

Roses and Ruminations

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Am I Too Late?

It was a bellowing cry that I heard,
One that reeked of desperation.
But how could I ignore such a gut-wrenching cry?
So, I followed it through the crowds.

Hordes of commoners passed by,
Shuffling through the huge metropolitan streets.
But none of them seemed to hear that cry,
Their eyes full of apathy that I utterly despised.

I caught a glimpse of a child,
The source of all that noise.
His eyes were swollen and drained,
They spoke of an everlasting pain.

I approached him cautiously,
Trying not to make matters worse.
But as I got closer and closer,
The pain did not seem to cease.

His features were oddly familiar,
Reminiscent of who I once was,
With ashen hair and blue eyes,
And a broken watch from my childhood days.

It was me.

“Are you okay, love?”, I asked softly,
But my words fell on deaf ears.
As if I don’t exist,
As if I never did.

I raised my voice thinking perhaps he couldn’t hear,
But his cries grow louder too.
Perhaps, I was invisible to him
The same way he was to them.

“Why?”, his voice broke,
“Why can all of you not see me?”,
He craved mere crumbs, nothing more
But even they seemed out of reach.

I touched his head gently,
Caressing every unloved strand of hair
Embracing him strongly and deeply,
Hoping that I haven't come too late,
Praying to all the gods I never believed in,
That it will be okay.
That he will be okay.

That I will be okay.

The Envy of the Roses

Her eyes are closed so softly,

With snow falling uninhibited,
Covering her torso with all their heavenly flakes,
Gently kissing her cold face,
Tucking her in a blanket of pristine white,
As if they owe her their very existence,

Akin to the crescent moon finally waxing,
Glimmers of its iridescent moonlight passing,
Past branches of trees,
And the leaves precariously hanging,
Past the highest mountains,
And deepest valleys,
Just to shine on her ever-radiant face,

And enamored are the roses too,
That lay loyally by her side,
Envyng her unmitigated beauty,
As they bloom six feet under,
Accompanying her forevermore.

The Mirror

The mirror never lies.

Reflecting the depths of my own
swollen and welled up eyes,
wearing dark circles,
And weighty bags.

I see alongside those burdened eyes
A face that misses when it shined,
With weary, exhausted skin,
Wanting to break free.

The ears rebel too,
And so does the charcoal black hair,
With diverging tufts,
And strands that refuse to conform.

They set up guillotines aplenty,
A list of executions impending,
With just my name,
They hold an uprising,

And why wouldn't they?

For they exist to shine,
To bask in the streaming sunlight,

Not aloof behind concrete walls,
With me raining tears endless.

And so, I owe it to them,
As I put on a subtle smile,
That widens as I see them glow,
with an unadulterated beauty,

A depth to the thin hairs,
A sparkle in those eyes,
that I often forget.
But am reminded of

By the mirror that never lies.

Aphrodite's Golden Touch

Her eye-apples sparkle trump
Her torso of shining silver,
Delicate flower petals burst
And bloom, releasing their fragrance
On her omniscient face.
Her unadulterated self,
Is sprinkled with little stars,
A canvas painted by the gods, or rather,

A canvas that painted the gods.
An apple in her supple palms,
Specks of gold swarm it,
As its silverness resists valiantly,
A solitary soldier futilely facing,
An unrelenting, eternal army.

Napoleon's Ascent

We lie in mortality,
its lowly cesspool,
simple eyes glance
To Him, undeterred,
like moths to a flame.

With dreams and hopes,
Wilder than we can fathom,
Majesty, valiance, ambition,
Beyond our very comprehension,
Staring helplessly in collective awe.

Kneeling before God's faithful servant,
Cloaked in the royal velvet's crimson tide,
Taking His first steps with boundless grace,
His birthright held above his sovereign head,
Pius' wary glance fixated in perpetual concern,

And why wouldn't it be?

From holy whispers to loud commands imperial,
Pius no longer a shepherd to his adoring crowd of sheep,
As he firmly clenches the specter belonging to Napoleon,
Who now marks his glorious empire ruling from sea to shining sea,
As he cements his place amongst gods that kneel before him in eternal reverence.

The Hills

In morning's hush, beneath the azure sky,
Birds trill their songs of freedom, sweet and clear as
Sunshine bathes the hills, washing them
In golden hues that whisper soft and bright
The air, imbued with earth's fresh, fragrant breath,
Carries the scent of pine, of life, entwined,
Here, in the embrace of the hill evergreen
I stand, shadows and light perfectly seen

But this hill, a tender mound beneath my feet,
Hides tales of those who sing no more,
With whispers muffled, silenced yet
crystal clear,
And I hear them.

The cold kiss of steel at my neck,
Brushing my scarred skin and softly
Eroding my essence, my being indelible,

And I smile.

Choices

I wonder what hurts you,
Thick leaves plastered in moisty dew,
I wonder if it hurts me too,
Perhaps it's the roses I'm more attracted to.

I wonder about feathered doves in the lake,
And all the wrath you left in your wake,
I wonder if they bleed the same,
Does their pain ever have no name?

I wonder about the darkest night,
Painted with sparkling glimmers of light,
I wonder if it ever feels alone,
Are everyone's deepest secrets known?

I wonder about me,
Why I yet again choose to see,
I wonder if deceitful fires radiate heat,
A pained yearning ever so sweet.

I wonder if you think of me,
In the quiet moments in between,
I wonder if my image dances,
In your thoughts like hidden chances

I wonder what the ocean thinks,

Calm and deep and vast and blue,
I wonder, since I choose it,
Will it finally choose me too?