

Poetic Possibilities

When the basket of innumerable ideas overflows,
And eyes get drained of crystals,
A poem is born,
Like a new leaf, a new bud of hope,
Raging against the storm.

When bleak changes hit like hailstorm,
And ring the tune of alarm,
A poem is born,
Despite the concerns that shuddered the soul,
Despite the lips that uttered no.

When the pillow soaks away all pain,
And the heart revives once again,
A poem is born,
Like miniature, uncertain flowers of reality.

When words fail to escape the mouth,
And stay trapped in threads of thoughts,
When self becomes the most trusted friend,
Healing gradually the scars of togetherness,
A poem is born,
Like a flower with expressive petals.

When stars escape the sky,
And twinkle in dream-lit eyes,
When all barriers are broken by bliss,
With joys shimmering upon one's lips.
A poem is born,
With words heart consoling,
Silently exploring,
The hidden sparks of time,

Some soothing childhood rhymes.

A poet ought to smile,
At soul piercing thoughts,
With a golden cutter,
Slicing the butter,
Of existence.
Whirling the memories,
Bouncing the keys,
Of locked doors,
Ready to be unlocked.

Words are effective,
When emerging from deep wells,
Of eyes that weave a tale,
Like concentrated sunrays,
Fiery and fierce,
With incomprehensible fears,
On the road of reality,
Masked individuality,
Abandoned happiness,
Lonesome lifestyle.
Poetry heals it all,
And conceals it all,
Decorates the boring walls,
Answers heart's infinite calls.
And fills a spark in dormant dreams.
With awakening beams,
Towards a starry tomorrow.

Mental Landscape

As I turn the empty pages,
Of my mental landscape.
Clouded aspirations, sunny spots,
Starry dots, shadowy stars,
Descend, on white papers.

Day and night overlapping,
Dark and light overshadowing each other.
Multiple angles and bends,
Show the sameness differently.

A sense of self,
And one's identity,
Questioned,
With pointed fingers.
Amidst the daily circularity,
And ruffled repetitiveness,
I strive to be,
Carefree and independent.

There's a possibility of visibility & clarity,
In a dark background,
And darker times.
Undeniable dependencies,
And heavy responsibilities,
Lead to confinement of vision,
Beyond observation.

The arrow of judgments exchanged,
And circulated.
There's transition,
And gradual turning of the pages.
Every sight is just a segment of the bigger picture,
Completely different from its counterpart.
Merging and emerging,
Into an infinity of interconnectivity.
Yet the self stands alone,
Crowded with indecipherable chaos,
In a battlefield of thoughts,
Mindcuffed, deluded,
Aiming a dart at its own heart.