

Poetry Series

**Paras Saxena**  
**- poems -**

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## Paras Saxena(08/06/1996)

I write lyrical poetry and songs. I wrote my first lyrics on 15/04/2012. My favourite poets are Jim Morrison and Arthur Rimbaud and prefer to live like them - basking in joy and drowning in misery. Drink to me being the MUSTAFA. CHEERS.

# A Beautiful Soul

I secretly adore the mole on her right cheek  
And the corner of her lips when she smiles,  
For a blush, how her face is so meek,  
For her smile might deceive with lies  
But her eyes always expose the truth  
That heart of mine seeks,  
Is in the middle of the maze of her heart.

That beautiful face with the shine of moon  
Not arrogant, but serene and aesthetic  
Those cheekbones as they swell in a chortle  
With the symphony of her voice is poetic  
She walks as a graceful deer  
And flies like a dauntless eagle  
Her presence is exhilarating and magnetic.

Paras Saxena

# A Black Rose

I fell on a barren planet  
Soulless, no body respired  
For every breath was plunged in misery  
There was hatred for life and tears inspired  
No joy was natural and absolute  
Every smile was corrupted by sorrow  
There I found a black rose with aroma  
Of her hair and I woke to a gloomy morrow

Paras Saxena

# A Blasphemy

I`m tired of stories of Sai, Buddha, Christ. Let`s create another God. Let`s create another religion and add another department, barrier in worldly merngence of humanity. Let`s make this one more interesting. A little promiscuous, a little shameless, a little less chaste, a little scandalous, a little harsh, a little flawed, a little human. Let`s only be half fools and half blind. Certainly it would be better than those who can`t see how Gods that we follow do nothing more than divide humanity in religions. The prayer you offer and blessing you seek, grant you no power, just a false belief of being stronger and a false belief that you are not alone. Why to be afraid of being alone, have the strength of going all the way on your own. Rather than having the false belief, have faith in yourself to achieve what you aspire to. What hope you feel is born by and in your mind. Have the confidence. Obstacles are mere tests to let you know if you want something badly enough to suffer till the moment you have it in your hands. And if you achieve that with falsity in your heart, the thing you have isn`t altogether true now. Surely you will thank your God for showing you the way and helping you. But know this, to see or interpret anything, there are two minimum ways or angles.

Either God showed you the door or you found one.

Either He gave you the strength to get past the door or you kicked it in.

If He was showing you the door why would He let you fall so many times? And even if He did, it means He is just an obstacle because everytime you got up, He put you down. Now you have the freedom to say He was trying to determine whether we deserve what we desire, but then why gave us the freewill? As I said above, there are minimum two ways or angles to everything.

In the end what matters is what you believe.

Either He`s the creator of us or we`re the creator of Him for some false sense of safety and power and control.

I believe we don`t need Him for anything. If I need hope, strength, love or anything, I will be granted from people; my parents, siblings, friends.

I have one last question. Even if for a moment, I believe he`s there somewhere... For what do we need Him except for some false energy?

Paras Saxena

# A Confession

I don't say much but don't assume I don't feel.  
I'll miss you, my dearest friend,  
No matter wherever you are, if not beside me.  
And my last wish at the world's end,  
Will be one last conversation with you.  
Will be one last scolding from you.  
Make you smile and my arms to wrap you.

A lot of chapters remain in our friendship.  
A few voyages left to commence.  
It's an endless journey of you and me.  
For inseparable and unbreakable are us.  
Amidst all the phony commitments and false promises,  
I'm blessed to have you in my life's joy and sorrow.

Not people but you mean more to me, than poetry.  
They are for verses. You, I keep for me.  
The sanity and serenity that they say  
They see is nothing but you in my breaths.  
With your love springs the best of me.

My closest friend, I fear, this confession  
Was too revealing for my reserved being.  
But in my mind I carry no worry  
As only you possess the palms to keep my heart safe.

Paras Saxena

# A Dream Crawling Towards Reality - 1

Where is your pinkish night suit?  
That exposes your undecorated beauty?  
I stare at your lips more than your eyes  
Reveals my reason of poetry.  
I wonder if I have found love again  
For I have again ditched all pain.  
That once trapped my soul  
But now I fill the grieving hole  
Left on me as a stain of sorrow,  
With the gaiety poured in  
By you in my every morrow

Paras Saxena

# A Letter From Love To Love

The first words she wrote &quot;Dear Beloved&quot;  
And he could imagine her lips curve as she would say  
&quot;I wait here for you, burning with desire, to be loved&quot;  
And he could imagine her unclothed skin and soul crave  
&quot;I shall bathe in your aphrodisiac poesies&quot;  
And he could imagine her lovely smile  
When he wrote and read a poem to her about her  
&quot;I yenned lust all life, you taught me love, my love&quot;  
As he kissed her tears which fell on the epistle,  
A teardrop slipped and coalesced with hers

Paras Saxena



# A Lifeless Victim

Her young spirit sleeps only to wake in a dream beneath every moon. A divine light strangled by responsibilities and duties from which she covets freedom only to once live the lost time. Half burnt feathers on her half broken wings make her only half beautiful but I can see the truth that hides behind her masks. Clairvoyant mind and an angelic heart filled with tenderness and kindest love. Foreseeing eyes of a lively lovely only seeks to be wildly free from life`s repugnance and her extraneous misery. She's that amorphous happiness which offers joy endlessly and yearns to be offered selflessly but never asks. She heals wounds on soul but can't erase the blotches on her heart. Sometimes she honors me with the glow that resides on her lips when they swiftly curve in a smile and I cherish the rare moments of symphonies of her guffaw. She jumps higher than zenith of life, only seldom, but very few can see what I see in her eyes. A child in early youth waiting for the youth that's already gone without living. I will find a way to heal and give her a feel of what she never felt. She's wept more tears than she deserved, her heart has bore more pain than is justified.

Let me wake the real you from your grisly half-sleep of an ugly pasquinade. Let me succor you, touch your soul in wakeful sentience and embrace your own angels and demons. Forget your lies and their mother and live your neglected or rejected truth. Let my spells of magic kiss you gently and softly roll all over your skin and soul to fill every ounce of emptiness with every pound of unfelt: sweet desire, delicious dreams, wonders of lost life and vehement love, summing every bit to an unfelt you.

Paras Saxena

# A Sweet Whisper

We aboard the departing train  
I fancy to steal a moment from time`s disdain  
This inevitable distance is ghastly an ugly  
I look at her and it`s lively and lovely  
She sits silent in a fluster  
I put my arm around her neck as bolster  
I perceive she`s too deep in a wonder  
I kiss her head as it rests on my shoulder

"time to love you and leave you sweetheart"  
She whimpers "we`ll be too far apart"  
I take her hand and place on my heart  
Gently and I gallantly keep mine on hers  
And our love sweetly whispers  
"with every breath until last breath

Paras Saxena

# An Unknown Laugh

this path leads home but I'm lost  
I don't recognize this shaggy walk  
in front, stands my own ghost  
this ain't the person I loved to talk

these noises hurt my ears  
do these symphonies reward me with tears  
or these tears reward me with symphonies  
and these pain sprinkled melodies

restlessness conquers my heart  
try to control to break me in half  
see the pain in my eyes? I fall apart  
but still possess an unknown laugh

time heals body not the soul  
love never transcends without leaving holes  
history repeats but not the experience  
to deepen or fill holes is the difference

I don't like this noise, this voice  
I like this emptiness, this darkness  
'cause eyes don't warn before-hand  
to search a corner for tears to land

there's no hope to cling to  
there's no place to return to  
my eyes reveal it half  
I hide the rest with an unknown laugh

I have no clue who I'm  
I don't know where I'm  
not me is what I've become  
a real laugh is what don't come

'cause when it tries to appear  
can't leave the past behind  
when someone tries to get near  
my clock by default gets rewind

I feel the wind on my wet cheek  
when I walk with nothing to seek  
the pieces reveal half  
I hide the rest with an unknown laugh

Paras Saxena

# At The Dawn

We were exchanging vows, half plunged in the ocean  
But stuck in a hurricane, drifted to different islands  
Out of sight but within the range of sounds  
As we looked at the water without bounds  
We dawdled and ambled on the coasts  
Talking like shadows and ghosts  
Condition worsened and survival dwindled  
That night for the last time, our hearts fondled  
Those words to my mind still gnawn  
She said &quot;wake to a morning where you don't love me anymore&quot;  
Since that night, I go to sleep at the dawn

Paras Saxena

# Brother With A Scalpel

As I walk down the corrupted lanes of universe  
Writing them curses and poisoned verses  
I was lost, waiting to be found  
Dark shadows rose from the ground  
Pulling me to an eternal darkness  
My shadow creeping up my feet in leisureness  
It climbs my tongue and I taste bitterness  
Challenging the gentlemen of my tenderness  
As it reaches my heart, I begin to detour  
From my path of buoyance  
To the course of aberrance  
Self destruction and impudence  
Fading audaciousness as fear resides  
Deep till bones, runs through my veins  
As I'm strangled and dragged in reins  
And I crawl with bruised knees  
Tortured to summit degrees  
As I'm beaten, tossed and thrown  
Pull me back before I leap to a sunnier unknown

Captive in the shackles  
Blunt knives stabbed to my deckles  
Every day I die deathless deaths  
Wreathing dreams with agonizing breaths  
Brain is numb, heart in crumbs  
I use a scalpel to bleed out  
With no more struggle, I'll breakout  
And as I escape to a new home  
A peaceful voice threshing all sonnets  
"it`s alright brother, it`s okay"

Paras Saxena

# Cat And Mice

They run around the house only to make me chase  
Running with the sweet echoes of their laughs  
I let them dodge my steps, only to chase  
Everywhere for just a spoon of food, only half  
Sometimes, sometimes full but squeezing all the fun  
As I chase with small steps and they're on the run  
I chase them as cat and mice

Paras Saxena

# Chronicles Of Two Orphans

An abandoned first breath  
An unheard first cry  
Cursed even before our birth  
Be each other's parent, we try  
We're cousins, we're friends  
We're partners in ravages  
Making our own Gods and legends  
Still we're blunders and savages  
We redefine love, mark new horizons  
We're two mates, not two orphans

We're children of misfortune  
We're slaves of misery  
Enduringly we build our own tribune  
Time is dynamic and trickery  
She's my sunshine, I'm hers  
There're kisses and flowers  
Singing on salacious bowers  
Dancing under quenching showers  
We redefine love, mark new horizons  
We're two mates, not two orphans

From dungeons we rose, eagle spirited doves  
We were abandoned to be found by love  
And our frowns turned to blushes  
For every hue we possess two brushes  
Not mine, not her but ours  
'cause we shared the joy and the scars  
We're two melodious thrushes  
Offering each other shivers and rushes  
We redefine love, mark new horizons  
We're two mates, not two orphans

Paras Saxena



# Coalescence

I stroll on the thorny paths of darkness  
But a faint light shines in my emptiness  
I slide down the hill of dreariness  
But a merry laugh echoes and happiness  
Diffuses in my tender heart with a smooth rush  
And your delicate touch leaves a hindered blush  
My dark spirit is illuminated by your light  
That secretly shines my dark heart with delight  
Of kindness and gentleness of your love in your kiss  
On my lips, oh my love, what about an eternal bliss?  
To all and every mirth, my poetry shall bow  
Just for "us" coalescence and a sacred vow

Paras Saxena

# Comfort And Joy

Your words soothe my soul  
Lifts my verve, in every nerve  
There's an ambience of belongingness  
In not yours, not mine but our breaths  
That protects me from my ugly deaths  
In my nothingness, pouring liveliness  
And slips in homeliness as I find comfort in your love

A single zephyr smears on my skin  
And happiness infects me  
It blushes and whispers your name  
And sorrow as flickering flames  
Slowly softly fades away  
And resurrects a long lost curve  
When another breeze of joy kisses my lips

Paras Saxena

# Darby And Joan

darby and joan

she puts a lot of make up  
to hide wrinkles from the world  
below her eyes  
but I never looked anyway except  
through her big brown eyes

she tries to go back in time  
dreams of being young again  
but those days are past  
and I only see the beauty  
that within forever last

my love, my wife, honey you're beautiful  
you're the most beautiful woman in my world

no more shoots or shows  
no more smile or pose  
none taking photos, no photographer  
oh there's something in my hands  
oh I'm her new personal photographer

when young she was the Queen of nymphs  
today she's the mother of nymphs  
still she has the most amazing smile  
still she has the most amazing laugh  
she'll realize, in a while

my love, my wife, honey you're beautiful  
you're the most beautiful woman in my world

leave your world  
let me give you a tour of mine  
make you see what I mean  
when I say you're perfectly fine  
nothing like I've ever seen

let me make you an aesthete

make you wonder about  
the beauty of today  
you'll discover in my world  
how you're same to me like the first day

my love, my wife, honey you're beautiful  
you're the most beautiful woman in my world

Paras Saxena

# Deathless Deaths

Memories tangled with incessant thoughts of my mind  
Breeding misery within the walls of my skin  
Through my eyes, see the demon hidden  
Killing me unhurriedly, leisurely and grins  
Then gives a lonely drop of pleasure  
To enliven my soul enough for  
A fresh form of torture  
Broken bones, punctured lungs  
Torn muscles, bruised face  
Swollen eyes, miniature fractures  
I beg for death, he offers a laugh  
I smile and he punches the wounds  
I weep and he politely orders parodies  
My screams and wails form his melodies  
I impetrate for life, he offers deathless deaths

Paras Saxena

# Deathpool

I see another broken heart  
Standing on the bridge over me  
Putting a message in a bottle  
To throw it into me  
Hoping the dream comes true  
Maybe get back his love  
Maybe get back his life  
Maybe get back his money  
Maybe get back himself

He comes back tomorrow  
To throw himself into me  
Unaware of the thousands he`ll find at the bottom  
Their soul scream, it hurts me  
Craving to go back but impossible  
Came too far and too low  
I`m no kyle of love  
But the death of hope  
You`re just another fool  
And I'm a deathpool  
Won`t free you from sorrow  
Don`t you have no hope  
To have a better tomorrow  
Keep hanging on the edge  
Just a spear you need to borrow  
Easier to pull out your heart  
Why should I consume you  
And get cursed for trapping souls

You fell in love or betrayal  
Does it all end at me  
Nobody can outrun suffering  
You die and transcend it to somebody  
Who cares and craves for you

You made one wrong decision  
Don`t increase the number  
Winds tomorrow might turn  
Let the flames of hope burn

Hard to accept the sad truth

For once jump to wash away your tears  
For once jump in with joy, screaming  
For once jump in with a smile  
Let me show how I give life too  
And cold make you shiver to smile  
Rather than making you numb and drown

I`m the first sign of life  
I`m the life of everyone`s life  
I`m the river of agony  
I ain`t the end of it  
I`m a river of curses  
Can`t set you free of it  
I`m how you see me  
I`m what you want me to be

Paras Saxena

# Demon Under My Skin

Masked with my skin to hide his ugliness  
Through tiniest pores diffusing dark numbness  
To captivate my senses, to turn me a beast  
My benevolence and morality are his feast  
Hunger lust and malice desires, in me he breathes  
Wrath and savages in my mind he wreathes

The creator of my disaster  
My demon is my master  
God is slayed by the demons under my skin  
My demon is a ravish assassin

He feeds me absolute dementia  
My bellows in grief is his ambrosia  
A slow sweet venom is his nectar  
My God is my own monster  
Corrupting my immaculacy  
As I follow an archaic fallacy

The creator of my disaster  
My demon is my master  
God is slayed by the demons under my skin  
My demon is a ravish assassin

Nesting under my peels  
From under me he steels  
And kills my tender touches and gentle spirit  
Fading away all my virtuous writ  
Defining a fresh meaning of dangers  
Screwing and executing strangers

The creator of my disaster  
My demon is my master  
God is slayed by the demons under my skin  
My demon is a ravish assassin

Paras Saxena



# Despondency

I tarry for it`s pernicious  
She was never a cure, just a palliation  
An interim sanity in my atrocious smile  
An ephemeral peace in my ugly shambles  
My last belief in benevolence  
I dread of that brief but lovely time`s evanescence  
And the touch of zeal, that liveliness  
That smear of fugacious happiness  
The brokenness exposes the fallacy of `forever yours'  
Once more it perfuses and pervades  
Over my spirit and skin and I shall die  
With my half-love and full emptiness  
With my intact and unbleached darkness  
With my crippled joy for with my every breath  
I still can smell that moment`s fragrance  
When my lips found hers and my soul enlivened  
For that one breath life blessed me  
Pointless when at my being`s birth, death cursed me  
With ruthless slaughter of my pleasure  
And a stench of melancholy in my mirth of every measure  
Of reminiscence in every form of my poesy as a terminal afflatus  
Until I drive through the tunnel of my imminent quietus

Paras Saxena

# Every Death And Every Life

Every night brings a new death to die  
Every morn brings a new life to live  
A fresh breath, a new rhythm to my heart  
A new smell, a new journey, a new me to live

Nothing to give but poesies born  
By this gentle mind and tender heart  
In my laugh or in my mourn  
Revealing my every face and its every part

I'm everything and everyone  
I'm anything and anyone  
I'm who how what I want to be  
Not what society expects me to be  
Civilization is an assumed illusion  
Reality is biased and reflects confusion  
Surrealism is the equalizer, the greatest gift  
The only art to draw and paint immortality  
Morality is archaic, so old is extinct

A new lesson in a new chapter  
A new chapter in an ageing book  
Where we unmask or mask  
Nobody knows but oneself  
Where we reveal or conceal ourself  
Nobody's choice but oneself

Chances are limited, possibilities are boundless  
Choice is mine to be God or be powerless  
Everyday is a new today, is a new me, is a new journey

For me,  
Every night brings a new death to die  
Every morn brings a new life to live

Paras Saxena

## Greed Of A Poet

I pour blue water from my pen  
To bask in wilderness, a thirsty page  
To garnish with words, a hueless page  
To tenderly fill love on the emptiness of a page  
To beautify with rhymes a bland page  
Or is it my prurient soul's poesy-lust

Paras Saxena

# Invitation

I remember that smile  
Its shine lights the silent night  
I know it's been a while  
But you're still the hues over my white

Oh old friend, oh sweetheart  
We've been strangers for sometime  
Let's now talk heart to heart  
Oh old friend, oh sweetheart

Tell me about the new lanes  
You found and walked through  
I'll reveal my secret panes  
And some secrets to you

Oh old friend, oh sweetheart  
We've been strangers for sometime  
Invite me closer to your heart  
Oh old friend, oh sweetheart

I know you have many doors in your blue  
To offer you happiness  
So let me be the moon  
You depend on in darkness

Oh old friend, oh sweetheart  
We've been strangers for sometime  
Let's now talk heart to heart  
Oh old friend, oh sweetheart

Allow me to be there in some tomorrow  
Like I was in your lost yesterday  
When you need joy in your sorrow  
And your riot on your boring day

Oh old friend, oh sweetheart  
We've been strangers for sometime  
Invite me closer to your heart  
Oh old friend, oh sweetheart

Paras Saxena

## Is It Farewell? Paras?

It smells of final goodbye, doesn't it? It tastes like the final breath before you and me become us. We were always one soul with different identity. So before your name is lost in time I express the gratitude I possess for your deeds which enlightened my dying spirit and showing the dark corners of my being to free the demons trapped beneath. I place just today at your feet for I can't offer more, my misfortune and maybe yours too. Tomorrow I shall be you and you shall be me, but hasn't it always been so? Only I'll abandon your name and keep your spirit; your vulnerability, fearlessness, shamelessness, a pint of your arrogance and all your energy and madness with no origin but itself. Dearest Mustafa, it's not farewell but coalescence. I'll take every piece of you that's not a piece of me, take every piece of me that's not a piece of yours and merge together for us to be complete.

I'll spill brutally honest words with a gentleman's speech, with arms embracing vulnerability, eyes and a grin absolutely deficient of shame, with desires bore by audacity and a benign heart. I'll run into dark woods to kiss the peak of the mountain but no more empty hand waiting for a somebody to fill the gap between fingers and fill the holes in my happiness. I'm forever beholden to you for your esoteric lessons; the magical patterns of love, difference between life and death, designing memories, capturing moments, why not be afraid of walking alone, and never fear getting hurt or hurting, hinterlands and forbidden fantasylands of both, reality and surreality. And that salient lesson about why I should abandon God. Thank you for granting me a chance to fix, by and with, brokenness, reasonless mourning and despondency. Now I know joy in its pristine form and love in not all but countless designs, depth of obsession, how paramount is madness and the difference between them.

Only until today I know the difference between you and me, for tomorrow we'll be one as I sacrifice your name. it's a fresh genesis of a new voyage over the ocean of life for foremost I need to find north and reach a different coast before I drown. Farewell? It is not.

Paras Saxena

# My Tears As God`s Blessings

I fly, I float, I crawl and I slide  
I`m muse, I'm the lens and the messenger  
To reach my creator and yours  
And everything that breathes or not  
To cosmic realms, I'm the heavenly doors  
And to a poet to his fantasy universe  
Where he`s the jury and he's the convict  
I reflect every mind and am an addict  
To pour my tears only to be lauded  
By a merry smile or a blossom  
Of any colored flower and leaves  
And illuminating some dark beliefs  
A child is born, I pass God`s blessings as my tears  
Upon gloomy men, I pour drops of joy as my tears  
Which for with the speech call rain and just hide or enjoy  
The stains and dirt that the decoys deploy  
I, for the Almighty shall clean with my tears  
I, for Him shall bless everyone and everything with my tears  
Whether of dreary farewell or of inception`s bliss  
I shall mist and mellow every kiss

Paras Saxena

# On A Roof

We sat on a roof staring at the mother moon  
Counting her countless infant moons  
Naming every last of them "love";  
So when they shine and twinkle above the earth  
Only spreading in their light will be love  
For the cruel and aesthetic eyes  
And for love filled eyes, like mine and yours  
We name the skies "love";  
So when it rains on the pupil  
Thirsty for love, crying for love  
On those who thirst and cry for love  
All and everything shall plunge and drown in love  
When the clouds of love shall rain love

Paras Saxena



# Pretty Magician

It`s still unknown, still, it is magic  
For science has no theory to decipher  
How rushing in rushes withers away pain  
How my theory of life as a grieving journey  
Narrates a beautiful muddled story  
Of our breaths convolved in a convoluted love  
Which tosses a few droplets of bliss  
Over my burning skin and yearning soul  
For I'm enough, just not whole  
As I inhale that sent of happiness  
Addressing my dreariness  
Politely asks to abandon my being  
I thank you &quot;my pretty magician&quot;  
For offering loosening love`s knottiness

Paras Saxena

# Rotten Joy

Direness carnally abuses my heart`s tenderness  
Dreariness forces to beg and plead for an iota of happiness  
Unit drop of joy hangs in front but forever out of bounds  
Whips of misery for my bosoms and buttocks for timeless rounds  
Countless needles nailed in my heels and palms  
Mind`s being shattered to pieces by own qualms  
Throats rusted by screams of yesterdays  
So I crawl on my elbows and knees on todays  
Till the tomorrow with no tomorrow  
Till the breath with no breath  
After the last beat turns cold and heart to stone  
I`ll end just as I began, ugly and alone  
The worst myth ain`t God but the Almighty Love  
Choose wisely for fierce eagles prey on tranquil doves  
Nothing`s given, everything borrowed or loaned  
We live only to die, death is when soul is boned  
I heartily wish for the close of my soul`s voyage of life  
Never ever begin, unshackle from the play of life, death and life  
Too few tears to grieve to aid to glue back the tiny fragments of me]  
And I shall end as I began, a ugly and alone me  
Just remember, I is you, you is we and we is many me

Paras Saxena

# Rumble In The Jungle

Ahead of him was a hurricane  
Some said "he won't sustain"  
People who said "he might die in the ring"  
Once screamed "he's the king, master of the ring"  
He was teasing and playing with pain  
Dancing with bruises in blood's rain  
He yelled "stop trying to hurt me and hurt me"  
Anything is possible, that's what he taught me  
He told me this is life  
He taught me the art of getting by  
Life will try to blow your brains out  
Know it from it start  
There's no easy way out  
Know it in your heart  
Never give up hope  
'cause mountains don't fall in one blow  
His people filled the atmosphere  
All shouting out his name, everywhere  
And all I could hear was  
"Ali bomaye, Ali bomaye"  
"Ali bomaye, Ali bomaye"  
Too strong was that hurricane  
But stronger was the mountain  
Hurricane hit its every part  
But he got big balls, iron heart  
He stood tall with a smile on the face  
He was always the greatest, he knew his place  
His people filled the atmosphere  
All shouting out his name, everywhere  
And all I could hear was  
"Ali bomaye, Ali bomaye"  
"Ali bomaye, Ali bomaye"

Paras Saxena

# Skies At The Dawn

Vanilla clouds float there forever  
But above and through, the man molded bird flies  
Or the dual winged tiny wild angels of freedom  
But nobody and nothing owns the skies  
Not the Mighty Iris nor her benign hues  
Not the rain of first rendezvous of final goodbyes  
I too shall steal a few sips of exuberant beauty through poetic eyes  
Of the inexplicableness of the loveliness of twilitten skies  
For nobody and nothing owns the skies

Paras Saxena

# Someday, Just Not Today

I`ll believe the falsity  
of an easier and comforting  
someday, one day, some tomorrow  
just not today

with a dead soul, a numb mind  
I`ll let myself drown and choked by sorrow  
I`ll seek my slain happiness someday  
just not today

he had a dimpled chin like yours  
my rosy lips and cheeks  
your black beautiful eyes, angelic voice  
d warmth and serenity it smeared  
on our hearts as we adored his sleep  
with clenched fists and a smile

the symphony of his absurd words  
dear husband, dear beloved  
I`m fine being senseless and lifeless  
for I`ve wept tears more than my eyes could shed  
and still misery remains,  
every breath hurts and pains

I`ll believe the falsity  
of an easier and comforting  
someday, one day, some tomorrow  
just not today

Paras Saxena

# Song For You

I'm directionless, there's no sun  
To know where to go  
Just darkness wraps me  
Don't know what to do  
I called out your name  
And I only heard my own echoes  
I flow where the wind blows

I was feeling empty and alone  
So I wrote a song, my last song for you  
I might never make it home  
So I wrote a song, my last song for you  
For my song to kiss you before I turn to stone  
So I wrote a song, my last song for you

It was all green and smelt like rose  
I touched and saw how it all grows  
All the words said or remained in head  
When you were too far to hear my screams  
But what kept me alive were your dreams

I was feeling empty and alone  
So I wrote a song, my last song for you  
I might never make it home  
So I wrote a song, my last song for you  
For my song to kiss you before I turn to stone  
So I wrote a song, my last song for you

Before I give in to the darkness  
Before I make home in wilderness  
I'm asking you to, and I pray  
Find somebody who will love you the right way

I was feeling empty and alone  
So I wrote a song, my last song for you  
I might never make it home  
So I wrote a song, my last song for you  
For my song to kiss you before I turn to stone  
So I wrote a song, my last song for you

Paras Saxena

# Suicide

Breaths of boundless bellows breed  
In no timeless cosmos there's this creed  
Where the soul mourns and groans  
And dances to the rhythm of every pulse  
And every percussion of a brainless heart  
Turning stone numb benevolence  
And demon's and death's magnificence  
Shines when melancholic soul runs out of tears  
The grief surges and surrounds and traps felicity  
Save her with the fall of few drops of tears, but  
Not enough tears for the pain prisoned in this purple heart

Paras Saxena



# Tear Stained Smile(Ode To Arthur Rimbaud)

He suffered an undeserving atonement  
Misfortune being his God, he mustered resentment  
His devilish charms tricked wickedness  
And intrepid seductions grunted boldness  
Yet his face possessed tear stained cheeks  
And a mournful smile creeps on his red lips  
But from this farce life he stole delicious sips

Like never fading smell in a garth of roses  
Beyond eternity rippled his visionary proses  
For in sensing his senses that vagrant soul  
Shed countless tears, more than God could catch  
Thus a river, a brook was born  
Where dabbling, with absinthe in hands and heart as lorn  
He spent numb nights and dire dawns

Paras Saxena

# The Ceaseless Muse

I sat uninspired with an empty mind  
I pleaded narcotics to be my afflatus  
It failed and to me I turned blind  
Tossing myself in an abyss of darkness  
Where spirits of trapped shadows  
Fed on fresh light and benign hearts  
And cursed the divine rainbows  
I absconded somehow and crawled to beside you  
I lie next to you and look at you  
&quot;so beautiful&quot; I think  
Amazed at how effortlessly you inspire  
Amusement in every breath as I suspire  
Knowing you`re my ceaseless muse  
But, oh how it hurts sometimes  
When another muse I capture  
But an ardent bliss I taste  
And every line brings rapture  
Every line that you inspire

Paras Saxena

## The Ceaseless Muse 2

Hold until life pours in through love  
Every tender touch shall mellow the shells  
That sorrow bore and grew skin-above  
And a part of my whole still dwells  
And craves for your sweet kiss to rewind  
And remind that gentle rush in my spine  
And those eyes that shyness hides behind  
In a scarcely random blush on my lips  
The echoes of the guffaws we shared  
Soothe my heart in a chaotic mind.  
I fill my emptiness with our breaths  
Of bliss and I'm blessed to be loved  
So deeply and endlessly by your soul.  
The pleasure I taste while I treasure  
Our marvelous memories  
Plunged in the wonders of our broken plans,  
Walks in welkins and adorns apologies.  
The beauty of our bond in lows and highs  
Inspires or muses to pen a pleasant poesy.

Paras Saxena

# The Child In Me

In me, there`s a hunger and thirst for life. In me, there`s too deep-rooted thread of love but you dug the ground right beside for a new tree`s birth from the seeds of a more profound love than I ever felt; too divergent and yet so simple, free of conditions and knots of time. We are portrait of my imagination of a love so strange yet feels like home when I wrap you in my arms. The melody of your laugh pacifies the waves of torments. And the reflection of your smile is absolute joy that shines on my face and lights up the dark corners of my heart. I wonder if there`s any spirit I love more deeply. The smell of memories with you is the smile in my reminiscing tears and the rapture in my foolishness. All my craziness and madness is an ode to you. I crave for more of us to be too blunt and too precise. Why? Because when life taught me to grow up with love and hurt, you saved the child in me.

I crawled down the thorny boulevards that lay lightless and lifeless. The journey commenced with a morn without sunrise for the sun burnt to black due to the dark royal blood that drip from devil`s mouth mixed in sticky thick spittle. The little demons chirped yesterday, today they wail sharply, piercing through my ears, pestering my mind. But then you came and touched me, and everything changed. I saw how erroneous was I being. I realized the sun hid behind the dark skies only to bless me with the morning rain. It was magical to bathe in the dawn`s droplets for the breeze that glided over the wet earth gave me strong quivers and I chuckled at my ignorance of the beauty. I understood the music which I thought was cacophony. And I begin to run wild like a prisoner on escape. I sprinted with no destination but with my surrender to destiny for it only brought you to me. I accepted the gentlest request of my heart to run back to you. So I did and kissed you cheek. Then I ran with our fingers tangled and entwined. Why? Because when life taught me to grow up with love and hurt, you saved the child in me.

Paras Saxena

# The Fall

I`m hanging onto life  
Where to fall, is undecided  
There is a kyle of misery  
There is an ocean of torments  
Wherever you ask me to, my love  
Where to fall?

Paras Saxena

# The Last And Only

Hold me again before I'm lost forever in wilderness  
The last hand I held vanished in the darkness  
She was closer than my heart,  
Better reflection than my shadow  
In my war with the world of perfidiousness  
The only absolute truth of my heart  
Is my imperfect love for her dispersing in a rainbow  
Colored in the sorrow and joy of every morrow

Paras Saxena

# The Lonely Sky

Hey sky, ain't you lonely  
With sun plunging into the sea  
With sun hiding behind hills  
With the sun mingling in grey clouds  
Leaving you alone and lonely  
He flirts with birds with rays of sunshine  
He bonds with rainbow at the edge of an eternal line  
He leaves you with the moon  
Will you whine or croon  
Till the first ray kisses a flower  
Abandoning you for the poet in bower  
He bathes in the heavenly showers  
Hiding among the seducing branches  
Lost in the blue fields of future  
Dying with the slaughtered nature  
And all inhumanity shall ask  
Are you the lonely sky?  
I, a poet, lover of all Goddesses ask  
Are you the lonely sky?  
Will you mate and merge with me?  
I'm a kite in you, the lonely sky

Paras Saxena

# The Question

What do you desire more? My words or my heart? My bare face or my masks? My colorful lies or my unbleached truth? The sun of my winter, beach bath in summer, shelter in my disaster. Who? Don't you already know? You. Who else? You are - the fear in my foolishness and my mischief. The sole witness of the twin souls of my benevolence and malevolence too. Poems or lyrics or my truth, what do you desire more? Poems - just verses of truth corrupted by tiny beautiful fantasies. My truth is all of me. What do you desire more?

I want to keep you as you are and keep us as we are; pristine truth, brutal honesty, fights rarely oozing attitude and ego but often benignness. Let there be some forgotten muse with hundreds of poems to her name. We've fought more than that and fell deeper in love. Let there be more muses. Not even for a moment I love you less than anybody, only more, for they never knew the prurient me or the stupid me or the savage me or the childish me or the hurt me. Only you know, only you do, only you. No spirit ever came as close to me as you for I never met with such divine heart possessed by a mortal. How lost would I be by your absence in my life, stick around forever or at least till my final breath, for a blessing like you touches a dark soul like me only once in eternity. My promise to always be good or my vow to always spill the truth before you, what do you desire more? A stroll in the hinterland of my heart or just words; a peek through a window, what do you desire more?

In those moments with you, I live more than I ever lived, I feel bliss deeper than I ever felt and love more than I ever loved. Be my special one or join the line of muses, what do you desire more? Let me expose a secret I never knew until my life entwined with yours completely, you inspired me, you inspire me in my every breath. The only thing you're blind to is; that inspiration comes in my acts of love, speech of gentleman, serenity of mind, words of respect but faint in poesies. A part of you in my every breath or a part of you in countable poesies, what do you desire more? I don't wish to capture you in some page but write on my soul with hues of infinity, cherish every drop of that joy wholly and reminisce about only with you. Me reminiscing with the world or me reminiscing with you, what do you desire more?

Paras Saxena



# Theory Of A Dying Man

Body squelched in tears  
Soul drowning in fears  
Stokes to know he's not numb  
Bleeds to know he's alive  
Every unit of time is a puzzlement  
Is there a tomorrow in this broken arrow  
For he decays by fraction and in fragments

Paras Saxena

# This Pain, It Tickles

this feeling it leaves me amazed  
feels like no other, day is seized  
cause today is the best day  
when I'm playing with her  
tonight is the best night  
when I'm lying with her  
this is The Moment of my life  
when she has become my wife  
this is love, nothing could be better  
than everyday waking up together  
this love, it tickles  
everytime, all the time  
even a thought of her makes me smile  
my guitar is the reflection of my love  
gives the most romantic tunes  
gives the most playful tunes  
makes an easy rhythm, great harmony  
falls in prosidy, falls in symphony  
the smile never fades away  
it's too hard to stay away  
this love, it tickles  
everytime, all the time  
suddenly things go too wrong  
not a clue which way we'll survive  
but we try and try but finally break and fall  
a heart reflects in everything we do  
happy heart gives unfading smile  
broken heart gives inevitable pain  
this pain, it tickles  
everytime, all the time  
cause I pick up my guitar  
and make the best of my music  
write the best of my lyrics  
make the best of me  
redefining every part of me  
mates are happy for me  
but I practice self destruction  
money flows in, but it doesn't matter  
I can't put myself together

I destroy myself with  
herbs and liquor  
this pain, it tickles  
everytime, all the time  
leaves me amazed for my music  
leaves me tears for my heart  
leaves me pain for my mind  
leaves me relief for my scar  
I follow the medication  
but the wound gets deepen  
I'm lost in all those thoughts  
and unwillingly I give a masterpiece  
just like when she was my peace  
everybody celebrates with me  
but I want just nobody  
who's my greatest inspiration  
reason of all this creation  
this pain, it tickles  
leaves me amazed with the creation  
leaves me tears with the memories  
deepen the same wounds  
darken the same scars  
everyday and everynight  
this pain, it tickles  
everytime, all the time

Paras Saxena

# To My Late Love

All I desire I dream in my sleep  
Then when waking pinches, I weep  
For if I think very hard and too deep  
Oozing blood from my palpable wounds did sweep  
My life`s joy with my love`s death  
And I taste melancholic agony in every breath.  
I cry red tears, my tongue, it furrows.  
My solitary spirit is lost in a maze of burrows  
And my muse merges in me when from a cursed chalice  
Grieving I gulp venom and soothing malice  
And I finally feel comfort in surreality  
For I can only mourn and rue yesterday`s reality.  
With a guffaw, I choke with my spittle, all thoughts of prudence  
While I drown in a black sea of my despondence

Paras Saxena

# Torrent Of Torments

I`m here, fornicating with misery  
I witness the coalescence  
I`m here, in bondage with loneliness  
I`m victim of a soothing malevolence  
I`m here, exploring forms of carnal knowledge  
I`m here, grieving for my broken fledge  
I`m here, slipped from darkness to dark insolence  
I`m here, hiding my writhing in my silence  
I`m here, joy mourns, I raped her  
I`m here, love`s dead, I murdered her  
I`m here, with worthless benevolence, I corrupted her  
I`m here, with whole emptiness  
On a fragmented path of ugly liveliness

Paras Saxena

# Truth About Love

Wind of the heaven  
Caress my skin with her fingertips  
Whisper of the forbidden  
I shiver, quiver with a kiss on her lips  
Plethora of joy, a treasure  
That I fell upon in my journey to love  
A sea of bohemian pleasure  
Where I dive in to skim the zenith above  
Words that shall enliven  
The dead tenderness behind my eyes  
A gold quilt hand-woven  
Warming the truth in my wobbled lies  
We fornicate tenderly slow in a frozen garden of posies  
Sadly love so serene and eternally delicious, breathes only in poesies

Paras Saxena

# Truth About Unrequited Love

Love is cold and hollow  
Ruthless, savage and shallow  
Wreaths dreams of rainbows  
Cursed in quivering bellows  
Delivering daily, deathless deaths  
Offering a life with zilch breaths  
A heavenly poison killing smoothly  
Softly and life fights back loathly  
You curse promises and "until forever" stories  
And you taste bitterness in sweet memories  
Stitches don't heal bruises but time  
Victim in own crime, everyone everytime

As tears stroll down your cheek, you destroy  
The only part left of you to seek the last ray of foy  
But all you find is darkness in all sight  
Set is the sun of your life, just night  
Is all there is to live, to survive  
The heart, once already been revived.  
Black and blue in your brainless mind  
Signs were there but you were blind  
Pierced heart with a lonely arrow  
A wound too deep and narrow  
Bleeding you to a deserted tomorrow  
A stranger smile to mask sorrow

Empty echos in your ears  
Becomes real all your fears  
When you look in those blurred mirrors  
With misted eyelashes, draining colors  
From every picture you ever drew  
And every bubble that ever grew  
Dreariness and direness, you lie between  
Pale is what you thought is green  
The only truth you wish to be an incubus is the end  
So dolorous, imprisoned in a den of numbness at the end

Come join broken lovers and their unrequited love  
Wreathing a plenary love only in posies, nothing above

Paras Saxena



# Unwonted Journey

I admire how humbly you possess  
The grand beauty that wraps everything of yours  
I pray for you to see the exuberant sea  
And love the woman in the mirror like I do  
Wear your esoteric crown on your lips  
That curve that illuminates my every bone  
Makes me rewind time in my mind  
To when your arms wrapped mine  
When we ran while your finger intertwined with mine  
And drops of blessings fell upon us as rain  
Revealing to me the perfection of the imperfection of us  
Was the unwonted journey, path of infinite joy!

As we slip away, I slide into woods  
Of darkness in the laps of my demons  
Lost in the truth of self scripted lies  
Afraid of the stranger in the mirror with strange eyes  
For he recites words not meant to be spoken  
And writes words of vision so black and broken  
So arcane and so abstruse  
Zilch souls if not his muse  
Shall receive and savvy what he conceived  
In that poesy about his precious love he seized  
I'm so consumed by his uncivil solitude  
He spits at the grave of my gallant but extinct virtues

My yearning soul shall merge with none  
Nor yours for it's the last and only breath I breathe  
Today and every morrow at every morn  
Only your love is the cure for me to be reborn  
For which I'd die but he's shattered my soul  
Fragments so small can't ever be made whole  
I won't touch you for your happiness  
As I'm the preacher of venomous nothingness  
As waves carry, throw and toss me like a boat with no poy  
In this unwonted journey, path of naught joy!

Paras Saxena

# Valentine's Day

This ruthless wind giving me chills  
I take one and continuing refills  
But the pain is still there as I breathe  
I'm numb on my skin but it still hurts underneath  
The clouds over are crying with me  
Or is it you there missing me

I see your remains turn to ashes  
All the tears and screams that slashes  
Silently pleasantly over my heart  
Like drawing a work of art  
I see your remains turn to ashes  
On a valentine's day  
No matter what I do  
The pain doesn't wash away

I reach a homeless home  
These lonely streets I roam  
I fight your God in my dreams  
And bring you from my voiceless screams  
In my arms and count my sobs and kiss you  
As many times and you don't leave this time

I see your remains turn to ashes  
All the tears and screams that slashes  
Silently pleasantly over my heart  
Like drawing a work of art  
I see your remains turn to ashes  
On a valentine's day  
No matter what I do  
The pain doesn't wash away

Your God is cruel, this day is a plunder  
Of all my happiness and I flounder  
It hit me like a thunder  
And I flounder, and I flounder

I see your remains turn to ashes  
All the tears and screams that slashes

Silently pleasantly over my heart  
Like drawing a work of art  
I see your remains turn to ashes  
On a valentine's day  
No matter what I do  
The pain doesn't wash away

Paras Saxena

# What Is It?

I unpack a suitcase of memories  
With a tear and a smile  
Can you come closer? Just another mile?  
To let me know if  
Your lips have the same curve as mine  
To let me know if  
Your eyes hold a teardrop  
As has it rolled down your rosy cheek?  
Are you ever so lost as you reminisce  
That the whole world becomes blurred as background?  
And only a fallen tear brings you back to reality.  
It often happens with me.  
That every page with blue spots of ink is a witness  
Which possess a verse about or for you  
I only miss you at one time, always.  
It`s ironic how soothing yet miserable it makes us feel,  
And how complex yet how simple it always is  
It? Love

Paras Saxena

# You In You

I can hear your silence  
Hiding all those words  
Filled with abhorrence and annoyance  
In so abundance  
That it asphyxiates and you fall  
Before you could reveal and protest  
Borrow my breaths, sweet love  
And let me put you back into you

For which I need to know your vicinity  
To pour back in you, your sane insanity  
Found will be your lost delicious zeal  
I shall push you back in your vehement fires  
Which burns your desire to kiss zenith and inspires  
And I shall put you back in you

Paras Saxena

# Your Tears

I'm no more afraid of your tears  
So you can let your troubles slip out your tongue  
I'll listen just the same as bygone yesterdays  
Let me show you the flower and fruit  
Of the gift you bestowed upon my verve  
A spell of light shining bright enough  
To leisurely incinerate my dire demons  
With magic of your beautiful curve  
That reveals itself on your lips  
Let me be the sun you've been for me  
From the first moment of the first day  
When you tied a simple knot which I never learnt  
Only to hold hope, you'll do for me for keeps  
Let me reciprocate in words, for I'm terrible  
In my spooked actions of response  
This horrible singer write poems to hope to help you sleep  
I'm no more afraid of your tears  
You can let them slip out of your pretty eyes  
And in between and after, I'll slide in sips  
Of faintly rising happiness on your lips  
Not you, I'm the preacher of solitude  
You stay the same, queen of reasonless gratitude  
And listen dear, my most beautiful muse  
I'm just trying to never again forget my vow  
To be there for you, that I made in all those posies I scripted for you

Paras Saxena