

Poetry Series

prakhar mishra
- poems -

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prakhar mishra(2 jan 1994)

lives such a great achievement that every part of it be it the love or the utter silence of your loved ones, you are always one son of a brave soldier to bear it all and see the real insights which many may wouldnt.

Poetry to me means a new level of existence wherein the truth speaks leaving behind all cuts and scars life 'pretends' to give us.

My mantra of life is:

love is all we want...born out of sacrifices, any decision we make in life shouldnt catch trouble in future and if it does your again one son of a brave soldier to prove yourself as no pride is greater than standing up after a true free fall

Dark's Divine

The morning`s arrived, the mind all set
all the lovely birds chirruping around whom i met
but i don't sing with them in this rush arc
for i have been singing the whole dark
no one with their biased phases
no shout of cheer-'you live hundred year' and no praises
with no color to overcome
the 'divine' dark as when they want some
 they'll get none
so just go with your beats 'the heartily beats'
 the only one

Oh the cold breeze sending me some message
from abroad, in a mumbo-jumbo tune
 so i turned my diary
noted some tunes and just went with it
felt every heat, every beat,
 so neat
let me enjoy the moment, my desire, the fest,
of dark, a momento or lest,
 this would go to abroad
far, far from here,
taking my message to my foreign friend,
why cant you be here but there?

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Mr. Hated

Walking ahead on the road sliding back
both the same for him that day
not to stop at the beer bar,
the beer would drink him like
the most loved ones had done it then
so no attractions held in for anyone

then he tried knocking his heart`s gate
a question came who are you mate
cant you feel my presence my voice
and the gate was closed for him to suffice
as if even the heart didnt pump
so will you also make me dump

the man felt bad for the first time
and got rid of the word mine
so went to the door once again
the same question but the main
answer changed Twas its you
or me both the same and true

the gate was wide opened
with the desire of his heart changed
now he owns a body with a soul
and seeking love is now his goal
the universal, the ultimate role

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My Heart

My heart is made of
meat, some beat, some cheat, some heat
it hates
'ditch' for which, it hits the lips
at nights it
moan, always flown on its own
it
reverberates, shakes, wakes me up in
flake lakes
it
bleeds, pleads, need some needs to feed
to live, to give to relieve
in
eve and leave
it moves and proves and hooks and crooks
against pain, for some gain, it goes in vain so insane
it has
flood of blood, shirt of flirt filled with dirt
it never
stops or flops or talks or walks
but believes in
eternity, fraternity, cruelty to duality
also believes in
kit for cat, tit for tat
hit for that who sits for sat

My heart is
pure, allure, needs some cure
admires
survive, to jive, to dive in hive
in love of dove
its sometimes
clown, sings down down in any ground
meek and geek, feels weak at any peak
it needs
fine pine, some wine to shine in line
provides
grimace to the face to face the pace
and hides in

left of my chest the only reason for fest

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The 5th Dimension

Earlier just three
then the fourth
-the time
just to locate
the well defined
but to locate
whats universal
in every element
real still unreal
in heaven and hell
in particle and anti particle
while one thinks or not
lives or not
moves or not

We need one more,
to locate the source of sources,

to where it lies
which brings tears
in pain and happiness
and sometimes laughter
in the two

to locate the position
to where it lies
-that some die for others
while some with the human-bombs
still for but with others

to locate the position
to where it lies
that the hunt for aliens continues
even when we don't know ourselves

oh scientists would you please tell me
many die and emerge the same time
many win and lose the same time

suddenly some say -notice
these are all complimentary
do they mean the source same
for yes and no, true and false
sun and moon
zero and infinity
'Fire And Ice'
don't they have independent origin?

or the 5th-D just spread everywhere
the scale being one universe a unit
and the music being all the scales together
the approach being all the results together
but definitely i am not getting dizzy in its weather
there's something to think about

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The Last Time She Met

It was just the last night we were together
while she smiled, talked and touched my hands
then we walked alone on the road,
towards an ice cream stall
i paid she ate- the last time ever
ice cream on my face she laughed the last time ever

then we launched towards my orchards
she too excited to get the topmost fruit
i went up with all my might
suddenly Newton`s gravity got verified
she screamed like hell and i
was all the way to the floor
i think the first time i didn't cry on a fall instead
i was on my senses

i searched for her and mum said
it was just a 'dream attack'and i closed my eyes again
but a blackness swept all around
and the colorful band of orchards
was banned but the hope persists
of the fact she is alone in my orchards
waiting and more hopeful than me

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