

Poetry Series

Shivani Yadav
- poems -

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Shivani Yadav()

As In My Thoughts I Want To Be

Setting my arms together.....
Or relaxing myself in chair,
I get to know, im restless....
A feeling haunts me....
Is haunting me....
And ever haunted me....
Hard to get what exactly it is,
not catching up with the pace life is running.....
I find myself lonely.....
Like a fairy who is denied to fly,
like an insect who is trying for light....
Like a flower who is about to dry.....
Like a bird who is trying to fly.....
Don't know what actually want i? ? ?
Time runs fast and it is, its showing it is mighty and nothing i can do!
It seems to me an arrogant blond,
who waits for nothing but only runs its own!
It says come with me and future is yours,
it says run with me and destination is yours....
But i wanna sit somewhere alone.....
Where nobody comes except my own.....
Where flowers will blossom just for me.....
Where birds will sing in an amazing glee.....
Where breeze will cool me to my soul.....
Where sun will burn all my sins.....
Where moon will sooth all my worries.....
Where the stars will lighten up my path.....
Where dew drops will be pearls of precious kind.....
Who will wet the grass just for me.....
I will lay down there and will have a deep sleep.....
As like forever.....
Nobdy will be there to shake me up.....
I will go on sleep and feel the rest.....
Wil find ansr to all my quest.....
and wil dream something amazing.....
Will be flowing freely as in a water stream.....
As in my thoughts i want to be.....

Enmeshed I Am...

Enmeshed I am...
In reasons and argues...
In me and that pure me...
Who knows?
On my soul what's engrossed...
That enjoins me to play...
That enjoins me to feel...
Something pure and true...
The original and new...
Its nature is to rebell...
And it wants me so...
I urge to read...
The enigma- writt upon it...
Which seems mysterious enough...
Like an encryption...
On an old grave stone...
That when deciphered...
Will engild me...
Will enliven me...
Will relinquish me from this 'ennui'...
And there'll be engendered a 'fragile' thread but 'endode'...
Between me and my rebellion soul...
Which when enkindled...
Will lighten me up...
To relinquish, to be remissed...
Of this enormitytious fake world...
To relish the 'vastness'...
To relish the 'new'...

Shivani Yadav

I Am Addicted To You As My Own

I urge for you...
And it lasts a long...
Wherever i go, you walk along...
Always with me, wherever i think...
That even my shadow, got jealous of you...
It leaves me atleast in the darks...
But you come closer like the sparks...
Not a moment here, I live alone...
I'm addicted to you, as my own...
Sometimes i feel, you have charnted me...
Your words are spells, that i always feel...
Or you know the skill, how to heal...
The wounds of soul or the mysterious needs...
You overshadow me, like a tree...
Im the shade plant, being under you is my glee...
Not a moment here, i live alone...
I'm addicted to you as my own...
Sometimes i feel, you flow in my veins...
Like the blood, red and dark...
Sometimes i feel, you give me warmth...
When your one thought lits me up...
That very moment, i feel you close enough...
As my lips and my coffee cup...
Not a moment here, i live alone...
I'm addicted to you, as my own...

Shivani Yadav

I Love The 'Darks'

I started and went on.....

The depths were 'deep' and were deepening on.....

I loved the way it was going on.....

Didn't pause for a moment and walked alone.....

'alone', perhaps i am cofused.....

My thoughts were there all the time.....

I wanted to have a moor place.....

So walked away, away and away.....

I tried to stop thinking and closed the 'two lights'.....

Wanted to feel the dark and mingle in it at all.....

I wanted to float as a cotton ball.....

I wanted to float as a 'fallen leaf'.....

I wanted to scatter in smallest points.....

Like the 'dirt' or the 'aish' is.....

'No' even smaller.....like the darks.....

No one sees what's hidden alas!

'Those darks' always attract me.....

'O' wondering I am I love 'the' darks.....

Is it a kind of illness or 'Melancholy' loves me.....

I too enjoy this 'agony'.....

Finally the depths are reached.....

'Amazing depths'.....

No one is here not even my shadow.....

But still I'm not 'alone'.....

Weighted with my own thoughts.....

'O' where's that moor place.....?

May be it is where death 'Awaits'.....

Shivani Yadav

I Want To Die.....

I want to die.....
Want to be freed from every lie.....
Crowling desires under creeping thoughts.....
When they creak a silence breaks.....
Silence somewhere deep in the soul.....
So restful, peaceful as a whole.....
That says to forego.....
Somebody urges to let go.....
But what? I do not know.....
I feel here like a sinner.....
A guilt of something or of my soul.....
Deep inside someone cries.....
Who is encaged there? For whome i always try.....
I smile, i laugh and i pretend a charming life.....
But at the end, its what i find.....
A thick line that should get thinner.....
Life or death one should be winner.....
I want to die.....
Wanna freed from life.....
Life which is a lie.....
A shining bubble, a beautiful illusion.....
Or just a mess or a confusion.....
An unpridectable dream or an unsolved riddle.....
You just breath and on mesh of thoughts your desires creep.....
Non-ending longings and non-ending urges.....
Where you forget your soul and its basic needs.....
Why i'm fetching my breaths.....
When i just want to sleep.....
So deep with amazing peace.....
No lies, no worries, no plays and no games.....
Just silence and dark only to keep.....
And a small hole, from where a ray peeps.....

Shivani Yadav

Life Will Be So Calm...

It seems like life will be so calm.....
As the calm sea in the setting sun.....
Just after I die.....
Those enigmatic colours will no longer be mysterious then.....
As my eyes will be closed forever.....
But hues of my soul will be disclosed.....
My body will be burnt.....
Burnt and transformed to 'ashes'.....
'ashes' wow light and scatterable.....
I will return to from where I have come.....
My true 'identity'.....'address' of my soul.....
'home' of thoughts.....'source' of mystry.....
I will be flowing in 'water'.....
I will be blowing with 'breeze'
I will be scattered in 'soils'
and I can then feel the 'skies'
I will return to my true 'identity'.....
From where I have 'come'.....
I will be mingled in 'nature'.....
And I will be a smiling paganist then.....

Shivani Yadav

May Be Its My Last.....

May be its my last frown...
May be its my last tear to shed...
May be its my last urge to heal...
o friend just sit by me...
Lets do something freak...
Let me look deep into your eyes...
And let yourself feel...
Let me say all the random thoughts i had ever...
And if I tend to talk a little longer...
Let me feel that you want to hear...
Like forever...
Let me hold your hand for a moment...
And let me explain, what i actually mean...
And if i ever start to cry...
Let me weep...to some levels so deep...
You be silent in this whole conversation...
You be a listener and let me speak...
The moment I am done...
You just make an eye contact...
Look down in my heart...
Somewhere so deep...
And give me a soft hug...
Because o friend...
May be its my last voice...
May be its my last touch...
And may be its my last breath...

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