

The Leaves of Lullaby Tree

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S M A Faiz



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Dedicated to all
Who provided my thoughts

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A Preface

Beset by the hustle and bustle,
The urge to make up leeway
Had quietly stumbled
Onto my say,
And settled in respite
And in fine fettle
I got an impetus to write;

And in a subtle way,
On my mettle,
The writing away
Had straddled
And stayed in quiet.

From My Pen

With an aim
And a theme,
And a proem
As it seemed,
And germane
To what I thought,
A few lines I got
From my pen;

And I moved into the realm
Of the poem
So quietly brought
To meet my yen.

A Tribute to Tagore

While she segued
From Tagore to Tagore
And all enthralled and glued
In Tagore galore;
In the apogee, viewed imbued
I saw the vastness of the sky
Where blue segues into blue
And where Tagore lies.

The Leaves of Lullaby Tree

Downy, dozy and lowly, and in pensive style
Were the leaves of the rain tree nearby,
But windy and drizzly when for a while
Playing, they brought in a kind of lullaby
In my restive mind.

Up from my sleep
I looked with eyes full of glee
When the leaves wide open were giving gleeful peeps,
And smiling for me was the lullaby tree
With the sun behind.

The Spring I Saw

As tranquil
As the narcissus,
The daffodils, the jonquils
And their nexus,
The poet's narcissus,
Encompassed my grave;

The trumpets of the daffodils
For the birds to sing,
And the poet's narcissi
Forming the ring,
And smiles
They gave;

The spring
I saw
That long I craved.

The Want of the Ant

From afar, on a mission for PR
He went to the land of the marching ants
And lent an ear
To hear their want;

Straight to the anthill
And marching on toes,
To the nests near the hill
Were the ants in rows.

-“Why do you rush
What`s the big deal?”
Asked the man who was a saint.

-“Not to be crushed
Under your heel,”
Replied an ant and made no feint.

The Cardo santo

Those beautiful plants with thorns
Were the domesticated brambles
And the hawthorns that assembled
In the flowery hedge,
And those which adorned
And like an adage
Were the roses
In the bed;

But a “forlorn” fellow
With thorn foliage
And away in “incognito”
And slovenliness
Produced a beautiful yellow
With a “dimple” in red;

Wild in my village
And fully-fledged
The cardo santo
Got accolade.

The Wildflowers

Wild amid the grass and weeds
And great indeed
In wilderness;
I was avid
And quite candid
And in great fondness
I looked for them.

The adam and eve
And the love in a puff,
The bluebell, the merrybell
And the purple angel,
The moon flower
And the woodland-star
In the worldliness;
And the wild prairie rose
And the evening primrose,
The black-eyed susan
And the pincushion,
The sweet william
And the baby blue eyes,
The blue-bead lily
And the blue-eyed mary,
The pink lady
And the little sweet betsy,
The spring beauty
And the morning glory
And touch-me-not,
And also many
I just forgot;

And with all the names
I saw the flowers in stateliness
And I got in them
No loneliness.

When the Sky Fell Asleep

When the sky fell asleep
And the wind at standstill,
The stars were making stately peeps
From above the hills;

Also eluding the quietude
Were the aspen leaves,
Marking their swings
Like the twinkling blinks;

And when I looked at
The twinkling acts;
I got the feel
Of the aspen thrill.

While the Hill Slept Aslant

While the hill slept aslant
Inclined against the sky behind,
Elegant was the moon
Not far distant;

And shimmering in the dice
Were packs of ice
In clinquant brilliance;

And also I caught sight
Of an eloquent stream
Making a realm
In quiet descent,
That gave me a rise
To a sublime height
In a decent wakeful night.

The Earth

A planet in space
Was in her path,
Neared, she saw the hearth,
Was Earth, she guessed.

But seeing no grass
In the garth,
Seeing no swarth,
Seeing no plant on the swath,
Seeing no water in the strath,
And the air not worth,
“why in dearth?”
She asked.

“The people were far too callous,”
Said the Earth.

For an Errant Avenger

The errant avenger
Who meandered, bewildered
And in restive wreck,
Let him betake
In search of a solace
In the wonder days;

Let the soft little dreams
Drift to him
To give a leeway
For a stately stay.

Let Life Avail the Wonder

Let patience prevail,
Let not anger
But patience trail,
Aware
Of what flail
In fear and canker;

Let hope dwell
On altar,
Trust and faith not fail,
Not alter;
Let life avail
The wonder.

A Moonlit Night

Freed from that lies in 'spite'
And from 'contrite'
I heard a breeze in adagio assai,
While overarching a moonlit night
Was a brilliant sky;
And I found aright
That beautiful moments were passing by.

Autumn

Lying along the continuum
Between red and yellow
Is a color kingdom
In the ebb and flow.

Again came the autumn
With all those colours,
And beating the drum
Came autumn lovers.

Came the autumn
With quantum leaps
And then some
For great “leaf peeps”.

Benison

Passing along a beautiful night
When the terrestrial life was quiet,
Watched from afar
The celestial stars
Offering a benison
For the dawn.

Awakened I heard
The songs of birds,
And flowers were legion
In my lawn.

A Vignette of a Village Girl

Through the trees and beneath the fronds
And leading to yond the village pond
Passed the slender zigzag path;

Draped in a saree
Of rural toggery
She wended her way for taking a bath;

From behind the nook
She gave a cursory look
Beyond the ghat
And found the woodchats
Doing the chat;

Ascending back
Soaked and slaked
She emerged pretty cute
When a shepherd went past
Playing his flute.

The Hanging Felani

Snapped to a look-see
Out of reverie
In melancholy, have you seen—
Trapped in the wire
The hanging Felani
And stained in blood
Her ebony skin!?

They found on the yestreen
And with angers
A game and a gamine
For their triggers,
And felt no chagrin
And held no dither
And showed no slack,
But tagged a Felani
Across the border, beside the flag.

The yen of the Felani
To stay for eon
And yon her agony
Taken beyond.

Malala

An angel Malala
Was their bane
Since there was candela
In her pen,
And that angel Malala
Was in radiant vein,
And a Cinderella
In her mien.

The angel Malala
Is an archangel
And a distant nebula
And a lit candle.

For her the flowers,
For her the chimes,
And for her the prayers
Oftentimes.

Mirsarai Cries

With the juvenile ego
And fledgeling amour propre
The doughty teens
Through thick and thin
On truck, to home they go
Wreathed in lure,
But into the ditch of death.

Mirsarai, and, high overhead, the sky
And the people alfresco
Grieve and cry,
And while we sigh
Much more follows
In deep depth.

Our Heroes in Throes

In hope against hope
And in all scopes
They tried their best,
In north and south
And east and west
And in all veins;
And thence
When all in vain,
With rights in abeyance
Our heroes in throes
Met the fate apposed,
But with earnest belief
And a sigh of relief,
They found a solace
From the soil they saved in grace,
And found the rays
Of praise.

Abir Janabi

As the eyes of the dead
Those met her gaze
Were far too much,
Abir Janabi read
That pity won't touch
The devil's heart
Set ablaze
From the start.

From heaven
For Janabi—
A benison came,
But he—
In terrible disdain
And in the torment of the damned.

O Mother, I Owe Thee

O Mother, I owe Thee
For such a great name
And for the upbringing
And bringing me to fame;

For you, O Mother
The pride I see
In the fruits and flowers
Of the triumphant tree;

So much I owe thee
For this trip
And beseech thy lullaby
Before I sleep.

The Queen of the Night

The queen was in town
In white attire
Around the crown,

Adorned her lawn
In the middle of the night
Till the dawn,

Renowned in wait
The queen had been
Much the great!

Angelica

I asked about the treasures
In celestial hold,

The best were the angels
What they had told,

Beheld my heart
That melds with gold,

And found my angelica
In the “archangel” mould.

One Goal, Two Aims

In Alaska or in Sahara
The sky was the same,
Europe or Asia
Everywhere the same aura
And soccer at the helm;

Shakira, aka 'angelica'
In the "Waka Waka" anthem
And the time was for Africa
For one goal, two aims.

In the Butterfly House

In the domain of the butterflies
And the drill for concord
With the wings that comprised
The colours in accord,
The way they plied their trade
When flowers they met,
And in my wait
The feeling that aroused
In the butterfly house
Were just great.

My Best Rummage

In my best rummage
Through the halcyon days
I saw my cottage
Beside the damson tree,

And in that milieu
I found thee
And the making of a filigree
In my reverie.

An Opus in the Offing

In the pink of the poinsettia
And a tint in her eyes
And it's aura
She stood shy
Like a noggin of pink gin
In the making,

And tipped on her lips
Was a class
Of the tulip
And thus an opus
In the offing.

A Milieu Indeed

With the bounteous beauty
Was a belle, busy bee,
Who turned to my libido
But to flinch and go,
Like a petal of pansy
Falling fancy-free;
But in my bid
Was a milieu, indeed.

Memory

I harked back
To when I was crouse,
Here in this track
In a humble house;

In the stairs and storeys,
With me none,
But climbed the memories
One by one.

The Journey of Two kids

Together they grew
From hide and seek
To taking peeks,
And in the acts of valour
In their juvenile lore
Together they accrued
The urgent need.

Freedom they sought
And gallantly fought
In their bid.

One laid life
One still alive,
But hand in hand
They touched the land
Just freed.

Auld Lang Syne

I looked at the time
When it chimed
And saw the passing years of mine,
Came crowded in my mind
The auld lang syne.

All the memories
Kept in caddy
Came illumined,
And I found a melody
In auld lang syne.

Where are the People of Yore?

The story stays,
And also the says
Of the olden days;

The wind blows,
The river flows
And the spring also glows;

And the sky as before
And the same stars galore,
But where are the people of yore?

Sweet was the Morning Sun

Sweet was the warmth of the sun
As the morning had begun
In a winter day,

And a lady in basque
Was there to bask
On a prairie bay,

And just as lief
Swayed the leaves
As they may.

While in Florida

While in Florida
Once lang syne
I saw the red lobelia
With loblolly pine;

And when the hummingbirds flew
amid those plants and trees
I saw a beautiful milieu
By the (river) lchetucknee.

As the Lakes were Smiling with Red Lotus

As the lakes were smiling with red lotus
And the night in darkness passed,
the birds were seen in large flocks
Which crossed the ocean and rocks.

In the lakes and hillocks
And on the leaves and stalks,
And into the sublime
Of the winter chime,
They came round the clock.

A Village Called Birds' Villa

In the appealing hues
Of the village woods
Merging with twilight blue,
I heard
A thousand homeward birds
And got imbued.

The cormorants, herons and cranes
And a few argala
Were back to the woods and plains
In the birds' villa.

Winter's Harbinger

A gentle, cool air
Blowing from the north
whispered in my ear
That winter was coming forth.

In harmony with this harbinger
Ready to sprout in my yard
Were the winter flowers,
And waiting were the winter birds.

Autumn Blossom

On that day,
When my wish not gone amiss,
I found in array
Some beautiful trees;

And passing by
I found autumn
And which lie
In autumn blossom.

Oh, the Colours Galore

Oh, the green grass,
Oh, the sky in blue,
Oh, the flowers
In many more colours
Those came in view!

Oh, the canvas,
Oh, the brush,
Oh, the colours galore,
Oh, the allure
I found in you!

Happy were the Pair of Birds

Happy were the pair of birds,
“Peter, peter, peter”
They uttered in their silvery timbre
While playing in my yard.

And “Pit-cheer, pit-cheer, pit-cheer”
Were more melodic words
I clearly heard
when the warblers in sheer cheer.

Let there be Sleep in My Eyes

Let there be sleep
In my wakeful eyes,
Let there be a dream
Which would be nice,
Let there be a song
When I rise;
Let these be long
So as to suffice.

Looking for You

Travelled a long way
Since I met you last
When you stood there in the doorway
In the distant past;

I passed through the avenues
And all byways
And I looked for you
All the way,
But only the memories in the queue
From away and not far away.

The Privets

Were called privets
Those I met
Along the hedge,

And all those flowers
Were clusters of stars
What I guessed,

And were selfsame
When I saw them
Full of praise.

The Belladonna Lily

Looking like a svelte lady
And with the tinge of pink,
That belladonna lily
Was not prinked.

No wonder why
A humorous dandy
And a connoisseur
In a day of yore,
Called it a “naked lady”
While passing by.

Actinia equina

What a beautiful flower
That animal was,
The Actinia equina
Like a lotus;

And with the insignia
Of a lily belladonna
That beautiful actinia
Was in purple colour.

The Red Munia in Cage

Red Munia is the name
Borrowed from the plumage
For their fame
In great appanage;
While parted from the rest
To tame in cage
They lost the zest
For alienage.

The Grey-headed Canary-flycatcher

Looking Like a puff
With grey and yellow fluff
Waited the flycatcher
Used to my love,
And those enchanting eyes
which quietly comprised
Made a downy flycatcher
Extremely nice.

Chestnut-winged Cuckoo

Behind the green leaves
In the wood,
I looked for you;
Suddenly, as if
From the flute,
I heard the “cuckoo”.

In an ebony crest
And the wing
In chestnut hue,
You are the best
When you sing
“cuckoo... cuckoo”.

The Baya Weaver

How did you weave
That little brown house
Hanging from the leaf
And swinging to espouse?

No wonder that you`re crouse,
And the encomium
Bestowed on a weaver,
No wonder averred,
And neither fulsome
Nor douce.

Common Swallow,- the Ababil

Few flocks of swallows
Flew over the meadows,
And over the hills
The ababils;

When merged all
With “witt- witt” call,
I looked at them
with great acclaim.

Going Home

When serenity abides
With the hues
Of the countryside,
And when dusk blue
Was the sky,
I got a splendid view
Of the cranes going home
Flying high,
And the boats going to shore
With the flow of tide.

The Lady in Cloud-cuckoo- land

Have you seen the lady
Living in cloud-cuckoo-land
Throwing paddy
In the desert sand?

Nothing she reaped
From the seeds or sand,
But she nipped
To which was bland.

A Bunch of Love

Behind the window
Was a bunch of love,
For my ladylove widow
May not be enough;

But came rampant
Which were gruff,
And left like remnant
That bunch of love.

When Sang the Wrens

The sky opened
After a prolonged dearth,
Poured the rain
And filled the earth;

And when sang the wrens,
The rainbow betokened
The heaven
That reigned.

The Sand Martins

Looking like silver satins
While flying high,
I saw the sand martins
While drawing nigh;

And when they gained
Their breeding land,
Nicely lain
On the wall of sand,
Was a domain
Looking grand.

The Red Bigeye

Swimming in the aquarium
Was a red bigeye,
Was not fulsome
When praised I;

And moving on before
When the fish tried,
With water no more
She sighed.

A Respite

While trapped in the traffic jam
And in plight,
Wham!-
I got the sight
Of a butterfly
Passing by,
And a respite
Going high.

The Bird Park

The cast
Were the flamingos
In rows
Marching past,
And the parrots flew nearby
Spreading hue and dye.

I harked back to one such day
Passing by the bird park,
Where also the kids were birds of play
Though the owls in the dark.

Goldilocks

A svelte Goldilocks
Graceful with golden hair
And in a smocked frock
With olden flair,
Was deeply enamoured
Of a debonair Bawcock
Living next door;

And when she knocked
And he opened the door,
With a bittock of talk
And in her mien many more,
Like a cluster of goldilocks
She stood before.

A Sheila of the Subtopia

A sheila of the subtopia
Provided the love-philtre
With ethereal lure
Eschewed before,
And breaking the tenor
I referred to her
A demure desire.

But suddenly shy
In mimicry style
She had hidden in me
The bee's knees
To give a 'caesura'
In the middle of the aura.

The Indian Pitta

6 O'clock at dawn and dusk
On a veld-like grassland plain,
I praised her "velvet basque"
And damask marks
In striped vein;
And when she basked
In glory and fame,
Hopping around was quite germane.

"Wheet-tieu, wheet-pyou"
When I heard,
"Sweet you, Sweet you"
I said to the bird.

The Titmouse

While sitting on the bough
Near a little wooden house
Astir was the shiny Titmouse,
Tiny though.

“Peter, Peter, Peter”,
Not petered out;
“Peter, Peter, Peter”,
It uttered moving about.

The Black-crested Bulbul

Deep in the dense forest
Where the branches abut
I heard a call from the nest
That touched my heart;
And when peeped out a bird
With a black crest
And below the breast
Yellow a part,
I looked above
With heartfelt love
At a beautiful bulbul
With enough buff.

The Leafbirds

Amongst the elm leaves
And on the stem
It seemed as if
Playing the peep-bo game;

And in my bid
To know more of them
Came candid
The “Leafbird” name.

Truth and Troth

Let me say, and make the say
And let me portray, if I may
That I made no sloth
But suavely craved
For truth and troth;

And not shy away
From what said I
But forth on stave,
And not in array
Of coconut shy.

While Reading the “Spring Symphony”

While reading the “Spring Symphony”
By a friend of mine
I entered into a perfect harmony
Tuned in to the line,
And those beautiful days
Swayed by the instincts
Found in craze,
And also those stints
Lost in haze.

Ericas

Liatris, sweet pea, cosmos, primrose
And many more shapes and shades,
And I saw all those
On the heathers' heads.

In the springs and winters
And on the moors, since the days of yore
Were those wild heathers
And scores of ericas, therefore.

My Dhaka in the Olden Days

Flowing through the city's old part
She blossomed when it rained
Sharing the cheers of the diving children
And the jubilation of the ceremonial boat race,
The scenes although no longer be traced
Are still in my heart.

And so, looking at the traffic plights
And the spare parts shops on both sides,
Instead of merchandise boats
And the make-shift ghats,
I entered into the olden days
So different in the same place
Four decades past.

The horse carts behind the walls in red bricks
Awaiting the approach of the steam engine train,
The scene is not an effete memory to go so quick
But remains.

And all I recall
Nestling with those street lights
Which enfeebled late at night
When fuel slowed flowing to the wick,
But not stalled.

Falling in the Track of an Olden Link

Sharing the warmth of nearness
With the mother's darlings beside her bed
She looked to my ingress
And tried to raise her head
To make a welcome bid.

For a moment she tickled pink
Thinking of the malady she gets rid,
But then pillowed back.

And ended with a smiling face
And an olden link
She sank in the track.

The Blue Tit Neighbours

Near the garden of phlox
Beside a quiet street
Was an idle letter box
And after nestling in it
Came endeared
A pair of little blue tits,
And beetling from twigs to twigs
And sprigs to sprigs
Gave me the “wake-up” calls,
And a feel of treat
Irrespective of spring or fall.

For long my neighbours
And loved to bits
And before the window and not any far
Were the sweetly little twittering tits.

The Yellow Warbler

Looking out from my suite
To see the alpine willow
I entered an ambit
In a little yellow.

“Sweet, sweet, sweet...”
As the yellow warbler called
I gave a nod and repeat
Fully enthralled.

“Sweet, sweet, sweet...”
Was a call to assert
That sweet and neat
Was my sweetheart.

When no more Snow

When there was no more snow
But sparrows in the yards
And when I heard the welcome swallow
And in the trees the yellow songbirds,
Passing through spring to summer
I spent hours to seeing
The umpteen flowers of all colours
And the leaves all green.

Let not Give Ear to the Backbiter

Let not your soul give ear,
Not listen to the backbiter
And others in the flock;

Let you be better than a besetter
And not you are
A giver of my shock.

Let not your eyes blear
And not you err
To read that bizarre bilk;

If nears that inveterate liar
Let arouse your ire
For him and his ilk.

The Leaver

Far out on the lonesome road
And away from his abode
He trod till he saw a sail
And a gust over the lode.

Ever since, a leaver he was
In a fairy tale,
Portrayed the winsome lass
On her glorious canvas.

The Sand Tears

Why she flows no more
With waves galore
But lying dead and dry,

And in the bed
A scene of cry,

And shed in layers
The sand tears,
Why?

The Beautiful Loneliness

On my way through wakefulness
With the olden melodies
And nostalgia,
I entered a state of loneliness
With some memories
In “utopia”.

What beautiful loneliness
And in me the reveries,
The desiderata!

The Quetzal Bird

When I first saw
A quetzal bird,
I found no flaw
In what I heard;

Amazed I saw
How it begirds
With resplendent plumage,
But I failed to draw
The words
To praise.

This was March

The leaves sprouted in red
And spread like the blood
The martyrs had shed;

This was spring, and March ahead
And In the yard
The flowers in red
For the myriad of martyrs
Who overarched for ever
In their honoured perch;

This was March
With great accolade.

My Friends with Steel-tipped Pens

My reverend friends
With steel-tipped pens
Brought in the gens
For a freedom on the mend,
But when a sacred den
Penned to upend
Was beyond my ken;

And when my friends
Got to fend
And end disdains,
Great they remained
And made the trend.

A Sober Veer

Beside the path was her plight
That I passed by
But do not know why
That it didn't smite;

But coming from afar
A singer with tears for her
Made the cast
Of a sombre gust
And a sober veer.

It was Spring

Came the spring
With songs and swings
Meeting in the trees;

The leaves and flowers
Glowing with colours
Were dancing “fancy-free”;

And also I espied
The (flitting) butterflies
And the buzzing of the bees;

It was spring
In spraying spree
With wonders and glee.

In the Spring that Came

In the swings of the stem
The leaves, the flowers,
So beautiful they were
Doing the same;

So beautiful a bird
Singing with them;

And for a bard
The spring that came,
He kept on looking
Overwhelmed.

Beauty

The lips were without the touch
Of the colour in sticks
And there was no make-up on cheeks,
And a face as such
Was glowing
To bring the best,
And the look was filled with longing
To arrest my haste.

The Waves of Yellow

Passing through the meadows
To the field that glowed
And when the sun had ebbed
For the twilight shadow,

I saw the breeze blowing over
The glowing ambience
Of mustard flowers,
Making little waves
Of exquisite yellow;

Without further ado
I got the essence
Of feeling mellow.

The Will of Heaven

The cloud came nearby
Making the rain
For the soil that dried
In the valley and plains,
And thereby the butterflies
And in the field the grains,
And all through they abide
In a beautiful vein.

And I see for certain
Of Thy mercy
And that the will of Heaven
Lies in Thee.

Between the Buildings Rising High

Between the buildings rising high
There was a hollow
And a slice of sky;

Looking through the window
When I sighed,
There was a crow
Passing by
With a shade of sorrow
And a cry.

The Lollipop Lady

The breeze flowed
Passing by
And on the snow
Awhile,

And in the cold
The lollipop lady
Took ahold
With warm smiles.

Covertly reverts
The lollipop lady
In my heart
From away few thousand miles.

Parrot-fashion

The field had lost the green
Against a boast in grains
But a host of parrots were seen
Making green again.

From a nearby domain
Looking on
Was a parrot who attained
The parrot-fashion.

If there was no Sin

Lost in the wilderness
And away from the sins,
I looked for His kindness
But a little in the bin;

And when I was in harness
And back into (my whole) being,
I found His kindness
Since pardon He means.

Why those dons
Were making the din?

How would He pardon
If there was no sin!

Please do not Take Me from Me

400 years and from that time forth
I have grown for you
In south and north
And old and new;

By my troth
I played my role
And for all I was worth
And the whole unrolled;

While in plethora
Of brought-back memories,
I am a cornucopia
Spreading like a banyan tree;

I am an insignia
Of the whole entity
And in one Dhaka
In the aura of unity;

Not South and North
Whole let me be,
Please do not be wroth,
Do not take me from me.

The Jasmines and the Adoring Lady

Pretty and pristine
And serene white
Were those Jasmines
In moonlit night,
And with the ilk
In a white silk sari
Stood in tilt
An adoring lady.

The Shiulis

From the “Tree of sorrow”
The shiulis for the morrow
Fell down at dawn
Making a delicate bed
Of white and red
On her humble lawn;

And a bit of sorrow
From the tree she borrowed
When the glamour was gone.

But the cascade, the shiulis made
Was in high accolade,
And a lawn adorned.

Popping Out

All that about
He couldn't abide,
Popping out
He brushed aside;
Set in pouts
He found no "why",
Popping out
He felt the "sigh";
And when gone up the spout
And the wrongs were rife,
Popping out
He connived!

Abode

To a very old abode
From here three miles
Where lived my parents
For quite a while
Like being ambient
In love and smiles,
And to our heart`s content,
My siblings and I,
Much we owed.

But that foregone episode
Took a melancholy mould
When I sold that abode,
And the guilt that rolled
Bestrode the mode.

The Roses Juxtaposed

The garden was laden with rose
Some bloomed, some in buds
With roses and thorns juxtaposed,
And some fallen like drops of blood.

Imparting a delicate love
Into my heart
Were those above
And those closely fallen apart.

Sitting close
Was a cooing dove,
Seemly apposed
With saddened love.

The Baby in the Bin

What they were seeing in
Was seriously amiss,
Laid on the rubbish
Was a baby in the bin.

While bitten by the rats,
Mingling with gnats
Were tears on his chin.

Alas, frigidly thrown apart
By a frigid next of kin,
Was the baby (born) yestreen!
Wrath? Yes, I asked for that
With deep chagrin.

Let Soul be the Gloriele

Nestling in my heart
With systoles and diastoles,
From the start
Was my soul;
Seemingly covert
Was its role,
And in concert with a part
Stole the whole;
If I am I
Whether in body or in soul,
Let soul be the gloriele
After I die.

Turned Aglow

Grey, be that as it may,
On the wall the shadow
Faded away,
And the sun made it glow;

And as I viewed the rays
Making way the window,
Life slowed and not felt gay
Turned aglow;

Flying past in warm display
Were the flamingos.

The kites

On my right were subtle sleights
And those genteel and a la mode,
On left, the bestridden plights
Close to the road;

And besides, from the sides
Some oddities who rowed
On “wrongs” and “rights”;

But high overhead were the kites
Sited neatly impastoed
And below, the children in delight.

The End of an Odyssey

In the grandeur of an odyssey
And a time in Cochin
Embraced beside the sea
And on the beach, so pristine,
At dawn he got the auroral thrill
And in the evening, the idyll.

With the hues anew, a morning glowed
And the sea beckoned
But he didn't know,
Didn't reckon
The "tornado"!

He lost the feel, the senses reel
Like the ending of a diminuendo
Anon, lying still
Alfresco.

Also on the shore
Breaking in tears
Were the waves galore.

The Chionodoxa

The glory of-the-snow
Was called the chionodoxa
And blooming early was her due,
But after a fallow
She got Imbued
In gorgeous blue.

Not lost in the sierra
From her beau,
Like the Cinderella
She was one in few.

Figment

Not besotted but imbued
I stretched for more
And asked from you,
But in the same somatic chore
And in the same brew,
And like before
My feeling bore
The figment ended.

Towards Immanent

After a long fallow
Was the pouring with rain
That soaked the meadow
And the plain.

Feeling mellow
I saw the rainbow lain,
And the breeze that followed
Moved the vane
Towards immanent
And my heart`s content.

The Whispering of the Trees

The refreshing soft cool breeze
And the whispering of the trees
Brought her close to me;

With her I entered
Some moments endeared
But soon felt lonely;

Wakeful with me
On the settee
Was the whispering of the trees.

Sensation

If there`s a sensation drawn
From the aura of the aurora
And the dew of the dawn,
And the blooms of the flora
In your amazing lawn,
Get some extra
If a life was yawn,
And if there`s a plethora
Keep on,
Not a chimera
That you may need for a paeon.

A Peasant and his Petite Wife

Have you beheld that peasant
And the mores and life
In your tread;

So bland and pleasant
And for pittance who strives,
But (stand) you in good stead;

Who owns no land
But a naive and petite wife
Newly wed;

With slender hand
She would wipe
His sweat!

Image

Of a lady in paisley
On the quay,
The image, I espied
Was in sway;

So clear was the water
That I saw the bed,
But I wandered yonder
Where the image was made.

One Late Night

One late night, while away
I got a volley of thought,
A girl, so quietly fey
Was on the trot;

What she wrought
In a jolly good day
Brought no aliquot
But the whole thoughtway.

White

The cranes passing by
In the twilight light
And the clouds in the sky
In the moonlit night;
Displaying a unique white;

White like the pigeons
And in the sky, the kites
And the yellow dandelions
Mellowing to white;

The morning glory
And the queen of the night,
The lily of the valley
And white on heights;

With pearls and opals
By her side
Was the arrival
Of the winsome bride,
Winning all the whites
In diamond delights.

Baccalaureate

The plant I planted
Was in bloom very late,
The girl who waited
Groomed in wait;

And seemly, and belated
Bloom had bade
The girl who made great
In the baccalaureate.

The Fisherman

From so near
Not in manner
To get encore,
Not brave
Who reached the shore
And met the tears
Of broken waves
Left before;

So, hard he rowed
And cleft the waves
By the bow,
And like the braves
Paved the way
And met the roar;

From after,
From the jar
He took in hull
The catch of pearls,
And on his oar
He rowed to shore.

Camaraderie

The meaning of camaraderie
I sought to see.

In the flowing of the breeze
And the swaying of the trees
I got a sense of camaraderie,
But the cherry and chickadee
Sharing with me
Brought the best of camaraderie.

An Oscar, So Dear!

So serene was the river
Haven for the oscars,
Even for the angler
Often in there;

An oscar took the bait
With fin-nipping trait
And the angler was the taker
Of the oscar, so dear.

A Tip for Tulip-lips

In her trip
Through a mind that flies
She fell asleep,
Saw the butterflies
On the tulip tips;

Sleep left her eyes,
And left a tip
Of great ties
In her tulip-lips.

The Twilight Years

With the wear and tear
Of the twilight years
I miss you, true;

But much I have known
Of the tenor of my own,
Away from the brew;

And in the *laissez-aller*
Of the twilight years
Indeed, the life is new.

The Dew of Tear

Walking with you
Through the grasses that gained
Few drops of dew
Not from the rain,
I thought of a trace
Lain on your face
And found in there
But from the tear;
Wonder was
The dew on the grass,
But more I wandered
At the dew of tear.

Minginess

Because of the semblance of minginess in their mind
And the manner of disdain they are wont to
Selfsame is the kind I find
And pity I do,
And search a sense in scope
Though a serendipity
Is the opportunity,
Semblance of a lofty hope.

The Trail of Praise

For long I strived
To thrive with praise,
But the praise I derived
Was suddenly erased;

But further down
And left in haze
A life I found
With the trail of praise.

The Devil Got Comforting Devil to Pay

I was craving for a repose from the toil of the day
But the devil flung under the quiescence of the night
And bedevilled my mind all the way,
And in the sequel of the plight
I found the devil getting a comforting devil to pay,
And to the height
Of my say.

A Pair of Lotuses

The grass was shy
Of any dew
And a few cacti
Were in the dry
Without a bloom,

But a pair of lotuses
Were her teary eyes
And prettiness groomed.

With Endless to Eternity

Not much ago
I was born
And without more ado
Into dawn to dusk and dusk to dawn;

Though long to go
For tons to be done,
So fast it flows
With the endless one;

And faster it tows me
To eternity.

Life

With life in good and bad
I was often glad, often sad,
Often twined;

And while the best
In quest
Is not in eternal verities
But it's satiation in eternity,
I inclined
To live a bit longer
Than destined.

If Life is an Endless Span

If life is an endless span
Lives no human
Or humane in men;
And if it exceeds a hundred
The feeling of age
Shall fill my dread;
Ant if I ken
when it ends
I may adhere
To anguished flair.

So He Plans and aims at
And Amen to that.

The Canary and the Three

The hillbilly, gypsy, hippy
A triad of three
Were dancing near the bay,
And the canary in company
Was singing their say,
And in gyration festivity
Were the leaves from the tree.

The canary was happy
And the gaily laughing three,
All in gaiety.
The whole day.

The Aracan Beauty

Rambling beside the sea
I saw an Aracan beauty
Ambling towards me
Plaiting her hair
Like the waves neared
To greet the shore,
Making a beautiful scenery
Set before.

The Days in YMCA

In the silver city`s Golden Square
And in the age-old part of YMCA,
With friends in the foyer
And breakfast tray;

In the snow
To St. Machar Drive
And back in a row
After 5;

Near the TV
But for the bell,
Merry would tell
Of the free high tea;

But like the Christmas tree
In silver city
And the one in YMCA
Was the end of great merry days.

The Poor Little Lad

The poor little lad
At dawn and dusk
Got those welts
From the welding task,
And wending back
Through the children park
Met in the dark,
In mind he had.

The Labor Piled High

Putting on a sweatband
A hammer she held
And in that calloused hand
A pride she felt,
And busy and mild
Was her child;

Not very far
Was a drowsed beggar
Passing by,
When near to her
Was the labour
Piled high.

Peace

Of what I got
With some I thrived
And some had brought
A sort of humdrum life;
But the one I sought
And long I strived
Was the most desideratum.

Is that the peace?
“Yes” is the dictum,
So much I miss.

Leaves of Cloud

Confined in the vastness
Over the shroud
My mind was cast,
Cloaked and taut.

But before an utmost bore
Down I found some leaves of cloud,
As if of silk,
And more and more
And more of that ilk
Gliding past.

The Cranes

Some cranes had spread
Their wings in air
With clouds overhead
And clouds in layers;

Some had made
The silver stairs
To the silver beds
Up in there;
And carrying the accolades
Moved all makers.

The Urchins

Have you seen
The hungry dry eyes
Of the townie little urchins
Severed from their kin?

Have you seen
The dirty little children
Living beside the drains
And eating from the bins?

Have you seen
The hunger pangs
That banged
On tin?

Will you slip
From this din
Or flip
To it means?

Looking for Her

Away in the sky
In the twinkling eyes
And far from the stars
Where the roses are,
I looked for her;

And in my heart`s desire
I found in there
Like the rose attar
In a waiting jar.

Bathed in Moonlight

Bathed in moonlight
On the moonlit shore
And wrapped in warmth
An ardour she wore;

Waves broke
Before her toes
And stars afar
Neared to adore.

The Cadbury Baby

Drifting from the rocking of the cradle
She asked her daddy
To dandle
On his knee,
And thence waddle to her
With the Cadbury bar.

And taking the name
Of a Cadbury baby
Betimes she became
A grandee lady,
But still a Cadbury
In her caddy.

The Merry Old Lady

With wrinkles and dimples
So simple a face,
So tender the smile
In praise
For the children in there
Mingled with the waves;

The merry old lady
Was seated on the shingle
Like an angel
For her faves.

The Grain

Seeing the grain
Sown in soil
Soaked in rain;

The life that emerged
On the plain;

The leaf, the flower
And grain, again;

And also by the flavour
And the colour,
Were you fain?

If you were,
May it be so, amen.

The Pair of Glasses

The pair of glasses
Gave my eyes
A touch of class
In all that was
In the mass of hues,
And saved as much
That lies in view.

My Watch

Little by little, move the needles
The second in the lead,
The minute and hour in synchronism
Telling of the needs;

A constant companion
Dwelling in my deeds,
And in unison with the march
Is my watch, indeed.

Her Balcony in Grace

The likes of the palm tree
Added life to the place
And the little green balcony
Was livened by the nest
And the bulbul and her company
Had given the taste
Of the herald of harmony
And her balcony in grace!

A Memory in the Nest

So comely
In the balcony,
And in the tree her mate nearby,
And the chick in the nest in the instinct to fly;

Ready the three
Flew abreast,
And left a memory
In the nest.

Greed

Wealth he got
In gold galore
And wreathed in awful lot
He craved more;

Caught in drought
A battle he fought;

In a dreadful night
He lost his sight
But freed from greed
Sought light.

While in the Pink

Though I know
That the life that stemmed
Was set pro tem,
And even for an instant
Or going with the wink,
I owed
A moment
While in the pink.

The Dark Beauty of Johannesburg

The dark beauty had embarked
And smiling she sat beside;
“where are you going to?” she asked
“Dhaka” -
“You?” -
“South Africa,- Johannesburg”,
-ensued
And prettily she basked;

So close, so far beside
And 14 hours set aside
And the dark beauty disembarked.

The Greens in Ellisville

Looking behind the screen
Through the glass in the frame,
The greens I had seen
In the leaves in the stem,
And my thoughts had been
In the swings in them;

With greens in the swings
Ellisville famed.

The “Sky Town”

Marooned in the ‘sky town’
The down-and-out
And deep down
Was on the concrete floor
Of the homeless lore
And the holey cloth she wore
Was in kind
The cocoon she formed
For her child;

I was passing by
With thoughts in mind;

The ‘sky town’, the cardboard city
We just see, more’s the pity!

Looking for the Clue

Seeing those flitting
And the bows of the hue
That the rainbow drew,
And the twinkle of the stars
From the canopy in blue,
And the glint of silver
In the grass with the dew,
And the tint of the beauty
Set in you;
I looked for the clue,
But found in lieu, –
That I saw a wee
Just a few!

A Penman's Wondered Awe

If I saw
The poignant moments
In words and lines
And those told of sorrows;
And if there was a line that aligned
With the filling of the hollow;
Was worth an abatement
And a penman's wondered awe.

Doubt

Some for long hidden in shroud
And some came out
But placed in cloud,
If those in view
The marks all true,
Which moves about
Is the doubt.

Rout

Left in the penumbra of sombre thought
And an aura of doubt,
Draught I sought
From the cloud,
But the same plight
And the fright
Of rout.

The Trades I Made

In those zigzag trends
And the trades I made
In all the bends,
Some stood me in good stead
For my song,
But those in the niggles of doubts
Were going wrong
And not fading out.

A Wish

In the ambient regalia
And the mantilla
On chignon lead
She leant her head
For an emollient kiss,
And I embellished
With also my wish
For a bliss
Beyond the plethora of this.

A Dream

After a round
On the ebb and flow
Etiolated, I felt like a diminuendo,
But asleep I found
A dreamy sweet wake up
With the warbling sound
And the make up
For a beautiful morrow.

The portrait

While sitting quiet and somber
And trailing behind the traffic ahead
I was held by the amber
And then by the red,
And the display of a portrait
Was telling of a trait
Close to my sight,
And smiling still and in grace
She had given me the trace
Till the green light.

The Portrait and a Stranger

The portrait of a face
And a flower in place,
The lips shaded red
And the petals so spread,
And the portrait in the poster
Was in the trail
Behind the stranger
Covered in a veil.

The Songbird

I was revelling in a song
Travelling along the trees
But as the songbird gone,
Woebegone,
I thought of thee.

For a Stellar Stay

The manner a joie de vivre
That veered away
And a hope torn asunder
Kept in array
And favoured a nine days' wonder
Left awry,
Was a tender
For a stellar stay.

Pillowing on My Pillow

You stowed the sorrow
And tears that followed,
And asleep I got rid
Pillowed on you, my pillow!

I won't be averse to a bid
To sojourn with the shadow
Of a dormant dolour,
If stowed below
The velour
Of my pillow.

The Days

As the days were over
And in months and years
They petered out,
Some had veered
In the air of doubt,
And some held dear
Now dwell in cloud.

A Thought Remade

After the parting of the ways
And thought lost in distant days,
She came with her flair
And a winner with her;
The days were arrayed
And a thought remade.

A Ballad of My Salad Days

When a freshman I had been
And still in my teens
I was neither a bookish
Nor a play hooky type
But quite a busy bee
In campus,
Class and canteen
And in the pampas
Of the cricket fields
Like a pompous all- rounder,
And rush pell-mell
For the yell of delight
And the feel of thrills,
And running on more
When a sophomore
I had been,
I felt ten feet tall
Having my colleen
With me;
And still in my teens
And in the attire and array
Of the ballad
I was in my salad days.

A Game Called Cricket

Still two wickets in hand
And thirteen to win the game,
And at the stumps the batsman stands
With that aim,
And the umpire calls
For the bowler to ball.

The batsman flips
But caught in the slip,
The finger is raised
And the bowler praised.

The last bat in and hooks over the cover
And ends an over,
Two hands are raised
And the batsman praised.

The last over begins
And all in tense,
The batsman leans
And flicks to the fence,
But the last ball straight
And hits the wicket.

Two teams met
In the rhythm of a song,
And that was cricket
Moving along.

My Brand New Shoes

Striding out for the distant spring
Along a lonely pedestrian precinct
I was failing to cope
Because of the brand new shoes
Hurting my toes,
But she made a scope
To slow her way
And break away
From those ahead
And stood me in good stead;

Ensued
And preened by the pride of place
We looked at my brand new shoes
Laced smiling, and braced.

Redolent of My Dreams

In an instant exposure
Through the dim and distant past
And the redolent
Of all my dreams,
I found some held in worth
And some in frothing ha'p'orth,
Found some in denouements
And some in the doldrums;
But in the cynosure
Were those still covered in dust.

A Thingamajig

In my pensive domain
The thoughts were wide
But she came on time
And sat beside,
The eyes met
And then set aside
With the whistle of the train.

The rails were trailing
Behind the rails
And her hairs wove the trails
On my face
Entailing my thoughts afresh.

And in such a state
“sorry” she said,
Though in thoughtful effect
Pleasure I met.

As the train stopped
At the whistle-stop
Got down the colleen
From the train.

A “thingamajig”
Was the mystique,
And amidst the vacuum
Was the nom de plume.

The Pretty-pretty Two

The pretty-pretty two
Together they grew,
Every minute, every second
Together had been,
But not seen the looks,
Conjoined the twins;

Trishna and Krishna
Long asleep
We wanna pray
If the surgeons say
That the pretty-pretty two
Will kiss and greet,
And be merriment too.

Humanity Winning a Trillion Trust

Refused a privilege
And in their dreadful plight
And an earnest thirst,
They found a tutelage
In the bounteous beauty
Of Koria Kelly
And in the aura of Children First.

And with humanity winning a trillion trust,
The surgeons in Melbourne
Became the light
For the new-born ones.

The buds conjoined
Were freely adjoined
To their great delight.

My Heart is there Where She was Before

On one side, the river flowed
And trees beside
Were running in rows;
The leaves twirled
Onto the waves galore
And many more whirled
Down the road,
On my way
To her abode.

The leaves have withered
And the plants in sorrows,
The waves all ebbed
And the river in dolour,
And my heart is there
Where she was before.

The Svelte Widow

With the patina of elegance
In pink and yellows,
The svelte widow
Sat in the patio
In moonlit mien,
And making ladylike sips
And a glamorous pose
She nipped into a tipsy yen,
Before blooming anew
Like an evening primrose.

A Momentary Stay

In my momentary stay
At the promontory,
I saw the waves in array
And all melting away
In the shore,
Like the syncopated melody
With encores;
Saw the hues of the sky
In sunset setting
And felt the cool, gentle breeze
From the sea;
But all so comfy
And steady
Because of thee.

Pell-mell Tales

He made pledges
His best bet
For what he gets
By making pledges,
Impressed, she believed
The ten feet tall,
But all the pledges fell
Pell-mell tales,
And the pledge maker
Was seen staled.

Late

She tried to air
What left unsaid,
Months and years
A long wait;
But he was late
To take in heart
The secret of the part
She played.

When?

When will the cloud go
And the rainbow seen,
The morning glow
And the butterflies flit
Between the golden sheens,
When will my darling glint
And find the bliss
Amidst the petals
In festal glitz?

My First Amour

Seeing the same smile
And everyday that elegant tone
I wondered awhile
If it was to win or just her wont,
But making a sway
In her winning way
She gave the tremor
Of my first amour.

A Memento of the Past

Attired in two stripes
Of lapis lazuli blue,
A grandeur
In maiden manner
And civilization's due,
The willowy beauty of the tribe
Smiled a toothy smile
With a few gone
For lack of care
And as ascribed;

And the vehicle passing by
Had given a spell of sway
And yet she smiled
Wallowing in the dust;

A smile miles away
And many years ago,
Is a memento
Of the past.

29 Banagram Lane

The golden moments
Of the olden extents
For days, months and years,
With the actions of innocence
Shared, adhered;
We a bevy of players
Each one a beau
In a bijou residence,
A beauteous you;
One place, one name
Still a leaven
And still in fame.

Waiting Alfresco

In the paisley bolero
Of azure velour
She waited alfresco
In the meadow,
And sharing the shimmer
Searching the sunken sun
She delved into a memory
Off the shore.

She comes in nights galore
Since many years ago
And waits alfresco
With saddened pallor.

The Passion Flower

How did you learn the fashion
To blossom as a passion flower
Keeping me wait every year
With the season,
And why my love doesn't return
Just for once
To find a cushion in me,
The way you found one?

Let the Arrogant be Content

When the arrogant
Was not restrained,
And who is sober
And posed to differ
Bore the brunt of bane,
He wished the arrogant
For content
To deaden his pain.

Flower-girl

In a miasma of sorrow
And sorrowful mien
She looked at the sullen men
Seeming hollow,

And thence—
Met one on the lane
For flowers in faience,
And a leaven
For the morrow.

Behold the Heroes

Behold the bunch of heroes
With pageantry of courage and cause
And no fear for the throes
And no desire for the kudos,
And no more
Than their amour-propre.

Great was their credo
Wont to
Like the Chechens do.

Serene You

That smile with great gusto
Renewed to flow
And ergo I didn't know
Of the pain.

Beheld an elegant you
An impress of bijou
And so didn't know
Of the bane.

But why this hurry and haste
And the end of zest
And you left accolade,
And why a serene you
On the bed;
Why in my rhyme
All the time
And again and again?

The Rhythm of the Fading Pain

With the trees up hill and down dale
And hamlets near the bay
Marching behind the rail,
He thrilled the sorrows and pains away.

And though the blight of the cancer cells
Blemished the spell
Once again,
Thinking of that journey by train
He recalled the rhythm of the fading pain.

From an Errant Alumnus

In the delight of reminiscence
And erudition displayed
Enthralled I ran errand
In earnest quest
And found an errant alumnus
Playing truant,
And in rummage and credence
Found no prudence
But ersatz zest,
And so this day and deja vu
I say goodbye, adieu
And mused I look ahead.

A Rickshaw Puller and I

Seen many craven deserters
Half his age, beggar-way, in the town
But since he didn't give up in despair
I became his passenger.

But seeing the exertion
Under the scorching sun
And to my great concern
I made up a pretext to get down.

With respect and fervour
I offered the favour
To my best,
To give him a rest
For a day or two,
But he accepted only his due.

Walking, I searched the soul
And wondered,
Whether rightly I played my role
Or remained a pretender.

The Rickshaw Puller

In our ride
Through the street
We tried to abide
Being cooped up
In the seat,

And cope with the rain
By the hood
And the stained plastic sheet,

But the rickshaw puller
Completely sodden
Was in a mood
Of a courageous feat.

The First Summer Rain

Seething under the intense heat of the summer
And the worst of load shedding
I looked through the window and found
That the nature was giving a silent look
And there was no leaf that quivered;

But the crow sitting in the mango tree
Sated with displeasure
And sharing my resentment and feeling
Was looking askance at the nature.

Not a forlorn hope and though not foreseen
Cloud dropped from the clouds
Drawing curtain on the glow of the sun
And the leaves celebrating with swing and turn,
As the rain was in a teeming trend
And till it came to end.

The crow was still sitting there
Shaking water from the feathers,
And then crowed and left.

All sentient beings and their domain
Embraced the first summer rain
Like me,
Like the crow off the mango tree.

On My First Gaze at the Taj

Under my intense gaze with sublime
I searched back and pondered
Whether it was the architectural grandeur
Or a magnificent spillage of ineffable feeling
Found in a wonder.

But the way an emperor embraced an art
Derived from a love in heart
For his wife,
Had crowned a life
For all time.

If My Memory was like a Sieve

If I could survive the hazards and live
With my memory like a sieve,
So that only the worth- whiles would last
Breaking with the jittery and windy past;
Not to celebrate or reminisce,
But resurrect with grace
And without airing grievance;
Not a go-getter for the future
And make all square,
But to rekindle love and hope
For those who need my care.

Truth shall Make a Clean Breast

You were far away to see
My stake in your zest
And intense glee,
And I didn't make a quest
What your mind was telling of me.

But going about
I found
That a crescendo of doubt
Was around.

And so truth shall wait
In my chest,
And not very late,
Before truth makes a clean breast
After the fallacy is out.

Dwelling Upon

Going back
To the days of yore
In my milieu
And your mores,
I dwelled upon
To dispel a few
In the track,
But only to recall
Warts and all
In the stack.

Waiting

A candid urge
Was beaming for her
With the sunlit sunflower
Beholding the sun;

But as it was
Waiting for the sun
Also my love at large
Till the heart was won.

Solace

With glamorous nicety
And stately grace
And sovereign etiquette
Seldom seen
She stood beside the coffin
Wreathed in realms,
And with coalescence of eminence
Glistening with tears
Showed her adoration to him;

And for whose credos
The mourners met in endless flows
Found solace in her.

Prettiness

When the prettiness of mind
And in thought and expression
Brings in a kind
Not another fashion;

When prettiness percolates in the smile
In happiness and sorrows
And flows
Not in cryptic style;

And when prettiness is implanted in love and care
You make life going a ravishing way
And most endeared,
And the pretty-pretty moments shall not fade away.

If Not Yet Seen!

Seeing the scenes
Of no fears
In the stone throwing teens of the Palestine
And the handkerchiefs soaked with tears
Beside the coffins;
And the goggling eyes
And the sand-flies
On the skeleton face of the Somali child
And our feelings still so mild,
I wondered-
If the world is moving on the sly
And not yet seen!

The People are Falling Apart

The exodus of the terror-ridden
And the plight of the famine-stricken,
The sparks of the batteries
And the dismay the captives carry,
And the words hurled
Around the world,
Caused a feeling in my heart
That the people are falling apart,
Though the world is smaller
Than ever.

Homo sapiens

Race, religion, colour and creed,
Culture, character, nexus and need,
Hunger, happiness, fairness and feelings
Relate to people with different meanings.

Some are hungry with bulging belly,
Others wait empty daily.

Some are after taste and glamour,
Prestige, prominence and the power,
Others have nothing to squander;
Even fear or frustration has no entity,
And not to say of disparity.

Let's dawn upon and not forget so often
The essence and quintessence of Homo sapiens.

A Success

If my words and deeds are hived,
And knowledge, sapience
And thoughts and prudence
Always thrive;

And if you obtain love and fervour
And a driving force when you dither;

And if those you rightly deal,
All you edify, and all you derive
Would make me feel
That I scored a success in my life.

The Heathers

Walking on the moor
And through the heathers
I saw the flowers hither and thither
And also along the contour.

Purple and pink
Were the beautiful flowers
And I kept on looking over
Nicely linked.

A Cheer not Inferred

Seeing a latent beauty
Quieted into a silent mien
In the water, still and serene
Beside her,
She looked at the pair of eyes
And the cheer that lies
But beyond her ken,
And not inferred.

Love

The liking had grown
In the vintage of the teens
But that it was love
And her own,
She had kenned
As the vacuum
Reigned,
When long unseen.

A Sullen Few

If you don't sense solace
In a state of twinge
And find no trace
Of the tinge
In the flair and style
Of that smile,
You depict a sullen few
For whom no care is due.

My Moppet

I looked at you
With arms akimbo
And searched for “rondo”
In my view;
And I met a moppet
Playing the filial role,
And a father’s pet
And a whole.

The Moon and You

After the noon, the afternoon
And after the sunset tuned
From afar comes the moon,
And with the thrill
That after your meal
She will carry the boon,
She will meet you soon;
And whisper in ear
That what you are
Is very dear to her.

But it is now time
That with this rhyme
There is a cloudy clime,
Please stay beside
The moon will hide
Away in the blue,
And play peekaboo
(for) a night with you.

Again tomorrow will come the moon
And again after the sunset tuned.

After the noon, the afternoon
And after the sunset tuned
From afar comes the moon.

In the Angelic Realm of My Little Gems

In the dream
Was an angelic realm
Of my little gems
Held supreme
With gleam of cheers;

Also seen a gleam
Was a “raceme”
Of little poems
And found “passim”
Was a life so dear.

My Little Dearies

Very savoury my little dearies
Busy like bee and jolly whole day,
So dearly my dearies
Kept in array
The piquant imageries
On my way.

In a wakeful serenity
I got them relayed
And a renewed felicity
Swept me away,
While slept my dearies
Tired in play.

The Cockroach

As the tiny brown cockroach
Made an approach
With its twee needle legs,
My wee little friend was gleg
For an escapade,
But as he crouched
He felt afraid;

And the poor little cockroach
Moved ahead
As if in reproach
And a bit staid.

Daub

Rising from the floor
In the middle of his art
He waddled towards the door
And daubed on my shirt,

And merrily installed
The daub as an art,
Warts and all,
Deep in my heart.

Sibling Content

What a great treat
For the moppet on the bike
On the pillion seat,
And a brother of the like
Giving her ride!

And seeing his look-see
So intent,
Amazed, I thought
Of the sibling content,
With a shift of worry
To my pride.

Oh, My Little Angel

Oh, my little angel
What a great art,
The way you had sailed
Deep into my heart!

Angel, angel just carry on
I shall be your cushion,
Soft and sound
And on the ground.

Oh, my angel, so endeared
That a great fan Rushan
Will be in unison
To take a great playmate care.

A Dream Fulfilled

Running deep
Next-morning-bound
Soon I fell asleep
And awakened I found,

My precious little in zest
Pillowing on my chest
And the display of a thrill
And a dream fulfilled.

My Little Wonder in Merriment Vein

Seeing my little wonder
In merriment vein
I mulled it over
In wonderment
And with the breath of life
Enlivened,
The feeling of living
Reigned.

My Doll, My Idol

The days passed and hurried
When she was a seraphic doll,
But not dilly-dallied
When in my being, an idol.

Not going amiss
Was such a great deal
That my life like this
Was felt fulfilled.

The Herald

Away a few yards
A dream came true
And the herald we heard
Was of a feeling so new;

And as the door flew open
For us to view,
She gave us the gen
That it was you.

My Sweetie is a Cutie-pie

With those itty-bitty and lovely eyes
And a few drops from her cry
She came close, and also I;
And no wonder why
It entailed great ties.

From her itsy-bitsy and pearly eyes
The pouring pearls had dried;
My sweetie was a cutie-pie
And no wonder why
I felt great pride.

With My Little Darlings in My Heart

With my little darlings in my heart
And so much adored
I fell into the trance as before
Failing to assert;

And the feeling that begirds
My whole core,
Is that they avert
And not miss me more.

The Moon Knew that the Bride was You

The moon was new
And the sky was blue
And the bride was glittering in golden hue,
But the moon knew
That the bride was you
And so went behind a cloud of dew.

My Dear Little Child

So often I worry
Her naivety,
But a dreamy romantic nature
Favoured her
With a fantasy bliss;

And she makes a parrot-fashion
Responding my care and kiss.

What a dear little child she is!

My Little Wonder

It took so few days
For you to grow this age,
Not all cleaved to my memory
In niceties
When you just learned to talk
And put up the walk.

But harking back
To most vintage stock
When you slept on my chest
After the stint in act,
I gazed and found intact
The comely and comfy track,
Where you left the filigree
For me.

Precious little
Getting at your wonder
I hibe the best I can
To live in clover
When I am a grand old man.

The Weeping Willow and My Weeping Doll

The weeping willow
Behind the window
Shed all leaves like the fellows
But it alone was telling of the sorrows,
And dangling with the snow
And swinging with the wind
It carried my mind
To my abode.

There I found my weeping doll
Saying me goodbyes
With teary eyes;
But rolled like a snow ball
For her my wishes and this ode.

The Rose was in Flower

The rose was in flower
Late in the year,
But when the petals of rose
Which the sepals had closed
Opened in a stately art,

And when each one of those
Bloomed in rose,

Looked like a poem
Tagged to the stem,
And a treasure
Of immense pleasure
Deep in my heart.