

Poetry Series

Eila Mahima Jaipaul
- poems -

Publication Date:

2007

Publisher:

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Eila Mahima Jaipaul(11/26/1971)

I was born in Brooklyn, but I now live in upstate NY with my family. I am a faux stained glass artist, a lover, a journalist, a thinker, a mechanic, a passionate person... with much too much time on my hands. I've been writing since I was 16... perhaps one day I'll be good at it?

'For when I sample your angel'd prose, my heart soars... my soul is bliss... '
One can only dream!

Eila means 'the Earth' and Mahima means 'Greatness'

For photo-poems:

for more poems...

...And They Say Love Is Blind

I ran easily through the night
despite the path
I was one with the shadows
slipping through moonlight
and conscience thought
to your face.
its almost as clear
to my eyes, as the light of the sun.

...and they say love is blind?

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

~

I drew a thin line
but the line, needed a partner,
could not live on paper
alone.

When you cut it,
letting blood flow
through the letters...
grief gets a new name.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

29 June

leaf skeletons
stems hollow
tiny veins, rigid
support air
where once lay
fragrant memory

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

A Beautiful Dream

you appear there
in front of me
very nearly transparent
your presence looking like a reflection
in a mist shrouded mirror
so hazy a strong puff
might blow you away like fog
yet this Love is not the memory
of a beautiful dream...
when I reach out
you are there

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

A Bridge To Your Precipice

night envelopes my pain and sorrow.
moon's light fails to reach even this place
there is no reprieve
in this vacuum
where I asked a question
with no reply.
so I'll continue on in silence
building bridges to the edge of your precipice
where we meet one day
to work out how to deny this love.
all the while I'll
believe less and less
in mercy, compassion,
and hope.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

A Call Of Lovers

I still feel
where you touched me
beloved of heart and soul
I am not a love lost
beyond regaining
call to me
and I will come to you
without delay
without fail
I will come
heart open
this I swear

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

A Fine Pair We

a fine pair we
you, with lack of passion trust
I, with love balanced on edge.
could you but understand
passion, once sparked
takes on a life all its own
constantly growing and breathing love fire
like an erotic shimmering golden dragon
could I but accept
the simplicity and elegance
of your desire
because it just is.
something akin to the sun
it doesn't ever leave
it just disappears, because it must
oh yes dearest heart
a very fine pair we.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

A Firefly In The World Of Dreams-

closing my eyes I sleep
body floating in darkness
without substance
whether I lay up or down
or sideways
I do not know
there is no direction here
all around me in the blackness
fireflies seemingly twinkled
a vast horde fading away
into unimaginable distance
those were dreams
the dreams of men and women
they were my dreams
I rove the darkness ably
darting and weaving through the sparkles
trying to find you
somewhere across this world of dreams
all glittering in-front of me

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

A Flame For The Moth

the dance has started
as the moth draws itself.
flutter around my heat...
move closer to that which you desire
come to me.
pulse in my flame.
bring your passion.
in me, fill your soul need.
caressing your every move
I respond with heat
I watch
every shudder and lick
swaying to you
I am hot enough to melt desire.
my touch will leave wings singed...
but no longer throbbing.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

A Garden Of Servile Vines

All day long I question
unanswered fate and inevitable truths.
their teasing haunts me.
where was I
when you happened?
didn't you realize
I wish to remove all between us,
to be clothed only in your whispered name...
acting a garden of servile vines
(inclined to wrap around you)
I will find a way back

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

A God In Galoshes

you burst into my room
like god himself wearing galoshes
casually stepping over
the threshold into my heart

the air was ripe
with red currents
and violets
and smokey clove desire

I blossomed
into womanhood
when you excised
your rubber needs

and it didn't matter
that ice had formed
on your hands because I knew
I was hot enough to melt

yes my love,
you burst into my room
like the God you are
filling me with your light and presence

there will always be space
in my heart Love,
for you,
and your galoshes

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

A Letter To Love

Love...

will you stay till I close my eyes
and my dreams take hold
I promise I will not let go
of the one who comes
so close to knowing.

... Love...

will you stay here?
stay here, for us?
stay until the clouds
on which we reside
drift apart.
and you can no longer see my eyes.

... Love...

I've been cold... and weary
it seems like forever now
I have begun to loose my hope

... Love...

won't you come keep me company awhile?

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

A Place Inside

this is how my kiss occurs in absences;
with lips half opened
with words assembled in desire and promise.

I want to be water on your skin
sweet, transparent,
wet... a string of shapely droplets
turning lush
in the blueness of your glances.

concealing myself in the shell of your navel,
I rest before reaching the closest lines
to your recesses.
it is then you open...
a warm interior to my joyful evaporation.

while settled along these banks
I will quietly recount a mad trip over skin,
where I met a man filled with seek.
and you will sit beside me, weaving tales
of a woman who came
and wrote something inside you.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

A Plaything To The Gods

expecting nothing
I got less
it appears my Gods
have abandoned their plaything.
Ever steady Apollo gives his thanks
for the momentary distraction.
Dionysus empties his glass hurriedly
and takes his leave...
he knows fun when he sees it,
but more to the point
he knows when the party is over.
Aphrodite, you ask...?
well, she was never here.
For a moment, I thought I saw her
I was mistaken.
I will sulk like an
impetuous child,
crying.
But like the toys
of children
it matters not what they do,
they are still discarded,
newness gone,
in a disheveled used heap
on the floor.
How foolish of me to think
I could ever have been worthy.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

A Poet (Words)

the words
are beautiful
they are love itself
or human insistence for believing a beautiful lie.

the words
are mirrors
they are blurred with tears
or the surrogate life in which we live.

the words
are wise
they are refugees in our mind
or a way to let past have its ashes.

the words
are center
they are destinies, comprised of conscious, innumerable parts
or of some life that isn't intellectual.

the words
are petals
they are without stems, in water
or dreams, modified down to reality.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

A Poet For A Lover (Erotic)

write me a poem
of promise and lust.
put your pen
to paper as you would
put your hand
to me;
your fingers
on my neck,
your thumb easing
tight beneath.

push a slick trail
on virgin page and tell me
in words I can hold
in my mouth, savoring
your intents as pulp
between my teeth.

slip what you want of me
into language that rolls
on my tongue, clings
to my lip.

write what you need of me
in silk or lace and pull
the verse tight
about my breasts.
make me inhale
sharply as I read.

give me words that knot
in my hair.
draw my face down
till my whispers barely fit
between me
and your poem.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

A Poet Rendered Wordless

I communicate
with my own improvised signs
and words
written in the pages
of a half-filled notebook.

I haven't yet
mastered your silent speech,
though you have been quick
to read my lips and poetry.

When we met,
I felt heavy with words,
and tried to coax dumb fingers
into a half-remembered language
scribbled in air with ferocity.
Frustrated,
I threw up my arms
and surrendered.

Ever wise in these matters,
you took my face in your hands
and kissed me.
In that brief moment
you taught me
the value of touch.

Thankful for the absence
of spoken word,
I moaned my latest verse
in silence,
entering a realm
where touch
was more important
than syllables and stanzas.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

A Request

I'd like to be lost
in that tangle of
blankets
and pillows
and sheets
when you wake.

our arms
our legs
our bodies entwined
so we won't know
where you end
and I begin.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

A Serpent Is A Good Sign For You

a serpent is a good sign for you
with your schemes upon schemes
if you're not careful
I think one day
you may swallow yourself by accident

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

A Song Of Hearts Calling

my hearts song for you is pure love
music without words
they fade into you
the way water pours into a stream
my voice in this song, soft
catches you hypnotically
filling your mind
I caress you with my song
my love
like fingers
making you smoother
somehow
as if my call were shaping you
close your eyes and remember
as the voice quiets you
it is familiar, that melody
sung for you the instant
trembling fingers touched my soul
the voice rose to a climax
almost a hymn for the sleeping

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

A Song To Love

Willingly I dried out consciousness,
turned the slight kernel in my chest,
and let the love of you hold me.

It was that love,
whose nature we came to believe
was pure possibility, which brought me here.

And love itself
has made me swell
to touch the air close in my arms.

I want to keep your whole body
and the insupportable complete
weightlessness of your loss, suspended,

met, and merged in me, every moment.
But unmanned spirit and unfleshed man,
I can not cradle... no one can.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

A Trickle Of Shadows

dreams
and thought came
in a trickle of shadows
melting if I tried to hold them too hard
but still you vanish like smoke
with a gust of air
and I remain alone
in bitter darkness
trying to fight the wind
endlessly tumbling
in the icy void
knowing I'll
never find you again.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

A World Forgone But Not Yet Ended

if compelled
to give up,
I would lift,
as leaves do,
loosened
from the tree
and feel the floating
thread of my thought
blown out
beyond itself,
wandering

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Absence Is Cold

waking in total darkness
I lay here
trying to think of what awakened me
it had been something?
wrapping myself in my blankets
I can feel my body shiver
the cold seemed in another place from where I was
but it wasn't
it was here
because you are not.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Absence Stings

there was the thing
that I did not want to see
though the cuts and bruises were there
to remind me
your ointment
had stopped the bleeding of my heart
well, there, and elsewhere
yet everything still hurt
most of it still stings
particularly your absence
that part would grow worse

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Acceptance

Comprehension is beyond me, yet acceptance is knowing.
I understand neither.
Blinded I am tormented by time.
Excruciating as it seems I am indelibly marked upon my being... again.
The imprint radiates with heat until its consumed.
Pushed by time... spurred by space, fed by silence.
Within my walls there is no refuge.
There is nothing to console, nothing to comfort.
Just empty space, echoes and memories.
I rise above to see the beautiful damage. It is serene and calm.
Its accepting, it knows, it comprehends.
But It does not understand.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Accordion Paper (For Phil)

I started to read 'I love you'
and the drivel that comes after
but it blurred between the folds.
those now pleated words
are almost worthy of stirring my air.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Acrobat

I am an acrobat
walking high up on the wire
knowing well that I may fall
still I climb up higher.
Light and balanced
I am unsure of every step.
If I should fall I will surely die
and my body will break and my soul will fly
into the night where the spirits scream
I will leave your world and become a dream.

Till then, your love will be your saving grace.
I'll hold you through your winter.
Knowing well that you will leave
But still I hold you closer.

Let me shine the light down the road you travel.
Knowing that the things you treasure will be the hardest to comprehend.
I'll feel you struggle till the answers come.
Then you'll fly away.
But take my hand until that day
so you'll know the true depth of my love.

I know that change will come.
I'd give the world to stop that flow.
But like a silhouette dancing I can see you
the shadows become clear as you take your leave.

Then my body will break and my soul will fly
Into the night, where my spirit screams.
then I'll leave your world and become your dream.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Adultery

I wanted to hear them hail from your lips
those stories,
speaking of portraits not painted yet,
journals empty not yet committed to the hue of sin
with a story opening without any end.
a diary of lovesick appraise, to become the sculpt of us
our mirror with adoring eyes...
but the pages were worn, at times full of ink
violet and ripe, nothing like me.
The flow of my hand is light as a dream.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Advice For Bad Decisions

if you must mount these gallows
give a joke to the crowd
a dollar to the hangman
and make the drop
with a smile on your lips.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

All That I Am I Send To You

velvet violet splashes the morning
golden hues and crystal icicles
blaze gold as snowflakes fly
the sun awakens kissing crimson painted snow

a frosty earth greets the sun sleepily
frigid winds whistle a salute
to patches of earth peeking meekly
I stride this landscape easily, eyes astute

my touch mingles with the sunlight
flowing to cleanse and heal
inspiring creative hearts
with love and an ability to understand

empowering the rays with strength not to break
I gently send all that I am, amid their glistening tendrils
to watch over you as your world awakens
and your eyes open to each new day.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Alone

I am agitated, I reach out and recoil at what I feel. My soul tortured, my spirit in unrest. I am not at peace in my skin.

Anger and sadness mingle like lovers.
What are you doing to me?

I bristle at thoughts of you, yet I can not breathe. There is a heavy weight on me, pushing me. I can not relax and lash out at the smallest inconvenience. Aggravated by any movement in my space.
What are you doing to me!

I can not hide, and there is no where to run for shelter. You are not here to help me, my will can not bring you to me. My thoughts can not make you come. I am discarded and reckless. Desperate... I can't stand it any longer. I can't stand this feeling. I know not whether to cry or to scream, or both. I am so frustrated.
What have you done to me?

My heart aches for you
My body cries out for you
My being craves you.

And yet I get nothing. Blank, empty space. Void of you, void of love, void of desire, there is no sensation now. No compassion, not even empathy.
It makes me numb

I broadcast but it is all returned to me. To mock me, to laugh at me. My aura is dulled. Withering, pitiful colors fill my world. Inescapable they follow me like lost souls.

I needed you.
And you were gone.

I have to return to my friend, my companion, my love, my constant. The one who is always here for me.

In your heart you knew that I would. You also knew that I would be okay in the end.
You sensed it.

Beaten at my own game, I have never felt so naive and foolish.
I am tired. Emotionally spent and just as you found me.

Alone.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Amid Dust And Salt

could I but touch you
as a thing in itself
separate from everything
ever touched or seen
separate
from everything you've held or felt
I'd take you to Elysium
where, in beds of mandolins, under violet-orange sky
your living would finally be where it should

In time
wooden boats
some draped in rosemary
coriander, lavender
some bare
would bring all my pieces
and there, amid dust and salt
in long red shadows
I'd let you reconstruct me
from bark and herb
until with tears of delicate compassion
I'll resurrect
dancing naked deep inside you

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

An Early October Snow

cold and used
I am the vessel for your need.
Taking me, filling me.
determined that I'll not rest this night.
as the earth often does in a winter storm,
I'll wait patiently for the fury to cease
and the thawing of my soul to begin

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

An Intimidated Poet

I lost my pen, love
it ran out of ink.
all I have left
is a pencil with
a chewed off
eraser...
and the task
of writing
about you
with no mistakes.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

An Ode To British Airways (For Phil)

the neon sign flashes
there will be no departures today
sit and pout looking stunned
stamp up, and argue if you may...
for a moment we couldn't feed you
then the handlers decided to picket
throwing all your wonderful plans straight into the thicket...
so you, who are awaiting a love on silvery wings
have to wait till the morrow to see what it brings...
bearing good news or sad
either way you can't be mad...
for there is no fun, even in first class
when you have to wait in terminal 4...
for days... sitting on your ass.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Anger

there it is again...
like it fell from the moon
without warning
sometimes the buzz grows louder
a wordless guttural roar of rage
that seems no more
than a breaths distance away
sometimes it fades to a dull murmur
yet when this trouble comes,
it comes silently
and suddenly

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Appearances Are Deceiving

take off your jacket and have a seat
you see, we're still standing on the infinite
and I can't bear to watch you there
tasting beauty through the tourniquet
of enlightened souls
pondering it for days and days
feeling like you've just been punk'd.

it's kinda like riding a new bike
gotten with proper marketing technique
and accurate analysis of the target demographic
it is easy to give your life for a little existence
meaning, a title
thinking that what seems like a dream
is in fact, the reality of fantasy.
strands of hair caught on your tongue
each one more developed
than Dostoevsky, with stronger verbs and adjectives.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Apprently I'Ve Offended You

I'll crawl back to my hole
not wounded
but curious
questions bubble
but get distorted
in the strong wind of autumn
if you listen to them pop
you'll hear my
apology
floating in your direction.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Arms

swirling like fountains
something called out mouths to temper.
I melted into the shape of the sun
while you knelt to discover
just how to capture it.
It was the way you discovered
the last pages of me,
that made me wish to stay here
forever in your
eternal protective embrace.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

At First Light

thoughts of you fade in front of me
like wisps of smoke between my fingertips.
in the back of my mind
your voice echos
calling me back to castles and princes.
ladies gracefully taking their place
in the grand halls of life.
my eye on the world watches intently
its as if only what I see really exists,
and even then it only exists when I see it
my hope fades as the days pass into evening shadow
I've learned to feast alone in the grand hall.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

At The Edge Of The Ocean

join me, at the edge of the ocean.
where you'll please me
slowly.
and give me words
mixed with saltwater and sand...
when I don't know what I feel.

it's in those times, sieving hurt,
trying to capture other essences between my fingers,
that I'll find different ways
to say I love you.

with peonies,
in Augusts and Februaries,
with nearly buttoned gowns,
and cranes ... letters delicately placed
in their feathers.

all the while you'll kiss my tears.
their wetness
mark, and remain on your lips
in unreserved surrender.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Awaiting My Love

In a corner I sit and wait for my love.
He reveals himself to me never.
as the sun rises I feel the warmth... today is the day I'm sure.
Love and cupid are on my side.
the corner is cold but safe.
fear, my biggest enemy
pain, my greatest fear.
the warmth of love battles the fear of loneliness

the sun retreats to its house
and so I to mine
another rise and set
and still there is no love for me.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Awaiting The Ink Of Me

I shift my mind
and see your colors
dance in the sky
in the air
shadows cast
a veil of you
and I imagine
your skin
like fine parchment
awaiting
the ink of me.
Drawing fine lines
up and down
your body
tracing a path
for my lips to travel
I watch your skin
come alive with passion
as life returns
to you through my words

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Awaken Me

tender skin
soft under your fingertips
the dark eyes that watch your touch
closing only when overtaken by pleasure
soft lips respond to your kiss
as the swells that reside
firm to your touch.

easing to your gentle persuasion
I reveal my delicate secrets to you
with passions sweet nectar.
my heart is precious
my spirit soars
and my love complete
when you awaken me.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Awakening (An Erotic Tanka)

lovers eyes are wide,
mind fevered with want and kiss...
allows warm waking
of transmitted messages
folded, seeping desire.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Back To Where I Started

I have let you in
back into my head
you never left my heart.
with you comes the confusion
the warmth, the longing
the questions.
my failure again surrounds me
the thick air
suffocates my already shallow breath.
inadequacy feeds my soul
along with the momentary peace.
the exquisiteness that is you.
the beauty of life that is you.
the salty headiness that is you.
the soul that is you.
it will feed on me until filled.
then leave me as a decimated shell.
it is my fear.
it is my joy.
your need keeps me.
but like all others
you will take it in passing.
uneven
out of balance.
tilted again is my world.
but it is drawn to you.
inexplicably
unknowingly
without reason
without warning
without resistance.
I am weak.
I want to feel beautiful again.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Balanced On The Tip Of A Needle

there is a wickedness
that shrouds the air
I can feel it in my depths
as I sit caressing smoke.
it hangs thick
like the nearness of rain
pregnant and palpable in the air
with the knowledge that
the longer it waits the heavier it will fall
In the distance a crow called a mourners cry
and the wind moaned in return
like lost souls in the shadow.
I can feel the sadness grow
as I breathe it in
it presses from the inside
against my skin
for the moment
it all fits into my mind-deep pictures
as water fits into a jug...
and I move out of reach of myself, lost

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Barren Arms And Empty Landscapes

I stood aside from your universe
alone,
in need of you
and there you were reaching out
arms steady at your side.
I knew then, that one place
is as good as another
when you aren't from
anywhere
and belong to no one.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Beauty

Beauty is
warmth,
pleasure,
affection,
comfort,
happiness,
compassion...
a gift without any kind of rejection....
I had forgotten how much it hurt without protection

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Beauty Unparalleled

without rival you are the most beautiful
exotic, erotic, beguiling, captivating creature
to ever grace this earth
your smile makes the desert sands at noon melt
the sparkle of your eyes
when you look upon me
pales diamonds in the sun
your heart, with its love
makes dust into a feast
your soul to which I am bonded
rivals the creation of the stars
the compassion you possess
would give the forsaken hope
your voice, with its intricate and sexy language
could make the mute sing
your body, supple and sublime
would bring nations to their knees
your face, with its features enchanting
would make gods hide theirs in shame
yet despite having attributes to
cease the entire earth from spinning
it was my world you chose to stop
for that and so much more
I will forever love you!

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Because It's Mine

I want to give you the world love
not just any world
I want to give you my world
because its mine, and I love you
I knew you could not take it
because its mine
so I gave you the sun instead
rising in its beauty
aglow with reds, oranges and golden yellows
passion pushing purples and blues
touching, blending, melting into each other
until it's no longer clear
where one begins
and the other ends in the daily dance of love
I gave you the sun
because its mine, and I love you
I knew you would take it
because its mine

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Beckon

Mark me as yours,
lift me to your mouth
until my arms have nothing to hold
other than the measure of wings
across air.

Hum for me there,
in the dark,
singing of voices we'll not hear
and a moon too young to see.

When you taste,
taste deeper for the salt
and grief of me.
Take from my throat the cries
only made when dreaming of light dancing
along my very own curve of earth.

You will race through slick trees.
I will tremble breathless,
waiting for your hot voice,
and its one exploding word

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Before Me

there you are
before me
an intoxicating smile
blue eyes shining
I could not say anything
not a word
you are so beautiful
I just want to look at you
wondrous and alive with passion
you smell crisp
like outdoors and linen and rain
I want to laugh, giddy
I want to kiss you, desired
I want to pull all the smell of you
into me
forever.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Begging Did Me No Good

reaching out into the void
I am reminded
again
that the worlds
I attempt to fill
with love and tenderness
will continually use
the essence of me
taking what is needed
when and where
convenience carries the whim...
with nary a whisper in return
the more I whimper
in sorrow against it
the faster I dissappear
asking and tears
do not even turn heads
I am without power to fight
that which I do not
comprehend.
all that remains now
lies bleeding
life seeping
in utter silence.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Between

The fire rises,
dances, dapples
the flesh
with patterns
of brightness and shadow,
spices the breeze
with smoky incense.
Does it really matter
whose sighs, whose moans,
whose hand wields tender skill?
I offer you myself
on this day
between the darkness of the mysteries,
secret dreams,
and the velvet shadows
that render the light
all the more brilliant.
a balance of love,
of devotion
of hunger,
in a moment suspended
between two breaths,
between one loving
stroke and the next.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Black Hole

All day the hoary meteor,
black Boreas, furious with despair,
light the lions of burning gas,
destroyers of outlandish plans.

It started at dawn, in a crust of stars,
the brightest one going and coming
in a curve of nature,
in the warp of a sphere
falling stars always seem to wish to imitate,
when they wear the habit of insatiable desire.

Beneath the great heart-blinding ball
blackness bound, to plow all golden falling Cassiopeia
on end with bright Perseus beneath her.

Falling to death, the absolute,
the nothing that has yet to form itself
out of the veering spiral
changes the lurid brunt of air
looking as if off in the sky a nodule of ink
had opened, tainting the surroundings
a green so dark... the black it slithered into
grew a minute after-sheen.

In this somber vortex...
while elements were being torn
then recomposed,
the truth of your being
welled up in a whisper,
till one speck held itself intact momentarily
through the blare of stuff collapsing, bombarding, reforming
and I saw there
the glowing stone...
the warm patch in the icy floor...
telling me that what I wanted was near
and that it was all right to live.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Black Waters

Moonrise, and no one wakened to notice how
savage or hard these trances can sound from here,
where light picks out the deeper patches
of darkness as if it were knowledge.

I call out to you from an adjacent room.
I hear my rasp that carries through your wall.
Saying, 'I'm cold.'
'Wait. Don't let me go.'

We were built by rivers and
night water
running past our windows
comforting the sorrow cast across our lives.

Now it sounds like sad songs in the evening,
not made by god, but by water rushing around lifeless glass.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Blind Date (In The Mood)

hit the lights Love, i like it dark in here
and since we're overdressed for an argument
lets strip off our first impressions,
they're only formal forefronts anyway,
and we can fake it for fifteen minutes
then i can have a refreshing ice cold cigarette
and we can move on.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Blown Glass

blown glass

created from fire
born in heat from pieces of earth
molded by blocks
spinning in embers
I glow
I radiate
waiting for the breath of life
expanding orange
swirling red
hot
I need more
I desire more
I want more
fill me till I am stretched thin
delicate,
but hardened by that which surrounds me.
colors swirl, cooling
muted by life
by time.
Patience my love
it will become clear.
cast aside to temper
I am fragile
touch me
I mold to you
press me tightly
I shatter.
returned from whence I came.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Blown Into Fantasy

the wind blew
stripping all in its wake
leaves, clouds, souls...
even the moon seemed to sway gently in the sky.
what chance did my weak flesh have against such a torrent?
I let myself be washed
hoping to douse
need and longing coursing through my veins
I can't help but feel you,
your touch like the wind
tearing at my clothes with desire
a gale pressing my flesh
it is you against my back
warmth radiates
and I am blown into fantasy
studying you beneath me
hands above your head
sky eyes stormy with pleasure
warmth grows to heat
with depth and breath
thoughts rage
suddenly you change direction
hovering above
I struggle to hold on
heat radiating in waves
I am lost in the storm
spasms alternating
with the tensing and releasing
of my imagination

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Blue Eyes

Within the depths of the blue is a hidden peace,
revealed only to me.

The pools swim with a mystery that I will only see in time.

A gentleness beams from these eyes.

A gentle notion that I haven't felt before

I wonder about the blue...

Is there room for me?

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Borrowed Fantasy

I borrowed you
when night came into the room.
you and dark
lay over me,
like air, tangled
by rotation of thoughts.
they belonged
but you were stolen
into that moment.
while you slept far from me
I brought you to my bed
sliding comfort
beneath pillows whispering with need
that lingers in small whimpers.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Bound In Life And Death

I am ill
the wind blows
and speaks to me of death
the earth howls
angry, lashing out in fits and starts
she is dying, and I can feel it
as sure as I can feel
the cold mist on my face
a haze of taint covers me
in an icy sad grip
resignation fills the shift in mood
the soil sings to me
in a low chant
a death moan
the decay begins to fill me
outdoors holds little peace
I can barely grasp what I feel
its like trying to hold
icicles in a forge fire
I feel as old as
the native burial grounds
with secrets even older
that I forget
what resides in my bosom
I am slipping
but I don't know where to.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Breaking Up On Valentine's Day Eve (The Acrid Hint Of Almost Gone)

Beneath me, your heart
lay cold against my chest
not from the accumulated chill of night
but from unwanted flesh,
now found too icy to warm it.
Almost bitterly palatable
the faint acrid hint of almost gone
hangs between us.
Drinking you in for the last time,
I told myself, without believing
that the taste of love dead
was just my imagination.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Breathe In The Water

tears roll down the mannequin smile plastered on my face.
tears of anger and loneliness
broken is my heart
life is empty
barren as the sea
oceans of tears support me now.
they are the last pillars of my survival
yet even in this ocean...
there is life.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Breathless

I saw my holy man
come in from his stone temple
I touched his soul
when he was meant to touch mine
among the red and white flames
I drank his passion
the wind cried
and tears fell to the earth
but when love called, I came.
I learned the deeper I go
the higher I fly.
You leave me breathless.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Brick Wall

what can I write
that I haven't already written
how can I put on paper
what I have already said
what more need I do
to move you
at least a brick wall
will stare back in silence
you,
I can not even see

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Brown Eyes

the sweet girl with the bold brown eyes that laugh is heading home.
somewhere between the lamp posts she smiles at her secrets.
the halogen light only amplifies the tears.
distant now are her loves.
cradle them like the children she knows, but without hope.
all the reasons were there, its just that no one was listening, no one was there to hear.

the sweet girl with the bold brown eyes that twinkle with mischief is heading home.
somewhere between the lamp posts she cries.
shallow dregs left for her comfort cling.
softly she touches them with kindness.
its all she has left to give.
she knows mercy, she knows love, she knows her heart.

the sweet girl with the bold brown eyes that smile when she does is heading home.
somewhere between the lamp posts she is living.
coveting her memories, guarding their passion is an obsession.
living in the past is not.
the space between her worlds is short.
but time is not a concern to the dead.

the sweet girl with the bold brown eyes that are lost is heading home.
somewhere between the lamp posts she hides.
fate and luck are her mercy, but it is still unacceptable.
choices are what she owns now.
demons lurk in the shadows, beckoning with love.
temptation holds out its hand to steady her.

the sweet girl with the bold brown eyes that are cold is heading home.
somewhere between the lamp posts she waits for her fairytale.
princes and fair haired maidens get fairer in her darkness.
the beautiful ones laugh at her naiveness.
mocking her hope with a dance.

the sweet girl with the bold brown eyes that flash with anger is heading home.
subside it did with the passage of time.

a surprise to most.
but not to her.
anger and emotion do not haunt the spirit world.
only the silvery shadows of regret do.

the sweet girl with the bold brown eyes is home.
her soul shone through those eyes.
they said she was beautiful
she was never missed.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Bundle Of Fear, Bubble Of Love

the bond with you is so great
it feels as though I've never known anything else
or ever wanted to
as I breathe, so I am with you
one is as natural as the other
nothing else feels this way
and nothing has changed
yet everything else is an intrusion
as if a stranger looks over my shoulder
peering at the tangle of emotions
inside my skull.
right beside that bundle of fear you bubble,
like a beacon Love, whenever you look at me
and more often when you can't
your presence is jolly enough to cheer even this dead
shining as twin suns flaring in my brain.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Burn The World

I would burn the world
and use my soul for tinder
to hear your voice
I am so tired love
that I can hardly think
but I need to,
I need thoughts of you
that do not slide by,
beyond my reach
I will not forget your love
even if all my world burns
to ash.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Butterfly Transformation

I saw you in the clouds today
you were a white
over my gray
like a butterfly wing poised
longing had threatened to overtake me
and your sight appeased
saving me, yet again
I wanted to touch you
the color of pure
but I was afraid my ink hands
would mar your beauty
so I watched instead
this butterfly, this bird
a heart, a soul
transformed from me to you

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Caressing You With My Words

Can you feel them, Love,
Softly touching your cheek
Tracing the lines of your mouth
Trailing down your neck

Can you feel them slowly tip toeing
Across your chest leaving trails of fire
Can you feel them falling gently
Against your bare skin

Do you feel their pleasure kissing you
Dancing, twirling with passion
Can you feel them touching
Like flame against your thighs

Do you feel their subtle softness
Between your lips
Held and worshiped within the warm
Welcoming sanctuary of your waiting mouth

The scent and taste of them
Trying to satisfy your heated desire
Do you feel them surrounding you,
Holding you, pulling you?

I am caressing you Love,
with my words
because my body
for the moment is too far away....

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Catch A Whisper

this dream is fading quickly
in the manner of dreams
the knowledge I had in it
is gone
you are gone
only the vague impression
of your love remains
and I, like a fool
tries to remember it.
It's like trying to catch a whisper
almost as the edge of hearing.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Celebrations On Waking

I woke up
with a small celebration
of still being alive
one more time I have walked
under the wings of shadow
and lived to tell the tale
one more dance along the razors edge finished
almost dead yesterday
maybe dead tomorrow
but alive,
gloriously alive
today

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Citrus Smiles

the sun moves past the citrus smile adhered to my skin
blinding, it assures me that its too late for another mistake
drawn to the rhythm, my heart follows its beat
slowly, the wings unfurl
and I wander to your earth, guided by my doubts
yearning to feel my worth.
we are made to feel the sense of duty.
but bound by nothing I feel your heat
I can't escape.
and I succumb to your desires
open your eyes and I am there
full of grace... knowing that your last breath is what I've become
hold on to the night love, there will be no redemption.
there is no object to crave.
restless, cast to wander, with my unfurled wings.
I belong to no one
and my destiny ties me to my duties
life full of decadence watches my decent.
ever present lording over me.
quiet words are broken
falling to the floor.
its painful to me
its all I ever wanted
somewhere I got lost on my way.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Cocoa Mornings (Marshmallow Fantasy)

These hours linger
like a virgin's awakening
my tongue thrust into
a coffee cup,
chasing marshmallows
adrift on a sea of cocoa.
I don't want
to wash you off.

I long for the scent
to linger
like the sound of our
good-byes whispered
on your way out
into the world,

While I lick my lips
I think of the way
you were breathing
as I loved you in my way.

my tongue back at sea
I submerge my upper lip
and think of how I'd rather be melting,
like those little candy clouds,
into the depths of you.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Compassion Becomes You

gently with soft lips,
tenderness and open heart
you kissed my tears.
the salt water
caressing you,
each little bubble of emotion
brushing your being.
you felt my soul drops on your mouth
poignantly, as if your own.
you took them on your lips,
as if to annihilate
whatever malalignment existed in my world.
you held me tightly
awash in my sorrow
without hesitation...
and I ask myself
how could I not love you?

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Consumption

suddenly a twist of memory unfolded
a mist thinned over one day, several hours of my life
and I recalled the aroma of you
it hung in my air
equal parts love and desire and need
somehow it all smelled complete
like the way you hit my soul
making my moon rise by day
and my sun at night
with my arms wrapped around you
did it penetrate that I trembled with need
the need to feel warm, your flesh on me?
I've just never faced a desire so strong
that I could not fight
my only choice was to flee or be consumed
rooted where I stood
I chose consumption.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Conversation

forming words
sloppy, slowly
aware that
I'll regret them into my pillow
there was no air
in those deep breaths
lacking courage

sucked from lungs
and tossed immediately
to your beside table
their meaning scattered
rolling amid dust and change

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Conversation I

I'd like to give you
a gift.
But what...
A crumb or a poppy seed?

...No,
It should be a sparrow.

Let it memorize me,
fly over walls,
with bright sidelong glances
and flash of wing.

We have a single heart Love,
but it turned against me,
though I would wait forever
so long as it was for us.

So much love seems a bad omen.
Always hungry to be seen and known again.
To be whole,
to feel.

If I use my mind, there is no space
between death and the word death...
and our last days grow more beautiful
night by night.

Sometimes Love,
a sparrow sings, in a language so difficult,
it brings tears to your eyes.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Crushed Petals

I make my bed
with the crushed petals of our relationship
delicate hues broken
when they were meant to give pleasure
It is there you take me
in unashamed ferocity
subjugated, spine weak
I lay
with finally enough time
to stop and smell the roses

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Curses And Blessings Upon You

the moon shone down
like a bright lantern in my darkness
wind whipped at the smoke that envelops me
blowing the clouds and fog
surrounding me
blowing you away
cleansed in the night
I can feel your leaving
not suddenly as you came
but a gradual fading
like the wisps
of the moon tinged clouds in the breeze
I could let you slip into oblivion
into that void
easily
the way sand rolls off fingertips
but I do not
though you deny me
and will till your breath leaves
despite your waking dreams
you know
when you close your eyes
and stillness quiets you
you know.
you know, you'll never be rid of me
my being surrounds you
my presence you seek in crowded arms
the essence that is my soul
that will forever be
your greatest triumph and regret
when you deny me, you deny yourself
yet in spite of that
I will be there,
always
if only to whisper
I told you so.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Cyber Love Bytes The Big One

Thoughts of you illuminate my spirit
never a flicker of flame, but with
arching bolts striking with a force
to disturb my equilibrium.
my mind races as waves of passion flush over
caramel skin, causing me to gaze upon visions
of impossible romantic possibilities.
my lips quiver with the words I shall never speak to his
'I love you more than anybody in this world.'

Pathetic is this woman who anticipates the
true rhythm of love, with a man she will never hold.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Dangerous (Burst Into Flame)

with her heart shaped face
and full lips
she could bind you
with her eyes
dark liquid pools
of seduction
she would haunt you
her voice will rip through you...
heat lightning on a sticky night
but its her spirit
that causes the dangerous spark
making you burst into flame.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Dark Wishes

Give me the mystery
of a night perfumed by your skin
and dreamy smoke only of me...
And by candlelight I shall show you
the gifts you have yet to open.
flickering lights and fingertips awaken us
to the taste of dreams in our mouths
drunk from love
and licked from the minds edge
...feel the velvet words smooth over
and we will leave all behind for now

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Dark, Dark Soul

go easy when you pass through me
things are different inside than out
it is like looking
through a large piece of smoked glass
set in blackness
the darkness around the glass gives a sense of depth
as though the opening stood alone
with nothing around or behind it but dark
you could walk all the way around it
and still see nothing from the other side
you could become lost
and never find your way out
being there is like a dream
every blink of an eye
is a deliberate, exaggerated gesture
time stretches out
and a cold icy mist envelops
one hair at a time on my skin
you are the only light left to that world
the blackness goes on forever
but your small pool of light to surround
grows smaller by the day
as if something pressed it back
or ate it

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Death Wish (Migranes)

wrapped tightly in this vice grip
searing pain reaches
its tender fingers
to grasp and stroke my essence
thin tendrils of encapsulated sadness
flow through
and no one can help this
pounding throbbing ache
little recourse is left
for this now balled flesh
except for the wish
to die in peace.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Decisions

there are only three things
you can do with man
stay away from him
kill him
or marry him.
you are not confined
to just one option.
choose wisely.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Denial

bodies moved
their shadows stayed
standing guard
against two halves
of the world
rotating in opposite directions
each its own mirror
reflecting eternity.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Departure

when you bid me goodbye
there was no way to tell
in that precise moment
if you were more intellegent
or more beautiful
than anyone else existing on this earth
but I know, from your eyes
and the casual, sorrow filled
raised hand
that you are mine
and mine alone.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Departure-

mercurial winged
drifting to the secretly held ether
words could have helped
this rescue
but our hour was upon us.
beauty got lost in
the unspoken
and words
failed to come.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Desire

sink yourself into me
let me swallow your needs
and release you to mine
the wind shudders in
your controlled burn
I want to taste the blaze of my fire
tracing the waves
the ebbs and crests
that flow in your eyes
I want to cross the bridge
into the arch of your spine.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Desire Floats

Through the splendor of a star filled sky
the sound of lovers sighs float endlessly
on the breeze...

We'd made love
wrapped in the cloak of night
desires burning
touches filling needs
lifted, consumed
reveling in pleasure
until ecstasy escaped our lips
flying free...

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Desire Soaked

in the moment
right before
the tip of your tongue
touches
an eternity passes
with a flood
of heat
passing
its pleasure
consuming me
with desire
my body awash
in my own
passionate dwelling
deep and wanting
soaked
I float
mind connected
to body
connected
to soul
waiting
to be connected
by
the tip of your tongue

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Destined For Endings

how did we get here love,
here at the place
where the sky glances back at the earth
here at the end of our world.
didn't you know
dreams can kill us;
not with their fantasies and wishes,
but by viewing the world, our world
past black and white and
into all the colors of gray.
we were always destined for endings
you and I, left for dead
our souls siphoned out of us
from the jackals feasting on our lives.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Destiny In Dreamland

My dreamland awaits you,
close your eyes
you and I
close as breath
skin upon skin
lips touching
sweetly irresistible
the scent of you
takes my breath away
you are my desire
inside me lies your destiny
let your eyes invade me
deep, dark, mysterious
your love has captured me

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Did Pencils Ever Write, Did Brushes Ever Paint

did you see the colors of my love
it's red, you know.
I spread it with my tongue
tasting its metallic taste
feeling where it comes from.
where it's warm inside

did you feel
its presence my Love
where it's dark,
and my nature grows
from green spots, in fields
that smell of earth.

I came from that
to you.
to convene at a place of your choosing
between dreams,
before wake.

these words are those urges
mirrors of heat wanting to merge
to your point, speaking loudly.

I looked for you
where you said you'd be
to try one more time, to say...
to say, something.

but love was useless.
what was in my box, was not you.
it was a drying sediment
not the great gentle river
winding through and through
nuzzling the living chambers
holding the walls together.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Dismissed

curt words in an instant dismissal
finally realizing
learned blood is thicker than your soul
destined for greatness, you stopped short
on your way to smell the flowers
its a wonder
your paradox life
of talking and actions
one can only stand in awe
hoping you won't fall
problem is
no one will be there to catch you
if you do
because we all got our pink slips

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Dive Into My Words (In Love With A Poetess) For B.

Why did I not see your beauty before now
it is so obvious
you were brought to me on a wish,
constructed by my dreams
to be carried to me on butterfly wings.

When I think of the secrets
the caresses, the scent that is only yours
which is carried to me on your words;
I feel you wrap yourself around me
touching me the only way you can.

How I long to drown myself in your writing
plunge myself into, then dive
deeper and deeper into your poems
so I may taste you and feel your sweet caress
upon my very soul.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Dolphins And Mermaids

your breathless pools of blue
are returned to the ocean
where you were born
among the mermaids and dolphins.
they sing to you
in your time of need
like I once did.
now vanished like the rest of the foam on the beach.
fleeting moments of joy, lapping lazily, suddenly surpassed by beauty.
the outgoing wave washes away.
resolutely taking with it all that it had initially
and then carrying off more from the shore.
it circles around my toes.
rushing past, like the wind.
on it, I can hear the dolphins and mermaids calling you back.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Double

wind rushed
cold, clear
birds called,
thoughts stalked,
the walls
were silent.
silent
with the
wails of
utter despair.
I walk
among them
clad in
crude half-rotten
rags whispering.
whispering
all the
while toiling,
seeking, building.
building
again, I've
lost my
way. though
I can't
remember where
I was
going, before
I'd entered
this gloomy
tangle. I
was afraid.
afraid.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Draw Me Release Me

draw me my love
by all means you possess
capture my fancy
like the first rays
of the breaking dawn
pinned to the night clouds
stuff me full
of your honeyed voice
beacon me
just as the paleness of the moon
brings the tides
reach out to me
with hands of vapor that solidify
as they move closer to my heart
breathless and waiting
you envelop me
like the thick humid air
waiting to release its pent wet
so I wait for you
soul bare as my body
waiting for you to come
and release me

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Dream Residue

wanting to be near you again
with nothing between us
but breath and skin and silence...
desires come in flows of fresh fragrance.

I want to take off my nightdress
so to sleep beneath moonlight
naked within the arrival of blossoms
recalled by the roots of your legs and arms

with pleasure, your slender fingers
see all thought rising from my navel
and attach it, in splendor, to my thighs
in an eternally cryptic magic formula.

it is the tender vernal season of us
the soft early spring that sends uncontrolled shoots.
and I wait, with the internalized longing
of newly resurrected earth.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Dreaming In Reality

I exist now dreaming in reality
shades of deep reds and purples,
evolving at the speed of light
my closed eyes see all.
bringing fingers to lips
time stops as I taste you, ponder you
wallowing in the memory of your scent and way
how you call me your love
the way you touch my heart
to make me believe
undeniably knowing we are one
conquering happiness together.

I am alive with possibilities endless
wanting you to taste my soul
it is unimaginable,
the way you knew I could and did
once you said the word.
I have your heart
and heaven opens up
bearing angels singing
because we chose to love

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Dreaming Of Oz

I am out the window
and on my way...
Dorothy
on the yellow brick road,
while the Tin-man carries
my coat
and the Cowardly Lion
hums a song and drags
my luggage.

Like always,
I'm moving into your Oz
between the hours of one
and five.

It's my finest magic trick
performed with only
two eyelids, and
a click of my heels.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Dreams Of Greatness

we've all had great hallucinations of ourselves
in our secret lives
resolving to never let those dreams be surmised.
standing alone
the precious portraits of our other-selves
hide themselves
in case the thief that is life
should chance by and steal
our paintings of greatness.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Dreams To Reality

does such a man as you exist
have I idolized you
making you better than you are?
from my dreams
you were born
sprung forth from loins
of need and desire
come to life
in perfect imperfection
to satisfy my unruly ways of loving
there are times I doubt your very existence
then I look at your eyes
reminding myself that dreams
do take human form.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Dream-Walking

bodiless I float in endless blackness
surrounded by a sea of lights,
an immense swirl of tiny pinpoints
glittering more sharply than stars on the clearest night,
it is here you'll be visible...
in the tiny gap
between dreams and waking
in this infinite, between reality and our lives
our two points could be side by side
through the distance for dreamers are miles and miles.

moving without moving I search for you
lights seem to spin around me
sweeping by so fast
it blurs into streaks,
while I float motionless in the starry sea,
vaguely aware of my body.
I am pulled toward you as you swell into sight
rushing toward me
from a star in the sky
to a full moon
to a shimmering wall that fills my vision
pulsing like a breathing thing.
reaching out with sheer will
across the space that remains
between me and my dream
I speak to you, with no body,
no mouth
to tell you I love you.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Dressed In Purgatory

let loose in longing
I revise myself and loiter in it,
the long silences pin me.

I know we don't really exist
in this world of first causes.
we live instead in a place of primal forces,
where I breathe you and feel you sink in.

still I am envious and obvious
and desperate for your love.
desire constantly rises from me,
and takes a living shape to plead with you
in a whispering privacy.

I want to discover
where you were, in your body,
if not here with me.
and what shade of memory never fades.

your eyes my Love,
are either blue or blue.
it seems I'm never close enough anymore to say.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Drifter

leaving
with no place to go
nothing to do
no one to know.
it corrupts souls
being addicted to the road

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Duets Of February

we were smoky.
looking roiled and tumbled.

I like ink patch
laying in the folds
of a cloud shifting, coiling.

undulating, as ones still stained
on their undersides
by a new risen sun,
we writhed in our sky...
flinched and shuttered
to beget drunken appearing lightning,
that staggered down through murky air
to strike savagely
on our pinnacle.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Earth Bound

love...

I have tasted your being

feasted on your essence

lounged in your gaze

felt your emotions

breathed in your fire

played in your presence

moved myself in your love

danced in sacred union

and now....

with unfathomable sorrow and a

reluctant heart,

I must return from your heaven.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Embroidered With Imagination (This Love)

If my soul reflects yours
all doubts will it transcend
extending infinity with our passion.
created in common
this love filament binds us
stretched but never torn
its shadows of ardor
silhouette and drench us with elated bliss
this love is a canvas painted in pairs
embroidered with imagination.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Emptiness Without You

the emptiness
was more empty than I ever remembered
vaster, like a hunger
great enough to consume me
a hunger for more
there is supposed to be
something more
you leave behind a slowly fading echo
of emptiness in me
and a strong desire
for something to fill it.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Ending Sequence 8.8

it's dark
yet I still feel you
as if you'd never moved
eyes staring
searching for truth
your soft touch soothing
enveloping what you find stretched there

hearing all the words you whisper, I believe
each one, before you say it and
with breathless anticipation
I want to question how you forget me
when you close those tender eyes
and escape alone and elusive
tossed in some unknown reality.

I may never find out if this is real
or just another dream.

I'm creating as we move along
enhancing existence in satiated splendor
to fill empty spaces

knowing I'll never follow your emotional attachment
I hover inside your body
throbbing, trusting, that I'd be lost
when you aren't close to me.

it's dark
yet I still feel you
deeply inside me
molded into my essence with endless passion.

as you lay there so lifelessly alive
I think that we should last forever
but then nothing ever does, that lives.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Enigma

you are an enigma, indistinct
sometimes seeming to vanish altogether
only to reappear in mid-thought
parts of you fading into the night
and then fading back
as the wind gusts.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Ensnared

with closed eyes
and no growing wings
I fell in love with you.
flying into that huge valley
with heart, with songs and letters.
I needed nothing except spirit for my body.

all the clocks had two hands.

but because I can love,
because between I and Love
there is no visible bridge, but poetry,
I made you
into the last prophet of love
in this world.

I shared with you my cage, my words, my eyes.

my only desire was to be heard,
my visions needed to be seen by you.
yet your axioms didn't see the poet in me.
your amalgamations refused the bird in me,
addicted to receive your daily care.

that is why you are still here
capable of giving freedom and love.
and why, I, as a weaver of the most beautiful dreams,
am still translating you
into my native tongue.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Ensnared In Mysticism

Ensnared by the possibility,
of being sucked in by sensual rain
I shall not forget the taste of you
in fast flooding waves.

I ache in longing to crash into you,
give myself up to you again and again,
till we mingle, limp body parts,
legs dangling comfortably,
in a mysticism that spent us both.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Entreating Death (A Morbid Courtship)

death, keeper of secrets
come to me, entreat me
swirl hues to intoxicate senses
court with your finery
draw me into your furtive folds
cradle me in your arms
brushing my lips with wonder
coming to rest on my heart.
lead me to you
so I may glean the mystery
of living before my hour is upon me...

(for J.S. yes, it's still morbid no matter what you say)

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Ephemeral

everywhere in my world
feels empty.
but today it has the hollow emptiness
that only comes from a dwelling
truly abandoned.
this space has the irrevocable
air of bone deep sadness.
here, even you,
have no more reality
than a dream.
knowing I could die of longing
trying to live
on what I've found in this place,
I am nonetheless
riveted to my desolation.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Even The Best Voyagers Needed Time

patience my love
it is delicate
this desire
mind and
body and
soul join
eyes and
hands and
fingers join
a slow
deliberate
exploration
the need
for more
will grant you
what you seek
in due time.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Except When I'M Dead (Of Course)

you protected my life
so you must take me
to watch over you, in turn.
Being only a doll, I can't really protect you
of course,
but keep me
to remind you,
that I will always hear if you speak my name
and I will always answer
except when I'm dead
of course.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Ex-Lovers And Fairytales

Like the phoenix so fondly nurtured
you rise from my darkened ash
born anew in the embers of your deceit
leaving me here to wonder of the fairytale spun,
delicately stained on glass now shattered.
The colors painted in steamy nights of lust
enough to rival the creations of heaven
vibrant crimson and purples
splashes of magenta and gold
now dulled to brown, black and mud gray.
Whittling my desire into a handle
severing my love into bristles
forming paint from passion
it was my soul you stole
to complete your masterpiece.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Eye Junkie (Your Blue Eyes)

It wasn't until I was watching you sleep
that I remembered the first sight of your eyes
captivating and intriguing...
you deemed them dull as I recall

It was an addiction, instantly, I think
I could not stop, I had to look again
just to make sure I could not look away

watching as you turned your head
having the light hit them a different way
each time, a new prism in blue

yes, it is my new addiction love..
the only time this junkie will rest
is when you sleep.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Fade To Black

slowly the tears roll down my cheek
as I realize I have exposed
my existence to the world
naked I stand
with nothing left to hide behind
nothing left to discover
empty and alone
I await the judgment of my peers
ashamed and lonely
I sit with their decisions
as the lights fade to black

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Fading

I lay dead
as though burned
despite the green grass
that covered the ground
and the leaves covering the trees
around me
my world looks faded
like clothes too often washed
too often left in the sun
there are no birds or animals here
no bright orb in the sky
no bees or butterflies
nothing rustles the grass
or tree branches
to distract me

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Fairy-Tales And Other Things

Keep me, in a long Russian novel
waiting for you to crack the binding
so I can spring from the pages
into three, four, and five dimensions of life.

This story begins with a kiss,
but there are lions and bears
and glowing moons with orange and blue hues,
for those who don't care for kisses.

Two people walk in a room
with the crazy tension of a stretched rubber band
one looks like a woman
the other a lion
who is fighting to keep
its belly from exploding.

The lion is also trying to be polite
and not say, 'I want you.'
The woman hops like a robin
afraid to look,
but wanting him to take her, recreate her.

And that is what happens.
The rubber band stretches
there is aching in stomachs,
between legs.
Hearts move inside
their rib cages, like birds.

The band pulls out
as far as it can
but then snaps.
And he has her
up against him
with the rushing force
of a hundred eagles,
wind in screams,
crashing forward

being sucked
into mouths,
hands search for soft
skin under shirts
for shoulders
bodies are shy
barely touching.

But they are slowly falling
into each other's gravity
it is inevitable.
They already know this.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Fall

close to stars
in lamplight
we are translucent, pearlized
reflected prisms

there is such ache
until finally
spent, seeping
surrounded
the whole of the sea
moves inside

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Fall Into Dreaming

I remember the dawn
on and on
when love's sweat was sweet
and you were never as serious as me...

I'll save you the trouble of worrying,
and hide,
try to hide this love away.
and maybe this time
you'll stay long enough
for me to remind you
that all we need is here
with nothing between
our skin and the bed.

This is not for you, Love
but more for me.
For my daydreams
and sleepwalking.
So I can listen at night
when I am trying to find sleep.

Know that you are still
and always will be
the last one in my thoughts
before I fall into dreaming.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Fallen From Your Grace

when I think of you
my dismal world melts away
all my troubles and fear
dissolve rapidly in your love
these days have seen me weak
body broken, again
mind broken, again
soul broken, again
but still you take me.
saving me from my
otherwise certain death.
I have fallen
perhaps from your grace?
but you still offer me a place in your heart.
you are what I desire
you are the one true thing
I know I can believe.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Falling Apart

love, I fall apart
feeling me seeping out of me
my life slipping
floating, shifting
in front of me
I am so scared
that I'll never be better
never be put back together
the little pieces of me
continue to fall away
little pieces that are nothing

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Falling Out Of Love

tinned roof
with not so subtle nuances
catch sky slips

chain links
with holes, vacancies
catch paper skittering

nothing
with love desired
catch hearts falling

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Fate In Your Pocket

love, I look so lost
with my eyes full
waiting here for you.
I can tell you now, but couldn't before...
you carry my fate in your pocket.
It goes to the soul of everything I am.
Hold it close, guarding it with your love
I'll need it back eventually.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Feel It Whisper On Your Skin

feel love whisper on your skin
when I caress the grain of you
my fingertips, my body talks to you
searching the nexus desired
that touch of you inside me
raises awareness beyond distance
beyond time
and you'll know
the love of all things when in love

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Feeling You, Tasting Me

tasting,
the wet
the salty
the sweet
the honey.

mouth,
now filled
now pleasure
now exploration
now moans

release
with ecstasy
with love
with beauty
with you

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Find Me

Love,
its all turned quiet.
I recognize this place.
I've been here before
alone
in my room
crouched behind my closed doors
I am having a bit of trouble with myself.
you see... there are holes
and I fear
this storm will not cease its tormenting fury
please come back...
Love
you're the only one
who knows where I am hiding.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Fire

Picture the scenario;
you and I,
a low-slung moon,
waves wrapping around our feet.
My body under your hands, smooth
as sea-worn wood.
Limbs like tinder
anxious for flame...
the coaxing to ashes
and released heat.

Imagine the sudden burst of it,
the combustion.
A boat catching fire
on the sea. A dark horizon
stained with the copper glow.
Watch it burning
down to the waterline, Love,
in a hiss of steam and smoke.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

First Sight

I tried to be
as nonchalant as you
but it was not easy
I could feel your eyes
like a touch
even when
I was turned

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Flakes

I fall,
like those confused little snowflakes
dropping from the sky
not a wind
to give direction
descending
darting back and forth
swirling in dazed peril
before hitting the ground
amassed in the many
now unseen

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Flowers Weep With Envy At Your Sight

I frame your unfolding passion to perfection
yet not a quarter so well as you display yourself
even night blooming flowers
would weep with envy
to see you stroll beside moonlit waters
as I would do,
before I make myself into a bard
to sing your praises
to that very moon.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

For Dying

come Brahmin, come
cut my locks
dust me with powder

or lime

wrap me in white.
my chasteness burns
as the body does
and I've been set here
to collect ash.

I look like my own ghost.

and feel lucky you came
from a far off place, to befriend me
as everything now has gone
leaving only past tense of living.

consoling myself
as those around me
sat quietly not knowing how,

I am in death, and it,
is on me

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

For Love

In the face of others
the day has eyes.

But just a little while ago - especially
for you - a screen lowered
over the world, a kind of silk
through which penetrated
a voice, soft and melodic,
which reflected little bits of us.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Forsaken

Love,
why have you forsaken me
leaving me here alone
I call to you
and you do not answer
I speak to you
and you do not hear
I do not suffer in silence
for I whisper your name, Love
in the dimness of my room
constantly awaiting your reply.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

From A Poet To Her Love

dipping fingers
into my embroidered heart
I draw out words,
which seem to me,
should glow with letters of fire
for they are written
from the depths of me
for you

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Gather Yourself My Love

gather yourself my love
glistening eyes raise to the heavens as you watch the pieces fall
I have lost my hope
I have lost my faith

gather yourself my love
the storm is coming
dark clouds with silver linings fill the sky above
hold tight to your belief

gather yourself my love
I am afraid of this woman's work
the mundane crashes waves against the supernatural
as both worlds collide

gather yourself my love
learn to live outside your sins
learn to follow your heart
learn to move on

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Ghosts On Barstools

their energy lingers, stirring
while humans shift between oak and brass
doubled on rocks
mixing material and ethereal
like old lovers on the verge

regret burns more than
whiskey memories
nights spent licking flames from barked skin
all now mellowly reduced
from love
to simple skin rituals
before final call

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Gone

trying to be observant was no use
a row of leafless trees divided the street and us
but they registered only to my eyes
trembling, I want to huddle on myself
you vanished, time vanished
everything vanished, except the fear
that I would never again feel you
I never took you for granted
realizing the comfort I take in your presence
it was there, promising joy beyond knowing
love so rich, colors paled.
and now you're gone
and it's all I am aware of
all I can be aware of
you are gone.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Happenings Upon Meeting Brown Eyes

when I fell into your deep pools of brown
waves in motion danced
your eyes melted me instantly
love I thought to hold eternally
in my arms ever secure
brown eyes effected your capture.
that voice, perfume scents and touches did more
We meld to one with ease.
So come with me upon this path
amid its mists we will kiss often.
A moment of passion
that has lead to more.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Heat

The skin, at first like dust,
began to gain the torment
of airiness to flesh.
All his body's bounds
from duress, relinquished.
A diffuse grace attends this,
as if the long fuss
of waiting were no trial.

There was spark.
A depth, with all the heat
stored from evenings and afternoons,
from ones own and left by others...
which glowed deep
from a restless head
flicking from side to side
slowly along the drift from the frame.

Cisterns of colour and shadow
run through the streaks
of wet quick light thrusting
in slickness
like the inside skin of a plum.

Fixation, basting, heat.
Heat at the rim, at the body,
the sky a net too tight to swim through
Sleek and ripe the mask of will
empties from the lids. Still it continues.
Sound, idea,
emerging reflections shaped,
coveted, returned in motions drowned out
woven over
disappearing beyond darkened corners.

Fret down the sides of legs up the scalp
and every breath is heavier
crawling through the waves
rubbed by fingers

and then not...
Till the fire in the crucible,
the lurid comet in the sky sinks to the lunar
with pre-atomic stunned velocity.
Exploding like tiny light bulbs
going out
coming on
feverish in change
flickering in a radiant field of stars
diminished into filaments of the soul.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Heightened Senses (I Will Miss Hearing You Breathe)

my sense of touch is enhanced
soaked in the feel of you
our skin together makes silk feel rough
I can smell the scent of you
feel every inch of you
as clearly as if I were running my hands over you
my eyes closed, chest stirring
I wonder where I have brought you
in my wild senseless flight
somewhere far and strange, I imagine
for you, it has been far worse than senseless
it has been madness.
snuggled with my head on your arm
you are sleeping,
so beautiful, so peaceful...
do you have any idea
how I will miss hearing you breathe?

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Hephaestus

ruler of flames,
welcome me to your blaze,
caress me with your searing hands
warm my frozen being
dear God, I am glacial
winter has engaged my soul

I call for you to deliver
melt my ice until it drips
and a rivulet of desire springs
with your forged iron,
fill me with liquid fire
then carry me to your altar,
where I will offer you
tranquility, now thawed

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Her She To Me

by mid life, she's in her nineties.
someone has written on her lines.
they must have been among the first, to make it there,
before the ticker disappeared from the pages.

She still writes with her left hand.

For someone like me, who was not allowed
the stages of youth, her 'she' is evident.

I study her.
The veritable procession of ideas
and solid substance that is there.
Sure, there's drama.
I stood outside, craned my neck to get a view,
holding my own questions
with fascination.

in silence, I make ready the crackers.

I miss youth,
For once.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Hidden

You are hidden to me
like one precious snowflake
in a meadow,
covered in snow.
When its piled up
so much
there is just no point
in despair

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Hope

deconstructing temples
did nothing to reconcile sorrow
in dreaming about days.

that place will always stand,
even if eternal blankets cover, and
theres no way to see past the scars.

I can't run far enough to get away from all of you...
and rain will fall again over our skin
from clouds touched overhead

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Hopeless Upon My Bed

the clock still blinks
from a recent power outage
it's eerie green blue light casting
shadows of the wrong time
in regular increments on my walls.

sounds of apathetic people
waft from upward
filling me with sickness enough
to turn stomachs like old engines
slowly, desperately
very deliberately.

it's times like these
when mediocrity starts to sneak up
that i'll wonder if you're
still asleep in loves wake...
with tides of smoke washing over your face
or if you're content in your wanderings?

deciding to fix the clock
with nostrils burning, throat in coils
my mind never once leaves
your smile

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Hot

I almost thought I could hear
a quenching hiss at each thrust
the next, deeper than the last
never thinking to shield myself from the onslaught
it was impossible to negate
it did not slow,
coming faster and stronger
in the depths of my shrinking sanity
I saw you grapple with yourself
not to end the filling of my subtle world
trying to flood through some invisible barrier
lightning arched violently silver and blue
the very walls seemed to melt and flow right before
a white light swallowed everything in a wordless cry.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

How Can I

how can I.
how can I compare
these mud eyes
to passion past
with beauty that would make even you
believe in the existence of God.

how can I.
how can I hold
this paltry flame
to one who surely moved your world
with her body
sinuous curves
sublime pleasures given and received
in a way I had only hoped
but will never achieve.

how can I.
how can I think
to dare claim
any part of you as mine
when in the pre-dawn light
I am cast aside unwanted
despite my small mewings
and clearly invisible attempts
to garner your attention.

how can I.
how can I believe
the simple words you utter
knowing you scarcely believe them
yourself.

how can I think
to entice you from your world
with my woeful gifts of body
my face that lacks beauty beyond denial
with my poetry unanswered
with my words of love

stuck to the roof of my mouth
with my touch
that turns your skin cold
how can I even wish
how can I even hope
how can I?

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

How I Come To Be In Your Dreams

I

pacing the waking hours
I can not wait for sleep
to lose my broken body and reality
to gain my freedom and a union
closing my eyes to the world
breathing in time with a heartbeat
there is only one goal
not the sleep of peace
but that of a dream-walker
moving toward the destination
I drift

II

formless
I float deep within an ocean of stars
infinite points of light glimmering
in an infinite sea of darkness
light dots beyond counting flicker
in this gap between reality and love
where ever I look
lights wink out and are replaced
in this vast ever changing array
of sparkling beauty

III

moving with no sense of motion
seeming to stand still
in this glittering ocean swirl
every twinkling star looks
like another, save you
I knew it was your dream
your light always shines a beacon
for me to find

IV

now you're before me
a glowing pearl
an iridescent apple

a full moon filling
my vision entirely with brightness
because the world of light radiates from your being
I pause for a time
to adore your form in repose
you are beauty, you know...
then ever so gently
as though laying a finger on a bubble
I reach across our distance
to touch you tenderly
with my being.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

How To Covet

can you tell me how
I am supposed to
stretch your final kiss
into eternity
have you directions as to how
I am supposed to
make the last time you touched me
last forever
are there instructions on how
I am supposed to
keep the taste of you
in my mouth constantly
please tell me
if there is information on how
I am supposed to
keep you
when you insist on walking away.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Hush... And Listen To Love's Sound (Or Dancing In The Shadows)

you call to me across the miles
night winds carry the whispers
floating on the breeze
through my windows
falling gently upon my ears
hush... I hear now.

calling from your heaven
glittering stars cannot compare
when you look at me, I am consumed
hush... I see now.

you call through my dreams
dancing in the shadows of my sleep
laughing and loving again
hush... I feel now.

you call to me
every moment of the day
distance couldn't keep us
from destiny which drew us
I'll hold you for eternity
as long as you keep calling.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

I Am Calling You

I wish to be deep in you,
where language ends and thoughts spiral away.
You stir restless at times in those spaces.
if you listen, you will hear my voice calling you
in a breath you are pulsing in my light and moving with my thoughts
entwined in the low sultry voice that holds for you a deep passion,
the one to melt your heart and burn your soul....
it carries you past the anxious smitten heart
to overcome shyness
and stroke flesh, heated by desire
feeling it quiver with exhilaration
our beings mixed in the heights of paradise
hungrily enchanting one another's souls.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

I Am Having Carnal Thoughts... Excuse Me For Being Impolite (For B)

Would it be impolite to tell you I'm having carnal thoughts of you?
Thoughts of kissing you very hard on the lips
My fingers pressing against the small of your back
Trying to push our bodies together urgently
Pulling your clothes off
Kissing your breasts with my open mouth
Pressing against you with my tongue
Letting my hand squeeze your wetness while I hear your breath quicken
What...
You didn't think I felt this way...
Didn't think there are times
When I am not consumed with physical want for you?
The need to be inside you
My body as close to yours as possible
Your skin against mine, urgent
I want you moaning and writhing as my mouth and tongue explore
And as you orgasm, I want to move into you
to feel you tighten around me as I look into your face
And then... I want to explore again, more slowly
I want you very much and can think of nobody
Who would be more fun to ravish

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

I Am Yours

all my heart stands in awe of you
you who conquered me and love in a day
even here, in my soul, I am blinded
by your radiance, your beauty
I am not one who would steal your heart
I'd rather bask in its brilliance.
Believe...

I am your creature sublime
standing naked of your protection
waiting.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

I Believed

Yes Love, there is fear
as much as you felt at
knocking on my door.
but I didn't show you
love is a poor man's food
spooned in measured increments
by prophets, sent from above
for nothing.
I believed
and thought you did too.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

I Can Not Be The Woman For You

I can not be the woman for you
wouldn't you rather a boring flutter-er
with shy sighs...
a pretty thing
all feathers and anatomy?

with me you would know
you'd have to walk through fire
tame the lioness
with bare hands
every time you approached
each day an adventure
and the nights... passion

as I said,
I can not possibly be the woman
for you

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

I Can't See The Moon

the thin fibers that hold me together strain against the tautness
the weight becomes unbearable
and I can't see the moon

following the sting, and clouded by haze of my own making, I seek it
that feeling of discovery, of self worth
and I can't see the moon

wisps of smoke shelter me through the torrents
lost in agony, inconsolable
and I can't see the moon

darkness crowds the dark thoughts
suddenly you are out of reach
and I can't see the moon

life is just an illusion darling
but I'll believe you if you tell me it isn't so
yet I still can't see the moon

I lost my trust, but never should have
I am not the one you feel
and I can't see the moon

I thought I found you, but you weren't there at all
somehow you forget I am next to you. your beauty obscures
and I still can't see the moon

all the anger I have felt slips through my fingertips
live while you can
because I can't see the moon

paradise awaits on the other corner of life, knowing
if you love a lot you'll find strength to sing alone
and perhaps you will see the moon

there are a thousand things I want to say
but I can only think of one.

yet I still can't see the moon.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

I Got It Bad

I heated my tea twice

went upstairs and came down
only once though...

stood and watched the laundry spin

held the dish-brush, and put it back
yeah, that was a mistake...

smoked a cigarette,
and wrote a poem

you're right
I got it bad.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

I Hate To Remember Dying Love

I hate to remember dying love.
lying beneath burning emotion
holding my heart
with both hands
trying to keep the last of life
from leaking out
wondering if there is any reason
to hold on.
your shadow blotted the emotion
for a moment
and you asked if I'd still love you forever,
I laughed,
using my last breath.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

I Love You (A Valentines Day Poem)

sometimes
on clear still nights
my voice
floats into your bedroom
lunar and fragmented,
as if the sky had let it go
long before the birth of us.
and you'll know, I love you.

I love you,
the way, in a field of sunflowers,
you can see each bloom's
multiple expression of a single idea.

I love you,
the way stained glass
speaks. with lips full
of opium words,
and ocean foam.
trading ink and light,
for skin and bone.

I love you,
in, and out
of dreams.

I love you.

I'll whisper it,
on clear still nights.
and you'll form the words
with your mouth.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

I May Be Dead...

you may have killed me
(or think you have)
but in doing
you've put your foot
squarely in my trap
I'm dead
but you...
you'll never be free

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

I Missed A Poet (Timing Is Everything)

I sit in awe of you
reading snowflakes
like life lessons
falling from the sky

I read your sensuality
quietly rising
like the mist from my earl
secret desires hidden in the fog

I am missing
day consuming chats laced with
late afternoon waterfalls
and not so hidden innuendos

it seems touching
a soul across
a sea of light and fish and words
takes both time and effort

and who really has that to give?

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

I Took A Hot Shower Love

I took a hot shower
cause I was feeling cold and alone love.
standing under the water
I let it fall over me
trying to wash away my sadness
I'd have tried to drown
but who ever heard of someone drowning
while standing in a shower.

I waited there
hoping for something to happen
anticipating the arrival
of better feelings with the soap.

stripped of my facade
I knew there was really
nothing there
well, maybe not nothing, but certainly
something not worth writing about.

I tried to lose myself under the water
but its narrow in this box of glass
so that didn't work either.
besides, how can you hide
when you're surrounded by clarity.

I took a hot shower
because I was cold and alone love
but more importantly
I took a hot shower
so I wouldn't notice
the warm tears running down my face.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

I Wait Curled

Warm within I wait curled,
for the sighing rhythm of your breath
and the loving murmurs of your words
for the gentle pulse of your heart
and the softness of your caressing hands

Pressing against your flesh,
I thrust myself through
innocence that will never be
and wait, warm within
curled around thoughts of you

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

I Wake With Your Name In My Mouth

I wake with your name
in my mouth
its the sweetest longing
on the loneliest tongue.
while I move through the passage
of these long days
bruised and grieving
praying for dreams of your hands
I'm crazed enough
to sleep with your letters,
to lick the backs of
stamps and flaps of envelopes
desperate for
a taste of you

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

I Walk In Dreams

I walk in dreams
like mystical vapors
I invade your trance
sometimes unwanted
but most often called.
floating in the footsteps
of your mind
I swirl in fantastic colored fantasies
taking you
in me
I make it hard
at times
to rest
but dream you will
despite the attention
and when you wake
the residue
of my invasion
remains.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

I Want

I want to spin
magical
mystical
tales for you
and make you
hold your breath
in anticipation.

I want to dance
around on thousands of lilac petals
while I sing to you
in a candlelit room
and make you believe

I want to be
stunningly
beautiful
to make you
stand still
in awe
and cause you
to wonder
who I am

I want to whisper
passionate
prized
secrets in your ear
and make you
want to know me
deeper and deeper

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

I Want (Erotic)

I want you to forget all else
except the scent of intoxication
the feel of sensuality, while I
lavish your body, with my mouth
with my love, with my wet sex
that announces the arrivals and departures
of your presence.

I want to be copper-ed dust.
to lay upon you, in fine layers
and experience sudden fulfillment
in the way you consummate a kiss,
and me, all at once.

I want you buried inside
chained in my cave
by force of muscle and desire
so my passion can settle on you
its residue trailing down your body
invading your soul.

I want you lost, in the mists of heady feelings
drawn by the siren cries of my heart,
while you call my name
in gasped whispers...
love caught in your throat.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

I Want To Be Part Of You

Can I be the curve
along your backbone,
compliant to your movements.
With sweet utterance
and indulgent breath,
If could be your skin
I'd be inclined to linger
near the base of your spine.
May I curve around and
run over you like water...
quenching your heat
molding myself to you?

Love, will you let my temperament,
unresisting, bend to touch
your depths...

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

I Want You

every part of my heart, soul and conscience
profusely desires

you and your satiny words

the ones that miraculously generate

euphoria with every exotic breath

the sounds that come from your tantalizing lips

have my untamed desire.

I have a relentless fascination with your voice,

that weaves like a languid wind

to caress blushing cheeks

swiping me like a fragrant petal from the complexion of this earth.

I forget myself entirely

and seductively surrender my entity wholesomely and totally

to your unbelievably intriguing melody.

I can't fantasize about anything else

except being with your majestically enchanting, incredulously enthralling, being.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

I Will Carry You To Bed With Me

I carry you with me to bed
you, in essence,
because necessity has your being
your love will sate me
its flow melting in my skin
seeping warmth into
my bones
my soul
filled to overflowing
I will sleep wrapped, suspended
in the ethereal embrace
of your love

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

I Woke Up This Morning Thinking Erotic Thoughts

I woke up this morning thinking erotic thoughts
I want you to penetrate my mind
Slowly, deeply, rhythmically
To enter my deepest thoughts
To explore the contours of my soul
Diving into ecstatic reaction
Wildly emotional, both of us
We consume each other
Tenderly retreating, only to renew our spiritual communion
Again and again, rhythmically,
Deeply, souls in connection
We transcend reality into a world
Of stars and far-distant galaxies
Across the milky way
Beautiful, triumphant, serene
Suddenly, an explosion of silver and gold
A star-burst of eroticism
We are fulfilled

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

I'D Spit On Your Soul.. If You Had One

I thought...
worse than vile
but I did not come close
I do not believe
I have ever met someone
so abject and debased
yet at the same time so foul
I feel soiled from
having touched him
the degradation of his soul
almost makes me doubt
he has one.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

If I Lost My Vision (For B)

If I lost my vision
would you help me find the way
with the radiance of your love,
Would you nourish me gently with kisses.....
Would you lay with me and melt into one?

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

If I Were A Poet (Writing You Love Poems)

If I were a poet
I would mix taboo words
Into verses that resemble
sublime metered stanzas.

But how can I
When my eccentric imagination
Desires only to tell you,
Without regret...
That I love you.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

If Love Should Die

you can not see me...
but hear me well
you have made a place in my heart
where I thought there was room for none
making flowers grow
where dust and stone were cultivated.

on this journey
I insisted on making,
if love should die
know, I will not survive it long.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Ignoble Bonds

I love you, I am afraid,
not for your sake, but for my own.
How I long to free myself from this ignoble bond...
but the passion is too fierce to cope with.
Yet fate saw to it
that hundreds of miles lay between us.
Mired between your world and the next
all I can ask for Love,
is some sign of your devotion
anything to show
that this is not my imagination

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Ignored

invisible,
like water in a glass.

I exist,
but unseen.

I take up space,
but transparent.

I remain,
painfully ignored.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Illusion And Recollection

And through clouds
moonlight lightens,
dark waters reflect reminiscence
of beauty,
old responses
that awaken.

Remembering
their illusive promise,
they show, for an instant,
your smile
and how it descends
from the corners
of your mouth.

The clouds move,
hiding the light.
And recollection
becomes a vision.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Imagined Discourse Of Thoughts

Without you,
I always seem to have more courage than is good for me
you supply me with caution
but not this time...
I will need you
and you will not be there.

So I'll wander, searching for you
not knowing why I feel incomplete
My imagined discourse of thoughts
leaving me alone to suffer.

I wanted us to be together
like two halves of a whole.
Now all I hear
is a barely audible murmur
of what could be my life.
It might as well have been
the wind in the leaves

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Immutable Desire

lying beneath
feeling your dust of skin
there's presented
in cobalt reflection
a sense of time
and its seamless texture.
rampant loss in it echoes
as all becomes silenced
by heartbeats

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

In Absentia

There is always something of you
in my mind
your thoughts
memories of a caress
the look of wonder
and abandonment to love
in your eyes
it's like a lick-able kiss
that remains in my consciousness
all the time
forgetting you
would be as easy
as forgetting my own name.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

In December (Friday)

This is how I see you. Smiling tenderly in snow
tiny flakes falling softly in your hair
on your lips.

I've never known blue, like your eyes.

I like to keep you that way, sometimes.
With your breath in moist smoke rising before your face
and perfectly formed crystals melted on your cheeks

Its not only in this mystical world of imagination
Where your beauty affects me.
I have flowers in my eyes, even on Fridays.

(part one of a trio)

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

In In-Between

is it sacrifice enough
the small parts
that erode, die
when I'm not here
but not completely gone enough
to be numb?

giving over to the chasing of fireflies
during day
there is little to do
but retire when light
makes shadows long
and only tall trees grow wide apart

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

In The Land Of No Definition

I hear the whisper of your flesh
calling me
from the depths of my soul
I want to move into you
the fingers of your warm breath
play upon my chest
my heart pounds relentless
and I shift
from sleeping
to insatiable
in this land of no definition.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Incomplete

25 cent puzzle
bought at a garage sale
found among broken toys
paper back books
their covers torn off
dusty tumblers
and memories.

Eight pieces missing.
just enough,
not to see
the whole picture.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Indelible

Your tongue skims my surfaces
and I respond as I must, giving
the appropriate shudder,
the expected sigh.

A caress, the apparent
simplicity of touch, fingertips
glancing across breast and thigh...
this is just as it should be,
as I thought it would be,
just flesh and flesh.

But surely, I think, surely,
you've tasted more than salt.
Something in me that is leaking.
You have consumed
an allotment of the pain
I carry proudly in my heart.
Bitter visions that rise to meet you,
though theres no way to tell if they're medicinal
or if I've poisoned my lips.

I sought no depths, in you, you know...
and yet our bodies, joined together,
have grown beyond themselves
seeking meaning in this union,
like rag-clad saints,
interpreting signs from the heavens.
Predicting windfall, or disaster,
a different answer comes
from each mumbling mouth
moment to moment.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Inhale Deeply

inhale deeply
there's gratitude.
seeming strange
normally cause for alarm

pause and think.

your scent is
tangible evidence
I wasn't dreaming
inhale deeply.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Insignificant

I stand insignificant in the light of others, trying to be a God.
Others kick and beat me down... rejecting my new religion.
As a hermit in the ground I dig deeper and deeper.
Looking for hell, or my soul whichever comes first.
With each dawning day the light of knowledge dims my dark world
leaving me lonely and cold in the sun.
Salvation reaches out to me with a stick.. pity dripping off... drowning me slowly.
I struggle and fight.
beating my fists... until the flesh turning red reveals my bones.
Slowly the earth seeps into my soul and I forget my worldly troubles.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Insubstantial

you've heeled me love
a half-tame wolf
with my heart
hanging down my chest
all disturbing ripples of color
and nothingness
I feel insubstantial
like a thin shell
cracking with each breath
at the silence inside
wondering how I will move
from this sadness that
I tiptoe through
barefoot and blindfolded
among its pain daggers

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Is Your Name Love?

is your name love?
i have been looking for you
searching for you
wondering why
you haven't been
seeking me?

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

It Is Love To See You

It is love to look in your eyes,
the expanding blue of morning glory
clear and soft
lives there.
the light energy and hunger
that explodes from them, upon my vision
takes my breath away
and I have to avert my eyes sometimes
because It seems
beauty beholden
is too much to behold.

It is love to hear your voice,
like the rain falling on palm fronds
it soothes and washes over my body
my mind
kind of the way destiny takes you
without your knowing you'd left..
if you only believed.

It is love to feel your hands,
strong and secure
caressing my body with
need and warmth
longing and anticipation
and I love the way
you reach for me
to hold my hand
playing with my fingers idly
while you look at inanimate things
in glass cases.
(I wasn't sure I told you that)

It is love to see your smile,
how you manage to touch
not only your eyes, but my heart
and the rest of the world with it
when I tell you something silly
or you are pleased... I will never know.

you have no idea
of the warmth of love
then the heat of passion
that radiates through my middle
when I look up
and see you smiling at me.
or perhaps you do...

I want you my Love
with those eyes that shine desire
and that voice which emits moans at my touch
with those hands leaving me breathless, always wanting more
and a smile that would charm a song from a stone...

I want you my love...
all of you
more completely
than anything I've ever wanted

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

I-Tunes Redux

I know you deserve
so much more than this
as you sit there far away, in my grace
my world is spinning
I think of you
and violins start to fill in space

I have a smile
stretched from ear to ear
and I picture you walking toward me
the breath between us
could be spun gold
you draw my life from me
and give it back.
it was the union of our spirits
that caused you to remain.

hearing the angels laughing
without a sound,
I saw the signs of my undoing
yet I welcomed my beautiful.

you gave to me so many things
and I gave you only my dark eyes
which melted your soul down,
to the place where it longed to be.
I no longer expect to sleep through the night
now that I believe in something
I've felt but never touched before.

all the breath has left me
fleeing from myself
the tears are free.
I can't wander past my interior walls,
cause the night, it calls, undying
had I known, I never would have opened up
but you seemed so real.

I want you to tell me of passionate lovers

who rescue each other
If you can't, still come to me
and don't be afraid to cry at what you see.
I want the union
but know there will never be a point where I will be the same

This, I suppose, would be considered a found poem. It was created using only the lyrics from songs I was listening to, on i-Tunes. It was an interesting experiment...

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Journey

yesterday felt like years ago
as I return to a stranger
looking forward to tomorrow.

watching day turn to night
and back again
from a window seat
cuddling Fordors in last wishes...
it approaches ironic
how departure
looks to re-tie knots
in a 'less is more' scenario,
albeit, for a measured time.

the rhythmic clatter of wheels
against hollow floors
lends this solemn mood
a drum beating
bring out your dead in
tin against tin.

and the earth rushes by.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Just An Observation

It struck me.
if I did as you
say you do;
waiting with
no breath,
in anticipation...
I'd be dead by now

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Kingston

wandering across
this near winter landscape
I have no direction
but know where I want to be
walking in my waking haze
cold and alone
I half wish the rain would
drown me
or the wind
strip me
as if a colored leaf.
but like my nearly dead counterparts
I cling with energy
holding fast to my
recently embodied dream.
the recollection
keeps me company
on my wet walk
along this gray river
It is all that remains.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Kisses

I love you...
every inch of my flesh
burning with your fingertips
and the sound of your voice
my body on yours... angelic
kisses soft and seductive
upon my neck and lips
I close my eyes
as you kiss your way
down
to my heart

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Labor's Fruits (Drinking It All In)

You pause...

just breathing my sensuality
patience balances on edge
finally touch
body tenses, borderline convulsive
teasing, soft tormenting
a ball of fire starts from your tongue
moving through every vein
extinguished by a burst of liquid desire

You pause...

Drinking in the fruits of your labor

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Layers Of Love

the dim light of the moon
shimmers gently through the window
spattering onto the floor
the silvery silence bares souls
as your body presses against mine
your warm skin
the essence of your life moves into me
melting like shadows
into quiet rumor and sacred secret
all my senses fill with your existence
Venus herself must have taken a hand in this union
where waves of want lose themselves
in the infinity of desire
all cresting in layers of love

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Leaving

the morning came too early for me,
now, I haven't any words of comfort
and there's no pool to purge my sadness.
though I hear the movement of time,
I will still obey my heart.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Legend, Myth And Illusion

I thought that this was only illusion
a mirrored reflection of a belief in love
a myth...
forgotten in the constant promise
of new beginnings.

it comes and goes, love does
leaving memories that turn into mind legend
watching the wind carry the clouds and moon
I remember tales of this legend
and what destiny said was to come of it.

But I'll keep my own prophecy
with the night and the moon
and you
a coven with no beginnings or endings
for I refuse to believe in the end of illusions.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Let Me Write Words Of Desire Across Your Plane

I want to write my poetry
across the canvas of your body
planning every word's placement
till you can't breathe
or conjure any thoughts
on how this poetess
makes love with her words...
I'll pen my innermost secret desires
on the curves and contours of your plane
pleasure filled fantasies
etched in honeyed skin
tasting of budding succulence
be my willing accomplice love
building a ladder to my literature
from dreamlike slumber to writhing climax
as orgasmic words tantrically lift you
like the finest aphrodisiac
all the while
I will moan each tattooed word
sensuously in your ear
wrapping you in my lyrical love prose

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Letting Go

Letting go of you,
I sigh with remorse
and tremble with cold.
the wonder of being filled with you
the rush of life and awareness
is a danger unto itself.
the more I draw you in
the more I want to draw.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Life's Little Secrets Sucked

its loud you know,
that canister you drag around...
constantly feasting on bits of Auntie's crumb cake
always gorging itself
on pieces of mud.
disposing of life
stuck and shed from shoe soles.
I always knew you'd find a way, Love...
I just never thought
it would be that easy for you
to vacuum me

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Light

I want to build the day
that flanked us on the path to sublimity.

This shrine will be walled with reflections in candle
and I will call out to you
as I did back then,
when even your nearness could not be masked by the dark.

I know that I am far,
but I remember you reading my skin
while studying the window,
and your gift of laughter

and my writing and waiting
for new cracks in the walls to sing
or the foggy call of twilight
at the edge of reasons.

I want to hold the chill of that day
and remember the sudden closing of sun
where rough concrete gnawed at the curtains
and sent us back to the small time of us
where we slept
under a pile of blankets.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Linger

For longer
than a taste
or two,
I want you to linger
lips against lips,
soft against soft.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Linked

we are linked
whether we live or not
whether we think or not
like everything that is
we fit together
you are part of my whole
and the whole has a feeling
I can't explain it anymore
than I can explain
what being happy is.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Lip Pen Paper

You've got wilderness
between your lips,
I've got the pen.

Wisdom lives in the pen,
and the paper
remembers everything.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Longing

I am tangled within your web of beauty and compassion.
And I wonder how your lips would feel against mine
I want to taste your kiss earl gray.
I want to feel you between my smooth legs..
I want to kiss the soft skin on the hollow of your neck.
And I want you to look into my eyes
to say you Love me.
I want you to Want me...

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Lost

hours streaked by
or maybe heartbeats crawled
bone tired my middle ached
felt hollow at your loss
but it was a shadow
beside the pain in my chest.
I am missing,
distanced even from myself
as if I am another person watching me suffer.
so numb I can't hear voices
I want to sleep
like one already dead
because I feel as one
who has already lost their soul.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Lost In Mirrors (Dreams Left A Calling Card)

Floating in the mist of tea smoke and rain
lightning flashed,
and I got lost.
Through haze
I traveled to lands distant
with moors, and castles, and the sea
I went looking in mirrors
smooth glass reflections rippled at my touch
altering, changing themselves
beginning and ending
in waves which call me gently
with desire and amazement.
Sitars strummed
familiar men beat drums
and I danced,
ignorant of all else
except my soft whispers
in the dreams of another.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Love

he wears it like a mask
each time he comes to me.
a shroud, a veil
a ruse,
all aspects of a game,
of the role
he plays for me,
with promises unfulfilled.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Love (A Valentines Day Poem)

the world is babbled
to pieces
after the divorce of things
from their names,
like love and in-love.

all night and day it is spoken
each time inscribed,
then traced back to its origin.

we pass that word love
back and forth between us.
what is there to say?
our world is numb, and reeks with it.
numb and speaks in a hushed voice
that sometimes sounds like love.

it stuns me. I am so proud of my language,
my word, you'd think I'd invented it.

the truth is, it only hides the size of my desires.
and I take comfort in your soothing voice,
long before I ever even understood
the scope of the word
you offer me gently, from your mouth.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Love At The End Of The World

didn't you know
its at the end of the world
where you find such things,
as love.
standing still,
amid all else that resides
in near oblivion,
it waits for its heart
wondering why
realization has taken so long

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Love Me

love me
as you would love yourself
just
touch me
more often.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Love Me Love

shall I allow you to leave me
even in your dreams
you'll not try to escape me.
love me, Love,
so you never forget
asleep or awake

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Love The Relevant

how was I to know
the very things
that made me live
would kill you?
there were times
I'd talk to you like a friend
but in a weakened state
found my mind instead
wandering your silhouette and words
as a lover.
its because you showed me
I didn't live;
not knowing how,
I only dreamed.
It may be that there are insecurities
and self doubt...
learning to live with them
has been difficult
letting you love them,
impossible.
So when you peer at me
through the sparkled veil
of that which is your life
be kind to the extraneous
and love the relevant.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Loves Charge

you faced my charge
as though awaiting
the next dance at a ball
arms folded and patient
not even bothering to bare your soul
until I was almost on top of you
then you did dance...
all your grace turned
in an instant, to fluid passion
not standing against me
you carved a path to me
a clear swath
as wide as your heart's reach.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Love's Refugee

I am a refugee
harried from my home
sent wandering
by the belief
that love
has broken every bond
that held me
hunched against
the cold and empty days alone
face haggard and defeated
I stare, dull eyed
letting myself be buffeted
by the flow of routine
around me.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Love's Sound

my fingers trace the imaginings
of your magnetic being
trying desperately to
find the boundary of my desire.
your skin is water
and your hands air
as you take my nest
into your palm.
Feeling the warmth
of this place
you start to melt away
in drops of honey as we kiss.
Murmur the sweetest sounds Love
and slowly I will open my mouth
to undress them all
hearing nothing, but us.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Loving Me Despite Myself

sometimes I doubt
and sometimes I fear
at times my pain
gets the best of me
and I am overwhelmed

but there you are
living right beside me
in me
sharing my being
caring for me
hurting with me
loving me
despite myself.

when my heart
can no longer beat
you offer me yours
not because
you can or have to
but because you love me
it is not for me to understand
just for me to accept
your gift

so, with my soul bared
broken I come
to your arms, to your heart
hoping to one day
be made whole
and be one with you
always

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Loving With The Lights On (Big Girls Do Cry)

so here she is
in black
because black slims
and the magazines
say not slim
is not sexy
and not sexy
is bad.

its only in the late twilight
the reubenesque
beauty disrobes,
where
vague shadows
and sultry silhouettes
outline
this body seldom seen
by man or woman.
even her own eyes
rarely gaze
and reflections
are
ignored

dusk darkens
with the same wish,
made every dusk;
for a blind man,
to braille his
way around her body
possessing the ability
to only read
the suppressed sexuality
in every
contour

Just once,
she'd like to love,
with the lights on.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Lust In December (Erotic)

winter is a lover's season
and I want it all.
I don't want to wait
I'm a glutton.

I want your touch, your taste
I want your impressiveness
buried in a glove of lust.

out in the snow
upon a flannel blanket
I want our bodies slick
by iced rapture fallen, yet content
in its new home.

let winter's yawning eyes
catch us in the act,
jealous of our 'we'.

the hues of her mane will blaze blue and silver
from frost shimmering in the limbs of naked forests
chanting dance!
dance!

you keep secrets from her
as you bring life back to my core
by a wintry groove of melting and moving
in glacial grace.

let me play on your body,
while I open myself to you.
enter my abode.
invite me to share your bread,
I will invite you to dip it in my soul.

drink from the well,
quench your thirst.
abandon me in ritual after ritual
in search of flavors,

of satisfaction.

my spine arches high for Sagittarius,
you generate, expel and exchange heat.
our bodies bow to their natural vibrations
in the quiet winds of winter night.
while celebration of the feast
is written to silence.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Mad

you're afraid
because every day
I wake a new color
and every night gallops on stars
until they shatter insanely
sending waves of shock in chaotic slides.

do you wonder if my joy
climaxes with charisma
every noon
conveying diffidence
in a smile to the first person
with a conversational tone?

by sun up
a thousand different verses have been sung
in never ending crescendos
performing a balance of thought
that implies stability.

explain to me this concept as you would to Quixote.
is it a tree that neither grows nor dies...
perhaps its the presence of nothing,
or the fear of something
as simple as change.

be enviably grounded, stable,
while I, elegantly, am not.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Made Of Two Entities

Feel me close, love
I am above you
Around you
Upon you
Moist, tender, warm
Passion focused
Love centered
Upon one point
Made of two entities.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Magic

surely you are a magician;
able to transform
this insecure
tear filled bundle of seething emotion
into a thing of beauty
with just words

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Mary Has Sand In Her Slippers

of what would she taste
lying in the sand, open
the tiniest parts blown
to surrender

who would she ask for deliverance
while drowning
in others' expectations.
feet washed, thinking slut...
saying salvation
keep close
enter it delicately
not wanting to admit
she'll wear this in her hair forever

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Masturbation

at least
you know
you're making love
to someone
who loves you.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Me

Shall I reinvent myself each time love professes?
Am I the figment that dances in your mind?
The perfect image of the perfect woman.
An illusion?
One who conforms to the shiftless memories.
do you not see the blemishes?
do you not see the flaws?
do you not see the tarnish?
Your mind's eye picks out the good
and filters that which causes disdain.
I move in shadows.
I've been told I speak in riddles.
And like smoke in mirrors I am impossible to grasp.
I am frustration and need.
I am desire and longing.
I am in fear of pain.
I am an admirer of beauty in the unlikeliest of forms.
I am compassion beyond reason.
I am connected to the universe.
I am a heart open to the world.
I am love.
I will read your mind
and tell you what your soul is thinking....
but only if your heart gives me opportunity.
Time alone will tell you,
you have tried to hold the image in the mirror.
Because you do not believe in me.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Meditation

milk river mound of black marsh
cavernous Om
mount the violet asp
all sacrosanct plush curves
limbs of silk flesh
sky of lotus tongues jeweled pulses
tumbling toward dawn

woman of fluid and clay
Buddha is inside you, awake
pondering breeze mating your breath

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Meditation (Reading Your Mind)

Floating in liquefied
purified thoughts
the near rarefied atmosphere
of this state seeks to enlighten
our pleasure

sinking at leisure
one becomes weightless
timeless and vacant
enveloped in opaquely
shimmering translucent silence

coherence and peace
overtake tenuous
knowledge of your mind
the ephemeral conflagration
passing as I respire

passion, sensuous and pure
sublime admiration
your ethereal beauty and love
brings the palpating of your soul
to total release and completion.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Meet Me In The Shadows Of Your Heart

Meet me in the shadows of your heart
the place only you and I know exists
take me with you and hold me
in the stars above, see the light of them shining in my eyes.

Take me to a place of absolute purity
there we are sheltered and safe
in the billowy clouds, where heaven and earth touch
you can dance with me in the sky and share joy.

Want me, inhale my essence and make it yours
breathe deeply of my being
fresh as a mountain's peak
share my soul and be one with me my love

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Mehndi

slowly tracing lines
along life and heart
delicate lotuses and vines
swirling
highlighting sex
making it darker
fuller
with lush leaves
more beautiful than reality
dots leading a path to fate
circling, spiraling the head
ringed in memories
stained lines to tell stories
each a mark of where
skin has touched skin

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Memorandum For The Minister

my spirit flies freely
but I don't want freedom
just paper and pen
so I can speak with myself.

here there are ghosts
they offer, yet I will never ask for the key
to lock this door and feel free
in my solitude.

I know you are not more lonely in your world, than I,
here in a room, with a door that doesn't lock
and visions
which show themselves only to me.

these walls hold perpetual no man's land
where the middle aged go to feel, and not look
where youth go to look, and not feel
and where the old travel, only to come back hurt.

this roof, a shelter
over my bleak head
is another wall
for my thoughts and feelings.

I just want paper and pen
so I'll not drown in those impossibly minuscule,
repetitious moments which thrive on themselves,
outside the secret life of daydreams.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Memories Remembered

love remains
attached to my fingertips
as securely as it is attached
to my heart.
the cold blows
pelting rain
like ice marbles
standing, staring, wanting
I feel nothing
except your last breath
on my neck
I recall everything
with great lucidity
hands pressed to face
I am pulled back to Eden
surrounded by a storm
turning my face skyward
eyes closed
fingers dancing gently across it
I can feel your kisses
on my forehead, eyelashes and cheeks.
the rain, my love
had turned to snow.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Memory Coffee

will you share a cup of memory coffee
and let me for a while
sip my past days;
when there was none
but two swaying shadows
and a whole universe in my hand.
There was simplicity, and dreams
as I lay my sleepy head on you.

I often wonder, when the innocence of remembering will revolt.
I imagine its when you, and the steam
disappear.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Mercy

Once, I heard the cry
of someone suffering: a voice
that seemed to listen to itself.
Like a bell pealing
insidious, solemn, obsessive...
with no way to tell the echo
from the stroke.

I saw the shudder of longing,
incandescent with trapped breath.

Here, the light makes dreams impossible.
Here the suicides are reborn as crows,
and camp at the tree line to, , warn of fog.

Once,
I heard the cry of someone suffering.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Mesmerized By Your Being

mesmerized by your being
the light spangled sea I feel
when you're near whirls about me
until I settle on your sparkling pinpoint
shining like spun glass
you shimmer before me
pulsing like a heart
delicate and alive
a crystal carapace
a seamless sphere woven in spirit
everything is indistinct
except for your reach
slowly...
your gaze fixed as an archers on a target
eyes full of warmth and love and joy
the blue of sea legend
carries something primal
as desire rages through
in silence we float together
moving without moving
I knew our souls combined
before our lips had a chance to touch

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Message In A Bottle

delicate with the faint lines of scaring
like the bottle...
message rolled tightly, safely tucked inside.
I roll on the shore
beaten and bruised between the waves and the sand
enveloped, I exist
ground down until I've lost the luster of new
shininess dulled to weathered submission
I sway and move to the rhythm of the tide
drawn by the heavens I will never reach
only the message remains intact
tightly curled.
the blind could read it,
if only they could touch my soul
long enough to fondle the truth.
It read like most hastily scribed notes do
'send help... the boat is sinking fast'.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Midnight Memories

I declare myself your mystery
seek in me
that which you long for
and I will lift you above lust
to where the moon sleeps
and last breaths on linens
are secretly packed away
between the solstice and equinox
await this blaze
ignited by flesh and bones
there, as in heaven,
you can attempt to forget
the midnight memories of me

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Misplaced

looking in others' mouths
seeking words
dripping from loose tongues.
searching stranger faces
for syllabic droplets

eyes open
and shut
open
and
shut
each individual melodic, rhythmic
un-satiated act, alters reality.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Missing

alone with a box of unused tissues
surrounded by
empty hopes
and nothing love.

tired.
but not enough to sleep.
its that simple,
but you're not.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Missing You

Love, I am in pain...
My soul hurts as if something is being dragged out of me.
I am distracted.
I miss you so much.
Where are you.
I stagger for every breath.
My tears are now in soft moans.
My space is torn and cold.
I am not in control and in a panic.
I need you.
Your soft comfort.
something
anything
love?
please.....

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

More Beautiful For Being Loved By You

I came to you
with my bad dreams
and poetry over half a year ago

talking of the merits of point blankets,
and making cars in Canada

talking of love through the mundane...

thousands of words passed
salt stains some of them
knowledge of currency's history was learned
Gods existence was questioned
but what can we become from this?

boundaries still lie
as we live for telephones
and yahoo post
need poured daily
making love to us individually
on nights notwithstanding the physical needs of another

recollections kiss me goodnight
and memories will make you dinner
shadows of silhouettes
of car pools, dinner parties and recitals
play free
like our children

yet there is no dissolution
no apathy
there is only us
and I think
I am more beautiful for it

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Morning Glory

lying languid
hiding beneath my thin veil
I open to you slowly,
at the first sign of the sun
unfurling my petals
to reveal my delicate nature

careful!

the wind torments
and the bees come to taste
leaving me weary and drooping
soft head bobbing as the breeze takes me
Christlike I hang
open for all to gawk
take your fill
I will expire before the morning is done.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Musings On The Taste Of Caramel And Honey (For B..)

I have been imagining it

when I close my eyes and try to conjure you in front of me

there is a moment when two people are on the verge of kissing for the first time

both believe that the other will respond

but there is a split second of uncertainty

of hesitation

when the final decision has to be taken by both people

that whatever the risk

the kiss has to be had

and in that instant

the heart is as open as it can get

the universe in its entirety flows through it

and time stops

for a split second

before that kiss

that's what I'm imagining

when I imagine your taste.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Must

I mustn't say must
must I?
when you are too stubborn to see
I must lead you
with honey and smiles
must I?
Must!
my dear heart,
you must come to me.
There, I said it anyway.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

My Failure

I've failed you
in the instant between
the breath of loving a friend
and loving a lover
it happened
I don't know how
But I know
I am lonely in your absence

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

My Father's Eyes

I have my fathers eyes.
reflected in them is his spirit and my soul.
sadness is palpable
loss unexplainable
the longing has overcome me
an intimate knowledge that I am alone.
confirmed by the fact that I can hear my tears.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

My Greatest Lover

in your eyes desire reigns free
your soft hands are without compare
your tongue without rival
caressing lips rove my landscape
amid your legs there resides no peace
arms carry my weight and need with ease
gently you offer my soul what others tried to...
a place where it longs to be.
you have moved me with your love
in a way no other ever has
there is only paleness and dust in your wake.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

My Heaven

Is this not my heaven?

I came to you

shrouded in the death of my own making

wrapped and tied in gauze life webs

in search of my salvation.

There at the end of my world

I came to you seeking the complexities of peace.

Seeing it there, my Jerusalem in your arms,

knowing the holy land is not promised to sinners,

I lay my burden at what could be your crossroads,

content to be a zealot on fire with passion...

bathed in the light of your love.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

My Oasis

my love drinks my words
crawling to the oasis
craving to drink
greedily gulping
not spilling a drop
of precious prose
licking lips
delving deeper
for more
when he's had his fill
he rests
dripping drenched
satisfyingly soaked
in me

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

My Quest

I see your face in the flowers
hear your voice in the trees
feel your touch in the wind
you stir my desires
excite my senses
arouse my longings
inspire my dreams
I tremble in awe of you!
I crave your warm embrace
listening for you in the midnight hour
I hear you calling out to me
I feel you breathing softly upon my neck
touching my need
commanding new life within me
giving divine release
making me free 'to be'
I stand in your presence
kneel at your feet
you are my all
consuming quest
My soul's completeness
Come, and stay in my heart forever

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Naked Soul

I stood before you
naked soul
heart pounding, throat constricting
trembling.
Unchaste in flesh, but
virginal in exposing myself

Sweet lips kissed
internal tears
tender fingers caressed
my bruised heart
flaws embraced, beauty praised,
wounds healed
essence, penetrated
lovingly for the first time

I stood before you
and you loved me

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Need (Before The Dream Ends)

closing my eyes, the need of you
the desire for you beckons... throbs
and I throb with it
it demands and I submit willingly
the longer I hang, just a breath away from touching you
the worse the desire, the need grows
it will take weeks, seeming eternity
I want to scream,
but I can't breathe for wanting your touch, you...
like a rush of life and joy and bliss
pleasure so overwhelming I'd pant
don't you know, the longer we're parted
the more unbearable this anticipation grows?
say you will come to me
I wish to see you again
before the dream ends...
and I never know the sunrise in your eyes

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Neurotic Fanatic

wanting to stay
in the same clothes
for days and days
no desire
to remove the smell of you
mixed with the smell of me.
yet never wanting to wash
my right hand
seemed gross.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

New Religion

Deep within my soul
you make love to me
without touch
seducing me
with words
you are seductive
like new religion
sensual, spiritual
without boundaries

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Night

it doesn't end...
that wanting to breathe
where you breathe
and fluttered wings
only remind me of your lips.

light, on or off
does nothing
to stop these hypocritical moths
from visiting.
circumstance and events
come and go
hazes in clarity and darkness
switching effortlessly.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Night Pressed Down Upon Me

without you
night pressed down upon me
with a hard cold, driven deep by sharp winds.
a thin sliver of moon
only emphasized
the darkness and my longing.
even the snow coating rooftops
and piled by the fronts of houses,
where it had escaped the sky, just this morning
was a shadowy gray,
like the ghosts of passion.
Their presence can make
my relentless devotion to your irks and beauty,
pass by like a gracious dream
destined to desert me

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Night Stillness Crept Through My Window

you came like stars liquefied
flowing like honey
sensually coating my body
igniting me
leaving me a glowing ember
seething with lust

you came like the moon dissolved
pervading my senses
with a silvery narcotic
singeing my perception
with smoldering hallucinations
of eroticism

how I long for you to tempt me again
and not leave me here
with wanton desire unconsummated
without the smell of your sweet essence
alone, like night stillness
that crept through my window

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Nighttime (It's A Damn Good Thing)

Nighttime,
in my dreams...
that's when you come to me.
It's a damn good thing
I can't accelerate time
or I'd rush through each day
to those nocturnal moments of joy
and my life
would be over
in a month

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

No Longer Numb

cut off from you
I end up a small
damaged thing
never to be returned
to the original nature of being.

sexual love and spiritual experience
engaged in the activity of union
become some distortion of
fundamental longing,
as if you'd picked the eye
from a bird
and still called it a whole bird
or clipped a wing from a butterfly and attempted
to name it complete.

the magnetic pull toward you,
toward something stronger
more vital
than simply being
calls to inner life.
arousal changes into a dance with desire,
with yearning
to form a secret partnership
of possibility.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Nonexistent

drawing you to me
I let you come
while I unfold myself
letting the slightest bit of me out
a trickle at a time
measured in doses until you find
there is nothing left of me after all.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Obsession

I should have known
you'd never be anything more
than what I made you into.
but when you have never known a thing
except in dreams
it becomes more
than just
an obsession.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Offerings From The Stone Bowl

When you come to the capital
a starling will follow you
through the plaza
shyly, at arms length,
only to flinch at your crumbs.

He knows you've been robbing
songbirds' nests,
and carry bits of shell
in your pocket still.

Because we are alike
as two buttons
it launches itself to the clouds.

I pity my soul
which can not endure this burden
of endless gifts.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Open

I lay here in a room with no door
and a hundred windows,
alive, feeling everything
but blankly, just as the ceiling
at which I stare.

When I was seven
I believed I could talk to birds.

By ten, I deciphered the illusion,
trading magic for fact,
and realized they were actually speaking to me.

Lying sideways
across the made bed
and crumpled pillows
I wait for them.

This is the sound.
The sound of waiting.
The sound of flying.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Orgasm

There is no sweeter sound,
than my breath,
held hostage,
captured amidst,
a need unfolding.

Eyes gone to lust,
soft lids flutter,
as passion's kaleidoscope,
colors my darkness.

Slender neck flinches,
lips part so lightly,
warm breath spreading,
telegraphing secrets,
of soft stolen kisses.

Soft breast's swell,
arching back moves cat like,
globes framing,
bursting buds of rose.

Arms stretch upward,
pushed high overhead,
fingers curl around nothing,
looking for leverage,
to push back at desire.

Pace comes now quickly,
silken thighs spread,
coaxing lips and tongue to linger,
succulent velvet folds,
hug my perfect pearl,
then render pure nectar.

Urgent cries of passion,
requesting completion,
hips swivel and quiver,
running unleashed

racing toward perfection,
straining for oneness,
overcome by ecstasy,
with satisfaction's arrival.

Wrapped in exhaustion,
there is no sweeter sound,
than my breath,
held hostage,
released by your giving.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Orgasm (Erotic Tanka)

Slowly I open
as you gently enter warmth.
passion requires
a sweet violence, as we
chase the little death, with need.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Orgasm II (Just For Her)

Sensuous words flow gently
Over ears and around body
Murmuring whispering
Causing squirms and trembles
The shapes of lips forming
Phrases on flesh
Nerves sizzling at the contact
Bodies straining yearning
Torture, no reprieve
Breath passing over skin
Tantalizing, breathing coming
Quicker, shallow
Fingertips travel hills, valleys
rivers and soft hollows
throat, back, ear
Mouth following paths made
Tongue licking, stroking,
Tasting. Lips skimming flesh
Lightly, barely touching.
Over belly, breasts,
Thighs, knees, calves,
Toes teased, curling.
Hips twitching,
Thighs trembling, eyes rolling
Backward, unseeing
Mouth moving, words mumbled
Undecipherable, tangled
Gasps, moans,
Whimpers, soft cries.
Teeth on pink lips,
Jaw clenches tight.
Fingers curled into sheets
Twisting, yanking, pulling.
Back arches body releasing.
Muscles relaxing, fingers unclench
Legs, thighs amid
Tangled sheets.
flesh on dark satin,
Hair free and wild,

Spreading over pillows.
Eyes closed, breathing deep.
Sweat glistening, aroma
Filling the darkness.
Lips once again pressing
Against skin, kissing away
The dampness.
Sighs, moans
Bodies curling together
soft kisses, touches,
the words I love you
blanket all.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Orgasm Iii

Body glistening wet
Mind yearning release
Skin begging touch

Sensations heightened
Delicate caresses
Electric responses

Need overflowing
Want everlasting
Desire growing

Haggard breathe
Delightful moans
Strained muscles

Release building
Tension increase
Ecstasy awaits

Passionate screams
Convulsing body
Quenched desire

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Oubliette: A Descent To Haze In 7 Movements

Prologue-

Clear the surface
of grit
so a small page
could lie here with a pen

1.
one might find
a little window
even if there were
no sky

2.
mourning in and
morning out
I lower the black thighs
into the very mercury
of a hollow

3.
the shape of wandering
becomes definite
errant
a tendril of thought
reaching far off
so one has to lean back
to face it
in the small hours

4.
a shadowed glint
waiting for rain
unclear about words
never getting the point
the empty ringing
of not understanding
like the strange emerging
shape of a leaf

with papery fringe
at the bud

5.
one repeated note
of pale fine darkness
poured through a
thin rhythm
of diffusion

6.
failings fan off
in all directions
leaving in the small
clear silence
a bell-note
high and tender as in dreams
I seem to see it
off by itself or
see the thought of it

7.
bits of hours
pieces of thirst
sparks
of unchange
catch uncertain
above us
like threads of light
to pull us all out

Epilogue-

If she stopped
she would fall right to sleep
dreaming of ink
to drink or stone
to soak it in oblivious
to the allegory's
glory which requires
this fever

As you gaze and gaze
at this dappling joy-show
these pretty things
become so solid
when we speak about them
that they lay unstirred
beyond the gloom

hardened air
on which a tired head
might strike and
reawaken

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Our Story-1

I can reconstruct you
on the page,
inventing
any number of scenarios
between us.

The plot probably
will become less noticeable
over time.
You'll forget it,
or I'll end up resentful,
wanting to save myself
if saving becomes necessary.

But this,
this is the real problem;
there's too much space between
what I write
and what really happens next.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Pants Of Fire

Like grass
after the winters storms have passed
and the first wisps
of spring have come
to bolster you
you lie.
And I...
like an unfledged foal
came to graze.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Parting Ways

this is the deep of it.
in the night it's contained
and it is cold.

when I fell in love with you
I knew we could make sea
by drops.

it is difficult
because I didn't feel
the familiar affections
and you had yet
to touch them.

If I called you love,
I'd say night is splitting
where I put the seed of us.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Past Imperative

often
the world
was filled
with silent music,

sometimes
soaring, like a Puccini aria
sometimes
like a Gilbert and Sullivan
patter song.

Though I never heard any words.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Perhaps I Did Not Mention It, But....

I want you
the way a starving man
wants food
to have you look upon me
with those eyes
that could drink
a person's soul
you are joyous life itself
redoubled
I want you to fill me completely
more so
than any being ever has
I will accept you
every dropp I can hold
of your light embodied
letting it suffuse every part of me
every particle
every cranny
I crave your touch
the one that makes life burst inside me
quivering with pleasure
in its glorious sweetness
I want to revel in it
to dance and sing
to simply lie back
and let you roll through me
over me
this passion I have for you
pulses through me
stronger than heart-blood

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Petals (How A Poet Dies)

Even my own death seems
a poetic lie.
Instead of mourning,
I bring a pot
in which to bury the desperate body.
Its secrets will turn into flower petals.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Picasso (Painting Love)

Translucent flesh
is swept with
feathery wisps
of a paintbrush,
like tongues
upon a flawless canvas.
The figures,
on this ivory sheet stretched taut
glow... as my masterpiece
straddles atop hardened contours.
My brazen fingers rove along
the supple, lithe limbs,
the smooth curves that fill my vision.
I am lost in the silhouettes
of my making.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Playing The Strings (Hot Resin Over The G String)

Just one touch of the bow sent shivers
across the strings of her violin as she
began to sing her melody of passion.
Soft and gentle it stroked until she was
giving off notes an octave above euphoria.
the cadence of the bow escalated
beginning to see saw it's way
deep in reverberating tones
The hair of the bow began to smoke as
it melted the hot resin over her G string.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Plundered Heart

before, there were only tribes
factions, raiding my heart
to plunder and conquer
with barbaric will
achieving no claim
they held me only in tenuous grasps.
what did these boys know of love
with their toy swords
and childish notions.
it wasn't until you appeared
as close a god as anything I've ever seen
that I got the sense there was more
that anything was possible.
I was not your empire
with riches to take freely
I was your passion
I was your heart
and it was you my love
who returned this barren waste
to a its rightful glory.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Pockets Of Halos

leaves speak
to me

it happens as I dance barefoot
along the path, in your pocket of halos
carrying an old tin can with water for flowers

I wish I still had their smell.

there, in folds
uncorrupted
is where I want you to love me

with your eyes
the exact color
of a silverbell's ripe seedpod
with my skin
all curving, plump
tender and wanting
looking as dandelion down
while tipped in your glow

in this sacred garden
my breast is open
for you to see
its written
you are my love

and in begging you to stay
I carefully fill your hands
with fresh herbs, before
light finishes it's weave
across your face
hoping to remind you
of our souls from other lives

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Poetic Justice

god created others for living
I was destined for poetry,
loneliness and madness.

others have four seasons,
two feet to walk... while the earth rests
on my snowy wings
with all its weight and gravestones.

others die on the day of their death,
but I...
I am doomed to die everyday of my life.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Poets (Of Writing Poems, Words, Letters)

I've spent time
quiet,
with words

taking them apart
analyzing each character
each symbol
seeking meaning
in the way they curve together
bending sublime
into one another
like ancient rituals
done in dark places
with candles and incense

I've chewed the sticks and arcs
of letters

their turns smooth on the tongue
their points masticated in contemplation
between ignorant working class teeth
with slack jaws

yet there they sit

just words
piled high, with familiarity
from long ago
like the smell of a room
colored by tiredness
and exhaustion that seeps from pores

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Pomegranate I

fragmented septum's
ovarian and wanton with fluid,
contained thoughts of you.
my mind, lacking proper partition
still hides one luscious seed
from the next.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Pomegranate Iii

picking through the pomegranate
not as affected as I'd wish.
its sweet, though
not sufficient to sway my evasive ennui
boredom dries the juice on my fingertips
but the stains on the bowl will wash out.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Pounding Against The Shore

Pierce me with your passion
Spread me across your world
Take it because it's given
Take it because it's yours

Love flows Like an ocean
Pounding against the shore
Never completely leaving
Compelled because its pure

Devour me with your attraction
Lay me across your world
Take it because it's nature
Take it because it's real

Love moves like a story
Progressing like nothing before
Never completely ending
Desire burning to the core

Please me with your hunger
Spread me across your world
Take it because it's longing
Take it because it's need

Love grabs me with precision
Pounding against my shore
Shattering memories
pull me in promising more

Enter me with desire
Lay me across your world
Take me because I'm given
Take me because I'm yours

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Pour Me As Liquid...

I can not see past
your wanton angels
wishing nothing more
than to touch their faces.
Should I dissolve
pour me as liquid
slowly swirling
in a blushing basin
as we cling on sheets.
Steamy fingertips glide
to find tender spots,
dew that weeps
in ripened heated drips.

A lost hummingbird
on borrowed wings,
I only sing when you're
closer than skin.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Primordial Rhythm

Burning desire
consumes thoughts, senses
lips ache
neck longs
body yearns
for soft, slow navigation
leaving nothing untouched

feeling moans between gentle fingers.
feeling love between a consuming inferno
feeling bliss between contented passion
I need your primordial rhythm within

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Private Rainstorm

I lift my face to the graying sky
feeling drops of rain slide over my eyes
they mix with tears
in my own private rainstorm
instead of washing the loneliness from my body
they fill crevasses, empty for too long
wrapping themselves around my skin
its slickness reminds me of moments filled with passion
the sweat from giving and taking
while making love with you
drawn further into my thoughts
I can't breathe with this heaviness in the air
and it becomes even harder to swallow
this distance between us.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Prophecy In Motion

the prophecy in destiny was failing
falling, calling out to me
I feel we'll never find our destination.
If I were God, and ruled the world
I'd spin a wheel of dreams for us
waking in paradise for every heartbeat together.
but shadows in between us
are falling, calling out to me.
there was a moment in my sadness
when my mind turned to madness
I did not understand
the prophecy's in motion
falling, calling out to me
until the end of time

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Pure

Look in the eyes,
the face of love.
look in her eyes
there is peace.

no nothing dies
within pure light.
no nothing dies
within this life.

only one moment
of this pure love
to last a life,
only one moment
so come and gone.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Relations

this is how I died
knowing you for the last ten years
but really only knowing you for a week
it was long enough to fall in, and out
of love

I'm tired.

Weary of being brave, bold faced
demure in clear boxes
while wayward pieces of me fell
or were picked clean daily
while you sharpened all
the scissors and knives
till they cut wishes

my world rests within shelves
yet there are still attempts
at self-creation, lacking boundaries
and when there's failure
I like to cry on your pillow
so you're forced to sleep on my tears

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Release

cold air fights the thoughts of you
faded now, but not dimmed, in my head full of thoughts
laughter and salt
questions and love
they flow like blood through my body
intertwined, intermingled
like our bodies
like our souls
my hands reach out, wanting tenderness
there is intense longing for you
for your touch
the feel of your hands
on my face
through my hair
on my body
burning like pointy embers
tracing their way into my being,
searching for a place that only you know.
a secret place
created by you
There I am safe.
There I am beautiful
sensuality lives there, riding out passions
writhing in ecstasy
moaning in pleasure
over and over again
you take my breath away.
gasping, aching, wanting, needing,
longing for release.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Remembering You

the sensation,
of how you impressed upon me
your point
till everything yielded
to the contours of your zeal
is still with me.
I am glad we had that conversation

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Resonance

Lost in regrets
flashbacks consume
disappointing moments
in short lived seconds

because the weak of core
are too filled with sorrow
circling, wanting more
delirious for not being able to let go

pity floats.

it be like this tomorrow.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Resonance-

our moments
are voice.
I've heard them

singing, gushing like taps
pulsing in notes
that stained the air with metaphor
and all the necessary poetry of love.

it is only later,
when the subdued tones
of memory come into focus,
that your rhythmic complexities emerge
and I realize
just how uniquely gorgeous you are.

it's not only how your trembling,
dreamy soul embraces me.
it's how you glide through me
aiming for authenticity, rather than poetry.

I am swallowed, we are swirled
and its hard to make out more than
the smoky audible correspondences on
love, finally combined.

this entwined voice lives inside.

my atmosphere is of all its pieces.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Restless

sea foam memories
sway dizzy
tempting me to
nurture life in sweet symphony.
seething through wind
moon saplings take
my chest to the stars
where mingling with light
and sapphire, this chamomile heart
is too alert with sentiment for returning.
wanting only for my world
painted the color of your eyes
before dying, again

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Reunion

As I
long to see
your smile
and hear your
beautiful voice I
can only
imagine what it will feel
like to take you
all inside and hold you there
forever and ever.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Rose

the spirals never cease to amaze me
a perfect shape twists to a known uniformity...
waiting to bear all to those who pass near enough to drink its beauty
were I like the rose...
then you'd come to folds
and see my secret wonders.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Running From Change (Pre-Dawn)

the sky overhead still looked black
dusted with bright stars.
Air seemed clean and fresh
breezes full of crispness from the snow
helped form fountains in sprays beneath my feet.

Here I could forget old friends
and new worries
I could forget obligations
and promises.
You were welded inside my skull, however
an iron puzzle
that would not yield
no matter how I twisted.

One of the sharply slanting bars
of light fell, illuminating me.
Sunrise...
when darkness changed to light,
but the light hadn't yet taken hold.

I have difficulty controlling emotions
in this time of change.
They fight me,
dancing in circles
wanting to run in any direction
so long as it was away.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Sadness

to my eyes
the moon is as good as the sun
I pray for blackness
drawn and twisted
I wear the face
of one who must scream
or weep, or go mad
in a voice like pain
stretched to breaking
I know the lucky ones die before they go mad
me, I die after

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Sadness Is A Deceptively Quiet Sound

Sadness is a deceptively quiet sound.
Sighing through the gauze of my heart
it considers my soul.

Unlit, and already wreathed in twilight
my broken windows gape with jagged teeth
lending desolate howls
barriers to move around.

With no glimmer I consider myself a wraith,
It's the first ever incident
of the dead haunting the living.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Salt And Spice To The Bitter Ends

Salt taste floating away

You at my back arms folded

Feeding my soul through your indifference

Draining me of myself.

Ounces of energy once sought after

Now suppressed

Shattered

Alone on the cold floor

Do you feel better?

The spice on my mouth is bittersweet

Stuck to tired lips

What can I say to you now

Touch me and reject your life

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Salt Water

slowly I move magnified by my bubble
excruciatingly I make my way down the features
soft and worn
they offer comfort for some
agony for others
indifference for most.
rounding the suppleness, I leave behind a trail to mark my path
warm caresses no one wants to see,
I seethe beneath the surface
waiting to erupt with the slightest disregard.
my arrival signals the latest snub.
and so I continue on in blind anonymity till the end of my journey
falling in to a pool of oblivion.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Satiated Moon

I can feel you without seeing
there, in my being
making me take flight
I want to taste you, touch you
feel your hot breath circling my soul
feel you, seeping through the pores of my love
quenching skin and heart.

body trembling with every naked breath
embracing you in ecstasy
energy ascends in feverish rapture
the moon illuminates this silhouette dance
for ours is not a moon laden with honey
it is a moon bursting with fire
satiated only by the drippings
of our mutual desire.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Searching For A Fix

I always flirt with the fire, its a sensual dance I create in my soul, one that fills me with the sweet agony of desire.

That which leads up to it is slow and determined, whispers, gentle at times, sometimes quick and greedy pursuing with want and need, but always focused.

Creativity is its release.

It is not surprising that those who feel are drawn to one another. The energy that is exuded is intoxicating and addictive.

But at times it makes us destined to wander from soul to soul trying to get our next fix.

Totally enraptured.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Secret Love

Young sprite do my bidding
go hence and tell him I love him.
Dost thou know the way my heart feels?
The longing when you leave,
the joy when you return?
Let not thy shame break us.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Selfish Lust

my love for you is vast enough
to include all the colors of love
though it is not without shades of sadness.
Such blind and excessive love,
though it gives birth
to some letters of great poetry,
remains among one of my
sharpest expressions of self interest.
It is pitiful this selfish lust I have for you.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Sensual Overload

Let me come to you
through mists
and fire
through the plants
and flowing wells.
bearing ideas
visions,
words, music beyond your reasoning.

If your ears
let me move you
enliven you
stimulate you
till your perspective shifts,
your mind explodes
and you are left standing
in the wake of what has been revealed....
Imagine, what my hands will do.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Sensual Scripts (A Poet Makes Love)

your hands speak a language
only my body can interpret,
writing mystical glyphs on my skin
inscribing poetry on the curves of me.

I know these secret tongues
raised in silent communication,
tracing messages on flesh
swirling signs and symbols
with intimacy.

I translate the subtle tales
told with your quill
pressed to my parchment
and I tremble in anticipation
of its conclusion

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Sensual Thunder

Like a cumulus cloud
enlarged before
a grand rainstorm
you roll in
removing the air
and parting anything
that lay in your path.
you plant gentle kisses
that circle through the night
like anonymous birds
randomly resting
where ever they wish to light.

A sound
grows gradually in the East
driving everything apocalyptically before it:
moonbeams and cattle and rainbows and lovers
are all swept away
helpless against it.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Seventy Days And Sixty-Nine Nights

sometimes I lay awake
whole nights,
in the bedding that did not contain you,
counting.
Forlorn, I become,
when your body
is not unclothed next to mine,
till warm in my mouth
I can taste your memory
gently, mournfully, then with more need...
A raw figure and its caramel flow
yearning for your kisses
of soft rustling lips.
When we split, my body
like torture,
touched it again and again
not believing passion combined
but remembering every ecstatic moment.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Shake My World

when you sprinkled your desire
where nothing had grown
love did spring up
you called me to you
and you did shake my world.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Shards Await You

I lay there
cold and alone
with only the hum of the fluorescent lights
... and thoughts of you
to remind me I'm still here.
as I drift in drug induced sleep
I recall your scent
your arms
your smile
the way you looked at me
with awe and
an eagerness to please
I pretend you are holding my hand
your lips at the corner of my eyes
kissing my tears away
it was slow but without pain
that will come later.
torn and gone
I find myself broken,
yet again.
mild complications
but no worries
its only cancer
it will go away.

slowly I woke
from my dreams
trying to pick myself up
nauseated and dizzy
I drove myself home
searing, stabbing
intense pain
without ceasing
I curl up in a ball
body and soul
injured
in agony
and I rest
and I wait

for you to return again to me
in my dreams.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Should Have, Could Have, Would Have

I cared for you when my heart told me not to
I felt for you when I knew you did not feel for me
I ignored my fears when I should have listened
I cried for you when I knew you wouldn't cry for me
I was hurt for you when I knew you wouldn't hurt for me
I waited for you when I knew you wouldn't return
I kept myself because I thought you would do the same
I came to you when I should have been elsewhere
I loved you when I knew I shouldn't
I was mistaken

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Show Me What You Believe

I close my eyes and retreat further into my dreams.
I stand before you unabashed and wanting.
the notes and letters of love float through the air, easily dispensed, waiting to be
proved.
its not that I don't trust,
I just feel.
living there it becomes hard to breathe.
life steals me piece by piece.
my blue skies, filled with my dreams
my fields of flowers, filled with promise
my cool green pools of water to bathe my insecurities.
but I have faith that it will all be the same tomorrow.
I want to feel you.
My very own, my light.
guide me to peace.

move me.
hold me.
tell me that you are mine,
show me what you believe.

sing with me
laugh with me
tell me that you want me to be yours,
show me what you believe.

take me.
find me.
tell me that you need me,
show me what you believe.

love me.
come to me.
and show me what you believe.

let me borrow your hope because I can't open my eyes.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Sight

she has long dark hair
and when she speaks
her hair covers her eyes
and you clear them
by brushing the strands back
slipping your ideals into her mouth
while her legs are drawn against you
in anticipation

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Silence And The Cold

I watch your back
and icicles sparkled
through my field of vision
the world comprised
of stark branches.
around me
frigid wind keened my demise
my bones felt frozen
my flesh ready to shatter at a blow
the cold trapped inside my skin.
I wanted to call your name
ask for you to stop my pain
but the air was so cold
it sliced my throat
like shards of glass
and I remained ice
your heat already a retreating memory
I was sure I would die
and I wanted to call your name
but there was only silence
and the cold

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Silent Woods (Based On The Poem 'Dreams' By Thampi Kee)

the soul, my Love
is wandering.
with some words
for you to hum.

the sound is sweet,
soft to the touch of your mouth.
I wonder what you are thinking of,
just thinking of,
when it starts to resonate.

never ask the wind to sing this.
it is for you carry,
in the world of silent woods.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Simply Put I Love You

simply put...I love you

without pretense

I offer you my heart

without fear

I offer you my soul

without wanting

I offer you my spirit

without pain

I offer you my mind

and with wild abandon

I offer you my body

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Sleepless Nights

the sleepy sun unfolds its purple arms
to beckon the birds to sing its arrival
chattering wildly
they bring on the magenta, yellow, crimsons
and finally the blue of a new day
night creatures hurry from golden rays
knowing that sleep eventually will come
to those who are patient.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Slimy

am I so slimy
that I ooze from your thoughts
slipping
from your mind
sliding through your fingers
just out of reach
forgotten
without a backward glance?

perhaps you should wash me off

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Slipping Gently Into Oblivion

slipping gently into oblivion at sunrise
my quest to disappoint fulfilled
I offer you tears instead of tea
you offer me love leaving.
its seared into my core
that last salt laced kiss
the one I wanted to keep for myself and never give.
its not my spirit you took
but my dreams you left
that hurt the most.
you know, there's no beauty in parking garages
and long kisses goodbye
when the only star in the universe
has collapsed onto itself
leaving one lost
in a big black hole.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Smoke And Tea

wandering through this empty shell left by you. I wonder what I did wrong.
passing through my days marking time thinking about you.
my mood is solvent, ever changing.
I am living on smoke and tea.

sitting with myself playing memories like movies my judgment clouds itself.
returning to normal has been harder this time as I think of your warm arms.
the things I wanted to say, but didn't.
I am living on smoke and tea.

working alone in my stark corner
echoes of you are still with me.
I still smell you. I still taste you.
I am living on smoke and tea.

waiting is crushing to me, you've known that from the very start.
patience is not what I do well.
but it carries me because its all I have.
I am living on smoke and tea.

sleep comes like a drug.
it lifts me up and brings me to the morning.
wisps of light carry through my window.
and my thoughts turn straight to you.
wondering, i speed up time only to be stopped dead in my tracks.
I am living on smoke and tea.

patience wears me thin.
waiting brings nothing.
tears are no more.
breathing is hard but true.
life passes in a haze.
and I am still living on smoke and tea.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Solo Flights (Confessions Of The Confused)

it was ambiguous, that's all.
I made an ass of myself,
we understood and that was it.

Now as I touch myself
and pull back the bed clothes,
I remember most the touch.
The feel of taut skin
with a taste like salted marble
and the watching,
both of us into the watching,
but most I miss
the moist hardness of it all.

Confusing multiplicity's
constant titillation
were where we lived,
sensational one minute,
bitch the next...
should have been posted
on my door.

Solo flights to...
where did that come from
and how do we get back.
Undisciplined sex upon the other
licking my lower lip with
deep emotional nothings to say,
fondling your dark side with eyes
that never saw limits
but understood anything
involving skin was good.

And always the scented haze,
that hung like a low cloud-
that was us and this room
and that still permeates
these sheets and pillows inhaled
make me high.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Somewhere, In A Different Realm

I want to be chaste
and slow with you,
now.

Touching circles
from your pulse points
calling the blood up
to your surface, using my hands
to bring ease to your body
hidden here
and there, by the
edge of dark clouds.

The sound you make
is new to me, and I
think of the sound
high tide makes
at the moment
it yields to the ebb,
a sighing of sea water
under the tug
of a full moon.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Souls With Holes

what happens to the unwanted souls?

do they wander looking and lost?

do they remain staid?

do they follow masters with hope?

and what happens to the holes in those souls?

are they filled with air from the passing breeze?

are they enveloped again into the mist?

are they encompassed into the universe?

but what happens to the souls with holes?

what of them?

where to they reside?

how do they survive?

who do they inhabit?

mostly writers I think.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Speaking In Tongues (Saywhat?)

Love, I've been told in the past
I was difficult to understand,
speaking more like a poet
than a person.
If I'd realized
I was talking in tongues
when I said 'I love you...'
I'd have gotten you a translation
from whatthefuckdidyousay
to English.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Speaking Of Dreams

Take me to the water,
tie bright ribbons in my hair and lead on the wind and watch me while I dance for
you.

Take me to a place so holy,
so I can offer you
my mind
my body
my soul....

and you can offer yours.

Carry me to a rain forest,
tell me that you've always known that I am the queen of the sun and the
daughter of the moon.

if you feel as I do, then the lines between reality and painted dreams will fade.
and speaking of dreams,

I couldn't have dreamed you up... not the way you burst into my love, rattled my
cage and woke my sleeping
deep and dark.

I am at ease
in your mind
in your heart
wanting your sweet attention.

I will be your answer.
I will be your solitude.
come to me.
lay down your heart in my paradise.
choose not to fight.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Speechless

I was so eager to speak with you
after a small gap in time
that carried the feel of ages
vanished into the mists of the past.
wanting to tell you I loved you
it was beyond my mortal abilities.
instead it was all a torrent of images
and feelings my mind attempted
to turn into words.
I was speechless

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Standing In A Void (Of When You Left)

quivering with sorrow and loss
sitting in a void
fighting with desperation
for something besides
the scourging taint of
impending lonely,
agony was in my chest
as if my heart were going to implode
pain so strong that even in this nothing
I wanted to scream
emptiness shimmered, dwindled
my heart no longer beating
fingers of darkness crept in
smoothing a gray veil falling over seeing eyes
silver and black flecks floated between us
as the burn of breath on empty lungs took over
my world swallowed in agony
not just heart and head this time
but everywhere, every part of me
covered with the need for you
I will die slowly,
begging to let me love you
raggedly pleading silently
as you walk away

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Standing No More

Love, could I only split myself in two
I would stay with you
every moment of the day and night
until you cried
fly free, fly free my heart!
and you ached for your release from me.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Stone Will Seal What Time Already Has

I read your poems yesterday.
and found flat between the pages
an unnamed flower someone gave you,
while you walked the streets in love.

we were almost more than
I can imagine now.

and I found severed worms, growing tails and heads,
and metaphors
and those singing moments;
all the fine art of living and remembering, pulsing
on a cool white pages as if blood flowed from your pen.

If I gather you up, place you across paper,
arrange your limbs, smooth your brow and brush back the hair that hides your
eyes...
I will still lose you to the turning of a page.

life stops mid-sentence,
though we continue to walk among the choirs of leaves
and moments.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Storybook

an entire lifetime passed
when I died
and was resurrected by a voice
without a kiss.
I waited for it
with toes in beat
and fingers playing.
I knew it would come
knew you'd save me
because only you could
and I have undying faith;
in pixie dust,
the charm of knights in armor,
and Love.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Strangled Voice

I sing the song
I have a thousand times before
when the moon seemed viewed
through watered silk
and the shadow's shadow
grew vast...
like a fog darkened
till it was blacker than night
It had been as if the earth itself sang
now as I murmur
the land only echos me in a whisper
the song sounded and ended
fading as breeze fades

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Stubborn

I will not
stand up to you and argue
I will
just silently
refuse
to move

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Stuck Between Your Soul And Reality

you must understand
I didn't want to leave
not now
not like this
but I was committed,
dedicated
stuck half way
between dreams and wishes
between love and necessity
between your soul and reality
I wonder...
what you'd have done with me?
put me in your pocket?
to finger me idly
while folks paused to gape
at your sorrow with a smile.
no, my love
the secure binding of duty and your honor
tie me to the knowledge that its better this way.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Submission

it was rather gentle
almost tender
the way my clothes were stripped.
silently praying that
the hands that scratched at
me, would end my life instead,
I wouldn't struggle
there would be no satisfaction in that.
my eyes shut, I never saw it coming
but I felt it
mild calloused hands
searching, stretching,
warm breath only a moments notice
from teeth, nipping and biting.
prodding and bemoaning my fragility
complacency never marked my mind
when it screamed in agony for you
and there was only fear of pain in soft whimpers
as my new role was thrust upon me
I had left before then though.
swirling in my mind
you are next to me
smiling and touching my cheek softly
you raised my head
and again kissed the tears from my eyes
'love' you said, as I began to tremble
I was leaving, fading
and couldn't answer you, because
there was nothing to say.
I am lost Love,
gone, in the breath of my suffering
There were moments, when I thought I wouldn't break
In the end, there really is no reason
to attempt living
only to die folded in upon myself
bleeding and bruised
pieces of me, used and discarded
in the depths of night.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Suicide (Poetic)

give me a cigarette, and I promise to be a good girl.
to stop hiding myself under the bed in nights
when the heat has gone out,
to chew my veins.

poetry is the only way to die
without the ugliness of death.
without the stillness of mortuaries
and disgusting coffins...
without the coldness of grave.

it is subtle,
pretty as well as cruel, this blurr,
where you can't tremble troubles away
to become coarser, rougher at the edges.
all the while getting accustom to darkness.
you never get used to it though.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Tangled Sheets

See, You complain that the words
won't come, but last night
you wrote me out like an epic.
Your touch called me back to my body,
that unused thing.
I didn't know what to call it,
it was hardly even mine.
Just a costume, I borrowed
to hide what we all hide
under our skin.
You drew me
with the gesturing of hands.
You conjured me,
made me out of nothing
but an ache called desire.
I need the reminder
of your lips, the taking and being taken
The repeating chorus of your voice
singing out my name.
An encore dedicated
to the muss of sheets,
to desire itself, to the tangle of it all.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Taste

When I kiss
my lips are tender, nimble
and my breath can be heard
in autumn forests as rivers run

you are a mouth of spring
that licks the tips of toes, fingers....
any creases to liberate edges

these things are spoken of in summer
as light storms to remember
in fertile reefs where impossible swims
and tide pools break, riding out to ancient sea

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Tastes Like Chicken

what do
olive branches
and bridges
smell like when they're burned?

and what do
doves smell like when
they're burned?

I don't know
But I suspect it
tastes like chicken.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Teach Me The Language Of Love

I want you to teach me
the language of love
with your hands...
word by precious word.
as I teach you
the language of love
with my words
verse by precious verse.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Teach Me The Language Of Love (Re-Posted)

I want you to teach me
the language of love
with your hands...
touch by precious touch.

as I teach you
the language of love
with my words
verse by precious verse.

(Thank you to Merc who assisted the change)

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Tears Are A Luxury

it is sad, this ending
sad enough to make souls weep.
our demise has a sharper edge
than ones before
a dirge-like keen.
loss brings only a brief tightness
the sounds of empty wash over
touching nothing but lonely
tears are a luxury I can no longer afford
not even on the inside.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Tears On Oiled Silk

hanging there, like the sun
boiling in lust heat, desire and love
you are tantalizingly out of reach
my need and longing
running into a thick invisible wall
shutting me out and away from you
my love
rolling off you like rain on oiled silk
my words
failing to reach you
as you sit atop an icy mountain
in a glass box
my tears
ceasing to exist
bubbles floating away from anywhere you are
I do not possess the power
to move straw
in a tornado
I do not possess any charms
to move you, at all.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Tell Me

How can a person feel that they have lost
what they have never had...

miss,

what they have never known

remember,

what never was

hunger,

for what they've never tasted

How can they smell, the smell of you

when they've never been on that place on your neck,

right behind your ear

how can they feel

the softness of the spot

between your navel and your hip

when their lips have never touched it

Tell me how do I know you

when you were never here to begin with

then tell me how to erase you

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Temptation

my longing threatens to bury me
you entice me so
I struggle
just to avoid being consumed
by urge
what would it be like
to be magnified in your desire
beyond imagining
I want you
the draw is there
you, my deadly seduction

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Tenderness (Thank You)

It was tender,
how we slept.
So completely simple
in the warmth of wrapping arms
that laced the night.
Time was kept, as far as I noticed,
in butterfly breath
and stolen angel footprints.

Thank you for your strong arms
holding me like I needed to be held
thank you for kissing me
and for twitching while you dream.

I smiled when you called to tell me
you had just been daydreaming,
as if to say,
it was I you were dreaming of...
it caused me to fall
for the third time that day
into the sleep
that you slept with me.
Oh yes, love you make me smile so genuinely.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

The Amazing Act Of Vanishing

I am here love
dying
crumpled in a heap
trying to scream
but agony
beyond anything I've known
silences me
mouth gaping
pain and loss
envelop me
all I can do
is lay here
shuddering and weeping
because you vanished
as suddenly
as you came

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

The Answers Of A Mother's Prayer

My soul wanders aimlessly
it has no rhyme, no direction.
all that needs fixing is fixed
all that needs doing is done.
alas Lord... give me something to do!

.... are those the children I hear?

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

The Art

bodies align
and entangle
arms legs
gentle pursuing
the touch
the taste
the smell
of you
breathing in
your breath
hot and moist
sharp intakes
spasm with need
feeling you
seeing you
wanting you
a desire to hear
you calling my name
with love on
your soft lips

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

The Birds And The Bees (Romancing The Blushing Petals)

Sensuously soft kisses
caress curves
sending shock waves of dampening desire
bringing bees to inquire.
In full bloom
her center exudes a seductive scent,
that no passerby can deny.
Nectar needing lips pierce petals,
removing silken slips
to slurp her naturally sweetened center.
Stirring stingers elongate and palpitate,
as they await a turn
to spread her.
Throngs of bustling bees
dropp to her knees dreaming
they could be next
as she showers them
with her undeniable need
to be quenched.
Invited a hundred nights
tickling tongues feed
as they help her vulnerable petals
evoke exotic song birds
bringing her shaking stems out of shock.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

The Cloth Of Hurt

the mirrors reflection stares back at me
with long dark curls
a smile-less face
and searching dark eyes
carefully I turn
this way and that
at my cast reflection
I even peer back over my shoulder
to make certain
yes,
I am sure
it is indeed sadness
that sheathed me in its dress
so closely to my body it fits
my new agony wear
suggests everything it hides
leaving nothing to the imagination

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

The Coming Of Autumn

The sun rises over the buildings and through the mountains
another rainy day
but today is different.
the colors of autumn shine through the mist
pumpkin colored leaves tremble in the cool morning breeze
the world is alive... and dying.
the feelings flow over the apex of the hills
the color radiates from here...
from me!
I am autumn, I am the color
I am alive
I am dying
The mother of all things takes my life
leaving me with the skeletons of trees.
and hard cold earth.
I will sleep now.
she has won.
but in the spring...
I will come again!

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

The Consummation

sadness hides behind the dark eyes that scan the horizon.
I walk softly through the glen of trees.
my bare feet crush pine needles and leaves, releasing their scent into the air.
its the smell of clean, the moist freshness after a rain.
as I step over the fallen boughs my long skirt trails behind, further connecting
me to the earth.
gently touching the trees, they speak to me telling me of sorrows past, of
happiness and showing me my path.
long dark hair falls softly around my face and the leaves and flowers from the
trees settle themselves in the tousled mass.
the setting sun sparkles against the thistle dangling from my ankle.
it makes me pause for a moment, look east and wonder.
now driven further, deeper into the forest, my feet are steady.
I continue to wander, looking for my truth.
my vision is clouded by dreams without recognition. without purpose.
time is lost in the void, the quiet closes in, but I keep moving.
my eyes continue to scan the now darkened sky.
guided by a lunar torch, the trees silence themselves so the earth can speak.
'you've followed the path you've chosen, you've followed the path you've lay,
now that which is before you is no longer of your choosing'
my chest rises and falls rapidly with my next steps.
I can feel it closer now and I know that my search will soon be over.
my presumptions bare, my strength wanes.
the stillness finally gives way and I can hear him.
his sweet voice beckons me.
'come to me' he implores.
his gentle words echo in my mind
'can you feel me? ' he says.
'can you feel the longing?
I have desired this since the beginning.
you were always mine and I have patiently waited for your return, because I love
you.'
I can not find voice to reply, but I don't have to, he hears me.
drawn further into the rapture, I find it.
I am finally here.
slowly I turn and take in my sacred place.
the space that was made for me, for my being, for my purpose.
walking softly further in, the coolness is a contrast to the heat of my skin.
for a moment my reality finds its way back.

the sheerness of it all.
the thin veil that keeps us obedient.
the fact that our worlds are constant places, partially insignificant but always
moving forward.
that the innate feelings we have mean nothing to us most of the time and that
the acquired feelings we have mean something to us most often.
the firm knowledge that death is freedom, and that life is change.
it fills my thoughts but he knows my vulnerability will slow my arrival.
so again he beckons.
'my love, what keeps you? you are so close.'
the connection grows stronger again and my timidness fails.
I will go.
the breath leaves and silence fills my space.
my eyes are open.
memories and visions fill my head.
the past, distant and clear, with its knowledge.
the present, clouded, full of fear, with its uncertainties.
the future, tempting and disquieted, with its promise of hope.
there's a moment of panic.
a longing for the familiar, for the imminent, for the comprehension that there is
more for me than this.
then the quietness of peace overtakes me.
it is a place that I craved.
where I wanted to be.
I was delayed and discouraged.
all merely a temporary distraction from my perfect vision.

Return me to that which gave me life,
to that which nurtured me,
to that which breathed life into my soul,
to the place that made me what I am,
to the mother who gave me gifts, gave me color, gave me sight, gave me grace,
gave me vision, gave me ability, gave me patience, gave me compassion.
she gave me my heart and then cursed me with feeling it.

return me, to that which showed me love.
return me to my earth.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

The Coupling Of Passion, Love, And The Erotic

Taking your hand
fingers touch my lips
I want to love every inch of you
taste every part of you
to drink your love
through your very pores

Lay down beside me
feel my body crying for you
I want to get lost...
your sweet caresses
touching my soul

Want me, like no other
need me, like air
join me to make one mind, one soul
fused in the heat of passion
existing in this moment

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

The Creeping Mist Shrouds The Voices

in the cool mist shrouded
silent, as the hour creeps to midnight
I sit alone in the cloud covered night
with the first puffs of smoke
the silence closes in on my ears
and I hear you calling my name
as if there isn't hundreds of miles
of earth between us
faint in my head
I grasp at the voice
but its like trying to touch
whispers with fingers.
you continue to beckon
calling my name
softly echoing the stillness
I can barely move
lest I loose the thin tendril bond
gently you call
and I answer with my heart
yes my love, I am here....

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

The Dance Of Wounded Souls

closing my eyes...
slowly I turn
dancing to the music in my mind
I gracefully bow to nothing in front of me
and I am forced to remember the rules of my life.
swaying to and fro
like the pendulum
that keeps time and you from me
I reluctantly keep the rhythm
in the dance of wounded souls

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

The Death And Life Of A Dream

a dream,
it's true
dies first
soft, tender, unattended
relegated to the long expanse
of bygone
misplaced emotions
desires and secrets
decay at the bottom
of our malleable minds
archaic thoughts
forced to peek around
life's current corners
at treasures both luxuriant
and worthless without them
still sealed with intense
covert feelings
secretly stashed
it suddenly
will dust itself with doubting fingers
earnestly wanting to feel
needed again
trying hard
not to crumble
when newly exposed.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

The Deeps

Love, could I but send you my doves
my mourning doves
that their call
may drive away and lament
whatever ills tie you
I would

I sometimes feel like those hollow boned birds
a wing on it
a feather on the tip, small
lacking power to fly
helpless, save for my tiny part of the whole

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

The Difference Between Men And Women

Underwear tossed carelessly to the floor
shower recalls sponges like distant friends
laundry overtakes the hamper in an unseen race
sink contains remnants of shadows, five o'clock and beyond
yet there you stand
pants strangling ankles
to inform me
I put in the new toilet paper roll upside down.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

The Dust Of Retreat

there is no forgiveness
in the dust of retreat
only tears of regret
that dropp into the hurt
I was left standing in

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

The Ethereal Glow Of Happy (Driven Away From Love)

the night was neither warm nor cold
just the right sort of welcome mid-November
denial of winter...
I wanted to see you.

lunar blooms cast glows
on stick trees and woodland creatures.
I was driven,
not by love, but by another.
moving not too fast, and not too slow
I was taken, my heart hurt.
not an ache... but a grievous hurt,
like mortality had crawled into my chest.

moon kissed, the landscape rolled on
there was beauty in the shadows
love in the silvery light on the hills
passion in the way the beams played
the ethereal glow of happy that danced,
entwined under the stars.

I couldn't take the magnificence of it all
the real exquisiteness
of everything that you can't be right now.
I did not want to see it.
I wanted to see you
stubbornly I closed my eyes.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

The Fabled Lands Once Held My Heart

with reluctance and great sorrow
I returned from your fabled lands
where I myself led the expedition
into a wilderness
full of strange civilizations,
and beautiful sights,
to captivate the heart
it would fascinate me to tell you of it
this place where giants live
where there are beings with no heads
a land where the birds,
are big enough to carry off your soul
and where the snakes can swallow you whole.
it is wondrous this place
seemingly made of solid gold
descend into my tale
and let me tell you about the land of love gone.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

The Final Cup

brimming full
steam rises in the chill morning
like memories lifted from my mind
hot liquid days with passion
and the hotter sting of tears
tastes explode in my mouth
a mixture of sorrow dark
and love sweet
ritualistic sips of time past
wandering ancient towns
with slow exploration and wonder shared
the cup drains
and I am filled
with warmth and regret
we've come to this end
nothing is left,
save the morning chill
and the sun
pressing against my face.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

The Flashing Light

The flashing light up on the hill...
I wink, and it winks back.

The flashing light up on the hill...
its consistency annoys me.

The flashing light up on the hill...
perhaps its trying to tell me something?

The flashing light up on the hill...
it will still be there when I'm gone.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

The Heat Of Your Light

you are light emblazoned
shimmering like a heat haze.
in my darkness
I fumble towards it
I throw myself towards it
towards you
until the light
plucks me apart
fiber by fiber
slicing the fibers
into hairs
splitting the hairs
into nothing
it all drifts into your light
burning, flickering, wavering
until melded back together
in the forge of passion

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

The Human Descent Into The Throes Of Passion

In your eyes I see my prison
visions of sweet sweat,
trailing the curve above your waist
visions of lust
promises of ecstasy's sin
to flower upon my decadent hunger
and bloom from your being.
soft circles dance over, around, across,
awakening and arousing whispers auctioned in passion.
it is my secret, those words,
spoken as vespers
morphing into words
cried in breaths of consummation
I will drink until my appetite is laid bare
and I reach the salvation of the truth of desire

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

The Kiss After Reading My Poetry

you kissed my mouth
full of question
to quiet me, I think

it was my heart you were afraid of
and my love
concerned it would rub off
it was easier to kiss me
than explain
if given free reign
you'd follow me to the end of the world
and then back
just for another kiss.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

The Last Fragment Of Me

within my head
the world exploded into fire
your form before me unsupported by air
the cascading image swept me beyond speech
glowing brighter and brighter as you draw close
glowing till your being
would outshine any other living being
till effort forced me to close my eyes
and listen to your voice pull my soul
swallowing me
until the last fragment of me that recalled my name
was sure that I would melt into you

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

The Last Time My Eyes Were On You

it sometimes seems to me
that you are away on a long journey
and that I'll never see you again.
So I set myself a mission;
to wander about the hemisphere
passing the time
between never again,
and the last time my eyes
were upon you.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

The Last Words That Fall From Knowing Eyes

I can hear you whispering
in the night silence of my room
my heart surrenders to you...
like the sun to the moon.

I can barely stand this tormented aching,
endlessly my hands reach out for you
yet when the morning comes...
there is nothing I can do.

Somewhere in time I know
despite the tears that swell in my eyes
you, are the reason to my why...
and your kiss, wasn't a goodbye.

In your final embrace,
I looked into your beautiful eyes so free
Love me now and forever....
were the last words they silently said to me.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

The Leaving

it would've been easier if you'd died
rather than know you're walking
talking, breathing
... breathing into the mouths of others
instead of mine.

smiling that smile
which caught and ensnared
so many, you go.
and I begin to understand
that you will never smile
in secret for me again
and my bed shall never hold your shape
nor my lips taste you
or my body love you.

opening my eyes
to a hundred reminders
each with its own accusation of cowardice
and giving up too early
my chest constricts
filling with grief
and a blackness so profound
it becomes tangible entity
a being, in its own right
trapped within the confines of this body
forcing my soul from its place
in a low keening wail
which builds and builds
until a great howl is heard
and I break with the force of it.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

The Little Earthquakes

afternoon wobbled the earth.
equator north of middle
oceans in plain
china cracked
utah's lake moved.
caresses saw where silk met flesh
before all turned
to normal darkness.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

The Loss Of My Father

today words escape me
I am sad beyond them
my world will pause today
and I will ache
my soul cries out every fiber of my being longs
for just one more touch
just one more hug
one more kiss from my father.
my heart breaks.
I miss him.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

The Moment Our Souls Bonded

I caught sight of my reflection
trailing in the mirror
I saw love there
I knew you were my undoing
yet in my darkness... my presently undying night
I know that I am yours

my grip on this world slips
I've lost my hold
and I look at the reflection.
Is that me you caress?
held tightly in your arms
despite the distance between us

you've taken me in your tenderness
and I float away with nothing to rely on
I hold still for a moment
closing my eye's reflection
I can remember without hesitation
the moment with absolute clarity....

you reach for me, tenderly bonding with a kiss
I can feel your heart
I rest in your arms
we mingle with each other
and I feel you in me
it is this moment our souls bonded.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

The Natural Home Of Love

there, where sunlight flares
through a crease in the hills
glazing the hollow
of this mountain cup...
you glow, like a river
whose left bank is the sky
and right bank is the setting sun.

what was gambled, what was lost
when you called my name
awash in the scent of love and need
to chase timeless moments to their utter end.

you live parted from me
but here, in these words, you can come home.

I too have come to this
from a place where poems fall
a page at a time,
to burn our souls in paper fires,
our passion and longing exhaled in smoke
a breath at a time.

Here there is a trail of our journey,
this is our narrow shore.
and we are grander here.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

The One You Choose

I will hate the one you choose
because they are not me
yet I'll love them
if they can make you smile
no one deserves the sure
knowledge of a broken heart
you least of all

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

The Passage Of Time

my sense of loss and sadness is particularly sharp.
there is none who can comprehend the pain that I feel.
compounded by grief
no one to call with cheerful greetings
no one to sympathize with paperweights and bad ties
no one to hug and hold with whispered words of love
the deep longing for wanting
the cavernous space that conditions my heart lay empty and wasted
used and unwanted.
that which I have to give is taken in short order
used and set aside until the next time its needed
a curt thanks is what I have to cling to
its my nature to impart happiness
to ease pain
to stop suffering
to care
my warmth and clarity of color is reflected back at me in hazy dull shades of
gray.
hastily cast glances with just enough there to make me believe.
retreating again to my shell, I listen to the sounds of joys.
their shards of delight run through me.
delicately weaving their way through my skin.
intricate pricks to remind me of waxing and waning moons
the passage of time
silent in its knowledge that destiny, unavoidable as it may be, is still ruled by
choices.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

The Pleasure I Have Known

coming to you
the candlelight covers my body
showing every curve
of breast
of hip
of thigh
long dark hair frames this face
with big brown eyes
longing
I want to feel you
filling me with love
like life bubbling along my limbs
seeping through my flesh
you keep within you
all the pleasures I had ever known,
or hoped to.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

The Return From Missing

suddenly you were there again
pulsing and beckoning
filling me with hunger
like starvation
without thought
I want to reach out
and fill the emptiness in myself
with you
in an avalanche of fire
in a storm of need.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

The Savage Silence Of Desire

I lay lust aside and sleep
alone in constellations
of twinkling lullabies,
where the gentle breath
of linen and the sea
soothes the savage quiet
in hormones and nature.

Yet in flutters
the siren breeze
with an arabesque
to challenge my mournful chastity
it is the primal symphony
of mating.
I resist, I rebel, I renounce.
I plead,
no more
cruel reminders
of skin turned to dust
from lack of touch.

The cry is belated.
already music fills my ears,
lava fills my veins.
there is a crescendo,
in this goddess,
It becomes harmonic;
entrenched in my brain,
in my suffering heart,
in my desolate wetness.

I resist, I rebel
I surrender
to the absinthe of desire.
With feverish suffocation
I imagine
a whirlpool opera
of reverent flesh

wearily I caress
and think of love
devouring my fruits
and feasts
cascading into me
until silence claims its throne
ending the temporary suffering
like the benevolent queen that I am.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

The Shadow Of Clouds

I have dreamed of you,
so much, I am lost
in the sky.

I will whisper this in your ear.
as if it were a rough draft,
something scribbled on a napkin,
because there is no time
left to write.
or for my shadow to fall back to earth.

all the times we've talked, I was afraid
to want more.

the hours belonged to neither you
nor I. what can I do, now
that I can not find the words I need,
when your hands are not mine and there's no time to sleep.
now that your name is not enough.

my lips are like clouds
drifting above your shadow as you sleep.

now that the moon is enthralled, what can I do
if one of us is lying on the earth,
and the other
is lost in the sky.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

The Simple Words Of Moments

the passenger
who takes the loneliest road,
sees the time
in which the trees
left a simple word,
in sheltered stillness,
on the mirage of horizon.

with a scarcity of lyrics,
as in, to stay, to leave...
the clouds upon the simple word
are our moments.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

The Souls Of Empty Things

I think of you
really try hard
to think of you
but you elude me
running deftly from my mind's grasp.
and I wonder why you went
leaving me here
with the souls of empty things
like pillows and silver ribbon and foreign currency.

Love, I do not know what to do
with these shells...
and you forgot to tell me
before you left.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

The Sound Of Your Voice

low and sweet
like syrup poured over my soul
melodic
full of pauses
full of questions
full of promise
low and sweet
like summer rain that washes you bare
your voice can strip me
down to my essence
full of doubt
full of nervousness
full of desire for more
low and sweet
wanting
haunting
filling my head

wishing for more.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

The Taste Of You

it is dark, shards of moonlight drift over us.
as you sit with me, the light from the candles dance across your skin.
I can still taste the ice wine on my lips.
it makes me feel very sensual
I notice your eyes
and let my hair fall around my face to hide there as I watch you.
I sit very close to you breathing in your scent.
intoxication overtakes me.
I am unsure of myself
but I want it.
I wait.
your hand is guided slowly toward my face
gently moving my hair aside so I can no longer hide.
you draw me closer
your gaze never moves
I am lost now
only desire will assist me.
time and distance meld into one
and I can feel the heat from your body closing in on me.
hesitation flutters momentarily
it too is lost in the void.
gently you cup my face
holding me in excruciating infinity
my eyes are undeniable.
I can not blink
I can not move
soft lips touch
I close my eyes
and I can see.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

The Things I Do With Lips (Or I Will Kiss You)

I will kiss you
good night
good morning
good day
when you open your eyes
when you close them again
I will kiss you
lips exploring textures untested
new tastes, new temptation
probing, delicious and sweet
dancing, delighting
teasing
I will kiss you
as you feast upon my love
as you consume my body
let me fill you with my joy
then,
I will kiss you again.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

The Tyranny Of Loving Too Much

I have fallen victim
to the tyranny of loving more,
for the sake of myself.
The knowledge that
I will never be loved in return
is too much to bear.
I, just once, would like
the gift of someone
who truly loves me
rather than ones who'd
dazzle me
with secret indifference.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Their Breath Made Feathered Mists

'you're right
it does become you.'
the words came out
in a faint mist of cold air
while you wore disgruntlement
with more beauty than your eyes could hold.
and I thought to myself,
yes, you're right,
we are dying too bland,
in dry shreds stretched thin,
I with alien seeds spread in my land
you motionless, in a tempest, like if you were never engaged.
As I look at the gleaming band surrounding the whole of your universe
I realized the scents of all our cities
had already met within us.
reaped, now we just mark time with impatience
until we're alone with who we've become.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

There Is More

Can I call you my Love
As my heart feels it,
this very moment.

can I say that I love you
without thinking of the past,
and any possible extensions.

can I live with you,
in this moment,
if not every moment...

your love appears from nothing
and floats like a fog
over my soul
disappearing with little breezes.

do I have to care
about the lasting of it.

do I have the right
to make you feel clogged
instead of inspired.

I wish you to find a really wonderful muse
who can give more.
more, without taking from you,
more, by not walking away.

I'll let you go, because I want no more
constricted thoughts, of just wishing you more.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Thought Noir

sometimes they get ahead of me,
these things.
leaving only tatters,
confused smoke hanging in air.
it welcomes me, in gestures
and weepy smiles.

after being stored
in some unimaginable place,
they smell of broken earth
groaning, howling
not just in passing
but in a way of finality.

they are my elongated,
immutable holes.
my hard winter
of rubbing hands and palms,
of watching birds
perched on stone benches
not knowing what to say.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Time

can I but remember
your taste
on my lips and eyes
I'd know the feel of you
on my palms and fingertips

recalling the slow intake of breath
on my skin
as I rise to meet the soul of you
your name will always be
a litany on my lips

my Love
my Love
oh my Love

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Timeless

When I am with you
Life becomes timeless
We become ageless
and I stand, breathless.

I tell you this
so you'll silently know
how deeply you are adored.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

To My Love, In Honor Of Your Request....

like a voice that came from the clouds of nowhere
your request showered me with sharp nails
gifted I am, but I am not justice
I sit not like three monkeys on a fallen palm tree.
words of love requested are denied.

ahhh... but in haste...
for I shall pen you something my love!
advice for you, the happiest.
and words to live by.

wait you with baited breath...?
release my love
cause here it goes;

'Your Lips'

tumbling forth from ruby red lips
words of love fall free
those lips... beautiful and poised
speak to hearts with glee.

full of joy
those lips...
as they await your
new loves first kiss.

but instead of that lass...
their ebullient mass
can most assuredly...
kiss my ass.

with all my love baby....

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Tomorrow

Nothing ever grows here
in the darkness
where memory is just a gossip
with a mean tongue
hovering over the tea and smoke

I'm digging in the wrong dirt
getting dirty for nothing
because Spring will never come
the calendar plays February
over and over
like a sleeping DJ

You've managed to find the sun
flown to tomorrow, a homecoming of sorts
it's easy to imagine
the postcards you haven't sent
glossy photos of chaotic cities
and streets teeming with life

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Too In Love To Leave

sitting beside you
your hand close to mine
our bodies not touching
our hearts combined
to scared to move
too tense to breathe
captured by the essence
too in love to leave.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Touch

skin awakened
waiting to feel contrasts
against sensitive surfaces
marking them with indelible tattoos
till even the memory of a memory
makes restless

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Touch Consummed In Passion

touch you!
touch you?
I do not want to touch you...
I want to consume you
to taste
and know all

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Traces

You will always be there
in places that go everywhere with you like a hat,
or a secret whispered into your mouth.

I want to whisper others
one fire thing breathing air into another
danger playing with danger
fire joining fire
to make a larger blaze.

And your voice whispers back
it holds the energy of a star,
a winter leaf
still on the tree
waiting...
wanting
like two leaves falling and dancing
swirling in the wind

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Tracking

I love you so
dearest of my heart
that I would try to follow you
like yesterdays wind
across stone,
by moonlight

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

True Beauty

The me I see
from my mind
is what I'll never be.

That which you see
from your heart
Is what I am...

in the essence of true beauty
there has been assimilation
in heart and mind

this is no external beauty of divine creation
only concealed magnificence
of your eternal conception.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Tuesday

I wasn't born here
but I've lived here all my life

with you
it sounds right
certain

I want to say
that what we do
is like reading
me feeding you words
while you're lying on your back
naming you with them
in the dark

yes Love, it is more reading
feeling, than writing
this is what we make possible

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Tumbling

there remain places here,
where tumbling rock slides
have rolled down
to spill over my edge.

I wonder if these sudden avalanches
might startle the stars?

the notion of stars
whirring off
in all directions,
like a frightened cover of birds,
is amusing, only because
the indifference of them
irritates me.

if only they could be held.
their skin would be as soft
as moonlight.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Twenty And One More

I caught twenty
of your glances
and locked them in memory

two of them were duplicates
of a kiss flying in air.
it all hit me
with fading music so steep
you needed to hold my eyes
within patient caresses.

but it was the one more,
which took me...

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

United (For B...)

every time I hear your voice I want you more.
I want to hear your voice as I lie beside you.
as I am inside you.
as you lie before me,
looking at me.
me knowing that you are mine
waiting for the ultimate moment
I will tell you that I love you
soft and low
my heart will beat loudly enough for both of us to hear.
I will whisper your name
in a breathless gasp
as my soul joins yours

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Until

do you think
I would go away?
I came to you Love!
and I will stay,
until you go.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Untitled

and what of that man...
who follows,
constantly picking up my pieces

screwing in light-bulbs
turned off
then on

scattering petals and buds
for the larceny that seethed
in my grubby little soul

tying together twigs
for me to rest feathers upon?

I want to be his cry.
the tears which run away
with falling down longing.

I was wing without bird.
he, a diligent historian pursuing truth
down many paths at once...
a coloring book without lines.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Untitled, Unfinished (Erotic)

sometimes, I can nearly taste you
against my tongue.
the corridors of you
laid out in lines moving
from arc to arrow.

sometimes I can see through you,
tempting me.
my wet curves, so complex...
they turn back on themselves
dissolving into unimaginable dimensions.

yes, I want you to touch me.

to look as my hair falls
covering my breasts, save for their arrogant peaks
gone sweet, from catching your eyes.

sometimes I can see your mouth pushing
in angles, in circles
in slow looping grooves
which I follow
with my own slow counterpoints and contractions.

sometimes I can write this desire
on the borders of my mind
making it into the heated answer to a daring wish
where passion becomes instinct.

yes, I want you to touch me.

as you lay, rich against my face
breathing something we're making...

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Vanishing Bubbles

I had this thought
of showering with you
nothing between us
but vanishing bubbles
as we touch wetness
silently together.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Vision

It is easy to see all my ways.

The quiet,
the slow, drifting loose from magic.

How risk and incompleteness,
lay at the heart of my love and passion.

...How much I desire you.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Visions In A Gray Shirt

on that street corner
next to the hot dog man
where the vagrant will take coin
'in any currency you got, lady'
it was two butterflies
about their own business, hovering
entwined in one another
that caught me
before you did

they fly
while men and women
with brisk strides
full of storied northern industry
pass, unaware of your look
that told me sunsets
boycott immortality for you

how you manage to strut
while sitting, I'll never know

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Visitation

climbing from heaven
near newborn dawn
taking care
not to break the kiss of slumber
I watch cradled rapture
with hair, of freshly rumpled quality
and a reassured tick of brow
on a face that says
yes
the dream is of you.
there never really was any doubt
that you smiled in sleeping

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Voice

the sound of your voice comes over
golden, so sweet
I don't know whether to laugh or to cry
it echoes and the earth and my heaven seem to sing
while your soothing voice hangs inside my head
flushing away all thought of pain
nearly flushing away all thought
I could hear it for the rest of my life,
and never tire of listening

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Vulnerable

so long
sleepwalking, I've become someone else
I almost knew.

in time
we all teach ourselves to live this way.
with pockets full of rain,

I peer
in mirrors wondering if I look far enough
into my own eyes,

if my gaze,
meeting itself, would make an absence
and exclude me.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Waiting Alone

I sit and wait for some miniscule distraction
something,
anything,
to distract me from my loneliness
the phone,
the doorbell,
they don't ring
the world, has forgotten me here
my tears are my company now.
one by one they come to visit the features of my face
slowly at first
but then my new friends comes rapidly.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Waiting In Fear

I can feel you
there waiting for me;
like the smell of perfume
or the feel of silk
drawing me.
drawing me
now that we've touched
I can not stop the wanting
the longing
I can not stop from touching you again
or at least trying to
I seem to fail at this
more often than I succeed
but its only another spur to keep on
it frightens me, how much I want you
how drab and dreary I feel
when we do not speak, compared to when we do
I want you, to drink you all in
despite the cautions
it is the wanting
that frightens me most of all

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Wal-Mart

I could be mistaken, but I think
Helen of Troy
is one of the shift leaders.
an there's a giant wooden horse
parked in a handicap space,
filled with folks looking like it's the last time
they'll ever eat hamburgers.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Wanting To Be Wanted

The way you appeared
a spirit in silence
seeming to materialize out of nowhere
in the middle of my current storm
is enough to make me love you instantly
your voice in words went right to the heart of me
wind in a tunnel
channeled, moving faster as it traveled.
I obeyed, answered
wanting to be reaped
wanting to be wanted.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Watching

I have watched you
when you are about me
you have a smile like a boy
about to do mischief
and those eyes
Oh! I do very much like those eyes.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Watching You, Watching Me (For G.)

eyes wide
and lips slightly parted
I watch you in awe.
stranded in the light and mystery
that fill your eyes
there is no place to hide
no point in breaking my gaze.
unable to remove myself from your grace
I watch.
a thousand miles travel in the flash of your smile.
and I think...
you are,
simply put,
beauty understood
without reason
for knowing.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Water

I live on top of skeletons
always flying from oceans
with closed eyes.

I want to live on water
sitting aside a point of exchange
where marsh grasses of myself blow.

That is the beauty of water
how it has no walls, like you.
and is destined to live forever.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

We Know, And Cry For Ourselves

Anoint me in your house
that has no roof or wall.
My need is a force, like time...
and I exhaust you.

You'll never know how I suffer
because of my ignorance.
Or how words leave a gap
the shape of a body.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Wednesday

not knowing why
we do love
swift and unknowable
letting ourselves
be moved by something wild
trusting completely
dropping to it
as if bones melted

shall we deny, when it is given?
damnation is that

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Wet Hands Searching

I want to kiss the droplets of water from your eyelashes.
to feel you slippery against my skin.
wet hands searching
wanting.

I want to kiss the droplets of water from your lips.
to feel your soaked palms against my skin.
wet hands searching
needing.

I want to kiss the droplets of water from your cheeks
to feel your drenched hair against my skin.
wet hands searching
desiring.

I want to kiss the droplets of water from your fingertips
to feel your damp chest against my skin.
wet hands searching.
craving.

I want to kiss the droplets of water from your chin
to feel your drenched arms against my skin.
wet hands searching
yearning.

I want to kiss the droplets of water from your shoulders.
to feel your moist thighs against my skin.
wet hands searching.
longing.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

What Can Love Not Do

You were the first time
my will and imagination
were overwhelmed
I had lost that privilege
of simple nature;
the disassociation between love and pleasure.
pleasure had been complicated by love.
So I ask you, my heart
what can love not do?
If I were dead, and you called to me
I would answer.
I've imperturbably overcome
that seemingly insurmountable task,
yet seeing you, remains an impossibility.
Give me your breath
put your lips to my forehead
and tell me...
what can love not do...

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

What Could We Have Been Thinking?

standing in your un-sheltered place
I strained till I could see your face
what is before and behind us
leaves not a trace
what could I have been thinking of?

I had been seeing things that were not there
but you welcomed me without a care
battered and bruised I arrived
my soul was broken, in a state of disrepair
what could you have been thinking of?

in our fairy tale house of make believe
I came to you, and you received
gentle kindness and compassion
were all I could perceive
what could we have been thinking... Love?

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

What I Got

friendless and alone
I came to you as a beggar
in need of soul nourishment
and love food
I received in your arms
what could feed a nation.
you claim non-perfection
yet I see it in your eyes
as clearly as I see you

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

What I Wouldn'T Give

what I wouldn't give
to see your dark skin
darken more
flush with desire
the thought, has made an impression
on my mind
like a burning ember smoldering away
stimulating images
of coming upon you to explore
softness turning to heat, molten heat
eliciting such a response
pursuit is the only answer
seeing your body respond
the sounds of passion escaping
mewing moaning soft and low
increasing in depth and breath
I slide into this thought
like piercing a bubble
gentle, soft, wet and pliable
to the touch.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

What Is Love Supposed To Be?

is it action not just emotion
do I love you
because I feel it or
I took time to show it

perhaps from the soul
not just your heart it can come...
then is it my soul or my heart
that pains and cries at your absence

love may be looking at me
wanting to create a life
but if you're too busy to gaze
will we become homeless

I've heard its best at
communicating inner spirituality,
if we are upset then is it our spirits
or our words that part us

writing poetry could be love
if unappreciated
has it gone to waste
or been simply misunderstood

Love could be,
should be
and is
many things...
but if only you feel it
and I only show it
are we really in love?

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

What It Means (Erotic)

it's not just words that fall.
each curved letter is an intense need
that reigns unbridled,
surrounded by a hush of bitten lower lipped sighs.

something is there;
taut, eyes-gone-wide, there.
the visage of blatant sex, there.
the kind of drape
from being poured naked
onto a wrinkled bed, there.

and, it all falls open in
whetted desire slid onto palms
to feed skin, moaning poetry.

masturbated and exhausted
those pouting full words
are content to leave their pieces,
dangerously spread.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

What Lies In Moonbeams

the moon, like a half closed eye
stares at me, unblinking,
mocking and laughing
with her knowledge
the more I struggle
the more I entangle myself
in her ethereal web
she calls to me
in whispered dreams on the wind
glimpses of lives that could have been
shadows of lives that still may be
I wish to dance naked and soar
with only her light to wash and guide me
on these heights
the paths are paved with daggers
how thin is this razors edge I walk
always knowing
death is as light as a feather
and duty heavier than a mountain.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

What Lies Within Without You

without opening my eyes
I know your love
creeping across me
like ink on wet silk
moving me
in a sinuous dance
to the rhythm of exploration
mind probing
stretched across mine
my body dances
to delicate thoughts
of drinking my soul
embraced by you
it is that,
what lies within
without you

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

What Resides Within

there resides a god in me
I didn't realize he lived here
until he was already there.
when his eyes
like a mist sea of blue love
focus on me
my soul melts
I feel desire, passion
a stirring deep within
like a sleeping volcano
now pushing the boundaries of existence
speak to my heart
my god
you are amazing.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

When I Wake

the sun will burst in
without thought or reason
on my dreams of you
I will open my eyes
to confusion and haze
blink rapidly and rise
to find myself
alone

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Who Am I?

dreams are the only way I can see myself as you say you do.
it's during those moments that I want to be possessed by you.
to feel the want
to feel the desire
to feel beautiful
desperation draws me to it
the need for honesty and the hunger for intensity.
I would have stopped at nothing for a kiss
or a caressing finger that would have told me more
deeds are at times less obvious than words
so I joined the dance.
surrounded myself in the prose
sipped from the gleaming chalice lay before me.
Just for a moment I dropped my guard, denied reality.
for just a moment
I believed.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Why The World Of Sanctity Breathes

gasping at the sudden feel of fingers
stroking my mind
palping my soul
I can feel you thinking of me
with desire and lust
my skin pebbles at the suddenness of your touch
a gentle reminder of your want.
the hot glow of longing
seemed to burst through my skin
like the radiance of beauty
wanting to contain you
to be contained by you
my awareness climbs higher
with every moment
I can smell your scent
each strain of your clean masculinity and desire
separate from one another
each one compelling me forward
as do the silent words unveiled behind
those blue eyes.
I want my being on you
my softness on you
like silk laid over steel
not knowing where one begins and the other ends.
joined indelibly, knowing
we are why the world of sanctity breathes

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Winter Tale

fresh snow
from the overnight squall
lies deep in drifts
deadening sound

joining the street
people begin to stare
mothers pulling children
covering eyes
while looking
with confused stares
of indignation, intimidation
interest

leaving them
to reach a green belt
painted
with winter's whitewash brush
I lay my torso down
extending extremities
using the last of my strength

naked, and cold
I am still held in the arms
of an angel

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Wishes (For B)

I wish you serenity,
a sunbeam to warm you,
a moonbeam to charm you,
a sheltering angel,
so nothing can harm you.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

With You

hands tied fast with strips of life
it comes with an ease I do not recall
bound to you, I'll be
in this life and the next
I do not wish for freedom
all I desire is simple
just an eternity with you.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Without Gills

I woke, to find the house filling
with tears running under doors
under the bedroom
coming up to my bed,
to my heart.

nobody is surprised.
it seems they were all born fish
or seashells...

there's a dead shark
with the same smell of your heart.
when I kiss his closed lips
I taste you, word for word.

Love... rescue me
from this instant frozen in match bloom.
do not leave these hands,
to settle at the bottom of the sea.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Witness

can you count
the times
you've put on your left shoe
or touched fingers
to forehead
brushing wayward strands

it isn't really
how you sip coffee
or rest your hand
on the shifter
its not even breath
taken milliseconds
before a kiss
that makes you tumbled
from heaven

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Words

words
are you, connected
to my mind

it never stops,
the desire
for them.

words
written right now
here

I have
no other use
for them

words
yet I cannot
write you down

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Would You Know Me?

would you know my soul if you saw it?
its the one that wanders.
silently passing through the shadows
waiting.

would you know my lips if you kissed them?
they are the ebullient lips that seductively smile
parting gently with wonder and abandon.

would you know my eyes if you saw them?
they are the dark pools in which you swim
helpless but not drowning.
they are the ones that show my desires
and passions.

would you know my arms if I held you?
the strong comforters, they hold the babies,
the laundry
the worlds pain
and everyones suffering hearts.

would you know my heart if you held it?
its is the delicate blown glass
fragile and stretched.
filled by life
emptied by love
wanting something in between.

would you know me if I came to you?
bare and open.
In need of desire
giving of all.
taking nothing in return.
unashamed, naked
blushing.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

You Can Not Hide

you can not hide from .
we are tied together
as surely as two sides of the same coin
ordinary men may hide
but not you
you stand out like a beacon fire on a hill
as if ten thousand shining arrows
stand in the night sky to point you out
infinite amounts of filament ties us together
each one finer than silk
and stronger than steel
love and passion fixed these cords between us
we are bound
forever in reach of each others arms

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

You Can Not See What You've Done

you can not see me
but hear me well
you have made a place in my heart
where I thought there was room for nothing
you have made flowers grow
where dust and stone were cultivated
on this journey
I insisted on making, if love should die
know, I will not survive it long

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

You Make Me Something More Beautiful Than I Am

I crawl back into myself
before dawn
the flesh of me in the corner
below the covers...
the ones that made me
Queen of Sheba.
where I posed
with all the finesse of Cleopatra,
and the fury of Bach
until the cd
sounded a final note...
and the room fell silent
except for breathing.

This is not living
this is dreaming
then collapsing
into your absence.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

You Were Meant To Be Savored

I glide my fingers
over your velvet soft hair
as I admire your skin.

Gathering you in close
I inhale the scent of you
with anticipation.

Running my tongue along your groove
my mouth waters at the first
taste of your flesh.

Searching deeper
beads of nectar brush my lips
making my hunger grow.

Willing myself to slow down, to delight
in your gift, I try to catch your essence
before it drips down my chin.

pushing you into my mouth
I drink every droplet
that flows from you.

And when you have poured all you are into me
I will lick what is left
from my fingers

For you were made to be savored,
not simply devoured
my juicy peach.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

You Were With Me When I Left, Though You Didn'T Know It

I can feel
the essence of me
seeping out
wet and warm

numb
the pink room
swirls about
dancing
in a haze of color.

as it turns
to shades
of gray
I think of you

your eyes blue
like the gentle waters
that soothe
caressing the beach sand
at Mayaro

the warmth of your touch
which rivals the orange sun
melting in Siparia at noon

the melody of your voice
that washes over me
like the tall green water
from Maracas.

I wonder,
turning fantasy
like hot black
Pitch lake rocks
in my wet hands...

will you share
your roti with me
as we walk
in the streets of Point
Shandi and Carib
flowing free.

will you kiss me
on High Street
with the
smiling old men
seated looking

will you serenade me
with your words of love
as the scent
of sugar cakes
and coconut fudge
fill the air we share

will you caress me
as the sun leaves
over the ocean
streaking colors
of saris in its wake...

will you
covet me
while steel-pans
beat rhythms
to make love by

but mostly
I wonder
why you'll not hold me
while I lay here
soul melting
blood red.

I wake to voices,
alcohol, breeze and feet
in a rush

of blue, green and white sanitary
I know, they're all off
to somewhere I can't go.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

You, Crocheted With Love

each thread is chosen carefully
you,
desire,
passion and love
bound neatly together
deftly intertwined into one.
Within the stitch
I reside
within the row
is my desire
from the precision knots
exudes my passion...
imbued with love
it is tenderly created from my heart
so you can gracefully wear it
on your sleeve.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Your Kiss

your kiss is like a sensual droplet of fresh rain
cherishing the petals of a flower
or a fairy dancing inside of the graciousness of temptation
May I always be blessed with the capacity
to paint the fabric of your life
with magical colored kisses.

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Your Touch

desire and love radiate from your slender fingertips
as your hands gently move across my body
it is your duty and honor to caress every part of my being
my flesh dances underneath you
happy and eager to succumb to your insistence
I've never felt this....
such emotion, that can radiate
with just one touch
... imagine what a kiss might do?

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Your Voice (The Sighing Of Breezes)

your voice is my song lover,
deep and intricate
like a dance...
before settling
to what could be
the sighing of breezes
in my heart...

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Yours

Drop your words of love
into my mouth
feel the friction
of yours against mine
flow into me
filling me with color
while I leak from you
in ribbons of gladness
open your eyes
to the moment
you make me yours

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Yours-

nestled tightly
into the folds

tucked neatly
between lines

bent
shaped
melted

until becoming
a work of art

Eila Mahima Jaipaul

Yours For The Taking

that soft low moan you give, after your soft lips touch mine
full of lust and anticipation, sends shivers down my spine
shocks of the electric kind
with heat and desire are all that fill my mind
open to you there remains only need
because I want you with my own lustful greed
tenderly, gently you explore
I only want your warm breath all the more
filling me with your satisfaction
my body betrays with its own delicate reaction
honey taste, sweet nectar of me from inside
there is no way for my gratification to hide
moans of my own soft and low
await my release with a final crushing blow
taunted and teased till I writhe in ecstasy
you continue on, your lips never moving from next to me
ragged in breath and whimpering
there is little heed paid to my simpering
not until I beg with breath so rasp
do you relent and let me go from your grasp
supple and pliant soaked from my own making
with just a look you know I'm yours for the taking

Eila Mahima Jaipaul