

Poetry Series

**Shreej k.c**  
**- poems -**

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Shreej k.c()

# A Glimpse

A glimpse we shared and your spurn  
was ample for me to learn  
your brightest nook, every hideous corners.  
Now, even when you act anonymous  
pronto I know it's you, one of your facets  
that keeps soul guarded, keeps from onus.

Did I ever tell you?  
I love all the colours of the rainbow  
which when subtracted by pigments  
give black lies  
but I see them pure white through  
my prismatic eyes.

Shreej k.c

# A Lively Tree

Can you tag someone disable  
coerce them to earn living, live life  
when they are lives themselves?

The tree standing there, tall  
amid the ugly encroachment  
neither moves nor resists.  
Can you tell it's not life, living  
not serving it's purpose?

My dear friend,  
don't let them diminish you  
don't let yourself be hard on you  
you are a part of this cosmos  
meeting rightly your purpose  
you exist, you living  
you are the tree  
aid their breathing.  
If they not serve you right  
they shall perish!

Shreej k.c

# Abyss

When I stare at void  
I feel nothing  
People call it strength  
People call it peace  
I fear if I am  
Heartless.

Shreej k.c

# Adieu!

They say you'll never be my side  
I don't want to hear this but can't hide

How can this be when I can see you so vivid  
Such simplicity yet too splendid  
Full of zeal still much more placid  
I can hear you in every jingle we sang together  
I can feel you in every mileu we walked together

Those moments we shared, they say, was the past  
Those moments we planned, they say, will never cast

It seems just yesterday that I saw you so joyous  
making us giggle with your talks too hilarious  
soothing us with your voice far euphonious  
It was the high time your brilliance rose  
and you started getting righteous kudos

Nevertheless! , I can no longer pretend  
True, this has occured and no one can emend

A bud has withered before it could bloom  
Tough enough to find solace in such a gloom  
May I be good as you to enter heaven on doom  
With this my friend I let you go to the place saved for few  
Keeping your memoirs in the essence, I say you Adieu!

Shreej k.c

# Adversity

Asinine Adversity,  
Could I laugh at your absurdity  
You surmise you are testing me  
forsooth I am questing your durability

Brutish beast,  
I can persevere, stand tall  
gather myself despite every fall  
Can you steady sinew, retain vigor  
bash me once, twice...and forever

Cold callousness,  
my staunch pal, let me warmly harness  
stoically wait for not softer you  
fain for your resignation to triteness.

Shreej k.c

# And Per Se And

You and I  
You ampersand I  
Again, you and I  
&...

Shreej k.c

# Anticipation

Here enters her drunkard spouse  
as usual drunk and louse  
today her ears miss something, his usual curses  
unsteady gait, plunges to couch like in hearses  
usual stench out of his shoes, nauseous booze  
Strange, today hands a gift box before he snooze

Stilly facing cracked mirror she runs her fingers  
through her sunken eyes, premature crinkles  
her hand smooths sandpaper, gown stain sprinkles  
Slash-and-burn of half a decade  
indurate she knows not to look ahead

Could it be her birthday  
that passed a month ago  
Could it be the pair of shoes  
she craved from the last Christmas show  
Could it be warm little sweater  
fits the hopes kicking her womb in a row

She opens the box  
figment fades, gets a blow  
the gift box punch, her nose warp  
She cares not to swab  
lets the blood flow.

Shreej k.c

# Aquarium

Whenever angst rules head, heart gets restless,  
I keep my door open.

It shows me the tall mirror that reflects half  
of the aquarium.

there appear and disappear- gold, barb and kalf  
ad infinitum.

Do they know where they head?

is it will steering them or is it fate?

I wonder how they manage to radiate such a glow  
or do they just submit to the flow?

Do they feel? Do they cry?

or they just wear this extraordinary dye

to keep out lame empathy, let nobody pry

Let nobody sigh.

Today is a little different.

I wake up with the bright sun,

go out unprepared to get drenched in heavy rain.

It's funny how weather confuses a little too  
during this transition.

I reach home at dusk to find my nephew  
as usual caressing these fishes, setting filters.

He shows me koi, carp and sweepers;

talks about flower horn, his plan to add neon tetra.

I ask him how about a piranha?

'Yes, a red belly piranha, but is deemed bad luck.'

I chuckle and say- then she must be my favourite!

his plan to add greenary, dreams and vision fine  
gives a little flinch, how dearly I miss mine.

I ask, why always a green mossy tank?

How about purple? What if rainbow sank?

Just then a carp swims across the fake whale  
dragging a stringy white tail behind

and the sweeper fish following its trail!

We laugh our belly out, sure to boost some immunity  
then follows an awkward pause.

'Why don't you dry yourself? Why don't you care? '

It's funny nowadays to look at their antsy chary stare.  
It's funny how everything looks funny nowadays.  
it's a little different today.

Yes, the dark sky, thunderstorm and gloom outside  
and I keep my door open  
but like I said, a little different today;  
my gaze shifts to the orange snail  
rarely does it peep through its shell  
hardly does it move an inch from its obsessed spot.  
No wonder, these days, I keep my door open a lot!

Shreej k.c

## As If...

She peeps out of frosty window pane  
half awake in the dawn  
stunned to see her dream from last night  
pasturing in the lawn, a unicorn!

Steaming breath at a quickened pace  
she draws running her finger on  
the frosty mist, a big smiley face.  
Her fervour fizzles soon as she notices  
through eyes of the non-digital emoticon  
a Mule grazing on the garnered corn.

Embarrassed to have misled  
seeing her pained, pale, colours fade  
the frosty mist melts into drops  
clearing view. Still sits the dope  
staring at the Mule as if her graceless  
fairy dust grows it's horn innate  
entices a non-ruminant to ruminate  
as if unicorns exist, as if miracles happen  
as if...

Shreej k.c

# Beautiful

My little niece of five  
powders her face all white  
rouges her cheek rosy red  
like a cherry over unbaked bread  
she exclaims, marvels at her discovery  
'secret of Snow White, I too can be fairy'  
everyone giggles, mirthful shouts  
clueless of tease, she poses and pouts  
ersatz of our own cosmetic couths

One day she comes to meet  
with her mom's make-up kit  
'Make me beautiful again'  
next she turns and gazes  
over a chessboard I lay on lazes  
she flips it open and asks  
'where are the other pages? '  
the chirpy cherub makes me smile  
[Dear, you are the most beautiful! ]

Shreej k.c

## Believe Me...

I hate it that  
every day I promise to shed the last tear  
and every single day I betray myself in despair.  
I don't understand  
if you are testing me or testing yourself  
if I am testing you or testing myself.  
I know you have been waiting since long  
to see me gone  
from where I could never return.  
Believe me I am trying for the same, to set you free  
free of the fickle thread, every turmoil, free of me.  
I wish to see you asleep sound like a child  
Believe me I donot crave to be your side  
as long as I am a pin in your pride  
a hurdle in your successful stride.  
Believe me I am trying with  
every ounce of effort to move on  
to relieve your feet from this  
insane thorn.

Shreej k.c

# Bliss

Sometimes I wake up in such a bliss  
nothing fell upon me out of the sky  
nothing dragged me deep into the earth  
Here, look at me! I am the one chosen  
to live one more day like this.

Shreej k.c

# Body And Soul

She doesn't complain, she never does.  
She just marvels at the timing  
of this merciless misfortune.  
Just when she raises a battle  
whether to follow stars or the moon,  
she gets drawn into this black hole.

May be these sickness, stains and strains  
pills, pricks and pains are rightly timed  
to make her forget the stubborn scar  
to shake her off the drawn-out coma  
into the consciousness, to see  
how her faithful body fought occultly  
to keep her breathing while her soul  
wandered ignoring it's pure love busy  
fighting for the fake one.

May be it was necessary  
to numb all her confusions  
to unite her body and the soul  
to dream none, aim nothing  
to love none, hate nothing  
to seek none, fear nothing  
Just be, breathe.

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# Bridge

There are times when words  
get caught in your throat  
and you wish you cared less  
so you could talk about it more  
while they share apols and experiences  
grimly, in the most unfamiliar tone  
like an empath trying to feed the ego  
you don't even own.  
Can you blame them just 'cause your soul speaks  
different or yourself for lacking their tricks  
No, you just learn empathy sometimes mimics more  
besides soothing, a dagger scrapping the sore.  
Just blend it with humour and taste the bitter  
better hiding bitterness to save  
them from feeling the same.  
You just learn to forgive yourself  
and pray that a day it encompasses them.

There are times when they make you feel  
like Gatsby staring at the green light  
at the end of Daisy's dock  
as if you seek, they possess and deserve  
the idealised perfection;  
make your dream seem orgastic-  
a longing to re-create the dead past  
as though you are blind to see them  
receding year by year.  
You just close eyes, try to hum lullaby  
coaxing your sick heart not to cry;  
to build a nest in the middle way  
so it can rest and sleep without sway;  
to build between reality and dream, a bridge  
so it can thrive in paradoxes and ambiguities  
until it swells enough to supply non-healing,  
to welcome inutile empathies and apologies.

Shreej k.c

# Busyness

How busy can be busyness  
Can bee be as busy  
as not to exalt the flower  
or taste it's own sweetness

Can sun never tire spreading light  
forget duskiness, to sleep at night  
Can river flow infinitely, to bay  
sans fall, filling crevices on its way  
Can bird sing eternal symphonies  
not pausing to breathe interstice

Don't mind me meddling your business  
it's a pain to see your delusiveness  
Busy is not you I'm afraid  
it is rather turmoil, your head  
It's time you learn the true face  
accept fact that you care less  
Dear friend, it's time you say impenitently  
stop feigning 'busyness' call it 'priority '

Shreej k.c

# Chameleon

Changes

depth to shoal

shoal to drought

fact to false

false to fraud

polite to politics

politics to profanity

alter ego to acquaint

acquaint to adversary

lofty to dwarf

dwarf to lost

baffling behaviour

kaleidoscopic connoisseur

Running Rainbow or a

Chameleon!

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# Cheers To The Medley!

It's hilarious how these days we spend  
our rare girls' night out and blend  
maudlin tears, smiles and laughters  
unalloyed empathy, sisterly snuggles  
failing relationships, budding romances  
heedless guffaws and endless advices!

Out bursts a remorse,  
Never expect validation from a narcissist  
Never share till the point of fatigue  
Never care till the point of collapse  
In hindsight you will only see them growing  
while you stunted, wasting toing and froing

Then sings the hopeless romantic,  
there is pleasure in the guilt  
content in oblation, waiting like silt  
burning like a candle when  
their path to you gets lit.

Out blurts the obsession,  
I just love him, nothing else matters  
not even him, his answers or indifference.  
Never seek it, never search any foyer  
loveless never loves, I swear  
loving finds love everywhere.

Hmmm my inborn uncanny threshold  
that holds me from blending their mode  
a boon or a curse  
I get to heed them converse  
composed yet a guilty counterpart!

I see through their effervescent emotion  
that will volatilize out of vein till morn  
the fine line between seemingly opposites  
between love and hate, loss and gain  
between selfish and self-love  
selfless and self lovelessness

between sanity and insanity.  
When optimist, pessimist and realist  
clash and play fixture  
I see immense beauty in the mixture.

I announce,  
Well girls, challenge seems to be in  
catching hold of the fine line  
and the key! -to remain in balance.  
Now let's open another champagne and  
Cheers to the medley! [Wink]

Shreej k.c

# Childhood Nostalgia

At times I miss my childhood  
when we paint an apple blue  
and nobody minds.  
when we hide exposing more than half  
and nobody finds.  
when our tears cost diamond  
smile melts hardened  
when dolly prince and princess wink often  
we can act silly to be pardoned  
When everything is magic!

Shreej k.c

# Cocoon

Do not cry, do not stir or whine  
while you are inside a cocoon  
Just be, keep weaving the twine  
Once you emerge with wings soon  
you can fly much as strings confine  
Here, harness the dormancy, a boon.

Shreej k.c

# Colourful Gray

On peeking out my window gray,  
I saw for a change,  
the dusty scene bathed into a vibrant ambience,  
faces painted red, green, yellow, golden, silver  
hinting at something merrier.  
Ah, the festival of colours  
splashed all over the street today.

Just when all the colours advanced intermixed  
towards me, ready to dart, darken my perception;  
my niece flung open the door,  
the little mermaid all colourful and soaked.  
She grabbed the empty saline bottle I used  
to dress my discouraging wound and asked,  
'Can I use it as a water gun? '  
while putting aside her real and expensive one.

Oh blessed I am, to have the little gems,  
this teeny-weeny angel hopping around.  
Yes, I am not letting this gray define me  
nor letting it turn any blacker.

Shreej k.c

# Dead Alive

I loathe the ones  
who mourn over left unsaid and undone  
while they are still live and vibrant

I dread the dire remorse  
the instant they fall into grip of gone  
or themselves exhale the deathly pant.

Shreej k.c

# Deathly Silence

They chose silence as  
not to ail each other, wincing  
quietly as hearts breach  
to the extent they heard  
no more, not even the screech.

They dug graves  
with their silent tool till  
no amount of words could fill.  
Could one shove, entomb the other  
There, they laid down the self.

A silence, not so magical!

Shreej k.c

# Demon Vs Human

demons going crazy  
is what she sees:

rip the skins that do not match theirs  
ridicule the accents they are not used to hear  
religious books preaching different, they will tear  
reprobate are the beliefs they do not share  
revolting minorities, encroaching aliens, miniscules should not dare  
raged by iniquity or maddened by hunger, they give indifferent stare  
morally immune, blinded by power, they go on spreading fear-  
poly ticks sucking blood, segregating families- r.i.p

piece of mind from a detainee-  
palms over her veiled nurturing womb, she wonders,  
if she whispers to it  
rainbow instead of black, brown or white  
harmonious notes instead of dividing dialect  
kindness instead of religion  
fact instead of popular belief  
globe instead of nation  
if she whispers to it  
love, compassion, respect, freedom, tolerance, peace of mind

will she give birth  
to a human

Shreej k.c

# Disaster

We cut down tree  
shrink river, bury sea  
blow mines, empty store  
fret at every bit, disfigure  
And when nature says Ouch!  
we curse its being inhumane  
Are we not nature ourselves?  
Are we not disaster? ?

Shreej k.c

# Distraction

In the middle of my study nook  
mind saturated by bulky book  
I scroll my mobile phone  
ay me, too see folks from flats  
quelling those from the mounds  
and vice versa.

the devastating slaughters bring me pain  
nearly burst open my sodden brain  
I look around the library  
my friends from varied topo and race  
burying intently for hours their face  
banging heads quietly over thick tome  
to compete for the same home.

My bud beside me who does share  
every secret and similar bugbear  
could he ever throttle me or tear  
for I was born puny sized to belong to  
only few inches of this segregated earth  
Dang! if only I possessed bigger girth  
enough to cover the whole universe  
or at least this tiny globe

Perhaps there would be no words  
spelling I, me and mine  
just we, us, ours  
and everyone fine.  
My mate turns at me  
his usual chummy smile and wink  
sets aside his book, grabs his cell phone  
I wink back at him and  
mute the distraction.

Shreej k.c

# Divine Love

There she belongs in somebody else's arm  
I know you must be weeping but  
weep not dear brother  
for you are restrained by the heaven  
she is constrained by the earth.  
Weep not for those are cravens  
ending self, life and it's mirth.  
Weep not for there are millions living  
refraining bond itself, wavering the worth  
searching their phantoms in honest realness  
male norture ego, female the fiendess  
far from utterance, they remain possessed.  
Never do they see love for the love it is!

Weep not dear brother but witness  
how she would fondle, acclaim  
admire, care and cheer you the same.  
Believe you me!  
she would have endured all odds and pathos  
passed the trials as psyche did for eros.  
Weep not for you proved mortal  
yet your love divinity.

Shreej k.c

# Dream

Everyone dreams!  
but what if I dream in abundance  
walk twists and turns not a smooth entrance  
just to fit one more dream within the dream  
while the dream dreams with scanty gaze.  
A blinkered horse shall surely win the race  
never deeming what it missed sideways.  
Never mind, dreams as I know are always  
renewable and as I choose I never define,  
I never limit.

Shreej k.c

# Drop

Drop Drop Drop  
driblet, drained, drought  
Eyes. Hope. Poetry...

Shreej k.c

# Ease

If thriving for success  
Ever makes me  
Rude, crude, shrewd  
An insane brute  
Let me be human  
A simple one.

Shreej k.c

# Ends Up Unmasking...

Sometimes you  
debate  
isolate  
militate  
yet you fail to hate.  
Ends up hating  
not hating again  
unmasking the love  
that needs to be hidden.

Sometimes you  
burn  
churn  
mourn  
yet you fail to learn.  
Ends up learning  
not learning again  
unmasking the mistake  
that heeds no reason.

Sometimes you  
cry  
pry  
shy  
yet you fail not to try.  
Ends up trying  
not trying again  
unmasking the failure  
that seeks proper vision.

Shreej k.c

# Epiphany

I asked her-

Is there any place in this earth  
where you can stay out of sphere  
yet no one claims you to be hiding  
where you can enjoy plentiful self  
yet no one blames you of forbidding  
where you get to see your beloveds often  
yet their melancholia fails to oblige  
where you can still high five your friends  
without hearing their advices besiege  
where you can peer the sun rise and set  
expend as long as it costs to rise again.

The genius replied- 'prison'

Well the idea fascinated me for a while  
but then could I steal, kill or act vile  
and then it reminded me of  
's 'Cop and anthem'  
Poor Soapy, I could never fathom  
why he lingered by the church  
I wish he never heard the anthem  
or gained the epiphany.

Shreej k.c

## Erased Words...

Sometimes you write in flow, the words  
which rumble and grumble, clutter and mutter  
just refusing to stick to the note.

You gracefully accept and vow to erase  
and you erase, the friction unwillingly seizing  
the graphite once mingled effortlessly  
with the papery fibers.

Airy words now wander carefree with rubbery dust  
while you stand stagnantly staring at the blank  
still reading the story out of faint mark left behind,  
wetting and drying ad nauseum with burning tear,  
hardly though the residuum and phantom weather.  
Worse?

Worst is when they keep handing you branded pens  
coax you to write a story different, deride your folly  
as you throw them one by one in the trash can.  
Elite, they may be but you do not long to gaze  
at the diamond and gold splattered over your page  
nor do you expect anymore the mean and laconic  
graphite flying high would land to restore the erased.

You just hold a pen,  
hands shaking, body sweating  
heart pounding, pulse bounding  
eyes blurry yet sight starry enough to still  
show those subtle, once endearing imprints.  
Are you to overwrite them?  
You spin, you nearly swoon  
You keep rubbing, rubbing harder  
till you leave yourself torn?  
Oh, why can't they leave alone  
the specious blank page and you.

Shreej k.c

# Existence

As we divide this earth into pieces  
Hatred grows in us, an ugly excrescence  
On guarding manufactured tribal severance  
We forget to respect our individual difference  
Wonder if we realise, in this infinite universe  
A dot is our existence.

Shreej k.c

## Fact, Fancy And Fate.

To give up is light, its easy  
Keeping up rends you apart, its dizzy  
Its worthless chasing a bubble  
Bliss is to stay remote from trouble  
Damn! call me genius or a dope  
Its a pain clinging to flicker hope

How splendid the castle in air  
Its alluring, magnificent and fair  
Pleasure is even, who cares its a dream  
Lets just deny to pass this concrete brim  
Why to bother, learn the ropes  
Its a sore living with hopes

But the poll is how long? ?

How long can we smile at the pie in the sky  
the reverie, the trance, how long they take to dry?  
What's the span before realism pry  
coercing us to trace the ray and begin to try?  
I dread we espy the hope and its too late  
to discern the verge tween Fact, Fancy and Fate.

Shreej k.c

# Fall

Leaves fall  
in the fall  
leaves bough bare  
furnishes the floor

Tears drop  
as curtains drop  
tears heart apart  
sanctifies the soul

Shreej k.c

# Fallen Eyelash

Her friend picks up her fallen lash  
sitting on dried out hollowed eye.  
Reflexively she makes a fist, her heart size  
lets her place it over dorsum, closes eyes  
The moment she blanks out!  
What could one possibly wish for  
when she has nothing  
yet she has everything  
when she has everything  
yet she has nothing.  
She opens eyes, smiles to herself  
May be she has just outgrown fantasies  
or grown a tint of cynicism to possibilities  
to wish upon a fallen eyelash  
to blow the dandelions.

Shreej k.c

# Fear

She lives amongst  
the most guarded, in a makeshift tent  
huge yard in front, an easy vent  
lamenting the earth-shattering  
awaiting its return, fears battering

She peeps through her window  
the masons working in perfect unison  
laying each brick on a six storied mansion  
do they not fear those tectonic plates  
or believe less in preclusion more in fates

Scatterbrained attempts wittiness to infer!  
whisk motion, heaving breath and the whisper  
'Do you fear I'll ever leave? '  
reckless at the moment later may be she did  
while he abated her fears turning them concrete

Fear as it seem  
Rules if we deem  
Bows when we compel  
and Vanishes once it befell  
the sham frailty hides within  
a tremendous energy.

Shreej k.c

# Fighting With Forces

What would you do?  
if you were a tiny piece of iron  
held equidistant from coequal magnets,  
they neither embrace you nor repulse.  
What would you do besides  
rusting in the middle  
magnetised yet stationary!

What would you do?  
if you were the ocean  
aligned between the sun and the moon,  
they neither swallow nor leave you tranquil.  
What would you do besides  
stirring and whining like tides and wonder  
why don't they name the storm after you!

What would you do?  
if they choke you, singing your own virtue and strength,  
cripple you eulogizing you own knowledge and acumens.  
they lend shoulders but not to cry or carry your corpse.  
What would you do besides  
crying covertly, diagnosing and prescribing yourself placebo pills  
though you see its not grief or glee, desolation or pampering that kills!

What would you do?  
if the force within, both strong and weak  
neither positive nor negative  
neither holds you together nor rends you apart  
What would you do besides  
waiting for a miracle, a force beyond universe to act  
or till you disintegrate finally, to shine with the stars!

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# Fire And Ice

Inside burn fires  
writhing pyres  
fetish desires  
raging inferno  
cripples on the go

Ice severs them apart  
freezes the heart  
egoist icicle dart  
pierces the toe  
silly solidness to let go

Let us roll the dice  
fire erupts to melt the ice  
or it blazes ashen cries  
till the phoenix it rose  
else the lava dormant doze

Ice melts to douse the fire  
crystallizes lucent entire  
or it mounts to Everest  
clouding the peril of existence  
this very fire and ice essence

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# Flaws

Flaws flaunt  
in the fair  
hide in foul  
Savvy the face  
or  
frown and scowl!

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## Flirting With The Butterfly

This pleasant morning of the early spring,  
a beautiful butterfly hovers overhead in a ring.  
'Oh! the blush and the gloss,  
is love in air? Missy, would you not share? '

Aww! you pretty little thing, let me tell  
Love left long ago  
Aim lost its way,  
now wanders aimlessly  
Dream proven pipe dream  
Health just gave in  
now woes and weariness upspring,  
my sweet little thing!  
Yes, I smile, I smile to get to  
see you fly butterfly! [flattering wink]  
to get to see this beautiful sunshine  
to get to live this moment  
though I know little about the next.

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# Fooled

My cousin fools everyone  
as he leaves us here alone.  
When I see everyone writing  
on his wall on April one  
wishing him Anniversary of his birth  
though it's months later that a day  
marks his first step into this earth;  
I tend to smile at his prodigy  
yet quickly get withdrawn into  
the poignant tragedy.  
I guess that's how some people are...  
They make you smile with tears in your eyes  
even when they are gone; make you feel  
as though they are going to come back  
a day and exclaim-'you got fooled! '

Shreej k.c

# Forget But Forgive Not

With all these fear around, dignity in risk  
I can do nothing except shed tears in brisk

A part of me teases seeing me helpless  
A part of me ceases being caress  
A part of me still shows the hope  
Asks me to be forward and cope  
but there's still a side  
that taunts me for this pointless pride

With all these chaos around, I feel numb  
Despite an urge to speak, I act like dumb

Some showed pity, some mourned together  
Few evoked to be rebel, agreed the reason is ample  
to save own pride and set an example  
but then, many stood against, 'no need to rage  
in this world nobody is perfect nobody is sage  
a girl despite much effort can cause no harm  
so remain calm and that's where lies our charm'

On the horns of dilemma and after much thought  
I have decided to forget but forgive not  
not sure if it is wise and what its gonna take  
but somewhere in the essence it still aches  
my dear friends it still aches...

Shreej k.c

# Frozen In Time? !

Everyone and everything around  
seems evolved, gaining ground.  
Am I the only one frozen in time? !  
They stare at me like I am  
an airhead alien from distant era.  
Did I really get abandoned by some  
mad scientist's nailed chimera!  
or am I just running out of time?  
to be true wishing it's plethora.  
or may be just reluctant to rhyme!

Shreej k.c

# Gamble

I gambled to win  
nothing but virtue of heart  
risking that of will.

I gambled to loose  
everything, even thirst for  
love itself, for love.

Decide to remain  
indecisive if you dare  
let chances slip by.

Life is a gamble  
loose all but integrity  
-is its own reward.

Shreej k.c

# Haiku-I

devilish beauty -  
mammatacumulus  
bring a thunderstorm

Shreej k.c

## Haiku-Ii

untimely drizzle -  
under a huge taro leaf  
frogs giggle

Shreej k.c

## Haiku-Iii

one eyed hawk  
stretches its half thawed wings  
aims for an eye

Shreej k.c

## Haiku-Iv

a lone cloud  
in the early summer sky  
fights for rainy cause

Shreej k.c

## Haiku-V

grunting gravid cloud  
crescent moon caresses  
holds back her thick curls

Shreej k.c

## Haiku-Vi

a stout sparrow's claw  
on the tender bamboo shoot-  
both bend and sustain

Shreej k.c

## Haiku-Viii

red rhododendrons  
juxtaposed with white mountains-  
tough beauty pageant

Shreej k.c

# Happiness

Dragging thousand tufts, determined, I sailed  
a ghastly figure, demon or angel appeared  
averting the clash, I nearly drowned  
a minute late to destiny, I frowned

'Hoisting huge burden, where do you head?  
breath some, you look rather dead  
Where shall you reach in such haste?  
lets rejoice the moment, merrily fest'

Oh! Angelic demon, not to make you foe  
I have travelled a distance yet far to go  
I forgive you stagnant ignore the time's worth  
In search of happiness, I shall move henceforth

Changeless Charisma, lets me off his waves  
'I say time is now, its always  
With all the vastness of sea, I swear  
Its within you else nowhere'

Shreej k.c

# Heart Is Foolish

A heart that is full  
explodes, spilling blood all year round  
still sustaining it's volume.  
If it chooses this first day of April  
to ooze out it's amorous desire,  
it's just a wimpy head saving it's ego.

A heart that is full  
is helpless, hiding it's feelings  
ever searching for a way to exude.  
If it plays safe,  
it's just a player slaying the game.

A heart that is full  
is foolish, not just April  
but May, June, July...fool.  
If it fakes fulgent,  
it's just fooling around.

Don't fall!

Shreej k.c

# Heartless

Don't pen the proses  
Don't ring the roses  
she will crush them  
'cause she is heartless

Don't bang the head  
Don't blow the trumpet  
she can't hear it  
'cause she is heartless

Don't ornate with ornaments  
Don't garnish with greetings  
she frets at them  
'cause she is heartless

Don't bring down moon  
Don't shine the stars  
she less grok them  
'cause she is heartless

In the warmth of her penumbra  
far from sight, sound and sense  
she dwells in her own universe  
almost believing she is heartless

Until a cupid toad pierces the rib  
gloats glory, leaves her blood drip  
she cares not to remove bow or curse the crook  
she can now see, hear and feel every stroke  
each with much delight even the croak  
she sings at sting, dances with dart  
she finally ferrets out, locates her heart.

Shreej k.c

# Heavenly Tears

Sometimes I think tears are  
heavenly made soul mates.  
Just when you think  
you dried out of reasons  
prepared to face the drought  
you endorse  
then they spring out of the  
darndest source.

Just when you think  
you drank them in a draught  
they fall down, make you sip  
feel the bitter, taste the salt.

Just when you put yourself  
briefly back together  
they rend you apart,  
fight fiercely and force,  
recusants wrestling your resistance,  
lurching out of liverish lacrimals  
creep through concealed crannies  
filling the furrowed fissures  
overwhelmingly ooze out  
to seep into sunken surface  
run through wrinkled ripples  
mount the mushy mounds  
touching every cracks,  
chafing healing wounds,  
meet finally below the chin  
and holding each other's hand;

they jump off the cliff.

Shreej k.c

# How Long? !

When we are frantic to  
cross the bridge nor dare  
to turn back and scale the  
cold mountain leading nowhere.  
Can we not  
stand at the edge and stare?

When we feel like tearing  
the pages we wrote praising  
strength and slaying  
our own tongue  
preaching to stay strong.  
Can we not  
stay crumbled hiding from throng?

When neither facts work for us  
nor does the intuition  
brain acts irrational  
heart sticks to the fraction.  
Can we not  
choose not to decide, take any action?

I know you will slap me once again  
repeating inquest-how long? !

Shreej k.c

# I Am A Cinderella

I am a Cinderella  
not because my mother left no clues  
but a day, she started nibbling on my flesh  
surpassing her postpartum blues;  
because you treat me like the stepsister  
as though I am here to snatch your share.

I sweep the floor, rub your chimney  
dexterity hiding in hands, degree rotting inside head  
because the proof they exist, the proof that I exist  
are buried afar amongst the debris.  
Yes, I am a refugee not because I seek refuge,  
it's because I have been refused.

I move on not to reach the Prince's castle  
but to play again on the tree swing near our farm  
that my father fixed before they seized him by his arm.  
That is the only place my brother's little soul must have traced  
swimming across the deep ocean, he must be stressed  
now, swaying his feet high, eagerly waiting to rhyme with mine.  
That is the only place I can reach out to kiss the sunshine  
spare myself awhile from touching this meanest earth  
you say is no longer mine.

I shall welcome you in my ruined paradise, dear friend, if ever...  
I understand how you must feel as though it will never...  
Look at me, here I am moving on just because they say  
the earth is round.

Shreej k.c

# I Envy Them...

Brave are those who keep faith and follow their heart  
In this fraudulence, fuss and treacherous mart

Blessed are those who can heed their inner echoes  
Despite these blaring bellows and constant chaos

Mighty are those who can dream not in vain  
But bear and brawl until they gain

Divine are those who can witness a flower bloom  
Even in sterile soil amidst the gloom

Triumphant are those who refuse to wait destiny's pick  
Have their key melt and meld till it shines sleek

Yes I envy them...  
But with utmost veneration.

Shreej k.c

# I Give Up! ! !

I try to breathe but end up in deep sighs  
I try to point out but ignore like the blind eyes  
I try to unleash but get tangled in unbreakable chain  
I try to endure but get stabbed with excruciating pain  
I try to revive but then...I give up!

I always get one for you but you look for the other  
I move to erase the distance but you ran further  
I hope to explain you but you challenge my dignity  
I approach to hear you but you pose your insanity  
I think of rebelling but then...I give up! !

I wish to smell the fragrance but get pricked by the thorn  
I wish to rejoice but get forced to mourn  
I wish to taste the sweetness but get stung by the bee  
I wish to enjoy the sunny beach but get drowned into the sea  
I wish to soar high in the sky but then...I give up! !

I try to solve but get fed up with fruitless toil  
I try to escape but get caught in endless turmoil  
I try to ease, I try to cure  
I try to ignore, I try to endure  
I try every way and then...I give up! ! !

(Giving up makes me a free bird again...)

Shreej k.c

# I Miss You.

Sometimes I hate this wishy-washy  
girl I share my room with.  
Did I ever know her besides blithe aplomb  
Oh! why can't she just mould her  
unrequited reverence back to amour popre  
dull love monologues into silent revulsion  
her silent tears into a loud expulsion.  
I guess that's how it is supposed to be.

Sometimes I tend to grow allergic to her  
wet pillows are definitely hard to share.  
But many a times I feel like placing  
her palms over mine, keep tracing  
though I can't read those lines  
I know she certainly deserves more  
more than the selfishness running  
through their veins to the core.  
I can't let her burn, burn like a cigarette  
let them watch her ashes fall, relish smoke.  
I need to save my girl in a whole  
before she remains a butt beneath a sole.

Dear do you remember the last time  
you watched your favourite show  
listened to your favourite songs in a row  
last time you nourished your hair grow  
loved the loving, cared for the caring  
I beg you come out of this abstract pause  
Come let's dance again in slow, gather applause.  
Don't you miss you? I do!

Shreej k.c

# I Request You

I request you  
don't embellish me with compliments  
I'm not famished, you lack no blandishments  
I'm not indifferent or unable to handle them  
I have heard hundreds of time the same  
I request you tell me different  
tell me silence else secret if you please

I request you  
don't expend your pricy wishes on me  
I don't need them, ever content to be  
they don't heal hollow or accent your gratitude  
never cipher you generous, recoup ineptitude  
I request you leave me alone  
you know zilch about me.

Shreej k.c

## If Only...

If only I were only me,  
I would ignite the spark  
that lit your eyes,  
not that I feared raging inferno.  
If only I were only me,  
I would sit at edge and wait as long as  
you take to kiss your dreams and passion  
and finally return to share if they were  
as orgasmic; to return and say,  
'I should have asked you to accompany'.

If only I were only me...  
but I am not the only me.

I am the fear and tear she sheds  
I am the faith and hope he invests  
I am the querulous look they deplore  
I am the fathomless abyss few pester to explore.  
Moreover, I am the tint of hesitation condensed  
beneath your sparkling eyes, the reluctance I sensed  
that renamed the moonlight tryst into the  
false rendezvous, that called-for my unease  
and your release and I released...ever wishing  
if only your memories could leave me alone too.

Shreej k.c

# Illusion Vs Delusion

Never regret chasing a mirage  
till you see for yourself  
sand or water. It might sound  
draining and not too ideal  
but you will never miss  
what could have been for real.

Madness is when you weep and  
believe water in place of sand.  
those are merely your tears  
you should understand.  
Waste not your precious word  
Waste not a single second.

you can live at times  
being illusive  
for what a life is but  
an illusion.  
Delusion my dear  
is hard to cure.

Shreej k.c

# Infinity

Its in the space between  
what I intend to say  
and what I say  
what I say and  
what the world listens

Its in the space between  
how I feel  
and how I express  
how I express and  
how the world perceives

Its in the space between  
when I dream  
and when I am awake  
when I am awake and  
when I am aware

It is simple though  
simpler than finite with bends  
I know it is endless and  
need not stress to decry its ends

Bliss of knowing of little knowing

Earth still revolves  
soul ever evolves  
and amazingly for an instant  
the space somehow dissolves.

Shreej k.c

# Ingrained Inequality

Fine, I like algebra but what's the fun  
in solving an equation  
where Xs and Ys are already known.  
Yes, I do have six by six vision  
and see well the unco unequal division.  
Should I stand holding the scale  
while billion cats quarrel for cake, their avarices  
and million monkeys keep biting off the pieces  
banking balance to balance the imbalance  
economists equating equal inequality.

Should I face this final dark age of vice unfold  
human civilization degenerating as is foretold.  
I see worship and wise preach Karma's play;  
brainy brilliants advocate it serves evolution  
eluding egalitarians, evoke erroneous emulation.

Yes, I see the one percent shinning gold.  
Should I go on hunger strike and revolt  
while there are diverse donkeys drudging  
twice as hard to grab the metallic fascination  
ready to replace, run over my rigorous renunciation.  
Is it better I sit back in my lousy couch  
watch the antipodes, eating unbuttered popcorn pouch  
-heartrending privation and the comical extravagance,  
or is it time I stand up and speak against  
languidly levied levy lifting lavishness?

Shreej k.c

# Inside Stranger

I donot know  
if I donot know you  
or you are not the one  
I thought I knew

Did you change  
or the change I did  
or its an unveiled side  
we best hid.

Shreej k.c

# Irksome Irrationality

Oh, you beautiful lake!  
Here, I sit at your bank again and stare  
at the serenity you never fail to share.  
As much as I adore you, I fear  
not that you might swallow me into your depth  
nor that your depth might prove shallow to mine.  
I fear, in fact, the serpentine  
that slithered, a day, out of your womb.  
Oh, how I fear the ruthless venom!

Eyes go green as the setting sun kisses  
and you glitter, the seamless resplendence.  
Did I ever?  
Do I still? ?  
Stop asking me rational questions  
My answers sound irrational to me!

Shreej k.c

# Ladybird

Today I see her crawling on natgeo, her ataraxy  
over the sharp blades-wild and grassy  
red cloak blemished with dark spots of sorrow  
could it be her mark of enduring tussles  
hope and warmth thrived in hustles and bustles  
flinty flame left her singed in a jest  
or did she fall for a beast at its best.  
She reminds me of a child gleeful in garth  
how she used to tickle my mini heart!

I can see now how she molted time and again  
transformed an alligator to the stunning sphere  
stoic, unruffled she served even as a instar  
little star to farmers, getting rid of pests  
continued restoring spirits and faiths.  
Yes she still tickles my mini hearts!  
as if calling-'Come into nature, out of ordeal  
and once again touch me for real  
Dear feel your self vibrant and congenial.'

Shreej k.c

# Laughing Buddha

I own two Laughing Buddhas  
placed primly over my dresser  
watch over me like mood tracer  
one is bigger black carved out of stone  
gifted to myself when I travelled lone  
I tickle his navel when I am glad  
he always laughs.

the other is smaller, golden shine  
one hand missing, scratches fine  
he goes where I go, my lucky charm  
a gift to my late brother  
when he got recruited in the arm  
I tickle him often and hard  
he never laughs.

Shreej k.c

# Leaped Year

February never asked July and August  
why it had to suffer Emperor's ego.  
May be it's the forbearance at last  
lasting four sets of seasons in a row  
that the Lords decided to bestow  
it with this special extra day.

On this shortest month's last day, I do ask,  
if for faith overleaped, leap seconds get added  
to my timeline adjusting the moments lost in dark  
humming your name and stabbing own head.  
If I am to bleed my heart out today,  
will you be fined? will you ever pay?

Shreej k.c

# Learning Every Moment.

My neice laughs when I declare I hate dogs.  
'I love them, Aww! how cuddly they are  
except for that stupid 'Dino' of course.'  
She points at the linear scar on her cheek right  
adds to the childhood event, her wit and teenage drama;  
'Oh! when I loved him so, why did he bite?  
flouting momma's warnings, I opened the door  
to cuddle him tight.'

I wish I could tell you, what is the key-  
to remain guarded or dare the vulnerability;  
to seek commitment or trust implied unfolding;  
to offer everything to make it meaningful  
or nothing to save yourself from breaking.  
I wish I could tell you sweetheart  
before you get any scar, learn it the hard way  
like a charitable apology handed to a toy.

The way you look at me with the queries umpteen,  
I shun your eyes, tend to shift my gaze  
to the Lord hanging on my wall with sheen.  
You ask me why I don't accompany you anymore  
to watch fairytales or no longer call you princess  
The way you look at me as if I hold all the answers  
breaks me into pieces and somewhere it impinges.

'Shepherd, terrier, retriever, frise, poodle'  
she spells species as if to convince me-  
Every dog is not a scoundrel.  
I am but a learner sweetheart,  
learning every moment from you.

Shreej k.c

# Let Go

How long can you play with fire  
How long can you stand the frost  
How long can you hold your breath  
Let go if you wish to continue to  
Live.

Shreej k.c

# Liberty

Friends covet my freedom, my liberty  
Oh how free you are  
You can go to mountains, chill in the bar  
You never have to act sly nor have to lie  
You don't need to plot, you can always fly

You see my friend my privilege, my wing  
You see me merry always in full swing  
Its not for you to see the chain and shackle  
That keeps me restrained tough to tackle

Dear you can choose, its your way  
Only one thing I put not to sway  
Do bear in mind how the old man toiled  
Just to buy you assets keep you cloyed  
Didn't I just get the boon the liberty  
Why I see my hands cuffed, must not be reality

Sweetie we can never restrict you, you can let go  
We find you perfect, you'll never have to bow  
Bethink as you decide, the pain the lady bore  
Bringing you to the world, shading from every sore  
Shouldn't I just feel blessed not preclusion  
I can't move my feet, oh this shackle must be illusion

You are the pride, how proud we are  
You can always hover, see the door is ajar  
We know you are flawless, you make no mistake  
You will reckon our faith afore every choice you make  
Shouldn't I feel coaxed, aided, fearless to scream  
What's this lump, the throttle, it must be a dream

You see my friend, I am free, wings intact  
The cage is golden, the door unlatched  
I can soar in the sky and land unscratched  
Alas the occult chain is robust than iron to slide  
It keeps me bound, keeps from reaching where my heart reside.

Shreej k.c

# Life!

As we enter this earth unconditioned  
the first cry resounding our existence  
generous world bestows limitless choices  
or should I call it stingy  
bombards with conflicting noises!

We can choose to watch or make it.  
a constant struggle ceaselessly  
or let it unfold effortlessly.  
We can weave our own perspective  
call it reality, subjective or objective.  
Life is an illusion, we avow  
or its a forever here and now.  
We can pursue mind or matter  
or experience both the platter.  
Be liberal, see concepts with relief  
or hold on to the fixed belief.

To avoid suffering or cuddle comfort zone  
we like to believe  
everything happens for a reason  
we tune our head, set the vision  
deduce meaning out of meaningless  
reduce meaningful to unmeaning  
look for ways, build fences around  
to make out sense, avoid chaos surround.

We can sow a seed as a child and see  
it grow up with us to a tree  
differing moment to moment  
or wander endless searching our self  
while pleasantly handing out pieces  
and patching other's over our crevices.  
We can choose any course, flow like a river  
until we face our common defeater  
-the Death.  
Well you can still choose relentless  
immortal souls and impermanence  
cycle of death, rebirth and nirvana.

As for me, my lids are heavy now  
[YAWN] I better go to sleep!

Shreej k.c

# Lost

Search for me in the darkness  
in the broad daylight  
Search for me in the sadness  
in the happy gay delight  
Search every nook and corner  
you walked beside.  
Somewhere in the middle  
I lost you, I lost myself.  
I dare you to find me  
I am nowhere, I am no more  
Don't give up! I assure  
you will find me once  
you get lost yourself.

Shreej k.c

# Lost Win

A Magnate Master dispatched three of his crafty men:

'Beyond the horizon, above the zenith  
I hear there lives a fierce fairy  
veils her fiery heart beneath the dreary  
I wish to behold the witchery  
Go my Gallant, Grump and Guile  
Go fetch it for me athwart the mile'

On their return, at the court;

Gallant:

'Across the horizon, across the zenith  
yond is obscure castle casting the rays  
the nymph the oread radiates such glaze  
her heart emits intensive blaze  
melted armor, dazzled I had to resign  
glad I am Master just to sense the design'

Grump:

'I saw no glaze or the gleam  
I caught the glimpse though, hazy beam  
prosaic witch, sour grape-her heart I deem  
I saw no nymph nor felt the oomph  
its fritter, the frivolous galumph  
my Supreme Master yens for no fruitless trump'

Guile:

'Guised as gagger, such was my gimmick  
she welcomed at door, clueless of my mimic  
amusing giggle, charming lullaby, hushed she slept  
I glommed on to her heart, gingerly deft  
dressed raw with flowery flannel, aureate emerald  
no yowl, ouch or oppugn to the herald  
Such was my glory Master!  
as I was eluding quiet, she stood at doorway  
misty eyes, blissful benighted, no gainsay  
gifted her priceless amulets, I could use forever  
'Patience, Pride and Politeness', the quiet au revoir  
Do I not shine with my added decor!  
Such docile, I can't help laugh at her craze

how bare, ugly gorgon her visage  
minus compassionate heart and her only possessions  
Could she ever suspect I work for the missions! '

Gallant:

'Did you not lose a bit in the gain? '

Grump:

'Did she never wince in the pain? '

Guile:

'Look how loser depicts!

Victors get adorned not the retreats

Look Master how fresh the heart fits my palm

Look how innocent she still beats! '

Shreej k.c

# Love Doesn't Love!

So what a day he said  
it never rained  
sun never shone  
wind never blew.  
must have had his own review  
own odds and ends to cram  
to lay premises, free up his RAM.

Just because a day his memory crease  
could she elide ROM, let query besiege  
No, she believes her senses intact  
did see the sunshine  
felt the raindrop  
heard the wind blow  
and the butterflies...

Yes, she still sets her eyes on screen  
pictures his morn, day, night green  
her teardrops on his cheek, virtual still  
she knows he is never going to feel.  
Yet can sun ever stop peeking at dawn  
tree showering fruity wishes on austere lawn.

No, this love could not stop loving  
her love just because the  
love does not love!

Shreej k.c

# Man

you cry you grumble you sob  
You make use of every prop  
To overcome the loss  
To win the globe

You fall you tumble you fail  
But you never accept the tail  
'Cause you are the man  
Who eyes the head and tries to scale

You always fake your glory  
And tend to hide the inside story  
Go on you may try all your ways  
That'll prove you nothing but a folly

You pretend to be humble to be kind  
You showoff as if you never mind  
But you need not worry and may go on  
'Cause nobody cares what lies behind  
For that nobody too is a man!

Shreej k.c

# Mangoes

A lady enters and glows  
aye a platter garnished with pulp  
neatly sliced fresh mangoes  
yet I ain't eager to gulp

I stare at my books  
books reading me..

Sometimes I stop her  
at door, say No!  
Sometimes I peck at one or two  
rest to throw  
Sometimes I let the flies invade  
savor the mango

Strange! she never tires her labor  
waits for a day I gain desire to devour

She is fond of mangoes so much so  
she could survive entire season on them  
enjoy eating day and night fro  
ponders how the same gene differs in frame

I continue to stare at my books  
books reading me..

At this foreign land  
away from her glue  
all of a sudden  
out of blue  
I miss those mangoes  
in lieu of brew.

Shreej k.c

# Mocking Muteness

You never DECIPHER my words  
I don't know how to speak yours  
they say souls require non of these  
say out loud or mum missive  
wonder if we dearth bond itself  
or two assholes ignoring the elf

Shall we carry bags, join the scholar lab!  
learn assiduously each other's vocab  
Wait! what's the point, this kerfuffle  
should spare us, a bootless shuffle  
Lest we not intuit our graved silence  
speech shall prove no better sense, essence.

Let's just stay dumb forever! !

Shreej k.c

## Mocking Muteness-2

Once as she buried her heavy head  
in the warmth of his broad breast  
loosening all the day's drudgeries  
in the virile fragrance and tease,  
she whispered -'who was she? '  
The way he peered at nothingness  
as if recalling sweetness or bitterness  
gave her chills.

She feared he would say,  
'just somebody I used to know  
one of my mistakes that drove  
me veteran to find you-my love.'  
She feared he would utter 'almost'  
he almost liked her, she almost waited  
while voiceless texts failed to translate  
the 'almost' died, never to ricochet.  
She did not want to believe,  
he could pride on any error advertent.  
She did not want to believe, she endeavours  
day and night to please an impotent.

She feared he would profess,  
'she was a fool, a furnace  
I warmed my hands in winter days;  
she was a batty blithe, dramatized  
the shortest play, amplified  
her echoes with each reverberation  
while I left even her ashes to burn,  
subdued her voice with a formal laudation.'  
She did not want to believe,  
he could ever pervert.  
She did not want to believe, she wakes up  
every morning beside cold blooded and covert.

She feared he would say,  
'she was so reckless that she was intense  
she was so stubborn that she was brittle  
she was so fierce that she was gentle

she was so meek that she could self destruct  
she was so much so that  
she was not enough for me  
but my darling you are...'  
She did not want to believe,  
he could be such weak in judgements.  
She did not want to believe, he believed  
she coveted his comparative compliments.

Just when she scanned his eyes  
holding her breath, wishing rather to hear lies  
he leaned forward and placed  
one of his soft spellbinding kisses  
over her fretful forehead with fondness  
melting all the insecurities mutely  
then his muteness muting her lips leisurely  
marking her misgiving moot again.

Shreej k.c

# My Day

Morning light  
Hope and delight  
Smiles, all bright  
Searching eyes.  
As day goes by  
Hope scales high  
Smiles and sigh  
Searching eyes.  
Twilight shines  
Hope declines  
Smiles hide  
Full moon blinks  
teases searching eyes.  
Midnight dark  
Hope dies  
Smiles sink  
Clouded moon  
Searching eyes close  
dropping a pearl  
gulping the rest  
Until the morning next.

Shreej k.c

# Nature Of Silence

Silence smiles, stares to  
tease, torture and torment you  
then laughs in silence.

Shreej k.c

# New Year

A year can mend some  
while rend others apart.  
The same year can pour some blessing  
while prove to others sour recessing.  
This one year long hiatus or continuum  
pulls some out of emptiness  
brings them extremes of joy, fulfillment, prizes  
while pushes others to the vacant state  
where nothing shocks or surprises.

At this moment when I celebrate with everyone  
The New year!  
I wonder which one is the bliss  
which one to be called hell.  
I remember I have never made  
any resolution till the date  
in a New year day.  
my lousiness or unwillingness  
to define!

I wonder if I should resolve for a change.  
The very idea brings such ambivalence  
I give up on the idea!  
Work hard-snooze alarm-work harder  
work smart-forget alarm-work steady.  
No single idea seems worth living by  
that's why every moment rejuvenates  
fall or rise, tear or smile everything motivates  
what comes forth I shall certainly embrace.

Shreej k.c

# Nightmare

Out shines the world  
in she stays in her mundane mold  
musing her own verses in composure  
when she feels a sudden tap on shoulder.

She shrugs off by reflex-'who are you? '  
sunny eyes, cunning smile, replies the Stranger  
'You should have known at first sight, Angel!  
I am your fate. I apologise I'm a bit late.'

She frowns at the certitude, looks with disdain  
'You seem fair only I don't credit to preordain  
I should thank you enough though  
to a different story I pertain.'

The Stranger chuckles at her declaration  
'May I Princess hear the tale you seek  
fighting tears, biting chances  
let me see the myth you speak.'

Sparkling her eyes, she points-'there! '  
at a fading evanescence sticking out its tongue.  
The Stranger now lets out a derisive laughter  
'I see nothing but your illusion, I fear! '

The dual mockery leaves her pained, constrained  
Oh! why does one not cease simply choked  
by this lump, gripping chest, grimly stroked.  
Her gaze falls over a sharp knife lain on table  
she then lengthens her slender wrist toward  
closes her eyes. No, she ain't a coward!

Heaving breath, bathed in sweat, shivering she springs  
out of nightmare, staring vacant, as if reality brings.  
She stops hoping, wishing, praying; Numb; no stir  
Fate! is she to surrender? !

Shreej k.c

# Ode To The New Moon

This is the day my poor city shines bright  
despite the paucity feigns it's delight.  
And this is the only day in a year  
I shed my lousy shell and stand there  
in my balcony for hours to watch  
the spectacular show of festive lights.  
It's a new moon day,  
we call it here - Tihar.

Today as I stand here  
all the city lights and fireworks blur.  
I keep looking up, searching for the Moon.  
A sharp perturbation winds me to realise soon  
it's the second time I am acting like a loon.  
How can one pass all the seasons  
to stand de novo craving for  
the Moon in a new moon day!  
searching for that hides as inexistent cache  
while a dozen full moons shine  
circling her every lunation in trine.

I look at my niece beside  
has nearly reached my height.  
'Where is the Moon? '  
She looks back at me, her candid wit  
glimmering through cierge she just lit.  
Her usual warm hug in chilling quiescence  
her tone intense for a budding adolescence  
'New moon is to look up to a new moon.'

I quickly loosen the embrace  
wary to transmit any gloomy trace.  
Did she really grow up in a year  
or did I retard or grew just to  
obsess - madness, stubbornness  
or call it fondness. Nevertheless,  
I shall never let her know  
my silly wish for new moon to cast.  
I want her never to cling, yet be steadfast

outgrow my shoes and walk past  
Run Sunshine, reach beyond the vast!

Shreej k.c

# Painless!

Love drills heart, she whines  
'I know it hurts first time', says  
Love, leaves wound denerved.

Shreej k.c

# Paradox

A paradox she is  
with her detached loyalty,  
unfriendly friendliness.  
She cares not at all  
but also cares a lot.  
She needs affection all the time  
but also should be left alone.  
She is the most easy going  
but also difficult to deal with.  
Yes, she lets you go easily  
but also waits till eternity.  
She chases the heart  
till she gets breathless.  
She fights to embrace  
yet retreats without a glimpse.  
Yes, she learns on the way,  
Life is but a paradox.  
The impetuous end of beginning  
can begin the impetuous ending.  
The same magnetite acting loadstone  
can turn loathsome.  
The stubbornness once endearing  
can seem stuporous.  
The nous can cause annoyance.  
The zeal now looks congealed,  
the passion the platonic,  
the spontaneity the recklessness,  
the humility humiliating.  
Yes, she retreats,  
tries not to cross the path.  
Hush, don't make a sound  
or ever melt her wrath.  
She might carve her way again  
to loose herself in the maze.  
She is unforgivingly forgiving.  
She might carve the beginning  
of her end all over again.  
Hush, she knows  
you are a paradox.

Shreej k.c

# Peace

I stay silent as two of my friends argue  
One calls himself an atheist  
the other a devotee  
They gaze at me asudden  
What are you?  
Shun I say,  
I donot know  
What am I?

Its true I donot visit temple often  
nor could I infer this fasting tradition  
I frown over my forehead 'tika'  
tend to avoid any superstitious plica  
What am I dear friends  
any less of a theist?

I find the ethereal aroma of incense suave  
the eternity I feel with prayer flag wave  
the tranquility I hear when temple bell gongs  
I do watch my every step I do fear wrongs  
What am I dear friends  
any less of a sinner?

I admit my knowledge insufficiency  
to sanction one of your counter credence  
I admit my lack in depth may be prudence  
to attribute or question one for my own existence  
I donot mind you tag my neutrality  
my wisdom or cowardice  
for I espouse armistice  
I embrace peace.

Shreej k.c

# Poetry Against Terror- Let Us...

We are all Kings,  
we know the divine spark within us prime  
yet we remain ceremonial  
contently move a step at a time.  
We are all Queens,  
yes we can rule but with the compassion.  
We are all Knights,  
we can engage head and heart in an action.  
We are all Rooks,  
despite immense strength walk straight run.  
We are all bishops,  
we can cross the diagonals  
enjoin to join the two opposite poles.  
We are all pawns,  
we make efforts and strive  
to move across our own board of life.

We don't care how we look outside  
Black or White  
We believe everyone possesses inside  
both darkness and light.

Let us all sixty-four join hands  
filling all the squares, we stand  
so no fouls can be played  
in the name of conflict and conquest.  
Let it remain game of creative, intellect  
to stop killings, reduce 'Rest in Peace'  
foster finding moments of peace in rest.

Shreej k.c

# Poise

I'm not the one who easily gets breathless  
I'm not the one who tires so soon  
Don't scare me of the darkness  
'Cause what I dare is to touch the moon

If I wished I need not share  
And everything could be mine  
Don't tell me that I'm not fair  
'Cause I believe all should reign

I have the power to do much harm  
Yet I present myself very sober  
Don't undermine me for I'm calm  
'Cause I only pray peace all over

I'm not about to quit  
I'm not about to flee  
Don't push me beyond limit  
'Cause its just I wish to be free

I'm the one and I'm the only  
Of myself I'm proud  
Now don't consider me lonely  
'Cause though I differ I'm within the crowd.

Shreej k.c

# Punctuations

I know I've been acting insane  
playing with these lopsided commas,  
pieces of a broken heart  
even after seeing your full stop  
sticking a piece beneath, self assuming  
a semicolon;

I know for you no punctuation  
will ever clarify the meaning,  
I know for me it's useless  
even to try a full stop  
for I will end up writing  
ellipsis again  
I am tired though...

Shreej k.c

## Question - Answer

To question a question  
is beyond my esteem  
neither sceptic nor  
to coin an episteme.  
yet I can tell,  
questions do not always  
end with a mark;  
answers often flow in them  
unbounded, if we hark.  
Well,  
the questions I always asked  
and you never answered  
the questions you never asked  
and I always answered  
sets yet another set of questions  
I neither wish to ask  
nor seek any answer to.  
Questions?  
Answers...

Shreej k.c

# Reflection

She looks into the mirror  
her lids grossly swollen  
Is it for him  
or the ease that's been stolen  
she paints her eyes extra to hide  
but the scars in heart still reside  
How does she masquerade  
nor does it regress or fade  
She tries to bury under her otiose grace  
Yet keeps reflecting on the surface.

Shreej k.c

# Remains

Sometimes you get so used to the pain  
even when you have moments to smile  
the heaviness pulls back into bittersweet aisle.  
What if a day, you smile the way you used to  
no longer lend excuses for them to hurt you,  
will you miss the pain  
the way you miss the purity now?

Sometimes you dream in contrast with the reality  
even when you see they no more hold the ground  
other than to weigh you down, distressed and bound.  
What if a day, dreams change or you give up on them  
no longer find their way to your sleep sound,  
will you chase them then  
the way you chase grail now?

Sometimes you long for the different  
even when you see the bliss now and here  
like in horror show, your buried half calls you afar.  
What if a day, the ghost dies or you make it there  
no longer the yearning tells to touch the intangible,  
will you still feel the longing  
the way you feel the saudade now?

Sometimes you get so obsessed with the conundrum  
even when your heart explodes, sucks out the lung  
yet too effete, seen or felt by none.  
What if a day, everything falls into a place  
no longer need to wear the logical brace,  
will you crave for the chaos  
the way you crave for the serenity now?

Sometimes you fight too long  
even when you see no further step  
than to stop and pretend you never started.  
What if a day, you regain your shattered perspective  
no longer feelings need to veil in the sarcasm,  
will you still feel like a weary warrior  
the way you feel tired now?

Overnight? in a moment? will it change?  
How will you feel? Scary? Strange?  
or is it that  
cramp, chasing, coveting, chaos, conflict  
remain till your remains remain?

Shreej k.c

# Rest In Peace

It was a trek less planned  
supposedly blithe far from errand  
up went hill down they sit  
much moxie for sedentary feet  
reluctant to trip, girl looked far pale  
for she carried him through the trail

Terrific terrains, enchanting view  
limitless bountiness the nature drew  
jovial juv, priceless prattle  
novel clime, novel sense and the enthrall  
Could they ever notice her detachedness  
trying every trick to hide his presence

they touched the himalayas, pilgrimaged end  
sacredness of the holy wend  
they less cared of the icy cold  
placid aroma, tranquil they trolled  
Did they ever doubt her lousy pretense  
concealed her conflict with godly existence

Lone in room, vacant mind, blank stares  
she got out, picked up incense, ran fierce  
at the temple gate she stood frigid  
'Life is beautiful, it's worth living it  
shall live full for you, forgive if I fail  
to carry you long and ever amiss  
Dearest brother, Rest in peace'

Shreej k.c

# Rich-Poor

News flashes! as is the nature of news  
'Earthquake shakes my country in April'  
choppers, private jets, whirlybirds whirling in sky  
while Hillbilly in beastly beauty- the Mountain  
notices an alien bird pooping a sack of rice, bawls  
as cereal scatters on ground with the thrust it falls.  
He looks at his coughing oldies and starving children  
squats pondering whether to feed them muddy grain.  
Meanwhile, banners, celebs, agencies flash their teeth.  
Rich getting richer, poor poorer beneath.

News fizzles! as is the nature of news.  
news return home, cuddle their warm blankets.  
there remains Hillbilly amid forsaken mountains  
now covered with snow,  
shivering in cold winter,  
still inside makeshift tarp;  
impotently looking at his oldies  
now the blood they barf,  
his innocents still sit on edge of a scarp  
setting their myopic eyes over the skies.

Sometimes I wonder, what if dimes  
Diva spends lifting the face, boosting her bosom  
and pennies Richy swings at golf course,  
gambles at casino could  
pierce these stubborn mountains;  
Limousine and Lamborghini could  
disguise as cable cars and the trains  
just to meet Hillbilly and his family,  
how poor yet how rich,  
how helpless yet how resilient they are.

I know, I just wonder a lot!

The bliss of develop - ing;  
you get the eyes to see the both  
extravagance ruining the '-ed' and stun,  
vengeance ruling the 'un-' and mourn.

The curse of dangling in the middle;  
the delicacies the bulging belly serves above  
entices your salivary flow  
yet you swallow back, nauseated to look at  
its shit over the scaphoid below.  
It helps maintain your BMI though!

Shreej k.c

# Ruler

Such entrepreneurial finesse  
a threat to every apprentice  
Uncanny adroit umpire  
gets him out of any quagmire

Hush! what puts him kiboshed?

It's when ruth speaks, love kickshaw  
stratagems fail, impels to gnaw  
Don't whine, don't boggle Master Mule  
let it be, let it flow, let it rule!

Shreej k.c

# Safe

I stride through an aisle, pitch dark  
palpitation of own, the only sound I hark  
shirt buttoned up, handbag clutched  
under sweating armpit for the safety  
of a hundred rupee note!  
A sudden cough. Startled, I look back  
only to discover yet another fear  
hurrying home!  
Huffing and puffing I reach my crib  
lock the door, let out a breath too deep  
'Home is the safest', I debate  
until a day Mother Nature shakes me violently  
out of my own head!

Safe is nowhere  
and I am not going to  
stop life, living  
for the sake of feeling it.

Shreej k.c

# Scattered Beads

when her friends were adoring high heels right  
she slipped into flats to match his modest height  
when they reproached their long university love  
in search of money, hunk, car and above  
she enjoyed her ride in hired bike  
wonders what for him love was like  
could it be any sober or had to hike

keenly he touches first her arm  
his caressing ripens with much more charm  
then scrupulous he presses lips soft and abrupt  
runs through her spine leaves it taut  
still he preaches his haste, counts the days few  
wonders if she lacked in devotion or he in thew  
could it be any profound or is just to eschew

I am no good, they ask me to judge  
I see no amity nor any grudge  
who can tell the tale of ruthless heart  
his sapience or her nescience to the fart  
his acting sly or her coquettish demure  
every adamant bead is to scatter for sure.

Shreej k.c

# Seascape

For him she was recess, a soothing shore  
in his stormy surge, clamoring roar

For her he was mirage, a wangler wave  
splashed over her serenely sheltered nave

no visible etch with the slush too brief  
still she can't repose, the abstruse grief

is it 'cause wave reneged to the sea  
or with it filched a gem meant solely for thee

Shreej k.c

## Senryu-Ii

long chased happiness  
finally follows her feet  
inside a casket

Shreej k.c

# Senryu-V

shy lilac balsam  
pops and curls with reckless poke  
leave her alone

Shreej k.c

# Senyru-I

intense eyes  
longing to touch  
touch screen

Shreej k.c

## Senyru-Iii

tick-tock tick-tock ting!  
the mundane monday mornings  
one-seventh of life

Shreej k.c

# Senyru-Iv

pitch dark-burning wax  
freezing blue skin-burning she  
bulb glows, fools still burn

Shreej k.c

# Senyru-Vi

botany notes hide  
parched dissected daffodil  
a juvenile crush

Shreej k.c

## Senyru-Vii

cold breeze after  
spurious late summer rain  
sapping goosebumps

Shreej k.c

# She Has Changed!

He tended to like her  
plain and simple chic  
until a day he found her  
enwreathed with mystique.

Shunned from her novel wings,  
he withdrew  
unaware he was the root,  
they outgrew.

Aghast she sheared off  
her wings and bled.  
she now looked ugly and bare  
clumsy to cognize, further he fled.

She has changed! , he exclaimed.

Shreej k.c

# Silence

Your action, affection it always spoke  
yet while I craved for a single word  
your silence! oh, hell-left me stony broke.

Again, a silence not so magical!

Shreej k.c

# Smile

Smile when you wake up, smile as you sleep  
Smile all day long, through this survival trip  
Smile in short of hopes, when heart does leap  
Smile with sparkling joy, glittering tear  
Smile with all the sorrows, chaos and fear  
Smile when all comforting words prove meagre  
Smile often and always.

Here I am not talking about the smile  
that burys the pain beneath  
fakes temper, seals soul in sheath  
and confuses the world.

Here I am talking about the smile  
that confuses yourself at times  
Had you been crying or just  
forgotten to cherish the chimes.  
Eventually you end up rejoicing life  
and soul smiles brighter.

Here I am talking about the rainbow curve  
that confuses nature itself to infer  
Had it been raining or just  
forgotten to glow with glister.  
Eventually it ends up redefining weather  
and sun shines brighter.

Shreej k.c

# Summer Never Returned

In the midst of hot and humid  
Summer called it and swerved  
leaving forth cold gelid stake  
rain poured hail spring blossomed flake  
winter ruled every night every morn  
head over heels, will summer ever return?

shades crack, hat gifted to snowman  
rays no longer scathe, looks straight to the sun  
skin grows thicker, hopes yield corns  
for all these months summer never returns

boots, gloves, wrapped in fur, strides stern  
frozen heart freezes still  
scorching stares, sweaty foreheads turn  
Insanities! do they not reckon?  
months passed twelve, life adjourned  
Summer never returned.

Shreej k.c

# Sweet Poison

Must be delirious, I shook hands  
with a seemingly sweet scorpion  
A scorpion it was...  
soon handed jarful poison  
Was I aware of its miasma  
neither kills nor lets life glow  
I drank it though  
let it constrict my nerves  
or claim us both in slow.

I drank the poison and  
spilled through my eyes  
never letting to figure  
it was pain or joyous cries  
for I blended them well beneath  
ever stretched smile  
chary to reveal clenched teeth.

Here, hand me more of it!  
I am loving the stings, Sweet poison  
Barf until you empty all abomination  
I shall endure  
till the last drop seeks innocuousness  
if only a day  
you care to cast a tinge of benevolence.

Shreej k.c

# Tanka-I

Tanka-I

alfresco wood pub  
wildfire at the distant hill  
blends with dusky sky  
you add more ice in liquor  
and flick the cigarette butt

Shreej k.c

# Tanka-II

Tanka-II

cloying prayer songs  
costly offerings to god  
temple bell gongs loud  
trying to remind us of  
the begging child we bypassed

Shreej k.c

## Tanka-Iii

oxford cap flies high  
vibrant hood pats on the back  
ironed gown cringes  
shy to take certificate  
from his father's old cracked hands

Shreej k.c

## Tanka-Iv

calm endorheic lake  
old stoic oars rowing slow  
fret at hyacinth  
yet the sea fails to lure them  
into its wave of vastness

Shreej k.c

# Tanka-V

well trimmed bouquets of  
tulips and lilies picked  
fondly from garden  
sulk at emptied wedding hall  
reminiscing fickle fame

Shreej k.c

# Tears

drop by drop  
incessant you roll down  
sunken shallows  
unsown fallows  
wrinkled wallows  
hanging gallows  
out of rue throe despise  
broken ties spoken lies  
lone lame smirch shame  
blunder blame figment fame  
ill ebb decaying old  
out of countless stories untold

Yet anon you roll down  
limitless bounds  
giggling astounds  
conquered mounds  
touching profounds  
out of child's belly mischief tantrum  
reviving memoirs gale fict phantom  
humility pride ardent procreation  
ruth throb affect compassion  
resilience strength sagacious basked  
out of countless stories unasked

par race colour creed  
you roll down equal breed  
out of freed out of dreed  
pearly shine  
acidic burn  
newborn knows you not  
has to learn  
you limn Life itself  
and the Hope  
drop by drop.

Shreej k.c

# Ten Years And Forever

Yes we began, a juvenile pair  
fresh fondness, compulsive care.  
We have hurt, we are hurt, often untold  
We have smiled, we have cried  
we have fought ourselves and the world  
to win a place at each other's side.

We fell, we rose  
only to fall head over heels again.  
We made mistakes, we learnt  
to learn seeing imperfect perfectly.  
We grew in love, we grew out of love  
only to grow with love, deepening the root.

Ten long years [sigh]  
Yes, we thrived through thick and thin  
saved ourselves from going astray.  
I can now see us tracing  
each other's senile lines, let's pray  
Ten years and forever.

Shreej k.c

# Thank You

You teach me to thank often  
to reveal discourtesy, surliness you own  
You stress on need to communicate  
only to display your shrinking violet

I am used to indifference, the oblivion  
each of them mends me, adds to the reason  
Your conscience, wisdom, guilt or guile  
they add curves to my precious smile

Could I thank you more!

Shreej k.c

# The Curse

I beheld her bewildered  
Calm, she gathered the torn pieces  
each bit unfolded her kempt crevices  
'may his head be crowned with success'  
'his feet be kissed with riches'  
'may beauty touch his heart with caress'  
'stars shine for him, rainbow curves'  
'may he live long, full - fledged serves'  
All for I wish so not he deserves

Had she lost it uttering wishes for curses  
not until she evinced seemingly arcane verses  
'For the innocence he ever starves'  
not for I wish so but he deserves

Shreej k.c

# The End Chapter

I sit down with my morning coffee beside  
flipping pages, determined to write an end  
chapter to a story I no longer dare to amend.  
diffuse storyline, contradictions and plot twisted  
muddled, here I sit down to rhyme instead!

The chapter begins with the two strangers  
staring deep into each other's eyes  
playful as child, they see no otherwise.

Next they appear armoured, ready to fight  
she fights the world to conquer herself  
he fights himself to conquer the world.

In a moment she becomes her  
childhood warrior princess, the Xena  
yearns to throw her boomerang  
bring him down to the arena  
pluck every inch of balding tuft  
kick ass the bulging belly soft  
just to let him feel how bad she is hurt.

Next she is love - struck teen, helpless  
longing for the Prince, searching every verses  
life is but a drama, cliché, she rehearses.

In a moment he is the profound lover  
most empathetic, ready to share  
fair as judge, heart crystal clear

Next he acts a headstrong reign  
her hold is to demean  
his hold is not to deign.

I lay the base to end chapter  
the two elderly on a park bench  
sit tracing each other's senile line  
recalling how thicks and thins refine  
staring deep into each other's eyes

playful as child, they see no otherwise.

Again, with such fleeting characters  
I wonder if I should write fiction  
to bring the two strangers  
to end the chapter  
or hit them with real pranger.  
I guess these days realities steal and fence  
Moreover, fiction needs to make a sense.

Oh! it's exhausting and seems in a way  
takes your everything ending the chapter  
But the determination, I remember  
and then I need to carry on with my day.

Shreej k.c

# The End The Beginning

Condensed cloud, wonted wind, the hill I ascend  
I stare at the horizon, imagine the end  
I shrug from the fantasy, they never really blend  
I long to feel the raindrop on my face  
Again left stirred by the fading embrace.

I sit wearily wander down the memory lanes  
Somewhere it waxes somewhere it wanes  
Elvish elation, tacit troth, an abrupt wend  
Unseen cracks, unhealed scabs and futile fend  
Nowhere I see the beginning nor clear is the end.

Shreej k.c

# The Epitaph

He lowered her comatose body  
down to the earth lone  
wrote an epitaph on tombstone  
'Here lies my ephemeral love  
she rests in peace and so do I  
her scent entertains my olfaction,  
only anamnesis of the little dove.'

Little would he imagine her writhe  
shell-shocked she bestirred to breathe  
unheard pleas, stifling wrestles, she gasped  
for the last, for the fact  
ratifying the Epitaph!

Shreej k.c

# The Game

He was no player  
yet he played it like a game

She was no player either  
yet she played it like a game

He knew how it was supposed to be  
though he played it like a game

She knew not how it was to be  
so she played it like a game

Witnessed by none  
they messed up like a game

Clueless how to proceed  
they withdrew from the game

let the onerous oblivion claim.

Shreej k.c

# The Gift

Silence gifts her tears  
and her sealed lips punish those  
who care, gift she shares.

Shreej k.c

# The Letter

Artless

gathered every ounce of courage  
swallowed heavy pound of pride  
peril of covertly woven fairytale  
unleashed with overwhelming gale

Adept

in content or frowning mien  
scanned swift or thorough  
professed his best review to longsome letter  
'you write very well, could be better'

Shreej k.c

# The Miracle

He ran away clasping the moon  
chasing the stars  
and kept wishing her the same  
while she stepped over far too many  
chasing the moon  
that the light the moon reflected  
now proved dimmer.

I was wondering whom to badge silly  
her giving up the stars or  
him giving up on her.  
Then I saw a miracle;  
he sat there shinning bright  
playing with both the celestial  
while she could still smile at him  
despite his defensive denial.

Yes, she missed the stars  
nor touched the moon  
yet she glowed brighter  
like the sun in the noon.  
Yes, the miracle!  
ice melted, fire doused  
yet the phoenix-it rose.

Shreej k.c

# The Moon

As I leave my desk for home  
I catch sight of the moon  
full yet half clouded lune  
side by side akin we roam.

Few blocks ahead, I look up again  
the moon now is freed  
from the swarming mane.  
Silently, I wonder a wish  
if only every obscureness  
could be as transient.

Few deep sighs, few more turns  
and here is the moon  
now facing me in front  
in its biggest, brightest countenance  
as if I might bump into it  
continued with my steady pace.  
An airplane passing it's equator soon  
leaves no mark, nearly belies  
Composed, I lengthen my strides  
to touch the Moon.

Shreej k.c

# The Ray, The Rope

I know I am not supposed  
to cry over spilt milk  
hold on to that doesn't belong,  
slips like a flick,  
haunts like a bleak,  
taunts like a gleek.  
Yet I shed pools now and then  
drench me out, dehydrate in  
frail, frazzle, feeble plaint  
I nearabout faint.

I know I am supposed  
to keep my doors open  
let the fresh air in.  
Yet I close them tight  
[Tight, Plight, Flight, Blight].  
suffocated, I find comfort to hide  
opt to hear no one else beside.

On nights like this,  
darkness scares, light glares eyes  
I keep them closed, rewind the ties.  
[Ties, Lies, Sighs, Goodbyes]  
till dream plays in, wakefulness defies  
then morning casts a ray, a rope  
inspires to breath again and cope.

The ray, the rope  
lowers me further down the cliff  
a bit away from the firm fickle grip.  
[Grip, Flip, Rip, Skip]  
let it drown me or bash against reef  
who cares where it lands me a day  
least, saves from hanging midway.

Shreej k.c

## Thorn- Between The Pages

Once she was scribbling on her diary, bit restless  
I could see a gaping into its thickness.  
I asked her if I could see what lies that raises  
she turned to reveal a thorn between the pages.

[I see people pressing flowers and leaves  
Strange! here you have been saving a thorn.  
what if a day it pierces with the pages you turn]

'People donot press flowers or leaves  
People press what they receive-  
souvenirs, sweet promises, beautiful memories.  
I did not press them. I received none.  
Sometimes you have to save the thorn  
because if a day, you finally get rid of it,  
heal without leaving any scar,  
you must save it to save you  
from forgetting a journey,  
you were led/misled afar  
until you changed the course of course;  
to remind you at times,  
exactly when you were pricked  
played as if you were seeking the game.  
exactly where you were tricked  
treated indifferently as if you were to blame.  
exactly how you were bricked  
bated as if few miles covered were lame.

You see you have to save the thorn  
to remind you at times,  
how it claimed to have adored  
the flower, falsely,  
when it bloomed in the summer  
feigned to keep from buzzing bees awhile  
then when autumn came, like a sadist  
watched the petals fall-  
bare, wilted, immobile...  
If a day, a sudden earthfall  
is to uproot the root,

I know it shall detach from root itself  
and continue to thrive  
for if there is one thing hardest,  
it is the Nature to change.  
It will grow stiffer, ostensibly sapid  
keep abrading every soft skin vapid  
before it hardly ever decays.'

[I see Anna, when innocence dies, tenderness burns  
plain or intricate; opulent or spartan  
Everyone learns, saving these thorns.]

Shreej k.c

## Time Betrays...

I chose to jump over fire zone  
crude enough to weigh pro and con  
believed I could stand lone little burn  
and as always my favourite friend,  
Time does magic, he shall turn.

Goddammit! Time,  
you are supposed to heal mildly  
here you pass day by day idly  
lousy to douse rather blaze the flame  
dent limen, raise direness without shame.

Oh! this pain,  
don't you see me, all burned and charred  
once flawless, look how I am marred  
will you not turn your wand  
before I go ashes, to never-never-land.

Shreej k.c

# Tricky Trail

I recollect  
We set out for a voyage  
Despite across misty maze  
You held my hands tight  
Fearless, I shut my sight

Few miles ahead  
I got pricked, stumbled and fall  
Feet felt wobbly, journey needed stall  
Deafening was the shearing thorn  
Your haste sounded like a scorn

I regained with a throb  
Whilst caressing my novel pain  
Had I let go of your hand  
Your voice I heard at distance drain  
Had deserted me on forlorn sand

Numb I was  
How many a miles I walked  
With thorn still abrading  
How many a season lapsed  
Till the fool in me left shading

Perchance the scene recurs  
I still see me stumble  
Will you lift me or leave as humble  
Its not now I regret or mourn  
Yet somewhere along the journey  
I painted odyssey, you called it  
Sojourn.

Shreej k.c

# Universe

Mathematician, Cosmologist  
Physicist, Philosopher, Pope  
their logic, science, intellectual lope  
spend myriad scratching their heads  
making, breaking, merging theories  
naming the unknown, seamless stories  
relativity singularity black hole bang  
dark matter dark energy infinite eternal dang!  
And may be God  
Every time their ideas disperse  
what, when, how really is the Universe  
or the Universes?

Is it flat as Wiki says  
fall out, repeat screen of video game days  
Is it curved as is earth  
meet the same point arcing immense girth  
Is it expanding or is fully formed  
did it start, will it end?

Do you mind for the ease  
if an ordinary girl  
made out of ordinary matter  
hanging in space stepping on blue does oppose  
at this very moment, wants to suppose  
the Universe she dwells in and  
the Universe that dwells within her  
is the same.  
What? Put some logic?  
You mean  
Miss Universe competed with  
Aliens? !

Shreej k.c

## Unuttered Promises...

Over the cliff,  
she held his hands tight, alarmed with apprehension.  
he whispered-'baby, it's okay, it's okay, let's jump.'  
'she took a deep breath, then the leap of faith without suspicion  
only to find her head bleeding, body bruised.  
Hardly had she let out a cry  
when he waved hands, still at height, quite amused.  
She wondered-was that okay!  
stunned, she sealed her lips.  
No, he never uttered promises.

On the roller coaster,  
she held his hands tight, out of anxiety.  
he exclaimed pointing to the eternity-  
'This is fun! I want all the adventures with you, hon'  
while the coaster ran through a transverse eight to stop.  
Hardly had she sensed the thrill  
when he pushed her swiftly out of el.  
She wondered-was infinity just a loop!  
giddy, she closed her eyes.  
No, he never uttered promises.

Along the seashore,  
she held his hands tight, strolling placidly.  
he confessed-'with you I can be myself, in this world  
there are only few', a second thought, 'infact one or two'  
before he splitted into two, then four, then...  
Hardly had she heard the profundity  
when the clones encircled her mocking voices different.  
She wondered-was he not the only one!  
disturbed, she closed her ears.  
No, he never uttered promises.

Yes, he was entwreathed in fire  
and she was freezing in frost,  
yet she burned, he went cold.  
the unuttered promises...

Shreej k.c

# Valentine

Her first Valentine's,  
anxious, nervous, my sister whines  
what should I gift him?  
cards, cakes, may be some wines  
roses are not fresh, perfumes smell dull  
as if she wants to get him this, that and all.  
There I exale the love filled air before I drown  
it's tedious shopping with lovestruck, I frown.  
I pick up a black huge smiley badge  
amongst the lovey-dovey pink red maze-  
a gift to myself.

Back home, I thank some cheesy messages  
throw them some fake smiling emoticons.  
I stare at the black smiley badge  
now hung upon a purple thread.  
I smile back at it- the real smile,  
one day, I will find you.

My first Valentine's,  
anxious, nervous I whine  
what should I gift you, my mine?  
too close to my heart yet far in distance  
oceans, universe, unicorns for instance  
stars are dim, rainbow skies too bling.  
Yes, I want to get you this, that and everything.  
Here, I inhale this love filled air, let me drown  
it's tedious being lovestruck, hands down.  
I pick up the huge purple teddy  
lovey-dovey pink red amaze me already-  
a gift from you.

I read the love filled messages in your love filled eyes  
your care, trust, promises are beyond the price.  
I kiss the ring, dance with your jumping beans  
I hug the teddy you, smell your scented tees  
but it's nothing like the hug you hug  
No, it nothing like the touch you touch.

On this fourteenth of Feb, I rewind and crave  
our fourteen days together fore goodbyes wave.  
I stare at the black thready smile  
stitched on your purple gift.  
I smile back at it- the real smile,  
one day, I will be with you,

My Valentine.

Shreej k.c

# We Humans?

We are caste, colour, creed  
We are minority, majority  
We are states and borders  
We are rich, we are poor  
We are puppets.  
Brainwashed, we can cut throat  
bomb, burn and inhume alive  
our own species  
old, young and infants alike.  
The soul that sparks through  
the eyes of the fellow beings  
at their last breath do not  
arouse our own or drive  
us to submit to the shrive  
as if immortals, ever survive!  
We can talk endless on humanity  
inhumanly.  
We humans?

Shreej k.c

## Where We Stand.

My dear friend Raconteuse  
she had a knack in telling stories  
she would place herself at comfy druthers  
always a step higher than the others  
and begin her stories:  
'that funny guy like a clown-  
the plain jane in the town-  
that old wretched fellow-  
the poor girl went blue-  
the poor guy proved yellow-'

Her stories fascinated and did rock  
until a day a query struck,  
how could she see everyone so small  
when she was not herself too tall?  
how could she see everyone too poor  
when she was not so rich to soar?

Then I stepped a day to her  
place, for a while felt superior  
only to find myself in trap,  
add to query and see in horror:  
Was she an ignorant learned  
or a learned ignorant? !  
Head spinned, nauseated, about to faint  
I quickly got down the step  
and felt much better.  
There stood my dear friend  
nibbling on nut.  
Oh! how I missed her  
nearly for a minute.

Shreej k.c

# Wholehearted

One fine sunny morning I saw her  
tune up her favourite music  
finally open the windows and peek  
to feel the fresh air.

There, I knew she was not the sort  
to tease anyone with broken heart  
rather wait patiently till she snatches  
back every single stolen part.  
May be that's why no one could easily fit  
or play ever with a tinniest bit.

She was the sort who never believed  
in first love or second love  
rather vowed for love else no love.  
May be that's what kept it fresh, did behave  
and even in solitude she looked relieved.

She was the sort who would not just  
find a love brick  
rather travail, take chances, give chances  
until they build a castle peak.  
May be that's why she seemed at times  
like a woebegone princess.

I can't help stun at her ease  
Oh! how she does relax  
as if she had been stretching the story  
seeking just a proper climax.  
Was the overlong suffering a choice  
kept her held in slings.  
May be that's why she needed none  
to fix her broken wings.

While running comb slowly a day  
through her tangled hair, I say:  
But Anna, some do believe  
-first ones go astray.  
'May be then they do deserve

the most experienced ones  
who for real know how to play' [grins]

Aww the grin! I just know it's her,  
Wholehearted again.

Shreej k.c

# Why?

A tender rose in the vase  
soon forgets her Garden of Eden  
blushed by her beholder's adulation  
until he seizes by her stem  
and thrashes on the floor  
strewn with the petals  
she now opts to flow with the wind  
eyes bleeding, lips still twinned.  
But the beholder not least complacent  
picks them one by one and plunges  
into the trash of indifference.  
The rose, no longer whorl  
knows not to read the riddle  
yet the question lingers 'Why? '

Shreej k.c

# You- In Your Purest Form

For what is pain  
if not let to pelt  
problem if not dealt  
hatred if not held  
fear if not felt  
desire if not dwelt  
See them through  
Let them melt  
A pearl will shine  
that was shelled  
It's You,  
in your purest form.

Shreej k.c