

Poetry Series

Pranav Gothic
- poems -

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Pranav Gothic(23-October-1992)

(English is a second language to me so please ignore my mistakes)

Hey. I am just another guy from the crowd who wants to do something different. I play guitar, sing and write songs. I am sometimes a poet too. I play/write for my self satisfaction.I dream to make a band and Bring Back Grunge! one day.

Grunge is not at all a type of music to me. It's was a Revolution! About small scale indie-artists from Seattle in the late 80's who didn't give a damn about what the record companies in L.A. thought. They just played music for fun. Money and fame didn't matter. Grunge is a source of inspiration to me. Every independent artist, no matter what music he/she/they make, is GRUNGE!

Apart from all this I'm a funny guy (I think) . I might be weird sometimes cause I'm a loner. I like staying alone in peace listening to extreme alternative music. I believe when I plug in my headphones, the world's mouth is shut. I love making friends but emotionally, I'm usually pale. Very easy to fool me, but hard to get away. ;)

A Heavy Hearted Sight

A radio screams another love-lost song through the frosty air.
The lightening conducts a grand orchestra of tyranny.
A weary cat can be heard hissing in the distance.
A 'lost' teenager finds his ways home in the curfew.
You can hear the beginnings of a quarrel drenching the misty night.
These feverish ill doings-
It all-
An instrumental quarrel-
Just another night,
A hopeless night!

Another man thumbs through photo albums as he wonders why he breathes.
A laugh is consumed into the depths of the dark wicked night.
You can see, through a window, flickering of a television in an empty room.
A family is getting home after visiting an ill grand-mother.
In the distance a chimney puffs out murky smoke lik a train.
Are we simple actors lost in our life's performance?
A dream like performance-
Shakespeare's desperate cries?
Just another night,
A confused night.

Another person asks the million dollar question 'Why? '.
A baby competes with its mother's charming ways
There is a sound of a door being dead bolted.
You can see a weary man tug his trash can to the road.
Another tear trickles down the cheek of a lonely woman.
Are we results of a recipe gone sour?
Alone-
A puppet dangling from tight strings.
Just another night,
An endless night.

And the night is as dark as your loneliest dreams.
another unanswered prayer-
Another opened bottle-
Another tear-
-empty
-desperate

-hopeless
Just another night
A sad-sad night.

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A Tribute To The Forgotten Heroes Of Kargil

Today,
I kissed the soil where they fell
To save 'us' from hell
Today,
I heard them cry for the dead angels
And there's nothing much to tell.

I could hear,
They were happy to sacrifice
They had surmounted the fear
There was nothing much to bear
But the church's bell
And there's nothing much to tell.

I could feel,
The winds there were whistling as if they don't care
It was nature's deal
To rewind the reel
And make us learn,
They were priceless
And make us yearn
Their souls were what we'd sell
And there's nothing much to tell.

Do we remember them?
The news reader asked.
Do we take them for granted?
Are our hearts haunted?
Laid to the blacktop
And kicked down the slopes of Tiger hills
But who cares for the thrills?
Who waits for the bills?
Who wants to drill
A stoned heart of a selfish nation
'A palace of Illusions'-
It's a place where we dwell
And there's nothing much to tell

Alibi

Alibi

Yesterday has come and gone
To never again, be here
So many things i would have changed
If only, the ways were clear

All the anguish from the past
I wish that i could erase
The incision that caused my sorrows
Would be the first for me to replace

The fact that I was in love with her
Instead of falling, only for you
Could be so very difficult
If time travel were really true

Everytime I looked into her eyes
I would'nt see what could've been
And I would'nt be so cynical
After being crushed by so many women

Whenever she made me cry
I would'nt wish I were dead
For I would travel back in time
To before my tears turned red!

My self esteem would be so high
There would've been noone to bring it down
And a smile would be pasted upon my face
Instead of it's constant frown

If only yesterday could come again
So I'd be able to do it again
I would change so many things
To take away my pain...

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Deadly You

A starry night sky,
lights up the tears upon my face.
Like glistening pieces of heaven,
coming from my eyes.
I see the moon.
A brilliant glimpse of something better than this life.
While the wind is soft and cold,
a light breeze freezes my tears,
and freezes my heart.
The cold consumes me,
I fall to the earth.
The heavens abrasive behavior,
causes me to gasp one last gasp for air.
I slowly sink into the abyss.
Alone.
No sound.
No light.
The scenery, like you,
so beautiful,
but so deadly.

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Her Mom Calls Me A Murderer

Hush Hush Hush!

She sleeping

She's dreaming her wicked dreams

No tinsels in her crown

Just an evil frown

That accompanies her pale cheeks

Grass on all corners of her bed

Fresh mud, her blanket

The coffin, her new home.

You know?

Her 'hunk',

He kissed her once

And all the sweetness, it bled away...

Her soul, it cries, i know

But her morals, they were way too low.

She never thought, Her lust would burn her soul!

And now, She's just sleeping.

There are a few blood stains on my shirt though xD

Her mom, She calls me a murderer,

I call her daughter the same!

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I Sit...I Write

Down to hell
My fate spells
How will it end?
Mt mind tries
To defend
Too may things
Such old feelings
As I sit
A slit every minute
Till hopefully my life will finish
Hopefully someone listen
To a sad story
One with no glory
Past memories
Summaries
Lend me a hand
Please don't go
Summer turns to snow
Flowers die
Sky turn to night
Everything gone from sight
So with little light
I sit...
I write.

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The Last Love-Letter

Yesterday, I was reading your letter....
Had just read the first few lines,
And tears broke out.
My vision blurred,
I kissed your letter.
I never knew,
You and I,
Had so much pain hidden inside our hearts.
Yesterday,
The pain rushed out of my eyes..
After bursting out of my dead heart.
My skin, which was pale,
Turned pink.
The black hush was now a desperate cry..
When will we meet?
This question echoed in my mind,
My soul shivered,
Cause it was cold without you
It is cold without you
It is lonely without you.
How can it be so lonely,
When you are always in my heart?
I don't know.
I just know about our love.
The love that wakes me up every morning.
The love that reminds of my existence
The love that reminds of your existence.
The love without which I would've been,
A rotten mass of flesh and bones with a fossilized heart...
Before I could read the full letter,
I broke down,
On my knees,
Praying to the God whom I once hated,
I prayed to him to take me where you are...
But he didn't reply back.
He left my prayers unanswered.
He left me alone,
I was freezing to death.
With my bleeding heart to bleed,

to bleed till the end of time.
and now,
I am struggling with my soul,
and I am gathering some courage,
To read the latter part of your letter...

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Who Am I?

Who am I?

A speck o' dust,

Or a ball of fire?

Or some wounded desire,

A faded sky?

Weeping for his gone greys

Or maybe a corpse,

Waiting for the last Sun rays?

Who am I?

A wild breeze,

Or just a disgraceful smell?

Or an orphan with no heart to dwell,

A wrecked ship?

With a drunk sailor,

Or maybe a paper-boat,

Too impatient to drown before the last trailer?

Who am I?

The holy lust?

Or a devil's love?

An inquisitive trust

A flightless dove?

A flawless error,

A comedy Or terror?

Or just a half burnt book,

A slithering snake,

Satan's last hope,

Or God's last play?

An eclipse in a bright day?

Or an immortal who wants to die?

When will I learn to betray?

Who am I?

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Who Are You?

Who are you?

A golden brooke

Free from time's game

A fairy, filling colors in the life of,

A heart too lame!

The one bearing the blame

You're taking away his pain

By spreading your wings

As the emo sings,

You're the tinsel on his filthy painting

Surmounting his side too dark

His heart's skylark

The beauty mark

Sophisticated enough,

You're a feather drilling his stoned heart

By some schizophrenic art

But the question is,

Who are you?

Who are you?

The divine statue

Of truth surviving in the hell

An inquisitor for my deadly shell

I know Newton's apple fell

But why do I feel weightless on earth,

When you're around me?

When you're around me,

I live a pond life of a pearl

And when you go away

I get lost in life's whirl

Day-dreaming 'bout your Arabian eyes

More colorful than heaven's butterflies

You're the first sweet truth of my fate

But sometimes I get scared,

Cause maybe, Am late.

But the question is,

Who are you?

