

LOST ON TANGENT

I'm in Love?

I'm in love with your tornado personality
In love with the constellation in your eyes
I'm in love with the song that plays at the back of my head when I see you,
In love with the fluttery feeling everytime I see you
I'm in love with the innocent blur on your face
In love with your small gaze
I'm in love with the idea of you
In love with this new avenue
I'm in love with your lip tint
In love with all those subtle hints
I'm in love with all the sparks that fly around us
In love with the thought of us
I'm in love with this poetry about you
In love with the experiences we've been through
You have no idea, you have no clue
Just how much I think about you
But, am I really in love with you?

Miracle Garden

On the lifeless land of a place unknown,
Resides a garden ; Beautiful, breathtaking yet alone.
Inflorescence of various flowers sitting gracefully on the scorched field,
Mystery lies in the yet to bloom buds, concealed.
Amidst the blades of humble grass rises up the essence of melancholy,
Caught between the thorns of others' beauty,
The drenched in sun dandelion twitches.
The florets chase the horizon,
As the dark clouds in the sky tightens.
The lethal guests shatter their souls,
Sometime later, the abnormal yet normal glowing sphere
gleams upon them and consoles.
The field is mythical yet Spartan,
On the skin of the land unknown, lies a miracle garden,
Yet to be explored, wishing to be known.

The Blue Bird

When the sun is bright on upland slopes,
When the springing grass is stirred soft by the wind,
A glass stream flows,
When the first spring blooms,
The same blue bird visits my window again;
Singing in her mellifluous voice, mocking me.

I'm jealous of how easily she makes friends with the fluttering butterflies,
While I'm lurking in the wild of my unknowns.
She's leaps on the back of the breeze, bathes her sapphire skin in orange sun rays,
I'm jealous of how it dares to claim the sky;
While I'm here entangled in my worries.

I'm jealous of how she paints the scenery with her wings,
Soaring higher and higher in the clouds.
And I'm so stuck in the never ending maze of my agony that I forgot to enjoy the view.

Now when I think, her songs bound to a beautiful melody,
She brings a small foxglove bud near the window sill,
But it falls before reaching.
I chuckle at her attempts and see her fly away.

At the end she left me too...

The night dwells again, my heart shrinks,
Four o' clock, that poisoned hour comes again,
It was arduous to sleep until I hear a soft knock on the window pane,
The same blue bird visits my window again;
This time with a lotus petal,

Her gesture fills my heart with warmth,
And I see the sun flickering with life on the horizon.
I guess I made a new friend today;
As we both enjoy the view without missing this time.

The Making Of You

The doomsday unfurled
As the universe fell apart
It was all dust and ashes
Ruins of where once stood a rampart
It took bazillion years of making
For the present to be so beautiful, so bizarre
The splendid cosmos that stands today
Majestic, incredible, epitome of the vast array
It took time to be its better self
Now, what makes you think
This breaking, this agony, this pain is the end?
What if it's the painful beginning to a beautiful ending?
It is the making of a more powerful you
Hold on, this is not just a deja vu

Stars

I prefer the glittery company of stars
For they beam upon me
Without judging me
For they twinkle
Like a promise of acceptance
I still fight for my thoughts' independence

Twin Stars

Surrounded by nothing but dark
There's a little speck of spark
I glance around and see her;
Oh so graceful, beautiful as ever
Amidst the constellation is her
The one giving it a final arc
She's definitely the moon's lark
She was Sirius' sister
So beautifully sinister
While I was the shooting star
That was a one time scar
Guarding the periphery
I was lost in a reverie
Of how we are so disparate
So similar
Yet so far
They call us twin stars.

A Poet's Dilemma

I try to write of love and light
But all that comes out is venom and spite
I don't know what this poem will bring
Does my writing come from blossom or sting?
I stare at the blank page
With my creativity at stake
The pressure of capturing the essence of life
To paint it in words that cut like a fine knife
But every time I try
My page remains void and dry
An endless, stretching canvas
That seems impossible to fill
Yet, I long to write
About memories of love, loss and plight.
My ideas flow but cannot focus
Bringing forth thoughts too vague and bogus
The poet's dilemma plagues me once again
For it brings so much doubt and pain
To write is to skin the soul
It is such an unfortunate sight to behold.
As the feeling of overwhelm grows
I take a deep breath and let the pen go.

Cruel Cold

Amidst the dark, stillness reigns
Broken and bent, she remains
In the depths of this darkest night
Bleak is the hope of hoping for bright
The sharp gust of wind cuts her skin
So cold outside but burns with fury within
Melancholy follows like an old friend
She walks in silence that never ends
She sees stars collapse in the sky
Is there anyone who can hear her cry?
Her legs tremble, her throat dries
She again attempts to muffle her cries
The branches of trees creak and groan
As if syncing with that agony of her own
The chill seeps in and numbs her soul
Emptiness swallows her up, whole

Yet

Yet again she rises slowly
This isn't the first time she's lonely
She longs for a warmth to hold
A shelter from this cruel cold
She exhales
and the heart lets out a wail
For all she knows,
doesn't matter if she's alone
She stands tall and might,
Ready to face the Unknown

