

Poetry Series

**VaishakSeetharam Dattani**  
**- poems -**

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# VaishakSeetharam Dattani(21/07/1988)

Born on 21st July 1988 as Grandson of Late Manilal Jamnadas Dattani and Late Kantha ben and Grandson of Late Narikkutty Gopalan and Late Mythili Devi was the Poet, Vaishak Seetharam Dattani.

His Father, aram is working at Kerala and his Mother, a, is a Higher Secondary School Teacher at Kerala.

Vaishak did his Schooling at els Anglo Indian Higher Secondary School(1992-2006) located at kannanore district in kerala.

After Schooling he did his Graduation in Hospitality Management(2006-2009) from VLB Janakiammal College Of Arts and Science at coimbatore, TamilNadu.

He's been rewarded from 2006- 2009 at Tamilnadu State level for Poetry writing as well as By Google in 2012, April

He started his career with the Hospitality industry soon after his College and works as Front Office Executive at The Marriott, Chennai

His Mother tongue is Gujarati & he speaks English, Hindi, Malayalam, Tamil & Gujarati.

His main hobby includes collecting Antiques and Fountain pens

# Beats Of A Broken Heart

Beats of a Broken Heart□

Memories Fade, so do we forget to remember?

Magical Past, where we jointly tasted bitterness of our tears.

Medicines heal, but can it cure wounds of a broken heart?

Mistaken understanding, which caused uncompromising separation.

A soft touch, a gentle hug and the tastiest kiss at happiest times!

A mug of cold coffee and everything we shared looking at ones eyeball.

A nightmare for eve, which was a day dream for Adam a little while after!

A second or its fraction, which made bonded fusion into collided fission.

Nicest sleep, on the lad's finest laps, which was the chap's bed of roses;

New sense, may be sixth or seventh, unless hidden thorns created incisions.

Nostalgia echoed, in couple's ears, day and night, once at least, when winked;

Notion, each had about other, was changed, and never can be changed again.

Intelligence judged at past was replaced by stupidity as a result, and,

Innocence transformed to guilt, love into hate, and dimple to wrinkle and so on.

In this regard, formers sweat was amended from fragrance to odor, and,

Is anything more needed? That's the end of psychic game, Love.

Something, indescribable through words, made them think in vain...

Seaside they had spent together, but, suicide they'd to do alone at a time.

So that day, zigzag rhythm of both hearts became a straight line...

Same day, when two coffins were buried under six feet of sludge.

Hell was the destiny, where they were traumatized to feel their cherished ones presence-

Hastiness in temperament, made them absolve apiece, on no account overlook each other.

Henceforth, the chapter of celebrations, was opened afresh, at the place of torment -

Happy hours, instigated, valuing ones soul, they adored the double, one another's intuition.

Arrogance of both vanished; they treasured ones disposition, attitude and aptitude...

At last, the duo's affection pitched from ground to pinnacle in a short instance.

A love where cadaver even can't be seen or touched, but can be felt...

And thus a transformation of hell to heaven happened as true love was formed

VaishakSeetharam

30/11/2009

VaishakSeetharam Dattani

# Fingers Crossed...Once Again!

Fingers Crossed ...Once Again!

She penned that day, a poem of love, so bright, so right,  
I prayed that night, to let my dove, be my dear bride.  
I saw the evening and saw the light, je Suis desole mate,  
Did not I get her in my life; she became an innocent man's soul mate  
But, I crossed my fingers to get an angel like her, be my dear wife.

Summer dried and winter bloomed, life went on till I saw a blue moon,  
Saw I a fairy, heard I a tale, as she touched her fingers on a violin maroon.  
Her chants took me to stars, paralysed my whole body as well as heart.  
Did not I see her from that time, did you know-She was someone else's lifeline.  
But, I crossed my fingers to get and angel like her, be my dear wife.

Rowing a boat, red roses she sold, netted hat she wore  
In this month of June, in this afternoon, as queen she posed  
Love is patient, love is kind, and she is the only one, I myself remind  
Love was at day, or, love was at night; she too stepped in someone else's mind.  
But, I crossed my fingers to get and angel like her, be my dear wife.

Of all the brides I have seen, Of all the ones I have ever dreamed  
Oh friend, I've never been so keen, hers is the name, from mountain top I've  
screamed  
She isn't a poet, she isn't a singer, and she isn't a florist or an angel too  
But she is my fairy, she is my princess & she is my artist of all seasons true  
And now I cross my fingers; If not her, then no one else, as my wife, I want  
atleast for this life.

Vaishak Seetharam Dattani

01 June 2014

VaishakSeetharam Dattani

# It's A Promise, I Promise...

Throughout these years, i sat and thought,  
Words and phrases in tears, my bestie, this is all what i got.  
Wine and champagne, i got stoned and wrote this- last night,  
For my heart to speak up, how much had i missed you right.  
Only "U" came up, i Promise, first the light, then you in white.

That genius said, one persons lose won't change this world,  
I bet, if had he read my write before this say, added he would,  
A thousand ones who takes that place cannot replace it i swear.  
Sent you in this school, so called as life, a year before me dear,  
You learned it so fast, i am still, that's why you are there and i stay still.

Your Mom could not wait, your Dad as always hurried,  
They made a reason to reach to you, so they were buried.  
This so called son was forgotten, so was this journey  
The lesson of life, the chapter of love, all i learnt the tough way,  
For me to still stay, a ten thousand reasons beholds this way.

That Pen, that diary, that gem, that watch, that kite, that knot,  
Those dreams, those petals, those pebbles, those cross...  
That heart shaped baloon you blew and gave, i treasure that,  
As It has some air of yours, but you are still sleeping in that grave,  
You no more breathe, at times i swear i forget that you don't exist

It's a promise, i promise, the angel, the soul,  
What all you wrote and what all you dreamt,  
What all you wanted and everything you needed,  
One day, i will make it happen, whatever they say.  
I swear, its a promise I promise!

I am still earning, more than that to this world i am paying,  
After all these debts, a day shall come, when i am finally saving.  
Its a promise i promise, i shall buy a land next to your grave and wait-  
And wait for my turn, when this life tells me sleep next to your mate.  
I swear, its a promise I promise!

You stay there up above in that heaven,  
I wish i do good things when i am in this prison.  
So i come there where you are and not where i was meant to be,

This wish of mitzvah, i keep postponing day after day,  
Doing good things always for me had to be from tomorrow.

Its a promise, i promise I shall write good things, if not great,  
Its a promise, i promise i shall do good things in life, if not so great.  
Like this poem that i wished i could publish today, thats happening tomorrow,  
Its a promise, that i promise, Its a promise that i promise,  
I shall be doing good things starting tomorrow.

27-September-2015

VaishakSeetharam Dattani

# Memories Of My Schooldays

Memories of my schooldays

The droplets of rain touched forehead  
I knew it's time for me to move ahead  
With new books and uniforms  
To a place of roses and thorns

The droplets of tears fell from my eyes  
Though my heart felt as if in ice  
Boasting of the tour I went  
This was the life's unforgettable event

The classes which we bunked  
And the candies that we munched  
Has the delicious taste  
Which no recipes can ever bake

Some knew the art of acting  
Others knew the art of tacting  
For me being the gardens rose  
I knew the art of adjusting with thorns

My parents knew my school 'an me  
As they came often for answering my good deeds  
One of the best days I remember  
With smiling lips and watery eyes

Creating a defeat into a victory  
Trying to make a fine history  
With less pains and sorrows  
The journey of my life follows

VaishakSeetharamDattani□  
12 Feb 2008

VaishakSeetharam Dattani

# Mother Is Love

Mother is Love

The world framed red heart as sign of affection  
But I grew up trusting mother as symbol of love and attachment  
For some she is the one who gave birth to God's invention  
Though others consider planet earth and mother country the enlightenment

As a crawling baby she gave me a worthy name  
And as a walking kid she guided me right towards light  
Her correction and inspiration gifted me glory and fame  
Which I consider will surely make my future bright

Rhythm of Lullaby she sang is a present to my ears  
The dishes that she baked has enhanced my taste buds  
As I got up from the cradle she wiped my tears  
God is love and love is mother; so she is the living goddess

From childhood she taught me the meaning of love and hate  
As well as the bliss of granting and satisfaction of donating  
All these accounts for a smile at all times on my face  
Because I realized much earlier life isn't earning, it's all loving

My legs paced short distances to gain money and wealth  
The chapter which made me a sick patient  
She ran miles to ensure me good health  
No words can thank her for treating me with such patience

I am ready to kneel or to bow throughout my life  
In order to express my sorry and thank you in delight  
Love is the symbol of peace, so mother is love  
Life is giving and lending, so mother is life

VaishakSeetharamDattani□  
03 March 2009

VaishakSeetharam Dattani

# My First Love

Her dimple cheeks and the staring eyes  
Stole the simple mind and heart of an ice  
Her attitude and the robust expressions  
Roused me from solitude and depressions

The fortnight of winter we spent together  
Had paved the way for me to get her  
From dawn to dusk we missed each other  
And by autumn we named our missing as love

Day by day the year came to an end  
But second by second our love had deepened  
Holding hands we walked in evening twilight  
Hoping no strength can ever separate our might

But the force of separation broke the unbreakable bond  
Signed by the two poles of the magnet  
There shed a silent tear from the little hearts  
Having the bitterness of an affection of a thousand years

Rays of light from east gave birth to a new day  
The unexpected day which we'd to bid bye  
Signing the autographs as remembrance for photographs  
She whispered, depicting her friendship for me

As carved on rock, she carved in my heart  
The three little words –Forget me not  
The worthy idea which we promised to keep  
If either would have a kid will be named after

Never then I had the chance of meeting the pupil of innocence  
Nor had the courage of speaking to the young princess  
The rest is left to fate or God's grace  
Longing to make my sweet heart, the queen of my heart

VaishakSeetharam Dattani

# Passengers Of A Wrong Train

Her charm is like a million diamonds glittering in sun,  
So wild like a luscious piece of that passionate red fruit,  
Its the memories of that fantastic past we had once,  
That has the potential to make any grey sky look blue,  
Story of two different roads that took us to that same destiny called love.

Once in life both of us took together a wrong train, that's how we had met  
In her eyes I saw our present future and past,  
By the way she looked at me I was assured this definitely will last,  
Into my world of darkness and pindrop silence,  
She brought me light and musical islands....

With flying time, we learned its never too old to hold hands and walk,  
More amazing is the silvery ring in our index fingers that mean to her and to  
me,  
Its not really the beginning or the end that matters, its all about the memories in  
between,

Someone said 'Dreams are only dreams and my wishes seldom come true...  
My tears can't write anything for you, but when they fall, they fall for you...'  
I know how much you love me..so will I for my entire life, Love you more and  
more everyday my beautiful darling wife

VaishakSeetharam Dattani

# Route To Sail Venice Palace

Line of life, is drawn by him for all living being  
And that is a two dimensional image, a meaningful scale  
The line of his as it met with hers, born was a tale of love  
Dancing to fur Elise, the infinite love ambigram was there born at Rome

A magic to the miracle of melodious music, happy couple were they  
Never tied he her noilaa, for togetherness, a word of hope was fine a'time  
Possessed they what so ever may be required to be a husband n'a wife  
Though did not they acquire ownership of each others free to dome.

Made they the houses of clay, played they a family all day in wine  
Gazed they together that wishing star, Crossed they together sky n Oceans  
Plays of russe, holding shoulder and necks they played that beautiful dance  
Through that kaleidoscope saw they that dream of togetherness again there

She has to marry someone, said once her mom, heard the same asked she why  
Because you are a girl; from somewhere there came that reply  
Asked she who is he? Dad Murmured in that dark background-Keep quiet! !  
Oh! No, She cried; none other than him, begged she that while.

Who will support the fantasy of this lad, apart from him none did.  
A million times told was she to forget that old fairy tale  
Never will she, I bet the whole world bets with you  
So she was given a memory eraser, and there she forgets all that past

A thousand miles apart send was she to her aunt  
An unwritten story was told to be her faithful past  
And nowhere did he exist ever in that rhyme of Rome  
Mind she had died just, who would want to live without soul mate

A decade later comes she back to that old house where lives her dad  
Sees that old album that had pictures that spoke aloud the forgotten chapters of  
love  
Aura-whispered she as she recollected a history, that was hers and his story  
Demands she to take her to where he lived so she could see that pigeons unread  
letters

An unopened purple embroidered cover, sealed a decade back receives she here  
written RSVP

Opens she there and finds a map-Route to Sail Venice Palace, and nothing to  
Repondez Sil Vous Plait  
Sail aforth she to reach that final destination, why is it taking so long time, thinks  
she, thinks me  
Fur Elise-that music, hears she, without a full stop, Ten years since those bells  
are ringing, runs she

To reach that hall where pin drop silence ashamed, as the melody stole the  
radius of that palace  
The unwinding tone of perfection, breeze that shook them once upon a  
remarkable time  
Rhythm had them applaud to the vibes of that golden era, close your eyes and  
see it once  
A fairy tale written a decade ago revolves around their foreheads in slow motion.

With joy and merry round they go, piano still singing, forgetting all those pains  
that passed  
Step by step they reach those unreachable stars, and gets up they, from where  
they did start  
Her hairs then running through those semi grey hairs of his, tears of hers falls  
down  
Weeps he aloud as his tears rested in her laps and slowly dried

Happiness dwelled as he made her remember  
All those instances they danced in rain, and kissed in every lane  
None can see such an emotional psychedelic trance, and so did not i  
Heard I but, those silent breaths that came, same as what we expected

What apart from love is permanent, say you, say I?  
Whispered she the saddest truth of her dying of cancer, and there the music  
stops  
As she faints there comes her dad and takes her, God knows where?  
He walks back and starts the music, as for him this day was just a nightmare  
after a good dream?  
(He continues until the day when he gets a letter from her-RSVP-Route to sail  
and visit paradise)

VaishakSeetharam Dattani

# Seven Seas Born Hence

Every corner of my heart, did I not search, my missing part?  
To find you somewhere close to me as once you were...  
Came to know a little late my best friend 'at you are in para...dise!  
Sad was I for a long time since then, seven seas born hence.

Time flew so fast, I wish I could go back and change thee past  
Heaven, may I not be able to reach, though someday we'll for sure meet  
The only wish, boon, if I get I would take back the 06: 25 am of 11th March 2010  
Because now I understand 'at I am trapped and stuck, in this world of hate, all  
left to fate

Your love had I not taken for granted to put you off, though you taught me to  
live  
As I was assured by giving the key to 'at tattooed yin yang heart  
Thinking of future, thinking of career, did I just push you away?  
But had I been so sure, I swear, 'at I'll be right back; Can you hear it 2008?

The lanes 'at we went and time which we spent  
Beaches and churches together we walked, showed all the times we cared  
The good times you took with you, songs 'at you sang and streets 'at we ran  
No one to replace your dance, no one will I ever give a chance

The unspoken words, the undone deeds, the unknown thoughts  
Still I'm thinking- why it's you and not me?  
Am I taught the lesson of life or was I defeated or cheated...  
God wouldn't have taken u above if would have he known-

There is someone to love you more than how much he did.

So very selfish how can I be, to hope 'at you could've been with me.

VaishakSeetharam Dattani

# Smile Of A Silent Tear

Oh! My sweet little heart, don't stop your beat in this night of dreams, □  
Let me think of that magical girl that made you stop and beat so many times.  
Oh! My sweet little heart, there is nothing more I have to gain in any life,  
Give me just a couple of days; in return take from me all remaining six lives.

My Vision is blurred, my memory is weak still I see you as clear as the first time I  
saw,  
You did not smile, neither did I because I never knew that I'll ever fall in love  
with you?  
Hai is what it all had started with, getting high is how we accomplished it.  
A petal of weed and a kettle of whisky that was what world were to me, and to  
you.

The less travelled roads, those speechless words, my love all those bites in our  
necks,  
I remember all this with pain, but when can I see you again? Darling my last  
breath is not far.  
Running in rain, singing together in thunder, we've done a lot many blunders...  
Litchi & wonder we called every time we brushed our lips, I wonder, we were  
wanderers...

Countless times, we've hugged and cried for reasons many, when the whole  
world smiled,  
With problems infinity, we got limitless solutions, there were no strings  
attached...  
The language of matryoshka doll that we decided to speak and that my world  
tattoo,  
Hush! My inseparable companion, I used to whisper - P.S, I love you again and  
again

This world is huge, but together we've seen just few, I feel that is more than  
worthwhile,  
The travel isn't over, I am about to continue my journey, just waiting for you,  
we'll fly together...  
Oh! My sweet little heart, she's reached the door, wait a couple of hours more  
please, instead take from me....  
.....I am sorry, I am all alone I don't have anything to give in return, only this  
last wish left.

Magic-Are you the body or are you the soul,,, are you alive or were you dead long ago?

Tears rolled down his cheeks which she licked with love and, that made him smile,

You've become slim; you've become more beautiful... Oho, I am not joking...

Oh! My sweet little heart, you can rest from now, we're going, we're going...

And...it's not his, but her that stopped, as his heart was with her, Oh my God, Please do something,

She softly murmured-I am waiting right next to you, come soon we'll first run in the beach...

A day passed with him reading aloud the notebook they wrote, and as the sun kissed the river,

Her heart that was with him also stopped, as he thought one more joint, I could have died with her...

VaishakSeetharam Dattani

# Sweetheart, I'll Make You Speechless!

I rose up listening the musical melody of wind chime  
From a sleep, far beyond the custody of sunshine Disappearance of my existence  
from her life was her dream  
Making all her dreams come true was my promise; so i did suicide

This life really was fun, when i had no special one  
World was my home, felt i always so free to roam  
The day when i said "Yes" to the love she had on me  
The whole world said "No" to the love they had on me

Dead was my mind a long time ago before she came  
She was the reason for me to smile, she was my magic line  
Dead was my heart a long time ago, before she came  
She gifted me Love, and in return i presented her my life.

I was promised a hand to lift me every time i fall  
Also that, however far i may go she shall wait for a call  
But, a day came when she filled my eyes full of tears  
Who had promised me to make me laugh all these years

I was a toy and she was that Little kid, i was her Prey  
She loved me, though was only for that times she'd wanted to play She was my  
toy too, but never did i ever play,  
For the reason, the kid in me had gone so far away

There can't be so many stars you can see any morning  
There can't be any nostalgic love story that can make you yawning There was my  
heart filled full of love that was broken  
Else in November, there won't be this much rain pouring

Darling...I cried and i cried not to bury me in any sand or land  
Bury me instead in a blank note book with lines  
As for me this was an unsuccessful sad love story  
I will make those pages world's best tragic love stories

I gave her my heart and made her realise it was hers  
But I don't remember when I told her she has the right to break it  
A day then came when she preferred her sleep to my speech  
And today has come, i am sleepless, she is Speechless!

Va! shak Seetharam Dattan!  
27th November 2013

VaishakSeetharam Dattani

# The Last Supper

Far away in the hilltops of east, from where starts day and breeze  
It was always a land of feast where dewdrops and mist lived apeace  
There were just a very few to breathe along with our lad candle  
With positive hopes who lived at this incredible mountain called as le sandal

Lush greenery in the west, this was always spoken by the whole globe  
Posed like a queen for an artist to sketch the true stunning beauty  
She was called cherish, filled with people who knew the art of love  
Ruled following democracy by the exuberant young, king of kings named as champagne

Candle baked bread, made wine to cross her teenage and became a lady  
Champagne fought the best ever battles of anno domini to become an adult  
Good friends they were at the start, so decided everlastingly to be together□  
Hence tied the nuptial knot and rowed together the boat of the past

Pendulum rang twelve, a thousand times there after, time flew with high velocity  
With one single heart and one single soul their joy knew no bounds  
Holding her hips he showed her the farthest star in the darkest sky  
Which was the brightest one that he promised for his love, his life?

It's not question, but fact, how long'll deux look into eyes & stand? -  
&quot;No&quot; was voiceless at this shivery bleak weather in the palace of lure  
So for them to experience, magic of warmth they were in one blanket  
As promised by King she was shown the stars, taking her to moon

Touring Paradise, her dream came true by repeating previous phrases again and again

Candle gave him the priceless gift, the present to present her the honeymoon  
Locking their lips, hugging at their wish they sipped the tulip of champagne  
Beneath the low lit candle, perfection of romance like the names of cherish

All kites that touched horizon has touched the shrubs one day or other  
All the blossomed red roses had faded and fallen lastly to the soil  
Even the plummy apple had reached the ground to teach us universal law  
But Gravitation is not responsible for one falling in love, though everything else

Seeing the love of young Bloods, the Adam and Eve of living decade  
Goddess whispered in couple's ears to understand the transition that happened in

years

Invite for dinner at heaven on fullmoon day after eleven stars, up there  
Munch the courses, With all you want in the granite table close away

Leaving everything they waited for the Dragon Bird, their flight to the Paradise  
Waited all way just for them to make their spirits mate and fascinate  
Ready as told were the dishes, all those spicy and sour ones parfait  
Only the dessert was she requested to bake for all angels to taste

With Sharpened diamond ring, waist string and emerald anklet she looked real  
princess

They had it up to their fill in the pond of roman perfume

Without Belladonna her pupils expanded, her flesh Blushed and she rised to  
crescendo

Leaving behind the priceless wounds in his, arms, feet and maw avec pleasure

He forgot one thing, the ancestral past and ate the bright red apple  
Which made him pale and tell candle that he'd to stay here always?  
The dessert she made tasted bitter because of the tears that she mixed  
The tale of recent past she remembered to confirm she's expecting, to  
champagne

She wanted to be in heaven, residence of king, by taking her life  
But God had to make her understand the reason why is she born  
Tick by Tick the waiting of our candle did conclude all nine months  
And the day before Christmas she fell in the stable of raw grasses

Sheep's and Goats with horses and cows, heard her helpless cry in rain  
With thunder and lightning night showed her its true face, dream to nightmare  
Born on Christmas Eve was this kid with cuts on arms and feet  
She wondered was it champagne's rebirth or someone who had wounds at death

□

13 / April / 2012□

Vai

shakSeetharamDattani

VaishakSeetharam Dattani

# Truth

Truth

Millions of steps have the humans walked so far  
Billions of divine songs have they expressed so forth  
Ask thy conscience which of 'em is true messages to God  
Be aware if spoken only from vital part you can touch one's heart

The good God gave chance for the even the stone and diamond  
The unique risk, possibility of occurrence as a human being  
Thus begging and praying from rise to set of the heating mass  
The non-living creatures got sovereignty to rule entire globe

As our ancestors touched their right feet on this heavenly planet  
Forefathers forgot their past; they began inventing and cheating  
A pinch of gold and an inch of land became our weakness from that day  
Till this day when relations are just for name and friends for some sake

From barter to charter the world changed and continues to...  
Yet the tradition of saluting the flag and lighting the lamp remains same  
God is remembered now and will be worshipped always  
By various names and faces in different religions and continents

He is here and he is there and he is everywhere seeing everything  
Whether you earn or learn, you have to bid bye once  
It's utter waste to be sad or to cry at that moment  
For the reason you've brought nothing, so you'll take also nothing

VaishakSeetharamDattani□

08 Feb 2009

VaishakSeetharam Dattani