

Poetry Series

bakuli bhakali
- poems -

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bakuli bhakali(14/12/1986)

I'm an amateur poet love writing and reading poetry with my limited experience and exposure to the world. My love for poetry isn't a sudden discovery. I loved it since my childhood. Although! My earliest interest was in poems written in my mother tongue. Later it shifted to English poems.

I belong to Assam, a north-eastern state of India. I grew up in a rural household and did my schooling in Jawahar Navodaya Vidyalaya, Lakhimpur. After passing out I majored in English literature and completed my BA from Lakhimpur Girls College, Lakhimpur in 2008. Then, I moved to Guwahati and joined prestigious Cotton College for my masters in English literature. But I did not complete the course. After marriage along my husband, I moved to Vishakhapatnam. It is from Andhra University, Vishakhapatnam I completed my Masters in 2012 in English language and literature. I must mention while doing MA I received endless support from my husband, professors and friends of Andhra University. They were the moments I can never ever forget. After that, we moved to Jamnagar, Gujarat. There, I did my . in 2013. In 2014, I joined KV2, INF lines as contractual PGT English. I worked there for 6 months. In March 2015, we moved to Port Blair, Andaman and I joined a local KV. But here too I did not work long. Presently, I'm a housewife.

I like all forms of poetry. Although, I believe poetry is the untamed language of our heart, that one can't frame in a definite metre, or one cannot even measure it in scale. It has its own flow and rhythm. We can just follow it to its destination.

I love both modern and classical poems.

A Diwali With A View

For the children
A show of light and sound
For the elders
A moment to recollect
For the mother
Time to make sweets
For the daughters
Color of Rangolis
For environmentalists
Smell of crackers
For employees
A bonus in salary
For the shopkeepers
Stalls of crackers
For shopaholics
An excuse to buy
For the rich
A way to cherish
For the poor
Another day to regret
For the priest
A summon
For the common
A ritual

But
A few
Are still with a view
Diwali
Is a day of charity
And a night of safety
A moment to put an end to dark
Around the arc
A defeat
Of bad by good
Time to light
The house of every poor in our neighbourhood
To get rid
Of your bad habits

To protect the green grass and the rabbits.

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A Letter From The Unborn

Dear...

(I still don't know if I may use this word 'dear'? !

As I'm no more dear to you

Nor will I ever be,

Until you let me!

Ok, that doesn't matter

You at least loved me

Until you knew

I'll be me

You're my father

Or you'll be

If you let me)

Father and...

mother,

(...Perhaps!

I should write to you too!

You're the better half of my father

Although, for namesake!

But...

I should write to you too

Even though I knew

There is least you can do,

To save me!

It's just; you're lamb with the limbs

And I'm without one

I'm just an inception

And will be another

If you don't learn to live now

So, mother

I must write to you too)

...

My dear parents!

I won't cry or beg to save me

But please save your tomorrow!

Neither you nor do I know

Tomorrow will be a different day

Whether the sun will shine by the bay

Or it'll rain like today

But today can be a day

Like every day in the past
Before you knew
I even exist
You just need to believe
If the sun shines to give light
It rains to give life.
and a life isn't possible without the sun
and the sun will be lonely without a life
Then,
My dear parents
Trust me
We'll enjoy today, tomorrow
And
Every coming morrow
No matter how tomorrow comes!

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A Little

I was
A little tired
A little hungry
A little thirsty too
I needed a little kindness
But, all I found was
A dry cold heart.

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Although You're Betrayed

Never let your dying desires go dry
Just let vengeance vanish
Like the funeral pyre
Let your heart
Long for the heart it loved
And grew like the giant gyre
A ripple rose
Is the ripple reciprocated
A love in love never ever goes unrequited.

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Anthem Of Love

Oh Dear! Don't take me for granted
For I love you
I'm not a casket of honey
That, each time you'll come
And I'll serve

Oh Dear! Don't take me for granted
For I love you
I'm only me in every way possible
If I bloom as bud
I may fade as a flower

Oh Dear! Don't take me for granted
For I need you
Life was not horrible without you
But it's more beautiful with you

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As Long As You Love Me

My name doesn't matter
As long as you know me
My fame doesn't matter
As long as you don't abandon me
My fear doesn't matter
As long as you near me
My anger doesn't matter
As long as you bear me
My weakness doesn't matter
As long as you stand by me
My beauty doesn't matter
As long as you admire me
Your company doesn't matter
As long as you desire me
My memory doesn't matter
As long as you remember me
My time doesn't matter
As long as you accompany
My life matters
As long as you love me.

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Back As Us Again

Good manners
Nurtured in us
Social consciences
They're just sciences
For-
Another form of slavery
And a good sign of snobbery
But
Look at the stars
And sun
And moon
And trees
And animals
They're
As they were
Nature's charm
Without any harm
Why can't we just undress?
And leave this race
Thinking of no loss and no gain
Just be you, me and us, again!

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Bad Guys Always

I'm not the bad guy you think
If I say that
You won't believe it now
And I can't say it how

My hands are stained in blood
But I'm not the cold murderer
I hold this gun
But I'm not the bearer
I'm not the man you think
I've no link
To the terrible world
Where everything is sold
And people are cold
Life and heart
Lost in dirt
All the time they just lie
No matter how much we cry
You and I
Live or die
They look healthy
Talk filthy
Things go under the table
That world is just horrible
I never wanted to be a bad guy
And lie
All these incidents
Are just accidents
It was my fate
My destiny
It was just the circumstance
That made me as me
But I'm not the man you see

I'm not the bad guy you think
If I say that
You won't believe it now
And I can't prove how.

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Before I Retire

Before I retire
Into that creepy hole,
I want to bargain
To begin again! ! !

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Beloved's Betrayal

Bring rain,
Green grain.
Restless ride,
Beautiful bride.

Dreams danced,
Enjoyment enhanced,
Lovers loved,
Saviours saved.

Truth trusted,
Fantasy feasted.
Pain poured,
Rain roared.

Bring rain,
Green grain.
Restless ride,
Beautiful bride.

Trust traded,
Beloved betrayed.
Chance changed,
Care caged.

Foe fed,
Bride's bed.
Love lost,
Feelings frost.

Hope hanged,
Beast banged.
Shame shed,
Foe fed.

Lofty lust,
Trailing trust.
Saviour sacked,
Beauty baked.

Restless raid,
Flower fade.
Dreams dried,
Feelings fried.

Trust traded,
Anger added.
Hatred hiked,
Shamelessness spiked.

People's plight,
Shameless sight.
Justice joked,
Chance checked.

Trust trailed,
Fate failed.
Flower fade,
Restless raid.

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Birth Of A Changed Morning

There's a woman in me.

She's pregnant.
Pregnant of some poignant thoughts.
Each day they grow stronger..
And stronger...

Into some malignant ideas
Weighing high
Becoming difficult to carry
And hard to hide
Still the mother in me carries them along
To wherever she goes....

People waiting outside
Looks at her
And her growing belly
They suspect, question, laugh and gossip
They blame and charge her
For being mother of some bastard children
They spit and throw stones
They want her to abort
When she rejects
They abandon her and her family
They want her to be burnt alive

Still....
She's silent..
And shines with motherly love
Because she knows
The child in her
Will grow in a full moon night
And she will give birth to a changed morning
And to a blooming bud.

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Bleak Teeth

when she was smiling

I saw her bleak teeth leaking through her lips

She was hiding though

I wonder

What made them so mossy? !

Her greed? Hunger? Or grief?

I wonder-

How greed one must be to hide it deliberately

If it's hunger?

I wonder

What kind of hunger that can be!

If it's grief? !

Maybe

Maybe she's hiding some pain and to hide that pain she is having some pain to hide.

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Brothers And Sisters

Brothers and sisters
Thieves and robbers walking away
Change is on its way

Brothers and sisters
No more hiding
No more Chiding
Day or night
We're walking far and wide.

Brothers and sisters
Open your gates
Fortune waits

Brothers and sisters
No more lies
No more war cries
Only rain and rays
Grain and hays.

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Desire

Many minds working together
Creates the bonfire.

A wish
Following a desire
Hosted the world of wonder.

A wildling
Settled
Changed
The history forever.

A wish
To fly high
Touching the sky
Became the time saver.

So,
Never say never
To a desire.
Feel the spark
It may be the ark
To deliver.

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Desire Continued

Give me a hundred
From the money you spent on your drink
Give me a hundred
From the money you spent on the crackers
I wish to make a pair of wings
For the bird
That wants to fly.
Let me steal a meal
From your lavish parties
I want to feed the hungry man
Standing nearby.

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Discovering Dynasty Of Deities

I counted upon and could not number
Looked upon and did not see
A single deity in the day
Except the one shine in the morning
Yet, there's a giant dynasty of deities
Am I an atheist?
So, I don't see any? !
I believe not
There were many on my list
Who were atheists and sinners
Pride, envy, gluttony, lust, anger, greed and sloth
They're just common
There were the ones
Committing greatest of the greater sins
Probably, one committing all I listed
Yet, they saw the king of the kingdom
If not in the morning
While in their death bed
Does that mean we'll see them only in nights?
Before we retire after a busy devoted day?
What if I don't? There's no guarantee.
What if there'll enough dark dining with me?
And I'll miss them even if they come to see.
Shall I shunned the doors and windows
Before the dusk?
Neigh! Worshippers who were greater devotees say
They ride the chariot of light
So much light! !
That's enough to rip the dark of the world
The one we see in the morning is one in many
And even the wisest of the devotees don't know how many...
Then in that light I may go blind
So,
What shall I do to see the stars in the daylight?
Shall I visit the temple?
But what if they live in the mosque or church or Gurdwara
Or in some unnamed sacred place of the world?
They're too many
I won't be able to visit them all before the nightfall

Worry not! they don't live there
If they would there won't be so much dark coming from these places
Don't you see morning news?
Each kills the other to claim theirs the best
It won't happen in god's nest
Then-
What shall I do and where shall I go?
I thought and thought ...
Searched and searched ...
Found no answer
Accept the one
Haste not dear ...
Harbor no fear
Keep mind clear
Without any tear
Wait and see
Besides doing the work assigned to thee!

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Don't Speak Of Soul

Don't speak of soul
When my stomach is empty
Though it looked rusty
By then
All I know is
I want to drink for my thirst
And eat for my hunger
Because I'm still a living being
And I need to live to sing for the soul.

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Dream

Somebody asked me
Why don't you sleep?
I replied,
My dream can't let me sleep,
He asked what your dream is.
I replied
to sleep.

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End Is Not An End

End is not an end
But
End is the start

End of past gives us present
An end to the present will give a future
Along future
We will walk in the land of hope
And scope
With the experience of history
We'll judge and unfold each moment of mystery

End to a scorching sunny day
Brings a dark cold night
Putting an ending to our fight

End of a life saves
The entire race
Creating space
For the new face

End of one thought opens up the gate for another
Helping us to move farther.

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Forgetting, A Gift

Forgetting is a gift
A soothing balm
To the rift.

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Gossips Of Vatika Park

Each time I visit Vatika Park
I see children playing
Grandmothers praying
And Women gossiping
They fly
From politics to recipe
From pedagogy to pathology
I wonder how they manage!
When, I often stuck to one
And miss the rest.

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Grave

Sooner or later

Rich or poor

Coward or brave

You all make your way to grave.

The road to him is too slippery

Once you go

There's no recovery.

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Greetings

Blow the Gong
Alarm the people
They must rise to see the shining sun
He is here travelling the dark
Just to say us
A very good morrow

Ring the bell
Alarm the people
Nightingales are here
They must wake up to see them singing
They're here to wish
A very happy spring

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Guilt

Each time I pick up those dirty plates
I see the leftovers
And I remember the boy
Digging the dingy box
The young girl stalking strollers
Who looked older than her age
I think of
The baby on her lap
He looked scrawny
And
I get that weird feeling
As if they're staring
And -
Their eyes rolling
Over those plates and me
They're burning
Their faces turning red
I hear them screaming
Scolding
I feel them waiting
Until, I clean those dishes
And get set.

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Happiness

The young girl next door
Isn't happy.
As her dear Dad didn't get a new toy,
Although she had many to play with.
But the boy sitting on the floor
Of the temple seems happy
With no toy
But a stray dog to play with.

The girl
Pure like a dove.
She's lost in dream
And happy.
But the boy holding the pearl,
Got for his lady love.
Long for the dream that is grim
Is again unhappy.

The unhappy lady next to you
Is unhappy to see you happy.
The happiness of the man next to you
Fade away.
Because, there are only a few
Who will be happy
To view
Happiness of others in any way.

So, dear! Young or old
Boy or girl
Man or Woman
All are more or less jealous!
They can't bear and behold
Happiness of another girl
Or another gentleman.
Happiness itself conspires as it's conspicuous.

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Holding A Dream

You know? ! I was at the center.....
No! Not at the center!
Perhaps at the shore.....
At the shore of an endless sea
holding a dream.....
a dream....
that holds me tight.....
Letting none other to come
Ya! A dream.....
Sweet and sour...
a dream....
holding me tight...
perhaps
I was obsessed with that dream....
so I saw the dream with blind pairs of eye....
I heard with my deaf ears...
but don't think
I was ever blind and deaf.....
though I can't prove it
once I had a clear sight
but I was blinded
blinded by my dream...
and from then I can't see
I can't even see the dream i dreamed of....
I think it's no more a dream now
it's a harsh reality
which I hold

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Honey Bee

Fear not flower!
For, honey suckers are here-
See not their stings
It'll pain you least
There're many more flowers in the field
But they just came to you to be thrilled
So, dear little flower
Feel proud for the shower
And be pleased with your
Smug little smile
They will take your nectar into mile
And there-
You'll multiply into more
Spread into a sky bridging shore.

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Hope

Tomorrow may not be the day you think,
That doesn't mean you'll stop expecting.
Tomorrow may not as sunny as you expect,
That doesn't mean the sun won't shine.
Tomorrow you may not see the sun,
That doesn't mean he doesn't exist.

It may be cloudy, it may be rainy,
But, as long as dark cold night lives
He lives too! !

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How It Feels To Be Wife

You may treat me
As you like.
I'm your so called wife.

Owned and disowned
At your will.
It never mattered how do I feel.
The day I married you
I lost my lover who longed for me,
Whatever it be!
My dreams are dying
Day by day.
But no attention you pay.
Gone are the days
When you loved me.
And longed to see.

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I Shall Not Rest Before I Reach You

My goal, my soul
I shall not rest before I reach you
I shall roll and troll
But I shall not rest
As, yet to come of the best
I know only a very few
Could make it to you
Still, I'm with the view
I shall not rest
Before it's too late to find you

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I Thank You For The Last Night's Ride

I never thanked you for anything and everything
But today I want to say thanks for the song you sang
Last night
And for the late night ride
I know, you took pride in it
A masculine pride of taking me out into that starry night
When the world sleeps tight
And by the time we reached Marina
Your pride melted into that serene song
And I was simply content with the endless pleasure
You gave!
The pleasure of a long ride in a gentle night
The pleasure of the soothing song, that, you sang for me!
When no one else was there to hear
No squanderers
No trespassers
Not even the night watcher
It was only me, you, and your song
And the music
In the whistling breeze and the crashing waves
The dancing stars in that quiet beach
An unspoiled night out for a flawless love! !

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I Wanted To Be Their Daughter

I wanted to be their daughter,
But she called me daughter-in-law.

People say-
How does it make any difference?
Daughter or daughter-in-law
It's the same.
I hoped so.
But it's not the same.
In fact, it's the shame!

If I someday won't cover my hair
In front of the elders of the house
It's the shame!
If I speak louder
It's the shame!
If I sleep longer
It's the shame!
If I laugh louder
It's the shame!
If I cry
It's the shame!
If I jump in joy
It's the shame!
If I pass my day out of the doors It's the shame!
If I can't bear children
It's the shame!
If I complain anything
It's the shame!
If I want to settle
somewhere for my career
It's the shame!
If I wear something other than
what they choose for me
It's the shame!
If I visit my parents
And call them frequently to know how
It's the shame!

I just wanted to be their daughter,
But they called me daughter-in-law.
I wanted to feel at home.
I wanted to laugh and live.
I wanted to cry and complain.
I wanted to care and cared.
I wanted to fight and forget.
As a daughter do.
As I did in the home I left.

I wanted to be their daughter
But they called me daughter-in-law.

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I'm Missing You Badly

Washed clothes
Cleaned floors
Cooked food
Checked mail

Called Mom
Called Dad
Called our little brother
Called Uncle and Aunt
Called Smita, Shweta, Shalini...
Talked to Mr and Mrs Neighbour...

Walked to bazaar
Purchased books, fruits, vegetables, milk, dress, cosmetics...
Returned home

Switched on and switched off the TV

Walked up and down
From kitchen to Hall
Hall to Kitchen
Kitchen to bedroom
Bedroom to balcony

Looked through the window
One of our neighbours is talking to somebody
His son is cycling beside
He is in school uniform
May be returning from school

Eve dropped couple in the attic
They're planning to go out

Went through our old albums-
You look handsome
And younger in each of them

Read your old letters
Talked, smiled, laughed, cried

Looked at the mirror
I'm getting old
Time is passing

In this six years
We had very little time together

And yet
Time is longer
When you're away...

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In The Dark I See No Evil

In the dark
I see no evil
Nothing to blame
No mystery to reveal
It's just dark unlike the bright arc
Just the absence of light
In the night

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In The Land Of Hypocrites

In the land of hypocrites
Love is a forbidden word
And lovers are outcast
People think
It's mere teenage topic
And we're old enough to talk of it
And some time
Control it□
They grew up seeing
Their mother
Loving their father
And father loving his brothers
Brothers loving their sisters
Sisters loving their husbands
Their husbands loving their children
And children reciprocating them
Still they underestimate love

They worship
Love of Radha-Krishna
They appreciate
Love of Shiva-Parvati
Nala Damayanthi
Shakuntala Dushyanta
But when their daughters love somebody
They restricts them
And burn them alive
When their sons falls for somebody
They questions them
And exile them
As love is a forbidden word in the land of hypocrites.

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Iskender Of The East

I saw marching INA
In my dream
And I saw their commander
Leading from front
Heard him saying
Jai hind
In a perfect loud and clear voice
I realized-
He is the deliverer of our freedom
The one who was constantly in love with our mother
One who travelled worldwide
Far to the east and west
In his quest
Of liberty
The ultimate sovereignty
And he himself disappeared
Before he could smell the soil of free India
The hero of history
Clouded with mystery
I went little closer
He looked little grim
With his faded grin
And
I realised
His pain
Pain of separation
It was
Flowing through his eyes
He wanted to tell where he lies
But he could not
Or maybe I did not listen
I was so busy doing nothing
That I couldn't stay longer
Just like a hypocrite
I simply said
Don't worry
You're our hero
And
Beyond the feigned veils of politics

People still love you
And
Remember you
As the Iskender of the east.

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Islands Of Andaman

Isles

Miles after miles

Tinted green

In the canvas of blue

Giving the clue

To the life unseen.

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Little Lamb

Little lamb jumping in the field
Her mom isn't around to see her shield
Seeing the sun and playing in the stream
She is so lost in daydream
Near the bushes awaits the butcher
The night will fall and he'll clutch her
He knew no mercy
Just a lamb and how she's fleshy!

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Me As Me

Kind to carefree
Sense to sensibility
Emotion to obligation
All changed to challenge
One truth
Hypocrisy or
Humanity? !
Because
Ones I stopped pretending
I'll be me
I'll be human
The one God designed
Devoid of any hypocrisy.

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Midnight Poems

Away from
The hazy-buzzy venom of daylight
They're born from
The slogs of a serene sleepless night.

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Morning Dew

Shining shower of heavenly bliss
Rests on every single leafs
Let's steal them
Before the sun shines
And they leave.

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My Dear Cigarette Butt

My dear cigarette Butt
Great is the one who get burned
For the pleasure of another
But dear
Never let you crush farther
He who tossed and smashed
Your burning blazer
With his shining shoes
For his erotic pleasure
He isn't the crush
You craved for.
Life in the pile of garbage? !
Trust me
It's not the life
You deserve
Oh dear cigarette Butt
There is somebody in somewhere within this world
Who waits with a sterling silver chest.

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My Shadow And Me

I had a shadow.
Ya, a shadow.
That accompanied me since morning!
A shadow, that followed me even in my lonely ways,
Home, Office, Market..
Bathroom, kitchen, Bedroom...
Wherever I go....
It was by my side.
A shadow,
A loyal and trustworthy shadow.
In the beginning
I was uncomfortable and scared.
Little irritated too!
After all it was the question of my life
And little lonely moments!
How could I let someone steal them?
How could I bear someone interfering in everything I do?
How could I at once
give away my pride possessions? !
That too someone I met only in the morning!
After all that's all I had!
But gradually
I felt, I liked and I loved it.
I started to trust
and share everything I had.
Until this evening
It was my habit and hope,
I couldn't think a moment without it.
But in the evening
It disappeared..
Before I went to switch on the lights.
Although it came back as soon as lights were on...
For those few moments
I was scared again.
This time
In fear of losing my beloved shadow,
In fear of returning to once beloved lonely moments.
Time changed
So do I.

They're not desired any more!
I loved, I enjoyed, I lived my moments with my dear shadow.
I asked, I prayed, I begged
Not to leave me again
As it pain.
Slowly I disowned, I lost, I forgot
My past.
And along....
My ways to live alone.
I knew no more
a life without my shadow,
My much loved shadow!
It was twelve at night.
Everything was calm and quiet.
Even the noise in next door,
And the baby babbling upstairs,
Stopped! ! !
It was only a few dogs barking in distance!
And the clock
That sounded clearer than ever....
Reminded me of the damned dark night ahead.....
I looked for my shadow
It was nowhere near me.
I eagerly awaited.
But it didn't return.
I wished, I prayed, I begged
For it's safe return.
I was more concerned.
But nothing worked.
The night grew stronger...
And I?
Weaker than ever....
It was the longest night of my life!
I felt betrayed.
My beloved shadow sacked me
When I needed it most!
I was broken!
I was angry!
I was crying like never before!
I thought it may come in the morning!
What's the use?
It left me when I needed it most.

I wished none should live a night like that.
Even in their nightmare!
I didn't care for my shadow anymore.
I said this to me.
And I persuade myself not trust anyone again.
They come, they go.
As it suits them.
We are alone forever.
Although, I promised
I persuade not to trust anyone again.
I could not stopped hoping against the hope.
Somewhere..
At some corner of my heart...
That hope remained....
In that lonely fearsome night
My beloved shadow
Didn't betrayed me.
It was there.....
by my side.....
As always! !
I couldn't feel or see it
As there was dark both inside and outside me! ! ! !

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My Worries

My worries are as stubborn as me
As much I want to get rid of them
That much they haunt me
Just because I see them every day
Flying around me
Like the flies piling around the prey
Now, I learned to lead them.

bakuli bhakali

No More Death Poems Please!

No more death poems please!
Life grew sullen
Loathed with deads and decayeds
Let's not talk of it
Until we live
Let's love flowers and flying bees
Hopping frogs and
Flowing rivers
Green grass and
Highland lass
Let's hike with hope
And travel to the hilltops
To play with snow and
To sip mountain dew
Let's fly farther to the east
To speak with sunbeams
Bath in unspoiled blue lagoons

bakuli bhakali

Now I Know The Truth

He said he love poems and I wrote many
And now I knew he has the least interest in poems
Still I couldn't stop writing
And loving him too
Even though I knew all those talks,
Lengthy discussions on poems and poets
And poems written on the desk
Where he sat in the morning and me in the evening
Never ending letters exchanged
A beautiful poem attached to it
All those writings and greetings
Are just lies
Lies that fooled me for long
But I know now
I know the truth
Yet, I can't leave him
I can't leave poetry too
Though he demands
I can't unlearn the lies I learned to live with

bakuli bhakali

O Mother! No More Fairy Tales Please!

O mother! No more fairy tales, please!
I don't want to consume my entire life
In the delusion of prince charming
When-
No such fabled being subsists.
Little lullabies will work instead!

O mother! No more makeup, please!
I look freak in it.
Let the world see me in me.

O mother! No more quaking, please!
Speak not of fear
I dare to go bare
Without being shadowed by my father, brother and my husband.

O mother! Whisper not!
Speak aloud,
There's none to fear.
The world is us, just us.
As they're too
Just, a part of us.
My brother is your son
My father was his mother's
And so was our grandfather.
See
Without us,
The world moves no farther.

bakuli bhakali

Past

Our past don't die
They just moved in as our memory
They live in the gossips
Grow with the rumours

bakuli bhakali

Please! Don'T Look At Me Like A Stranger

Please! don't look at me like a stranger
I fear...
I may lose everything familiar...

I can't sit and chat
Drink and dance
when you're here
in fear..

Please! don't look at me like a stranger
I fear...
I may lose everything familiar...

Biker, hiker
Whoever pass by
Stare at me.
when you're not near.

Please! don't leave me alone.
I'm like a deer
in fear

Some knock my door at night
Some try to flip my clothes
In my lonely strolls.

Please! don't leave me alone.
I'm like a deer
in fear

Some kiss me
Some hit me
they'll eat me like the rolls

Please! don't look at me like a stranger
I fear...
I may lose everything familiar...

Market -malls, bus -train,
streets- highways
Nowhere I feel safe
I'm a deer in fear

Please! don't look at me like a stranger
I fear...
I may lose everything familiar...

bakuli bhakali

Poem For Fun(1)

When I kissed your lips
It tasted grapes
When I felt your heart
It smelled smoky
When I said it to you
Perhaps I sound like a donkey
Because your eyes looked red
And nose went fat

bakuli bhakali

Poem Of An Unknown Poet

I'm Miss Anonymous.
A nameless,
A big invalid,
A mute,
In the world of word.
I'm no rose.
In the shape of lotus.
I look no good.
No smell of elite.
I'm rustic,
I'm wild,
Very wild.
With my senile scent
And-
Uncanny flavour,
I'm just a wild bud
Blooming in the bush.

bakuli bhakali

Resolution

I was born in the east
With the growing and glowing Sun
Amid the hills
And-
Witnessed the same sun
Retiring in the western sea
I saw blooming blossoms
In the cerulean blue
And witnessed
the last leaf, falling in the dying drought
Enjoyed! First shower of monsoon
And seen same rain snatching cheerful lives
I breathed bliss
And turned it into dust
Still, I chose to smirk and smile
And resolute to spread it mile after mile ...

bakuli bhakali

Rich Gatherer

He knew not
How far can he walk?
With this
Sensuous body
And an empty soul
With his
Sullen Array
And
Growing grief
No matter how hard he work
How much riches he gathers
He's destined to die!
And,
Leave these dorms,
His beloved belongings!
His proud possessions!
His lifelong savings!
His treasures!
For a 3-foot by 9-foot and 4-foot by 10-foot accommodation
Or even less than that!
He knew not
The moments he loved will be the moments to cherish
Once he's gone.
He knew not
The life he lives now will be the life perceived by others.
He knew not
In his pursuit of penny
He breathed too little to remember
Oh! Poor rich gatherer! !
He had just mouth full of smoke
And a handful of dust.
Walked on the sands
And spoiled the soil.

bakuli bhakali

Seeing The Sunset

I'm not afraid of dark I would say.

But-

Seeing the sunset,

I always say-

I love sunrise.

Sun rise, sun shine

There is surprise.

But there's nothing special about sunset.

Except the darkness, meanness and worse than that.

bakuli bhakali

Song Of A Sailor

I visited him once
In his dark dungeon.
It was like living in a closet.
I understood,
How hard he works to make ends meet.
It wasn't that easy
Being busy
At the middle of the sea.
To live in a shaking shell,
Sleeping in a bug ridden bed
Still
I don't understand why? !
His chest
An inch high
In a vainglorious pride,
Keeping everything aside.

bakuli bhakali

Souvenir Of Love

when for the first time you said the rose in my garden looked beautiful
I plucked it for you
Although I knew her beauty will be safe in my garden
Then, you said you liked my hair
I chopped them on the following morning
And parcelled it to you as my souvenir
Although I knew souvenir is to remind
And I'm not to remember but I reside in you
Last time you said you love me
I couldn't live without you
Just packed up and moved in with you
Since then you stopped saying anything
Maybe you have everything
Or maybe nothing
You grew silent
And our memories louder
So, a part of me still stayed with our memory
And the other
With you,
Again as souvenir
But this time as the souvenir of our happy crazy love!

bakuli bhakali

Story Of Falling Leaves

Every day
I see those falling leaves
And
Crushed many
In each of my walk
Down the village
Often I wonder
At the fate of these leaves!
Question
How do they feel? !
When they're detached
From the twig
They're attached
For long they served their owner
For long they saved their owner
No matter
Scorching heat or rain
They exposed themselves
To remain protective
And now
When the autumn came
I don't know who is to blame
But they fall
From the trees tall
These pale yellow leaves
Will leave
Their dear twig
Just to give way to
The new and fresh leaves
Their story doesn't end there-
Even after falling from the top
They serve the best as the fertile soil
But
To the tree? !
It makes no difference
One leaf falls
It has thousand other to install.

bakuli bhakali

The Beautiful Girl Of College Street

Hey handsome young lad
Don't lose your heart
To the beautiful girl of college street
She's not the girl of your dream

She's the song of summer
Melody that echoes
long after you hear

She's the lyric of love
Listening that even the cruel gate keeper of the college long for love

She's the beauty as Beatrice
Romeos roam near the college gate
Just get a glance of her

She's the flame of fire
That'll burn you in to ashes

Above all she is the demon's dame
In a disguised attire
She's cunningly cute
Naive but nutty
Enough to drive you crazy

Hey handsome young lad
Don't fall for her
Beautifully curled hair
You'll be lost in the color of amber

Don't fall for her hypnotic eyes
They misguide guys
She looks, looks and picks their pocket

Don't fall for her plastered smile
She'll smile, smile and make you cry

Don't fall for her pale pink chicks

They're freak
They'll tempt you to kiss

Don't fall for her lips and hip
You'll slip

Hey handsome young lad
Don't lose your heart to the Beautiful girl of college street

bakuli bhakali

The Good Gentle Lady

Every day she sees hundreds of men
And women
Some in the streets and some in the park
But not too many men and women
She speaks to
Or smiles at
Not because she doesn't want to
But only to be a good gentle lady.

bakuli bhakali

The Great Grand Bunyan

Oh! Great grand Bunyan
You can't be so arrogant
You can't stay stagnant
You must let west wind flow through you
East or west everything is best
So, don't be so rude
Don't be so judgemental
You must learn and unlearn that-
You must shade each old worn leaf
To spread your arms towards a great shift.

bakuli bhakali

The Nameless

Seen or unseen
Heard or unheard
That doesn't matter
The beauty is beauty
The ugly is also beautiful
Because you see, not through eyes
Judge, not by brain
You just feel it from your heart
And perhaps!
By then you knew it already!

bakuli bhakali

The Old Man In My Door Way

It was ten at night
I was half asleep and half awake
Struggling hard to put my worries away
I heard somebody
Knocking
Through half open door
I peeped out
To see who
An old man stands there
Though it's rare
I didn't care
To ask
Why?
I just saw a man
A threat
Before it's too late
I closed the door
And paused to hear his steps
Five...ten...fifteen minutes passed
But he didn't knock again
Next morning
While sweeping
I found my long lost bag
With a tag
"I just came to return what was yours"

bakuli bhakali

The Real You, Me And Us

Your lips taste good
When I hear them
But your heart
Sounds smoky
When I feel them
Can we just stop being what we're not?
And show what we've got!

bakuli bhakali

The Village Where I Was Born

My village is my village
Special
Without speciality.
A village,
Just as another.

With mornings mounted on busy rustic schedule.
Birds chirruping,
Children chanting
Men milking, women cooking,
Even in early dawn.
Long lazy afternoons
And holy dusks.
Nights are cut short.
Following-
A day of much effort.

With winters curled up dark cold nights
Summers scented wild
Sunny and bright.

Houses lined up parallel to one another
Escalating day by day
In the civilized ladder.

Villagers live in age old traditions.
Although,
It's in dilapidated condition.

bakuli bhakali

Thoughts

They're pure
Until you taint them
They're wild
Until you tame them
They are orphan
Until you adopt them
They are viral
As soon as you train them.

bakuli bhakali

Time

Course of time always flows forward
And never ever look back.
A moment in yesterday was yet to come
Is a moment I'm living now
And will be a moment in tomorrow that has passed.

bakuli bhakali

Tonight

Tonight
I'll be alone
But
I'm not scared
It's not my first lonely night
Many passed and many yet to come
So, though I'm alone
Nothing to moan
When night will be older
And light weaker
I know, they'll come
Hunting
To dig up my decayed past
But I'm no more afraid
I'll fight
Holding tight
My pen and paper
My armour
My mighty saviour

bakuli bhakali

Tradition

What's tradition?

Tradition is the unkind humanity
That seizes little freedom of the feeble.
And instructs you to live in a closet.

Tradition is the beast
That instructs her to hide her beauty.

Tradition is the thankless society
That neglects the woman
Who leaves her home to make his.

Tradition is the blind humanity that justifies rapists and sadists
Blaming you for their misdeeds

Tradition is the self-acclaimed authority
That questions

You for being out at night,
And your dance of delight.

Tradition is not to rebel against
The chauvinists and sexists.

And neither to speak, nor to whisper
Ill of the viper.

Tradition is the total surrender of your will.
The broken wings of your desire.

It is to be subordinate
And never to subjugate.

It's just a departure from the tradition.

bakuli bhakali

Unheard Call Of A Mother

We're able children of our disable mother
Selling her
For the ladder
We're blind
Blinded by the shine of a singing saint
Yet
We're deaf
And dumb
She called and called
Until we let her go
She cried and cried
Until he laid her still
We heard and heard
Until we unheard
And served her
In the breakfast table
Of a godfather
We're
Monster children of our tender
foster mother

bakuli bhakali

We Were Playing With The Colours Of Heart

We were playing with the colors of heart
Then, he sprinkled some white
I got rosy
Although, I loved the color of heart more
I sprinkled some blue
And he got purpled.
And hoped
Together
We will create colors of heart again

bakuli bhakali

When He Said He Loved Me

When he said he loved me
I made the sketches
On my journal
Of little fishes swimming in the stream
And I picked no fisherman boating around the lake
But just the purpled weeds surrounding it
Filled the pages□
With life and laughter
But now
For a while
They're left blank
And it's just the scents of the old leather-bound book
That reminds me of those colored sketches.

bakuli bhakali

When People Die

How people actually feel when they die? ?
Where do they go? what do they do?
I want to know
but how?
If I die I won't be able to come back and say
Strange isn't it?

But everybody dies
some early in the morning
some when the evening is beginning
some after a joyful day
some with thousand debts to pay
some make millions cry
and some with none to say good bye!

But my friend!
how we die
that's none others' choice
but we do.
If you want to die a thousand's death then live for others
say our fathers.
Or die with none to mourn.
So, my dear
have no fear
This is a tavern
we have to return.

bakuli bhakali

When We Played With Color Of Heart

We were playing with the colour of heart
Then, he sprinkled some white
I got rosy
Although, I loved the colour of heart
I sprinkled some blue
And he got purpled.
And hoped
Together
We will create colour of heart again

bakuli bhakali

When Your Eyes Locked In Mine For The First Time

I grew up the day
Your eyes were locked in mine
For the first time
And I lost control over my mind
My heart slipped into yours
And deep in my heart
I felt an unknown force
From the world I knew
I entered into
The world unknown
Yet, everything appeared familiar
As if I knew all
From the life earlier
Your eyes said something
But I heard nothing
I was so scared
Knowing nothing how to handle this new feeling
It was so fragile
It was pleasingly paining
Driving me
From that crowded hall
To a land of waterfalls
And flowers
Prince and princess
Gods and goddesses
Within that few seconds
I travelled miles
In search of a land for us
Without any rush
I probably hallucinated
I was happy and sad
I knew not why
I just wanted you nearby
I grew taller than I was
And probably love it was
I simply knew
I grew up that day
And stole a night from you too!

bakuli bhakali

Wish

I want to fly, fly, and fly
Afar!
Beyond the sky! !
Until,
I reach Him.
Unless,
My corporeal wings get burned.
And
My mortal desires turned into Ashes.
Igniting,
A fire in my immortal soul.
Filling,
The gap between us.
Enabling,
Me to see the creatures beyond our touch.
Feel,
The world above and beneath our reach.

bakuli bhakali

With You

I knew
With you
I'll create
And re-create the perfect beginning
Without knowing
What's perfection!

bakuli bhakali

Years After Tsunami-I (The Uprooted Tree)

Behold
The uprooted tree
By the sea
Laying like a failed father
Whose loose grips
Couldn't hold
His prodigal son's
Youthful riot
Now,
The living
Wreckage
Lived years
To tell the tale of fears
He had seen
In the eyes of everyman
His unkempt hair
In the air
Spiked and straight
Speaks of the raid
And price once paid.

bakuli bhakali