

Genius Goldilocks

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I might be that constellation
quite ambiguous to understand,
Once upon a time
Stumbled into goldilocks land

She is joyous beautiful bride
Once in a while whispers in ears,
Handling some candles of music and melody
escapes into forest for many more years

I heard some bears plotting against her
Cooking suspicious porridge and inviting her for dinner;
Altruist by nature, she accepted the offer
Kind hearted goldilocks did not see the danger

Together with bears she enjoyed the dinner
Thanked with a smile for wonderful memoir
Softly whispered into the ears
"Eating with love makes poison an elixir"

"Constellations are just as normal as bears,
Goldilocks help them to find their location in space"

Falling into winter

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This is the month September
On this same day but last year
Just besides those vines with tang in the air
Tired were my eyes after working all summer

Every evening, down the hill
Took a walk, the grass was singing
Was surprised to see, one solitary bee
Falling on the shoulder of that corner apple tree

Who knows what? Something rippled in my head
Soon everything will fall just like that bee
Cold, Dry, and Tired! Just like me
Still! one last time smiling colors you will see

Now winter is again nearing, darkness is rising
Far beyond that horizon, Something is burning
Hazy lazy sky in tiny shiny ripples
Falling all again to enter new winter

"Every backyard has garden of stories,
Look at them while they enter into miracles of winter"

An Autumnal Cold

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It's a melancholy August night
I am sleeping on my shoulder
Trying to dream in this damp night air
Something so private, can't whisper in my own ear

A portrait de la seigneurial, delicate & primordial
Is it an obsession or else a passion?
Looking at it, feeling like a wolf in a clown
I shall be bewitched for not turning back around

Ahh, I hear, "Ta-Ra-Ra Boom-De-Ay"
"A smart and stylish girl you see"
Will you ignore what I feel?
Or not, and love indeed?

Now I want to wake up, step out, and see
Wheat fields up there are harvested and free
Maybe I can share everything with them
Hey, watch out for the moon, he is not the same

"Some relationships are like an autumnal cold,
Acclimatizing us towards those harsh winters"

Reimagining dreams

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Far beyond the particle horizon
Travel a little for conformal distance
You will see one another earth
Moon to itself, rogue and independent

Worldly species of commoving vision
Clock on! no food, no leather
Carry no emotions, no brain, no pleasure
Bodily creatures, ephemeral in nature

One summer night, I traveled up there
Seeing thin horizons, walked with care
After a while, saw something familiar
Standing same place but traveling everywhere

It is a planet of elementary particles
Houses of darkness are sheltered by sound
Move around the places, brightening up the streets
Civilization is simple, immortal indeed

"Imaginations are iridescent, consciously filtered;
Dreams are surreal, unbounded and pure"

Anthropic Arcane

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That stellar island universe
Benevolent from a distance
Is a drunken sailor staggering around
In search of Alice and her Wonderland

That distance is an illusion
Limited by the its anthropic nature
Better it lesser through space and time
A velvety Wonderland of symphony and chime

It's an arcane for the island and Alice as well
Who, What, and Which are where?
Everything seems like a point of no return
This theory of megaverse is difficult to discern

Is it all just made for each other
Or sheer luck out of evolution!
Evidence is enigmatic, inflationary and anthropic;
Jittery and uncertain, about everything pragmatic

"Every cosmic landscape is as humane as us,
Put no blood barriers, there is no anthropic principle"

An Olive Odyssey

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This preamble de monologue
Mine writing today in hesitation
A Xen odyssey to thou olive
douth neither mellow nor adure

Here! Up on the mountains
I see foothills of that shore
Brave wonderful steps playing tic tac toe
Blessing all athens with green and yellow

I wonder why this distance never concludes
That olive is rainbow too, an illusionary pursuit
No wonder why Poseidon lost polis of Athens
That olive is a gift from Athena the goddess

This Odyssey to Olive of I Odysseus
Now again, held up by that Poseidon
Left the trident, walking along the olives land
Stranded the Odysseus with a canister in hand

"Wishful eyes in worn out time are as good as frogs around a pond"

Book I couldn't borrow

The Book I Couldn't Borrow

Dear Saahiba,

I am sure you have a nickname — because no single name can do justice to your nature.

First, I owe an apology to the author of this book for adding my words to his story without permission. Yet, Saahiba, read this letter not as an intruder's note, but as a page that accidentally found its way into his narrative.

I wish to see you as my partner, to walk with you through intricately designed cities and natural wonders, and to watch your curiosity bloom with every step we take together.
But that isn't possible.

And if I must give a reason, it is this:
you are a book written by someone like Dostoevsky,
but in that rare moment of his life
when he felt that life is beautiful.

I wanted to see if life was ever lived by people like you. The kind of soul that could make someone like him write what he did.
Such a book I am only allowed to read in the library,
never to take home.

You once asked us when we were working late at night and having dinner at the office, what love is.
Let me tell you what happens *when* we are in love.

A few minutes ago, I opened Chess.com on my phone.
Before hitting *play*, I made a small deal with fate:
“If I win this game, Saahiba will be on my side.”

I got the white pieces and made the first move — e4.
I started building strategies, waiting for the game to unfold.
But the opponent abandoned the match,
and I won by default.

What should I make of that?
A coincidence, perhaps.
Or maybe — yes — at a quantum level, the universe conspired.

So I played again.

This time, I thought of you with every move.
And somewhere between pawns and queens,

I found myself ordering books I hadn't bought in a long while.
For each book, I searched for one I would gift you — each one a fragment of what I wished to express, just a little at a time.

One of them was *On the Road* by Jack Kerouac — written by a man who refused to be confined, a free spirit pouring his soul into pages in just three weeks.
I thought of you then: a beautiful, free bird, daring to explore everything — up and down, left and right.
I added it to my cart.

Then came *White Nights* by Dostoevsky.
When I first started writing about you, I mentioned him — because he always wrote with sorrow so deep, it resembled truth.
But while writing that line, I wondered: what kind of happiness must Dostoevsky have felt to write something beautiful?
Later, I discovered that he did write such a book — *White Nights*. Naturally, I ordered it too.

The first book to arrive, though, was by Søren Kierkegaard.
It has a chapter titled *Why Should We Marry?* — and it reminded me of that night during our workshop in Bengaluru, when you asked me the very same question.

I decided to play another game — this time, with destiny.
I closed my eyes, opened a random page, and told myself:
“Whatever paragraph my finger touches will define what I feel for Saahiba — and what she feels for me.”

It was page 349, line 12. It read:

“On the whole, letters are and will always be an invaluable means for making an impression upon a young girl; often the dead symbol has far greater influence than the living word. A letter is a secret communication; you are master of the situation, feel no pressure from anyone's presence, and I think a young girl would really rather be quite alone with her ideal — precisely when it influences her mind most strongly. Even if her ideal has found a fairly complete expression in a definite object of love, there are still moments when she feels that there is an excess in the ideal that reality lacks.”

Then, in *White Nights*, I found another echo.
Nastenka tells her grandmother about the novels sent by a young lodger.
The grandmother, alarmed, warns her about such books:

“Ah,” she said, “what's described in them is how young men seduce virtuous girls; how, on the excuse that they want to marry them, they carry them off from their parents' houses; how afterwards they leave these unhappy girls to their fate, and they perish in the most pitiful way. I read a great many books,” said grandmother, “and it is all so well described that one sits up all night and reads them on the sly. So mind you don't read them, Nastenka.”

When Nastenka insists they are only Walter Scott's novels, the grandmother suspects mischief:

"Walter Scott's novels! But stay, isn't there some trick about it? Look, hasn't he stuck a love-letter among them? ... Look under the binding; they sometimes stuff it under the bindings, the rascals!"

"No, grandmother," she replies, "there is nothing under the binding."

I smiled when I read that, Saahiba — because that is precisely what I have done.
I have written you a letter and hidden it beneath the binding of borrowed pages.
Not a love-letter in confession, but a quiet reminder that love itself hides best inside literature.

Well, well, well.

I am so moonstruck that I now believe I should not marry the person I love.

Because marriage is neither the precondition nor the destination of love.
In fact, it lies nowhere between them.

Marriage can be lovely — an earthly celebration of what is already divine.
But love, Saahiba, is too celestial to be sealed by signatures.
It needs no witnesses — only remembrance.

And if someday someone asks me why I did not marry the one I loved,
I will simply say:

Because I did not want to cage a moon inside the house of walls.

Tab 8

Nastenka and November