

Poetry Series

Kumar Parashar
- poems -

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Kumar Parashar(19 august 1990)

YET TO BE MADE

A Poet

Who is a poet? A pen which is articulate in expressions?
A word which could uplift humans from state of depression?
A phrase which could imagine the petite in its majesticness?
A symphony which has the power to remove sightlessness?

I am not a poet; I am just an expressionist with a sheet
Mandela was a poet, who turned dreams into concrete
Dreams of love and care in the world of hatred and flames
A candle light brightening the paths of those in shame

I am not a poet; I am just an impressionist with a quill
Gandhi was a poet, a messiah of peace and goodwill
He who impersonated every man's grief and pain
Whose footprints will never be washed away in rain.

I am not a poet; I am just an imagination with words
Dalai Lama is a poet, the pool of love and the deity's orchard
He who can envision the presence of almighty within
His grace upon us urging the world away from sin

I am not a poet; I am just a jargon without a worth
Michelangelo was a poet, the creator of beauty from dirt
The perfect splendor of Sistine, a portrait of masterpiece
The sheer magnificence of whose grandeur will never cease

I am not a poet; I am just a futile, uncertain ink drop
Da Vinci was a poet, whose brush, like the first rain drop,
Quenched the soul of art with the Nazarene impression in frame
The canvas of Lisa, a picture of mystic sense and poetic acclaim

I am not a poet; I am just a rhyme in an unbalanced tune
Socrates was a poet, whose teachings has the wise bestrewn
The thoughts and sight of a man of acumen and perception
The ignorant be known and insipid at doors of inspiration

What is a poet? A word secluded in valleys of notion?
Ink on a blank, still with delicate illusion of motion?
Or a blank paper telling a million partial, unfinished stories?
I am not a poet; I am just an admirer of epic glories!

Kumar Parashar

I Abode Alone!

Lonely and alone, what my life has become
Shattered and broke, the day is to come
Dark are the days and darker the nights
Lonely and alone, lonely are these dark midnights

The bright of sun has darkened my sight
My vision insipid, arid and morbid my light
Greens taunts, love flaunts and I degrade
In shades darkened inside, aches escalate.

Drowning in waters of frowning stings
The sunshine shines no more on my ceilings
Like an endless life of a lifeless breath
I live without a life in the air of death

The sole purpose of my soul, the soul mate
Deserts me away from my very own fate
And I live on with a face strong, so long
Long and lasting my prong of hopes in a song

They say time heals but it scrapes my lesion
With every second I run towards arson
Acid rains on me, preventing any blood clot
They say time heals, but alas, it did not! !

Once mine is what, no longer in my reach
The space between is a blood sucking leech
In time and space bound world, I look around
With no escape, no escalate, I go down

People may say many, no body to relate
They state and collate, thus they abate
What happened? You knew me, why believe
Strangers don't know me, lies and deceive

I will smile for I will never share the pain
I will live but this won't happen again
The feels will be mine to keep and lie
For the reals will go with me to die

I will smile at those unfulfilled dreams
Shattered homes and broken scenes
I will smile to watch you go, though you may never know
Lonely and alone I be, lonely and alone I abode...

Kumar Parashar

I, The Soldier

I killed a man today, did not know his name
I did not know his history, I am the one to blame
I searched his pocket for grenades and guns
Found a photo of his three little children having fun
His body is lying there still and cold, no breath of air
I look in his eyes, I am not allowed to ask if it's fair
But I have to be strong because I am a soldier at front
And I fight for my countrymen and I am a part of this man hunt

I am glad I am alive and I am longing to meet my wife
My child who must be waiting for me, they are my life
I wish I could hug them, cuddle them for eternity
Till I could feel the distance no more sneaking inside of me
But I have to be strong because I am a soldier at front
And I fight for my countrymen and I am a part of this man hunt

I have not seen my home for months and it is eating me inside
I have forgotten the taste of food and the looks of a butter knife
I am loaded with weapons and ammunitions push my shoulders down
But I have to walk, for my country, for my state, for my town
We don't sleep sound at night with the fears of confrontation
Now my rifle is my body part and bullets are my bourbon
But I have to be strong because I am a soldier at front
And I fight for my countrymen and I am a part of this man hunt

I don't want to kill anybody, it haunts me
At night I can feel their spirit, hallucinations I see
I look in the mirror and see only blood and corpses around
The cries of widows and orphans is the only sound
The nights are scary with in my sleep deprived eyes
The days are frightening trying to save what's left of my life
But I have to be strong because I am a soldier at front
And I fight for my countrymen and I am a part of this man hunt

I do this for my country but when I will be back
No one thanks me, there is no one to pat my back
They don't realize the nights I have lost so they could sleep
The wounds I have endured so that they could have treats
They don't see the picture, they are just happy for a movie

When hundred lost lives so that they can be free
I begin to wonder, if it is really overrated to be a soldier
The picture must be worth a thousand words and much bigger
I wonder who am I, what am I doing away from home, my home
But I fight, because I am a soldier, a protector of the prone
I am the righteous protecting what is right and worthy of dying for
I live for my family, I die for my country, my men, my corps.

Kumar Parashar

Inspiration

In time to come
The emptiness of failures
Of life in dark
Will turn into cocoon
For inspiration
To light the path.

Kumar Parashar

Moments Of Past

A shot at happiness is all I wish for, is all I need
An attempt to smile from heart, on my lips that bleed
A desperate try to rise above sorrows of past
To ease the pains and the poises that last
In the very lifeless heartbeat of the black in my chest
I seek a blossom to bloom in dooms of ache at its best
I inhale for the sake of a hope, exhale to stay alive
I don't breathe, a breath is all for what I strive
A chance, I seek, but unworthy, still my heart
Unworthy, still my life, unworthy to even start

A chance, I have now, but my feet will not walk
My body is a corpse inside the bounds of chalk
My heart won't pound, a faint heartbeat stings
A smile with a hope of a dream of life, it brings
In the corners of the dark, a light sings and shines
In the sound of violin, chirps, the rhymes of chimes
But the audacity is crushed by wounds of bygone
The fear of repeats of heartaches, strands me alone
In the fear to be hurt again, I world where men don't heed
A shot at happiness is all I wish for, is all I need

A beautiful night carries no light alongside the stars
In the black intact within the soul of the ceasing scars
In moments I carry within, are wounds of past far apart
Scratched or life, my life, scarred till death, my heart
Trying to forget, futile and worthless attempt to breathe
In drowning waters, the very seeds of being bequeath
And I look up at twinkles in faith of a late escalade
Tired and drained of dreams, still and silent in cannonade
I stand and smile for life to go miles before I drop
Dropping the spirit inside to an angel at the backdrop.

I stop to see, the world so clear, the sky so blue
Sight of my eyes dies from within the hue
A hope I feel, a dream I hope and a life I dream
But remembrance of heart breaks the light beam
And I walk one step and turn around, walk alone

In roads where none of my own, no hope has shown
A violin sings and stops and the love story never begins
And the soreness of moments drenches in the fire of gins
Thus alone around with a foresight, burnt and bloodied
A shot at happiness is all I wish for, is all I need

Kumar Parashar

My Lovely Sister

Is solace anywhere more comforting than in the arms of a sister
I read somewhere and I think to myself how fate was so kind
The experience I have had in the years of my life untold and unsaid
But I would like her to know she is always on my mind

A sister is a little bit of childhood that can never be lost
For I will lose all the luxuries and tranquility of life in time
I will not lose the warming comfort in your aura that reminds me
That I may lose the hope and dreams but my sister will always be mine

What's the good of news if you haven't a sister to share it?
And I have shared it all, the faults and mistakes that I have done
But one thing that remains unshared is the special bond between us
There would be no one except you in my heart, there would be none

How do people make it through life without a sister?
I wonder the pain left inside, I have pain on the inside too
But they are soothed by your presence and heavenly light
For I have to get out of darkness, there is no place but you

In the cookies of life, sisters are the chocolate chips
You have added sweetness in my life that is unending and blissful
We have shared some arguments, some fists, and some laughs
We have live the life but I haven't shared the love that is the glue
Through these words I hope the feel reaches you and you would know
I love you my sister but but I did not show.

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Ode To Love

O urvashi! Yore I yearn to wit thou
Wax we yearn and wax we quote
I hath so many things I donst speak
Of the heavens and earth I wax weak
The emissary moon in night dost shine
For I seek what ye hath find
So I propose the endless divinity
In the darkness of my heart lies affinity
For ye it boils upon the shores of Olympus
Ye hath cometh as calligraphy of papyrus
Untouched by mortals and blessed from zeus
The forbidden fruit hath lent deific juice
In the corners of hither to the nebula in skies
I nary those heavens, it lies in thy eyes
For people foretold gods art heavenly & divine
But my Aphrodite lies in arms of thine
For plato foretold that earth canst be the center
Nary they wit, for thy heart is my provender
For yore and yore I wonder hither ist life
But yet I hath cometh to ye to suffice
In the lifetime of my countless experiences
Ye bestow upon the supreme of the sequences
Hence I yearn nought, I yearn nary
For ye ist the earth and ye is the planetary
Henceforth I propose, kneeling down on earth
Let thou hell be mine and heavens be thine till rebirth
And I propose the union of our souls and minds
Till the titans bring upon the end of time
Hence I propose to let me be thy apostle
And ye be my synagogue and ye be my gospel.

Kumar Parashar

Shattering Strings

On the parallels of air I breathe, I cease to see the world in me
With passing of beat inside the very heart I wish to feel like brie
Quill shan't appease to the spree of tears oblique as it would be
In every swung of chime, I strive to flee from cage of pain, I dream.

I dream of scenes with beam of light on the cream, I lean to foresee
In ages yet to pass, life to survive and heart beats full of agony
I wonder, oh! I dream, the audacity might not be in me
But I dream, yes! I dream, to conquer and live, what I believe.

The feel has lost its amity in signs crystal clear, I see
Forsaken my life and agonizing my breathe shall be
Love they say; free they speak, scheme they scheme
Pain I grieve, Pain I believe, Pain is all around when I see

Foretold in holy pages in ages of gold with life in spring
Seems to lie in deprive the broken pieces of string
And he who is the highest of thee, king of king
Shall keep furtive, the ink I bleed and the tales I sing.

The Grand Finale

Beauty is in the man who succumbs to the inevitable ends.
The beauty of relief and the beauty of the final breath.
The unmatched splendor of the quality of concluding transcends.
Tell me o life! Is there anything more beautiful than death?

Life is a journey of thousand labors and thorn implanted paths
A life is a deceit, sinful and unsatisfied, till the last schlep
A million twisting realities in midst of a thousand wraths.
Tell me, who is happier than a traveller at his last step?

Betrayal, a lesson of life and passions of the sins inside
Relations wear to dust in the aftermath of teachings of life
The lessons hard learnt at the prize of humanity and pride
Tell me o life! If not for death, who is the perfect wife?

Life is a slayer of hopes and dreams you see in time
Mortality is the ultimate failure in a man's eyes
But when the sound of death sings like a chime
Thoughts and effort becomes immortal as a man dies

Death is the ultimate conquest in a life, the destination
It imparts the realization of brotherhood and love
The only journey eternal is the journey to cremation
When you reach the tops of world and will go above

Men think of vain dreams and riches when all will fake
Days and years will pass by, and what you cannot foresee
The gold in safe and your fleshy unreal beauty will humiliate
Then tell me, who better soul mate than where my soul is going to be?

It never deceives and it will be with you always, in the afterworld
Never disappoints, everyone achieves the magnificent absolute breath
There is one for us all, but the camaraderie of death is unparalleled
At the end mortals realize, there is nothing more beautiful than death.

Kumar Parashar

The One By The Twenty First

In darkness and despair, he uttered to answer a prayer
'Let there be light', in Genesis, the black ends with dark slayer.
The words conversed to mere mortals and disperse
In ages to come and ages went by, they bloomed and dust
But unaltered are the presence and the stirs of faith, unaltered
With belief and trust, the word of One, the word that blurts
Maybe there be a recovered pattern, might be this be the worse
But the sense fervent for the one nameth by the twenty first
Is undying and underlying the drums of spirit, ultimate bird
The blues not contain the adores neither dying with the black in turn
The first with the brushes said, with utter gushes, 'The colors will live
In painful gushes, but will live forever in brilliant blushes.'
The time crushes but it breathes with belief of relief
In the arms of the one, with the power of lively breeze
For trust ye, they might mock it as hoax, in blatancy
Blasphemous, they may be, ignoramus, they shall be.
The quill feels what it feels; it turns the wheels with shield
To save the one, the one, with whom, it is opulent spiels
Glorious, the past is, splendid, copious, the outlook bliss
In the name of thy lord and accord to pleasures insists
The one by the twenty first adores, is the one by the core
In the likelihood of the fall, may the one be the one amour.

Kumar Parashar

The Train Of Life

Station to station, it pauses but never stops
Running forever on those shiny steel blocks
The engine whistles and the train always goes on
Tracks of steel shall never cease forth and beyond

Passengers board on and they take their seats
Countless men have travelled on the same sheet
Start a new journey with the destiny unknown
This train may take you wherever you wish to go

Passing through unknown places and station
One might lose track of one's destination
All wish to get down the grand central halt
But hard to know which stop is your vault

Companions come and go, befriending parallels
On the way to their own call, in core of eggshells
Affairs grow, grows the camaraderie between
Feel warm and protected, but goes on the machine

Several come and go, they touch your heart
You feel alive, and so does the bondage start
But you know they have different stop and will go
Ultimately fading away and you are left alone

Respect the journey and your fate will take you there
Through meadows and hills and rivers and fairs
There would be bumps in ride and dark tunnels
But will eventually reach sunshine and runnels

One may not be able to control the speed
One might change the tracks to which they lead
On way one may find his purpose or despond
But these tracks shall never cease forth and beyond....

Kumar Parashar

The Walker

The spirit of travelling haunts me
For neither I am the emissary nor the traveller
But since I am here and it bounds me
I have to walk though I have no stamina

The road untaken by many, chosen by few ones
Another chosen by many, taken by a little
But I decide to elect the one chosen by none
But I am inexperienced and my legs too brittle.

For I set out to be the master of my fate
There are thorns, rocks and darkness inside
And my feet wouldn't go any further of my weight
But I strive to survive and push above the ground to fly.

I walk and walk through the darkness that surrounds me
My shoulders are too heavy, my eyesight too blurred
My heart is bothered by the taunts of a million dark trees
They are telling stories, so elude, so divine, so unheard

The path abused by many, used by few ones
Another foretold by many, warned by a little
But I decide to elect the path picked by none
But I am inexperienced and my legs too brittle.

I am ready to walk a hundred thousand miles
Before this road end and I have reached my destiny
But it seems so far away and the path is without any smiles
But I believe there, at the end would be moksha, tranquility.

I am determined to go forth and ahead where this path would take
I convince myself to walk along this road I have chosen
I tell myself not to worry, not to cry, not to break
The desires in my mind and fire in my eyes would not be frozen.

The way repelled by many, welcomed by a few ones
Another walked by many, repulsed by a little
But I decide to take a way, taken by none
But I am inexperienced and my legs too brittle.

The hardships will go away and darkness will fell apart
I have told myself not to stop, not to turn around
For I will walk this road till the end or till I depart
The voices will hurt me no more nor will the dark background

I have chosen this road and I will make through
I have faced hardships but there are many to come
The fears are many, but I have certainly outgrew
I will walk alone, there is nobody, there will be none

I had nothing to eat and no water to drink
I have to walk this path alone and I promise to do so
My feet would not walk back, my eyes don't blink
So I push the earth back and back, thus, forward I go

My path may be heard by many and resisted by few ones
Other paths may be selected by all and praised by a little
But I decide to walk my path, which is picked by none
Because I am no longer inexperienced and my legs no longer brittle.

Kumar Parashar

Unfulfilled

Knock knock! Who is it? 'Sheen Thompson' she said.
'I am a tourist from far away land, Hampstead'
Her pink and dry lips were longing of water and
Her curly hair so delightfully covering her head.

A little sleepy, my eyes still struggling with the morning light
Did not notice her till she came in and the room lit bright
Her eloquent white dress, cream shoes, brown bag on shoulders,
Shiny face of a child, a little fearful but her head held high

Her deep blue eyes which could mesmerize heaven's soul
They had seen the world with million stories untold
Unfulfilled dreams within them, unsatisfied thoughts
Yet so articulate, so elude and certainly so bold

Thin lips, small nose and delicate jaw line
Smell of jasmine and coconuts like divine
Small wood jewelry, small, subtle but elegant
White like snow, her face was and a mysterious shine

I poured in some water and the sound she heard
Her face glowed like a shiny day and a chirping bird
With each swallow, she became more and more live
Like her soul was smiling, pure and unaltered.

We talked for hours and she told stories of her travels
Yet her beautiful feet untouched, unmarked by gravels
The stories told displayed her unaccomplished of something
Something she explored, like a repenting sinner searches for bible.

In the world full of greed and gluttony, none in her eyes
She was not looking for gold which was not her prize
She had renounced the luxuries and voracity of life
There was no trickery, no deception and no lies

We had our meal and shared our tales and some smiles
She laughed like a child, talked like adult, heard so agile
Stood up to go, I asked her to stay more, 'Love to'
She said 'But no, I have to walk several miles'

Thanked me, smiled, turned and she went her way
The time spent was so little and ahead was the longest day
My face with a smile still on its face, wondering about tales
The voice which was sweet and nice, her walk, like ballet.

Sun was to set on the day of happiness and darkness upon us
I went back to bed, lied down, but still felt me blush
How keen, smooth and neat she conversed
Like her words stealing a picture from a painter's brush

Ten years have gone by, yet my mind refuses to forget
I could not love anyone, high bars she had set
Every other woman stood compared for me, and I thought
'Fate did not want us to end, that meet was a preset.'

My bags were packed and tickets in my sack
My carriage waiting at gate, I cannot look back
Forward I go, to Hampstead I go, to far away go
Excited and impatient I sit in my hatchback

Green fields, beautiful sunshine, I am here
Finally I have reached to reach for my dear
Happiness bubbles inside and I jump to walk
With neat roads and pathways, sky blue and clear

'Do you know Sheen Thompson', I've asked several men
'No' they all say, disappointed but I will find her, amen.
I ask and request, begged for mercy to almighty up ahead
'Someone, anyone, please her address, can you pen? '

At last the light shone, and a lady gave me the address
'Go straight to the red cottage, a hundred meters or less'
My feet would not walk; they run with the wind blowing on my face
My sack is dropped, my hands won't pick, my mind, too stressed

Red cottage! Here I am. Sheen! Here I am, panting but live
No hours, No minutes, No second without her, could I survive
Knock! Knock! 'Who is it? ', 'Parashar' I mumbled
Breathing heavy but surrounded by positive vibe

A clink, a clank and an old chap opens the door

Surprised and shocked, no one had visited before
My eyes probe the inside of the house for her
My lips murmuring the name of my love, my amour

'Sheen Thompson? '. 'Pardon please, what did you say? '
'Sheen Thompson', I repeated 'Is she here today? '
His eyes grew wide and feet shaking heavily and face grew pale
Could not believe what he heard, looked at me in a strange way.

Impatient and annoyed, I raise my panting, mumbling voice
'Did you hear me Sir? I think you did, I cannot hear any other noise'
Speechless and stunned, he stood like a marble statue deaf and dumb
'Ah! ' I was irked. I held his shoulders and shook him twice.

'I ask again. Sheen Thompson. Did you hear what I said? '
His knees grew weak and low hung his flabbergasted head
He dropped down, tears came out, mumbled, I could only make this much
'I am sorry Sir! It has been forty five years since she is dead! '

Kumar Parashar