

Table of Contents

Acceptance.....	5
A Dreamer's Nightmare.....	6
A Farewell in Melancholy.....	7
A Farewell Song.....	8
Agree to Disagree.....	9
A Hope for a Lighthouse.....	10
A Realist's Nightmare.....	11
A Rider's Journey.....	12
A Song of Blue and Yellow.....	13
A Sweet Voyage.....	14
Autumn Colours.....	15
Bane of Trying.....	16
Behind the Gate.....	17
Behind the Smile.....	18
Being Brave.....	20
Believe It.....	21
Blessed.....	22
Blushing Bride.....	24
Breaking Rules.....	25
Brida.....	26
Childish Dreams.....	27
Choices and Chances.....	28
Cold Fire.....	31
Concede.....	32
Cursed.....	33

Curse of being strong.....	34
Dance of Ecstasy.....	35
Depression.....	36
Detached.....	36
Excelsior!.....	37
Far Cry.....	38
Feeling Infinite.....	39
Festival of Lights.....	39
Fighting Life.....	39
Flamboyant Dance of a Phoenix.....	40
Fluidic Colours.....	43
Gamble of Waiting.....	45
Game Planner.....	45
Gold need not Glitter.....	46
Grace in Defeat.....	47
Imperfectly Perfect.....	47
Indra.....	52
In search of a Unicorn.....	53
Inward Journey.....	53
Iron Queen.....	54
It is never easy.....	55
It's time for Spring.....	56
Keep Smiling.....	57
Lessons from Entropy.....	58
Let it go.....	59
Little Joys.....	59
Love under the Stars.....	60

Magi.....	61
Maybe it's not meant to be.....	62
Mental Health.....	62
Midnight Dreams.....	63
Moonlight.....	63
More than what meets the Eye.....	65
My time has come.....	65
Nameday.....	66
Nemesis Reborn.....	67
New Beginnings.....	68
No one.....	69
Nymphadora.....	69
Paint the town Red.....	70
Path to Transcendence.....	71
Perspective.....	72
Prayer to the Universe - Part 1.....	72
Prayer to the Universe - Part 2.....	74
Raajali.....	75
Rakshabandhan.....	76
Reconcile.....	76
Recursive Clock.....	77
Respect is not Love.....	77
Said He, Said She.....	78
Sailing amidst Shipwrecks.....	80
Secret Santa.....	81
She.....	81
Silience.....	82

Solitude.....	83
Sonder.....	83
Star Child.....	84
Still Waters.....	86
Storm Breaker.....	87
The Completing Piece.....	87
The Soul Catcher.....	88
To try or to wait.....	89
Trip around the Sun.....	90
Uncharted Trails.....	91
Unopened Doors.....	91
Vemoedalen.....	95
Wandering Soul.....	96
When two Poles meet.....	97
Where are you?	98
Wild Lily.....	98
Wise Panda.....	99
Wishes to a Budding Artist.....	100
Wishes to a Noble Friend.....	100
You are Special.....	101
You have two legs.....	102
You will reap.....	103

Acceptance

In times of uncertainty,
I clutched tightly to the past,
In fear of the unknown,
For the comfort of the known.

As I look at the future,
I see my shadows of the past,
I look at my hands,
I see the scars of holding on too long.

In a fortunate mishap,
One string detached from my past,
Rather than fear, I felt lighter,
And my journey became easier,

I made mistakes, and I can't erase them,
I can only learn, and move on,
Learn to drop the burden of the past,
Wisen with age, more accepting of the unknown.

A Dreamer's Nightmare

Is this the real life?
You wonder all the time.
Is this a fantasy?
You want to see reality.

In dreams, you saw,
All the endless possibilities.
Yet when you wake up,
You see the ending realities.

Floating over clouds,
All seems perfect,
Waking up to reality,
The dreams dissolve.

Amidst all the distractions,
Striving to find hope,
Keeping the fantasies alive,
Against time and space.

What if that idea,
You chased all your life,
You hope to make it real,
Is a mere fantasy?

A lie you tell to yourself,
All the time to keep you safe,
When that is take away,
What are you, my dreamer?

A Farewell in Melancholy

As the night gathers, I compose for this special day,
A day to reminisce, a day to cherish.
Had I not chosen this path, where would I be this day?
Would I be in this place? Or would I perish?

With a heavy heart, amidst joy and sadness,
I look back, with less-tinted glasses.
I lingered on, to every fleeting moment,
Wished to capture, every little movement.

The days of happiness, the nights of liveliness.
The days of sadness, the nights of loneliness.
All the nocturnal musings, journeys and memories,
The never-ending vagaries of the world and reveries.

The wild heart, beaming with love.
The broken heart, plunging into sadness.
The prideful heart, glowing with hope.
The fallen heart, spiralling into madness.

Had I not chosen this path, where would I be this day?
I'll never know, but I am proud I did!.
Would I be in this place? Or would I perish?
I'll never know, but I am proud I did!.

As I sit here, I pray to the Universe,
For a life of happiness, etched as a verse.
With longer summers and shorter winters,
Painted in the colours of Autumn and Spring.

A Farewell Song

You came here long back,
And helped us all grow.
Are we ready to fill your shoes?
Although grown, we don't know!

We'll miss your soft voice,
The calm presence most of all.
A dance of grace and brains,
Filled with abundant maturity.

Though we are young, we will remember,
The lessons you taught us forever.
We will miss you, with all our heart,
Although we smile, our hearts feel a void.

Your ship has come, for you to sail,
A new chapter begins, in your new voyage.
We wish you all the best, for your journey ahead!
This is just comma; our lives will meet again!

Agree to Disagree

The world around us is not as simple as it seems,
Rarely it happens, just like our dreams.
For there are events, that are not in our hand,
Factors that are plenty, like the grains of sand.

It is hard to keep going, all the time so strong,
When the choices we made, can go wrong.
Life is not so simple, and painted black and white,
It is messy and twisted, and hardly you are right.

Even when facts are strong, you can go wrong,
And there is more to tell, about the tale so long.
There is always a limit, for you to comprehend,
Beyond that it is dubious, built on intend.

We all look at events, and incidents in life,
And gather bit and pieces, and end up in strife,
For you would like to think, that you are quite right,
And me to be so wrong, to miss the truth in sight.

All the bits we have, are parts of a bigger puzzle,
Although it seems perfect, it is in a touse.
Sometimes you're lucky, to get the right piece,
Otherwise unfortunate, to find the wrong piece.

In the world full of paint, in shades of grey,
Which shade is right, is quite hard to say.
You picked a shade, with a certain degree,
If it doesn't suit others, agree to disagree.

A Hope for a Lighthouse

It's been years since I started this voyage,
Sailing among the currents, I've reached this far.
From where I am, I see no trace of land,
I am all alone, in a meadow of blue waves.

I started this voyage, with so much optimism,
With a naivety so vast, the oceans were tiny.
Battered by waves, and many stormy nights,
I am now scarred, with skin burnt by the winds.

Sailing all alone, I liked the comfort of the dark,
For it was gentle, and it hugged me like my mother.
And it showed me the stars, and their many tales,
A welcome escape, from the salted reality.

Should I call myself weak? For accepting the hug,
I got quite attached, to the escape so much,
That I stand helpless when my nights ruined,
By the storms and waves, and the night's cold fury.

In the calm that follows, I remain in tatters,
Barely surviving the storm, grappling to any support.
I felt thirsty and searched for some water to drink,
That's when the ocean, taught me what irony means.

Was it my fault? For my sail to be odd?
With so much conflict, yet it moves on!
I often feel envious, for the fare journey others have,
They do have hardships, yet they reach the shore.

How many times, can I search within me?
To scrap the remains of some hope that is there?
It's hard to sustain, a burning fire against the wind,
Let alone the embers that are lingering for long.

Every night when I sleep, in the cold dark emptiness,
I hope for a miracle, and I hope for the winds,
I hope for strength, and I hope for wisdom,
I hope for the shore, and I hope for a lighthouse.

A Realist's Nightmare

Is this the dream life?
You ponder all the time.
Is this the reality?
You want to see fantasy.

In life, you saw,
All the tested paths.
Yet when you sleep,
You see many possibilities

Standing firm on the ground,
Goals seem fulfilling,
Looking at the clouds,
You feel a bit empty.

Amidst all the distractions,
Striving to find hope,
Keeping the reality alive,
Against time and space.

What if the ideas,
You thought all your life,
You were quite sceptical
Is a possible reality?

A truth you refused to accept,
All the time to keep you safe,
When you're forced to admit,
What are you, my realist?

A Rider's Journey

Oh, mighty road! Take him to new places!
He has enough fuel, to lit all his dreams.

Ask yourself during your journeys,
What does your heart want?
While the roads lead to new places,
Follow your heart, your true GPS!

The roads ahead have many stories.
Many new faces and many sweet memories.
Pull the throttle, and put on your helmet,
Take a ride, and leave a trail!

Keep travelling as always, as the roads are plenty.
In the journey of life, getting lost is okay.
But never forget to keep riding,
To keep riding with all your heart!
The journey on the outside will help you,
Find your true self on the inside!

A Song of Blue and Yellow

On a rainless day,
We push and pull,
Under the clouds,
Our mischief begins,

You were simple,
My ego told before,
But you are a puzzle,
I realise baffled,

Are you my enemy?
Are you my friend?
Why do you love me?
And hate me together?

Torn between poles I stand,
Lost like a raindrop in the sky,
I swing between joy and sorrow,
Clueless of the morrow.

Should I leave? Or should I stay?
You tell me, my dear,
For the trauma of the poison of the past
Don't fear the elixir of the future.

You are the ray of hope,
Who flashed in my starless sky,
Adding your shades of vibrant yellow
To my life filled with mystic blue,

Hold my hand and fly with me,
The sky is vast and endless,
Cherishing your love, I shall pen,
A Song of Blue and yellow.

A Sweet Voyage

I thought about the day when we first met,
It is not so vivid; the details were blurry,
But the feelings we felt, were crystal clear,
We didn't realise, the sweet voyage ahead.

It wasn't a beginning, as in a fairy tale,
It is quite common, but still feels special.
Both did think, that we might drift away,
Yet I stayed back, and so did you.

Despite the journeys and paths we travelled,
We had a lot of ideas in common,
The patience to nurture, a robust, powerful bond,
A passion for making a difference in the world.

A loyalty so strong, it stands tall against any crisis,
The drive to help the other, when the other is lost,
A sense of justice, and what's right and wrong,
A shared flavour for humour and ideas boundless.

When lost in thoughts and plans for the world,
One became the teacher the other the student,
You taught me a lot, and I taught you too,
Both helped each other, to find our inner selves.

What events will life throw, I have no clue,
But amidst all that is variable, there is one constant,
That for me is your valuable friendship,
That I shall do my best to preserve till the end.

Autumn Colours

You come today, and the sun became truant,
Your winds do bring, the scent of the ground.
In all of the summer, I played my heart's content,
With your cool touch, you made me retreat.

Why are you sad?, I always do ponder,
Whenever you come, you cry your heart out.
The days of dampness, dark and gloomy,
The falling leaves, and vibrant colours.

You are a mother, to this curious child,
And just like you, I keep changing.
Many keep saying, that you are a fall,
To me, you're necessary, the force of balance.

As I sit near the window, I see your tears flow down,
A strange wonder and awe fill my inner heart.
You made me sit and travel dimensions with books,
For that, I am grateful, and I can never repay you!

Bane of Trying

Sitting calm and quiet, you hear the universe speak,
Of all the plans it has, for you quite sleek.
If what you sow, is what you reap,
Will it all come true? All the dreams in your sleep?

Trying to make hay, while the sun is shining,
You put all efforts, hoping for a silver lining.
While it is true, that time waits for none,
If you're hurt and broken, can anything be won?

Some things in life, are not so straight,
You might have to, sit and wait.
You cannot plant a seed, today and be ready to reap,
All the harvest tomorrow, and keep them in a heap.

Like the wet clay a potter, uses to make pottery,
Things will take shape as if it's sorcery.
Yet even the pots made, need some time to dry,
For that, you must wait, and keep a watchful eye.

Rushing the steps fast, or pushing it too hard,
You might kill the very thing; you seek so hard.
There is some wisdom, in moving slow and steady,
When the stars align, you will be quite ready.

You might get what you seek when you try very hard,
But when you are not ready, retaining it is very hard.
You'll miss little things, while trying without waiting,
The restlessness is the price, the bane of trying.

Behind the Gate

In all my wanderings, in my one singular quest,
I sought knowledge, without any rest.
Little did I expect, for the truth to be so stark,
With infinite perspectives, like a storyline's arc.

The truth is a circle, without a beginning or end,
Still, Yet through its strokes, it has the knowledge to send.
The circle maintains a flow, and serves as a balance,
To let the energy flow, without any imbalance.

In it there are markings, and exotic drawings,
And many obscure paintings, and prideful writings.
These myriad inscriptions, add colours to the truth,
Painting a picture of suffering, pain and ruth.

Still, the truth set me free, gave me the power to be God,
I became arrogant and challenged God as a fraud.
In my naive foolishness, I tried to break the rules,
And the price I had to pay, I had no clues.

The truth opened a gate, and pulled me inside,
Where I saw a being, without a form outside.
It's a bone-chilling smile, I remember forever,
The darkest secrets of life, I remember forever.

For my blatant errors, and my avarice,
I lost a lot, and it's a painful sacrifice.
Still, the secrets I saw, and the lessons I learnt,
Do greatly help me, though I am burnt.

That is when I realised: not all rules are lies,
Some maintain balance; without it, we'll die like flies.
The universe has a flow that you must understand,
Before you deconstruct, you must comprehend.

Only when you comprehend, can you understand,
To deconstruct and reconstruct, with your hand.
To use this power demands equivalent exchange,
And that is the truth, of this universe quite strange.

Behind the Smile

When life hits you hard,
Breaks your heart into shards,
At that moment,
Keep Smiling.

When things are hopeless
And you are clueless,
At that moment,
Keep Smiling.

When the odds do not favour,
You persist with fervour,
At that moment,
Keep Smiling.

When you have the courage,
To rise against the discourage,
At that moment,
Keep Smiling.

You know you'reincible,
But giving up is impossible,
At that moment,
Keep Smiling.

You fear because you're wise,
You hide it in disguise,
At that moment,
Keep Smiling.

When you're truly scared,
But persist facing the feared,
At that moment,
Keep Smiling.

The smile you put shall hide,
All the pain on the inside,
But it is needed to move onward,
The needed courage to go forward.

Though the smile is fake,
It keeps the hope awake.
It's easy to smile when nothing is at a loss,
Can you smile when everything is at a loss?

I can smile despite having nothing,
I learnt to smile, losing everything.
That surprises people,
And it amazes me too.

Being Brave

In the tides of life,
It was easier to conform.
But the more I did,
I started losing my soul,

When your calling is genuine,
And your purpose adds joy to the cosmos,
Why should you settle for the plain,
When you can reach for the summit?

Even when the one you seek is lost,
There is valour in trying, and it is endearing.
A closure that you gave your heart,
Instead of admitting failure by default.

You're the child of a star, born to shine,
Go higher and higher till your heart's content,
When the whole wide world is your Oyster,
Why should you settle for the dust?

Believe It

It is easy to discard, and say a goal is hard,
If everything is easy, then what does a goal mean?
If it means something to you, why do you wait?
Take the leap and try, You'll get it! Believe it!

It is unfortunate when no one understands you,
And refuses to see it, and discards your work.
Don't give up, and still proceed forward,
Be strong and trust yourself! You'll get it! Believe it!

The journey to your goals is quite hard no doubt,
The trials and tribulations are quite a lot.
But in the journey, you'll get more than you ask,
I have been there, and you'll be there too! Believe it!

When broken or sad, it is human to cry,
But you whining and complaining, won't get you far.
Resist the defeat and overcome your pain,
And do smile! You'll get your goal soon! Believe it!

In the cold silence, search all your feelings,
Reflect upon them deeply, and the answer will be clear.
For your resolve will be strong, when you have a purpose.
With that walk, boldly! You'll win! Believe it!

The world may say, a lot about you,
But deep down, you have the potential.
And a light so bright, that outshines the stars,
Bask in the light, and you'll be happy! Believe it!

Blessed

How many journeys have I voyaged before?
In all the lives before?
How many journeys will I voyage after?
In all the lives after?

I have no count, nor can I keep one,
For my past lives are histories,
Written on scrolls, dried and decayed,
Powdered and lost in the dust.

I have no count, nor can I keep one,
For my future lives are mysteries,
Waiting to be written, and make a mark,
On the vast flowing river of time.

Amidst the past and the future,
Lies my present - my great gift,
With parts of my journey written and tracked,
With parts of my journey waiting to be marked.

I am but a hollow vessel,
Whose existence is mere happenstance,
In the grand scheme of the universe,
I am but an insignificant stardust

With your touch I found purpose,
This hollow vessel became a flute.
With the life breath, you infused in me,
My soul resonated, and music came out.

If I am insignificant, then why do I feel,
Your indomitable presence in my soul?
In those instances, when you bless me,
I feel like a child, born to rule the skies.

The music that came out from my soul,
As it flew across valleys and hills,
Resonated and resonated with every living soul,
All at once, in a grand unison.

Whenever I felt lost and empty,
You answered my prayers and shared your breath.

I lost count you filled my soul,
Yet you keep giving, again and again.

With every gift, my melodies became sweet,
It grew strong and diverse and deep,
Although my heart, though quite finite in size,
It fully felt your blessings, quite infinite in size.

My joy knew no bounds nor any limits,
Whenever I was blessed, the feeling was ineffable,
Unknown to me, despite the countless melodies,
There was room, in my heart to sing more.

Years shall pass, and I shall get weak,
Sticks and stones can break my bones,
But I shall stay strong and make melodies,
I am blessed by your sacred touch.

Blushing Bride

As the day nears, my heart overflows with joy,
My eyes express shyness, my lips speak my happiness,
This was a day I dreamt, right from a tender age,
I am glad it is happening, a day of new beginnings,

My little heart is restless, swinging between joys and dreams,
Even when I am afar, my eyes keep looking at you,
I savour your charm, from the corner of my eyes,
And reciprocate the love, you always showed on me,

When I am alone, my heart yearns your touch,
Your gentle caress strokes my inner soul,
When we dance, the moon turns pink,
The birds will forever sing, our love for aeons,

When the darkness prevails, our story shall begin,
Help me pen a tale; even the angels can't recite,
Recite your vows; I am ready with mine,
Let's hold our hands, as husband and wife.

Breaking Rules

I was young, naive and bold,
With many rules, as my stronghold.
Rules that kept me moving,
Rules that kept me improving.

As I grew old, I grew less naive,
The trials in life filtered me like a sieve,
These rules and these regulations,
Became my many invalid foundations.

How do you feel, about your life?
When your heart is cut, with a knife?
These rules once kept me safe,
As they got outdated, I was attacked by a strafe.

After many a night, losing faith,
All the memories flashed like a wraith.
The rules once I built are not valid,
Excessively rigid and incessantly pallid.

Pondering on these thoughts, I do wonder,
If I had treated, myself a bit kinder?
Hindsight told me, I would be happy,
Much more calm, and much less grumpy.

As I venture further, I am treating myself kind,
No more to the days, I was stuck in a bind.
Breaking my many invalid rules,
I am beginning to see life jewels!

Brida

With a backpack in hand,
She travels the vast land,
Lover of mother nature,
Whose bond you'll nurture.

A free and untied spirit,
With unquestionable merit.
When happy she is chatty,
When tempted, she is flirty.

In magic, she believes,
Admiration, she receives.
Quite broken by the past,
Yet she is not lost.

A teller of great stories,
Visiting many territories.
Her journey is very long,
To make her happy tag along.

A seeker of connection,
Pondering on life's reflections.
Bold and beautiful soul,
She strives to reach her goal.

An unrelenting integrity,
Ruthless to the nitty-gritty.
Yet she has a kind face,
Walking with stylish grace.

Childish Dreams

With one little leap,
I want to touch the sky,
As I caress the leaves,
The plants should blossom,

With my smile, I'll win the world,
Fly high and kiss the moon,
My heart is heavy with desires,
With no care for the future,

I closed my eyes lying on a chair,
And I wake up in the morning on a bed,
With a friendly fight, I win foes,
With my charm, I mend broken hearts,

I change style like the clouds that float,
But my heart remains pure and pristine,
A strange innocence, hope, and love,
I'll spread and share to the world around.

Choices and Chances

It happened randomly, they all write,
As if the universe, conspired to make them meet.
It is an Illusion, is all it is,
Only a little truth, that's all there is.

If love is random and happens by chance,
Will it matter if you try it or not?
What shall be, the difference it makes?
For those who pursue, and pour in their soul?

Love, you are, a mystical enigma!
Despite a million tales, you are still elusive!
Source of awe, wonder, and peace,
Reason for disgust, disaster, and violence.

You happen to many, at precarious times,
Breaking their hearts, and tainting their souls.
You happen, for some in odd times,
And thrive and flourish, in ways never thought.

For some who seek, they get tested to the core,
For some, you come, taking their breath away.
For some who seek, end up all alone,
For some, you come, at the right moments.

You tempt us all, with all that is rosy,
Showing us the tales, of many twin flames.
That's not the way; it happens to all,
Some who believe it, they break and fall.

You make two souls meet, who are fitting pieces,
The flower doesn't blossom, and sees the day,
You make two souls meet, who are unfit pieces,
The flower blossoms, rots, and withers.

You make two souls meet, who are fitting pieces,
For one it blossoms, for the other it doesn't,
And make the bloomers wonder, what's this sorcery?
Left with no answer, forced to find closure.

For some, it happens, gradual and natural,
From unknown to friends to buddies to sweethearts.

Blurring the lines gracefully and smooth,
Nurtured and built, with time and space.

For some, it happens, as if a fairy tale,
With many intimate moments and many fantasies,
It ends bitter, like a quenched hot steel,
The heart does shatter, like broken glass.

Not all your tales have a happy ending.
Not all those who found you, cherish you till the end.
Some end what is theirs, for greener pastures,
While some change a lot, they don't fit anymore.

It is a tragedy to see, a good broken heart,
A heart once full of hopes, stitching its pieces.
Filled with pain, and walls so high,
Scared to trust, and cautious than before.

It is sad to see, a good heart so lonely,
A heart that yearns, for the joys of intimacy.
Feeling low and cold, and learning from falls,
Trying hard to be strong, despite the let downs.

Are you that fickle? That you happen by chance?
And you are fragile, tender yet dangerous.
Are you so chaotic? That you are unpredictable?
After making us win, you break us to be humble?

Despite the turbulence, you bring forth,
And amidst the chaos, you show us an order.
Despite the shipwrecks, you show us some joy,
Making our lives hard, with or without you.

The stars do align, for some people proper,
With time and space, everything falls in place.
For some they make, the stars to align,
For they can't wait, as you never visited them.

It takes courage, to fall in love hard,
To fall so madly, and fall so deeply.
It takes, even more, to pick your shattered heart,
And stitch it back in place, and move on.

It takes strength to stay strong, and keep going on,
To find The One you yearned, all the way long.
Swimming up the river, against the cross-currents,

Trying not to drown, in the stream of life.

All the love that formed, out of lies and disguise,
May start well at first, but it will break off.
Not long can you wear, a skin different from yours,
At the core of it lies, all the issues in disguise.

Love once happened can wither with time as well,
And it can boom back, with the same soul or other.
A love formed of truth, built with trust and kindness,
With passion and maturity, is deep and beautiful.

You do get to choose, whom you'll fall in love,
For reasons right or wrong, the choice is all yours.
Welcome to the real world, it is blurry and grey,
And love is quite messy, yet you want it anyway.

Cold Fire

You felt its presence, yet you weren't scared,
At the beginning, you ignored, as it was timid,
If you searched your feelings, the signs were there.
Yet you mistook it, for a warm, gentle fire.

All the flames you've seen were quick to kindle,
They were easy to trigger and innately direct.
I feel sorry for you, that you kindled the wrong fire,
This one is not warm; rather it is cold.

While the flame you see often, is orange and hot,
Loud and greedy, passionate and bright,
This flame is hotter, intense and blue,
Silent and ruthless, with nothing to hold back.

Nothing burns brighter, than the coldest of flames,
Even its embers are cold and sharp as ice.
For that is the reason, it refuses to kindle,
When it starts to burn, even ashes cease to exist.

The warm flame shows, a spectrum of emotions,
The cold flame is stoic, distant and plain.
Often quite patient, scared of its powers,
Test it too much, it will ignite without warning.

Be humble and gentle, honest and genuine,
It will be warm and gentle and makes your life vital.
Be arrogant and harsh, dishonest and fake,
When the time comes, it'll burn you with indifference.

Concede

You're running all day, in the pursuit of success,
You march ahead strong, without any digress,
You're certain you'll win, for you it's obvious,
While there are many factors, totally oblivious.

When ideas become real, your faith gets checked,
You either set sail or get beaten and Shipwrecked!
When the journey goes smooth, you sing a song,
When the tides go rough, you think what went wrong!

It is quite tragic when the winter winds blow,
For no fault of yours, life gets cold and slow.
It is quite splintering, when you make mistakes,
For all the fault is yours, you lose all the stakes.

Your strength is invisible when you have everything,
It is seen quite well when you can't get anything!
It is not in arrogance, that refuses shamefully,
It is in humility, to concede gracefully.

It is human to error, and we all are imperfect,
It is a fallacy to believe, that you are quite perfect!
It takes courage to be strong, and pursue a goal,
And much much more, to mend your shattered soul.

It takes strength to concede, and change your way,
Muster all the courage and redefine your say.
Having tasted defeat, you're not scared to play,
Or change your game, while travelling midway!

Cursed

In the eerie quiet night, I hear your heartbreak,
Echoing loud and clear, deafening my solitude,
It was my fault; I let you near me,
I thought I was ready; I felt we could make it,

There is a void in my soul, where you once stayed,
A pit so deep, even an abyss feels small,
A void so old, and so very cold,
I feel numb, and I feel lost,

Many people afar, told me I was cold,
When they came near, they told me I am warm,
I warned them not to come, anymore near me,
They came closer, and I burnt their dreams,

I pray to the universe, to put me far away,
For I am cursed, and my breath reeks death,
I am sorry I hurt you, I care for you,
This is a curse I can't, find a way to break.

Curse of being strong

There were times you were left all alone,
Helpless and lost, with a heart of stone.
All you wanted, was a candle in the dark,
All you got, was indifference quite stark.

You pulled your socks up, and went for battle,
Amidst all the voices, that tend to belittle.
Burning the midnight oil, you continued to persist,
Steadily and surely, you went through the mist.

Now you got through, what was once quite rough,
Now others look at you as if you're quite tough.
They all praise and sing, how strong you are,
Unaware of the journey, and the perils so far.

Now you are a beacon, for their hopes and dreams,
Their whole life depends on you; they do scream!
Asking you the gist, of your journey with disregard,
Wanting the rosy road, instead of the road so hard.

Treading the hard road, you became so strong,
Learnt to find the truth, amidst all that is wrong.
When you needed help, you got indifference,
Now you asking help makes no difference.

The curse of being strong is that you're left alone,
To fight and fend your battles, all on your own.
Very few shall relate, to the trials you went through,
For you chose to move on, and see events through.

Dance of Ecstasy

As I went higher and higher, the troubles mattered less,
In the struggle to climb, all my worries faded away,
Sitting on the mountain, I see more than ever,
The vast, broad landscapes, the bigger picture of life,

As I sit and ponder, looking at my journey ahead,
The path that leads to it gave me a scare,
But the monsoon clouds, with its soft grey hands,
Came closer to me and embraced me with hope.

The winds whispered, wishes in my ears,
As it caressed my hair, it cooled my soul,
In a moment of ecstasy, a queer liberation came,
A child that never flew dared to rule the sky,

On the ground I was doubtful, now I am clear,
Like the peacocks in the monsoon rain, I too shall dance,
As I keep climbing, I'll go higher and higher,
And all these sorrows, cannot break me forever.

Depression

In the calmest of nights, I prayed for peace,
The peaceful silence became a scream,
The blissful solitude became the worst of foes,
The ever normal heart, beaten with insanity.

They saw my wings, but didn't see the chains,
I fought to break; I got torn instead,
We all face it, they said in chorus,
Having never suffered a void in their hearts,

The nights filled with sleepless worries,
My past demons dancing in my dreams,
Selling your soul to get some sleep,
You wake up empty, with disregard and apathy,

A prisoner in your mind, you see the world real,
Drowning in your sorrow, you cry for help,
I don't want my grief to overflow to others,
Said my heart in pain, as I sunk slowly into a grave.

Detached

I started to run,
Even before I could walk,
There were needs, and time was short.

The farther I went,
The finish line went even farther,
I ran faster, yet nothing in sight.

My feet bled, sore from pain,
Everything else became a blur,
I turn back, and I was all alone.

Time went fast and slow,
Days fled like minutes,
Went a long way, still feel I've learnt none.

Some of my dreams came true,
But why do I feel so empty?
And not a smile on my face?

While I see others, running and happy,
Can't help but feel raging envy.
Why didn't it happen to me?

Did I go wrong? Take a wrong turn?
Everything seems out of place.
The irrational heart asked, why me?

While I kept running, I forgot,
To see the scenery, city, and people,
The curse of never wandering.

Am I the person I am?
I feel like an alien to myself.
Trapped in a world that speaks a foreign tongue.

Trying to learn the rules of the game,
It is such a mess and drives me insane.
Feeling lost in this unending maze.

Kept running all day, and I lost track,
Of other pursuits that keep life intact,

For once I felt I was ready to enact.

The setting was different, and things were subtle,
I learnt the alphabets and tried to write,
The settings wanted prose instead.

It is hard to keep the embers burning,
Realising my limits, yet pursuing,
In an ever-changing world, detached.

I will keep my embers burning bright,
Forgo all the weight that pulled me back,
And I shall pause for a while, here and there.

Like the ball that sinks in water,
Amidst all noise, I shall rise,
For I have many promises to keep.

Excelsior!

A dreamer I am, I loved fantasy,
For in its core, there is ecstasy,
Many people say some dreams are impossible,
Till, a soul like you, comes and makes it possible.

Your art made me wonder, and warmed my heart,
Many stories to ponder, with characters off the chart!
You lived a life rich, and full of memories,
Making my childhood sweet, with your great stories.

Who shall be worthy of filling your place?
Thor can never find, a worthy one to replace!
When Peter met Mary Jane, his heart skipped a beat,
Will there be someone, to fill your seat?

The legacy you leave is insurmountable,
The brilliance you showed, is unmeasurable!
Till my heart beats, I shall always remember!
The role you had in life, for aeons together!

Far Cry

When he was all well,
He felt dead on the inside,
For the world was stale,
And content became contempt.

When he was never well,
He felt lively on the inside,
For the world was changing,
And no room for content.

When things went well,
He asked for a challenge,
He wanted to feel his blood,
Rushing through his veins.

When nothing went well,
He asked for peace,
He felt all the thoughts,
Rushing through his mind.

A man is such, a living irony,
Asking for things, he can't have,
Rejecting the things, he does have,
Cribbing about both, again and again.

Through happiness and suffering,
He thinks he defies nature,
But all he does in actions,
Is a vain attempt to be a far cry.

Feeling Infinite

I was lost in space, wandering in time,
Dwelling on the past, my future was blurred.
In the depths of darkness, a ray of light emerged,
A ray of bitter truth, a path of reconciliation.

The shackles that bounded began to rust,
My strength emerged; I broke free.
The severed wings, once again sprouted,
The freedom tasted sweet, happiness spouted.

No more I am foolish; I have grown wise,
Yet my smile was wide, as the deep blue sky.
I chose to be kind, on myself more,
I accepted what I can, and what I can't do.

With a new found hope, I dived,
The winds caressed my feathers, and I flew high.
In that sweet moment, although I am finite,
I felt strong to move on, and felt Infinite!

Festival of Lights

On this epic day, where justice prevails,
The light overcomes dark and persists,
Nothing is great and fulfilling but,
The warm company of kith and kin,

Let the heavenly light gaze your homes,
And spread its charm in all your lives,
To all friends, family and all,
A very Happy deepavali!

Fighting Life

The journey of a man is always enigmatic,
Through thick and thin a purpose is in need,
While a few succeed and many fail bad,
The river of life never stops for a break,

The world is full of masked actors,
With so many roles in so many plays,
Masking and masking all life long
Till there is nothing novel to share,

The valiant mind is the biggest joke,
For it goes on amidst a massive storm,
Through deserts and tides and thorny vines,
Life is hardest for the strongest to go,

In the quest of life, in search of a purpose,
While many fail to stand against time,
With broken bones and bloody knuckles,
Life must move for the strongest of all,

Let the truth be that I am strong,
Residing in winter and forging my spring,
Deception, Evil, Pain or Grave,
Nothing can break my Godly game!

Flamboyant Dance of a Phoenix

Among the group there stood one,
Unnoticed by the common ones,
Who wanders around wide and far,
Curious and kind, her nature by far,

Full of hope and full of care,
With a heart overflowing to dare,
While people walk away with others,
She spreads awe in a dance of colours,

While I walked in a colourless planet,
Minding my work and winding my life,
She flashed into my life as a sonnet,
And changed my life with the dance,

With her wings of majestic beauty,
With feathers of red, green and blue,
She made the calm sky brightly sunny,
And none on this world didn't have a clue,

Who is she? The lovely little damsel?
Whose mere existence is refining my conscience?
She makes all the worldly knots unravel,
Breaking the boundaries put by science,

With her majestic wings and peculiar smile,
She basked in the sunshine hovering for a while,
As she hovered she dived into a cloud,
And out came a thunderous storm,

The storm rained black and blue,
Its rain cleansed my sins and woe,
It restored my world to the way it was,
Free from all forms of worry and foe,

Unaware to all the Phoenix had fears,
That nobody shall see her tears,
Tears that flow on seeing people hurt,
She wanted to cleanse the people of dirt,

The storm that brewed was not of the clouds,
But the rage and pain that brewed in her soul,

With her charm, she fooled us with the clouds,
And her tears were the rain that fell to heal,

The sun rises and sets every day,
But it was dark even today,
The dance she offered today,
Was something to be hailed every day!

Out came a gust that swept the world,
That filled our hearts with bliss,
It was the songs of the lovely damsel,
That echoed all around the world,

Her voice echoed into everyone's heart,
Reaching the unreached and heard by all,
It travelled even the deepest of voids,
The cruellest of hearts and through strongest of barriers,

We all have rules and principles,
Even a religion to show our face,
Simple or profound all have one,
All designed to keep us safe,

But when she danced, there was a tremor,
An unnatural sense that words failed to name,
It was the waves of shock and surprise,
That my whole life longed to see,

I felt the rules get broken,
I sensed my freedom multiply,
It gave me the courage to dare,
The power to question my faith,

My inhibition tend to fade,
My heart filled with hope,
I dared to leap,
That I feared all my life,

I broke the false shackles of society,
Realised the bounds that surround me,
From a frog confined to a well,
I became a phoenix, wild and unbounded,

That dance struck my heart with a cure,
And guided me to greater heights and more,
That dance was not a dance, but a fight,

A fight for the meaning of existence,

Nor was I the only mortal to feel,
But there were many who went with the wind,
All felt similar remorse at heart,
And did the impossible defined by immortals,

But that was not the end to the dance,
The dance was rather a choice and chance,
All of a sudden, when all were there to stare,
The damsel stopped and vanished in thin air,

The lovely Phoenix that filled the sky with delight,
Blew into flames and went out of sight,
Filled the sky with a spectacular light and flare,
Sweeping darkness like a second sun in the sky,

Out came the feathers all lit with flames,
Turned into ashes as they touched the grounds,
Ashes untouched filled the lands with meadows,
And among the blades of grass stood a baby bird,

Among the fortunate who took the ashes,
Their hearts were filled with fire,
A fire that taught passion and compassion,
A fire for meaning, a fire for existence,

For the sceptical mortals who chose to avoid,
Life was still colourless and void,
For the strugglers and believers who chose to see,
Life always went flamboyant and sane,

The strugglers and believers who realised the dance,
Who knew it was a choice and chance,
Stood like a lighthouse strong against the waves,
And guided many ships amidst turbulent oceans,

When coerced, forced, humiliated or betrayed,
Even when the entire world stood against my will,
I stood strong like a king and fought, when,
The damsel appeared and saved my skull,

Whenever in solitude, alone or in grief,
I remember the dance that lovely damsel gave,
It filled my heart with ecstasy and belief,
That happily haunted me till my grave,

The dance of the damsel was a message to all,
What everyone can do! In the form of a phoenix!
Those who seek true glory do in front of all,
The Flamboyant Dance of the Phoenix!

Fluidic Colours

When the cool winds caressed,
When the waning moon blessed,
The heart was full of colour,
What it meant I wonder.

The colours came and went,
What emotions they sent?
For every thought, a colour emerged,
Thinking about you, my thoughts converged.

Like the flowers that blossomed,
Spreading all the fragrance around,
My love for you blossomed,
Gradually and without any bound.

Do we have a bond?
Then why do I hear your heart?
As if bound by a wand,
I remember your words by heart.

Like the birds that sing sweet,
As sweet as honey a lovely treat,
I have a song for you quite upbeat,
True and sincere and hard to retreat.

Sweet as nectar my heart feels joy,
On hearing your words, rejoiced this boy,
Our talks and words made no sense,
Yet we can't stop hearing this sweet nonsense.

Like the leaf on a flowing stream,
The world is changing its scheme,
Amidst many aspirations and dreams,
Time is fleeting and changing its theme.

What time holds in our future?
Regardless I shall always nurture,
The memories and moments with you persistent,
Change is not my only constant.

Like the morning dew that rejuvenates,
Thinking of your love my heart scintillates,

In a mystical trance, it eternally oscillates,
Meanings of life it quietly resonates.

All the sparrows and their flock,
Will come together and sing our song.
All the parrots and their flock,
Will come along and write our story long.

I thank the universe for letting our lives cross,
Knitting our lives with moments like a floss,
I don't believe in any god or any faith,
But for you, I am ready to leap with faith.

Traversing life riddle after riddle,
I don't know how it will unfold,
With you beside me, it will be gentle,
Together we shall pen a story never told.

Gamble of Waiting

It is in nature, to expect something,
Very few venture, to gain nothing.
Some events in life, are not so straight,
You might have to, sit and wait.

Fortune favours the bold some say,
Ask and wait it'll come some say.
Stuck between, is the confused soul,
Lost and clueless, aiming for the goal.

There is truth in both the cases,
They do work out in many places.
The struggle is real to find the best fit,
When to move forward, and when to just sit.

Going with the flow, without any care,
Many things will happen, and it may not be fair.
Making up your mind, and seeking what you want,
There is some hope, that you'll get what you want.

Unfortunate are those, who tried so hard,
Failed many times, tired and charred.
Although not a victor, they did try it out,
They have closure and their hearts don't shout.

Miserable are those, who waited so long,
And hoped that someday, they'll sing a song.
They realised too late; the ships started sailing,
That is a big regret, the gamble of waiting.

Game Planner

There is never, a clutter on his table,
Quite a clarity, on what is doable.
Smart and clear, on what he wants to do,
Plans them well and sticks to it like glue.

If there are risks that need to be addressed,
He'll work out smart, without getting digressed.
Quite modest and frank, about who he is,
Reliable and dependable, that's who he is.

Although he is occupied, with so many plans,
But has the balance, to remember his clans.
Calm and composed, and can be a bit naughty,
Once he makes his mind, he is very doughty.

He is a good friend who stood for me like a rock,
Whenever there was trouble, he was there to talk.
You are blessed to have, him as a best friend,
His friendship is special, to be cherished till the end.

As he steps forward, for the next year in his life,
I wish him all the best, for opportunities quite rife.
As he steps forward, for another trip around the sun,
I wish him all the best, for many laurels to be won.

Being a quirky friend, figuring out his way,
I cannot thank him enough, for what he had to say.
Many times I feel, that I indeed won a prize,
For him in my life, is a blessing in disguise.

Gold need not Glitter

An unsettled restlessness, lingered in the air,
A need to be heard, and accepted by the crowd,
A misplaced sense of what's right and wrong,
A heart quite insecure that it can't remain calm.

While the world can be harsh, it is gentle too,
You can see the ground, or choose to see the stars.
Don't hope to see the stars by looking down,
Nor by belittling others, can you climb quite high.

You can be the loudest, and a fierce cut-throat,
But your success is fuelled by emptiness.
A desire so material, and a heart so shallow,
While you journey through, you burn bridges down.

You think you deserve and feel so entitled,
Tell me one thing, what is it you desire?
Your arrogance and greed, all blinds your path,
Then you sit and search when it is too late.

While the world can be harsh, kindness is a virtue,
If you see it as weakness, you have no hope.
You might put many masks, and shine so bright,
You might glitter and glimmer, but you're not gold.

It takes strength to be kind, in a world so harsh,
Great changes are quiet, and often very patient.
All that is gold need not always glitter.
As glitter does not define, what gold truly is.

Grace in Defeat

You hoped it gets lighter,
But it always became tighter,
The moment you win,
The bar raises, higher and higher.

With few to tell what went wrong,
You pull yourself out of the abyss,
Still shaken from the fall before,
Trembling and rattling, you keep walking.

The shattered heart feels the worst,
To stay confident amidst turbulent times,
To be mad amidst the epiphany of a realist,
To choose the road less travelled.

The victor gets many laurels,
But there is a Grace in Defeat.
It's easy to smile when you win,
Can you do that in your defeat?

Your heart yearns rest, but the show will go on,
And hence you persist picking your battles wisely.
Growing wise and humble, with every defeat,
Less scared and less broken in spirit.

Oh dear universe, give me the strength!
To let go of the battles, I can't win with grace,
To keep the embers burning, in the ones that matter,
And to be wise to know the difference.

Imperfectly Perfect

You take great care,
And factor every detail,
To do it perfectly,
And everyone applauds you.

But you are human,
Bound to make errors.
And when you slip,
Others can't accept it.

When you're aiming perfection,
You go great lengths,
You take great pains,
To make moments right.

What is the price?
Your pay in return,
Only you know it,
Others can't see it.

You push the bar,
To a new summit,
Unknowingly you keep adding,
More pressure to yourself.

The journey of perfection,
Often blinds your vision,
To the self-inflicted harm,
And the agonising loneliness.

It makes you mad,
To see flawed people,
Doing work just fine,
Cheerful, laughing and happy.

While you plough through,
So many intricate issues,
That others couldn't see,
And you take responsibility.

Remind your gentle heart,
That there's nothing wrong,

For the losses incurred,
Were aims too high.

The peril of perfection,
Constricts your breath away.
Makes you be hard,
On yourself all time.

While it is good,
To be hard once,
But when done often,
You shatter your peace.

It throws you ultimatums,
And makes you paralysed,
While trying to make,
Decisions all the time.

Can you pen tales,
With dry, empty pens?
With worn out nibs,
And leaking body parts?

You, my dear perfectionist,
The price you pay,
For being very hard,
Is to break yourself.

Like the broken pen,
That leaks all ink,
Your sad broken heart,
Will leak all happiness.

And just like how,
You seal the cracks,
To stop the leaking,
Your heart needs fixing.

When a pen breaks,
You can buy another.
When your heart breaks,
Can you replace it?

The journey of perfection,
Does shackle your limbs,
To break all shackles,

Start loving yourself more.

You are not satisfied,
Not because of arrogance,
It's that you developed,
A knack for things.

True perfection occurs when,
Not when under control.
Rather you let go,
Of worries and play.

While perfection is noble,
And everyone appreciates it,
Others become detached to
What you truly are.

To strike a bond,
With the people close,
Perfection does not matter,
It is the flaws.

Despite what you do,
You are a human,
Bound to make errors,
Bound to learn again.

While it is wise,
To have watchful eyes,
You should understand dear,
It is quite natural.

This is a lesson,
To keep in mind,
When you plough through,
And hurt yourself badly.

This is a lesson,
To forget in mind,
When you make mistakes,
And you don't learn.

When you love yourself,
You accept yourself wholly,
The good parts and,
The broken parts too.

A sense of peace,
Does linger in you,
When you accept yourself,
And it radiates outward.

You now truly become,
The pen you dreamt,
To write many tales,
To your heart's content.

This is what truly,
Means to be yourself,
Your heart and mind,
And body in unison.

When this does happen,
Your heart is full,
Of happiness and joy,
And a serene calmness.

In such restful state,
The heart is content,
The mind is clear,
Your body is ready.

Now you set forth,
Your journey of perfection,
You will sail smooth,
And you will win.

In such restful state,
Your union is complete,
And you find ways,
To correct all flaws.

Now people will not,
Think of you odd,
For they have seen,
Your best and worst.

And now more importantly,
They saw your flaws,
And were able to,
Relate with you truly.

Added to your admiration,
They shall feel related,
The formal talks dissolve,
And the controls fade.

They now feel calm,
To open themselves up,
For they see you,
As a human too.

None of us are,
Truly Gods in life.
We may climb up,
But still are humans.

If we are perfect,
Will we be humans?
That begs the answer,
Imperfections make us human.

Indra

I defeated sleep with a fight,
And stayed awake all night,
To see the moon wane,
After it waxed once again.

While the eyes admired the moon,
The heart hoped to see you soon,
Through the moon's many phases,
I saw your heart's many faces.

Lying on the grass amidst the dew,
A breeze caressed me as it blew.
I turned around to see you linger,
Behind the tree, my smile bringer.

In my dreams I see you smile,
You peck my cheek once in a while,
My little heart always skipped a beat,
When you're close to me to greet.

You came to my life when I started to wax,
My life before you was never truly lax.
Even now it is a tough fight,
With you beside me, my heart feels right.

My dreams about you are quite rife,
I hope I see you soon in real life.
Like the land and the sky forever,
We'll be together forever and ever.

In search of a Unicorn

Walking up and down the roads,
Crossing many valleys and fjords,
Ascending and descending many peaks,
Walking steadily for many many weeks.

I smelt your scent, and tried to track you,
Attempted many times, and I still missed you.
In my quest to find where you are,
I discovered myself the most so far.

On the way I saw, many nomads like me,
Seated on horses firmly, who think they are free.
They laughed at my naivety, and told me I'm foolish,
But I moved forward, discarding their rubbish.

For they do not know, the thirst to discover,
To break and fall apart, and still rise and recover.
A few salted hairs do not imply wisdom,
For wisdom doesn't come in exchange for freedom.

My quest maybe foolish, and all this may be a loss,
At times of despair, this thought does cross.
Is it sheer stubbornness or resolve I can't tell,
Your magic is strong, and I'm bound by your spell.

And so I keep walking one step at a time,
Penning songs on my way with a rhyme.
Even if I fall, I'll rise and continue once again,
I found you once, and I shall find you again!

Inward Journey

There exists a side,
As big as a tide,
Hiding in the dark,
Like a beautiful Lark.

Lurking in a corner,
Peeping out further,
I gathered all my hope,
To take a lope.

I stand at the edge,
Thinking of a pledge,
To walk on the road,
And make stories untold.

I once locked my heart,
Suppressed all my art,
My heart felt a void,
And I never enjoyed.

I am ready to leap,
To explore deep,
I won't be a shadow,
I'll bask in the meadow.

I see an open road,
I dropped my past load,
I leapt into a spree,
The journey set me free.

Iron Queen

She has grace, like a beautiful flower,
A flower that blossoms, gracefully from a fire.
A heart so strong, a lady iron born,
Yet so gentle, and sweet to kindle.

She flows like a river, carving her path,
Nurturing the lands, wherever she passes,
Dare not obstruct, the way she follows,
A stream can be forgiving a flood will not.

Your love for people is so vast and wide,
Even when divided, it is abundant.
Kind and caring and charming you are,
When scorned your fury, is a treacherous storm.

Residing in your heart, a fire so bright,
Brighter than the stars, I can see combined,
A will so strong, forged from sun's core.
You are a Queen, with the nerves of Steel.

It is never easy

It is quite a test, that pushes all your buttons,
Whenever he or she, asks those questions,
In their odd ways, they do quite care,
But in the process, they break and make you.

It is quite easy, to take them as your enemy,
They do disagree, to a lot you say,
Most of us are, quite fortunate that,
They are not, indeed your enemies.

They did give birth, to you in this world,
And for a long time, you didn't know any better,
So they took it upon, themselves to raise you,
And it is quite hard, for them to step back.

And when you start to grow, the struggles begin.
And within a matter of time, you fight against them.
You have the youth, and resilience to spring back,
They have their wisdom and worldly caution.

With time, in this changing world,
The struggle is real, to put forth your points.
Amidst many arguments, and many expectations,
In the heated debates, the egos clash.

It is quite an irony, in the journey of life,
How often the people you love tend to hurt you.
But despite the fights, most of us are lucky,
As they are the ones, who love you the most.

Raising kids was never an easy task,
With changing times, there were no rules,
As you grow up, you thought they knew it all,
As you mature, you see the plight they faced.

While they do care, they have their demons,
Demons of expectations, fears and insecurities,
Some made sense and some will not,
Despite the obscurity, they love you truly.

As you grow old, you start to empathise,
And try to reconcile, the differences you have,

You take a deep breath, and let go the anger,
In the moments of silence, you step in their shoes.

You realise that it's long and hard learning,
You learnt a lot, and still, have a lot to learn.
You tread carefully, and sensibly as possible,
And in those moments, you feel their burden.

You and them might be poles apart,
Both you and they care deeply for the other,
It is, however, the flaws in us and the words,
That pushes and pulls both you and them.

Sometimes you wonder, can't it be easy?
It is in some cases; it isn't in some cases,
There is no winner in these fights all the time,
As long as no one is left helpless and alone.

It's time for Spring

The truant sun that played hide and seek,
Lost the game, and chose to work again,
For the days are now, no longer weak,
The lake that became icy started to thaw again.

All the dreams I had, in the womb of winter,
Now matured well, and began to germinate.
I should've waited, and tried for them later,
The cold winds iced my dream's fate.

The dream in my winter was hope for spring,
The dream that I clung to, without an end near.
The winds of winter, have made me quite strong,
It made me worthy, of the gifts spring bears.

In the cold struggle, in the absence of light,
I struggled hard, to find an easy path.
Now I am strong and much more bright,
I now walk freely, and I forge my path.

An autumn child I am, I was born amidst change,
Close to the day, when the sun was fair with light.
Conceived in the cold, amidst changes quite strange,
I chose to fight, the darkness and be bright.

Trembling in the cold, I made my fire,
Amidst the darkness, I found my light,
And my frozen dreams started thawing in the fire,
My spring is nearby, and it is quite bright.

Keep Smiling

When life hits you hard,
Breaks your heart into shards,
At that moment,
Keep Smiling.

When things are hopeless
And you are clueless,
At that moment,
Keep Smiling.

When the odds do not favour,
You persist with fervour,
At that moment,
Keep Smiling.

When you have the courage,
To rise against the discouragement,
At that moment,
Keep Smiling.

You know you'reincible,
But giving up is impossible,
At that moment,
Keep Smiling.

You fear because you're wise,
You hide it in disguise,
At that moment,
Keep Smiling.

When you're truly scared,
But persist facing the feared,
At that moment,
Keep Smiling.

The smile you put shall hide,
All the pain on the inside,
But it is needed to move onward,
The needed courage to go forward.

Though the smile is fake,
It keeps the hope awake.

It's easy to smile when nothing is at a loss,
Can you smile when everything is at a loss?

I can smile despite having nothing,
I learnt to smile losing everything.
That surprises people,
And it amazes me too.

Lessons from Entropy

We, mortals, dream for order and peace,
But nature has its own rules and laws.
Laws that seem to favour order at first,
Still, in the end, favours chaos and disarray.

Swimming upstream against the mighty river,
We expend our energy to maintain our order.
For if we don't expend the river will sweep through,
Even the universe sails on Entropy.

We little mortals in our briefest of existence,
Have such audacity to play the role of God,
Forgetting the fact that we are mere dust,
Who shouts in despair that we are special.

We are nothing but mere guests to the cosmos,
While our visit is short, let's live in harmony.
Entropy is the enemy, and the enemy never loses,
Still, we must fight, and perhaps that's all we need.

While our existence is special to us in myriad ways,
We are randomness in the ripples of space and time.
That is a cold truth and an inconvenient one,
While it is depressing, it is oddly liberating.

In our delusions to defy nature and its rules,
We tend to cause more harm than good.
While we do evolve and change for the better,
The price we pay often is disruption and pain.

As we grow old and realise the difference we made,
It is often too late, and you can't undo the damage.
And time is a slave for the ever-increasing Entropy,
And it does not allow us, to undo our wrongs.

Break the delusions before you can't realise,
Realise it before you lose your gift to learn,
Learn before you become resistant to change,
Change before it is already too late.

Let it go

When the dreamer in you, tells you to go,
While the realist in you, tells you to let go,
The conflict will be an intense tug of war,
The torn heart with scars the spoils-of-war.

There is admiration in trying, and being persistent,
Wiping all your sweat, and trying to be consistent.
How long can you, put up such resistance?
When the other side offers, very little insistence?

Some things in life, though you made no fault,
You can't do much, and you fail by default.
The dreamer in you hoped something different,
Even the realist in you was ready to be belligerent.

Amidst the darkness, cries the heart in loneliness,
It was hopeful and eager, among life's wilderness.
There is nothing wrong if you can't carry on,
You've tried your best, it's time to move on.

When you started the journey, there was no map,
It was unfortunate, that life gave you a tight slap.
How long can you walk, carrying all the past?
Burdening your injured heart, healing under a cast?

You are brave and strong, to hold on very long,
It is time to let go, and there is nothing wrong.
It does not mean, you don't care anymore,
It means you choose, to love yourself more.

Little Joys

As the days go by, I latch to your memories,
Lingering like fragrance, from an emptied perfume,
I know deep down; I will meet you soon,
But the wait is painful, without you nearby.

The endless reveries, that pulls me out from life,
An overlooked feeling, that adds hope to life,
Adding purpose and solace, and a bit of wine,
To my famished heart, amidst the daily strife.

I am very thankful, for all the wonders in the world,
For trying very hard, to distract my mind from you.
Although they succeed, for a brief moment,
What is a raindrop, in front of an ocean?

The friendly little bickering, fights and silly games,
The moments of togetherness, through thick and thin,
When I was young, I felt I was cursed,
Now I reflect, and I realise I'm blessed.

A good friend, a guide and my anchor,
Who saw me through and knows me more.
As I wait so patiently, for my ship to reach the shore,
I linger to all our memories, with a dorky smile.

I wish we could be kids still, without worry about life,
And eat mangoes in the day, and watch the stars at night.
Yet I am glad for all the moments we spent,
For those precious memories, are my little joys.

Love under the Stars

Holding your hands, we walked the coast,
In the candlelight dinner, we had a toast.
From twilight to midnight, the moments were right,
You're in my sight, beautiful and bright!

Meeting your eyes, and seeing the twinkle,
I shower my love, like a water sprinkle.
Holding you up close, like a gentle rose,
You're the woman I chose, a wonderful prose.

Just like last night, before midnight,
Let's make it right, and travel out of sight!
No one to find us, and the stars to guide us,
Just the two of us, and no worldly fuss.

In the middle of nowhere, in a moment so rare,
With consent, I dare and kiss you with care.
With a sensual caress, let us undress,
With much love to express, let's not digress.

The night was calm, and you were warm,
With our eyes to confirm, we rhymed uniform.
Amidst the sandy dust, we quench our lust,
With nothing to adjust, hearts full of trust.

I want to get lost, like a tiny little frost,
I want you to get lost, like a tiny little frost.
And find each other, inside each other,
We'll be together, and this bond is forever.

Magi

Someone knocked on my door,
And brought me back to the world.
“What is it you seek?”, I asked.
“None, what do you seek?”, they asked back.

“Why did you come?”, I never called them.
“Your heart is in agony.”, they told me.
Baffled and confused, I let them in,
They brought gifts, queer and rare.

“I seek many, and I feel lost”, I told,
“Seek what is certain, you will be fine.”, they told.
“I try hard, and yet I don't grow”, I told.
“Do you rest in between and heal?”, they asked.

“Whatever I learn, it is incomplete”, I told.
“Be an open bowl, and remove the lens”, they told.
“I keep trying, and somethings never happen”, I told.
“Keep trying and grow, things will happen”, they told.

“No one understands me, I try to”, I told.
“Know yourself, and others will follow”, they told.
“I aim too high, and fall too low”, I told.
“You are mature but naive, go steady”, they told.

“I feel I am inadequate, and I am hard”, I told.
“Realise you can find what you want”, they told.
“Will I be happy? Will this happiness last?”, I asked.
“It will last”, they told, “as long as your heart is free.”

Maybe it's not meant to be

Often you see, people around you,
Walking their lives, without any clue,
They have goals, ambitions and dreams,
Done at the cost of silencing the screams.

Trying to fit their lives, to the rules of the world,
Forgetting to nurture, their true inner world.
It is no wonder, their heart screams out loud,
For it has nothing, to be truly proud.

Some people chose, to let the universe decide,
Hoping its grand plan and their lives coincide.
It is mere stupidity or arrogance I can't decide,
To give up so meekly is similar to suicide.

It is true that the world has its own rules,
That does not mean, we have to be mules.
If you let someone else, to make decisions for you,
You will meet issues, popping out of the blue.

While the world is harsh, there is some hope,
And to catch that ray, one should dare to lope.
It is quite scary, and it may not end well,
Yet you have closure, and a brave story to tell.

It is foolish to say: maybe it's not meant to be,
Before trying anything and that's clear to see.
If everything is easy, there is no point in trying,
If everything is easy, what's the point in living?

Mental Health

When you feel low, and time flows slow,
The world moves fast, and you feel you're last,
Trying to evade the pain, you wander in vain,
Buried in your thought, you feel lost.

You hear voices, deciding your choices,
Hold on to your braces; these are just noises.
When your fear summons, the inner demons,
It is okay to yelp we are there to help.

The mind is very fickle, and problems do trickle,
Better act quick, before you get sick,
Mental illness is not subtle, and needs no rebuttal,
What can you truly gain, by suppressing all the pain?

Such illness is uncommon, but naysayers are common,
But don't let the outrage, drain down your courage.
You are not insane, and those who say so are a bane!
Tend to your brain that is in pain!

Midnight Dreams

I am thankful,
for that glance from your eyes,
I am blessed,
for our intertwined fingers,
I pray,
for this night to never end,
I hear your heart,
whenever our eyes meet,

In this blissful solitude,
your presence fills my soul,
I am in your arms; you are in mine,
naked and shameless, in our little world,
I am grateful,
for the universe to unite us,
I hope this is forever,
the bond we have for each other.

Moonlight

One day, I looked at the mirror,
Then found, a hair quite silver,
Seemed yesterday; I started my journey,
Years passed, and I gathered memories.

Behind me, I see many laurels,
Many goals; that I won trying,
Many defeats; that I lost trying,
Many lessons; that tempered me well.

I'm surprised, for the paths crossed,
Never imagined, the place I'm now,
Did quit, on some ventures before,
Yet persisting, on many ventures still.

I walked, past the cold streets,
The darkness, that tried luring me,
The burdens, that made me question,
The doubts, that pulled me back.

I still, have doubts and burdens,
But then, the fog is clearing,
Through it, I see light streaks,
The darkness is now slowly receding.

I struggled, to find myself clear,
My heart did break into pieces,
That's when, it fully opened up,
And I found myself quite clear.

I was, once full of doubts,
I still, have a long road,
But slowly, I am finding strength,
And surprised, to tackle it well.

The fog, that clouded my judgement,
Became thin, and started to fade,
Through it, I see light streaks,
Out came, the moon to guide.

With time, it gave me peace,
Quite detached, from what is around,

Yet attached, to what I want,
Still cheerful, but calm and composed.

Then I, realised in a moment,
The moon, that shined all night,
Did vanish, yet there was light,
I realised, the moonlight in me.

Don't lose, the hope in yourself,
This pain shall also pass soon,
You strain, and break your muscles,
You rise, with more stronger muscles.

You grow, at your own pace,
You break, your heart many times,
But still, mend your broken pieces,
What is, a moon without craters?

More than what meets the Eye

I saw you that day by mere chance,
And I chose to give you a glance.
What can happen between us?
We are mere passengers in this life bus.

You are a whole universe all by yourself,
A unique book from a library bookshelf.
Trying to know you by reading every page,
You are one enigma bound to no cage.

At the onset of our journey, I was quite scared,
Seeing your wounds I realised you're scarred!
Life was never smooth and rosy as they say,
It is hard for all to keep our problems at bay.

It is a risk and quite a gamble,
To approach you looking at your preamble.
Will I see meadows, rivers, and fruit trees?
Or a barren desert, with a scorching land breeze?

I only see glimpses of what you are,
To know you more I need to travel so far!
There is an urge in me to not to say goodbye,
You are more than what meets the eye!

It takes patience and faith to make the call,
To try and know you and risk losing it all.
I undress my soul with all my guards down,
I show myself true don't shoot me down!

My time has come

The bow is stretched to the yielding limit,
The axe is now very sharp,
The wasted carbon was buried deep,
It was waiting for the grand day.

The foes are clear, and their strategies are out,
The wait is over and my time has come,
All the joharis are now very clear,
The last few straws are now no more,

Seneca's words came true now,
And all the fake masks are now torn,
My rules and religions are now strong,
Now they shall keep me safe,

I was buried with a huge burden,
Which gave me the strength to bear the pain,
I was innocent to be played with deceit,
Which helped me learn to tear your mask,

I wanted help when I suffered a crisis,
But I received subterfuges in return,
In the middle of all this rat race and poignancy,
I regained parts of my windy west childhood,

The rules you have now,
Will slowly be shattered,
In the middle of the turbulence,
You will question back your faith.

The arrow ready to fire,
The axe is ready to cut,
The carbon is now a diamond,
Now I shall write your fate!

Can faint clouds block the sun?
Can trees obstruct a storm?
Will hyenas delight with all the fun,
When a furious lion hunts them?

Nameday

The beautiful moon in the sky,
All of a sudden became shy,
Watching it, I wondered why,

Wandering the sky all around,
It stood still to hear the sound,
Of a song so profound,

Lines that rhyme sweet and fine,
With grace and elegance so divine,
Sang the boy of age twenty-five.

The twinkling stars made the ambience bliss,
The beauty of his song quite hard to miss,
The lively voice was such a bliss,

The clouds gathered to see him sing,
As happy subjects meeting a king,
With a truant thunder giving a timely ring,

The rain showered, like the tears of joy,
To praise the talent of this beautiful boy,
Me the witness could only enjoy,

The stars twinkled and wished him hope,
Blessing him, a life with a rising slope,
And strength to pass barriers with a lope,

The shy moon beamed a bright glow,
And danced in ecstasy, a beautiful show,
I wished the time would move slow,

Many more happy returns of the day,
A life full with sun's ray,
Beyond that, what can I say?

Nemesis Reborn

You thought you won when you broke me that day,
That dance of arrogance, I still remember,
My heart did swell, and bled with a vengeance,
Anger did boil, and flowed through my veins,

While you danced and rejoiced, I stood up once more,
With hands of diamonds, and nerves of steel,
Gone are the days, I played for sport,
Now I am ruthless, with a spine-chilling smile,

When we meet to fight, you will tremble in fear,
All the sins of your life will flash in front of your eyes,
Flee if you want, it won't matter,
For I will find you, and I will kill you,

Say your prayers, and count your blessings,
For the monster you are, you deserve no pity,
You saw me fall, now see me rise,
Run far away; your nemesis is reborn.

New Beginnings

I am leaping,
Moving far and away,
My ship is waiting,
My time is fleeting,

My heart is heavy,
Filled with memories,
But my journey beckons,
And I must go on,

A nomad I came,
With no strings attached,
Then why is it hard,
To leave detached,

I am going high,
My heart racing fast,
For fear of falling,
For fear of leaving,

The nights of solitude,
The jokes and sadness,
The days of sunshine,
And countless desires,

I came here once,
To leave a mark,
But now I feel,

The place marked me,

I want to say,
That I love you,
A million miles away,
I will think about you,

Wish me luck my friend,
I am writing a new chapter,
This is just a comma,
And our lives will cross again,

No one

A man with no name,
Is playing a secret game.
Is it for name or for fame?
His life never the same.

He has an inner flame,
That is hard to tame.
Feeling neither guilt or shame,
For him both are the same.

Who is he knows no one,
But looks normal like anyone.
Works alone without someone,
He moves on waiting for none.

A mysterious past he has one,
Made mistakes quite a tonne.
Accepting the past with regrets none,
He silently plans till it's done.

Nymphadora

Swaras, being 7 and finite,
Can express the ragas infinite,
But even the swaras failed with chords,
To confess my endless love for you,

With the ragas, I know and the words I learnt,
I attempted to pen for you, my dear saki,
A letter of love, with lyrics of divine,

A song fit for the Gods combined,

My heart is full of words, about you,
And songs full of thoughts, with you,
My mortal heart, could not contain,
Hence I send you, my musings of joy,

With sun and moon, as the guides to my love,
Carrying the letters, of love and divine,
Love written, with the blue of the sky,
On never-ending stretches of stratus clouds,

Oh, you celestial nymph! Where are you?
Bless this gallivanting soul with your grace!
Longing for your glance, in the waves of life,
Will you be my star and guide me to haven?

The blades of grass, the tenderly mint,
The sparkle of garnets, the Bells of Ireland,
The brightest of parakeets, the shades of leaves,
Nothing matches the green of your clothes,

The petals of a rose, the face of mars,
The brightest scarlets, the ravishing Gulmohar,
The spiciest chillies, the sparkle of rubies,
Nothing matches the red of your blush,

The embers of flame, the light of a Diya,
The glitter of gold, the charming tulips,
The shade of turmeric, the light streaks of dawn,
Nothing matches the yellow of your glow,

The shades of violet, the limitless sea,
The endless sky, the sparkle of sapphire,
The face of Neptune, the adorable Smurfs,
Nothing matches the blue of your eyes,

The emptiness of space, the kajal of your eyes,
The feathers of a raven, the darkest of nights,
The night tulips, the sharpest obsidian,
Nothing matches the black of your hair,

The flawless cumulus, the ravishing jasmine,
The foam on the waves, the teeth of a baby,
The purest of milk, the flags of peace,
Nothing matches the white of your heart,

My Geetanjali of music, My Ponanjali of dreams,
My Pushpanjali of heart, My Kavitanjali of beauty,
I ask you, with all the courage in the world,
Will you be my bride? Oh, Nymphadora!

Paint the town Red

It was raining blue, the dye of the sky poured,
In the quiet that followed, I heard your heartbeat,
A naughty smile lingered, in the corner of your lips,
A twinkle of mischief, and spark in your eyes,

In the evening twilight, I saw a sun rising,
I turned to see it, and I saw you,
In the weariness of the evening, I had a dream,
It was about you, and you came in front of me,

I want to hold your hand, and walk on the beach,
See the beautiful sunset, as you lean on me,
The winds caress my hair, and kissed my cheek,
I turned to see you, and our eyes met,

As we talked and chatted, the birds did chirp,
It told me to come near, and told me to hold you,
We didn't speak a word, but our hearts talked a lot,
With a bit of mischief, we ran to paint the town red.

Path to Transcendence

As I float on the river, I got carried away,
Drifting with the ripples, on a bright day.
In the eerie silence, away from the worldly noises,
All the noises in my head, lost all their voices.

The voices I hear from the world were queer,
They forced upon me and gave me quite a steer.
Were they guiding me? Or were they bettering me?
I couldn't tell truly, but they tried to alter me.

These voices that were quite resilient,
The moment I dip my head went silent.
All this time when, I drowned myself into the world,
These voices tried to keep me unfurled.

Voices that whined, that I'm not good enough,
Voices that ridiculed, that I'm not tough enough.
Voices that cried, about the mistakes of the past,
Voices that brooded, about things that never last.

When I raised my head, again from the waters,
The voices came back, emerging from the tatters.
But now it was different, for now I had the leash,
And I can tie them down, or I can freely unleash.

Is it because I am floating, and drifting astray?
Or because I gasped, as I lost my breath away?
Is it because I chose, to turn back and walk away?
Or because for once, I chose to rebel anyway?

As I float on the river, drifting like a wood,
For once the ever running time froze and stood.
The river's ripples, settled my muddled thoughts,
It gently caressed and undid my emotional knots.

The bubble that kept me, safe all along popped,
The tints of colours it painted, the world dropped.
For long I believed, the bubble to keep me safe,
Now it's no more, and yet I am quite safe.

Perspective

I am unlovable and deserve loneliness.
A thought that I will never accept is that,
I am alright, and I will find love.
When push comes to shove,
I am incomplete and full of flaws.
I used to believe a delusional lie that,
Anyone can find love if they try.
If life has taught me something, it's that,
Only some are blessed to be happy.
And you can say a lot to convince me that,
I have what it takes to find love.
I have realised after many struggles that,
I am cursed, and I don't deserve happiness.
No matter what happens I can't accept that,
There is a lot of goodness within me.
Whenever I search my feelings, I wonder,
Am I destined to a long cold life?

(Now read from bottom to top!)

Prayer to the Universe - Part 1

I address you because you are absolute,
And I believe that you are godly,
And so with all the will and faith,
I am asking you a lot gently listen.

Thank you for your valuable lessons,
For teaching us various facets of life,
Thank you for your joys and pleasures,
Its a sign for for our hopes being alive.

Let the air fill with hope and spirit,
Millions and Millions are in desperate need,
Reflect back all the wishes and prayers,
For those who are worthy and deserving.

Let science and literature expand more,
Let people know more about you,
Let people touch your string that connect,
Each and every one and form a theory.

When times are dark and hopes are faint,
When good is rare and faith is shaking,
Give people strength to sail the storms,
Give them courage to remain strong.

Let poverty vanish from the world,
Let the hungry children get a good meal,
Give every being a happy family,
Make this world a better place to live.

Please make man to realise his errors,
And all the blunders and faults he has caused,
Let him realise from this moment,
That he has to change and get remorse.

Let the corruption to this beautiful planet,
Fade one by one till its fine once again,
Let every new soul born in this world,
Let it feel that this planet is a haven.

Let the sky fill with flamboyant birds,
Let the world reach the ultimate limits of happiness,
Let all the suffering, corruption, and all things bad,
Let all of these feel that they have no bond with this world.

Let each family have a heaven within,
Let there be events to rejuvenate the happiness,
Does a butterfly need a license to fly?
Let the same be for the living and love.

If all of this is hard to make soon,
Let it happen in its own pace,
But let it happen in a pace such that,
It keeps faith strong and hopes always up.

If some of these are to be done by us,
Throw out signs and please let us know,
Lend us the magic to set things right,
And bless us with your immaculate grace,

Shower your rays of joy to all living souls,
Help them realise their roles in this cosmic existence,
Unlike the birds that take shelter during rains,
Help us find the eagle in us to bask in the sunlight above the nimbus.

Prayer to the Universe - Part 2

With all of humility , and full of pain,
I call upon you to hear me explain,
For you, the head of all our clan,
Please listen gently, and make a plan,

With, the world going mad,
Millions, are very sad,
The weather, is very bad,
And no one, is truly glad,

So many wars, and so many fights,
Thousands are helpless, to see these sights,
The days are fading, with peaceless nights,
People are running, to escape many plights,

Thousands are dying, with numerous disease,
Is there a way? To cleanse this unease?
Wars of Faith, failing to cease,

I am powerless, as if de cease,

Lighting a lamp, is a plain crime,
While thousand crimes, do rhyme,
This "world" of humans, has lost it's prime,
Corrupting everyday, as if there is time,

Children are crying, People are lying,
Many are stealing, Many are killing,
None are changing, Morals are falling,
When the good are tying, no one is buying,

I am powerless, bounded by chains,
Becoming hopeless, with unheard claims,
Struggling to be fearless, despite heavy rains,
Soon will be tearless, with watery plains,

Change this world, With women standing equals,
Change this world, With faith preaching morals,
Change this world, With children having meals,
Change this world, With people joining realms,

With tearful eyes and burdened heart,
Finding it hard, to move in my cart,
Hoping to see a day, with a hopeful heart,
When all of these are truthfully sort!

"I want revolution! Nothing else shall suffice!"
"Please bring evolution! This species can't prewise!"
"World is an involution! With no cure to advice!"
"It needs annihilation! This is the revise!"

Raajali

I look up in the sky,
To see you fly by,
You spread your wings wide,
Majestic as a king by my side.

With eyes very sharp,
You dive near a scarp,
Catching prey at sight,
With a strong might.

Basking in the sky all day,

I have no words to say,
All the awe and wonder I see,
I am jumping like a kid with glee.

Little does anyone know,
What it took to bestow,
Such wonder is your gift!
And speed so vibrant and swift.

Share your vision with me,
And grant your focus to me,
So I may never lose track,
When I need to go off track.

Share your grace with me,
And grant your demeanour to me,
So I may handle my rise with grace,
And be calm during disgrace.

Share your strength with me,
And grant your wings to me,
So I may stay strong and fly,
And never quit to try.

Share your hope with me,
And grant your courage to me,
So I may pass through troubles rife,
And fly above the storm of life.

Rakshabandhan

Blood or by bond, now we're kith and kin,
Even with different feathers, we flocked together,
Met by chance, united by destiny,
Our hearts beat in sync, even when we're far.

In your presence, everything feels fine,
In your absence, everything feels amiss,
You pull me to light when I am in the dark
You showed me hope, in this cruel world.

My confidant, my traitor, my fan, my critic,
My trustee, my liability, my light, my darkness,
My friend, my foe, my companion, my rival,
My angel, my devil, my blessing, my curse.

I'll pull you down when you act all mighty,
And push you up, when you feel all lost,
I tease you a lot; I might make you sad,
But I genuinely care, in crisis, I'll be there!

Reconcile

Between right and wrong, being stuck so long,
When two poles meet, with no room for defeat,
Amidst truth and lies, hiding in disguise,
There is some wisdom, without conundrum.

The angel is in peace, with divine expertise,
The devil is content, with ignorant intent,
Fighting all desire, like ice and fire,
Lost is the mortal, trying to be an immortal.

Two roads once met, and regret filled me,
I chose the road levelled, for the road less travelled,
And I made my peace, healthy and in one piece,
Problems never cease, but I decided to find peace.

When you travel a while, it is hard to reconcile,
Life is not stark, like light and dark.
It is natural to stray; we are genuinely grey.
Make peace with the wrong; life is not that long.

Recursive Clock

The moment I got you, I never went back,
Turning your dials, time became simple.
As your hands moved, she began to sway,
The unseen enchantress became my lover forever.

Is this magic? Or is this a wonder?
I visited my past self, ahead in the future.
Saved my younger self, from taking a wrong turn,
I lived a hundred years, in a fraction of a second.

Am I blessed to have you? Or cursed to possess you?
The power you hold is quite unfathomable.
For once in my life, I feel like God!
I can undo my wrongs, and rewrite the world!

Time became my lover, and I became a nomad!
Travelling to and fro, between the past and future.
I dropped the infamous apple that made Newton blink!
Gave the thought to Einstein, and made the world think!

Respect is not Love

It is in humans, to talk about valour,
About seeking glory, and finding honour.
When you reach a summit, others shall admire,
For you reached a goal, others will desire.

Those who seek you then, may not fan your flame,
Drawn to all the name, and the spotlight of fame.
At the end of the day, this is a number's game,
We're enticed to play, although it is quite lame.

It is quite a paradox, when you see it this way,
With many to admire, yet none to see you that way.
As you shine bright, they see a perfect image,
Unaware of the depth, and many many rummage.

If you think that is love, then you are quite wrong,
Although they respect you, and even sing a song.
It takes a lot of wisdom, to push your fame aside,
And see you who you are, and love you with pride!

When you stand and shine, people will respect you,
Ask you for favours, and many offers from you.
While there is respect, this is not love they send,
You are a salvation, a mere means to an end.

Respect and love, are two different feelings,
Both can co-exist, deep in a heart's dwellings.
Respect can make possible, for true love to flourish,
But respect is not love, that's a message to cherish.

Said He, Said She

May I ask said he
You may said she
I like you said he
I can't said she

May I ask said he
I'm broken said she
So am I said he
I'm scared said she

I'm not insisting said he
I know that said she
You trust me said he
Yes I do said she

Why scared said he
Of the past said she
It's different said he
Can't see it said she

Have faith said he
It's hard said she
What isn't said he
I don't know said she

Who am I said he
A good friend said she
I wanted more said he
I can't give said she

I respect you said he
Thank you said she
I won't insist said he
You never did said she

Want went wrong said he
Nothing was said she
Then what said he
I didn't feel said she

It's hard said he
I know said she
I'm hurt said he
Me too said she

Who are we said he
We are friend said she
Nothing more said he
Nothing less said she

Should I wait said he
No move on said she
Why not said he
It's cruel said she

If I moved said he
It's alright said she
I'll feel different said he
I'll be happy said she

Am I bad said he
No you're not said she
I feel clueless said he
That's life said she

It's awkward said he
Don't be said she
You're relaxed said he
I know you said she

Is there hope said he
I don't know said she
If there is said he
I'll ask you said she

I'm going said he
Why so said she
To heal said he
Come back said she

Sailing amidst Shipwrecks

When your naive heart, sees the strong gale,
Decides to take a voyage, and let the ship sail.
But little did the heart see, what lied beyond the coast,
Of the rough tides, and the brewing storms.

Shipwrecked often, I feel quite lost,
Frozen by the waters, and scorched by the heat.
Holding on to the embers, of hope at any cost,
I silently pray for help, to overcome defeat.

Finding the inner strength is hard at this moment,
I feel weak and frail, to even face a gentle breeze.
The scars of the past, that kept you grounded,

Now weighs too much, for you to stay afloat.

As I struggle to float, I'm counting my blessings,
Holding on tight, to the fast receding dreams.
My hands are bloody, and parched as well,
Being pushed to breathe, while underwater.

Amidst all the turbulence, despite all the pain,
Amidst the icy cold, despite the blistering heat,
I am fighting all I can, with every ounce of strength,
Longing hard for the light, of that one guiding star.

How long can I keep up, such a fight I don't know,
My naive heart still beats, for the joys of tomorrow.
Sailing amidst shipwrecks, I am mending my heart,
Stitching all the pieces, for a voyage once again.

Secret Santa

The days grew short,
The winds blew cold.
But that can't thwart,
The festival quite old!

Patience is quite needed,
Now it's top seeded.
For I have to wait,
And not fall to bait.

I wished for a gift,
Time was slow to drift,
As I waited all alone,
Cold to the bone.

All of a sudden,
I found a gift hidden,
Better than what I asked,
A book of poems unasked!

Who are you, Santa?
I'm smiling in joy.
Where are you, Santa?
I'm jumping like a boy!

Thank you quite truly,

For the gift so duly.
Love you with all my heart,
My happiness is off the chart!

She

She was the angel, who made me cry and smile,
She is my princess, I asked all my life,
She made my lover a queen, and me a king,
She is my happiness and also my pride.

She is competing, with me for attention,
She does console, when I cry or at loss,
She was there sharing, her childhood with me,
She is here to care, for me with all her heart.

She was there with me, sharing a journey,
She was the support, I could rely on,
She is a rival, that I can never defeat,
She knocks sense to me, whenever I stray.

She charmed her way to my heart,
She still dreams, for both our future,
She is my love and I'm her lover,
She stands with me through tough times.

She smiled, when I cried for the first time,
She was there happy, when I took my first step,
She was anxious, for nine moons in life,
She is proud, and always there for me.

She was the one, who taught me the world,
She instilled me with hope, to achieve my dreams,
She poured into me her knowledge of many years,
She might forget me, but I can't forget her.

She gave my mother, a wonderful childhood,
She was a companion, and competition to her,
She is the confidant, to my mother even today,
She is there for me, as a second mother.

She was the one who told me stories,
She poured into me her wisdom of ages,
She defended me from her daughter's rules,
She was strong as steel, yet frail as a twig.

Silience

Now you're famous, and everyone speaks of you,
But when you were new, I never heard about you,
Walking down the streets, I didn't notice you play,
Now I do wonder, how I missed your grace,

That made me wonder, is brilliance everywhere?
Waiting to be discovered, or failed to get noticed?
As I ponder over, It dawned upon me,
Indifference is easy, but fighting is hard,

The struggle is severe, to do what you love,
When not a soul to see, the beauty in your work,
Hoping for a break, you valiantly try every day,
One day will come, and your work will be seen,

Brilliance is around us, waiting to be found,
A moment from our lives is all we need to find,
The next epic artist could live next door,
Burning the midnight oil, perfecting the craft.

Solitude

In the calm of the night,
A drop of sadness lingered,
But oddly it was soothing,
And the pain began easing,

While the world kept running,
Time froze still,
A flurry of emotions came,
And receded like a tide,

Amidst the emptiness,
My thoughts grew loud,
As I let them go,
I found peace and happiness,

In the noise of the world,
I love this moment,
A moment of bliss,
Time for solitude.

Sonder

You and I are quite similar.
In an incident, we crossed paths,
With a billion walking, in this mystical world,
Why did we meet? Is this destiny?

I am to you, what you are to me,
A stranger in a corner, and drinking tea,
A close friend, or kith and kin,
An acquaintance, or a well-wisher,

The love of my life, or my greatest foe,
Or a passerby in a train, sitting near a window,
Someone I wished but never realised,
A bad dream or a passing cloud,

The roles are complex, diverse, and plenty,
It is strange we met, among many,
While my life is full, rich, and unique,
I am to you, what you are to me.

Star Child

Days will come and days will go,
The trifles of life can weigh you down.
Hope may seem bleak and future uncertain, - yet,
Don't settle for the dust, my star child.

Your blissful solitude may turn to silence,
Your heart might prefer violence,
Amidst hardship, defeat and despair,
Don't settle for the dust, my star child.

When the myriad walls that keep you safe break,
Making you question your faith,
Keeping you pondering with sleepless nights,
Don't settle for the dust, my star child.

At these times, hope may seem faint,
You might feel well-off being a saint,
With trials and tribulations seemingly vain,
Don't settle for the dust, my star child.

When your lookout for love goes barren,

When drifting friendships make you sad,
When the gravity of reality weighs on you,
Don't settle for the dust, my star child.

Days will go, but keep fighting,
The war will be won, despite a few battles,
Where is the chase when things go smooth?
Be strong and move on, my star child.

Search your feelings in the cold silence,
You will know that there is no end to violence,
The harder you burn on the inside,
The brighter you shine to all my star child.

Walls can crumble, but ideas cannot,
Test your faith; it strengthens your resolve,
Confront the storm with might, my dear,
You will emerge stronger, my star child.

Flow like a stream my star child,
Forge your way, noble and brave.
All your efforts will come around,
You'll reap bounties far and wide.

Pursue your passion my star child,
Lose your self and bask in its glory.
Your passion will find your lost self back,
Infinitely strong and wise you'll become,

You are not alone, my star child,
There are many like you burning inside,
Amidst pain and suffering, they are bright,
A symbol they are, that all things not lost.

Why do we fall? Tell me my star child,
To master the art of picking ourselves up.
The bigger you fall, the higher you rise,
Keep moving; you are in for a surprise.

You might seem odd, unflagging all alone,
But your light guides the mortals in their nights.
Lost in the sea navigating on chunks of dust,
Finding their way home, in vast never-ending seas.

Real friends are like stars, my star child,
Sometimes, they are far far away.

But they are always around you,
Even in your darkest night my dear.

You are the child of sun my dear one,
Born to accomplish a higher purpose.
The gravity of it is unfathomable,
To other mortals who try to eclipse you.

Your grandparents the cosmos, are there for you,
Looking after you, through thick and thin.
As we speak, they listen to your prayers,
And conspiring an angel for you.

You will meet the angel from heaven,
Forged in hellfire, nourished by the elixir.
You will find love and the whole nine yards,
So do not be sad, soon, you'll be glad.

You are the child of sun my dear one,
After every winter, you'll face a summer,
So don't settle for the dust, my star child,
For you are the substance that makes suns!

Still Waters

I remain quiet, pondering and wondering,
To find ways, to express the lingering feeling,
I feel you, with all of my heart,
And even more, where can I start?

Yet you couldn't, see my true feelings,
I was wrong, to assume my callings,
To be clear, to you as bright as day,
I was wrong, and couldn't find a way.

Feelings so intense, that suns feel hot,
Running quite deep, that oceans shy away,
Free and limitless, that air feels trapped,
Yet quite steady, that lands learn patience.

I was wrong, to think you can feel it,
It is riotous, even I can't control it.
It's never easy, for me to express myself,
It's a blessing, and a curse in itself.

Hence I pour, my pearls as I see you,
One by one, in the night thinking of you,
To find ways, to express my infinite care,
I muster up, my courage and again dare.

I remain quiet, and I withhold myself,
For you'll drown, if you venture all by yourself.
I am still, a human with a finite heart,
So I let, my feelings run deep in my art.

Storm Breaker

Shipwrecked in the past, haunted by memories,
You doubted a lighthouse, which could set you free,
A heart so naive that trusted blind,
Now scarred and broken, scared and hurt,

A storm brewed within your heart,
Winds of torments, and rains of tears,
Like the waves of a sea, this too shall pass,
The failures of the past, tell you who you are.

Be strong my dear one, and keep calm,
Open your heart, and let the past go,
Storms will come, and storms will go,
And you'll emerge strong, and wise,

Face the storm head-on, my child,
You are strong and brave and wild,
When others flee a storm, you break one,
Have faith and sail, my mighty storm breaker.

The Completing Piece

A mother, a sister, an aunt, a friend,
A granny, a teacher, a niece, a daughter,
A crush, a lover, a wife, a woman,
A girl, a leader, a nurturer, a bride ...

How many roles do you take?
In each role you play a part.
Without you there is no we,
And there is no future to see.

You are strong and you are brave,
You are kind and you are caring,
You are smart and you work hard,
You are inspiring and thus you are beautiful.

You are there in every step of my life,
You make this world fascinating and complete.
You being happy is a treasure for us all,
For your well-being is vital to all.

A progress obtained by suppressing you,
Never gave an everlasting happiness.
For the world that is full of happiness,
Both of us must lift each other up.

Neither of us are truly equal,
Yet neither of us are truly different.
Neither of us are superior to the other,
Yet neither of us are inferior to the other.

Regardless of where our lives may go,
Both of us have our roles to play,
Both of us have our own goals,
Yet both of us can't walk alone.

It is not because we both are weak,
It is because we are stronger together,
Let's plan and work and build together,
For our lives and future to be bright.

The Soul Catcher

Many days I walked, alone and restless,
Chasing my dreams, hard and endless,
Ever trying my best, to complete fullness,
Trying to fill a void, a deep emptiness.

You don't speak a word, you sleep,
Your kind face forever, in my heart I'll keep,
You wipe my tears, whenever I weep,
Let me sing a song, for you to rest deep.

Like the eyelids to the eye, I will be close to you,
Protecting you from harm, I shall be with you,
Till you break your rest, my eyes won't rest for you,

That is the least I can, always do for you.

I asked the flowers: Is this a dream?
To have you in my life, in joy I scream!
Adding joy to my life, you are a stream,
Whenever we kiss, you taste like cream.

I curse the autumn winds that give you the cold,
As you sleep in sickness, ill care for you until I'm old,
I bless the summer winds that made me so bold,
To meet you and tell, what my heart truly told.

As you lie in my lap, I am reading a book,
A book so dear to you that I'll never overlook.
I wonder and ponder, what did it take,
Your precious little heart, to get such a hook?

My heart once wandered, hither and thither,
Drifting in the wind, like a lonely feather,
Changing its emotions, just like the weather,
Until you came in and became my tether.

You don't speak a word, my dear,
I feel your words, loud and clear,
Whatever happens, you don't fear,
I am strong now, and the troubles I can bear,

As you sleep in peace, I'll touch you gently,
I'll comb your hair to ease, all its knots feebly.
Rest all you want; there is nothing so urgently,
I have to take care of them all, well and attentively.

Even if you are far, my heart is close to you,
When I hear your voice, my eyes search for you,
In happiness and sadness, my heart is full of you,
I dared to jump the skies, to be with you.

Once I was a storm chaser, running far and wide,
Till one storm caught me and tossed me aside.
Now I am a Stormbreaker, being a chaser's guide,
My catcher in the rye, my soon to be the bride!

I ask the spring winds, for many beautiful days,
As we celebrate our wedding, with bliss and gay.
I ask for the winter winds, to keep the stars at bay,
To keep the clouds grey, for us to cuddle that way.

To try or to wait

Fortune favours the bold some say,
Good things happen for those who wait some say,
Then why do some who try hard fail?
Then why do some who wait do fail?

Things in life are complex, and not quite stark,
The difference is not apparent, as light and dark.
There is some truth, in things they both say,
Also lies some lies, in things they both say.

Even those who wait, never truly waited,
They also tried a bit, and never truly seated.
Even those who tried never kept trying,
They also rested a while; else they were lying.

Therein lies the answer, to this conundrum,
A delicately crafted balance, devoid of any tantrum.
One should wait when needed, and try when needed,
And the wisdom to see them is quite needed.

It is not so easy, to wait in some moments,
Nor is it easy, to run and grab the moments.
One must persist, and be ready to recede,
That is one skill, you gain when you concede.

Praying towards the universe, I ask for serenity,
To sail through crisis and times of uncertainty.
I ask for strength, to try or wait at will,
An abundance of wisdom, to quickly learn this skill.

Trip around the Sun

In my heart resides, a million dreams,
Of travels and memories, of life and laughter,
On this very day, as I wander and ponder,
I seek your blessings, as I turn around again,

I was born a human, with a spirit of a bird,
I wish to fly high, and touch the milky clouds,
To sail against the wind, amidst turbulent times,
I seek your good wishes, as I turn around again,

On this day I think, of old times and days,

My throat does stiffen, and a sad smile lingers,
With all these people around, I feel you missing
I seek your divine presence, as I turn around again,

I must move on; I have promises to keep,
I linger for a moment, to capture your grace,
A new year for me, I want you to be there,
Around the Sun I go, as I turn around again!

Uncharted Trails

With every step, I move forward,
Into the wilderness, into the unknown.
For there is no time for glances backwards,
For the past is history and it is known.

The roads I travel go up and down,
Past rivers and mountains, and valleys and hills.
In my heart, I am a king without a crown,
Still, I walk with humility and pick many skills.

I was once stubborn, rigid as a mountain,
The river of life flowed and eroded my pride.
Now I am humble, with springs and fountains,
With a valley and a trail, to walk side-by-side.

The more I travel, the more I got lost,
The more I find my way out, the more real I feel.
Trekking a mountain or a valley is the cost,
The price I pay for my broken heart to heal.

The more I wander in the wilderness outside,
The more I ponder in the chaos inside.
The more I learn about nature on the outside,
The more I learn about my nature on the inside.

I am not a tree, with roots fixed to a spot,
And when I stopped walking, I felt lost.
Amidst troubles, I learnt to walk at all cost,
For not all who wander are truly lost.

Unopened Doors

There was a breeze,
It blew between trees,
Thawed my heart old,
Rusty and cold.

Finding trust is very rare,
Earlier I didn't care,
I wandered here and there,
I couldn't find it anywhere.

This breeze I saw,
Made my heart thaw,
I then had a light,
My future was bright.

I was kind and warm,
Ever happy and calm,
Like a fruit with a worm,
My life had a storm.

Navigating at all cost,
I found myself lost.
All the aims I dreamed,
Many got shipwrecked.

I dig my thoughts deep,
On many nights I weep,
In that pain I became cold,
Unrelenting and bold.

Amidst all deception,
I saw a conclusion.
The ridings were rough,
The tidings were tough.

Without any digress,
I worked for progress,
My life turned around,
It became pretty sound.

Amidst all the laughter,
There was a missing chapter,
That's when I saw you,
My heart beats for you.

A feeling so gentle,
It blossomed to kindle,
I fancied a big duet,
And I became a poet.

Oh, Gulmohar flower,
With your witty fervour,
Please don't kill me!
Please don't hang me!

I mustered up my courage,
After days of forage,
And gave you a flower,
For you to be my lover.

My heart stood like a rock,
Feelings I had felt a block,
I realised that you're a wall,
Built on rocks strong and tall.

I thought you'd say yes,
And never did I guess,
You would say no,
My guts said so.

I accepted in grace,
And gave you some space,
But I stayed in touch,
My feelings held in a clutch.

In the distance I admired,
What your heart desired,
Watched your subtle grace,
The thoughts you embrace.

Amidst a turbulent time,
My heart did rhyme,
And longed to say your name,
And stir a passionate flame.

With patience, I waited,
My thoughts seated,
Having tested time,
Hoping your heart be mine.

I gathered a lot of courage,
Than what I could forage,
I knocked on the door again,
Despite the pouring rain.

The door didn't budge,
Not even a nudge,
But I gained a trust,
Firm and robust.

I saw a glimpse,
The thoughts you eclipse,
A glimpse of many years,
Sum of many fears.

I saw you up-close,
You're beautiful prose!
Many ups and downs,
Echoing many sounds.

What can I honestly say?
If you don't feel that way?
I can't force you to sway,
But it's hard to move away!

In the moments I feel sad,
Your thoughts drive me mad.
With my feelings unclad,
I felt terrible and bad.

I prayed to the universe,
For you to find your verse,
For many a laurel,
And friends so loyal.

With a heavy heart,
I take a fresh start,
I have been so hard,
On myself and scarred.

You did not feel that way,
After all, I had to say,
Though my heart is in a sway,
I decided to move away.

I see my heart in pain,

Of injuries deep and plain,
I drift away to heal,
And many voids to seal.

I sail away far and wide,
I have many waves to ride,
I am always a riser,
I keep growing wiser.

If you feel for me later,
Do write a big letter,
Come out and take a walk,
Let's meet out and talk.

Vemoedalen

You worked with care,
And crafted it all day,
It is unique you swear,
And you shout in gay.

The reality hits you hard,
When they say it's the same,
You try to explain very hard,
They still see it the same.

It is scary this big fear,
Of your work already done,
By some unknown stranger,
Who did it first and won.

It does make you question,
Are you truly special?
It leaves a big impression,
That you are not so special.

Thus you strive to be unique,
To make something new,
By pushing away the antique,
In the attempt, you grew.

In the race to make a difference,
Running hard to catch attention,
You do show a lot of indifference,
To the little things that need attention.

But there is some comfort,
To accept that you are normal,
Do step out from the discomfort,
And do behave quite informal.

There is some sameness in everything,
And what you do might be a repeat,
When the task is finished and done,
The experience you gained is a feat!

Your existence alone is unique,
The universe conspired to make you live,
Although one day you'll be antique,
You mark with memories the time you live.

The photo you took with care,
Might not be so unique,
For you, it is quite rare,
As that one is so unique.

No matter what a hundred people feel,
What you will do is unique,
Your good work will make someone feel,
That your work is unique.

So it is alright if you fell in love,
And spun a tale so cliched,
The journey you take is all above,
The jokes and tales so cliched.

Wandering Soul

Between right and wrong,
Between madness and valour,
Between past and future,
A field of grey,
A surreal feeling,
A present moment,

A singular moment,
Where I wish time froze still,
A conflicted feeling,
Where I wish to cry and smile,
A blurry field,

Where I hope I am right,

Like the still waters of a deep lake,
The moon uses to admire its form,
Keep calm, and be hopeful,
Wherever I am, I'll find my way to you,
For I am a sailor, aboard on a voyage,
And you, my beloved, are my pole star,

Like the bees that visit flowers,
I wander in search of a treasure,
Despite visiting many blossoms,
The bee knows its way to its hive,
Wherever I may go or be,
My heart will beat your name,

In times when I was lost, broken or hopeless,
Drifting aimlessly on the tides of life,
Even when the moon refused to show itself,
I saw you twinkling on my night sky,
Guiding me to the nearest shore,
And you filled my heart with hope,

I am a wanderer, venturing into the unknown,
Filled with fear and valour in equal measure,
But the bond I have with you,
Is stronger than the mountain and land,
Despite the uncertainty, one thing is clear,
Because of you, a wanderer like me is never truly lost,

When two Poles meet

We chatted quite friendly,
And talked like adults,
She called me weird,
I called her even.

She had good taste,
And aims unreal.
My taste was passable,
And aims ideal.

Some opinions we had,
Were opposite and too strong,
It did clash hard,

We disagreed very hard.

Yet we listened calmly,
And heard the other side,
Taught each other things,
The other did not know.

Amidst the storm of words,
A new bond formed,
A beautiful friendship,
Respecting the differences.

The respect was mutual,
The talks were unusual,
A balance does strike,
When two poles meet.

Where are you?

In this world, with ever-changing rules,
I'm losing hope, and running out of clues,
Searching far and wide, in every other corner,
Where are you now? I need you to be closer.

Some days are hard, without your company,
The heart often does, misses your symphony,
How far can I run, away from my reality?
Where are you now? My life is a tragedy.

Once I looked, in the Mirror of Erised,
And I saw your face, the one I desired.
Will you ever come, the person of my dreams?
Where are you now? My heart does scream.

I tried so hard, amidst all odds,
Even as an atheist, I prayed to all gods.
I am a broken glass, fallen and shattered,
Where are you now? I feel quite scattered.

When did I lose you, I do not know,
Did I ever have you, I could not know?
All I do know, is I've felt your fragrance,
Where are you now? I want your presence.

My muscles do ache, yet I keep walking,

On the journey of life, that's quite tiring,
I try hard, to know more my true self,
Where are you now? My true inner self?

Wild Lily

I have charm, to win my foes over,
Wild and crazy, yet gentle and naive.
I am independent, a walking sensation,
With a touch of the devil, in an angelic heart.

I smile so brightly, the sunflowers look at me,
I dance with joy, in the rainiest of days.
When I walk with anger, the very land trembles,
When I am happy, I float like a feather.

The breeze is my friend, carrying my scent across,
Don't try to bind me; I'll never be yours.
See my nature, the good and ugly side,
Touch my soul; my heart is yours.

A spark always twinkles, in my black eyes,
A spark of love, a spark for mischief.
I am the laughter, you hear through the forest,
Blossoming above the pond, I am a wild lily.

Wise Panda

Once you were quiet and shy,
For reasons don't know why.
After you freely opened up,
It's difficult to shut you up.

With an eye to capture colours,
Your photos are true wonders.
You observe every detail,
And nuances without fail.

Chirpy and lively as an extrovert,
But deep down a big introvert.
Fierce and crazy full of charm
Kind and caring and warm.

While some are a symphony,

You genuinely are a rhapsody.
Hard to say if you're ice or fire,
But you are a friend to desire.

You observe all the people around,
Your wisdom is quite truly profound.
Your heart is finite, yet
Your love for friends is infinite.

Talking with you is such ease,
Fun and lively with a bit of tease.
After your arrival life is colourful,
This is the start of something beautiful.

Wishes to a Budding Artist

While all of us see colours,
You leapt to use them,
When we think the world is grey,
You showed the colours we couldn't see,

How does it feel? To view the world,
In all its best, in all its worst?
To see every little thing, even the soul?
And choose to mimic the magic it has?

You are no god, but I see a resemblance,
When your works convey, a deeper meaning,
Nuanced yet straightforward, with attention to detail,
I admire your effort; I find it endearing,

As you step forward, ready to leap,
I wish you all success and an abundance of health,
Keep the embers burning, and the colours flowing,
Happy birthday to you, my budding artist!

Wishes to a Noble Friend

The White moon is shining,
Following wherever you go!,
Surprisingly for you and unknown to all,
The moon carried the stars for you!

While you walk in your journey ahead,

With no time to stop and look,
The moon shall stop and make you speak,
With pleasant dews in pure heart,

Let the path you go shall be known to all,
As a path that all shall dare to take,
Forging your road you shall gallop ahead,
Gentle as the breeze and wild as a mustang,

Your life shall fill with lively colours,
Pink in health and White in heart,
With rosy smiles and lively eyes,
The world will be from violet to red!

As you walk in your journey ahead,
Companions many shall journey aside,
I wish them all to be cheerful as you,
With bonds so strong like the larks themselves,

I wish for a day, soon in the wild,
When the moon shall be, a person indeed,
Sweeping your feet off and stealing your heart,
You shall be together like the bread and butter,

Together as a couple, while your love blooms,
Out shall come the songs, sweet as your hearts,
Melting the world and charming the time,
Nature in ease, will make you live in peace,

As you take a leap ahead,
Be grateful to all who helped,
As you climb the ladders for glory,
I am prideful with your epic story!

Like the warm sun that lights the world,
Like the pleasant moon that guides the awe,
Live long and prosper for years!
My dear and noble friend!

You are Special

None can imagine, what you went through,
There might be days; you wanted to end it all,
I am sorry, I didn't comprehend,
The suffering and pain, the tears and scars.

You never thought, the tragedies of life,
A cruel joke, to be a victim of it.
Enough of the days, you hid behind a smile,
You deserve more, and this is not the end.

A thousand doors might close, but never fear,
If you end it all, you won't see it through.
You have a gift, a precious life,
No sorrow in the world is worth its price.

You are unique, In this ever-changing world,
Hold my hand; you are not alone.
It is excruciating, but be firm,
Your winter will leave, and spring will come!

You have two legs

You searched all around the world,
Amidst trials and many tribulations,
It was not your fault to begin with,
For you were told it comes from outside.

You were young, meek and timid,
A dreamly and naive cinnamon roll,
You thought the world will be like you,
When the reality hit, your heart shattered.

With the rosy lens now shattered and gone,
You see the true shades of black and white.
Most people would have killed the child,
Yet you are stubborn to save the child.

Amidst the critics, insults and injuries,
You refuse to lay low and chose to climb back,
It is when you realised that what you seek,
Was within you for your child to find.

Can a broken jar hold any water?
Can a broken heart hold any love?
Unlike the jar that is broken when fallen,
You can stitch your shattered pieces of heart.

You are stronger than what you see yourself,
For a tree with fruits gets pelted the most.

Ignore the morons who say you're not enough,
For they think they are gods because of power.

You have the strength to rise again and again,
Yet you must remember, you are still human.
It is not a sign of weakness to accept who you are,
It is a sign of strength to accept and move forward.

When stuck with a crisis and met with an impasse,
It is human to feel pain and natural to grieve.
So after you feel remember that you have two legs,
Get up, stand, turn around and move forward.

You will reap

All that is random will make sense,
All the loose ends, will one day connect,
The time will come, and your wait will end,
The bounty you seek shall be plenty.

All your efforts will now bear fruits,
The world will see, and praise your efforts,
Though you're lost, you'll find your way back,
The ones you desire will fulfil.

All your struggles will polish you,
And you will glow, more than mere glitter,
Your frozen heart, will one day thaw,
And the embers will burn, brighter than ever.

The love in your heart will spring again,
All the withering hopes will rise again,
You will visit, all the places you dreamt,
And the world will sing, of your beautiful tale.

A fire shall rise, from the ashes like a phoenix,
The fire in your heart will give out light,
The light will push, all your shadows away,
And it will conquer, all your demons forever.

All these hardships and pains shall pass,
Your winter will break, and your spring isn't far,
All the seed you've sown will rise from the ground,
And they shall bear fruits, that you will reap.