

Poetry Series

Mallika Tripathi

- poems -

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Mallika Tripathi(15 August)

Dr. Mallika Tripathi is an educationalist, an honorary legal consultant and a freelance writer blessed with an astounding sense of expression. She is currently working as Associate Professor & Head, Department Of Humanities at FGIET, Raebareli. She is a dynamic and multifarious personality, working for the sake of humanity. She was selected the Regional finalist of 'Ponds' Woman Of Tomorrow Contest.'She considers 'women to be the revolutionary force.' Even after being a Law graduate she turned to literature to quench her emotional and spiritual thirst. A poetess, an editor, a social worker and a mentor, she is a real epitome of beauty with brain.

A Message To Traitor

I wish you get completely razed
Till then I'll keep you ablaze,
If you don't suffer eternally in Hades
The cost of damage will not be paid.

Mallika Tripathi

Dedicated To My Pupils

My Pupils are my life,
My pride,
My aspiration,
My dream,
My hope,
My future,
My laughter,
My goal
To conclude,
The divine food for my soul.

Mallika Tripathi

Don'T

Oh! Hurting stones,
Don't check my patience,
I'm too restless.
Don't consider me weak
I am the strongest beak.
Don't treat me as a fragile creature
You are yet mistaken to identify my features.
Don't take me for granted,
I might revolt against any opinion that is slanted.
Don't try to deceive me
You might be forced to instantly flee.
Don't hurt my self esteem
You might run out of steam.
Don't get inclined to shout,
Or you'll force me to rout.
Don't come over my head,
Else you might end on your deathbed.
Don't negotiate to lose a game,
I'm a renowned name.
Don't ever dare to challenge my worth
Else you won't be alive to take away my mirth.

Mallika Tripathi

Fear

I grew listening a peculiar proverb,
'Barking dogs seldom bite.'
But life taught me a different lesson,
They not only bite
Rather they leave you off white.

With the novel inkling I got terrified,
Started avoiding the bully ones
But to my surprise
They followed me like a menace.

I sprinted out of fear
Leaving invaluable on the ground,
But the critical hour showed me
A big fat hound.

I stopped, trembled,
Murmured and whispered,
Calling for my protector,
I wished I could turn
The poison into nectar.

But none came to rescue
Hopeless, I decided to succumb,
Seeing him glaring at me
I horrifically got numb.

When I was
on the verge of surrendering,
A miracle happened,
During the sacred hour
I heard someone roaring.

I felt grateful
As the hound rushed out of my sight,
Enlightening me with a fresh thought
That appeared too bright.

Fear grows within

Scaring you more and more,
But once you challenge its strength,
It pledges 'never to come to the fore.'

Mallika Tripathi

Fire

Fire resembles the burning desires,
In umpteen ways,
It never let you tire
You continue greedily
To fulfil your lust
Unless you reach behind the wire.

You become a crook, a liar
Keeping aside the sermons
You celebrate to tyrannise
Often putting yourself in mire.

In anguish you hid in a byre
Mutilating, tormenting,
Executing the beings
You try to rest on a tyre.

But Alas!
The moment you defy the sire
It force you to enter into an inferno
Scalding your body, charring your soul
It puts you on the pyre.

Mallika Tripathi

Forgotten Glory

Divided into two, facing sardonic remark,
Analyzing the future that might become dark.
Either to surrender to cruel forces,
Or to be an exemplary for others.
A thought too provoking,
Resulting in a pain that is too excruciating.

Devils laughing, feeling strong,
Demonic bonding, a chain too long.
Thin, fat, tall and short,
All united to defeat the noble cause.
Saints suppressed getting aghast,
Witnessing feebly devastating thoughts.

A lean figure battling alone,
Fighting constantly not to moan,
All ready to be lapdogs,
Light vanishing into the fog.
An army of minions waiting quietly,
Ready to kill, working silently.

Suddenly I see a flash of lightning,
Due to thundering storm the devils start sweating.
The dark gets defeated succumbing to death,
The savior rejoices over the eternal source of mirth.
Contentment prevails restoring the glory of past,
Leaving the Satan annihilated and aghast.

Mallika Tripathi

Impossible

Impossible is a word
Making everything possible

It's a challenge
To prove your worth
To be an exemplary
To take an oath on the shore
To accept a complicated task
That was never accomplished before.

It's a commitment
To work harder
To pass sleepless nights
To stop enjoying the worldly pleasures
Unless you succeed in relieving the pressure

It's a kind of cynicism
Driving you mad
Working like lemmings you start hallucinating
Become a day dreamer,
Striving hard but resulting in a flicker.

It's a Desire
To be on the top
To prove the generations wrong
To create a niche in the world
To listen to the voice that was often unheard.

It's a Motivation
Inspiring you to reach to the heights
Where you succeed amidst darkness
While bringing the heavenly light

Mallika Tripathi

Morning

Morning, a holy entity,

A call for the best,

After the soothing and tranquil rest.

Coming smoothly but a pacy creature,

Surrounded by aureole, holding the scriptures.

Chanting the prayers, nourishing a swan,

Invoking the Divine for the glorious dawn.

Quite and hallowed, working and sweating

Appealing us to listen the birds' tweeting.

All engrossed, ready for the blast,

Filled with a hope

For an infinite scope.

Mallika Tripathi

Ode To Fear

Oh fear!
I fear you not.
Indifferent to pleasure and pain
I love both; autumn and rain.
Believer of a pagan religion
None can destroy my inner wisdom.

Mallika Tripathi

Ode To Love

Oh love!
I love you not,
You are always a defaulter
A cheater and a liar
Springing from corporeal charm
Often ending in abundance harm
Charmer, deceiver and a brute
You fail to play a melody on flute
An originator of lust and greed
Carrying the germs that can breed
Enslaving all for momentary pleasure
Blinding people to invaluable treasure
I plead thou to retain thy sanctity
To become the Supreme Lord
Thou must leave thy vanity.

Mallika Tripathi

Ode To Riches

'Oh callous riches!
Where is thou secret abode?
Where do thou dwell eternally?
Forcing us to bleed profusely
Ruling us tyrannically...'

Mallika Tripathi

Possessed

I saw an apparition calling me
Signalling the mysterious tale
Walking towards me
Coming closer, talking, laughing,
singing and crying
I got scared, tried to hide under my bed
But there was something appealing
That made me possessed.

I went closer to examine
If it was my imagination
Or the phantom exists
I attempted to touch the untouchable,
Suddenly got surprised
Took a step back
As I could realize
She was my Mother who came to see me
To confirm if I slept calmly.
I wondered how I could visualize her
To be an incorporeal being,
Haunting my memories ever.

I walked, I talked
But suddenly I stopped
My mother left this inane world
Six years back
Leaving us mourning forever.
Then who was she standing in my front
Calling me for the last four months?
The moment got tensed,
The light dimmed,
The voice choked
Leaving my eyes horrifically closed.

The morning came with a naval thought
Enlightening me with the rarest shot,
My mother never went far
She might be feeling a bit under par
She lived eternally nearby

To console me whenever I cry,
In the form of birds,
In the form of water
In the form of prayer
That I daily offer
She was always close to me
Watching, protecting, healing my wounded soul
Fighting with other worldly spirits
To help me achieve my heavenly goals.

Mallika Tripathi

Realisation

Listening to the music of soul,
I suddenly realised I was surrounded by the lethal Vipers,
Shapeless, soundless but too venomous
I got motionless, beheld them approaching my inner-self
Like a silent killer.
Felt the warmth of thy slimy skin breathing over me,
Countless sparkling eyes glaring at me as if fuming,
The vision astounded me, forcing me to grapple for my life.
But to my surprise it was not the vipers,
Rather the deadly darkness,
Engulfing me, scaring me, tormenting my inner soul
I battled to speak, murmured few words, cried for help,
But all in vain, it was too late,
The gloom covered me, precipitated my passing,
While departing I discerned a glimmer of light,
The heavenly presence blessing me with eternity.
I realised the fear was self induced
I was very much alive and the darkness was like a springboard
Giving way to pristine age
Full of ardour and vigour- a new beginning
The stygian gloom didn't deepen my soul
Suddenly the beauty of black fascinated me
It was darkness that made me relish
The serenity of white, the piousness, the tenderness
Deep down in my heart I felt grateful to
The majestic presence of black that bestowed upon me
The spiritual awakening of my soul.

Mallika Tripathi

Seed

A seed was sown today
Its future is a secret yet
As it'll take another nine months
To be finally set

I hope for life
I hope for health
Longing to give all my wealth

The sacred seed is my strength
Giving my life a refreshing breath
I hope for Her
I hope for Him
Surrounded by a lightening beam

Mallika Tripathi

Sweet Home

An exquisite creation,
Standing tall on pillars of trust and emotions,
Preserving the inhabitants from gust and commotions.
Breathing, sharing, speaking,
Dancing, rejoicing and rejuvenating.
Singing the song of love,
Diffusing harmony in the air,
Caressing the children with utmost love and care.
A cherished dream of longing eyes,
A bundle of love and ringing chimes.
A long awaited desire, harbinger of peace,
Nurturing the kids providing them ease.
Sheltering even a small little squirrel,
Keeping the inhabitants out of quarrel.
A heart beat heard in silence,
A book of hymns universally pious.
Radiating light, reconciling the peer,
Relishing the moments even too queer.
Celebrating the birth, witnessing the pyre,
Coming to the fore as a creator, preserver and destroyer.

Mallika Tripathi

The Saviour

Witnessing a place full of ingratitude and disappointment, divided into classes,
I feel pathetic.

The temple of Education falling prey to internal politics, losing its harmony,
Creating a difference not only in the minds but also in the hearts.□

People appear to be working machines without any enthusiasm for mutual
progress,

Their souls too hurt and defeated, bleeding inside,
Contemplating their positions in the map.

Everyone fighting for a single cause
To become the Supreme Power.

Meanwhile the entire purpose of education gets defeated,
Leaving the budding aspirants suffering and lamenting.

The whole picture appears to be distorted,
Signalling the future chaos, creating confusion,
The future appears to be dark.

The darkness overshadows the abode of knowledge,
The mentors themselves lose their path.

One blind leading to another reaches nowhere,
Culminating into a fiasco of the entire system.

And then the final search starts,
The search of a Saviour who could save their lives,
Restoring the inner strength, the glory and the virtues.

But alas! It's too late,
The Saviour is gone and they are doomed forever.

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Traitor

Oh, traitor!
Where did you hail from?
What is your caste?
Who let you to be born?

A wolf!
In disguise of a sheep,
You betray even the kindest soul
Making your way through a peep

A curse!
Treachery is your religion,
You are alive to defile
The entire human generation

A stigma!
Condemning all to be doomed
Even the herculean efforts of humanity
Fail to compel you to be well groomed.

Oh, devil!
I know, you can't be vanquished
There exist countless among us
Who never wish you to be perished?

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