

Poetry Series

Aditya Pathak 'particle'
- poems -

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Aditya Pathak 'particle'()

Angel Of Life

Away from Eden's floor where all green arise
Far from the Euphrates, the searing soil baked my root
Sweat from my forehead vanished at the lips of my foot
& I dry as one who pulls arrow at the fiery sun

In futility I pressed against time till my last fuse bursted
I could then hear the voices of those who have become immortal
Echoes my ears can't pick rang deep down in my soul
Then I breathed my last as all pictures faded away

Like a sudden break of dawn, a flash broke through my soul
Then oceans of light flooded my eyes as the doors gently quavered
& before me floated an image, white as the mother of snows
She'd picked my last breath as it floated away

On her little fairy wings she flew me back home
Where my final breath will not find place to leak
As her unending abode here in my heart she makes
& I'll live gathering flowers for your room, you my angel of life

Aditya Pathak 'particle'

Broken Hearts

I am so sick of love
And the pain it has caused.
I am drowning in tears;
Will it ever stop?

You are my sanctuary;
With you I am free
You cause feelings of joy
And still bring misery.

My emotions swirl,
Creating a haze....
One minute is clear,
The next leaves me dazed.

My heart has been shattered, you left no repair.
I am drowning in hatred, can't fight this despair.....

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Cursing Myself

The winds blow rather rush away,
Follow a path, or the blind man's way.
Somebody go and stop it at least
Before it's over and flown at ease.

Going to hell or heaven you choose,
With the light of life, now going loose.
Fighting with dears and tears in eyes,
There was I standing without lies.

Time rolls and memories fade on the way
But the wounds by love are never away....

Aditya Pathak 'particle'

Limitless Sorrows

The moment I peep,
In the tank of thoughts.
The memories I found,
Of the daunting stock.

All were not sweet,
In the tank of thoughts.
Blushing and fading all the stock,
Was filled with my limitless sorrows...

Sorrows indeed are the friends alone;
Longing and lasting and waking with own.
Sorrows are what I got today
When the most loving marred my say...

Walking continues, unending indeed;
And all what I have are sorrows to breathe....

Aditya Pathak 'particle'

Lost Flare

Came in from the light, to the spot of the night,
Following I was the loneliness of soul.
Dark everywhere, no food for the sight,
Glossed over by all, so distant from the right.

Crowning the effect of the misery of mine,
I heard the din of my failures that night.
Went all away, was the pip-squeak left alone,
No hue, no cry, but ready to fight alone

Then I saw the light which could have expunged the dark,
But again, the failure was on the door to strike.
Astounded by the sight, seeing which others would have died,
The assurance of joy went away as did the smile.

Careworn with tangles, babbling alone, yet nor forlorn neither torn.
Clad in red, I was offered the death; but that to was nothing but a myth.

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Lost In Thoughts

Tonight while dreaming in the fantasy of plight,
I overheard the din of my thoughts that night.
So pure, so pious and only for her,
I am yearning and longing for my lady love.

Wishes and blessings all are thine,
The world now looks so divine.
To myself I owe the promise I did,
With the bond of love neither strained nor undid.

Don't know why so strange I think,
Has the bond of love now left without the 'pink'?
The life and the breath now standing on the edge,
Just like a man walking on a wedge.

Going on and on forever is life,
Has it a stop destined or ever it has mercy of thine.
The beauty of love is the pain that it gives,
With the nausea and sting that succumbs me to end.

Losing her is the biggest fear of mine,
Or it's something actually destined.
Though she loves me more than anything I compare
All the smiles of the world look small and bare.

The fear that's there is actually tough,
With the confusion all around that blows me in puff.
Am I really not able to decipher my fate?
Or the thing at stake is really so late.

I know it's not the final end,
The love will someday take over and stand.
Time flows, as does the sand from the fist,
Someday I'll regain all that's lost in the mist.....

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The Last Voyage

Sailing through the waves,
I pierce the rough sea,
The distance of eternity,
I cover for thee.

The scorching sun at its extreme,
stands lifeless in front of her gleam.
The splendour of my lovely lady love,
tosses the pain aside and brings in the Dove.

The glee and joy of dreaming her embrace,
strengthens me, in the worst of days.
Her fragrance & smile, when she stands by my side,
Leaves me spell bound and I stand either dazed or amazed.

Sailing in her thoughts, sailing by the waves,
I reached the Arden's coast, paces away from my post,
I saw people gathered, thought it was my welcome,
but when I heard them mourn, spasm of anxiety pushed me down.

I questioned my soul, what's the matter around?
The reply to which I got was a mere nonexistent sound.
I saw a miraculous beauty, sleeping in the coffin,
Laying there in silence was my Chocó-pie, my dolphin.

My heart skipped its beat!
The ground just slipped beneath my feet.
I stood there as lifeless as a stone,
the light of the Sun, hid behind the devil's throne.

This setting sun took my life away,
To that growing darkness, there never shall be a day.
They were taking her away,
telling now she lay in God's arms.

I went running to Lord's dwelling,
Asking, why He took away my 'only charm'?
The funeral took place,
when I was fighting in the church.

They took away, even my last chance,
to feel her touch.
For the heaven's sake I beg,
give me back my love!

Or give me some venom,
to reach her as such.
Life I know is now a dead choice,
Without 'her' and 'her' loving & comforting voice.

But to her I owe the promise I did,
that, I'll live even if she leaves me amidst.
Time heals but leaves some strains,
In me she still carries, freshness of lilies, that to in the rains.

Now the dawn and dusk both go in vain,
Since no one understands the heat of this pain.
□

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Voice Of Thrashed Soul

Bruises on my body
Scars on my wrists,
Yelling surrounds my head
Nothing better will come of this.

Razors for the beatings
Blood to ease the pain inside
Depression comes out to say
"Your soul shall die"

Do I listen?
No way.

I'll go in deeper
I'll find my way
And even if I die,
I'll die to say
"I was a mess
That you would never understand."

So as I carve this pain away
If I bleed to my death
One thing is for sure
It's that I'm at ease now.....
And not suffering from the world.

So as I write my story on my body
Be prepared for the worst
Because this thing that I have
Is more than a curse...

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