

# 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

