

Poetry Series

Ramendra Kumar
- poems -

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Ramendra Kumar()

Ramendra Kumar is an award-winning writer. He writes fiction, satire and poetry.

Sixteen books written by him have so far been published by Rupa, National Book Trust, Navneet, Children's Book Trust and Vikas Publishing House.

Ramen's work has been published and reviewed in major newspapers and magazines and translated into several Indian languages as well as Sinhala and Japanese.

The writer has been contributing regularly to ezines and so far more than a hundred and fifty of his literary pieces have appeared in various ezines. He is the editor of a New York Based Website:

An Engineer and an MBA, Ramen is working as Asst. General Manager, Public Relations, Rourkela Steel Plant, Orissa, India. To know more about the writer you can visit his website .

Adultery

Your body -
Swollen
Like
A river
In spate.

Your tongue -
Moving all over
Ferreting out
Little secrets.

Your lips -
Moist,
Pliant,
Urging me in.

Your eyes -
Half closed,
Half open,
Seeing in me
A silhouette
From the past or present.....

More often,
It is not
The body
But the mind
Which commits
Adultery...

Ramendra Kumar

Encounter

Last evening,
I saw you
After a hiatus.
And there was
An implosion....

Our eyes
Locked together,
Just as our bodies had
So often.

For an evanescent moment
I saw
In your eyes
A glint
Of the searing passion
That had torched my being.

We stood staring
Like
Strangers on a train
Sizing each other up
Before starting
A conversation.

I felt a tug
On my arm,
Like a reluctant canine
On a leash,
I followed
My present owner.

I looked back
For one last glimpse
You too had turned
A half smile
On your lovely face
Was it empathy
Or pity

I'll never know.

Ramendra Kumar

Every Moment, Every Where

Your memories
On the prowl,
Stalking me
Every, moment,
Every where.

In the invisible
Strand of hair
On the pillow,
In the empty
Flower vase,
In the patina of dust
On the TV screen,
In the bindi,
On the dressing table
In the mocking,
Of the lonely mirror.

Your memories,
Hounding me
Closing in,
Every moment,
Everywhere....

Putting me
On trial
For allowing
Our love
To be emasculated
By the hypocrisy
Of values;
For letting you go
When
You needed me most.

The verdict –
Guilty!
The sentence-
To wear

The shroud of
Your memories
Every moment,
Every where,
For ever and ever.....

Ramendra Kumar

Lust

I have explored
Every silken crevice,
Every voluptuous pore,
Of your ravenous body.

With
My eyes,
My lips,
My teeth,
My tongue;
Unleashing
Within you,
Myriad moments
Of ecstasy.

The red embers
Of my searing ache
Have scorched you,
Making you
Writhe
For more.

Every encore
Of our mingling,
A pristine beginning.

Can anything
Be more sublime
Than pure lust?

Ramendra Kumar

My Hero

When I was five
My father was the greatest,
He was my Hero
Better than the best.

My best friend was he
When I was ten,
Someone to love and trust
And have lots of fun.

The kite that wouldn't fly
The boat that refused to sail,
Every test my Hero passed
Not once did he fail.

Of love and togetherness
We shared many a moment,
His future he neglected
But never even once my present.

He regarded quality time
His most precious gift,
Even if it meant
Giving his career a bit of short shrift.

When I was twenty
He suddenly became a stranger,
I was Mister Know-All
And the cool, lonely 'ranger'.

I thought he was a failure
Who had achieved nothing in life
Neither wealth, nor status nor position
He was merely a father to his son, a husband to his wife.

When he should have been climbing the ladder
He wasted his time on the family,
Instead of being busy in meetings
He was tending my hurting knee.

I envied my friend his father's success
And felt very small,
How I wished my father too was a Chairman
So that I could strut proud and tall.

One day my friend saw my album
Of the time when I was nearly ten,
In it were all the memories
The love, the joy, the fun.

As he scanned the snaps
His face grew long and sad,
"I wish we could trade places
And I could have such a loving Dad."

"I have everything, " my friend said,
"That money and status can buy
Yet in my album
There is no photo of Dad and I."

"While I was growing up
My Dad too was busy growing,
And in my stock of photos
There is not a single one worth showing."

"You have so many memories to treasure
While I have none,
Though I may have a swanky car and a big house
I have lost a childhood of love and fun."

As my friend left
I had tears in my eyes,
How selfish and mean I had been
He made me realize.

I went to my father
A tired and crumpled man
I told him, "I am sorry,
But I love you more than anyone ever can."

As he took me in his arms

And both of us began to cry,
He was once again my Hero
And I only five.

Ramendra Kumar

Naked

Last night
Searching for a file
I clicked on a folder,
And
Your lovely face
Filled up the screen.

I thought
I had sent
Every image,
Every memory,
Of yours
To the recycle bin.

As you looked
At me
Your eyes,
Unleashed
A montage
Of moods,
And moments.

Ripping open
My fading scars,
Leaving me naked
To every assault,
Of
Your memories.

Ramendra Kumar

The Enigma Of Lust

The feel of your teeth
On my ear lobe,
Your nails
Raking a trail of red
On my back.

The slippery tango
Of our tongues.

Our nips and nibbles
All over,
Leaving no spot
A virgin

My hungry mouth
Ravishing,
The source
Of your elixir.

The not so gentle
Assault
Of your tongue
On my pride,
Pushing me to the edge...

As you pull me
Into you
Like a predator
Your eyes
Dilate
Like a victim's.

Hard,
Soft;
Holding back,
Letting go;
Pleasure,
Pain;
Satiation,

Hunger....

The paradox
Of lust –
An eternal enigma.

Ramendra Kumar

Why Do I Lust You So Much?

Why do I lust you?

Is it because of
Your predatory eyes,
Your delectable lips,
Your succulent breasts,
Your sumptuous hips,
Your wet and ravenous mouth?

No.
I lust you
Because –
You always
Make me feel
Your need
Is greater
Than mine.

Ramendra Kumar