

Poetry Series

Utsav Patel
- poems -

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Utsav Patel(6/10/1993)

Does it make any difference? Nothing much interesting about me. In the end we all gonna die!

87 Kilometers Away From You

Demolish your regrets my girl
Or spit on the wall called profanity.
Under the sun,
we burn
And scream out for your dignity..
We fell,
In the valley of confusions.
'cause we manipulated
By fucking perceptions!

Run away and run away,
Stop and cease.
Don't you come back and kiss!
Throw yourself in fire and flames.
Cause no space
in the space for your shame!
Don't you cry,
Or feel the blue.
'm 87 kilometres away from you!

And Don't you cry,
Or feel the blue.
'm 87 kilometres away from you!

Utsav Patel

Antstal

Vahi aavi Antstal ni bhekhado chiri premrupi nadi...
Pravah sathe vahya chho tame kadi? ?
Sneh nu tarnu ne vatsalya nu parnu...
Kadi joyu chhe ema kanu? ?
Priye! Mara sneh ni sugandh kadvi hoi sake...
Pan tame kadi sugandh chakhi hoy to tame jani sako ne...
Prem na dvar kholi manschaxu thi konjane kelti var joi tane..
Tame kadi manschaxu thi Joyu chhe?
Aapno parthiv jeev kone aapisu kone khabar?
Tame 'garudpuran' vanchyu hoy to khabar hoy ne...
Paripakwata ni majar par kem vyavharikta ni dhool chonti chhe?
Tame kadi Paripakwata ane vyavharikta vachhe moonzvan anubhavi chhe?
Tari nankdi aankho ma karodo sapno joine beek lage chhe...
Tane khabar chhe sapnao fakta bandh aankhe j pura thay chhe...
Chal 'chakli'.. Udi jaie maaya na pinjara mathi...
Sansar Ni charkrajal ma hamesha j fasayela rahishu..
Ane ha..
Aapne thoda kai thakela chhie;
Aa chakrajal mathi mukt thai bhagishu...

Utsav Patel

Asphyxiation

In a room with mosquitoes..
With Dusty room..
With loneliness...
With a fan which seems so dead...
With cigarettes...
With flying ashes...
With your dead memories...
I put a cigarette between my venomous lips...
Smoke arrested me...
Asphyxiation...

Wrangle myself...
I think 'm done...
Scratching my wounds again...
Cause broken promises are good as a lie...
Resurrected my soul for your business...
Using the poison in me...
Grabbed by stuffed bodies...
Strangle me...
Asphyxiation...

He says breath into me..
I stabbed myself...
For
Asphyxiation...

Utsav Patel

Clueless

sadness.. sadness is timeless. infinite!
because sometimes when my inner vampires wants to hunt me down
and
they plays with the vulgarity of my body..
flashes and blood were thrown..
eagles screams
and vampires flees!
eagles and vampire were dead.
he got overdose before death!

Utsav Patel

Disgrace Of My Existence

I was a teddy once
now i am a junk
sitting in a junk yard
I found myself like a
like a useless stuff...
One of them...
Like burden of the world,
Like cause of disease, like a
like disdained...
Huh..
You can not understand it
its apart from geometry
apart from algebra..
Its about philosophy...
Once upon a time,
I was your part of your tears
sorrows
but now all tears dried up..
Everything messed..
Fate is gone..
Faith has been disappear...
Trust been broken..
Love got fade..like a
like a wither rose..
Now frustration all around me..
Feed it..
Eat it..
Ases of my existence is creeping from the edge.. Like a
Like a cigarette..

Utsav Patel

Dreamcatcher

At the infancy, everything was bewilder...
We crawl instead of to walk and we were babblers..
Lunatic on the grass..
Swimming in the glass..
Drinking wine from the rivers..
Bodys' in the fever..
She's crackling in the hall..
Chasing the ball..
Echoes of the distant sounds..
Fearing from the bounds..
She's trying to escape the past..
But she agitate so fast..
The inner fire was suppressed by the love..
When she was shooting down the doves..
Across the blue field, there are joy and bliss..
Terror of oceans, dolphins flees..
When she smiles angels falls apart,
And when she cries the sorrows that knows the art..
She seeks the trust..
And she stumbles upon my love burst..
So we burst out laughing..
And she crawl and crawl and cease..
That's how she gets peace..

Utsav Patel

'E# Of My Heart'

A song in your sacred veins...
Lyrics in your sapphire eyes...
Tune in your windy hairs...
Beat in your tiny heart...
Rhythm on your juicy lips...
You're E# of my heart...

Tapping on your nose..
Plucking on your chicks...
Acoustic sound of your throat...
Metal sound of my heart...
Featuring together...
Rhythm of divine..
You're E# of my heart...

Pain of separation..
Breakdown in depression...
Burden of existence...
Thousands of prescriptions...
Anguish of awareness...
Promises in thickness...
Heart has been deny...
Still you can fly...
You're E# of my heart...

You deserve the best...
I ain't the best...
That's why you're E# of my heart...

Utsav Patel

Echoes Of Love (In The Memories Of Kurt Cobain)

Yesterday i slept...
Slept with 'all apologies'...
That echoes still in my head...
I love the way you said..
'All in all is all we are.'
That drop D sound...
Made me numb...
Dumb and deaf world never perceive you...
Cynicism beckoned you all the way...
I love the way you have done what you love to...
I love the way you sting...
Its weed...
Always found you with tokes...
World is not humble enough to accept what they are...
They killed you...
Finally dear Kurt...
You got 'NIRVANA'
Seriously Kurt..? ?
All in all is all we are...? ?
That echoes of your love...
Will always remain in my heart...

Utsav Patel

Elation

It was dull sun, going to rest his head after a long listless day..
Crepuscular rays are spilling out beyond the horizon, like offsprings running out
of the house to play after school..

That moment, when offspring throwing away his bag and running like the
Napoleon who has won in the war..

She has a place on water tank..
She's waving her legs in the air..
She's quaffing the chirping of birds..

She has kafkaesque gaze in her small eyes..
She's staring at a heron..
Heron came down and sits beside her..
She gazing it constantly at that heron..
She has serene smile on her puckered lips..
She is fondling its head..
Heron is gazing her as still as a mouse..
It is staring her with googly eyes..

And the love disgorged in the air..
Crescent moon evoking the foxes..
And peace and serenity leaked it the boxes..

Utsav Patel

Gehenna

I can finally be myself...
Cause i don't wanna be myself...
What you're considering for my freedom?
Why does anybody think i need them...
You will die..
Because i won't unite...
If you want, Take it from me...
If you can think, you still don't know me...
All your rules and laws are outdated...
Still i have pretended...
I cannot maintain a semblance...
I don't want your hatred embrace...
Void of the habits...
Why should i kill my rabbits..
Annihilation of the silence...
Pindrope violence...
Inquietude in my head...
Dreams have been fade...
Excruciating when i tethered...
Hell.. I cannot be tattered...
I don't laced with profanity...
Frantic actions of my insanity...
I will end the world...
If i can,
I will burn it down...

Utsav Patel

Goodbye

I can not decide...
This is isolation or its loneliness...
Is it emptiness? ?
What is that? ?
Its filing me...
To the point of agony...
Trying to love...
Who cannot love me back...
Confusions...
Illusions...
Love...
Hate...
Death...
Salvation...
Can we be Budhha? ?
I need peace...
Is there anything like peace? ?
Is it exists? ?
Split from inside...
Betrayed by emotions...
They left me to rot...
I am seems like a looser with naked secrets...
Like a joker...
Everybody plays their character...
In the play called 'life'...
Afterall actors can entertain the people...
Can't their selves...
Fragments of time cut me into pieces...
Not asking you to save me...
Its too late...
I can't accept myself as a wretch...
These fading sentiments...
No cradle lasts forever...
Every bird must learn to fly...
We are going to the stars...
To see fire in the sky...
To see what is beyond the hell...
What is life...
That we cling it too tight? ? ?

Now only death greets me warm...
I am just saying goodbye...

Utsav Patel

Hriday Jwar

Ye man ke hiran kyu bhage bhage jaye...
Albeli sanse kyu yu tham si jaye...

Intezar karta hu me shabnam k fisalne ka...
Intezar karta hu me fool k khilne ka...

Kabhi lage ki so jau teri aankho k saye me...
Fir lage kyu tu yu bhagi bhagi jaye...

Kandho pe sapne liye chale the hum...
Fir kyu ye pair thirakne lage...

Haseen yaade Kyu yu bikharne lagi...
Fir kyu aankho me aansoo liye use samet raha hu...

Nigaho me teri rangeen muskan likh raha hu...
Fir kyu Shikvo k parde kabhi na hat paye tumhari aankho se...

Kehkasha koi tum yu sunati gai...
Fir lage bas Itni si hi duniya he...

Tere ashko ki gehraio me kyu me dooba dooba tha...
Jab sari haqeeqat taash k mahal si he...

Jeevan ki ranginiyat kyu fiki lage...
Jab mar saku tumhari panaah me...

Utsav Patel

Intimacy

That precious moment that I will always cherish...

That moment...

When I spent hours and hours

In my room...

Stood in front of mirror...

Ask myself again and again...

How do I look?

And blush...

Before our first date...

Wasn't that embrace warmer than my blanket?

Wasn't that kiss sweeter than sugar?

Wasn't that your touch so calm which make me relax all time?

Ya it was...

When you came into my life...

It was my new born...

You make me strong..

Mature..

Calm...

And especially lovable...

That obsession...

Can never define...

Your soul is so pure than water...

And I stood there as narcissus...

Intimacy of our souls...

That never gonna be end...

People said you fall in love...

I replied I am not fallen...

I raised in love...

Baby when you are silent...

Intimacy that flows...

We praised by god...

You are beacon of salvation...

Your Fragments...

Always been into me...

I will love you till my tired heart...

Cease to palpitate...

Utsav Patel

Its Make Me Insane

Everyday it passes by...
Through my rigid life...
Even without your insipid glance...
Even without your wither fortune..
Everyday it passes by...
That fear...
Fed by you...
Its makes me insane...

Everyday it passes by...
My feelings fights with cruel reality...
Desperation is on climax...
Wretched wishes of my poisoned heart...
Uffff....
Its make me insane...

Charade of life...
Sins from purgatory...
The mask of being authentic...
Why this all masks?
Confusions...
Shouldn't we behave according to our sensations?
Its make me insane...

One day you will go...
Far away from me...
That fear...
Pushed my fingers into my eyes...
But..
Don't you worry honey..
I'll give you...
Eternity of my love...

One day you'll go..
Its make me insane....

Utsav Patel

Khamoshi

Thodi sone si dhoop he...
Thodi chandi si chandni...
Thoda gam tumhe bhi he...
Thoda mujhe bhi...
Thodi bebasi he... Aankhe teri bhi nam he
Meri bhi...
Chal aaj fir ithlate he... muskurate he...
Aaj dil se puchha aakhir tu kyu khamosh he...

Hotho pe jo baat kabhi aa na saki...
Aankho me wo kyon zalakne lagi?
Khamoshi ka ye sama kab tak chalega...
Pattiyo ne mujhse kaha 'duniya me aisa hi hota he'
Jugnu ke piche piche pata nahi kaha chale aaye...
Shayad wo wadiya kho gai he...
Aaj dilse puchha aakhir tu kyu khamosh he...

Nange pair chale the wo raho par...
Aaj rahe bhi alag he aur manzile bhi...
Jab jab gam ka badal chhaya jane kyu jee ghabraya...
Aankho ke rang kabhi na dekh paye hum...
Thode rang mere bhi berang he...
Thode rang tere bhi berang he...
Aaj dilse puchha aakhir tu kyu kamosh he...

Waqt ne mujhe bhi nachaya he...tujhe bhi...
Sab is waqt ki kathputliya he...
Ek din ye sans bhi khamosh ho jayegi...
Ye jo gehre sannate he...
Chikhti hui lehro ki god me..
Kyu tu soya he...
Aaj dilse puchha aakhir tu kyu khamosh he....

Aakhir tu kyu khamosh he.....

Killer Inside Me

Inside me....
A killer is king...
This reign will make me strong...
Strong enough to heal my wounds...
Heal my scars...

You don't give me a damn...
Never mind...
Feels like a disdained..
In this cruel world..
Killer Inside me....

Go..
We don't need another mess...
Go dig your grave...
Go drill your purple heart...
Then feel your mouth with all those money you'll save...
Killer inside me...

People called me psycho...
Hahaha...
Kill them all...
Give me sens...
I wanna sleep...
Killer Inside me...

Killer drag me to hell...
I wanna all morphine...
That black blood flows from my veins...
Killer Inside me...

Silence...
Emancipation...
In the end..
Killer murdered me...
That killer....
Still inside me in my grave....

'L'Ange Aux Poupons' (Ce Qui Ne Passe Pas Dans Ce Qui Passe...)

An angel...
Of children...
Of tulips...
She has no wings..! !
Still she can fly with pride...
Beneath in innocence..
She breaths...
Sometimes breaths in the smoke as well..! !
Millions of barriers in her life...
But she never seems jaded..
Always found her suave tone...
Dancing legs...
Running legs..
Behind her dreams...
Never get exhausted..
A glimpse...
Blushing chicks..
among kids...
Teaching dance to offspring..
Intimation of innocents...
Aaaahhh..! !
Its all so beautiful..
Her expectations from the world...
And got to abandon...
Sinus in her head...
But she raise against all odds...
When she get a rose...
She blossoms...
Like sunflower...
Sometimes she makes me realise the existence of the God...! !

Utsav Patel

Lost Watch

We been friends till my 17th birthday...
Your tick tick...
Intimation with my soul...
Your dial more attractive than moon...
More brighter than all suns...
You were always there with me...
In all times...
Good..
Bad...
Like you are the only witness of my life...
When i put you on my wrist first time...
It was like 'm on ninth cloud...
After couple of years i have lost you...
Its like i have lost my soul..
Standing with a broken smile...
I can't bare this silences...
I want amputation...
My soul is screaming...
'Idiot! You don't know what you mean to me...
Come back darling...
I'll never lose you again...'

Utsav Patel

Pachi Lagyu (Gujarati)

Jindagi na marg par 19 dagla chalyo hu;
Pachi lagyu...
Maut taraf dhasai rahyo chhu.

Sambandho ni moh-maya thi kadi bhagi na sakyo hu;
Pachhi lagyu...
Khud thi pan kya bhagi sakyo hu?

'aapne sathe hot to? ' na swapna ma ogali chalyo hu;
Pachhi lagyu...
Hath ma kaik dazai rahyo chhe.

Ateet na antar ma samai gayela prem ne pampali rahyo chhu hu;
Pachhi lagyu...
Ateet su chhe ane vartman su chhe?

Koi anjan garbh taraf khenchai chalyo hu;
Pachhi lagyu...
Janma pan to tythi j lidho hato...

Utsav Patel

She

Its a slow-witted labyrinth..
Underneath the wild blue yonder...
He camouflaging it with nebula.
Zephyr reckoning more whimsicality in atmosphere..
Brown hemlocks are acting as crucified Jesus!
Gold flakes are falling apart and crackling with whiff..
A brown creeper eating small beetles on a branch..
A monkey is feeding its child..
Rabbits are having adrift run in any which way..
Nocturnal bats are sleeping on a branch hanging topsy-turvy..
A sheep is bleating as it thought it had been lost from its family..
Weaver is struggling to collect leaves and grass, of course for her new flat!
A couple of pigeon is nuzzling..
Two dogs are being desperate to having sex with a dam..
A kite is crafting a bash..
A sparrow came back into her nest..
It is retrouvaille!
Forthwith, atmosphere turns cryptically captivated..! ! !

Utsav Patel

Shepherd's Solitude

The sun is almost risen..
He put a shirt which was dirty and had patches on it..
He put a scarf around his neck..
He peeked at the cover page of a book, and he picked it and place it in the bag..
He put a lunchbox in it..
Took a scourge from the hook..
He walk out the home..
Suddenly,
He stopped as if he forgot something..
He scrambled and came back in moments..
All lambs are bleating to go out of the hedge..
He opened the door and all lambs running here and there..
He took them on the track..
As he travelled some of miles, he set on a rock besides the lake..
There was no other sounds rather than nature and its creations!
Geese were babbling..
Beetles were droning..
Crickets were chirping..
He is throwing stones in the water..
He enjoyed the ripples for hours..
The splash was making the dulcet sounds.! !
He walked to a tree..
He set there.. He always used to sit there..
He had lunch there..
He read the book for hours..
He put that book aside and gawking the trunk of that tree..
Something has written or it may wounds there on trunk..
His mind dislodged somewhere far in the past..
Few minutes of silences passed by..
He tried to escape from thoughts..
He cuddled the trunk as if he know that tree from ages! !
He kissed the trunk and hugged it..
He took a flute from the bag..
He started to play some doleful melodies..
And everything, every elements of nature has been fallen between cracks..! !

Utsav Patel

The Beautiful Let Down

'The Beautiful Let Down'

Once upon a time...
There was a boy...
A simple guy...
With simple dreams...
He wanted to be an artist...
But he did a mistake...
He chose engineering...
After he chose he regretted...
He wanted to be with a loving girl...
But she always belonged with someone else...
He moved with that girl...
Thread of lust..
Never went out...
Thorn of love...
Made millions pin prickles in his heart...
He is a normal boy with jealousy...
Ecstasy...
Agony...
He wanted to live for her...
To see her become a successful choriografer...
Too see him as an artist...
But life is harder than it seems...
He struggled...
But he never get success in his life...
Always been a failure...
Excruciating his life...
He was jaded...
Tired of being a loser...
He went to a land of marijuana...
Away from her...
From the world...
From his self...
Away from everyone...
Smokes everyday...
After a month...
He got asphyxia...
Counting his last minutes...

He asked for two more minutes to god...
To love her...
Hug her for last time...
To kiss her...
To touch her last time..
God assented...
She came and couldn't see him like this...
She walked away..
Death is god...
Love is gay...
He shot down his head...
His eyes got close...
He went to timelessness...
He let down the world...
He let down his love....
A beautiful let down he got...

Utsav Patel

Torrent

The whiff of affliction passes away.
Do you heard this wobble mate?
where are you peace?
there was no gratitude nor griefs
I believe in geocenterism.
You can occupy your place in heavens.
I am going to the black hole!

'Hallucination'
Smoldering with unconscious state.

In the race of life:
Since I know the meaning of love and life,
I missed the starting gun.

Melancholy ecstasy of isolation:
In a jungle
A 'concrete jungle',
Chirping vehicles and planes.
A groan hikes till the gleam of silence.
Souvenir of death!

Utsav Patel

Tranquillity

It feels good to walk away from apathy...
Where nothing is last forever...
'If you solicitous about something.. And you don't get it..
Leave it... Omnipotent will give it at correct time and situation..'
Sounds crazy...
Why should i live on a pseudo hope?
I released my expectations...
Feeling so pure...
There is only unconditional love...
Let it flow...
Burn to red...
Turn into grey...
Waking up from trance...
There is no rainbows and butterflies...
There are no more dances with devils...
No more disguise...
No more remorse or penitent...
Nothing is going unpredictable...
Cause i stopped to predict!
Tired of being in casual relationships...
I don't find anyone can touch my heart...
Better stop this shit..!
Me and myself having good time...
Let me flow away all ashes...
Trying to forget myself to know who i am...
I am a sunflower...
There is nothing better than being in grace...
Now here i got tranquilly...
Just slip into peace...
Slip into silence...

Utsav Patel

What Is All About It?

When I see a very poor boy, starving, tears in his eyes, I gave him some food,
that serene moments were make me feel like 'todopoderoso', to raise his being,
to raise his soul.

What is all about it?

When I give flowers to my beloved..
A tincture had annexed glitter on her face!
She throws her arms around me..
I feel like unpalpable butterfly!
What is all about it?

When I was baked..
I found myself sailing in Indian ocean.
I had long, white, messy beard..
I heard some lyrics of pink Floyd somewhere from far away, or it is intuitive
voices..
'and you run and you run to catch up with the
sun but it's sinking.
Racing around to come up behind you again..
The sun is the same in a relative way, but
you're older.
Shorter of breath and one day closer to death.'
What is all about it?

When I had done something,
Which made my parents gratify..
Mom clasped me in her arms..
She kissed my chicks.
She shed tears..
What is all about it?

At mid-night, when catnap averted me..
I was listening blackened death metal..
I felt empowered..
I saw Herod The Great killing male children..
What is all about it?

A smile?

Will O' The Wisp

On a grimmest evening...
Salty breeze was blowing...
Cacophony of birdcall was provoking...
That aroma;
Which was coming from your hair...
As if you are everywhere that exists...
The oceans between us...
Anguished claspings of hands...
But silences that remained...
Downcastly gazing at your foot...
Underneath my legs sand was creeping gently...
Everything that carries me to you...
Symphony of that tides took us with them...
Deep;
Descends...
To that skysill;
To that wee ships...
To those beautiful isles...
But i couldn't move...
And you are going to the horizon...
Suddenly, you're vanished in the gleam...

And a cigarette burned my fingers...! ! !

Utsav Patel