.
I write a poem.

It hurts,
when you touch the words,
the lines, the paragraph?
the page.

From teaching
to be a learner?
a long odyssey from?
innocence to scream.

My namesake, my akin
dies daily. I dig a mass grave
to find my twins,
where the god lived.

Satish Verma

No Titles

You said
this was it.

The fog over the
shoulders will
sweep the profiles.

You did not know
how to give, and I
would not know, how
to take.

Maples, pears, and ginkgos
will show the fallacy
of colors in autumn.

And you, unblinkingly
watch a
poet's dilemma.

And I would just only stare
into your eyes.

Satish Verma

No Vendetta

I go mad when moon
comes near me.
How you dare the flame?

Such a love. You
prepare to walk on the burning
coals, challenging deep ocean.

When the boat sinks,
I will carry you like butterfly
in the hands to meet the creator.

Satish Verma

No Vilification

Do you think milk?
The medicine,
had already become
a bromide.

One benign question,
opened the potential
of conflict. The fan-
tasy? Golden knife?

Devastating me. Car-
essing the dark, did
you stop by the moon
to say hello?

Unmasking the secret?
of immortality? Epebic.
You were always lying
to yourself.

Satish Verma

No Violence

Two wicks in
my earthen lamp. Love was
sprayed on my wings.

The gender quote
was inappropriate. You of
you and me of me were one.

The door shuts for
any god. The flowers
speak of religion.

The evening song
was a prayer. Name
was on the lips.

Sea salt was
piling up. You muffle
my hair to awaken me.

No acknowledgments were needed.

Satish Verma

No, No I'M No Ovid!

A useless space between the sentences,
ghastly story does not end in black and white.
Again the heart cries.
I keep on knocking on the doors
and then return to blackness.

Sometimes people become insects.
Cockroaches, ants and spiders,
weaving their webs and hills,
crawling, creeping, clawing.
Flesh eaters. Pouncing upon hapless victims.

Depression. I am devastated.
Something churns in breast, dousing the spirit, lines and words.
Cannot sit quiet. Agoraphobia. Don't want to talk.
Somewhere a name crops up. Saint or beast.
Under the trees there is no shade. I walk barefoot.
Hungry dogs chasing the flies.
Humidity fills the eyes.

Silence of the night.
City has stopped running.
All the dead will speak now.
Not asking any revenge,
but peace for the living people.

Satish Verma

Nobody Can Say

Wearing raw beef,
speaking Buddha,
it was real time in dystopia.

I was wondering,
how to cheat life.
Crypts were empty.

Think, keep quite,
I would say, watching
the river go by.

The feral look, will
teach you suffer. There
was no ending.

Half-bird, half-mount?
You carry the burden
of undoing nemesis.

Satish Verma

Nobody Was Innocent

You were not facing
the facts to defeat yourself?
with palm leaves wiping
away the stains of moon.
The confessions were not
valid in light. Darkness will
decide the fate of an exhibitionist.
In the game of survival,
onlookers become strangers.
You will not stand on your feet.
Invisible hands clap.
Sometimes we don't talk and look eyeful.
I have nothing to begin today
nothing to finish.
The sea swells up without a storm.

Satish Verma

Nobody Weeps

On the street between the impeachment
and castle a divine release was being
enacted engaging the durable peace in seething winter.
A somber black cloud of smoke was
slowly reclaiming the sun.

A disgraced militant was pounding his chest
for not killing priceless bees
who were initializing the flowers of Aden. The
death was laid out in a row before the child
was born. Dead prophets were watching from the eyes of dolls.

Satish Verma

Nobody Will Die

Knowing the beginning
and the end,
you stand in water.
Transparency should
come first, waiting
for your time.
A blind pursuit for a brilliant moment,
to break the black rock.
The bloodstained eyes
tell the opacity of eternal lies.
Can you melt the darkness?
The holy edge was inviting.
You want to settle
for a suicide, after the hymns.
O golden peaks
I don't want to climb the illusion.
Sun was sitting in my room.
A bluebird was
staring at me. When do I
start laughing?

Satish Verma

Noesis

A near cult glows/ on faces?
for harvesting peace,
saluting each other, without flame.

I have come so far
though you did not want the winds to move.

A new theme was
developing. The first wicket has fallen.
The collective suicide
will follow.

Invoking the sun, you stay in shadows,
without qualms to hear
the swish of swords.

The phenomenalist,
strides confidently to read your mind.
Heart cries?
Uncontrollably.

Satish Verma

Noises Of Stampede

The pink moon will
stay up to gray dawn. I will
meet you in prayers.

You just slept in
my arms to decipher
the dreams of unknown.

Violence creeps into
my eyes when crazy sun
starts beating the clouds.

Satish Verma

No-Man's-Land

Sadness was invading my wounds. Again
I will dip my fingers in bleeding heart
to write a new poem.

A scythe cuts a cloud
that it was not. I reel under
the unexpected rain of wards.

You go up on top ladder
to jump in the hot cauldron,
no pain to drown in bones.

What was the meaning of living
with death daily and still smiling?
A candle makes a hole in your palm!

The brain has an infidel tumor;
if fails to grow and erase you.
You are absent to your being.

Satish Verma

Nomenclature

O leviathan,
enter the dark cloud of death
defanging fire,
the mountain wants to shiver.

Sand was slipping from my fists.
I cannot hold the time;
wet eyes
will find another moon.

The milk had dried up in body.
A heart burns like bonfire,
for a heretic. A lone stranger
in a city of wolves.

A bareback beauty sits on the rock
waits for the sea
to bring her the poison. An Aphrodite
will never call for nothing.

Satish Verma

Satish Verma

Non - 'i'

I intend to move away from myself
as apologia for sadness,
Could not give up the zen,
powerless, breathless, drowning,
in my skin, my viens,
sharing the existence of undoing,
what was something.

Nobody I am, connecting to you
by flames of aristocracy of pain,
for eternal slavery.

Primitive memory hurts. Give me your tears.
The world is struck by salutation to sun
I am free to put a mask
and light the dead wood.

Satish Verma

Non - Duality

I watched helplessly, my body being taken away
limb by limb
Life was becoming meaningless for the keeper.

So much chaos and fear. Flash and shadows
will not coexist in the same house.
Salt was diminishing day by day
and tasteless was cyanide.

You start beginning to understand,
death was not the key.
You have to ask for living without insult to 'Why'.

How far you will go on the bridge?
River flows tumultuously under the feet.
All around a smell of burning flesh.
The spark was igniting internally.

I was water and I was stone.
Years were passing away without remorse
hiding the death of human spirit.

Satish Verma

Non Real

My brothers killed me for a song
an antithesis to kiss for a chaste tree.
I hold my viscera in cupped palms.
Their eyes burn like flaming windows.
An evening primrose smiles at my stupidity.
Questions have no full stop, I grieve.

Why did they punish me, for my lone voice?
I die daily amidst the barbed
Hawthorns for the sake of posterity.
The ribbed cage of desolation, in the kingdom of potencies.
The innocence drops like,
a terrified mirror on floor.

Death will obliterate, the lights from blue eyes.
I adored a dream, which always stayed in shadows,
The moon will grab a cloud,
creating a music of eternity.
The non-real will become a solid absolute.

Satish Verma

Nonaggression

Taking my baby steps
to break the bread of deeper?
thoughts and burn
the hanging roots.

The tormentor was on the
prowl. Daffodils were trying to
entice. The herons standing on
long legs go into a trance.

It is dawn. I have to meet
the redlined date of encounter. The sears
has become green. I want
to peel off the glamour of glittering stars.

In my moon walk there was
no rule. I was free to become me.
No slit lamp to penetrate my eyes
I want to go blind.

Enough this world. My black
box cannot be found.

Satish Verma

Nonetheless

You have to die
to live again for bloodline.
See how the wind blows.

The black roses go
in flames. I change myself
to understand you.

There was no niche
in your wall to place my
deity to mirror me.

Satish Verma

Non-Story

Questions are the answers
and answers are the questions.
They never die. The words
collect the dripping wounds.
Memories emmigrate to wasteland
and the city drowns in a lake.
Our infallible pride has no challenge
trust the precarious teeth.

Beyond eloquence life drifts
from unknown to unknown.
A fruitless search in a grey winter
of thinking trees. Tall,
beautiful, but faith has taken a U- turn.
The span of obscurity
reflects a twisted wisdom
burning the books of tomorrow.

The fear, depression
and brutal game of corruptible views
I deal with a non-story
of cultivated meditation.
The duality of hate
and love, bread and hunger.
I stand on a quicksand
to balance the beach
and find the missed links.

Satish Verma

Nostalgia

What it was? Unthinkable:
he had become inaudible
to himself.
Intramurality in defiance?
or falling from perfectibility?

The terrible stench;
and toxic fumes rising from decaying passions.
The flesh middle age, blocked arteries
fear of schizophrenia?

Scion of royalty clapping for wheels,
shine and color
hanging by a thread of hate.

This was life without a hero.
Pacers-by caring for posters only
Whisking the sounds away.

Many in the one
nostalgia of shapes.

Satish Verma

Nostalgic Return

Like a forgotten
love child, are you same as
I left you sleeping?

A creeper grows on
your face to steal the tears.
Why karma had failed?

At least a small kiss
of revival of dreams could
have saved the moon!

Satish Verma

Not A Banal Taste

Privileged of remaining
grey in the hands of enemy,
I say to myself?
why not turn dark.

You will erase the ancient bliss.
It had made you a goliath beetle.

The weapons become the
shining medals. I would fill the?
gap of gender space.

But, when the doors become
shut, light tends to cling
the floaters? moving in straight line.

You reach for the falling
crumbs of age. The pain opens
the sky of withering vision.

Satish Verma

Not A Dirty Game

Unflinkingly you
embrace a fireball and jump
into the lake to cool.

You forgot to give
me something under the moon's
shade and went to sleep.

The spider moves
gingerly, like a robot to
catch the god for supper.

Satish Verma

Not A Dream

Imperfect mating.
I am lurching forward?
in a chaotic
non-existence.

There was no divinity
in your sinless sprinkling.
A timeless death was
the only riposte to ephemeral queries.

A lif-size God stands
sentinel outside the museum.
Only the mortal were
etched on the walls.

A pygmy cycas has bloomed
after a decade. I have come back
home to collect?
my belongings of last life.

Satish Verma

Not A Fate

Stalking a poem
the art!
becomes a script.

*

At night it comes
to sleep in my bed.
A new verse.

*

I will reach you
in my ode,
one day.

Satish Verma

Not A Noble Thing

Poetry of vengeance.
This was not any pulverized
version of new memes, the
digital eating
of the truth.

We are not moving at all.
A hidden rope becomes a rattler,
frightens you from the
narcissistic stupor.

Every day a scam erupts.
The veil remains intact, but the
undercurrent explores the path
to kill you.

There was no music left in
legs. A black window jumps
over the fence. A sharp
sting brings the angina.

Satish Verma

Not A Punishment

You need a bit
of grit to walk straight.
The nakedness failed in sun.

The bubble forgets its shape,
bursts in laughter. There
was no violence in retreating
famous quotes.

It was more than
a dream. The wild pursuit
of your footprints brings bliss.

Fight was on, for not
to be or isness. I cannot
turn away from my
inner voice, the divine truth.

I remember your
face in setting sun. Distracted,
drenched in black tresses
like a wandering moon.

I wouldn't become guilty.

Satish Verma

Not A Renegade

The summer moon with
poetry and musk.
I waited full evening
to become a coherent whole.

I wanted to quit, like
a Buddha, not to come back
in the baked mud house
where the sun would not break.

The earthen lamp with
a flickering flame, under the
holy basil, wants to die
before the moonrise.

Paralysed lower limbs
will make you sit like a god
on the altar, deaf and dumb.

You don't want to learn
about the red lips of the goddess.
Moon was bleeding heavily.

Sit in a lotus position.
Sky is going to fall.

Satish Verma

Not A Smile

Let me write a signature
theme, without cubic
reference.

A dove takes a dive.
Your body becomes a poem.
Multiple dots leave
indelible marks.

The livid kindness
has exhausted, interlocking
the planes of separation.
I am still lurking
in black air.

I am the mirror
and I am the face.
A brick thrown at me,
does not reach the target.

Satish Verma

Not Accountable

A breast bomb,
makes a sudden lunge-
disfiguring the landscape
till your body was pulled out.

Your choices were very few.
Either you walk straight
or become a leaf of grass.

It will not work. A swift?
withdrawl from the controversial
marriage with ferocity,

as naked as moon. How
about the aspirant refusing
to sit for engraving in gold?

The salt bearers were coming
to act like gods.

Satish Verma

Not Afraid Of

I want to quit
the game of skulls
to die better.

A saddened butterfly
holds up the sun
on its frail wings.

On the trembling limbs
a hummingbird moth
hovers in air, to catch the moon.

Who was shy of
tiger lily for whisking
away your mirror?

I will wait for
you, till the hundred
moons come and go.

Like a decoy will
be used to trap
the tall necked peacock.

Satish Verma

Not An Opus

Gray murder it was,
of the bright sun over the
maple tree. I was falling all over the
crunching yellows.

A dark cloud covers the
hazy vision, of brown eyes,
looking through the walls.
As if you are being buried alive
between dry leaves.

This will be known as
sheet of shame spread
over the shoulders of pain.

I will miss your
sorrow, your grief of
not kissing me in snowfall.

The peaks don't marry.
They stay single in the plateau
of love, not washed out but
broken in hearts.

Am I going to relive
my past in future?

Satish Verma

Not Any Acrimony

At dusk, I will smear
your lips to color the moons.
Acts like Midas touch.

The dunes tend to
shift from the shivering hands,
when the knuckles bend.

The scope expands.
You will walk on periphery.
I will tow the line.

Satish Verma

Not Anybody

Sun was setting over the cacti and critiques.
A cryptogram said, dignity first without
any damage to faithful aloneness. Protection
was not sacrifice, you have to plummet from a cliff.

A plaque has no mortality. The pressing of
lips places pain ahead of hope. The smiles
have a coercive expedience. I become voiceless
in a delirium of green death opens

a door. Fear of feathers surprises, would
not measure the sky. Bound by winds the giant
trees search for the soil. Any grass can send

the butterflies. The bald piston throws the
blood on the spikes. Spiders are unwinding
by kisses. Beds are empty.

Satish Verma

Not Asters

Your roses drink the
sun in dewy dawn. I catch the
speed of dying moon.

The rains bring in new
asterisks to anoint the verses
before their burial.

One more mercy to let
the shadows of swallows fall
on my blank pages.

Your lips are like hinged
leaves of Venus flytrap. Become shut
when you trap the words.

Satish Verma

Not Being With Self

A danger looms
large, permeating in
eyes, arms and legs.

This was an
ethnic divide of the body
for different hurts.

My voice doesn't
reach you. Still I was
calling you from thick fog.

Some galaxies are
half-eyed. Come follow me,
I will show you a burning comet
with a heart of ice.

Dust takes revenge.
One day burning glass
will ask the price of living.

I knew you will
attack from within to
become a ghost.

How much less
I knew?

Satish Verma

Not Blameless

Whoso stills the
thunder, it was difficult
for you to lift yourself.

A failed past was?
asking for a date
with destiny.

What your gut bacteria
would say, when
it is raining hot kisses?

I extricate myself
from the shelled house
of pride against the risk.

Should I prepare myself
for the worst? Midnight
syndrome will attract the moths?

Satish Verma

Not Burnt-Out

You didn't need to
pray like the Milky Way
handing on moon.

Why did you follow
me, when I was alone?
hurt, in stampede?

Touch me again
when yellow jasmine wakes.
I will linger all night.

Satish Verma

Not Charity

When the family
unites, rains come and
ice starts melting.

The roaming leaves of
saddened trees, hopped earlier like
small birds, and then
landed on snow to make
their burial dives, with
the stalks dangling upside
down like legs.

You would find the holes
like bullets in the heaving chest
of dying earth.

A baby squirrel
scuttles on the deck for any
forgotten nuts.

You display a very primordial
secularism. There are different
skin colors, but
hunger is same.

Satish Verma

Not For Wages

A candid flint
stretches the sexlessness
of a family.
Let the rootless plants start
a ritual of reproduction.

A kiss of undergrass
takes you back home for a bloodless
dawn. Say something for those
who have not seen the moon.
No answers were available for green questions.

There was no naked mouth
to feed the dew scorches
the flame. A cloud will lift
the night and scars will become opaque
in the forecast.

Satish Verma

Not Guilty

Undone in dark
you strike back with ardor.
The end was not near. It
was only the beginning of it.

There were many questions
about life. Without mincing any
words, you draw a circle
and sit outside of it.

There was no natural answer.
You teach yourself about
the foundation, from the book
of falls. The breach of trust has a glint
of dagger.

In the hour of betrayal you
drink the cup of Conium, to
describe the ascending palsy.
Step by step, drop by drop.

Why death was hesitant to
shake with you?

Satish Verma

Not Harming You

Another tear rolled down, on time's cheek.

It was not meant to be
like this. Undaunted,
you open the fire towards the moon.

In your madness?
there was a discipline.
A psychological withdrawal?

from the nesting niche.
Believe me? it was not a fake,
I will not reclaim my gifts.

Lesser known was the
spiritual inadequacy.
The hawk will not come to land.

Death? be not a child.
Breathing is slowing down.
I will wait for the sunset.

Satish Verma

Not Heart Broken

I break the silence
to bid farewell to my past
and future. You scream.

Dry leaves are being
crushed. The tall tree goes into
meditation to talk to his soul.

The hopes tremble.
Roots smile. The sap rises to
the wrinkled buds. Let spring come.

Satish Verma

Not Holding

Not begging,
for a native dream;
hiding an ocean in the eyes.

The hills were trembling.
I am going to cross the river,
of flames.

I am sitting on the dirt floor,
counting the cowries.

This was my home,
that was my book.

Playing the game of death.

What had you written, O god
with your quivering hand.
I am still following a riderless horse.

Not the least. Any want...
Give back my blank page.

Satish Verma

Not I Not You

Nothing to put in
words. You had placed
ampersands between
the names.

The subject you
wouldn't give up in summer
wars and moon walk.

One small hole
in the sleeve of Grim Reaper
ready to burn the house
of an angel.

One day you will
come back from odyssey
empty-handed. The
hummingbird had left the nest.

The game was not
yet over. The prophet
waits at the gate to welcome
dervish coming bare foot.

Satish Verma

Not In Tears

Now I am used to
betrayals.
I don't hit back
in the vanishing light.

Very frightening,
I will say.
Sightless bats hovering
round your head.

Have started playing
the game with the nettle.
I will take the stings
and give you back honey.

An intimate kiss of a
naked beetle.
Are you coming for the
last supper?

Satish Verma

Not In Wake

Your theme will
not endure the momentous
push. Stars are falling
one by one.

In row of skulls
time stands still, to revise
the angle of moon. Now
the words haunt. We are
in peace.

Will you embrace
the religion of trespassing
against rituals? You were
the creator, you were the destroyer.
Venus sleeps naked.

Talking of self, we
forget the nature of
vicious vipers. Can you play
with the flames of past?
Which of the god was not
a love child?

Satish Verma

Not Invoking

This attitude rattles
me. Silence has?
become very vocal.

The body does not listen
now. A knife
has become celibate.

The unsung hero was
untainted and pure.
It was the veil, which was corrupt.

Are you ready for
the hang? The wrists cut
open were not bleeding.

The jewel of the fire
does not burn. Even the
purple hemlock is very sweet.

Satish Verma

Not Left Behind

I will keep on
looking back, when you would
not be there.

Trying to put it behind me, the
Moon-blind dysphoria.

The riddled moments. You
are badly hurt, but
would not say.

Bare-boned, in
the oasis of flesh.

The mankind?
why were you feeling let down
by animalcules?

Into the grave milieu,
you? sleeptalking, without
voice.

Trying to rekindle the
flames from the wet eyes.

Satish Verma

Not Like Anybody

Sometimes you want to
walk to the gallows,
for my sins.

It was a big fight
over the organ stop, but
I had a different version.

Living in mirror had
become a charm. At least
you were visiting me daily.

Like sniper fire.
It was a volley of bad names
for a nameless, nearer home.

In quest of fear to
understand the unknown, I
have sacrificed my birds of night.

Satish Verma

Not Like Me

You wanted to say
something, I was paper
and I was the ink.

Give me your dark
robe, I will stitch the moon
against the rainfall.

Last night it was a
blood soaked fight between
two smoking eyes.

Satish Verma

Not Listening To Yourself

I paint the day
for you, for the last rites
of sun.

Embracing the dark
to dissolve the boundaries.

I will question, something
else, not about the stoned moon.

The other side of the
thin hijab, was a humiliated truth.
Facts were always knifed.

Something moves
harshly to break the silence.
A pink self betrays the denial.

How mandatory it
was to keep on gooding
the blue flames!

There is no family
of the bohemian.

Satish Verma

Not My Angst

Tribal instinct spares none.
You change the script,
and come out to see the murmuration
of a flock of starlings.

The precision, the blend
make you wonder about the harmony
of small birds in unison,
an army moves as one body.

O man, your mathematics
has gone absurd. The sects and
cults. The zealot, the devout.
Brother, I will say unleaving must start.

More poems?
That does not work.
All the daffodils go blind.
Thousands of years go?
in making a vision.

Satish Verma

Not My Choice

It was not opulence.
Black widow eats the mate after
the love. Cannibalism has gone very high!

Will you cheat on me?
I ask the moon after the consecration
of a fallen comet on pyre.

A devout was smearing
the dust, after the white elephant
had trampled the clay temple.

Satish Verma

Not Negotiating

The lost child of
pulsing star was hiding in your eyes.
A feud will decide
the fate of broken wings.

There was no classical
guilt to wipe out the
gossip of coined vocabulary.

Tears will spoil the milk
of hungry mouth.
Two halves won't move.
I dream carrying the stains
on my sleeves.

A thick silence descends.
No mistakes.
I plan to kill my steps.

The doorbell rings.
Time to say goodbye.
I open the door.
Stranger picks up the briefcase.

Satish Verma

Not On Crutches

Not impassible.
Buried in snow, I
will bring back my moon.

There was no divination.
I still stand on my legs.

I will not talk about shadows
or any haloes. An urge to find
unknown. Touching the feet?
No I don't submit to body.

No rewards. No citation.
I will walk alone in the jungle
of prying eyes, in my
visible bones.

The flame-test. The truthless
blames, and a naked god.
I have come faraway from my childhood.

Satish Verma

Not Parting

Keep your persona
blessed. I miss you.

Do you meet the
mockingbird often? Ask
the larkspur to stay open
the spur. I may come any day
to give a kiss.

Why did you
embrace the path
of submission, leaving
the prophet of mercy?

Between why and
how I was discovering
myself in vain.

Do you believe
in seclusion of pain?
I always cried in dark.

Satish Verma

Not Prurient

Becoming fiercely personal
with no physical contact,
the crescent moon
ultimately occults the Venus.

The grazer now turns into
fugitive. Was not the knower,
was not the known.

No past, no future, you
move with your eyes down
to deny the assault, the flirtation.

Your silence was
unthinkable. I will bring home
the dead. Light is gone. The
slapper sleeps.

In emotional agony I
start prowling for the body.

Satish Verma

Not Quite A Prayer

You had placed floating
garden on the crest
of five-headed white cobra.

The hooded death,
strikes; when you were
tending to bonsai.

Over to moon,
you send the message. But
The book was incomplete.

On the way to
tiny thoughts, an odyssean
task to put the right words.

I will go and
stand on the edge, to
watch the glorious sunset.

Satish Verma

Not Ready To Forget

Very scary, I admit?
your vintage?
lovemaking with
a ghost.

Life in a crate was
creating nonpoems.
Water on the ice moon
was never there.

Unmasked you shoot a
songbird in flight.
The soft music went into
the barrel of the gun.

Come and meet my other
self. My penchant for talking
to flowers has made
me a martyr.

Satish Verma

Not Reproaching

Robbed?
of my aloneness, by
an army of ravens?

thoughts. I
meditate and weave
your face?

in muse. My
journey begins on a
mist scent as the moon rises.

What more you
want, than the silence,
before the bell tolls.

Satish Verma

Not Seeing Together

Will not sleep tonight.
Someone may do hara-kiri,
by the waning moon.

*

Awareness may
kiss the sun to open the
eyes of blind soul.

*

An innocent? yes
hurts, to accept the verdict
of apocalypse.

Satish Verma

Not Seeking Retribution

Struggling with-
a fakir's heart, at random
fall, remembering a reverie
in quest for unstopping
in your home.

It was not a personal
guilt to modify the echoes
to let go the original voice of
the shelter.

Not believing in-
a parasol, I asked the moon,
why the sky was crying?

Walking alone in the
valley of dolls, I
assemble the broken watch
of faultless decisions.

Time was up and you sing
in honey-trap of life.

Satish Verma

Not Sinned

Were very hot, trembling thighs
like in frying pan, you sizzled
looking around for ladders.

Then you crashed on the charged
net like a mosquito, exploding
in white flame- tip, tip-top.

Pungent smoke rises, of
smoldering flesh. I was afraid
of drums, the fierce sounds.

Your song has been left behind.
Stolen piece. Love has become a
terror asking for ransom.
Living fossil. Taking it all, you didn't
deserve the garbage. The string
of wasted years.

Satish Verma

Not The God

A fathomless abyss,
you feel the power of wordless going.

Sperms leave,
when you smell your own blood.

The roasted pig,
or degenerating rhyme.

What would be your pick;
the dopamine?
The serotonin,
the medulla?

The radar will not follow you.
You are alone.
A tiny dot moving on the screen of life.

The morality was at risk,
with no window.

Satish Verma

Not The Thing

Life plays the tricks.
You become a meteor-
a streak of light, in the almond eyes
of a god.

I don't like the grey areas.
Can you become fearless
and confess the guilt of drinking
the mercury? Blisters had
appeared on your face red and blue.

Was it a pure fault?
Mother earth buried
alive thirty below the mound of lies
you remained alive.

Dehydrated, you speak
the truth and spill out the
false mind separates
from the heart and blood stains emerge.

Satish Verma

Not Thinking

Death was too candid
sparing the stone cutters.

The essence
touches the ethos
of dirty feet.

Pain without
fringes seeks the solace
from severed limbs.

No one else will
know, how kind were my bruises.

Crossing the symphony
I have reached at your
silence of shivering lips.

We touch each other
by words, our voices baked.

Satish Verma

Not To Annihilate

I dig your secret
life, under wraps of clouds
amid sun and moon.

A chance to learn
the mystical Pythagorean
shift of love's angle.

Crypticarithmetic
peels of the pain from space
and time of body.

Satish Verma

Not To Be Understood

We were not in the
same book. Gods different,
we were placing dots
and dashes, smelling nights
writing our own epitaphs.

What this insane world
had offered to you in the
family of nonbeings?

I learn to sell my
wounds to buy peace.

The equinox equals
the strange life. Half yours and
half mine.

Undoing the disgrace
of falls, living in glorious
retreat, you do not want
to be understood.

The evergreen grass under
the running feet, would have the last laugh.

Satish Verma

Not True

A pigeon
flutters, in my frail?
chest, ready to fly away.

The train does
not stop here. Why
do I keep standing?

A man dies in
a blizzard. You
need to pay for it?

What was the
hallucination? I
was living for a lie?

Satish Verma

Not Water Proof

Stoned to death.

The rooted plants had begun
to climb the mountain.

Very hot here.

Difficult to breath in.

Why lesser flamingos were landing
on dry lake?

They enter via back door.

The multi-tuberculates.

Why the man was
running away from the orchids?

Strange, our lineage was
getting interrupted, by
smoke screens.

Satish Verma

Not Yet Battered

The pain physical.
I carve it in my mind, to
set it free? like the leaf going
to meet the ground.

To carry myself, holding
within, the desire to seek liberation
from coming and going.

My unroofed walls, taking
in, the sun, the rains?
the storm? the snow.

And my hurts?
my poesy.

I am confronting myself
for the final count.

Satish Verma

Not You, Not Me

You tell me in no
ambiguity to hold on the solitude.
Life was overrating the return
of a prodigal saint.

In wet distance
would you plant the seeds
of spiritual lockup?

Was it not two timing?
Riding on the waves
and starting roots music?

Shot in the back
of head, you wanted to die quickly
being sincere towards life.

Self-abandonment,
it were you, which was, for
what it was not.

I am counting the tongues
of flames, licking
the acid burned virtues.

Satish Verma

Not You. Not Me

Wading into future,
why do you carry so many
names?

Will you forget me
wearing my watch?
You were the timer?

not the time. Trying
to unlock the mystery
of tongues.

Killers? Who says?
What about the songbirds?
The whistling dolphins?

Why you are misunderstood?
Why do you sin
on the name of deity?

You were not there
in crowd, when I fell down
and people went running over me.

Satish Verma

Not Your Doings

A solemn moon
talking to hills,
plunged in pain of tainted love.

I steer quietly out
of this queasiness, didn't want
to accept the risqué.

A spider was climbing
on a wall to weave
a sticky web for a baby face.

Like an aspen leaf
you tremble in even a slight
breeze of a beautiful thought.

The garden lizard
changes the color. Who was responsible
for the ruins of temples
and mosques?

Let me talk to the god, the god
standing at my door
engaging the harvest moon.

Satish Verma

Notes

The absent moon
in a tea cup
without milk.

Lips reaching moon
like a reprimand.
A spider's kiss.

Unmothered story,
contempt untitled:
Surface-tension.

The speed of
space in motion
like winter smoke.

The sun
buried the snow
in your eyes.

Satish Verma

Nothing Happened

Talking off the runway
moon? being you, a
gut feeling takes over.
You will not stay overnight.

Not cool enough, I was
learning in your calm, becoming
lynx-eyed shooter?
from panther.

Juggling the phrases,
the meltdown begins. A
bridge collapses. Stampede.
Mass panic. The train will
not come today.

Let's go and walk in a
sunflower field. Do you? love
Van Gogh? His studies?
'A Starry Night ' and his interpretation
of self-violence.

Rest of life. I am going
to walk with a hurt.

Satish Verma

Nothing Left To Hide

Your skin was involved;
in recent string of shadows, throwing
the white shrouds on unknown
faces. The visibility
becomes a threat, plying like a black river
via stone links.

Your muscles twitch and
convulse. An invisible hand
writes the judgement. A silent
November looms large.
I will wait for the snow to
fall silently on the sun-dial.

Like silent shedding of petals
counting the dew drops on grass.
A tree of bones walks
from death to death. Me standing
on crossroads, on the moon's path
trying to learn the mistakes.

Satish Verma

Nothing To Mend

If love begets love,
then you cannot tackle
the departure.

It was a graceful withdrawal,
after completing the life's term.

Dust meets dust.

The clown was a great
loser, leading a double
life, with a big hole
in the heart.

You cry when something
was left behind.

After all who was
a perfectionist in this weary world?

When you sleep
in the virgin arms of
a terrorist,
the enemies go into a tizzy.

Satish Verma

Nothing Verse

Night was not worth
selling the womb. Biological warheads
were sufficient to take on
the gender eugenesis.
People were busy again, in worshipping
the archaic weapons.

What is holding them together?
The fear of extinction? Or the celiac trauma
depriving them of all the healthy nutrients.
The warrior is dead, only his long nose
is still smelling the foul odors
of hate and strife.

The beetles are coming and the caterpillars,
swarming over the beds. Where will you
sleep now? And beyond was the life wasted,
and darkness. On mantel are standing
the empty frames of future, trying
to hold the lava, back and forth.

Satish Verma

Nothingness

The orphan asked
grim reaper, do we live
after the death?

Does the creator
also dies to beborn
again to regret?

Were you loyal
to humanity? What was
religion of god?

Satish Verma

Nothingness And Being

Sometimes lurking in corner.
Sometimes tumbling down
endlessly,
and sometimes with frozen smile
immolating oneself
before an idol to be.

He danced imprisoned in a glass case
whole life.
Overcoming the pretentious inhibition
to stand naked in dimlights
of arguments.

He started a dialogue
about the disquietening habits
of killing each other with sharp tongues.
I said death and life are two suggestions
worth consideration. A clump disdain in between.

The birds are circling again in sky.
Someone is going to die.
Avians knew the travesty of existence.
Question of self praise
ultimately drowns
in melody of being.

Satish Verma

Not-Things

In a pair, they were flying:
two monarch butterflies.
Hither, thither?
Fluttering in synchronized wings.

There was a Stark effect
in silhouette. The fever rises
in the bush. Someone streaks
in the street after moon
Let us stop the mouths?
to remain open. A missile flies
above your head aimed
for the burial ground.

A nascent star screams.
There was yellow blood
on your hands. You had
squeezed the young fruits.

Satish Verma

Now

He, making his own cast. You knew it.
Unique mystique of transparency.
You could not touch him.

Walking ahead of the sun,
long shadow, sweating it out,
pungent odor.

Innocence hung from desiccated tongue,
he preserved original speech
before falling prey to polymorphism.

Certain amount of tears, some sadness
make life sweet for a while.
Phrases are not hurting now.

Satish Verma

Now Awakening

Always working out the territory
to find out the limits on the right
to live or die. Why not to get

an assisted death when you choose
to go unnoticed without fission or
folding up? Time was becoming a book

you cannot read like a polygraph.
The carnivores are increasing in
numbers and destroying the eco-balance

of human relationship. The dry bones
are piling up and the gouged eyes were
gaping in ethical failure under hot

glow of brightness, the naked god
chasing the helpless man. The coming
of age of a dialogue on fear was

important for a debate to start.

Satish Verma

Now I Speak

Becoming myself,
in the light of a flint, I
come back to retrieve the story,
after the pernicious fall.

Do I tell you the truth
of the doll's death? The damned
shock- after the head
was severed from its body.

The golden leash lies broken
Where your religion
has failed? I am carrying
the wheels of the dirty war
to put on the crumbling walls of peace

Te are
crowding the you
hear the heart rending slogans?

The borrowed mantras
were in mud, you want
to outlive the dark caves.

Satish Verma

Now You Are Old

A fistful of scent,
I inhale the lingering
pain moving crescently.

What was your doubt?
The weak bones will not carry
some hidden truths.

The earth will stink,
of broken water. No new god
was going to appear.

Satish Verma

Now You Know

You are not with yourself today.
Conversation was stopped, from cloud to cloud.
Now you know what you did not want to know.

No longer the pathless destiny,
comes near you, you go towards the
bushes to collect the ash, the burnt out
remains of a theme, a design, a horizon.

In memory of books, which are not read
by anyone now. Pages lay wounded. Black
stones trying to hear the sounds of dawn.
The tremors were increasing in the swampland.

The wolves were in howling rage. A daring
gift of death, tormenting the spirit, human
flesh, you watch through the twilight,
through the terror of betrayal. Each tear drop
sacrifices the eternity.

Satish Verma

Nowhere In Sight

I will cross the twilight zone
to meet you in zero space
negating the fear.

The mauled city
strikes the dumb sky
in unilateral war.

Coming from a bleeding torso
a scream agitates the dolls
playing with pebbles.

Flaming death will not leave footprints
Violence was not coming to stop.
It had many faces.

The very existence had no meaning.
Darkness, was coming down the hills.
Can you bring some flowers?

Sun was nowhere in sight?

Satish Verma

Nowheres

Attending to my laments,
reading a poem to myself
I could not foresee an incoming missile.

*

How could you change the world
when a black and white magpie
writes the script of life?

*

A god once told me
in whispers, he wants to
die in the shadeless sun.

Satish Verma

Nuit Blansh

I will gather you?
through the uproar,
when moon picks up the sneaky path,
from dizzying heights
of hunger.

The poverty of words
hides the bread, ..
You cannot eat an emblem.

The calibration has failed.
Milk contains the
contaminated water.

Everyone has one's own
book, where you write your name
and bear malice for everybody.

Satish Verma

Numberless Crimes

I was badly shaken?
by the strange
gene expression.

When a bullet?
made a hole in your chest,
blood spilled on my book.

Ultra-conformist,
plummets to a new low.

You would not alter
like the moon's pain
and sun's tears.

Coming to a critical
threshold, when we talk
about the death.

I would say god
was the killer.

Satish Verma

Numbness

The sound of animosity
wakes you up.
There was a shadow war.

The ethnic otherness,
when you were ditching
the sermons, the adjectives.

Will you accept the
atrociousness of nouns who keep
on inviting the fat spiders?

The vision has failed.
I don't find any cue
to the nests of sparrows.

Ah, the booming guns.
But I was talking
to Sisyphus.

Satish Verma

Nursing Our Hurts

Digging your own
grave, to find the golden end.

In a casual kiss
you went for initiation
by fire.

Open yourself to
receive the pain of flowerbaths.

Poorest-of-poor,
go on telling me all the lies
of becoming beast.
I will tell only the eternal
truth, to crimp Archeology.

It does not heal,
the history of man. There
were only bloody wars.

Again I pick you
for my sake, you were
my lost child of nightmares.

Satish Verma

O Blood, O Tears

I will search you again
in the mudslide of truth. The
endless thirst makes the earth run.

When you recite my
poems, a black hole opens the?
mouth to suck them in. I let the stars weep.

A deep darkness descends
to test the power of buried light
in the grave of white lies.

Satish Verma

O God

You were so afraid
of yourself, that you refuse
to cry without me.

When you were to cross
the path of moon, all the stars
trembled in dark night.

It was on, the ventilator
to revive a dead poem, before
I was born to die in your hands.

Satish Verma

O Love

You tend to ostracize the apparition
setting the real culprit free. It does not matter
to pretend now, a damaged house
has become a burden.

Who was playing the enmity card?
Hammered, eyes wide open I start documenting
the deceit of a parrot flower. Your past
had become the shackles, not the road map
of family.

An enormous hate was buried in your trees.
O death-trap, the bees will not come to your
flowers. Your gifts are lying around me
unattended. I will ask no more any pardon.

The moon has walked away. My sky
was unanswerable. The theater will play
another star-crossed brand names.

Satish Verma

Satish Verma

O Trinity

What did you hurl?
Tell me all the lies. Pain?
and truth stand on stage.

Predawn jasmines,
open their eyes to
salute the sun.

A ligature bruise
on the body of moon speaks
of brutal assault.

Satish Verma

O You

A monster from a tree
jumps and runs around the bushes
to mate.

A blank statement
is issued. The system groans
and collective pshyche fails.

A stark silence
for the food for thoughts.
I sit down to meditate-

to find the bloody answer
for white death. The dirty
work to sweep the floor.

It smells like an
amputated leg.
Do we need to draw a circle around the bomb?

With a lie on your lips,
are you going to negotiate
with violence?

Satish Verma

O, Hunger

It was white genocide.

You travel faster than
the sounds of sun.
I had the heart of moon.

Stay restless,
in the arms of dreams. I
was talking to the vision
of a savior.

Hope in the myths
was fading away. the fire in the
kitchen was spreading behind the grass curtain.

My hands pluck the orange
flames of universal grief.

The spirit won't die.
It lives in the silent prayer.
I will ask the sky
to be benevolent.

The innocent guilt will liberate the man.

Satish Verma

Obligatory

Moving between the spaces,
you fell short of a small?
sky and you give up the grid,
your secrets.

A sense is lost of direction,
and place. The opaque mind
will not tell even once, where
you are.

Wrestling with your conscience,
and demons, underside of
the palette, you become ready for
a self-potrait.

A drinking spree of moon
after a cease; where were you
going. I ask? Shell-shocked, you
pretend, what you have been.

Satish Verma

Oblique Vision

City of ashes and
burns, I try to place my home
after the mudslide.

It was a great show.
You ape the rain coat, enter the
cloud to fight the fog.

Cocoons will not burst.
No pain of deliverance.
Butterflies drop wings.

Satish Verma

Oblivion

A cutaneous drip.
The young moon drinks the dew
unbuttoning a rose.

A fierce wind rubs
against the golden triangle
to invite a violet sting.

Eyes armed with green thumbs
go for a swim in rage.
The lake unloosens a blood moon.

No incense will rise
from the tomb of a lover,
unless he dies with a style.

Crossing the gray lines,
I will not take your lips;
paralyzing the silver tongs.

Satish Verma

ObsessıOn

Would not place any price-tag
on me. Like a mannequin dug out from a pit
goes for sale.

Abhor the duplicity.
Want to walk straight –
without the golden thong.

The city goes in flames
in a circle.
A new fountain was singing.

They were landing in flocks.
The old birds of same plumage
coming to collect the due of old virgins.

There was no message.
Letterbox was empty.
I will not wait for snowfall in the Antarcita.

Satish Verma

Obstinacy

Be tender, with me?
in midstream.
I will not arrive.

Perversity was not
my virtue. I am still
burning on coals.

It was a disappearing act.
I become a brown rose
in your eyes.

The impacted glitch.
I was not deft
at the art of weaving a ritual.

I carry the dried skull,
of my unknown ancestor,
who would not come back to home.

Satish Verma

Obtuse Myself

The hard core cult was fixing
the flies on the podium.
A snapdragon becomes a cannibal
devouring its own seeds.

Beyond insanity lies the phantom zone
where you hang upside down your faith.

A lunatic threatens to jump
from high tomb –
after excavating the remains of
a forbidden fear.

There was nothing except the
worn rags of a fakir.□

Satish Verma

Occupation

Leaving the stains behind
I am moving to a new home
O mother
to wear the sun.

The black moon
had been stalking me for years
O mother
for a pink romance lifting the clouds.

Though, I will not come back
ever, in the valley of skins
O mother
yet I will remember your beloved night.

Nebulous was the transit
to sleep without beds.
O mother
How long these protests will continue?

Satish Verma

Ocean Sinks

Locating a lonely
star, you burn the space and
lay roses on its path.

All night the light
was blinking I would not sleep to catch
your tricks that go to get me.

Like fawn's big eyes
you look through me to know
the secrets of deep pain.

Satish Verma

Oceanic Art

A silent vigil was on,
for sun, which was getting
ready, to pass on the baton,
to sleeping moon in a winter storm.□

In frigid cold, I walk in
snow to cut the greens.
Needles poke my arms to taste
the blood of a kiss.

The ironic curl, moves
a sin. Won't you celebrate
the white death with me?
I ask this question to myself.

A kingfisher dives in a
desert stream, for a spiritual kill.

Satish Verma

October

The pain of absence
rises, when there
was no conspiracy.

I will have you
in perfume of silence.

Lips drag the pen
on paper I allow myself
to be cheated.

What was your
motive to put on the light.
I was searching myself
in dark.

Inhale me in
water of life. My boat
was sinking.

Thoughts become
criminal. I never wanted
to erase myself.

Satish Verma

Ode To Loneliness

that has been, was so raven
that you were hugging vanity
for the deportation of death
as a living;

fake predicates of a genius
like words falling as bucketfuls
of lies,

back to back coffer dams
collapsing, submerging

seers' sarcophagi,

and the annual rings were becoming
deeper, mossed in misery,
his book of moon blackened,

goodbye, the dark unsinkable,
I am going to be reborn
in the abyss of my own sorrow

Satish Verma

Odyssey

I will accept
the curse
of acquisition.

You wear an epic
on the fingers.
I read a virgin.

My shadow joins
the moon at night.
How tall were you?

Hold my arm
once. In terror
I had kisses an old flame.

Death will be
my only landmark.
My journey ends in your arms.

Satish Verma

Of A Virgin God

Partly clad
full moon
was taking a bath on hills.
Trees were waiting
for the curtains to rise.

Scented stars would make
giant scars on the clouds,
I would make peace with the sky.
Lids of human greed were laden
with golden dust, I was hoisting the skull.

Of a virgin god who did not
want to live for the blotched up creation.
The decline was obvious. Truth
had refused to climb
on the sky-blue, salted peaks of springs.

Body had arrived,
mourners quietly wailing.
Gouged eyes could not decipher
the script on the halved pyramid.
Sun was sucking the clay.

Satish Verma

Of All Time

I ask you, to be my
rage. Unwavering in
the timelessness.

No more I was
protagonist. New moon
will sit on my eyes.

Bare foot I walk
towards the burning pyre, to
see the ascent of ashes.

Satish Verma

Of Burning

From here to you
a legacy of dust was deepening.
I was reading a lot
between the dots.
You will get another master
I will get another pain.

In the maze of tunnels
a fear of fall snips.
A window becomes a man
unbuttoning the skin.
A body starts scratching
a secret.

The earthly sense warns
of a whiff of a stranger,
at the door in dark.
Like a ripe tear
I will not betray the eye -
in this grey hour.

Satish Verma

Satish Verma

Of Gods And Virgins

Treading on burning cinders
it was a saga of fear versus unknown.
Stripped, before drooping eyes
scarred, armless, unflying.

Into the regeneration phase:
not a single word, single concern
of yourself, you walked to arrive
without adding a question.

There was a movement without ripples,
death of the black, mottled, many.
I, becoming transcendental scion
of whole, sincere entity.

Melting to start a romance
in the house of petals,
of fragrant pheromones
deluging the phoenix.

To want the crowd, select a colossus
cadaver spreading on mushrooms in field
erect a man in white bones, unrivalled
jealousy of virgins and gods.

Satish Verma

Of Heaven Aside

The intimate god,
versus the body of slain faith,
was not ready to bring in the rains.

What quality was the substance
in shadows, while you were
reigniting the inquest?

The space was shrinking
noiselessly. The nest?
was crowded. You would not

place your frame on the wall.
This happened, which
was, not supposed to happen.

The eyes don't blink.
You are looking straight in the
glass of elegy. Why coming and going

of a name should affect the masses?

Satish Verma

Of Innocence And Black Magic

The evil city? You
become the smallest
light.

The lamb did not save
the godman. I was
praying loudly.

It was falling apart.
The concept, the belief
the palace.

Years roll by. Until
the priest was shot down
on the street.

You marvel at the
turning of the mountain.
How do you climb down the salt?

Satish Verma

Of Land And Ills

The dancing paper,
humilates the pen.
A stunning defeat for morality.

In splendid withdrawl,
the eyelids bear the violence
of soil.

A broken pride
will get back at you.
Step aside. Let the soul read the dewdrop.

The moon meets the
earthen lamp, to understand
the hymns of rag-pickers.

The religion drinks
the aroma of holy vice. Was
there any truth of a beast?

Satish Verma

Of Language

The particulate allegories
were tossed around.
The wheels had refused
to exit.

Unscathed, phrases
were erupting in pulses.
There was flame and ice
Inherent -

in the silicate of
wedded friendship.
Who was afraid of the bed
in heydays

of thorns down the roses?
An endless journey for the
bleeders in labyrinthine life
of yes and no.

Satish Verma

Of My League

I will go Buddha.
Ethically I stop growing. Looking
at you I go blank. No thoughts.

Playing with zeroes
I am numberless. No length.
No height. I am in suspension.

Cannot touch you.
Face. Eyes. Lips. You don't hear.
soundless words wearing a mask.

Satish Verma

Of Personal God

Ready to dismember the red geraniums
rains had no mercy.

Thunder did not show any preference
and hails had felled the pride
of tall grass.

Denuded, the hungry man
walked towards liberty.
Moral tapestry in scape after scape
cried,
the mystery endured the cradle –

Of personal god.
But I bled my truth in wilderness
to impose the religion,
of a non-believer,
for obedience to natural laws.

Talking to divine
brings relief. The direct, face to face
confrontation, for a twig of faith.
I pick up the seeds
for the sake of eternity.

Satish Verma

Of Revenge

Half night of insomnia
half night magma
you never go quiet.

Tremors of blaze
enter the veins.
Moon was crazy.

The graveyard.
First you dig up the hole.
Shot, then you are tossed inside.

A copper in the tank,
you sleep past the belly.
Vessel in vessel, you are dead.

Like a relic, you carry
your head, looking chasing
the cottonwood tree.

Satish Verma

Of The Next Zen

When moon was found on water
sky came down with unclenched fist,
too proud to accept the defeat.

Footprints of a giant will not leave
the broken landscape, of the virgin garden
where roses died in a row in storm.

There were no absolutes in good and bad
I have started talking to trees to shed
their blooms, winter was coming in blue eyes.

My ship was able to dodge the icebergs
wringing the waves from your face;
lake heaved a sigh of relief in glided death.

Satish Verma

Satish Verma

Of Time And Chains

A quest for celestial insanity
brings some comfort.
Somewhere the script had failed.

Only man was not responsible
for the exiled sun.
No longer the earth obeys the numbers.

Wait, my mother
I will enter into your bones
and increase the serotonin flow.

A father killed his daughter
for the sake of a dragonfly.
Downstairs moon was sleep-walking.

A constant dialogue
between flesh and a tyrant
was satisfying the sadistic god.

Satish Verma

Of Unknown Roots

Tying loose
threads,
to become sane.

The healing touch was
waning. Only the ruins of
past glory shines in starlight.

Were you a witness
of crucifixion? Or binding on
the stake for the burning?

Like a flower girl you
come to scatter the rose petals
in front of the bride of moon.

Do not go naked
in the vault of pain. You will
show all the bruises of epilogue.

The book remains incomplete.
I have come to meet the prince of
pranks. There was a
mystical touch.

Satish Verma

Off The Tangent

To foil the pride of
initiating the blasts;
there was a terror watch?
to share a common link
of violence.

And speak I will, for the
grains, for the grass,
in the endless search
for the peace.

The obsessed autism
illustrates the bipolar.
Light and darkness?
alternating.

A thought poetry, in
quantum physics, makes
a sacrifice. It will
not look back.

Satish Verma

Off-Limits

There was a soul-searching
after a negative assassination
tearing my past, my future.

Beneath the burden
lies the mountain of bail-outs.
You don't feel whole
in shadows of countings.

The borders were breached
for lavish darkness
alive under the full moon.

Was it a flight risk in a swan
lake, when you were
taking a dive to pluck the
erupting fire of indictment.

Satish Verma

Oh God

Impromptu, word by
word, I will anoint you
with poetry.

*

Moon was sinking
slowly, watching me
reciting an elegy.

*

The gates were still
closed, for the candle
bearers to stand vigil.

Satish Verma

Old Habits

I wanted to make
you my friend.

The combative
bull-taming on milk roads
was in vogue.

Somebody was talking
about the rape of
rising sun on the
higher reaches.

A marathoner stops
midway to collect the nails
after the bonfire of shoes.

The festivity over, you
can sing in the praise
of fallen black moons.

The gifts of crimes, for
bounty hunters, were in plenty.
I always stood in dark
to evaluate the triangles.

Satish Verma

Old Instincts

My laces would break
whenever I will tying my
shoes. Why, O man why?

Stand in wilderness
of last year and walk in the
honeytrap of new year.

Satish Verma

Old Maxims

This was a twisted ladder
for reduction of poverty,
which climbs the steps during
methane breach.

An absent presence will
snatch away, your unconscious
surrender. The scent had
made a wall of its own.

A summer fall incites the
book makers. The naming was
a secret bet. The dead will
never recall the skeletons.

Spawning an army of robots,
will you go to the volcano mount
to offer a living bait?

Satish Verma

Old Themes

A feel of inner
kiss. Premonition shatters
the calm of blue lake.

The blooms of cotton
tree caress my face for a
comeback of spring.

I know the distance
between you and me will not
cover the bare legs.

Satish Verma

Oldie

One day I will meet you
on a dirt track
and ask about back yard
where moon lives.

Will you give me a kiss of the clock?
I have forgotten the back years.
Autumn now takes care of my assets
and I keep on erasing the names.

O, harvest moon, don't go away.
I was playing with the black thoughts
eating the yellow grass,
learning the alphabet of white pain.

It was a crystal midmoon, dark animal,
who has taken away all the tears.

Satish Verma

Omar-2

Give me something to chew,
a savage numbness
is engulfing my brain.
Water level was rising
and the time of rented happiness
was over.

Pheromones were showing true likeness
in hate,
violence was brilliantly portrayed
and death was hideous.

Attachedment assumes a blast,
stares me in empty eyes,
hurling silence with invisible force.

Give me something to drink
like moonlight. It is very hot here.
I am walking downhill
to roll back the rock.

Satish Verma

On Birthday

A rose on your name shines,
like a mural painting.
You had wanted
a deathless dying.

Does it happen to everyone?

Living on water,
still abrasive?

When you walked on the nails,
was it corrosive, like
acid on face?

I am visiting the death room
to start a vigil, like
a hummingbird gone mute.

And the lovebirds will show
no more the open affections.

The moon will heal the poem.
Hearth will keep on throwing
the crackling blaze.

Satish Verma

On Blackboard A Chalk Writes

The water breaks.
Do you hear the voices?
I will ask my half self.

The pretension sends
neuroimages.
I am going home to read my horoscope.

Words grieve. I
have done a dream.
Silence sins.

Satish Verma

On Burning Coals

Loneliness of non-being and,
reality, fill up the vessel.
I search for the eloquence while,
emptiness will be my forte.
Countless words are crossing
like a promise in milk-white days
I gather sunlight through grass leaves.

Life had been full of shadows,
lengthening, penetrating
the tapestry of love.
The descent was steep.
Coming home I found
no humming words.
Sitting in dark
I wait for shooting stars.

Measuring the blood, drawn from our hurts
was a royal reward
for your fingers.
You are allowed to compare blood
with brown coffee.
Sand in our eyes,
we walked bare-foot
on burning coals.

Satish Verma

On Cobbled Trail

Save some volatility
for me. I have broken
my wings.

Unwilling to act against me,
because it will hurt you.
I was unable to show you
my hidden lake.

I wanted to tell you,
but will not, remaining upset
to find the moon tonight.

Go ahead Buddha, I
would dream of you praying
earnestly. Don't give me my destiny?
I would stop running.

Your curved eyes now
invite the clouds to take over
the moonscape.

Satish Verma

On Collision Course

No comments. The eagle
is ready to pounce on
your future, when you were
preparing to consume your past.

Flesh eaters. They are going
far than far. I wanted
to do something strange
and new, for example?

like destroying myself. Dirty
thoughts. Always coming with
new legends. It is a deep
hole. Cavernous.

A dark blankness. You
are not arriving. And then you
let it go? sensually, facing
the unknown. An explosion,

waits for a new birth. A poem!

Satish Verma

On Fiery Path

I walk on cobblestones
bare foot to feel the
hot singed earth.

A silver spoon
disrobes you today. The
mongrel had come to sit
at your doorsteps.

Words bring the genocide.

Leonardo da Vinci
sells priceless. Awakening
comes in tattered clothes.

Who was the sitter
for decapitation? Will
you marry the god
in smog?

Take my hand-love,
I am not a candidate
to become farmers.

Satish Verma

On Judgement Day

The horror of you in
lesser light, when you took
via dolorosa, to
meet yourself.

Moon was not waiting
for you in unkind sky. A
pinhole of dark would not send
some hope.

Something unsavory was a
way of unhappening,
tying the knot with the destiny
of doing nothing.

Losing my kernels in
desert of words. I took
the wrong path of liberation?
where no god lives.

Satish Verma

On My Self

In windy nights I think,
I think in windy nights, of you?
when the moon looks on.

With otherness I
would wait for you. The being of
my basic instinct.

Come outside of you
unaltered by pure love,
for taking refuge.

Satish Verma

On My Terms

Trying to forget, I forget myself.
Who am I? I had
an elective love for unknown.

As a gardener I was tending
you in my palms? a precious plum;
so soft that you
start wilting under the gaze.

The sharp edge? you gave,
to my phrases. I cannot use this
weapon against you?
when you want to leave.

I was very afraid of
disintegration. As far as you go
I will not touch you in
any downpour.

Eyes. lips and long?
black tresses. I won't need
anything more.

Satish Verma

On Naked Paper

Smitten by your holy
tongue, the muse melts
in the raging sun.

There was a deep
gorge between the hills.
My face turns blue.

Trembling hands will knit
splendent wreath for a
departing moon.

Satish Verma

On Other Moons

Between knife and pill
I will draw a blood line
on your forehead.

*

One-eyed moon
leaves the body, takes a
dip in holy lake.

*

A miracle was diva.
Your eyes. There was a big
tug of war today.

Satish Verma

On Reverse Trail

Like hungry jaguar
I hunted you
in music of limbs.

The thrust played
a game of hide and seek
between the islands.

It should not have
happened like this. The covert
rowing. Sea never forgives.

The ache has
a continuity. The lost tribe
still wants to remain
untraced.

Time makes you strong.
One day you score a
unique myth.

Satish Verma

On Salt Lake

You were choked being
non-partisan..I was telling to trees
after the travesty of truth.

A contentious bitterness
breaks after the separation from river
of has killed whom?

The dark secrets of the
whorling earth will never be known
to were not bonafides.

Satish Verma

On Sick Bed

There were involuntary
pauses.
When you stretch at the sheets.

Those were scorching
questions, about my identity.
I tell, I don't have any name.

The body was partitioned.
My head belongs
to psalms, which I don't understand.

My torso to the lost
ship which went down
without a torpedo.

My legs were my own
taking me, to places, where
I did not want to go.

Satish Verma

On The Anniversary Of Gustav Klimt

Shame!

I had started the fight.

I asked you to stay away
to interpret my integrity
of slaying the desire.

The sand will send the horse
back to home
without the rider.

A genuine poem will find
the coarse beach where the
body had left the bloody patch.

Should we ask the waves
not to cross our path
carrying a carcass of a dead fish?

Your profile was making
an arch for a perfect kiss
for the sake of a mirror.

Satish Verma

On The Boil

You would not know,
when, a desire,
becomes kismet.

A face shrinks
and glasses become large.

You squeeze your eyes
and look into the sinkhole.
It had devoured the holy spirit.
the thoughts, the poems.

I survive the limbs,
the body, and walk out from
the prison of prayers.

You do not want a deemed liberation.

Only blind spots will do.

Satish Verma

On The Breast Of Flames

Dismembering the wreath,
he went on celebrating his own demise.
Shadow had become a white shroud.

He was spitting blood, when slugs,
hit him from behind.
No body remembered his name

We had been dividing the roofs.
My moon and my sky.
I feel my eyes have turned into marbles.

Castaway I float on conscience, with
blemishes, doomed muscle.
Sun and water were baffled.
Raged against the invisible walls
I was breaking my knuckles.

No body knows, who will outbid
whon. I am lying low,
to rise one day
like sphinx,
on the breast of flames.

Satish Verma

On The Brink

I was trying to communicate
the poverty of words.
We were moving in circles.
Dark figures-
afraid of each other.

What was a shame -
in restraints
of narcissism? You are
not going to take a dip
in opaque waters.

A conceptual withdrawal
from the acrimony of hills.
Night was very cool but
moon will not come down
and grass will not go up.

I will never be generous
in jokes of a monstrous
nose. The stink was awful
but roses were white and
the meaning had no confines.

Satish Verma

On The Death Of A Friend

Unsung:

how it was, you died
wearing your shoes? The
jesamins will meet you?
in the backyard.

The stains are unwashable;
like pomegranates bursting
open on my chest. The
screams still run after me.

How do I get you midway?
in anonymity. I never wanted
you to go, my make-believer.
It was not homozygosity.

Your face swims like
a dragonfly on the interface
of tears. There was no re-entry
in the frame of life.

Satish Verma

On The Edge

I recognized the vitriol.
There was blood on your hands.
The invisible was burning in dark.

This was the black moon
and this was the alienation.
An animal climbs on your shoulders.

It goes on and on.
Was it the night to undress
and show your wounds to dreams?

The lake has left the shores -
and flesh eats grass
in absence of cold truth.

I meet the moans of quaking
s know the music
of death in fragrance.

Satish Verma

On The Gallows

Lead me into, the green darkness, under
the nude flames.

It was hurting; the golden sun.

Out of full moon, werewolves would
come out
chasing the flesh, the long limbs

of silence, in asci of fluids, stopped
in tracks.

No seed will grow now in wilderness.

My extended shade becomes anarchic
if fleetingly.

A miracle falling like a hurricane.

Satish Verma

On The Jagged Stones

Leaving the faint traces,
of some diluted thoughts
You empty yourself completely.
Poverty and shame without an arithmetic,
is the poetry of life.
Using the body instead of words.
Always needing currency,
to open the doors of clarity.

Naked without skin,
we survive on crumbs of charity.
Lending our organs to develop,
an order of mortality.
I refuse to taste the bitterness,
preserve my sanctity,
go for another version of god,
thinking, how to think.

For the inward freedom,
I forsake safety pins,
walking, bleeding on the jagged stones.
Pain of realization is deeper,
than the hurt.
Cry silently in the veins
pure resistance will not work now.
I will try the fiction path.

Satish Verma

On The Knife Edge

What I feel, was
incredible to shake off.
And the moon cries.

Why do I tie the
knot with nature? Your
eyes and cascading voice?

My wait will never
be over after the brief
encounter with the rising
mounds.

There it goes, my self?
made tryst with burning ghats,
to search a lost face.

The twilight pain
climbs again in my verses.
I cannot weave
a beautiful sunset.

For whom the
echoes travel very long
in dark woods?

Satish Verma

On The Longest Day

You will not define
Hubris, walking on the
velvety rugs of ancient beliefs.

Living in my poems,
made for cherry blossoms.

In spite of half
sins, mounds of rose petals
of every color were strewn
on the way, to reach
the drunken gods.

There was no point
of vindication for making
water tainted green when glaciers
were burning red.

Delta,
the fourth letter of
Greek alphabet, has lost
its shape. The rivers
have stopped flowing to seas.

Satish Verma

On The Name Of

only the half-truths engage the
nightfall the thing of dawn asked to wait in pouring
blows sponsored by sin of brutal torture burning
the genitals pushing sand in mouth blood rimmed
stool I become you sit on eat your dinner howling
the election time you come hands folded
me a hummingbird suspended in air
waiting for the cage to open a little girl
punished to stand in sun carrying bricks on
shoulders slapped to fall unconscious give
me another sky to behold
restraint from whom

Satish Verma

On The Verge Of Collapse

Thin lips will quiver
to say something before
committing a sin.

You want to live
to think about the finish
of uncorruptible!

Does the divinity
break the sculpture and goes
to sleep in moon?

Satish Verma

On This Shore Of Life

Death will not wait.
Locked in bruises,
I want eternity.

Stinking pubes,
micro to zerogravity.
Kernel rises like a star.

Touch was not real
How far you will go?
Earth was collapsing.

My father was right,
Don't climb to the peak,
snow was melting.

Love has no barriers
Winter steals in like a thief
one by one the knives are drawn.

Satish Verma

On Unknown Track

From window to window?
a search begins,
for a healer.

*

The black pain
floats between the moons.
I wait for the Socratic destiny.

*

As required I will
not commit the suicide.
Would meet the strange god.

Satish Verma

Once Again

I hear again your voice
after injury pause.

An apologia.
It is still kempt,
the mist scented, milk bath
by moon, in dark.

In legendary night, everything was legitimate.
The licit kiss of death too.

One by one the faces
were missing. The snake bites,
of love.

The embroidered memories are
hanged to dry up in rain.

The eyes like moths, flicker around
the dark candle of another childhood.

Satish Verma

Once More

He nearly jumped
from the cliff shrinking back to
the old avatar.

Crossing the dawn in
winter of life for a gift
of the autumn.

It never ends for-
the tears, which lighten up
the candle in dark.

Satish Verma

Once On Earth Day

Returning to the ragpicker
like a lone fly
of love triangle, said? were you
writing a letter to confess your love?

Like a glue sniffer, I
am stuck with you.
O brown earth, raw
wounds heal ...

When I sing a blade
of grass, when I sit
under moon, holding your
hills for comfort.

My head nestling on
your heaving breast, while
I sleep without?
a dream.

It was devastating to eat
you. Your cauldron, bubbling.
Someone wants to pay
back your sun, your moon.

Satish Verma

Once- Over

Walking in sleep
to find the color of moon,
I watch the space
widening
between your red lips.

I had once
asked you to trim
the eyebrows
like a bow.
So that you can
kill a bird
in flight.

Measuring
eternity was easier.
Not the depth
of your eyes.
A curved strike
was sufficient
to revive a wound
of old mantra.

Satish Verma

Once Upon

Robbing the silence of heights
to undo the whole sky, you lean on
an enigma to become reverential,

elevated by an absurd system;
I was still pursuing fidelity
in the rubble of meaningless life;

not faith, but certain urge to follow
the doorway to unknown, something to be done
for the hungry child's scream,

the truth that was not there, nor with the
inclined gods of tomorrow. Then where
shall we meet in the grazing bones

of new born human culture?
The instant music of death wish lingers on a moon
and then flies away in a kiss.

Satish Verma

One Anthos

Someone connects a bonsai to elemental peat.
Your visual collides a clay bite
of water, deepening the bottom of invisible fence.
My primrose was waiting for you.

Polychromes become volatile. An inventive
missile leaves the trace for a predator to scoop
an angel. I was afraid of wrinkles, the
disjunctive pain. Only an insane can walk
over the fire. The cat's claw will take hold of freedom,
the bleeding wound of mutual hate.

I sit listening to ceasefire, shirtless soldiers
cleaning their guns, you still seek the empty vessel.

Satish Verma

One Black Summer

I break myself
today, angry with me,
for small things.

Not able to finish
the track, I will sell now?
my dreams.

How do I turnaround,
to seek my aching legs,
for the fear of climb?

The call of the peaks,
in deep ocean,
for an asylum?

Why did it happen to
unhappen, when you were
fighting like a lynx with fate?

Satish Verma

One Cold Morning

After a!
good shower, moon was
braiding the clouds.

*

Dawn, December.
Recently washed trees getting ready
to drink the sun.

*

The dew drips.
I collect the elixir
to die again.

Satish Verma

One Day

A repressed scream.
Someone breaks the head.
I was hitting the wall.

The rape hurts.
Withers away the dam.
River was changing the course.

It was very pompous;
the benign torture. No
more I belong to this world.

And the dilapidated
houseboat floats on the lake
to collect the immersed-

bones of ancestors. A
door opens. The poem prints
the pain of centuries.

Satish Verma

One Empty Boat

Nothing has ever happened
to me. I meet my road
daily in wilderness?

tasting salt.

The lake was frozen.
Surfing was not possible.
I was walking as if on cotton grass.

You think I have become a hope
in dark?

Satish Verma

One Garden City

The ordinary life
and the passage of one thousand
full moons.

Cresting a culture of violence;
when a trident
bleeds you unethically?

A cave robber
becomes god incarnate. A
finger of land snaps-

and you savagely interrupt
the prayer and send the
message. Run, brother, run –

for the roots. Nights are
numbered and the
blue mountain is burning.

Sexless virginity is at stake!

Satish Verma

One Hundred Laments

Trading the sweetness, a rainbow
on icefalls, you will come back on rocks
and drink the elixir of death.

A fantastic dream of soap bubbles in a tumbler,
ejecting the inky grief on the transparent glass.
The pink goddess of wealth
will descend again in your bowls. Brassica
will decide the future of grass.

The moon ride has become cheaper in cans
like sardines, unethical but sleeping with god.
Thongs were visible on steps of bathing ghats
for the benefit of bullfighters. Gibbons
indulging in aerial bombing. Comfortable
in groves jacarandas were smiling.

Unlike you I smelt the dried flowers
between the pages of history
to meet the shadows on the walls of time.□

Satish Verma

One Hundred Moons

On the battle turfs of a vernacular
hunger, the hikes were killing
the uncertain values. Committing suicide
was a regular feature.

To pay off the debts of a flag.
By using pesticides on unsuspecting
guests of tomorrow.
The clocks were set one century back.

What could be done of an anonymous
terror bomb placed in a lunchbox?
Do we wait for an accident?
Who will open it?

All summer, one hundred moons
I will wash your face
to read the command.
Who had put the stiletto in your hand?

Satish Verma

One Moonless Night

The musky night
descends slowly.
Mercury was rising
dressing the twilight.

You start eating your
nails, crossing the darkness.
I will not stop you.

The yellow dust had
settled, after you burned
down the family tree.

The icy bridge was
closed. No guest
would arrive.

The outreaching hands
were empty.
Time to shut the windows.
Moon was not going to knock at the door.

Satish Verma

One More Anniversary

The dust blends with
the humid specks.
Smoke twirls. Hangs for a
while, and then departs.

Something was burning far away.
Inside me also. To ashes.
I release the crematory.
It was over.

I will scatter the years,
spent with you. On a sand bar.
Where we stood when tide was
low. Now it is overwhelmed,

the bank. The seagulls don't
leave their engraved, gender signs.

Satish Verma

One Of Many Thoughts

Nobody was bigger than
your destination, you
were obsessed with the birth
of a new caste.

I was very angry
at me, to be myself.

We will not
meet at one dot
of separatism.

The arousal upsets
the mongrels. The wagging
starts liberally.

We will not exclude
the romance of delusion,
while interpreting the spirit
of the book.

Living by yourself
the inadequacy will
indulge in self adoration.

Where will I go?

Satish Verma

One Pyrexia

I am the circumference
and I am the center.
My math has failed.

Snooping at your dark gods,
the pi fumbles. Reverse
osmosis starts.

After lynching the saint
you put him on pedestal.
The frenzy, the blaze, and mayhem begins.

The portrait of the fugitive
was incomplete. Lilies
drop the colors and become nuns.

The cage becomes bigger.
You leave the salt. Tears
with laughter would do.

Satish Verma

One Reality Show

Between the night and day
I will go!
for an icarian fall.

A commitment to resistance
was over. I am
melting under the moon.

Hold my hand. A
dramatic front was ready!
to destroy me.

Celebrating the death
was an intense mistake. It
was becoming a practice run!

for the hangman!
to sharpen his skill. There
was a long row of sinners.

Satish Verma

One Rendezvous

Sweet grapes? There was
no exit from the question
hour. You left the sky
for an answer, after a soul-search.

An appointment with unknown
scares you. It will not
will not breathe.
They had taken away the gold

and left coal aliens.
You become outsider in your
own home. The time drips
on your unmooned face.

A middle low pain and a middle
low moan will prescribe a
valley of terracotta to make a
new road where you can walk straight.

Satish Verma

One Runaway Religion

Ignite the barren clay, I need
some rare elements
to tie a thread to the moon.
Upstaging the sun.

Not aspirational he was stripped
to become radical
like the dark blood of a white soul.

Pentadactylous was losing the big toes
under the burning skies
of unmindful eyes. The system

was collapsing. One premature
innocence dies before the guilt
was proved, in the howling night of terror.

He unrolls the thighs to show the stitched
corn. The seeds step out to prove
the adolescence of crime.

Satish Verma

Satish Verma

One Saint Walked Over The Ridge

Death will not listen;
still, the candle burns,
in blue dark
and sets free the sun.

Will you hold me tight
when I shed my identity?
I was going to start a silent prayer
for this earth.

I forget, that I always remember
the green pain
which lived in the bones of winter
when dawn was breaking.

Night settles
on secret thighs of shame.
I still smell the scent of blood
flowing from the lids.

Satish Verma

One Silver Bowl

Will you save me
when I take the call of the lake?
The swishing depth was inviting me
for a plunge in the purple pool.

How deep was the pain of a mountain?
The domain was again ailing
with subtle rumors of
a massive landslide.

An escaped love of a thorn
was splitting open the embrace
of me and my mask. Totally denuded,
a face was dusting off all the self-made
marks of inflictions.

Will you walk with me now
up to the stormy night, where I have
a house of candles keeping a vigil
for a coffin of unflowered seeds?

Satish Verma

Satish Verma

One Simple Day

For honour killing
twilight adulates an abstract faith.
Tainted?

Now that mouth was shut
and butterfly was pinned,
will you grow the marigolds?

The empty book was not breathing
in a crowd of words.
The bitter meaning had flown away.

The mountain will cry now
in the absence of birds.
Trees were shedding their leaves.

Satish Verma

Satish Verma

One Summer Moon

It was getting dark.
The silence starts speaking
to me in a whisper
for the sake of secrecy.

Right now,
the violence will start
between the summer night
and a brilliant moon.
I sit in a corner
to watch the milk spilling.

And then, after couple of hours
an anonymous call from
a cuckoo in distress. Somewhere
a dry twig snaps off. Something
is tossed in air. A shadow pokes
at moon to return the favour.

The dawn, drops the veil!

Satish Verma

One Turmoil Deep Inside

Resisting your wisdom
I want to remain, thoughtless.
Not bargaining, I come in the crowd,
to negotiate a stunt.

The awakening,
the trepidation. I pay honour
to the great stress angler?
my poverty of cruel jokes.

Like a fox to reignite?
the identity. I will move away
from the body of blood soaked denials
standing alone, against the genocide.

Was still hungry, eating
your violet-red? plums. Not was whole,
the controversy. Somewhere a
forensic evidence will say, mask was not real.

Satish Verma

Only Being

Walking the path with otherness;
not achieving anything,
I, condemned, to remain solitary, decline
to join the gods of a crowd. So that
my sun, remains shadowless.

No, it is not the final verdict.
I was always incomplete, unburdening
my cipher, failing against the blood
that demanded uninterrupted flow, blending
right and wrong. My words were too much

to say No. The melting snow remembered
the names of the trees. On the breast of
earth a signature theme plucks the
grass to make way for the rose beds. This
makes no secret of betrayal.

Less prudent, I blunder, try to untie myself
from future, and become little me, playing
with the mask of present, carrying my blankness
to become hungry again, for the knowledge
which was never my fatal being.□

Satish Verma

Only God Knows

There was no respite
from the repeated assaults.

When did I ask you to move
slitherly with words?

A straight delivery
was needed to refrain after
the collective suicide.

There was a conspiracy theory
that a super moon was
going to drown you
in honey.

Now you come back
to seek pardon and then
start destroying the truths
with impunity.

It was an intrigued
home coming
with braided locks.

Satish Verma

Only Metaphors

A hidden self portrait
in a tar pit
I do not want to explore further.

Wind was making a big sound
the tarp blowing off,
I stand naked under the scorching sun.

A classless pain rises fiercely
I am careless about my height
amidst tall peaks.

Hypodermic, my little dachshund
holds the time in small paws
and plays with my stasis.

I lose my taste of salt on lips
charting between the tears
of infant fears.

Satish Verma

Only To Live

The savage moon
will not stop at passionate
kiss and embrace.
The pansies were ready
to burn.

Every word becomes
a shrine. You adore the
dark shades of
sparkling eyes. There
was no epitaph.

The knobs won't
move. Granite
melts in granite. Fireflies
take revenge and
stop flying.

Struggling for voice
the tongue slips at full
stops. Small commas now
dither to find the space
between the meanings.

Satish Verma

Opaque Underbellies

In a moment
of panic-
you write a poem
to catch the truth.

The aplomb and glitter
of money's ride
shatters.

And the stones sing.
A star breaks away from
the galaxy.

I harbor your face
like a bee's sting.

I watch,
watch the ills of hunters.
Why you want to commit
the sin on a particular
day?

Orange planets, as of blood
and fire, seek another sun to light
the dark crevices
of doubts and fears.

Satish Verma

Open And Closed Book

Salmonella wanted
to broker a truce;
between life and death.
We were very scared.
The questions were never answered.

A fault on the earth's face.
Who will ask the
hangman? The tree was
standing without roots.
The questions were never answered.

Who was the spider
and who was the fly?
A rose was unfazed;
it was a naked thorn.
The questions were never answered.

Satish Verma

Open The Doors

I picked you up
after the fall, when moon
was burning.

Why did you call me
from the clouds?
Rain drenched, there was the
smell of earth soaked
guilt.

You didn't want to
share your secret of the
glorious war with me.

The call of peaks
was very strong. A crack in
Antarctica spells doom.
I watch the damaging of future
with grief.

Suddenly a fawn stops at
my glass door, like a light yellowish
color of dawn, gives me a
strange look.

Will we stand up again?

Satish Verma

Opening A Window

You floundered.
No god poems.

You don't want to destroy the world.

Doing the things.
Lifting my words from?
the falls.

The implicit enemy
was in between?
the truths.

Nothing belongs to you.
Hence you don't lose the game.

Satish Verma

Opening A Wound

Lunatic will
not go for adultery, like
a river which doesn't come
face to face with ocean.

Ink of genuine
poetry spills on the wings
of a dying butterfly that spreads?
out without bleeding.

The poet has nothing else
to say. It was a spiritual
fault. Man tries to overrun
the god.

The raging viper, likes
the soul, to negate the thoughts
towards anonymity to read
the age of sun.

Satish Verma

Opening The Fist

Scavenging the art
of life, you strip
to the bones ...

The wild hunt for
the blue jay ends
in exile.

Time plays a cruel
game. You win, and are
served the crab apples.

Like Sylvia Plath?
you betray yourself,
but poems stop you.

A bling of your voice?
deflects the stardust.
A granite will become you.

Satish Verma

Opens Like Heart

Nothing matters now
after decimating dreams.
Will not surrender.

Polyp goes medusa.
Free swimming in my
wet eyes at dawn.

And you standing
alone will stop the worship
of rising black sun.

Satish Verma

Options

Enemy was within;
invisible,
biting into iris.

Sea was asking,
would you like to sign
on my waves?

I was carrying
the relics. Body wants
to take revenge.

Lifting a kiss
from your lips.
O my death,

I am
living again;
changing the clothes.

A swarm of honey bees
was descending,
near a volcano.

Satish Verma

Ordained Flaws

With tiny lips,
words come to you
to kiss the moon.

Night dwellers, with
fragile bones? they walk
into your domain,
opening the tear gates.

Again I think, fading away
was easier, when you fall
in love after the marginality.

Not despirate I was
destined to certain halt,
unceremoniously, quitting
the game.

You, who stands out
of range, will never know,
how a shooting star backfires.

Eros hits the wall
moment to moment
in sun rising.

Satish Verma

Orgy

After an erotic asphyxiation
on the dirty lips of a game,
I hear an immaculate rhyme
like a whore in a prayer.

A hazy patch descends on eyes.
Night slumbers
and day ends with a bang.

The guests arrives with a gusto
dreaming the end of a track.
Grief stands on a banished spot

My flesh, my soul
mourns in the background.
Fear of an organized orgy
ultimately breaks the heart.

Satish Verma

Orgy Of Pain

There should not have been
any question marks on your
forehead. I am afraid?
you were becoming very typical..

Have you understood?
the meaning of life? There were
no clear answers from
your signs.

Weather was very unstable.
Remaining just private, I was
hiding you in my tears.
O my truth, what was my first lie?

Night will not throw any
shadows. I will wait for the moon
to rise. This ugly earth may look
beautiful. Did you paint?
your body with colors of fall?

Every leaf becomes my poem.

Satish Verma

Oscillation

Seven minutes of terror,
and fourth generation of missiles.
Can they go together?
And road stops here?

An honour killing will
ensue? Do you think so?
Ethnic hate runs deep in
seeking revenge by remote sensing.

I miss my ego. The poet's
pride; oscillating between
water and beach. There was no
boat in sight.

Sitting on a rock. I visualize
the firebrand west. Moon was rising.
There was no rhyming in verse or
cascading fall. Any one can climb-

the tree and start throwing down
the ripe mangoes. Was it a harvesting
time of severing the cords.

Satish Verma

Other God Was Sleeping

Time within the earth hour
was lengthening.
The other god was sleeping.

Becoming was inviting the death
while climbing.
Frostbite amputates the memory.

Ending without beginning,
I was asking the seeker to stop
searching the answers.

The houses were burning on the road,
silence, had a vertical sound,
no words, no tongue.

Death had tears of blood
riding on the horseback
it was charging on the wandering incense.

Satish Verma

Other Name Of Truth

I shut the door,
unwanting any exit
from the choked cries.

Like solar winds will
become predatory searing all
the tender buds.

No moon water
will wash the face of
root questions asking healing
replies.

I will not leave
you alone on the burning deck.
A dark night
follows the sparks to give
birth to a moon.

An exoplanet was
ready to go into smoke
if you don't melt.

Satish Verma

Otherness

A silent presence
huddled in the dark corner
starts a notional dialogue
with a trust default.

I intend to proceed to-
explore the dementia,
accepting the uncertainty
of human symbol.

Snatched by ascending
tomorrow, you are not yourself
today, I am not myself,
clinging to sleeveless death.

Fear hauls you up on the
brazen rocks, you stand
alone in sun to find your toes
breaking the sound waves.

Satish Verma

Out Of Honey

You know when moon
kissed the sun, planet melted
and war of tears started.

Ah! the white scented
jasmynes entwined to squeeze
the elixir of etherian love.

The untouched embrace,
was pure like ice of Himalayas
peak in golden light.

Satish Verma

Out Of Question

Will you break the
golden triangle, one day,
and come to river?

Time-lapse memory.
I will meet you midway to
hold your rough hand.

Do me a favor.
Write the other name of fire.
When you walk on the
sleepingvipers.

Can you push the
rock like Sisyphus after
refusing to color the night?

Rose is rose. Can
you commit for black petals
which will stay
in hot sun?

Satish Verma

Out Of Way

I do not know,
If it was a religious assault?
to meet god,
face to face?
when my poem was burning.

One tooth broken?
I cannot speak properly. But
my eyes will show my angst,
my unretrieved light
from a tunnel.

Who will find the sun, when
night was sick? And griever
had gone to dig up a grave?

There was a meaningless pain,
in waiting. The poem was dead.

Day you are in, day you
are out. It was a beauty
to hear nothing.

Satish Verma

Out There

You did not give,
what I asked for moksha.
Luminary god fails.

Looking in water
hole you think of inverted
tornado in sky.

Where the truth has
gone to find the myth of dying
in eyes of moon?

Satish Verma

Outplaying

They walked out gagged
before they entered the water
for an irreverent
ceremony.

It was a coal time
to start the fire. A salute
in light was given to those
who were alive.

You can go for a strip-
search of a gaint jelly fish
to find the vertical beams
in its dome.

A painted stork comes
with an empty pouch. There
was a perpetual delay in
understanding the parenthesis.

Satish Verma

Outrageous

Everybody was half-naked on the trail
of curves. Braindead. Emptied thought.

A single vacant look.

"Why me? " I ask. Stay stupid in the crowd. Looking
at the moon, indulgent. Plucking the nectar from
knobs of naked flames.

No coming back from days of unknowing
the secrets of unskopen words. A cry stifles
in the throat of a prayer.

A moon was found on a dump!

Satish Verma

Satish Verma

Outside The Mind

prisoner of retribution,
he was buried under a salt lake,

elusive, his crotch,
not far from stings of wasps,

the blood spills,
he would wonder how to catch the truth

in black river,
wrapped in imperforated causes,

leaking with curses,
black conjugation of greeds,

with the grief unbuckling the grudges,
uncut wounds, festering under the skin,

the stink starts scything, he starts
folding the denials, in self praise

Satish Verma

Outsider

Nothing to look forward
I return my gifts today.
Completely denuded I will spread out in emptiness.

I was nowhere in the circle of untruths,
the pain was slipping inside
and self-denial took its toll.

Nomad in exile
for the kiss of unknown
wandering in whispering streets.

There was no more remorse.
Saffron was the choice of pathos.
A collective suicide of pledges in the sun!

Parallel grief of desert and wind
offers the plundered toast
I drink to my parched lips.

Satish Verma

Over Your Dream

When I pined for
you, you were lost in open
space. Something?

Dies inside me
daily. I watch daring fall
of pride to kill sun.

Let it be dark now
on this side of moon. Clouds
cover the shame.

Satish Verma

Overbalancing

The space between the
two ends, was becoming
a game of thorns.

The leprous increase
tips the moon. An unseen
virgin becomes red rose.

It was another day in
the desert. I don't want
to become a prophet.

A titular sun was
collecting the lilies to
divide the night in halves.

Manipulating the nucleus,
are you ready to accept
the uncommitted sin?

Satish Verma

Overnight

Unstitch my memories,
I have come home,

My bag was full of worries.
How will I spread my age?

An old man reading the palms?
cannot find the glasses.

After a mutiny, nothing was
left of a hissing pyramid.

Tell me the shape of tomorrow
to come. In dark I have
to bury my name.

Satish Verma

Overreacting

Do the shadows
talk solemnly, when
the light goes out?

*

Walking over the
cobblestones, you return back
to somber childhood.

*

It was a sudden assault
of the wild winds.
The rusty moon
starts bleeding.

Satish Verma

Oversighting

With shaking hands
you give a fatal push
to the old year.

*

Inner turmoil
falls through the cracks
of your persona.

*

A troubled past
wants you to end the slavery
of sleeping, between birth and death.

Satish Verma

Overtaken By Shadows

You make history,
for not being ego-driven?
but taking in, poison
of blue necks.

I will ask you now,
to come home. This was
an instant hybrid effect.

When you appear in disguises
to conceal your love, I will
know what was your religion.

The flesh and bones revolt. You
tremble and crash like violent
waves on the beach.

The particulars waver.
You want to turn a new leaf,
lighting the earthen lamp at the door.

There was no ending
of night in moving sun eclipse.
I was behind the moon.

Satish Verma

Overwhelmed

Not scared by stings
I will carry you in river to?
put you behind sun.

The maple has shed the
red leaves one by one in row,
as prayers for you.

Why would the snow skip
the road, where you stood midway
to stop the whirlwind?

Satish Verma

Overwhelming

Picking a lock you break
a bloodline. A stargazer
maps the astrological signs
and connects with the
moon in oviduct:
wriggling,
coiling.

There were no foeticide qualms,
in rappelling to shamanic healing.
It was not a deference for any
deity. A ritual
gives you
name, gives
you fame.

Wearing a wooden sandal which
keeps you electrified with
divinity. This is ambulatory.
You move on the green earth
squashing the grass,
grasshoppers
beating the
Venus.

Satish Verma

Overwritten

And it was in, and
it is out, your crazy crush
for waning moon.

You will survive,
when death opens the mouth
like black hole.

The tangerines
remain fidel to sun
after wild fire.

Satish Verma

Pacemaker

Hunger comes back like a dagger
on face. With iris and fingerprints.
Live, fluttering butterflies, stuck
on lampshades. Wrecked, frozen, the ending
of seeming. Men in cages.

They were diluting the culture.
Chlorophyll siphoned off. No color,
no sprouts. The roads were dirty
with the ultimate truth, quarreling with the
water, insanity and vertebrae.

The creamy stuff, shouts and pants,
shunting the definitions. People come
and go from the paintings. There is no age bar.
Spring will be released from the impulses
of flesh in naked zones.

Ideas become pacemaker, for the ailing
heart of polity.

Satish Verma

Pack Of Wolves

You had tasted the
salt of a viviparous.
There was no asterisk
no bluff to cross.

Why did you turned yourself in,
when the rock was
melting? Was't it an act
of surrender, of sort?

At the end of the road?
moon was waiting for
you. Could you climb the
night for a rendezvous?

Coming of age,
you will not exit the stadium
till the rape victim is shot dead.

Satish Verma

Pages

Still listening from lips,
a mute hearing with hands,
an improper metaphor.

.....

In the frozen lake of eyes
a fish dies
in unread tears.

.....

An upended
home of laments
in moon.

.....

Imperfect proximity
of pillows.
sleep was distance apart.

.....

Like poison ivy
a gnawing to itch
and an itch to gnaw.

Satish Verma

Pain And Endurance

The jungle was ageless.
Moon drops a hint.
Your poems go in flames.

In dark I had
weaved a dream. You were
worshiping a bystander.

The Ars Poetica took
a turn and became a
message for departing sun.

Republic of pain
signs up to cross the death
after meeting the talking trees.

Who will dance
to celebrate the history
of broken hearts?

Satish Verma

Pain Killer

A city dies in me
anacephalic.
A white sheet spreads/
blinding.

You don't feel the epidural.
Untitled, death walks/
like a whore/
contamination of inbreeding.

Recycled pain
hurts again. You want
to give a stillbirth
over the dense-packed nettle.

First birthday of a dream.

Satish Verma

Pain Lives In Eyes

Can you tell me, where
the tunnel ends. The curve has
flattened. There was no light.

In pillars of wasteland.
Why did we reach there.
Death-kissing starts now.

The power of questions
will not mitigate your arrival.
Where will we drown?

Satish Verma

Pain Of Elegy

When logic and intuition
stood on edge of time,
sugar was dancing
on the salt lake.

I would not see the torn
book between retreat
and assault.
I was reining in the new moon.

In a night raid, five
peacocks were killed. I was
trying to unseize the cross purpose,
why the compensation was rejected
at burial site.

The burden of guilt
was carried by the flint now.
You take a final plunge
and are lost in the faces
of sad children.

Satish Verma

Pain Of Hawthorn

Butchers were in panic.
The bulls are coming.

Dandelions were
in strike mode.
The Ebola dream
was competing.

Nobody there
sleeps in open.
The stink of dying
poems overwhelms.

Please make a
self-potrait like
Rembrandt nude
without a mirror.

There was no
night watch.

Satish Verma

Pain Of Pain

Between love and hate
how do I meet you, when you
reject the kiss of flame?

This was invisible
love, before sunrise. Dream gazer
goes green in dark.

Hawthorn waits today
of another god's son. Do you
believe in bloodless murder?

Satish Verma

Pain Of Shingles

Hiding behind the faces,
you had pushed me to the edge.
Now Himalayas were weeping.

The self-mutilation
starts. Human body and mind
collide like tectonic plates.

There was no rape in
sacred marriage. Do you know the
anxiety and depression are not
only the human traits?

Psychosis. The obscenity
does not leave, and the language
starts dying. You block the
road. Nobody was going to leave
the doomed plains.

Satish Verma

Pain Of Surrender

How not to break, I ask.
Will you give me a hug
in absence?

It is very dark
night. After stealing me, when
will you drink the moon?

Each word becomes
a snake, writhing to devour
the bodyless truth.

The fall has come
again. I am walking on dry,
pink leaves to recall you.

One day me and you
will meet again after melting inside.
Life may find a surprise.

Satish Verma

Pained Reproaches

The shadows sit,
under the words, to torture,
to bring,
perse memories.

A downfall,
precedes,
before the crash of
existence.

Ah, you know,
what makes your saints
blue? The sematic shooting
stars?

The anxiety was,
how to stop thinking
of becoming,
a vigilante.

The mid-night raid
was most unsuccessful attempt
to rape.

Satish Verma

Painful Beauties

I will touch the body
of your soul. My conscience pricks.
You dived in my poems.

You were my biggest
mate, to become intimate
with flames of forest.

The house burns alone.
Lake feeds the ruined grass.
Horses wait patiently.

Satish Verma

Painless Green

The flame eaters will
follow you. You want to bring
back inquisition.

*

Ashes in hand, and
your pride, you climb in dark.
I would meet satans.

*

The fish smells the man.
What was honesty? Dead pan? he
wants to return to sea.

Satish Verma

Pale Confession

How can you talk to the moon
when the trees were watching?
It was her last sojourn
before boarding the illegal
traffic of clouds.

Pallbearers were always ready
to do something
religious like carrying
a god to the temple. I was not
sure it was midnight syndrome
of apoplexy.

Deep into the blue eyes
lies the inconceivable page
of unprinted book of a
failed attempt to harness
the darkness for a connection to unknown.

Satish Verma

Pale Red Dots

After watching an honour
killing, moon slept
on the dirtroad.

Thinking about god
and blood game, I was
upset. I don't find any
difference.

The stings. Always
bleed my hands, when
I collect the honey
from your lips.

No memes. It
was factual. The darkness
feeds the mouth of sun.

It was an absolute bliss!

Satish Verma

Pandering

In a haunting trove -;
there was a synthetic insanity.
I asked the moon
to scan the chest.

Fever was rising.
You eject your eyes in a bowl
of silver to read the
lines of money.

A stark effect overwhelms
the spectrum, like the components
of a booty, to be digested
for deep flaws of society.

I should, if I could
rip open the zipped mouth
of black death to count the
teeth of shrunk questions.

After all it was democracy.

Satish Verma

Pangs Of Truth

There was nothing to hide.
No jewels, no gold. I
wanted, to get the replica of afterlife.

Meet me in some moonless night.
I will show you a slice
of my bruises, offering it as
my panacea.

You were hurting yourself
invoking the baby god
on the night of lights.

It was hallucinating,
stabbing yourself in a
virtual suicide.

As the last rites started,
you got up from the funeral pyre
and walked away.

Satish Verma

Panorama

The rain washed,
moon. I am going to talk,
to clouds,
for a pause.

*

A serene
quietness.
Rain comes down in rhythmic dance.
No bird will sing now.

*

I will watch,
the bougainvilleas.
Shedding the coloured bracts
on velvety grass.

Satish Verma

Pantheon

After the moon
it was an unkempt night.

I wanted to kill the narrative
and recast the frozen history.

A dirt road leads to a new trajectory now,
splattered with blood.

A double tongued thought brings
the ire of screaming horror.

Strapped for knowledge, he believed
in resurrection of a black hole.

The pain, it hurts terrible.
Emblematic was the bending of candles.

Satish Verma

Paper Nest

Dementia begins. The ending starts.
Death had many names;
The mountain owls. They fly in flocks
and take prey diving on rabbits or great
bustards. Have you seen the courtship
display of bustards? They are heavy birds. Fly,
but also run very fast.

Soaring flight of eagle. Keen sight and a massive
hooked bill. Hawk takes prey by surprise.
Falcon catches prey from above.

I think water. Don't cry. Your son was
drowned in a tank when he was three. Head
down. We pulled him out after half-an-hour.
Brain damaged. He babbles now, lives a vegetable.

Neat. Death had many faces. You want her.
It will not come on asking. I think flames. We
must lock the house, and come out on skywalk.

Satish Verma

Paper Thin

Tearing up,
the revised versions.
Wall was rising.

Invisible,
like the unconceived
terror.

Half-eaten space,
the man wants to
hide the holiness.

The final leap,
for the hips, the lips
for the dive.

The bloodied
paperweight, which smashed
the skull of a bald deity.

The arguments, that
kill the path, a
gift of sky.

Satish Verma

Paper Wreaths

To understand the life
after the flames die, I will
meet you in conflict zone.
Do not come with a tag.

Marked for a kill
I overturn the dead body of a cobra
to find my image in the glazed
eyes. My willingness was gone.

In a loop, I do not want
to ask any questions. Cannot
you understand, what
I do not want to say?

The empty glass does
not lie. You did not climb
the silken hills to be in a mausoleum.
I will not make my tomb.

Satish Verma

Papyrus

Let me go first in the cave
to see the hollow-eyed, bird-face,
my ancestor, relic of reclusive
commitment, eaten by hierarchical
grass, inch by inch.

Calories burn to free the bones
from the green pond, beached, skinned
and fished alive for a weird ritual
offering rice, flowers, tamarind and wheat.
Bald, hungry eyes were looking at approvingly.

I was searching unself papyrus,
to print the tale of agonising
travel of a small colossus, from
night to night to track a dragging sun
in mud and water.

O, groaning seed, you are the paradox.
Neither tree, nor root, only a promise
to destroy the fear. I will wait till the next
sun-eclipse, when you turn
outside into inside!

Satish Verma

Paradigms

Becoming something from anything
was a great bliss of paradigm.
I take a dip in anonymity.

You will never know,
where you will start a rough patch
on the road?

A prehistoric site could not outlive
the humiliation of proximity to hate.
Violence chewed the dust.

My knees give way to anguish of morality;
horror of captivity of dawn.
The eyes are going to collapse in endless night.

Tapping of kernel in hand, shell of truth bothers you,
like a mountain dew under the stone.
I will destroy the anxiety of grass.

Death of desire may take place.
Fragrance still devastates the moon.

Satish Verma

Paradigms Of Progress

Becoming something from anything
was a great bliss of paradigm.
I take a dip in anonymity.

You will never know
where you start a rough patch
on the road?

A prehistoric site could not outlive
the humiliation of proximity to hate.
Violence chewed the dust.

My knees give way to anguish of morality:
horror of captivity of dawn.
The eyes are going to collapse in endless night.

Tapping of kernel in hard shell of truth bothers me,
like a mountain dew under the stone.
I will destroy the anxiety of grass.

Death of desire may take place
Fragrance still devastates the moon.

Satish Verma

Paradise

So my absentism will prevail
over presence;
I will talk to you in space
between the moments
of autumn red
when nothing else was moving.

In classical pursuit, I straighten
the equation and we understand
the complexities of life, and agree to depart
unlooking at the moon, crossing
the river of silence, with no blueprints
on hands.

The random pain will eat the words
like a vanGogh painting.

Satish Verma

Paradox

Time. Marches on;
tasting the blood of hikers,
who would not;
reach the summit.

*

Red clover.
I walk under the black
moon to light;
the fire.

*

Meet me
sometime, in the half way
house, I have forgotten
my name.

Satish Verma

Paradoxical

How to meet crisis,
not accepting any defeat?
this time of pain.

Life was not simple.
My faith, my culture come to grief.
Lift me as a poem.

Why this mystery to live.
You want to remain mute and
I want to go blind.

Satish Verma

Paralysed

When,
the scream ends, you start
digging the shadows of
red berries.

The sky,
scoops the children of rape,
waiting for
the rains.

The tiger beetle,
will run after the winged prey
of first love.

Would you like to taste
the moon in the dark bowl
of malicious night?

Reading about the spell
of the roses, I went to a
Sufi, for an epitaph.

Satish Verma

Paralyzed

Ask the queen of night,
who was more brutal
than the crucible.

All it took was a change in
a single drop,
and you become a beast
from an angel.

The unthinkable, was
possible. You can execute
the extended family of a dove
by sending a black crow.

The rivals will engage
the history. I have stopped
reading the dates.

Satish Verma

Paralyzing

On wilting roses?
a spider weaves a web,
to spin a murder.

I will curb the hots
to kiss a dying moon on
the burning coals.

Writing a dew poem
was difficult without
a riot of tears.

Satish Verma

Paranoia

Multiple tongues followed
some strangers to see the
trafficking of images between space
and promises. Somewhere
adjectives were being cheated.

A tumor was growing in brain
locked, enhancing, malignant:
condemned destiny. Implicity of incest
in same gene pool. Where
the evolution has stopped?

A missile has intercepted and smashed
the moon into ten thousand
sins. Palpable wreckage.
We were shoved into dustbin
A pile of starving skulls.

Clotted stone blood. Mountains
were wounded. My mentor
had a paranoia. Delusion
Of falling snow
from burning sky.

Satish Verma

Parched Lips

Nothing to look forward
I return my gifts today.
Completely denuded I will spread out in emptiness.

I was nowhere in the circle of untruths,
the pain was slipping inside
and self-denial took its toll.

Nomad in exile
for the kiss of unknown
wandering in whispering streets.

There was no more remorse.
Saffron was the choice of pathos.
A collective suicide of pledges in the sun!

Parallel grief of desert and wind
offers the plundered toast
I drink to my parched lips.

Satish Verma

Pardon My Darkness

You always said, violence
was in you. Everything was dying
around.

There was a tacit understanding?
enacted,
interceding with?
a lasso. The baked silence
always stares at you.

I have no praise,
no condemnation for anyone.

Inevitably you suck the moon,
your thumb,
your blood.

A poem falls on the ground
to breathe again.

Satish Verma

Parentheses

It was not easy,
to rewrite a dream poem
when you are bound and hurt.

*

A twiner
looms out, at my window.
Like a face, peeps in.

*

Do not want to tell,
about my sorrow,
before the dried up river.

Satish Verma

Parentheses Fails

There was nothing to
do, except moon gazing, by
us, shades apart.

*

The words drink tears
and dreams had a satanic touch.
Curse within a curse.

*

The sands of time slip.
Past inspires the present,
of unholy future.

Satish Verma

Parsing

Read it,
or do not read
the road map.
Something has eaten into your wings.
You will not be able to fly
in the silent valley.

*

The clay gardens.
You always loved, the eccentricity.
A meltdown
refrains the sequenced
shyness. There will be
no moon tonight.

Satish Verma

Participation

All night you were
talking to moon in dance.
I will catch you
in sleep.

A daughter of
Miranda, sucked in dark,
the tarentula, the choice
of ultimate.

You cover the blood
on knife. Someone has paid
for betrayal. No charity,
no will of god.

Eyes move like
dragonflies. Between her
and him an unborn
sun folds the leg and sleeps.

I become my own lover.

Satish Verma

Parting

Sometimes I will
miss you badly. You won't cry
easily unashamed.

Legacy of stairwell?
Wanting peace? Dying was
beautiful. Don't go.

When the words quit
your lips would move noiselessly
silent holocaust.

Satish Verma

Parting Day

Encored, I was ready
to get the gift of stones.
Light dims at the door.

Will stand, thinking. To
look back for the lost baggage.
Will see you again?

There were smudges
on the floor where the candle melts
making hole in palm.

Satish Verma

Parting The Ways

Like wounded tiger,
going for last innings.
Like Orpheus listening
to water, without looking back.

Will not entrance you
any more, under the moonscape,
getting light from
the nightingale.

Finding the passage of
sunrise, I will wait for you
to come last time-
for a goodbye.

Trembling like aspen
leaf, to steal your aura
in moonless night, when Milky Way
will spread the diamonds.

Satish Verma

Partition

My ultimate reply was
my silence. There was?
no need to ward off any
further questions.

It was time to take
a call of the ominous. Clouds
are dark and menacing. You
wanted the poverty of words to go.

But it enters again by back door,
standing along with you. The
great divide begins. The day
was on edge over sick patriarchy.

You will not get the fruits
nor seeds. Yet the cacti do not
need any propagation. Full
of spines, they are hardy.

A fake formula is being put
forward. Let there be a
collective suicide to save
the floundering world.

But I would not agree.

Satish Verma

Party

In search of peace
he burnt down his books,
living precariously,
as colors were shifting.

After the disengagement
there was anger and chaos.
In the swirl of mudslides
the mountains stood erect & high.

Caste, color and creed
on coffee table,
for a birthday party of democracy.
A drone fell on the crowd.

The maniac depression divides
the butterflies into pathless lies.
The grass was blue
and sky was red.

Satish Verma

Passage Of Pain

You had failed me?
god, when angst was burning
my fingers to write.

A poem. Mauve-blue
lips go into a seizure,
to fight the demons.

Delphinium's spur
trembles without any wind. An
angel has fallen.

Satish Verma

Passage To Unknown

At cultural opening of thin
layers of faith & consciousness,
a new breed of angels was
romping on our souls.
I suffered again for tiny spaces
between the thoughts.
Death cannot be intrusive.
It waits at the door of light.
The show will start when truth dies.

I go again for the reality of anticlimax,
the anxiety of endless flights into fantasies,
the hallucinations of falling trees.
Give me some space to pedal
the silken smoke of dark truths.

There was fire in my heart
and eternal burning
of a lake. I cared for tears,
the eerie memories.
The age-old pain of seeking
the liberation from twisted symbols,
simple measures of
finding a passage to unknown.

Satish Verma

Passing Through Haze

Let's go together
over the moon.
Death to death in
economy of tears.

God blessed?
in songs of violets, the
peonies bloom,
in full glare of white and pink.

Being to unbeing
I will wait for the shooting
stars. A grace, the poise
plummeting into pine trees.

We will return
one day to our sadness,
unraveling the truth of life
and secrets of hidden pains.

Satish Verma

Passion Is A Hurricane

Ending of the thought
does not bring a lull.
It is a sequel beyond
my reach. An old extrication,
I dig for my roots.
The forgotten names,
the unhealing wounds of a doctrine,
a tiny memory of pulsating embryo,
not yet born!

Fear generates a kill. Ferocious movement
inside the cells slowly,
you become zero without a center.
The tangent skips
on your surface. Claustrophobia.
You start breaking the walls.
Fighting anxiety & shame
a timeless timber without a foliage.

My ignition point is hurt in
the new culture of game.
How we approach the road,
which smells the death,
blood or smoke?
The passion is a hurricane.
Uproots all the bones,
shatters all the roots.
A glory reckons after a while,
for the election of sorrow.

Satish Verma

Past Actions

Blue planet
remains sad. Nowadays
moon rises late.

A perpetual messenger,
grey sky, writes an
accidental poem.

I read the saddened
moon's face to condole
the river, for the loss
of its unique lover.

Let me watch the
return of the assassin
after ejecting the venom.

I will ride over
my demons now. Nothing
was left to remember.

Satish Verma

Path Between The Nights

O human face,
coming from the furry past;
now I want you to
become, my death.

The naked ape, has
started hiding the tainted
shirt, loses battle,
and becomes beast again.

The acid attacks on
the nascent roses, I see
the ruins of frozen dreams.
Will you fetch the moonlight?

Carrying the cross, I choke
on my words. The lovers
will never be the same.

Satish Verma

Path Of Destiny

The questions haunt
the genes who couldn't stay
in flesh and a womb.
A winter moon picks up
the forgotten trail.
Night slaps a white cloud on my eyes.
A face swims on a lake.
A splash of color.

A yellow leaf falls
on the path of destiny
the moon enters a tree.
Burden of arithmetic shifts.
I take a break from my pain.
A star twinkles hesitantly
outlines a shadow.
I watch a violet flame.

The fear sprints.
I run towards a non-truth
Revenge of love overwhelms,
journeys to zero pain.
Inward window opens to more queries.
Life revisits, ignites the dark spaces.
Intimate trust melts like lava.

Satish Verma

Path Of Rising Star

You started parenting
a blitz,
against my nest.
I am bleeding on my lines.

It is hurting
me a lot.
Like breathing in chlorine.
The mercury rises, falls.

Towards unknown blues,
you took a dive. I cannot
read the signature?
of nemesis.

Would not find a
kindred spirit. I was trying
to follow you in dark.

The story does not end
here. Back to antiquity, did you
believe in a second cousin
of moon, that were you?

Satish Verma

Path Taken

It will not happen
again, the eye contact
with swaying moon.

Smoke was rising
from heaps of dead leaves
from distant garden.

You become a past
in the hands of slaughterer.
Ethos plays game.

Satish Verma

Pathless

Mob tries to set
ablaze a Taj Mahal
I was flying a kite.

*

Tears swell in
the eyes of moon. Paper
lamp has come for a sail.

*

The long night!
I was ready to handover my
family silver to moon.

Satish Verma

Pathophobia

Vast emptiness preceded him,
when he stood inside a glass on road.
Sun did not contradict him,
light had entered back in stars.
Failed fingers knocked out the magnet. There
was no reason.

Pain in neck neglected for long
now becomes time,
impatient to meet beginning of end.
Blood was spurting in vain.
A black pearl of pure love
uncenters the lazy death.

He knew the secret of pathophobia,
had known the morbidity of troubled mind.
There was no return now to new words of mourning.
Grave masks were hiding
the smiling faces of unnames.

Satish Verma

Pattern

Handprint of innerself was
writ large in your eyes.
I hear you in your becoming.

Are you me and me are you in sameness?
The words and silence?

I hope you are listening to the waves,
from inside, from outside.

Sometimes we were talking with our skin only.
The sea was roaring on the shores.

When fog retreats, we know each other
in abandonment as fish in water of life.

Satish Verma

Pause

Pursuit of a desire
in the middle of philosophizing
life was an absurd idea.
I was drawing a relationship
between reality and death.
Learning from destruction brings a pause,
holding the hyphenating truth.
The energy flows in voices
of charity under the flowering words.

When you slur over a depreciation.
no one knows a bias.
The bridge was incomplete and walls were high.
The decay spilled out of the house, removing rotten beams.
The first and last economy
of throat sinks in
the mud of heavy propaganda.

It was not exactly a storm,
only hollow drums
beating for the drifting night.
The blood drops falling
on the moonlit earth.
The questions remain unanswered
who were the killers
of prophets and saints?
Who had changed the flesh?

Satish Verma

Paused

Exfoliated, I come to you,
to scratch the blighted
palace of the body, where
a god lived once.

Dervish, when did you stop
whirling? The tomb is gone,
the shroud tattered. I am
collecting the withered roses.

It rips open, the black fruit
showing the bleeding stone.
How did I believe, the tiniest
particle will create the universe.

The tree was felled scattering
the seeds. An unsure hand,
pulls on the leash and sets
the entrapped animal free.

Satish Verma

Paying Obeisance

In a wink, the moon
leaps for a journey to self.
I will sever my thumb.

*

To smear on your bright
forehead. Oh god your crisp
wisdom has failed.

*

The community of words
becomes dirty. The beauty gone lost,
nobody wears a mask.

Satish Verma

Payload

Drought had entered
into grass roots.
It was a perfect landing.

Sequential. You are
chopped into pieces. A shoal
of fish will make you disappear.

The vacancy will call
a choreographed entry. The
descent will find a goldenrod.

Snow-capped peaks. It
is difficult to stay for a long time.
You climb down. River remains dry.

Satish Verma

Peace

Be with me
in this zone of pain.
My poems was walking
through me.

The flute I broke,
in the river of silence.
Someone was whispering
to me in sleep.

Why this desire of awakening
in darkness,
when light was waiting
at the window?

Satish Verma

Peace Afterwards

Was it a summer storm of sexuality?
Only the chaste statue stood in threads,
and then went down the cuticle
with nipple rings.
The demand of namelessness was rising

in the dim shadows of brisk tones.
To step down from sanity, a clown
was ready to become a hunchback.
Inserting the name of cupid in the missing years
the theme will encircle the house.

First conceived as a rose, its petals
are covering your cleavage
and our poor kids are slaughtered without
a surveyor. Do not read between the blood streams,
the self face has become a bomber.

Of eternal rage, colours are moving
from red to gray. Ash was filling the empty bottles.□

Satish Verma

Peace For The Living People

A useless space between the sentences,
ghastly story does not end in black and white.
Again the heart cries.
I keep on knocking on the doors
and then return to blackness.

Sometimes people become insects.
Cockroaches, ants and spiders,
weaving their webs and hills,
crawling, creeping, clawing.
Flesh eaters. Pouncing upon hapless victims.

Depression. I am devastated.
Something churns in breast, dousing the spirit, lines and words.
Cannot sit quiet. Agoraphobia. Don't want to talk
Somewhere a name crops up. Saint or beast.
Under the trees there is no shade. I walk barefoot.
Hungry dogs chasing the flies.
Humidity fills the eyes.

Silence of the night.
City has stopped running.
All the dead will speak now.
Not asking any revenge,
but peace for the living people.

Satish Verma

Pebbles In The Pond

A crooked slanting moon
shifts the eye
comes under the chaste tree
and washes the tainted
victory.

Wolves start howling
at the tomb of unknown martyr,
man-eaters recoil
on the sugar island
and talk about destinies,

A mourning crowd walks
repudiating the death;
one day nuances of an ode
will thaw the delta
in disbelief.

The Delphic attitude
of a translucent murder
narrates the wisdom of sadness
which cannot propel the
blood stained light.

Satish Verma

Pellets Of Frozen Pain

Becoming wolverine,
to find the mutant gene.
What I wanted was, to find
a companion.

You had moved on?
reviving the ontogeny.
Struggling with your mystery,
a god changes his norm.

Always? failed to know
myself, there was a nagging
question. Why? You accept
and then mutilate the new born faith.

The animal instinct rises to hate?
your own species for liberation.
I dare not to confess
the role of flesh in blaming the spirit.

A crisis renews the
holiness to hide behind
the words of a current avatar.

Satish Verma

Pencil Eyes

Things go beyond your
vision. I transcend gods,
punished by crowds.

Writing history.
I want to disagree
with the story of
headless accession.

The valley has
bloomed indigo. Red
stars in grey sky
start wailing.

When earth moves
in dark. Sun brightens
the saddened face
of kismet.

Satish Verma

Penitence

Fragrant honeysuckle
in silence of emptiness,
at sunset, seeks moths.

Like wildfire, you
spread, in the autumn night.
Deep and hot I burn.

Satish Verma

Penultimate

Sundown
body becomes blue.
You were stitching
opals in eyes.

How do I find
you, when you would not
come in twilight?

The flight of a swan
takes a turn to cross
the river of flames.
Would you be a witness?

For the sake of death
don't die, amidst the hymns
of pain in dark shadowing life.

I know, I will
suffer in sunlight, when
the moon squeezes the blood.

Satish Verma

Penury Ward

In tattered clothes.
I would see my returned privation.
I will make the holes bigger,
so that light seeps in,
on my blackened chest.

The lovers will not meet
today, out, in open;
on moonward path.

The charred remains?
of the rope are visible.
The soaked blanket, to sleep in,
has become infernal.

What are you drinking now?
No other passage,
no exit, even the kiss of death?

Satish Verma

People Versus Silence

In the humid night
there was a circularity
of rhythmic chirping of the crickets.

Suddenly there is a lull.
Everything stops in the tracks.
Then a chorus rises?
building up to crescendo.

You become easily distracted
being sole surviving species?
not defending you flaws.

Then your mind shrinks.
You would like to hide
the emptiness, but
the psyche impales you.

The baby moon starts
transliterating the great?
silence on your lips.

Satish Verma

Per Se

Like domino effect
the brutal violence
was growing.

A cohort of moralities
makes you speechless.
You reach out for
the coal dust. Not towards
the earth, but heaven,
where a sniper was hiding.

Incognito a fear
looms large.
You start counting on fingers.

Tearing at grass roots
level, a windmill spawns
the beautiful dreams.

The body becomes
religion. You seek asylum
by the side of Buddha,
or tear off your ear like
Vincent Van Gogh.

Satish Verma

Perception

Lips of clay tend to bleed
my kisses.
And the distant moon treads
softly on the spent passion.

A private crimson
blunts the whiteness of moon.
The birds-
step out from the fog.

Last moments -
of the bell to announce
the schizophrenic flesh
sailing like snowflakes.

A primordial fear -
was destroying the profile of man.
Here it goes-
the spiritual enigma.

A blast
of stunned silence:
I am collecting pebbles
from the trees.

Satish Verma

Perception Failed

Don't give words to
thoughts. Terror begins.

Your painful past turns to future,
of live skeletons.
What life will give to me,
when I am getting
ready for long journey?

Collecting peacock
blue to write your name
on the trunks.

Moon nods,
I ask for a favour to
make me sleep in moonless night.

The silence speaks
in humility. Nothing was left
to have a meaning.

From the temple deity
disappears.

Satish Verma

Perceptions

In the dark night, you
look afar? the stars, to know
the Buddha's full truth.

Walking on tiptoes,
sun opens the door gently
to fondle your tresses.

Can you stop your heart?
beats to listen the footsteps
of a beautiful poem?

Satish Verma

Perfect Imperfect

Flowers?

They follow you, whenever
you sleep in dark.

The bluebirds

will wait till you open
your diary showing the exotic surrender.

I am collecting

dewdrops to wash your face
with sacred hands.

Don't fly again

over the seas, when sun
settles down on waves.

Whole body

shivers, before spilling
elixir to save you.

Satish Verma

Perfection

Ashes:

I was gathering blue light
from your lynx-eyed vessel
of death.

Against terror
blind-folded, shot in the head
on road.

Earth was your bed
and a shimmering moon
your pillow.

It was apathy of gates
of heaven.
The mist grows heavy.

Daring to bare
the jugs of wine,
body walks on edge.

Satish Verma

Perhaps

A thought starts a fire
loosening the lips.
I want to scream.

Between dreams and stars
a sky hung with
inverted moon.

The desire springs a scythe
but cannot cut a
jellyfish of eye.

A sunstroke was speechless
without a sun.
The gift of a night.

The sweet tooth of a lie
scoops a truth,
king of bitters.

Satish Verma

Perhaps I Could Believe

A pinch of pain, and
you hurl a poem
towards me.

The dilemma of undoing
a kiss of pen,
or lobbing a dagger
in the chest of moon persists.

I will never get the answer.

I would rather go
for a bath in the burning
river of your eyes.

Words do not convey
the real truth. What was behind
the gray dotage on your
withering face?

The voiceless silence would
let you dance on the flames?

O god I am waiting
on the heap of frail bones.

Satish Verma

Perplexed Views

The dots, million times,
like fire ants.
A black mass, you want
to exterminate.

Give me a light year
to understand the gray sky.

After the blast
the mind spills.

Thoughts, endless thoughts.

How do you reach the rim?
of success, as an ing'enué,
drifting down, without raft
in the river?

Was it a winter sleep of a toad
to ward off the
hypothermia?

Satish Verma

Persecution

I wanted nothing
from you, O prophet
of the holy tomb.
Lie in rest.

The living memory
fails, I look inside the
sepulcher. There were
only dry rosed petals.

At peace in temple of
flagellation. I am catching
blue butterflies.

I go for metaphysics.
Try to deceive myself
and forget the real.

In defining the being,
an angel wants a
pound of flesh.

Nothingness wins.

Satish Verma

Personal Loss

Root sounds.
I prefer intimate pathos.
Not easy.

I don't live
in night.

Yellow words
on green thoughts.

The fall was
imminent.
I wait for the snow
to bury my past.

Love becomes fluid
I was never dead.

Satish Verma

Perversion

Again. The search
will start
for the virgin truth.

Unseen. The invisible
character, unfolds
a bipolar paradox.

So far. I have come
groping in dark
for a terpsichare.

Spineless. You
fly in the wordless
blues of the veins.

The underbelly
was smooth, tied with a
criminal moon.

Satish Verma

Phenomenal Defeat

A wine taster was
ready to begin the birth
of night.

A wrinkle displays
the absurd mediocrity
of the charter.

I will not play
in the hands of unknowable
I have my own map.

I am shedding,
my skin, my color. Only
a truncated god will speak for me.

Satish Verma

Pheonix

Let us not cry for the fallen statue.
he is still alive and writing his own epitaph.
Eagles sitting on tall branches
will wait for the prey.

Why did he fake for a genius
running the lives of millions
toward the gates of heaven?

Do you think the quality of question marks will suffer
when answers remain incarcerated
in a system with flawed satisfaction?

I am going to die of shame
being only a bystander, in this bleak times.
Every day a murder of a blue chorus
is being announced.

Let me sing a new tugging anthem
sweet in my heart
harsh on my tongue.

Tonight a full moon will make me weightless
and I will be orbiting like an earth
around a burning name.

Satish Verma

Philosophizing

On the run,
was a bon viveur?
in amber thoughts.

I start unknowing you?
O invisible. A curse
will follow if you make me
a god.

I plead, standing
on the rubble, I will not learn
to live without the muse.

Sometimes you disappear
unshorn, in the rain forest?
of stunning phrases.

I hold,
the existence of a ghost.
Undying for the sake of
forced acceptance.

That was the art of inevitability.

Satish Verma

Philosophy Of Love

Looks like ordinary
eyes. You break me again when
blue lake dries up.

*

A flyover runs fast
to catch the man in haste, going
for a pilgrimage.

*

Account must be cleared
before you sell future into
the penniless fakir.

Satish Verma

Pick Up The Dawn

He was not him,
today the day ended with a boom,
had walked aimlessly for hours
in half fear and half hope.

Window filters a new moon. It
burns the pillow, wets the glass,
had he kissed goodbye
to the glass house?

Tired of being a dwarf
bridging the gap between hurts and animus.
The truth was only known to the deported.

Smoldering in the cauldron for years
he was never ripe for the plunge;
his kind refused to cling to straw for ever.

Wanted inner shength to stand
against the shots, to read the illegible words
and pick up the dawn from falling stars.

Satish Verma

Picking Relics

You didn't want to
age, rediscovering,
pain of birth, to live.

To remain atheist
was better than many gods. You
belong to yourself.

Juxtaposed with
blank walls, a bohemian
draws image of sin.

Satish Verma

Picking Strange Thoughts

You may go around the world
to touch the moon.
Rocks will beat the power
of dust to take revenge.

My poems were shrinking.
The roses still bloom.
Between the words
and meaning, moon weeps.

Mutually I wanted to
share the meaningless pranks.
Life always betrays the death.
I die daily.

What was your awareness,
when you smell the breath of
an everlasting pain?
Does the god become a human?

Satish Verma

Picking Up The Threads

No attachment with the
alma mater. You have
eaten away all the grass.
Bounteous breast was empty.

Like a nun, dropping
the robes, the moon was rising.
Would you meet her in dark?

The night wanted to come
and sit in your lap.
Let us play with cowries.

You know my life was
never in the hands of god.
I was a walking tree.

So simple were the means
of death. Nobody knew
who was me.

Satish Verma

Pictures

1.

Somebody puts a hand
on my shoulder
I turn around
suddenly it was moon.

2.

Do you hear
the inaudible voices
of abstruse frosting.
The leaves are falling.

3.

What you did not know
was my pain.
When I felt illumminated
in dark.

Satish Verma

Piercing Cry

It froze in mid-
air, without sound, coming
from deep throat.

You washed the queer
words, with eyes water to
read the verdict.

Remove the topsoil
to find the hidden bones
of unique god.

Satish Verma

Piercing Mind

In stark deep waters,
some dreamers had vision.
Willing to touch it?

Self-portraying was
incomplete version of life.
Only losers had wing.

The arrival of
mimicry we love. Lava
was going to expand.

Satish Verma

Pining

I write a song
for you which you will
not find in book.

The butterfly waits
for the bud to open its
secret of colors.

Did you taste
the tears of the sky ever
in a purple dawn?

Satish Verma

Pink Bruises

When you lit
the candle. I become stranger
to me. Time stops.

In short sojourn
the mystery deepens. Sometime
I don't understand you.

A private message
comes and goes. A wall rises
between truth and lies.

I want you, but
cannot touch the sea salt.
A ghost walks with us.

Blue marks appear.
Did you try to squeeze my arm?
Memories hurt like arrows.

Satish Verma

Pink City

Burnt-out myths in the old city
are stitching the lips of people.
Pink walls smell like blood.

Priest is dumb, hoisting the headless
deity on throne. Marigolds
are soaked in flowing tears.

Innocent wheels riding against blast,
stand still to measure
the half-life of seizures.

Cult was spreading in place,
fingers and cells Dynasties inheriting
the bleached fathers.

The ages rot under the sculptors.
We walk on water, wordless, sightless
for the thin hope.

Satish Verma

Pink Eyes

Pigments on rocks were darkening.
Violence had permeated like skunk.
Enough to go numb. Stream of blood.
Entire limbs were missing. You want to go
insane, deoxygenated.

The bomber was going to face a firing squad.
Were you ready to bring back the body
home? Mother was wailing?
Law was blind and absurd. A victim wants
the terrorist to live, arms severed, genitalia
blown off!

Was it in you, the violence? Guilt in me?
Are we not responsible? As a price of sorrow
I resort to silence. Nonviolence accepts the evil,
the fact, the truth of now.

Fear? The decline? A collective dying? I
cannot cry. It hurts the arguments. I am
red and bruised. Will not survive the sunset.
The subsequent years are bleeding.□

Satish Verma

Pink Reminder

It slithers, the tongue
trying to find
the rage on cold words.

A window
shuts on fire for a deliberate
withdrawl from conflicts.

The virgin iron
becomes a corpse
under the golden
amnesia of hot greens.

The colors are changing
on face
and the silky grass of paradise.

Satish Verma

Piracy

Otherworldly, tactile retraction
of rainbows,
from the eyes of believers.

Detachment of restless mind
at twilight, pot starts
boiling.

Sundowning, a paranoia
takes over, you suffer a childhood
near the pyre.

Thing is not a thing
exclusive of an extremist,
something burns inside me also.

The age of a tulip
moves backward; I, untethered,
float thoughtless in speech.

Satish Verma

Pivoting

Under a blue moon,
a cuckoo
gives an agonizing call.

*

Clouds will wait.
Till a caravan
of herons will sail.

*

The rains have
washed away all the malice,
all the soot.

Satish Verma

Placed In Orbit

Was very confused.
I was becoming poorer
everyday. The depletion was complete.
Polymorphous? Where do I find
the affinity with saneness? I
wanted to quit now,
drawing the faces of dead.

Farce embers,
in white fire. Climbing on a
fence for a fatal jump after
cavorting with drifting icicles
of blue eyes. Can you sleep-
walk in full moon? I am
death has become my friend!

Satish Verma

Plasma Floats

Like a bikini top
two hills were rising
in a spiral optics. Has

an altruistic vision.
A wildfire erupts between
the thongs of dead.

You have a mobile message
not to praise the sunrise
in the woods.

I am watching the flames
with a fury
of a wounded tiger.

Satish Verma

Plasma Oozing

We listened deeply to the sounds
of seed power of duality.
I was very restive
there was no time to review
the veracity of benevolence.
It was a flight of songs,
a passage through silence.

The event and nonevent,
became burning topics enslaving the angles of lips
and splitting the smiles.
If you wanted to feel the truth,
you must undergo splendid mutation,
to read the grains,
the sun, the rains.

Here comes the moon
sailing on dry bones
of our trivialities;
of our banalities,
shutting off our thoughts.
Multiples of our arts,
our performances,
had the plasma oozing
from our buried themes.

Satish Verma

Plasmolyzed

This was a troubling concept;
to start a dress rehearsal,
of ethnic cleansing.

Something pokes out;
on the tail end of the story.
There was no heart in the game.

You are driven like a
flock of sheep. The shepherd
lives in the fortress of slogans.

A placebo effect was quite-
evident. Everybody was
drunk on sugar pills.

Unadulterated, the swearing
had become genetic. You start
walking on the burning coals.

Satish Verma

Playing Chess

You have lost
the innocence. Rainbow
will spread the news.

Word's power splits
the enigmas. The pain connects
the blood of limbs.

The yellow roses
grieve for the silken hold
of dying charisma.

Satish Verma

Playing With Marbles

When you left, I had
covered my mirror not to
see my swollen eyes.

Who takes control
of whom? I was victim of
animal bites.

The path to lake
was open to bohemians,
who always wear blues.

Satish Verma

Pleading

Mooneater, I am my poem:
fantasy of words
traveling through fog.

When light sneaks in,
would you like to weep
with me?

Dear death,
I am not ready to
close my chapter.

You are you
but I am not me -
taking a flight in dark.

Disintegrating,
I am collecting the spiderwebs
to catch the moon.

Satish Verma

Please

Blood - mother, go
to moon and ask for a
spoon of silver.

Am still waiting.
Siege was unstable.
Austerity ends.

I am free now
to dance in skin of night,
shedding my shirt of dirt.

Satish Verma

Pledging Support

You throw the berries in the river
to stun the fish.

A mannequin wants to go nude.
The tormentor holes up
in a bunker.

You undertake a fast
to clean the dirty plumes of
a swan who will not take a flight
in blackening dawn.

The curse was on the hooks
who will bite only the plastic
dolls. O moonless night, I
want to disappear in the silk
of queer crowds.

Satish Verma

Plummeting

The padded words
perdured the fall of factuality
into the gaping maw of untruth.

The barriers start
crumbling for stilts
but the alley leads to a jungle of tales.

The manipulation walks
on the frozen lake of eyes.
Blue shadows move underneath to-

find the door. You spend
whole life to locate the dock.
The old sea and man drift in dark.

Only a seagull flies
in morning fog to trace
the sun, halted in clouds.

Satish Verma

Poem

Not knowing?
was a bliss, writing
a poem.

Words fall?
Like small birds,
flying.

I pick up
the sorrow, of the
blue sky
inaudible.

Satish Verma

Poem Of Summertime

And I will hear you
without noise,
in the yawn of night
when I will open
my wound!

Burning in the
intensity of time's blood
I will not touch
you in my dreams.

A fakir wants to leave his skin on the
rocks in sun to become
parchment, so that you can
write your name on it.

And my vacant eyes
in summer night, will search
the legend of undying
grace, in the wasteland
of life.

Satish Verma

Poem On Paper Lips

Deep footprints are not
visible. You will not say
anything else.

Night begins to fall
heavily. The wholeness, was
breaking the moon. I feel the
slaps of wind.

Throes of time, take revenge.
Was there any difference
between essence and substance?
The marrow will eat the bone.

Between dot and dashes
I have left long pauses to understand
unbroken lines.

Marigolds at the feet
of foetal stones unturned.
You can carry the legacy
of unsung sun, and small daisies.

Satish Verma

Poem Sublime

The genesis of
incredible, from moon to
moon was unheard.

I was lost in
kneeling bamboos to
cover the sins of sky.

Can your shadow
walk with me to hear quartets
of beethoven?

Satish Verma

Poems Knock

Life distributes the ashes. A gale
throws the flowers to weigh your love.
Sometimes I stop thinking.

What is happening behind
the curtain? Death brings the live pain
of fossilized to-morrows.

Come my love, come.
Lets see the tiny pale drops oozing
from the skin of dying moon.

Satish Verma

Poetic

In fending off, the questions,
after mutilation,
a maverick was asking,
would you go beyond the species?

Escape was not an
abstract. It was a concrete evidence
against the bleed and hurt.
Invocation was becoming absolute necessity.

The poetry of death has
many stanzas. The tribe wants
it share, but I will write
about the beauty of dying sun.

Silence was a true poem.
You speak some inaudible words.

Satish Verma

Poetry

The flesh was putting up a brave dialogue.
I was willing to play the game.
Stunned, shocked, pleasantly sore
basking in heat of silk throat,

I asked the needles to go ahead
and stitch the wounds without loss of blood.
Wasps were waiting to light the candles,
so that they can attack the pink skin.

The fruit bats were hanging upside down;
time for fellatio. A boundary was submerged
in deluge of anger. It was a white night
for an ice cream cone. God bless the queen.

Satish Verma

Satish Verma

Poetry Boom

Poetry Boom

Absurdity had a presence.
I was trying
to find the meaning of a laughter.

The living stone-
had a personality,
in the battle of a cosmic dance.

It was crippling.
A wide swath of landscape
was inundated by fluid darkness.

You will not find
your home. Unconscious mind
was busy in knitting –

a yellow moon. Do you
hear the sound of loneliness
in the black sky?

Satish Verma

Poetry Of Dreams

Half moons in eyes,
you want to change gender
like a fallen god.

Was it possible
to become a walnut
in new half globes?

A fireball slips
from the sky to collect the
colors of kites.

Satish Verma

Poinsettia

What was that inside you
which was not ready to accept
the compound folly of a man?

What worry do I carry tonight
to my bed?
An intentional leap into the very
fire of mind?

A virgin garden battles with a storm
It is ready to mince the words
for a carnal smell of poinsettia,
and I am going to lower the guard
from wrinkled eyes.

Like a thong around the neck
to obtain the tongue.
I turn towards the blood of game
global erosion of love and waxen defeat!

Satish Verma

Point Of View

You said it was a sin to trade for the hunger.
I was looking into your eyes,
something was amiss,
tears had become stones.
How long your breast was carrying
this despair?
You said it was a crime to hold the grief.

I was looking at the sky,
vultures have gone.
But pugmarks of hyenas are very distinct
around the house.
I am saving the chocolates for winter
kidnapping the heart.
You said it was an irony to sing
a heart-breaking song!

Satish Verma

Point-Blank

I know the flesh heals
but not the ethos.
Though I was not the doer
yet I didn't fail in my journey
through dark.

It was a fait accompli.
Knelt in prayer, I was branded
with hot iron.

Why am I shaking
like Titanic? Your long arm
did not save me from the shining
iceberg of simple knowledge.

Do we go together in the sea?
The dark music was very
by brick we had
made the the river of rage
has broken the embankment.

You want to climb
from the abyss. A death wish
overtakes the hills.

Satish Verma

Poised

Deceived several
times, you err again, and
put up your debut kill.

*

A graphic escape,
of moon from the dark
clutches of clouds.

*

The blackbucks
get ready to leapfrog on the
first sound of shots.

Satish Verma

Polka Dots

We are afraid of each
other. You start packing
your majolica wares to move out
swiftly, not to return back.

The floor was dirty.
I walk barefoot on the sharp edges.
To ask the matriarch of pains?
mother earth, how long the
man should suffer?

A woodcutter does not
want to pursue his art. He
throws his axe far away and
starts meditating.

So much violence in our
lives. You slay a traveler
for telling his mind.

You were becoming jealous
of yourself. Start throwing
pepper in the eyes of moon.

Satish Verma

Pondering

A decapitated
thought, writes a new scribble
on the sands.

*

There were dark
footprints of a seagull
on the white beach.

*

I am sitting
on the bank, counting
the beating waves.

Satish Verma

Portraits

I resent.
Will remain that
I am.

No fissures. Frozen
mind. I am not thinking.

Peeling off the day
layer by layer. Fear
refuses to cross the street.

Not becoming.
Not carrying any weight.
The journey collects only?
the names.

No peaks. Restraint
I say to dark. Light
was waiting.

Satish Verma

Posing Questions

It bewilders me, when
I follow you. Why the savaged
retribution starts for a
separate mouth?

I may become little
demanding, sending you a
death watch for tender memories.
Why did we meet for different truths,
to fork out, not pardoned
by anchorage of our spiritual pursuits?

At early dawn, a sad
cuckoo gives a long, lingering call;
desperately evoking the
soft bleeds of beautiful past.

Your profile was very
sharp, aquiline instinct, to
smell a lover.

October is here. Intuition
develops a sixth sense.
You don't want to leave the nest.

Satish Verma

Possessing You Again

Sometimes,
you want to listen to silence?
for repose. Requiem
will come later on.

A dark feeling
is seeping in. I ask the ladybug
when will you wipe out
your black spots?

Temptation pours like lava.
Desires are godsend.
I say to myself-shed the gems,
pride and self, to walk away.

Liberated-to meet
my stars. The return bleeds.
Belongings gone? yet
the hand is steady to write a poem.

There was that last question?
When will you come out of your veil?

Satish Verma

Post Stasis

A river boiled
underneath me. How
did you pull me out?

You were doing
my vision, my thinking.
My pink bruises bleed.

A word drops out
of my poem. You pick it up
to recite the name.

The scented breath,
and a hanging tear drop
deflect in moonlight.

Sailing through the black
mountains, the golden eagle
makes a dive.

Dream merchants
are ready to sell the last
painting of blind artist.

Satish Verma

Post Valentine

After the full moon
I will collect roses
from your ashes.

The essay will not?
be written, about,
how did I love you.

The silent shriek
was left alone
in the valley.

Satish Verma

Postscript

The space shrinks
when moon breaks the black night.
An aching flotilla does not
reach home. The wait ends
in your poems.

□

Clutching at floating truths
you help to save the words
of predicament. Ultimately
a temple walks free
without a god.

The whiteness of false teeth
has a regular visitor
of a bright smile.
But the tender eyes were telling
a different story.

Satish Verma

Pouring

Urn was carrying the snow
unmelted
like the soul of night.
It was a very strange winter
like araucaria puzzle.

Who was dragging the evergreens
over the chaste cliff?
All the incogent roots have broken
the placenta for new gods.
Millionaires?

The marriage of basil at dusk
with a paperweight, unleaving the road.
I was hearing the footsteps of dawn,
though sky was not listening to knocks.

Satish Verma

Power Lines

The numbers were going up
and hallowed men were no;
more saints.

You find that your shirt
was stained. Now
you talk
to strangers. fear creeps;
under the skin.

You come near each other in;
dark. Reverting yourself

Against the wall of water as
high as your ego. Epidural abscess;
a silence of unknown.

Now, every hour you die. Light
abducts the dreams. Nothing to-
talk about the blitzkrieg.

Satish Verma

Pragmatic

Talking of morality abuse
and implanting of false truth,
words stammer.

A fiery birth after
the mist. I intend to collect
the dark energy of beyond.

A pillow dance waits
for the inevitable death.
Only one eye will see the moon.

You bend back,
open the eyes thirstily.
Let Venus unwrap the breast-

and start swimming
in gunmetal sky for the final
journey of delinquent mind.

Satish Verma

Pragmatically

I will not have any
alliance with your words
I am lost in wordless thoughts.

Ask the dead phrases?
you repeat often. Like evil hydra,
new heads come out daily.

This is my domain, my
battlefield. The letters do not
take any shape. Dots speak.

I love the statue
of laughing Buddha. Melting
the pods of transmission.

You know that, you do not want to say.

Satish Verma

Prayer In Message

There were no regrets?
from the life to lose the game.
Tell me, how can I forget
you, when flesh was melting
from the bones?

The poetics. This was not
the world, I had dreamed.
Sinkhole. You are swallowed alive.
The script was changing.
War allows to drop the morality.

Eye shamed. For your sake.
O God, I had loved your creation.
Why it had become dirty?
This was no more my property.
Take away the loaned apples.

It is the split,
the divide. I am walking
barefoot to feel the bygone dead
sacrifices.

Satish Verma

Prayer Starts

You speak louder
in dark, unhinged, unchained
to become perfect.

I will not change
myself. Let the river flow.
I will have no banks.

The smoke rises
from the windows of ruined dreams.
Your footprints become relic.

Satish Verma

Prayer To Prayer

Deadpan. Far off an
explosion. First a lull, then
rises cicadas shrill.

You release paper?
lamps into the river. One for
black rose in the book.

Blue birds, will they come
again in my lonely patch
of abandoned home?

Missed beats will not
appear to pick up the pause,
between absent words.

Satish Verma

Prayer's House

Moon was slit in
neck tonight. Can you explore
unutterable words?

A mysterious hand
rows your boat in inner
water intoning bliss.

You will quit softly
I will caress your soul
in the tucked pain.

Satish Verma

Praying Hurriedly

You were trampeling on a wasp,
when sprouts
were generating Escherichia.

Dirt. Romping around. How many
corpses were there? Why can't you
tell the exact figure?

Under the carpet the shoes will
help. The need to jump from
the rostrum? Was it not a banal show?

The giggling girls threw a
cordon around the sheep. The
trembling flesh. Somebody walked

away with the chopped head.
Weeping. No the severed head
was laughing.

It was an open book.
How to make the beds on street,
and then lie naked.

Satish Verma

Praying Mantises

Unresponsive, an
alien ego: I was moving
deep into the soul-search.
The compactness was
snapping. Played against
the hype, the hawks were descending.
Like milkweed I drip,
waiting to be kissed. Copycat
the moon makes a scar. I am hurt.
I wanted to touch you
behind the lens. Closed in,
the lips won't meet. Cobra will
not spread the skin.
The lamb has lost the
innocence. Knife was
a blessing.

Satish Verma

Praying Mind

The gnarled fingers
will retrieve the flowing
moon from the river.

Like bristlecone
you stand in hot desert to?
catch the setting sun.

Peace! where will
you find it in dust of
the halted moments?

Satish Verma

Precarity

The system kills
a dream run, when
you went for a dignified
retreat.

Manipulated beyond
the moonseeds and frigid tears.

You don't want to
relive the epilogues, sleeping
to edge.

When the terra cotta
lamp fails, light weeps for the earth,
and unseen hands.

When inequality threatens,
would you still remain
my gripping shadow?

Ah, it is the breach
which shatters me. I wanted
my right to strike at clouds.

Satish Verma

Predation

There was no clear move.
Flamethrowers were on the way!

and I was looking,
backward.

A fragile truce with the
clouds. They had abandoned!

the sky and were wringing!
the neck of mountains.

Compromising with the painted lips
of winter, my secret was out.

I was shivering in the crowd
of moon-gazers.

Satish Verma

Predators

The aura was waning.
White pigeons?
were not ready to stay.

They wanted to go
home, wingless? from where
they were kidnapped.

Braless the moon, laughs.

Garment sellers, were
placing the bets on valentines.
Where they will land?

The watchmen will
abandon the gates.

de rigueur
demands the undressing
in public to show the scars.

Someone wants to
become bisexual.
Not made for each other.

Satish Verma

Predatory

Surge of rage in domes of violence
skins the history, becomes a frozen embryo
of genetic markers, shimmers in society,
race and native shirts.

Enters into the creation of a saga
accomplished by advancing poppies;
there was no connection to ancestors.

Brutalizing golden dawn
leaves a bitter taste.
They were fighting with broken swords.

Virgin flesh becomes moon face,
bloats for a fatal jump,
on to the widow's peak
of a dancing star at sun-set point.

The innocence cleaves the night
to implant the bride's lips.
I am lost in a sheared landscape
there is no singing tree.

Satish Verma

Predicament

Today the sun
will rise without you in pain of
two stars kissing.

A brief pause
between the hiccups. Poem
was incomplete.

How would I say
you goodbye facing the dark
burningmoon?

Satish Verma

Predictions

The hunger was scouring
each house? in utopia?
daring you to open the door.

Weavers were ready for?
the moment? of encounter?
to spin the corona.

As if an asteroid was heading
towards the silent ariel,
to destroy its integrity.

Beyond good and bad, there
was an effigy of a designer?
in dancing mode.

It was a jinx in your
speed. You would not climb on a
walk without a rope.

Satish Verma

Preface

Between life and death
a photo finish race
will decide the relationship.

There was intoxication
at heights. Your throat had
become hoarsed, sliced
after a scream. Matchsticks
were thrust in the
gnawed mound of kneaded
flour. The kitchen
was going to explode.

Barehands you were
picking the black beans;
parting me lip by lip
caressing me thumb by thumb.

Satish Verma

Prelude

A deep kiss.
Deepest-ever
of exTreme love
for the death;
milky way.

*

Separating-
the numbers
from infinity.
Will you find one day
a big Zero?

Satish Verma

Preparing For Nothingness

Like the thinker,
why did you not-
become thoughtless?

You do not display
what have you not.
you come out in bazaar.

Surviving in darkness
in the depth of the
inverted sea.

The rise and fall of
the chest gleaming with
water and flame.

The want, the
desire, the thirst, kissing
the inappropriate.

Satish Verma

Prerogative

Your absence
creates an aura. The
concealed hurt.

Today when the sun
of longest day goes down,
the night will wait.

To buckle under
the titanic grief of
sea, not sinking me.

Satish Verma

Prescience

There was no colour in the nude
and skin deep fire was raging
not leaving much of a trail.

A Janus cat,
that is our man of polity
with two faces.

Walking alone at midnight,
that is larger than life, on
death of a galaxy, where -

the crack of dawn meets
dandelion to decide the course
of bloody day. They were -

coming in huge lots to kneel
and kiss the hands of their master,
who will leave his signature -

in deep cleavage. Who was
guarding the doorway to
my sleep?

Satish Verma

Present Life

It is.

What you don't think,
and don't want to share. Nothing.

Kamikaze? divine wind
destroying your crotch.

Saffron? dried stigmas.
The hiss of a dead shake,
kitchen's flavor for celibates.

Many roads to reach
the mannequins. God is
one. Hydra's tentacles catch
the believers.

Unwholesome.
I won't taste the violence
of celestial bamboos.

Satish Verma

Preternaturally

Trying to understand the
impossible, I will
reach for you or your
hidden libido.

Gynaecomastia.
Life span cut short by
despondency. A woman
speaks for sex change.

Poverty of thoughts, and?
death of a theme. It
was the one-way street in a
ghost town.

Something to serve in
the way of courtesy, when
you start imploding
to celebrate the arrival of ash.

Satish Verma

Pride Fall

The yellow rose
looks like having the same
genome as that of you.

Bending like a stem
of weeping willow.

I will leave
before dawn, when the Venus
prepares to become
Joan of Arc.

The fog sits in
your eyes. A blue veil
covers the contours of
flickering tears.

At the window
the moon waits for
final call of sun to leave
the dominion of light.

A bulge wants to leave
the shadows of broken walls.

Satish Verma

Pride Of Valley

When the battle lines were drawn,
the only mandate
for the human torpedo was to blow up
the silence of time.

Sick was the death-struck
new born, praise of the ghost of tiger
in the name of glory of green eyes.
The orange moon was absolutely naked;

the snow dripped in a cave to form a cone
and the valley was burning wide.
The bag of charcoal given
to a shepherd had turned into gold-

nuggets at home. The vultured sky
was claiming more bodies.
A miracle was swelling the crowd
and the crown was proud of deaths.

Satish Verma

Priest Writes On Wall

Looking at picture
writing on the face, I will
search myself in you.

I want you take
baby steps after the encounter
with the lost horizon.

The flora, the fauna
of your psyche, illustrates
a sculpture in action.

The blue eyes the
wait for the snake charmer
to bring the vipers kiss.

The pain of dying
at the door of unopened
fort will arrest the vibes.

Satish Verma

Primal Recitation

You failed yourself,
when I was done with the depth
of the sea for truth.

*

You were not being in?
hurricane, when doorkeeper slept,
without any bearing.

*

The life betrays to
everyone. You stand erect
when the blue rains come.

Satish Verma

Private Moorings

searching for words in continuum of
incompleteness, it was a trickle at first, then
a free fall, cerebral fury: I am becoming expansive,
so apposed to verbatim of shrieks, only

in whispers I will talk to delphiniums,
I would walk inside the time capsule, come
and sit besides me for a while, I am tired of

this ghost town, and fleeing shadows of
waning luminaries on the horizon in

half-naked blooms; on different shores
U-boats are being lowered with torpedos. I am

waiting for the hurricane

Satish Verma

Prizefight

Time zone had become acidic.
Wear the chador softly.
Moon is coming out.

Down rushing
stillness croons.
Someone is going to outwit the night.

A night bird weighs the wind.
Why do you stand alone?
Desires will come relentlessly.

The essence of pain.
My bronze heart,
has no prodigious injury.

Satish Verma

Proclaiming

After land slips it was
most surreal scene. Cadaveric
donations had started.

The author of death would
ask for a showdown. Blood
for blood and bone for bone.

The loneliness erupts again
like a volcano. The new moon
will weep for outdoors.

A mermaid breaks the
rules. Starts wearing the
makeup and becomes robed.

Fishing in aquarium was
prohibited. An absurd
proposition of the glass.

Satish Verma

Profundity

If time moves,
the spark will remain live
in space between the eyes.

You were a concept
what didn't fit for you.

We say it casually?
the ghostly pouncer
was a blight.

How the appetite to live
gracefully was, becoming stronger?
But the eye contact was waning.

You look back at
your footprints. Where they
had taken a wrong turn?

The triangle refuse
to play chess. Nobody was
taller than dice.

Inch by inch I
followed you, when I
grabbed at you it was a cloud.

Satish Verma

Prognosis

Did you foresee it? It was coming.
The freaked guilt of failed attempt
to get yourself kissed by a flame in the
androgynous temptation of dark.

One legitimate delay in dying of moon's
tears? The weather had fizzled out during wild
winds and the summer was slowly starting a
whispering campaign against the clouds.

My enemy for sweet revenge will not
halt the attack. A bouncing vision will
start the fire engulfing the singing
trees of drenched art. The floods of intimacies
were coming.

Satish Verma

Satish Verma

Prometheus? Mon Frere? ?

Why you think of reversing the wheels
when life has stopped moving?
The time has fled from your hands
and settled on the body of death.
You are not intact and whole inside.

Where the path betrayed us?
Broken windows let in the dirt, smut and
heat.
The winter will be harsh, barren and cold
One by one swallows have departed.

The pain in neck does not go
an astringent blast overpowers
you become giddy, stagger for a while
and then become blind.

Your tragedy is mine, we suffer
for the sake of light.

Satish Verma

Prophesying

The shovel
moves the wet earth
noiselessly.

Your path goes to dark,
in the jungle fire
through Sunset Boulevard.

Father of my father
used to drink a pitcher, of black tea, daily,
to stay alert.

He would tell me,
"Do what you wanted to do."

The rain will not stop
for sometime. Why don't
you go to sleep?

The fury of the
flood, will not break
the pride of an oracle.

Satish Verma

Proving False

News runs faster
than the sun. It is
dark already.

You have started arresting
the shadows. I was still
talking to a rose.

Let's go somewhere. Where
no war cries are heard
for a day.

How many, will you?
count the dead? Each mortal
wants to go home.

The postcards, don't
arrive from the front
anymore.

Will you take my message
by the severed head.

Satish Verma

Prozac

A candid confession from you,
when your identity started protruding
from innocent rage.

You were accepting defeat
without a fight.

The lips tell the grief of human failure,
your prudence propped up
by Prozac.

A beautiful collection of anxieties
adorned on the shelf of life.

A cruise in veins
to dispel the high cholesterol
dewy-eyed mirror
and ambulating pain.

Satish Verma

Pryingly

Nomadic words
do not stay with me
for long, after the betting.

The gamble was
pivotal, to find the
peace in jungle.

The alacrity to
remove the claudication,
when the heart stopped.

Objectively, a truth
will be dissected
to take out the lie.

Immoral was the
podium, which allowed
you, to stand for a sermon.

Satish Verma

Psyche

The prescience
plays a bellwether role
on the path of light.

Come and share
with me the moment of truth:
victory of unknown.

You say truism
will fail one day in
fire and smoke.

Satish Verma

Pulsating

In the cavernous mind
a thought becomes
redundant.
You go straight for a snakeroot.

A flat cluster of white flowers
spurs a stigma
at the white moon
for floating rumors.

This was my native pain
of brilliant tapestry.
The threads had a weaver's knot
of rare beliefs.

Satish Verma

Pulsating Moods

Advent of strange
sign on forehead was asking
for the laughing eye.

A cessation of
botched therapy was a need.
God was still alive.

The birth pangs
were becoming stronger
with every fall of trust.

The gravest thing
was the love of moon.
It keeps you smiling.

Satish Verma

Pulsating Void

like walking in a tulip garden
i undo the aquablue,
how many steps you were away,

entwined like mangrove:
our roots were standing upright
to breath in moist silhouette

of equatorial sun, blooming
in anguish of separation: come
one day to leave me forever,

a train in desert going nowhere
on ancient wheels of time;
and i will aim for a perforated flight

one day to be reborn and the shadowed
ride under the truth will open
the husky lips of pain

Satish Verma

Pummelled

It was a direct hit,
meeting an immaculate
moon tonight.

Was it possible? that
a star flew off the sky
to undo something?

I was the mist,
and I was the sun.
Describing the accident?
not the truth.

The molester.
Time, steps out taking a big
chunk of life.

Unhinged, a messiah
drops dead?
at the door of equity.

How vain, was the
ego of man!

Satish Verma

Punctuality

The cult moves in
circle. Stargazing
starts. You lie buried in
wet retreat. Eyes protruding

The veil sends a sweet death.

The death. Only you would
know, what was the conversation
between the repentant
and priest.

Superfluous. To beautify
the grimace. The lips?
always cheat.

A black cloud devours the moon.

Satish Verma

Punishing Myself

My personal agony,
very precious to me.

I was carrying you
on the paint brush, on crayon.

Canvas was
empty after you left. No oil
painting of curved lips and digitals.

You hang a man eater?
panther, after lynching.
Whole length suspended from a tree.
So beautiful, as a star night.

You were left
to yourself? to ponder over
the killer and the kill.

Who wins in war of words?
In war of lips?

Satish Verma

Pure As A Flame

Sleepwalking in unlit
night, grabbing the
moon, for a bite.

Very difficult to chew
the contradictions, to relieve
the heartache.

Endless drumming of
woodpecker to mark territory.
A war begins for insects.

It was the Adam's instinct.
I will not fall on
the burning coals.

In a dewdrop you will
see a miniature tree,
shaping out for the sun.

Satish Verma

Pure As Gold

You had tightened
the grip. I hit a rough patch.
All night you remained in my thoughts.

I will not bid you
good night, because you will
not leave me.

I refuse to go, you
refuse to come. When will we
meet to undo the sins?

Satish Verma

Pure As Moon

Contextual. I don't
get that much-I ask. How difficult
it was to remain like gulmohar*

A collision course will meet you
were a step forward.
I was held back to know the truth.

You were always orange
and red. I want to remain a human being.
I tell explicitly. You were Agni.

**Delonix regia*

Satish Verma

Pure Like Flames

Time knocks you
down O love. Why are you
always in my thoughts?

Death and life were
two sides of the coin, in
attendance of king.

No one was a slave.
I walk on my footpath
to reach my truth.

Is it the end of
the tale, as a prelude to
unchanging tragedy?

Irreparable was
the loss of virtue. I will never
be rich of new words.

Satish Verma

Pure Mundanity

It should not have happened.
But it has. For a god
of dreams, there was
no paradise.

You had become an alien
to your body. Split scenarios.
A fight going on?
between two selves.

Every morn, a shock comes,
a revelation pops up. You
fall, a victim of civil war?
in surprise.

The headlights on, you
were driving straight into
the bright sun to burn
your wings.

Satish Verma

Pure Murder

The spill of sheen
after deep throat explosion.

Not as special
as the day appeared.

Afraid of complete annihilation?
Was it possible?

Untenable?
Living in a cavern full of bats?

A key slept in a lock
unmoving the golden doors.

Beyond the control,
lies disaster.

Satish Verma

Pure Steel

Coming near the incarnation of an
unknown, sunflower seeds were cracking.

Trickling down the cleavage of a tormentor
reaching near the edge of poetry.

I ask you to clamp my name, the
gash on the book was bleeding.

Was it discretion of night to decorate
a battered and abused body of a doll?

Naked you cry on the shoulder of the moon.
This was my prophecy, this is my fate.

Satish Verma

Purple Bleeds

Untied I set myself
free. You pass on?
the moon by lips.

If you cheat the
words, they become your
strange, noiseless adversaries.

The prison has
no keys. You can come out
and go back. Night
unmakes the walls.

Perhaps, one day
I will meet my craft of
oriental track of
drowning in your silent eyes.

Pink death of setting
sun takes away all the glory
of seasoned smile.

Slowly Venus will dip in twilight sky!

Satish Verma

Pursuit

the solid rock, from its tallest perch
was tumbling down, after navel – gazing –
in songs of darkness; had the hidden
aloofness in space and time,

i have become a tree, intend to teach
the truth of roots; eating the body
of gods, one prayer changes the fright
of depth, meanwhile you become the ethnic wait

in sprawling riots, the inside of ire was
very red; screams, bends, shakes, takes away
emotional blackmail, hairs standing like
candles burning, the conditioning was over –

in granite falls, it was rain of tears on
flames of freedom at the street, a crowd
becomes a large leaf swaying on the waves of a red
river, flowing sensuously in a young city

Satish Verma

Pushing Dark

Honesty. Was it the
sickness of mind? Ask the
spirit of water.

Honour the blue
goddess with grey hair in
silent grieving.

Spurn the moon and
come to me to celebrate
alien reverie.

Satish Verma

Pussyfoot

He was wading through the frozen pain
unhappy at himself.
Staring vacantly at the blurred stars.

Who was not guilty when the staircase
collapsed? The half-men were busy
in arranging to open the trap door.

Amplified hunger was spilling like
acid rain, changing the colour of
fault-line, kindled bellies.

A twin murder has yet to be resolved.
There is no more pursuit of the menace
and the fear lurking under the dirty eyes.

Green stomach sends the odor,
becomes a reminder of stones in the bowl.
The thick men are walking on air.

Satish Verma

Puzzled

Building your space,
you were dying daily
invading the acoustics.

How the continence
was going to help-
living with scars of explosions?

Mutating into a full-fledged
saintliners, an inner conflict
becomes a profile.

Crawling to a stone
a crayon draws a cell
without incendiary rhetoric?

Decoding an icon
becomes a daily ritual. From
where will come the write?

Satish Verma

Puzzles

hopscotch, retrieve a pebble
from the lake,

sitting under a tall tree
i will wait
for leaves to fall
on water;

i will see through my seeds
a relief of roses,

overnight
in the soccer field
tiny mushrooms
popped up, wearing white caps
to see the game –

turning the pages of a book
opens a museum,
i come on you
not accusative

SATISH VERMA

Satish Verma

Puzzling

You toppled the invisible
burning the unburied buttons
joining the history of names.

Will I be able to communicate
with straw to find out the age
of the unarrived seeds?

There is too much violence in
green blood. The broken tooth
bled to death of a truth. The

oratory was becoming a weapon
to break your mirrors. Will there
ever be peace to flying guests?

A service should be rendered
to the poem who burned like a
candlelight in the stormy night.

Satish Verma

Quarantine

A deep question
haunts me. Who will take
the responsibility to watch the earth.

You make me appear
mad in my poems. How you define
the life when god was burning.

You had become a new idea
for the struggle. What was the
difference between murder & suicide?

Satish Verma

Quartz

Light digs up the hope.
You appear like pure flint.
Sorrow will tell truth.

Weep weep my sun.
Black hole will swallow you.
No need to drink hemlock.

The blank paper has
hidden markings. God wants
to become mortal.

Satish Verma

Quenching

Go forth alone, as a beast,
as a bird, as a fish.
There were knots in the breast
to be dissolved.

Unfrequented, lust brings
a folded rose. A foeless
territory to explore the -
heaven of fingers.

Beautiful. I like you
Your smile enters the knife.
The knife goes into the heart.
The heart finds an angel.

Pomegranates. Dark red.
Oozing on the edges for
accepting the brunt of
a corrosive reversal.

Satish Verma

Quest

Slicing the red velvet
not drawing blood with your nails
you walk
on the body of compromise
kissing the fleece of death.

Untitled,
larger than life
unpresent, missed moments would take
the revenge from no thing.
The violence will end in a lake of tears.

The golden stick.
It was the hard bone which engaged
the furious beast in drowning boat.
Learning from dimension of pain
you draw a circle around you.

Satish Verma

Question, Answer

You have nibbled and eaten raw
scratching by nails
talking of a pink rose syndrome
under the corona of soft spikes.

Someone talks to you in your brain
guiding you to guillotine.
Life was not worth any meaning,
when questions were none.

No one to resume, isolate green
from the grains of empty desires.
Your hand travels from thorn to thorn
to reach the unrelenting fires.

Made of eccentric obsessions
your house is far away. I smell
the yellow leaves falling, one by one.
It is still dark, with no moon.

Question will become one day, the answer.
The answer will never be the answer
We will remain confused, unclear
about the question and the answer.

Satish Verma

Questionable

Give me a home for sparrows.
An outcry was rising,
why do you go from aphids to moon.

Midnight and a howling.
I am scared of hungry wolves
roaming in alleys.

Two small mounds and a
split code. There was left nothing
in alphabetical order.

Dry aquarium. Why did the fish
leave for the veins of glass? Lights
were out in search of a dark corner.

The corpse was unbuttoned,
why do you wash your food before eating?

Satish Verma

Questioning

Trending the nude prints,
life had been dismissive,
plucking the gray hairs from brows.

Manipulating the dopamine
the body's odour
wafted through the cluttering limbs.

Charcoal underlines the
need of a wounded dove.
What else one needs from grain and water.

The tears will sew the lids
one day. I don't want
to churn the sea again.

The dogfish comes on the
shores for a rebuttal.
It had never led a dog's life.

Satish Verma

Questioning Again

Writing,
a blood code.
Manipulating the taint.

Path,
towards the violence,
had the tribal instinct.

Scent,
of testosterone,
was the key thread.

You,
will not know, what
I conceive of the coming onslaught.

Constellation,
was ready to strike.
I am not myself today.

O, life, we will never know each other.

Satish Verma

Questioning You

To understand the body,
smeared with ash,
you will need wisdom.

Why did you want to?
translate the melodrama
of fingers, when hands were folded?

The silent scream
cleaves the moon,
and thousand stars
come to console you.

No compliments
were given to sun.

Will you tattoo my
name on your chest?
A caged cuckoo
wants to become free.

Satish Verma

Questions Won't End

First lilacs and now
morning glory, remind me of
your opening eyes.

*

Where blue birds have
gone, wrecking glorious nest
in search of lightning?

*

Mirage was beautiful.
You were taking a bath by
moonlight in the lake.

Satish Verma

Quick Snatches

Lesser evil of a god
will preside over
the verdict. There was
a sexual assault
in the temple.

*

If you have an eye, you
will you find a
naked king,
riding on a
golden horse.

*

Friends. It is time,
that will give
you a slip.
Beware of the
dark sentry.

Satish Verma

Quick-Eyed

To live or not
to live like a zero
in the company of numbers.

*

Add the space
to the black hole.
You will find infinity.

*

The question mark
will always twist
the answer in big NO.

Satish Verma

Quicksand

After the death, mediocre paperweights rule
on the pages of life.

The leading light will wander in ruins for
centuries.

Hot winds spray the sparking dust on
smooth posts,
desert picks up the artist trapped in confusion
I pray for the rains.

Give me a chance. I want to replay the
forgotten script.

Can you spread a blanket on the wounds
that were not mine?

Nobody gives a call. They were overshooting
the quicksand.

Satish Verma

Quiet Introspection

I have not arrived
as yet, to meet myself.
Existence betrays.

After the shock, I
want to ask a question
in trembling voice "Why";.

Where the flesh ends
at the edge of bones,
eyes will speak.

Unthinking, I
pick a rose, to prick
my fingers. That was
the truth.

Dying was easier,
than to live. Still I want
to stay back to see
the miracle.

Satish Verma

Quietness

Cupping the water in hand,
you feel the nativity?
near the mute swans.

The silence of a bird, explodes
before it flies.
The hands flutter in excitement.

You take a cipher to
measure the infinity. Figures
become drones. One of the
suspect throws a bomb.

The quietness of sea, when
you start drinking the mist.
I will discover the beauty of death.

The words will reach,
when you would not listen.

Satish Verma

Quite Palpable

In a wasp moment?
alone with myself
I was struggling to find the signs.

This was an out-of-body
war, a preemptive
strike to wipe off the imperial
message of unknown.

Was it the fault and
sludge of the common man to override
the gratuity of existence?

The primal animus still
goes on. Meaningless, you
repeat the mantras, all of them
to appease Kali.

Like an adult, punched
in face, you want to start again
the ontogeny.

Do you believe in black art?
A sculptor will never become extinct!

Satish Verma

Quivering Fetus

It was on. The heat!
When you could not tell the truth about yourself
something I would also not be able to tell it to myself.
How we were deceiving each other?
Why the death had come unannounced?

The mode of concrete reply was not grim.
Why did he go for an unscheduled rendezvous?
otters are going to be ostracized from water.

During eclipse sun entered the womb
spurting semen will make the earth wet.
One penetration, will it make a pregnancy?
Go for the wash, wipe the sin
from your face. Wheels of time will not stop.

My worries are freaking out.
I see a mob of stray dogs
pouncing on a lump of pink meat.
It was a quivering fetus!

Satish Verma

Quizzing

The great lines, you quote, don't
stir me... you know my vexation,
with the twinkling lights, that don't move.
The colors, don't mix... I move
from death to death, to understand
life, and fail miserably. The body
does not open. Seducers
ready to jump for a bite, to tear
off my columns, my domes.

Yes, I give, give away my precious
heart, time, my infallible attention
to heal you. I don't demand any
dough, remaining in penury, do not
ask for the factors. My arithmetic
has failed. Cannot solve the puzzles
lost in maze of juggleries.

It was your world. I am living
at a binary planet, scarcely habitable.
Yet I am happy in myself
looking at the grains of sand on my
hands. You know, you cannot
write like me... like me.

Satish Verma

Quoting Twilight

When my poem
zeroes in, on the full moon,
I jump the blues.

Wanted to have a
meme of alt-left
pain in chest, leaning on
old tricks.

Wordless trivia,
eats the logic. The vacuum
always fills you up with
new thoughts.

Moon writes itself,
his story in dark. I
will catch the fireflies,
put them in matchbox? to
celebrate my childhood.

Sometimes you feel better
when the past matters.

Satish Verma

Raas! *

The evening opens a wound,
a secret agony.
It neither heals nor gives solace.
The sacred whore who liberates herself
from the flesh.
Sun is pink and ashamed.

A crescent moon thought it was time
to step outside and find out the truth.
Night was willing to participate. She
wrote a message on the sky
as a survivor of a slaughter.

And now the paths of winds trace
a faded destiny of earth. It had
nothing to offer, till the god of hopes
comes in purple light and the jasmines,
open their dancing eyes.

Satish Verma

Racy Dreams

Sometimes you let go
ethnicity for a gentle tug
at your arm.

Gravitas. You were
always explicit about your will
to ride a tiger.

I see your face
in dark, ditching the moon.
I want to cry to hear Beethoven.

Death in crowd, I
would't ask. Where was the black
monument, where light lives?

Lapping up the silence
you start spreading the rumors.
He survives in the marriage
of thunders.

Flowers smile. O God
why were you?
hiding behind the sun?

Satish Verma

Radicalism

The coming of a that
to dismantle the comb,
unstilling trees under tracer bullets
swaying in embrace
for moonmilk.

The unzipped planktons in sea
open their mouth to supermoon for a night dive
in a green passion. Does it
need a scrutiny? Why a love song
has tarnished the icy mounds?

The venom
of hissing light on a sleeping bay
has erased the aging lines of art
and face was becoming a terror.
There will be no mercy now
for survivors.

Satish Verma

Raging Debate

Totality of your wholeself is condemned
life extracts the price.
You must follow on the dotted line,
transporting the truth.
Not striking the shadows
spirit must prepare for,
the funeral of unwritten code.

Insignificant desires on your side
of life were whimpering,
the testosterone is going very low,
and the will to put the signature is gone.
We spit furitively to raise the questions,
to find the new answers.
And the water did not know how to explode.

Looking beyond the emptiness,
like the bit of softness between the grass and sky,
fills the eyes.
Gaping wounds had stunned for a long time.
An epitome of healing had failed.
Non-existence was the crucial point,
for the raging debate.

Satish Verma

Raging Kindness

Suckers of an octopus arm
entwine
like ziplocks
around a bleeding artifact,
for signature erase
on shared bed.

Few oily drops
simmer down
from the wheels,
the raging grief of the centuries.

Arrival had been delayed
of charred remains
of toxic news.
Repair of the ozone layer was garlanded
as a birthday gift.

I did not want the variety of answers.
Snakes and lizards have entered
into the skins of dark men.
You kill a snake,
a bruise comes on the face of the moon.

Satish Verma

Raging Moon

Homecoming under the moon
devoid of pain.
When did the clock turned back?
You are becoming a child.

My journey opens
in a dark wound.
A promise to walk blindfolded,
when only the footfalls are audible.

The distance between the homes
was increasing.
Your own shadow becomes a stranger:
mystery of defining the life.

Living among cannibals,
aides ready to drag your carcass
unfolding your truth
falling in dust.

Satish Verma

Satish Verma

Raging Spring

Siblings

will take care of the morgue.

I am going to hang my god

today. Howling winds

are crashing into my breath.

In the sea

of flags, the white death walks on

naked bodies of faith. Innocence

will take a back seat

listening to the roaring assault

of blues.

Was it a hymn to drink

the religion of rage?

The men sitting in the glass vases

worshiping the rising sun in awe

with folded hands.

Satish Verma

Rags And Riches

Deep blue, almost black,
sadness.

Being,
my ache of existence.

Eyes, no body in focus.
A grey cloud
rowing the moon
amidst red stars.

Bronzed tongue
digs the spirit
out of flesh
behind the shadows.

Alone me
in unlived house of rags,
looking beyond the walls
other side of tomorrow.

Satish Verma

Rain Mind

Plucking a kiss from
your hair, not to miss again
the moonwashed face.

I breathe deeply to smell
jasmynes, falling on the grass.
Will you call me tonight?

The thick clouds return.
White and red peonies were
ready to reclaim you.

Satish Verma

Rains Are Coming

Sleep me, conceive me like sphagnum;
propel me to essence of death.
Seeing has put me behind the truth,
objectively.
Like centipede, fear crawls in deep blind cave
throwing the feelers.
The gene has faltered. No red lights.
A paw, a blackboard, white lines
message is not clear.
My absent candles are freaking in wormy
darkness, noiselessly. The solitude
trying to gather the words.
Listen to time clock. Past and future.
Present has held the lantern to see
the hands moving. Sound comes out
clearly from the prophets of galaxies.
I want to catch the winds
in my legs to blast the horror of life,
underside of the gnarled credibility.
The rains are coming.

Satish Verma

Rambling Roses

Slightly indecently
the moon was sleeping
beside me in the dark room.
There was a shift in the stance
of window. No wind either was
coming, nor going.

Should you be calling me for an
interview, be aware of the bipolar
mood swings of weather. Sometimes
it is hot, sometimes it was freezing.
If you have a sharp knife,
it in spirit.

The tribes are fighting for drugs,
money, land and withdrawal syndrome.
There may be a toss for a run-off. A rendezvous
with tulips will make a big start. I am
tired of paparazzo. There should not be
a slide show -
of truth and lies. The situation is very
catastrophic. Whosoever wins will not
bring drinking water to parched lips
and light to dark books. Take me to
last resort of pain. I am going to sleep.

I stand tonight before the moon
and commit suicide in a beehive.

Satish Verma

Rampage

I am not stopping by.
Day was crumbling
in flares of core issues.

I have set my thoughts
between the cries of victims.
Hearing the shots, invoke

the fire ritual, silencing
the guns. My journey starts
to bury the evil, but fails.

Again hear the foot steps
of unknown. Understand my
smallness, loneliness, my doubts.

Move ahead of truth, step
into a black hole and
drag out the light.

Satish Verma

Random Birth

A unique, irreverent intruder:
in my dying dreams,
of a domain beyond the gifts.
The corridor was full of
specters in boiling air.
The DNA will not cover the naked strands
of desires.

Put out to sea, my boat
in cloud cluster, I will meet
the eye of cyclone in its full furry.
The tempest was the moment of truth
to know the self. One night I will
become a palm tree wearing the
mask of history.

Satish Verma

Random Sin

In pinnate physicals, the thing,
moves like a stark terror
savagely. A primal fear

takes over, because dead don't
speak. The bullet had passed
through chest. Mutiny of dumb

dandelions, lipless voices in the
sea of madness. Search for a missing
truth begins. The mass grave

contains the dried bones of renegades.
You remember the promise? Who said
we will end the war?

Listen, he bows his head, before
the trespassing starts to kidnap the
bed. Jealousy kills the snakes.

Satish Verma

Rape Of Fragrance

I will ask you no more.
An answer settles the question.
Let myriad questions remain in air.
Thirst is larger than the river.

Silence! Ghosts are walking.
You can hear footfalls of time,
past is peeping from the windows.

Dyslexic kids are not able to decipher,
the code of gifts, the sweet tongue.
Powerless hands are tied behind the back
and neck is broken with precision.

The rape of fragrance,
petals are curling up to storm,
flying homeless in sky without speech,
ceaselessly searching instead-ness.

Half-burnt bodies for feast, roasted dreams
for taste.
But for fire, a single tear drop
frozen on the cheeks of mercy.

Satish Verma

Rapturous

Honey,
You had licked off?
all the salt of my being,
and knowing less of you
was becoming a bliss.

The absence
reconstructs the fragrance,
coming from nowhere?
transforming the feel of
unknown grace.

Sitting near a sickle
moon, watching
the full ascent of
quenchless desire.

It was a dark mound
of upheaval from which
the unslept angel would fall.

You may pick up
the glory of dawn.

Satish Verma

Rare Encounters

Cheek to cheek
I plant a kiss in full moon,
when you stand in flames.

Before you left, why
did you bless me with ageless pain?
What went wrong in your epiphany?

Why you wear a stone
mask? Your eyes remain dancing
to play with immortal laughs.

Satish Verma

Ravaged

Cutting across the food wars
against adamant century
do you think we will become extinct in this
uncool climate?
The dying windows do not throw any light.
I fear in dark alone.

The earthworms are nibbling
at history of mankind.
wearing the ash of dead rivers.
Between the same words
god disappears
and what is left is the image of broken
violins.

Why don't you set the birds free
and break the cage of knowledge?
The searing heat of arguments
will find the golden silence.

Satish Verma

Raw Dreams

Everyone would
wait for the death. It should be
beautiful. No rider.

An unspoken word
simmers in eyes for last
kiss of golden sun.

You want to move
away from yourself to reach
end of your pain.

Satish Verma

Reaching Out

In chills? your
face swims, In dark
fireflies soar to fly
into your eyes.

Missing them? the clouds,
when moon hurts.
A racoon jumps under
my window, when I brood.

The requiem revives
the culture of tears in an epic.
My book will never end.

Take this trail
of blood thoughts. What
was the kinship of words?

Can you read from
the stains of an empty
cup of tea? My life had been
like that.

Like moth-eaten I
hold my pen. When do I
stop writing?

Satish Verma

Reading Arthur Rimbaud

Dressed to assassinate,
not having much hope.
Were you really?
serious for me?

Like en face
a star giggles, between
quivering small moons.

The night is drunk. You
hear a long hoot, from
enfant terrible, to scare away
the kiss of inevitable.

What a bliss to live
in the black heart of the moment,
when the sun unwraps
the flame.

Complete annihilation
of million desires. You
become the walking death
of unknown.

Satish Verma

Reading Nietzsche

After knowing you,
I want to unknow me.

Did you reach the
head of the mount to bring
a piece of god?

Nonetheless,
he went mad asking for
godliness in stones.

When I wake, make
me go to sleep again, among those,
who are slaughtered
by tongue.

Dig me deep. My bronze,
my blood, are going in a free
death, like the fall from
the mission.

The muted thoughts
go for you,
in loud echoes.

I do not speak.

Satish Verma

Reading Shut Book

Don't throw the light
on rocks. It gives
more pain, explaining ethics.

What was passive
violence? You want to
kill your poems with out
hurting anyone.

The teacher lives
without giving a lesion but
you won't learn.

Want to read
Kafka again. Why does
nonviolence exit? The
silence tells the truth.

You can understand
yourself, when you don't
speak in the twilight of
moon and sun.

Satish Verma

Real Me

You walk on water.
It has memory. Will kiss the
burning earth in you.

Who was patriarch
of a lost tribe of tall
people without shoes?

Music was not the
same, which you heard
in early darkness.

Satish Verma

Realpolitik

Under the tree of learning
of another life, the primitive father arrives.
Casts a spell of wisdom, between sorrow and death
with a speck of tears in circle of beings.
But a rain-soaked serpentine path leads to a ravine.

A talisman reignites the fear of unknown.
Panic grips the roots, branches, green-leaved hopes.
Cambium stops working, cutting the flow of nutrients.
The lady of darkness descends on the boulders
of truth, piercing through the layers of light ruffling
the winds of change.

Devotees splatter the red wine on the cupped palms
of priest and ask, who was responsible
for long life of knife. No reliable intellectual
wants to become a bartender.
Nobody dares to play the Realpolitik.

Satish Verma

Reapers Are Here

God was right.
A wispy sin was must
in ethics of love.

The silent thoughts
revolt against the underlines.
From black to red.

Star-gazing was
on increase. Mannequins come
down for handshakes.

So far and so near.
How do I touch you O invisible.
An immortal was dying.

Beehive hides the
queen from the sun. Moon
shiners want to drop shutters.

Satish Verma

Reasoning

There was a portrait under the landscape.
Whispering of clouds,
writhing body and
tense folds.

The sorrows hold out
a veiled threat.
Mortality itself will finish the epic abstraction?
I am not sure, and then the fog rises.

Afraid of flames -
a man was burning alive in inferno,
the red blooms of serial blasts.
A hairy bigfoot runs through the passions.

The fractured faith scatters wild words
like childhood screams.
The very living was night of kills
a freedom in movement of time.

Satish Verma

Rebirthing

It was a quaint
feeling. Something was
going to happen.

I had asked the fading
moon, are you going
to die?

Fear was going to
win, it said. The blues
are approaching.

Do you believe in
probables of phobias?
The killing of big hugs?

No mercy for the
obsession of noisy celebration.
A god was changing the gender.

I forgive the fire,
forget the light and
start embracing the dark for a bang.

Satish Verma

Recalcitrance

From a homemade
golden pen you went on
exploring,
the young erotica.
It was a moment of
the funeral, plodding
through the extinct memories
of misadventures.
Time had stood still
on the sea of faces.
The great wall of frozen
dreams brings a chill
in blazing sun of enigma.

A bridge becomes a
derived fossil!

Satish Verma

Recall

The men were pulled out
from homes,
died on road,
burned to bones and ashes.

At the behest of tall,
unforgiving state.

Compulsion of armchair and mansion
distorts, the regrets
of centuries.

The stones,
blameless flowers,
spurting blood
do not recall any God.

Satish Verma

Recalling

It was snowing, snowing
very hard. Hold me
tight, when the wolf comes.

*

The wolf comes in red
cloak. Why did you ask me
to pin a white rose on him?

*

There was no quiver,
no tremor. The murder was
clean, without blood. Desert ants.

Satish Verma

Recapitulation

Let us talk today
of crazed times,
so that the trade of
ethical falls runs.

When dawn breaks
on the stunned silence
of moon, I start unfolding
the black sun.

Ah, a poetry wound
aches my world, knee deep
in blue veins, to find
the lost river of tears.

Give me a song, a word
a phrase, to grow old.

Satish Verma

Receive Your Children

Law of causality was
seeking answers from the
rites of flowers. Why do a black powder
and glass sharpnels interrupt
the turnover of bliss,
when I held the sacred
lotus in my hand?

Somebody brings moon
at halt. A loud explosion prepares
the earth for penance, where
we have come raising the bar.
Apparently, a carnage
will deluge the street
with the blood of bystanders.

The planet is dead today
in the belly of violence.
You catch me off the guard.
All night I will go for vigil.

Satish Verma

Reciting The Fake Poem

Making them dead?
in a regal way,
you joined the bomb squad
of poems.
Why did I need to remember
you intensely O god?

Why eternity of enormous
pain would ensnare you? A group
of panthers were going to attack a fawn
in the blue game? Will
you hurt me one day?

You don't cover your eyes
with a black veil. Then what was
the purpose of becoming invisible?
Does a truth live in dark?

There was no
need of law, before
you die, after removing the makeup.
We always discover an excuse
to live lavishly on the hired
words of praise.

There are no more parables
no more prophets.

Satish Verma

Recklessly

Take the thorns away
from roses.
Sex will never be the same.

Bring the bellicosity under
cover on the steep side.
The mountain has started cracking.

The wreckage was strewn
around in the field of croci.
Religion had hit the jagged cliff and exploded.

It was not an airborne god.
The salt water was telling
a tainted story.

Flashing the legs, the
pink panther will find an equal in
wolf. It was a political liability.

*

Sacred sex
on water trail.

Would you mind to sit
on a solid rock and
measure the strong winds
stripping the tall trees?

Jackals were calling.
Lions are approaching.
You say it was not immoral
to commit a sin before the fire.

There is a bloody gash
on my body. I am not
able to stop iniquity.

Reclaiming The Legacy

A shut door
without a house
would not open, would not open.

An unsealed house
without a door
will not invite.

The irony of knocks overcomes the visitor.

And why would,
you walk in the
doorway without reaching
anywhere.

A divided world
moves towards a diminished?
family.

Satish Verma

Recollection

After the prank
call, the death returns to room q
for her friend.

*

You were drinking
moon in dark. A door opens
for the guest.

*

There would be
no elegy. A poet will die
today, anonymously.

Satish Verma

Reconciled

A visible evil stands
upright. I did not want to
die before the death.

My needs were small and few
but I am at peace, breaking
water without shaming the earth.

I will now make a moon
out of the mystery of mass cremation
of rose buds.

The small recess of the soul
mends the wall of the flesh to become
a stable house.

The black crypt, maintains
a secret. Here lived a wounded
soldier once upon a time.

Satish Verma

Reconstruction

An article will ask you
to change, to become unique,
before demographic
innovation destroys you.

The five-petaled
scarlet pimpernel, waits
for you to write my
name in your heart.

Who will meet your
smile, when I am not there?

A mass hysteria
erupts, against the deity
of dirty violence.

I wanted to freeze
the lovebirds on your
lips? to sing when the
rains come.

And the trust will
follow the tears.

Satish Verma

Recounting

Uncannily sanguine,
wounded by biting gnats?
you return home.

You would call the
family for a final?
drink and
drown the moon.

You have come very
far from the inviting
shores in deep sea?

to be sucked into the
whirlpool of silence?
to end the sounds.

You will not put the
bread upside down. Who
will provide the priceless again?

A small saga of unheard renegade?

Satish Verma

Recovering

Outgunned by life, you escape
to epiphany. The inner!

voice had betrayed. Are you
ready to meet the believer?

Sad ending of mithridatism!
in the wake of realization.

The growing clout of pink petals
was overwhelming the dust.

The leaf body mimics the
rocks. From the rear ocean

a wailing picks up the blackberries.
I was ready for the final assault.

Predawn blitzkrieg begins.
You start picking the apples from

the green eyes. The truth!
was never so near to moon.

Satish Verma

Recreation

Like sphinx I put up
before you, three questions.
What was in a name?

A bane? Deceptive
image of a sin? Don't
give me everblooms.

You give brief
answers. I should know them. I
am setting you free.

Satish Verma

Recuperating

Only the bones will
tell, how tall you were
without flesh.

This was my bane.
All night I walked towards
the moon to locate you.

Sucking sound does
not die. I wanted to reach
unannounced near the fire.

This was pathological.
There was no prophecy.
Panic makes you a viper.

You don't become a
silver after passing through
the dark tunnel.

Satish Verma

Red And White

blemish of the needle in eye spreads:
do you still see the moon in the hills,
outstripping the aura of midnight?

resilient, waiting for a renaissance, for
a finger on the lips in dark, to read the
symptoms, feeling floral in wilderness,

the reclining Buddha will speak now,
on stillbirth of a truth in valley of lies,
telling them the god was sleeping

in sorrows of world, the spider looks like a
man's face, moving with large belly on the
dried corpses of hapless ants, the art of

dying, without pain, when the plane was
diving, splitting into two, unconscious of
pins and butterballs, in the mouth of mantis

Satish Verma

Red Light

A maverick?
neither tears, nor scabs
I wanted to cheat myself.

Confection may go awry.
I prepare the new text
of wearing the pain.

I want you to stay
beside me, when I am unseated?
holding the clouds.

Discarding golden viscera.
This was my last journey
for taking revenge.

Undulation over. There
will be a vertical
drop on the nails.

On the black stones a fig tree wavers.

Satish Verma

Red Lines

In eternal quest
of peace I will find you one?
day in flowing tears.

Doors are reticent.
Blue stars were melting. Poverty
will take the back seat.

I promised you, I
will never hurt you even
in my wild dreams.

Take my hand to stop
the tremors of earth. The moon
was dying on naked beach.

Satish Verma

Referendum

The sins of mortals
have become ordinary.

You can breathe like
nekton, in deep ocean of
idyllic mind.

Pull out your hubris like
a tinkling coin and rub it with your?
body / let it become dirty.

The wayward emotion and
illuminati will meet for the
first time/on the turf.

Desire wins ultimately.
You pick up a red rose
and place it along the jasmines.

Acceptance comes after the fall.

Satish Verma

Reflecting The Praises

And you explore me-
to the limits of enchantment.
As I was-
dying in a nonfiction.

Half brothers-
were moving like pincers
to catch a pen
like a little solidier.

Sad little god was telling
I do,
I am moving in non-existent darkness
for a sundial.

A lobster-
was trying to climb on
an ancient throne.
He wanted to become a neoking.
And throw his weight for the kittens
and unborn dogs.

Satish Verma

Reflections

You were not listening,
when I said?
" After offering my head,
I will go into deep sleep "

Coyotes were gathering. The
prairie was on fire. Under
the feet, the smoke was bursting.
You had started eating your toes.

Carrying the burden of unsavory?
reputation, the books were not
telling that time has stopped
and no lyrics were left in religion.

Sometimes in night, I will
hear the soft notes of a flute,
when, moon was rising and
muse will come and I would ask

" What was the need of inventing the hell? "

Satish Verma

Refraction

Step aside.
The white flowing mane
was going to become the adrenaline.
Fear of silence was turning into a green wound.

The dissenting life-blood has vandalized
the moon. There was a provocation
from the black stars. The leopard
was ready to tear open the zoo.

The outreach was a puzzling thing.
Who was responsible for rearing
the panthers in captivity? The tail, the claws,
the teeth were vulnerable.

I was sick of pretentions. Every act
had a motive of loss or gain. Night or day
the sphinx always looms large. You can
walk in, to talk to coffin.

Satish Verma

Regenerating

The trembling hands were
ostracized for living more
than the mafia.

Why the marigold
will not use the magical potent
to understand the conceit?

Wounded by street
an unease settles on devastated trees.
How the broken moon will rise now?

The giver will not distort
the truth for the sake of bleak landscape.
Seeds were waiting to sprout.

You can bend the rainbow.
Night was raped for nothing.
Sun will take the revenge.

Satish Verma

Regeneration

Why it should happen
the parting of ways?
Between the will to arrive
and the goal?

Between the unlearning and contempt,
lies a tale.

Terror. Petrifying fear,
doggedly I was defending the door.
In spite of the terrible blows
I wanted to be myself only.
Reverse, the wheels were turning
aghast I was turning blue.
God! They were creating him new.
As I remember now
they were melting the rocks to make a new face.
I have swallowed the flame, like pride.
melting the iron in eyes.

I shall soon become a tree
with unborn flowers.
Some sorrow, some tears
will drench my roots.

Satish Verma

Regrouping

My truth was very brief,
sitting at a long distance.
You were plucking words
at my lips.

The toxic path, I knew
the destiny. Not afraid to
catch the saboteurs.

Paper tigers bring
the spurious hemlock. You
drink from the eyes of bystanders.

Like the dropped
hot coal, you look the
perfect model. I was weary of
bald arguments.

Blood and beheading
will not separate. The babies
are locked in ice boxes.

A harem starts taking the
shape. The sociopath was in charge.

Satish Verma

Rehabilitating Myself

How much honest you were
while climbing the stairs,
to inherit the shame of century,
invoking the remains?
A hip will not move for the voidance.
A notch below, the
exhumation will prove the Taser
attack, stunning the history.

Let us sit and take over tea
under the depressed moon, pondering
on the nature of man. When
you reach the top, you become
a lesser rich. Groping the lonelier
grief of poverty, I become
more humane. The water swells
very often, I see the world
now by closed eyes.

I walk with my shadow shrunk
under my feet. I become
the world.

Satish Verma

Rehabilitation

Trying to bring the change
with bleeding silver.

As it is/was, this world.
You may not agree to it.

The release of tension
from the cupped eyes? Will not
alter the secret deal.

There at the hemline,
bodies were scattered, slain
after the trespass.

The royal coin, flexes
its muscle. It will talk
through the muzzles.

Poorest of poor will become free.

Satish Verma

Rehearsals

A lunatic has found
a touchstone, to know?
your nights to burn.

Gazing in still waters
you forget, to become complicit,
with the incoming waves.

Can you shout at me
without an uproar, sans words,
in the blind alley?

How will you remain
bounded to your consents,
unheard in echoes?

This mystique, this corridor
of authority makes you
insane. You want to go back
to the ruins.

Not judging
your sins you commit
a promise again.

Satish Verma

Reincarnation

A birthplace turns
into religion. Poem goes
on trial. No delusion.

I was afraid of
persecution. Stay by me.
A mount burns.

Your hand made
doll dances along rapper.
Nopatience for peace.

Take care. You are
melting down. Sun has come
to meet you at door.

Give me a name.
Moon was becoming a paranoid.
He wants to adopt you.

Satish Verma

Released

Give me a live
poem, like a mantra
chanting around body.

O teardrop, open
the grave of unseen
pain of hiding god.

Rains are waiting
to wash the black face of
the maligned moon.

Satish Verma

Relentlessy

Living the moment
without participation.
Not accepting the liberation.
I will call you when
earth starts weeping.

Someone lights a match
in dark, to see the rim
of black hole. A
suspension bridge hangs
between the tunnel of lies.

The uncertain tomorrow
and truncated present.
The life breaks the relationship
between fire and rain. Now
you invoke the black cloud.

The mania. You are shoved
on the tracks before incoming
electric wheels. This was
democracy on move pushing
the entrails out.

Satish Verma

Relics Of Words

An ailing sun.
I grieve for a lost song
unheard in rains.

*

The kneaded flesh
of a weeping star pulsates
on the split grains.

*

Let the mother resolve,
who was the immortal son
of the bruised earth.

Satish Verma

Religion

Asphyxiated by curled hands.
Punishment for tainted moon,
it has floated down to
darker side of continence.

You push the body in wall,
Coal burns in the eyes.
The shadow at last, leaves the body.

The high priest, goes for the copyright
and nerves explode in the books for
annular bulge of pride.

A simile was needed for a grain of sand
by cutting your wrists
and pouring the blood on the knives.

Satish Verma

Remembering

You shall read me
when I am gone
in green pain.

There had been gifts
unhanded.
Unwrap them in dark –

when moon was
yellow.
The beams will rub your body.

A bared stasis
will stop the fluids.
Wash your face with tears.

It seems a long time
when I touched your eyes.
My clouds would not find you.

Satish Verma

Remembering Adam!

No cure seems to work.
Between absurd and wise,
Lone he walks.

It is a note on the timidity
of a star, which couldn't come near the earth.
On the slope of a crater, a boulder
stopped it.
No laughter seems to amuse him,
sullen and depressed,
lone he walks.

Genes take a giant leap,
he could not break the fall.
Brick by brick the fort crumbles,
a black halo fills the canvas.
Now carnations will not bloom,
and time will die with the clocks.
Lone he walks.

Duplicity was the word of tragedy,
Transparency got mutilated.
some of the sufferings could not come to the surface.
Both waves and boat collapsed,
Lone he walks.

Satish Verma

Remembering An Unknown

The moon at the window
tonight, was like a dreamcatcher.
I am going to sleep in your charm.

Image builders were
becoming scarce. In your tempest
I will find my dustbath.

Amidst the sailing
swans, becoming a semi-recluse,
you wanted to write poetry.

Why don't you go back
to your home, O fairy?
Did I clip your wings?

Not for
far it was? My liberation
from the shadow of the lips?

Ashened, a fakir wanted
to give away his precious jewel
to an unknown star.

Satish Verma

Remembering Neil Armstrong

The coal and blackened hands.
Zero was the cardinal sin.
After the lunar walk,
you flinch back in horror.

A gaint leap has ended
in a coal tar pit. Are you
sure we have landed
at a right spot?

Extraterrestrial. An immune
disorder. Your autism
was evolving into a
monster of twisted brain.

Outside your home
dozens of bodies were found.
What were you doing
when genocide started.

Satish Verma

Remembering Pythagoras

Trying to learn from
you, to stay alive like a
trembling candle in wind.

Cut flowers in the vase,
white lilies. Turn blue?
when your smile fades.

The twists and circles.
My search had ended in you.
Why you need to go?

I do not want to
measure this moment. Time pie
stops and look at me.

Some questions have
no answers. Some questions don't
rise. Some questions die.

Satish Verma

Remembering You

After victim effect
of hibernation,
I was ready to take a call
of a sudden drop.

The strange idea
engulfs me. Transparency
now speaks.

The fallout may compromise
with ash. I will not.
Someone wakes up my conscience.
A near dead goddess lights
up the last lamp.

The dirty sheets for
the crying dolls?
crying dolls.

Like the dumb finger
in frost, wants to?
write your name in blue sky.

Satish Verma

Remembrance

A tribal fear
was lurking,
behind a surge of emotion.
The sun was looking black.

A sexual abuse
of a quaint flower
aborts the fruit.
This year we will go hungry.

A nascent seed
stripped on road-
cries for water.
We hear without listening.

Death by a grave
was a domestic claim.
But you were found dead in a bunker.

Life vows to stand alone
on the burning deck-
of a turbulent ship.
The ocean will find a bloody hand one day.

Satish Verma

Reminder

Sitting on the heap of mortals,
an angel failed. The world
was not going to change. The kill
had inspired only a naked aggression.

Not blindfolded he took the bullet
in heart to become a holy martyr.
The pretention caused no ripples.
River flowed without blood.

A rotten tooth rolls out.
Another smile spreads. Many headed
cobra strikes again. The ooze tosses out
from the broken skin. I pray for the death.

The veil lifts. The bone of ruined
Conscience juts out. A terrible reminder of crusade seeps in.
What do we want from the gods of masses,
while the time does not want to look back?

Satish Verma

Reminding

Listen to beats:
of heart, for massacre
unexplained.

In man there was
a mountain. You
climb and trip daily.

You faithful
to yourself only. I am
alien to me.

Satish Verma

Reminiscence

That grave alchemy
of cold fusion,
of turning mercury into gold,
makes me undone
in a fit of anger.
Punished before the crime committed,
of saying no for yes,
of disobedience in the face of a command,
I am becoming a beggar again.

The land of gold dust
evokes a disquieting sadness.
Smell of hunger and blood, takes
me to concrete nothings,
collects the emptiness from the wrinkled eyes.
The lake-salt, dry loaves and onions for a quiet dinner.

Fear in absence,
starts a fear of future,
the sound of unblinking darkness whispering.

Satish Verma

Reminiscences

The sludge overtakes the sane
euphoria. A barefoot caravan
of cloud becomes edgy.

The hills have gone green.
The cascading falls
tend to mount on the scattered stones.

Suddenly I go berserk and start
hitting the stars moon by moon,
when night had betrayed the lover.

The collected grief of the lyrics
will answer for the blood
which hunger spread on the lips.

Satish Verma

Reminiscing

I catch the sadness
of gray woods. Stone by
stone, gathering the twilight
of fall.

Would you walk with me,
my fallen peaks,
to witness the cold and wet
dark?

A deep silence sings
in my inside. I scoop
out the golden hole of
pain.

The endless pathway,
where, you will find my
immortal verse kissing the
white snow.

Satish Verma

Remote From Sin

In my darkness
you were my hope
in the calamity of
moon's eclipse.

The blinded iris
weeps for the sun, which went
invisible for ages.

Will you carry a cinder
on your palm,
to make a hole?
for looking down at earth?

My planet is dying
under my feet. I will not
take water as my kin.
Sky was my priest.

When you accept the
surrender of infallible,
my life completes the circle.
You turn into a child
to remain human.

Satish Verma

Renaissance

Will you tell me what it was
the unknown of the known?
When you step into the eyes of strangers
you start talking without uttering a single word.

Give me back the body,
of dark pink matter
to understand the god's will.
He was sitting in field of sugarcane.

The petrol burns with hate
in the necks of panthers.
Tiger, tiger I look at my son coming back
after encounter.

The bleeding revolution has overturned
tomorrow. No body knows where we are heading.
The babies flick like tender candles
inside the saints.

Satish Verma

Rendezvous

Wanting more of you
in the bed of moon,
where present and past
were disrobing.

The bee stings, O my god,
arrange the pure darkness
of milk,
hanging on persona of future.

The yielding was painful,
its blankness. You were
collecting the hooks. I was letting
free the fish.

Green was my perch
on the white paper,
rewriting your name without ink
for the sake of hunting the lamp.

Satish Verma

Renewal Of Faith

At middle of nowhere
I don't want to believe
in your truth.

In white robes
a crowd, like mushrooms
of same genes, raising their
heads, after paying obeisance to
mother's mausoleum.

It was still a face
of terror, my trampled
future in our nemesis.

Was it a divine curse?
I remain, who I was. Unscathed
unharmmed, after you left
before the knif's plunge.

The alternate damage was
mine. I will bear the asp's
bite in my glory.

Closing the door of
crypt was not my choice.

Satish Verma

Renouncing

Move the steps,
to accept the dark.
Moon has abdicated the throne.

I am still trying to become.
Not becoming something.
A lot has remained?

unsaid in my small poems.
I am still trying, still trying
to decipher the life, to decipher.

The roots will know my pain.
My pain, why did I remained
mute amidst the clamouring words?

Tell me, why should it happen?
Why should? That someone jumps
in the boiling cauldron to find the truth.

Satish Verma

Renunciation

The bifurcation?
was complete.
A fire baby?
and a weird ritual.

Criticality was redundant,
once I knew your gender.

Reeking of timelessness
in zero hour.
You fly the balloons?
from the ruins.

I scaifrice a tree
for you, with
a shrill cry?
falling mid-flight.

White moon had
become very harsh.
I will bring honey
for night.

Satish Verma

Reparation

Tell me, is it not pathetic
that we keep on drifting
away from our loved-ones as the
time beats us out.

You were in a marathon.
Did something go wrong? Why,
why did you run faster than others
to become a sole survivor of the massacre?

Life would want to know
your name, which you had wiped
out from every page of the book,
uncorrupting the painful cessation.

What was concealed
in between the words when you
went into the soul
to erase the bodyprint from the bed?

There was nothing left unsaid.
The death said, I will not come.

Satish Verma

Repealing The Command

Like sheltered, as in fist,
the firefly?
my poem shudders
in your cavernous eyes.

You will not bend down,
to pick up the dropped
coin of moon.

A benign lump
refuses to melt for a
speckled beam of light.

The charred bones
of the burnt-out church,
wait for the second coming.

There was no
curtain drop. Everything
will happen before the weeping grass.

The father and son,
were both guilty? of killing
the mother moth.

Satish Verma

Repeat Dilemma

A secret poem for
you, to forget myself lost on the
noiseless sea.

Of words. Reclining
Buddha in dilemma, to
wake, not to wake.

I was on voyage
to find the bliss of salt
in starvation.

Satish Verma

Repeat History

That used to cover me.
My poetics. Now stars drag
the space and time.

This was a poet's dream.
It will wash away the wounds
of my past one day.

Why didn't you give
me a kiss a day, when I had
burned my pale hands?

Satish Verma

Repeat Sins

The mission to
know myself failed.
Accepted the gift of nemesis
I will still breathe.

Every end comes slowly.
Distance makes it easy.
A gorgeous moment helps
in darkest phase.

Myth of invincibility
cracks, in the dawn
of miracles. The vibes take
over the song of shadows.

The trial begins.
You have to prove the depth
of kissing of stings.
Every word was not true.

Satish Verma

Repeating Again

Not a single word was
written today, watching
the masks being perfected.

A nosedive, of what
I built without mercury,
without threads.

Sitting on a black
stone, wishing moon a
mist bath of absolute.

It again aches, my
roving heart, trying to
knit the harmony in black and white.

Satish Verma

Repeating History

My nativity at peril
I wanted to stay away from myself
seeking anonymity in inwardness

Death had drawn a circle
my mode of survival depended on
the hopelessness of life
The ant-hills were growing!

The final assault will take place at night
at spiritual depths.
I will be seething with fake acoustics.
Kissing the blue lips of dawn
night bids adieu.
I will move quietly behind the corpse
A dark tribute to the mother of sorrow.

Flames on river, my body was burning
in blue waves
I was repeating history.

Satish Verma

Repeating Pain

Dear silent river
don't send me any
lispig message.

It was scary
to celebrate life immediately
after the death.

Candles throw
the shadows in ghettos, when
extended questions arise.

A massive fall
of faith. My heart was no
more a religion.

The drooping eyes
will start a ghost dance
in pitch darkness.

Satish Verma

Repentance

Feathers will carry
the wages of sins, to fly
after my lips taste.

Something was left
when you told complete truth.
That was your ache?

An earthquake will
start when you skip my name
watching full moon.

Satish Verma

Repercussions

You had set your sights
on the pond, accepting defeat:
wanted to know the depth of water,
fracturing sky.

The mangroves porous roots
jutting out of muddy water
exploring the memory
of reclining tree.

Always remained sick
of politics- the massive
hunt of fake solutions.

The return of the boat with
tiger. Are you ready to
take a plunge in nakedness?

Behind the curtain was
sitting the invisible wheel
which will find the vulnerability
of a lonely path.

Satish Verma

Reply To Fear

This country divides us.
Only cameos were
displayed.

The ache of the holy river
was your body which
becomes a canoe.

The snow-clad peaks
would smash
the hikers.

Opinions differ,
when the tornado strikes.
You wanted to build a new house.

The black night.
A green silence would
rebel against the stars.

Satish Verma

Replying To Myself

Roping in, as if?
all my defeats, creating?
a tiara for a royal fall.

Being hurled
towards the enormous black hole,
chased by the sun.

Like an old thinker
I was putting myself in a
violent comet's pathway.

Not being a whole religion
why did I worship a walking stone?

How would I communicate
with my destiny?
I was not born a shining star.

An individual becomes,
an androgyne, unsure
to name the gender.

I am going to honour the talent.

Satish Verma

Reprimanding Self

You must act now,
to deceive yourself. Laugh,
when you want to cry
in blue silence.

Getting ready to choke on
the unspoken words?
of committing a sin of speaking
the truth.

Unaltered ego of lynx eyes
goes through the walls of double-blinds.
The drugs were fake and
faith was dead.

With whom you want to
share the brickbats? The cheats
will ride the colossus and
the new moon will rise red.

Satish Verma

Rereading History

A drop of ocean
in your eyes goes pink.
A beautiful sunset.

If ever I lose you
I will never believe in
blue darkness of lips.

Tell me who was the
killer when I said I love you
to the end of earth.

Satish Verma

Resemblance

It bends? the chastity?
the illicit vows. O, let me
become an artisan. I will
ensue? a new harvest of sandalwood.

Don't light the joss sticks.
There is no abstract presence?
of him. Nobody knows?
you, better than me.

Search the?
magnum opus and you will
find that? man has failed...
to clear the debris of the Fort.

Strange happenings, still
take place. Grass is still green ...
in solitude, a poem
takes birth.

Satish Verma

Resilience

Lift the rock once
again with cool thumb,
hot tangerines.

The ransom was high
and ego levitates-
in drenched moon.

Because you
wanted the replica of
sun within the cult.

Satish Verma

Resistance

Hiding from each other
your prosperity.
I wanted to remain a fakir.

*

This was the faith
in its truest sense. I wanted
to live in childhood paucity.

*

Like the first letter
I wrote to you, I am
sending you a poem.

Satish Verma

Response

The myopic tongues
of tall trees, going downhill
to find the roots of four-letter words of dead,
unspoken, but sung in dark.

They had come out of the skin.
River was flowing on emotional track,
with heavy eyelids. Father said,
he would never die.

Your unborn children were tasting
the salt of the road still untaken. The pain
in the neck was grizzlier,
when the sun was retreating in virgin hole.

Moreover, the wrinkles will tell the tale
of truant hands who would not
play with the silken adolescence
of a delirious moon.

Satish Verma

Ressurrection

The wind writes a name on the clouds
and sun wipes out the letters.
This game continues daily.
coming into life after every death.

Exhausted I want to believe
and make up my mind to go
for a new birth.

The resentment has accumulated
all the life
against the futility of winning a race.
In the end you reach no where.

A void impossible to fill.
The years monitored, lay waste
something to die.

Satish Verma

Resuscitation?

I stand in pristine
fire pit, fighting vampires.
You bring black ice.

Migrating to moon?
Are you sure of the
honeymoon's awards.

Talking of karma
I don't believe in rebirth.
It were all my sins.

Satish Verma

Retaliation

On the edge,
you receive the onslaught
of moonlight.

Drummed and sawed,
you take up the challenge
and move on.

In rains
the dreams wash the rainbow
inviting the Iris.

Tonight, you
will have an audience
will the estranged god.

A taper
in the sun wants its
place on the moon.

Satish Verma

Rethinking

In nightshade
you had come, as a
prodigy, from the deep
sea of pain.

Digging the hole,
you made the first move.
Beautiful stop, after?
a long detour to find peace.

You craved, what
you wouldn't get. Something
breaks in my jar.
Rembrandt cries after
the 'Night Watch'.

I will not go for
self-portrait again.
I want to become free
from the burning canvas.

Satish Verma

Retold Journey

Insane

I turn around
an amputee

to live, for not living
fighting the inner war
speared,
lacerated,
like neanderthal in cave

my weapon
the serrated moon
cried in fluted dark

a glimpse of bare bones
the ash of a bleeding dawn
my shuttered courage
in urn
there was only one evening

Satish Verma

Retracing My Steps

With the tiger dead
you will not see the strength
of cascading down.

At the sunset,
fire on wings wavers.
Birds fail to come back
to their nests.

And how a soft noise
becomes a thunder,
when the tongue bleeds?

It was not entirely a sin.
Sleep in my poems. Who
knows, when the poet recites again.

Let the body embrace
the soul.
My flesh will go to hawks,
the spirit would live in you.

My fidelity was on stake.
Be mine, be human, I need you.

Satish Verma

Retrievability

Shredding begins.
One by one all the leaves fall, like disrobing.

The words hang around, the naked soul.
You have to catch
the essence.

Deep in the sea?
lies the earth like pain. It
rises? when you prod?

to recover the intensity.
The center and tangent,
both, cry.

Perception comes, when
you break the ?
giant silence, searching for a poem.

Satish Verma

Retrieve The Moon

He did not depart
or reached anywhere,
and did not realize himself.
When words could not find the meaning,
where the man will go?

He thought he did not believe in 'why',
the limits of purpose,
dictating the sentence.
Stones were still floating on the sea
and he was standing on a shipwreck.

Thinking and unthinking do not solve the mystery
of human turnings,
the malignancy of artificial intelligence.
A rebirth of enlightenment can take over?

The objectivity becomes the subject.
You trot on the grass
to retrieve the moon,
fallen midnight.

Satish Verma

Retroaction

Celebrating the summer.
Planting a wet kiss on?
the hiding moon.
Dousing the flames,
you come in crosshairs
of a mob.
You will light
your own candle now, in?
pitch-dark inside.
Impoverished. Always
poor to buy your happiness.
Like Paleolithic stab, you stay
unmoved, exposed to shadows and sun.
The water affair was kept
alive with bloody curves. No
one believes in old bones.
I will not ask you.
I will not need.

Satish Verma

Return Of Light

Packed like sardines
your dreams,
break one by one in fine dew.

No great insult?
for the light not asked. The
seeds will burgeon only
in dark.

Igniting up the sky
by your burning
eyes. This was the gift of black thoughts.

A stray bullet
in the crowd of words
silences the body less soul.

Let me touch you
again. Who know when my
sensual fingers drop.

Why you will
speak now? I have gone deaf.

Satish Verma

Return Of The Poet

It is autumn
grapes are bleeding.

The orange color
seeps into your eyes.
Will you shut the green lids?

You,
start reading backward.
Atavistic instinct
to dig up the severed hands?

Your house,
died
in the flower bed.
Seeds were crying.

Satish Verma

Return On D-Day

Why deceptive retrieve
in a wheelchair
for the fallen?

Was it not a sheer
wrong message
of a space anxiety?

The aboriginal name
was dead in a traffic. What
a choice to breathe its

last in a city of buried
monuments? Vision of inner
city affiliates,

taking questions for
the first time. You
become only a body after the death.

A white rose waits
for a blue sea. The black moon
hovers around the old man.

Satish Verma

Return To Myself

Dumbly you come
to the brink of a precipice,
at the point of no return.
Moving, pivoting with
a huge perception.
Knowing that life was exacting,
you are alive,
alone with a conflict.
Your choosing was a miracle.

Seeking was not ending.
Death was an inadvertent mistake.
You lie down in terror.
Deep in the bones you know, you have to move.
There was no cloud above the eyes,
history was an aberration-
rags to riches.

You become yourself
when death defines a name
and I remember a sunset.
My shaking fingers
weave a drape of sorrow.
There was no patch of green
I return to myself.

Satish Verma

Returning

You come home, sitting on my shoulders.
I bid you farewell at door. Death tiptoes in dark
before looking at the bare hands. A new concept of
ending comes out from crozier. Uncoiling has stopped.
In loincloth a truth unravels the mystery of cells. A
warm transparency. You walk around objectively,
returning the gifts to birds, bees and aspens. It
was time not to put up excuses. The wings are tired
and wind was falling.

Let the dance of nothingness start!

Satish Verma

Satish Verma

Returning Favour

Will pursue
the star killed by a limb.
A black hole
is going to devour him.

What was ahead now
in the sea of reverse pain?
You were knocking out
your own creation.

In the hunger's wake
will you stop eating your own
words and say something
of the locked doors of eyes?

I cannot sing the scars
and unmask the fires.
It is gratifying when you are silent,
and still you are heard.

Satish Verma

Returning Home

After dispossession,
collecting the dolls!
dusting them off.

Who was watching
you, dousing yourself
to give a political statement?

Cutting the leaves
of grass, I open
the book of Walt Whitman.

This was a targeted
killing. I will not join
the funeral procession.

A mistaken lull.
One day I will!
shoot endlessly.

Satish Verma

Returning Your Message

Don't let me go.
over the cork, a bottle
fights for the fluids
to flow out.

No apology to
feel you. There was
no death in the night.
A sun lies down beside me.

The flesh was disappearing.
A blue star alights,
to make a landmark
for the climbers.

No regrets
for the crunch of dry leaves
when you walk on the
grave of the witch doctor.

Satish Verma

Revealing

When you take a false
lead, life will undo the seeds
and the cataracts freeze.

This is the story of
a butterfly, in disturbing amber
buried in snowfall.

Can your body take the imprints of flogging?
When you start sketching the polar ice
in the story of death, compounding
the mystery of
unleashing sea
of the fawn eyes, whose message
was sent in water?

Satish Verma

Revelation

Your unclaimers
will miss the date
with a lunatic world,

what might
you need
for the final journey.

Don't stop at midway
to watch the history
taking a turn.

A crispy sun
was waiting in meadows
to welcome bonhomie,

freedom of unlacing
the foes. The flesh sends
upright signals

for releasing the soul.
The incredible smell of bleed
will hang on the solid stings of space.

Satish Verma

Revelation In Dark

You begin and end
in sameness. The trust will
veer you back home.

I won't teach you
to define dignity of
salt in brown eyes.

I knew, the bridge
was going to collapse
one day on water.

Satish Verma

Revelations

Winter topples the
sting
of muddled tongue.

The bottle
breaks the stasis
of eye.

I cede the smile
of history.
Somebody has left the home.

I become my enemy
in dark
for the acid taste of truth.

The moon
had the malignant stain.
My shirt has become dirty.

O god,
I never believed in you
nor in your ugly world!

Satish Verma

Revelatory Execution

Listening to green voice?
genderlessly,
I anoint the beautiful death.

Stream of consciousness slides
on shell of faith.
You disturb the pattern of life.

The core question was,
who did not hunt
with brutality, the lost horizon?

I become radical
in captivity. But the exit
was inside me.

Through the small window
I will catch the baby sun
to become my muse.

Satish Verma

Reverberating

After the rains,
it was a full moon
in summer night.

Fleeing from a subculture-
of violence, she was
nestling in the arms of clouds.

A lost killer swearing
with bruised arms,
raking up the old vendetta-

beheads the phallic
image. A brutalizing
score, when we were celebrating

the moon's arrival. There was
no impropriety in spilling.
Sperm was the conjugal bliss.

Satish Verma

Reverberations

Since my ash has
blown in your mirror
I am warming up to your surrogacy.

Too much deep,
expansive cleavage. I am climbing

down a canyon.

The phoenix:
finds the water?
in your eyes.

Writes a funeral.

No punctuation, the
unwritten poet,
will not last the night.

I am spelling out
the grief of the lonely man on
the deserted road, talking
incoherently.

Satish Verma

Reverie

It was not the ordinariness.
The pain of rejection. One
night my lips touched
the lips of moon, to soak the
grief. Do not want to cross-
the threshold of guilts, like
burnished armor
taking the law into my own hands.

Waiting for a spacewalk
of the gods to find the culprit,
who escaped before your
own eyes through the gauze
of silver dust. To quit the ground
or not was the cardinal point.
You remained attached to the
faded poster of childhood. It was
a generational tragedy.

Satish Verma

Reviled And Revered

When hunger becomes
a little god. You start waiting
for a miracle to happen.
Like a grandfather clock, you
had stopped moving. Time
becomes a scoop from your ancestor's
skull. You start digging
the floor for broken pins,
holding the secret prayers.
You watch yourself now
buried in words, picking up
some flowers with numb
hands, waiting for the ants
to come, to open the
curved in, corona of narcissus.

Satish Verma

Revised Version

A damp moon
staggers across the sky.
I will find my balance now.

*

Meditating on
the words and meaning,
I read your face.

*

Quasi-intelligent,
half-man, half-beast,
the new species.

Satish Verma

Revising

The fleshless hands
lift the obscene violence of man
for life after.

The vacant eyes
will search for the keys
to open the sea

of blood,
faltering on umbrella of
imitation rain of democracy.

Age reaches the wolf's den
I am sitting under the clouds.
Bullets are pouring.

Satish Verma

Reviving The Schism

A mentalist does not feel
secure, when you start
jaywalking in the empty street.

What was the need to
rescue a predator, when
the river was dry?

The ducks were crossing
the road. Stay put, till
the kids want to make a halt.

It was a renaissance
connection, when a clan is
sentenced to speak softly.

Satish Verma

Revocation

A grandson sails through the century
jumps into the chair of grandfather
and revokes the death penalty
for the iconoclast who refuses to be alive.

A truth should be deemed again
to find the mystery of death.
Between man and divinity
lies the fiction
which no body wants to write off.

Green goes the sea in full moon
the earth has a debt to pay.
Sometimes you walk a long distance
to know when the sun will rise.

Unchanged remains the odor of wind.
The chest feels the punch
fetching the burden of roaring sounds
in the domain of soundless solitude.

The grandfather is lifted by untainted words.
Still swallowing the emotions
the peacocks on a tall tree scrambling,
scream in unison.

Satish Verma

Revolt Of A Sutra

Spooked by a two headed snake,
a double of a living person squirms.
A moral crisis comes out
of a cage.

The private space is violated
and bloodbath of robins start-
to understand the unrest.
Antimatter will keep the mystery alive.

A distorted truth falls in your lap
like a figurine asking your pardon.
The dogma lies in mess. Chronology
moves forward for future dates.

This is not unusual. A wounded
lion has a sanguinity
of exactitude, lying on
a stretcher.

Satish Verma

Revolution

Riveted:

the ducks went into a howl.
A shirtless moon was walking
on the lake.
Darts had started moving
towards blue lips.

Gale was not able to speak.

Unthinkable:

sky will explode now, in stars.
Gambling with water, cheating
the fireflies
in dark bush.

Who was illegitimate on
the blanket?

The child was crying for the
lost coin.

King wanted the sun to hide behind the monolith;
his statue was being pulled down.

Satish Verma

Revved Up

It was getting dark.
The insane curve of greed was rising.
I would not draw the boundaries
between the words.

The finch was immersed
in soliloquies and light was waiting
inside the seeds.

I open my eyes
and yell at the clouds in hyperboles
becoming stranger to myself.

Who belongs here
in slit eyes? Each flower was leaving
a blemish, for the winter.

Tell me,
who you are in the twist of reality.
A proverb is going to be taken away.

Satish Verma

Rewriting The Script

I am borrowing?
your smile.
Hold my hand to the end
of my pain.

Collecting the stone fruits
for a ritual. I will
skin the pink-yellow shade
for your eyes.

Like fire ants? moonlight
stings. Smothering all
the embers. Some flames won't die.
The crazy affair empties a poem.

Croci will go wild. But you
want to wear a rainbow.
Your delicate arch of eyebrows
drains the tears.

Something was strange.
Breakwaters were melting away.

Satish Verma

Rich Pathos

Not smiling back
to moon, I will say tonight
after impacted by a
dark cloud.

The naked script without
the staples becomes
a big powerful thing.

Do you agree to scientia
of bare minimum faith?
It had turned into a troubleshooter.

Both true and false,
without empathy remain
disloyal to pain.

This was insignia
of love, between conflict
and understanding.

A winner stoops
to pick up the coin from dirt,
which was tossed by holocaust.

Satish Verma

Ripped Apart

Looking back into
gray spring.
Would you find the images
of the constellation
of lilies?

*

What a
metamorphosis?
From a tigress to a
wounded bird, waiting
to pick up a flight.

Satish Verma

Ripple Effect

Do not maneuver the
golden night.
Moon will rise in
defiance of dew.

*

This world will
not say a word.
The dialogue of moonlight
with sand will continue.

*

I throw a stick in
the river. I am going
back to my ancient
fear of Karma.

Satish Verma

Rising Curtain

Sun tears into
clouds. Between oaks
climbs a rainbow.

Drenched, I scoop
the eyes in a trance
whispering rain.

Widening moon
like a talisman in -
a shriveled hand.

Satish Verma

Rising Dilemma

Lakeviewing was a
silent affair between two.
One of us will drown.

*

How will you care for
me, if you were allowed?
to die in rapture?

*

The boatman failed
to sight the land. A fireball
descends to knife sea.

Satish Verma

Rising From The Ashes

The rise, the fall
of twin blasts. Were
you going to repeal the
writ of divine code?

With spring in your arms,
will you throw the dice
to win the virgin?
ring of Mars?

Peace makers were at large
for the crown. Who?
else would hold black?
the apocalypse, along with
the black moon?

Locked windows. Someone
was waiting for you in golden
patch of the door, when the dawn was
ready to give you a kiss.

Purpurea, the foxglove
covers your eyes like a hijab.

Satish Verma

Rising Rage

After the blast, the
morning gets wise, and
does not spill the sun.

And the dead will not
come back to celebrate
the dark after the rage.

There, on the white peaks,
the splattered blood will
draw the face of assassin.

Do not enter the dome of
seething screams. The priest
hangs by the bell.

O, my brother, why we
have become coldblooded after
thousand years of pilgrimage?

Satish Verma

Rite Of Passage

There was insurgency-
in white night.
Moon will stay to witness

the murder
of a golden leaf.
What was the promise of a ripe
language? The yellow thrust?
Keeping a date with death was not all important.

There were
lots of poems to be underlined,
preened and straightened. The dirt had
accumulated. A metaphor
will remove the stains.

Any confession will
take away the mystry. Who killed
the nothing?

Unrelenting
the apples were crashing.

Satish Verma

Ritualism

A rose.
Atonement for-
all the thorns.

*

I will gather|
all the poems. For anointing
your memory.

*

Where the sun
hides, I will paint a
field of marigolds.

Satish Verma

Ritualist

Boundaries untouched-
I held your hands.
Peer to peer.

The highway apart-
we will become strangers,
when life would beat the flower beds.

From mountain top-
the moon will come down,
to ask for the way to martyrdom.

How will I find you-
riding on a hurricane,
when the deluge underwhelms the bridge.

Not made public-
I took you in moonlight,
celebrating the arrival of the cage.

Satish Verma

Rival Entreaties

climbing on the umbilical hill
ahead of the contours,
a denier
alters the chemistry of hate in negative space;
fauna of the earth springs black stones,
man made, on the glistening sex of
lotuses, a forgetfulness ensures
the conceptual withdrawal of the red bull;
hand in hand a sea walks towards the tender beach
to dazzle the hidden sun,

light was inside his body, but he was still
groping for the sleeping lips of a virgin,
into her broken promises; the debris throws up
the severed limbs to negate the will
to live, words must betray a step down, maintaining
a clueless trauma, there was fearlessness,
but no dignity, you have drawn a horizontal
line hugging the boundaries of truth
and lies, I recall buddha to smile in the
eyes of death

Satish Verma

Rivalry

Unable to conceive.
The theme had not arrived;
near the mouth.
It was agonizingly close,
Before and after the storm.
A dharma had failed.

Law of the land:
first a sprint,
then a strained voice.
You lend your voice to
a surrogate throat.
The audience roared.

Star by star, you walk
in dust. The search goes to
find the unknown, who takes
a big stride and leaves
giant foot-prints
in dark.

Satish Verma

Riveting

Absolutely sapped out
I will unfurl
my flag today.

It was a raw wound
of nuanced statements in dark
when the moon fell in lake.

Talking to butterflies
as I take on the genre
of brainstormed hibiscuses.

It rained again in my
courtyard, wetting the
marbles and my eyes.

Take away the roof from
over my head. I have
come to meet the frozen tears.

The enormous guilt now
haunts the vacant eyes, why I didnot
accept the voluptuous breast of death.

Satish Verma

Road War

Hoisting the bisexuality
on a figurine,
I crawl back to anxiety.

The primitive instinct
was taking over the stitches
on a snake.

What do you want from
a moon for the drooling
mouth of a seashell?

Braiding the breasts
against gravity,
earth wants to defy the duality.

Satish Verma

Rock Truth

The sudden fall, like
a dropped apple, you
look hurt and wise.

My summer pain will
steal the yellow streak
in the ash of lips.

As if the time has
come to say goodbye to
the scarlet moon.

Satish Verma

Rocks And Skulls

It was like spidural
dry crumbs of silence descending,
a still born sun popped out
through a raw hoematoma:

mountain was guilty of something,
it changed its mood and started
talking to clouds until the sky
turned crimson. The fountains had

a question for the bald owls, who under
the lidless eyes, always carried a message
of colossal waste after the unholy
dinner. I know your glory was beckoning

to unflesh the bones in mass grave
of winged seeds who died in unsewn
pods of violence. I have still not come to
terms with the neck high milkless gaze.

Satish Verma

Rocks Understand

I need your touch,
not physical. Spread your wings
and come in my dreams.

You know hills
were crying. The sun has
not fondled the planet today.

Like poison ivy, it gives
you an itch, to break the
orbit and tear away your silk.

Yes deathness was important.
Does everything comes to
an end, unannounced?

The rocks sometimes
start moving to find their home.

Your brown eyes
still chase me to cross
the wet boundaries of pain.

A chunk of a star can decide.

Satish Verma

Roll Me

The words are splitting
in your lukewarm eyes.
I turn purple,
and ask you not to?
wait for me.

If you walk tenderly
on the edges of white lilies,
try not to look back into
religion of stingrays, which
never forget to strike.

Was it a poetry game
of musical chairs, when you
stood alone, thinking not?
to sit on a barbed seat
for testing unalloyed integrity?

The direction is lost.
I see through the masks
of masqueraders, pretending
to be angel's, they
were not.

Satish Verma

Rolling Stones

Between the sun and moon
you come to transcend
the frescoes on the sky
for a lost chance.

It fuels the anxiety.
When do I meet you
in dark to explore the
lightning rod.

The inside enemy will
allude to self-immolation.
Where will end the
agony of man?

The carnage continues
unabated. The crowds are thinning.
Lurking men on fimbriae dump the veils.
Who will invite them today?

Satish Verma

Roots

It was a beautiful day
after the storm.
Fever was rising in branches.
Severed moons on road
started listening to explosive-laden
snow.

I went for the jugular.
Why poisoned goats were set free
for the cougars?
Existence was a positive sum,
not the square root of negative numbers.
One poppy head went for the primary.

A hybrid of reality and dreams
I was trying to find my ancestral home
in the epics of wars.
When a day ends, I open the fires
for the night. Time has come
to become blind.

Satish Verma

Ropes

You done me
mosaic.
The rover has landed
on Mars.
Will you come
tonight?

Circa.
I was searching
the white ants
on the blackboard.
They had drawn
a map
of the moon.

I would not
cry,
for the fallen tree.
It had left
the legacy
of ropes.

Satish Verma

Rose Upon Rose

Let me put back
the rhythm to the song
of broken limbs.
To arrest the speed of sun-set,
for a meaningful dialogue
with the verse of moon.
The poison of floodlit city
grazes my house.
The innocence of the dark suffers.

The white stillness
of empty hands lifts a failure
my heart lives with a death
Intimately. Where the birds have gone?
I chase the wings.
The otherness of love,
the vulnerability of darkness
stays with me.
The thirst of ocean is very large.

Mechanical imitation
of aloneness for a ripe death
it is nostalgia of past history.
Deep in thoughts I run
for my green childhood.
A strange metastasis
from remote guilts. A rose
upon rose piled up
to form a signature mode.

Satish Verma

Rudimentary Thoughts

So near and so far
you live together
sorting through the detritus of life.

*

The erosion
sends back the gravel,
the sand and silt of human script.

*

The violence,
will it end someday? Asks
a child playing with a time bomb.

Satish Verma

Rugged Frontiers

The sun beats mercilessly.
A coastline invites the violence
of the great lake.

A sinking feeling of a boat. The battle
of tides and limbs. You can see
the colors, the dragons
flying. The blasted sky
and blackened clouds. A shriek
sets the lake on fire, as the dusk sets in.

A tribal instinct to burn
the fences, set the horizons
free for a new comet, landing from
unknown space. You want to touch
the lips of a mute, blotted moon.

Fireflies start dotting the night.
You move inward; find a dark
niche to graze the wounds. The hurt
brings the words. You pick up an
axe and start chopping
the dead wood.

Satish Verma

Rumblings

You hide behind the words.
It was my priviledge
to start the fire.

Looking at the bare moon
in black sky,
you open the blue veins?

to explore the anatomy of
pain. Sometimes you want
to suffer in the hands of impossible.

Life wants its share of death,
when you were playing autumn,
frightening the lantern.

A nameless breeze offers
the whiff of a musk deer,
that lost the tree for scent-marking.

Satish Verma

Ruminating

The fire thoughts rise,
when the stinging stubble burns
on your green face.

It doesn't smell, the
forked tongue. Taste was
sweet on the skin.

A crimson twilight
narrates the glory of sun,
inviting the moon.

Satish Verma

Runaway Modesty

Let's go incognito
to meet our enemies,
hiding behind the slogans
and clichés.

Stay what you
are inside, and fight
your demons blindfolded.

The roses are
turning black, without
stigmas.

Can you wash your
face with my tears and kisses,
back-and-forth?

Thorns can also be
tender, when you go to sleep
talking to moon.

Keep my charm
on your bracelet. One day.
I will come in rebirth.

Satish Verma

Sacred Commitment

Under the holy basil,
lighting the earthen lamp,
whom do you invoke at dusk?

*

A needle pricks your finger.
You smear the blood
on your face.

*

It was the flame of forest
which ignites the path,
you wanted to tread on.

Satish Verma

Sacred Horse

Charging at the
huddled moon, palm
leaves release the
elixir.

I watch a beautiful
death dance, pouting
her lips,
very quiet.

Oh, precious pain,
come again. The
rock wants to
commit suicide.

My entreaty
will not reach the
heavenly bird, I want
to walk on holy sin.

Satish Verma

Sacred Steps

Retrieve me, by my
voice, to stay at the pause
between wounded words.

Unopened scar
beams from the moon to heal
the breached faith.

You know, lips always
remember the kiss of sun
in raging snow.

Satish Verma

Sacrifice

It was a free fall,
drowning me on the footpath.
 The yellow glare had
 scattered me completely.

Left alone to suffer, the
failure were you. When the
 brick come, you met yourself
 in the doorway of menacing home.

The hunger pang was
obsolete. The fish will
 not swim outside the orbit
 of a new isle for enigma.

The Turkish stones, blue?
green eyes, haunt me in
 sleep. Your life takes an
 about-face, march outside the promise.

Satish Verma

Sacrificing Oneself

Give me the austerity
of aches, of the matured
firmness of a promise.

I may burn myself out,
breaking my spirit, my bones.
From pain you had come,
to pain you will go.

Beheading of a poem
makes a nude, to eliminate
the spin of a moon.

A chilling pause
betrays the blue surrender.
I will wait at the edge
to receive my punishment.

You will keep my name alive
by crushing and distilling
the rose petals without
any bleed.

A fragrant cloud will
always hover around you.

Satish Verma

Sad Protégé

I don't recognize
you, after giving
a pause to poem.

It was an eerie
accident. I don't own
my body, and you don't
own your tears.

With solemnity, I
place my book, on the road
going nowhere. To be
read by the sun.

You buy the words
I sell the silence.

The hyphens wail.
Cost rises.

Satish Verma

Sage Flower

O my baby pain?
this house is on fire.
My body is going to war.

A lonely path, in life
and death? where does it
lead to? in wilderness of home?

The mob only loots.
Lynches and hangs you from
the lone tree of love.

I confess, there was
a chink in my armor, not
light but water seeps through it.

You start fearing the
windows. Not noises, time
was slipping out, never to come back.

Satish Verma

Said In Part

Impacted in lunar surface,
the centuries of dust and
dust of centuries, were willing to surrender
orange love,
hovering over your trajectory.

The second death will not
come, flesh consumed.
I will draw your profile
in white desert of psalms.
Life was a big funeral.

Footprints in snow were vanishing.
I have come afar from the
home. I don't want to leave
the traces of my missteps.
Time was very venomous.

The roses will not die, never.

Satish Verma

Sailing Incense

No wintering.
I have come to stay
warm-blooded.

Recreating the
swelled knobs of
loaves.

Excruciating
ordeal, had made
the bones strong.

Now I sit
quietly to hear
the morning bird.

Satish Verma

Sailing On Peaks

The blue veins,
defending brazenly
the pink gloves.

Unwedded to moon,
I become sick
of hypocrisy of hands.

As the boulders slide
on chest, to unbring the infancy
of snowfall. I put my shovel down.

Was it too early to start
the game pf ravishing
the temple of stains?

Looking at the pillars
that would not hold the
ceiling, inviting the moment's eternity.

Satish Verma

Sailing Too Far

The priest drops the child
and will go celibate.
Time to wear a cloak.

Red clover weeps in
the veil. The moon will not stay
in the waning dark.

Will I face the sun,
when you don't stand by the?
river to save the boat?

Satish Verma

Salt And Pepper

Living on the fringes of
faith, you become epiphanous.
A halo chases you, its stomach
coming out, like a starfish
to engulf you.

Small winnings, I was
no prophet, as I knew
myself, still unsure, still faltering.
I become a gymnosophist,
managing my destiny.

A death ago, I was
young, walking down the lane
of unlearning. Coming of
pain has made all the difference.
An old man in the sea of emotions.

Satish Verma

Salt Lake

In my domain I am the child again
lost in labyrinth of stairways
unable to find my home.

A swarm of bees descends
gives anaphylactic shock
I am dead in my arms.

You carry a dead gorilla
on the makeshift scaffold,
somewhere a female was beating her chest.

Blood on the face of moon
my sobs will not stop
flowing in muddy streaks in pits of tattoos.

Eggs of blue bird were waiting
for the mother to come,
kids were on doormats.

It was always the salt lake.
No body was going to drown
wolves, sharks and men!

Satish Verma

Salt Plunged

Seizing the fire after hidden sorrow
predicted the synchronized slaughter of
the river, bodies were being ditched
secretly. The sparkle of waves was murderous.

Blue wings of tall dangers dodged
between war and hatred. The golden
face of a child was smeared with blood.
You carry a moth to be burned on a flame.

The black rose hangs in balance,
against the red cross. A sea of white ants
was entering into a microchip to eat the
months of prayer. Nation's crimes were

pinned for troops to turn the gold
into dust. Catch my hand if you grieve
for the lost mother carrying the child
of century for burial.

Satish Verma

Salvaging

1

The reluctant thereeness
I want to embrace.

The spiritualism without a god?
This whispering darkness -

always becomes an incensed flesh.
I unwrap myself.

2

Please let me touch
the multistrands of understanding.

After all what was a religion?
You were always seeking an exit.

The betrayal, godliness and
fog hours. I always remained obsessed
with the failing lights.

Satish Verma

Sandpaper

let me start a * bid for the right
to light the pyre of the bond;
who would not believe, the benign bony fingers
had written off the desires,

from lips to hips
may you go to find the sludge at the
banks of fury at sunrise, I am making
some adjustments with violence in mind,

the human race was acting clumsier
by skirting the tools of death and laughter,
it had become a rage with tiny kids
who were playing with bombs of hate,

missed abortion of faith, a baked infertile
baby opens the darkness with white teeth

* A community ritual to perform the last rites of a jain monk.

Satish Verma

Sane Departure

How age slips away
from your hands?
How deep you will
go in the cavernous
mind of time?

Why brother,
why, the healing started
to hurt you and you
did not want to
stitch the name?

No tattoo will tell your
address. You want to
go anonymously, leaving
the moon behind
the brown hills.

The shadows are
lengthening. Time was up.
Lay down your arms
and walk away with
empty hands.

Satish Verma

Sanity

Being alone,
writing poetry
to meet the infinity
on paper.

The words will not come
to me. I am trying
to catch the moment.
One by one-

I light the candles,
watching you slithering.
A transient truce
with my hands.

Collecting the broken
light years. Enter
into the eyes. O river. The hunger
to trap you is increasing.

Satish Verma

Sans Passions

After reaching, near;
the crumbling wall, you
enter the moment, for
want of an apology.

The surge walks with
the moon for a
beheading. I was unaware
of the kindness.

The fierce revenge of the
night. Somewhere there was
an aberration. Two stark naked
kin went down fighting for a fish.

It was homage to the
pain after summary execution.
There was no resistance left
after the merciful end.

Satish Verma

Santhara *

When honeycomb started dripping,
he stopped eating and climbed a sand dune
for the last -bearers were ready
for blunt futurism ceding to a deliberate defeat.

Hunger was his turbulent empire, resting
his hands on the shoulders of rocked time
for the purification of greed and spurting desires.
His only mechanical aid was his pen.

Into the half century of geckoes getting rid
of tails when a monkey was found in the stomach
of a themselves spread out mocking
the winter of hexagonal windows. Grey birds

started melting on the burnt-out grasses.
Lions walked on identical twins of nudes.
A wet kiss of death ensured the beautiful
ceasation. Yellow roses opened the frigid body.

* A soulful ritual of Jainism when a person seeks death voluntarily and stops eating and drinking.

Satish Verma

Saturn Will Shortly Rise

Was it a spiritual failure of a man
to become an animal effortlessly?
and how difficult it was
to change the street's crowd?

In the human drama
no dialogue ends. It begins again
and the hero replays the tragedy.

The fight between one versus many
continues endlessly,
like jungle's law
where a body is thrown to beasts.

Though I have run out my steps
I will count the miles, I have to scramble.
My hands tremble when I write the
epitaph of a dying light on mount.
It is getting dark now.
Saturn will shortly rise.

Satish Verma

Savage Fire

Does not penetrate,
it brushes superficially.
Repeating me, from dot to dot, it leaps.
The ego performs swift impulses
blasting the constellations of simple arithmetic.
Blue sky gives a second thought,
strange colors appear.

Love has changed the skyline
and labels are fading.
Virginal truth has lost its burning print.
It flaunts and swears like a theater.
Bedecked, larger than reality,
second hand puppets rule the master.
Empty vessel pours out faith.

The city walks at dawn,
night lives in metaphors.
Gritty myths disturb the neighbourhood,
salvaging comforts from rumours.
In dreams we hear the clapping of hands.
Hopelessness burns me like a savage fire.

Satish Verma

Savagery

Sitting at seeding
time, tasting elixir of death
before you were born.

Can you tell me, how
much I had lived with you
without tragedies?

Blackout filters
the light to come to eyes.
I don't want to see end.

Satish Verma

Savings

After rolling the story of wrong sex by teeth
the sheen comes off the subway
and a hanging moon starts rotating
a lonely earth.

I was afraid of rumors, they were
snowballing. The particles were dismayed
at medieval thinking so they decided to collide
for consuming the planet.

Pirates were everywhere searching the god
matter from the black hole. A scientist
versus godman begins a fiery dialogue
on the fate of light.

Who was copying the big explosion
of live in gays. Where the feminists will go?
let us find, who we are and part the ways
with dignity and mooned.

Satish Verma

Saviour Was Sad

Moon strips in
grey hours, to transcend
the scream of virgin pain.

Too proud to
knock the door of locked
colossus of retreat.

The anniversary
has the solemn occasion
to pay homage to flint.

First poem was
written for unborn you
in my turbulent life.

The stranger now
walks alone in wilderness
to find you.

Satish Verma

Sawdust Trail

Leave me alone
amidst the daisies.
I have come to talk
to a quivering dandelion.

I must see. I must
count the teeth of the tiger
who had stopped killing
the bucks, but-

there was death in the grass.

Cannot believe in
shadows moving behind the
moon. The space was
shrinking, and tongues were
very sharp, but -

there was death in the grass.

Satish Verma

Say Cheese

Vespa,
the live wasp
of paper house,
feeding the insects
to little ones.

Silicon valley.
The oranges were very sweet
and carpet beetles
eating away the fabric.
I have come from a faraway place
to taste the blood-stained raisins.

Do you know why we bury
our truths? The ancient gods
were very pleased to eat them.

The hymns don't tell the lie.

Satish Verma

Scalding Me

A lamplit page
that smells your body.
I still remember the
cajoling maneuver to give
me a spin.

Oysters. They were crawling
to eject the pearls. And
spiders weaving a net
to trap my thoughts. A
fly lands in the labyrinth.

War of attrition. A tremor
shakes the pillars. Moments
of disintegration. The fragments
throw the footprints in
your hands.

You cannot write your
name on your book.

Satish Verma

Scanning

When night will not speak
and shoes will float on the water;
legs of truth will not move.

Latched to absence
unreasons held the hands of time.
I stopped believing in myself.

The genome had come in a bottle.
when the virgin son was killed in a raid.
The mausoleum will not accept the shroud.

The priest will pay the moon,
for the price of the nightly stings.
Now the death will kill the clouds of bees.

And the green door shuts the house
of light. Moonlight has gone missing.
We will have to find the lips of dark.

Satish Verma

Scared Sun

The brown earth comes
out with empty hands when you
go to the field for bread.

Green valley had an
affair with a cuffed prisoner, who
was caught sowing the seeds of love.

You dip the ashes and
last remains of truth in the lake of
moon'stears, Will you be able to sleep?

Satish Verma

Scarf On Head

Tangled clues
with sensuous sparring;
the incense was rising from the blue moon.

It was body's integrity,
a lender was demanding
when lust had become prodigal.

Behind the thin veil, red eyes
stared unblinkingly
at the portrait of a nude zero.

When the light was nodding from a crown
the darkness spat on the feet
which walked on the roses.

A single thorn will not be envious
of the licking fingers.
A dropp of blood will tell the truth.

Satish Verma

Satish Verma

Scarring

The pungent smoke.
Someone was burning
the wet rhymes.

*

A wilted rose
on the red lips of dawn,
facing the moon.

*

The malicious
darkness, you drink,
to welcome the sun.

Satish Verma

Scars

There was obsession, to wash your
hands again and again.
They swing wildly.

The moods.
Betel leaves, and bad grammar.
Charity untainted.

Divided walls.
A street breaks the steps.
Nails scratching the rosary.

The stranded words,
will not sit on the wide screen.
The damp soil becomes dark.

No gift was needed?
unmaking the wasp's nest.
I bend down to light the lamp.

Satish Verma

Scars Of Life

Want to shed the knowledge
far from the strings
and becoming myself again.

Can you catch the time
slipped from your hands
when you were chasing the tiger?

Phrases were still burning
like white phosphorus
on my forehead.

Where do I take
the burden of centuries wasted
in unnatural drums?

It was inside you, the violence
of world, yet you want to survive
without scars.

Satish Verma

Scary Dance

Immersion in a regal
carnage. Ash colored dawn
was gang-raped.

A bullet-ridden sexism
shuts out the fame.
Starts a chilling confession.

O, my orion
I adore your ruffled
stance. Do not make a kill.

Sunflower, why your
seeds were participating
in bonfire of a moon?

They came for a sexual
encounter. But found a prism
exacting a gun.

Satish Verma

Scary?

Your slanting smile
like a pendant-moon
ready to collapse
on pomegranates.

*

Monstrous, bug-eyed,
my pug will jump;
whenever, I touch
his snub-nose.

+

Death was sparring
after a brief encounter.
What was the need
for living more?

Satish Verma

Scary? Scary?

Your slanting smile
like a pendant-moon
ready to collapse
on pomegranates.

*

Monstrous, bug-eyed,
my pug will jump;
whenever, I touch
his snub-nose.

+

Death was sparring
after a brief encounter.
What was the need
for living more?

Satish Verma

Scatter The Dreams

And when you sleep in
the hurting arms of woes, I
will listen to storms.

My shoulders give you
a vision to go tethered, for
the sake of undoing.

Your chance takes to
half moonlight to dig out, the
old coins of love.

Satish Verma

Scattered Thoughts

Coming to an end the
consecration. The land will
not give you any god.

Only the demons will come in your dreams.

If it were window, the
street will send the black
noises in your house.

I will not wait
for snow-melting.
The slum was going to be
sliced off.

Wet from the rainfall,
the grain cannot be milled
and you will not eat my sprouts.

I cannot sail now.
It must be very dark
and the glossary
very foul.

Satish Verma

Scenic Beauty

What do you think
a redemption of a clone will work
in the galaxy of stars?

The hope was drying and violence
refuses to decline in the valley of flowers.
Orphaned moon climbs up the hill
to preside over the murmuring truths.

Nothing seems to work
for the liberation of long night
and the winds put off the lantern's light
which was standing on the shore.

A black widow crawls on my chest
for a certain drenching by a sucked heart.
Still I stare at the black eyes
for a washed up death.

Satish Verma

Scent Will Be Buried

This way it was
this way it happened
I could not run along the river.

Your face floats
like a skylamp.
Halfway rainbow was broken.

How did it happen?
I became transgenic
by the kiss of death.

This was my victory
I surrendered the cushion.
You sleep in my arms.

Again I will wander
in the graveyard
where my angel was sleeping.

This is my last letter
in the month November
Now the scent will be buried in snow.

Satish Verma

Schism

After being robbed
you want to hide your
poverty, like sex.
Someone is going to flaunt
the kisses of moon.

The sinking of twin islands
in lake begins. Claspers
were poised to hold on the tree-
house. The privacy was
threatened. Nobody will conceive tonight.

The erotica wins, temple fails.
A lone wolf smells the wind,
invades the obscene closet of
a god to find locusts
riding on each other devouring
one's own.

Satish Verma

Scissor Hold

I don't want any applause.
Think. think on
what I have to say.

The morgue is full. Still
the bodies were arriving, of
all the dead innocents.

The son, daughter, mother and
father and grands.
What rituals you want to do?

to honour the departed, or
praise the killers?
The rigged notes on paper speak of mendacity.

Between the primates, man
was becoming the beast.
The stone, sculptor and ghost are one.

Satish Verma

Scissors

The window was closing.
Whole life went by,
to understand oneself,
trying to find the true meanings of words,
using myself as a bait.□

To read or not to read the unwritten,
blank page. A dot
a dash, a comma, parenthesis.
They were trying to find
the signature pains.

A green rust starts burying
the crumbling wall. The cognitive
climb gets a setback. Suddenly
the peeling off starts, of makeup.
You stand naked.

Satish Verma

Scoliosis

I summon the questions.
You will not reply. The words
dance on black glaciers.

You stay out, hounding
the quietude. Earth is on
quit call. I step back.

I am not in line
of succession. I forgo
the title of blood poem.

Satish Verma

Scourging

A relative lie,
becomes the truth.
Will you meet me, on the
cobble street, where the gospels
are cowering in terror;
to find the style.

Becoming; to be a void. As if
I was not there. Unpetaled,
the ovary will ask
the bees to land immediately
on open mouths.

From the veiled moon,
comes a stifled cry.
Do not collect the peaches.

Satish Verma

Scouring

Like a bee,
you wanted to land?
on the snapdragon's,
curved lip.

Light years away?
a mouth gapes open;
you will not,
walk in.

A wrenching search,
for a home, where
you will not find
the violence.

A wax palace, you
are invited to live in.
The dummies, abound,
without backbones.

Satish Verma

Scraping The Dimness

Like a prune, it was
an old year, standing
before me. You start
counting the wrinkles.

In shift, you become
the problem, cannot read
the jigsaw. It had
uprooted the faith.

I was terribly upset, the
birds had not returned
to the lake this winter; what
do I do, I was talking to moon.

A new misty morning. I take a
small foot, set myself in the
god's hour and start
planting the bulbs of tulips.

Satish Verma

Screaming Larks

Abuzz with profanities.
There were gene faults in your
conversation; when the
ice cap was melting.

It should not have happened. The
sea was creeping in my veins.
I will hold back the floods
with my weak hands and strong roots.

The shifting sands and deep
flaws in melanoma distribution,
makes you caste away. The ultimate
lullaby will find death at the door.

Let me commute my frequency
into zero. The worst was yet to
come. I will have no fingers left to
lift your name.

Satish Verma

Scrutinizing

This jungle of words.
Fear, like a badger
comes, and sits at my door.

*

The insects, I
am tired of them. All the
time I sit under a bo tree.

*

This city was
like an ocean, full
of predator sharks.

Satish Verma

Scrutiny

It spurs the hope
in absent voice for a deaf ear.
You will wash the ancestor's prism
for a natural death of a fault.

Through me I skim the frozen
lake of tears.

Maybe I will watch the tree
for some sanity to produce
the blossoms -

in the starved faith of a
wanderer who will not speak
for himself.

All life he was trying to explain
without words,
the enormous efforts he was
putting to lay down his hands
on truth.

Satish Verma

Sculpturing

It does not work;
the manipulation of the fast.

The genomic fugitive
nurtures a home of light, windswept pyre.

Under the prophet
a gloom unloosens the absolute.

Now as you weave
a pattern of lies, the page hits.

The book is thrown into
fire. The words swim, break the grief
of naked sun. There
is flooding of wombs. Who will conceive a god?

Between you and me,
a river flows. I become voiceless.

You cannot build a bridge.
The spinning curve outlines the shore.

Satish Verma

Scuttling

Enfant terrible.
I disown myself,
and try to follow my
occult intuition.

Crossing the magnetic
field, I become neutral.
You will have to
collect my tears.

There will be no anniversary
of the funeral,
I will die imperfectly.

Failed to kiss the uninviting
throat of the knife. It
went straight into
my unread anthology.

Your smile will chase me
like a black spider. Its lethal
venom was painless.

Black and blue, if
I could perspire in the
freezing snow of the flames.

Satish Verma

Scything

Why did your hand
become the fist?
You were thinking about the indignities
heaped upon the lake,
when you were retrieving a song
of freedom from the depth of questions.

There was no capitulation.
You went on opening the congealed-
blobs of blood to know
the keynote of violence.

The sectarian hate.
It outlives the love of brotherhood.
You want to go back to, from where
the jungle starts. It had swept
away the snow-white young
peaks.

Footprints of some movement.
Can you see that?

Satish Verma

Sea Salt

A sparrow knits the?
dim moonlight to sleep in
my arms all night.

My devotion was
different. I would watch
the meltdown of moon.

You must move like
water. There was nothing to
say, nothing to catch.

Satish Verma

Sea Shells

I was not there
where you are.
Non-stop travel, half the world
to meet you.

Outdoors alone in my homeless home
tonight I will talk to you in sleep
from the smoking hurts.

Trespassing the forbidden line
to the drowned boat,
I am opening the dark sails.

Hope and the sea
apprenticed to pluck the shells
from the eyes, I am wandering on beach.

Satish Verma

Sea Will Drag Me

You pretend? there
was no god. I want to
see your eyes color.

Like lovers, two stars
collide in midnight dark.
Miranda was the lead.

What was the politics
of legs. They always take
you to salt lakes.

No self-loathing,
watering, the leaves. Roses
will not shed the thorns.

My vision will
see through your mask. You
are going to jump on flame.

Satish Verma

Search

It was otherness which bothered me:
nothing happened otherwise.
Brisk and upright
He failed penultimately.

I still hear the footfalls
of circumstances,
of retreated sounds.

The hidden fire lights up
I squirm in pain.
The canopy of false rumors
falls on dirty road.

His gangrene was evident;
still he walked with a glow,
all alone, but listening to howling
and surveying the floods of tears.

A single argument
lifts the tanned skin
displeases the mob
and abandons the search.

Satish Verma

Searching Answers

I was hurt,
I speak.
Out of modesty,
will write the unspoken stance.

Overview is mine
I have not read you
cohesively. Your vacant eyes,
your trembling lips.

To know the truth
of meaningless nuances, to listen
the gain of sea, watching
the length and depth of water.

Moonlight was aging
where the shadows dance,
in circle to trap the sun,
for a noble sacrifice.

Bonding goes for mortgage.

Satish Verma

Searching My Voice

Would we meet
again under half moon
in wounded light?

In the aura of
bleeding pain, I inhale
your parting kiss.

You are weighless
now, sleeping on air bed
to float in scented sky.

Satish Verma

Searching New Galaxies

Words don't speak?
the inner voice.
Words can only kill
the truth.

Quivering like a
hollyhock in wind,
O god, who are you?

Ever wished to
deceive yourself and become
a victim of love, not fear?

Hiding the panic,
you mature into the epitome
of voluntary surrender.
And here lies the riddle.

You will not understand
the effect of distinguished no.
It will burn in my
poems for centuries.

The holy book starts bleeding.

Satish Verma

Searching New Phrases

In twilight
the sickle moon,
waits for the dark.

What a kill.
Roses in bloom
watch haying.

Halix of life
uncoils, to warm
the man.

The butterflies
shiver in sun.
Fine weather.

Satish Verma

Searching Peace

Unravished the
black moon was down
but not out.

I am being watched.
How the poem
prints itself on heart.

Curled up with
flower thoughts, staring
aimlessly in black void.

Wanted a brutally
honest truth, moon struck
but ready to give blond.

Who was desireless
being a saint. Paradox
always wins.

Satish Verma

Searching Soul

When the divinity
lived in you, I scrambled
to touch blue moon.

Sitting near a
sepulcher, I dreamed of
inhuman deaths.

Will my generation
give heart rending tip-off
to this doomed world?

Satish Verma

Searching The Method

The mirror looks dirty
if you don't wipe out the blood
splattered during assassination.

Oh Godfather, the hourglass
was hypersensitive. Plucks the
time to go in reverse.

The flames become
blue. A humming bird hovers around
to find her old nest.

Satish Verma

Searching Yourself

Only a wall was left
between us. How will?
we shake the hands?

The wholeness shattered,
lips begin a ground attack
under stray bullets.

You cannot abandon me,
wiping out the dark. I was in
you. How do we start saying goodbye?

Beyond the conventional
thoughts lies the divine world?
where you listen without a sound.

Sharing the nerves in
vanishing replies, questions
will rise like terrible ribs.

Salt and pepper. Black
and white. You live in gray shade
of private thirsts.

Satish Verma

Searing Heat

An ascetic dies in a shoe
spilling blood.

A surreal moon
wants to investigate –

a sectarian divide of
fraudulent sky.

And you want to be buried
under rose petals –

courting controversies
to clean the polluted river.

A lifeboat was needed
to take you for a quiz –

singing national anthem.

Emblematic,

You were sharpening
your nails.

Satish Verma

Season's Change

When the debate between
temple versus state was heating up,
death was passing through a green field.

A nervous embrace
of solatium was unstable.
A heap of flip-flops could not

hold steady, little
poems fluttering in the heart.
Was it the will of God?

The stampede was the anathema
of hunger, the curse of a
whore was working.

Instead of food and alms,
a mass burial makes
me insane.

Was it possible that spring
was far behind? When brassica
blooms, will you forget? Is it not true?

Satish Verma

Seasonal Priorities

Effortlessly a desire erects
a monument. One flaw
demolishes the image. Stones,
ugly grass & a solitary tree
make the landscape.
Hundreds of seeds go back
to the earth's womb, never
to sprout. Heartbroken
I stand in the middle
of life, crumbling alone.

How can we change?
A splash of green
ingests a scissor,
that is not enough. A parallel tragedy
strikes. Sun and flowers
are gone, seeking a truth,
not yet conceived. A timeless
fire burns in the temple,
uncovering the heat,
edging towards us.

Freedom from long falls comes,
bit by bit in degrees.
Suffering remains the same.
We immortalize our smears.
The absolute truth
suddenly becomes a lie.
A myth which ballooned
our minds. But brutal
sunlight has seasonal priorities.

Satish Verma

Second Sight

What was the prophecy of
a slow moving floating name?
To hang a spy from the beam?
Your face lits up.

The world was translating
the labate grief into small mirrors.
A seed explodes. A magnetized
book of conduct is slapped on your face.

And you start reading the script
in darkness in a beautiful retreat.

The approaching night engulfs
the moon. An anonymous fear
takes hold of this moment before
disappearing in an abyss.

You stoke a desire to collect
the immortal blues and headless clues
and we crawl on the sands of time
breaking the silence by our drones.

Satish Verma

Second-Hand Event

Movement spurts the truth-
an endless journey.
The constant search for beliefs creates confusion.
Craving and wanting
generates more conflicts.
The meaningless life drifts.
Can you go beyond your dreams,
beyond your yearnings?

I wanted to disagree with death
the ultimate truth.
Life had many connotations,
there was no deliverance from reflections.
No freedom from trepidation
ego was the last refuge.
The ending of self
didn't take you to liberation.

Urremitting flow of time
awakens your soul.
Stillness of thoughts opens
the muted doors of meditation.
It suddenly transports you to the otherness.
You are not your name.
The indulgence to self
becomes a second-hand event.

Satish Verma

Secret

Calling back, the snatcher.
After the outrage,
Eros was on run.

*

The lyrics melt
on lips. Moon will
not tell the wind.

*

A sparrow sits at window sill
when I am thinking
and looks straight into my eyes.

Satish Verma

Secret Conflicts

Ah, coexisting. The
infinite, with a small
blue bird.

*

In moonlight
I was waiting
for the cloud.

*

Remembering your
full lips.
Almost tripped.

Satish Verma

Secret Deals

It insults the!
primitivism. Hypothermia, you
become cold-blooded.

*

Fractured limbs.
How will you climb the
mound of questions?

*

Gray night.
Between black and white
the ashen moon.

Satish Verma

Secret Wake

savage

running under the moon
selling the night

sanitizing

the hands
after the killing

truth
withdrawl
vaginae still inviolate
seeds wiped off
from the face of earth

ethnic cleaning

Satish Verma

Satish Verma

Secret Whereabouts

Deck is empty, today: -
physics of life unfolds.

I know you less now, what
I knew you earlier.
A cloud city after the collision
had become distraught, after taking
a dip in mudslide.

With chainsaw I am cutting
myself. Why not to become a fossil
with imprints of the collapse?
of our culture and education, in
coal pits of ancient times?

The body has hardened, bones
twisted in agony, I grab the window,
to pull in the sun. Only
the eyes will shine in dark.

Satish Verma

Secretly

A sniper was around.
I did not want to rush
and kiss the jessamine.

Last night, it was a
retributory offer
to put off the candle.

I am here to stay
for prudence, speaking
the dialect of the nameless.

I survive the fetishes
of light. O unknown, I
live in darkness.

Moon was my solemn-
pledge. I had always stayed
in the house of truth.

Satish Verma

Secrets Of Unknown

Stone gods
envision the interface
between man and beast.

*

He sits with his
head sunk in knees.
Wants to become a painting.

*

A black piano
looks around for the
blind maestro.

*

He was fighting
with the shadows of ghosts
on walls.

Satish Verma

See My Hands

Overreaching for chemical signs
and word for word,
you want to move on-
without parents.

This was only a poetic
idea, that no weapon will
be used for execution.

Not offering an apology,
we were dissecting the ethics
of violence and war.

A chilling reminder, you are
going to starve the definitions.
But no clarity was visible.

I am becoming bones
and taut eyes
were looking ahead of the tempest.

Roofs were melting.
You want to hit the sky.

Satish Verma

Seed Money

Standing on the roof
of world and
searching god in sky.

The ground reality
appears, if you don't read
the scripts.

Only visible are faces
and hands, which twitch
and tremble, if you?

forget to celebrate the
death. Shrapnel's will remind
you, what was certain.

The obituaries are
farce. This is self-adoration
because you are alive.

Buying curtains
was cheaper than building
a house.

Satish Verma

Seeking

The falling poem was
in bruising gamble of winter
of troubled life,
bound to a staircase:
up and down
up and down,
on the rosette of grieving thighs.

From sunset to sunset
a moon rises in all its glory
as the night flows in crevices of thoughts.
Will you lift the veil from the golden face
and sacrifice the lamb?
The infinite was waiting to come out of crotch.

Satish Verma

Seeking Carefully

Where do you stand?
in the crowd, for the love of a cause?
your feet cannot measure the ache
of the earth, respecting the rhythm
of a lone survivor.

Can you believe in the fall of a titan?

Stranded in accuracy
for a salt lick for
a zipless mouth wide open.

Intuiting,
what the flesh would not say.

And I keep standing by the midriff to see the face.

Satish Verma

Seeking Peace

Trying to make my
life ephemeral, inviting
back my pains.

It was organic,
love unexplained. A
cryptic approach was
birthed to survive.

I wouldn't touch
the aura of falling star
to stitch the wounds.

I might have
covered the ash body
without leaves. There
were unburied secrets.

Remember me in
dark when the earth
opens the eyes.

Satish Verma

See-Through

Consensual chemistry?
you were entwined with
a dervish.

Banana grove. A breather
for upside downs. Moons falling
from the sky.

A body sails.

You start wooing, clean
and genteel autumn?
for undisputed courtesy.

The fear of bliss. You
have a death wish. Empty chair.
You will not come back.

I think this is poetry.

Satish Verma

Self- Annihilation

The other side of life behind the barbed
future
where they were seeking gratifications,
I was entering the past, without pretention.

Time will cleanse the mutation. I will
be breaking the god's boundaries. A theme
of nobility has lot of troubles.
If I were poaching on death, that was unintentional,
life seeks a revenge on being denied
a place in sun. I will drink my own
pain.
My ashes are not meant for praise
They are to be strewn around on hills
whom I could not climb.

Only the fragrance of wild flowers will
bring back that cool goodbye.

Satish Verma

Self-Deception

Homeless wanderer
my bohemian moon.
I continue my journey
till the clouds manipulate.

Crisp sky favours the stars
in dark night of gloom
of your failed promises,
and my goddess of ruin.
self-deception was a great relief!

Golden praise can do no harm.
You were targeting the great sentences,
and easy flows the river under sun,
there was nothing left in the desert
and slowly burns the cauldron of craft.

That sudden spurt of rage and tears,
strangle of dreams, roses and hopes.
My empty hands, white skin, leafy eyes
Why? Am I tremendous, expanding like sea?

Satish Verma

Self-Effacement

Gender?

was becoming unborn, ?
untaught. Very fluid state.
You could transgress the boundaries
like the sea spreading over,
on your land.

My ankles giveaway. I cannot?
walk incognito. Moon will
not open the door. Nightshade welcomes
with open arms. A climber
with purple flower holds my hand.
I may stumble. Almost done?
disconnecting with present?
and past.

This is the sun. This is the
sky. Circumcising becomes an
escape, to cut off the bondage with yourself.

Satish Verma

Self-Infliction

This was a perception deficit
when only a suicide could stop you.
From where to where we
Have come in traumatized stake.
Black tongues always ruled. No
rite of passage, where money changers
speak. How will you cover yourself now?

Feminized, the dance of wolves.
Do not throw the chunks of flesh
in arena? for hubris will
bring the nemesis.

The flint makes a pledge.
When the red rains come and
overwhelm the innocent earth,
we will make the tools again.

Satish Verma

Self-Portrait

Life inside the doors?
mocks the nature.
Still life. Cup and Vase.

You lived for others
and died for me.
I become homeless.

In charity, the body
becomes water.
Gold sinks.

Very precious for me.
The hurts?
you gave me unasked.

Satish Verma

Self-Portrature

A freak hailstorm of
proposition, makes you?
deaf and mute. The sex
orientation? will not remain the same.

It was not pink? it was not
blue. A thunder breaks the
roof? of calligraphy. A
beautiful face? goes manic.

About the harvesting? I
would say ? it was all
humbug. You can wear a gem
in your eyes? and still not go stone blind.

The prayer will have a
summer wedding. All the?
lavenders will bring all the
blues and all the mauves.

Satish Verma

Self-Righteousness

Put a candle under
the rose bush.
I am going to draw blood
from the moon.

See my body has become
a boat and you are the sea.
I am an opus Dei
and you are my deity.

We mist and we rain
on our frailties. The drama
unfolds, when we grieve
for the butterflies.

Who was taller than
our sins? Like pixies
falling from the skies.

Satish Verma

Self-Sacrifice

Like a stingray
you hurt. My chest heaves
and falls. God, you?

Remain untouched
in sacred well of honor
like holy water.

I will come back
in tiger cave to count
the stripes of blood.

Satish Verma

Self-Watch

Have not crossed the street
in many years
to greet you.

A slice of moon
leaves footprints in blood.
Maintaining the perfection
you start giving names to trees.

Paraplegia:
you start dismanteling the life
in search of romance with death
for immersing the dreams.

Take hold of my arms
I want to invent your portrait
in sands of nocturne.

Drink the milk of silence.
It is dark, but soothing.
Go to sleep.

Satish Verma

Sell The Mocking Birds

Mysterious weather.
You cannot breath in rose
garden. Time crawls.

You cannot smile.
The raid on cuckoo's nest was
disastrous. No eggs.

You can see through
walls. Undressing was a ritual
to shed all the norms.

Satish Verma

Selling Features

The sexless hiccoughs
have started,
in the valley of death planet.

Sovereignty of pure
kiss, in garden of moons? will
feel threatened.

Cannot wipe out
the darkness. The hooded
fear splits the white heels of running sun.

I jump over the sharp blades
of swaying Passiflora, where
pouting lips spread the dark berries.

The paper boats will
not touch the bottom of lake.
You can collect the relies on red beach.

Not you, not me
will prove the virginity
of truth.

Satish Verma

Seminal

An early bloomer:
you jumped on the otherside,
of Milky Way, at night.

Hearing the voices,
from inside,
becoming a Buddha.

The semen, without light?
sprouts, into a mad tree.
Not normal.

Starts walking at acute
angle, randomly,
for a cosmic, rare encounter.

A severed hand
writes the destiny of man
who went wild.

Satish Verma

Sending My Hymns

Make my path,
my dust. I want to leave
my bloody footprints.

Half-moonblind I
was collecting the tears of moon.
Dewdrops hang from my eyes.

Now where we go to
get our wounds healed up?
God was always sleeping?

Satish Verma

Sense Of Betrayal

You will find one day,
water footprints, when
seismic events stop in eyes.

Don't you think a system
of mutual respect should?
be followed, before the
conception of a new rage.

Moons come and go.
You upturn the clock racing
the time to?
reach infinity.

Where the hundred stars
die daily, do you still
want to become a blue light
in the misty house?
of headstones?

Satish Verma

Sent Anonymously

It returns to haunt,
the dilemma, of disowning
the old version of truth;
when I was searching the parallelism
for the sake of otherness.

The unreturning melancholia,
brings the surreal intruder,
I did not want to entertain.

The insane activity of heart
wants a sin uncommitted.

The flirt eyes like a tulip
between your fingers,
unrolling the tender petals.

Night throws the salt on the moon.

There were no tears.

Satish Verma

Separated Our Lives

Shadows were talking,
we arrived nowhere.
Text was smaller than life.
Millennium hung on our eyes,
rattling the long distance calls.
Our house was ruined,
multiple windows
turned into walls and poems died.

Your face has become an empty vase.
Dismembered cast off
in the corner of the house.
A dreadful ruffled
body of the past glory.
I was nearly buried in quick sand.
Now I talk to trees, the carpeted clouds,
and move again.

My hands suffered
lifting the polarities.
Random tears disturbing the heart beats.
Knowledge was painful
and diminutive people spoiled my collections.
The stones, flowers
and wings separated our lives.

Satish Verma

September Woes

You pick up a homeless
word and weave
into a poem.

Suddenly it becomes
a dove, fluttering
in my heart.

I love them most,
the flying pods, carrying
unknown seeds.

White and red
I send you my summer
blues today.

The cottony cheeks
I blow the clean tears
away of a crying sky.

Satish Verma

Serendipity

There was no space between
the bonsai.

You were growing in a flat
tray, spreading horizontally.

The plain glitter of absence
brings the unordered. You!

want to start a riot among
the fallen leaves of an autumn.

A civil war between words.
They were fighting without guns.

There are no comments, no
judgement. Only blood in the kitchen.

The surrogates were presented.
Are you ready to call the shots?

Satish Verma

Serene Encounters

I take you today,
to test the fidelity,
my hypothermia.

Too far went my pain.
How to forget you?
Your were not you in my every poem.

The faces blend. I
only see my invested image
in dark.

The picture overlaps
completely? our past?
our future.

The time will teach you
the difference between love and
adoration for a bronze Buddha
or a dancing Shiva.

I turn away my face
from the giant screen showing a fall.

Alone with another god
you offer your virginity.

Satish Verma

Serene Revenge

Unmoored in twilight, my most visible
hands were ready to slam on the moon
of stains to bring out the water of life.
A secondhand night was waiting for
an explosion,

which never came. How long will we go
to find the peace in surrogate truths
surrounded by thorns on lips? I was hanging
a painting of a fall in happy valley of
gender artists,

which I never appreciated. The high heeled
power of legs was no match to beautiful nails.
The walk on the ramp betrayed the ancient
footfalls reaching nowhere to nothingness on
revolving planet.

The masqueraders are still roaming free on
parole to snatch a prize for extraordinary
darkness generated by stars on the faces
of orphans tattooed by the whips of silence,
after all they were flung flowers.

Satish Verma

Satish Verma

Serenity

Chant near the blue?
wind breakers. I will pick
you up on a cloud.

The saint was coming
back his abode to see
delphiniums bloom.

A dolphin whistles,
rises in water to kiss
her liberator.

Satish Verma

Serial Blasts

Crushing the tangerines,
escalating the dissent
of lean eyes
for a slaughter in the trench.

Unadorned, the little soft
hole, I watch
display of hair,
teeth and shoes.

Who had conceived
the invasion?
Time clock, you need
a prosthesis to move.

Dehumanize the littered
street. This has become the empire
of death. No crying would
be allowed under the feet.

Satish Verma

Serial Depletion

Effectively in givenness;
stranger in one's own house
you search the detritus for a lost face.

Stay closer to me, O walls
I am catching fire. Draw the blood from
my veins and taste me.

The otherworldly glow
of the compound was a testimony:
you cannot buy democracy.

What would you do
with the waste of technology
standing on a heap of shoes?

Satish Verma

Set You Free

It was akin.
I want to stay quiet.
Everyone speaks truth
of everybody. Except me. I tell lie
about myself.

Don't look at others.
You will betray yourself. You
have two minds. One for dying
and other to live in rose garden.

No family beside me.
Wordless pains rise. Sometimes
you want to go mad. Thinking
more thinking.

What was the unsung
story of deathless stranger?
Mates, I kill the dreams again.

Satish Verma

Shacklws

Spark of libido was doused
in golden dust.
Let the darkness decide
the ascension of ice.

The possession of naked rose,
him, the pure jewel
panicks in the manipulation of hands
crawling on the purple sea

of corals. A battle starts
for a mystic wheel, for opening
the door of heaven. A sooty
entrance in the hall of sins.

The gathering of queens, a flock
of serpents; the failing guts
of the hero, what if the city
that never wakes.

Satish Verma

Shadow Boxing

Find an auspice today.
The moon was coming back
after an abdication.

Lurching on cobblestoned stretch
of blue-black clouds; paring
the tall conical trees of
royal pines.

Heaped with roses, a man
with no-war slogan, lies
in the open earth.

You will not perceive?
any smell of smouldering pen and knives.

The body turns without
a comma.

Satish Verma

Shadows

The dew on your -
lashes. Did the moon kiss
you in sleep?

In dream, you -
walk towards a tall tree,
near the lake.

Full moon will ask -
what was your death wish.
It were only you.

Satish Verma

Shall We Bifurcate...?

The power of the
face of a diamond, sedates
the unknown. You smile.

*

The spoken word had
no relevance. You wanted
the writing on lips.

*

How far you can swim
in the shallow water when
alligator dies?

Satish Verma

Shambhook...*

Reeling in faith, dread of truth overpowers
I loved the reason.
My legs were shaky when I was treading
on the barbs
getting ready for a leap in the unknown.

Somebody said myth was a whore.
It turns the men into sheep.
Tomorrow a person will become a chair
and belief will start a religion.

Superhuman entity is needed
to define the grief
It is not loss of tongue.

The woman takes to hauling
the virgin coal.
A green fire is to be kindled
to show the moon,
the pond is ready for the sacred bath.

*An important character in the Ramayana who was poisoned by Lord Rama only because he was reading the Vedas.

Satish Verma

Shame And Fear

Between the yellow moon
and black stones
pours the river of mourning
in maze of silent night.

At the top of the world –
blue eyes were buried live,
under the incense of palaces.
They stood, unmoved in the corridors of metal tracks.

Mowed down with concrete,
lights had gone from the windows.
Unlit walls returned the legends.
Dictators deferred the hanging -

Of truth. Decided to live in glass house
for sometime. Lilies were growing between the graves.
A green dagger was splitting open the wounds
of mirrors in shame and fear.

Satish Verma

Shameful

Like an alligator tending her eggs
on tongue, death moves the life
on strength of charisma, overreaches

for requiem and then distributes the raw
moments in subterfuge, we play the game
to cheat each other without shame.

A red carpet is laid on white floor
of the wax house, making gold from
sun rays. The moon bleeds internally.

The rivals come face to face walking
on the ashes of ancestors, ungrieving for the
loss of sperms. Fertility will come in petri dishes

without the name of father. I am here,
nobody, ready to unanswer any question.
My stains are becoming darker every day.

Satish Verma

Shared Heaven

For the dream slaves
the incense has become a moon
for the alchemic effect of tear's stain
in erotic war.

Ask a mooner,
will he bring her to bed
for a song to measure the cantus
between flight of strings in midnight?

The small bruises of stars
were playing under the lemon tree
in sinking clouds. You must know
the richness of poverty at night.

This was the theme to play,
it was enough to have walked on golden
leaves of November, while I was collecting
the false truths of life.

Satish Verma

Sharks

They manipulated the words
to cross the corridors of essence.
Crib was empty, child was stolen.
At blood stained altar
there was no clue to mystical death.

The contents now matter. Time
displays tools of murder,
snaps the sheet from the bed,
kills the neophyte at water hole,
unsucked breast swells, weeps endlessly.

Apes are coming.
Duplicates look brilliant like novae.
It was becoming crowded. Becoming
was destroying the matter. Fear
moves in water, on the earth.

Faraway a cuckoo sings
a saddest song.
Come, belong to my tears, drops
of my soul's vessel, kiss the eyes
of planet earth.

Satish Verma

Sharp Murals

Nevermore you will talk
of the forked tongue.
The genie was out!
in the jungle of legs.

Hunger was in plain sight.
You were wary of the wild!
dogs hounding at your gate.
An augury of some spilled blood?

Lachrymal, the soot trickles
down from the black eyes on!
the marbled breast of a lone
survivor in the city of tombs.

Exhume you must the naked
truth? I will not ask the name
of the ravisher, in this crowd
of fast disappearing shoes.

Satish Verma

Sheared Off

How much you were honest
with you?

The poems had singed
the eyebrows. I am filled
with salt.

Would you know what was
missing between the lines?
Afterlife will not bother me.
My image and me
will not superimpose.

An apology for extradition
of my agony. Trapped, my
mirror has broken. I
will tear off the moon
from the window, when the room
is dark.

Satish Verma

Shedding Skin

You play bloody words
I am discovering myself
after you left.

A serpentine
history of love and hate,
hurting ourselves.

Want to see a blind.
Who will not ask my religion
my color and my creed.

Satish Verma

Sheela-Na-Gig

Waiting for a birthing pool
to throw up a dream chaser
nestled in chains.

The grip was easing out
on sun, stung by moon.
Asteroids start hitting again.

The runaway tiger had
turned cannibal, to practice
a new escapology.

A spiral of smoke
rises after the hunt.
You throw the glances back.

Someone will put a knife
in the tulips. Take home
the colours of death.

The celebration starts today.
Children of a bubble have
come out on the road.

Satish Verma

Sheer Expanse Of Tragedy

Staring into nothingness?
the body clicks.
Smells the pungent fumes and/
cedes the suspension of tears.

Quenchless, you drink
the white phosphorus, glowing
in dark, of
stark reality.

The barrenness will put
up a Harappan seal,
to come back.
The stomata bleed.

The blue salt was naïve.
Will not leave the ocean.
You cannot swim,
you cannot drown.

Satish Verma

Shelling Uncounted

A blue moon was crabbing at night
in the sea of stars. Yuu could hear
the outcry of herons suddenly.
It was mayhem. Heads will now roll for defiant

attitude. The creepers were trapped
in the impatient gettable
waiting for the flamed silence was from
night till dawn. The sun will peep discreetly.

The breasted curve of a cloud hoists
a golden thrust in multitude of wings. Day
arrives with a bang riding on bruises. A blast
fills the obtuse mother whose child was dead at the gate.

Sucked slowly, the crumbled walls
put up the silver of noon in background. Someone
covers the body with white mattress. Another
number is added on the page.

Satish Verma

Shifting Floors

A hand without fingers
draws a self-portrait.
Faceless, only eyes glaring
like bucketfull of burning coals.

Was it not enough to call 'wolf'.
The pain scorches the compound
where the blood of innocent flowed
because somebody was burning woods.

The shifting continues in the ocean
of grief, but the kelp
remains there, cannot be eased out.
Even the violence makes the water blue.

You were inhaling the white
gowned death everyday. A
moonlit landscape mourns
for the living on earth.

Satish Verma

Shifting Pain

A silent wrath sits in a pool
of blood, will start a battle
over the footprints of sponges
who soaked the history.
The flow of endurance, lava on
the tongue triggers discontent
for a riot of spawned hunger.
One transparent self under the rocks
moans, falls to explosion, sways in
dim smoke. For the authenticity of future
we are killing the serpent
who drinks milk
from your hands
and protects your treasure.
The tranquility is little bloated
like grape seed extract.

Satish Verma

Shifting Sands

Using me,
I take a refuge in desire.
'Seeing act' strangulates.
I suffer in the mists of defeat,
there is no evidence.
One attachment catches the conflict.
The fading light of moon burns my pillow,
transcripts impenetrable theme.

Conceiving a problem
in the shifting sands, life seeks
a view of words and enjoys the discreet
meaningless movement.
We play the game again & again,
feed our egos. Study the sorrow
and give charity to the torn flags
of pride and hunger.

The fear does not end,
the looking does not stop.
Each answer leaps to a grief.
The chronicle of squeezed holocaust.
we were hurting each other
humming a song.
Violence of non-violence was more evident.

Satish Verma

Shimmering

The sizzling legs wait for
an infinitesimal pause
to learn on approaching zero.

I am not cultish:
the egg has walked out
on a dwarf mother.

The dead horse was rising
after eating dirt. Naked
flame will decide for –

the rights of a man in a
hot night. Deferred a perfect
landing on cherries. The

colors were fighting
for the supremacy of
twisted necks.

Satish Verma

Shivering Doorway

Savage absence of you,
I miss your assaults
what was actual in you, I never knew.

Neither flesh, nor spirit
had helped me.
Somewhere there was a planet I missed.

Or a miracle?
Ending of means was the center of conflicts.
Time was running out.

Genetics tinkered
matrix unmoving,
what implants will be needed for dazzling the heavens?

The desert was crying.
Proud generation charred by transcripts
begins singing.

Falling leaves recollect the pain.
Possibility of pregnancy exiled,
the shivering doorway was closed.

Satish Verma

Shock The Garden

Symbols are true, because they are there.
Your solemn ache
proud of failure
traces a circle.
Dark and eternal, in all its purity
punishment becomes an award for life.

It is not difficult to know
whether a god exists.
You commit suicide to become a god.

Inoculating falsehood
dying daily unto death was not my pitch.

Your mind breaks the moon in dark,
into hundred bright crumbs.
Each bit becomes a metaphor
To shock the garden.

Satish Verma

Shooting Stars

It is over. The curtain falls.
I have come to settle?
my account with the waning moon.

Will call you later,
when the dawn breaks
and sun spells out the light.

The water has receded?
on the beach, leaving some
empty shells, hollowed fish

and upturned paper boats.
I move around the small pool,
left by the angry sea.

You will start commenting
on my poems. I wanted to read
your handwritten notes to know?

how your mind works.
I will not meet you again.

Satish Verma

Short Comments

Eating thoughts.
You look beautiful
without thinking.

To become
unbeing. You walk
straight into void.

Eyes glazed,
as if washed recently
by tears.

A painless
birth of love between
two hands.

Satish Verma

Short Melody

It had touched, the wind
of sky.

The viola goes?
pansexual.

Purple, blue and white
dog violet,
one of the petal was
landing gear for politics.

A fugitive poet
grumbles, eating the dark words.

After suicide, the viscera
was found blank, except
the half-eaten plums.

Satish Verma

Short Memory

Looked naïve, but he was
elevating himself on the heap of lights
unlearning the human commitment.
Hunger was his weapon
to level the uprising of underprivileged.

This monarch of darkness
picks up the best,
insists on low profiles.
We were searching fossils
under the rocks
to decipher the shadows of history.

Between the glory of hardened footprints,
we found the labels.
Contents unknown but enough to browse.

They were weightless
and soaring high.
But I was not able to survive
in jungle of praises.
You know, the world
has short memory.

Satish Verma

Show Me The Path

Take away my super
moon and sweet earth, I
am going to attain moksha.

Absurd thinking
helps to meet the dynasty
of wasps who are
leading blood clots.

Why were you
condemned to drink
the glass of hemlock?

Why did you need
pure test in place of suicide?
Was suffering better
than passion flowers?

It looks meaningless
still, I print question marks.

Satish Verma

Show Me Your Jewel Box

Not reaching somewhere,
I was not today,
what I was.

You seek a hand
for a handshake, and I watch
the dirt gathering
on the nails.

Sky does not give you
an soot
collects on the windows.

The blue skulls dance
to defy the forehead
was would you
read the destiny?

I swear, I did not fathered
the deity in a-
monotheist gathering.
A black hijab covers
the moon.

Satish Verma

Shuddering Shadows

O my love nobody
but you will sleep in my dreams,
till I come back from the river.

The candle will burn
to lighten the stairs all night.
I was coming empty hands.

My songs have gone
to jungle to collect black berries.
for my sleeping goddess.

Satish Verma

Sick Times

And how shall we trace the
trajectory of a lungless scream
coming out of a slit throat?
Time was overrun by gnostic
resentment in absolute mind.

The fury of a gathering food riot:
do you hear the memorial rising,
rising –
on bones of hunger, swollen eyelids?
Soon they will meet on the bellies.

The fumigation starts, of lies
a bactericidal, to wipe out the germs
in dumb minds. The prognosis failed,
life moves in a tunnel, absent
and present!

Satish Verma

Side By Side

This was a circle
which broke.

Like a heroin death,
like an eternal sleep,
like living on the dark floor of the lake.

There was no ovulation.
Earth has stopped brooding.

Submerged in quicksand
you cannot breathe,
after hurting yourself.

Do not go in the mirrors.
The fog was your friend.

Pick up the leaves, the
leaves fallen from the lone tree.
You become the seed.

Satish Verma

Sidelined

A sorcerer moon was rising
amidst grizzly clouds.

A lurid willingness of night
to surrender was evident-
skimming the stars.

A pact was inked between an
antiheroine and a renegade.
An apostate-
will find the refuge in serenades.

The feline grace jars the sexism
by sitting on the fence.
A blue ocean will churn out
the urn of lethal poison.

That flame. Can you kill
the wolf? The tricks of
child-molesting were
on the big screen.

Satish Verma

Sides Of The Truth

How would you talk to?
your unborn child, when lynching
mobs were waiting?

*

The insider was pure.
Still unknown to blood moon.
That was my other flesh.

*

Swallow all the darkness
of crying earth, I impel your
nails to scratch the sun.

Satish Verma

Sighting

Blaze. Awakens
me. Again it was snow
on the black lamppost.

Resuscitate
me when the moon dies.
Day starts bleeding.

Voice rested.
The little yellow bird has
left for new home.

Satish Verma

Signalling The Last Man

Template set,
I will become my
own enemy.

Fragility of the world,
you live in. A river
drinks its own water and
becomes sick.

Between 'I' and me,
it were you, who was supposed
to read a dossier of
my faults.

Will somebody
terminate my ethics and
give me a spatial euthanasia?

The humanity reads
to know the creation
of god from nothingness.

Who was going to
dig the grave?

Satish Verma

Signatures

Planet earth,
they have stopped moving with me like clouds,
like trees.
Sap frozen, inertia overtaking
tongues clipped
mouth after mouth black shut.
Toads are croaking.

Incense of hate wafting
from scrolling suicides.
The terrorist is on move
from valley to valley
shrine to shrine
river to river.
Bulls in veils bellowing in dark.

Self-seeking or sensing the history?
Intentness of kill or empathy of pain?
Who were the masters hiding behind hills?
Let me choose my scratchings from unknown pen.
My paper should remain unwritten,
nobody will draw the line
nobody will put the signatures.

Satish Verma

Silence

Go, my sun go.
Collect all your golden leaves
and leave me with pink wounds.

Go, my son go.
Collect all your lies
and leave me with bare bones.
Lying in bed with saddened eyes
I count the mistakes, eternities
and chew the years.

It had been a long journey
from cloud to cloud,
time to dropp on dew again.
I return to silence
feed it my body.

Satish Verma

Silence And Stealth

In first particles of universe,
was there a beginning?
Or ending of kiss?

Can I study you
in a small shrine of words
where gestures fail?

Into the grace of
surrender, why the flames want
to leave ashes?

Satish Verma

Silence Of Doors

How can you salvage the theme of god
from the forbidden knowledge?
Must affinities have a reason?
The precarious life hangs
between birth & death.
Crying all the way for immortality,
I ask myself for the end. Was it beautiful?

The ending becomes a climate of personalities
from return to return.
The anonymous call of history
overthrows the silence of doors.
A hard rock strikes the clumsy head.
You cannot take a turn,
another step takes a plunge.

You don't dare to face yourself,
It was frightening.
A text was bruised and the book was bleeding.
Mapless you tread on broken paths.
Nothing was on record.
Was your god climbing up the stairs?

Satish Verma

Silence Of The Falls

Nothing helps.
The colossus has failed.
A naked fakir-
walks in dark moaning.

You ride a torpedo
to kill the
around
us is deep water.

An avalanche buries
the will not
climb the peak now.

The goddess is stripped
and alighted from
the us pray
for the wildfire.

The sparks become the tears.

Satish Verma

Silence Speaks Loudly

It weeps ritual.

A spiritual walk
on the spikes. Heartache
to meet life daily.

Shadows beat
on the floor. You wanted
to catch the sun
in water filled vessel.

No silver king,
no coins.
You would never worship
the riches.

Forest of protests
grows. Journey steep
in pain.

You come close to edge,
fall, rise, stand erect
to face the dark.

Satish Verma

Silence Unsaid

You will not abandon me,
but kill me gently
reciting a hymn.

As if the speech was slurred,
after the encounter.
Time. It was not yours, not mine.

Punctuated again in
less moon,
I am searching the frozen lake.

Unuttered gratitude. I
will not submit the ultimate.
Barrier reef was rising.

I sit alone
down the lane.
Waiting for the sunset.

Satish Verma

Silent Complaints

To remain normal?
how difficult it was. To undo
what had not been done.

A pinch of salt was
needed to taste your skin.
Belief will come later.

My unearthly lover, the
moon was becoming physical
sending me a lipless song.

Once upon a pain,
I had asked you to be, what
you were? my rival.

The uncanny fear, wins
over the whispers? when it
appears stark naked.

Satish Verma

Silent Dreams

Condemned to look
at the moon without blinking.
You cannot cry once.

*

Never wanted to
become a stranger, sucked in
by the weeping cherry.

*

The face-lift won't work.
Wrinkles were very deep on
heart. Start a melody.

Satish Verma

Silent Falls The Snow

The waking lips
in sleep, break the
vow of silence.

You join a stream
of conscience, while giving
back was not enough.

As if the musk deer
searches for his own scent
in bone color dreams.

You try to forget?
the arriving of snow, looking
at the trail of blood
on the grass.

The hunter will not wait,
for forgiveness from sky,
at unwincing pain of inward journey.

Satish Verma

Silent Journey

The orange poem
wanted to blunt the white
moon, obliquely,

liberating the sameness
from the hands of
twin souls.

There was no invitation
to jump from the immoral peaks
when the fire broke out.

A blue thorn
in the flesh of a pink dawn
explores the text of broken earth.

Dust on dust
writes a song of wings
who would not take a flight.

Satish Verma

Silent Perception

The crowds,
I was always afraid of them.

When you were
battling for a space,
you became a number,

in the golden cage.
Let me think...
what was the temple-secret?

Where was I
when the inferno started?

The grass still
waits for a showdown
with tall conifers.

Satish Verma

Silent Prayer

A manic moon
in ethereal night-
supplicating for a single
becoming unfaithful
to me.

An empty desire-
in your absence, remaining
a secret even to myself.

Becoming pseudo, full
of titles, that was not my
world. I am engulfing my
achievements away
from you.

As the life moves on
leaving the bloody footprints
on my chest. I will
always fight my demons
with my broken pen.

Not a blessing I need,
I want to remain a human being.

Satish Verma

Silent Prayers

The hand comes out of the
rubble to throw
the musky odor
of a cross-legged
monk
under the ginkgo tree.

An apparition comes
outside the body of a fan-shaped snake;
ignites the wolf.
We were hungry, we were thirsty.
Untwining we went into the cave
for a snowgod.

Tossing the coins
in the water tank;
tying the thread onto a
figus tree,
the weeping shepherd said-
I want nothing.

Satish Verma

Silent Voyage

Eyes take flight
away from sleep, from words
to talk to moon.

Midnight dilemma
when a midriff blooms with
cactus dahlia.

Picking up the scent,
jasmine will unfurl a
new bouquet.

Satish Verma

Silent Wails

Humanoids fill
the universe. Where does
the humanity live?

Back and forth
the song birds fly to
find the roosting place.

This road leads
to nowhere. You stand
midway holding the map.

Irrepressible was
the goddess of death,
magpie has come to play.

Satish Verma

Silver Age

I carry no name.
You dream my poem to search
me in your heart.

The violence of muted
dialogues tear the atmosphere of
unknown pains.

Small words pull you
to dissect the lust of untouched
moons. I want to live again.

Satish Verma

Silver Trails

By the moon
I drink you again.
The night is trembling;
ruffles the colossal tears.

The terrible ache of the
illegitimate mercy. I am
not accepting any poem
half-dead under my pen.

The invisible force, bribing
the tears was a grace
uncalled for. I am going to forget
the date of my cessation.

It was a false peace of the womb.
There was no banality
in sending the message.
Death has no other name.

Satish Verma

Silvereyes

Breaking the silence
you speak in velvety tone.
The hunter has been hunted.

I return your pride
in the hands of monolithic world.
There were other globes
beyond the sun, past
the vocabulary.

When thoughts become a
song, peace comes back and you
can see the distance
between the stars.

Evading the nuances, white
stones manipulate the commerce
of truth. I remain empty handed
to understand the meaning
of shade.

I will bring a canvas
for you. We will paint together a
serene lake!

Satish Verma

Sin And Prayer

I am pulling out from the committed
sin, cadaver walking,
digging the gold from the pit.

Footwears of dead men were
heaped into a pile when
god was praying.

Was it a perceived tragedy
of a man drawing doodles
to offset the sunset?

You were alone, dousing
the fire and shaping the clay. The
hamlet was less inclined to intercede.

Your flesh slips from my hands
for a rebirth. I was flying a kite.
I was dead before you were born again.

Satish Verma

Singing Darkness

In hirsute adolescence
a narcissist climbs
the breast and becomes
a graveyard of moons.

Talking of marginality,
a hole in the chest
ejects a secret of peachy skin
when wind was selling sex.

Most corrupt was me
always telling truth about the
warm eggs of chaotic legs
who will not climb down the street.

Satish Verma

Singing Dust

Bring out your integrity
genesis is imploding
in the murderous womb.

Multilinear mutinies have started
in red blooms
igniting the sky.

An old woman walks on the street
eating the shadows of sun.
The king will give her a gift of moon.

How the earth has been flattened
by the pawns of Resurrection?
Life has never been the same.

Purely undone for the death
milk of silence in dark.
The cow is sitting on the singing dust.

Fear was not me I was listening
the wheezing sound of changing winds.
The snakes are coming out of the trenches.

Satish Verma

Singing In Dark

Will I know you?
by unknowing myself in bleak?
moments of giving
wings to you?

Raising your legacy; losing
my words, I block
a masterstroke. Something
was wrong. I was walking alone.

Disrobing a covered
statue, the anguish of
incorrectness hangs.

Enduring a song of?
drums, calling the sun from clouds
for a wounded earth.

What was truth
in jungle of beasts? Any
humming left on the lips of trees?

Satish Verma

Singing Woods

Walking out of the body
I was drowned,
accepted and condoned by depth of sorrow.
A wide circle of testosterone
giving pardon to a sin
becomes sexless.

You were overwhelmed by the missed beats.
Your prosaic crime of not fathering
the words becomes a belly dance
for wrinkled verses. There was no meaning left
for the artifacts, the national shame.

The autumn was praying for the
well-being of pine needles in fog. The repetition
of the outbursts was cold and I
was smiling.

Satish Verma

Single Design

Bearded face still looks from
the severed head, in timeless gaze
after the spitting blast. A nimbus cloud
is lobbed on the tormentor to stop burning;

the silver urn contains the daisy sick
to wean away the enemy of tender shoots
of tall trees. Blue mercury is wildly oscillating
like boneless mast of sunken ship.

The avenger of younger cyclones, we lost
our grains in high noon on tawring houses;
the rivers changing the course to submerge
the golden bells of masses and white flags

a new born is not lifted from the dust, a time
tries to become bodiless in a glassed dome
touchless, smell less, only skulled myself
in mutilating mud of black tapestry.

Satish Verma

Singularity

The horses run like?
tiny dots, on horizon, to
meet inevitable.

A celestial dance
ensues for skulls uncapped
to hear the echoes.

How far was the house
of god, where you will receive
the revelation?

My tribe was hurt. I
cannot stand indeterminate
end of the slaughter.

Satish Verma

Sinking

Your becoming, cuts the moon
in half. I come
blind to hold the
knife.

The aroma of the bush
prepares the golden cups
for drinking milk from the
rage.

His wings were glued, the bird
will not be able to fly
in the night of despair and
song.

Immerse yourself in the assault
and the kiss of blizzard. The
snow is strong, wind is very
low.

Satish Verma

Sinking Boat

Now comes the visual
separation after the fall of an
enemy. The urbanite
crumble has begun.

The needles in eyes are hurting
the milk. Do you play
a Chinese game?
The depressive psychosis-

will throw the shackles around
you. Honey, you have
a trace of lead inside. I want
a silk covering on the arrows.

Dip a child on street
and you will create a skipper.

Satish Verma

Sinking Boatmen

The name,
went begging to yield.
Dispute was becoming a point of disorder.
A fire on ice, I was burning inside.

Unabated, the storm
was raging in bush. The candor was lost.
We were drying up in shade. One eccentric
nerve poison was spreading.

We will forego, the face
and wear masks to hide our swollen lips
and private chastity. A hairless
loathing is born.
Unless you are a condemned shadow,
the portrait will stand in a corner
for an unwritten crime, disfiguring
the moon of tomorrow.

Satish Verma

Sisyphian Ambition

You disown all your
sins. Fat burns.
An aura prowls around
the temples.

The honor kill
will make you a living god.
Rusted heart wants
to achieve eternity.

The otherness, goes
for incarnation. Abstract
quality will explore
the song of the sea.

Life starts anew. You
were a fake genius. There
was a secret pact
to wear the veil.

Satish Verma

Sisyphus

Let it go, do not touch it.
You had been negating the bare truth.
I was part of you
once at the shore of tragedy.
Life was treacherous
and I was free to laugh.

Come September and I will be chasing
the fireflies again.

How time takes revenge
from the innocent commitments?
You start returning to your roots
and I was still surfeiting
on the secret fidelity.

Where was the need to be tied down
to god? Nobody was honest to forsake
the fear of nameless nemesis.

The myth of rock still haunts.
Water still boils under the clay.
Petals fly in dark alleys
and I cannot find the door.

Satish Verma

Sits Like Fog

Endogamy.
Don't hear much
of human voices.

Moon will rise again?

Deep angst,
pitch dark.
There was no truce
between the trees.

Undermining?
the sanctity of god's words.
You want to take the chair
of judge and hear to yourself.

I spot the blood
on sleeves. Who had used
the cleaver?

Can you bring
a period of silence, to
meditate for peace?

Somebody was laughing hilariously.

Satish Verma

Sitting Alone

The shallow incursions
grow louder. I have
burnt my fingers, lighting
the moon.

The future of currency
was changing hands. You
start bargaining for?
the water, the air.

Armageddon: will it take
place in the modern times?
Where are the titans
and the hill?

It slows the search for
the truth. The mudslide was
rising and the buried will
not speak, at peace with themselves.

Satish Verma

Sitting In Dirt

Let us sit in shared light
and talk about the cove.

You take the call of a cuckoo,
and start trembling in blues.

You may sing without moving the lips
but this song is mine.

Why do you want to take your?
own life, in the drag race of bazaar?

Colors will hack you to death.
Don't climb the stairway to fame.

It was renaissance. The severed
hand was writing a letter of gratitude.

Satish Verma

Sitting On A Cherry Tree

The fig and cherry
will always marry in shrouds.
Can god come in a disguise?

A wishbone walks to
meet a very wise mahatma.
Blues were always faithful.

You want to bless
a tiger after the crowd fell
apart while worshiping sins.

Satish Verma

Sitting On Stairs

Vision was searching an eye,
when you were pelting stones
on virgin roses.

It was a season of
undertaking fast on streets
to change the afternoon of people's war.

This verdict had antique fangs
of cracked jaws. The sex seekers
were finding the pollen dust on thighs.

A hiss becomes a snake
on trembling lips, ready
to stun eyelashes, turning on a god.

Cow dung will clean the pollution
of faithful minds for graceful entry
into the charities of inferno.

Satish Verma

Sketches In Coal

Where sand becomes
silver, you cower
under a palm.

A birch tree
beacons you to write
the fall of man.

All day you wait
for a miracle.
It never happens.

This autumn, I will
worship a naked tree.
A toast for dying moon.

Satish Verma

Skipping The Steps

A tree waits to hug me
after shedding the
leaves. The man

becomes a child, entwining
the snaking trunk
for a brush with infinity.

The supreme dedication
become humane, enough
to kill the non-man.

A lethal mix of
parodies brings a comic
relief to sparring partners.

After all you discover
the white fog, god-made
to unlisten the lyrics.

Satish Verma

Skirting The Book

This was man made,
the blue-chip?
changing the landscape.
Fanatically you cling to mother
terra firma like a baby primate.

Incontrovertibly?
I am going back to look
like my fathers,
with twisted contours.
Forward? facing, but looking behind.

I climb up the blue,
to unsolve the murder and go
into deep meditation to reject
the gods. The gold mine was flooded
by unprecedented rains of hands and footsteps.

Satish Verma

Sky Weeps

My fear becomes the courage
to pursue the truth,
the basic abandonment.
I must go after the dark
stepping on hot leads of pain.
Truth does not stalk,
it burns the fingers on your face
for a self-portrait.

Evidence of borders gives
the catastrophic miss
let us abolish the centre.
No body will now
measure the distance.
We will move at periphery
on a trajectory of truth
within the eternity
of larger boundary.

Why you live in future,
opposing today,
to put away the past?
That was my eternal question.
You felled a tree with a terrible bang.
My heart aches.
Water moves in sudden spurts
of nightmare. Sky weeps.

Satish Verma

Slain Roses

The reverse gravity pulls me
into timelessness,
holds me to become free from tremors.
The truth of zero morality
hurts.
I am pathless, secular,
godless.
The blank paper decides, how the fingers
will move. The uniform
has a secret rendezvous
with golds.

There was a dark zone,
the chimney, the indifferent smoke
curling upward.
The torch fails.
At the center of the conflict
rises a desert boom, instead of roses.
Non-violence, a forgotten word. A group
of shaven heads mourns. Royalty does not
want to leave the palace. The bodies of
slain innocents –
are placed collectively on a huge pyre!

Satish Verma

Slanting The Picture

This road
does not lead to my home.

Do I ask the lake?

*

Tonight, the moon
shows a wrinkled face
and depression.

*

An untitled
poem, will find a blank
page of life.

Satish Verma

Slashed Wound

In the silence of a nameless night, the moon invades
to bring out secret tears,
a perfect sky quivers.
The smell of human flesh flies,
and the spirit swirls down the history,
your hands seize little gods to get the answers.

How long this meditation on self destruction will continue?
Because of ending, decapitated faith loses eloquence.
The myth of eternal happiness slits the eyes.
Your blood drips from myriad capillaries -
And a new proverb commands the winds.

It opens to world like a slashed wound, your ruined life.
What was the mortal question of body to the soul?
Living for the day was very painful,
insistence on past was contradictory,
transparency had no consolation.
Absurdity of fog was there to stay.

Satish Verma

Slaughtered Dreams

It rained last night,
dampness giving a tumultuous pleasure
the day before, town was burning.
Weeping ashoka laden with smudges,
and sky was crimson red,
You could not avoid this heat and dust,
love and hate; sharing the cooling winds.

The patterns are changing,
what to redeem, what not.
Trampled by death everywhere,
frightened words go for a dignified fall.
We are trading our bruises for moorings.
A happy notebook is blasted,
and motif goes into exile.

World moves in circle
it will touch you again
A strange divinity puts you in oblivion.
The spirit walks some steps with you,
and then disappears.
My grass burns in front of me.
This had been a festival of slaughtered dreams.

Satish Verma

Slaughtered Moon

Slicing thoughts, destiny
timeness of present, trying to watch
inside. The inverted question. Mask
removed.

Your own progeny spying on you,
disowning the moon bears. Beyond
truth was a huge wall. Ensnarement.
Whispers silenced.

A vast void. Interpretation of disguised
Voilence. Hostilities in elliptic orbit. Moon
slaughtered. Death was quick, spurting
the blood. Smearing the intelligence.

Paper weight. Surface tension. Shrinking
supreme. Parthenogenesis. Breaking
the square. Ending of scrolls. Cosmic
disorder. What brains were thinking?

Long speeches. Verbatim fuel. Nubile
bombers. Circus of mediocre legends.
Failed epidurals. History is squinting.
Select values are outworn. I am watching
a very red sunset.

Satish Verma

Sleep On Stones

Words of violence,
violence of words. From where
these letters come?

The duplicity of
message unfolds the snaky
chess play of destiny.

Dreams, they will fly
away like sparrowS in a
troupe of actors.

Satish Verma

Sleeping Buddha

Happening?
you heave a sigh.
In peril, mother of peace?

Real threat
to ice lingam? the Creator?
Falling apart?

Cat's claw was not healing.
Where the greens will go?
The pods, the seeds?

Tara, Tara!
come again,
we are waiting on the hills.

Glaciers were shrinking-
rivers are sad
and trees are weeping.

Satish Verma

Sleeping Moon

Erosion has set in.
I am not going anywhere.
Nocturne battles for survival.

Words are growing
like mushrooms, making a
fairy ring around make-believes

A mauve surrender.
You die daily without cause.
No contempt of love.

I don't want to think.
Only ask you, don't move
away from the moon

This is land of fear.
Will not leave you alone.
Searching your home, kissing doors.

Satish Verma

Sleepless Nights

Wanted a trial run to
become a beast for one day
in this Vanity Fair.

The glass house
starts quirking. How much
you were safe behind
this transparency?

Immediate vicinity
generates the foul odour, deactivating
your gaunt senses.

You don't reach
your home in fog. Your mind
will not calculate the distance.

The in security becomes
violent. You kill the
moose without hands.

Satish Verma

Sleeplessness

Through the elements of fear in faith
you become vulnerable to conversing legends.
The reclining god was stolen from the temple
for a weeping skull.

Red clover will interrogate the blurred sky
for domestic violence of dark themes. Ashes
in a terracotta urn were not involved
of a body disrobed. A prosaic

flight of birds was circling around a humpback
sleeping on a lone were no qualms
in valley of ebbing coat of arms.

You want to coax the nuts and screws
to shut the thousand windows.
A pinhole camera may not be able to capture the light.

Satish Verma

Sleepwalking

A haunted moon,
sauntered into the woods,
slogging again and again
to pass the gender test.

There was a fear of
abduction. Orange
and blue, where it ought to have
been absolutely white.

I don't think She can
become a He, shedding
the robes, crossing the time
zones, in hurry.

A moon should
behave in a celestial manner
becoming a fluid lover
to kiss in dark.

Satish Verma

Slices

Unimpeachable,
the shrine wants to move on
with snippets of pain.
Man has failed the god.

Teats were becoming omnivorous
devouring the faces, ears and eyes.
What would you like to eat
stings or thorns?

The curt bruises. Are you ready
for the horses? The journey is long
and tough to reach the citadel of truth.
My hands are already bleeding.

The betrayals. The foxes. The hyenas, but
one love tigers. The majesty of kill.
Why you are hiding the pen?
Moon is riding on the church.

Satish Verma

Slipping

The danger lurks in corner.
After double helix,
Now cobalt pencil writes
the history of mankind.

Dirty bomb gives determinate
meaning of peace. I turn back
to be eaten alive. Like a blade of grass
you bend for the cuckoo.

Rattle snake in a jar or in bush
strikes awe. Everything comes to
naught when you move faster along
with teeth.

Suspended beans unhulled, were bent
upon to obliterate the white roots
suspended in air. I purse
my lips to kiss a rope.

Satish Verma

Slit The Heart

You are trying to
seel the half-truths
in terror.

In the fear of-
annihilation, you
want to remain unborn.

The pity of unnamings
the pain, your body wrapped
in tinfoil- ready to be roasted.

The barren spirituality-
and nakedness-
of you think you were floating

like a cadaver?
Who will drink
the arsenic now?

The miracle.
I am legless and I move
swiftly to catch the words.

Satish Verma

Slow Melting

Trap unplugged,
There was a hairy assault,
when you started playing
the sitar of three strings.

Though fearless, you
forget, it was evil, when
you flew towards
the sun, to pay homage.

Your god had failed. I am
counting the winters. No body
was left whole. Piecemeal
you collect the remains of burned outs.

In Bay of Pigs you stand
alone amidst the scars
of invasion. A river upturned,
an ocean dried, there was left no ship.

Satish Verma

Small Birds

Blue black, the red sun
breaks into your eyes. I go crazy
running after doves.

The lake goes on fire
I collect the shells. Luxury
of becoming poor.

Carpenter will do his
job now. Declines to sit,
carves a goddess.

Satish Verma

Small Mercies

Who were the derivatives
of hate? When the
counting began, your name
was not there.

Under siege, I was
your prayer. Picking pieces
of violence I went insane.

The wolf climbs
in the last phase of moon.
I was scared to lose you.
Sounds of betrayal were loud.

The human chain caves in,
under brutality of sins.
Nobody was correct in
congratulatory smokes.

It is a slow poisonous
march. We are eating
ourselves like reptiles. The parasites, would
never go hungry.

Satish Verma

Small Pains

I want you to call
me, when my shirt was stainless
and sun was rising.

The monarch lands on
my book to read the verse?
meant for the moon.

The empty mind spins.
Script was totally burnt-out in
my voicelessness.

Satish Verma

Small Talk

Surge in hidden chastity
enters the torch but the enemy
was within.

Brown clouds over the black carbon,
glaciers were melting;
the assault rifle stands alone in snow.

This was not ignorance,
a purposeful denial of white truce
in the jungle of lizards.

I would go where nobody wants
to tread in night. The hanging years
of marriage gone wrong.

O my God, tiger at the door,
demanding a new babe every moon.
The flesh will extract its own blood.

Satish Verma

Satish Verma

Small Things

Moon sleepwalks,
crashes head on the palms.
Hurls silver coins.

*

To respect you, I
will meet you here and there.
Will that do in dark?

*

Looking out at the
twilight, I would think of you,
in time, space and void.

Satish Verma

Small Thoughts

Ah, it was not a diamond
ring. In your palm was sitting
a god, watching you disintegrate.

Your hands, tell the
agony of lifting darkness, when
the full moon was rising.

The author speaks.
Not the ink, about the nomadic words
which have come to bleed on paper.

Tortured leaves of?
autumn are gathering to celebrate,
this side of the fall.

Like attaining the liberation
of sea urchins, reaching
the table to sip water.

There was no saliva.

Satish Verma

Small Windows

This road trip to moon will not end
through the shards of shattered,
small prints of sleep.

A ravaged nest lived behind tomorrow
in necklace of past apologies.
Hanging by fan was ending of today.

We talked of dirty nights and bright glasses
in the strange land of gobblers. The
greed was the keyword.

I was not ready to comb the promises.
Power of poverty and deprivation
has brought together the broken hearts.

Let's kill the syllables after inferno
dousing the truth of life. Who knows
when we will meet in darkness.

Satish Verma

Smash The Book

Today I am drunk with pain due to fragility
of reason.

Ungrateful city has defeated me.

I do not want any help

One piercing of morality is sufficient
to kill the portrait.

I have promised myself to commit my
hunger for a flame
which should burn probing the pickled
bones.

the kindness is tied to a smell of terrible
prophecies.

First pray for sanity and then smash
the book.

I will be trembling throughout the night.

Satish Verma

Smashing The Road Signs

My garden cries for no reason.
Kindness melts into a rain
of twisted petals. And that is it.
Alone I whisper the translucent words,
watching the death of dreams, living fossils.
The sun bakes the seeds.

The essence will not heal,
this bandaged soul,
the conceptual death of a thought.
This fear is like a curled snake.
Must I abandon the path? I know,
I will not forgive me, at this dim joint.
I must move.

I do not know, what to think,
how to catch, the poetry of night.
The light blinks on my eyes.
I walk in the shadows of sounds,
smashing the road signs.

Satish Verma

Smell Of Nothing

Driving green fire
out of melodies.
It was not make-believe
not mannerism
but smell of autopsy.
A pseudo-elegy starts
at burial site.

Frugality of dust
first decides to go to god
and then die.
Race, religion, tribe
and their foot-soldiers
had become red

for lupines. It feels like
fire of hell. I am drunk
and I am burning.

Satish Verma

Smells Murder

a savage desire to sever off
one's neck, the song will get a name
in troubled mind,
to remove the stain on tongue of black spider,
you will think again to commit your sleep
for that beautiful death:

guess what happens when you come out of the body
like a blue beam and strike a black hole amidst
the shining legies, the lines on your hand
till a different merger when the listening
was unheard and the body does not talk,

wolves were coming; no one minds the bullets,
but sneaking in dark, like paroxysm of sunrealistic
chorus of mutiny or angles fallen from the sky
the acid was thrown on the face, of rosy lips
because they were finding new words.

Satish Verma

Smile Becoming Larger

Being was my forte,
where the words speak no more
a lifetime of black stillness,
the sunflowers sleeping.
The controller and the enquiry
freeze the ozone.
I repent again for all the sins of eloquence,
the rustling of leaves.

Take care of mood,
hoarseness and slippery speech
there is no room for pain.
A whole tribe of thoughts
scatters the lines to avoid
becoming, featureless and nameless.
Boulders are falling on feathers.
I am leaning towards eerie winds.

The other side of the door
was misty. The kiss of fire.
Mind wanders aimlessly.
The destiny breaks the steps
of sleepwalkers. They are falling in dark,
towards dark. A moon rides the clouds,
its smile becoming larger & larger.

Satish Verma

Smiling Buddha

A rapt moon was listening
a tale of two murders.
Across the caste, fingernails
were digging in to give -

a putsch to darkness, unhappened
in vain.
A word tears into the untouched
pain and I bleed for the golden birds.

Can you transcend an apparition
alighting on impermanence?
Time was brewing
a revolution of untold jokes.

Death moves in a circle
to negotiate peace with unknown.
Skies were indifferent bidding
farewell to cracks of dawn.

Satish Verma

Smoke Signals

A severed hand, after
the blast, working on a script
writes about the
musicality of blood.

Blood of moon and trees;
of poems and bees,
contributing to making
of republics of grass.

The roots know the secret
of god and grief of humanity.
The sound of truth resonates
with the art of dying.

Between the sun-and moon?
under the sky sleeps a
shimmering axe.

Satish Verma

Smokeless Incense

Sometime in wordless
prayer, a moon was trapped,
Eerily the neck breaks.

*

Everyday you were
moving away like sun from
all my being exiled.

*

You don't say goodbye.
Seared, I will hear the hissing
sound of blue flames.

Satish Verma

Smoking Candle

A plug dismantles a temper
unveils a pink bullet-hole
on the fore-head.

A butterfly flutters and then
sits on the lips, offers an apology
for the smile.

The water blooms in eyes
cascading to chest
for measuring the mounts.

Who mimics the fever
of a volcano, throwing burning
ash in the eyes of a sun?

Satish Verma

Smoking Candles

Soundlessly steps move, in
midmoon? deleting trust.
Now I am the time.

You left your guitar
on the moving sands of beach.
Waves pick up the song.

Watching a seagull?
wolfing out from eye socket,
of a sinking fish.

A gift from a barbie
doll of tanned skin in nun's garb.
Please stand in hot sun.

Satish Verma

Smoking Guns

You wear a cult.
I come nude of veneration.
O god how you want
to be adored in dark?

Petrified I am
fighting the flames of hate
and jealousy. A merciless
sun won't cool down.

Come on my love,
it is time to talk. Honeybee
hive is swaying in storm.
Want to bite?

Amnesia. Age was
taking its toll. I don't remember
my face. The nameless god
will not join.

Satish Verma

Smoking The Mirror

Talking to bougainvilleas,
one day I will cut my tongue.
Why the beautiful bracts were
protecting the trivial seeds?

The flowers started clicking
to deliver a white god to a black
temple. Human shield was to
avenge the enemy beyond the infinity.

Below the ashes what were you
trying to find out in dark?
The cancer? It was eating away
the vitals of an orphaned fruit.

The predator had become the
prey, drawing the sheet of
blood on the moon. The birds
were leaving the tree.

Satish Verma

Snake Charming

The occult was scrounging
in stringent way
to resurrect the past.

No answer. There will never be
an answer. Where questions stand
an answer was not there.

Acquittal in setting sun. Endless
love making had passed
with the moon. We will not-

recreate the bronzed body.
Night, curse and a tale of
purple, pink horse, accepting

a libation for the penile
god. A savior was present
to watch the ceremony of surrender.

The serpent was ready to bite.

Satish Verma

Snake Dance

Silence was so loud?
a pain ago, would you
resume me now,
between a scion and stock.

The sap had dried up.
A tiny human inside a pen
draws the borders
of bleeding lacerations.

Black mouths,
confront the grizzled gods.
I want them now
in water.

Suicide of a fig tree was
evident. It had eaten its
own figs. No leaves
were left now.

Satish Verma

Snaky Paths

In deafening silence
I was hearing you,
trying to taste and smell
the traces left by you.

Choosing between hope
and despair, I gather
the old coins. There was no
clue to understand the movement of shadows.

Earth is melting into
water. In rapt attention I
watch the footdrop, of placenta.
It will be a stillborn moon.
No honey, no elixir.

In a deadpan approach,
you will not communicate the
death sentence for echoes.
I will not take the side of inevitable.

Let the book start
burning the poems.

Satish Verma

Snaring

While delaying gratification,
you stripped-down
to bones.

It was winter solstice,
when day and night confronted
each other!

in negativity. Tracking
the frozen footprints, my absence
was generic.

I dread the barrenness!
of looks, the unwritten wounds
seeking the healer.

The avalanche falling
rapidly on the streets, with placards
demanding the gallows!

for the tainted. The
victim lies still. Ashes fly
back at the purebreds.

Satish Verma

Sneaking Desires

The pursuit of a rainbow
in the tiger sanctuary.
Mathematics fails.

*

Sundew
invites you to taste the flesh.
You fall like a guilt.

*

The pink moon
melts down in your dream. You
will not touch the flame.

Satish Verma

Sneaking Gods

Reticent were moon, sky and birds.
A pall of gloom spread on the trees.
Stoically I rode on the wings of pain,
to watch the descending values.

A timeless truth separates the charm from lies,
and I long for the generosity of past
which could connect us to future.

A flame burns the eyes.
When we took the wrong road?
Still the fever is rising.

Gods sneak into our affairs.
A firebird flies in the space with long span of shadow,
the helpless victim lies in wait, to be dispatched.

Satish Verma

Snow Flurries

You start crying
about the lost meaning
of the red lily, sitting
on a tender stem?
waiting for the kiss of moon.

It will never speak of the
bluebells and daffodils,
hyacinths and tulips.

Fleur-de-lis.
Lily white, I always
adored your downy arms
arching to lift a X

Noises in the head
have risen again. You will
need the deadly nightshade
with drooping purple flowers.

Or you drink the potion
of hemlock and become
Socrates.

Satish Verma

Snow Storm Rolls In

Poised to confront
the improvised explosive device
of winds,

good moonday
stands
in melting snow.

Church was
unselling the sex.

Satish Verma

Snowblinks

Scythe of a moon
swings, between tall
palm leaves.

Wanting to see
the midnight fall
of white snow.

Never felt the
sadness of cold weather
when flurries fly.

Leaves had
assembled at the
funeral of the moon.

Satish Verma

Snowline

A blank paper invites
for rape.
Snow sinks for a prelude.

The black swan flies away
for the quiet hills,
when sun was drawing out the blood.

Alone I will write a poem
beneath the tear soaked eyes
and then moon fell.

As in the valley
of million tulips
I will make a dream kill.

Satish Verma

So Be It

Dismantling?
my temple, brick by brick?
skin to skin,
eye to eye,
before the ascension.

The living legend is
dead. I cannot hear the burial
rites. Walls are rising.

The ashes are strewn
on the eyes of moon. Ages ago I
used to smile. Not now.

Accept me, with all
my non-gifts, dead songs and
wailing prayers.

My hands lift the terror
from the sand, palm leaves
crafting a virgin peace.

Satish Verma

So Many Half-Truths

You were still thinking.
Thinking beyond thoughts?
the void, the space, the time.

A crush of relics was
piling up. Bloodshed and poverty
at hands, you do not want to talk.

The challenge of being or isness
persists. I go back to the
culture of ancient theology to
understand the divine arithmetic.

The numbers were increasing,
of gods, godmen and crimes.
No sermons. The autumn
will bring down the foliage?
green, red, brown
to yellow.

Satish Verma

So Much To Think

You swirl around
my poems to enter old nest.
I do not know how to pray.

I will backtrack
to find my footprints in
your glistening eyes.

To admire the purity
of flame, I taste red berries
of firethorn. You recite
a sacred hymn.

No name was needed
for unknown agony of your mind.
Neither you will muse
nor I will write.

Every December snow
becomes a shroud.

Satish Verma

So Shall Be

Why bewildered?
There is always something
to say to unknown,

You wouldn't believe.
Where violence ends,
God is born.

The hummingbird
croons a note to bring
back, spirit of hymn.

Satish Verma

Soaked In Blood

They had surrounded the tank;
collars on the legs.
You were tracking the revolution.

The process melts the crosses
in flowing blood.
Everybody was carrying a rose.

The bruises were spreading
on table.
King was drinking wine.

Unwritten law.
Death will sleep on street
with burning pyres.

Don't throw the blankets
on red eyes.
Moon will stay whole night.

Satish Verma

Soaked In Glory

The plunging line was?
going deeper, cutting close to
the bone. I was preparing
myself to be martyred
alive.

Prod me viciously, my
love, I want to die in your arms before
the dawn. It should be
too good to be true
for you.

Waterbirds. They are ready
to take a flight. Petal
by petal, sun will send you
the message. I am going to fade away
in moonlight.

Water hyacinth had the death secret.
Knife me gently. I will
meet my Apollo in dark.

Satish Verma

Soaring High

Ethics

takes a nap,
in a blink,
without qualms.

*

A jilted lover, like
a broken moon, takes
a jump from the hill.

*

In this twilight
who am I,
in this crowd of sinners?

Satish Verma

Soft Music

I open the book
too stoned
to read my name.

Like a feather,
you roll in
sleep, painless.

The milky moon
was still. Shadows
were trembling.

Mushrooms in
mist, wake up
to stand in circle.

Satish Verma

Softly

A severed hand
writes the history of
falling man.

Lynching to raise
the kill rate.
Where are we going?

Unknowable what?
The mystery of
elusive truth?

Collecting the debris
after the impact. Are
we becoming aliens?

Unnamed, a
humming bird reaches at
the anniversary of last name.

In the valley of rainbows
there was no iris.

Satish Verma

Softness

From here to there
a heat flows-
in the height of fears. A timeless need to map
out the pain of earth, floating on clouds.

Lemon grass
cuts the swan lake. There was a devil in water,
hiding under the rock. You must learn to walk
on waves. Death knows the way of gliding.

The foot under the door, unlocks
the light. You had undone, what I cannot
whole life. The threads were weak. The
frost turns off the peaks.

Satish Verma

Soiled Contents

Gene-edited,
manhood was taking punches.
I wasn't sure of me.

Let spider weave
an exotic home. Black,
moon walks free of trap.

God's monologue
continues to catch the stolen
words of stained men.

Satish Verma

Solemnity

Give me a lone word.
I will write a poem.

You enter the final hour
of diagnosis. The kill
was imminent.

Back to back two trysts collide
generating a fire.

Who was peeling the moon?

The stab sets in. In
abeyance of the gift. I
will give you a scar.

Daisies will remain awake
at night, for the vigil
of a slain pilgrim.

Satish Verma

Soliciting

Come to me
like never ending pain.
I will wait till eternity.

*

Wing pierced, like
butterfly amidst cacti,
still trying to reach your lips.

*

I carry the fragrance
of fallen jessimines on grass,
white as the morning snow.

Satish Verma

Solidarity

Still talking to a ghost
in oblique manner
about sexuality.

A century plant has not
bloomed;
wants to die.

The loincloth covers
the ocean floor
where it shipwrecked.

A fake will do.
God was on dialysis.
Chemistry of kiss did not work.

Between bullets and bread
grievors will descend
for a lost saviour.

Satish Verma

Solitude

The fireflies
wait for the lights to go.
Dancing in the dark.

Breast of moon
does not dazzle. Sexing
had stopped tonight.

Birds will not come
in the garden. The flowers
refuse to sway.

Satish Verma

Solitudes

The questions hang like skin tags.
A broken mirror, stabs
during birth of time.

We have got to do it, save it
in its infancy, before it is submerged
along with the temple of fake gods: -

before it is plagiarized by the
polity. The wives were fattening
on art of running the state

from behind the curtains. Would
you like to sign on my skin?
Your death wish? I am washing

my sins today. It is bit cold
here in the blue lake of tears. Now
you can hold my arm for final plunge.

Satish Verma

Somalia Calling

I met a talking moon
on the road of death.
What easily comes, goes easily with winds.
I was counting the ribs of
my dying child. He went into the
woods to fight the unknown wars
of hunger.

Bunker: it went into flames
sailing into brilliance of space.
I am going to inherit the black grains
of molten day. How I will confront
the night tainted with bonfires
of sunken eyes?

God particles in tiny fists spreading
the spun cotton, intitating a
revolution of thoughts. A bumpy
argument. The icon denies the guilt
of mass killing. I want
to remain unsung.

Satish Verma

Some Fairy Tale

Out of dream,
it readies you to perform
a yajna to eject the
darkness.

After sacrifice
the show of strength comes.
You start the wiper to
remove the spots from
your limbs.

While killing the
truth, you never knew that
stains would become
stigmas.

You need nitrus oxide
or psilocybin to ease
the depression.

It makes money
when you sell the wounds.
After all the weapons
were sent for that.

Satish Verma

Some Fantasia

You cannot carry it
to the end.
I will not put up any claim.

Walk through my heart
in snow.
I will paint a yellow moon.

Come October, I
will weave the wreaths of
smoke, to invite the piper.

Where would you
lead me under the autumn
fall? My name holds nothing.

I will not be last
word in the novelette of a legend.
Stories come and fade.

Satish Verma

Some Ghosting

Hunting calm, without
a kill, without a
mirage.

A momentary lapse
and you suffer
for centuries.

The pangs of separation
were birth.
You become a white mausoleum.

And the ancient
bloodshed will take care
of the pearls in your eyes.

Ask the moon
to lift the res
of sharp pains have begun.

The halo around
your face quivers. I was
not a were not mortal.

Satish Verma

Some Glimpses

Moon rose from
obscurity, once I released
the fury of darkness.

*

Do not want to
repeat; why my song was
stolen by flight of birds.

*

The negativity of
the penknife. Always tearing
away the heart.

Satish Verma

Some Halters

Talking of doors
without walls. They shut
and open, but don't lead
you anywhere.
This was no insult to the house of cards.

I will ask the rains
to stop for a while.
Don't you be wet for any hurt,
before knowing who you were.

In quietus, your
thoughts move like serrated knives.
There will be blood, on the paper and a
trace of guilt.

Learning to sink
like a log tied to a huge
stone. Will it matter? Then,
from where the energy comes?

The untold secret
was heavier, than the
vocal denial. Was there a
reticent surrender.

Satish Verma

Some Hegemony

A method cuts you out?
in hunger pangs,
to set you free from bonding
of four? leaf clover, or word.

Love has become a
one way pain, without libido?
in want of a fairy ring.
The maternal cost was high.

Drifting between the
black sea and dead sperms,
you want to raise a
new cult.

The religions betray.
Everything was marketed with
thumbed scripts.
Gods were threat to sane hymns.

I am trying to carve
a face, from the rocks, not
animal, not angel.

Satish Verma

Some Melodrama

I celebrate not,
the death of my poems.
I will resuscitate to speak
lispingly, at the funeral
of chaste truth.

And the fake news
will fill the
deep pocket of rich to
kill the unborn oaths.

The spring will never
be the same.

Interviewing once
the god of small notches,
you find that there was
some mystery.

The river cries
when meets the salt.
I wanted to honor the ice
sitting on the lips
of moon.

Satish Verma

Some Prelude

There were, peels
of ripples. Between.

The tangled arguments. Then you
start reading in the bumps;
a cold blooded murder.

Of poems? Serrated, when

I lifted them from your bloody hands.
No miracle. The animal
survives, without water, air.

You come down the ramp
without shoes to reclaim
the heritage.

And that means, there had been
an attempt, to commit suicide!

Satish Verma

Some Profanity

Smearing an uncut?
and whole moon on the forehead
of night?

the crazy wind starts
turning back the clowns.
Tonight the kitchen would be shut down.

Somebody had climbed
the heaven for a joke, and
became a monster.

Beyond the bread and
milk, lies the cow dead. My
soul cries, who will?
jump on the moon?

The end opens a distant?
black water lake.

Satish Verma

Some Question Marks

Don't go brutal in the veins
blood is diluted
life has become complex.
Barefoot truth walks,
in the sun without shadows.
We are beaten by lies.
The caste aside had a carnal thrust,
and the stars were weeping.

I will die of a primordial death one day.
What is the central theme, of present life?
It has no nuances, only the numerical strength of passions.
Question marks are leaving,
an omnipresent stink everywhere.

An awakening without,
a flame does not inspire
a hidden defeat of haloed touchstone.
I will go for a swim,
in the dead sea to taste,
the salt of all the white moons.
How would our forefathers
know the masks?

Satish Verma

Some Questions

The black holes ringed
the galaxy. Tainted
moon, was in tow.

*

Any generational gap
was evident between
Neanderthals and humans?

*

How our brain works
I wanted to know?
Are there any real men?

Satish Verma

Some Rehearsals

Talking to moon tonight,
in windless night.
You begin? to reflect? the past.

I pretend? I am gifting you
my poems, while bleeding?
from the eyes.

You will not read,
even once, the steaming tears of stones,
when the volcano?
spews its molten grief.

I am gifting you today, forever?
my summers.

Snow will rush into my veins.
I freeze at once, in memories
of the lone, stark naked, yew tree
laden with red berries.

Not poisonous, I am gifting you
my death.

Take me in your solitude!

Satish Verma

Some Royalty?

My tamed verses
were for you? from the day,
you were born.

Iridescent,
must you leave this dark horizon,
trailblazing through my wilderness?

I was not looking
at your helm, what I saw inside your
brown eyes.

No holds barred.
I stretch to bend your
rigid thumb, in celebration
of victory.

That was not physical
through it seeped in every pore
of me.

Feigning to be normal
was not true, under the
spell of your mute consent!

Satish Verma

Some Sequelae

The bald eagle's pain.
Man-made monument
of cruelty. Summer was drawing
near. The black noon.
Waiting to bring to life,
sleeping cacti.

You have lost your
home. In sand storms. So
you will find shade under
the long tresses.

And eyebrows were arched
skywards. You purse your
lips to start chewing the blood
words. Crazy pain?
I didn't ask you to come back.

You be my death. I
will sleep in your lap. You
stroke my poems.

Satish Verma

Some Smiles

Kissing the colored
glass reflection, seeking
a bounty hug.
I was hungry and you were
parched.

There was a beautiful
pain of obscuring you from a
distance and smelling
your fleshy
indelible presence.

A humane sense
amongst the beasts to
preserve the fossil
egg. An avis ancestor
smiles.

Your cuddling hurts.
Where was the slaughterer,
who pinches the god
to send more innocents?
the hunted?

Satish Verma

Some Snippets

A sleepwalker gives up
a snake,
inside the sleeves.
The dog outruns
the moon.

*

You draw a blue line
around the summer night.
Flames.
I will drive out
the ghosts.

*

The acid attack
went for the thatch.
You will snorkel now,
under the reeds.

Satish Verma

Some Stupidity

You collect
the crowd and it will
change the truth.

Have you seen it coming? The
sounds?
The kiss of greed?

Are you going to climb the rope
in air?
A magic of collecting the coins
to become the richest man.

Irregular beats
will stop the band.
The vision falters and you let me go.

The burning bush
will take you.

Satish Verma

Some Thinking Space

Asking for privacy, a
green snake becomes deviant,
and turns lunatic.

Lunacy demands innovation?
like atavism, returning
to primitiveness.

The fear becomes
your enemy. Instinct develops
to kill, to slay.

Again a beheading, you
wash your hands
with the blood of a god.

And dedicate your
life to a goddess of bodypiercing
crime, soaring high.

Satish Verma

Some Transcripts

Phobia. As it occurred.
Earth was being spread
on the tryst of man.

You won't learn the
life, wearing the veil of death.
That will ditch the destiny.

It was a big question. How to meet you?

One's own beginning was
transient. You will always
imagine the end.

How wrong world was,
when you were stigmatized
for saving the poems?

Give me your fist not the hand.
At least I am not going to be perished.

Long live the Homo.

Satish Verma

Some Undoing

Beyond horizon?
go across the time zone,
and meet the twirler.

You were always
incomplete in the borough
of a puzzled mind.

The artist will paint
you bare without ephemeral
colors of the fall.

Satish Verma

Some Vigil?

Do not let me say
goodbye. I will pick threads of
tears from slanted eyes.

Not for your sake?
I did make the blue temple.
It chairs my goddess.

Sitting under grape
vine I drink from your orbs.
Don't drop the heavy lids.

Satish Verma

Somebody Dies

You walk through me
opening the portal of?
unending moment.
A right to die lingers in the eyes.

Not a serenade. I am
tying the knot on the tree.
The wait was becoming too long. I
would read again Hamlet without the prince.

Truth was not happy, when
you brought down the body.
The wind was moving like a panther
stealthily before the kill.

How shall we bite our toes?
now? They have left
a bloody trail on the
weeping grass.

Satish Verma

Somebody Melts

I didn't know
how to do it, when I lost you.
Irretrievable.
Pain becomes personal.
Polarization abducts the protocol
and I turn into a boy,
adrift in the jungle
of biology.

Strange journey. You
come back to the post?
from where you had started.
Any suffering? No,
I want to repeat myself
to become wiser.

Cannot hit you, break
you. The mirror of pain must
remain intact. The bright
sun will shine, irrespective
of my dark clouds.

Under the sea, the fall moon
rests on the coral bed.
A piercing cry comes from nowhere.

Satish Verma

Somehow

Becoming impersonal,
the observed will speak today,
not the observer.
There were no complaints.

It drills the hole in heart.
But you don't die.
No blood spills.

On the rocks?
stands a temple of unbeing
I am ready to become a monk.

This was not a murder,
not a suicide, if you
want to become a martyr.

The heaven trembles.
Let the veil rise, unmasking
the blind truth.

The mercury was rising
without fever.
There was no alarm.

Satish Verma

Somersaults

Becoming gold diggers,
the myths, without
ism and orthodoxy.

The creed will not observe.
I will say, I am the god
of ruins. I offer my inadequacies
to be punished.

The passions were rising.
You kill yourself to get the
space, the privacy.

Where the theme ends?
The religion has only absurd
always involve the
Almighty- for any fall,
any bloodshed.

The tricks played by blessed
would always sleep in dark.
Eyes the faded gems.

Satish Verma

Something Different

Transcribing my emptiness,
like emulating an ape?
to study the anatomy?
of a scar.

There was a brutal assault.
Uninterpretable was the ink,
like the blood spilled
after the vein collapsed.

An egg within an egg
would change the gender
of a name. A different money
was needed to appease the god.

The skin-sperms, and the
cut flowers. Times have changed.
I cannot fly like you.
I would write an ode to the nightinglae.

Satish Verma

Something Dressy

A kingfisher
would like to have no borders,
no moongates.

*

Sleep not, when
the moon rises. I will call
the moonflower.

*

The dusk
has a short vision of
a crescent moon.

Satish Verma

Something Human

beautiful girls
formless of criminal honesty
falling in love with endymion

a wave is furrowed on the forehead
of selene, envy or a genetic trigger
starts a nightmare

fading star heralds a
gray moon
leaves are falling

like my words
from your lips, are you beside
me in green silence

i was watching
the sun falling on the wings
of black birds

Satish Verma

Satish Verma

Something New

Would you live without your
shell, one day? A chasm
was growing between us. I
was feeling very aloof.

Intruding on your private
grief, sometimes I will
see the blue veins ascending
the marbeled thighs.

Beehive and death, sets
us apart. Beyond the age
a sun sinks in crimson glory.
To bring peace on the spikes of grass.

The dreams were disappearing.
The house sits knee deep
in thoughts. I will be collecting the
knobs fallen from the doors.

Satish Verma

Something Of Nothing

The renegade
wants to come home
for penitence.

Execution wants to uphold
and become a doer again
without thoughts. Only cessation.

Between shade and tree
lived an apparition. It wore
a moon on the head.

There was no ending. The
free suspending threads,
join to make a circle,
like the god and his creation.

From oceans apart?
touching you,
by my
poems.

You were an accident
and you were the witness.

Satish Verma

Something To Grieve

Facing an imminent
onslaught of apparitions, I
wanted an excuse,
to write a poem.

Staying raw,
in this dark, can I see your particle
face? Drop by drop you
moved away. Between –

you and me was a blue
lake. Shall I undo your
percussive existence, brutalizing
the wings, the peaks?

An Aryan pride? Why
not we walk back home
hand in hand, under the black
sky and a summer moon.

Satish Verma

Something To Happen

The ache of taking a
call, when my
book was burning.

I scramble to warn
the bees, not to
come near the sundew.

Words hide the
sticky floor. Walk prudently
to swap the hunger strike

for bread and wine,
as the fingerprints untangle
the mystery of desires.

Satish Verma

Something Unheard

Testing the wind of
erotics on moons. I was
still stitching my wounds.

*

The strange longings,
surge towards waning ego
to grab intimate.

*

The mentor grieves
after the parting of pink lips.
Words would never come.

Satish Verma

Something Was Left

I was your religion.
Nothing was to be done, standing beyond
the touch down in knee deep water.

Talking to sun, about mantras.
Why was god breathing heavily?
What was to become obsolete?

You are carrying the burden
of broken heart. The sheep were running
in rain. Do you think the moment has come?

Satish Verma

Something Wild

That fugitive dream
of shrinkage:
a room in a room
a door in a door.
You were hurting the house affairs
at midnight.

The space accident
starts dismanteling the life.
Selective pain
comes again.
You start distancing from story touch,
long vision.

The canary brings down
the roof. Somebody was leaving.
The eyes will search another sky,
another tree.
In a light slumber
another fall from the perch.

Satish Verma

Sometimes

Under the denuded
chinars, I stand
again, waiting for you.

The hawks were
pining, for a prey?
in morning prayers.

The chrysanthemums
stand in a row?
opening their hands.

Sometimes you
trace the plum scent
coming from lover's grave.

Satish Verma

Song Above The Sorrow

I missed the heartbeats for a vessel of stars,
while death was always near,
circling the house.

The network of sorrow,
beams to world.
Can symmetry of pain
provide a plank for the sinking mind?
I cannot hold the curling smoke of a tainted fact.
The fear, the anxiety,
empowers the animal look.

An uncovered seed sprouting into
tiny root on my hand
starts a conspiracy.
People talk about the meditation,
and senile body shrinks.
There is a song above the sorrow and
freedom from the assassination of ideologies.
Hold my arm!

Satish Verma

Song At The End Of The Road

Drinking from the portrait
of an alienated moon
in a self-taught remedy?

I was looking very
hurt in the muse, which
had failed the earth.

I wanted to say, my
sun was my sun,
broken, eclipse by eclipse.

Who was traitor to oneself?
Sifting the leaves of a
raptor, to find the death

under the shade of
sundew, which blooms
when you become an insect.

Satish Verma

Song Of Blue

That fake encounter
takes place everyday amidst peels of darkness
and terror strikes you when you were
looking for the healing torch.

Clutching the old rags of history
I sit on the pyramid of bones:
somewhere the sanity puts up a metaphore
in the abyss of ashes.

I travel with untouchables to unburden
the past; between us we throw the questions
to escape from the sizzling heat of truth,
lifting the lids of time.

Cause will suffer, the answers linger
pure as glittering lies. The purple
guilt smells of a dying flute.

Satish Verma

Song Of Promotion

I am not going to touch
the meaning?
of nativity for unknown
guests.

A cameo appearance of some
god, does not take away the
most recent fears
of death.

The ghosts have their own
defences against scars,
bruises and unstitched
bones.

Give me a piece of unleashed
poem, my odyssey
has begun in
earnest.

Satish Verma

Song Of The Last Siren

Somewhere in between slumber and arousal
the twilight zone scoops a fistful of memories.
Atrophied limbs. Mottled skin. A cancerous face haunts.
Not afraid but I am anxious. Life has not yet ebbed away.
I scramble for sparks, my hands burn.
Very disquietening!
The severed bones in a heap.
They wanted to appease the goddess,
the gnomes were dancing in a circle.

The land, the country is breaking, sky is falling.
Run, run for cover.
I scream in a dream.
Are we disintegrating? Disappearing?
A black hole is calling?
The mega truth has been broken into myriad fragments,
We are now thinking in chips, holding our own mirror.
Show your mirror to your truth. Future is fogging the past.

Come hither my child of sorrow.
We are old tribe. We will keep our pledge
to maintain fidelity towards verses of sadness, evening, night,
stars and dust. The sparkles will die one day. Only the moon
will rise on the dead bodies. Where will you like to go?

Amongst the ruins, walking straight back to the treasure-trove
of ancient wisdom.
Wake up
Bells are chiming.

Satish Verma

Song Of The Sky

Strawberry moon
descends. Words wait for
your hubris. The lake

Never arrives,
doubting the color of
rising sun. I get

My gift of sacred
punishment to solve the
love's chemistry.

Satish Verma

Song Of Unquiet Spirit

Staples were traveling on the
epiderm, thanking the wounds.
The dust, the eternal ugliness
were growling.

Riveting drama:
a royal swanking for a macabre
heist. A bizarre charisma
overtakes the cozy lips.

I was green,
and I was a cloud
where the sunflowers meet
beneath the sun.

Blind poppies assert themselves
unfurling a flag of milky sap.
The wasps were going-
to become stingless.

Satish Verma

Sonorous Tones

To skim the sky
like swifts,
when you move away
from yourself.

Holding a four-leaf clover,
night drapes the moon,
taking a lion's share of light
on its wings.

Your full lips defeat
the kisses of incense. I
will come again to
learn Ars poetica.

The fake blooms. I will
never see the death
of a rose petal, skipping
the barbs.

Satish Verma

Sonorous Voices

I wanted to be ready.
Take my consent for the assault,
before you reveal
your fangs.

Trigger-happy,
the fiesty moon, shoots
at the tangerines of orange?
red skins.

The waves will not grieve.
There was ample time
to drown the black buttons
of windshields.

Bleeding mouths of
baby poems eject the barbs.
Forget the believers. There
was no magic in my art.

It was a pure symphony.

Satish Verma

Soothing Candor

The absolute
had become contentious.
You hit the road.

*

To find peace
and unwholeness, which
gives you, yearning.

*

The grand design
fell short of easthen lamps.
The warehouse was empty.

Satish Verma

Soothsayer Has Nothing To Say

The bird of prey
had the dignity. With
hooked bill and sharp talons
he sings the victim?
a death.

Salt was invented
by faithfulls. Petunias would not betray in summer.
A bleeding heart cries
before the adversary.

The stones regret after the
lithographer left. There was
a fault in design. Shards in the ink;
You cannot kiss the script.

The perforations
leak in pain. Something obstructs the void
I have come afar from
the lies. There was no truth in peace.

Satish Verma

Sorting Again

Love blooms in hush,
like cranberry. It heals soul,
half moon, half stings.

Gives you wisdom
to singe without flames
in month October.

Woe was done for,
when the snow comes in
to cover the scars.

Satish Verma

Sorting Out

Take my canto,
me again. My breadth
staggers when I don't see you.

Hoisting my grief
I unbelieve the lamb, that
jumped into inferno.

To undo the moon?
heart will not accept the
verdict of summer? setting sun.

Your jaw drops
when shadows disappear
under the stars.

The distance multi?
plies, when I try to
come near you.

The ash blinks, words
shrink, yet there was a silent yes.
You roll me down in your tears.

Satish Verma

Soul Mate

You were wired, I
won't let you go with zinnias
in this beastly night.

I hate them all, the
ad verbums. Go gently in sea
to drown yourself.

That half-eaten apple
in the rains brings the message
of a fallen angel.

Take me home when I
forget, who was me, standing
in moonlight, eyes shut.

Satish Verma

Soul Searching

Immaculate boundary.
I touch your nose
to read your mind.

Let's share the same moon.

Unthinking, I have
to find a new phrase
to describe the daisy.

The way you look at me.

I am. You are.
Sometimes game
changers. Sometimes lost.

We try to reach the whole truth.

Meeting anthem
under the fig tree to
start a new book of raw love.

Where the sum has gone?

Satish Verma

Soul-Searching

Incubation was not
complete. The thirst of
thoughts will find a
convoluted shell;
wrapping up the kernel.

Throw a stone on the
sinner. This was on
me. I will accept the
rocks to open up;
a fountain.

There was a silver screen
for the lovers. You will
not regret for the raw
emotions. A sperm whale
in the sea will spew;
a streams of profanities.

Satish Verma

Sound Bites

The plaques were being
attached to the wall. You would not be able
to go for refusal. The right to say no
was inherent in yes.

Accepting the exorcism and self?
flagellation, exonerates you from the guilt of
giving away; which was not yours. How
can you claim that you are your own master?

You tie a knot on the thread, hang it
on the weeping tree, throw back your head,
and wipe out all the questions, I wrote
on your forehead.

Peace? it will be mine.

Satish Verma

Soundless Sleep

Giving yourself,
a gift of trash, you were
waiting for the pain to return.

A shadow overtakes you
as if you were
walking on the dry lake bed.

An abandoned thought
becomes a philosopher.
How not to live again.

The birder meets a rainstorm,
on journey to unknown.
The poet and water become one.

Not easy to finish the
line. Something has remained
unsaid. The vultures descend.

Satish Verma

Soundless Words

Why incomplete
embrace of death drinking
ambrosia of sin?

It starts from grave.
The vision? to find the truth
of life in absent maths.

A very short poem
will search path. There was no
answer in your eyes.

Satish Verma

Sounds Of Silence

In my weakness to
live to the edge of no return,
tears will make a shrine.

*

Uncensored my
poem will speak for the restraint of
underscored facts.

*

Punctuations give
you pause, before you enter
the tender skin.

Satish Verma

Sovereignty

Living
someone's else death?
Was that an explicit experiment?

Starting with an Adonis
to stitch
the wounds of angels.

An unlikely
walk through the tumor
of breast, where

no milk ejects
the ancestry. I hold
the words without meaning.

It was a tragic
flow of history.
The echo was searching a sky.

Satish Verma

Space Walk

Lynching
by majoritarian
the hiss from a full belly.

Of human behavior,
wanting to bring drastic
change in space & time.

You were punishing
yourself. Would not align
the ends. The vision fails.

Hard days.
Vagabonds don't beat
the brows for moon.

The emptiness
prevails. Dreams are made of
flesh and bones, but don't walk.

Satish Verma

Sparklers

Life, sex and pain were
of mundane existence.
From where to where, we
have arrived.

*

From a bridge to bridge
you cross the river
without touching the water.

*

When a nameless projectile
downs your flight
you fall like rags
from the sky.

*

A spider runs
on tiptoes
you wilt like mimosa.

*

The ink spills
an the sheet
hiding the code.

Satish Verma

Sparkling

Moon in dying
on the icy bridge

as I stand in fog to hear the music
of hung verdict you are

not playing the carnal game

a threadbare dawn
still waits
for the liquid sun,

the moosewood is going to start a striptease

Satish Verma

Sparks In Woods

Some depth,
my thoughts never touched,
the moonlight fades on my window.
The vague gratification,
falls silently on my mind.
Pausing on relativity,
I open the door to eternity.

Vast loneliness of qualms,
like the cult of dancing doubts
where was the choice?
I felt guilty at the fall of truth.
Black grass was not my doing.
My blood dripped
on every count, on every tear.

I don't need questions anymore.
Give me landmarks.
Darkness was for me.
I will walk relentlessly
in search of light.
Alone, you will remember the fire,
the spent spark in woods.
It makes a difference
when you are picking flowers.

Satish Verma

Spastic Legs

We did not concede,
textured life was absurd
tried to struggle against misfortune; were thrown out.
To find a new definition,
of the restless syndrome,
without cause and ending,
the untouchable of the underworld,
were screaming terribly.

Conflict widens in the face of existence
the fall was inevitable.
Incessant goading on the spastic legs,
brought out the god of sorrows,
endurance was not the answer.
Danger was always lurking in the corner.

Strange sounds and frighthening,
sights are discernible
the tremors are felt in deep crevices.
You want to touch all the poles.
run away from giants,
smash the hypocrite;
and see your face in a dark mirror.

Satish Verma

Speak My Language

Trying to count
the beautiful years, spent
in the journey of heart.

There was an uncanny
feel. The pink coldness
was not mine.

Like you ditch the
timelessness, and live in a
drop of dew to meet the sun.

The flesh. A suicidal
move to move away
from the relationship of night.

Of the tenderness,
benign death of a star.
Dust celebrates the glorious fall.

The grieving will not
stop. A charred book of bliss
terminates the vision.

Satish Verma

Speaking Stones

When there was a cloudburst?
it was time? I thought
for the soul search.

Again I turn back to?
our complexity, in religion,
caste and lineage.

The prairie was giving?
way, for a volcano to erupt.
Can there be a drive from the back seat?

A prisoner of one's own
follies, you would wait till?
the sky comes down and liberates you.

The illegitimacy bursts
open, when you claim that
no child was left behind.

Satish Verma

Speaking Of Angst

Killer was brown?
not white. Snowfall
covers the wounds of earth.

No questions were
asked for the body
lying in your lap.

Invisible was the
hurt, inflicted on my soul?
for not paying the debt.

Let the myth of
glory fall of the man.
It insults the god.

Satish Verma

Speaking One's Thought

Not able to sing!
you have become the song.

You will make me very poor
by giving charity.

It was a black dahlia, ready
to beset the moon in lunar eclipse.

And the word implant was not
appropriate. It has become toxic.

Downward you search the seeds
in dark. The spirits waiting in wings.

Death was the most beautiful thing
to happen on the stage before-

the play starts. I will invite
my paramour to light the lamp.

Satish Verma

Speechless

The war game begins.
You hide the sex behind
the hedge. The power

has gone for sale. Bury
your face in colloquies
for an internal search.

A native pain invades the
mannequins. The fine dust
of lies covers the nudity.

Do you need a war stimulant
to dehumanize the killer? He
dragged the kid by hair and

shot point-blank. The saliva
uncoils. You start spitting
everywhere and on the face of god.

Satish Verma

Spellbinding

Holding your smile
on the other side of moon
in dark.

The infantile pain
brings the bleeding lips
on fire.

I will not ask
the cuckoo to sing
tonight for the fallen god.

The body art
ignites the roses,
wearing the thorns of charity.

Satish Verma

Spellbound

Death sits in wait
in the empty valley
of your sleeper cell.

The confession of a guilt
liberates the funeral
of a martyr.

Give me your breasts
for a modular test.
Don't let the milk go waste.

Your pearly teeth
were biting negativity of the red
chilli of dark sex

before the sunrise
in a kingdom of debris
of long names.

Satish Verma

Spelling Out

Half milk water and
half water milk.
The predators were happy.

How would you,
justify a self kill, in the
sea of medusae and whales.

That was not only
warts and all. There were holes
in the golden bucket,

and fount was dry.
The glass house. This
concept gives a jolt.

You cannot change
the masks. Deaf and
sky was deaf and dumb.

You refuse to divulge the
name of assassin.

Satish Verma

Sphinx Was Watching

Read me if you
care. I am going to
rip off the lid of oven.

How many faces
you will wear, when it is
raining silver and gold?

It sounds like wrought
bones. I find myself suspended
in air, like humming bird,
not like drone.

It was a mutual
suicide of opioid love. It
does not belong to me. the
divested home of words.

The pink wounds
on the wall of memory.
Not me, not you.

Satish Verma

Spider

I was very restless today
somebody had overplayed the hand
to grab the absolute.
Light was searching the earth
and earth was moving inside me.

I wanted to pack up and go
to meet the truth.
The lips had left their print
on the empty cups.
The ragpicker was waiting.

My toes had met the brutal stones
of godhood. I was puzzled by new
methodology to make man free.
As the grass grows through the carcass
a cataract is trumpeting blind.

I was afraid of the huge web.
The spider was nowhere in sight.

Satish Verma

Spinning

Waiting for a prickly path
at crossroads,
where desolation sits in
between words and flesh.

Hanging shells on windows
where light immigrated
to prophecies of
violence will never end.

Can you find some space
between the bullets? Between
the contrasts lie the black
thoughts and sick arguments.

Through the comets who will shoot
bleeding flag?

Satish Verma

Spinning A Charm

Something crazy you have done.
Started hunting me.

A visual dilemma.
Half a loaf was not sufficient,
for the hungry ears.

Nonviolently, it was in the blood.
A serial killer wants a game daily.

Fidelity was very evident. Someone
waits for the moon, every night
standing in water.

As a conduit by a thrifty wind,
your message comes voicelessly.

Absently you weigh heavy,
like a smoke ring, through which
a flame went.

Satish Verma

Spiral Descent

Where the laughter ends,
sorrow makes an entry.
The black cloud drifts towards you,
a gift of unknown to nameless.
The sacred bond of blissful ignorance.
I remember that I am still alive today,
my friends are gone.
I see a light on the hill.

So beautiful in its death,
a song lies on my lips
I face the world
with a wound in my eyes.
Space of many years
between me & my defeat.
Time has not come for farewell.
Cannot afford the luxury
of breaking down & then disintegrate.

Alone I watch you in fascination,
the slow spiral descent.
My watch stops again & again.
Suddenly I start speaking the truth
about the deception & the lacerating wounds.
There is a longing for a frozen moon
and a melody melting in the air.

Satish Verma

Spitting Images

Unreciting a mantra, I will
go in unhearing mode,
for a drink of moon tea.

This is how the life
treats you, when you want
to leave the crowd.

And then stalking
starts. I will find the moon
always following me in sea of fins.

Like a caged bird
you were afraid?
of wheels and not wheelbarrows.

I will not stay not float.
The space must come to me
to expand, to grow the wings.

Rubbing my nails
on stones to sharpen them,
to etch your profile for the clay mould.

Satish Verma

Splendor

While writing a poem
I make a blood hole
in my hand.

A walnut face
opens the wrinkles
to find a jade green nephrite
for colicky times.

A prelude to
a death sentence
for profane thoughts.

You think, you can postpone
insomnia of the longest night.
The insects were waiting in wings
to crawl on your beloved body.

Satish Verma

Splintering

You always repeat the moons
in your eyes.
I will not drop my lids.

I was talking to myself
about the perversity of skimming
the sperm, throwing black rocks
on milk white daisies-
to protest against the fields
not ploughed deeply and scattering
the seeds in wild jungle.

One day panther will die
on his own, head down,
swaying, leaning on one side
and then collapsing.

No pheromones will come out
from the spent body.

Satish Verma

Splinters Of Ice

Do not punish yourself
devastatingly;
as long as I am not
turned into stone.

The display must
not be invoked. Go gingerly
in the lake of two wills.

Grief should not be
grey. In wilderness you
will find the support
of thick-lipped ghosts.

Pithy muscles
back the yellow rocks enigma.
Moon always comes to sleep
in the arms of blue sky.

Not the pathfinder,
I would become your path.
Let the celebrations begin.

Satish Verma

Splitting

Touched by moon, I pick up
a black rose,
to return the debt.

Very high
the fire, returns in my eyes.
I start burning in your arms.

The parting,
crawls in the bed
I cannot speak nor cry.

Why it had to happen
after sunset,
when the leafless tree was waiting?

Satish Verma

Satish Verma

Splitting The Night

Pillage started,
when there were anti-answers.
The trapped light-

wanted to be
released,
from brutalism.

When you were
nearly drowned,
in the multitude of questions,

joining the palms,
you collect the moments
of solitude.

You drop a key
in the ocean.
Its imprint swims

to the other side of shore.
You felt lonely
stars said, it is time for us to leave.

Satish Verma

Spotlessly

It was the day of
dead patriarch.
I was fondling an echidna.

The home was
carried away in the
storm. Must find a broom.

On the remains
of a burned-out soul.
A hope sits on the altar.

A piano drenched in rain
will not sing in the gale.
The sky will collapse

one day, I will bring
back the bluebird,
for a revenge.

Satish Verma

Spotted In Glass

Perfect bridges for a fading light
taking you to dark caves
like fireclay in fake sorrows.

The superstition of a race pool
and unearthing the sacred temple
under a mount of lies.

In vitro a baby god sleeps
waiting for a butcher knife
impaling the hymn on thorns.

A silver lining for a black moon
who refused to walk away.
The stars were frightened and bewildered.

A corporal punishment was waiting
for the sun who neglected
his duty during sundown.

Satish Verma

Spring Was Mauled

The crisis,
a distinctive nothing,
swaps the dignity with blood.
The world hogs around
your palatial words.
The throb drips from your temples.
Hate or love it,
the barren prelude looms large.
I am going for a drift.

It comes back again
and again the debris of dream
of circling wolves.
The crisp moon outlines the contours of hills.
I fight with a stiff translation
of a truth. Deep rituals will always hound.
I escape from my body,
unfreeze my ego.

The stars did not help.
The space widened between doors.
Illusions outlined the
shadows of dead years.
Must we praise the seeping
poison in our bones?
No God had been spared,
the spring was mauled
by prowling summer.

Satish Verma

Sprouting Seeds

Turnover my secret past
I have to dig up my future
In the hour of crumbling walls and dark
clouds.

Pale moon becomes a beacon
in another version of solitude
where nobody speaks of sores and premature
death.

I stay away from twinkling stars,
from the blossoms of traveling night
and winds which are moving towards the
sky.

Sullied words will go for a conspiracy
making a ghost of my garden
where seeds are sprouting.

Satish Verma

Squeezing Out

The falcon rises again.
With pointed wings.
 For a name unknown,
 that deemed an incendiary.
Falconer sits faraway.

Cliché. The offence goes
unnoticed. Your shirt
 was bloodied. Your
 lips sealed. The barbs
stuck on kisses. Death smiles.

Water overwhelms, you
are drowned in the lake.
 Eyes blink. Cannot
 heed to light. The skin
burns. You will watch a medusa!

Satish Verma

Something Knocks Out

Ceramic memories
and terracotta pain;
the injured crypt ultimately got opened.
At urn burial, the name was absent. A pristine
ritual for a nameless martyr.
The sword within him was not used
and pubescent bomb went unexploded.

You leave a beautiful war
glorified by defusing a land mine
and roadside bomb was dismantled.
Looking for a blue flame you entered the stone
house of death, and left the hurt gift.
The moon will smile again
when you come back as a bright star.

The dead potsherd comes alive
when I dig for your name.

Satish Verma

Stains Are Darkening

After centuries of reverie?
a dream breaks, falls
like a mirror in ink, splintering
into thousand thoughts. Somewhere
words start flying.

Oh god!
your feet of clay are crumbling.
I wanted to write a new script
on your body,
slashing my wrists.

How much the truth was
lying? Ask the shades alluding
to moon. Patchy and opaque
in forest of maple, I was counting
the red-lobed leaves.

Your eyes were telling a
soulful tale. On beach were
sitting some youngmen in a row in orange jump
suits waiting to meet
their gods.

Satish Verma

Staircases

Why the pink words
float in black eyes?
I swear, I will not look
at the moon again.

The city burns in snow.
A jump of small
legs, takes you far
from the roar of falls.

The blackbird was my
mascot, sitting on the white
birch, dreaming blue.

A white sheet covers the
shrieking nails. You
cannot walk barefoot
on smouldering candles.

Why again you are climbing
the volcanos?

Satish Verma

Stairs

In the shell lies the eye of a dark sea
I call for a boat in delirium.
Waves drown the hunger of a climax.
I do not know where all the gulls have gone?

Time slips like flesh between the knuckles
and an extra pain of your separation.
I am shipwrecked on the slopes of whispers
and don't want to have a second death.

Looking back at the years
as a sentence in exile,
I never reached the home.
Ultimately you need the hunchback to
climb the stairs.

Satish Verma

Stalking The Spring

O black rose, why you
smell the body of a young
fawn after the run?

The sweat was sensual.
You want to kiss the burning
coals of brown eyes.

You always surprise
me in dark moon to put
up a savage fight.

Satish Verma

Standing Alone

Distance was increasing
in spewing rage.
I yearned for a solitude of desert
sand and rocks
away from musty tongues
and eros.

Counting my failed attempts
to reconcile with exits
and slant hopes.

Like an eclipsed moon
plying over the hill
to investigate a shorn lamb.
Plucking the hair from a beautiful scalp
to become a nun.

Arthritic river brings back the waves.
Unreachable was the crest.
Today standing alone on the summit
I watch the dropp with grief.

Satish Verma

Standing In Canyons

Treading?

through self, you will
discover your other side.

A gateway

lotus pond, where you
will talk nonstop to poems.

My evening dress sheds

the microview?
of flesh for rising moon.

A pansy speaks

for the first time of
death's dilemma, to stay or to go.

Satish Verma

Standing In Fog

A diminutive moon
will ask about the infinity
of blackness, when I
was waiting in November night
of a toothed fall
in a missing success.

Ahead of time, you
punch the wailing trunk
of the fallen tree. I had the taste
of honey, but who am I,
a giver of anonymity?

Withering in a fire house
without door. I have come back
to know my ancestry. This
was my home once, in the
ancient history of man. This
was the gift, this was the dawn.

Satish Verma

Standing In Queue

How deep was
the lake at sunset?
where my life trailed
from beach to beach?

My animal inside
was dead.
Do you believe in
reincarnation?
I will embrace the non-violent
palm.

It was the carnage
of moment. The brutality of
its strength casts spell.

There was a quick
about-face. Dark night
will paint your face
with stars.

Becoming a drunk
survivor of your grace
I am blunting
my pain.

Satish Verma

Standing Out From The Crowd

The weight of charity
sits on my shoulder.
I call for healing
on my terms.

We will divide the
funeral rites for undead?
nourishing survivor's massive,
sin. My path to truth opens.

Chasing a butterfly for
redemption, stuns me.
You were born of your?
own seed.

The guilt ultimately
overtakes. You initiate
unloading the vowels. Words
start flying without wings.

Satish Verma

Standing Still

The full moon was
rising. November night.
I throw away my walking stick.

*

A shiver runs
through my thoughts.
I had lost you in the thick fog.

*

The large fig tree.
Had not tied the black thread
round the big trunk?

Satish Verma

Standing Under The Magnolia

You need to know,
one shouldn't draw
the arcade of night.
When light goes down, I will
wake on the moon.

You choke on
jubilating the silent voices
playing with fire.

Our planet was
breaking. I am waiting
for something to arrive
to salvage the unmutated morals.

When I pluck the words
from your lips, you start crying
for the lost meanings.

My fingers writhe,
and curl, to shape the question marks.
From where the screams
were coming?

I never got the response.

Satish Verma

Star Struck

i, thirst for nudging
the butter lamp to peep inside
the dark of a Shiva crater
 of human suffering,

between your pain and my blood
there was ancient history,
where will you go now, no
 light has touched you so far

the moon takes a bath inside
a sleeping volcano of perfect
aches, staring in the sad eyes
 of a fauna

brace your window and taste
your memory, lift the quivering hands
to welcome the blank pages
 of future

Satish Verma

Satish Verma

Starburst

After finding the pulse,
you become a man-eater.
Decide to play a volcano?
to solve the mystery
of god.

Shirtless violence,
sells the skin, the vagus
and the cranium.

There was no difference
between black and white. I
had fallen for the crooked?
smile of death.

You appear like a
nymph in my stasis?
of thoughts. I kiss
my hands.

You penetrate in my bones.
O God, you were exactly my image.

Moon stained a poem beseeches
me, to lift my pen.

Satish Verma

Stardust

Out of the cleft lip comes
a muffled voice
on the turn of events,

to interrupt a call.
Then the panic rises,
the blood was oozing from the larynx.
The winding mountain path goes to the end
of blessing where the prayer drowns.
What was happening to the golden land?
Did the green worry about the iced peaks,
from where the glaciers take a bend
to enter the valley?

Who was negotiating the winds?
The logic between the stars and moon?
Huge gods were speaking to the men
in black, wearing eye masks on the highest terrains,
not heading my grief.
The dust was crying.

Satish Verma

Stared Blankly

We don't want to
see each other naked.
with our barbs.
Seeking the truth outside
our body was painful
we don't want to change
the clouded mirror of water.
The desires were unlimited
and restoring the metaphor needed time.

For contributing for the unbroken becoming.
I held the water in my palm.
It dropped like ciphers
on the hot earth subtracting the charm.
We knew each other,
still falling ego was always revengeful.
My empty hands would seek another title.

A solitary ingredient made the old song.
Few will remember the wings and sky.
The anger's haste had mauled the body.
Day after day false claims
were made to regain the soul.
The search for the sacred
will remain futile
I stared blankly.

Satish Verma

Stars Were Blackening

Black fire was furtively raging
after the massacre of moon.
I still stood with feet of clay
to experiment with my lies.

Bare neck hanging, something
has to be done, to make a gift
for the sake of truth, walking alone
without an effort.

I suddenly realize the illusion
and fail miserably in a perverted manner,
make a mockery of the death trap
in a hospital of thumbs

down, to roll the carpet.

Satish Verma

Star-Struck

Sitting in the sun
preparing the relic, for
future visitation.

The geranium bleeds
for the god particle, which
always eludes
the man.

A tiger would sleep
in my bed, jettisoning
the fish of your eyes.

The glass eye breaks,
enters the tomb of the orb
sheltering the darkness.

There was no clear answer?
from the mask, as if why
the tryst with stars failed.

Satish Verma

Starting Synchro In Trinity

Tracing a lonely,
fire trail, I will not tell you,
what happened.

The face of religion
was pelted. I was not able
to read the eyes of the animal.

The skin will change
the color in dark. You cannot
correct the tattoos. They
become invisible.

You can answer the visage
of addiction. I was crazy
about the exclusive
claim of my moon.

And you will become
artistic, writing your longing
in air.

Look, from where to
where we have come to
know each other.

Satish Verma

Startling Likeness

Yes it is descriptive only,
the unbearable pain of denudation,
like blue heartache.

Touching the extremes, you
become desperate to?
reach the first letter.

The word will form later.
The virtue of knowing?
the unknown was a punishment,
you cannot untie the knots.

You must know the trick of?
the trade. How to come back
alive after touching the skin
of a viper?

No celebration to mark?
the anniversary of the assassin.
Life itself takes the award.

Satish Verma

Starving

The who was
inside you.
I want to discover,
a foam-born deity,
killing the moon.

You destroyed
me in the poems.
I cannot weave the
moonlight on the
jessamines.

Can you send
a message to Mars?
It is too crowded on
the earth. There was
no room for the muse.

Satish Verma

Stary Thoughts

To access the mountain,
are you ready
to carry the rock?

*

Deep in my heart
flows the river
of summer pain.

*

A teardrop in
a sea of daffodils.
Who was blind?

Satish Verma

Statecraft

Delta. I was the fourth child.
The delta connection of a
triangular love. No blues.
Only cottony belly.

My copper coins. I want to save
them for making talismans.
My arms are entwined like
a python around the neck of a medusa.

That hairy push of a trident.
The stinging tentacles. The
polyp was enlarging. Now the
snake was shedding the skin.

Statesmen. They change their colour
like chamaeleon. Prehensile
tail trailing behind the witch-
craft of black goddess.

Satish Verma

Statements

The yellow metal
protecting the unborn
will catapult to outrageous heights.

*

Sky confronts the Mars
in improvisation. On earth,
the dead were lying side by side.

*

Ah, the mercy killing
of oneself. Out of compassion
or taking a revenge?

Satish Verma

Stationary Waves

Becoming,
antinormal was not a?
big task, like discovering a new mineral.

It was upside down
a binary star.
Mother and son of morning.

From your absence,
I pick up a poem
and milk the words.

Unlike the purple poesy,
you write,
when the pith becomes the spirit.

The houses set apart
have no boundary layers.
We were immersed in our
strange thoughts.

Satish Verma

Steaming

Surrender your shadow
to light.
Come my trenched thoughts.

An upside down
episode speaks of a missed
path, and of a blue smoke.

Have you entered
the lake to search for a
sunset is rising moon?

The house-trap again
catches you in midstream.
No peace. Eyes refuse to shut.

Bind the stars with a moon.
Let the night be blue-black.
A goddess of arson was coming.

Satish Verma

Steep Path

Come down gingerly.
The deep snow is melting.
Will wait at pass.

It was a toxic
snub unintentional.
Growing poppies.

The thinker thinks not;
in the poem of terror,
the blood will spill.

Satish Verma

Stench Of Death

Why do you run away
from the primordial fear?
Of tight emptiness?
A shapeless entity of drifting psyche?
This was your home
where carcasses of cliches
hang from the doors of wisdom.
Unplanted seeds
of vacant connotations.

Inch by inch you were eating
your prophetic pauses
salt had become tasteless.
Counting the kisses of
moths on the screen
a candle burned furiously.
I never picked the colors of cloud, of rain, of blood.

What becomes of happening,
of being, of reaching?
The stones of truth are very sharp.
The roads were conspiring
insects collecting, under the surface.
Circling winds had
a heavy stench of death
but words were very intelligent.

Satish Verma

Step By Step

Are you questioning yourself
between right and wrong?
Moon was watching
solemnly.

*

A cuckoo sings
somberly. In a rainy morn.
Why were you not coming
for undoing a sin?

*

The evenings are
listless. Nothing to do,
nothing to brood.
Immaculate dying.

Satish Verma

Stepping Down

You drop
Your body and become. "I";

Howling will rise
from spinal curvature.
Wolf was running in circles.

The carnivore would
never smell the roach.
He wants only the pith.

You snare a parakeet
to share the pain. "I"; became
"You" in a trap. Still knowing the self,
was important.

I burn in your prayer.
I am the sea, and I was
the setting sun.

The mother poppy cries
for the family.
How the sky will cover
the orange moon?

Satish Verma

Stepping Out

In the valley of death
one more guest arrives.
By my sleep, there is a soul search.

Take off the lid from silence.
Unlatch the door.
The wounded sun was coming.

Be my grief to wash the eyes.
Unclench my fist.
I want to write the name of fallen god.

Inhale the sulphur and
draw the moon.
Night was coming to take revenge.

An obituary will glorify
the asylum.
An alien will enter the skin.

Satish Verma

Stepping Outside

Sleeping on pavement?
looking at the stars.

I try to reconstruct?
the manikin, you had
flung away like?
an antique plaque.

We were supposed to
talk as equals in this
moment of truth.

Was that not? the
trading in flesh, when you
ask the stonecutter to make
a shrine of an unknown god?

What was your grand
design O love?
Touch my face, I am
burning like a coal.

In a massive blast I
will break into myriad of seeds.

Satish Verma

Still Alive

It was difficult to revisit,
the birth therapy.

Arms had no emotions,
the violence will not go.

Let us take a back road for
the sake of anatomy.

And find out a man and the woman
to bend the gender.

The rock salt and the bruises
will melt, if you were warm blooded.

Satish Verma

Still Birth

Roses had gone wilting
after surgery.
Biovision
of acrylic lenses
was projecting a corrupt green mount.
The rubber king had a papery laugh.

How you deal with a maverick –
matter – of – factly?
Pall bearers of a tall legend
were carrying nitroglycerine sticks
unfazed.

Saboteurs of moon night were scheming.
I was sick of pretentions.
Brown and black scars
become a honeycomb
hiding the agenda.

Stigmatized devotion gets back at you
after still birth of truth.
I will wait sine die for the verdict
of hope.

Satish Verma

Still Counting

Digging the fossil
foot. Satisfied less
I want my old coin.

The early call was
for preacher, who will not
get up by funeral.

Books are ugly.
Will write magnolia.
The yellow waxy monk.

Satish Verma

Still In Grief

I have become disconnected.

Talking of pose, while shooting
in back, several questions
arise of a staged drama?
missing the lethal word,
releasing the venom.

Poetry of politics becomes evident.
You may spurn the actors,
but the pretence overwhelms.

For testing the secret of depth,
you go down in water
unarmed.

You pull a stretcher, now?
unwrapped. The cremains sink
in the sea? of tears,
unsettling the designed pebbles,
the needles. The tapestry starts burning.

Satish Verma

Still In Love

Stealing from your
eyes a visibly
upset moon.

I believe, it was not a
tough stand to shut the door
before wearing the mask.

You will not cry,
for my sake. You don't
want to grow old with the pain.

Who will have the last laugh?

Misogyny. Moon was changing the gender
from the west to the east.

On the lonely road
a peacock spreads the beautiful wings
and starts a dance.

Finding a mate becomes
a catholic thing.

Satish Verma

Still Thinking

Watching you
on the endless
road,
where sun
rises to fall.

Are you sure
there was a day
of reckoning?

*

Recklessly
stitching the
wounds, do you
smell the blood?

The relationship
has an apology
for remaining
foes.

Satish Verma

Still Wandering

There was something
wrong. Yet I had not come
to my home. Trust was eroding.

Moon comes under fire.
Maskless he was stealing beauty
of earth, in freezing dark.

I had no ambition left.
Even touching the truth of
three layered lies of love.

Satish Verma

Stillbirth

Between want and desire
few crumbs of words
will not satisfy.

Facts and perception
build a latticed smile
between tears.

Discreetly life catches
a miasm, a fault
to commit suicide.

When will the exile end,
of hope, a holy womb?
The stink was rising.

Amnesty for amniotic fluid,
fetus was dead
Godmother was crying.

Satish Verma

Stillness Prevails

Your mind in ruins,
body moves like a fish
in my embrace.
My pain were you.

We are a mixed
breed, stealing the
smiles from the face of
moon and sun.

In a mood swing
you search a white rose
with pearly dew drops.
A cry pierces the earth.

A fist becomes mascot.
There would be
no comeback. I will give
you a gift of hijab
ready to steal the titan.

Come if you can,
barefoot on cinders.

Satish Verma

Sting's Betrayal

Not settled anytime
between a beast, an angel and the man:
who was indebted to whom.

A cyclic ritual it was, to pay the debt
to the eternal dancer, who
was, harbinger to catastrophe.

Not wanted to be judged.
Fatherless, a shadow moves?
in the womb of justice.

Why do the moon was in distress?
A catmint will improve?
your vision.

No artificial insemination was?
needed. The pungent smell
would put you off.

A taste of triangle, lying
next to the moon
in bed of water.

Satish Verma

Stoically

How many light years you?
have, when I walk
in dark?

The spiral galaxy shakes
me s of gas.
I smell you lavender.

Effeminacy. Sometimes the
moon will wear a veil and
I will never know you.

More comfortable when the
ism will go. A stout mount
comes down indigenously.

I will expand a soaring
silence. Abrogation of faith
will give a call.

Satish Verma

Stoking

Just a sip on verge,
man was eating a mountain,
forgetting carnations.

A peacock sits on the belly
of a torchbearer
for a credible crime.

One Buddha fails today.
Turns around
and goes back to his princess.

Give me blood money
to kill myself
for sitting under a bo tree.

I do not seek any bliss, do not need any home.
The stoker will not stop hurling the insults.

Satish Verma

Stoking A Flame

In raw blackness
you want to find fireflies
in the hedges.

Green on green
I ambush the chill
of a dying moon.

Silently you meditate,
as the fog descends
settling discreetly!

on your thoughts.
A cat jumps the wall
in pursuit of a game.

Why to recall the father's
death. In autumn night
I will break the vow.

Satish Verma

Stolen Rib

In the rain's shadow?
I hear your murmur,
waiting for the first sound
of sunshine in late night's drizzle.

It was not enough
to remain soaked in dark.
Tears of sky will wash your eyes
to see clearly the dripping ambrosia.

Strawberry ride of
thoughts in distant stars, visits
me again and again. Why do I
clamor for dreams to become rainbow?

I will not foresee the
future. How green was my
present, you will never know.
I was king and I was the pauper.

Cuddling in May, the off pink
rioters are bleeding again.

Satish Verma

Stone Catchers

The vertical thought had
jumped on the moon
without any qualms.

Do you think, the dreams
will sell to man
these butterflies.

The ants were waiting
for the death of the lamb
wandering in the neighbour's field.

O God, how long we will
drink this potion
of the stone catchers?

Satish Verma

Stone Eyes

The wayward words
will not make any difference.
I am filling the pit
with singing stones after the assault.

The killer drip levels the pain.

Karyons? Will you
crack the code of downward
spiral? Nuts. The
nuclear intimacy goes berserk.

The nodding consent
of a fallen star, was ready
for decapitation.

Trash. You always return
to tragedy. Why don't you shut
the eyes and become a clover?

Satish Verma

Stone Hearted

There was nothing left
to say, after the great
decline of humanity.

Knowing yourself,
watching without any action.
Then who triggered the quake?

A little candle in storm.
But the selfish man will
not keep a date.

Migration will
continue towards the edge.
You were not there in my verse, today.

Satish Verma

Stoned

It was a mid night knock.
A cloud laden sky
had sent a message.

The moon was trembling
like a collateral pain
in the blue.

I had not slept the night,
if I could bleed.
A toddler had drowned head-on

in a half-filled bucket
and some rodents had sheared
away the toes and ears of a sick child.

You give me hurts, for glassy eyes.
The claws on my neck,
I can hardly breathe.

The severed paws and intact canines
of a skull morph into a roaring beast.
There is no water in my eyes.

Satish Verma

Stone-Faced

Your interpretation
was a miracle of
unbelieving. I was not
a flesh eater.

Between paradise
and a hut, lies the sky
of colored dreams. You
lean forward to?
pluck the moon.

So stoned, was the
sinister design, that
you walked straight
into the arms of stings.

It has become a
strange saga, when a
moth burns, without
a candle.

A sun nosedives with
a water motif on the lips.

Satish Verma

Stones

Thoughts move
like free radicals
at different levels, at different times
to carve, to destroy
to put up their signatures on walls
to seek authority and wealth
to catch the sex and glory,
in perpetual chase.
Miss the shadow of moon,
miss the stars.

Here we go, here we sleep.
Only religion is desire,
only drama is hate.

We will set them on fire,
all the bees
all the wasps.
No insect will live
only us, the human beings.

Arrival of fever
entery of death
we are puppies
we are stones.

Satish Verma

Stones In Crypt

It was midnight moon
cruising in the bedroom.
I step aside in the depressed window,
watch the overwhelming spillover.

I listen, then do not listen to alien voices
of bipolar beings, speaking Aryan,
artfully in cryptic signs
crunching the bones.

Black crucibles throw up bright stars,
in cruciferous crow bars. Pungent
smell of armpits. Dizzing heights
of memorials, becoming digital targets.

Deathless deluge of totems, claim the
corpse of earth. The screams start
coming from buried caskets.
Divining rods disappear.

Blue spirits trying to fly away.

Satish Verma

Stonewashed

It laps up the solitude.
A flame hits the stonewall
of silence.

A dust cloud, covers
the finale of conflict.
Nobody wins the race.

You arrogate to yourself
the skill to accept the heat of argument.
Can you reach the end of thought?

Ravishing black
picks up the fallen moon.
Somebody will go green.

If I could walk on
the lake? The faithless will
wreck the pledge.

Satish Verma

Stoning

A weeping willow was telling
a trove of memories,
for an ancient provenance
where the lake sleeps.

Why the sheen of water brings out
ephemerality of 'if'. You want to
take a holy dip, never to come up again
in the throes of birth and death.

And waves, why they clap when they
are hooked up with the winds? Was it
to marry the sky? I am counting
the stars fallen to the street.

Back to the moon in skunk night
of slimming curves and opulent
nose for a ride in bed, sorting out
the remaining stones.

Satish Verma

Stoning Dark

What was the ethics of homefires
when homeostasis had gone awry?
There were no concrete truths.
I will not wear the lies instead□
like fly ash on my bloodied shirt.

The old habits die hard;
the beds of flesh and bones, carry the
strange innocent meanings of heavy
eyelids which could not beat the silk
of green eyes of a sun.

A miracle was needed to undo the
thighs of mermaid who went to sleep on the
rocks of jealousy. The sky-blue flames
rise again from the navel of infidel love
who had inherited the golden moon.

Satish Verma

Satish Verma

Stopped Thinking

I let you go
to meet the panther
in his den.

Gender invisible.
Still two souls were bound
to jump together
on the burning pyre.

A love unique.
Cavernous. Neither you come
out, nor I come in.
Life seeks the answer.

The hyacinth opens
the spike to reach your
sensitive lips. Who had
ignited the water?

Talking with dead,
gives some relief. The buzzing
in ears stops and you
listen a bird's song.

Satish Verma

Stopping At Curves

I don't write a poem.
The poem writes me
for you. A ceremony of
tears to fill in the vacuum.

Those eyes were blue
like the serene lakes. How
my rock salt melts for
the swan's neck!

A part of my psyche
went to you for a smile
in my rare self-pride.
Why the flame flickers violently?

How much intimacy
you need to touch the moon?
Let the darkness of sun
decide at twilight.

It was always difficult
to live between the commas.

Satish Verma

Stopping The Moonlight

Call me avenger,
after the punch line had-
damaged the hidden ghost.

I want you to
let me go now after the sunset.
My odyssey has not ended.

You are not
what you were, once
upon a time.

The seven colors
are wearing the dark dresses.
Trading has become the hallmark
of me write my name
without alphabets.

The echoes come back
to pick the mundane sounds.
The celestial music will not be played again.

Satish Verma

Stopping The Wheels

It was a free fall.
A plot seems to thicken.
I would never know.

Perhaps I will not explain,
how the test tube baby
slapped the sky.

The fun of unknowing
the secret of
a cold-blooded murder.

Suddenly the streetlamp
goes off. Night cracks
open to release the animal.

How a godman
becomes a werewolf?
The shadows are hovering.

Satish Verma

Straight From Dark

Moon was walking
like your shadow,
grabs you from behind
and drowns you
in water.

This was a battle cry
for a beach murder.

This will a become a talk
of the crowd.
Light enters a bone
and you start glowing.

Was it a realization
of the awakening? The
pain becomes your angel?
of skin.

The cuts and wounds become
your words of unknown poem.

Why you want to play
hide and seek with strangers?

Satish Verma

Straight Talk

Was it a mirage of innocence
in the age of push ups of a
 violent surrealism?

I was wary of the repeat
acid horrors. They come back
 again and again.

I want to get an abili by
sitting between the sunset
 and moonrise. The wounds-
refuse to heal up and I
will not lament the disfigurement
 of a verse by scars.

I want to say I like you yet
I will not be able to tell-
 for want of a book
which remained incomplete within
its mask and pronounced words
 as soft as feathers.

Satish Verma

Strange

All night November,
I was searching the vulnerable
lips after loosing you.

Now fingerless hands
were moving the sun-dial
away from light.

The shroud was heavy,
I would not breathe.
Give me a blue moon before dawn.

You cannot engage in
sudden withdrawl. I will
come back for a kiss.

The paper that leaves a wound,
I will not sign for the bread.
My hands had stopped trembling.

Satish Verma

Satish Verma

Strange Behavior

Polis intercepts
the palace, grieving on the
body of an old horse.

You don't appear of
this world, with your invisible
wings of majenta flames.

Listen now soundlessly
I drink hawthorn daily for the
sake of unborn poems.

Satish Verma

Strange Dreams

The icon,
is a smoky gem,
like a random stone, hiding
a jewel.

You become an ex;
throwing the gauntlet
over the frozen
shoulder.

Everything glides
around you. I am sinking
in Bermuda Triangle.

The trembling hands
groping for?
the coral reef under the water.

The tiger will not
sleep tonight. You cannot
shut the eyes, when
I am being pit-roasted.

Satish Verma

Strange Echoes

a kiss
on lips, returns with a blunt style,
in perfumed demeanor!

i did not hear
with absolute eyes, a captive
in chained feet, for self-defence;

all the shades of red
were walking on ocean,
a black skull glides:

the night fills in pores-
the gale, kills the black bucks,
poachers were on run!

in telling, the wizard
entices, you will never know
full toll of civil war:

he turns down a gift of speech;
words and whistles were surreal echoes
and I see a sword like nose

Satish Verma

Strange Encounters

Will go sepia, if
you are black. No shipwreck was
visible after.

Let colosseum
break in, under the glass ceiling.
Come September.

The end dance begins.
There was no cracks in the
moon, lips waiting.

Satish Verma

Strange Enemies

If the lineation wins,
I will not pardon myself
the dots on flesh will glare.
A dummy hurricane,
will envelop the ruinous body.
The death will stalk and the predators,
will have the field day.

My own truth cries for an,
idea of making a complete suicide
on table. Inside the guts
flows a column of skimmed fakes.
Directions break the geometry of sleeping faith.
It was not worth trying.

In mind between the dark and grey,
lies the pale of truth.
This perspective is a constant pain.
Where will the thoughts end
and the ripples begin?
Arguments have become
strange enemies in war of words.

Satish Verma

Strange Eyebaths

Looking into yourself,
one day you will say
I am not an alien.

The unborn nightmare
takes a secret look at the
self-portrait of a Rembrandt.

The contours were
losing the shape. Being
dented you don't?
want to become a pawn of time.

The hearsay was genuine.
You start believing
about the blameless moon.
Pink threads were appearing in your eyes.

An enigma flourishes.
Neither you will open your mouth,
nor the night will end.

Satish Verma

Strange Happenings

Perpetual stasis
in blank stares.
Who was yawning to moon?

Balmy night will unlock
the secrets of graphic images.
Life casts a spell on you.

Like a round worm
in search of a ceramic cow.
Let me mix the money with fame.

The unfelt pleasure
of a crooked script –
in twilight zone. Every person

was wearing a cloud. Deftly
you break the urn of ashes
to find the stolen eyes.

Satish Verma

Strange Journey

In-between the spaces
body moves
untouching you.

A poem crashes
on the tongue. You
will not confess.

The wordless thoughts
swim like swans
noiselessly.

Unreaching the abode,
you will invent a god
for a knifed boat.

The sea is turbulent,
you will still sail,
not to reach anywhere.

Satish Verma

Strange Legacy

A landless moment
in a bizarre dream at night.
You run without toes.

*

Wrath of innocence,
doesn't want to hear thunderstorm
hiding behind tears.

*

This was your red face.
The shadow trembling in eyes
between voiceless words.

Satish Verma

Strange Logics

A blood retreats?
through the gift of tears.

Pain has no religion.
Why did you search the
truth in ashes?

A command goes waste.
I didn't call a god
for mercy.

The dust leaps for wings.
Rain leaves no scars.
I will come back
to gather the washed bones.

A rusted wound has no thoughts left.

Satish Verma

Strange Maths

I will go as I had
come, and then plunge
into void? betraying myself.

It is very agitated
existence, living with weird,
complicated beings.

With metaphysical
lenses, you become confused
between X and Y and gender was lost.

Dying was difficult
when everybody wants to live.
Human rights become
your property.

Come September and
you dive into depression.
How much money you need to die?

You cannot ape the
speechlessness of moon
standing near your lips.

Satish Verma

Strange Morrow

On your face the shadow of a transparent wound
bungles the capricious climate
of the death of a thought which you could not
carry very far.

And that was all when I asked you some questions
about life. You started opening a beehive
of kills and subcutaneous pains.

How do you spell the happiness in beliefs and
starvation to achieve the resolution or incredible?
The mistrust between the cause and effect was
surfacing, though there was plenty

of solitude between the trees and cuckoo's
calls. A crazy spell of silence in prayers
when we were very upset about our gods.

Satish Verma

Strange Phenomena

You did not give
space, for a random kiss.
Winter loss?

I will not find you
in spring. The buried roots
of a fallen tree, fail
to wake up.

Days pass dying.
A soft retreat from
commitments. Slow poisoning.

The empty house.
You should plow through the memories
of unlived in dreams.

There is no cue.
How will you bring sparrows
to breed on ventilators.

Satish Verma

Strange Phenomenon

You are brain-dead
with amnesia
in winter snow.

A frozen pulse, without blood
running, bluish-black
death.

Was death always black?
Not like supple, red poppy
leaving the stigma mark
on your white shirt?

Landing amidst the
crowd, of funlovers, there
was no exit, and I must
meet my enemy
my shore.

Satish Verma

Strange Pictures

Don't read;
feel the words. They weep
in full moon.

The hills were
moving. Trees wouldn't
wear the dresses.

I was not ready
for autumn. Can you come
back after the death
of hope?

The stalkers
stand in queue
to harness the dark energy.

The frills were
beautiful. Face was missing.

Satish Verma

Strange Politics

A soft, but me,
black moon
coming in bazaar.
Will you sell me the dreams?

Talking to grave silence
before the rains.
I will not plant
marijuana in your eyes.

O, ignorant prince,
my mother had left a legacy.
One should not sleep alone
to become poor.

I expect no applaud,
no cheers. I am a passer-bye
I have not killed
myself.□

Satish Verma

Strange Privacy

Standing on a ledge?
counting the clouds.
Moon will never betray me.

Was it so easy to?
say goodbye, after thousand
words spent on you?

Your skin flutters like?
a flag. The big name of
stain was still beautiful.

Love had become a
truth, of a martyr. The
slaughter was a bundle of lies.

How will you undo the?
knots, of undying smile?
That was a thrill?

Go get the award of defeat.
I am still working on you.

Satish Verma

Strange Relationship

Death has been my partner,
my best friend.
Every day the fear,
greet me in my bed,
and body starts dying.
I join the play.
The sun clips the clouds,
my lungs fills with aroma.
A golden bird starts singing
on the swaying leaves of palm.

Death smears me with ideas,
larger than pain
before and after it was foggy.
I sleep, half-opened eyes,
watching over with face
to the window.
Life moves from grief to grief.
A tiny seed pulsates
in the crevice of mind,
I love a view like that.

One hundred moons
and a dying sun.
An immense contrast.
Whom shall I choose as a prologue?
I cannot tread the center
of unborn story. The clouds
are always crimson before
the night. Life has
a shadow of death – and a strange
relationship survives.

Satish Verma

Strange Revelations

In small pieces
you come back to live
in my dark poems.

The otherness haunts.
Genealogy goes back
to moon. I suffer.

The grinding wheels
move to find out the truth
of splitting grains.

Satish Verma

Strange Rivalry

Your lips start
quivering, when I touch your
intimate aura.

My defence was
always neat, not to be
misled in half-light.

Why do we suffer
in the hands of the unknown,
when we know the ending?

Satish Verma

Strange Thoughts

Wash your eyes
with Dusty Miller. You will be
able to read me.

*

The ritual was to
pick mushroom under your
feet, not to hurt?

*

on the way to meet
god. Why the violence survives
when blood dries up?

Satish Verma

Strangely

In blood sport
you forget to die, disintegrating
though, cell by cell.

What an ambience!
of human nature?
You drag the carcass!

of mutations whole life.
Now, selling the virginity
for charity?

You build a castle!
of mud bricks as a tribute
to undying love!

for the poverty
of the saint, who had jumped
into the river.

Satish Verma

Stranger In A Fix

Becoming was
eggs walk. You were
wearing human heart.

When you shed
the qualms, poems fly
out of the nest.

This was an
absurd math. Did you
reach the mount of god?

As it happens,
you understand it very late.
There was fear of living ever.

Will it come out?
The meaning? From in-house
search of truth.

Do you believe, groping
will find the missing book?

Satish Verma

Strangers In Sleep

The dome has collapsed.
You walk in fire on the eve of
exhuming yourself, picking up
the pieces of humming life.

Eye to eye, the patience was wearing
thin, fears had positioned themselves,
at the doors, snarling.
A mass grave was being dug in the distant woods.

On cloudless hills, a raging sun
climbs up to send the dust of miracles,
which never nodded. The faith healers had
failed on ivory stages.

The god is ailing with multiple failures.
Man, are you responsible for this bloodbath
in coldest weather of earth when grievors
were frozen in their tracks?

Satish Verma

Straws

Tribalism:

You break the rules
and become a renegade.

*

Do not know
any god. All the
deities were man-made

*

In dark, you
will recognize the faces
of unslept poems.

Satish Verma

Stray Fall

With gray wolves around,
he put the gun on the chin
and pulled the trigger.

The crowded nest and tainted gemones:
the double helix had the sex crumbling:
consensual hate.

Some beasts and hairy saints
were turning the world black,
sitting on marbled floor and talking of white moon.

Drifting faith in swollen eyes, watching
a burning train;
tomorrow I will travel again in pursuit of walking trees.

Proud legends like scorpions
climbing on your throat. Enamelled stings
ready to spin you blue.

Clams shut on the poor pink,
honeycomb becomes a trap.

Satish Verma

Stray Moments

Even a lizard?
stops and looks
at you intently.

How the things
have gone?
wrong without asking?

You bend like
a bow to read
illegible truth.

Scissors ponder,
what was the need
to cut the rose?

Satish Verma

Streaking Alone

Like sly coyotes
you move around
the fireballs. You switch off
the earthly lights. They are
now oranges. Presently
a broker will sell the wounds
of the moon.

Why did you feel sad of something
which was unsaid? A thousand
and one words will speak
when the poem would be brought
dead. You are not here
not in the nakedness of lies, when
something glitters which was not yellow.

The twilight now settles
in your eyes. Moon refuses to
plunge into darkness.

Satish Verma

Street Fighting

Timeless pain and,
painless time were two colors.
On the canvas,
I was spreading, to open the heart.
Non-being touching the vast emptiness.
Life on the moment, played the abstract music.
Was it the fear of blindness?

Indecipherable handwriting creates puzzles,
my laments cannot read.
Truth marches on my bones,
dead bodies do not count.
The interrupted meanings
are taking their tolls.
On the track,
blueprints are fluttering.

Whom do we complain?
Foliage was without fruits
and roots were dying.
And land smelled of hurts,
sweat and tears.
Unbroken oaths and
tools had disappeared.
And street fighting
had overwhelmed the crescent moon.

Satish Verma

Street To Street

Nature, she was
playing with us. Any savior becomes
a man eater in savannah.

On descent the body
explodes, to become a silhouette,
to attract the creator.

You were endangering
the earth O destroyer. Was it
devotion or crucifixion?

Satish Verma

Street Weighs Steps

My moon crashed
on the terrace tonight. I want
to say good night queen!

Collecting the ash
from the forehead of sun I
ask the cobra to strike.

Where will you find
hemlock? It slowly ascends
the limbs. Like my dream.

Satish Verma

Stretching The Wrinkles

To get a feel of
love for the jinx, unwrapping
the gift of dying.

I will not touch you, but
will catch your voice
and stop aging.

Come anonymously at
dusk and light the moon.
I will wait for you in dark.

Who was the criminal
in giving away the skin
of black moments?

One day behind the moon,
I will meet you
somewhere in storm.

At the centre
of gravity lies the ignominy
of black hole. Come and
let's make new stars.

Satish Verma

Striking A Bargain

Eyes shut,
under the shade of sun, when you
cast in gold, I run after
the blue butterflies hiding
behind the flames.

In uncanny sense feels your presence,
words cannot describe. When
will you swap your lips
with my tears?

Make me forget the cleaver
the thuds of the closing door.
I don't seek a blueberry moon?
of your native harvest.

At equinox you disrobe a
wound. I bleed inside
the ruins. Sun does not suck the sap.
I become innocent.

Satish Verma

Striking Portrait

A silvery,
fluting cry of a sleepless moon
on the pillow of a twilight sleep:
an enigma I wanted to share
with a skylark.

From the disbelief rises a sulphur
cloud to thaw the ice on the tongue of a dawn.
First ray of sunlight starts flirting,
with a dew dropp on a wet rose.

It was not a poem but a thought
crossing a bridge into eternity,
for a sparkle in the pain of life,
a hymn to be recited without understanding
the meaning.

Satish Verma

Satish Verma

Striped Nothings

Floating on a river of fire
sitting in a cooking vessel
you were invoking the rain god.

Your hollow words had holiness
of unmeaning.
The sky opens the third eye.

Are you going to offer your
tongue to a footwear
of a proxy blood?

As a hymn to goddess of wealth,
sugar is thrown out of window
and yellow rice dances before a mirror.

And here I bleed silently
for the shooting star*
who could not conceive.

*A kind of primrose whose purple flower have
backward curving petals hanging down. The
flowers move skyward on slender stems
turning their face upward after fertilization.

Satish Verma

Stripping To The Bones

Now me, now not,
a thought is always there.
My genes navigate on collapsing walls,
words, dark mind, broken dreams.
But thought is always there.
I hold on firmly to sounds,
voices, tongues,
the thought is always there.

Brain goes into a nameless friction,
of aimless voyage
I rediscover the myth and abandon the zone of thoughts.
Distance becomes a wailing music.
Sitting between the flesh and bones
I recognise the relic of a window.

Let us drop the years,
become timeless, empty and hollow.
Egocentric wind violates the lungs.
We cannot sing in praise of earth.
I walk through the body,
stripping to the bones, to find the seeds.
I refuse to pluck the flowers.

Satish Verma

Striving Hard

Like inky jet,
ejected on white paper,
the cuttlefish
of a poet?

was warding off the
unseen enemy.
The dry flattened
chest, would remind you
of a chalky desert.
Only cacti grow there.

You go into a trance,
then convulsive seizures, with
a loud scream. You
invoke the toddler god
who would kill king cobra
fifteen feet long.

Satish Verma

Struck By Moon

The cosmic touch.
I was facing moon,
thinking, about the end of
universe and millions
of blue butterflies.

Someone didn't want to die
in snow-white shroud.
A severed hand
fires a gun.

How much was your timeless
wait? I may disappear
in the dots and dashes. Would you
be asking for courage to come?

The cruel realities. You
don't want to look back. The
weeping willow will not
stand erect.

The temple was waste
without a goddess of love.
The return of requiem
makes me sad.

Satish Verma

Stubbornness

It was spirit of the time.
The lethal trade of;
missiles, someone was sending free.

You collect the cachet
of bleak weather. The
roses were in bloom.

Trying to conceive the
buttercups in the blue;
frame of melancholia.

I err, and find myself
in sleep after the contact.
A genetic gratitude overwhelms.

You catch the stings
blindly. The other sin will
take care of itself in blood.

Satish Verma

Studies Of Land

It was not true,
Truvia. The seed leaves
are not true leaves.

Ifs and whys were not
relevant, when
you become mute.

This country was never?
at war with itself.
The salt lake had dried up.

Two little girls hang
from a smiling tree.
Dreams are incredible.

Satish Verma

Studing Yourself

Over the shoulder
you fling the pang away
and move on with?
pockets empty.

Sitting aside a?
mausoleum? listening to
the songbirds.

Why do you build a huge
crypt for your love? In summer
noon I will keep on thinking.

From thumb to thumb
I will ask of the ambience?
while building this place.

In your land now grows hate
and anger. The finish is gone,
and finesse suffers.

The nude faces still haunt me.

Satish Verma

Stuffed Silence

Winds define the path now, in order not to submit
the discovery of another guilt.

The glory stumbles.

Before the altar, man becomes a souvenir.

Mechanically you walk like a robot, proud and erect,
cannot commit suicide.

Secret of discovering a faith was, not to kill yourself.

Shivering in awakened reality,
you grope with cauterized vision,
to resolve the conflict.

The revelation does not come.

Unchained freedom will come late,
when you become the destiny.

Everseeking a revolution, brain will find a false excuse.

The archives do not give a clue,
not exactly the circumstances,
but history collected the dirt.

Concepts could not bring out,
transformation of a prejudiced spirit.
fear and stuffed silence had the answer.

Satish Verma

Stumbling

Disaffection
brings out, the black fever.
Stars will chart the inky path.

It was too close
the brazen attack
on sacred rites.

Prejudice
of contents was besides, heavy.
I am going to flee from spaces.

You become a fodder
of white ghost.
Your shadow cleaves in water.

Below the bridge
hangs a tale.
The river had received phosphorescent bodies.

Satish Verma

Stunned

Confused and wary like a
spermwhale, you are
nosediving; -

through the shadows
of terrible pain
ejecting ambergris.

Who was getting
the bribery
to fix the belly button?

This was not revolution.
It was evolution-
of a stinking city.

The gods were sleeping
on the lips of a pride.
Nurses were preparing the bed.

How far the sane voice
will reach, to deliver
the relics of a salted dynasty?

•□

Unbodied, how do I touch you
groping? The message was not
clear. How to kill oneself on stage?

A beehive falls on
your head. Are you going
to scream?

Entire town was going
for a pilgrimage. The saint
was preparing for a self-burial.

A hundred thousand moons

were placed on your crown.
The sun was going to roll.

Charred bodies
were turning in graves.
Who was becoming untouchable now?

Give me a kiss of cobra.
My bandaged life
wants to sleep in peace.

•□

His severed legs were
tucked under his head to serve as a pillow.
He was half-eaten.

Howling
was silencing all the shames
Woman, I am not coming home.

Satish Verma

Stupidity

Today,
go undivine
with me and remain untouched,
in dwindling love of faith.

A forerunner of nothingness
in a theological mess,
breaking the mirrors
in a slaughter house, finding
a god.

Collecting ruins of sounds,
veils, traversing the fecundity
of words, phrases.

Night was encroaching upon.
You hear the destruction of lianas.
Hold your wings
and listen to your blood, threadbare.

Satish Verma

Styes

It was a searing moment in grueling
heat of your flesh, the racist attack had come
to surface, the blue eyes,

edible gold, in nights
the pink veil of the moon,
I will cut my wrist to pour out the pure vermillion;

a huge umbrella of hot kisses
dissolving the contaminated beads
of musk, like fever;

the smoke rolls down the hills
of collective guilt,
an anonymous warning;

the frozen voice opens
like a black tulip on baby ice,
down under goes the sun.

Satish Verma

Suaveness

Spider weaves the
net. You walk in the named?
trap of honesty.

I have stopped
looking at stars, after the
moon bit me in dark.

Who was dying for a
sip of hawthorn today
in the bright sunlight?

Satish Verma

Subdued Laughter

The chemistry of hate
changes in a thorn's shade.
I start digging out the past
for a blind sun,
for a qualified rejection.

He was stranded in a death-row:
the civilians were killed.
Was a meditating Buddha with
a bomb, doing his routine job
of annihilation?

I am surprised of a god walking
in the graveyard to find his own
son lying asunder six feet deep
below the burden of kisses from
the vanishing mankind.

Satish Verma

Subject To Arguments

Blowing up a no-show
you walk out of
procession of primates.

Moon and memories
and million of years
to become a full being.

Cognition gained,
I touch the raw nerves
of liquid stones.

Roasted nuts,
I will taste you,
once I revise my vocabulary.

The laced stars,
one on one, I meet
the dark holes of your galaxy.

O god, at equal. I will
call you one day to
climb down from my shoulder.

Every age wipes out the footprints.

Satish Verma

Subjected To Suffer

No abode for me.
Still seeking impossible?
to find your home.

To define dharma,
when cosmic law of bridal
cannibalism ups.

For trans humanity.
I am sorry to ignite the
volcano in sea.

Satish Verma

Substantial Shadow

Walking on dead leaves covering the grass
to and fro, to and fro in solitude, hiding
behind the mask, pithy face, ideas rebounding,
a loaded eloquence, opening a dialogue with self,
quietly bleeding inside. You are hearing
the sounds of winged carnivores who had been
devouring your brain cells. The time is ending,
death has no relevance, no respect for the survival,
insulting the existence, anguish overtaking
the joy of new born, lifted by a fog.
We are reciting the hymns now, lighting the lamps
to see the stains on the walls. The bronzed
sculpture refuses to come down from the pedestal,
afraid to go to a warehouse, to the loneliness.
A shadow moves away from the light, makes its own
length and buries in unconsolable sadness.
Pure eyes in which float the tears of million people.
Dying lips will always narrate a tale of abandonment,
will not be able to say adieu.

Satish Verma

Subtractive Pains

Today you are a king
in sunlight, stalking the moon
in rainy dark night.

*

Staying innocent?
in pursuit of happiness,
living with wolves, beasts.

*

Celebrating
dawn, before sun rises to
melt down your dreams.

Satish Verma

Such Was Our Planet

Human tragedies would
walk in, to cross the sounds
of lower world.

The puritan stains
the blackboard with white
alienage.

Plum awards were
granted for quoting fragile
truths to save the lies.

Comewith me and
watch the cruel rapture of
ripping apart the scales of shimmering breaths.

The velocity of cold-blood one day
will give you a feel
of the wrath of angry sea.

The Prophecy runs riot,
I collect my books and search for
the Noah's ark.

Satish Verma

Suckers Come

Swear me, to the end
of the beginning. Of
impossible. I wanted to
talk to honeybees. Why the
queen had left the nest
for the sweet wounds?

The intruder holds the
citadel for a ransom. Innocent
storms, will not break, massive
walls of pride. I
stand in queue to fight
with my destiny. One last time.

Nobody wants to be bisexual.
The pomegranates swell.
Fantasies swim in eyes.
I rewrite the names of
colored absconders.

Satish Verma

Sucking Blatantly

This was the pain through the window
in humility.

Cannot catch a break in rambling
rose,
carrying the dead crown of
a tyrant.

The blindness makes
a presence.
People are bidding farewell
to the bloody son.

I want to come in death
now, after thousand years,
living in violence
of man.

The untouchable moon
was laughing.

Satish Verma

Sudden Flurries

A vinyl god
hardens. Forsakes affinity.
I take a dip in tears.

Rains freeze in
my turbulent eyes. The mist
makes you disappear.

Yes no meanings,
you will find in the verses.
Blood drips from the pen.

A flock of startings
sits in wait for?
the sun to rise.

Satish Verma

Sudden Lights

Small things in
twilight haze, become colored
Yellow, red, blue.

Sparklers in your eyes
shimmer in absence of foster
gods. I come to take
you back home.

There was no negative pulse.

In the middle of
ocean exists a volcano
dating the explosions daily.

A city grows
in your trembling eyes. Of your grief
there was no beginning, no end.

Jumping the flames
someone grips your hand
to help you search
yourself.

A chunk of fate
takes you to the sacred peak.

Satish Verma

Suddenly So!

Your truth always happened at wrong time
You were guilty of telling lies to death.
Swimming all over the life's ports,
jumping up and down in a stinky swamp,
one day you were caught behind the epigram
encysted in perversity.

Let us talk about the frosty relations
breaking the norms.
Who is afraid of impromptu love?
We do not want to speak about the wasted
years thrown on garbage.
Every book was tossed out of the window,
mind became hollow.

We lit the candles with tears,
the mist enveloped us in intimacy.
Some of the days burned like dry wood
and some days grave-diggers arrived.

Satish Verma

Suffering

When I ask for
the innovation, you
lob the moon.

Glass and sand
in your eyes, melt into
kisses. There was no
other way.

You cannibalize my
poems, make a statuette
and wear the pendant.

You stone a wall
of paper. Why did it
carry the names of
failed gods?

You watch the stream
of tears feeding the red
poppies about to be
slaughtered.

Satish Verma

Sui Generis

Looting after the earthquake:
I have wrecked myself
on my own terms.

Bringing down the edifice
of human cult,
the man has come in the
spin of richtor scale.

Why does a crisis tears up the mask
and animal comes out?
An insect will wait for the hidden
dust to settle till dawn.

Along the rim, a glacier
has collided with an iceberg.
Now eyes do not hold water.
It is raining.

Satish Verma

Suicidal

Your underpants?
Can you put them behind
beneath the weight of memories?

Flamingos.
They are in flight
after the birth pangs.

Trapped-
the light flutters
at watermark for a name.

Yet to be born,
a stone-blind moon
wants the partisan blue.

One will not forget a headless
body of an ariel.
The tempest was at the door.

Satish Verma

Suicidal Wish

For my water god I entered the wetlands.
Fog was increasing and me becoming incoherent.

The swamp throws a high tide of rolling wave
I lift the burden of bones and take a plunge in darkness.

The holy moon gives the company in yellow mood
smelling of honey and rusted-red mulberries.

A maxim inside the solitude hurts the path
where I lost my innocence for a son.

A breeze, a cloud, a beautiful sky
I carry the dust of my home wherever I go.

The wreckage was intact, past was shining.
An octopus was sending the suckers for future.

Satish Verma

Suicide Note

One day you will arrive.
Night will enter in your pores,
in your bones,
like a baby trapped in a borewell,
crying, striking,
thumping.

On each table, salt moaned
for a classical taste.
A pink moon was smothered
in a virgin bed.
Death walked in a sensual style.

A black discharge continued
from the areolae.
Botox failed to uplift
the sagging breasts.
A thallium capsule broke on tongue.

There was no suicide note.

Satish Verma

Suicides

In despair,
beyond-pain, I will watch my dreams
in rimless eyes of wet faces.

The lake had been sending back
the white and black shrouds
everyday.

They were jumping one by one
old and young,
from the twisted planks
holding geraniums.

A warm prayer on the lips,
what was left worth enduring?
The innocence, the guilt, the shame?

Clinging to bloody lumps of happiness
who is going to have a last laugh?
Time is breathing gloom,
body is attached to a pole.

Satish Verma

Sulking

The promised apple I did not eat.

The red skin started bleeding
in my palm. Butterfly flesh
was unable to glide.

Two round, intense eyes were chasing me.

A namesake volcano
bursts open in my chest,
then I notice the flowing lava
from hungry eggs.

The earth will not conceive again.

In the backyard a blue jay
was waiting for the golden seed.
I suck a fatal tweak
in the sundrunk green.

Thirsting for the logic will never the unmade.

Satish Verma

Sulking Alone

Drum-beats were coming
nearer. The lineage is being questioned.
Archaeopteryx is being kicked.
upward. It was too slow;
was not able to fly.

Things are not moving, as you
want them, in romantic
relationship with the road.

A madness permeates. The
acolytes were busy in playing
the act, that all wars
will never come to end.

Anointing the salt smell as
savior, after the shadow-boxing.
The sparring must continue?
to find out the catwalk.

The ramp was going upward.

Satish Verma

Summer Solstice

Longing to sit on
your pink lips, a butterfly
wants to say goodbye.

Bloodletting was
a big mistake. Only
white shroud imprints.

You had passed
through my body leaving
footmarks in eyes.

Satish Verma

Summer's Fault

It was like homecoming of
timber rattle snake.
A bit jarring.

Signs were acquitted,
when the summer becomes
sensuous at dusk.

I start collecting the colors
from sky. The night was
moving behind the moon-

like a concubine, in black
skirt. Amidst the gray clouds
a green man was laughing.

The death's translation
was simple. Nobody will
attend the funeral of sun.

Satish Verma

Sun Was Cooling

It was a weird
night. Recreating revenge by
throwing rocks on daisies.

You bring mummified
daffodils for the queen
to stop the resuscitation.

There was so much
noise between the full stops.
Words forgot to say prayer.

When you wear the face
of animals and insects,
death becomes a religion.

How many dreams
you had under the lids to
entice the wandering poet?

Satish Verma

Sun Will Hide

Thirsty I endure a wicked desert.
Scorching wind plucks the eyes.
Legs ache. Ankles swell. Drag we must in fever.
To forbidden land.
Tell me how far we have to go?
There is only the defiant spirit
which is burning incessantly.

The secret flight of a river took place
at night,
leaving the banks dry as bone.
On the shores the guns are positioned.
Green parrots have suddenly departed
from the tall branches.
Any time the explosions will start
with deafening row.

This very day the sun will hide
when the ravens will start descending
and eagles swoop for the knocking death.

Satish Verma

Sun's Inheritance

This was a raw thing.

A paranoid template for AK-47 rifles. The
homemade bombs were planted on the roadside.

A very explosive blend of a fedayeen. You
cannot take it anymore this jihad. In everyday
life inside comes out in the graveyard. It drizzles,
the fake beliefs.

A bleak panorama. Pansexual desire. Black
boulders, reddish cheeks,
moon falling on so many of stars!
I want a burntout sun.

Satish Verma

Satish Verma

Sun-Baked

Into my arms,
your shadow to speak?
for light. Mischievous intrusion. I
belonged to eternal darkness, discovering
beautiful jewels.

The black vault hides a
truth of earth. You will be born
again as a nymph. A rainbow cow
jumps on the moon to browse tender,
high growing grass of ancient faith.

There was a preview, of things
not happened so far. Talking of
preludes was easier. I always
touched you by my deep exhales.
You sucked in the pious thoughts.

You fed me the consciousness
of rare genre. I become a god river
of iced peaks.

Satish Verma

Sunbath

The tibial spiking
now hurts.
The floaters on the dried bed?

of bones, speak volumes
of sand in eyes.
Pawns have disappeared.

The earth is wounded.
A snake climbs onto the pink lips
to know its crime.

The matter interacts wrongly
with radiation. Spectroscopy
fails up to the hilt.

On the spur of the moment
I ignite the shadow
of the space between us.

The miser starts counting the coins.

Satish Verma

Sunbeams

I will not play
for you,
in burning shadows.

Bribing the body
to sequester the soul
via ripping steel-

of a blade of grass.
He stopped at the door
for a short while -

to sharpen the proboscis
for blood and dogma
of a fake country.

Cannot pardon me.
I will present to you
my earth, as cow.

Satish Verma

Sunflowers

A preacher was shedding
dirty tears
for burning hills.

Pinned up on tongue
was a slogan.
Death for all sunflowers.

Draped in blood
who was trespassing
the sickle moon?

I cannot raise the mist
where you stand naked
in sunlight.

Somebody has killed
the pathological god.
I am starting a new kitchen.

Satish Verma

Sunglasses Break

When destiny blinked,
you were nowhere in sight
to say goodbye.

Moonwise it was
fine. I would not see
your inside ever.

No good thing will
cross in the way to river.
No salt an the rocks.

Satish Verma

Sunlight Cheats

Escorting the ache
for a bath in tears for
the sake of feel.

Love was moving
towards west. Angst of living
on the sands of time.

This was killing. He
will celebrate the blurred
vision of bright sun.

Satish Verma

Sunrise

The decline was steep.
Somewhere the clouds burst in tears.
Sitting on the flat prejudice
we weaved a gift of poison for everyone.
It did not stain our shirts.
The big fat people moved about
with great confidence to change the world.
I suffered inwardly.

Perhaps the greed drank
from our passions.
A spectre of hounding.
Which never stopped.
My parents knew better,
always talked of comportment.
Like our love for neighbours.
The turmoil drifted now in our hearts.

A self-portrait became
the vehicle of death
I visited myself,
to wind up the matters of concern.
The graffiti on the abandoned
walls of memories erased
time, altered the wounds,
and trembling shadows.
Sunrise will provide me a lesson.

Satish Verma

Super Terrain

The metastatic figure.

He was seeking truth without thought,
being in and out, he was sleepwalking in
dream. I am the absolute, he said. Skeletons
are popping up everywhere. Poor beasts.
And there was the tired flame who
burned all night in vain.

The body was aching after the discovery
of a super terrain. Another earth? or
a conventional aberration? The planet
was heaving with hot clouds. Reason
for a substitute. Right perception of
life was difficult. Everybody was running
in opposite direction for a message.

He dives to pull up the corpse of liberty
locked deep in water. A noble idea to
free the corrupt world from the bondage
of decaying foundations. Half-truths and
half-lies must live together for the human
survival. Quest of the self ultimately
begs for forgiveness.

Satish Verma

Supernatural

You were dressed up
to burn. Tears had memory
pure as gold.

The ache of standing
in flames of tongue, to wash
the hands and underbelly.

Where would you
find the green words ready
to weave the silk?

that was my poverty
to mine the glass and mercury.
There was no inside,
no outside.

Give me the fever
as hot as moon, when you
harvest the sun beams.

Satish Verma

Superstitions

An empty chair in a
muffled day, starts
a self-import and
falters on steps.

You need the fear, to
strike back, when the
tracer distribution
returns with a ghost.

The discount will subtract
from the truth. I will
find the zero at the
end of lies.

Will I concede to the
barter? Let me first taste
the bitterness of victory,
become drunk on your hate.

Satish Verma

Supposedly

You barge in
like a hurricane
and I slept.

Hysteria caves in
like a cuckoo for embrace.
Let's bargain.

This was the life
and death of the
religion, still unborn.

Satish Verma

Survival

Unslept-
hangman, flees from the noose.
The day had come to execute.
A thought had become a fear
but fear was not a thought.

Naked in the moon
a wolf wants move of something
leaning on the hills of thirst,
bitten by the views of cemetery.

The landscape
was changing. You want to cover your head
with a topi, standing on the edge
of a lake before you are drowned
under the burning eyelids.

A Buddha smiles from
the shelf. How can you fill the emptiness
of a bowl, which has
hundred holes?

Satish Verma

Survival Of Fittest

I cannot catch your smell.
Time stands in my hands. There
was a question to kiss jasmine.

Did you send me a farewell
address? A quiet warrant? No
I cannot sleep on your tongue.

Why life leaves a bitter
taste daily. When I salute the
setting sun, it rains.

Satish Verma

Suspended

I had not imagined
that you will start an inquiry
into the creeping fog
under the estranged moon.

Oh, sorrow
you had taken away my sun
when I was still rooted in night.

Wading through narcissi
I was trying to catch the echo
and give back his own award

Pressed between the lips
an innocent thought
undates the passion

Satish Verma

Suspended Execution

Self-searching was most difficult for me
one by one the years had gone by.
Remaining taciturn I move inwardly,
try to read the verdict on the wall,
a suspended execution.
I slowly become blind.

A terrible blankness,
infiltrates into mind,
my hands tremble.
Cannot write the unwritten code,
civilized way of accepting the retreat.
The flawless life was a dream,
I wake up in anger, counting the failures.

How painful it is to realize
your revered one are becoming smaller than you.
Death does not swallow the pride
what is to forego and what not?
From moment to moment,
I squeeze the frightening truth.

Satish Verma

Suspended Fog

Charred?

blueberries.

I am returning your gifts
of cruel times,
when none was crying.

Chewed?

evidences.

I don't want to look at them?
to provide the measurement
of face.

A demoniac?

version,

of a sweet dialogue, stuck
in your throat.

You bend double.

Epitaphs

demand justice.

Nobody dies for his god, you
want to disappear to
take revenge.

Satish Verma

Swan Song

The toppled gravestones,
I still count the heads.
I will go with your swan song,
the bond erupts.

You were always sitting under the
bougainvillea, waiting for the swallow.
The next door summer arrives;
Why did you say, it was biting cold?

The door shuts on the moon.
It was obviously very dark,
and I was searching the space
between 'yes' and 'no'.

Satish Verma

Swarming

A solid belief of karmic influence becomes
fluidus
but life was questioning again.

You take to wars
with thousand of nukes:
still the daffodils were dancing.

Float me on the bodies of bullet ridden
moons and clouds:
the red river, spiteful, has changed the course.

Ah, the snaky hate
hisses with split tongue.
Mockery of towers plays again.

The dumb leather did not forget
the shape of the baby.
million needles were still crawling.

Thick boundaries were steaming hard.
All nipples, no furs to walk
on the flames.

Satish Verma

Swaying

A chocolaty moon was rising.
I have lost my riverbed.
Accuser has become accused.

The hangman has shifted
the ground while glistening
in moonlight. Oxymoronic?

Eponym exited the lips of a drone fly.
A flotilla of tears
dies in an eye of a storm.

An audacity of a drifter
to stop the promiscuous honors
of strangers in death.

Only night-bloomers will watch
the sunrise in eternal loneliness.
The roots will always stay in dark.

Satish Verma

Sweating

Myriad of grasshoppers were sitting
on the leapless bush
celebrating the earth.

I was never happy
with the anniversary of thirst
eating the memories of green.

His hand rummages
to collect the shrunk berries
from my chest.

Today the sun will step down
in honour of a cloud
who opened a hole in a collider

I am the mother
and I am the father
of a homeless moon.

Satish Verma

Sweet Encounters

The second death
of orange-moon in?
blood, when sun sleeps.

The magic over.
I am tired of mystery to
die in blue light.

Anxiety rises. You
want to become a prophet
after losing esteem.

Satish Verma

Sweet Revenge

It is,
what do you not say
I read the dusk
on your eyes.
Unspoken words
hammering!

A timer,
quartz clock,
ball bearings, pellets
croissant of terror.

Suspicious of the lady
riding on crest
responsible,
for the happenings.

Fear,
hair raising,
turns back the centuries.
We lose,
ourselves!

Satish Verma

Sweet Stillness

In the wilderness
of snowfall, a hungry
raccoon will leave his footmarks.

I listen to the soundless
music of flurries,
flying like white moths
in blue light.

It is not dawn. Yet I
can see the outlines of
boats at the feet of?
lake moon.

You can walk now
amidst the frozen
thoughts.

Satish Verma

Swift Descent

In cascading
tresses, when moon
got stuck.

I held your face
to see the frightened
fish in eyes.

Seven feet deep,
the snow-
escapes the man's foot.

A terrible fight
still goes on
between temple and mosque.

Satish Verma

Swinging....

I did not will them
dreams of crystals
a stupid calendar of flight
from insomnic past.

Do not want to return to future,
hub of my clouds.
History had been writhing and screaming.
Present cannot redeem my woes.

I ask my bleak, frosted branches
where the birds have gone?
The songs, green hills, divine particles?
When they will enter in frozen affairs?

Anti-matter is now colliding with black energy
I am faltering a rhythm.
helplessly watch a xenomorphic face
disappearing in the blue sky.

Satish Verma

Symphony

I have dipped my fingers
in the blood of the victim
and asked for the version of the surgeon.

The precocious death?
Do I need another witness?
Who was trapped under the fallen tree?

Only the passer - by was hit
not the bulldozer
which comes from the palace.

After the rain, tortoises will come out,
parrots will be shot down
without any qualms.

Molten lava flows on the thighs.
I come before the symphony and shout:
our homes are burning.

Satish Verma

Synaesthesia

Amygdala gives you
space. Rage implodes.
Hottest day gives a blast.

Burn, burn, O leaky
night. You suck the moon
with dust. Language
slips.

How will you invite
rains, without nightingale,
who had left for a
quantum revenge?

Visuals haunt. Ash
will fly. An old touch comes
back. Everything looks blue.

I start collecting old coins.

Satish Verma

Synopsis

Valentine?
What do you want
to read?

Between sex and
surrogacy?

No monikers.
Pure frankenstein!

O, naïve culpability,
do not sleep on my arm.

Unmoving, the suffix
disappears.
I am still holding
the question mark.

Satish Verma

Sisyphus

Let it go, do not touch it,
you had been negating the bare truth.
I was part of you
once at the shore of tragedy.
Life was treacherous
and I was free to laugh.

Come September and I will be chasing
the fireflies again.

How time takes revenge
from the innocent commitments?
You start returning to your roots
and I was still surfeiting
on the secret fidelity.

Where was the need to be tied down
to god? No body was honest to forsake
the fear of nameless nemesis.

The myth of rock still haunts.
Water still boils under the clay.
Petals fly in dark alleys
and I cannot find the door.

Satish Verma

System

It was a fractured miscarriage.
The system groaned like a huge cow.
We milked her till human thirst chopped the teats.
I belong to no glamour,
my faults burn like classics.
Total freedom will come
when I am through.

The dates creep under the skin, I faint,
The tiny minims shine on my lips.
The symbols crash.
Me and my shadow bubbling with
the smell of poems,
I come back to arguments.
To justify the Armageddon
of first & last love.

How could it happen?
The fear has death, as a lover.
I sleep with it every night.
The demolition of memory, it sweats like a black cloud.
There is no religion in desires,
choiceless destruction of each dawn.

Satish Verma

Tableau

Again I scare myself
of the very thing.
Moon was landing on lake
for inward probe.

One presaged silence,
speaks, of the veracity of lovers
to grass, where no dropp drives a sun,
the red bricks build a shade.

Ragweed in a daisy field:
Ambrosia, I will not taste you
till the rainbow sits
in the meadow.

Round eyes
keep the dawn hidden /
under the lashes, sleep my saint
for a while, door was waiting for a knock.

SATISH VERMA

Satish Verma

Taboos

This was a shock treatment.

Becoming friends
with aperitifs.

We drink the eyes
in remorse.

Unabridged. I clean the words
on the whiteboard. The
tongues were black.

Dilemma of stings.
No flesh was left
on the bones.

The body,
becomes a river.
You are drowned
in pink folds.

Satish Verma

Take Back Your Swallows

You let go, of me
to wear the hawthorn's
crown, to probe, what I
wouldn't know.

In the ending was
beginning of a fragile
kiss of waning moon, before
the daffodils fall on ground.

I try to forget
the number of steps you
have not taken towards
the moment of enormity.

The laced wounds
prepare to make water
thin for the sleet of
salt water in red eyes.

Satish Verma

Take Heart

Speechless, I start
adoring you, separating
the milk and water.

You talk of divine
touch of agni of moon.
Who was sun's daughter?

Can you recite a
mantra to wake a sleeping
angel to hold light?

Satish Verma

Take Me In Arms

I won't give up.
Don't throw the water on me.
I am playing with fire.

Killing quietly, you
slither like a snake to change
the sex in honor of seizing power.

Why death was being
sold very cheap, after the wrath.
Paper-thin love carries Himalaya.

Satish Verma

Take The Hemlock

A nagging pain,
speaks wordlessly in the ears
of moon for a kiss.

*

Old-time will not
come back to pick again
peacock's tail eyes.

*

What was nothingness
if you get the exile
in the hands of deity?

Satish Verma

Take Up Your Book

After the apocalypse,
the fiefdoms were growing?
buttercups? with golden flowers,
cupshaped.

Anemones and hellebores/
aconites and clematises/
famed for making lethal?
poisonous seeds.

So much went through us.

A billion years after? there will be
no life/ on earth. But we
have become lifeless now?
the poems incomplete.

It was getting smaller?
and smaller? the tall man.

Satish Verma

Taking A Form

Like a falcon
you dive with a notched nose.
There was an element
of absurd in your style.

Crushed under snow,
I would search my lost
shoes. The spirit to move on
wakes me up again.

The pursuit of perfect
truth in jungle of fake
excuses. I was wary
of animal grins.

Thugs, they have become
the stewards. Life was mystery.
Death sorts out the secret
of undying passions.

Satish Verma

Taking Cognisance

Only by accident you
will find life in
the dead elephant.

We start soul-searching
to uncover,
the hidden path to!
landlocked sea of poachers
of ivory truth.

Infant cries, sleeping
in grass, wait for the
blossoms of spring.
Like a panther
a red cloud descends
to kill the moving, play
without pain.

The nightfall,
when you will discover
yourself in grief
and wait for the sun.

Satish Verma

Taking Off

Outraged film
and dirt life.
The descent was complete.

A shadow under the moon
walks past the lake,
comes out of the body.

Every dream
leaves an imprint on the glass.
Will never drink the moonlight again.

The blank surrender
alongside crutches
loses the tolerance of question marks.

Like my fear
enveloping you in blazing sun
for a candle.

Satish Verma

Taking Off Frills

Copper-brown
I was always looking
at your face.

One of trinity,
the fallen spirit, that
didn't bore any number?

A visible mark
betrays the flying grief
of a pagan.

Between the cacti,
desert was blooming. No
water, no river in the eyes.

The smoke was
rising, in all its viciousness.
The panic was writ large on the face of moon.

How far was the death
camp of unwanted dreams?
I am not bone, I was not flesh.

Satish Verma

Taking On

It was a fast
against truth, in support
of unbidden body
which took the history lesson.

A star is born
out of midnight accident.
Darkness deems dark
in siege of self-restraint.

An embattled self
seeks a counting. The money
speaks in absence, to clear
the debt of tears.

No longer
the eyes will look at
the marriage of trans-blue veins
in legs of seedless dreams.

Satish Verma

Taking Revenge

Your layers are
thick. You will invite the
stains of fallen stars.

Why you want to sell
a fake idea, wrapped
in tears of sunken eyes?

A moon wants to cry
at harvest time Come September,
we collect the bowls.

Satish Verma

Taking Sand Bath

You don't wish to
become involved with yourself?
until the enigma was
unlocked.

You speak allusively,
when I ask for the
embrace of blind pains.

I don't remember
when you enticed me under
the weight of guiltless
surrender.

Moon drops a word.
Lake drinks a potion.
The clouds gather.

I read a poem.
Mystery deepens.

I was not ready to crumble,
you will not melt in moonlight.

Nobody opens the door.

Satish Verma

Taking Sides

Courting the dark words
picking up from beautiful life,
I weave the tapestry-
in circle of silence.

The liberty of blood
had become obsolete.
You wanted one kill, one voice,
one faith.

The acid test shoots down
the black
about the mass graves as a
signature of victory?

You cannot stop
the if a swarm
of big bees was ready
to hound you.

Closing the last window
I suffer.I would
never become you.

Satish Verma

Taking The Odds

An amniotic fluid initiates
the moon to the thunderstorm?
as you climb the tide.

Like a stag? opening the
summer, browsing on
the daisies.

It takes sometime
to sink. This was?
the peacock hour.

A finch will land?
on my shoulder and
look into my eyes, ritualizing it.

The glow was real
in your hair,
borrowed from the sun.

Satish Verma

Tale-Bearer

They were counting the bullets and bodies.
The severed limbs were twitching. Sometimes to go back
to their owners,
but the faceless torso selects a bush to hide the remains.
The leaves are falling on the make shift home of death.

It is time to know
who will judge the color of oozing blood?
Red, brown or black? ?

In rapt attention I can see a carnivore
without carnality there is a beauty of kill
a splurge of energy and game.
No hate, no envy, no greed.
It is not violence! It is nature! !
What you are doing with a charred face?
Changing the features of earth?
A little bit here, a little bit there
My tears will tell the tale.

Satish Verma

Talking Of Love

Selene, the goddess of
the moon, promises?
not to fall in love.

Putting on hold?
the shrine, the statue,
going for sale.

No epilogue was
needed, at the end
of play; it starts again.

The painter was dead,
before completing the art
of defying the end.

Walking in ruins
for love of poetry, you
wanted the feel of the beginning.

Satish Verma

Talking Sands

The beams were ready to collide
on the bars of hate. The blast
was coming with adjectives.
It was immortality of a street which
was going to survive.

New herons will come to wade
in troubled waters. Pure white. But the
fish had left the shore and gone to hills.
The long necked birds will find the flaming
love of sands.

The stardust was singing, anointed by
sandal paste to count the uncollected
flowers of war which were thrown on
the returning soldiers after the defeat.
There is the news of repealing the pact.

Satish Verma

Talking Spirit

Water has its own mind.
Becomes a rival
in the crack of a rock.

If the moon cries;
it becomes dew
on the slender grass.

The maiden love,
you will find it on
bed at night.

And when the priest
becomes featureless
it goes in the eyes of a god.

When death smiles,
it fills the glass
you drink it like elixir.

Satish Verma

Talking Through Veils

You were born with
a golden tongue.
When I shut my eyes,
I hear a Beethoven.

In a back vision,
the future tricks. You
become older to me.

Author of beauty, will write
a new chapter, revising the old
script? when ink is scarce in soft tears.

Can you mix the color of doomsday
with a rising moon, sitting
on a blind eagle?

There was always
a tussle between fire and sea.
When the ship was burning, brine
dried up.

Where now, we will grow
out lilies, if sky doesn't cry.

Satish Verma

Talking To A Friend

Living between the deaths
as a witness
to a silence between the words.

Leaves had fallen:
yet a dry tree
was still flowering exuberantly
under a scorching sun.

My day has come,
but I was far away from
shores of the other body.

From unknown to unknown,
I am the self,
I am the known.

Satish Verma

Talking To A Phantom

Spreading marigold
dust at the feet of uncovered
deity, I ask, was there
any home to go back?

Why did you walk
away from the tree?
of wisdom?

Why do we conceal
our wounds, talking
about metaphysics?

It was not what
I had wished to be original.
Life takes its pound
of flesh.

A question mark
will always follow you.

Satish Verma

Talking To Fireflies

From pyre to pyre
you lived to the edge
of death, and time burned.

I speak without
voice when nightingale
sings and become Miranda
at night.

I will cease to exist
for you in twilight and say good bye
to Venus, ready to fade
into oblivion.

In nothingness one
finds the reply of
echoes in valley of Buddhas
who lost their homes.

Go to the clouds
sweetly. Someone waits at
the red stone to blend
the flames with roses.

Satish Verma

Talking To God

You look very big, like
supermoon, when you come near
me to smell my breadth.

Moratorium, I have
decided not to decipher a
cipher. Your memory interrupts.

The medieval pain
wakens the dilemma to kill
or not to kill the actors.

Satish Verma

Talking To Me

The feel of killing
will not go, till you think-
the time was over,
Under the flared up moon.

The interface shrinks.
Light blends with dark.
An abbreviated space becomes
water and you sink in a jar.
The skin turns into
veil and you hide into the
here a voiceless
command hauls you up.
What was the purpose
of trembling fear of
unknown fall, when you
were standing at the edge of a pink?
I was learning from you,
the alphabet of birth and
eternity will not listen
to any defence.

Satish Verma

Talking To Monkhood

In search of
Nirvana. To blow out
or you want to be extinguished
after exploding the pod.

History betrays.
Its stout stings cause blues
I love the wars but
not your bad blood.

There were smothered screams,
and there were innumerable faces.
You dig out the charm?
for remaining anonymous.

Kneeling before invisible
god, the absurd icons,
you start whimpering.
Does it bring liberation from
one trap to another?

O god, we run after you
when there was no answer.

Satish Verma

Talking To Spirit

How much was space
between you and me in
legacy of moon?

Like the mayfly you
have no lips, no mouth.
Let's live for a day.

You may like to
salvage the broken wall
for our home.

Satish Verma

Tall Claims

You become a chair.
A dream sits in you
for a graphic detail of
pelvis. A trophy?

Was it undecorous to present
a cadaver walking on the earth?
A serial killer wants a plaque
on his grave after the verdict.

Saber-rattling has started,
unplucking the lovers of game.
A peltate shield in hushed silence
covers the undressing.

The prisoner of words tempers with
a mask to become a bruise.

Satish Verma

Tall Faith

Between the tears falls the non-vision.
I am scared
let go off my silence
and restore the infidel wall,
speaking to faithful bullet to aim nothing.
We are still not protected
in the domed confidence of million years.

Ahead of time the tryst
with goodness becomes
a window opening into
a garden of startling truths.
An immaculate response of speechless
creation gives back
a new twist to faith,
and Gods have gone into hiding.

In granite temple
the doors are missing.
Leaves fall from tall faith,
unstruck in the air, become fossils.

Satish Verma

Tall Promises

I am asking
who is calling the shots?
The time makes noise,
and silence brings pain.
Years go by.

Night of stars and moon
develops a sonorous dream.
All kinds of brutes and aborigines come to parade
flaunting their arms and ammunition.

Where they are going in veils?
The body of truth is already lying in state.
Magnified eyes stare at micro images
of windows,
through which you could see
long tentacles of an octopus.

Meditation helps for a while,
contradictions arise again.
The empty spaces are being encroached
upon by tall promises.

Satish Verma

Tall Slogans

A futile attempt to go
for a collection spree.
You got only the numbers.

It had to happen. The drums were beating.

The minority suffers
in the hands of many gods.

Between the black
and white, will it be last battle?

Temples were asked to
give the details of divine?
winds and the red moons.

There was a spiritual conflict,
without giving any purpose.
You cannot dissect
my poems.

Satish Verma

Tangerines Sing

You will say what you
did not want to say, about
golden ring of coins.

Glittering colors
hurt the blue eyes in sun.
Pain of earth cries.

Will you sing an
anthem for the departing
soul of unmasked angel?

Satish Verma

Tantalus

Tonight a dark force enters my room
I will play with planets to decide
the course of my destiny.
A future has been tied to my past.

Such pain, strange exorcism, the evil spirit
stains the bed.
When I squeeze the eyes
fog deepens.
It hides the treasure of subtle creation.

Every thing is turning into black energy
I stop thinking.
A pretention of kindness, and monumental grace play
to stop the suicide after loss of
standing harvest.

The hope has been abducted
for a ransom of a child.
There is rape of a classical painting.

Corridors of power resound with promises
styles smashed, seeds thrown
randomly on the land of guilt.
We will wait for the showers to come.

Satish Verma

Tapers

It went through me
the hot day;
vaulting back.
at night.
To hustle the poetry things.

Weary of the luminous
dials. I want to
think in dark.

*

The bookcase was empty.
Croaking words
had departed for
greener pastures.

Hold on.
I am coming to
defuse the grenades.

Satish Verma

Tapping The Wall

A soul-search violates
a cannot
drop your mask.

A liquid pain, again
laughs from eyes.
Green was the moon.

Was your poem?
a truth? Capable
of death watch?

The squirrel hangs
down by tail, to watch
the man climbing.

Satish Verma

Tarantula

Do you need a sanitizer for contaminated hands?
They were busy in illustrating the ugly contours
of life.

Up and down you were out of joint,
and your feet were not fastened to the ground.

Untainted a shrill voice prepares to rise
from the sullen men
huddled on the floor,
for the sad demise of a grand master.
The green truth was nowhere to be seen.

People are getting down for a feast
to invoke peace for the departed soul.

I am miserable,
cannot blast the fake ceremony.
Year after year the doomed city performs a ritual
for the coronation of a new king.

The sky is divided by domes, towers, minarets
and tall turrets.
cannot see the moon clearly at night

I reject the old abstractions
draw the ink from the blood
and paint a tarantula.

Satish Verma

Tasting Blood

Point-blank you
kill the pigeons in cold
blood. Death stalks.

In broad daylight
I watch the green blood
of white bread.

The soul will not
listen the song of life.
Hope, do not go!

Satish Verma

Teach Me To Die

A moth clips the red
flame to become the martyr
of the fading moon.

In limitless sky
you fly low to catch my poem
to pay back your debt.

There was no mooring
of the lost boat in ocean
of burning tears.

Satish Verma

Tears Were Never Sweet

It drips -
my ocean.
One dropp at a time
from the eyes of a grey stone.
Flows the anguish
in a cave.

A fallen grace from sky,
flickering like an earthen lamp.

Do not go
heart broken into crowd.
Tears were never sweet.

Satish Verma

Teasing

Tonight
when I come back
clad in wounded memories,
one seed deep
the pod would lie in the forest of hands,
I will wake you up in between
the kisses of moon.

The hawthorn lamps –
let me light the last unlit
of empty night, for a farewell
to a black rose, who had collected
the unpraised thorns.

The fugitive wind shuts the smart tears.

Satish Verma

Tell Me, Tell Me.

Under the cosmic
dust, an elite existence
wants to close the waterhole.

Hostility was increasing
between the same species.

But evil and good would
always co-sleep.

O Buddha
I will make the tree
walk and come to you
where you used to sit under.

And ask some stingy
questions. Why you want non?
violence when violence
would always exist?

And the light
hesitates to shine in pitch dark?
And the words remain quiet?

Why it was so impossible?

Satish Verma

Telling The Truth

Enduring,
the walk in flames.
I keep mum.

The rabid activism?
to remain untrue,
to myself, protecting my other self.

The reason becomes
my anger, without a trace
of fear. I would submit.

How can you explain
the justice, of taking revenge
on yourself? Life must move.

Spying on my
tears, the prize winner moon
starts burning during eclipse.

Death comes tomorrow
on the day of nemesis.
I will walk out from the ashes.

Satish Verma

Telling Truth

You failed me.

O god, your shadow one day
will break from you.

We had ached
together once. You are now
larger than death.

Going beyond sky,
you will step into space, and
I will start wailing.

Satish Verma

Tempestuous

Stargazing will not stop.
The will to find the answer,
when the glacier breaks.

You bring the god down
to earth. Don't want to
bother any door.

A pair of fetters fastened
around my ankles.
I hop to the house of sadness.

The auroral spark
ignites the leaker. Clouds
burst crimson with tears.

A ring of red stones were
markers. Here fell the divine
spirits, climbing on water.

Satish Verma

Temple Of Hope

Long night will start the pincer movement;
pyrexia is rising.

Something like an extraterrestrial hand
digs deep in the mind to open the tomb
to unravel the tragedy of nuts and bolts
which could not fix
the mutation of the hour of death.

Dark blinking lashes of soul
measures the cliffs of silence
and then pours the hot red
vermilion in parted wisdom of sky.

The clang of bones again penetrates
the liver. The green flaming jelly of
innocent bellies.

The hyacinth is choking the village pond
hiding the corpses of precious flowers
with green blood.

One day foundation of skeletons will build a
temple of hope.

Satish Verma

Temptation

After running for the flesh,
why did you make a home for the death?
Was it a reverence
for buying the peace?

Or fear of uncertainty
and suspense in the bosom of pain?
The panther was only thirsty, there was
no need to shoot him.

I will fight the war
on my own terms, in defence of liberation.
In moment of defeat, there
will be celebration of truth for homage to a truce.

Give me some reason to die.

Satish Verma

Tenacity

It was a breech birth,
scuttling the forecast,
under water search.
Sad night.

The sand fills your
pockets. You start
licking the salt
jettisoned by violent waves.

Don't focus your mind.
D-Day is drawing near.
No deference to sun.
Unfurl all the sails and ride the breakers.

Satish Verma

Tender Fall

This bonded fear bids for power,
Will I destroy myself in valley of puppets?
War in dreams,
of sins and morals of masked pretensions
wears me off. Time rolls violently
near the periphery, before it flies away.

One chaste run to the shadow of sorrow
burns you alive. Sitting on a heap of sandlewood
you turn into ashes, the sweet aroma
drifting between its rights and wrongs,
evasions and commitments,
hunting for the truth.

Great exodus of principles in green
martyrdom, brings out the blood from the color
of terracotta. The figures on the walls
start talking in falling light, de-icing
the sun, like the dust on this side of dark.
The violence rises again.

Satish Verma

Tender Rage

After the weep there was blankness,
then he started playing with fire
for existence, of a rain
which refused to shower.
It was a fierce night of a hidden drought.

A lethal dose of amnesia
dissipates the calmness of a hangman:
waiting to cut the cord of resistance:
moon will spy on the cold-blooded
murder of a white ego.

This was the aftermath of the soaring
food prices of soul songs. People were mowing
the tall grasses of dialects, sensing
the wind, onslaught of gathering storm.
Morning sky was pale and withdrawn, full of sorrow.

The dignity calls for the last prayer
for a lesser portrait!

Satish Verma

Tenderness

The kiss of a flame,
after the perfect
sketch.

*

The geometry
ignites the ice.
It falls, fiery particles.

*

The space shrinks.
Glided slope.
How can you stop?

Satish Verma

Terracotta

With fractured hands
I lit a pyre
of small nudes
with pink globes.
A moon bleaches me white in a long night.

A reprieve was needed
from the scorching sun
opening a jinx
of a metaphor.
The poems will take care of the burning home.

Of deaths and forecasts
I would like to see the
ending of descent
from the mount of pain
The ice will tremble in the smoke.

Satish Verma

Terrified

Firing of neurons
accelerates,
under the weight of ruthless
originalism.

A crowd collects the strength of collider
and starts throwing back
sparks in dark.

Each face looks like a spider
alighted from alienness:
distills terror.

The smile
was a miracle.
Never materializes

A prayer time
for balloons
ready to commit unforgivable sin, sin.

Satish Verma

Terror In Air

A rogue word in the
mode of persuasion, had
indefatigability.

When you are maced,
signs stop coming.

Jupiter was ready for
the collision, before you arrive
in dark, sky.

The rapture of the end
will not happen, till you
jump in the blood pool.

The mystery was
tangled up. Why would
you not climb down the stairs?

It still haunts,
The arms of swastika were growing,
and I had started to shrink.

Satish Verma

Terror Trail

Shedding the wholeness of negation
you arrive: fear was sweeping the floor
when smoke screen of love was hung on
blue morning, you groped for a hidden
coin, lost in the woods of mania. Distinguishing
a chaste word, without thought, ejected in a
traffic of terror, you want to join a primitive
tribe where a motherless fawn will harvest the milk
from the breasts of a women.

Talking of a global sorrow into the green
eyes of a snake, an awareness breaks, sucks
you inside the hole of a wronged motherhood,
the anthology of big nails on the walls of
understanding, where the traditional colors
throw up the wasted bodies, making you think
tall, and you were running in a dark tunnel
climbing and falling to attend the funerals,
of moon gazing children.

Satish Verma

Testimony

A wax house you were
gifted to live in sun.
No comments. As if the chess
game now starts. You do not know
how to move a checkmate

Always a loser. You do not
want to win this game? of
betting the cemetery? where your
ancestors were buried. No?
body has come to claim the remains.

Unkissed, the seeds will wait
to become antiqued, till a
historian finds a shovel. A
state of mind, you were very poor.
I will not cry for the fall's colors.

Satish Verma

Testing Time

Somewhere a pin
drops in pitch dark. The deity
appears incognito, rising from dust.

I was dying for
your truths after separation from
myself in a disturbing moment.

Grave danger was for
eternal lovers, like swans, would
fight sincerely to die.

Satish Verma

Th Reality Show

Tell me how to tell you about a flat
robotic voice,
asking for euthanasia,
a rite of passage for ceremony of death.
He said, he preferred lethal injection
to noose. But it should be painless,
and there should be no leakage of pain
on face. Mercy it be.

This was not a stage show.
No mummer was performing.
Sitting in lotus position
inviting the inevitable. Be my destiny,
my end.

A terminal prayer of infant dream,
which could not find words,
worth any weakness.

Going separately on different routes,
meeting accidently at home
two things were quarreling with dark
quietly.

Satish Verma

That Is

Let be it.
The little bowl abandoning
the unreachable pink-light.
Ambrosia-
was searching a geometric center
of a smoking hub.

Flame-
of a bonfire was leaping
towards a topless tumbler.
The midriff
will spell a disaster.

A nomadic-
sleepwalker had become incandescent,
starts a prayer
for a condemned enemy.

My body was a river.
flowing-
on the impacted rocks of violence.
Was non-violence still relevant
in turbulent times?

Give me some unreason today.

Satish Verma

That Is Not What Is.

Tell me why were you
hanging out with golden dust
in molten raw pain?

In secular grief,
I pray you to play the flute
like a reed in mud.

I will rise like the
possessed phoenix from the
burning city of reins.

Satish Verma

That Was

Turning over your
signature page, holding
your poem in nude.

What else was needed
to commit a sin of god
when you go insane.

The snare was made of
gold, glittering like panther.
You hide under moon!

Satish Verma

The Birth Of A Public Stance

Looked naïve, but he was
elevating himself on the heap of lights
unlearning the human commitment.
Hunger was his weapon
to level the uprising of underprivileged.

This monarch of darkness
picks up the best,
insists on low profiles.
We were searching fossils
under the rocks
to decipher the shadows of history.

Between the glory of hardened footprints,
we found the labels.
Contents unknown but enough to browse.

They were weightless
and soaring high.
But I was not able to survive.

Satish Verma

The Bully

How it is that –
at shrine while saying prayers
sex was on your mind?
You hated the betrayal and emptiness of life.
but still tuned to sweet indulgence.

And then a sudden flash back
slaps in your face,
and you want to commit suicide.

Afraid of hurting your pride
I didn't fulfil my promise of wiping your tears
in a sprint of flinching ache.

It is night now
The words have a peculiar burnt-out smell
of the road,
as if they were smouldering
in hot ashes of peace.

Satish Verma

The Lost Ones

On your dark face
smile does not spread like a butterfly.
Most reticent I had been,
It was very difficult to give,
and very painful to take.
You wanted to be noticed,
and I had a tryst with uncharted path.

It was coming.
The separation!
Like an anal pain of cancer.
The essence was, usurped by a deathly kiss of cobra.
Your thoughts, body language were wrapped
in a tarnished blanket.
Let us start a parallel monologue
on different selves.

Do not count the wounds.
An anthropologist has become a messenger.
The history, the fossils, the caves are shouting,
we were cannibals.

No sound will trudge now,
on our empty streets.
No knocks will come on our doors.

Satish Verma

The Spirit

How long will it go
this hurricane?
Let me go, open the sails
and put the boat on high sea.

Water is deep and blue, wind is strong
and I want to do it again
Tonight I will break the vow of moon
and bring it down.

Who knows where I land
the school of sharks
or turbulent isle
the body will be lowered to feed the hungry waves.

I was used to upheavals
up and down, up and down
and slept on pillow of clouds
who will wash the mirror today.

I am not going to die
not now but for ever
I will cleave, my body, my soul, my thoughts
into thousand pieces, each will grow into I.

Floral and thorned, rosy and scented
opening like a tribute
to fetishes of yore
The spirit must live.

Satish Verma

The Abeyance

Running without legs.
A perfect apparition
of sandhills.

I cannot see far, but
hear the synchronized call,
of peacocks at midnight.

Cannot sleep. The solemn
mystery of dark is broken.
In the cracks, I am
discovering myself.

Was it not an enough reason
to abandon the search
of peace and return to killing?

the gods of clay and find
the sanctity of emptiness,
stripped to gravity?

Satish Verma

The Absolute

Keep me in the last
chapter of the book
you have not written.

Let the end come
of a story written on
the sands of time,
with handprints.

An old hill walks
to meet the river on fire.
When hands tremble
to tie the knot.

As I reach near
the sunset, a slice of moon
cuts my wrist, to let
the poem be born again.

A boneless assault,
a tearfull withdrawl.
How we will remember
the anniversary?

Satish Verma

The Accidental Fall

My bronzed speech is available,
accepting the defeat of daffodils.
I will not write an elegy.

The postpartum blues are over,
I am coming out of the crib,
like a new born poem.

Floating the paper lanterns, at
night, on flowing river, to send the
message to moon. No more the beach will cry.

The triangular nuts will
speak of the hurricanes, protecting
the hairy seeds.

No resistance was needed
to stop the invading army of black
ants, ready to tear the dummies.

Satish Verma

The Acid Test

When you stand still
in unbearable agony, the unquiet
dark starts settling
around me.

Why this crisscrossing of
ill-bred beliefs and credences?
Hacking of the circinate thoughts?
After the rolled up,
tip of pain lies in the center.

The dead leaves,
noises of the past-are gathering up
with ugly exhibits.

As origami, you fold it
and put it back
in ice was no need
to decorate the death's crown.

Eyes half-shut
will not see the moon rise.

Satish Verma

The Adored Angel

Night descends in your
eyes. Planet wants to enter the
footfalls of moon.

You drink my song
from lipless heart. What was
the range of bullet?

An altered ego writes
again the history of Buddha,
who was still unknown.

Satish Verma

The Air Was Scented

The tryst with path,
was full of voices of silence,
confronting its wrath & revenge.
Nothing was new, soft matter divided the winds,
arithmetic of energy,
faced up to its agony of spent life.

Decently artful,
you manipulated the clouds, its music,
the bluebells went into trance.
The shower laden
leaves started dancing.
Half solemn, half smiling
you preached the immortality
of a sick downloaded wisdom.

The golden days had
yellowed vision of time, but mutation was complete.
The masts were broken.
The air was scented with
punch & humility.
Adjectives had the
advantage over nouns.

Satish Verma

The Animal Inside

It is a
chilled embrace,
separated by distance.
Why the grief has brought us together?

The time ejects
you? from your hot niche.
You smell black. The apples rot.
Nigella. The love-in-a-mist
was gone.

The history will not
forgive me. Leaving your horse
in battlefront. Going for a
moon. O god? I was trying to
stop the bleed.

You climb again
the steps to meet the beast
of the jungle. Don't measure
the faith. I will wait for
resurrection.

Satish Verma

The Anodyne

Unmasked inside,
we play the games of a torch
the living legend,
great beauty of dirty thoughts.
A twin drama unfolds.
the icon burns and a wealth
of praise drowns the priest.
Now death dance begins.
Neither immersion nor
the float ends the relationship.

The hunger leaps
to death from top floor.
Life is ripped apart.
The swarm of vultures descends,
mating of news begins.
The anodyne is spread on the wounds.
Room to room,
the liquidation begins; of faces, of spots.

A cruel joke is repeated
every day relentlessly,
I wait for the transformation of beginning,
of the ending.
The light to fade and
god to taste like a hot bun.
The dangling doors must close,
for a while to motivate the dreams.

Satish Verma

The Art

The embedded curse
of a roving planet, brings
out a story of otherness
versus loneliness.

Adultery was on cards.
An issue was rising
between the string
and the bullet.

Let us pretend. There was
a serial killer in every
home, who will come out
at night to send the message.

The curved dots will join
to give an explicit image.
Do you like it? Can
you put it on mantelpiece?

Satish Verma

The Ascetic Grieves

Why Buddha waits for
Yasodhra, to become sane
and atone a sin.

The time was catching
up. Like someone plucks a
narcissus for prayer.

Pink and white, the
cherry blossom in your eyes
cracks the asphalt.

Satish Verma

The Assaulter

You were aging by nights.
Days will not seek
to defend you.

Drawing the landscape
of a snowfall,
you will die in a portrait.

The world meets
you again like a jawless
lamprey with sucker mouth.

Beyond the blues
lies a tower, where
you will not find the stairs.

In battlefield, stands
the army of red ants, ready
to pound upon the moonlight.

Satish Verma

The Atavism

The cannibalism was back.
You were eating yourself
alive.

The guts spilt,
would meet the dust,
in abode of earthworms.

They creep and burrow
and bury the organic themes.
Unpolluted, untouched.

The bowels undulate,
to the thumping rhythm,
of greedy feet. White eagles?

How far this digging
of gold mines will go?
Someone had swallowed the glitter.

Black birds are joining
the procession of
empty hearses.

Satish Verma

The Atrocities

Friends and foes
would have a scuffle
about, who was going to pluck the lymphoma.

A rainbow deflects,
from your eyes, making
me grasp for the breath.

Seeks apology, while
talking to trees, on boil
was the language, under the poverty line.

It does not make any sense.
The rain catcher was on trail
of a fugitive.

The sun. Always hiding
behind the veils of massacre.
I am not going to face the moon.

Satish Verma

The Avenger

Unprecedented.

A blushed
crimson moon
had come down?
to earth,
to avenge
the last night's
insult.

A protégé
wants an apology
from the
departing sun,
to heat up
the planet
after giving
light.

The ocean
expands to give
an answer.

Satish Verma

The Believers

Inheriting the dust of street
something of a lofty ideal
in politics of poverty, I want to get back
to my native are
too much wounds here.

My green blessings came from the dark.
Sun was altering the geometry of crops.
Genes were manipulated and the
debate was running on fiction.
Down the drain went the hybrids.

To glow or not to glow was the big question
and the hunger was discovering the cause.
Suicides had toppled the numbers
and clouds had become colorful.
God knows when the ceremony will end.

Satish Verma

The Bell Tolls

Standing at the edge
of soreness,
stopping by a waning moon.

It was a weird thing.
You forget your name.

I was the game,
you were the hunter.
Half on your lips,
half in my eyes.

A handsome tragedy
will always wait by.

Two randomly scorched
souls, light-years apart
want to meet in twilight
of the gods.

There was reluctance
to stand up to moon,
who had white heart.

I will ask you
to take a final dip.

Satish Verma

The Benevolence

Borderless pain was
said untold. I am writing
a new chapter of night.

The somatic scent?
does not rise now, for the peaks
dissecting the snowy falls.

Racial climbdown
brings friction amidst the uniqueness
of downtrodden dolls.

There was an intense?
urge to rip open the endless sky?
to find the secret of blackness.

The fabled light,
fails to distinguish between
eyes and ears. A blind man

will not find the shape
of truth by noises.

Satish Verma

The Biometrics

The freak accident
of a paranormal mystic, begins
a telekinesis in the dark room
to internalize the chopped off
obsession of sex.

You will be needed as a
fugitive now, in the
muddle of passions. There was
a complete lull before the storm.
A pindrop silence.

An anxiety starts, of-
becoming nothing, in the comfort
zone. The roots look up
at the lunar month, to bail out
the loner, convicted of sedition.

Satish Verma

The Birth Pangs

It is now.
The call of unknown.
A doting mother!
writes a child.

I am, collecting!
the words. To speak for the
death, which was hesitant
to come,
against the will of grass.

The grassroots diplomacy,
catches the wind.
Abandons the footpath,
goes to the marbled floor.

What do I do!
at dusk? Become wordless
like a deep sea!
waiting for the moon
to bring the tides?

Satish Verma

The Black Argument

Driving the moment
you swoop on the clock
expanding the grief of
blue mind.

You said,
I want to know the name
of spilled blood on the dirt road
to freedom of thoughts. The noun
was more repugnant than the verb.
The crowd was becoming
restive.

You cannot raise your children
by feeding them with your hands
and making them sleep in your bed.
Where were the books? the scraps
and waste?

You could have identified the code
of forgotten gods.

Satish Verma

The Blame Game Begins

The trauma gives me a
severe jolt.
The paper nest of
wasps remains unbroken.

There was an ethereal
feel. One outwardly thought.
We should be ready for
a final war.

Between words and deeds
the religion was expanding.
River of blood was becoming
thick. Can you walk on the
frozen bodies?

The title of the substory
changes. Every executioner
had a deep hurt inside.

Satish Verma

The Bleak Landscape

In this cruel summer,
body becomes a river?
embroiled in sun.
Gnomes tied to our
bones dragging you down. You clasp the portal
of a feral cat.
Obsession rises.
You kill the petty thoughts
discreetly.
On the edge?
comes the thrifty moon
in night. No holds barred.
In desperation, you
call all the dead stanzas.
Nobody believed in leper's tale.
The black eyes burn
without flames.

Satish Verma

The Blessings Fail

It was too loud
to become a savior. You
longed for? only a
flower weight.

I wanted it to last?
my pain? lying to myself.
I will wait for the
sanity to reappear.

Too raw? the codex.
It burns the author. I
will have to learn?
a new alphabet.

The bell tolls,
bell tolls.
Take me to crypt in dark.
I have to read the walls again.

Satish Verma

The Bloody Hand

You must be precise.
I am in search of me.

No clue, yet to find the hand,
which was baked in the klin!
and that did not feel the pain.

It was all over. No need to nurse
anybody. The wounds, the multiple
bullet marks. Did you see it coming?
The fusillade, which lit up the room?

You become the question to find the
answer. Come out of the body.
There was no spring in sight.
It was a long winter of sealed lips

You must be color-blind.
The roses look black. The
avalanche was red!

Satish Verma

The Blooming Blood

Sky-clad, you are going
to meet the nemesis,
digging the street to?
find the nails. Do not fret.
Nails had burrowed deep in the
flesh of unknown. When you have
nothing to say, what are you
going to say?

My heart misses a beat. Takes
a pause to look at the
spring of songless birds. I watch
myself ruined amid the legless run.
Soon they will be coming to wash
the stones with tears.
Do you smell the pungent smoke
rising from the no name tragedy.

Tonight the gas will not burn
in the kitchen. The beds will
remain unslept.

Satish Verma

The Blue Lake Burns

When the roaring tiger
was behind the bars, there was
this otherness. So much voiceless
was that, it had wounded me.

Your life had entered my
dome to meet its darkness, my
sky, my moon and the
riot of color begins.

By unbecoming, dying
in every home, to write the
script of desire, you will take
the path, where my marrow went down.

The clocks, on every wall
to remind me the moving time.
Will you wait for the explosion
to stop the trembling hands?

Not giving an answer you shut the door.

Satish Verma

The Blues

Such were the times.
You wanted to become sane
after losing the mind.

*

A death trap;
looking in the rear mirror.
The first word you spoke.

*

The ugly turn
of the events. This November
a moon eclipse.

Satish Verma

The Blunt Clashes

The fractured core,
a broken faith, there was
no life after death.

The colossus was drowned
in white, stunning
the men in black.

You cannot encircle
the sun-spots with
bare dogmas.

The tear's salt is found
scrapped on lips, will not
find a place to sink.

How deep you will go
in the tattoos? The sun
wanted to check in the dementia.

Satish Verma

The Brightened Fire

Tonight sleep was not coming to me.
Tears had washed the splinters out of the bruised eyes.
It was becoming extremely hard to pulverize
the legacy, the tendrils of violence.
Wrapped in white shrouds the bodies were laid out
on the grass. The pearly sunlight was ready
to give anything for a name.

The pitted legs, the shattered bones,
black moles of the final darkness. Descending
on the battle ground, parched throats
licking up the dew from the mute bodies of ancestors.
I would eat death, shapeless, as blunt
questions, as medallions. Millions of years will be ready
to make out the fossils of time machines.

Are not the pinnacles of snow shining on the
mountains of silent hate? You keep the windows
open, so that the blasts does not shatter the glass.
When this calamity will end? The new born
babies are thrown out on heaps of garbage, bloody
rags of unhinged bloughs. A hunch-backed
god was tottering on the broken planks.

Satish Verma

The Broken Statue

A sleepchaser brings
a quantum of pain
to fight the ugly night.

The patient attack
on the lids
for the sake of absinthe.

The son of lakes?
would bring in goat
to drink the elixir.

I would not talk
about the exile, which
one earned by donating?
the kidneys.

The blade of grace
cuts the sun into small
chapels which become eyes
of street dancers.

Satish Verma

The Brutal Life

The unspoken words
had the unborn quality.
That homeliness sitting around the fire pits
writhed in predatory hopelessness.
Insensitive to flesh
we were shooting the ducks in midair.

Rapture for the dirt,
deceit does not need a consonant,
the intensity confronts the meaning.

The impermanence of joy
restores the crypt;
the body was still to be brought.

On the winds
a crumpled name floats
recalling the orgies.

Satish Verma

The Buddha Was Going To Weep

For the fusion of minds
let the long vigil of night begin
for a cultural shock.

Prayer wheels were whirring
furtively.
The Buddha was going to weep.

Imperial march of hundred
thousand boots in fever
wakens the darkness under the milk.

Famished ghost of a town
can foresee the rumbling of
a dark moon behind the trees.

Bullet for bullet
in inner empire.
Gold lips cry at every reason.

Burnt-out shrine will tell a tale.
They were diluting silence of walls,
blood stained by the crash of towers.

Satish Verma

The Caller

After breach in tolerance
one peeled truth becomes incendiary.
Afraid of the known:
pitched against
unknown.

Dying young with stiff upper lip,
the grief,
was not curtained enough.
The malignant spread,
refused to retract a name from the epitaph.

Greed overtook
by calculation,
powerful thrust to run the winds,

the virgin grass will not surrender.
Lethal on the move, a humble shout
was nearer to god.

Satish Verma

The Cameo

Chinks? honest to nails,
averting the wants.
It was very dark here.
My screams were not reaching to you.

The subtlety seeps
into conversation. Salt was
very bitter. Tears swirl at
the banks of hurts. The stains
were becoming darker.

Poachers were honing
their pens. Someone falls
out of line, to take revenge
on the gods.

Weather was changing.
No dress code was needed
to take a dip in holy water.
A moon crunch will meet you in nude.

Satish Verma

The Candle Burns

Not a single word added today
to my tinsel book. The brown eyes
were searching my smile.

You want to close the happening
of first moon and the fig.
My roses start a new dialect,

waiting on the clouds, almost
in rains, spreading the wetting
agent between the eyes.

The distance was the most crucial
thing, that does not end;
endlessly stretching.

Satish Verma

The Candle In Snow

An executioner
gazes up into your eyes,
hotting up the gazella.

I am not an asylum seeker.
Was it an insult
to the animal, if I follow a sane path?

From my side of earth,
using different names, unflinchingly
I will speak for the bloody truth.

I never miss a tiger,
even with white coat and
brown eyes. Yellow stripes bring stasis.

Death arranges
the table. You pick up your dish.
O God, I wanted to be like you.

A stunning silence,
again pushes me towards you.
You always grin.

Satish Verma

The Celestial Affair

Be grace,
and read my graphic
timeline to find
your dots.

Ghostly spiritual, when?
you were admiring
the flesh eaters.

From where to where
the sperms have reached
on sand hills.
Death gets the price.

Very exhausting it
was, to maintain the relationship
with laws of nature.

You were waiting
in vain, to happen. The other
moon never materializes.

Your lightlong smile
guides me in dark.

Satish Verma

The Challengers

Tracing ancestry,
my poem will talk to you one day
under wolf moon.

The skin starts burning.
Singed hands will collect some
salt from god's kitchen.

No new meaning has
come out from book after
desacralization.

Satish Verma

The Charity

Adieu, you may not
become a meal
of violence?

The pheromones are
released for predation
after the embrace. Don't follow
the path of hawk in sky.

O, opal, what
colour you are going to
opt at the marriage of moon?

The nascent pain
is taking birth. The seed
cannot promise to become
a tree.

The trams morals
are moving like centepeds,
you raise your hand to
ask a question of time!

Satish Verma

The Clan

As I come, for molarity
without molars.
No grinding was left
in the millstones.

The family
accumulates. My distorted shape
will not accept
the broken ankle.

Paraplegic, you run
faster than meteorite.
The boom was heard
beyond cacophony.

It had come from
the blue. The burning anchor
of desire, without
the damp eyes.

Satish Verma

The Claudication

Is raining. Since night.
You have no claim on
dry lips. Wry stance. The
city walks slowly. Wasted
faces. You want to kill
the words, the profanities.
Want to unwrap the knife.

I don't need any flowers.
Always making faces. Too
Many boats in the sea of eyes.
Rowing, arowing. I am
Afraid. The fast currents. And
then my shirt becomes stained.
Dirty words.

You reach the bottom. The
terrible depth. Digging up
my body. Even my hands
become shovels. Slowly
I erase my name on the sand.
The sea has divided us.

Satish Verma

The Closed Window

When!
you were taking lovers,
a tunnel collapsed.

*

The vision
rolls back. The moon
releases the dark secrets.

*

A collaborator
gives in. The street spreads
the names.

Satish Verma

The Cobra Kiss

Dying inside, every
day, inch by inch, to save
the silent lips.

Only the moon will see
the weird verbalism of
a narrative.

We are the gypsies,
restless, homeless? traveling
in the shadows of stars.

The act was
suicidal. You were always
talking to wind that
would never listen.

Trick of game
was frivolous. You would
sleep in moonlight alone.

The gossips morphed.
You were an angel without
wings, wandering on hills
crying.

Satish Verma

The Commitment

The lesion was
spreading. From
inside, I hear the wails.

Past and present
of time, plows
the furrows, in future.

Seeds remain
unplanted. I seek
justice from the earth.

Turn off the lights
I want to see!
the moon in its full glory.

Someone has left
the message for us.
Go out to face the wolves.

Satish Verma

The Condemned

Heart's ache is getting worse everyday.
May be I go out in this brutal world
Of scuttling lies to seek the one
who left the body to trace the wound.

A red hibiscus enters my room from the window
and smiles at me.
Outside clumsy blasts are ripping apart
the tranquil day.
I wrench the emotions out of the poem
for the big mouthed kindness
which sprays the bullets.

Terror strikes suddenly on the swollen ankles
We do not know the cure.
No foreign hand will help,
No foreign face will smile.
I have to go for inward journey
My lips will kiss the condemned.

Satish Verma

The Contest

My deep anguish
simmers. Why the man
betrays himself and
starts eating the kin?

Like a venomous snake.

It was difficult
to stay normal in the
jungle of players
to become a ruthless sovereign.

The time gap,
space? the distance between
the hearts remains intact.
You start breaking up.

You lock the words
of charity, and become a clown,
moon-skilled
reciting dead hymns
in praise of a no-god.

Satish Verma

The Crescent Moon

Let me be myself
in cloud of tears.

A streak of light
breaks the myth
of superlunary, when you
were at war with
leviathans of deep.

When hungry,
you were flawless in art
of love. It wakes you
from old thinking.

Hiding behind fears,
I freeze to wear the death
gown. The words crumble
under the weight of truth.

Life remains beautiful.
I don't want to leave you.

Satish Verma

The Daily Ritual

The cells,
climb the fame,
unperceived.

A bit of nose, blue eyes,
jugglery of stances.
You catch the body art.

The eagle
dives, for a legal kill.
Hail, the beautiful
execution.

To shut the voice,
you bring in, snow,
white blanket for every
one deprived.

Satish Verma

The Dancing Tale

I do not remain happy
with noises of wisdom.
Time was running out on me
to know myself.

No sensory cognizance. I
touch you with my invisible
hands, stroking the hair
to dislodge the moon.

Ashes lay strewn. River
was overflowing from the
banks of limbs. I will not
come near the unfathomable

depth of a chasm, between
good and bad. Out of the bed
of roses a snake uncoils.
Praise the dark. It in night.

Satish Verma

The Daphnia

The truth of my blood
at the mensal
without prayer and anguish.

Will you be able to
heal the rift between color
and smell?

The other face?
offering the tears in
cupped palm.

The slant eyes will
never know, the end of?
the day under the shadows.

The endemic fugue?
tilts the balance of angels.
The bay tree sends the condolence.

Satish Verma

The Days Of Agony

Were you the face of God
in the temple of tooth.
When fire was playing The Return
of the Desert.

I feel cheated, when talking
of nonviolence, when you go for
self-immolation in the
water of straits.

The military boots had failed,
to quench the thirst of dead.
How would you dig the graves
of mauled, tribal gods?

The final mile of human race
comes in the face of triumph
of the death, sharing
the borders of flowing blood.

Satish Verma

The Dead Don't Care

I grope, I fumble.
I do not seek
any death.
You will divide,
my body, my soul.

Concealing a double
of god, you disappear
in zero visibility.

The bullets,
the knife.
Will they break the pride
of defying the norms?

The nonviolence speaks
from podium.
Hate breeds hate.
Would you drop the weapons
for enemy?

A rose will say I don't know.

Satish Verma

The Dead Dream

It was a clouded heart.
I was fidgeting with fate and
there was no otherway, no way.
I did not want to keep him waiting either, but
I must be ready to receive the guest.

Thief of pain was coming in the blizzard
for a murky deal. I refuse to fall apart.
The epitaph was incomplete and Emperor
was demanding his due of golden sleep. Was it
the worth of a new born. Sky was overcast.

Taking the thought to its fossil home. Stings were
sharp and the next stop was ocean. Water
of funeral way. Still the sweet lips would
haunt for the honey. Gone, the wax palace
was gone, no body was going to light it.

Satish Verma

The Debauchery

This age of depression?
Do you hear?
the unheard sounds?

I always bleed?
in the books. Some words
won't stay for the sake of propriety.

Nothing is held back,
not even modesty. The biggest
savagery, of being a human.

And a flock of ravens will
go on hungry,
not feeding on debased carrion.

The baby moon will
not smile. History has
cheated us out of the truth.

The heat, noises and
dust. Every face was covered
in soot. I cannot recognize myself.

Satish Verma

The Debris

Give me the whole
of a fragment,
I am standing on a frozen lake
of inadequate compassion.

The totality of implications frightens.
Look deep in my eyes
you may find the plumage
of the green peacocks. They are gone.

Walk on the burning coals
to perceive actuality. Life slaps the illusion.
Debris falls from a shooting star,
overwhelming the clouds.
Rains will not come now for a while.

History heaps few glares
on the spinning darkness.

The theater runs for an empty house.

Satish Verma

The Décor

Sexist barbs against
wooden breasts, street-smart.
I am something not, I am. A wall
of tears. Liquid nicotine, I will not declare
myself, creating a poem in different ways.

Waywarding, protégé digs the gullies?
becoming unfaithful to himself. The
hope, will it be extinguished? The
tall mud slide, a devastating statement
burying you, me, everyone.

A black beetle, collecting carcasses,
to feed the young. It is on the rise,
green sea. I cannot see myself bleed,
by the grasshoppers. It is like
committing suicide solo.

Satish Verma

The Deep Anguish

In city of thousand sacrifices
the dominion reads?
your mind.

When you were putting
salve on paranormal wounds.

Telekinesis begins.
Fear lurks in your home?
before the orgy of slaughter starts.

The echo of blood?
looms large on the beach of glassy eyes.

The sinner wants to be
anointed, to
do it again.

In stench you walk alone
to meet god.

Satish Verma

The Deep Cut

Under your baton,
The targets are being
identified. Moon will
find out the hiding
of muse.

A purple rhythm
will not be stymied
in bud. Hold the
ground. Sun was setting
very soon.

I have not heard the
boots of departure
as yet. The music
will go on till the
last breath.

A very positive black.
With closed eyes, you
sit in meditation?
until the flames arrive.

Satish Verma

The Definition

Do not
give me a dream.

I will return my name.

There was no arrival
for me. Like wintergreen.

No ending,
no point, no tip.

A continuum
of space, time
and pain.

A stream on blackstone
flowing after the hail,
pellets of frozen tears.

Satish Verma

The Delgue

Blood side by side.
Your risqué humor
ejects the foul nerves.

No religion was my
mother. My prayers were meant
for undying.

The vital fluid boils
without sun.

Pythagoras comes back
to retrieve the numbers.
The mystical figures have failed.

Not afraid of fear.
clenching my fist, one day,
I have to meet my other self.

Satish Verma

The Delicate Dives

You always speak
from the eyes.
My sun will send the clouds.

No it isn't. You
wanted to look away
hiding the moons.

Extra-virgin. No way.
Tree was crying.
Branches gone, no olives.

This city will start
a trade. Selling
glass eyes of many shades.

Satish Verma

The Democracy

With stoicism writ on face
I invite the chisels
for giving birth to a dialogue

between me and the shaper.
Where did the things go wrong
in making the life a simple page

to write a beautiful poem?
Buddha give me a bo-tree or an interlocutor

who invents skin, teeth and eyes
of a failing system. The command

has gone to unknown robots. They were
manipulating the atrophied

limbs of high-tech generation
who do not know the pathless love
when we walk into the moon,

Satish Verma

Satish Verma

The Descent

Buried in a shiny grave,
a redefined religion
becomes the first god
of scams.

Attaining Moksha,
breaking the law of rebirthing,
in barking dogs.

This was a stunning
betrayal of?
human race.

A lone gunner
pulls out the gun and
starts shooting everyone
resembling him.

I become worried
about the mental health
of unfolding mortals.

Grief was not my asset.
The planet was falling apart.

Satish Verma

The Dialogue Continues

My logic
was not a part of belief.

The answer you proffered is
not, what it was
supposed to be.

The question sits like a
butterfly on my chest.

It was a sham exercise
to wipe out the dirt from the eyes.

Life, death and the
unknowing are the failures
of man.

I am ready to repatriate
my end from the noose, for
not accepting the award.

Satish Verma

The Difference

I was watching a flight of swans
in a neat row over the horizon.

You were counting the pebbles on the beach.
Sun will shortly crease the clouds,
but first let us decide for our starving existence
how far is our home?

I cannot assemble the broken mirror,
the splinters have twisted images.
Somebody knocks out a tomb in sand,
and I wait for a giant wave to wash
out the traces.

The death offers the final peace.

Satish Verma

The Dilemma

In cohabiting
a self-denial said:
take me home.

Give me ink and
cry. I am going to write
without paper.

A hungry tiger will
die off the cage. Why did
you toss the key?

Satish Verma

The Dirty Beliefs

More searing?
in fog of love.
You prepare the first draft?
of suicide.

It was not in your
handwriting from the left,
before sending?
the message.

The crash of the drone
before hitting the ground.
I apologize to sun for?
the brilliant fault.

I will never know
what did I give you.
My tulips were ravaged
by the statecraft of the winds.

Satish Verma

The Drowning

The ancient war is on.
You kill,
or get killed.

Do not jostle.
You were sinking in quicksand
taking on the depth.

In exile, you
wanted the remains of
a brilliant moon, after it was possessed.

The poet will find
the jungle, standing quietly
after the execution, was stayed.

Between the witness
and accused, the judge will not
reverse, the slant of the truth.

Satish Verma

The Dumb Pain

Learning the script
of death, scarred by the
things of nature.

From one key to another
the transitional smile
shows the inherited strength
of ancient weep.

I adore you because I don't
love myself. The self-affliction
is to understand how a lamb feels
under the knife of a butcher.

The beast, that impales
its prey on the thorns, while
singing a melody, to become
a companion of dancing god.

There was no antithesis between fangs and stings.

Satish Verma

The Dumps

The words had started to fail me.
There was always an 'if'?
before every war of hunger.

The candlewick has burned
out. I am collecting the?
wax from the eyes.

Wrapped agony, now lifts
the dead bird from the
rose bushes.

The frosted god
will melt to bare a
black stone.

I am not luck
I am not the future.
You know where this path leads into?

Satish Verma

The Eagle Swoops

Why ending your life,
on death bar,
close to terror?

of life? This is how
your dreams come true?
to play with inevitable ?

You had nothing to bleed.
One million times you
kiss on the lips of wounds.

We're all insane, chasing
the muse in dark. Earth
weeps in turn.

The walls are coming
up. What does the time tell
about the age of many tombs?

Satish Verma

The Earthen Death

Spurned,
staring into a void-
for a door,
burning a sage.

Wearing a veil to ward off
the curse.

You start the baby steps
getting there, near the noose,
weighing the planks.

Now you are breathing fast,
getting a hit, counting
the hymns.

The corrupt booms
rise and fall.
An overt withdrawal
from the bet, to sacrifice the bliss.

White lilies washed,
in tears, let down the shawls.
You can see the holy vice.

Satish Verma

The Earthen Lamp

Spurned? the spiritual
way. Can you remain unchanged?

The undercurrent was
strong. You float up
and down.

Dragged on sledge
of life, you land directly
in my eyes.

I do it my style.
O golden moon, reaching
you in my verse.

You cannot cover
the flames, till you become
ash, genuine and pure.

The cotton rags
will remind you of purple
clouds when you were rich in rains.

Satish Verma

The Echo Reaches The Whole Sky

Wages
of alienation
were increasing.
We were afraid
of reflections.

Shifting
of landscapes
will hurt the river.
I was blinded
by blues.

Relationship
becomes a speech
impediment,
bonds start
breaking.

I wanted
to call your name –
in solitude.
The echo
reaches the whole sky.

Satish Verma

The Enabler

You come to me formless,
to claim your dues?
of whispering poems.

At sharp cliff,
what was your dream?
destiny of taking a long fall?

The rising smoke dissolves
the boundaries, when you
fondle the dark for some pulse.

The final gift arrives
of tears, within reach
of the implosion.

Along the boulevard
a flight of swans?
sails for another lake.

I lift my hand for final salute.

Satish Verma

The End

Lines on forehead are deepening.
No signs of abatement
of fire in our bellies.

The hunger we inherited
is only comforting
the mouthless.

Broken laughs.
Strange bedfellows
chopping off the murals from the lips.

A body rots,
stinks.
Maggots fly.

Negotiations are still on.
Who will dissect the legend
to find the cause of death?

Like a clay model, a soldier breaks.

Satish Verma

The End Starts

The answers look
at questions, like sparrows
did not find home.

Where wouldgo, the
butterfly poems, to color
the barren thoughts?

You glide like river
of blood in the eyes of
wounded moon.

Satish Verma

The Ending

No ending of the story. The loose thread hangs.
Journey again starts at the termination.
The smell is something of enigma.
I am again dissecting the body of a stale corpse.

Fever is rising with jokes Thin sheet covers
the ugly face with blisters.
A disconcerned person burns the phosphorus.

The darkness creates the ghosts of history,
two thousand years of knowledge.
Still the niceties of culture are to e observed
and firework started
to celebrate the end of an era.

Satish Verma

The Enigma

The traveler sleeps in a sepulcher,
endlessly, timelessly,
where no ray of light enters.
Like the death has stopped
moving, for a moment
to celebrate the close of the journey.

Indeed? Is it the edge of yearning?
I no longer belong to any one,
to any universe. Come a long way
walking barefoot on hot sands
of life where no footprints exist.

Do not go for my vision. Find
your own path. In yellowish? brown
eroded silica, ripened in sun,
I have left my eyes. The moon
will tell the tale of my Olympian
failures.

Satish Verma

The Entity

I take a lesson
from you O god, before
I write the end.

Who will rise from
the dust of the ruins after
the volcanic blast?

A celebration was
stalled when you had landed
on the dark moon.

Satish Verma

The Envable

A moment of pause was needed
in the eerie lull after the
gathering of dreams, to enter
the corridor of voices.

We stopped looking through
our tongues, across the bitterness
of burning river, after the mud
in our eyes.

The black tar of the golden wood
between us was smearing the family
of crying pillows.

All the silver was tumbling
down from the stairs of calcified
faces of virgins.

The god was yet to be born!

Satish Verma

The Ephemerality

It was punctuated night.
You sleep into wakefulness.

The space between the shut-eyes
trembles, when you start sweating.

The infant-death of the dream,
incites the borderland. The?

flames rise in a partisan way,
to erase the memories of guilt.

You are in deep grief for the
coiled sperms, from end to end,

they were longer than the body.
Would you like to wake up a jinn?

A digital forgetfulness, you seek
to solve the enigma of life.

Satish Verma

The Escape

I was becoming older every day.
Uncollecting was my mantra.
I set my guards down,
lake was ready to swallow me.

Snubbing out the frills,
never before I had become naked
in the sun. Every bone was
hungry, every blood raged.

To tell the truth was a great
achievement in the blue forest
of lies. Birds flew, I killed none.

Wisdom was not my partner, I
lived with simple sentences,
ever grateful to naïve errors.

Satish Verma

The Essence

I would be time.
You were the space. It
happens in scars.

Back and forth, I will
touch your absolute truth.
Bruises weep.

All the comings
and goings were vague.
Who will stand the ground?

Satish Verma

The Essence Of Nothingness

Mind goes blank.
In the interim relief- I will wake
with the moon tonight,
to inherit your pain.

Picking up the marbles
you nurture the memories.
In your speechlessness-
you have spoken a Buddha.

Buried in lake you dig out
the incense of life.
A rumor untrounced
myth becomes the angel.
Will you meet the danger again?

The wounds were
becoming want to
start the fight afresh? Against
the inevitable?
Why you were growing the sage?

Satish Verma

The Essential

Night was all black.
I could not find my
hands / half-dead!

velvety ribs. I want
to rub the spikes and!
toe the line of hurricane.

The naked eye, a-roving
will search for the moon
as the superstorm was!

poised for a landfall.
To receive the wrath!
the ants will find the!

watermark and move to
higher grounds. The sea
throws up the secret of unknown.

Satish Verma

The Eternal Itch

One eyed closed
I would never know you.
Tormented? you have
to come out of your skin.

Time-lapses backward.
I draw the boundary
on sands to invite the invisible.
I know you would never come.

I shake hands with moon
in green valley of begonias.
There is no roof, no sky.
Only colored foliage of dreams.

Like deaf and dumb weavers
singing an autumn song.
Cuckoo will sing no more.
Tapestry was badly ruined.

Do butterflies laugh?

Satish Verma

The Eternal Quest

You cast doubt,
on the definition.
Gods play with words,
like winged fruits,
 Man becomes the spawn of destiny.

Sparrows were flying
out. I will watch?
the window closed. A slant of
light withers away.
 I am writing my poems in dark.

The vintage rings under
the eyes, will retrieve
the lost meaning of
truth, from the ruins of
 time. I will again start my pilgrimage.

Satish Verma

The Exit

The sleep was disturbed.
A book reads me.
The thinker will not rest in the arms
of Morpheus.

There is no road. You will
walk in the kitchen for the last supper.

A scream in the throat
dies. I have no soul. The night
looms large. I will not surrender
my pen.

Unquenchable thirst
was me. My head in a spin,
I go beyond the words,
to find the clapping hands.

Satish Verma

The Exodus

You have reached
somewhere,
on misty heights.

I die again
carrying you under
my skin.

Hidden from the
glare of blazing
sea.

In labyrinthine, you
open the knots?
of uneasy breasts.

In silence? we
will give our signs
and part.

My limbs
give out? I walk
in air.

Satish Verma

The Explosion

I sleep, I wake
for a vigil.
What was time?

The godhood
fails, when you
become a beast.

The thick cloud
of sulphur,
after the blast?

rains limbs. To
meet god, this
was so easy?

Satish Verma

The Fabrication

What you would not give,
age opens
and eats you.

Finally, the fly ash
was liberated. It carries the
memories of burns, in furnace
that was life.

No android will fight
the proxy war of flesh. The cinnamon?
body will write the elegy
on sandstone.

The bronzed face, now
reflects the pain of earth.

Let the hymns stitch the life
without needles.

Satish Verma

The Fabrics

A steep drowning
in traffic of curves-
of legitimate sin.

It was a supergame
of exotica. Witchcraft
was playing with light-

years. Are you still
hosting the life? In
cracks and crevices of pain?

Very methodical. You were
devouring the death to
become immortal. Were

you serious about bount-
eous harvest? Your alma mater,
where you wrote your first poem.

Satish Verma

The Face In Flames

Salt-of-the lips.
You never know, how it hurts
the bigotry.

It was not the might
of divinity, when you sentence
the child for blasphemy.

I would not kiss the?
stone, where the blood stained
the sun. Grey halo was collapsing.

It was the helplessness
of the river, accepting the guilt
of sunken boat.

Again I recite your name
in sleep. The sting was as cruel
as the tongue.

Satish Verma

The Fall

You were starving the words
to commit the waves of hunger.
What I wanted was a patch of shade
under an olive grove.

No intrusion. It was a miscarriage
of justice. We were searching the -
missing links between the years
of misunderstandings.

We sell our gods and move on
unquietly to understand the-
lament of middle of the road, when
sun was nestling in the clouds.

It was Fall. Fall of vanity, fall of
integrity. Fall, fall-
my pride, my tears. The season
was changing.

Satish Verma

The Final Call

Answers remain elusive.
Stains were on shirt:
You went on wiping-
away the mirror.

Incarcerated,
biologically, he wanted
to get it changed.
The pecking order.

You were trying to
move away,
from yourself. Death
was the missing link.

Was it indecent
to start the self-inventory?
You start dancing
on the inaudible music.

Satish Verma

The Final Retreat

In reality? you were
in a ring of fire. I had been
left with no claim on you.
Your failure had become mine.

This was not the game?
changer. Moon had latched
on the watery eyes. Synapsis
had started to break away.

The god wears different
apparels? as per the need of the
occasion. Nobody is going to say,
rest in peace.

Gradually I will stop
speaking about myself. When
my time comes, I will lose everything
and set you free.

The blind eagle will find its abode.

Satish Verma

The Finale

Sometimes horizon roams with moon
I pluck the stars
night drizzles from the dark clouds.

A shadow falls on the door
without struggle or rumor
I know he has come, my guest
the survivor of genocide.

He has come a long way
a message on his parched lips
he rubs hands.

Inferno he says. Holocaust he
murmurs. It is here again,
whole world is under siege.

He tells me, do something for the grass.
Ask your god to come back from domes.

Satish Verma

The Firebrands

Do not remove the hyphens.
The stars were trekking
on foot.

All that was a mirage.
A hot rood was leading
to a watershed.

The wholeness splatters
on the bank. The water,
takes all the dots and dashes.

The black tree was stark
naked. No leaves, no fruits.
Only the singed wood.

You cannot make the
matchsticks. You will have
to rub your hands to start the fire.

Satish Verma

The Fireflies

Rainbow, a hymn
never betrays you.
Always comes after the rain.

*

Lying on grass
watching the sky
for a blue moon.

*

I dream and I
stare without eyes
into the words.

Satish Verma

The Flash Point

The double-edged truth
had the exoticism. The blood was
in air. A blue bird draws
a red line, indulging in spiritualization
of a gray design. The testosterone
chart the trajectory in the flame
of the forest.

You deploy your army in zero
hour. Colored leaves start casting
the spell. You listen to the rustling
of skirt. Moon was walking in.

A pink sword and sharpened
claws. After the vulture hit,
the death wil swoop down on you suddenly.

Satish Verma

The Flesh And Predators

Not qualified,
to seek the right to live
on your terms.

I am ready
to drink from the poisoned
cup of hemlock.

Purple spotted twilight is?
carrying the dead sun
on shoulders, I tremble?

writing the history.
Each pebble was a pathfinder.
I bow down to salute the sea.

I don't agree
to make you different, what
you are not.

The essence will
not spill, till you throw
your fears on the road.

Satish Verma

The Forked Tongues

The family evolved from
virtue to virtual image.
I wanted to exhume the body of truth.

Half-way we went to the moon,
half-naked was the bluff.
No choosing, no judging helped.

I saw the fear in eyes.
You found the inside was out
behind the words overnight.

The fountains were dressed up in neon,
something new was in air,
the forked tongues were hissing an arrival.

Cupped mirrors were reflecting the lure
of the city. Thirst was absent.
It was hunger in the heart.

You face had a bleak shade
Darkness? I hide my scent.
Snakes were visible in the bush!

Satish Verma

The Frost

This overwhelming emptiness:
something to present allegorical, figuratively,
which is not here. Vultures were coming back.
A stimulating dialogue must start

to release the hostages of unknown fears.
The menacing fog was towering over statements.
Everything was turning into coal and the smoke
was streaming from the oasis.

Where we were on the impounded road
unstuck after ethnic cleansing?
The jealous blood was coloring the greed
on the cold shoulders of priested bluff.

The beast loses the domination, bread
and milk of drifting poor. In glass house the
clouds were entering. The dissecting table
was ready to nail the sea of hate.

Satish Verma

The Fugitive

Bending the gravity
you start falling upward.
There was?
no distinction between earth and sky.

Unsaid thoughts without words
blend. A sign language conveying
the ageless twinge
of a faceless spirit.

Against the outrage of morals,
flatness becomes deep. The
quality suffers. Inception
invites the crime.

Strange things happen. Man
becomes a fireball, torching
the domes, shrines and littering
the streets with newborns.

Satish Verma

The Futurist

Unpunctuating,
fear will slice the time,
and you will be a sitting duck
in the hands of brutal clock.

Drink, Apollo,
with round eyes and
limbless torso. He walks on
the curves, reciting mantras.

There was intrigue and blackmail
in return for not telling
the indiscretion of celibates.

A damp squib. There was lot
of hissing sound, but no
explosion. Procreation will
stop without fire.

Wants to return to pines.
The cones, the pricks and
swaying hips of splendid suggestion.

Satish Verma

The Genius

Water has the wisdom,
the bones may not agree.

No commentary today. There was no
eternal friend or enemy.
Listen to your breath, your heart.
No qualms. Hands are not mine.

Charcoal. A voiceless man
wants to write, something on the snow.
The cold-eyed moon will watch.

The chimney's soot, gets buried
under the white sheet, ice.

In holy land. You have come to
pray, to wipe out the nose-bleed.

Satish Verma

The Gift Of Abandonment

The fantasy:
of moving in a circle,
taking a flower bath. A metaphysical
misquote. You were losing
your identity.

There was no abstract folly.
I will protect all the concrete truths.

To find a lover in the woods.

Fighting my demons
I start a circuitry of unborn vows.

The onslaughts continue.
Night comes with all its glory
to torment me, in absence of moon.

Satish Verma

The Glass House□

Not yet, the courage will wait
for the curtain to fall,
will then disappear in awakening;

the crucial thing
was the love of absence
the scythe of eclipsed moon.

Suspense hangs from the tall image
in slow turn of thighs
lips reach the galaxies:

the first cry of new born
pleads guilty,
whispers will never be the same.

My fault, the animal's feet
carry the burden of the straw,
words brought the grief.

In a triangular fight
my son, my god, my father:
I stand in the center!

Satish Verma

The Golden Dust

The other day.
A full moon was walking
on the pavement
like a pedestrian.

I was dumbfounded
at the sight of the imperial walk.
To give a poetical start?

Was it a pin drop visual
with no sound? Only night
was listening to footfalls?

I would not know of,
the journey of ending
or ending of journey.

Like death burning
inside the seed, or a golden
flame becomes a lapping machine?

Satish Verma

The Golden Gate

Was it too late
to find out, who was
morally wrong?

It was an art of dying
for you.

Shapeless, a big pain
flourishes in my limbs,
but I remain too static
to locate my roots.

The bell will not ring today.
Somebody kills a story.
There was no hero.

Resting, my head on stones
I will bleed rest of life.

No cuts. No bruises appear.
Naked as an arrow,
a sharp gilded attack
opens the cage.

Satish Verma

The Goodbye

A marble calm under the shaky gaze
was parsing the human pain. I would
lift the calculated grief from folded earth.

You feel badly bruised and racial war
becomes anathema. Past the age eyesight dwindles,
cannot identify the faces of dead.

O my God! Bizarred bloated eyes filled
with blood were groping for the fallen walls.
Who had dug the garden with grenades?

A theme hunger separates the hearts. When
desert was the bed for daughters and sons,
the fathers were shaking with hate.

The shine wears off the love. A different world
under the lids. Miracle does not happen.
We were searching for the doors.

Satish Verma

The Grand Finale

Your night eats the?
umbel of light with curved lips.
What was the ethics?
of this getty image?

Your responses are weak. You
walk in, on unsteady path.
Will not lift the rock from the chest
unlike Sisyphus.

You roll down on lilacs
gnawing at my pain? nibbling
away at my poem. There
is no gender, there was no god.

The spilled milk of moon
now washes the face of night.
I become you in the embrace
of unlimited death.

Satish Verma

The Great Decline

Abetting the suicide of
a bystander, your impacted
diamond, downs the hips.

What had you done to
me? I will not hold you responsible
for the ache.

There was the aging moon,
still lingering in the?
crack of dawn.

I don't close the door.
Will wait for the big question
from the exotic death?

of dark matter, which
defied the relationship
of unique absurdities.

Satish Verma

The Great Dilemma

Break your silence.
Stay for me.

Face-to-face, after
my first inning,
prey for me.

To know the whole truth
I will change the
ecosystem.

The fake reals,
would become the change,
you never wanted to see.

Smitten by your verses
I was in distress. The
sexless army of thoughts
stand in snaky queues?
beating the big gods.

A nickel for your
eyes. Why they have become
fathomless?

Satish Verma

The Great Divide

Cut the masks
and you will find a river of sorrow
in the unblinking eyes.

The mud tears had smeared
the face.

Chimera? The fire breathing
will start a new traction to break
the silent protest of lying lambs.

Impertinence?
For whom you have come to
offer the chador at the shrine?
For whom the houses were burnt down?
For whom the lives of unborn children
were cancelled?
Whose god?

This is not anonymous insurgency.
My name had been written in.
First Information Report.

Satish Verma

The Great Leap

Playing a foghorn
for self-esteem,
is an ego trip.

The white tiger
mauls a cow,
beyond the audio.

You are shrinking?
now at the hands of
unqualified arms.

No need of any
funeral finale. The bones
are as white as the moon.

Satish Verma

The Ground Gives Way

To blunt the offence
of beautiful pain
you stopped remaining good.

This was a perverse phenomenon

wearing the straight jacket
you try to become
a beast.

The glowing eyes will
send the message to dispose off
the headless body of
a marbled saint.

Someone has taken off
the eyes. You will need
a transplant of religion.

I am very unhappy.

Satish Verma

The Gutsy Call

You punish yourself
for not becoming a naught.
The triumph had
destroyed you completely.

A seductive purr
of a surrogate write,
wants to lift your parameters
without attribution.

A vague integrity was
choking the vitals.
The defeat was within.
You failed to accept the judgement.

Rendered clean after
the bristled attack, your shirt
does not show stains
of slurred concentrate.

The guilt was not the same.
It was the ephemeral moon.
Night was not going to wait.
I was not ready to sin.

Satish Verma

The Habitat

Will not show my wounds, life extracts a price.
A heap of pain, squeezed into eyes
hits me with daily bread.
Draws the conflicts
and sets the fears free.
A half moon wipes my tears.
Destiny clings to dust
Phoenix is rising.

Ruthlessly, night causes pain
freedom is in peril.
The soul sings in a withering tone,
for the departing stars. Yellow,
youthful light of rising sun
burns the desires.
We hate the soaring choices
there is no end, no beginning.

My non-self opposing
the empty life, connects
the heart with contents of sorrow.
It fills up the nothingness.
I perceive a spring of forgotten grass,
engaged orchards and laughing fires
in the buds. Time for
the habitat to step in.

Satish Verma

The Healer

An all pin pricks again
draws blood from empty hands
blank papers fly.

Trying to learn Braille
to write a canto
for unseeing Budha.

Unbroken tinnitus violates peace.
night is also blanking the vowels
Pain has become wordless.

Light can only be assumed
fleeing from the moon.
only breeze gives the hint.

The burning grass scrolls back:
there is no healer
in the bush.

Satish Verma

The Hidden Sky

In my sanctum,
you walk in? like
my first child, to join
my innerness.

Trying to decipher?
the moral code of angels.
I just wanted an embrace
of a flame to kiss the sparks.

I hear your footsteps,
sometimes near, sometimes far away?
in the valley of burning tears.
This space and, a gouge hold the
secret of melting lips.

Still unborn, a voice in
cul-de-sac, waits for the griever
to open the darkness?
for a ray of light. It was very
lonely where you had scripted the clouds.

Satish Verma

The Honey-Sellers

In searing heat, on
the fern path?
a thoughtless journey begins.

You cancel the prayer
for midnight blues.
Ice was going to unload.

The skin deep spread
of levator floor acts.
You jump from a springboard
to catch a lucid dream.

Would you now walk like
an eight legged spider?
I will remain sociable.

The hands are not for sale.
I am arranging the combs
on the white sheet?
for the queens.

Satish Verma

The Hostage

Under siege,
tied to a bomb!
you were talking to yourself.

The violence inside you
had beaten you mercilessly.

The text has dried up.
Steal a glance!

and find out the blood spots
on the Mars, the god of war.

The sound in the vase, was becoming louder
of coins.

Now you will walk!
on my dead body.

Satish Verma

The Hunt Had Failed

The symbols delivered the hunger
and desire cleaved the hearts.
Fragile peace for collective
anguish was not a substitute.
Moment to moment
truth revealed your hand.
In desperation I searched
for destiny, not path.

Inadequately I clothed my fate.
Did not believe in organised mirrors.
Less than a peak,
I climbed to happiness.
No idols, no idolatory
my passivity took applause,
hungry thoughts
indulged in deep search.

The imperishable freedom,
a road to absolute
oneness was so close,
you faltered.
The transcription of internal peace went crazy.
Poorly lit blood in veins circulated in circles.
The hunt had failed.

Satish Verma

The Hymn Of Love

Stoma
opens, ejects the scream.

Oh, my god.
The ink spilled
on the sheet, hiding the code.

The scared veins
of pure honey, wets the lips?
of gills. There is no salt.

The water explodes
bursting the dam. No spine was
worth of robbery.

Golden nuggets
are displayed now. Would you
bargain the uphill?

The nightmares begin again.

Satish Verma

The Hyphenating

Awareness becomes a burden,
with opposite thoughts in conflict,
Crawling like roaches on your skin.
Sage or beast it was same.

They run on the bricks in sun
or drift at night on unwrapped voices.
Every thread of a dialogue
rakes up an old sickness.

The stammering tongue will never tell
the name of the priest,
who led you to the pond
and drowned your ethics and morals.
Who was the culprit?
your hood or your arrested silence?

The same thought comes again and again
in single file.
The past presents a missing link
Between no and yes.

Satish Verma

The Immaculate Descent

The God refuses to accept
the infant universe.
After the elusive cues, there were
antique radiations to prove
that there was a diplomatic suicide.

A bit of grass,
some moon, little water
of eyes, the eternal embrace and
life starts earnestly in the
qualms of terror.

Washed out on the shores, comes
the body of liberty. The blood caked
limbs will tell you the tale
of tribal instinct, of mankind to
destroy the self, the
vessel and the sea.

Satish Verma

The Imperfect Poem

Cannot finish a
poem without you in the moon.
Bystander named you.

I want you to take
back your words. The replica
of grief will not last.

In dark the fish comes
out of water to kiss stones
of the temple for bliss.

Satish Verma

The Indomitable

Till last moment, life can produce a meaning.
Of sky, stars and space between darkness and light.
I am not going to weigh the burden
and insult the 'how' of impossible,
so much is still to finish.
I am not going to commit suicide.

Are there any takers of grass, of moon
and scented winds?
the borderline is very vague between
ecstasy and depression.

A bit of silence, a patch of sunlight
I drink my cup from the tranquil hands.
I am water, I am fire
The fear is not going to dissipate me.

Satish Verma

The Ink Did Not Stop

Sitting on the heap of debris
I decided to move one day.
The rain did not stop
I was walking alone.

It was a cruel time, my toes caught
in bad thaw. I was working on a bawling
theme of comatose words, a pottery of sorts.
In fact the fear had not saved me.
The sun did not stop
I was thinking alone.

A prosaic neighbourhood had acquired
weapons, I was inattentive. My wounds
always bled in hooting night.
A flute it seems talked to me.
The moon did not stop
I was weeping alone.

Terrible, terrible it was to abandon
my home of luxury, to become a stone,
to walk like a ghost with orphaned
spirit. The voice without echo, murmuring.
The ink did not stop
I was writing alone.

Satish Verma

The Intense Pain

It was unbashed invasion,
and then you were paraded naked.

The marrow was depressed.
I will not be able to collect you.

Lost in thoughts, I
am losing you in every book.

There was no striving,
to be called by any name, any monument.

Hyperplasia. The rot has set in
Would you come to greet the death one day? ☐

There was a speaking ache.
Word was me, I was the tongue.

The turgid lips still remember.
Once the sting was here to take a kiss.

Satish Verma

The Invisible

Debt laden
I turn the ashes
where you left the footmarks.

My native pain
will not go, for a distant truth.

Unscheduled
like a robot,
you kill your own, noiselessly, and then
think with your guts.

Achingly you admit
the alien for a lipless kiss,
struggling to hold back your tears.

A star breaks, in green dark,
without throwing light.
I beg the sky to give back my baby.

Forgive me,
O unforgettable, I never
understood myself.

Satish Verma

The Ire

Encrypting the cause?
of death. Why do you
truss up the statement?

Tell me, whom you were
punishing, accepting
the legitimacy of lies?

Anything would happen
to the author,
who was writing a diary
on the fallen saint.

The palace fumes. There
was an extraordinary delay
in execution of
fire spoons.

Satish Verma

The Iron Gate

Do not remember the names.
Somebody is waiting in the wings.

It is very dark here. The drums
will break the mother's heart.

The death will not accept the
dew on the grass. She wants tears;

The Buddha is taking a turn
in his sleep. Why is he so restless?

O, my father, I am watching the
fields turning into piles of ash.

Cannot shut the eyes for a jiffy.
Will you write something for the god?

Satish Verma

The Irony

The six minute run
on the beach.
All the way ducks saluting.

*

Weep not.
Believe in the dark.
The sun will rise.

*

The wheels
will not stop. On the
tracks sits a quartz.

Satish Verma

The Irreparable Loss

Diluting the night,
you went for the lady
of moon, stalking the thought
of distance.

A spider climbs
on white thighs, to
arrest the memories of guilt.

Will you help me to
stand erect again after
the fall from the icy peaks?

I was collecting the
yellow roses to spread
on your seeds of primal origin of pain

The pink hollyhock
opens in full glory of morning
after brooding for all night.

The everlasting groping begins
to find, how much
you were dying for me.

Satish Verma

The Jealous War

It was very edifying.

When you shut the mouth of
the oppressed?
the mass grave speaks.

The widow was still mourning,
after the causality of my belief,
my psyche, my rights.

You don't make me, then
how can you break? What
was the height of fall,
will you let me know?

The volatile words are now
losing their import. No
real, only cosmetic display.

Let the celebration of
bold death begin.

Satish Verma

The Judgement

You had the numbers.

The reverse trends begins-
with uneasy and dark ambush.

A fatal miscue. You

will get the message.
The fingerprints will stay on the wall.

Enduring the onslaughts.

Remaining sky-clad I
will wander in your arms.

Fighting with the curves,

on sleepy islands, will
you hail my outstanding landing?

The revelation has a price.

You will not open the envelope
till I am dead.

Satish Verma

The Jungle Rules

Wrigglers dripped again
from hidden heights. The red river changed
its course furiously. The wave climbers
abseiled from a lethal boat

to wipe out the beach memory. Timeline
sneaked to put the blood signature
of a cult on the glass shards.

A biosynthesis starts for tadpoles
destroying the infrastructure of the species.
Yolk sacs were empty. New borns
were turning into snakes.

Enemy swept across the land. Deers
were being released for the panthers.
The boundary was only meant for the victims.
The metamorphosis was complete.

Satish Verma

The Kicking Winds

A doer was seeking
a physical thing
in this age of carnality.

Truth falls on your
path when you become
an absentee.

Take a break from
the silent assaults. Do
not go for a dirty play.

I will not do any
commerce with the paid
style of the omnivores.

The soil does not need
any weapons. It was
always under your feet.

I will wait for a disaster
to happen.

Satish Verma

The King Vultures Are Coming

The causal effect
was the kiss of the blind spot.
I wake up every morning
smelling blood.

The space animates you,
leaving the truth outside.
An unwritten message was lost
in the watering eyes.

The aquaduct dries up. You
get the cramps of city,
after the memes of swollen eyes.
Do not open the umbrella,
sun was hiding.

Your brain becomes wired.
Someone slaps a sticker on your lips.
You cannot cry. A muffled scream,
shatters the windows of the capitol.

Satish Verma

The Kiss

Words were unable to explain
the darkness of unholy marriage,
of terror with chrysanthemum.
And bullet did not know the target
it flew on command to kill the smell of a man.

My song now hangs like a dirty laundry
on the wall of peace.
Death of green eyes, must come in few days.
The lamps will mourn for the light.

I wonder sometimes, when time comes
How I will kiss the death
And how death will embrace me.

Satish Verma

The Land Pulls

Dying was not worth
living. Your journey
starts for unknown.

Why were you fixated to
watch the small men?
milk the moon?

It was very expensive to
buy a decent death.
Religion makes it dirty.

Do you remember the myth
of Sisyphus? I love to
carry my rock without a face.

Not quality of life. It
was a matter of degrees
when you feel liberated.

Satish Verma

The Living Death

Tonight, come for moon watch.
I will show you the night birds.

There was an impasse to find
the missing link for peace. A story
will not end in the water. A long
border was interrupted by the
wriggling snakes.

Of flesh. I will talk about the panic now.

You were collecting the flowers
from the ashes of dehydrated body.
I am leaving the race now,
to pay the debt of death.

A pink sky starts the endless struggle
to retrieve the black sun.

Satish Verma

The Lost Generation

Sitting on the lap of a moonbeam
transcript of a gender
plays with the gun.
Manhood was at stake
I will meet you in a cauldron.

I was arrested in the house, was
moving from planet to planet. Cavernous words
seek the letters in right order. Puns
revert to mud-slinging. The heart spills
red wine.
No more beats.

What next after albinism? Dark was beautiful.
Waiting for the light, which never came.
A devout survivor brings hope. I will
discover my god in particle.
subatomic, expanding.
I want to walk in mist and snow
over the bridge, on the bald clouds.

Satish Verma

The Madness

You were eating
out from our hands.
O God, we are hungry.

Sometimes I collapse
in on myself, to achieve
the quietus. Even moonlight
won't escape from me.

I collect the ashes
falling from your
golden locks. Was it the death's
pride?

The moon fattens
to receive the lost crown
of sleeping queen.

The shadow falls
at your feet. You become
taller than me.

Satish Verma

The Man And God

Sometimes it
was better, not to know the
intrigues of temples.

Nude bodies on
ancient walls beseech all day
for liberation.

A love story will
always fascinate you, with
a gender healing.

Satish Verma

The Massacre

Arrange the foot-candles
for candela. I am not
going on back foot.

 Moon was not burning tonight.

The real darkness descends.
You brace yourself
for a crude assault.

 Clouds are thinning out.

You wanted to remove
yourself from the Eros.
Was it not egregious when,

 someone is shot when he was sitting quietly?

An amorous saint? Will
you be able to separate-
sex from the violence? He was-

 a jester, just acting in a movie.

Satish Verma

The Meaning Tremble

You were tied
to weird questions,
since the saga began.

Praise your maker, look
how do I kill me, by
raising you? bit by bit?

I was riding a tiger.

In truth what was
not possible, when the
palace burned?

Who will explain
the intrigue,
the mystery of disappearance
when the eyes can
see through.

Small, too small
to make a hole in the heart
a piquant word,
which bleeds the poem.

Satish Verma

The Melting

Not moving, the words
had gone into inertia. The space was shrinking.
Only restlessness was there in buoyancy
ready to distort the sound of depth.

I am expanding in propriety,
in meaning.
Pure burning on flame of truth,
like a moth.

Listen to the guilt,
the denial to the stasis of soul.
The loneliness brings the touch
of unlimited falls.

Satish Verma

The Message

Was it nobility
to prepare body edible,
digging waterhole?

You sell the kisses
gracefully for the suckers
in return for soul.

The water color
doesn't stay on your face in?
moon. Stars twinkle.

Satish Verma

The Middle Ground

I try to think,
not to think of you;
cede hope to candor.

You will not contribute,
to your own rape, of truth;
rediscovering the shame.

The modesty will not sit
on the stigmata.
Moths were becoming defiant.

Copiously drenched,
under the wet moon,
a poem will seek a title.

It returns back, the
kiss, you sent for the flame.
It was very hot, the farewell.

Satish Verma

The Mist Between The Eyes

When the stonecutter
becomes genderless, I will ask?
who was the master of sky,
as sun goes down to sleep
behind the hill.

Deep and strange, beginning
always held the charm. You don't
want to age.

No oblique answer will satisfy
the sorrow of centuries.
Why the man was still wandering?

I touch you in full moon,
when it hangs on the tree,
and you shiver like a yellow moth.

Maple and sea don't learn
from history. The ache of bending
to shed the past for forgetting
the future. There was none to walk with.

Satish Verma

The Moon

Like a mole, she was
coming up, tunneling
with strong paws.

Indignant, of being called
by the name.

You need darkness, to show your brilliance.

The language of fear, at hair distance
where the horizon ends.

The reluctant lover
will not speak the mind, to act
alone was impossible.

Satish Verma

The Moon-Ed 'i'...

Distance was increasing
in spewing rage.
I yearned for a solitude of desert
sand and rocks
away from musty tongues
and eros.

Counting my failed attempts
to reconcile with exits
and slant hopes.

Like an eclipsed moon
plying over the hill
to investigate a shorn lamb.
Plucking the hair from a beautiful scalp
to become a nun.

Arthritic river brings back the waves.
Unreachable was the crest.
Today standing alone on the summit
I watch the dropp with grief.

Satish Verma

The Moral Suicide

Skin to skin
you cut the psyche,
after severing off limbs.

Xenophobia takes you
out of my life,
breached and stranded.

I will move to
another consciousness
to renew the peace of death.

Love-haters abound
now. Multiple wounding
starts cloning of unborn ideas.

Microholes leak the
secret. Between words there
was no space, only time.

A comet blows away the
angel dust. I stand forlorn
on water.

Satish Verma

The Mosaic

A leopardess dies on a tree.
No molestation was reported.
Exploring your breast
why were you throwing salt?

As if almost needing a space
you ran to top. A solid truth
looks like a quasicrystal
against the nature.

Unbosoming myself I am
traveling in vacuum. Empty
hands don't hold any ancestors.
I am carrying my unborn voice.

Now don't cry, don't. You are
reaching home at the end of a
tunnel. A featureless fog will let you in,
in a fatherless world.

Satish Verma

The Mysterious Fire

I was a poem
reinventing the estranged
diaspora of words.

No regrets. Eliciting
the sane suffering,
which did not bode ill.

Breaking the silence
I will reclaim the groped
virginity of stones, which
had witnessed unparalleled assault.

I was your earth,
and I was your space.
You zoomed through me
like a comet, piercing my body
my bones,
my sky.

An angel paints
his body with moonlight,
in blue theme.

Satish Verma

The Myth Of Domain

Tension grips:
when you try to open
the jarred doors-

of the death.
It was on old friend,
on the cusp-

selling the dirt.
Was it the ending of
the beginning?

Who will go
beyond the dead
to find the immortal?

You have left
many cantos unfinished.
I will try, will try

to join the dots,
the dashes,
the parentheses.

Satish Verma

The Myth Of Truths

After you gave me a
split rupture,
there was a mirror pain.

The bruises get away
without mercy. A hand will
write reversely a poem.

You cannot erase
the stink, which comes from
the mouthless words.

And the triangle
will eat the floating bodies
of bloated dreams.

Who always chased
me with subtlety, when
hills were crumbling.

Moon becomes lunatic.

Satish Verma

The Myth Of Zero

Under the jacaranda tree,
near the fragrant trunk,
lies a sheet of blue trumpet?
shaped flowers.

You are home, near
the lotus feet of marbled
Buddha, standing erect.

You are walling in
Agni's wrath, with wild thoughts.
The somatization becomes very unkind.

It foretells the reality.
Curves take you to lakes. You read more
of the depth of water.

What was the avant-garde
of new age, against
the tight lips of crusade?

Satish Verma

The Myths

Accepting the way,
you are going to rise
winning me over.

O moon, don't take my
blue shadow with you tonight.
Let the slaughter begin.

My ancient pain
was my lover. Gave me an
eternal living.

Satish Verma

The Myths Of Lies

Deflecting the light,
you stand in dark,
to find the truth.

To find the truth,
you stand in dark,
deflecting the light.

The numbers had failed.
The numbers. A prayer
for my zero.

For my zero, I walked
whole life.
Whole life. Zero.

Pardon my dust,
I was collecting
for my black hole.

From dust to dust.

Satish Verma

The Naked Book

Come and sleep with me,
I said to moon. We have to
talk about earth's fidelity.

Don't become a neo-rich.
I was afraid to
lose you in my songs.

A poet will always
remain contrarian. An enigma
covers the smile of a rose.

Then a tactical withdrawal
from the stars crowd. You had
wanted only the full moon.

A blood spill will
never tell you, why the blackbuck
was shot in broad daylight.

You freeze, will not move.
The gift of your bust lies in dust.

Satish Verma

The Nature

Unmaking the bond
between cause and effect.
You start throwing stones
as a mark of intimacy.

Ipomea:
You wanted to learn the
art of blooming silently
at dawn.

Huddled like solar flares
before colliding with
a drift, you wanted me to live
for eternity.

Watching sperm dance
without tails
in bell jar.

It was barely visible.
Cultivating a digital entry.
This was becoming
a terror-haven.

Satish Verma

The Nectarine Bliss

The nectar,
coming from nowhere,
settles on your lips.

*

A peacock
will show all the eyes,
wide open.

*

What will it mean
if a nuke is fired,
noiselessly, as a depth charge?

Satish Verma

The Next Wall

the whispering voices
laid down the arms on the skull of the leader,
father of pain, then asked the guns to fire
a last volley towards home

targeting the prudence of fingernails
who crossed the gap
seventy thousand years ago,
the progenitors with exposed genitalia:

the dead man's mouth was full of
secrets, my god, they were frozen pistons
of sugar, face bloated of pride,
absolutely white,

the skin had been very kind
a pink shade of poetry, you deliver
a rose for unnamed soldier
I break the windows and mirrors

Satish Verma

The Nightmare

Had wanted it to happen,
without me.

Remorse was turning against
the self. It was growing very large.
You could feel the enormity of a
suicidal microcosm, enveloping you in its borrowed light?
and rugged terrain.

The peace? it was absolutely absent
in the myriad stars, earthen lamps,
the ethereal beauties of unspoilt hymns.

The spirit was gone. It was all
a floating skeleton of man searching
for the real legs, natural eyes, and
a roving heart.

I wanted to pause, in the penultimate
explosions, when the tornado
dies and I would wake up.

Satish Verma

The Nightmares

Like Sequoia,
you wanted to grow tall.

But fear of fall
and right to die
become two opposite poles.

Keeping the death
alive, you turn psycho?
magnifying the departure.

And desires reflect scars.
The dreams fall
like ninepins.

The sheep, the lamp, the
snow, you forget,
where you wanted to go.

Satish Verma

The Nirvana

Tracing the primordial culture of truth
in its oneness, we find the ultimate answer.
Still the negative effect prevails
increasing the confusion.
Existence in now, has a travesty of truth.
Can we breakaway from our past?

Can we exist between right and wrong?
Between good and evil?
Between truth and fiction?
How many faces has reality?
The Self amalgamates the formulations
provides the mind with the safe exits.

The visualization
was not a happening, not actuality
an escape from pain & reality?
The thoughts were always disturbing
creating a false identity.
Thoughtless self had no movement.
Was that the nirvana?
The final moksha?

Satish Verma

The One Truth

I feel the presence.
When you had bartered
my pulse for a pain.

Something impossible
was going to happen.

I was buried in a wall.
The words you didn't utter,
had reached me.

We would talk of the
marriage of sun with
a moon.

A virgin soul in
yoga, takes a flight to meet
her angel for the
first kiss.

Sometimes life
betrays the death and
renews the pact with
immortal embraces.

Satish Verma

The Other Periphery

Hurting yourself,
You won't say anything about
falling notches. It bruises, it
bleeds.

You will condole,
and like sundew, trap my poems
in backfoot.

Explicitly I will ask,
never stop crying.
Your neighbourly pain will descend.

Its lips become dirty,
when facial expression of moon
alters.

I want to change
my religion, drumming up
the nuances of refusal.

It wrongs you,
when an acceptance,
means never.

Satish Verma

The Other Smile

Death will not measure
the height,
from which we fall.
Not being,
the psyche of primeval fear
finds its conscience –

subverts the softness
of moon-eyed life
with wealth of green blood
in brown bread.

And the white candle
burns at night
to send aurora borealis
in blue irises.

Satish Verma

The Otherside

Calibrating,
the orgy in sky.
Will you wish away, the
perpetual collisions?

The astronomer
does not want to visit
the temple, where
the celestial bodies were making love;
on the walls.

Sunflowers shedding
the petals. Want to change
the orientation. Moon-bitten
now amorous in dark.

Satish Verma

The Pain Was Not You

Do not, meditate.
Random words would take you
to beautiful soliloquy.

Truth decays when
it is not part of divine voice.
I will swim in your eyes.

The godly hands one day will
succeed to revive the
meaning of your life.

Satish Verma

The Parable

Fear of staying in sidelines,
as a waning voice,
and falling in a drain.

You stand at the door of light,
and see the truth? boundaries
crumpling.

Afraid of transmission of lies,
interfacing long threads
of darkness.

It was extraneous, A
lot of heat generated by the
conversions. The doorkeeper remains the same.

The wisdom goes with
a begging bowl. Spirit was to
become an incomplete text.

Satish Verma

The Penultimate

Finding my path in
twilight to reach your abode,
where light lives.

If you are an answer
I am the big question. You tell
me everything without talking.

Your body smells of
smoke. You were trying to bake
you love on the flames.

Satish Verma

The Penultimate Dilemma

I must not go beyond sunset
to discover the consciousness of night,
Standing alone on a cliff
I was ready to jump for salvation
atoning for guilt of survival.

My regret was time
and timeless suffering.
Where was the maturity of age?
Mind must go for the beloved ones
for a virginal touch of flawless blaze.

They should have come to join the prayer
not for me, but for the dying sun,
and white valley of fears.
Half my tongue sings for the shade
and half I cry mutely.

Satish Verma

The Perceiver

Becoming you,
I perceive your face;
in body swap.

*

The stakes were
high, when I missed the moon,
in the desert chase.

*

The soul
was trapped in an earthen pot,
while catching the shadows.

Satish Verma

The Perspective Fault

With a live moon between?
us, you were staring beyond me
in blank looks.

Shackled, you hang?
from the past praises.

In a crematorium you will now spend
a night with some noises
in penitence.

You have to come out from
the old scripture and invent
a new libretto.

No breathing room was left
in the crowd. Would you
become a little wee taller?

Meanwhile I will listen to bird songs.

Satish Verma

The Poem

In high definition
you were extolling the
unspoken words.
I was trying to grab that
something, so nice,
like a poem.

My mate!
Let us talk about the
rhythm of wilderness in private.
It has been ages
when we slept together,
like a poem.

Where there was a
waterfall, you were crying,
as a fallen dew. I
wanted to hold you on
the leaf of grass,
like a poem.

Satish Verma

The Poem Before Meaning

Choosing the dusk
before dawn to halt the
flowers beheading.

It wriggles like
snake, the time. No wait
between life and death.

Take me to deep
sea of pain. I will never
count falling stars.

Satish Verma

The Poisoned Blue

When the bloodshed starts
at the doorstep of solemn silence,
give me a lone engagement with the invisible
to unchain the split heart.

I will take away the pain
from home and come back in failing
light when a star meets the star
and a moon meets the moon.

What was your core intention
to dismember me like a breadfruit
and cover it with a human skin
stapled to a dead soul?

You drink the ruins after a collective
failure. I am watching the sky
for nightingales.

Satish Verma

The Power

Death enters through
a hunter. A black fish jumps
to make water dirty.

The racism divides
the color of human hair and
blood becomes a glacier.

Where the moon will
take bath in summer. Don't
declare that clouds are dried up.

Satish Verma

The Power To Burn

Shy from finding
the depth of your being?
I was walking on the
cobble shadows.

Like thinking of
afterlife, when you were
preparing legacy of black moon.
Who would not do it?

Would you go to
the fire temple to know
the age of dying god?
Space widens between the eyes.

The grid cannot
hide the deepening chasm.
Your musing shifts. A pen,
the paper and words assemble.

Satish Verma

The Prairie Wool

The trapped body
will not listen to baby fugue.

The perception will find?
the writing on the flute.

For Neptune, the liquid
carries your voice.

The fugacity will find
the tongue of eternity.

The sea has divided
the land. Water sends the wreaths.

The future will keep an eye
on the scavenger, time.

There were signs. It was going
to become a predator.

Satish Verma

The Predicament

Joined by the funeral, we sit down,
under the blue sky, fire watching, sequentialling
the processions. Ultimately one by one they come,
to dust, hands turned down. After close of the rainbow
there is an explosion and a transition
censored by stone age. They flee from the shrapnels
to swathe in bioluminescence of death. The penury
makes a fanciest atrocity.

A pockmarked moon stands there to listen
the scandalized whispers of crulest legends
in century's hopelessness, guilt's bleeding.
You never chained the voice of booms. A god
mourns in fading light.

SATISH VERMA

Satish Verma

The Presence

The hawk was landing.
Squinting at the urgent need
of slaughter and hope –

among the frightened hunger
of truth, of running feet
in the tall grass.

A world apart in
seeking the reality of
dying for earthly love.

I was not sure of
the manifesto of bricks and
stones falling on evergreen kisses.

Satish Verma

The Prodigal Son

Priest or thinker,
you wanted a moral engagement.

Moon shined,
You were waiting for a
prophet or saint.

It was pointless,
boat will not arrive. Standing
on beach, your journey ends here.

The sun was too hot. The
umbrella conceals the face
of a motivator. Nobody wants
to touch the fast of dead god.

Iris shrink. Hole becomes
larger. Now I cannot hate myself.
The blue jewels have become lumps
of wasted stones.

You start diverting
the green death of infallible,
and become real.

Satish Verma

The Prophet

A brief encounter with
an octopus, climbing in the
bed, to wrap around?

*

a brown rock. A strange?
allegory for a fallen king.
An alien of far world?

*

There was no sound.
The message moves through the covers
to open a third eye.

Satish Verma

The Proto...

Today the poem was still on the brink
of completion,
but never came to an end.
The whole day it was burning
in restless mind
and I looked down from a hopeless height.

No further movement of thoughts,
only dizziness.
I craved for a clear vision
between retinal haemorrhages.

Was it a hara-kiri?
I cannot move the pen.
Being half or complete
what was right?
There is no completeness,
only recalls of piecemeals.

Hiding behind excuses and myths,
failed to go for vivisection.
Or life failing to talk to death.
One day
I will pay for closing the door.

Satish Verma

The Quest

The space was widening. Opacity was
Being. Antimatter in. You were scared.
Why this disintegration? Unthinkable hunger,
Incompleteness. Antithesis of universality. My
smallness. His greatness. The heat sucks the
blooms. Celestial dance of the destroyer begins.

The body makes I. Soul is me. The death
was climbing up the stairs. Hiding
in attic you were singing, refusing to see
the visitor, Dismissal of blast. Was a global
failure. How many bodies you are going to
count? Not enough graves. Mass burial?
or descent in tower of silence?

The sludge. Delta is disappearing. Nystagmus.
No land to build a home. Withdrawal. Poachers
are killing the tigers. Claws for power, killer's
strength. A tall tree stands on ridge, meditating.
Peacocks are watching. Will be their turn
now? Eyes on the plumage. For clarity,
vision and wisdom.

Satish Verma

The Raging Storm

A scavenger fails to thrive
in upward mobility.
The emotion becomes a virtual,
collects all the garbage
and becomes negative.

There are only varied questions
of different shades, and
no appropriate answer.

A fantasy remonstrates with the diminutive moon.

Stone pelting becomes a daily
ritual with the song. There
was no music in the language.

Scarves were few. And it
was very cold?
out in the chilled dark.

Satish Verma

The Random Bites

I did not want
to know you. Then why?
asking the way
to your home.

The dilemma of the
musky scent. Do you think?
it was a traditional
way of carrying the love
of unknown.

This world does not
suit me. Shame to the doormen,
how did you reach there
unannounced under the night's sounds.

The tone you will miss.
The tree has walked away.
No sin was left.

Satish Verma

The Rarest Thing

The night watchman
has become an etcher.

The stoning of the shirt
must stop. These moments were the
real sinners/beating the moon.
A simple story becomes an epic.

The belly buttons start
stammering. Meaning did not take a bath.

Canaries have gone on a strike.
They will not sing on the edge of night.

An oil painting walks out of the canvas?
to become a parable.
The creator of this art
was done.

Satish Verma

The Reckoning

It was revenge on you
by unknown.
You were sentenced to live before
the ashes arrive from thumb to thumb.

The onset of grief
was caliberated. I would
not live with a mad weaver
who will not heal the moral bleeds.

A line delimits the dots.
The dance will not begin tonight,
of democracy. The sparrows
were frightened. There was blood on the road.

You want to go into a long sleep.
The moon had an excuse to rise late.
The seeds will observe the silence,
before they come out of the asphalt.

Satish Verma

The Red Rock...

Give me some time
to live, with the possibility
of oscillating between temporal and spiritual feel.
I have already exhausted my age
behind the spiked doors.

I was longing
to meet myself today,
to find the throw back.
Which of me was real?
An antique bird feeding on honeydew?
Or a honed up desert hurricane?

A tremendous impact with retribution
pulls down the unbowed towers.
But the spirit screams in dark
and a light glows from the debris
true to seal the kisslock of death.

The century will still march forward
arranging the years in neat rows
at burial ground of memory.
The walls are still standing.

Satish Verma

The Redundant

In a temple without god,
They performed a cryptcastration on a colossus,
targeting a total annihilation,
and liquidation of a beautiful saga.
And then, layer by layer unspeakable pain was released.

Nobody looked at my red eyes.
Half dead, half alive, groaning, spurting, dumb, dishevelled.
I was shouting, running in the dark alley,
the legendary mountain has collapsed.
From the cocoons come out skeletons.
Not true, not true, they were crying in unison.

Archaeopteryx without apron looks scary,
Let's move to a different showcase
see the birth of a Caesar. How it rises from
the womb of democracy? How the thaw comes in a glacier?

The eyes of a tyrant sometimes look gloomy.
Is it possible to start a bonfire of lover's coat in the chair?
Cast off the milkteeth and start from void?
Stretching the boundaries of death and immortality?
I am terribly confused and burned out.

The astral bodies sometimes look so good to me,
faraway from this ugly world.
At least they shine in their own light.
But we were always busy counting our awards
of gold thread, earned by dark strategies,
to make other feel small and ashamed!

You were talking, of self inflicting injuries
was a way of life,
with some people to purify their souls.
But I was wondering about soulless people.
How much they were polluted and blackened
inside their lungs?

Strange it appears to talk about spirituality

in a slum of poor thinkers
where we were living beyond death.

Satish Verma

The Redwood Temple

Fear of ars poetica
overtakes the unwritten
poem. An anguish will
gather the wild thoughts.

From autumn to
the spring, I took to you
like a scream at the sunset.

I didn't omit you
elliptically ever. The moon
was your watchman,
I tended to slip.

Take a walk with me?
like the shadow. Sometimes
I feel very lonely. Needed
an alter ego to share my angst.

The Zen has invaded my roots.

Satish Verma

The Resonance

In blue,
starry night.
Who was ephemeral?
The shifting sand?

*

The evil,
in turbulent waters,
outlives-
the flames.

*

Charred,
earthscape.
It was becoming an art.
You have countless abstracts.

Satish Verma

The Retreat

The heritage. Storm of violence
in our chromosomes: perverts the senses.
Spooky fear of burnt houses, broken limbs,
utterly committing as witness of silent
unbuilding, as the future defies the
stunt of withdrawal.

Not for tomorrow, the mother weeps
for the exiled trespassers on dead sea.
Drowned corridor of sinking ship. The explosions,
feathers destroying the direction of winds.

Life picks up the rags of pride, of 'me'.
Terror waits on the lips of sorrow
like an obsessive maniac, ready to jump.

Some candle, bring me some light.

Satish Verma

The Revenge

A mob rapes a moon
under the blue sky.
Then parades her half-naked body
on the streets of clouds.

Arousal of anger
devours the mate
in a nocturnal rendezvous
with a sea horse;

cuts off the head
to shake out the frozen tears
from unweeping eyes.
Life stares face to face

with death, of a star.
A slow hesitant voice
opens the layers of silence
for seeking justice.

Truth weeps making no pretention.

Satish Verma

The Reverie

It was devastating.
Out of boredom, drops in
the moon, in the month October.
Hanging over a palm,
to shake hand with a
lone survivor,
a firefly.

A silvery silence
explodes in you face, before
you write a simple word
on the golden leaf.

And I must undo
the locks of complex, winged
life, which will not set?
me free from the funeral
pain. I am going to
meet myself, beyond you.

Satish Verma

The Riddles

Expiating for what
I am. Sun will ask
some questions.

For whom the prayers
are said in unison?
when the archangel was standing in dark?

Why the light restores
the naked aggression ?
when the moon was being disrobed?

The cloud of my eyes
and silence of your smiling lips
collide to say whole truth.

Moment of inertia
will need the finality
of time's retaliation.

In hanging garden, the?
unseen's will come to celebrate.

Satish Verma

The Right Moment

Tell me,
how would you die
when the call comes?

A hollow skin?
with no viscera? underneath.

Will you cry?
while breaking away from the earth?
carrying your own urn?

Elysian vision?
was not very clear
and Styx was full of bodies.

There was no space left
to celebrate the liberation.

A parchment paper
with your fading name printed;
after the petition of right
to exist, undying
in deeds.

Satish Verma

The Ritual

Nihilist:

Being observed,
makes you feel undressed, naked.
A linear, ramp rage
rises.

Pieces of time
fall in your mouth. You start behaving
erratically. Hawthorne effect?
You know how sharp, stout
are the stings?

Testicles shrink.
The unrelenting zero burns the fat.
The emptiness was howling.
Time was dying,
and dying was time.

Satish Verma

The River Between Us

Your face quivering
between my hands, how
do you stop thinking about
me?

When the wars end,
and the first moon rises,
would you come to
see my god?

The third eye opens
sometime to see the difference
between black and white
swans?

And the blessed crown
wants to know who had trained
the terrorist to demolish?
the reliability of truth.

The unknown held you.
You do not know, the end of
the thread was catastrophe.
It has a new baptism.

Satish Verma

The Road

He has been spoken off.

Sometimes I feel,
it is time to go.

Sun is preparing to depart.
After sometime moon will arrive.

You want to stop writing
and shut the book. Enough.
All things said, world will go on its way.

You change the clothes,
alter the sex,
exchange the god,
and refuse to die.

Nothing, but the dirty game survives.

Satish Verma

The Road Going To Woods

Sometimes you hear the
strange voices? coming from
short distances, in half murder
of myths, when you
were strung in the shade
of glittering planets.

Blue knives and red wounds,
unearth your past. You miss your ancestors,
as if living on tree tops between
prayers and hymns.

The skin goes taut. You feed
the bones to stand erect,
to walk like a feral primate.
The script was changing, nor
the parchment.

Satish Verma

The Sacred Revenge

Infamous in death.
You stop fighting;
with me. I will ask the dynasty,
Where was your enemy?

It was within you, he
said. Crawling in the dark;
poems. Will you invite
the monk for the atonement?

Spiritual? Between the
sentences, you fall asleep.
Green-crockery turn to a
naked statue, for comfort.

The black lips start
kissing the red hooks.

Satish Verma

The Safe Journey

How not to feel
the rapture of the deep
after arousal of a centotaph.

Like losing a hand,
while groping for
light.

This was the sin
of the silence, not ready
to share the pain.

Do not invade the
private domain, when
you decide to abdicate.

Dishonesty was
intact. You will not
bargain for lies.

When you love,
You make it dirty.

Satish Verma

The Saga Of Breakup

The sage of tree
sits cross-legged under the
shade of dilemma.

Would you pray for
me when the thick forest
of hope catches fire?

Between mantras and
peace, comes the bifid tongue.
Half truth and half lie.

Satish Verma

The Same Kind

Pseudoscrubbing was going on
the scripted drama, words apart.
The tears were denied to him
and the moon slowly made peace on the white
marble of a cult,
and the river had scored a victory.

He was very upset by the absence of
truth. Stupid god did not stand in the
witness box to testify the morality of
man. Genes were deciding the number
of queens. People were still worshipping
a pair of black Najas.

Neanderthal skull marks a step in the
evolution of art. The jaw bone still juts out
to define a mafia don. The slit eyes make
a good pottery class. White poison settles
in the breasts. An ovarian carcinoma
now spreads in bones.

My toes are burning. Cannot walk straight
I am not here. I am not there. I am not anywhere.

Satish Verma

The Scorpio

Stitch your eyes
before you see the slit,
in the rock, that brought
an earthquake.

The sensors were
becoming robotic. You cannot
feel touch or smell the
thoughts.

The spider silk
was very strong. It
twists your reasoning without
spilling blood.

Pass on-some salt.
It was too sweet to believe
in the words of a half-soul.

I want to get back
my old pain.

Satish Verma

The Scream

Burying
your titanium teeth
in flawless
apples.

You release
a terror.
The scream.

Centuries-
of fear
and fear of
centuries
chasing a mysterious silence.
The scream.

Satish Verma

The Search Ends

It was extraordinaire.
You were always living with delicate
flowers surrounded by stings.

There were stigmas
without styles and hummingbirds
standing in air made me cry.

A colourful sparrow sits
on the sill of window to deliver
a message, garden was no more.

Satish Verma

The Second Night

A gene switch takes an
ultimate spin. The
hunger pangs increase.
Nostalgia looks up at the moon.

- - - - -

I cannot predict the junk;
cannot see the dark matter.
But I know well, how you will
behave when your head explodes.

- - - - -

The body stuns the anointed
deity. It was difficult to foretell
who was a sinner. I
do not want to summon another god.

- - - - -

You open the belly knot of a
beast. A butterfly flutters
on your lips. I implore a memorable
kiss of the beautiful descent.

Satish Verma

The Secret Path

Often,
I will return to myself,
to meet a lost ancestor;
exploring the statics?
of the room, from where the journey
had started.

I will read your face in dark. The
wrinkles, the broken teeth,
and the foggy vision.

The fire escape now lies bereft
of trappings. There is a blank space
there, sucking the sky.

The pragmatism had taken over
and I was left over with
the figures in stones.

I am trying to walk again
deep into the woods. The time stands
still. I am ready for an
uncounter with unknown.

Satish Verma

The Secular Ethics

A fact of time. The
relationship
has a price.

There was a deep
moral crisis, when I said,
stay poor.

Money makes you
dishonest. Why don't
you start giving away?

The secular thing.
Were you tolerant
of my protests?

Ethics were changing.
Why should not I be
a very sad man?

Satish Verma

The Seeds Of Our Lips

I will come and meet
you in absence of past.
Why to open the window
to moon. I was not right,
not wrong.

Incensed in endless emotions
by default. I still love
my muse desperately, when you
come and go
in between the verses.

The time bars you
in moments, in twists of puzzles.
You don't make a move,
don't fold your wings,
and cast your spell in the shadows.

The lost sun of my path,
sends the fresh, full moon? between
night and day to blend the pain
and ecstasy of rapture, of knowing
the depth of holy lake.

Satish Verma

The Seeker

Skin bleached in moon,
you prepare yourself tonight to hit the mystry,

of a recipient. The days are
tattooed on your body. The hands become claws.

A terrorist, becomes a canine,
biting blood-hot.

Like the opal, in a slow stream
of light, displaying the pisces around your?

eyes, swimming. There is no
money left to bring the milk of blue pain.

A physical contact via moon,
would you talk to me after the glorious sunset?

O, multiheaded cobra,
which of your hood is going to strike me

Satish Verma

The Serene

You climb to catch the sun.
A blue bird?
breaks from a sleeping
bough, to find
its food.

The bounty of
surrender, after the first
snow of season.
A golden dawn.

Footmarks of
a hungry deer
near my door.

Satish Verma

The Shaken Faith

Incandescent?
the oil lamps floating
on the holy river, have
started bleeding.

So much blood had spilled
on the street, after
slitting the throats of a
runaway couple.

This was not my religion.

Do not steal me from my
footsteps, wounded by
the gifts given by you, I
will not come back.

I have stopped reading our gods.

It was the lynching of the savior.
Let me count the dots and?
dashes, the unsaid crimes
of opening the text books.

Satish Verma

The Shelter

Your own shelter of erected pretensions is beautiful
but you don't want to come out from the cage.
Fear of falling from the cliff, cloud and sky
on the claws and pincers is terrific
which could maul, lacerate and dismember you,

You want to hide behind the arguments.
Somebody starts knocking at your head like a woodpecker
Why don't you stick to a legend like others?

Downhill you have to come to primordial
touch of soil and smell the odor of naked bodies
toiling for seeds. Gnarled hands open the jammed
windows.

Will you know the secret of a bright lamp post
where on some night, migratory birds
were falling dead? Black fog is floating
and you are still standing on the spot from where
you started.

Satish Verma

The Shooting Star

This was an obscene observation,
seeing through one's mind
a terrible happening.
The naked truth was always dangerous.
I close the eyes of a beloved day.
The first lover hovers over
the trees like an invisible ghost.

By transforming the obsession
into the wholeness of a metaphor,
don't you externalize the center,
of a theme? Integrity was
never your forte.
The light within was fading,
sheer escape.

I believe in a spring faithful to sun,
where the searching ends.
The body melts into melodies,
and the shooting star of midnight,
leaves a trail of fire.
It opens the sky,
the blade, the freckles.

Satish Verma

The Shriek

Arising before the dawn,
to meet the earth,
your honeymoon was over with innocent.

You start becoming extinct,
with stained excuses. Naked as a belief.

There was no contradiction.

An imitation will take over,
for the surreal tomb.

A gift of rain will fill the bowl
left for Buddha, who was still sleeping
with eyes half-open.

A sage grouse begins the mating dance.

Can you speak for the scars? They
promised to remain mute.

Satish Verma

The Siege

Dual fall of the brass.
From the bine,
from the bliss of flower strength.
An apparition
of infiniteness of agony.
Becoming one with failures.

It tends to stay
and enters the forbidden city
of endless beseeching, imploring
to remain poor of any treasure.
The mysterious pain
a trap cannot catch.

Oh, pass on a cloud
my eyes want to rain.

Satish Verma

The Signs

This music was insane.
Do not pluck the wounded apples
of conjugal extraction.

The volatility was increasing.
Shades of blue were
sharpening. The intrusive moon

will decide the fate of
fossilized fracture. The death
came by the back door.

The rough edges are to
be smothered, after a back
encounter. The saint was ready.

The anxiety overwhelms. You
try to find a small window
to bring in the song bird.

Satish Verma

The Silence Of Eternal Flame

you were stealing me from myself
my mitochondria, a little under the name,
while I was unmoored, talking to a mirror
who did not recognize me, caked in heat and dust
touching my tissues and blood
under the ignited roof of the tower,

walking with crutches to wipe the tears,
religion, open pyres, I am still stained
near a lantana thicket, amorous, talking
to death, pirates grabbing the winds,
migration of a whole waxed population
in black air

stalkers have a corrugated mind and
serial killers a mournful voice

Satish Verma

The Silent Colours

A mad resurgence of fake locks
paralyzes the arched doors of the hidden
walls, where the roses squirm under
the false kisses of a red moon;

they came again to police the blinds.
The mother digs up the charred body of
her son without singing the praise of
drifting star, till the scars become green.

It was the name of ivory grief, you never
know, when the blue milk turns malignant.
A hairy loss of heritage from the golden
heights of slumber. My constant truth

weeps without shame. This landscape
does not belong to ashes of broken history
of man. The delirium of war on laments
has wiped away the holding lights on shores.

Satish Verma

The Smiles Are Disappearing

On your crumpled body
I write my name.

The Kosher trembles. I
place Gita to be unread by
unpraised eyes.

Do not abuse the
crate. It may contain
a pit viper.

I am not clean. You
can wipe out the face from
my sleeve and make a new shirt.

And the messenger will
deliver the gift of a
naked moon signed by black hole.

Attended by kisses
the roses were spread on
ground to receive the severed legs.

Stand in attention.
The beaten god has arrived.

Satish Verma

The Socratic Existence

The evening wind tapped me on the shoulder
gently and said:

“Clouds will talk to you now”

I turned around, looked up at the sky
and drops filled my eyes.

Daily I was drinking hemlock
to understand my ignorance of virtue.
He is gone, but I want to feel the ascending
paralysis, a tincture that is called poison.

For the sake of others, below the faith
lies the pain concealed.

My cup is full. It spills on the soul
and I grieve for the defiled truth.

Satish Verma

The Solemn Pledge

In deep space?
I will not jump
off the ledge.

Blood waits?
to anoint your forehead
for a final call.

Memory crawls?
slithering, to feel
the sacred shroud.

Did you find
my footprints on the
rare altar?

Some days god weeps.
There was no need to sleep
like Buddha!

The spirit had
walked away from
ravaged frame.

Satish Verma

The Soliloquist

Stares down, the grey
moon, fixedly,
in naked aggression...
Fire and brimstone.
I move one step, towards you. In semidarkness
I have lost the address
of peace.

The transgender, stumps
the ghost. There was no noun,
no pronoun, only an abstract
feel. Do you see the
wooly trail beating the dust?

When did you hit the dirt road
not to come back...
What was undone? After
the death of the cuckoo, there was
no wedlock in words.

Satish Verma

The Sorcery

I can do it, hold the wasp
in my palm? without grains
and short of fructose.

Layer by layer eggs
will leak? wetting
the vibrating stigma.

Neat abuses, will suck
the milk of nodding thistle.
No marrow comes out to save the elixir.

The hoofers, without
stirrups were running blindly
after the fallen apple.

The sage sways sadly
in the passive winds. It's aroma
enters the stream of sex.

Satish Verma

The Spectrum

In my rainbow dementia
I would recognize you
on the white walls, in blue frames.

Going blank to
read your mind.

Who does not want the
beautiful end of the journey
without compromising
the thought's integrity.

A gray energy
pervades, in each cell
of the soul.

A neoclassical mystery begins
to cover the naked thigh
of Bonsai tree of life.

Night opens with
a hawkish demand to declare
the secret of purple wounds.

I had still not eaten
the bitter apple untested.

Satish Verma

The Spillover

Not a dog day?
after snapping. In
fatigues, you get a parole
to start sowing sunflowers.

A butterfly skips,
the roundabout and lands
on your lips?

after spending entire
life from flower-to-flower
from bush-to-bush.

I was a witness to history
in making. There was
no togetherness. Will you
believe that?

I am a flame now. All
night I will burn,
to read the explosions?
reaching the bottom of fear.

Satish Verma

The Sterility

Becoming scattered,
the winged visitors
in my chest.

Is there a home?
for sane thoughts in the jungle?
of untruths?

How long I will
continue my journey
in search of grass?

Satish Verma

The Stinging Withdrawl

Barefoot you reach
for candidacy to
 get partitioned.
The hatred had divided
the grass.

The suspense
was intense when
 earth failed to
accept the!
defeat.

A drinking!
cloud will settle
 the score with
the flames.

Consequently the!
sky falls on
all the roses, making
your vision blurred.

Satish Verma

The Stings

He was not ready
for a stash of negligees
put up by moon, on the trees.

A hanging valley drops the pretense
meets the river on the way
for a rendezvous.

Nymphs are flying randomly
against crystals of stars
blank night asks for nothing.

Sometimes hallucinations are welcome
when it is too hot inside
and the life sucks madly.

It was all very puzzling
the nudes in mirrors,
the stings in prayers.

Leaning against the wall
gives a scope for existence
remember, the desires are many.

the separateness was the idea
to put the damper on shouts
we are not, what we willed.

Satish Verma

The Stink

Eyes will speak, not the road.
I am going very far.
Ability to suffer was me.

Landmarks had spinned,
the art abducted.
Was it unlucky for defying life?

Who wore the guilt,
for choosing pomegranates,
for the blasts?

Now I am struck on midway,
annihilating the adequacy,
the thrust for good and bad.

I survive the stink.
Blood spilling on quivering lips,
that God was nowhere in sight.

Satish Verma

The Stony Heart

Looking in your hazel
eyes, I was thinking.

I don't need
second coming. I want
you once for all.

After assassination
of a live truth, I will wear
a cap without an emblem.
I was moving away from the crowd,
after burning the dead.

Why it was so loud?
It was a gratuity? After the
bloodbath, do you still need a bank?

My God, I am tired
of you. Seeds were scattered
for the love birds. I don't find the
moon break.

No about-face
I was still proceeding
towards the lake of tears.

Satish Verma

The Stranger

Ready to pounce on
a scarecrow.
The ants were hungry.

It was a dried bone?
frame, wearing the royal
costume, waiting for the moon.

Can you play with the
jewels and still
remain poor?

The suckers refuse to
shrink, taking away skin,
the eyes, the ears.

It overwhelms the loneliness,
the silence, the colossus,
and the two-faced king in making.

Satish Verma

The Sulk

Lapis lazuli:
like a crazy theme of
hostile doctrine,
spawning a fierce battle
of bulge.

It was scary
like a scrawny lizard
climbing on the breasts.

The hoarse retreat of the arm,
when the lamb did not
squeal under the machete.

Poking in frozen mud,
to find the footprints of a mammoth,
when trees were bleeding.

Satish Verma

The Sunday Ritul

Belong to yourself in?
green flames and wait for
the hibiscus of September.

Meanwhile you will
break the silence of deathless
moon. I will watch the dark
night till then.

The yes woman walks
on water. I stay on the shore
to see the bones drown.

It was great worthy of the
digitalis. Fingers of gloves
will measure the beats of heart.

Attending the funeral was
waste. You will rise again
from ashes to beat revenge.

Satish Verma

The Sundial

The orifice was absent
from the face.
The hatred will unite the enemies.

You won't speak
in the debate, how to
murder the humanity.

Old affections are made
can score the
highest tears

Armless, you move
the clock in-
opposite direction.

The stigma still remains
after the flight.
I am going back home.

Satish Verma

The Sunrise

Centrality suffers.
A poem
cries.

The kingfisher
dives
to find the depth of water.

Ready to strike
beyond? the
horizon, black hole.

With September
blues on?
my hands, I pray.

Satish Verma

The Swan - Song

Inadequately the clouds covered the moon
the wind was soft and silky.
The death of shadow was not complete.
Stars had fled from groans of night.

In the still room poor sentences could not compete
with the innocence of emptiness
which was in throes of giving
birth to a new meaning.

Weeping flowers were weaving a song.
Memory, my pain, returns again and again
I would never go ever to my old house
just one for me, it gave me choking
sadness.

The wanderer me, moves again, to switch
the lights on. You are not watching me.
I don't put claim on my words. They
came to me from dangerous mistakes.

Satish Verma

The Syntax

Coming over here
to find me, in abstract meaning?
I was very much there in your eyes.

*

A ghost appears
on your lips, when you explore
the silence of the road.

*

Learning the grammar
without prepositions; how will
you reach my words.

Satish Verma

The Tango□

Lips tremble
like sentinels
when legs burn like candles
whole night,

in the pocket a grenade explodes;
a girl gets raped in broad day light
to receive a compensation
under a leaky roof of frozen hunger:

the emptiness in bed
stirs a grain, a deemed birth of catastrophe
one classical tragedy begins

a lighthouse shuts when the ship sinks,
let us go on the bank to find the needles –
to start a dialogue with the moon,

when the tide comes
it will throw some heroes

SATISH VERMA

Satish Verma

The Target

In a love triangle,
I move out of the center
to find a boat.

Locked in a sperm
a messenger becomes a brute.
Who will draw the circle

on the mercy petition?
This was a curse on the bed
which will not go to sleep for a whore.

The stings. Everytime you
open the mouth, you spurt
out the barbs, I walk into fire.

The kill. It was a perfect
landing. Wounds will never
heal. The beach remains dry.

Satish Verma

The Tear Of Things

The panther goes for the neck only.
A body trembles on the stairs.
Scarred bones are strewn around in
the broad day light.

I sometimes hear a wailing sound.
Here lies the scarf, the coat, the shoes.
A nation is rambling in dark
woods. Faces have become stones.

No longer, the illustrious suffering will help.
How to judge the verdict?
Defence is proving the guilt,
and desert shouts a single
name.
How many meanings should be thrown
for one answer?
The tears. Are they not sufficient
to give the depth of immensity?

Satish Verma

The Terrain

It was always painful to remember the suicide
of a painter,
who was drawing the landscape
of hunger.
Polishing his art of pretention.
The time whistled past his window
without punctuation.

The terrain was tough, deepened by
requiem, the tears dried up
on the cheeks of chastity.

Script without drum and hue
of glowing eyes,
cracked lips
of us and our instruments of tragedy.

Satish Verma

The Terrible

This terracotta urn
contains the ashes
of an earth-baked dream.
You worship the setting sun,
rape of dawn will continue.

Intravenous entry of hope
had failed.
Outside the window
crowd of heirlooms, falling like stars.
Thoughts come and go, we hunted opportunities in vain.

Tonight I will drop the wheels
on the tarmac, to roll the pride.
My flight had knocked out
the sleeping pain. Now amnesia
will help me to climb on the moon's shoulders.

They dragged her in the field,
the most deprived one. Was outraged.
I send you my grief, my sadness,
O, god. The flag was flying half mast,
rapist was absconding.

Satish Verma

The Thick Skins

Anointed truth
had no path. Path
was the truth.

Not a play of
emotions. I am talking
about the transparent
leaves pressed in the books
of fake religions.

When there were
fireflies, you deleted the rains
and sapwood saved
the lip's blues.

You rolled around
the burning pyre. Flames were
embracing the dark lies,
about the brailled poems.

Perfectly in harmony,
Bach was being played by
a blind artist. Did you know it?

ShareShare The Thick Skins

Satish Verma

The Thinning Faith

The whipped up temper
for a mass destruction?
of thoughts. A squeaking floor,

summons the?
last measure of strength, to manipulate
the blackboards,

to draw skylights,
to do everything to bring in
the hope.

A fracturing dilemma
seeks annexation from the blind faith.
You had started doubting on yourself.

Beyond the high pitched
dramatics of banging doors, I
stand below the windows for harmony.

Satish Verma

The Threshold

During the litany of questions,
I will talk to you,
about the innocence
of flowing river.

Here was your faultline.
You had washed your words in
the dirty stream.
Now, you were complaining about the winds.

I will not ask you
to kill the thrill of hurting
the defence. But
were you ready for a recount?

Black, as a burnt-out bread,
the time; will leave the wounds open.
I will write a poem
you will start screaming.

Satish Verma

The Thrill?the Game

Forget me?
not the blood truths.

I was reading your thoughts
from the deep furrows
of your forehead.

To follow the peace
I will not purchase the
eternal bites.

Poverty was the bliss,
when you were not there.
Ripped nodes were sucking?

the lame legs. I will
not call you back for
any support.

The paper boats are still
hanging out? without water.
How will you light the candle

which burns from
both the ends. Someone waits for you?
behind the curtain.

Satish Verma

The Time

There was a lapse
before the fall of moon.
I am standing in dark.

A wolf a day was
enough to eat me. The digital
pain seeps in the
sad ceremony.

Someone buries
the hatchet in stars far away,
wearing the black mask.

I steal your poeny.
Your velvety voice for the
sake of wronged yellow.

A candle burns
in the white room, bereft
of any trappings.

Satish Verma

The Tragic Intimacy

A crisp moon rejects the night,
the words retreat, like fallen truths.
Stillness was palpable
silhouettes moved in vacancy.
And we did not know where to go,
how to find the cause of life.
World surged forward like a spider.

The dust, the heat
and a breathing sorrow
met in the twilight
of immaculate pain.
I hated the drooping lights
and burning of feathers.
Birds were dumb
to say how cruel
the benevolence had been.

I fell upon a thorn
who witnessed my incarceration.
A fire in my eyes, I glowed like a volcano.
Fogs were hanging
like veils on eyes of moon.
I tasted lichens in mouth.
The tragic intimacy
of an old poem.

Satish Verma

The Trappers

There was left no middle,
of the path. It was a washed-
out theme and
negative numbers.

No bounce in the steps.
You were cowering in terror
of tomorrow. The fear
overwhelmed the alp.

It was a family feud,
from ashes to bones.
The mixed cadence was sending
the wrong signals to the walls.

The voices now come on the street,
for traditional wars, in
change of seasons. It
was raining out of turn.

Satish Verma

The Trauma Stuns

Leaving the page blank
for you to paint a brick wall
between you and me.

It worries me of
the return of suicidal thoughts,
when the tide comes.

The dust of hoofs
will bring peace to barn. A lost
buck has come back.

Satish Verma

The Triade

In war of attrition
with moon,
you need a black eye.

The stars blinked.
A milkyway changed its stance
and went on fast track.

The sense of sky
was changing. Earth
decided to take off the veil.

I was not engaging
any contradictions. Let the turmoil
throw up an alternative.

It was seen coming.
The blind snakes
starting an intrepid attack.

Satish Verma

The Trial

The contradiction
of winds on the tall dome
gives luxury of fall.

You step into fire,
and walk through the flames
to test the truth.

Threadbare life
was beautiful. There was
nothing left to give.

Satish Verma

The Troubled Faith

That vertical sink
loaded with cargo
fraught,
with pools of blackened blood
burned me.

I never arrived
at a moot prologue
for the journey of dead.

The sun turned away
in a doubt
under a smoked trance of helplessness.

Perhaps it was true of a murder
in serene weather
when the astrologia was opposite.

The charred landscape
dithered about the lilies.
Will they come back?

Satish Verma

Satish Verma

The Twilight

You start abbreviating the pretention,
caring for the end of a perennial revenge –
of slain truth, finding depth in arguments
which will spawn more violence.

Come my friend, come. Sit with me.
Let us search together the solitary
death in living past. Ultimate space was
a great deception of the eternal silence.

Clayey mood again depicts the pain
between your moons. I go for a play in dust
of time. The beats of heart will not wear
a sword now.

One hope finds a moon-belt on the hills
where the shadows walk with stars.
I will wait for the sun to rise.

Satish Verma

Satish Verma

The Undefined

A green hunt of words
does not dare to insert
the isthmus as indelible
mark between a future
and an unknown.

The fear becomes me. An
odious entry. Will you
help me to find the variations
in the storms of life deviating
from their normal orbits?

I cannot separate you
my song, from the meaning
of the script. The indefinite thing
has the text of echos
coming from the stars.

The baby moon is climbing
up, to remind me: night
will not stay for long.

Satish Verma

The Unsung Pain

You talk of black light.
I am not sure of which sun
you refuse to touch.

In moonlight your
behavior changes. The space
enlarges for wings.

The flight stalks the love.
Shy of becoming fossil the blood
footprints will speak.

Satish Verma

The Untitled Erotica

Plurality of the sin
slids across the sludge
of cheating -
on the cohabitation of virtue.

Encountering myself in mirror,
under the spell of repetition?
Discovering yourself -
can you predict your end?

Inheriting the long night -
I cannot act for me. The flesh
seeks the curved breast of
unspoken grief. I wouldn't become ruthless -

to smell the gift of parting kiss,
tossing the landscape aside.

Satish Verma

The Urborn

Let it be, a dawn prayer,
dripping with fantasy
intercepting the strip-search of soul
tempting a mad psyche.

The sleeping volcano was going to celebrate,
put the sign on.
Perfectly shineless hands will raise
the banner to donate kidneys, eyes and heart

to the broken star, who on the name of book
was sending the empty cadaver on ivory car,
a saviour from carnage, to mimic
a divine touch.

Why are they playing with flames of summer?
Poor minutes were sinned, the centuries
will suffer now. On the green leaves
a nightingale lies bleeding!

Satish Verma

The Verdict

Nonchalantly
you rip the smile off,
from the face of a sleeping Buddha.

It was time
to start digging a weeping
hole in the grave of an ancient-
god who would not wake up
after you found blood on the knife.

What was your mandate
after finding the turmoil
in the tunnel for light?

The life sentence passed on
to vultures will give the
corpse a chance to live.

On one side were the angles
developing the spatial memory.
On other side you were
sitting in a cage.

Satish Verma

The Vigil

Floaters swim in acrid clouds, I watch
myself killed by me, the image was real, oracular

ashen grey, sitting on a sand dune
I listen to the silence of bending and roaring faults,

the life repeats the mistake, possessed, chasing
the wheels, fever rising, the swish of a snake,

time; could not make it, daintly the moon drifts on
the dark contours, ripples of a lake, a flock

of birds turns inland into shadows of chorus
a small city of voices seeks freedom.

Satish Verma

The Vinegar Test

Loading the twin calyculi
at the dawn. Cotton grass
will get an?
extortionate price.

Silence was dead.
And as were the protests
of levitating poppies.

Chasing a colored storm
becomes a craze, these days.
Bystanders will witness
the fall of blue night.

You want to unfollow
the begonias now, cultivating
the unkissed music on the
lips of swaying reeds.

Satish Verma

The Visitor

The wait begins adorned with symbols
for shadow to fall
between hope and pretention.

The moon will talk
when the dew returns
and clouds are hiding.

He will come in a black cloak
for a final assault
with broken promises.

Is he untouchable?
You cannot embrace him?
Walks like a ghost between me and you.

Our past, open-eyed, the truth
happens on road
in crowd, in our home.

Satish Verma

The Volcano Erupts

It was unique in many ways
once you had asked,
how would I like to go.

Like sitting on the edge
of a birdbath, after celebrating
summer flight, the sparrow
wants to drop dead in water.

Sometimes you want
to watch your own wake
between hundreds of earthen lamps.

The ending cannot
be translated. You don't own your life,
your freedom. If you
see me as your liberator.
I will bring my own shackles.

Dignity never
comes in black and white
I will wait for you under the shade
of a holy tree.

Satish Verma

The Voyager

A forgotten truth
lands softly on the wet grass.
I had lost the words.

The moon was cut on
table to taste the honey of
towering love.

The hidden face
in womb of the earth smiles
in darkness of pain.

Satish Verma

The Wait

No more venom for me. My throat is full
and sore is spurting.

King cobra, take rest. You must be tired
after going for so many bouts.

Sleep well. I have to wake till eternity.

The time is running out and I am ready
for judgement.

A miracle has happened in the hungry eyes.

God helped them to hang with folded hands.

Nobody cried for dead.

Spates of suicides told it verbatim..

Names of victims were engraved
on painted boards.

Souls were covered with innocent songs.

A brutal wind blows. Everything
looks normal and serene.

Dirty lanes are again full of trembling
legs in wait for the handouts.

Satish Verma

The Walls

A green smoke was rising
to ferret out
the elusive pain
without body.

I went in search of
fidgety words
to patch up the conflicts
of flesh.

Bold as Passiflora,
Crucifixion was complete.
Today a gift of obedience
will arrive.

It was a fake.
The eyes on the hump.
Camel has to cross
a steep desert.

Satish Verma

The Wars

It is.

An explosive denial
of an infinite firmness
of round orbs.

Why were you taking
off your shirt
to show the scars?
it stirs a sequestered allegation.

The glare was on my days
and your nights.
The suicide bomber was
a kid, you know.

When a poem leaves you,
how far would you go to kill
a blue jay
for the golden cage?

Satish Verma

The Warts

Like a wax moth, me?
sensing your footsteps
from a mile.

*

The half-truths
were always baked in milk
to look white.

*

The cleric was
jubilant. God has decided
not to live any more.

Satish Verma

The Wasted Charm

Another?
frozen relationship
between man and beast,
you want to thaw.

The god,
had become uglier
after throwing you?
in pit. Disbelief debates?

why to find the logic?
I wanted to become a period?
after commas and parentheses.
Who was great?

Nobody comes forward?
when you are beheaded amidst
the crowd, which goes into the
applause of life time.

Satish Verma

The Watchman

Eyes locked, slowly we drift
knowing or not knowing;
A conversation dips in laxity.

The time stood around, eye-deep,
unbelieving steel, which had bent
forgetting the fortress of body.

A narcissus weeps without eyes
waiting for the evidence.
A raging moon will not come.

When nightingale stops singing
how will I find your home?
Far away half-naked sun was hiding.

Ungrateful century splits the human
species. Genes are jumping out.
The watchman had left the door.

Satish Verma

The Water In Boat

Understanding the poverty
of the earth, the pain,
of the primal tribe,
invoking the god of sky.

In my victory, I was stabbed.
I will go and meet the sea.

You are there, O hunger
of home and peace, mute
as a stone, baked in
sun, waiting for the ripples.

I will burry the blackberries
in dreams, the lips will
seek the silence of a stroke,
when moon walks in unannounced.

Satish Verma

The Wax Palace

You were half-crazy
saving little buds
brutalized by storm
in a yawning night.

The ugly silver of a fringe
group becomes intentionally
a hate cult, developing
an epicenter for stripping

to devastate a religion. The
ghosts are walking in the
corridors of mirrored crimes.
There is a creeping sadness in the golden lock.

The blood craft brings obscene
inheritance. You hide the script of
murder in a wheel chair. Things have
not remained things. There is smoke all around.

Satish Verma

The Wheel

He was very thin, half naked, one arm
broken, glasses cracked.
Early morning an owl will land over its head
And give a long hoot.

The bleary eyes will look down non-chalantly
on browsing goats at its feet. I will see a twinkle
in the eyes.

A cave man, or Buddha! I loved your brazenness
cat walking alone on the spiky path of truth,
drinking goat's milk and raising cotyledons
of guiltless faith.

Post-traumatic, I squeeze your feet.
Any reincarnation in future? Any divine intervention?

Satish Verma

The Wheels

The path disappears
under the foot.
Gently I lay down the book
and start reading the blank page.

Stainless thoughts.I strip to root.
A stunning revelation
about a tinned dialogue.

Blue hydrangeas
were telling something.
It was time to become insane
on the street.

The lust,
the sex
creeps into the sect. Religion was a proxy
to kill, to achieve a stop.

going nowhere.

Satish Verma

The Whispering Silence

Bleeding the sea
For brown seaweeds.
I was trading the tides.

Talking me blind;
Kissing on my face,
O moon, you were reading
the dark earth.

To awaken me.
I prick my fingers to collect
The fractured thoughts.
The ospreys were expected-

To land for laying eggs.
I will seed the clouds,
To bring in rains, to
Wash the stains.

Satish Verma

The Wholeness

Days are crisp,
nights chilled.
A lake of fluid fire, under the clouds,
prepares for a virgin assault.
I do not thaw the frozen hurts,
respect the disguise of the old lover.

Hearing my own voice from a distance? I
stand by the shore,
discover my lost home,
become a valley of sphinxes.

And the wetland kicks the pain
of earth to break into insanity of scars.

Satish Verma

The Will

When I asked you to
drop the millstone?
a bunch of dreams,
you wanted to move away from sun.

Building melatonin,
after visiting the shrine?
in dark. The deity has
started taking a both.

Helium? the noble gas.
How high will it take you,
in a balloon, which was rising
towards the Mars?

Crashed. I break into
pieces of terra cotta. I don't
want to leave the earth. Spread
my ashes on the beach.

Satish Verma

The Will To Survive

Little birds
had become stone pelters.
Uneasy would lie the hands, that
had become avid pawns.

Sometimes you watch
the erotica, mating in air,
to listen to echoes
of self-destruction.

The stigma will not go.
Human judgment was
falling. You grab a Rilke
to find the answer.

If man was truth then
what was a beast?
don't commit the eye of god.
Every honour was fake.

The gay philosophy was
for yourself. I had been living
perilously, not hiding
behind the rituals.

Satish Verma

The Withering Blossoms

The guile demands
some apology,
from raw stings.

Flirting with illegibility:
Mercurially hot,
there was a preempt strike.

The monsoon comes late.
You would wait for the
wet encounter.

Not seedy one;
dragging a green wound.
Ending sine die.

The white salt
on the lips will speak-
the telltale marks, of crude assault.

Who will surrender
in the end, I will
find out, covering my eyes.

Satish Verma

The Woods Are Burning

Removing the husk
I want you to find the grain;
become yourself.

The space between thoughts
must increase.
I am trying to widen –

the scope of death. Something
was alive in shadows.
The fiction was rising.

Dust and clouds will blast
together. I want to meet
the snowcapped peaks of sadness-

which brings the human-
face of flesh eaters. No bones
were left to fight for.

Satish Verma

The Words Of Blank Paper

Not reading your eyes
today, walking on
burning cinders.

In search of green
darkness, to sleep on the breasts
of waiting moon.

The fear of woods, hiding
the tiger beetles. They
run very fast to snatch the prey.

No agenda. Outside is
very cold. The poet will
see the fall of veins.

The road still entices.
Endless dreams and?
no halts to get the kiss of eternal rest.

Satish Verma

Theories

Defining hunger
I become metaphysical,
trying to locate me.

A pain transcends
space and time and I wake
between the words.

I was not there
where the honey spells doom.
Death has many doors.

Satish Verma

There Was Ample Pain

A judge sits on
stone to dismantle the
sky made of hollow men.

Knower becomes unknower.
Lies will not win. Truth
was calling.

Your eagerness was
supreme. Cults are masters
of opportunities.

Contradictions will
stay. I will follow no one.
The message will reach.

Nobility was gang raped.
Road of the day was lost.
You float in thoughts.

Satish Verma

There Was No Answer

I cannot understand you.
You walk straight
into enemy's den.

The skin peels off. A naked
boom. Silver domes
turn black. Ethanol drips
from eyes.

Praise the God. Tears
become poetry. Moon dances.
No door opens in bleeding night.

I ask for the lips. It
is for death of the priest,
who would not accept the streak of sin.

Until you become hot.
Flashes of fireflies have
become longer. Tail to
tail the message will betray the address.

Buddha takes his own time. There was
no light between the dark hills.

Satish Verma

There Was No Prelude

Clubfoot.

A poet's dilemma.

You cannot think straight,
cannot walk straight?
unaided.

In grimaced face, one
eye patched, there stood a deliverer
with raised hands?
bringing down the empire of
a baby king.

You walk out of the painting
mutely. The king was
ready to be laid down for the
poisoning effect.

Was there anybody to
explain that why the dynasty
falls one day and the
poet wins the broken fort?

Satish Verma

There Was No Rebellion

Hiding the meaning
of life, you caused the
absurdity. Theater was not
ready for the audience.

An interim relief
comes for the aging. Blue
stars were moving away.
You will murder the sharks.

Skulls start playing. I
yell against the salt that splits
the tongue. Thick-lipped gods
start making the paper-nests
for the wasps.

Winter becomes warm-blooded.
There was no snow on
the trees. Owl butterflies
come out at dusk to collect
their dues.

When the sun sets, moon
shaped boys unroll the centuries.

Satish Verma

There Was No Subject

After an aggressive
kiss of life, a very restless
soul, trapped in the stale body,
wants to escape.

In dead of night, it
rains inside the eyes, on paper
and in poems.

You trip when a
decapitated head of the
past wants to bite.

Not an anomaly, you
were wished in the wet prayers
of a kneeling goddess.

We do not reach
the question marks, and
answers are in our hands.

Do we see the silver
in dark clouds?
Who knows the unwritten?

Satish Verma

There Was Nobody

In life's drama, art
of dying is played daily. Not
a single word I would write.

Whenever my mind reads
a bleed, you start washing my wounds,
presumptive to do something.

You are not another one,
a prawn on the heap of
prayer descends from sky to sleep god.

Satish Verma

There Was Only One Love

The future looks like
an asylum. Incarcerated,
the muscular planet
will breach the trust.

How will you receive
the guest at the door if
there was no light?

This was not my
hour. Confessor was not
ready to bring out
the knife.

Venus flytrap
with hinged jaws waits
to catch the landing victim.
Where was the moon?

Tasting life as
an archeologist, picking
the ruins slowly,
slowly.

Satish Verma

Thin Veil□

I begin unlearning
the script, in irreality,
find myself

my shadow in intermission
envelops the virtue
peak of sorrow, silence of space,

give your hand, within clarity
of reason, inner globe
of light, your kiss melts.

A water lily grows
in my palm, full of tears,
a terror strikes on thumb

like a dismembered limb
a veiled moon walks in night
to reach home.

The sun will find the road empty!

Satish Verma

Things Unknown

The world was not
coming around. I give
out a piercing scream.
You tripped my poems.

Did not weigh in the
yearning? no nectar,
no creamer.

And over the shoulder, you
look back on the dwindling encounters?
between us to become
strangers. I am still green
still wounded.

Would not retrieve, the
small entrances. I see better
in dark. Light splits
the fat. Gray hounds leap
for the scent of blood.

I stand in witness box
for no crime.

Satish Verma

Think Again

Is it sacrilege?
Half-men were becoming?
predators? Insects?

That transcends the
sounds of agitated earth.
You don't bend to kiss.

A perverted sense?
prevails. Listen to rustling
of darkened night.

Satish Verma

Thinking Again

Not finding a path
to truth,
going beyond the gods. You
will not listen to my pleas?
still frozen in untruths.

Death opens the?
holy darkness. I am aware of
the bluffs and black voodoos,
insertion of pins.

Moon-bitten, chasing
the blood cherries, you reach
for the yogi cult in trance.
Every night becomes green.

The sacred knife, cuts
the knot, sort of a hinge.
A celebration starts
throwing stones
on each other.

Satish Verma

Thinking Aloud

The flames had
not reached the sun. Moon
was asked to take a leave.

*

In candle march,
someone starts crying.
Moon was found in lake.

*

An anger jumps
like a monkey. A Buddha
does not agree.

Satish Verma

Thinking Deep

Have not we reached
maximus? The perception
lingers on... and on.

Noways. Almost,
caught in the pincers trap.

The handcuffed
blue moon hides his face
after the guilt was washed.

The courtyard was
cleaned off the
stains of the blood tears.

Nihilism was not
mine. You had forced
the sweet tongue in me.

No need to shut
the door. The keeper was
dead. The bell will
not toll for the end today.

Satish Verma

Thinking Deeply About Something

The trail in mind, you had
a problem, before the coming of Him.

A quest, a a question, became
landmarks of the journey
in jungle of humanity.

The compatibility lost, you
have stopped looking at the
things with inward eye.

Is it necessary to give a title to every anguish?

The crisis throws up some detritus
of past, from where you had
taken up the wrong road.

The fixing magnifies your
scars. Do not go deep
in the veins.

I am your face.
I am your name.

Satish Verma

Thinking Haikus

A philosopher
of ruins, watches the moon
and starts laughing.

Huddled under tree
an avid follower of clouds
waits for the lightning.

The death squad clears
the ground for new arrival
of zealots of stars.

Satish Verma

Thinking In Curves

I want to forget
my gains of deliverance in?
reopening the economy of pain.

My logo was simple
to carry your own cross to prove?
that I can rise from dead.

The numbers hurt.
I cannot touch the awards for
throwing my dreams one by one.

Satish Verma

Thinking In Depth

The moment of truth has?
arrived. The earth
has moved the man. It was
accidental verdict. You know,
which cell you will be incarcerated now?

My flame-singed eyes, search
the inception of integrity above board.
I am afraid of myself to
admit that societal violence
has come to stay!

Celebrating the birthday of
a self-propelled god, I go
into irreversible retreat. God
bless the wax house, fire was
raging on hills.

The blood cherries, blood on
your shirt, blood rings on your
fingers, and blood in my eyes.

Satish Verma

Thinking Loud

You were urging
yourself to hold my hand
in flames.

Always staying with
cipher to know my price
trading my skill.

Life on the terms
of tall claims, I will
not leave you in the jungle
of horns.

You want to wear
my life, giving your soul.
How would you define the relationship?

A path will not
forget you ever, where you fell
to become a marigold.

Time demands loyalty.
I have no other religion.

Satish Verma

Thinking Not

You could not keep pace
with me. I wanted to give you what
I didn't have. I don't like tears.

Do not fall in love.
My heart breaks when it snows
and the viruses laugh.

A periodic pain hurts
when would science fail and
philosophy starts its music!

Satish Verma

Thinking Of You

Once I had asked
the nightingale, why did
you need to remain in
my thoughts?

And cloning of words
want to save my
orchard?

Was it provocative,
for a flame to become intimate
with a volcano?

And you must wait for
the tranquil sea to explode
into a mountain of ice
for the otherness.

And at invisible moon
a swan glides to bring back
its princess from the clutches
of yellow earth, which
has gone insane.

Satish Verma

Thinking Off

The clouds hang on the strings.
I cannot dry my eyes.

Picking up the pine cones, on grass?
one by one, as the years went by.

How did I lose my home again?
Were there not footprints in snow?

The caladiums, you planted in
summer, had the crimsoned spots.

Like the kirmizi sun
dipping in lake one night.

Satish Verma

Thinking Off ●●●

I walk through the slush
of moral grief.
Here lies my mortal poem.

A prodigal menace.
You will not breathe in, the
golden grass, once more.
Lingering beside the past, the
savage today. I pick up
the silence of the tomb.

Lateral conjugation. You
come from the otherside to
breach the wall, bear the
pluralism?

and become none. The under-
belly, the yellow blood?
Will you hold my hand
to cross the meaning?

Satish Verma

Thinning

Undating the memories
in final push to cauldron, I said:
let the words burn to ashes,

in terminal journey,
of eternal flight.
You turn a blind eye to sun's venom.

Moon, the blue baby in a casket
rubbing the white clouds
for a trek to intoxication.

I ignore the opium field,
to collect the bullets
and bones of infants.

Seeking peace in a simple
shade of hymn.
Perhaps stars are listening.

Satish Verma

This Autumn

Like water hyacinth of lake
you cannot run away
from your psyche.

*

A separation from the
body was imminent.
Moon was calling.

*

The myth was there,
and summer, the night
opens like a medusa.

Satish Verma

This Cosmos

The tall, dense, tree of life
divides the culture, ages.
Will witness?
the gorgeous, ruinous and
hideous days.

How would I claim
the legacy of a deaf and dumb
sky?

The fragile bones of the
earth, break.
Blackberries burn under
the eyes.

The hidden herons
fall involuntarily, when you
trim the tree for a
new moon.

Satish Verma

This Cruel Life

You give me your
love in fragments. All night
I drink the May moon.

It is hot, it is cool.
I cannot catch the fireflies
in your dark tresses.

Will it go like the entire
life to find the completeness
splattered in half words?

Satish Verma

This Day

It was inheritance of pain. I should
have known. Incontinent, she was scared
to hug me: the child, after the rape. Shepherding
the lacerations: petrified, a body of lad

floating in a sewage tank; a short circuit in
an incubator, row of infants, life snuffed out in flames;
of being. I want to know ontology, need a
spinal surgery; somebody wants to abort a fetus,

because of mistaken identity, an alien egg
was implanted; racing time, bitter and corrosive,
it happened for the first time; karma, you say.
I don't agree, you need camel's milk to clear

your thoughts, like clenched fist against the
darkness; the little child, lad, infants, mortality after
a wrong calculation; the test tubes and petri-dishes,
need despoiling while the soul screams in a

cage; I am ready to jump out of the window,
stories down on the legends, unburdened!

Satish Verma

This Happened

Say something
on this crucial moment,
standing near the funeral home.
My gods were dead.

Last night I had
left the bed on the call of?
mountains? where I had to
climb back to my final abode.

Any poem in September
was worthy of the rewrite
in rainy day of mourning.

One by one the?
fruits fall. You unwrap
the kernels to bring out
the shiny seeds. One day they will
become the tallest trees.

Friends and foes.
I rise and
become a pagoda.

Satish Verma

This Kind Of Time

What noun was combative,
enduring the poison, when
you were subject of?
the history, which will
remain unwritten?

The war was on, in the
night of terror. You cannot
reach the extremities, for the
sake of modesty. Violence
sits in speech, in dirty words.

The flesh needs new blood,
and blood demands the bone
of justice that will not?
conceive mutilation. You become
benevolent in spreading the fear.

Satish Verma

This Living Death

Oh, templed god, why did
you snare the palmer?

The importance of being
the autonomous? I am trying to
stay away from me to keep
a watch on you.

The itinerant sorcerer had
become a legate of gold trade.

The flesh is for sale, the
small mouth with big hunger.

A fledging of scar has become
a bleed. The synopsis was out.

I am going to ask some question
from the bo tree today.

Satish Verma

This Myth Of Life

Today I am alone?
with myself,
not even with wet eyes.
A corona intends to go into flames.

Stars unaligned?
where was the need of the god
to commit a failure?
The ruins must stay for ever.

Hurtling towards the sun
you wanted to know? why black scorpions
live in the flares of light?

Nothingness bites you. The
despair hurts, because you wanted
the freedom to die without
inventing the Deity.

My guilt should not be identified.

Satish Verma

This Odyssey

The wound peeks out
from the round eyes. No lashes,
brows. Singed face betrays the scars
of last century.
He was fighting with his fists only.

Iced lids throwing the flames;
god knows what was the pain of memories?
He did not reverse the wheels of woes;
did not bring back the stream
lost in the volcanic rocks.

Playing truant from black death
a frail hope kindles the small fish
to swim against the current,
ruts of repetitions and bores of endless
barrels shooting roadmaps.□

Satish Verma

This Panorama

Sitting on a white
rose, the miniature god
writes the lines of life.

Inside animal implodes.
The dark blue blood has a
weird relationship
with broken limbs.

Dismembered,
I don't want to die again.
The bright Ariel claims
for the rebirth.

Was there a promise
to repair the flesh torn
out from the bones
of faith?

It is too much dark
here, I don't see your face.

Satish Verma

This September

How far you will go?
with me,
in purple night.

Life will betray.
Death was honest.
Gods cheat.

Once perishable,
and obsolete.
You were chewing the same words.

Can I borrow
the sun from you for a while?
My moon was under a spell,
I will wear your smile.

Desire like toothache
was rising, tearing me apart.
I will drink only the potion
from your hands.

Satish Verma

This Side Of Game

The world has shrunk.
Have sex in half-black
bipartisan calculations.

Ripping apart,
no body was naked
inside the costume.

I was too wakeful
under the ventilator.
They were killing me methodically.

It was theatrical.
White gowns and blue gowns.
Only miracle was nude.

This was an endless pit.
Young boys had learned
to rape.

Satish Verma

This Summer

The candle burns
your will
not contain the light.

How you will write
the beginning of a tragic tale,
when you don't know the end?

Your voice was buried
in the soundscape of howling winds.
No star was ready to lift the veil.
The shadows of unseen are lengthening.
I cross your boundaries
to know my destiny.

The woods are smouldering
without sparks..My fingers are
singed and feet unknown path
will receive your footprints
and you would start seeing
in the rage of night.

Satish Verma

This Unbelonging

Why did you want
to become mine,
when god was not there?

This sun, this moon,
these stars. My Miranda,
my nightingale.

An Atman floats
without a body. Can you
touch it with lips only?

Like potter's wheel
starting, you want to create
a body with words,
not hands.

Then why did you follow
me, watching me to take
the ash-bath, becoming
sinless?

Tears runs faster
than blood.

Satish Verma

This Universe

The spirit was not there
under the skin?
in grey domain.
I will not seek any revenge on self.

The defeat was my solo passage.
I am still searching
myself in the crowd.
More than enough, I had my share of hurts.

Talking of the innocence
of a womb, when you were not
born. The steel in your hair
and empathy in your tongue.

A wandering sage will
not love the fall of night.
You see better in twilight. The
shadows give an illusion of angels.

Satish Verma

This Violence

Your coins don't
make noises. Absolutely
shocking in damp air.

Love in pieces. My
skin burns, without flames
when you kiss the thorns.

Worst was not enough
I want to drink hemlock
to turn my neck blue.

Satish Verma

This Was Cobra Night

O pathfinder,
you wanted to leave unsung.
One day I will track down your footmarks.

Last night I understood
the unholy drowning of the truth,
before the priests of innocent surrender.

Jealousy was the secret of
can use the parenthesis now
to defend the corporate
blunders.

Politics has become a
grammar to cheat the morphology
of gospels.

Do not go like naked truth
in the crowd. I wanted back
my eyebaths to see clearly.

The gap between the lips
was widening..

Satish Verma

This Was Love

The feel, it hurts
when you
open the eyes.

The world
returns you back,
your name.

A moon
will miss the
night, the darkness.

A door shuts.
Nothing moves, except
the footfalls of unknown.

Satish Verma

This Winter

This truth was yours?
not mine. I was
fighting a lone battle.

Have seen?
the legends, tall claims,
of tumbling heights.

In my aloneness
I am searching myself
for the page of testimony.

Walked in pain,
to find you? O god I wanted
to believe in you.

Acceptance. The
world forgets. We talk of
paper dreams. There was no
green tree.

My hands were papyrus.
Who had drawn out
the mystery lines?

Satish Verma

Thorniness

In ascending numbness
you can think clearly at night
and see the half-moon throwing
the silhouettes in dim light.

I suffer in my poems,
foretelling of a sinking flame
insulting the roots.

The rising failure, like visitation
of Icarus shooting from the surface
in pain. An answer without questions
erupts wearing a death-mask. Was
it a speculation of claustrophilia
carrying a prism? The marbled
globes are melting. The danger
was evident,
you can smell it.
Touché.

Satish Verma

Thou Shall Not Cry

Moon disrobed today
to show the wounds. Why
were you bending a lot?

There was tremendous
bone loss. You would not jump
the pain. You touch my arm.

Then bare chest sweats.
You have to dig the answers
from the buried questions.

Satish Verma

Thought On Thought

Do you object to
sexual encounters in the clan
to save a semi-god
from extinction?

A political consideration?
For you becoming an otherself
for future generation?

I will not return to the cave
for a bell jar of bones in
the dominion of nature.

The creamy layer of bats
in dark, pursing the lips
to give a truth curdling lie.

I think, I should not think
of sun, water and clouds
and of mundane predictions.

Satish Verma

Thought To Thought

To become insane,
I think. I miss the ruptured
wounds.

I ask myself,
was it true, you
were painting water body?

Somebody was
laughing after the funeral
of raped truth.

The bells go
without sound. I hold
my trembling hands.

The door knob was
broken. I cannot open the
portal of dreams.

A lone swan treads
softly on the smashed mirror
to reach the lake.

Satish Verma

Thoughts In Wind

Talking to you
in a dream, shadow of
my lips falls on your
face.

It was a strange
knowingness.

You wanted to give
a name to my
unborn poem.

To live was to kill
the moons, asking nothing
from sun, becoming
yourself a flame.

Something you could
do. Put faith in me
and go, pluck
the roses.

My vessel was empty.
I am pouring in some
brainy thoughts to woo you.

Satish Verma

Thoughts Swim

In moon-hung
sky, I repeat the
sacrilege of forgetting
my autumn.

The detachment,
the unholiness, lacerate
the bloody marks.
Clouds do the scary things.
I panic. Something rings the bell
in head.

The trees go into
delirium tremens, drinking their own sap.
A new Milky Way was taking
shape. You don't want to
move the crescent.

October is ending.
The bridge will become icy.
You let go the unspoken
words to build a phrase, that
glitters like a sword.

I bear the loss. Accept
you with all the fringes.

Satish Verma

Thousand Moons

On the rim of a beer glass,
stand, white crystals of salt.
I was watching a pale moon.

*

The lone tree always
waits for the dipping moon,
to give a parting kiss.

*

I grieve for the viola.
Why does it extend one?
petal for a landing pad.

Satish Verma

Thousand Truths

Ah, this was the comfort of
defiance. You can
expunge the consonance.

You are not proving anything
except to play devious game,
with fossils. The lunacy
will hide you.

A thoughtless state comes
to exit. There is absolute stillness
in the busy bee suspended
in moonlight.

No awards. No flogging. What
you can give without seeking
any space? You cannot
eat your own progeny.

Satish Verma

Three Abstracts

Vision impaired.
The fear crawls in your poems?
for lynx-eyed words.

*

Hounded light wears
a mask to rip off the thespian.
Time was my collateral.

*

Who was the reddest in?
rose, blaze and ruby? Will you
pick the color for me?

Satish Verma

Three Faces

(1)

It was a mix of demons.
Honour killing
to save the damaged inside.
You were found in lotus position,
hands tied,
buried in a hole.

(2)

The twin plants:
god and goddess of procreativity
were shedding trumpet-shaped
pink flowers.
Honey suckle would allow
the honey to be sucked
till the breasts remove the macula.

(3)

Moment of lifetime
moves itself against the time
putting the stamens
of crocus
on the forehead of the sinner.

Satish Verma

Three Vistas

Do not count.
Do not return my poems?
written for you,
in memory of hot pink
flamingoes, that had not returned
to their abodes.

Flashbacks. Fear of colors
arises. You shut your eyes.
Idolatry soaring. Night
will ask the stars. Why am I
carrying the burden of a rock
on my shoulders?
Moon laughs.

You stay quiet,
will not commit any kill.
A train whistles by. Evening
plays a thief, stealing your demeanor.
Inside you burn. No smoke was
coming out. No reference?
to smiles and tears.

Satish Verma

Threnodial

Between the hope and
betrayal lies the truth-
a terra cotta version
of time.

A vitrified china will
not reflect your face.

You search the word's
tragedy, in a wound's
profile.

A speaking book repeats
the not
go after the
are no answers.

Prepare for the last rites
of the plastic mind
knows the reality.

Satish Verma

Through The Ashes

Outside, a discreet moon
was rising, breathing?
dark. I was wary of strange clouds
of unknown scents.

Like a blue absence of nothing,
from nothing to emptiness.

The religion of unspoken
prayers? I start the journey,
to void. From there a turbulence will begin.

Blinking eyes? will find
the answer to a no-question, at
the end of the conflict?

when the face is lost to sadness.
You will not take off
your shoes.

Satish Verma

Throwing Down The Gauntlet

Crossing the burning barriers,
you take a fatal jump.
Brazenly, but giving little away.

Long shadows of ethnic clouds
were eroding the sun. Feeling the
wet lips you rub you sweaty
palms in vain.

Haunted, you would like to
kill the ghosts. You pull a silken
cord. A silver urn upturns the
ashes of your past.

Each truth walks without legs.
You are still incomplete. The
self-portrait will never hang
on the wall.

Satish Verma

Till Every Song

Always waiting of
your footfalls to spend
the rest of life.

If I must go,
will you say goodbye to a
lone tree sawaying in fire?

The romance of
river was unique. It always
gallops to meet a planet.

Till you speak, can
I kiss you, so that nightingale
sings sweetly.

Your deep and dark,
eyes always send the
boatsto find harbor.

Satish Verma

Till The Ceremony

I accept, my defeat?
in the hands of Ariel.

You start hiding from your
own chrysanthemums.

Trying to merge the agony
with the diminutive flight.

The tale of a big fall from
the height of assimilation?

I will go all the way to
challenge the unknown fear.

The passage was full of
bumps, slowing the pace of kisses.

Satish Verma

Till This Day

Spare me a moment.
Can you anticipate the innocence
of tomorrow?

Someone wants to bare
her breast to protest
against the concept of black and white.

Tell me where the black ends
and white starts? The glass and
daffodils always go together.

The fake colors. I look at the
sky and start a monologue
with a yellow moon.

The smoke spoils the shore.
River engulfs the boat
and a definition drowns.

Satish Verma

Time

The noiseless violence.
You don't speak to yourself.

It was cold inside?
the sleeping volcano.

The years roll like
the yogic flying.

Bearded? you are not in air
not on land.

The revolt is my acid test.
Fingers become blind.
Cannot move in the valley
of faceless questions.

Deaf and dumb.
Mannequins stand in a
row to be covered up by the
glittering awards.

Satish Verma

Time Crossing

When I hold the pen,
it trembles in my hand; the poem.

The catharsis.
Zero minus, to no to everything
against the main stream.
You start kinking.

Gawking?
Every night I carry my glitches
to bed, to fight my demons.
Falteringly, you speak:
it should not have happened.
The genetic aberration?

Nudges the crass exhibition
of alphabets of exorcism.
You invoke the dumb gods, who will
not vacate the accelerandos.

Satish Verma

Time Holds Me Clean

A grim reminder.
Ah! the lunar cycle again
hurts. Candle burns at?

*

both the ends. Book
was closed for eternity.
Red moon bleeds.

*

I dip my fingers in
moonlight to smeat your
memories silver.

Satish Verma

Time Stops Me

Until I ask you
again not to come like
a rainbow in eyes.

Name was moon.
How it happened god's way?
I will search for you.

A foggy moon was
deeply moved by the holy
sage of dying earth.

Satish Verma

Time To Answer *

This wake, I owed it to you, my defining moment:
for the raw melding, of life imprisonment
and death behind the bars. The sin had

seeped slowly in the foundations. A blurred view
of the caravan passing on the shifting sand
of quarter-century; the devastation had turned

black in smug oasis, the victim will not
become virgin again. Blind dead will monitor
the course of grievors. On to her tongue

I leave the endless stars and you will forget
the bull-dosed windows and weeping walls
of incarcerated house where the daily meals

were sex and rape; the strange shadows
of crime and pardon are breaking now
in blue sky after the defeating moon.

- After hearing the verdict on Josef Fritzl on 19th March 09

Satish Verma

Time To Leave

Sipping the light
from moon, playing with
dandelions, do you remember me?

Milky latex on your
hands, you squeeze the round
seeds, as if to become steady?
for a denial.

I will never know the?
difference between the twins.
Pain and ecstasy of loving the
thorns of rose hips.

Stay there, where you
were comfortable. Standing
on the edge of a steep rock
I am waiting for?
the fall.

Satish Verma

Time Was Bleeding

Let the commerce begin
in moral crimes.
You had been selling the death, daily.

The lichens,
had invaded the tongues.
Speech was blurred and words were gray.

Someone comes knocking
at the door in night. When I
opened, it was moon.

The potter will not fail you
once, writes a blood poem
for the drifters.

In the beginning there
was turbulence in the sea.
Now the boat sails on fins.

Satish Verma

Time Was Changing

When you describe yourself,
I look at your greyish hands and
break all the mirrors.

Sheer betrayal. I
cannot count the bodies. How will
we starve to get liberation?

I will not live more
unless you walk with me to find
my burned down temple to ashes.

Satish Verma

Time Will Take Revenge

Knife for knife.
Shadows were chasing,
the slain.
Flawed, you were
at wrong place at the
wrong time.
You need to learn, how
to die anonymously.

It was always extreme.
The temper, the love,
the hate.
You could offer yourself
for idiopathic study.

A trail of broken limbs
partially leads to truth.
Adrenaline can cause
you to shut the mouth.

The organized violence, ultimately
triumphs.

Satish Verma

Time's Burden

I am not too well, he felt.
The flames chased him in charred landscape.

Fighting over, he pondered about the
crime within, the surge to find a nest hole.

A wounded pride where the salmonella hits.
You enter a slot for more enticements.

Any patch of vague tragedy among the barren
desirability, shares the accident with sacrifice.

Unhappy, you reverse the mode of retrieving
against the terms of swimming alone.

Where was the death's arc to capture
the mistakes of life? Was an archaism

sufficient to kill the untruth? No implant
will enhance the height of achievement.

Satish Verma

Time-Lapse

The particles,
spreading a weird cult.
You were colliding with moons
daily.

It was a bird call
under a gilded, cold, dark
sky. The desire was immense
than the meet.

You just wanted to feel
the hurt; flaunting an
erosion. A coherently large
body. Is that a mass-

of goddammed invisible?
It was my harvested pain,
the lost virginity of a
spot. The exit war starts

for a gentle colossus.

Satish Verma

Timeless

And death shall
not walk in the street,
on the shoulders
of dead dreams.

It was not a
mythical slip, when visuals
had no mirrors, no ink.
When I go into rage
flames will rise from the sea.

You will not count
the burning rings. History
repeats the rule of blood.
Skin alters the frontiers.

The insane love
demands your toes, so
you would not walk away
from the periphery of blue hills.

Satish Verma

Times Are Changing

Addictive in shambles, that was
cognitive decline?
amidst wars of life,
with a right to death.

The gold dust falls
from the dead, colliding stars,
after the violence of giants.
You may not need stem cell transplant now.

Like a gamma ray burst? of
cataclysmic events? to start
the creation of verse. Were you
ready to hear the inner voice?

The urge to go up, was very strong
without grit. My burden will
increase if you are?
reluctant to propel yourself.

Satish Verma

Tin Words

I wanted to speak out
in hindsight. Details were
of no relevance.

The consensual suicide
had an emasculating effect
on the passion, when?
the moon did not rise.

Privy to a hidden agenda
of age defying wrinkles on fore head.
I ask you, can you read
the dead's face?

You would say I cannot
live any more, like
arthropods you want to burry
in sand, hiding your lies.

You want to talk?
endlessly about getting
nowhere sitting with
giants of sin.

Where was god?

Satish Verma

Tirelessly

Blurring of words
takes place. Lead the light, O Sun;
non-path travelers are playing
an exotic game
in defiance and in delirium
of schizo-affective mind.

Fruits were fudging the flowers.
The parents. Walking alone,
watching the abasement of a
young pilgrim seeking the belief
of walls. The moon wears a death-cap.
It was the return of silky climax.

Do not move. Do not speak. Listen
to voice of stillness. World is becoming
proxy-keeper. The surrogates
were releasing the facts.

Satish Verma

To Agni

O goddess of priests,
in punishing myself
I found you today.

Tonight you will sleep
in my eyes,
and I will search my
lost poems.

Did you touch the
faded leaves to bring back
a withered spring?

A song still waits in the throat of a cuckoo.

The wasted years!
Do you hear me, walking
in sleep on burning coals as
a penance for the world
going wrong.?

What did I do? I ask my
past, my present, my unhappened future?

Satish Verma

To Be Human

Not thinking of you
in vacant mood.
Sometimes you want to put
questions to yourself.

Touching the bruises, like
a lover, not to feel the pain. You
want to wipe out the hurts,
trespassing the area of darkness.

Changing the script, you want
to etch out your name?
on the trunk of a fig tree. Under which
a Buddha wanted to meditate, but did not.

The hands print will tell the tale
of a masterpiece built by them after which
they were chopped off.

Satish Verma

To Be Nothing

I was not capable of
contradicting the quietness.
A silent emotion was insulting me.
Forgetting the self-denial
I went for choosing the impossible.

Am I sick of myself?
The agony overwhelms me with mystic relief.
Here and now I feel the human spirit
outsmarting the gifts of revenge
in the eyes of past.

No hope of breeze. It is hot inside,
the spirit burning. False peers
were scoring with debts of darkness.

Tiny ideas crowd the mind
flying straight through the mist of anguish
I elect to be nothing.

Satish Verma

To Be Sincere

Being a witness
to blue moon, you wanted
to meet the black death
of sun, when there was
neither dark, nor light.

From the painful
encounters to frozen tears
I want to rewrite my story.

You will not cry
if I hold the pen. It
is sharper than the sword, when
the words bleed.

I will wear your
eye's color. Someone dies
between the lines. Life
has become very touchy.

You love a
dream beyond the thoughts.
I fill in the frame. Neither acceptance,
nor denials.

Satish Verma

To End The Poem

When you walk
on moon in February, I take-down
the clouds to become wet.

Your memory lingers.
I gather the monarchs to
play with my past.

I am not sure, when
the dark moves on to give space
to imprisoned pain.

Satish Verma

To Full Moon

Sometimes,
you let it go,
the uneven fall of the tempest.

Which body,
would you turn on,
now; after inhaling?

the jessamines? An
overpowering instinct,
takes hold of you?

to death wish. I want
to make you sit
before me and ask?

why have you fallen
in love with a
fireball. A hidden mystery?

unfolds now. We knew
each other's gift
of summer, hurting without knowing.

Satish Verma

To Go Back

Let me think without thoughts
to measure the mind, feel the crunching of words.
Time to know the meaningless life.
A flock of sufferings; they were all over
and I was looking at me.
In deep sorrow to go back into myself.

Where were you
in the forbidden void of silence?
The fountainhead drops the legends.
The effort to shift the truth is painful.
I am baffled by the blinks of lies.
Nothing appears to be real.
Wounds transcend the flesh.

Here I am to feel the blindness of fate
the collapsed roofs of faith,
will discover a new god.
Dry and bright speech
describing the healing touch.
I refuse a diminutive role
of firewood to zip a smokeless fire.

Satish Verma

To Know Not To Know

Keep the passion
to reach the moon.

One day the unspeaking
tongue will reveal?

the heart of the terminally
ill earth.

How often you create
new verbs between death
and birth of democracy.

Two sides of a coin. You
take turn to kiss the hands
of benevolent god.

The missed heartbeats
will search the language
of anonymous.

Why do you want to
go unsung?

Satish Verma

To Know What We Do Not Know

Though inaudible, I will
hear you? clear and distinct,
offering to be understood.
Destigmatizing the ghost of truth
and be accepted.

The noises still persist
of the parables. Who was the
king without a crown?

Accepting nihilism, I will
ask my inner voice, will
you meet the god?

In anguish I search the answers
to deepest mysteries.

Do not wash the words.
Your hands will pick up
the fallen moon in dirt.

The slanted eyes.
You want to drown in the
crevices of pain.

Satish Verma

To Laugh Or To Weep

When the night was swamping him
with epileptic frame
he was walking without limbs.

The awakening was painful.
Drinking his own blood
breaking his own bones.

This largesse was tempting.
No guaranteed death,
you will live with grenades.

Grief was priceless.
Only nightingale will exercise
for the fallen miracles.

He declared at incendiary pyre
to become a phoenix
which never was.

It was an ethical question
to laugh or to weep.
Man was made unmade.

Satish Verma

To Man

The city was going to
fall. An earthquake?
A flood? No it is war.

Money making and
crime. Two things are
left in my coffer.

Man made had
become better thing than
god made.

Mars sends another
image, of this side?
of the man's earth.

Satish Verma

To Mourn The Death Of Soul

I was at unease.
The violence grips the
daises, the grass and lilies.

This human race
wants to revert the suffering
of cacti in rains.

Under the eyes
shade, it was thorns and thorns
all the life.

I have come, I am
hurt and I bleed.
Darkness burns in my brain.

I forgive you for
all the flaws and all the
crimes to give me peace.

Satish Verma

To My Greens

I know, what I want.
Like peeling off the left thumb?
not to leave any whorls
and lines on your heart.

Gloved hands, seek
the vocal cards, to discern
the scream. A tea cup spills
on your spotless table cloth.

Can you read the tea leaves?
I never opted to know
my future; when there was
no present. Why to brood for the golden eggs?

Toric lens. Two curves.
I see two faces. Far and near?
My eyes blur. I cannot read the doric
of your lips? the rustic dialect.

Lets exchange the contours
of yours and mine.

Satish Verma

To Tell The Truth

I borrow some words
from song birds and roses to
brighten my path. The timeless
pain always follows me.

Tell me how to live
in the troubled time.
I think what others don't
think. There was no ending.

The knowledge dips
I cannot read your message.
Cannot hear your echoes
from the valley of tears.

Where god lives when
it is dark? No excuses.
A light comes out from
the eyes. Plato thinks not.

Satish Verma

To The Bronze Sculpture

Without narrating
yourself, when and how
will you perform the ritual suicide?

Blindfolded, I
open the destiny of man.

Your thoughts make a hole
in the giant feet.

Who would let me, be dark,
to find the light of truth?
O God, take me to wilderness to embark on my journey back,
or become a tree man.

Let the tree-hugging start again.

Very prudently, I need to color my eyes.
Don't want you to begin crying.

Satish Verma

To The Destiny

Turning a monologue
into a hymn
when you take a fall.

The random truth
in flesh and bones.
Not me, not you.

It was grace
to become a fakir
without your gods.

The dead bovine
gives its skin, so that
you can walk on mud.

A shadow changes into
a Buddha, when you
refuse to die.

Taken for ungranted I will
become an argument for half-clads.

Satish Verma

To Understand

Perception changes
on face. There was no gender
in it. Moon smiles.

A grating laugh. You
will turn head to observe a
tree crashing on moon.

Disarming you with
words unspoken. Irises
move on trajectories.

Satish Verma

To Understand Myself

I do not ask you.
The trembling flawless
kiss lands at the
lips of moon.

The prize was
not honored, returned
to the donor of death.

Without words
the abstract settles for
clues to take an
elliptical path.

The genius will
bring, down your lids
to see your bleeding feet
leaving the footprints.

There was no regret
to make myself fair
to undo the night's
womb.

Satish Verma

Today

Knowing too much
was painful.

Shedding the fear, we were
disappearing in each other.

The rioting has spread
between deathless principles.

Unborn was
the sadistic attack-

sleeping on roses. There
was hidden sex in the pricks.

I made love with
the bones-
unthreading.

I will not borrow
the colors of moon
now.

Satish Verma

Toeless Fear

The name calls the name
spraying the moon with red colour.
It touches a nerve, when there is
standoff on the lake.

A blueish eye invades an iron space
between near solids of docks.
The gap was widening and
the thoughts had a dead punctuation.

The fake and madeup story sit
on my breast. I go for the nakedness
of real thing. A mediocre cool burns
the skill of swans. Waves collapse.

That body was not mine. I lived
in many souls. Invisible floats
my grief in embryo of the
unborn child.

Satish Verma

Toeless Journey

The hawk was always hatching
a pacer,
to spin the surveillance,

tampering the tracks of violence.
The haul was heavy. Moon and fishes
went on to spread the dragnet

striking gold from the liquid
denials. The sovereignty was
violated of a virgin god.

The rule of drinking was sidelined.
Kiss will survive after the death opens
the back door of a globe.

Dreams are exhausted. There will
be no comeback of a star player
in the game of bloody manipulations.

Satish Verma

Tolerance

The vessel was full,
without eternal verities.
I open my mouth
to drink the dark minutia.

Do I love you or not,
holding your hand I would ask?
Your eyes will speak in
god's language. Only silence of stone.

And when will my journey
will stop, if I don't find you
waiting for me? Do you think we
know each other intimately as the lines
of the palms?

Home, I have again lost it.
Was there a home of god, who
would melt when I was
lost in the dark woods?

I walk with empty hands.
Nothing to offer now.

Satish Verma

Tone Deafness

Becoming numb to poverty?
in terror mode,
you fluster and behave sensibly.

The anonymous entry
of a walking grief?
covers the violence of words.

Your sun burns without
giving light. You climb your
poem to find the answer.

The eyes shut. You feel
the assault of night. There was
no undying love between the strangers.

The conversation ignites
the sparks. Carbon spreads
on your shirt. The red circle
blunts the knife.

You cannot kill yourself.

Satish Verma

Tones Of Beige

That obscene stare
aggravates the silicon
thrust. You become a victim
of an upheaval.

The white dwarfs have
invaded the blackboard.
You can get a glimpse
of unsolicited rape.

A cyanide capsule
hangs on your chest.
Will you commit a suicide
after an unnatural kill?

It takes a toll. The
abuse of the fingers.
Instead of writing a name
you print the cave.

Satish Verma

Tonight

Will you come for a
final goodbye in dark.
I will wear you like a moon.
*

The black hole was
widening. There was no
sin, if you bring a candle.
*

September, morning.
The cuckoo gives a two-note call.
Anybody still sleeping?

Satish Verma

Too Crowded Was Arena

I felt you, through your
words. Tight and
crisp. But you remained untouchable.

For thousand of years
a lity of valley
cried, to get a dove's cooing voice.

The musk deer will not
leave its domain. Some
poems were hungry of its hideout.

An ordinary day of fall
starts the inferno. Syllable
by syllable in colors.

The dilemma of drinking
the hemlock at one go.
How would I describe the ascending paralysis?

Satish Verma

Too Old

In times of stress?
the island sinks. Will
plant a tree today.

Will dream again
of the fall.
When there was violence.

In new bottle?
there was old wine
as panacea of dementia.

I will not forget
your name, though
I don't remember me

Satish Verma

Too Proud

The wail fills the genesis;
you are not living in me any more.
Outside a grey mist of absence prevails.

For a while there was stillness
of white death, then roaring of a
hurricane, before it struck the ancient wall

of a levee. I started gathering my
sky, in ruins of a screaming town.
Faith was walking without legs.

Annihilation with a smile of a calender, starts;
trees and bone littered floating.
I start to understand the stalling darkness.

The human bleed now attracts the wolves
to maul, to tear, to drown
the breath of burned out spirit.

Still a cinder smoulders in debris,
to dislodge the burden of life,
for the face lift of a hanging man.

Satish Verma

Too Proud To Bend

My bruised words
explode. I don't find any
meaning in life.

Why you meet a cobra
and shut your eyes? Time? Will
not wait for the birth of sun?

Darkness breeds thoughts
I break you first then remake
you in twilight to welcome moon.

Satish Verma

Too Prudent

Wisdom reinvents.
You were burning yourself.
Just my way don't go.

It is the power game
you never played. You may
be sold out in fish market.

Life demands a pound
of flesh. You walk on cinders
to reach the desert to find gold.

Satish Verma

Topical Now...

Integrity of door was challenged,
walls will not take the blame.
Tension increased between believing
and non-believing.

Did we listen to moaning of night?
There was a murder in broad day-light.
Eyes will not betray the whisking of corpse,
pallbearers were moving very fast.

I thought nothing will ever move now
not even the possessed mind.
The final page of book has been torn
and the story will never reach the end.

To become anything or something
is difficult these days.
Do we need to drink our own blood
to become great on paths of anonymity.

Satish Verma

Torches

It was a big trauma.
Granary went overboard,
my boat was torpedoed.

No romance was left now.
At the burial of the moon
aliens were arriving.

You do not want to call it a genocide.
The massacre of millions, of children
and women. The civil war was inside you,

not in the homes of innocents. A god
falls on the rail-tracks to commit
suicide. His severed limbs I would not see.

I want to close the window,
as the white dove was carrying
dead leaves for a mass grave.

Satish Verma

Tornado Tornado

The buff flaunts his elements
in a dissenting voice.
Don't go into the lake.
There were no survivors.

Stop kissing the moon
all night. Clouds were moving
away for the coronation
of the sun.

The windowpane was broken.
Somebody has jumped into
the audience for a
golden drink.

It was my abstract thought
to donate my grief to
unrelenting god who was always
sending a twister with daffodils.

Satish Verma

Tortured Times

You wanted him alive.
To witness the evolution of
man into beast.

Hounds start yowling,
one after the other?
in dark.

Why do I break the coconut to?
celebrate the death of a god?

It was that simple as
an orchid opens its bizarre labellum
to trap the sun.

A paperweight against
an argument, shatters the window.

The bluebird
refuses to sing.

Satish Verma

Touch Me

The gift of pain
was the pouting lip
of loud colors.

It does not suck
the sap to climb, I think,
why the death comes.

No surgery of
thoughts. The words jump, when
you bleed inside.

Satish Verma

Touch Me Not

Butterfly interrupted.
Fear grips the flowers
eaten by the winds.

I seek the guilt for
not walking on the dunes
to build a sky.

The cracked roof
lets in the rain. I
drench my driftwood.

One day a god will sit
on my altar to speak
to ailing mother-

earth hauling away
the burden of waste
of human verbiage.

Satish Verma

Touching Bottom

I refuse to underrate
the fog, its arithmetic,
bleaching the dark
words in twilight.

Indelible memory.
You don't behave yourself
writing furiously the names
of god in air.

Song was tongueless.
You could hear the nuances
of cords in rhythm.
Without listening you go
into bliss.

The blue rocks. Black birds
come in groups to commit
shared suicide on the
burning earth.

Satish Verma

Touching Depths

Celebrating life,
untaming the vampires.

With yellow, green fingers
you pick up the fallen fruit,
to take a bite,
without any ceremony.

I will not take any name
without you.

The Eden burns. You still do
not know what is good and what
was evil.

Looking into my eyes, you
stop batting. The vampires
were roaming around.

The sea was red as if all
the suns had taken plunge in water.

I am still alone
counting my slips.

Satish Verma

Touching Everywhere

Hiding your thoughts
you communicate. Lips don't
move. Silence speaks.

Unhinged, wither
autocracy. Why you were
unbreakable?

The panic of the
neutral sex, delivers the
body of message.

Satish Verma

Touching Infinite

You bend like an
ocean to catch the moon?
in twilight of gods.

To deliver godly
gene I pack your smile
in womb of dry roses.

Who returns the loan
of love given to red eyes
paying back in tears!

Satish Verma

Touching You Daily

Unmasking to remain
human. Listen, listen to my bane.
I am neither living, nor dead.

I am left with what I am not,
after you walked away with Agni.
My footfalls resound in water.

I am taking care of
lovebirds. They miss you when calls
don't come and food runs short.

Satish Verma

Tousling

Sighting the plankton,
it was the moon down
entry, of heron
in the lake.

*

Flawless, a big fish
eats the small fish.
It was not a
faux pas.

*

The animalism
outreaches. Would you
now go for a
favourite deity?

Satish Verma

Toxic

A toxic tongue laps the ocean
and fish goes to sleep at bottom.
I do not know from where to start.
A distraught candle flickers.
The blast victim was pregnant and
the foetal head got severed off in womb.

There were big holes in intelligence.
Raw fledgling. The evil existed
in every room. I was not able
to open a single door.

Because they were blind,
taking roots in soil of ancestral graves
on the name of god,
throwing blue stars
in the eyes of believers.□

Satish Verma

Toxic Memory

They were teaching how to butcher
the lamb
and suspend the bines with
drooping hops.
I climbed out of my ashes towards
a marinated moon turned blue in consternation.

Warts and all, here we were ready
to pick up the lost threads to start
a conversation about the hurricane making
landfall, in near future.

After the fall, graffiti appeared on
the clouds, spurting sperms
on the stars.

Satish Verma

Satish Verma

Toxicity

First listen to your heart.
No poetry will walk tonight?
without fear.

Sometimes you will find?
words will not descend/to heal
your ache of unslept poems. Hovering/
like the obsessive hawks.

The migratory, adjutant/
storks, had not come to roost
on the tall tree?
naked as they are.

Democracy always/sends
erotica/to take off your mind
from the trivial subjects.

Fireworks resume the celebrations
for the fugitive/who returned
home after drinking absinthe.

Satish Verma

Tracking

I will climb on the
other side of moon
to light a flame.

A river thinks, sand
was thinking of a tree
dreaming a fall.

In hushed twilight
hunter was coming home
with an empty snare.

Satish Verma

Tracking Down

White lotus at red feet:
we will start self-infliction
explicating
with regrets.

After a rough night
the day was weeping.
From where the bread will
come, when you were playing
with a golden spoon.

This morning I again
dig a hole in heart.
Was the Mayan calender right?
Why the sun is playing slow music?

I am coming nearer
to a locked god.

Satish Verma

Tracks

Visibility was poor when he pursued
the face, face of himself.
The eyes, quizzical eyes, looking at the image
of cogitating mind, who had left the body.

Condemned to think, think ceaselessly
for a long time, for the election of truth,
what we deserve, Violence was within us,
rage was ensconced
in our veins.

And we were destroying the beautiful dawn.
Trials of shadows had begun
and execution of innocent marvels started,
which continued till the dark hour.
Then he had the premonition.

Dirt will prevail now. Coarse banners
were recalling the candles
from the homes. Future was collecting
thousand of dark memories and time
had stopped in its tracks.

Satish Verma

Tracks Were Obliterated

The spirit of hollow ideal
was not the thing,
I remained inconsolable.
Truth demanded endless pursuit.
The helplessness of the beaten days
was unfit for the night of terror.
The false paradigm could not ignite the flame.

The shadows collapsed
and thoughts walked in dark
into the trap.
Perfect splash of impulsive drive,
and movement of matter
created hallucinations.
and the conduct of freezing moments
had no parallel.
Cutting edge was evident.

How truth saved its pain,
of telling a heart
the death of a silent dream.
The vision went blind.
Faithful figures did not write the wrong texts.
Escape from territory was complete
and tracks were obliterated.

Satish Verma

Trading Desires

Wrapped in explosives he was unready
for a bruise. A dive at a mound of torso
to unearth the archives of areolae.

Apnoea will come for arbitration
in clenched insinuation:
pull nipples to open the window of mind.

On the forehead a smear of vermilion
brings glare like a third eye.
Real fish in the green pond of envy.

Desiccation of spine excites the rhetoric
blurs the sea of swans. A lone tree
explodes into a spring, not just leaves of old flame.

Silver moon recognizes the battered hill.
A white wolf was cruising on the road
for appleblossoms.

Satish Verma

Trading Sea-Salt

Something you were
missing to catch a flower moon.
I will not go for witch-hunt.

Pushing the peak, I
will not bow out. What you
have said was a golden truth.

Black panther comes
nearer in twilight. Blood
has been written on my hands.

Satish Verma

Trafficking

The arch
in the targeted killing
was the bet when you
lost your virginity.

A slow dance
at the cold river of flesh,
with genitalia wiped off.
I was constructing-

your genome
from you saliva. Prayer
was a form of begging
before an unpardonable sin.

The gradient
parting the hills will
find another arena
to start the game.

Satish Verma

Tragedies

A tribal kill;
after a blood sucking
ritual.
Do you have a problem?

*

Hovering wasps
will land at will, on
tardy syntax
and misspelt masks.

*

The clouds
have wit and intelligence.
Will drop rains
on venoms.

Satish Verma

Trailblazer

Prepare the bed
of the liquid art,
where the ice will kiss the fire.

Can you climb on the flames
to know the truth
of a molten lava?

Who killed the desire
to enter the frozen god
of revenge?

Alas, I will go back
to the wounded pride.
I will not sell my home of curse.

The innocent breast
of the moon,
has kindled the blaze again.

Satish Verma

Trailing War

In search of peace
the free hand was inflicting casualties.
The kids were buried like insects in a rubble.

Step by step in speculation
the streets were livid with rustic murals
of splintered blood on walls.

The foxgloves had lobbed rockets
on tall heads. Beleaguered
eyes nailed to fire.

I am watching you my art,
to witness the agony of man.
Burn, burn my cupped hands with snatched words.

Satish Verma

Trampled Dreams

And the weeping
ashoka like willow, bends down
to pick up the poverty
of Buddha.

You walk in sombre
mood? to reflect on
the improbability of human
psyche.

Why did you go to
beat others in race?
Intend to get the authority?

In uncharted sea
the empire would float the
coat of arms, ruling on the waves.

A soldier dies without
fighting. Hail the victory of
unknown.

A sculpture was wrapped
in bloodied shroud.

Satish Verma

Trampling

It was happening.
It was a perverse state,
one by one we were tearing apart,
our wholeness, our human heritage.

A distorted image of beautiful order.
We went assembling the torn limbs.
Each desire was sutured
like a wound, to become a scar.
It was a collective grief of history.

Abrasion of 'me', grotesquely
disfigures the face
of soft weightless peace.
Love has never been the same.
The little things have become
enormous ghosts trampling our senses.
Ugly scrawls are scaring.

Satish Verma

Tranquility

Holding the thought before it
is born. Let the void become
pregnant first-
and it starts raining.

It was a serene melting
point, when I accepted the price
of giving away. I will not
take any mantra, any hand.

A perfect blending with
unknown; to put back the
sea in a bowl. Even the cloud
will enter into a blade of grass.

No faith. No ritual. I believe
in roving dust, which makes
the stars, the blaze, and
the brilliant light.

Satish Verma

Transcendence

Light was aging. The
burden of moon, I want to
carry in my short poems.

A window shuts, holds
back the voices of requiem
for the departed sun.

How many black holes
humans need to bury ancient
lies of cults and faiths?

Satish Verma

Transcending

After the storm
we should stop putting
up the price for the
kiss of death.

A Titan falls.
A prince fails.
The princess weeps.

Don't mend the vase.
Dismembered, the rose has left.
The stones get the peace.

Take off the mask,
I will read the elements
bit by bit.

Have enough. You
will be thirsty in desert of
moonrise. Sands take revenge.

Dandelions search.
There was no love-shift.
It is the nature.

Satish Verma

Transcending

I like to rage on with
flying snakes. The fog deepens.
You skid on the ice of the bridge
after the freezing rain. Infidelity
becomes the pick of the day. I
look at my Goldie, the pug,
sitting on the step. Waiting for me
like a meditating Buddha, eyes
half-closed.

Let me see your hands. Your
bones are becoming frail, twisted.
You cannot lift the book, hold
the pen. When you write, your hands
start trembling, as if you are
being watched, to write your last
will or ready to jump in the river.

Life had been very cruel.
When you said, you are a dervish,
the hyenas started laughing.

Satish Verma

Transgressing

As if opiated,
something impossible, I was
asking from you.

I was very angry
with me, carrying the unborn?
baby-dreams, in my arms,
and leaving you behind- flawless.

Learning against the past,
I would commit the old fixation
in my sight, to clasp
your sweaty hand for a while.

And under the April moon
you were walking,
scattering the rose petals?
on the way to a shrine.

Do prayers heal a man
who preemptively
went for the assault?

I was, what I am not.

Satish Verma

Transitional Edge

Pathways have no boundaries,
thinker was without a thought.
Hostile mind refuses to believe
truth was missing from life.
From depth to depth measurement had failed.
God does not know his creation now.

Foolish flesh now burns in thudding bangs
of dry butter. I want you to touch the
opaque eyes of eternity. In captivity of
sighs and groans. You ought to understand
who was original. There had been free
invitation to become unfaithful.
There were masks, gene shifts and longevity.

This evening a drama will be enacted in sky
by unburnt bras and a black hole. There will
be thrill. It was easy to bury the skulls among
floating names. The wreath will be placed
on the transitional edge of sweetness.
Which never was.

Satish Verma

Translating Death

Dancing on the trembling
flames, virtually
remaining calm, I was just
watching your hands? the palms, and
only the stance of pointing fingers.

I mimic the death
in a cage, burned alive?
or beheaded by a black night
under the moon. One digit added
to the depth of an ocean,
which has no shores.

One day, you will forget
me, walk away from the hand-written
beautiful calligraphy, describing the agony
of man, who would not drop
his pen, even, tyranny tearing away
his limbs.

Satish Verma

Transmigration

I must accept the insignificance
and solve the puzzle of night.
Possessed sunlight always pursues
the shadows of words.

Philosophy of veils descends on awareness
casting silhouette of differences.
Nocturnal sweat of sky
overwhelms the grass with dew.

I pick up the fallen stars on my eyelids.
A love affair of moon smarts in wind.
Right now I want peace with myself.

Summons of death will arrive,
when you would have finished your innings,
and start dressing up to welcome
the beautiful sunset.

Satish Verma

Transmutation

The single purple moon
was cruising non-chalantly.

You come out at the window;
and hit the headlines.

Put on hold, my existential
being. I am becoming
non-existent. The abundant
mental ills, become a cause.

Do you agree on this verdict?
It comes back to haunt you,
Your past. The black hope dis-
membering you. You come;

out finally to declare the murder.
I am waiting in the wings.

Satish Verma

Transparency

He wants-
to sort through the voices
he used to hear-
in his head,

to understand the vexed past.
He will make his bent arm
a bow and shoot
a moon between the doors.

Walk with a snake in grass
and feed his children.
Irreverence becomes an import
from the strangers.

When you were burning
inside, what was the need for the family
of periwinkles
to condole with jingles.

A timer device
explodes on your face.
A human bomb unfathers
a class of hibiscus.

Satish Verma

Trapped

Crossing my path,
a full moon, wants
to respect the untitled
poem birthing in me.

Where my earthly
thoughts would wear flesh
seeking attention, for
the poverty of roots and words.

We were bound by
colored stones, jewels and
angels of water and flames,
where rooms divide
the people.

Fire ants will carry
a large leaf to cover the home
as a hymen to warlords
before the earthquake starts.

Satish Verma

Trapped Light

A proxy life

I was fighting in the hourglass
to open the pathways of a grain
for a bloody birth of an idea.

Was time faithful to us

when we were drifting apart?

A prowling big cat had again attacked in dark
and broken the necks of lambs.

Now miracles are flying

and you want to get the solid gold
hidden in a borewell, the colour
of a sunset and a yellow wager.

Today I will forget the grief

of generations, dispossessed of death and myths.

You have not lifted the pugmarks
unburdening my truth.

Satish Verma

Trapped Wishes

To revisit my
lost home, I am here to
script a song for you.

To make or not to
make a living-will for me,
as flames are dying.

Wrinkles and veins
unwrap the secret of quake
in twilight of age.

Satish Verma

Trashing The Skill

Veneer was coming
off. Tribal fear to fore, am
trying to figure out.

From where the light will
come, between the pain and heart?
I will wait and watch.

After paying debts?
I will wake you up. When it
was my time to leave.

There was an anti?
hymn on my lips, when light went
out. End comes to play.

Satish Verma

Traumatised

Why did you offer your
eyes, to a non-victim?
of invisible violence?

I broke my silence to?
become deaf, like an
ocean under the ice.

The grainy moon crops
up in dark matter. The blue
bomb explodes in your face.

Blueberries swell on your
lips, throwing the stains on the?
mud path between the hills.

The monk sits for oil?
bath on burning coals.
Truth bursts out as dark lies.

Satish Verma

Travails Of Vivisection

The future dubs.
A pride is shattered.

The philanderer moon
sprawls over the
candlewick.

A ghost walks
through the wall.

A thin blade of
grass, holds the sun
for ransom.

Fireflies flutter in head
savagely.

I was not able to sleep.
What was the theme of the murder?

No sugar, no salt
was worthy of death.

Satish Verma

Traveling Constantly

Again I have come back
in the crowd of fakes,
to understand the nature
of dark.

The questions have become
my beacons, I am prodding deep
to stumble on the temper,
ethos of white lies.

You will not take your own
life now. We will stop grieving for
the sunken ferry. Who allowed
the novice, third mate to steer the ship?

Do you know, where the country
was going? The swords had
become a junk shop. Tongues stale,
the language foul.

So we will go for a collective hara-kiri?

Satish Verma

Travelling To Moon

Blood and bones
become qualification
watching and being watched.

Eyes in introspection
incubation
waking the black dawn.

Anguished
blank stares, after dispossession
collapse on the hills in confusion –

umpteenth times. Ontogeny
repeats filial love
after parental loss.

Monofloral we stay,
you cannot do anything
except to collect the honey.

Shot in the face, my name.
The next tragedy
begins at home!

Break the cutlery
there is no water,
frogs will not jump today.

SATISH VERMA

Satish Verma

Travesty

Undivided pain?
we will share in the
moonless night and
wait for the sun.

Play down the tears,
when the light comes
and lick the salt of
dry lips.

I will consider
not to surrender before
any god after the bath
of blood.

Why the architect
destroys the beautiful
garden bestowing the seeds
to earth?

Satish Verma

Travesty Of Stars

Wanted to resurrect,
to say something.
Wouldn't find the right words.

A non-fiction story develops.
There was no game.

A scented feel wears,
a body. You want to tattoo
the name of a fairy,
that wears a mask.

You walk with death
on the road to meet the
violence. The road doesn't end.

Sky will follow you
till you jump on the red sea
to fight with sun in
dawn of tears.

Why the moon hides
behind the clouds of guilt?

Satish Verma

Travesty Of Truth

Lips collide. I
smear the memories on
your forehead.

Will you wake up
one day for me to rewrite
the mercy of wounds?

How shall we meet
before or after the demise
of cooling sun?

Satish Verma

Tree Of Light Dances

Pursuit of otherness died
with you, from sameness.
It was a blind chemistry.
The cancellation of consciousness
did not lead to peace.
In the name of freedom
we destroyed our relations.
The shadow of sphinx always overlook us,
shaping bare bones.

Epic symbols gave you
the infinity of after life.
You grope in dark
to find the future
and present suffers in austerity.
The space between inner and outer body widens.
Something has to be done
to provoke the legends to become the evidence.

You adore a conclusion
it never changes. Images differ,
myths and symbols make a dry sound.
The silence is wrenched into a seizure,
falling into the emptiness of tomorrow.
Unreasonable thrust of color
does not alter the darkness of blood
and song. Tree of light dances.

Satish Verma

Trekking

In blue dawn
pure truth will hinge on the
personal moons.

I was ready to tell
you all rumors to learn the
art of mimicry.

The air smells of the
masks. Not fakes. Skin dries
up to dew emboss prints.

Satish Verma

Trembling

Sparks are dimmed. No use
collecting them. I will burn my home
to get light.
My god was sleeping.

Let me use the night goggles.
On the ridge walks a silhouette of
limping buddha,
his neck broken.

I did not help myself
falling. He had asked me
"Are you me? "

The anxiety of lifting the rock
again. I gather the grass leaves
on my toes.

Nobody wants to ruin the day
looking at baby silence,
featureless, mute.

Satish Verma

Trembling Daffodils

The snow:

Pounding the earth, trees
the man.

Centuries of hunger repeat the
raven's walk on icefield.

The drum beats again.

The cold war tapping
at your doors. Missiles made
ready to fly.

The rhyme comes back to
weave the funeral song.
Blood curdles, as you step up
the agony.

The stings, the venoms,
the blue veins. The murderers
were ready to?
receive the gifts.

Satish Verma

Trembling Vibes

Living without you
was like a kite, flying
alone in blue sky.

Like a downy mildew
climbs the damp poems.
Letters tremble.

Wearing all red, frills
a setting sun, was
smiling in deep sleep,
tears swiping the dry lips.

Maybe, you wanted
to set me free from
tarantula's web.

Going there
where moon weeps.
I will search the rock.

Satish Verma

Tremors Countless

In a pinch of light,
waiting it to happen?
becoming me.

You, my crush?
floundering in fever
of the moon.

I track you down
in the tears
of earthquake, when
snow was trembling.

Thin needles in eyes?,
I retrieve the?
history of fallen
god.

A survivor would
rise from the rubble
to reconstruct the shrine.

Satish Verma

Tremulous Light

In my sky your blackbird
a lamp without a light
making a nest of moon
where the fireflies will meet.

A mirror breaks my dream
I paint my graveyard with blood
of a rose which felled a tattoo
from the morning dew.

They make love under a -

cloud in shimmering dark
of vanishing youth; One day someone
will claim the fallen vial.

Satish Verma

Trespassing

What was the legitimacy of
an alchemist digging
up the earth for gold?

The yellow lips will tell the whole
mystery of this strange phenomenon
deleting the blue words.

There were walls without windows
and a lake without water.
How you will decipher the -

epitaph of a white
moon on a black mountain.
There was always a smoke-

screen on the earth
and light refuses to penetrate
the mind of trivial gods.

Satish Verma

Triage

We should go and
meet the fire god to release us
free from the moment
of truth.

In space you want to
weave a daydream, making
me ready for the kiss of destiny.

This was the journey
of bliss unlocked from
the dark tunnel of sinless prayers.

Will you plant some
seeds on the palm of future?
The barefoot
refugees want to divide
the body of water.

We go thirsty when the
rains come. Why
of red color.
Were there predatory clouds?

Satish Verma

Triangle

What I am now,
that I was fireworks
have begun.

You were silent
like an infidel standing under
a tree to be hanged.

The wind was hysteric
from the time of birth in water
after emotional break.

Satish Verma

Triangles

Dust and edifice
under weight of sky. I won't
know, what survives.

Legacy was pure.
You stand like terracotta
warrior, unmoving.

Swaying nightshade
always invites for red berries.
Beauty was lethal.

Satish Verma

Tribulations

One-legged thought
had a solitary confinement.
Down's syndrome frightens the catfish.

The bottom dwelling
body double, wants a compensation
for jumping up to your lips.

Not impressed, in vitro
the black moon
heaps a silver spoon in your mouth.

The body preys on your soul.
Are you ready to take a dip
in the smoke coming out of the tunnel?

The hard boiled tale
of intrauterine device, seals the
fear of life. there was no birth, no death.

Satish Verma

Trigger Point

A missile in the home,
what they have done?
You are on flames.

A red smoke rises
from bottomless hole.
Memory slumps.

A glow in pain washed
cells, calls the mirror.
Instead, grave diggers arrive.

This was the manufactured truth
of the eternal kiss
of death. I stretch my arms

to feel the terror.
The walls start crying.
There was no roof.

Satish Verma

Trinity

Even the sleeping genes learn
from their crashes with needles in eyes.
A candid house chooses to fade
 after thinning of a blessing.
Legacy of a heretic
 lives, dragging down the cracked joints
of a frozen mirror. The wild lips kissing
a tiger on mouth in black night of dancing spirits.

The raging bull decides to goad a raped
girl on white daisies of abandoned bed. All
the dead hunters start cheating the bandages
 of a wheelchair, the trembling asteroids
 start dispersing in cryptic dark. The world
ends with a kill, mourners lay wreaths and hand
out the cyanide capsules for future onslaughts
on the waking eyes.

Satish Verma

Trinkets

A spotless white moon
was hiding the?
ink spilled on the apron.

*

The pretty nouns
scramble for hope?
if there was any.

*

You could not undo?
what a rose?
did, in broad daylight.

*

A town lives
under a tree, in shade.
The ants come and go.

Satish Verma

Troubled Waters

Burning the pages
unread.

A daunting task
to rebuild the bruised relic, □

of future, which I see
in my dream. This was?
the desire, till
the last flame dies out.

I am not sure of
myself. I will chase
a spider, climbing the
wall. I want to know where

it was heading, carrying
a headless fly, to bury
a spotless name in the
web of mortal threads.

Satish Verma

Troubling Me

Something remains unsaid.
Again my pain rises. My virgin
thoughts move. A moon exits me.

Predators were coming soon.
Between stars distance was increasing.
I stop looking in mirror.

I ask you to bend
the curves I want to walk straight
to watch rebirth of love.

Satish Verma

True Spin

While tracing a home by charcoal
on a white paper, I hear,
a word comes from the wolf.
A fat was being pumped
into the face of a tryant to inflate
him into a giant.

Butterflies were undulating with
excitement in an inchoate garden.
Fidelity was going down and graves
had no skeletons.

From the eyes of a lamb you pick
up a necklace to weave a snare trap.
Because I would not come back again.
You catch the dust in chimes.

Satish Verma

Truism

Almost reached.
Your tongue slips;
Then you fall.

The cyclone,
develops an eye, to hit.
You become blind.

An outcast?
became a star
in dark sky.

Why the elite,
of choice or exhibit?
wants to wear rags?

Satish Verma

Truncated

A midnight craft
dumps the moon
on a heap of deceits.
I ask my sap to turn back for truism.

It was a question of spacing
between the bodies
in scapegoats;
coming for slaughter.

A scale measures the depth
of defeats. The hands
were busy in mending the
walls of psychiatric ward.

Have you ever tasted a white
poison, sweet in taste?
When you grow old, you will
look like your father.

The name which was absent
in calendar, was found everywhere.

Satish Verma

Truth Hides Behind Sun

Let go the nightmares
and oneness,
and climb down the deep?
stairwell to find your image,
in seething rage of quiet water.

It was not very hot
to raise the fever of native pain
in your legs. The delicate
heights of golden peaks you
won, slumber? when you discover yourself.

Poem matters in black ink,
on white paper which bloats
in self praise. The world
trembles in earthquakes of sermons.
Fauna and flora are turning back.

Enough to snuf the guts.
You don't love the parting.

Satish Verma

Truth Of Being

Walk on the fuming cinders
and meet the sun,
on the other side, where dreaming
starts and also ends.

Your belonging had a
price. I wanted to
seek the explanation, from the
mauled stars in sky.

The mind goes dumb and blank.
I don't remember me.
Circuitry tends to break
the tender relationship.

Trying to heal the cracks in walls.
I watch myself waiting avidly,
for something to happen,
after I swapped my
song with your tears.

The hawk was ready to
stoop on the trembling dove.

Satish Verma

Truth Will Not Multiply

Space has all the silent approval,
truth will not multiply.

Another funeral takes place
in the barren field of lies.
Fire burns the life's hopes,
while town mourns the death.
Sunshine bakes the eyes
but truth will not multiply.

Desireless peak of thoughts
sets out the smoke,
towards our homes,
trampling the shame, guilt and hurts.
We were still indulging in useless talk
but truth will not multiply.

Virtue has a unique impulse
a drone in the ears.
Fog was waiting for the sky.
The planet empties a bucket of sorrow.
I will favour the faceless name,
but truth will not multiply.

Satish Verma

Trying To Breath

No final goodbye. No poetic
apology. No introduction
to a frightening joke of
a blue Buddha.

The neonates were blind.
There was no alternative, except
to wish them luck. I wanted
to leave my pangs with razor points.

Morality and hunted crimes.
It was a shadow boxing
in cryptobiosis. A bleak day
invites no more clouds.

You talk to the solitary moon.
The silence enters the reeds.
A whistling wakes up the night.
Death goes for a walk.

Satish Verma

Trying To Remember

A formless charm
waves to make you?
extraordinary. Taking it
too seriously was sin.

Your peers had
written you off for exile for
your incredible likes.

A long journey
took you to a quintessence
lake without borders.
You went like an arrow?
to take a holy dip for salvation.

What happened?
nobody knows. You were
turned into a white dove,
picking up black words.

Lynx eyed, you are
reading your own birth chart,
under the moon,
unliving death.

Satish Verma

Trying To Sleep

For a lake feel
to find the four-leaf clover
grazing your absence.

But the road does not run.
And I cannot reach
the wicked rapture.

Where the gray sky
meets the water's shadow
every wave weeps for the moon.

Like a dragonfly skimming
the import, floats on the
dampened page of life.

You will not be able to sleep
in this full moon.
The pilgrim hawk was flying
very low.

Satish Verma

Tryst

I will watch the field,
but not play the game.
Do not want to win the toss,
for no one to lose the chance.

When you go for the final swim
rules must change.

The ugly knocks have resumed
their pilgrimage through blood and bones.
Timeless flesh will decide the event,
death of the soul.

The tryst with unknown begins
charting the resentment on hearts,
clinging like sorrow. Sun has sunk
deep in the blue lake.

Satish Verma

Tulips Were Coming

Schizoidly I walked
with the moon? by night/
when you slept?
in my eyes.

I will leave my shadow
behind, one day
in dark.

Death is no exit. There was
no clear message for withdrawl.
The enemies were drawing near.

I will not push the cart.
There was no bunker homicide.
Hidden marriage bears the fruit.

Truth was behind me
I am naked like a candlestick.
The religion puts out the light.

Satish Verma

Tumbling Over

Standing in the centre of a circle,
trying to reach the periphery.

Was it a mistake?

to exhume the entombed
injury?

The bloody withdrawal
takes you back to brown
earth from the red sea.

How would you receive,
that you don't receive?

Your eyelids flutter.
Sun will ask you for
shutting the eyes. The
glass breaks in your
globes.

Fibrosis cracks. You are
moving faster now in black rain.

Satish Verma

Turbulence

A night out with mosquitoes for a sharp
comment of urgency to end the war after a decapitated
unnamed flesh of words found six inches short
I can write only poems This very ordinary life appears
to be worthless

without vocabulary unsemantic between us I am
enslaved alive going beyond the stings in my
heart I try to find my voice burning inside a never
gone pain do you hear me I am very lonely in the
jungle of falls Am I descending

infarcts are spreading the paresis inability
to raise the finger fear of manuscript I am
never was there in cloudless desert the starless
night moonless sky it is very dark Out
of emptiness comes an explosion Is it a new creation

Satish Verma

Satish Verma

Turn Me Over

Not afraid of any
wrath, I was quiet at the
end of beginning to hold on.

Won't squeeze,
if you bring me to flames
to track the grace of
a dying sun.

Inappropriate?
a queer look of the moon, when
the eyes were dead and
lips were moving.

Venus explodes
in the spirit of eternal star.
There was no philosophy of
daring fire. It was very cool.

The queen cobra
raises its hood to strike
the milky way for
raising the lust.

Satish Verma

Turning Gray

You wanted to understand
the tenor of wet, heavy lids ?
that had emigrated from
deep oceanic eyes.

You believed?it will go on
for ever. Roused in peace.
I will listen to the voice of river
lapping at the shores of pain.

Cocoon was lying still, will
not open to us. I was ready
to receive the death at door.
But it was a stripteaser.

The lovers will meet in the
wilderness, ride the lioness
and black berries will go to
moon for the payment of wages.

Satish Verma

Turning To Dark

I believe in you, O tidal
mouth, where the salt
meets the stream.

I never had any God
to put the fish in desert to swim,
and someone can write a poem.

I am not different
beyond the unwritten
miracles. I cannot undo a cliché.

It is still my dharma ?
to listen to unheard cosmic
chants of blue birds.

And I reached the emptiness
of a vessel, which had
spilled over the milk of seeds.

Satish Verma

Turns In Path

When sun was
preparing to die, why
did you ask for the
soft moons? crimson red?

Searching an
unmarked shrine of
an unsung hermit.
Why people come and go?

You would not catch
the mockingbird, trying
to be shocking, to reach
you, for a melodious song.

You just liked
a god, who had come
as a stream of light
from a distant star.

Satish Verma

Twilight

On periphery of gestures and casts
I speak for fading integrity while a fossil
of a scream was stolen from the womb
of language.

On becoming silent, an untitled truth
shakes sensibility. Small vignettes track
the battleships of calligraphy. The sermons
wage a war.

The saints praised the puffed up sheep,
suffered the asylum of Atlantic for astral
hopes to cross the folds of virginity. Splashed
motherhood refused the onslaught of tears.

You make inadequate love, exiled in
intimacy. Blood-drowned statements
will not make to the surface of time. Century
moves not for you, not for me, not for him.

Satish Verma

Twist My Heart Again

Reached,
not yet pubescence:
a cloud says, moon was
crazy, treading on a
forbidden lake of frozen tears.

Breaking fast unto death
for releasing the doves
in sky of hymns.

The gametes were weary.
Procreation will wait.
Let the dark particles
start a ceremony of scoops
to carry the impatient twister
inside me,

to pull off the yokes and
set the flames free.

Satish Verma

Twisting The Watercolors

Lost on the way
to find the wetland
where lily of the valley grows.

Have you seen a
lily-trotter?
The floating leaves tremble.

Talking of karma,
Would you like to become
a monkhood?

The woodpecker was
marking its territory till
late night.

Satish Verma

Two Intersecting Lines

When you picked up
my pen, I wept.

Mercury rising,
the vespa gets ready
to strike.

This lifeless clay
wakes up, to bear the pain.

Do you remember,
when you bent down to?
touch the feet of a broken Buddha?

Before the ashes blew away.
you looked back
to make sure, it was a dream.

Stripped to the last color.
Van Gogh commits a sin.
He becomes alive.

This was my regime.
This was my echo.

Satish Verma

Two Large Feet

Something is left
out. I ask you
when you are not there.

It was too cold here.
Can I hold your warm hand?

I hear, what I was
not hearing. The voices
live underground, like land mines.

I sing to myself
to make me sleep!

Do not take my moment,
do not trace my lines.
A half-religion separates
the salt of tears.

There is no art in
saying No. You will wait
whole life to say Yes.

A red rose bleeds in my hand.

Satish Verma

Two Vistas

Will you survive
in black death of white moon?
Who seeks salvation?

To say or not to
say. Be yourself, write the
pain unmovingly.

Not the slave of the
habit, I will call you to
hang the white flag.

Satish Verma

Ubiquitous Being

I look at a slice of sky and weather
from the window of my sick room
tethered to the bed by depression.

Time has come. Somebody will lay me open.
Must I suffer with deep holes in buried mind
where tears have drenched the folds?
Everyday I burned my fingers in a
blast solely to test the truth, and for
reading the verse, rubbed my eyes with a
dream.

An imperfect wave struck at the legs,
wavered me for a minute and then washed away.
Sitting within tragedy rise a song, I
understand its fugitive moans, watch
the face, I am not a martyr but
an ubiquitous being.

Satish Verma

Ucanny Thoughts

Break the bread.
Someone waits under
evergreen tree.

*

The tormentor does
not know the angst of falling
palm leaf from the trunk.

*

I will take goggles
to cover my red eyes from
the glare of iceberg.

Satish Verma

Ultimate Death

The character of the myth exploded,
naked aggression on the souls started with,
meditation on death.

What was real?

The dignity of life or,
suicide of seed truth?

The classical colors were,
going to live only half-life.

Guilt was writ large, on the face of morality
and essence was always forgotten.

The kingdom had swallowed the strangers,
And king had killed the songs.

Adulterous games had become popular
every one was becoming a renegade.

Death will ultimately,
wipe out the signatures,
from the blackboard.

It would be a clean sweep.

Some body will go in trance,

start reciting a mantra,

for the sake of vanity,

and clarity of the moments of dawn.

Satish Verma

Ultimate Tongue

In praise of body
like a bow,
shooting arrows of clemency.
But I have come to deny myself,
the nemesis.

There was no penitence.
Unacceptable, in the light of
broad-day murder
of democracy.

Freedom to arc was a personal
style, writing poetry
against the art
of manipulation.

I am ready to become
human, after inferno, started
by you, to burn
the story.

Satish Verma

Umbilicus

Converging at the well,
for the last rites, you set
the soul free, touching
the sacred water to?
your eyes.

The dead plaques break out on their own
from the walls, and were
flowing in the bloodstream.

Like a sloth you swing
upside down, unmoving.

Do not put up any petition.
You have reached the end of the road.

The dust and alpha particles
come in the way of lightstream.
A cup drinks the fetishes,
you will not.

Satish Verma

Umbrella

Like a brazen
dancer of night.
A phantom?

With heart on chest;
floating in air,
like a death-scarf.

You have donated
the body for an angel-
petrifying the moon.

The hairy saint
was unquiet,
in a glass house.

Who had delivered
the letter to god?
I pledge to stay alive.

Satish Verma

Un - Me - Ing 'i'

I want to shake them off,
weird thoughts,
like a swarm of bees,
buzzing, whining, aimed at nothing.
Want to write me off?

Loneliness. I
observe the hands of a watch
looks like they are not moving.
Time stands still.
Waits for me to move.

An atavistic ache.
Again I view the world.
Every body is making a sound without bending.
With dreams dead I step into emptiness
barefoot, to feel the earth.

Not going to quit,
free to kill my ghost
I move into sunlight.

Satish Verma

Una Corda

This was not physical.
Which part of your psyche,
I would touch?

Sometimes you swing
without a rope. A chasm
appears, then vanishes.

Blindfolded you open
a death door to see the fall.
The deep pain bifurcates.

The distance was increasing
between clouds. A crack
of light burns the dark. Animals
awake.

You remember a yawn
of cosmos. Someone becomes a fever,
high as sun, in earthen heart.

Satish Verma

Unabated Rage

A poem
borrowed from the roses
sits today on my lips.

Crowded with pricks
at night, words move
around the flickering flames.

Thoughts.
They fly like sparrows
encircling the mind.

The sky falls. Import
of faceless assaults thickens. Red
poppies bloom in wheat fields.

White mushrooms,
come up in summer to complain
against the muted surrender of clouds.

Satish Verma

Unabused

The bone line travels
from flesh to flesh,
tears into blood.
I was not crude, not blunt.

Dew teasers,

were my guests with luggage
of pain, ready to dip to taste
the language of surrender.
There was no acrimony
between enemies.

Across a hot blazing desert
walking barefoot to find you
in a vein of green water, O my curse
I will scoop you into my poem
to become a daisy.

Satish Verma

Unaging

Listening to the voices of silence?
of beautiful triangles,
plagiarizing the
straight lines from nowhere
I lost my way to
find you.

I don't have numbers
nor zeroes. Only angles
to solve my pathless destiny.

In spiral mysteries,
would you ever climb the
stairs of a minaret, reaching moon?

You wanted a black rose
without barbs.

How does the blood flow without veins
on the cheeks of sun?

A hurt activist
disappears in the clouds
without wings.

Satish Verma

Unanimously

This city of musketeers.
You are always having a bruising?
encounter with yourself.
Everyone tries to find an exit plan,

when the house in on fire,
and the abstract signs go on display.

I think you should not
have organized the religion,
the book, the sermons.

I have lost the way to me,
to my aloneness, to my emptiness.

The economy of words was
in ruins. There was no space
to stand on the sense, import.

A chilling meet begins between
the sparring wheels.

Satish Verma

Unapologetically

I ask the angel
moon, can you make
a white death ?

I had outgrown?
the written words, and
will not repeat the mistake
of playing an antigame
of a game.

It will be a bad omen, if someone
says I am the God.
And I will see a ghost
in your amazing eyes.

You can think aloud
by throwing back your dark
hair, as a reminder of
catastrophe.

An eeric feeling always
haunts me. What will happen
if earthquake doesn't arrive,
and the spiritual therapy fails?

Satish Verma

Unasked

Right on top, you were inching slowly.
United in hate
they were tracking you.

Trespassing the epochs
you want to go back in stone age
to retrace the steps
of a homeless sapience.

In the brown desert of high hunches
you were treading haltingly
hounded by rivals,
utterly unethical.

You drew a circle
without a center,
readying for a guillotine.

Satish Verma

Unasking

Timeless,
the eyes and fractured wisdom,
the two of us, extremely prudent, suffering
the dislocation of vigilance against wrinkled sin,
I am on my own today
disconnected to

the unearthly rehearsal
of breaking the cycle of carbon assimilation
in the veins of white lies, of crude bombs,
moonbathing we were colloidizing in void
of consciousness and scattered verses
in scriptures remained unsearched;

the brutal hierarchy of chromosomes,
loud and merciless, in the birth of new settlements,
huge ovens for cremations, collecting the golden
teeth from the ashes, celebrating the
return of blood and death, me,
blessing the unborn poem.

Satish Verma

Unattended

Evening wore a floral dress.
Blue birds announced their departure
opening red wings.

You know them, buffs
of night who would not wait for the moon
to rise and I had nothing to hide.

These tragic toes
black with gangrene
still want to mount on red clovers.

That anatomy of desire
will dance with snakes. Who knows
the beautiful anxiety of lying on hawthorns?

Satish Verma

Unbecoming

A gunny sack was full of bleached skulls.
What now? Do I attend the auction
of mortal wounds in hidden valley of dust?
The arsenal of seductive weapons was a snub
to your culture when the fall of extremes
was overlapping the sunset of empire.

I am going to take my walk in the hell of fire
raging in petunias. The emotions are becoming
volatile after the rape of a child. Is there any
medicine for rape? Nowhere on earth, the violence
stops moving shirtless. The dead century hangs
from the eyelashes, traces the dried up tears.

Some people think, bricks are weightier than
truth. They burn the buses under a weeping
willow. A high caste god will not glaze beyond
the frozen lake of crutches. Belongings on a
striped road vanish in books. A hate gift
drops on tulips.

Satish Verma

Unbecoming Of The Poem

The fat moon
rises, when the bland earth
gives a call.

Like the black magic
of depression, in fall,
overwhelming the silence.

Of not becoming, what
you wished me to be,
or not to be.

A conflict always,
climbs the wall to overlook,
the pain of separation.

This winter, I am not
going to witness, the death
of night birds.

Satish Verma

Unbegotten

Shedding the knowledge
I was aware of emptiness,
that will allow me
to watch from afar?

the message coming from
the locked doors.
Getting nearer the gorge
you want to look at your spitting image?

in water. I hinge an old frame
to find me in baby face. Did you
see your future visits to
cauldron of life?

You never wanted to become
a god of wayfarers. A tinge
of stupidity was evident to renew
your faults to remain human.

Satish Verma

Unbelief

A detritus
of malaise, tugs at my solitary hour.
There was a question of stature
amongst the old fractured feet.

What was it which made you feel
taller than your own son?
I was looking at the antlers of a deer,
his round eyes were full of pallor,
I begin to talk in his tongue.

The terror of a man, a speeding car,
my childhood, moving in the dark corridor,
afraid of the unending highways.

Satish Verma

Unbelieving

Today gives me an eternal hurting
of the raging night, my moon had crashed
on the wings of flamingoes

While saying farewell to crying winds of the
creek when waves slapping sideways on crazy
shores of silence, another watchman of sweets.

Impaired longing till it starts burning
under the eyes, so I am the priest and I am the god
of wasteland incisible in drifting dust

Of voicelessness on the doors of schizophrenia
in order to stay dane amidst the freedom of violence
of uncaught heydays of drag queens in transgender

Era of dragons and quivering flash of tempers
between breasts of hills in a green sky it would
be sleepless mystry of gullible hounds

Satish Verma

Unbendingly

You went to unveil your own
statue, before being shot?
dead, for telling the fiction.

Day was stranger than
night. You can discern
the oblique faces.

Handcuffed, you pick up
the pen, to rewrite the name
of omniscient divine.

Trivial rise of surface
temperature will melt
the snow-clad breasts.

A clove-scented pink?
in the hands of a butcher
does not bring a smile.

Satish Verma

Unbitten By Time

After going back in my
frame, I let the dark set in,
to wait for your moon.

No more, or less, you had
plucked my image to wear it. There was
no litany, no contrast.

And a prayer makes
the cherry tree bloom, and
start shedding like my poems.

It can save us, at the
foot of mountain, when rains
come, and we are climbing.

The shadows will meet at
horizon, drowning in water
of moon? to morph into a vault.

The creativity had been at the best.

Satish Verma

Unblaming

Can you see the smoke
coming from
the brick kiln?

The finches
were jumping into firepit
one by one.

To enlarge?
the space between groping
and assault.

There was no need
to start an uproar
about pungent?

black forest of silences.
A face is suspended in midair.
That simply was not there.

Satish Verma

Unblemished

Awakened
at the partition.
Left bleeding, the spider silk
had started weaving
the web.

I am trying to understand,
the sign language,
your tears.

You have to become
transparent. I have not
crossed the river yet.

Words not weapons
were needed to heal after
the cannibalism.

This world will
spare us in night.
Trajectory of moon
was changed.

Satish Verma

Unborn

you enter the lair again
dun – colored
shrapnel was on your lips

to hear your truth I lay down
the book
and look beyond the acid rain
falling after the explosion

the yellow flames still lapping
against the crater walls
jasmynes were alive

dented memories wer climbing
on hills before you can unsee
the moon bleeding to death

Satish Verma

Satish Verma

Unborn Desires

When I make a heap
of all my killer pains,
rains come.
A half-moon casts
a spell. Hope used to
have many colors.
A black magic
ruffles the feathers, casually.
Peacock forgets to dance.
Rocks. Like rare earths.
Difficult to separate you
from me. The call of the mountain
rattles me again. Will
that continue, unending
path, towards non-existence?
In the dark greens, it
was a murder, I cannot find
the blue moon.

Satish Verma

Unbroken View

Segment by segment
the secret breaks. There was
no song afterwards.

A robin hops on the dirt road.
Time was scare.
Living water was escaping.

Visibility has not changed.
I walk in great agony
without you.

The fabric was loosing
the color. The book will
never be complete.

I enter the colosseum, for
digging up the voices?
buried in the throats.

The daffodils wait in
backyard for the ceremony.
Light has come in the eyes.

Satish Verma

Unburned Houses

Once you are labeled,
The human input is out and
you start falling apart.

My home, and I am trying
to set the walls free after?
the explosion.

A sinkhole eats you alive.
I am walking in air
contending with the old god
who would not listen.

Suddenly it is time to
back drive. The wrong road
taken has given in glimpse
of people starting the war.

The land becomes black
and paper lanterns adorn the doors.

Satish Verma

Unbuttoning

Scratching the rusted face
of the dust storm?
to read the message.

I have come very far,
from the old stinks.
It was not the escape.

The unshaped sap,
spills from the cut end?
of treetops. I gather your cones.

The fall begins abruptly.
It was a landslide of
leaf drop. Yellow and brown.

I wait for the red.
It reminds me of blood
dripping from your poem.

Satish Verma

Uncaged

My soles are hurting.
Let's go timelessly,
following our back instincts.

Old values were changing
daily. A sense of
unease prevails. Want to make
a move. Something disturbs me.

Half-words?
acquire new meaning. And
sign language was becoming
a loud voice. You come to share
the waiting with me.
Something will happen.

In deep waters,
eyes will search the self-destruction
way. Why human existence was getting worse?

Choked to become
speechless. There was relaxed
ambiance of euphoria.

Satish Verma

Uncannily

Tracing your eyebrows on paper?
eyes mine, we will
write together our religion.

Each night catches
my moons from the lake
of tears. The days were
becoming shorter.

Surely, I have not
arrived amidst the seekers
of easy death. You give me?
the hope of resuscitation.

I promise myself?
I will not give you a call?
till the nightingale sings in
mango grove.

All night it has rained.
Lacrimonal. I prepare myself to
wash my eyes again?
to read your face.

Satish Verma

Uncanny Feeling

It was a strange experience
coming out of the body
to understand the death.

And I watched a train
whistling by?
then I understood,

time will not wait for me.
I started running
against the moon?

to forget the empty dream,
catching a fever.
I am still burning?

in grass, collecting
the dew, falling
from the misty night.

Satish Verma

Uncementing

Gold fringed, the hood
strikes. You are bound
to throne.

It was unnatural to
demolish the ancient shrine.
God will not show his face.

And what about the dew
collecting on grass leaves,
when you were crying?

The kids won't cry now.
The hunger has put
them to sleep.

It was the dead end
now. You are melting in
great walls.

Satish Verma

Uncensored

Begins to reel,
the dusk,
down the street.

The grey moon waits,
solemnly, for the
music of earth to start.

There is enigma?
in dark. You see
the inside of a shut house.

Like the stone
eyes reading the heliograph
of shrunken gods.

Plunged into a gorge
your eyes, to find
the secret of a fall.

Satish Verma

Unceremoniously

Your algorithm
has failed.
There were colossal mistakes.

It brings back
the memories of
counting on the fingers.

A moon, a river
and a night, had
fallen in love for ever.

Why not a langur
should now be
declared a person?

Satish Verma

Uncharted Self

Do not go like a rose,
stay like poinsettia.
Now as a brutal encounter
holy color will descend.

Polygonal wound was too proud
to bleed on the street.
The scarlet morning will bring
night's blood.

And mystery of love between
outcasts will never smell the hate.
Insane discretion wraps a baby
of a cloud to argue for parents.

Questions are raw like sea
rocks under the hoofs of a
whiny horse. I had found you
sitting in a graveyard.

Satish Verma

Unclaimed

You create a hybrid
without protocol.

A body of clay lies?
in the morgue. The fear
guides you.

Hold me, we
would discover each other
in dark.

You can, I would say,
without hurting yourself,
become what you are.

The great divide
between life and death
must continue.

Satish Verma

Unclaiming Debt

Dissecting the moon
to know the incredible,
in half light, I will
pursue my endless pain.

Rebirthing of illusion,
becomes a curse.
Unreality was supreme
I want to touch you in fog.

The condemned darkness
has a hidden secret. One day
the prophet will marry the
stupid truth.

You betray the wrapped
emotions, shying away
from a second life. Silence
steals the words from
your lips.

I will ask the sky
to lull the hot moonlight.

Satish Verma

Unclassic

I wanted to fight
with you O golden spirit.
My every pain
was light in your darkness.

Release me for undoing,
this odor. Your absence was
evident, by smoke rising
from burning homes.

Where you want
to take us? How far was
your ancient temple
in the hurting dust and ash?

You will become
untouchable one day living under
the lips, unspoken.

Behind the abnormal
teeth lies lethal tongue.
Take the gift of unknown,
I will go in peace.

Satish Verma

Unconcealed

Just as I think of you;
a jungle in your land
goes into flames.
And I stand in the golden dust
of a sun, where iced grass
starts smiling.

Where iced grass
smiles, the
pear leaves? still in their prime
colors, invite the show
to play autumn.

In the countries apart
do you touch the blue moon
at night, when you are tending
the sacred basil?

You will not know,
what you wanted to know? of
the unknown.

The magi have not brought any gifts.

Satish Verma

Unconclusive

O stark avenger,
Time.
I will come on your lapses,
when every moment,
tells a lie.

Was it wrong time?
To ask the poem go,
binary?
on a fringe thought?

Has the angst a right,
to explore the fast moving
mind, to experiment
with the answer?

We are on the crossroads,
to know ourselves,
driven by the fragrance,
man-made.

The words are only transient!

Satish Verma

Unconquering

Waiting for the unwaiting
to appear. The green pigeons
will reduce the palace to rubble.

Could it be like? the
first man to die has become
a savior?

I hold your tender
face in my hands to
read the axioms.

Mumbling something?
Inaudible, I will address,
the upright past.

An unborn love child
Kicks at the walls of the womb.
It was time to see the world.

Satish Verma

Uncrafted

To become yourself,
declaring war?
for inequality.

Who was supremacist
in the pygmy owls?
nondescript voices?

The termites had
stopped making
anthills as nest.

The tall grass
now hides the migrant
labourers.

Satish Verma

Uncrossable

Xanax in the blood
screams.
Empty chairs.
Small birds, hopping from here
to there. Waiting for the guests.

Evening sits on the
dirt road.
We look together at the
cracked moon.

The grace of becoming
gray, sweeping the floor
of life. You will wear a different
smile everyday.

The house follows you
wherever you n or Mars
will not cast a spell of malfeasance.

Satish Verma

Undecipherable

A little death comes every day
for the lost age.
The fingertips write your name on
ice, to burn in sun.
and still, I will say it was good.

Searing poverty of words
scrambles for a suicide vest.
No meaningless truth can save
the kleptomaniac. After the demise
of a sentence I can say, would

not go for an award. The struggle
to live in some pretentious
sexuality of the curves was over.
A trident will find
the torso of revengeful god.

Appearance was deceptive
in entire race. The father of waves
takes a bird's-eye view
of the verses flowing from the
icy lips of peaks.

Satish Verma

Under Acid Attack

By not listening
to the voiceless,
I was hurting myself.

Taking off the
golden ring?
to become a monk.

Crunching the leaves
of ginkgo?
to remember my eternal pains.

Time to pack your
nothings. Intrigue has
endorsed the white lies.

When I become unknown to
you, will you erase the
scars of the sunset?

Satish Verma

Under The Bodhi Tree

Would you remove
your mask once, and come to
me as you are?

Don't throw the pebbles
to skin my pain. The wound bleeds,
to quote the past.

I ask myself to
be quiet in this moon time.
Saint was turning red.

Satish Verma

Under The Cloud

The depression,
in purple moon,
scattering black magic.

The eatery, I ask, why were
you hungry?
The singsong tea pot smiles.

The theme of mist
valley, incites the palazzo;
and the riots begin.

A dark silhouette, looms!
against the falling star,
I start picking up the debris.

On the fringe of
economic boom, I put my
hands in the wronged shirt.

Satish Verma

Under The Covers

Learning something about
a cause with remote effect
you will have a soul
connective to the body.
Near the end of the home
lies the river of fire.
Time to bid goodbye
to blind walls
and enter the arena of lashings.

It was difficult to unremember.
The mind rambled and you were chewing
the kiss of death.
Time traveled in circle,
dealing with fear.
I waited for the space, to widen between us
to breathe forgiveness.

Nothing stirs the waves.
The water reflects the elegy,
a poem for the trapped one.
Nostalgia for the brood,
the age gives way. Half aloud
the evening settles under the covers.
Brute claws kill the span.

Satish Verma

Under The Lens

Not exhausted
myself pursuing, your
thoughtless fervor of understory
without retrieving my name.

Do you still remember
the grace of unspoken thoughts?
Once the cobra night, raises
its hood, nobody can stop the strike.

Syntax was
beautiful, not the abstract
of the hidden truth. You
resign to become a unique!

Helpless in my integrity
I don't forgive me, when
I forget my enemy.
And start thievery.

Untamed, by a large, rod
vase of moon, ready to
leap at a shooting star.

Satish Verma

Under The Mist

Aggressive posture of silence
sweeps the mind.

I preempt the drowning of septum
in calving ice.

The ostium ultimately opens
to spill over the therapy.

You go into the cave-
to pull out the new born thought.

The day runs again for bread-
and butter. There are
no holds barred. It
was an intact valve.

But the heart blew away
the soft feathers.

I cannot fly now.

Satish Verma

Under The Palm Moon

A broken step?
halts me. I move towards
you at the inner call.

Clockwise, going
sensual, you turn into
a greek fire.

Make me angry and suffer.
Don't carry the legacy
of darkpeers.

Reading my poetry for
a while, you fumbled
tracing your fingers on some beautiful words.

The moon would
shine tonight to share the crocuses.
I may write your name
on scented winds.

Easy lips. Were your trying to say something? Yet
you fall on ancient adage.

Satish Verma

Under The Shadows

Looking around for a loop of light,
a captive throws out his
trove of litter and ask for a
right to be killed.

This was question hour
of your conscience. Who would
now act as an executioner?
Anybody who has not stolen a glance?

You are standing alone with
the hips were exploding.
Owls will assemble later on
to mourn the death of a native giant.

Under a yellow moon I had met him
once. He had promised to talk about
sexual encounters with nameless
ghosts under the waterfalls.

Satish Verma

Under The Smoke

Sometimes I keep mum.
Not to show my grief.
The blank stares will tell
the color of death veil.

Let me explain the evolution
of the hidden insanity.
Every person at one time goes
crazy. About the metaphors
and stings.

The vicissitude of the moods
is apparent between the rose
and thorns. There was always a bleed.
It sucks, if you don't write
a verse.

As simple as it is. You
stop thinking. Will not hate
the blue skin, the blue blood?
blue eyes. Over the time
everything becomes white.

Satish Verma

Under Your Lids

Moving in different
orbits, always trying to
touch each other.

Between moon and
earth, lies a great trust.
I will never deviate my path.

We will not leave
our foot prints in dark after?
our rendezvous in light.

A dumb doll in?
signs, starts speaking about
the wax mannequins in veils.

The blood nails have
started etching your names on
every rock for sanity.

I have started making friends with flames.

Satish Verma

Underbelly

Unlocking,
the silver knife.
The poetry matters,
when it is dark.

*

Night,
has its own secrets, when,
dew spreads out
the beadings on grass.

*

Blackbuck was ready
to shed the antlers.
Moon was hornless.

Satish Verma

Underscoring

A distraught moon
takes a misstep
and goes behind the hill
to take a holy bath.

Disconnects
with a trespasser
and sends to night,
a bouquet of stars with muffled prayers.

Shades of lies haunt, in flames
of faith. A suicide bomber ploughs
through a playground, throwing the bits
of human pieces on nets.

Satish Verma

Satish Verma

Understanding Death

In death probe,
what you intend to find?
A living fossil?

*

Open the tomb,
you will discover!
dried rose leaves, some salt.

*

During the spell
of ache, I stole the
kiss of moon in dark.

Satish Verma

Understanding Me

Avoiding haters

I kept quiet to exit from
quicksand of terminology.

Where do we meet

at horizon? I wanted to
say hello to bright moon.

Life betrays. I stumble.

Look at far distance. A supernova
was going to explode.

Satish Verma

Understatement

Perched on a tree high
wave,
a moon was talking long
to me.

A live-in partnership
was in vogue. We always
loved each other breasts apart.

The weather was changing.
A plane load of tears would
disappear without a trace.

From somewhere a benign
lump explodes, making night,
a brilliant dream of
sleeping sky.

The hare jumps on the moon,
to snatch away the ambulatory
age, browsing around the death.

Satish Verma

Undestined

This was an illegal kill
between you and me.
I will abdicate?
my headstone.

The black eyes keep on staring
at the orange wings.
Butterflies presage
the quake's qualms.

Very unsettled, I was,
against the odds. I was trying
to figure out my?
new passage.

Slaughtered with a sickle,
a faith lies?
bleeding, I bring out the
cannabis for peace.

Satish Verma

Undoing

A tumbler climbs a rain
in all crimelessness.
Perhaps you will never know
my invaginating self. The thirst has
become a river.

A pile of books and I cannot read.
The shadow lengthens on the wall.
An eagle melts in the air.
They are shifting him for amputation.
Truth cannot walk.

I become my father tonight
and watch the house burning.
I am told there was lot of bleeding before.
There will be no need to resuscitate.
The dead man says, why not?

Satish Verma

Undraped Souls

Inexplicable.

I run my own life, when
epicenter moves to periphery.

A drink of hemlock
from your purple? spotted eyes.
You want to squeeze the blue sky
in your chest.

Was I violating your
sanctum sanctorum, hidden
deep in crevices of ancient love?

Your voice was cracking up
hoarse, as I listened
in silence, concealing my
poem not to explode.

Wings become the tongue
flying off, like possessed
celebration of loosing
the glaze and becoming a naked mammal.

A cold-blooded laugh!

Satish Verma

Undreaming

The euphemism goes?
beyond the soft
feather, becoming weightless.

You must put it in
the hysteria, after the
laughing gas was released.

The triumph and defeat
of the rising breasts?
ultimately gave in against,
the coronation.

The brooms were in plenty
to sweep the rubble
after the sky fell?

between the old
and young.

Satish Verma

Undressing

Crushed under the sky,
when you had
become a transition.

In the lonely
night, waking without you,
when words start screaming.
like howls of wolverines.

Life around appears now, not
the worth of holy water, in your
folded palm.

Your birthday flowers
bloom in dark. Someone
will dance around the campfire
till the crack of half-light.

The salt lake bubbles.
Nobody will drown in it.
And I believe,
purple stones would stand
to guard the new spectacle.

Satish Verma

Undying Existence

It was self-inflicted
wound. You live outside yourself.
Go inside to find the depth.

This was my faith
on unknown. Do we have to
bargain for our truths.

When you see the beastly
of pain, you fall in love without
sensor of agitated mind.

Satish Verma

Uneaten Fruit

From the unread book
I look back at three generations, with
whom I was fighting
for a staircase, which did not
take me anywhere.

It was an edge over the wisdom
for footfalls in space
for an apology for an unknown warrior
waiting of a midnight sun
for a foretaste of time.

I do not want you to come
as a pawnbroker,
I have nothing to offer for exchange.
From my grandfather I got his shoes,
my father gave me his eyes.

Still I am groping in dark
to justify the everlasting sky
full of needles.

Satish Verma

Unending

In downy pink I watch you go
my sun,
at night you will pluck moon flowers.

In half-moon eclipse
the morning glory will wake me up
in dew, alighting whole night

on the rose branch. I still smell
your lips. The head aches in
singing dark.

Welcome again, my ghosts of new year.

Satish Verma

Satish Verma

Unending Marathon

Like a large, black,
stag beetle, you give a sermon
on living. You don't believe
in death.

Ready to jump from the
cliff, how did you reach there?
Slipping through the
cracks of a marathon!

Amid fear and anxiety
hitting the raw line of finish
with tranced frenzy.

After glass and long kisses,
did you eat the prickly pears ?
On the way to salvation, you
were giving very?
uncharitable commentary
at the terminus.

Satish Verma

Unending Rope

How will you be defining
a war, when you
meet without machetes?

Between real and fiction
lies a deficient bridge.
We will go for a walk to find?
the weak spots.

A dead city moves in its
entirety. You prepare yourself
to read the tea leaves.

The dregs were in power.
Why you were becoming schizophrenic?
Do not blow at the dead sparks.

How long the shadow now
you want to throw?

Satish Verma

Unending Story

In the dust
from the dust. I will see your
face daily,
in between the spaces
in between the hunger?
against the wall, where you were
asked to stand erect
before...

The clock was moving without
hands. I will hear only the
tick, in dark, like the regular
heartbeats.

Ultimately the space wins. We start
moving apart. The distance increases.
Echo becomes dull and
then acoustics fail.

Only the specks now speak.
Each spot was a name
was somebody, was a living being.

Satish Verma

Unending War

Preparing jaggery from palm juice
the resistance is splashed on face
for the vision of peace. A pre-emptive

trapeze breaks the monotony of transsexuals.
Intimes of peril the ancient conflict
becomes a broker to fire the night. A ball

of smoke betrays a human failure in
nostalgic days. The intense brown eyes
water with stark fear the incoming

rockets. This war will not end. A conduit
of fierce emotions always identifies the man
with personal faith. No overt blood or sweat

figures it out. Torrents of bullets have
no inclination to halt the wolves. A city
cries. The siren screams again!

Satish Verma

Uneven Path

It was a summer night.
A windswept moonbeam
plummeted. Sexualizing

an indigo flesh. A butcher
was seducing
a spider, in company of

a holy book. Sunbathing in
mass grave of skulls. The eyes
peeking out of the caps.

You want to pluck the blue
berries from
volcano mounts. The key player

will burn your script. Body
of milk died on snow. The
moth was coming out of cocoon.

Satish Verma

Unexisting

A fugitive moon
appeared, after the blaze of the sun,
in a frozen standoff,
died.

My room was dappled
with pale moonbeams shadows,
nestled on the?
blue walls.

There was a constant drumbeat
coming nearer. He wanted
to quit. You cannot change
the legacy of dark rooms.

A manhunt must start
for the thief who stole away
all the voices of
a departed soul.

Satish Verma

Unfailing

While peeling
an orange I think of
you all time.

Walking in ruins
I pick up peonies
in grass, for you.

Dewy-eyed you
call for a knife in night.
It was full moon.

Satish Verma

Unfinished

Can you enlarge the moment,
when the time stopped and
you were trying to get a
glimpse of beyond?

You become a no-moment, a
no-truth, in a sauteed
orgasm.

And someone plucks a death
from your poems to
resuscitate you, draped
in tears.

The track record will show,
you were only yourself,
and never became a riddle.

Let go of me. It was only
a happening, undoing the
play, held in dark. As I
cross the door, you become invisible.

Satish Verma

Unfinished Script

Your hands were chopped off.
How will you write
the poem now?

*

Truth was!
an alloy. Need to mix some
lie in pure gold.

*

Why did the
roses cry? The saint was
not in the tomb.

Satish Verma

Unfog The Sky

A stand-off between grass and moon
marginalized the perfume of night.
I was standing to read the graffiti
written by light and shade.

The planted kiss, the embrace, the trembling
legs have bricked in the trapped saint.
Where were the stars leading you
for the journey to the end of the bruises?

Some coarse absence of winged thoughts
had continued presence. It was blankness
without emotion, without movement. Can
you think without the past, without the future?

Step-by-step the malice, the lie within
the lie unfolds. Gives a deliberate shock
of self knowledge. I count the bonfires on
the hills. Coming up to unfog the sky.

Satish Verma

Unforgetting

Like swapping your face for
a tormentor. Stop the rains.
I am going home, after
a hard choice of peace

in sunlight. Give me back my
memory. I want to take a
flight. Scanning the midnight
sun on blue lake.

Stairs are climbing on me.
Stay with me. I am falling
on your purple doves
eating blood oranges.

I am sad inside the stitched
eye. Clouds are breaking the
light. I will not come
for therapy from lies.

Satish Verma

Unforgiving

Festival of!
earthen lamps.□
Separating the grain from chaff.

*

Pigeons will!
not be let out to fly.
It is going to be a moonless night.

*

The skin has peeled off.
Time to move on.
The bared trees.

Satish Verma

Unfreezing

Freezing was not required
for the casket. It only contained
a shroud.

The schism had scored a
victory. Bystanders will find
a dark matter

between the words. The god was
very lonely today. The black wounds
start crying.

A white cloud climbs the eagle's
span. A golden moon walks like
a big tear.

A surge of greed will take over
the yellow throne. Someone puts
it, a spiritual horror.

Satish Verma

Ungoing

Incredible moon
tips the hallucinating tree.
Lake propels the waves to limbs
and strips to bank.

I wear my lightning
and enter into a process
outside body. The night
betrays and goes back to sun.

There is a frame of truth to be claimed
in a black sac, who slashed
his neck for the deity
of widening freedom.

Turn right, where the trembling
nation stands to pick up the fallen heroes.
I am going to write an epitaph
with my blood on the wind chimes.

Satish Verma

Unheading

O my Master!
I am breaking rank,
with space and cosmos.

The scorched earth
wants another moon,
another sun.

The blue abyss
invites for a final plunge.
I may find my stars.

O my pain!
give me more needles
more bites.

On a platter
you carry the severed title
of my poem.

Satish Verma

Unhealing

In the waning moon
you were talking
of fathoms.

*

The water
has countless images.
Do you need a boat?

*

The vampires.
Why you go to the ruins.
I am bleeding.

Satish Verma

Unheavenly

A boulder on my neck.
I am climbing your
house, O god.

I don't believe you.
I trust the man,
a committed trespasser.

A crestfallen humanity
walking endlessly in?
the valley of tears,

to find the clean water,
the bread and roof. The
anguish breaks the morals.

And our painted deities,
resting on their thrones to
see the vultures descending.

Satish Verma

Unhitching

You come home,
to a genocide of sperms.
A storm was brewing
to implode;
cloning a woolly origami.

What was the philosophy
of living indefinitely?
Silence was the biggest
noise of spoons.

You were not entitled
to inherit the state,
kissing the trophy of a
beggared man.

Detachment with
upholstery might work.
Take a candle and
read the name on the
black wall.

Satish Verma

Unhooked From Space

The cat had the feral
look. The home was
burning. Drag of
day to day dying
unceremoniously.

Nowadays the god lives outside
the temple. You don't have patience.
Some zealotry?
A siren song?

I was not in any trinity
of god, man and beast.
On the remote trail you will
find my blood-soaked footprints.

Instead of emptiness
I have filled myself with grief.

Satish Verma

Unhurting

Unshackled, the pallor moon
was lying still, in a white?
shroud of clouds, only face
visible, staring?
down languidly.

I have come afar,
from the whispering dark,
to annul my existence.

Your hands tremble,
carrying your name. The
magic of unsaid?
poems, working.

Life had been a Medusa.
The blues, the reds, the
greens, overbearing.

Scores will be settled
when moon,
goes down.

Satish Verma

Uninviting Destiny

I would not understand
your fabric, when you come
wearing only smile.

The politics of life was beyond
my poetry. I only have the words
as my wealth. No other assets.

I wanted more space
between the black holes. My earth
needs a rebirth. I am very lonely.

Poison poems. You always
sparred with a family of weighting
heights, which could not touch the sky.

A series of serial killers,
were ready to begin the assault
on the tossing daffodils, deaf, dumb and blind.

Satish Verma

Unity

Doing nothing in
the stillness of grief of
you not reachable.

The mystical effect
of your unknowing cause
of kissing the earth.

Kneeling to lift
the cylindrical gods at sands
was coming of age.

Satish Verma

Unjointed

Watching the externalism
I was playing a squid in deep waters
to save the raging sears of life.

Was it a soft intellect to believe
in goodness, when rains had ceased to come
and seeds were covered with mildew?

The farming of words
had overlooked the fires.
The smoldering was inside the anthem.

This fall I will not see the colors.
Sun had eloped with the moon
and leaves had curled like a promise.

Satish Verma

Unjointed Time

Let the untold suffering
settle the incompleteness of truth.
You have to move out?
making space.

The empty chair fills in
at dark. I talk to my father,
daily about the remains of life
and falling debris.

A son does not want to
know the futurity. A dazed poet
will write the history of ruins
which was younger than memory.

A resilience still brings me
face to face with the gods of dead souls.

Satish Verma

Unkindly

Barebones, they come
in droves, to drink blood moon
praying in catacombs.

A summer night sets
over the hills with black eyes. The
cleavers have some jobs to be done.

In perfection, the bodies
should be laid? along with red woods.
The autistic moon will find its lover.

Aborted dawn, the clouds
had covered the womb. The
terrible sun had been roped in.

Earth weeps. There was
no peace. A ghost town rumbles
on. I cannot crack the code.

Satish Verma

Unknowing The Real

The founder will not find
the copper to cast the history.

It has not begun to hear
the farewell to summer.

Arms were coming out
to end the war, to seal the fractures.

Not my pen, not my tongue
will know the secret deals.

Frontiers are being redrawn,
between the guns and the books.

Satish Verma

Unknowingly

You forget to give me the warning.

After the kiss of
smoky clouds, I was
waiting for the moonrise.

And the rain would
drench me as you did it to me.

I will give more and get less
telling nothing.

It was only a thought,
once now a phrase, that
you are afraid to accept.

In summer, somewhere nightingale
waits for the call.

In a slice of moment, I stumble
then crash.
You become the song of the day.

Satish Verma

Unknown Burns

Flawless surrender,
when the leaves were falling
of bougainvillea, while
the hot wind blew past.
Future enemies were
ready not to say farewell.
Overtures were charming.
When did I want you to go?
And the dust settled in eyes.
I implored you till the brink
of sunset and moon blink.
Infinitely alarming, it was
you wanted to rename? the bigotry.
The crib deaths had started.
An awkward moment came.
When you wanted to cry
and laughed.

Satish Verma

Unlearning

Everybody was in hurry to unpack
the sins and reshuffle the names
of burns, by taking a holy dip
in mauve lake. I wanted to defang them.
Acid attack had the inversion effect
on the expressions.

It was an obscene vision
unrolling the infant
for bleeding an opponent. The procession
moved on. Details never came out.
Only the flaming bodies, loud thuds
and the screaming virgins.

This was unlucky for the hutments,
fragile poles crumbled down, unspeakable
emptiness on the faces. Something has
to be unlearnt. Too much pain of
the knowledge. Ectopic pregnancy?

Satish Verma

Unless

That tribal instinct sits in the denial.
Words fly in fog carrying absurd meanings.
I was ready for the impeachment.

Like a pinned butterfly
you lived several times, repeating
a dialogue on a mindless thought.

From nothing to nothingness,
you reach nowhere, over and beyond.
Where now? A state of deadlock?

Too insignificant when you climb down
against the black magic of language.
You loose the center by waking up.

Between this death and the next
you throw something in the ring,
to show my life was deflected.

Satish Verma

Unlike Anybody

In your painting the
silence of death was very loud.
I will call a poem.

Hold it down, your horse
power. Floodgates will open to
let out ugly ducklings.

In moonlight? I may
sit on the sand dune to listen,
the silent, inner voice.

Lines on your forehead
are getting deeper. May I
call the nightingale?

Satish Verma

Unlikely

Seasoned,
a red hibiscus
will ask for a white name?

in winter. Like drinking
night, under the moon
for a torn meniscus.

How far was the skyline?
The snow wants to reach
the ultimate blue.

Water cries for a
beautiful weep for the sun.

Satish Verma

Unloosing

Maligned, the
space between us
lets go the mammary

a flame scoops up the void,
we speak no names,
I carry you in my skinned arms
to the weeds
for seminal mutability;

shipwrecked, i fear of depth
turbulence, I will honor the drop
on the cheeks of sea, green shores

in the night I will walk out of the snare
the gulls will come in a flock

Satish Verma

Unlost Existence

When an embryo was growing in a petri dish
I said this is it my adieu
for I am now ready for a new journey of self denial
a skull in my lap
after the abdication of ancient fear
the eyes of buttercups poked with hot iron rods
a hoe breaking the neck of a bowed man
to humanize an ugly beast
my fragile hands make a cup to collect the light
of a fading sun to pour on the stillness
of the dream's dark roaring
that's how a pinned butterfly becomes
resigned for capitulation

Satish Verma

Unmade Future

A golden cave was afraid
Of a blue thrust.
Hands were not able to console
the mirror.

Let us step back for a
last laugh. You were talking
to yourself when the canary was
set free from the house arrest.

Ah, the paradise, after all, was
a myth. You had to beg for a violin
for democracy and stoop to pick
up a horsehair bow for playing the anthem.

You had cut your fingers in a fake war
with the was a miracle
knocking out the stars. A self-made
wound will never need the sutures.

Satish Verma

Unmaking

The ink was fading.
I don't want to stay on the
right side of time.

*

Thoughts will mute. You
cast another spell on poems
I feel presence.

*

After arrival,
there was no departure.
Spirit will hover.

Satish Verma

Unmaking Love

Let it be. Your face
hidden between the
words.

Somebody starts
committing suicide like
moth to the flame.

It was dark
when you become nothing?
in acoustic range.

I will not
interpret the butterfly's
meaningless dance.

Who believes in
one's own death,
to be born again like a
third person.

Satish Verma

Unmaking Me

I want to shake them off,
the weird thoughts,
like a swarm of bees,
buzzing, whining, aimed at nothing.
Want to write me off?

Loneliness.I
observe the hands of a watch,
looks like they are not moving.
Time stands still.
Waits for me to move.

An atavistic I view the world.
Everybody is making a sound without bending.
With dreams dead, I step into emptiness,
barefoot, to feel the earth.

Not going to quit,
free to kill my ghost,
I move into sunlight.

Satish Verma

Unmasking

You own your breath,
talking to dust adrift.
Earth was dark and cool.
Heaven was hot bright.

Velvety black
night falls on the flowers
coming to see moon, like
in passive surrender.

A cloud sits on the
eyes. You were in haste.
There is no beginning, no end.
Salt water was panacea.

Death never comes
alone to carry the old
bags. Names were grafted in
the brown leaves.

Satish Verma

Unmatched

All I needed was to address
a runaway pain. Nothing
to do with liberty
or fraternity.

I would never understand
you, upending the?
truce. How it was possible to
survive without speaking a word?

Let the traffic grow between
give and take. You can deceive
yourself by forgetting to
perceive the rainbow dreams.

The supreme truth comes
as a stranger at your portal.
You may shut the door not
giving any stance. Did you know
he was Buddha?

Satish Verma

Unmindful

An outsider
living in binary format,
without duality
like waves and particles
are one.
I was dying every day
in your hands with delight.

As the drifting dust
in light beam, I dive to
encounter the intensity
of pride:

A pyramidal rise, was
not the tale of the buried
tryant.

In your continent
lies my land, unrepentantly.

Satish Verma

Unmourned

You were not present.
Far from the pallid sky!
in the graveyard,
the marbled tears
had become the eyes.

The meanness of the grill.
It will not fix the sun.
I stand by a river,
which was very thirsty!
very deep.

The silent flight of a
white falcon takes a dive;
for the darkened moon.
The wingless poem soars high
to catch the words.

The jacarandas were trumpeting
in blue flowers, of the return
of demigods.

Satish Verma

Unmoving

Investing your hands
to write something unique?

the parrots flew out from
your lips. You will not mimic the beasts.

Avoiding taking sides, the
torture remains unexplained, but
we were always bleeding.

Between eyes and paper, words
float to land in haste. Faith
was ready to self-immolate.

It was not a political commentary.
Some poems really want to become poems.

Read my money. It cannot buy any death.

Satish Verma

Unphrasing

in love with vermilion
floating on optics

you learn in moments of insult
or insults in moment of learning

fishless bones
still he smels of withering pain
on black satin

you don't want to suffer
with asterisks
annotation
disfigures the essence

i will boil the moon
to find the separateness
between scent and grief

i am done
the poem is over
death has walked away

Satish Verma

Unpolished

A romance begins
between a tall tree and grass
to lighten the land.

The absence of thrill?
makes you mad. You wait for the
sky to become red.

A cat has nine lives.
Each for redemption of an
enemy in the house.

Staying silent whole
life, unlike anybody else to
become ordinary.

Satish Verma

Unpouring Grief

Between you and me
there was no sound.
In oneness, I reached
your peaks.

It was a naked bloom
of jasmines. I smell the
duality. Would you come
for a rendezvous?

Pure as a glacier fall,
the silver-dark of moonless
night, I was waiting
for the ripples.

The bells, blue bells, start
echoing the cries. It was
not a kill. The invisible
was executed.

Satish Verma

Unpretending

In search of lost
memory, there was no regret
of losing any achievement.
A Buddha was ready
to walk away.

Zebra stripes become
evident at sunset.
Was there an eye in the eye,
the smell in the smell,
of an infant sea? □

There will be no
ache retrieval. I am dancing
around the fire, reversing
a sin. The ugly and weird
life has become hypocritical.

A smoke shapes your preference.

Satish Verma

Unravelling

An outcast, stripped and beaten
up, the sickle moon
smears the clouds with blood.

I hate to wait for –
the sun to undo this mess,
an ethnic mutilation will bring a chaos.

Nursing the peripheries,
tribes were in pursuit of bayonets;
will not surrender the arms

to singly they are
digging up an abysmal grave
to throw in the truths in uniform-

in pursuit of feathers, offering
for temple archways, turning
on the future, for past glory!

Satish Verma

Unreachable

Like clones, your hands
embrace, winding up
the duty of fists?
in half-light.

Was your love
primordial? I would ask
myself, accepting the tears
from your red eyes.

I will borrow your
faults. Want to become
human. The defeat in
your hands was rewarding.

The rivals bloom,
without water of eyes.
O daisy, I was run over
by the stamping of clouds.

Give me the speed of light.

Satish Verma

Unreadable

It was a fake time,
moon will not rise.

Words were afloat
on junk dna.

A stonefaced pseudonym
dies point-blank.

The surprise, the speed
was not on our radar.

The ravenous siblings
now asleep on walls.

Naive or disingenuous.
A sitting Buddha will decide.

Satish Verma

Unreplied

Question of me,
vanquishing the existence, arises again,
At times life repeats the horror.
Insufficiency of a heart builds an orphanage,
I play the game, then flounder.
Poison is spreading -
the myth of absurdity overtakes,
truth breaks into splinters

Me and my dialogues with life speak of celebration
in vitro. Taking off the camouflage.
The body prints the friction,
but the descent of dark
and other questions remain unreplied.
The soul suffers in a hole.

All the pretty meanings,
become meaningless when time abstracts,
the stone prevails upon the daisies,
sin and desire go for a reward.
The door does not open,
I put aside the beholder
and give a voice to dead tongue.

Satish Verma

Unreturning

To the vacant chair
I would talk?
when you are not there.

Watching from an edge
gives a better view
of fall.

You can perceive
a changeable constant
on move.

What would be your
life, after the dried log
helped to decapitate?

Lake view is being
developed, for evening prayers
for the martyrs.

You release the civil
hawks on the name of fore fathers.

Satish Verma

Unrisen Horizon

Take off the glasses and
look at it closely, the infant
universe of the ?
receding age.

I said, weapons should not
be allowed to speak, cheating
the all terrain of
humankind.

The legality has to be
defined to earn the daily
bread for impregnable
hunger.

Whatsoever, there was no
precedence to take the occult
into the homes of non-
committal voices.

You become the temple
without god, who was
waiting at the gate.

Satish Verma

Unroofed

It haunts.
You still want to see the?
beheading, piecemeal
in borderless pain.
The war had defrauded my life.

An unsoiled moon
was taking depressed steps tonight.
Faith healing had stopped.

Floaters swim again in view.

A forbidden place.
You do not want to visit the
Blood-soaked turf.

Darkness enters
the poem.

Satish Verma

Unruffled

Was I sane?
Like poetry infiltrating,
when you were eating grass?
And money was walking free.

The hollow eyes
had the moral authority
to expunge the fidelity from the
book. Are the blue needles

hurting you, I was asking moon?
Moon's stony eyes started
watering. Strangers in bed, the
trust had a different taste, another smell.

Words were loaded, they were
going to start beheading a tender song.

Satish Verma

Unseeing You

In its entirety your
life was a truth. Then why were
you tethered to sky?

You will shut your
eyes to hide the squint
of moon in distress.

How do I deliver
the pain of crying earth under
the blood clouds?

Satish Verma

Unseeking

It was darkest
night, when truth died.
Who will move the first step?

Rocks were older
than man. Don't throw the stones
on real roses. They bleed.

Ghosts were collecting
the black bones of peers.
They had long arms.

Don't ape my suffering.
I am always hurt on small
things. Weather is changing.

The contrast is deep.
Wash your hands before touching
the goddess. She smiles in sleep.

Satish Verma

Unseen Tragedy

Supermoon was coming
nearer to earth. I made you a
killer. Look inside, you got more.

Stung by a wasp.
I want to live like a hermit.
Nothing was left to say.

A large hole sucks
humanity. I walk alone to meet
my destiny in ring of fire.

Satish Verma

Unsinking In Depth

You are not
on my page.
No more in my abstract sleep.

Cease-fire
will not be declared-
in the realm of dark dreams.

There was
one tear at a time.
No battle cry.

Trampling on
the old reminiscences,
a tiger jumps on the author-

of mangrove.
The aerial roots have
stopped breathing.

Your lungs become
a flute. A war song frightens
the death.

Satish Verma

Unspoken

It was not dark
in a killing field.
A primitivism has prevailed
upon an intimate hate crime
for brand mnemonics.

A bronzed moon
will come out tonight.
The glances were missing
and you -
cannot see properly.

The blue bird
was nesting in a pink cloud,
when you were -,
less than half. Killed
but not raped.

Who rattles the montage?
Let the etiolation speak.
Blood was scarped off,
but the ornamental stealing
goes on.

Satish Verma

Unspoken Secrets

It comes rolling out
from the trees, a sliced moon
inside out, undressing. Pain
quietly walks away.
I wash out my battered dreams.
A spiritual rain drenches
the mind. A shaft of blue light
provokes to inherit the sky.
I hear the music, what is not there.

Anonymous creation,
unnamed, unsung, I am waiting
for a human touch.
I know we have killed all
the manners. Men are becoming roads,
disappearing in landslides.
In names we dedicate
our customs of beautiful past.

Note book narrates but
nobody writes on the wall.
Someone scatters the virgin
seeds like unspoken secrets.
A scream becomes a custom,
mining the unknown.
We will gather the wings
of fallen birds and portray
a non-being on the mirror.

Satish Verma

Unstable

Like ghost particles
we came near each other
to generate sparks.

You would not read
what you had written on
my pulsating forehead.

I will wait for you
in timeless space for
your surrender on pyre.

Satish Verma

Unstitching

Do not take a vow of silence.
Death will find its home.

The circus has taken over
the will stitch

the wounds of earth. A man
walks into sunset carrying

a bowl of tears. The sit-in
was going to resist a poem

of life. Would you unrobe
your identity in public one day?

Always I am punctuated at night
by a yellow moon standing

in my window. A nude goddess
is going to mourn the death of a thought.

Satish Verma

Un succeeding

After the
elective execution,
you reach at the
end of nowhere.

A wayward
cloud stands alone
under the plump moon.

It is absolutely?
white, like the
wings of a swan.

Beneath the earth
you want to dig out
the remains of dark hoods.

Gale-force winds
promise to make you
snow-blind.

Satish Verma

Unsung

Cannot see blood.
Someone had drawn a line
on wrist with a blade.

You were not
aware of living dead,
tangled. No snake.

Bite. Browning skin
cracked. Sleeping along orchid.
Now ultima Thule.

Satish Verma

Unsung Hands

How can you unsee an etched wound?
The name will tell the moon.
An empty sky now calls for
the rains.

What was it-
the ceremonial farewell?
A dependable pain now starts
pulling out the sharpnels from the body.

You may call it
meaningless. My poem now
moves between the stings. Somebody
was going for a merciless kill.

Satish Verma

Untethered

Under deadly nightshade
we met for the first time,
to watch each other's brilliance?
and rip away.

The scars had become our
moons. We sailed through?
the ocean of grief.

When we gather in dark
there was no choice?
between I am, and you are.

You were afraid to confront?
not accepting what your skin feels
and mind rejects.

The soul searching begins
to become non-conformist,
in green night?
beautiful night.

Satish Verma

Unthinkable

You don't live in
the moment, like the
dusk before the moon.

Survival was an
art, tremblingly, to hear
the voices of silence.

Truth was in you
not faraway from gods.
You need to open a door.

Let me create love
through pain, intense agony
to reach the tender
myths, leaving the salt.

A fawn shaped
face, inscrutable, always
chases me.

Satish Verma

Unthinking

Earth was sending a long
shadow on the moon.
A great night for both of them.

*

A city of dreams
lies still. A divine path
opens for the erring earthlings.

*

A night falls
surreptitiously on the lake.
The moonlight was trapped by waves.

Satish Verma

Unthreading

It was a damp kiss
of an image.
Dispassionately you drop
an old coin into my hands.

Faithless in your poem.
I adored the Venus in twilight.
Carnation. A rose pink color,
appears in your eyes.

Rising from the marshy
slush, greater flamingos
keep watch underneath, at the
army of urns.

The sameness now dithers.
You want to weave the moon
in your breast, unpreparing
to open the heart.

Satish Verma

Until Pain

Like a snowfox
it stampedes.
A mass panic of legs
after the flame festival.
Language moves like a landslide,
without vocabulary.

A love sperm will not go
into the test tube.
Baby was waiting, looking for
mother. The wetland was boiling.
The pain was worthy of the lamb
sacrificed.

Like a lantern, herpes zoster, burns.
The ganglia in memory of sick embrace.

Satish Verma

Untill I Arrive

Stunning yourself,
after setting ablaze,
circumbulating the tied down god in center,
you start a death dance

for the wasted limbs. How far the
self-immolation was justified
for the young pond of hyacinths?
And as I moved away from this stupidity,

the rains arrived to fill the streams;
glaciers decided not to melt away.
Time stopped me in my tracks to hold
my pen firmly and open the craft page.

Here the street now burns to make
sufferings taller than rewards. You
lie still in the sea of blue pains, waiting
to set fire to strawberries.

Satish Verma

Untitled

The triangle?
right-angled. Pythagorean
I would never find the center.

An absence gnaws
at me. Standing in dark
I start a talkathon with walls.

Stoically, I reverse
the numbers. Fires start.
I am still reading the page,
started before I met you.

The poise, the serenity
are gone. Masks are coming off
there and now I embrace the burning well.

Bliss of looking back
at unreached peaks of pain.
It is very cold.
Now ice will not melt.
You know who bled my poems.

Satish Verma

Untitled Monument

Beyond the self,
is the freedom, unchained dawn,
I am in a crowd of voices.
Lifted by songs,
a bruised truth becomes a rose.
Choice was limited,
I desired silence, middle path in night,
under the lunar ecstasy.

Nowhere to go
I searched for tranquility, peace and light.
Failing hopelessly.
Love migrates back to old memories.
White days are pruned,
I would say the mirror was wrong.
I did not choose my life.

Dream of final
release was extraordinary
grandeur of pink moon
hanging on the trees,
the divine shower.
Life did not alter the genes,
it shifted the flow.
Untitled monument was submerged.

Satish Verma

Untitled Oneness

In stark unreality,
I start with a blank
page, unwritten? but
worth reading.

A breakthrough was
needed to rip apart
the lost manhood.

My obsession with you
is growing, who will not tell
why the temple exists
without a deity.

You adore sans words
and then hide between
the signs, like a misunderstanding.
The morgue doesn't have the bodies.

A renegade comes back
deprived of arms, to die
between your lips. The
wine was tasteless.

Let the muse live without a name.

Satish Verma

Untold Journey

It does not make any sense
to go beyond, where the road ends.

He was searching the meaning
of life. Moving out of comfort zone
to Roman cave.

Émigré to chessboard,
he will stop pushing the game.

But what about the demons?
sitting on my chest, in cahoots with the nails?

Somebody walks into assassin's
trap. Somebody's bread does not
reach the home.

A child will ask, when my
father will return? There was no answer.

The tide has brought back
the ashes.

Satish Verma

Untold Story

Unpoisoned you,
the day sun died. Who
will rise now from dust?

What will happen,
if I remained uncollected
by you. Lips will not move.

It was a majestic
call. You manipulate the moon
to become my lover.

Satish Verma

Untouchability

Sundown, the masks
come out and a game of
perfidy begins.

Words disappear. A
long pause. You will kill two
birds with one stone.
You and ultimate.

No threats. Only the
heat and flames of summer.
In a dark cave, the icicles
form a white deity.

The religion of the body
and flesh, has no god,
no prayer.

The candle burns?
without a wick, melts
into a blue lake.

Satish Verma

Untouchable

I am not your
truth. Time filters.
Wait until I change.

Trapped, we fall
together. Centuries back
at the edge of moon.

When I ask who
are you, you become my
shadow under the sun.

Satish Verma

Untouchables

Did the supermoon
change you, as the earthmark
was disintegrating?

What you didn't
say becomes a smeared dot
on your forehead.

I would survive
between the two eyes, measuring
the space in thoughts.

Your place the ash
from pura at the feet of
walking out moon.

Why the lies are
used to save the truth from
the burning bush?

I become a raw
ghost. Do we meet only
in heaven?

Satish Verma

Untouching Smiles

Sitting on the border wall
and looking at the moon.
Back-and-forth,
Back-and-forth
China breaks in my dry eyes.

Clay into vitrified
ceramic asks for emigration
to the sea for final immersion,
to meet the creator.

I look for your face
in water, that haunts me
day and night. Would you ever
fill up the colors in the map of my pain?

More poems. How could you
stop them coming? My
every ache turns into a daffodil.

Satish Verma

Untraced

Another weeping star
comes to me. The twin
presence interacts.

Personified.
A pain sits with me.
I split into shards.

A spooky boom.
Water bends. I kiss
your scream.

White night.
Acacia breaks,
roots won't move.

Satish Verma

Untrailed

It was a wake up call
 invoked
☐ the beginning of serene numbness.

Under the veiled threat of
☐ a moon
celebrating the kill. A path in croci;

waiting becomes a torture for a
☐ saffron sundown,
mercury was rising on snowy peaks.

Let's toe a shikara in the lake
☐ to catch a reflection
of the audible silence of a frozen shoulder

A pause in psychotic burst of
☐ shattered false teeth
☐ time in full habit.

Satish Verma

Untrodden Snow

A night of one thousand moons
and I am dancing
in dark.

Circa.
My half-script was left
with you, under a scrap.

Now I am not
finding any punctuations
in the aerie.

At unknown heights
wake me up in blue depths
when sun does not rise.

Stones placed on hyacinth
will not bury the scent.
I might bring another red spike.

Satish Verma

Ununderstood

In deep silence
my words float in your eyes,
past twilight.

I will stay in parlor
to watch a lazy moon.
A tarantula starts moving.

An ancient prayer
leaves the footprints on
the skin of dead song.

Let it be stolen
my peace, in the name of
a bitter fight with stars.

The spirit of thumb
to meet forefinger would
remain eternal.

Satish Verma

Unwaking

I need not want to know for it,
a dirty mind of lateral conjugation;
of uncharted hopes. The name
splits the long story.

Everyone had a stain on chest,
color roiling the heart.
Dancing on the cocktail grass,
they started calling the moon by putting up long knives.

Unhearing the whistles in rooms of
lambs, the crosswords engaged the knot
of strongheads who had started
playing diplomacy.

Nothing changed the contours. The wind
was inheriting the scent of a rider, the
trees unheard off. Fastidious, my innocent
mind was looking at the highway.

Satish Verma

Unwashed By Sins

Life had tossed you in
flames.

Like hearthstone, I sit
deleting my colors.

Time on black feet
runs, on the sacred
river bank.

Molten lava will ask
when, and from where
the funeral procession will start.

A hard core wants
the evidence of rape. Two
leaves will not cover
the naked aggression.□

The spooky game had
become, ultimately? the biopic. Once
angles used to roam
on the burning coals.

Satish Verma

Unwedded

In final journey, there
was a collective guilt.
To find an opus, I reach out
for a carbon pit.

It was not your grief
not my miracle. Collecting the
cadavers to sleep with?
for warmth.

Ashes, you poke at the
art. Except self-elevation
and grandiosity, what to discover
in the heap of refuse?

You start nibbling at your
clothes. The scream melts at
the stitches. Style wavers,
you become naked.

Satish Verma

Unworded

The search was absolute,
truth was not.
The shades of impermanence
and flowing emotions merged.
I stood between the reality
and tilting shadows of time zones.
The distance had created
metaphors and I was weary of pretentions.

The deep sorrow nurtured
a grain of truth
an essence of time.
Earth shuddered in the
process of integumentation.
I trampled on the grass
as if to find the ozone.
Impatience scattered the wings.
I smelled the stone.

Take me not to gloom of death,
the immeasurable pain
I will find the ultimate path.
It was not easy to uncondition the lips.
Mute genes had become my potency.
Unworded a voice rose in the east,
I squirmed.

Satish Verma

Unworthy Of Book

Handcuffed, you digress
from the vacuity. A bucket
full of hymns, will not?
erode, the fog of winter.

Let us start telling the
unsaid things of monstrous life.
The milk bath, the roaring and
the panther in the dry well.

The cortical pain, seeps into
the medulla. You will not find
a single soul, who will talk
about the fall.

The clocks are being moved
to save the light?
which splinters into myriad
faces, when you scream.

Satish Verma

Unwritten

Your troubled mind,
becomes the creator.
A bouquet for moon.

Words suspended in
empty sky to reach your
quivering thoughts.

My poem will remain
incomplete without touching
your wavering pen.

Satish Verma

Unwritten Affair

This was eerie
in blue seizures. Half-mother
was ready to defend.

The sun, spins the hot
ash overnight. The waste land
will never answer.

You wake and lose
the rare event of alchemy.
Gold turns to base metal.

Satish Verma

Unwritten Grief

Standing in dark storm,
not to turn back.

An imperial oath
breaks, I don't want to
take any foreward for
my departure.

Small feet in
tattered shoes will not
leave any footmarks, and
climb the sharp edge.

Any friend becomes
A bleeding wound. It was
better to seek an asylum
in smile of black moon..

The knitting must
start. There was a pause
in pain of giving away
my muse.

Satish Verma

Unyielding

Sexism was chasing a
gibbous moon whole night.
I ask the virtuous dark,
will you be a hangman?

Targeted love was a bliss
for a dying man. You need
to walk on a fine line to
attain the liberation.

Despite the coveted prize,
killing was more convenient.
There hangs a tale, you
cannot play the tune again.

Without the hyphen, the
other side becomes blue.
A belief starts the tremors
in the sleeves of a headless moon.

Satish Verma

Unzipped

Faded years come back with a vengeance
Clutching your sorrows.
And you were walking on the burning coals.

Spirit of journey was more relevant
than destiny.
You lifted the burden of anecdotes, gathered
the dusk from the sky
and moved on towards moon.

Tormented, abused, the motive unknown,
hostilities were always directed at you
Alone you were killing the sickening pain,
strangulating the thought, you opened
the door of brilliance.

So thin was ice on the lake,
evil shadows were falling on the road
It was hard to walk unruffled.
Still unzipped, you took the plunge.

Satish Verma

Updated

I will not elaborate,
what I mean.
You have to dig out the treasure.

The puzzle was not new.
The memorial will be
buried in the sand.

A bloodbath will give?
the final touch to the
ground, less savoury now of inhumanity.

We celebrate the anniversary
to forget the world's
conflicts, man made.

Will you come in the
dark? The snipers are watching
out for the sparks of mercy.

Satish Verma

Uprising

Trying to quantify the vices
in you, I am becoming
brute.

Going my own way.
I join the migration
of invisibles.

A plucked tiger lily
roars. Amphibians were ready
to invade the mountain.

The curled fingers
had become question marks.
Blindness had become a bliss.

Inlaid in the redwood
lies my blood. I lived under
the branches, naked, carefree.

Satish Verma

Uplifting

You would repeat,
not going tears, for the
sake of moon.

Why a spark floats
in water of eyes to
burn vocabulary?

Breaths don't meet
now, under the red hollyhocks,
hanging to embrace.

Satish Verma

Upright Mirrors

for beheading the raceme
three bullets went into the bubbling chest the assassins
had come when she was alone with scars
on wings she sailed on voices of silence the melody
had kissed the moon in night without veil it was
dark night for blue hills they killed a bloom
of white jasmines why are you upset my love
she has gone on orange wheels towards the sun
the black sea mourns by throwing the wreaths
back on shore to protect the virginity of fishes
and waves a bleeding god disowns
the green earth

Satish Verma

Uprising

Empty hands were trying to collate
the fallout after the trigger moment
invited the unwelcome guest
wearing explosive vest.

It gives a push to throw away the paper
and I walk up to the ink for a
new chapter. The squinting sun was
not able to break the stoic silence of adoration.

A pervasive ambition spreads out
on the breads of poor dreams.
Pay no attention, pay no respect to the falling
patriarch. Daughters of broken stars were rising.

Satish Verma

Satish Verma

Uprooting

The intrigues, the twists
unravel the woven threads
of the mystery. Traumatized
and dazed, I play!

dice with the unknown to
find out the truth.

Confronting the purpose
of existence,
you come out of the flesh
after flogging!
and start dancing
with bones.

Extremely poor,
you play the hand
and fail.

Elsewhere someone
climbs on the pole
and sets the house on fire.

Satish Verma

Uprooting Dandelions

Eating a suicide tree's fruit
searching for the answers.

When I am me without you;
poetry meets an accident.

I stand on the shifting sands,
asking each stone, where
was my home?

In core of your earth, I was
the centrex with no message.

The white paper and black dots?
doors had become jealous.

No light falls, on the prayer book.
I apologize for my ignorance.

Satish Verma

Upstaging

Death by rains.
No exclamation
was needed.

*

O, moon; -
I will join you soon,
hotted up by sun.

*

Parenthesis.
I am reading again
my lost poem.

Satish Verma

Utopia

Was there any option left?
Violence was there,
evil existed in pacifism.

Signature flora demonstrates
the mental poise.
I call for the imperfections.

In blue mood, I kill the moon
and take a walk on the cinders.
Will you give me a hand?

There was no path left,
but the trees were walking on beach.
The war will never end

between the genders. The
secret of butterfly catcher
was buried long ago.

From a childhood into the -
forest of lies, it was a long
journey losing the scents.

Satish Verma

Vagaries

Intimacy in dark
carries the emptiness,
pauses in the way?
under the faint moon.

A homeless bird heads towards
the lake.

Passiflora.
The flowers remind you
of crucifixion.

The human loss was intense.
The fire within, extinguished.
No stone was ready to move.
Do you want the sound to be on?

The firmness now starts
melting. A holy river caresses
the bridge. Shores tremble.

Satish Verma

Valentine

Your body in mud pack
in line of fire
suddenly finds a lover.
I was watching with concern.

Cup of soul, lined with abrasive desires
was empty. Do not go raging in the
sea, to collect the salt.
The pink eye tells the boom.

We may meet again, may not.
I was leaving behind
a trail of exiled skulls on sand.
The ghosts had left the home waking up

On periphery of trembling moon.
The door did not open for apocalypse.
I fell over long stemmed roses
since life was very desperate!

Satish Verma

Valley Of Pain

Where do I go now?
Sky is burning and larks are
invoking unheard screams.

In crisis you bow out.
I want to stop breaking of hearts.
O colossus violence is rising.

On the wall sits buddha.
Buddha in prayer. He wants to make
peace. I dream to commit suicide.

Satish Verma

Valley Of Tears

Beyond the gaze there is a time zone
of rumored agitation
when you cannot sleep.
You open your eyes quietly to complain.

The caretaker has prepared the shroud.
Smoke is rising on the hills.
No body walks with you,
it is a lone journey, where
centuries throw the dust on your hallowed gifts.

The pyramid of signs, symbols, signatures,
disappear in penultimate flare.
Time to leave the waiting room.

The resurrection will take place now;
of fear; of despair; of foot steps in dark.
I will hear them, holding my breath.

Landscape will change into valley of tears.

Satish Verma

Vanities

Was that a robot
claiming friendship
with the relics of past?

Or a quirk of a raw nerve
conversing with history:
and we will wait for centuries

to build a new scream
under the pale moon
in wingless night.

Whispering sex to flowers,
bees scrambled on the skin
of wooly leaves.

Satish Verma

Vaporization

Death denial of candlelit vigil for a fallen harbor
brought the climate change for a flag which flew
at half-staff. The noose was tightening around the
open-hearted blossoms. A dead sea has started
selling its salt to land sharks.

These days I am becoming introvert. The needles
have become blind, cannot stitch the god given
sores, the private tears of a soldier wounded
at home by the hands of a friend. Missed abortion
of a truth.

I thought of lies inside her lips, my solid
mate who set my skin blue after I drank her
proffered drink of hemlock. I stripped to the
bones for a glow of death which comes when
you give away your life for a pink sun.

Satish Verma

Satish Verma

Vast And Near

To shut the methane,
you sent?
the barbs. The brutal
assault against the thimbles.

I will not send the
edict for withdrawl.
Even the river
was thirsty.

The freaks were
jumping on the fence.
An interrupted moon
was wary of them.

I will draw a
sand painting to heal
the man on the
beach.

The air smells
like an egg. As you
run, the mist
fills your eyes.

Satish Verma

Vaulting

Deep inside
there was a simian jealousy.
The opaque words will raise
a burnt-out storm –
returning the whole family
of white flowers to the moon.

The falling
inside the bowl
before the snake could strike
interrupting the dead soldiers
of unknown war-
weapon-free.

A stunning invasion
of the spoons in summer months,
when sweat was expensive than
truth and a sentence
was lost between the punctuations.

Yet I was going to recite a poem.

Satish Verma

Veiled Inferno

Take it to the doors of heart:
features are same,
of whores and nuns.

Small steps, big hands
move towards the blood-gates of ropes
to pluck the thorns from books.

Tomorrow was yet to come.
Today it is bloodbath
in river of slogans

Afterword was mine.
The candle will burn for whole night
in different colors.

Who was outsider
in the shivering crowd?
Let everybody shed the mask

Satish Verma

Veils Have Strings

The seamstress
fails to stitch the moon,
when it was raining poverty.

Would you come near me,
looking in the eyes of sun?
You should make a move.

There was no god's will
when the truth was being
laid to rest, after it was shot dead.

This grief is not only mine.
You will have to open
the wounds to dignity.

Glamour,
sparkle and show.
It was disgusting.

There was a mass burning.
Blackened and singed
bodies, don't speak.

Satish Verma

Velvety Horns

It continues to simmer,
my observation. I was
always incomplete.

I start the witch-hunt
of the language, what you speak.
Lynx eyed, feline you will
not give the clue.

Neither you will turn away,
nor I will bring out
my scripture. We don't want to read
the command together, of our
unknown enemy.

Stark madness, to flirt
each other. The art of democracy
comes into force. We will
spent full life to know each other.

How do we know from A to Z,
who were our synonyms?
You win, I lose in
hiding from each other.

Satish Verma

Velvety Return

Like a dung beetle you were guarding
the tunnel, I will not let the ball roll away,

a grain of ache in my you had
to go, on cathartic release of mutual trust?

A stone in the heart, ice on the wings,
there will be a terrible crash today.

He died by his own hands, failing to reach
the ceiling of solid pain, trekking across

the memories in deep waters. The born depression
had the bride of moon without flesh, beyond the gaze.

A hand holds the sunlight reaching your eyes.
You may swim with fish in mid stream of death.

Satish Verma

Vendetta

Brown eyes:
little things?
I ask from you.

This is the holy land,
you can walk, without
offering anything.

I will not surrender
an alter ego
for a price.

The walls scoop
the shadows
for future skin.

A small pilgrimage
for the
dying god.

It hurts when
my lips will not touch
the flame.

Satish Verma

Vengeance

Arithmetic becomes poetry,
when you start counting the stars in Milky Way.

Light will cross
your path. Your own sun
becomes a logic.

You step into a holy bath
to collect all the scripts
of the dark circles.

Where the infinity starts,
you become the center?
of all the conflicts.

A simple way to burn
without throwing light.
How would you raise your finger?

Satish Verma

Venom And Stings

Behind the iron mask, with
unsteady hands, I
separate the conjoined thoughts
and start greening.

I will ask, the god
after a chilling spectacle
of undying freeze, that
don't give me the bliss,
but only truth.

No mercy, no sympathy.
I will walk on the spiked
road to reach you in your own
sepulcher, to become you
and suffer.

Who needs eternity
to grieve for dying lights?
Darkness has its least
you won't see the beasts in action.

O god, let the blue sky
open like an abyss to embrace
the fallen baby.

Satish Verma

Venomous Bites

Pain on pain, how to
teach your being, when you curl
like a still reptile.

*

Won't be able to feel
you in moonlight, when it was
snowing pin drop.

*

You stay with me like
a strawberry mark. I will try,
write a name there on.

Satish Verma

Venomously

Can you feel pulse
of a moment before it
explodes on face?

I have yet to find
my tiger to ride for an
antique encounter.

Pomegranates.
You squeeze the red flesh
to find out viper.

Satish Verma

Verbatim□

Can you come outside of you?

The dream inside a dream
of the show. It must go on.
For prudence of plucking
from singularity of indifference,
of mooning.

Once upon a moon in timeless moon
a green snake entered the moon
existing in a personal poison.

The pink, the yellow, the mauve
lilies, in a circle
going anti-clockwise
to dig out a black panther
in grass.

Of conjugal loyalty
in a fresco, when
color will not penetrate
the wall;
that wall –
remained dirty!

Satish Verma

Verdict

The point was, he had swallowed
the pawn.

The world rips apart
and ultimate wintering
sets in.

Shy of one truth,
the hour of reckoning demands
the blood facts.

You could have destroyed
me if I were to sing.

There were no crisis. Dismemberment
went on to squeeze honey
from the hapless victims chanting
Hail Mary.
I sizzled in vain.

Choking on your trumped up
victory, you will break in the house
to find the silver god stolen from
a golden mantel.

You climb on a tall tree and
then disappear in clear blue.

Satish Verma

Verged Into The Suicidal Art

Unnaming pro-lifers, I
was ready to imitate
the song of the ruins.

Rising like a phonex
from the spermaceti of flames,
a unisexual rage,
engulfs the smoke of burning homes.

I am painting you
black, O white god, your
devotees were coming in the nude.

Bend down angel; the eclectic
door was small and the beautiful
windows were closed.

No need to wait for
a lost moon. The godchild
had been laid to rest in scythe bed.

Come when you are
going to faint in the arms
of poems. I will stay for eternity.

Satish Verma

Verities

The moon was moving
stealthily in wilderness.
Time was running out
tracing the shape.

I let her go, the
comely thing, putting on
hold, the teetering
poem.

Running faster than light, the
words catch you in midstream.
A warlord wants to put on
a helmet in night.

It was raining sparks and
cinders. You walk along the
redoubts, obliterating
simmering footsteps.

I am not a loser
dancing in the pit of snakes.
Bring the sweetness of venom.
I am alive.

Satish Verma

Very Discreetly

Tonight moon was
gliding like a swan,
white and graceful.
But you slept on my hand
like a skylark.

Your eyes lit up
when I squeezed a verse.

Do I need to tell you
that fireflies had gone mad
after striking you?

And the weird thing was,
Aurora blushed after running into dark.

To catch your shadow,
time stood still, until
the sun passed away.

Satish Verma

Very Disturbing

Rains will not come to my land.
Bisexuality starts a slut walk.
Blackbucks were hungry.

The stray dogs were barking
at moon. Into the night goes
the snake without any truth.

Nearly over the scooped –
protection of virginity
against the dazzling hirsutism.

Lost fortune of the flaunted
Buddha. I have no legs
to bow down before the pale god.

This is the sex: there are
strawberries. Have a pick
of comets, bleeding.

Satish Verma

Very Unsettling

This was the collective
fall, unsolving
the riddle of life.

In memoriam, I
light? tens of millions
of candles for each departed thought.

Ahead were hard times
of darkness, I wanted to
view the world from a cadaver eyes
after being cheated, robbed
and abused?

to be born again with
a blank book, as a white sheet
on dust-ridden toes.

Nobody will know
that a father was coming home
to seek the unborn children.

Satish Verma

Vibrations

The battlelines were drawn.
While drinking the sun
I set myself ablaze

A hooded dilemma
of his kindness
starts boiling in chaotic dissonance.

A backlash stops a self-search.
Who am I and why do I belong
in the spinning of descent.

There were flames in every home
and biting dust of the moon.
Where the man will go.

The birth's print and death's answer
had the bidding game.
I was standing in the middle.

Satish Verma

Satish Verma

Victory March

The living dead are going to
ask for the right to be
forgotten in gender dysphoria.

In grimed apparel,
the deities were deported back
to the barn, for housing the antiques.

The future turns blue,
moon-eyed, hooking up the
hopes of running heels.

Is that true that there
will be mass suicide after
the fall of the fort?

The fat lanterns now
don't throw the light. Incense
of burning flesh floats.

Satish Verma

Victory Of Fall

One unthinkably hostile debate
started in a colosseum:
a path to kill the clemency.
A comatose truth was listening to lies.

They were pointingly arguing about
the nukes option to bring about the peace
and prosperity on the strife torn earth.
Total annihilation will initiate a new world.

Troubled times; the failure of sacramental thread
to tie the god. The king presides over
the sweaty palms which failed the swords.
Deprivation will breed the contempt for theater.

Horses were ready to disobey the order.
Shoes were thrown on altar.
The eyes were everywhere in the wounds, stained
with guilt, never to celebrate the victory.

Satish Verma

Vigilance

The sellout of an identity
was complete.
You were standing on your
blood.□

Scarce was the remorse
in your eyes,
after killing your
verse.

Bipedal activity has been
ruined.
And you were crawling
on all fours.

You are glorifying the
sex,
forgetting the brides of
jungle.

Can you walk upright,
stay clean
and stop eating the dialogues?

Satish Verma

Vignette

Where do
I go in dark?
There was no moon
no taper.

*

The petals,
unspeak, fall
from the endowed,
forehead of goddess!

*

Do you believe-
in omens?
Between right and wrong
I am crumbling.

Satish Verma

Violence In A Cup

The winged sex of the
module/wants to stay naked.
Everything backs it up
to become a suicide bomber
on the beach.

A cactus will not bloom tonight.
A shirt was loaned to the
tortured torso without head and limbs.

She was possessed by a
black spirit of a squirrel,
which was killed by a hatchet.

Bit by bit a moth was eaten alive
by the ants. Only the dry wings
were clapping.

Satish Verma

Violence Unkind

When besieged by
shooting, the word kills word.
Meaningless show.

The day will unfold
bringing blood on street.
I will pray for night.

Sectarian push
decimates the forest
of daisies.

Satish Verma

Violent End

Crush of holy hands
on blue skin of a flame
was the wet revenge
of a withering rose.

That defiant streak bursts
with knowledge of a sin.
White and black,
this was me and my unwrapped flesh.

Dirty glory of a monologue
downs the shutters and takes a plunge
with a chute into the smoking
cauldron of a cult.

In the bed a grave was dug
deep to bury the ashen virtue
of a chopped-up moon,
who had a dream of nonviolence.

Satish Verma

Violent Flaws

You call an all night truce
of all stripes in moonlight.
Only milk will flow in dark.

*

The violets had a secret to tell.
Tonight the moon will
appear red after meditation.

*

A single parent, gay, has
come to stay in line
to accept his godless defeat.

Satish Verma

Violent Shaking

Colored truth,
becomes a hot balloon
in denial mode.

For your own?
relevance, negativity will
not accept the defeat.

Between the stars,
anger erupts?
to reorient the gaffe.

Outrage and despair
are writ large
on the face of non-white moon.

Satish Verma

Violets Under The Rocks

You pray for deliverance
when the pause between
the words have some
meaning.

Moon sheds the light.

A fantasy takes a risk,
going too deep in for future.
You fumble with the right tone.

I ask you to come
slowly like a wounded tigress
for a final kill.

The silent howling
bends down to pick up the
red clover. Nobody wants to
be half-dead.

My immaculate faults glare.
The copperhead waits. I
am ready to take a kiss.

Satish Verma

Virgin Defeat

A tragic turn.
Mid story bleeds. No one was
live to offer apology.

We are fond of
picking the rocks, falling from
sky of unknown god.

The distance increases
when you give a call in
valley of loud echoes.

Satish Verma

Virginity

In half-moon
you have been crying inside,
where the light has gone?

I learn from you
small things like kissing
the blood of the thumb?

When the arrow was
shot towards the tiny eye
of a dead snake.

Satish Verma

Virtual Images

A very crude question,
I will ask. What kind of
bestiality or a war?
you want to start, after a
little infidelity?

It was not a dumb
pleading. The orange moon
burns every night.

Some virgin deaths,
and conversations about
this side of murders are needed
to be addressed.

Water and earth, both
were becoming hot and cold.
Nothing was good,
nothing was bad.

The white gowned ghosts
wanted to become benign.

Who was playing God?

Satish Verma

Virtually Untrue

Lethal mix
of blood ties? before
a fugue delivers its tremors.
A rage visits with the dark voices...

Reverberating in death chamber.

Heat seeking? the missile
goes straight into the heart of the Himalayas.

I am still recovering?
from the eternal fires? of biligual nights.

I am transfixed?
in my shoes? facing shoulder
fired? a sentence ejecting its hate.

Satish Verma

Virtuosity

The wind was talking
about the fever of thoughtless verdict
of a wrong moral
for a clean exit.

In these times of conflict
during green burial, you will not
start a dialogues for fear of
annoying the priest.

The sun was digging out the
cotyledons from the reactors,
the tainted water will take the revenge
on shocked sky.

A hole is dug in the heart
of scavengers. They will not
find the healthy food any more
in this shirtless crowd.

Satish Verma

Virtuous Or Vicious

No words,
no thoughts,
remained unkissed, unwed
by a shapeless white death.
Still under the spell,
I squatter before the moon,
peeling off, to receive
the ultimate.

I am trying,
to find the roots,
of unknown.
Breaking protocol, for a
moron liability, unclouding
the dark sky. It was homecoming
of a Michelangelo to repeat
the performance.

I want to write
a dirty poem

Satish Verma

Virulence

scape without a name
scepter of a colossus
merge in a yellow boom
between hunch and a knife,

to keep shut the glassy lips
from red stares
a secret of an anonym
scripting sunset

the stacked neurotransmission
of millions of texts
with quietus
not to return back without the foe's skull

a hollowness reverberates
while indifference talks
of moon's lair
nor a dwindling shoulder –

and the tigers have disappeared
from sanctuary

Satish Verma

Vision

A brisling terror
tormenting the kelp.

Give me a lamenting mast
that will not go, fall.

In the groins
holding a promise,
a crazy god lowers
the wheel.

The absolute alcohol
in your nerves, you
want to light the
candle.

Smashing a dark
hole, which leads
to the brown
Mars

Satish Verma

Vision And Vibrations

Give me pain of
your pain in summer moon,
not to miss the blues

Of valleys.
God to God a scream devastates
some anagrams.

Tonight I will sit
under stars to cool
the sadness of tears.

Satish Verma

Vision In Dark

Give me some love
plants, like viola and ferns.
Don't bend the fish, let her go.

Is it not like mountain
sickness? I cannot climb the steep
rise to see the burning world?

Let us celebrate the
golden month may not live
next day to smellmoon flowers.

Satish Verma

Visionary

At lake point
I had yet to kiss you.

I always said to
you. Age would never
give clemency.

I must subject
myself for scrutiny.
Where did the math go wrong?

The temple, a
shrine. A viper always
waited.

Tell me, would
you ever sign the will
to let go the rope?

Moon and sea, will
maintain the distance.

Satish Verma

Visualization

Looking back at self-portrait
was bewitching.
Self-abuse? Do you think
we should start preparing for a
holy murder?

Like bad sex, you hold
a blue thought and pick
up a fight with a radical dialogue.
If birds start leaving, what
you plan to do with contemporary
poetry.

In a locked room you left
your bloody footprints, sometime back.
Now you are caught with a
broken pen. Time was up. Hand
over your lips and become mute.

Satish Verma

Voiceless Assaults

You are waiting
amid fears. The fretting
does not end.

At where,
the road ends? To find a blue star
where do we go?

The house was
sleeping in fog. Inside the
dome, hooves, quiver.

I have to become
mute. Time was black,
my song blue.

A pure crime.
The vultures come in
cloaks to take away the lamb.

Satish Verma

Voiceless Calling

Fixing the dignity
like a fabulous sarcophagus
you are unsparing in your generosity.

You left one window open
for the saint of wax
to let in the light.

Keeping him alive for –
a fake functionality
to run the community.

There was a long queue
of people to offer the wooden roses
before the wound heals.

Who was eternal in this
vanishing universe? Do-
not stop me if I start bleeding.

Satish Verma

Voicelessly

Listening
from the walls what
was not sacred.

*

A bipolar body?
slaps the weird
space, between your eyes.

*

On the morning
of new year
a hungry panther waits.

*

Before he exploded?
himself, he wrote
his name on boots.

*

The petunias
were always laughing
after the rains.

Satish Verma

Voices

When the sun goes down bleeding
beyond the hills yonder,
I will meet you under
the acacias.

As a souvenir I will keep
your lips in my books for history.
As a gift I will give you
my tears.

This desert of hate has bleached
my fingers, bone white.
I cannot write a monologue
of death in waning light.

I wake to sleep in blasts.
My palms hold out the great silence.

Satish Verma

Voices In Dark

I should not have been
there, where I am now.
The destiny was unscrupulously quiet.

Time goes in suspension
when I don't see you in me.

Flaunting the assets
of dwarf generation, you
kill the galaxy of stars brazenly.

Paraplegia. You break
the eggs in air to touch the placentae.

Twirled. I ask
the question, when your lips
will drown in stoned Buddha?

Out of reach, the honeybees
fly towards the virgin trees.

Satish Verma

Void

As if my inner sound was demanding
take me for
meiosis;
I want to break into many daughter things.

Half my genes
half my color
partly male
partly female
disowning the boundaries,
my lasting pain of grief and anguish
becomes an androgynous god.

I hear the voices in brain
I see the nebulous thoughts dancing
I touch the fallen tears
from faceless eyes.

All my thoughts are leading to void
coming from nowhere
going to nowhere,
I am water and I am sand!

Satish Verma

Volatility

Sailing over the body,
dream to dream
I see, a seated Buddha,
at salt coast.

Everytime you were on wrong
side. It was only accidental?
You start making a snap against
the thumb.

Levitating, you start to under-
stand life anew, cajoling
the pain of abandonment on
the roadside.

Dark lightning sexed the
clouds. Eons away a galaxy
had cried and signature came,
milky way.

Satish Verma

Vox Humana

The family pride
goes for the jugular. The rotational
push, dooms the vessel. I
come out in black waters. Night
is pitch-dark.

Riding the tiger, now you
want to come down. There was
no anonymous call to
remember the wits. A buried
myth is ready to romance.

My country bleeds in war
of titans. The secret of the road
was out. It does not go anywhere.
The bottomless pit is moving up
its depth. Nobody will drown in democracy.

Satish Verma

Voyage

Clouds had refused to part.
A fractured moon was walking in dismay
stroking the gazing stars.

Cornwhite belonging of ashes was
to fire, beloved sky was enchanted
with water ceremony
as a sign of gratitude to earth.

The wind decided to reverse the clock
and navigate in trees of waxing summer
blowing yellow crystals of sulphur.

A red admiral lands on a lone marigold
with detachment, surveys pollen, pie-eyed,
dangles, tilting a nod, emerges for another sortie.

If there was an action, I think in between:
live with it in fire of mind. The voyage
begins when the song of eternity starts.

Satish Verma

Vultures Sitting Silently

Selling the stardust
to become rich,
for harmony.

You will bring
the other world. A lazy
eye laughs. The poor
love weeps.

I have settled
down to accept the barbs
of philanthropy.

This undefined
pain hones the words
to fight the killed panther.

Drink from my
eyes. There was snow
fall on lips.

Satish Verma

Wafer-Thin

Wearing a straitjacket
you come out in open.

 This was a black day.
 You were not invited.

The economy smells of stale fever.

A pungent smoke rises
from the joints.

 A decision drifts. Scare of
 paper bomb stills?
 the flow of tea.

There was a party.
People come and go. Skullcaps
galore. White on brown sugar.

There is no love lost between us.

Satish Verma

Wailing Windows

Face of terror was
chasing you in the dreams and
violence made you sick of the
evil designs.
We must unpack our grief.
Hurts were huddled under the smiles;
times were stypifying.

I grieve for the dead
prophet, spread – eagled on road.
It had been a memorial death
fighting the ugly machinations
the days had planted.
A calculated murder of mighty truth
had taken place.

Again a flaming head
seeks revenge
violence does not cease.
The greed was the essence.
The town was full of howling.
There was civil war amongst
the wailing windows.
My heart aches,
I didn't belong to this
profile of naked wolves.

Satish Verma

Waist-High Sunk

When you release the
words, your curled fingers
burst into flame.

It was an ancient filth,
a bird fighting in the mud-
house of quote-unquote.

Someone navigated
over the bald heads to find
a landing place for a cuckoo.

Between real and fiction,
you cannot write a hymn
in praise of satan, called god.

I am done with the darkness
all around, and rip open
the wall to let in the jupiter.

Satish Verma

Wait

do not go the orphean way,
he thinks, friends meet as strangers
on road, was the absolute absence able

to find an air hole? the era of truth
dawns too late; calls the windswept
moon as a witness,

the shuddering will distill,
like purple fears from the sieve
of panic and crumbs of blue will fall,

concordia finds a new meaning of
falsehood, stoops, i would say, for
a megacreation,

the baby was found on a garbage
dump in the maddening silence
of protests, the vegans are not going too far,

powerless like a cadaver you do not
want to open the eyes from
a bandaged face

Satish Verma

Waiting

Under the gaze of bald beliefs
a warped dialect
becomes a squeezer.
Helplessly I watch
the slashing of my wrists.

Darkness burns, without light
only intense heat.
The expected miracle digs in
around, in trenches of my knees.
I become a walking ghost.

An immaculate landscape
with not a single blade of grass.
Only a blazing sun, threatening
to make you thingless and godless,
a proximity to aloneness.

Satish Verma

Waiting For Flames

The kindness drips,
when you stop writing about
yourself in sun.

The war continues
between dust and stars under
the gaze of Agni.

Part by part you
are throwing your flesh
to red eagles.

Satish Verma

Waiting For New Year

A lengthy day
to count an arch of colored dreams
in a long queue.

You start sinking
inch by inch, in a deep
obsession of vengeance.

Afraid to leave
the darkness. Cannot see
in the bright glare of sun.

The fall of liberty.
To tell the name of venoms.
How the man has become
a poisonous creep.

An insult to the poet,
singer and artist. Who was
responsible for changing the guards?

Tomorrow was far off.
I am still struggling with today.

Satish Verma

Waiting In Wings

Tell me. Tonight,
when your mind goes blank,
where the smoldering words
will go?

Half-submerged is the harvest
moon. There are splotches
of clouds, but no
clear invite.

Aerial moonlight.
tells the age of tallest pine.
I will not climb the
Everest anymore.

Sky now plunges deep in
an abyss. I will embrace
the upturned terra ferma
and write a new poem.

Satish Verma

Waiting To Blink

Eating circles in the sky
I ask you to step outside
the space. It was time!

I will alter the succession
of flesh to spirit.
Sky was overcast, when
mercury was falling.

The thread breaks. Your
theory falls without wings.
Chandeliers chase the
shadows on the walls.

You start collecting the
tomorrow and the morrows.
There were no more yester-
days. Ashes will stay in urns.

The grass remains wet with dew!

Satish Verma

Waiting To Happen

Being you,
not the bee queen.
Volatile as it appears, would say
one day, I don't know you yet.

The estranged mogul
returns home, empty-
handed.

Don't tell me in
stark and straight words, one
needs clemency.

The flame had touched me.
A strange panorama, created
by the geometry of violence,
now hurts.

Speed and direction
liberates the path breaker.
Resonance of your voice rises,
reading the same poem
again and again.

Segmented icons would not sleep
on the same bed.

Satish Verma

Wakes The Blood

Walking alone in
the dishevelled inner space
I find peace in my failure,
an innocent patch of a silent hurt.
The futility of hollow beliefs
crawls like a spent thunder.
Truth remains unborn.

I cross a bridge where eterniry begins.
The freaks chase the shadow for a while,
the idea so excruciating
they melt in conspiracy of silence.

In oneness and suchness
the harmony drips
from infinite pores.
The seed has a history.
Lost in resonance of outer space,
now wakes the blood,
distorting the ripples.

Satish Verma

Waking

To moon
giving a parting kiss of
sinless shame
I nudged him from the tree.

The night had been a terror.
I was facing myself
in unrelationship of a prayer
not to weep for my muse,

crushing a poppy on my
chest to get the imprint of your
face, like the furrowed flame
leaping from a deep hurt.

Cannot play a game of mockery
deciphering the complete
truth of a veil
for a painless stain.

Satish Verma

Waking Is Painful

Reading the innocence of leaves,
a tree, yellow stars,
I was always glad of new birth
and another death. Ceasation
did not repeat itself.
I hold the nightmare, hypnotized.
Pride without flame, ending in smoke,
until you come at dawn
like an echo in silence.

At process of transmutation
old memories are indelible
stains the solitude,
when I am in retreat, to awake the silence.
The wilderness haunts
the morning glory of creation.
Hope imitates the wings
for a brief time. Waking is painful.

In attachment to walls,
labyrinth of miseries
we wanted our language
to show non-conflicting assumptions.
Love generates the search
for cloudless humility.
Seeing through was not
the romance. Denying
was the essence of purity.

Satish Verma

Waking One Day

My poem will sleep on?
bewildering at the
honey trap of moon.

A motherless cloud was
reluctant to undo the
kiss on parched lips.

I say, would you be
real thing like the holy earth
ready to surrender?

Satish Verma

Waking The Danger

Nothing was taboo
for the god climbers.
Will stay at temple.

This was a murder
intrigue, unparalleled
in history of man.

The great walls of
mind protect the liberal.
A lover of moon.

Satish Verma

Waking Up

In dark I perceive soundless steps
 shifting restlessly
rustling of clothes.
gentle tapping on the window
a shadow floats.

I don't know if I was moving myself
trampling sleep.
Persistent insomnia sometimes creates
 strange images.
Heart will toss the words in silence
and I will lit the blue flame in stillness.

That skimpy memory of a half-burned
corpse in a smoked room
haunts me. I carry the imprint of
violence in nerves, throbbing.
A riot of bright color in bougainvillaea
will wake me up in the morning.

Satish Verma

Walking Away

A blood oath you
made stabbing the moon.
Will not wait for sun.

Never bled the light
in dark to watch your face
in gleaming tears.

Would you like to
sit under the bodhi tree
to take in Buddha?

Satish Verma

Walking Down The Lane

Time entombed, a negative
film, showing the
white bones of
a black moon.

I am surprised, how
a jungle of humanity, lives
with predators?
uncomplainingly.

A lost genre will find
new syllables to start a
heliographic script to
make history.

There has to be some
reason, in the lamb days
to become a wolf.

Satish Verma

Walking In The Woods

Like war of words.
A fierce battle of winds
erupted between
mountain and woods.

There was no
rain, after the clouds
gathered. It was time
to say goodbye?

to moon. The sky
was playing host
to fireballs and coming
meteorites like man's fall.

Satish Verma

Walking In Twilight

Have you ever seen,
how the moon rises to tell the
story of slaying?

December was white,
I scramble to plank the blog
was to warn you.

The stillness quivers
words flow in icy air to
fix a tattoo on your arm.

You give a hearty
laugh, winning a race on
stingy thorns.

Your secret journey
begins like an odyssey to meet
your eternal pain becoming a god.

Satish Verma

Walking In Woods

This spectrum.
No it will not work.
I am not there in the
shade, smoke filled barn, or?
in secular morgue.
Stubble burning was
like legend of war.
How do I shut the
door of diamond moon?
in the kingdom of
weeping night?
An animal in you
will not sleep, claiming the
innocence of baby steps.
A virginal vanity.
Nobody stops you to
display the grains of salt.
Would you listen to the land,
flight of words?
passage of time?

Satish Verma

Walking Into You

Tonight
the nectar will be spread
to tame a random tormentor.

Black and white,
I never saw my father weeping.
Lonely he was.

I am
my own creation today
weather beaten. Confession to -

confession, unread. When the-
storm was tethered,
there was flooding and neck deep-

you were in tears. Am cannibalizing
my own poems, to write a new line.
It was a midnight moon.

Satish Verma

Walking Out

Do not give me a shrine.
Not for me.

A no-name.

Between hollyhock and
rose, I like the
laltern.

I am not a savage,
mangling, the bush.

Happy hormones,
I am coming at peace with me
but no opioid sleep.

Thumbs-up for my failure
to become a joke.

Satish Verma

Walking Shadows

A cherry legacy
and the orange pick.
Let me go wild.

*

Embellishing
the rock, with flowers,
for a golden fruit.

*

A journey, for
the comfort of slopes,
on the clear lake.

Satish Verma

Walking Small Feet

Distrust prevails.
To be poor. Why did you need
less, than you want?

I will ask me, and get no
answer. Like hedgehog. Spiny
coat. You will not watch?

the thought coming. I do
not move. The dead horse
speaks of moments of stillness.

A perception cleaves the mind.
The world takes revenge
behind the glass. You were?

squirming in the vessel. What
was your name, among the
stumps? A cloudburst, wipes

out the deity. The walls
stand out in the death masks.

Satish Verma

Walking Toeless

Stone by stone you kill me.
Petal by petal I die -

holding a scalpel
to unwrite my name.

Violence
erupts among words.
A temple breaks.
O goddess! don't cry beyond silence.

The infant's milk
spills in darkness.
Antiquity raises a wall
around the mother.

I am vanishing now,
freezing my assets.

Satish Verma

Walking Wilderness

It crashed like a chandelier
my dream.
Becoming wet, into unhealing existence.
I was expecting a landfall
by burst of flames.

Grieving for a lost generation,
a meaningless exit from the stage
of bites and suffering.
Can you reverse this idea
of rebirth in the land of nobodies?

That prison inside will not release
the doves and I was expanding
in the vaulted dome of violence
to discover the wait of a happening
to arriv

Satish Verma

Walking Without Shadows

I will talk of human
conflicts. No one was targeted.
Like you pick up a slug?
and make a thermonuclear device.

That green-tinted sand,
olivine. I will spread?
on your path, so that you
can breath easily.

This was a tranquil treatment?
before I become dazed in
polluted air of the earth and get
a thrombus. One man lives,
other man dies.

This dirty city was growing. I
will bear the blame. I
have not stopped writing
poems daily.

Satish Verma

Wanderer

It was a taxidermal view
thousands of fawns on the lake.
Can you handle the die-off
of the whole truth?
I have nowhere to go. Genes are
turning on, turning off. Bare hands
holding the bruises.

Hungry, but cannot eat
looking at the tattoos on the back of
starving children.
I am sick these days in the midst of glory
and shame. Faithlessness is a prize
wrapped by shadows. The snakes
are climbing on the walls.

Human things, like chimps
kissing and hugging to calm down.
in memoriam of a lost tribe.
The body of a chaste god
lies buried under the debris of unholy secrets.
Homeless I wander, beneath the high sky.

Satish Verma

Wandering Jew

Counting the digits,
of your hand, you forget,
how many fathers you have.

Was it not very odd that
truth exists in the crying eyes
of a child whose mother
had abruptly disappeared?

It always hurts, when
realization comes. A little
sprig of cowlick, reminds you of
timelessness. You can move-

in any direction. You want to
go. That will need a third eye.

Satish Verma

Waning Moon

Civility brings
emptiness. Where do I
fall back? Your eyes will haunt?

Ground zero. Are
you coming to surrender?
To save humanity?

Shell-shocked. Sometimes
you read your palms. What
would I write on wall?

Ingrained our
initials on the pine trunk
to stay till the cones fall?

What do you think?
We will stay together, when
hurricane strikes?

Satish Verma

Want To Change Myself

Waiting for you in
dark before the second moon
comes. Timeless pain casts shadow.

Can you find human
knowledge somewhere for me. The
small pause slips between us.

I want to listen
again Beethoven and see
Van Gogh. Why love disappeared?

Satish Verma

Want To Listen Your Voice

Moonlight you win,
in the dark I fail.

Will you come in the
loop to find the truth of uppity?
A fractured footage?
was silent, hiding behind the words.

The verse libre
was not ready to celebrate life.

The skin purity. Will
you mind to pass on Ammonium nitrate?

My river of eyes has
dried up. Forgive my
benign sins. I am going
to live without you.

The senseless wheels zoom.
How far was the god?

Satish Verma

Want To Think?

What you will not
say, after becoming cosy
with the moon in sleep walk?

Holding my hand,
you wanted to squeeze
time for the sake of fallen
star in the black sea
of ifs and buts.

The tears were
great solvent, when you
inhaled the fumes of
karma, to go high.

The seizure will
come again, wrapped in
golden shroud, against the
hope of suicide.

Meditation brings
sweet music.

Satish Verma

War And Feathers

Between eyes and tears
you swim back to me on flames.
The little candles are going to take revenge.

Do not mean any insult to moon.
My stars were trembling
to reach the vanishing whole.

The cabbage blooms with
violets. Do you mind if I pick
up the pomegranates?

There was a curse against
the temple. The god was thrown
in the lake when tornado came.

Take out the thorn from
your foot. You have reached
the graveyard of unknowns.

Satish Verma

Warbirds

O Zero man! you come
with a continuous denial,
of thirst of war,
a habit, predation.

When would you cross the blood lines?

The night blooms.
Sucking stars, moon
and chaste boundaries.

Nothing moves in the
stillness of voice, words.
A green light floats.

When there will be peace?

en face, I was ready to
fold the words, the sky.

Satish Verma

Warfront

The spectre of falling towers in night
unfolds in awe.
A reclusive star rises in east at dawn.

Heart of pig was being readied
for implant, tallies with the seized
hollow of a man.

A young girl of seventeen, comes for
a rendezvous with a terrorist,
eats the bullets for a damned nether land.

Every one was angry after
the explosion. Only truth had a slit of smile
in the smokescreen of contenders.

A dialogue on violence must start
to know the reality of nirvana
fear will not end, ending of fear.

Satish Verma

Warming Up

You could feel it.

The fear in that pristine howl
writhing in throat. Something was
wrong with the sunflowers. A genital
cutting had brought the snowdusting
on mutilated emotions.

A premonition warns. We are shining
on wrong side, under dictates of religion.
The cult will take care of mouth. You
will celebrate the breaking up of man.
The bone between the lips.

I am collecting the dirty threads of
loyalty to stitch the amnesia. They were ready to
applause the demise of moon. No more
sheen on the trees, lake and hills.
I am hauling up the skeleton of the republic.

Satish Verma

Wary Of Tomorrow

A moth love was evolving,
without a flame.
You are going to bang the wall.

It was too early
to sing aubade. Night was
still rolling on the leaves.

A tall tree failed,
to send the message of moon drop.
How will I read my palm now?

At funeral, a crowd
waits for the bride. The groom
jumped off the dam.

No music was left
between the lips. Angst
was palpable in stumps.

Satish Verma

Was It A Warning?

Celebrating spring
punctuated with an
apostrophe.

How much you owned
your conscience,
in deathly silence?

Love was an execution
drug. It works
inside, not outside.

When the hummingbird
stops flying, would you
get the nectar of pain?

The myth of flying
backward was true
of destroying the ascension?

You give me hope
and insanity, making a
bonfire of incomplete truths!

Satish Verma

Was It Scary?

Do not measure zany,
yourself. When did you become
your pedagogue?

Around the city I am
planting the roses?
against the wishes of land mines.

Haunted by a survivalism,
somewhere the smoke
was rising. But I wanted?

to leave the fragrance
for you? and you will not
wait for the ghosts to tell,

who was the visitor. You
will not know my future and
I will not know your past.

Satish Verma

Was It True?

You will not
nudge the war within.
I was waiting by your side.

Obliquely you stare
at me. We were
sitting at the sharp edge
farthest away from retreat.

Must not, you stop.
I will speak slowly. In nothingness
there was some existence.

This was not the end
of journey. Certainty was visible.
It had become bright star.
Glittering, but not coming near.

Pure white, like milk
disturbing my stance in dark. You were
shining in your ignorance.

Oh god, I don't
believe you. You won't come
when I open the door.

Satish Verma

Washed-Out

Slashing the surged monarchy
of celibates
stoking the fire of wounds,

the turret locks on to a target
taking off the gloves.
The mountain was rising.

A sheet of the floating ice
disturbs the ecology
of heart. I place my candle in storm.

The missiles had failed.
Only the words were flying from
bare lips for entreaties.

Oversexed like a shoe-flower
O, mad enemy
I am pouring out the red sea.

Satish Verma

Washing Relics

Stay with me to
see the blitzkrieg of comets
with long tails to shame moon.

I walk into the
trap laid by clever goons of thorn.
The tulips remain quiet.

The sharp tongues
throw the sinkers in sea.
There was no boat in sight.

Satish Verma

Wasting Of Faith

Annihilating your
own minarets to meet
the god once.

Little time left to make the score.

The climbdown has started
absolute and final.

The methane was
spilling need a matchstick.

cannot see
the kitchen was
the sanctity?

A noble ng
the flames, to leave a naked
body of truth.

Don't split the
give the
must not be seen

Satish Verma

Watching A Galaxy

I collect the unknown fears,
better than the known.

Winds start a virgin dance
of reeds.

There was a music for a monk
I prepare myself
to run into the storm.

You are not, what you pretend to be
and I also don't need to see the ugly inside.
Enigma for apology,
to erode the authority-
for which you carry a mask, to beat the truth.

Where and when we will meet
for interpretations? Sleep may bring
a quick death of a nova
unravel the secret
of a flying prayer.□

Satish Verma

Watching A Miracle

You want to go
extinct, dying of love
hormone. I will

Be strong to honor
the dignity of the human
patience in flames.

It hots up. The wild
conflict, between give and
take of god's kiss.

Satish Verma

Watching Myself

After shaking
off the fault
 the golden thigh ruptured

and I moved into
the aneurism of
 a drop.

Realization was the key
to enter the curve
 of a moving circle.

The time had come
to take off the jacket
 and penetrate a new

body of knowledge.
Budha was me
 And I was the tree near waterice

Seeds
were falling
 on a lake.

Satish Verma

Watching Our Warts

Sloping down in gold pursuit
of a bruised city,
sons of nameless fathers
were changing the generic mandate.

I am becoming fluvial
going on a muted odyssey
to find unmarked graves.

Slaughtering
your own lines, in praise of end-
which came very soon;
before the windows altered the moon.

Genes spilled on the road
recalling the wounded
son whose lexicon took him
to war with the meanings.

Satish Verma

Watching The Lethality

I

The blend of gene and name.
How you carry the
legacy?

II

We are losing the war.
You are winning
the birds.

III

The sparrows have left
the nest of man,
in search of moving homes.

IV

How do you spell the ruins?
I have never seen
a perfect shape.

V

Chicken-livered.
Why did you try to
confront the wall?

Satish Verma

Water

Casuarina! I miss you a lot.
Why don't you reclaim this drab century
by your drooping branches,
off from the poetry of water?

The words are dried up.
No rustling sounds, the winged
creatures broke the mirrors,
a black moon.

I am walking without legs
in the sea of encounters.
The headless groom was searching his bride
amidst fallen greens.

Satish Verma

Water Birth

The daily assaults
hit me, like the serrated
spine of stingray.

This moment of hubris
stares at me, eyes wide open.
What you didn't know
was always overwhelming.

Something enters into
your blood. How many years
you need to live?

The hope was exploding.
Overnight you become very old,
tired and exhausted, quitting
the corrosive throne.

Everyday a poem
is ejected, to keep me sane.

Faultless like a yellow rose
I paint on the blind?
spot of bonding.

Satish Verma

Water Was Transparent

A firefly in a jar
will not fly.

Presiding over the genocide
how can you count the dead
children of god, on the street,
by your forked tongue?

The roving eyes. Chameleons.
With folded hands, they
throw the snow on your
disheveled hair.

The morals are marketed
daily on the dais. I deny myself,
something which I can give
you. O hunger, don't go back.

Satish Verma

Watercolors

It was a mixed affair
of love and hate.
You are in deep water
to engage in a dialogue.

Almost farce was the
black ice. Animalism was the?
same. It was murder
in one form or the other.

The landscape would be
remembered for illicit violence.
The virgin sea hides the remains
of midair collision.

The purple men talk of
casualties in war times. The
relocation of peace march was
a big mistake. The vultures?

refuse to move from the trees.

Satish Verma

Water's Face

Space versus time.
You blend in my singularity
I will meet my other self
in the black hole.

Counting my heartbeats
I will cleave to you, but I find
that only my shadow?
walks with me.

With minimal touch of
love. I discover the asset of
stupidity. Like feeble thoughts would
swap for stinging tentacles.

A bizarre equation appears.
The fearsome becomes a jelly
fish. I am trying to give
a name to quarks.

Satish Verma

Wavering

I have peeled off my eyes.
Fear of unbeing creeps in,
genes were escaping.

The thin affair bends
under the burden of vague uncertainty.
A smoke rolls out from choking throat.

A word leaps high from wounded pride.
The author does not know the sting,
blames the ears.

Hails will strike when you open the door.
The past will question the future,
the anguish of infinity.

Satish Verma

Waves Rolling

Come November?
I will wear the fall
of varied colors.
Crunching on withered leaves
of your memories.

There was no birthday.
When the world sleeps?
I write a poem, looking
at the rubble of life.

Opinionated, the time
suck like a beast?
brazenly.

It was a stunning defeat
of the dawn, of the nonviolent
sprouts under the scorching sun
of the gaze.

Trying to assuage the
realization. I am no more me.

Satish Verma

Way Back

You had made a hole
in intriguing wall, of chaste
value, of wrong surrender.

*

The thieves will come back
to pick up the loose threads
for wearing tapestry.

*

The beautiful song
always ends into oblique
reference to gender.

Satish Verma

Way Back To Indolence

You nurse the tender pains
to feed your soul. In sunshine
of nothingness, that was falling apart.

And which was not?
the abrupt exit of inconceivable.
Me, still struggling to remain alive in?
thoughts of you.

The vast blankness of mind staggers.
Where the loud music, like tinnitus,
runs slow like crickets
and peacocks, giving a pause.

Then suddenly the crescendo
ups, symphony of loud, beseeching
rumpus, drowns the protest
of songbirds which were giving mating calls.

Listen my love, we are islands
in an ocean. There were no walls.
Only strong waves leave us speechless.

Satish Verma

Wayward Son

Silent go the dead
on the moon,
to know the secret of its smile.

Did we know the ending of leads?
The dream within the thoughts?
Silent moves the trembling hand
to print its signature on the heart.

what is so tragic about life?
The memory of bruises or attachment?
We always talked about cleanliness
of language, of lending beauty to words,
when hate and anger brought on the
ugly nuances.

Somebody revises the text,
Tongue tastes the skin,
I start counting my failures
and my books.

Silent stands the mother
for the wayward son.

Satish Verma

We Shan't Die

Time
has left footprints,
on mortality, I may go
one day. You will live
in my poems.

Not damaged
by untruths, remaining
entirely human, among
the wolves and brutes.

The body of water
carries the loaves of sleeping
men. The promises broken.
I set my foot for a new journey.

Becoming impersonal
would you ever weigh my
soul songs written for you?
And you bite the pen to write my name.

The eternity invites the
first Yogi to sit under the palm
and recite the last prayer.

Satish Verma

We The Faithful

Blue moon of white night, wants?
to bring down the sky
in a spiritual bliss.

Talking of reincarnation,
I am skinned alive, like
a cadaver, talking ceaselessly.
You are burning sans fire.

In absence of god, you
become a god father
to a beautiful progeny.

Leave aside the lineage.
On the horizon, a flock
of swans was returning
home to spread the watercolors.

The recluse comes out from the oblivion
to greet the inevitable.

Satish Verma

We The Faithfull

Blue moon of white night, wants?
to bring down the sky
in a spiritual bliss.

Talking of reincarnation,
I am skinned alive, like
a cadaver, talking ceaselessly.
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to a beautiful progeny.

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of swans was returning
home to spread the watercolors.

The recluse comes out from the oblivion
to greet the inevitable.

Satish Verma

We The Possessed

Unsung, the crazed,
follows an ailing Buddha?
moving in dark.

Not relegionism.
A black sea floods the light.
The bulls were ready.

Ephemeral myths.
You want to move the rock
on the sand dunes.

Satish Verma

We Were Too Proud

The animal wakes
in you, when moon cries.
I bend to lift the sun.

Blood has no Dharma.
I sit as an amber
ripple in dust will not take it.

I am worried about you.
The mating between words
gets ready to fight stigma.

Satish Verma

We Will Not Come Back

Was it a death trap?
You were staring unblinkingly
at the black hole.

I will not play with
the dirty words. I will pray
you shouldn't make it.

The child cries. Wolf
gets away with a big chunk
of flesh of earth.

Satish Verma

We Will Not Part

Show me your hand
where I tattooed
for the unborn dream.

You ask for a ghost
who sits on stigmata to
invite the butterflies.

In golden valley
I will plant blueberries
to kiss half-shut moons.

Satish Verma

We Will Scream Together

Managing his guilts to seduce the nocturnes
he left the gray area, surging
with a wandering death on the
half broken stairs –
before a closed gate was put on the pages,
he was trembling like toothed quaking aspen.

The grief of the scarred face,
in a serious midnight syndrome of
invisible slit throat in a long journey manifested
above the waves. Tree was calling again
for immoralism of flowers, quashing
his life.

The brave violence survives the mutilated
once the mirror has won
again the onslaught of fingers.

Satish Verma

Satish Verma

Wearing Away

I have again become empty
by undoing
a disturbing thought.

Unsexing
the sputtering stillness
of a Robin.

Tender bruises
on the pink heart.
A bird was flying away.

Little tears
come down from the swollen
river in spate.

Pain lingers
as you want an answer
from an eroding dune.

Satish Verma

Wearing Ear-Plugs

Unreturning
I will honor my commitment.
I will face the
volcano alone.

The burning pit?
inspires me. The eternal
flames. There was nothing
blended. Not alloyed.

I shall not forget?
the curves, the falls. The
flowing down of the
stream from godhood.

The half moon, where
does it will land?
Umbilicus kinks. You break
the anatomy.

Like radiation, I
am turning
extremes, there was no light
nothing dark.

Satish Verma

Wearing Out

Are you there to listen
my voice,
in the wilderness of violence
and other atrocities?

My toes were hurt
in uncharting the path
of arms and rams in avenging
the dead silence.

You will get back
what I did not give you
in the aftermath of tragicomedies.

Life walks by pink
pythons to trade the peace
on the name of gods.

The calamity of the angels
to become hard warriors.

Satish Verma

Wearing The Crown Of Thorns

A crowd of clones
was picking up sleeveless
shirts from potter's field.

Strangely nobody knows,
who were you after the
last laugh of the destiny.

The passion takes
you towards burning ghat, where
ultimate truth was hanged.

Satish Verma

Weaving Silence

Do I have a choice
before knifing the page
for a meaning, when I was
drowned in a nostalgia?

Cinchona bark. This was my
keyword for living bitterly
under a tyrant inciting
the riots of colors.

The digital death comes as
a reward for insane truth.
You turn the back on home
and walk towards the sea –

to count the empty shells on beach.
Here life completes a cycle
from emptiness to emptiness.
You are ready to go in void.

*On the death of Steve Jobs.

Satish Verma

Weeping God

When the very soul dies,
death does not need a label,
living with death becomes a ritual.
Craving for the kiss of time,
under the shadows of moments,
you are not you in the expanse of false pretentions.
I will be watching myself.

Questioning the validity of dying without the sun
night will not forget.
It pours the suffering, anguish and hurt.
The duality of black and white,
drives you to despair.
Poem was alive,
when it was not written.

Core of your being,
trembles on the name of limbs atrophied.
You were too close to the destiny,
which was always on the wrong side.
For the sake of innocence,
your truth remained crippled,
your bronze god weeping.

Satish Verma

Weightless

Press the panic -
button,
for beautiful inside.

There was a hundred
moons dialogue
in the cage.

Fear was walking
in dark corners.
There was no iron gate.

Only golden bars,
pushing you back
from touch, feel and unstitching.

Let the world find a
neck broken falcon,
convoluted.

I am taking a fight
to be born again
as a white bird.

Satish Verma

Weird Dreams

Will ask hibiscus?
in twilight, to let moth
live its one night.

*

The bougainvillea
leaves, falling one by one,
always frighten you.

*

Bends like a bow,
the sickle moon, to pick up
its child in water.

Satish Verma

Weird Enigma

You have to spell it out.
Where the sun sets
in shifting sands?
Picking up the heart rocks?
I was learning to
walk away from undying.
Who would confuse the
infinite falls. There was no conclusion.
Again you come howling,
waiting for the snowmelt from
the face.
The lips become the stones.
You will not count the peaks.
Overnight, it has
turned grey, my red moon.
I will take hold of the night.
There was no referral
of lying truth.

Satish Verma

Welcome Sir!

It was a fascinating night
like albino children playing in park.
I was gazing at sky.

The years have gone by one by one.
I am still walking on dead leaves
refusing the fruits.
This was me, no urge, no need,
the leather worn out but
feet are intact.

A continuous civil war among the windows
suffers the grace. Stupidities of house.

You collect the garbage whole life
and when time comes to depart,
make a bonfire of your winnings.
We are ageing like wall paper
and talking to doors. The guest
is coming at last.

Satish Verma

Welcoming New Era

Wearing the red bandanna,
you tried to manipulate the bedrock.
Life had been never the same for me.

The ferry sinks the riding
deity in midstream. In polytheism,
I never had my own god.

O the chemistry of love has
changed. Meatless, my skiny arms,
lift the sage of fallen moon in darkness.

I am not ready to conclude
as yet, my epic of fragmented truth.
We were fighting the wars of lame lies.

Who would spare me to become
immortal in stones? Let us not start the
annihilation of sane shadows in the poem.

Satish Verma

Were It You?

I wanted to talk
in between words. The sage
has lost aroma.

Of unknown gifts.
Kitchen would answer for
all the bonfires.

Conceive the truth
of mirror. I will reflect
in your opal eyes.

Satish Verma

Wet Landscape

A saddened rain dropp
strikes me at the face.
When town is burning,
its dignity confronts me with force.
A human clone rises
like a smoke from the ruins
of our nerves.
Why the love has evaporated
from our hearts?

In new spread of palaces,
upside down roots grow with regrets.
The dark woods depart,
small grasses peel off.
the wounds of earth.
Tomorrow the half glory
of our greed will be exhibited
and leaves will burn.

Now a clearing has been made.
Sun smiles, bakes the bones.
The water of life
has been denied to us.
Beaming technology buries the classical path,
the book and the eros.
The wet landscape cries.

Satish Verma

Wet Sand

In the dim corridors
of a dirty game,
when the crime was rising
you were pursuing the self-ism
at the end of the smoke.

Was it not a wailing song
of a dahlia, blooming in sun;
when the life demanded
only a seed, an old coin
and an empty frame?

The fake encounters and torn
shirts of a bleeding tribe
will ask many unpleasant
questions from the forest.
Why the bees had stopped collecting honey?

Satish Verma

What A Galaxy

Moon was mixing the colors.
The black hole does not exist.
I was hearing about the quantum,
something was amiss.

Purple grapes had turned black.

I am trying to understand
the damages. A discreet thought hole
permits the escape of energy.

Imagination was at risk.
Can you hold on to life,
without a shock?

Somewhere you go back
to a concentration camp to collect the ashes.

Satish Verma

What A Life?

Why, why we keep on
weighing each other?
You were an anchor;
I was a feather.

*

The land fall!
There was no noise.
Tornado had come like
a revelation!

*

After the break,
you count the rings-
in heart wood.
A condensed torture!

Satish Verma

What A Scenario

Put me through the
french knots. I am
under the gaze of
a jilted lover.

A freeze melts in
the rainbow. The dew
sits on the eyebrows
of the grass.

The spark splits
between the shadows.
Someone has hanged
himself from the window.

There was no life left
in the stump. Now
bristles will not stand
at ancient sites.

Satish Verma

What A Wrath

Another woman
sits on rose hips
and talks about the spirits.

At sunset point,
I watch you undress,
in fading moon.

I would be talking
to the heap of my failures
for the sake of my touchdown.

There was no looking back
in dim light, when?
you were colorblind.

The arrow tip was
dipped in curare.
It goes straight into the beast.

Satish Verma

What Are Future Games?

Make me wild?
weirdly ethereal. An abstract
pain will unite us?
after the scarring.

It was difficult the body
count, lamenting
for the limbless faith. What
would you do with the
tinned sardines now?

The wasting must stop.
We are not able to catch the?
spring. Cold war was settling
in space. Where were new worlds beyond the stars?

I am still trying to?
write only three words verse.
Man was shrinking
and so was tall god. The
mooned eyes were closing.

Satish Verma

What Asylum!

Come and meet me in chamber of death
where the tempest comes every night.

I start disrobing the anger
to find the eye of the moon.

Where do I get that ink that
writes an unwritten poem on water
of eyes when the ship was
burning after a rare landing.

Come and meet me in sleep of an infant.

It was time to start a dialogue
with golden death sitting on the
greed of man. The lips were extracting
the other honey from frozen moon.

Come and meet me in merciless sun.

Satish Verma

What Atrocities?

Embracing the lust,
going for the absurdities,
my words will suffer.

What would you do,
if sun may be lying to me?
Moon was crying silently.

A big hole in neck.
Still I was breathing in dark
O god, now it will rain.

Satish Verma

What Comparison?

The displaced years
cling
to your body
like an extended death.
I wanted to see
what could not be seen
by clutching.
the lifeless doubts.

Emotions play:
potentials are threatened.
Remaining alert becomes a
punishment. I grieve for the dementia,
the night yawns. The walking trees
start swapping the roots. Folds of sorrow
whisper of morality.

The apocalyptic prophecy wants to know:
"Have you ever seen the hell? "

Satish Verma

What Conclusion Was Left?

The seizure,
volatile it was,
the way to tell, for the things
he did not want to say.

You suffer silently.
Coming to boiling point,
for the starkness of the torture.
The abridged wholeness was empty.
Only howling remained.

Can you measure the pain?
The depth of the wound?
Start the dialogue with the unseen?

The flame protected in the folds
of a primeval skill,
now sings the clarity.

Between you and I no space was left.

Satish Verma

What Do You Want

Your trajectory was
rising. People ride the stars
to reach moon at night.

Anxiety of name.
How to draw the figure of
god who was a giver.

It was your decision
to abandon this earth for
a golden chair to sit.

Satish Verma

What Else

Was trying to?
make eye contact with
unknown in dark.

Shadows become
real people, when I ask
who are you.

Remember to die
when you want to live
for eternity.

The giant ficus
smiles at woodpecker.
Buddha sleeps.

Satish Verma

What Else Does It Mean

You did not tell me?
what did you want?

Departure was sad,
unceremonious, escaping
an epitaph.
My legs become heavy.

Unthinkingly, you
write on the wall with foggy hands.
The silhouettes tremble.

Who will break this
infernal cycle of reincarnation?
That means, we should redefine
the death.

Nonetheless
a creed is born.

You walk on the burning coals
to pick up the poppies,
a gift of torn love.

Satish Verma

What Else I Will Do

I don't want to think.
I think.
Like a python engulfing
more than I can swallow.

A dream must be cracked.
A coconut to release
the white of soul.

Sitting on beach, I watch
the washed up years. The sun
roars, gives a laugh? and
goes down leaving red bruises.

A fireball zooms in?
because I won't leave the dais.

Like a mason bee, my
nest is coming up. I was
talking to ghost of yesteryears.

The fragile bones carry
you for a fat journey.
No one follows you.

Satish Verma

What Else You Should Know

Who am I?

I search my name on your face.

You won't recognize a lost coin.

The cadavers move

and talk. For what we lived

to understand our land.

The rose garden has

young Areca Palms to play

with roses in sun.

Satish Verma

What Ending

In your limpid eyes
a pacifism slumps.
All I could say was, wrong sex
was ending in ice.

Dark energy: we were not expanding
Lies galore : we were casting
off our skins. I will not seek
afterlife. The hand carries the old coat.

Retrodiction. Don't want to shed
the charm. Waited for the change
which never came. Chicken,
wearing love, no bones.

Latest navel show. Walking on
ramp. Aphrodisiac for the dangling
egos. Let us go for a
collective suicide.

Satish Verma

What Ending?

Could not hold it, put it down.

TIME.

The words forget you, pass by.

You remain standing on the brink.

Now, now, where to go?

Time avenges, walks on you

and you cannot catch the breath,

to fill the space between life and death

life will not move, death will not stop.

If not ready to live, death will not look like you

you will not look like death.

World changes every thing,

when seeing stops, listening begins

losing threads of me, between you and me

between me and you.

Something grows out of the mud

a new star.

Begins from end, the ending

of beginning. No ending, no beginning.

Timeless, faceless, nameless

groping in void, to catch the alphabets

Peaks are very frightening

Then where is the end? No end.

This is the end.

Satish Verma

What Grammer

The tremors. One day
I would know. The trees are walking.
No miracle. We are?
becoming rootless.

The fear, was palpable.
Nowhere to go. All the roads
were blocked. The king
is being anointed after the bloodbath.

No logical lie was needed
for targeted killing.
Why did you start the
bonfire near the oil wells?

Satish Verma

What Has To Stay

Like I want to erase the fear
before I light a remote fire
in the blue veins.

Actually this was the crisis of self pride
in manic depression
seeking the anonymity of toes
tracing the footpath.

Becoming a paper-boat
in the winds of flesh and fancies
on the choppy sea of death.

No spinal pain for candles
to burn in courtyard
of sunken faith.

Red grapes in a tiny bowl
leap to lips of sun
for sons and daughters. Ajmer, INDIA

SATISH VERMA

Satish Verma

What Hospice

Becoming unsteady
at points of darkness.

Tinged with blue
I am ready for the unspoken departure.

How to reach out?
for a situation, which was not?

You sleep on the floor
to hear the earth's agony.

A helix? surrounds the
imperfect creation of unsavory thoughts.

Abusive was the creator,
The evil had a beauty in destruction.

Satish Verma

What I Say

Meticulously you
are taking off your mould.
I will pay my debt.

Trembling I would write
my name on the naked stem
of your bo tree.

Winter will settle one
day on your branches. I will
be found in root words.

Satish Verma

What Next

Between the swaying palms,
moon was moving
in armada.

Why did you come
late, to whisper, of the
explosive explicit?

But for a lone
cry, I would not
take you.

The jewels were mine.
You had stolen
from my waistband.

It substracts the
stings from my
hobbling gait.

Satish Verma

What Now

Locating the perceived
footprints of moon?
in my dark house.

My homegrown precision
brings the weird
calligraphy alive.

Now the execution
begins in rose beds. Out from
nowhere come the missing thumbs.

You kill in broad daylight
all the dreams of
feathery morning. I?

start climbing the
violence to reach the eye
of hate and enmity.

A god a day becomes
my natural love. Would we be
meeting daily?

Satish Verma

What One Knows

Catching a glimpse
of moon?
in velvety October.

*

You collect a beetle
fossil. Then
man was learning to walk.

*

Same faces
in newspaper daily,
wearing me out.

*

Self-adoration
rocks the earth.
Journey to sleep begins.

Satish Verma

What Price?

How to repair the
heart? The petunias will
not listen to me.

Inverted funnels
allow the beetles to
land for honey.

Where the words end,
silence speaks of eternal
pain of treason.

Satish Verma

What Renunciation

Would you bear the cost
of peace, if there was
no war, no country, no
personal gods?

We are not talking about?
a retrogain of recent past.
It was there when we?
started walking, and
discovered a superhuman being.

The crowd swells every day, and
a new religion crops up
every now and then.

There was no fatal crash.
It makes you rich overnight.
The money grows?
from the barrel of the gun.

I refuse to celebrate the victory.

Satish Verma

What September

Ceaselessly,
the September moon
was sending poems
in quick succession.

Life had come to a grinding halt.

The walls,
wait to end the race of
stings. The heat was
a dirty yellow.

You will witness the fall of a titan.

The genome of red
wine grape was
similar to a forgotten
verse, after the?

rage of ageing cells of a sage.

Satish Verma

What Times

The upbeat moon
becomes dazed, when you
start, the dance of death.

Personified, lone word,
unloved; changes the
choreography.

Given space, a sick
crowd, expands, unsquares,
for the throne.

The abysm from which
the cicadas are crawling out
to devour our being.

I do not want to
control you, your song.
I am burning in my own holocaust.

Satish Verma

What To Think

Cruel times,
and the walls are rising.
The ae versus columns.
Snakes for hairs
opposed to stones.
The bell shaped body with stinging
tongues.

I will not speak.
This is the gift from the womb of
blues.
Wounded by you.

The color se to sunset.
You stay in sunroom, in dumbness.
Chilling poverty.

You shake violently.
Give me the skin to cover my bones,
I am bleeding know the tilted moon
still crying.

Satish Verma

What Was Invisible

It is.

It was not.

The volcano was collapsing.

What was happening,
and what wouldn't happen.

I didn't want you to be
lost among my poems.

The window weeps.

Moon won't come to sit
on the palm tree in the
sight of a lonely pen.

Death comes on tiptoes

for the flamingo,

stranding in meditation.

A pack of wolves was waiting.

Who will pay

for speaking the truth?

Satish Verma

What Was It?

Moon rolls,
on its own without
clouds.

Now you can,
fix the things, reading
dark.

Every day ends.
The road will not sleep.
Dusk to dawn,
candle weeps.

Like no pain
now, of your separation,
sparking rage.

Now you are
Plato. Will write for
the ascending hemlock, that
will destroy the hope.

Satish Verma

What Was Left

A veiled threat,
a muffled cry. It was not human.

No beast, no monster
yet unhuman.

The feel of wolf's
lair, was there in dark.
Anything would happen.

You wanted to become
a self-proclaimed divine Being.
Yet, you were not a god.

A black pit opens. Do not shout.
The clogged artery had bursted.

I give you back your city
you can scale the high wall
and jump into eternity.

Satish Verma

What Was Not Said

The cuckoo gives
a final call.
Moon was rising.

Trivialities of the earth
be dream
is going to burst.

Golden keys in a ring,
hang down from your neck.
I am imprisoned again.

Into some intimate
moments, I will inject some
time has come.

Where the road
ends, a tall tree will wait
for your coronation.

Satish Verma

What Was The Great Idea

Someone unknown
will come back to say goodbye.
My heart will miss beats.

Sometime you want to
move away from yourself to
find light and come back to yourself.

Panorama dims.
Earth is covered by global fog.
I search my home in water.

Satish Verma

What Was Untouchable?

Being set on fire
my fantasy, my vision.
Something that should not have happened.

Latched to heritage?
the touch of faith brings
sharp harpoons.

Not easy to forget
an elegy I made for unknown.
Will you come to throw the dust?

Cannot punish you
for my sins. A humming bird
crashed this noon on my deck.
A square face peeps from behind the tears.

September had been always
harsh. This month I had decided
to falter.

Satish Verma

What Went Wrong?

In twilight,
the noose tightens!
and shadows start walking
towards you; to reclaim
your anonymity!
and declare in deadpan manner:
the author is dead.

Your smallness goes
on sale. You are subjected
to scrutiny by the small print, but
the truth escapes from lidless eyes.

A private punishment.
There was blood on the knife.
Why did you write a
sanguinary poem for your savior today?

Satish Verma

What Were Certainties?

After a moral push?
you start soul searching.

You would go back
in the arms of birth,
fighting flame with flame.

The trivial woes, why
the man was afraid of man,
wishing for a caul genesis?

You won't keep to yourself
the secret of virtue,
remaining poor of gods.

Returning to beasts
to define mankind, amidst
flotilla of lies.

The holy sin, you
will start arresting the scions
when the sun rises.

Satish Verma

What You Are?

In a shroud of mist,
the fullness of thoughts shivers.
Don't give me any quiz.

Inpoisoned angst,
I climb a tree of inquiry.
There were no answers.

You come prudently on
toes to catch the ripples of
the transient questions.

Satish Verma

What You Didn't Say

When Rilke stops
whispering, I search
the cut flowers of gladioluses.

You don't speak
at all, blinking your eyes
anxiously. There was no
spate of quivering lips.

The exodus of long
breaths had the lethality.
Words come and go like,
a bunch of bees.

My problem was,
how to meet my beautiful
end.

The culture, the
wisdom would wait for
the angels.

Satish Verma

What You Said

Sperms spilled on thighs
When moon was hung over trees
To engage reverberations,

Contesting erratic moods
Outside echoes
Stitching white milk into black tears,

It was not for the deliverance
From pain of separation
And drink the eyes:

The waves died in immensity
Somewhere a dolphin dips in mind
To pick up the music

Of fences, separating ethos
And gossips of terrified oceans
Searching the sunken ship.

Satish Verma

What You Were

Cessation had no direct threats.
You had stopped thinking.

A shadowy future starts hating
you and your financial motives.

The September light falls on leaves
ready to go, yellow-brown-red.

You are still warm, still receptive
of the hollyhocks to welcome you.

A guiltless flight with singing birds?
homing to their mating abodes.

You want to arrive
without qualms, without fainting.

Satish Verma

What You Were Not

In soundless
landscape, I will meet the
ultimate, waking pain
of understanding.

Back and forth
pillars of strength would fall.
Nothing else will shock me.
Measureless I become.

Do you see a halo
around the moon? She was
the goddess of a
lost songbird.

I want to stop
thinking. I owe you the
holy truth. Life was
no more grainy.

Satish Verma

What You Won't Say

Don't spell the deportation.
Mind seems split-
with a maddening feel.
Do you see what I see-

the invisible lines on
my hand, piercing your heart?
Do you hear, what I
hear- the Hum, which has
made you go crazy?

Dying to unspeak, you
hide between the
borrowers come like Crab fish,
ugly and
bed was drying up.

Black sticks, things not
required- get piling
wheelchair, you push
a crying doll.

Satish Verma

When A God Bleeds

Cause of things?
finding in myself in solitary
manner, reaping
the harvest of failures.

The ghost of a town
roils under the protests.
Nobody knows the ?
length of suffering.

Me and my god?
we are one. Nobody else
was entitled to live.

The half-burnt bodies,
making a crowd at the bank
of a holy river. At least they
were not shot in the head.

Reasons were flawless.
Fallacy was truth.

Satish Verma

When Galaxies Multiply

I won't come to you
while trying to read you.
Were you like a black hole?

Blues flicker, you brace
for violence. Wherever you go
you carry big bang.

To create your universe
I think there was no absolute.
What you are O god!

Satish Verma

When Horizon Meets The Moon

Stoking fire
I come back to moon.
What if a whiff of nature
topples my poem in afternoon
of wilting roses?

The genre is spoiled.
You want to drink moonlight
in dark, but water
remains neutral.

An unreturned kiss
of believing in yourself,
takes a big toll. Dreaming sky
in cloudless days was
a casualty.

Why do you talk
without words? The prophecy
of a hollow bust comes
true. You become your own enemy.

After war there is a war.
Can you find peace in my verse?

Satish Verma

When Iris Sleeps

You were casual
in making bed of thorns
to collect the blood!

Fearless, light combs
the dark hairs of earth to
feel masculinity.

You rise from the
mangroves to print pattern of
wounds on the limbs.

Satish Verma

When Nation Bleeds

I suffered like
you. Tell me why you were
destroying yourself?

Why does the black
death wears white gown? Who
had said Om Shanti Om Shanti?

O my country, where
the love has gone? I am
stitching the wounds daily.

Satish Verma

When Night Weeps

Neither in sleep nor wake
I hear, a wingless fall, out of the clouds
with a thud and splash on the lake.
An injured word flutters to the beach
wanting to fly back to its flock, syntax.

Sick of my circling thoughts
I choke on sounds of ducking gravel.
My sea was green under the sun
though I never cared for the craft.
My gift had been gift of pain.

Land opens like a mouth, in awe.
So much cruelty was never seen before.
Anger and greed, lust and beast
blooming in veins of man.
One perfect excuse to kill a day.

Goodness was death, foresight for
crusted ambition You in dark and
dark in you. Tomorrow a blue moon will
come, when night weeps and stars
move away in fright.

Satish Verma

When Technology Fails

Your comatose
countenance:
punctuates a coronal spurt.

Life will never
forget this insult and return
your freak awards.

The moon cancels
a lake meeting. You cannot
celebrate the arrival of night.

Helplessly, I scrap
the terror threat, though
your memory was severed in an ambush.

At ground zero,
a young couple starts a sit-in
against the raining sermons.

Satish Verma

When The Attack Comes

Like a tantric I will
gather you and make you sleep
in my eyes.

In lantern festival, I
will be fighting dark
with hundred wicks.

The dead will come
back to talk about their
amputated thumbs.

You had no bona fides
to tell me how blue were
my aches.

I don't find any metaphor
in this qualified decay,
wiping my glasses to see clearly.

Satish Verma

When The Flesh Ripens

Mission aborted.
Imprisoned,
I do not touch anything
I do not mention your name.
The chance was to quit the microcosm
of your powered bones.
Wanting the street to run
to end the standing against screams.

It jumps like a toad,
the truth. I catch it.
Wets my hand. The failure of the gossip
to turn me on. I was not willing
to become a scapegoat. In dialogues
must we play the words
without sleep? The moon stalks,
me on my way to nowhere.

Satish Verma

When The Ghosts Walk

A mystical dialogue
in swirls-
to drown you.

Blank pages draw you
for a suicide, without
moving your bones.

A thin worded threat
to conceive a sculpted
dream, deranging
your sea of
cadavers.

No dissecting table
you need to solve the death.
All the arguments are tilted.
You will rig the answers.

They will come
in bunches, to beat you.
You will not hear or see anything.

Satish Verma

When The Rains Stop

Blast of horny
words comes from sideways.
It was your mind.

A hungry soul?
like a hawk, looks straight
in the eyes of a victim.

The bunch of clouds
make an areola around
your head. Were you crying?

The mushrooms grow
overnight on your lips.
At dawn, the steam
hurts my poems.

And I think, to
turn back to my chains,
to stitch again my gaze.

Satish Verma

When The Smoke Rises

Writing poems
on your lips,
fearlessly compromising
the Venus.

The pink, female
moonlets, trying to
stitch a womb.

I start a countdown
to launch,
a death paramour.
My severed hand
holds a yellow rose.

Preserving the?
half skull of artificial
intelligence, living
without you.

Meet me again
on the crossroads.
I want to change
the gender with you.

Satish Verma

When There Was No Soul

Thoughtless, feet
of clay carry you to ocean
of fire. How your boat will sail?

Why do you take your
life for sake of migratory
birds that fly away in winter.

Let the humming
birds come back I have to
understand staying in flight.

Satish Verma

When Time Flies

A windless kite was
wavering, like a prayer in sky without
words. Would you come to see me?

How do we shake
hands without fingers.? Can you
write your name on wet sands?

O diva, the road stops
here and thereafter is deep gorge.
At the bottom you stand waving.

Satish Verma

When Truth Was Exhumed

In valley of peace
lilies, I was searching
you in blue darkness.

O destiny the remains of
past want to step into the future
of dying mantras.

To dissect the
moment of truth. Why
were you so anxious?

It was a weird happening.
Cloud over cloud
the soul wants to depart.

No I don't want
to learn the art of
cheating at rising sun.

Satish Verma

When Weaving Stopped

The grain of wood
was nuanced for naked aggression.
The groping could not find
the plasma.

Some non-believers were
deemed insane
by rust-tainted smiles
of shimmering stars.

Defiant was the crushed
grass after caressing
the moon in lonely
night.

The fine truth passed
through the comb falling on
salt. The sky will not
listen to the dust.

Satish Verma

When You Had Left

I could not mediate.
God died in my home. Osho
was talking brazenly?

What you are, I
ask myself. The sleeping
moon knows my falls.

Who unmade the
beautiful dream of a
stricken angel's rise?

Satish Verma

When You Peel The Moon

Turgid freedom of nondescript
energy moves on the
secret circuits of nude gods.
Thy body politic breaks into splinters of million thoughts.
When the dusty winds
settle on our faces, it is a holy bath.
The neutral sky perceives it,
lapses into silence.

Poor vision of builders,
carries an abstract frame for the silver screen.
We peer in dark
to find the blasts,
culture of giant legs was the essence of truth
descends deep in crevices.
The technique brings the broken images.

In your mind lies the whole history of a tree.
You don't remember.
When you peel the moon,
your tongue falters.
Of several centuries
the grief stricken bird recites a poem.
Come beside me,
I will tell you the name.

Satish Verma

When You Pretend

You should stop
telling me, that you don't
deserve me.

Come hither
to pay back my anguished
calls. Sky was becoming red.

No Mayday would
be needed. I will not undulate,
will not play with needles.

Between the palm
leaves a death blows
chopping off the hands of artisans.

It was futile to collect
the forget-me-nots. No
angel was ready to come out of bed.

It was a religion
to squeeze the tears,
before you stoop to conquer.

Satish Verma

Where A God Sleeps

At the end of the day,
standing before a shut window?
in fear of power game
under a cataract of twilight.

A panther had visited
again at night in your courtyard?
to sniff out the
hidden moons.

Your ism was on fire.
Logic gone. The weird neighbors
had become bedfellows.

A dirty war will ensue
between the translation and
original script, in fake
and real.

You slap a drum. Pathos.
I have reached where I
did not want to.

Satish Verma

Where Do The Sprits Go?

Disappointed.

I look at my hands to
read your destiny.

I fall to kiss the
moon dust. You were
my desire in sleep.

The spirit hovers
like the golden eagle
to rest the talons.

I stop the game.
Some cards had remained
undealt. I win, I lose.

You were not the
angel. You were not the mortal.
Where do I put my relief?

Satish Verma

Where Dreams Are Killed

All was nor well.
If I don't hit the road, who
will bring the light!

Rising faster, masculinity
to destroy migrant birds, without
making them stay.

Can you redefine truth
in dark, when moon was unable
to stop the butterflies.

Satish Verma

Where Dreams Live

Despite the great divide
a dialogue must ensue, between
earth and sky.

This was a climacteric change, when
you cannot land on your feet,
after the rainfall.

The criminal assaults, rapes
and homicides, bring the species
on boil. The books are our god.

You cannot start a group
conflict, skirting the question
of mining the gold.

The void within widens, you
will not tell my dreams. For each
star I had picked up a soul.

Satish Verma

Where He Was

Meditation was futile.
He turned his back
from the green prayers.
The state had made a mockery of his love.

The words were not clear
written on the periphery of pain.
He fathered
dust to dust, his light
folded his trembling hands,
lying on jaundiced bed.
Syntax was rising.

He stood alone amidst landmines
malice for none, beast and history.
The stones were falling from sky.
The punished was partaking the blows,
where he was
others were absent.

Satish Verma

Where The Doors Have Gone

You were afraid of,
unknown, walls pulled down?
you stand in bones.

The surrounding hills?
give a call. Come for the sacrifice
for your transparent limbs.

Unsung, unpraised,
moon will rise in the woods?
to bring out the victims of rage.

No identification was
needed to wash the bodies.
After death, there was no religion.

Now prayers must begin
to save the weeping earth.
Sky will drop the sun.

Satish Verma

Where The Lies Are Born?

Entrails were sucked by grief
and pleasure bruised;
beyond the possible
I aspired to find
meaning of life.

A will to reject
unbearable waste,
I trim humiliation.
Time scares by taking revenge
breaking the inner serenade,
and I climb the doubts.

Heartache persists without revelation.
no bitterness descends.
I dip my fingers in blood
to write a flaming entity.

Tell me where the masks are assembled?
Where the lies are born?

Satish Verma

Where The Road Ends

Since you knew, ?
it was going to cast a shadow.

I let the question hang in air.
Death was known, ? only to man?

My suffering begins today. Adding?
my two cents, I go wild. Too few
white blood cells cruising in the veins.
Like lightning strike? I put myself
in harm's way.

Bright yellow?
the gold and fire, absolutely opaque
decimating the drooping primula.

Impulsive, ? I raise the lid
of blazing rage. A divine exposure.
A millennium melts
beneath the carpet of snow.

Satish Verma

Where Three Rivers Meet

Homeless, you
remained on the
wrong side of moon.

Trying to steal
yourself from light.

Now money speaks,
undoing Fabian formula.

Why one should exit
from the cabal of choosers?
Your infirmity will
sink you in wet sands.

When salvias were blooming,
you wanted to become
an accomplice of a sage.
Killing without crime.

Sometimes you fill
your life with meaningless words.
A trivia of hurting others.

Satish Verma

Where To Go

Go to the speaking moon
to fell the stars,
and to learn a way of becoming?
unbeing.

It was a rough ride.
How could you open the
fist of darkness
and see in absolute nihility?

Can you unattach me,
when I was seeking your pith
in my poems?

Come to me with unarmed
lies, to fight with my truths.
Life is very short and I have?
many things to do.

Satish Verma

Where Was The Justice

Your mercy was very
little O god, for equal-halves.
Nobody was perfect.

Alive and kicking,
yet harmless. The moons were
alone in togetherness.

You always lied? How
deep was your pain, when sun
was rising without light?

Satish Verma

Where Will It End

In deep depression,
clearing the emotional debris,
when your eyes speak?
I become dumb.

The skin mood alters.
Love was not racial.
A naked paper writes your will? that,
you no more belong to anyone.

Going down, down?
the man's ego. I stand on crossroads,
still undecided, your lips
white, eyes red.

The reapers will come again
to harvest the skulls, to
make necklaces. The greed wants
the biggest garland.

Stings are a plenty.

Satish Verma

Where Will You Go?

Not a doomsday
O hardened life, I cannot
read you like a Rosetta stone.

You walk under
Jacarandas to become purplish
blue without moony touch.

The scented air
brings meltdown, I rise
the candle to count the tears.

A trembling prayer
dries on your lips. A university
of love burns in eyes.

An orange color
abducts the clouds for a forced
marriage with sun.

Satish Verma

Whirling Dervish

In being and unbeing
I come to you today?
in unconscious state.
Excessively leaning on
cause, it is not heart?
not brain. Just a beat.
Evening is settling
down. Time flew past. Birds
going home. A lone moon
will rise.
Underground thoughts start?
stunning the secrets.
You open the lost book.
In war go the alphabet.
Questions arise. After all?
who was me.
The awakening begins.

Satish Verma

Whispering Clouds

The veiled buds for
you, living on the moon,
in explicit shades.

Why didn't you leave
a trail of disaster, after
hissing the last breath?

I was to be me,
looking at the clock unblinking,
to stop the era.

Satish Verma

Whispering Sparrows

The native walls
were hounding me-

out of game.

I was playing chess with god.

Was stoned to death.

A small boy's arm

was crushed.

He stole a bread.

What was the truism

of unheard voices?

Groping in green darkness

I was watching

the lethal plunge of man.

Satish Verma

White Fear

Poetry wound
and a large schism
starts an invasion.

Numbness pours out.
You become nobody;
depart without a farewell.

A crazy word
is lost and a delirious
search is initiated.

Bit by bit
coexistence is found
between the sheets.

Unwrap the gift;
a live grenade
explodes mouthful.

Satish Verma

White House

It was a rape of a city. Go ahead.
I still speak the old phrases
with back pain.

And let fly the silence
in beautiful emptiness
of a swollen heart.

On pain of anonymity
I wanted to clear my name
from tangled fame.

The after death comfort
of words when clarity
moves in the home of a meaning.

Satish Verma

White Lies

It was a glass house.

A burning boat capsizes
in milk body, creating
a schism.

Relentlessly, a classical theme
was furloughed. I
refuse to sell,
sell anything.

A deemed thought is
nurtured, hiring the
tall grasses, to hide
the kill. I am writing?

a poem of falling leaves
to eat the huge steps
of a giant, who started
the blood time.

Satish Verma

White Shrouds

The lips will speak
without sound.
A tuliped man hangs himself
down, from a tall tree of fame.

You wanted to live in the?
glare of slit throats.
The blood brings the brilliant
glitter of gold.

End of the speech will?
throw up a mascot. The noose was
tightening around the?
rising? glorious sun.

Slavery never ends. You
become victim of your dazzling
peaks, when you stand alone
at unthinkable heights.

The spirit of the tree dies in your eyes.

Satish Verma

White Snakes

A retrograde flow
of subtlety. The
letters have gone out of shape.

Can you read the
fog, when night stalls
the moon?

How do I express
my agony, this huge precipice
of denials?

Love your enemy
was not my cake. A
tender no was enough to subtract.

Suddenly you start
flirting with yourself. After all
you melt in the picture
of fall.

Satish Verma

Who Answers?

Time
was the great avenger.
It takes you away
into war,
with swan words.

My baby poem
cries. Lost in a crowd of swindlers.
Not finding the home of truth.

Was it a rarified
phenomenon, that it was
a dark nebula,
that gave birth to the sun?

Are you free to
agree with me, with my existence?

The conclusion was
beyond the judgment of insane people.

Are you going to harm yourself
by accepting the fireball questions?

Satish Verma

Who Gives Up?

Mix the color of moon dust
with the color of earth
you will find?
a fringe of untruths.
No one was left unstained.

Meltdown in harm
way begins, burning yourself?
without flames.

What was your last
awakening? I would ask
myself, waiting for a stretched
night for a long sleep.

The heartbeats miss
with every skip of god's name.
Slices and maneuvers?
become the right of day.

Unpeeling my eyes
I catch my shadow.
A naked truth weeps.

Satish Verma

Who Had Spoiled The Show?

Muzzle the ape, that
bleeds the tall tree,
tearing apart the blue birds.
I saw it coming.

I was overwrought; watching a
beheading? of the innocent,
in the town square.
People standing in queues to
grab the voodoos.

When you will end my woes
basking in the glory of blood?

O god, take away my chips,
my papers,
my pen.

I am tired of this deceit of man.
Everybody walks like a saint
on the holy banks
where flows the river of tears.

Satish Verma

Who Wants Eternity

In black sun
and white night,
I was ready to
breath in the arsenic!

Who was under
threat, I will ask?
The silence of the abyss
was going to upset me.

Can you stop?
these threarics, without
hurting anybody after
the unpaid debt of an
invisible devotee?

Drooping eyes
do not want to see the
setting sun in twilight.

Satish Verma

Who Was Blessed

Do trees quiver
in dark at night,
exploring their original skins
under the starlight?

Why do they talk
when we sleep?
Living is very cheap
and dying was expensive.

Would you mind
to buy death, letter by
letter in understanding
the market?

The Sunday moon was
always beautiful. You stay
on terrace to say goodbye
before closing the book.

There was eternal pain,
outside and inside.

Satish Verma

Who Was Creator?

I am scared.
You are becoming human,
looking back at the
colored leaves falling in autumn.

Was your pain
ripened? And you bled
poems? Ah you were the?
first wooly animal!

Surreal. Dancing
with beautiful words to
entice the lies. To woo
the narcissitic mode.

Thought of dying
shimmers like a fish in silvery
water. I won't throw
the net in your eyes.

River will not drink
its water.

Satish Verma

Who Was Faithful?

That yellow moon haunts me again
and overleaps my sleep.
I do not dare to walk in the graves
of your eyes. The palace
has broken.

Mere suffering was not sufficient.
You have to wince with pain
for a crucified secret,
dying for a graced truth.

Snatch me a tear from
the blind precious rags
will make a sacred thread to wrap
you on your arm.

The bruised innocence does not matter
walk like a prince in every dark
page of history. Light follows the
sounds of body.

Satish Verma

Who Was Me?

A misbelief
breaks into rags.
Still I dream of some gods
on black pages

piecing together the words
of light. The rains come
in the cage of tears,
voicelessly.

Striated muscles of splintered faith
go to cramps birthing
the avatar
without a mother.

I will pick up now
nothingness
from the bounty of silence,
of a stunning question.

Satish Verma

Who Was Queenbee?

When you stay away
a short while, I
start searching myself.

The torn pages of?
my book flutter through the
dirt track.

You leave footprints
of sacrilege, unmasking
the absolute white
of the lonely death of moon.
The night will become
sleep-deprived. I will wake up
the cherries to celebrate
the bloodbath.

How come, there was
no mercy for the killer? It
was god's message?

The holy book has become
a cleaver in the hands of faithfull.

I want to unread all my wisdom.

Satish Verma

Who Was Seeking The Light?

Your insistence to become
something, to overstay existence
was not fair.

On a row of white shrouds –
holding innocent beings,
death was walking barefoot, crying.

Between farewell and stupidity,
staccato, shooting questions to life.
What was the need for this achievement?

Fear was turning you against me,
to abandon the peace. Truth cannot be repeated
again and again. It becomes a lie.

No body knows how to bury
the deception. It is still dark.
Who was seeking the light?

Satish Verma

Who Was Yogi?

I cannot pretend
you are far away like stars
when your songs hug me.

Grass green my poems
wait for the dew drops like
tears of the moon.

My warrior sleeps
in snow, till my love like
sun, wakes you up.

Satish Verma

Who Wears The Mantle Of War

I will pick up the dust in
a swift scoop-from where
the stars fell and step out,
of the shadows of light.

A détente begins, between
the limbs and eyes, to hold
in check the flames
licking the doors.

How far was the moon
beyond the money's reach? The
man has bared the?
earth's womb, with skulls questioning.

The sucked out blue lake
runs for the shade of wandering
clouds. We divide the thick
silence with unspoken abuses.

Satish Verma

Who Will Stop You

The white ribbon
gives you an angle.
Moon will rise from that point.

The summer dwells
in your poppies.
I was walking with feet of clay.

My eyes will collect
your scarlet lips,
for a deathless painting.

There it was, the body in
velvet, lying under the shade.
Only moon was naked.

Satish Verma

Who Will Survive

I seek you from you today.
Life itself has the power like an
and forth lights the vision.

When trees sing, I collect
the jasmines enigma hugs
me to solve the surrender.

Black words move around
the blind faith, The pain will not
ns again and again.

Satish Verma

Who Woke Me

What you did not get,
was found at the bottom of sea.
Was it due to dance of swans?

You held me tight,
when the rains stopped.
A moon kissed spot still burns.

An intimate wound of
hard life, was not given by you? Then
who had kissed me in quiet departure?

Satish Verma

Whole Truth

Let it be as such,
my long cut tear,
Do not dramatize the wound
and put it as an exhibit.
No attempt should be made to mask the fated pain.
Wait for me at the end of the road.

Not for me,
I grieve for the fallen trees, tall glory of past.
It was a question of survival.
Survival of the best, which could not continue.
There is reversal of equatization.
Man has become superior to god.

They are using Him, I am afraid.
Urging him to commit a natural suicide,
a logical ending of a patriarch.
The stage is set for a mass mourning.

A big conspiracy had been brewing
in prisoner's cell,
which had been in full possession of
whole truth.

Satish Verma

Wholeness

Like deportation
in distant waters, still I
believed myself.

Living in a hole
all my life, understanding
moonrise on lake.

Who gave me the kiss
of roses? pink, black, yellow
colors of the eyes?

Satish Verma

Whom To Believe

It sets me off
when you bring up
afterlife.

With upturned
snout, the asp, enters
the hole.

Emptiness
fills the gaps. Somewhere
words join. Become a sentence.

Satish Verma

Whom To Sing

The first stitch
of the poem. Painless words.
There was no song.

The lull before the
blast. Buddha bends to pick up
the tangerines.

Deep orange-red
sun rises to name the sin.
There was no saint.

Satish Verma

Whom To Tell

It was your weapon.
Nobody else would have given in.
Sucked in by the eternal faith.

Undying love
makes me dumbfounded.
Can you make this world a better
place to live?

What you had done to
my religion? Love does not
begets love now.

You know? what I
do not. Even the barbed
fence will allow the lies.

A gift of rape.
Why life has so many colors?
I will ask the sea.

Satish Verma

Whose Fault?

Coming of age?
the ruins,
now want to
dismantle the man.

A crypt
behind the crypt
will be opened to
invite the goddess
of wealth.

I remained poor
being a seeker.
Where did you reach
floating in
river of blindness?

Satish Verma

Why

For a messenger of lies
I lay down the script.
A kick starts the game.

I am the only visitor to the
gallery. Kamasutra suicide displayed
was a way of expression

of a revolt against honour
killing of your own daughters
whose bodies were found in the canal.

The tall sacred walls of home
made kilns, where you empty your sixpence
traditions on the name of native justice.

A sightless vista opens before the
inward eye. I take hold of a brush
and wipe out the faces.

Satish Verma

Why A Poem

Unfazed you stand in?
a drizzle, to locate the
moon nestling in clouds.

The speed of bite was fatal,
showing the movement
of incompleteness.

I searched the identity?
of one anonymous, who
had fathered an illegitimate eunuch.

I wanted to make a
confession, looking at the
blue sky, about my waywardness.

The crazy thing of mixing
the flowers, winds, moon and birds
with serious chores of life.

Unmistakingly a poem.

Satish Verma

Why Are You Blue?

The wayfarer, searching
for the leaf-pains?
fallen from the lone tree.

Some holy script will
tell the angst of the sap,
which would not reach the roots.

A responsible weep,
will divulge your name to?
forest bees, waiting for the moon.

I watch the setting sun
with trepidation.
Night will bring again, the blasts.

Satish Verma

Why Camouflaging?

How do I find out
in dreams, when you hide?
behind your eyes?

*

Venerating age
was brutal. Everyday I
count my lost coins.

*

Your hands tremor
after the cruel retraction of
knife from the poems.

Satish Verma

Why Complain

It was searing
attack of the untamed
blue butterflies.

Light kiss of flame.
Lingers on for centuries
in mind of the victim.

Not a fair game
of loneliness again.
Nobody meets mirror.

Satish Verma

Why Do I Suffer?

Turning inward,
you stare at death in eyes,
throwing dirt at moon,
half-night away.

The words bleed.
You want to define the
pure relationship.

Loving yourself was
very painful, when you become me.

Walking up to the altar
to break the bread. You wanted
me to become a prophet
of no religion.

But I will never get
the kiss of eternal flame
on my lips.

Life twirls in my torment.
I become a blind sun.
Why did you turn into a smoking gun?

Satish Verma

Why Do You Live?

The only choice was
to lose the hope
and unfollow your path.

A thinner moon
would decide, how cold
was lonely night.

A fear wears
the face of a beast to
freeze the blood in veins.

The lesser school
of learning, picks up the truth
from the streets.

I will don't
throw the challenge, I squirm
in your inertia.

The flames go up
in blue smoke.

Satish Verma

Why Eyes Were Red

One in a million, I
found you. My inner core was wet.
A black cat follows me.

Who were coming
together on the burning coals, to
discover the meaning of life.

I wanted to know,
how moon kills me, when I
was inhabiting the blood lake.

Satish Verma

Why Godheads

The beauty of being
nothing, like the nystagmus.
Do you see me through,
when I break inside?

Won't you release your
white doves to smell
the melting moon
of summer's blues?

Nameless a poem swims
in your pale eyes. I
watch the cobra rear up
like a purple monkshood!

One day I will pay
back your debt, for the
myth of phoenix. I will
live for centuries in the
desert to rise from ashes.

Nobody becomes a conqueror!

Satish Verma

Why Love Is Called Flame?

Can you heal my
insomnia? Raise the bar
and eat your words.

You have stopped
singing. Take me moon I
am getting very hot.

Why people are dying
without blood? Someone
was sending the message?

Satish Verma

Why Not?

Are you there, I would
say to my conscience?
A perfect faulted future
was the vision.

The ragged present
depicts the cold murder of
the dream land.

I do not want to
interfere with the past. You paint
the god as the victim.

Lithesome, pure as milk
your words flow?
from the steaming eyes.

Do we take a side
with violence and axe, and
keep on beheading the
dynasty?

Satish Verma

Why Question Marks

The milk run appears like
flesh trade. A bigamous
marriage with two ideologies.

The politics looks like
a fudged slogan. The silence
was broken by screams.

A dwindling faith, could
not revive the ancient Buddha.
There was no pity, no sorrow.

Activism wades on home?
turf. The colossal night
releases the lynx vision.

I am the cipher, you
said, will not connect
to any integer.

Satish Verma

Why This?

Truistic but
dry, a poem
weeps.

You will not
find any lead?
in my bones, though
I have been eating
the pencils
while writing.

Truistic but
dry, a poem
weeps.

Satish Verma

Why To Think

Strange, in silence, I lose
my way, my thoughts.
I will speak.

The long roots were
stronger,
than the myriad leaves.

A shadow left
you in mid sun. No
one will follow you now.

The tree at last
enters your?
home in deep revenge.

Satish Verma

Why You Were Hiding?

A slice of embrace
chops off the little moons. Lips
on lips. I will never be same.

Baby thoughts are ripening
in your chest. Will we accept the
destiny of tired legs?

I sit alone at the
banks of holy river to wash
my dirty hands for a miracle.

Satish Verma

Why? Why?

Can you take on the sparks
and swallow the flames of hurt eyes?
Every tear has shape of its own.

A late poem picks up the
smoke of house of love
burns slowly. Moon reflects on black wall.

Fingernails were turning
is no blood to draw. Nobody
wants to go, but end waits.

Satish Verma

Wild Dreams

This was
a prelude to a prefix.
I want to stretch
my arms
to reach your moon.

*

Why did they had
to go,
the night,
the caper,
the moon!

Satish Verma

Wild Reflections

After a long journey
he wants to sit
under the moon.

*

Not calling home,
he wanted to cross
the religion.

*

There was no clearing?
of subterranean fears.
I have accepted the mats.

*

In boiling water
why did you jump
to save the fish?

Satish Verma

Wild Thoughts

It was syntax
killing a kiss.
You play with a button.

You press a rose,
between the lips,
in black and white.

A nerve quivers
from head to toe.
Where the stars go when you cry.

Satish Verma

Wilderness

Why did you have to come in this world
to become a medical waste?

There was no urgency to dropp in
and then remain unnoticed,
with no symptoms of life.
Later scooped by a dumper
you are thrown on garbage.

Vertical hope becomes synonym
for a peak spewing lava.
A collage sits in my eyes.
Yet I wipe out tears of anonymity.
The night comes to hold me in black arms.

After the squall
there was the rain and
unrelenting moon.

Satish Verma

Will Meet Again

Arranging for a sniper
in murder land?
to buy peace.

Human voices were
forbidden.

You look absolutely
cozy in fragrant mode,
sitting eyes wide open, under
the jasmine shrub.

Raising the conscience
money for no guilt.

Now sit beside me and
listen to the pinnacle crumbling.

Naked as a moon, I don't need
clouds to cover my scars.
A watertight, flawless promise
with destiny was made of?

Incontrovertible friendship.

Satish Verma

Will Not Breathe For A While

To know, who I am...
in the name of truth.

We move in different circuits.
Our toes don't meet.

Fraternity mangled, I will
not sell my wounds.
I will not show my scars.

I will wait, wait till eternity
after the black end, in the hope of dawn.

As a mark of respect, you fly
low, invisible to the eyes of walking gods.

The thick men, become menace
for the slums. There was no light.

I turn blue.

Satish Verma

Will Not Forget

Flirting will broken bread
I taste a bitter truth.
I am entering into a stupor
from head to toe. The
intimate torture has begun.

Trying to locate the
dirt path back to
home. The bird watching
has come to an end.

The meaningless ailing
now bleeds from dark
orifices. I return back
your globe.

The river has changed
its course. It does not flow
by my home. I am planting
forget - me - not.

Satish Verma

Will Not Speak

You have clean hands.
You don't hide.
I can read your signs.

The rising violence
makes the rich tombs. You
stand like a Buddha.

From the ashes, you
can build a Homer's Troy.
I will not visits the site.

The legacy of moon
suffers. The doormats become
rich. Why fake daddies?

A brain stops midway
in jungle of no words.
You want to sing.

You are scared of me
for receiving the gifts.

Satish Verma

Will You Admit?

An indecent
exposure. It was not
a game, to kill
a panther, moving
around in search
of prey.

And the basic instinct.

The fundamental trait deficit
was between hunger
and ecstasy, between beast
and man.

You will chase a
butterfly, not for pleasure
but to become
an animal.

This was the observer,
and that was observed.

Satish Verma

Will You Ever Sleep?

When you stop speaking,
death recreates the birth of
an avatar of blue pains.

Don't hush one tells
the one becomes one's
own was assassinated.

I quote Rudyard Kipling.
"If you can make a heap of all your winnings
and lose for your love, you are god.

Satish Verma

Will You Know?

The dead man speaks.
What was the truth? Partly
guilty I will show my birthmark.

Moon always left
the memories in snow, when
I was talking to sun.

You were not born
in a day. It took centuries.
Give me time and space.

Satish Verma

Will You Leave Me?

I did not mean to hurt.

Do not try to flute?
drinking the lianas,
wearing a fatigue. Then comes?
the shoot. Like a scarecrow
I sway? the slug? passes through me.

You ask me to turn over?
the death mask?
giving a smile. There was no
reprisal. Must bring under reins?
the pounding heart? I cannot talk.

Alone to mend my grief, the
scaled loss of bliss. Do not want to
use any metal. Poverty becomes
my strength. Fears will stand with me.
I am empty like a glass.

Satish Verma

Will You Marry Me?

Sky weeps, I was collecting clouds
from stillness of the sea.

A snake again wants to kiss,
I am learning to die
in arms of spiral mirrors.

Cannot forgot the cheating of umbrellas.
The stings, the twists, the hollow breads.
Foams are submitting the venoms
on golden plates.
I grieve for the dignity of a hangman.

The retreat leaves the blood
on the stones. My house was burning.
Will you marry me? I ask the dew
sitting on the grass. Don't go
back to the sun.

A relentless bucket fills up, again
I am watching at the moon.
The icy sand, the fire, the heat.
Flowers will hunt the thorns
at rooftops of sleep.

Satish Verma

Windows

Sky wept
when you hanged the young truth
from a tree.

A shadow falls
on the hill
for a savior.

A winged flaw
becomes a legend
for the sake of a sword.

A nameless letter
betrays the will of a cage
to set the bird free.

My forehead marks
the wrinkles of ancestors
who would not give a name.

Satish Verma

Windows Are Not Supporting

In the culture of self, and wilting idol
who was going to interpret the truth?
To resolve the inner conflicts
of an ailing mind?
I tell no one my validity,
my loss, and my sudden realization,
of a dying aura.

Give me a poem, a childhood, a dream
I wanted to live,
without maligning a mirror.
Without a cold-blooded
murder of truths.
Life was becoming a waiting in blackness for an
audience with god.

A thought sits whole life
on a ruined model of a truth,
trying to get freedom from the
celebrated events of greed and hate.
Windows are not supporting the light.
Time for the greens
to make a decision.

Satish Verma

Winds

Trapped in your body
a city starts
screaming.

The master has broken off
a huge iceberg.

An Antarctica is burning
like hermitage
from the spark of a red robe.

Lips are riddled
with lies.
No face is left
to smile.

Ruthless with the words
and meanings,
they have manipulated the winds.

The puppets
have come to stop
in complete silence.

Satish Verma

Wings Attached

In slap at your icarian path
the call was not taken
from inside me.

Anxiety in a troupe of clouds
was rising. A deep dissent
within winds surfaces after sunset.

On the footpath comes a noun
in the land of abuses,
taking a vow of silence.

The moon becomes green
in a blue sky to get
the blessings of surging frost.

Knew nothing about the
future flooding of apples.
Falling from the tree.

Satish Verma

Winter Backdrop

An earthy scent
rises, when?
you rain in me.

The hole in
heart. Naked
as salt of eyes.

My roving boat
sinks near
the banks of ashes.

Pure and white
like snow
you fall on my lips.

Satish Verma

Winter Night

It was never meant,
to be the triumph
of the death

in the night of the snowfall.
The silent fall of flakes,
covering the stains,
would start a conversation
about the truth of life.

A journey to unknow the evil starts.

Satish Verma

Winter Script

The lust overtakes
the content.
Winter solstice gives the answer.

*

The winter moon.
How much a bunker will
provide you the shelter?

*

A countryside.
The huddled mushrooms
protecting their kids.

Satish Verma

Winter Sleep

The dust to dust phase
in between, you
didn't want a self-destruction
to resurrect a dying myth.

Only God knows. Why
there was only the body language
to explain the miracle.

You wake up a frog
from hibernation. There was
no drought. Plenty of rains.
No nightmares. One has to change
the climate shift.

A muted denial stays
in throat. You wanted to say
the whole truth about life,
which never was uttered.

Scoliosis tilts the water
balance. You cannot carry the
vessels on head. Doubts
would play on the script.

Author had promised to live again.

Satish Verma

Winter Solstice

The chase, the speed?
the kill. How far you go to?
retrieve the dead horse
from the river.

Floating bridge, I
wanted to drink the
moon in red.

The chimes would not
winter? in falling snow.
Can you bring me some hot blood?

The ceramic arms spray
the liquid memories on the
grass, all night.

Later when the sky
fails, I will bring the
sun to wipe out the tears.

Satish Verma

Winter Story

When clouds were
drawing graffiti on sky,
where were you?

Untamed manners
in a profound grief
brings back the black buck.

The buck stops here,
fallen on the golden ax.
Get me the lantern.

Satish Verma

Winter Tales

Blood suckers were
always bound by veins. Man
becomes very small.

Spitting venom was
a style. You walk precariously
on strings to hide hunger.

Don't look at the
moon. Life will treat you very badly.
Give me shovel to unearth god.

You cannot erase
the name of an angel forgetting
to resuscitate his lover.

What was the thrill
of burning witch hazels when
blood was still flowing?

Satish Verma

Wisdom

I will deceive the immortality
in my inadequacy, between myself
and a messy belief.

The sky cracks open.
One unreal moon
slaps the dark clouds.

You want to rest on my shoulder
till eternity.
The silence leads to nothingness.

Over the rifts, space and time
eyes stalk the hands.
You cannot write your name.

You will not move a step,
I will not stay for long.
The distance will defend us both.

Satish Verma

Wisdom Fails

You are made to
love, deadly and chaste
without meeting earlier
in hive.

The bees refuse
to give honey.

The chemistry between
sun and marigold fails.
The violence sucks
the green.

On the pretext
of failure, depression
concludes the universal
truth.

The problem was
what kind of death you want.

Satish Verma

Wisdom Suffers

When the various attempts fail.
You become a sage.

Always I will question
the unveiled moon, why anger was
surging in the disturbed night?

Let me complete
my story. Will you wait
for my final confession?

When my pain
morphs into a poem, I
will discover myself?
in your absence.

And when you put on purposely,
the pink? lipglow, I go lonely.

The gift of parting
was the death wish for a fluttering moth,
to fly towards the glittering flame.

Satish Verma

Wishes

Nothing was beholden.
Colony counts were perfect.
You were never guaranteed and exit.

I am stalked by lips
of a black tulip holding
a moonbeam.

The world moves
wearing a shell of emptiness
in a cosmos, inviolable.

Aggrandizement
beyond the bluffing.
More beliefs and many withdrawals.

You will not kill me?
Half-way to soothing words
of ecstasy.

Satish Verma

With Apologia

Nothing other than,
he was hearing?
screams!

Nude was not au
naturel, like
a new born chick.

Half-mumbling,
half-clad,
he walked bare foot.

Giving away the
canvas, you are
blissfully happy.

Satish Verma

With Apologies

Sitting in ivory tower
you will watch a tragedy
of epic nicknames.

In future of reprisals
there was a culture of hate.
A solar hit will claim the frenzy.

It was a naked death
of a stolen whip, at
high speed game of sex.

A new wrinkle appears
on the headless body,
after the wow, oh wow!

Why did you take my
name for your name?
After all what is in a name.

Satish Verma

With Dignity

What is that of this,
I will ask from the question
which sleeps on the twisted lip.

The probity suffers,
when you burn your white paper.
Why did not you write your name?

The cortex invades
medulla. Your kidneys falter.
The sense and price become one.

A nude open the pride.
The curves, the slants will
ask you to become the flic,

but you become a god,
accept the knife's version
and bleed to death.

Satish Verma

With Invocation

I will call you
in a moon night-through
a fragile letter,
for extracting the end of beginning
to do a Houdini
to escape from the straitjacket
of your own commitment.

Decades on-
the house still carries the smudges
on the walls, where you
wrote dreams in vermilion
and later on singed yourself out-
to become disfigured.

For whom you laid seige,
your silence, becoming a song? A sculpted mutiny to
collect the thin bones asking
the moon to send more light.
Timeless a death waits in the shadows
for a fat answer.
I will spread the salt.

Satish Verma

With Licorice

Throw yourself on a time bomb
howling, breaking the words,
twisting the letters, reciting a prayer
after the rise of a monomania in the
face of mankind.

I am becoming poorer everyday
by grace of filth all around. Cannot hear
myself now in the marching band of curses
and abuse; a scion hides a fawn from
the eyes of wild bulls.

A hierarchy of buried skeletons, spineless
dinosaurs lying under the shadows of technicolor
maps and letting freeze the time. The music
was lapped by passersby. The world
was moving in circle.

Satish Verma

Satish Verma

With Moon And Sunlight

One text to another,
you take a refuge, from
the commitment?
to save the god.

This was a wonderful art.
The kiss of Naja, to
taste the venom, finding the
ultimate truth.

Else you drink hemlock,
make your throat blue to
protect the man from misery of life.

Something, massive is hurled at
you, and breaks you in million
of shards. To remain alive
was the element of accident.

You perceive what you
cannot achieve. Sitting at the threshold
you watch the world go by.

Who was the Pied Piper?

Satish Verma

With No Anger

Truth survived between us.
You were my anthem?
in dying light.

Like a crucible, the
absent moon, fills it with a poem.
Maybe you will find the signs.

That the illusion
transcends the truth, and
becomes blue.

Who will be born?
again in the ambit of
slavery and deliverance?

Ah, the tragedy
of life was, to give
away the honey to insectivores.

Satish Verma

With No Apology

On the mount
a broad-leaved tree was preparing
for self destruction.
It was too cold
under the sun.

A small Christmas tree
with its needle leaves
waits for the snow,
to draw a self-potrait
in bitter winter.

Snow fall makes it
gold, when rain comes
and my hand knives the moon.

Satish Verma

With No Mistake

There was some pain
in your thick voice.
You had gone too far.

Hunted like
a deer, for an ecstatic vision
I was very angry with me.

Learning deep, back
to back, you were aware of
the dogma. It was a witch.

Chasing you on reverse
feet. One kiss less?
you become a beast.

An asp in the sleeve.
My bullet-riddled body
will wait for your stone.

No more I will write your
arrival. The twinkle reflection
of your eyes? uncrying.

Satish Verma

With Paper Frills

Touching your
glacier lips with my poems.
A splinter thought
has hogged the center stage.

There was a double
meaning in relaxed posture
of rebellion. Doves of peace
were not visible as yet.

The poverty of freedom
to defend the talent of embracing
death without bullets of shame.

Stones in limelight, left
and right, hitting the walls
of silence. The fat people with
golden hair will decide the hard core burns.

All night, I was
changing sides. Moon was
sending the messages in gaping holes.

Let the skin of hands,
hang like salt-and-pepper!

Satish Verma

With Soft Feeling

I was my own
slave to walk on rose
petals to feel
the kingdom.

Dishonesty was
at large. I will not shun the
truths of bitter lips.

No mineralization was
there in pure eyes.
You could sail on the frozen lake.

What a thousand
words won't do. I did it with
skin and bones.

A flower vase. Flawless.
You want to write
the name of unknown.

Satish Verma

With-Beingness

The stings wither, I
was walking on burning coals.
From temple deity was gone.

After defeat? the
skinned poems, will amble in dried
lake of brown eyes.

Teardrops had made
the grass green. A shrine doesn't
come up for the moon.

Satish Verma

Withdrawal

Like a hedgehog you raise
your spines.
I bleed unbitten.

The sharp polarization
starts a brutal war?
on changing genetics.

The editing of human
behavior with a streak of desire,
goes for lip therapy.

Unimpressed I remain,
after the chlorine attack.
You cannot burn the spirit.

Your tactis anger?
the sparrows. They are migrating
to marry another summer.

Satish Verma

Withering

One hazel moon
of November. I was thinking
of an iceberg.

*

The seared
shoots of grass. The path
covered by autumn leaves.

*

A weeping willow
lays down the branches
to embrace the river.

Satish Verma

Within The Apparition

How will you undo
the legacy of violence?

A thought persistently bothers me.
You need high heels
to become taller, lifting
your face in dark.

Thinking without direction,
my dilemma was, how long
road rage will resolve the xenophobia?

Looking at the moods
of moon, would you
travel to an ocean in anger?

My eyes meet your hands.
They were busy doing nothing.

Like the apocalypse,
we will perish in savagery,
and meet our kismet beyond the stars.

A glow in the east is going to die.

Satish Verma

Without A Name

In the triumph of flesh,
when fame of the world was your thing,
a sequence of defeats piled up
and time became stronger than the symbols.

Was it not easier
to abandon the consciousness?
Living a dog's life was more comfortable
without a qualm.
How painful it was to know the reality unclothed!

You had achieved nothing in life
and were readying up now
to receive thoughts of death.
Time had no beginning
and time had no end.

Do you think all will be well at last?
Will we be happy without you?
Or you will be remembered as a hero
without a name!

Satish Verma

Without A Title

Full moon was negating the intensity of night.
I wanted the sacred smell of dark heaven
which was dispensing the forgiveness.
Did not reach the dazzling height of a star;
even conflicts gave me immense metaphors.
Nemesis was measuring the hauled-up mistakes
For them I was tormented by unknown fears
and the ravings were useless.
Deliberately I cleaned my room twice
to welcome the instincts.
Even the particulars have become painful.
What do you think, can we follow the poem
without a title?
The neighbourhood cracks silently
I am not going to flaunt my lesions.

Satish Verma

Without Bargaining

A view from the cause,
alters the landscape in you
I surrender to the earth,
the roots. Purifying the leaves.
I tell myself, this was not me,
my music. Still my skin
has the tattoos of pandemic deafness.
I am breathing through the lips.

My attachment to death
is a private affair
my voice lies in a lake.
The butterfly in a womb.
the psalms under the rocks.
Is it ending of death
or death of ending?
I go beyond the brink,
dropp the stone in water.

When the moon touches
my eyes, like a kiss
I start sharing the menu of night.
The rimless thoughts are hovering
like small birds. I listen
to their flappings.
Can we live without bargaining?
Do you know the price?

Satish Verma

Without Ceremony

Like cutting my own
blue thumb, a crazy thought
to earn rare wisdom.

Was there any option
not to climb your beautiful
eyes sans scaffolding?

The frosted looks of
the moon brings shivers in
the darkened room.

Satish Verma

Without Claws

When the hurting
fails to speak, tribalism wins,
without a shine.

When I hold your
hand, you wanted to know
the ethics of our sins.

Then you bend in dream
like the circinate frond
or maidenhair, to kiss
my bleeding toes.

For you someone
would be falling apart. Take care
of him to the death of night.

The body will meet
the dust one day, to understand
life and come back to
unload the virtues.

Not you, not me
we all are superficial.

Satish Verma

Without Curse

The animals are?
in solid fear,
of man.

Fauna was in distress,
delivering the offspring?
to unnamed creator.

Earthworms were
regrouping to start burrowing
under the mausoleums.

Stoicism would find
a new house. The mutiny had
collapsed in good weather.

Of winter and summer,
You know the discipline of
winds, when birds sing.

Satish Verma

Without Destination

You come to me like
a fall.
All the colors have arrived.

The being, an entity?
multiplies. For now,
in past, in future.

A will not move away very far
from the dots.
A tangent will lead you to me.

Satish Verma

Without Dresses

Do you hear the
unheard voices of
violence? I ask myself.

The events change
with moon's faces. I tell
you and everyone.

The pain of forgetting, come
when you don't want to
forget. You were destroying
the unknown.

The history repeats
the solitude of glaciers.
Carbon of earthly fires
was burning the ice.

The collective strength
of legs crosses the river of
hate. We love after hurting
each other.

I pray, I beseech
to stop the voiceless suffering.

The horizon has no depth.

Satish Verma

Without Elegy

In low spirits, moon
fiddles with dark clouds, sometimes
walks away moodily.

*

Fear follows you in
sun-bathed field, like a ghost,
where marigold lives.

*

Death doesn't recognize
the angel wounded in grass
by peacock's feather.

Satish Verma

Without Envy

This command was
unpunishable.
I will not accept the defeat
from life.

You were mending the shoes,
of god. My vase had
broken. This is my burden,
I carry the body of a poem.

Waterfalls. I stand in
midstream. Throw my walking stick
in flowing stream. Will heal
the dead legs of a thought.

The belly is full of crickets.
No light. The unending muffled
trill. The pebbles fall in nightmares.
I seek the ending of blue marks.

The air fills the lungs with your prayers for me.

Satish Verma

Without Eye Contact

Before the sun dies,
I want to see you.

About destiny, with your
unopened smile, in
a painless encounter.

In search of a wizard,
who can guide us to the?
white, crisp honesty.

What was indestructible?
You will not utter any word.
I will ask the shadow of moon.

A cool river flows in my
pulse to meet the sea of
yellow roses of your eyes.

The wood and ashes
meet without fire. Was it
the end of relics of our knives?

Blood and bone marrow will
never marry.

Satish Verma

Without Fear

Inseparable
the words will be buried
in tongue like nails.

Like you want to
meet the Demigoddess, before
you go in bloom.

Ancient nemesis
takes the onus on, for
the fall of grace.

Satish Verma

Without Fetters

He was not at guilt,
it was the neuro?
hormones, hired from moon.

You were burning
inside, smokeless
without flames.

I throw the net?
in lake to catch,
the moon for once.

The day was ready
to close the eyes?
to practice philanthropy.

Satish Verma

Without Guilt

Something exciting
was to
call for an assayer.

Morality has failed,
running after the
false values of untruths.

Pure virginity.
I won't touch you again
for the sake of god.

Crossing the threshold
like walking on burning coals
to test the bonding.

The mankind was
always cannibalistic.
You devour the body without blood.

Satish Verma

Without Qualms

He resumed walking with the sun
propelled in river of fire of blunt red
and striking yellow to resonate with the pain of her,
who sleeps on the thighs of a temple tree.

The vibrations still follow the echo of forgiveness,
a shadow of palm rises on white wounds.
The snoring of blood letting winds break the
bones crisply, on the jealous shores.

Where was the need of sharp edges to slice
the heart? The words spilled on the table
like blood curdling bats. The candle light
turns black with a guilt.

Small gods are weeping inside the tear
scorched eyes. Somebody prays for the fallen
monuments of tongues and bullet killed bells
of tributes. Stars started hiding their faces.

Satish Verma

Without Reason

Living in a cyst, it
would explore the breast.
The black ethics goes beyond
the bounds of mystique of
non-movement.

A while away
a conflict comes out of the body.
Melts into a face.
There is no flesh, no skin.
Only transgression, holding my hands.

There were no arguments.
Only speech punctuated by silent sobs.
A taper standing in a gale.
The shadow flies like an arrow into
the pitcher of hemlock.

Satish Verma

Without Rhyme Or Reason

Your fingers twisted
like question marks.
Age subdues the basic?
instincts. I was,
trying to douse the fire.

You go your own
way in snow. I think the moon
and the palm will not take
any offence and keep on
courting.

The tongue swims
up streams. You will not
fathom out the depth of
the tears, where the?
religion drowns.

Here it goes, the wooden
horse, fully dressed to
bring the groom. The rock
painting speaks of the terror
of unseen gods, who too, were happy.

Satish Verma

Without Stopping

Facing the music
of intrigues, the cuckoo
is perturbed.

Very formal, very gentle.
There was not enough time
to prove that you were?
not god.

The snow fence was broken.
Drifters tend to winter
the counting of old coins. Ruins
become beautiful. A deep
ocean invites for a solo dive.
I open my Gita and read the
dilemma of the Sun.

All the facts are rigged.
Nobody was going to sink
the lids in tears.

A moon-blind song bird
wants to reach
his home.

Satish Verma

Without Vendetta

You are putting
stones in empty coffin.
It may harbor the ?
methane after the tribal savagery.

The internal search
still goes on to find the
abode of no-gods.

This grief of burying
yourself in deep freeze like
a mammoth to?
be found later as an ecstasy.

How do you count the heads?
that will not say?
any prayers now, without
the bodies?

You can walk the rest of miles in universal pain.

Satish Verma

Witnessing The Downforce

Undying you speak tall.
I will resume to watch
the soul outside yourself.
And I will receive the body
of dried river.

Observing your shriveled
hands, I dig again the?
bed of stones. Glass eyes
appear beautiful in dying sun.
There were no spaces left
between the clouds.

I had always admired
your stoic glance, repeating
the verdict word by word.
The persona stepping down, pure
as snow. There was no rain.

A dewdrop reflects
the sky, and the train was
ready to leave for the last stop.
Then the journey will start
for blue darkness of naked swans.

Satish Verma

Wolverines

Night blinks.
Light sits under the door.
I am ready to confront the moon.

Too much brilliance
was there. Would you redesign
the blue sky and paint the new stars?

Poverty was my great strength.
Nothing to lose, when
you were dancing with the shadows.

Satish Verma

Woodrose

The whole truth was porous,
a hard punch on my face. We stood
on the edge of lies. Body

twisted at several places, mutually
hating, yet telling sweet nothings,
bored umpteen times like eroded hisses.

The shrieks belie the red wall of flames,
reddened lids. Cannot enhance the
blackness of night for stars to shine.

They butchered a symphony. A nude
cries. The tongue slips. Bonanza for bats.
And I resume the hunt in starlit jungle of birds.

Blue lips surround a pink hole.
Teeth were not visible, but bite was sharp.
How do you love a distanced friend?
The beauty of Rafflesia?

Satish Verma

Woods Of Craft

I woke up clutching the dreams
in deluge of tears.
Night had a brackish taste,
the other side of moon was dark.

One by one the stars were dying
Ideas were no longer candles in gale.
The final thought of liberty demanded
a tribute to partners in revolt.

I wanted a sunlit corner
in the blighted sky of hopes.
Instead of scorched impulse of a mob
injured truth, walking alone.

Give me a bitter fruit of certainty.
I don't want to loose myself in fogs.
The truth must meet the lie-
alone, in woods of craft.

Satish Verma

Wordless Meanings

Touching every lamppost?
counting the buttons,
the palmer moved from
relic to relic,
from stone to stone.

Dipping the moon in dark
clouds, the pilgrim never
stops in night or day. To?
remain poor was his journey.

Shedding the stars,
blacking the sun, the ancient
script remains unread. No saviour
will come from land, in water
on hills. You love to dig
your own meaning.

Do not look back. It is
endless path. You fall and rise
stare at the slanting
eyes of unseen.

Satish Verma

Wordless Pains

Like a wound-bleed,
the glacier falls in lonely
sea. A river ages inside you,
collapsing in despairing loss.

It was not true, that
you live an impossible life.
On water you may not
leave the footprints.

Beyond human tragedy,
a knife falls on the gospels.
Stunned at the edge
of tears, I tremble.

Adieu to Arcadia.
Dust demands the price for
red clover. A dark cloud envelops
the kind hills holding
the sun.

It casts a spell.
A rock licks the moon.

Satish Verma

Wordless Silence

Yes, your name was sliced off
from the impasse. I will stand with you
to track the continental drift. How little
I knew about you and the prosthetic words.
Again and again I return to ruins, and
the dust and crumbling absence. Eyes
will speak for the wordless silence now.

Who will tell the truth for the murdered
thought? The cognitive silence? You don't
want to see the light. The soul sits outside
the body. Pollution hits the mind. The words
eat the emptiness of facts and lies. A vertical
descent of speech. I should not have
listened to cries.

A memory moves in zigzag manner, accepts
the odyssey of man's failing gods.

Satish Verma

Words

Was it sacrilege to reenter the bones of knuckles
thinking of your primrose, a backlash of twigs
in garden of homeless birds, a high-profile
sweep starting a mad rush of blue winds
in the confused landscape of life?

my hills are strewn with bones of eaten, half-cooked
lines of defence, the diplomacy not working to mimic
peace; dead words grip my truths; must you
kill the surgeon who has severed the wrist
of a thief.

I am falling unbidden on Pole Star, the terror
on the wings of flying swans, a child sits
on a chair with enormous head shaking involuntarily
and the cyclone breaking on the dumb noddings
of failing light.

Satish Verma

Words And Passages

Defining the borders
with guilds,

a body hangs on a rope
mauled and fabled.

I am making a fool of myself
to find your hand.

Watching the world upside down,
the ailing Buddha!

was dying. I don't own the day.
Tomorrow will not remain yours.

Satish Verma

Words Are Mine

Blood was in season,
on your hands.
A staged encounter
mauling the clouds.

Into a hare, you put the lead
with a roar of gun
and sun wants his share.

Beneath the honours
lies the guilt
of a ravaged moon.

I will not walk again
on the bristles of power.
Uncanny love lies in state.

Satish Verma

Words Beyond

What were the lies in a truth
of the buried day?
Fabulous cries? Tears?

It was a tremble down
in the standing crop of men
ready to be genetically modified.

Each walk in the city
exhausts you to an innocent
tale of manipulated fiction.

Insects, yes insects
were climbing on the moon
like saints with flowing beards

to drink the blackness
of sky. There had been a method
in their madness, in death and whiteness.

Satish Verma

Words Crawl On Body

Sometimes I want to
throw down the gauntlet to?
fight with gold nuggets.

We remain divided in
silent pains, in a spat with
gods, after losing the lives.

Can you calibrate my
agony with jasmine's tender white
flowers? They wilt like me.

Satish Verma

Words Of Never Being

In unaligned loneliness,
tonight, a liquefied moon
will fill up my glass, and my shadow
will sit beside me and we will drink the pain.

Lets's settle in twilight of stars
and think not of violence of crawling
and inflicting damages to each other; I will never be
myself again during the random dark.

The end of punishment or punishment
of ending were drawing very near,
dotting the landscape. All the budhas
are assembling to wash our sins.

Give me some bones to fix the knees,
I have lost my golden throne in
the dazzle of wounds, the flames
are lifting the red sky.

Satish Verma

Words Play

Blending with the light,
as ancients did?
on the leafy path.

You turn your gun?
on an old skull,
with broken teeth,

to rewrite the murder,
without qualms. A sniper
would take an aim.

Untouchable, the years
roll by, sending echos
in the valley of tears.

A final stroke.
The blood stops in the veins
while the angel sleeps.

Satish Verma

World Moves On

The ethical dilemma,
and chaste abscurity,
were the game changers.

Vowel syncope was making it easier.

Let the most vulnerable
lie still. A pseudowar of words
is going to start.

A blast of vocabulary,
some smothering of smells,
will make the jaws, drop soundlessly.

And many would not
breath easily. It was catastrophe.

The language convulses.
In jungle of gatherings
there was no pond.

I was still searching, the inflection.
The creative touch.

Satish Verma

Would You Recognize?

I will listen to me one day
and stop uncoming.
A waxing moon was watching.

With a kiss at dawn
all the gods were stolen.
Like you were changing
the depth of water.

There was no ceremony,
after landing on the
burning temple. Priest was
mauled and goddess
will never come back.

Wheels are sunk.
Chariot was impounded.
Sun was hesitant to move.

You can come on
tiptoes. I will wait
till eternity in blue fog.

Earth was not behaving
like godmother.

Satish Verma

Wounded And Alive

In search of wholeness,
the words sit around me
cutting the edge of the corn ear.

A new shibboleth, will
announce the arrival of
a bloody tribe.

In this life cycle, I
will meet you, to kidnap
a Pir for remaining silent.

Who was on the road
to give a sane advice
to the waning roses?

It was not poemtime.
The kids were bleeding
from the barbs of unknown.

Satish Verma

Wounded Dance

A rock becomes a philosopher.
Refuses to move
looking at the stars.

Rogue shirts were walking
on the clouds of unknowing.
I wanted to remove all the clocks.

Who was stealing the water?
Secret of life? Impiety had
undone the pillars of random love.

Ashes volcanic or of tears enter
the pores of consciousness.
The screams wake up the dark blood.

A naked doll pelts the grey eyes
on the blood sucking story.
A dark tunnel opens in street.

Satish Verma

Wounded Doves

We will watch the
sunset in cahoots and
focus on pulsars.

You live for a critical
cause. Never to retreat.
Was it possible without
some happenings?

The words come and go,
not uttering any sound.
To live or to die for a genesis?

Blooded sky bids
sad farewell to humming?
birds. My half-brother
weeps silently.

Taking final call
of human chain, from the
foster god. I return to
my grass roots.

Satish Verma

Wounded Flight

Instead of pain sublime in body of death
and bracing a hailstorm of bullets
you embrace a white phosphorus
to burn for whole life, as a reminder of

collective suicide. Like my lost children
I am collecting the words to weave a phrase
against the destiny for capturing this moment.
The vast crowd will decide the fate of frigid winter –

to upstage the sun. Barren trees overhear
the wailing winds. Lake of death will outlast
the mirage of inward suffering. Chariot of
Apollo vaults to inconceivable height.

Satish Verma

Wounded Path

I wanted you as a grain
not as a straw lover.
The effect of a lone moon:
when I decided
to abandon the land of questions
and word by word
erode you magic.

A genital journey lands you
back in explosive fire of being
or becoming not a secret sin.

We bare our wealth, drop
the silence and pursue a path
of destructive carnations.

Satish Verma

Wounded Pride

Generation grips,
I am the street
in dysphoria.

You run, shout, the arc
bleeds, you become your enemy
that kills the alphabets

A statue was hung
upside down
to eject the violence from plastic lips.

Blood stained sidewalk
throws a challenge to send
the skins of martyrs.

The taste of endometrium confronts
a fortune of calories in pink
for an unconscious hood.

And the language of golden teeth
hides the backdoor flight
of a fallen god.

Satish Verma

Wounded Veils

Some question?
It always haunted me.
In combat posture,
why would I become a child?
To cry and learn a laugh?
Karma?

A green memory,
of the shade of bougainvillea's
arbor, entwining the wooden pain
of my frame, to know
the faith of water, improvidently
creating the false interiors.

How far was the home?
You want to toe the
peace of garden, blue sky
and dark night.

Satish Verma

Wrapped In Stigma

The heritage
went for a sale. A tree
stands denuded, after
a nudie.

An orange land hides
the broken remains of terra
cota. I wanted an earthen
inkpot and a reed pen.

There was a wounded word
on the tongue. A
dragonfly leaves the voracious
appetite and skims on milk.

Pulsating cleavage
gets a prize. The salt lakes
are full. A caged bird
will not sing.

Satish Verma

Wreaths On Door (For Suu Kyi)

fingers printed on face
they offered apologies for the mudslide
after the typhoon
standing on the mound
of twisted bones;

the state had the right
to trample and extinguish
a bright flame,
a meteor, streak of dissent

only the sect, the clan
will surround the holy tree
to save the doomed species in the jungle
of laughing hyenas

i see my limbs separated
a piano remains untuned

Satish Verma

Wrenching

The crisis starts boiling
about the invisible foes.

The contraptions hope to recapture
the moods.

Harsh, arrogant and ritualistic.
In the stark nudity of silence
a wooden Buddha lies on the
floor crying.

“ I am not happy, I am not happy.
Why were you still a virgin? ”
White butterflies will not sit
on jasmines to lose their script.

There was a black moon to chase
the fugitive. There will be no midnight
sun. Between lips and cups
the grey fox had lighted a lamp.

Satish Verma

Wrinkling

Give me not your style today:
the visceral truth, liberated
from painkillers.

Spying singles out the flesh
after the resentment of torture
to do more wrong;

going away in yesterday
puts the life in apocalyptic shade,
the orange condoles for dark

when I lie still on flames
of sandalwood, setting the sun
bleed in blue eyes

of lonely sea. I am again
sleepwalking on salt lake ready
to draw the boundary of reasons,

the second-hand stitch for the eternal wound.

Satish Verma

Writing Furtively

Becoming musical
at the end time,
like a whooper's swan.

*

The poet sings
for carnations, when
the snow melts.

*

The secret,
you do not want to share
with death.

Satish Verma

Writing In Air

On the wings of night
moon sails to fell cherry blossom,
I will pick for you.

Pink roses on tomb.
Someone makes a pledge.
Will come alone.

Will not forget you
standing under bo tree
waiting for Buddha.

Satish Verma

Writing Its Diktat

Beyond the thoughts,
nothing I mourned,
nameless death was writing its diktat.
The dirty epithets were accepted for collage.
Simply a prayer was needed
for a childless truth.
Rudimentary terms owned
a beautiful diction.

The ultimate pain makes you dumb.
Words lose the vision, you walk in a hollow city.
Now is the time to remember the movement of truth
in a jungle of drums.
Eyes must find out the old path.

Huge crowds collect at the door.
Human connections are at strain.
The questions are never answered flawlessly.
Life should not burn like coal,
but be a tree,
in praise of sky,
wind and earth.

Satish Verma

Writing On Parched Skin

For feeding a false tree
of life, beheading
a god was becoming a passion.

Snubbing the checks
and bruises, you
love to be alone in a mad crowd.

As if to be ready
for disintegration, you walk
in pain. Astounded
earth starts shaking.

In unwholeness, the
lamps become dark. The bones
were visible without light.

You want to run
with a comet, away from sun
in coldness of frozen smiles.

Don't drag my shadow.
I am fixed like a legacy.

Satish Verma

Xulon

Small things were
witness to genes
of freak mutation.
Tooth in eye
becoming boat in blindness.

Witch hazel
fails to stop leakage.
Thumb with beads of lymph
stung high in stillness,
wants to peel off
the concept of injury.

A brace
stops the smile.
Blue-chips have nothing to offer.
A king had hemophilia.
Timbers drip the blood
from heartwood
dropp by drop.

Satish Verma

Yawning

What organicity!
Moon was coming down
on me. A visual alacrity,
accepting the surrender.

Journey to dead phrases
begins. Revivalism?
You dig out the extinct remains,
the forbidden Anemone, daughter
of Mars.

Come once, to my side,
to receive my fervor,
making me timeless.

Desires were ace runners.
Mind picks up the cobalt blue
of your eyes.

Now you go blank?
against the cult. The thumb
was set lower than the forefinger.
It will not pull the trigger.

Satish Verma

Yellow Face

When life falls apart
you do not pick up the shadow.
It is the shadow, which
gathers you in arms.

Little things make a difference
a diety comes at your door.
And a gift lies broken
a little bread was black.

Satish Verma

Yellow Roses

Have not written a single
word today, for you.
As if I was fishing
without a line.

Mixing the precursors
on the hills to invite the
mustard moon, for a
dance with kingfishers.

There was no grief, no
scars. My hands becoming
empty. Parrots are gone.
There was no speech, no goodbyes.

The book is blank. Un-
printed pages. Nothing more
to be said. Only a smoke
tracing a face inside a face.

Satish Verma

Yielding

Time sets upon the arcane taboos
you wear the unknown fear
like cowries around your neck,

a bulletproof jacket did not work,
the fish in the brain
was the religion.

Whom do you trust now
in the caveful of seekers? They were demanding
every dropp of your blood from a waning relic.

Climbing Mt Everest was a raw deal,
dismantling the heights
like plasma, as naked as the ice on unmarked grave.

Hyper-sided, the priest was confused
in repetition of a prayer,
and the floor trembled in uplifting the god.

Satish Verma

Yin-Yang

A tremendous force moved them apart.
They started moving in opposite direction,
never to meet again.

Negativity of flight
took them to frightening heights.
Like the two peaks
temples apart.

First causality was grace.
Loaves of bread gave them carnal satisfaction.
But gravity was taking its toll,
like god moving from one body to another.

The lungs started drowning in rib case
gasping, panting. Father of all the mistakes
now promised to stop
the whole transparency. Life had become murkier.

Who is going to move the world
and resuscitate the renaissance
from our bones?

Satish Verma

You

From eyes I will read.
Don't say, what you say
but remain you.

Dismantle the tower,
go for a walk,
when the moon climbs on dew.

Seed by seed
we went mad
leaf by leaf I held you.

Sit on the bank
wash your feet,
rock by rock pain were you.

Stars will go
sun will rise.
At the dawn, I want you.

Sins were many
birds were few.
In twilight zone
a cuckoo flew.

Satish Verma

You Broke The Toy Again

Your nature shines.
You are my other half?
thawed out from permafrost
of purity.

Can we discuss
the perfection of primates,
their genes?

White blood
and black blood. Why did
it become red, touched by sun
and moon?

Was it a sleight of hand
of god? You cannot hear
the howlings?

The city of ghosts was
growing. Nails spread on the street to
stop you.

The omens were weired.
You still come back
after painting the chariot blue.

Satish Verma

You And Everybody

Again you made friends, words
wanted to leave the paper blank
for the parched lips,
crying eyes,
trembling hands.

Missing stanzas,
flowing river,
rootless floats.
You did not feel like-
time filled you every minute,
you were empty, poor.

When you read the end
you understood beginning.
Will to die was not sufficient
you had not completed the script.
Alone in crowd you wanted words
to commit suicide.

Democracy was a funny name.
Everybody was sad, except the lead
who did not know where to go.

One day you found your voice
and were surprised
you were everybody
when you were hurt, you bled inside
and your blood then mixed with
the blood of everybody. Then everybody cried
and you became separated from you and did not say anything!

Satish Verma

You Are Being Watched

Inheriting a non religion,
carrying stones on wings?
you wanted to fly.

In the hot and humid
Land, a cult grows
in one's own squeezed moon,
playing with words.

Stunning the future,
something hardens in veins,
and you prepare for the
battle of peers.

The world was changing,
to make you see, the life on
edge, discovering oneself in inner
space.

And sometime, you will
look at me puzzled.
For the wounded pride
was I paying a heavy price?

Was it easy to understand life?

Satish Verma

You Are Changing

Don't listen to me.
Do this sin once again.
Ignore the wading moon.

My tentacles search
the shroud of pain. The sea was
very deep in eyes.

In quicksand I was
buried up to neck, the beach
must throw the blue pearls.

Satish Verma

You Don't Tell Me

How much to live
for you in different ways
becoming just me.

My grief mixes with
the clouds to rain on the
wings of songs.

Chenille. Like lifting
your memories
with beautiful metaphors.

Nonverbally the words
fall on the roses,
without any cause.

I bring back the moons.

Satish Verma

You Had The Answer

Do I ask a question,
sometimes red?
sometimes blue?

My pain of centuries
was not interpretive. There
were no tears left
in the eyes.

Something gets in my
poem. I go white, as
the blank page of a book.

Like a big fish
claiming its territory
on small limbless cold animal.

The pure adoration
makes you numb. How can
you handle a falling moon?

The lavender was
melting into effeminacy.

Satish Verma

You Have Arrived

Your poetry was
a hyphenated struggle
to become a blood stained city,
where I live to find
a Judas kiss.

No remorse, no panacea.
I don't feel the spark.
No belief tarnished in the
autistic approach of life.

You think the increasing
distance will heal the
hurts of cuddling under the moon
in flames?

What the numbers have
given to us. Hands have the
same fingers and thumbprints
were fake.

No mass wailing.
The wolves can laugh too.

Satish Verma

You Live In Sorrow

Is it futile to count
the tears of falling stars? Things
are slipping from my hands.

At night I talk with moon
and ask what was your game.
Trees look at me.

Lifeless, the sun hides.
It is raining again in poverty.
The words have lost meanings.

Satish Verma

You Love Yourself

The beast
draws a circle for
winter, untelling.

You climb the frozen
falls, to reach the moon
in gray.

The treachery
in domes was evident.
You get the twisted cones.

Under the shade
of stars, you start the
fire to ignite the limbs.

Satish Verma

You Nearly Killed

A face-off between
spinning wheel and earth, appears
in moonlight. Sun bleeds.

When we cross path.
Bo tree sways intermittently to
make you realize the stalked moon.

Why you want to stay
in a cage of rituals. Go and
meet yourself in dark.

Satish Verma

You Smell Murder

I was tired of
repeating mantras for
reincarnation.

The hidden mounts
want to revolt against sun
for the crying moon.

Bargaining has
begun between flesh and bones.
You pay to draw blood.

Satish Verma

You Survive The Day

Standing alone
in the ring of fire,
you wanted deletion
of sun.

Somewhere destiny
fails, like reversal of
answers. Without
gallows tree, nobody wants to die.

Looking in old mirror,
you want to sleep
in canthi of eyes. The
flesh revolts.

I don't want to see
the end of beginning. Your
thumbprint has left the
curves, that lead
you to unknown.

Satish Verma

You Walk Beside Me

Sharing my sweetbread
with you in densely days when
want spans religion.

You burn my roses.
Exiting the day I go for?
wash of cannabis.

Cannot forget you
once in my emptiness of
harvesting the moon.

Rains. The August night?
invites an apparition.
You walk through the door.

Satish Verma

You Walk Like Moon

Mate, I don't know,
how to deceive you in bush.
I was born in sun.

*

Ardor moves in
orbs, which have no silver.
Only tangents will meet.

*

Do not define
any kinship between- two
wounded birds in sky.

Satish Verma

You Want To Be Born Again

In evening I need
to speak with my small voice
to fill my dreams with moon.

Buried alive in the brick?
wall, a frightened poem
wails.

I will meet you, my muse?
in your space, without any pang,
though the road has not ended.

Drinking the dark
wordplay with no qualms
at the virtual rise of doom.

The fireflies, with their
breasts aglow, were ready to conceive
the radical ultimate.

Satish Verma

You Were Everywhere

Hanging from the crescent
moon, you want to script
your own fall.

Intrigue was important
for thinking big, like
a colossal waste.

A swan lowers
its legs for the moonwalk
on the red lake.

Cracks appear, when
you want a mood-lifter to
live in a triangle.

An apparition, takes
the charge of perceiving
a bloodbath without killing.

The bigotry lives
for ever, under the tutelage
of sacred gurus.

Satish Verma

You Were My Last Kill

What was your secret of?
cheating on me?

If you were an abstraction
like a moon in blue night,
how will you write
a poem, without paper and ink.

I was a word catcher,
of your language.
Cannot decipher my pain in?
my nativity.

Always had to live in the
family of longhorns, who
destroyed my sanctity.

You raised a tomb
of sun, after death squad
failed to kill me
and the dark fell.

Just before the dawn
I will meet you in deep lake of eyes.

Satish Verma

You Were Not Like Me

My maiden guilt
interprets your mysterious signs
I become a moon orbiter.

Your body moves
like an eel in my eyes.
Blue lakes sleep.

Let the candle in wind
gift was not understood.
Pink flames rage again.

Satish Verma

You Were The Moon

Taste of death, while
talking of stealthy footsteps
of bloodied religion.

Like a hedgehog you
curl up, stay quiet to let pass the god.
Not answering was your answer.

That was not a good
analogy if I kiss your hand
to ask a reed dance.

Part of you, walks in step
together? under the moon,
yet you cannot embrace your shadow.

It was full moon night. After
a long time I went out
to meet him. He was wearing a red cap.

Satish Verma

You Will Not Create Death

Was it the end of senseless
striptease
of the rainbow,
crawling towards the destruction?

Pathography hurts when
you look at the sea for a
bipolar thrust. There was
an absent father.

You cannot touch the wreath,
it burns in your hands. Where
will you place it when
it was raining words?

Ah, an accidental incest now
will spawn the half-siblings
in an archipelago of opinions.
There was no birthday celebrations.

Satish Verma

You Will Not Know

The wrinkles write
the age of weather's rings.
You burn fat on lips.

Let's go on the hills
to find the hidden moon
behind the rainbow.

Where will go, the
children of unknown,
blaming the god!

Satish Verma

You Wion't Remember

I always said, only you
can do charisma of your
love stitches the cryptic halves.

At sunset, I will forget
my was no second
coming. Where will we go?

Conversing with dead begins.
A birch wood starts punishing the
white roses on black day.

Satish Verma

You Won't Return

Even light will not
find your black hole, beyond
the resolution.

The mass, volume
in your eyes, measure me.
O god it were you?

Sitter was rising.
Portrait will not complete.
Artist has swept again.

Satish Verma

Youought To Know

Do you want to say
few words before the night
falls on silent credos?

*

Space was shrinking.
We can't breath in gory demo.
Back to back you want.

*

For moonrise in red
sky. There were shadows under
the weeping willows.

Satish Verma

Your Domain

To my horror, you
become a seadragon
and carry my legacy.

With kiss of flames,
the unique courtship ends.
Not to touch again.

How sparkling teeth
bite pink flesh, to taste
angel of sea.

Satish Verma

Your Dress Code

Coming back with
nipples and fangs, all
the black visions.

Those lunging at the
helpless prey, a hundred arms,
pythonic- to squeeze
the life out of
the rising voice.

You were my trust,
my secret, then why this
curse,
of your signs, your signature,
your face?

You were me, I was you.
We were not different, I open
my chest to receive the bullets
the stone, the stick.

The swim
like dolphins, whistling
crossing the horizons
reaching beyond the colored dresses.

Satish Verma

Your Empathy

Why your lips
quiver, kissing a rose
before sunrise.

A serious question
seeks a simple answer.
Why did you live
inside me?

I don't believe in
myself. I will go
with the moon.

Just wanted to
know, how do we
die in sleep, when
body curls like a snake
to shed the skin.

I look at the world
pass by. None was
my grain.

Satish Verma

Your Generosity

The yellow jasmines
are dead. My ache returns.

My language doesn't
speak. My agony will describe
the authentic death.

It is a long prose.
One eye sticks out from
the socket to read clearly.

The see-through veil
leaks the story, which can't
be taken to the beautiful
end.

First you grill the
moon, then ask for the
slanted answer. Love takes
off the makeup.

How long the poems
will cry?

Satish Verma

Your Half-Open Eyes

Moon dust was sprinkled
once more on mangroves
to extend the war
across the border.

This was an intricate rite
after the sad error, of
changing the itinerary
to pathless liberation.

The violence has spilled
over in the city of roses.
There was no water left
in the turbid estuary.

The herd was coming
to cross the sands of time.

Satish Verma

Your Journey

Upgrading clock
was not a wise decision.
Who will read the past?

You are coming near
me on water. Where will you
hide the leaky boat?

Time moves on stings.
Lamp flickers. A moth wants to
burn the golden wings.

Satish Verma

Your Lips Tremble

You step out of the words.
Absence can not be replaced.

The hunger game begins,
I will now accept your velocity.

The wholeness may shatter,
when tears become a flame?

In alarm, the bones
knit the feathers. A god wants to fly.

It was your thought and
my pen, I will write with my blood.

A quick start for a suicide.
The futile debate will not end.

Satish Verma

Your Philosophy

Why did you cast
a net to catch
the monster?

Some dark whispers
intending to flog the
supermodel?

What was your fecundity
before you had become
a saint?

Lean unto me, my
soul mate. Can you hear
the footfalls of invisible?

The wholeness was counting
the beads. Are we
killing our icons and prophets?

Moving like a madman
was the motif for you.
I am not going to live dangerously.

Satish Verma

Your Silence

The beast was dead
in my bones. I can't quit
the house of blood.

The spirit remains
young, like the white lily
of the swaying pond.

Can you come out
of yourself and become my
acclaimed prodigy?

Satish Verma

Your Silver Brooch

Listening to a grief,
I look at your lips, where
the words sit trembling.

*

Teach me to commit
a sin in return for gifts.
Land wouldn't divide sea.

*

Thirst meets the desert
at the edge of night, where
sun was arrested.

Satish Verma

Your Thoughts Live Around Me

Your painted toes
disturbed my sound sleep.
Your scented hands tremble.

The gods would
punish me, if I don't wipe
off your burning tears.

You stole my death
and put her in chains.
The unburied truth smiles.

Satish Verma

Your Tresses Of Night Shade

Do you know my
love, where the road ends
I will meet you
one day.

Life had been always angry
with me. Sometimes I would
sit quietly, doing nothing, and
looking at the hanging?
earlobes of Buddha.

Cannot hone my thoughts,
how to stop the violence.
The Sunday moon?
cracks open like a cotton flower.

The vandals,
I am done with. The headstones
separate the faiths. It was
a punishment.

O bronzed man, don't
hide the gold.

Satish Verma

Your Voice

There was a sharp rise
of indecent things. On the
rocks you left my name
without flowers.

Make a heap of all
the gifts of life and griefs and
start a bonfire. No message
is going to come.

Let us live in separate bowls
of soup. Time had swept
them clean for a murder.

One day the alien god will
alight from the sins,
to alter the numbers.

The mudslide of untruths
will scupper your house
made of paper and pen.

Satish Verma

Your Waking Head

Your impressionist,
rift, comes through
uncontrolled hands of fear. The snake

was shedding the skin.
Not walking,
flying like a rage
discharging the burns
in the river of blood.

I shudder,
in the cleft of a grain.
Hymns were hovering over the book.

One by one
the leaves fall, to unravel the secrets of
unvoiced grief of earth.
A thin faith crumbles
unfinding the lost shroud
of a messiah.

Satish Verma

Your Weightless Smile

Without asking any
questions, you had turned
your life around and lived
on your terms, like
a curate.

Hold your breath.
Hear the truth. A death leap will
bring the peril. I was
going to engage the sanctioned
terror.

It piles up. The crumpled
moon. I will dig up
the ancient light from the
porous heart of a
dying saint.

The missing links are
appearing. You must live
to understand the talent's waste in
dark moments of a
fractured sun.

Satish Verma

Yours Only

A city prepares to die.
What is the real time now
for blemishing the skin of a man?

In your violet eyes
I will find a moon
for an encounter.

An alien wall comes up
between cannot shed
the veils of clouds.

I hate brother, hate the
ambassadors of death
in the voluptuousness of greed.

Remember,
O my shadow,
dying was a great art.

Satish Verma

Yourselves

A circle,
will not become complete,
without a center.

The peripheries
cannot be defined.

Why should we
become prisoners
of small gods?

The hope?
is a gift of unknown.

Take it.

Satish Verma

Zeitgeist

The auspicious death
in moonless night.
Anxiety meets the ultimate.

What was left now
to cultivate the kiss
of unknown. Everything

has been spread on the bed.
The knife, the heart and
the parting lips.

The purity was at stake.
Spiteful and maligned, you
tear off the tender drape.

The black silence
descends in the gash of the
memory. A white marble bleeds.

Satish Verma

Zero Hour

It was night's fury
whipping up hysteria
on specks of flames, dancing in pain.

On a heap of ashes
and bones where a child of death
will be born.

Before fading,
moon will kiss the golden thighs
of sun and think aloud
dying shirtless in intimate
ambit of sky.

Satish Verma

Ziplocked

Fear grips a family of words.
You are going to where you do not want
to go.
I remain worried about the unknown.

The inevitable was flowering
on dead palms.
Would you exhume the past to find out,
what the divinity has buried
along the panicles of croci?

I do not understand this war
between glaciers and guns.
Can we drink together the elixir
of death dripping from the snow peaks?
Sun was screaming from the unblooming trees.

Satish Verma

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Satish Verma