

Poetry Series

Achintya trivedi
- poems -

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Achintya trivedi(september 1998)

Love to write poems written a lot of rhymes just want them to reach everyone.

All About Her

the click of her heels
the style of her walk..
the smooth in her moves
the rhythm of her talk..

the bend of her nose
the curve of her lips..
the curls of her hair
th bliss of her kiss..

the blink of her eyes
the dimples of her cheeks..
the edges of her nails
that accent when she speaks..

the heal of her touch
the relief from her noise..
the bless if her hold
the soothe in her voice..

the yes's in her no's
the veracity in her lies..
the rudeness in her anger
the love in her fights..

the beauty in her her flaws
the facts in her pretexts..
the comments that she inflicts
the distraction that she bequests..

love at her her gaze
love at her vague
love all her nods
love all her scars....
they play in my dreams
and comply with my thoughts
like a mild shower in the thunder
or a gloss of a shooting star....

Achintya trivedi

All That Around Me

I watch the sun fall aback
and rising white patch
amidst dark lands..
I hear the thunder
breaking down to earth
and smell the wet dew
melt in dry sands..

I feel the spring's melody
springing the so far dead and
blooming them one after the other..
I see some infants
resting in beds, always but
dancing with the whiff
of their old mother..

I walk along the shores
besides the verge of two worlds and
hear clashes amongst waves of other side..
where one being immortal
immobile and weaponless
while other one enjoying
possession of a mere tide..

and too feel the soothing calm gust
as I stand and sop my feet
watching my traces, clothed away by tides..
either be it land
or be the waters
one above the other always
rests forever on either sides..

Achintya trivedi

Apj Abdul Kalam

Thou won't just be inhumed beneath
and carved on texts; in bright, bold..
Thou shall be reminisced, loomed
within bosom's abyss, of every young and old...
REST IN PEACE...

Achintya trivedi

Empty Field

Thunder was outraging
the bless of last eve
Night of shadows
He told since it was....
that every single step
took Him away
He kept on wondering
what was the cause....

Heart was crying
eyes kept sobbing
nagged by the feeling
that something was wrong....
Mind unconscious
stuck in some comess
having stone over heart
He was humming a song....

Cloud were shattering
lightning was stammering
the swoosh of gust
was asking to retreat....
making way through stones
with broken tombs besides
gazed by the knights
He walked like an AFREET....

Achintya trivedi

My Mother's Day..

the one who would comply
when I used to babble..
the one who would care
when I played with cries..
the one who would laugh
at my silly goofs..
one who Still scolds
on my petty lies..

neither rhymes of 'the bard'
nor even the God almighty
could define her perpetual
acts of love and care...
this moment of today's eve
test of my trifle rhymes
singing along with these quotes
with whole world, aloud I share...

to her anger clothed with love
to her checks loomed with care
annex my life to her's
O God, nothing else I pray..
my vigor in failures
my pivot in weakness
to that accompany in my loneliness
I wish a 'HAPPY MOTHERS DAY....'

-Thank you

Achintya trivedi

Retreat

I walk besides the ways
in the deep dark
and see the real truth
concealed behind those street...
I see those angels' suffer
its rather, the demons' win
in the pleading eyes of weaker ones
I see retreat....

Achintya trivedi

Save Nature

it's gonna be lengthy
but the moral is worthy
Today's friendship day
You're very well aware
I apologize and solemnly say
please don't be at glare..
I didn't wish you
I let you down
for you expected me
to have come around..
even for your wishes
I didn't pay you back
no wishes just love
I've for u in my sack..
all this as i have
a different thing in my mind
you'll know soon
apprehend, realize and find..
I too have a best friend
I love Her
just adore her
yes it's 'HER'..
she never speaks but
always listens to me
HER beauty is immortal
shall never fade away with thee..
HER aura tranquils me
whenever she's around
which she always be..
if she leaves
I could be ashes
even I would be hurt
if she's at bashes..
she's still like stars
soothing like mizzle
she's at gay when
rain rains, dances and drizzle..
no one can define or delineate HER
nor even 'The bard'

my point is tough to get
and to accept is even more hard..
Now comes the sad
the drooping part about
Today this reckless world
is relinquishing HER out..
I can't help HER
it'll be trifling even if I do
Today I request you
to help me, HER and you too..
help me as my
lovely friend is dying out
and if that happens
what will this petty world
be all about...? ..
listen to me else
you'll never see me again
and all of my rhymes
would ride out in vain..

Achintya trivedi

The Bad Man

the very life of most us
lingers around perpetual
mere acts of mar...
blaming and enjoying
other's highness and lowness
ending up in often
trifle mutual war...

the only cure that would do
would be an analepsis
of our pebbles play...
or of when we once used to
babble the same way...

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When Monsoon Comes

April's sweet shower, soothe march's drought
blends its mizzles, with mother Nature's whiff
and the warmth that west winds have brought
a sodden soppy swarm, then kisses every cliff

A young drizzle then pours around its mist
oozes every vein and springs the unborns
bathes those shoots, with swaggy tender wrist
Blazes Nature's beauty when monsoon adorns

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