

Poetry Series

**Rema Santosh**  
**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**  
2009

**Publisher:**  
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Rema Santosh()

# Aged Soul

Did hear those trumpets  
And the drums that did thunder  
They were in ahurry for life  
And only for self, they did worry  
Was there any pain, I was not sure  
But I couldn't see, nor could I share  
I found myself, lost in all ways  
and before me lay no easy path  
My hopes had played it out  
My life did win, in many ways  
I had all the merries and dreams  
and my share of sorrows and horrors  
Now, wavering is my mind, even its voice  
sensed only that, I was alone  
If only a hand had stretched out  
Not to point, but to bear with  
I could feel my senses right  
And I did live, I could be sure

Rema Santosh

## Each One

You still remain barely known,  
you might remain so forever,  
you let your smiles hide a lot more,  
and your silence did talk better.  
the ways you care always differ  
for sometimes neglect could make one feel better.  
the happiness you felt were shared little  
but sharing ultimately had found you happy.  
The sorrows you owned were never claimed  
But those tears were written after many a name.  
Your successes were measured by the world unknown  
funny the same takes away your pleasure.  
The words spoken which meant so much once  
looks mere nonsense for the worst.  
You live with many unfair,  
and with many other, each one rare.

Rema Santosh

# Love And Success

The holy man said, 'If it is for love, then you will succeed,  
But love knows no success  
And success might forget love  
Nevertheless, if it is for love you will succeed'.

Then love spoke to success, 'You have many forms,  
Some succeed when they climb the mountains  
Some others when they surf the unknown tides,  
For some it is winning over their thoughts  
And for some others, it is winning over others'.

And success replied,  
'It is in my indefiniteness, the mystery lies,  
They define me and my course  
Some are happy with me,  
And few others are happy in their search'.

Love spoke again, 'have you seen the face  
Of the soul that chose to love,  
For the success of the other  
Happy as always  
For they never lose their smile'.

Success replied, 'I serve them,  
And even happiness serves them  
it is my pleasure to know you through them  
and few know, I will do anything for you.

Rema Santosh

# My Search

I realized it late, that I'm in a search  
I searched in all those who loved me;  
For they had the patience to stay with me a little longer  
I found some traces in all those who hated me,  
And in all those advice I received and in those words I shared  
My home depicted some part of it  
People around me said a little more  
The work I enjoyed put some more light on it,  
The way I wanted the world to be said much more  
The way I dressed, told me something for sure  
the things that hurt me, let me know about it in depth  
My happiness, measured quite often,  
did remind of my search  
All those who entered my life had their own say,  
Many I ignored, for the fear of losing what I sought for,  
Still many were let to enter, for they gave me strength to go on  
I know not when the search would end  
for it being at different places, with different people  
Though my solitude reflects a lot about it,  
and I keep giving away some part of it,  
I'm going on with my search,  
the search for myself

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# She Does Not Live A Life

If living for self was what life was meant for  
then she didn't live a life  
She lived for her daughter, a blessing from her beloved  
Who left her for better happiness.

She did not curse, but prayed for them  
Her life partner who was less than a friend now  
Her friends who shared their problems  
As if she never had any.

Time did not dare to touch her  
May be it knew the depth  
and that the task taken up by her in the name of love,  
was making it motionless.

Same smiles, same well wishes  
distinguished her from others.  
Against shrieks of her growing up daughter  
in the little moments of pain and joy.

She realizes, she has a grown up baby  
Baby who doesn't ask for more  
A baby who has never grown with time  
Her happiness and sorrows not measured by time.

If successes are measured by the value of what one owns,  
then she has never tasted success  
If life is lived by those who live for themselves  
then she does not live a life.

Rema Santosh

# The Rain

With its own powers, the nature did fight,  
the thunder overpowered the tiny light.  
Wind did sway all the mind in its way,  
the lightning swirled with its ray.  
The newborn cried having heard this struggle,  
may be, it did realize, the path for survival.  
The drops just drummed on all it hit  
and you walked in at that night.

The arrival brought in a wave of happiness  
and i found a long awaited miracle turning my way.  
For always I had known, of my path to follow,  
But your dark clouds blinded me with its pillow.  
and then, never I felt of my existence as such,  
Nor I knew my breath did hold much.  
So in depths, the wavelets did I waive,  
And lost those breezes in my wander.  
Now the air did rush in with a flounce,  
And foamed was the muddy flow.  
You let me know what I had lost,  
Mighty enthroned me-but naive had left.

I heard your footsteps clear,  
You were retracing for my way was clear.  
The drops dripped quietly from the leaves,  
and the lightning did shy away into another world,  
The wind didn't know its way anymore,  
and the thunder silenced, forgetting to command.  
I heard my mind treasuring your words,  
for you were filled in all my senses.  
Not a dropp of tear my eyes did shed,  
for it always tried to hold you inside.  
You let me know of the pleasures, life does hold,  
And I wait for the next pour, for the best it might hold.

Rema Santosh



# The Trance

The mist remained new  
Leaving all so unclear  
The new mud stood apart,  
Hiding a life departed

That was the beginning  
the end of that life  
for which tears did not flow  
but broke out a gale forever

Heavy silence spoke of  
his relief from pain  
all they had undergone  
and the lost meaning of those lives

His dreams had its buds  
bruised- dawn not seen  
It looked, none realized  
His trance was forever

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# Traveller

The path that was taken,  
lay curling far ahead.  
with more buds to bloom,  
and more rainbows to disappear.

The vestige that remain,  
talk about the visors owned,  
volcanoes that had expressed itself,  
and also the vipers that lost its way.

Each still go on the voyage,  
to reach a safer shore,  
leaving behind the calm, blue waves  
and embracing many that hurts.

Years say bye, still the flight is high  
in the look out for a world,  
a world for yourself, owned by you,  
and where you are free of yourself.

Rema Santosh

# World Of Thoughts

The words never spoken made it,  
the buds yet to bloom, colored it,  
The mind played the music,  
with tunes never heard before.  
The breeze held the fragrance,  
never ever smelt before.  
Reality just kept away,  
and with no thorns, you found a new way,  
none to find you were wrong,  
never to feel, you were all alone.  
Not a day with its dark night longer,  
or a shadow that to haunt you later,  
The moon so round in its halo,  
and the castle of clouds colored with rainbow,  
all those faces fresh in smiles,  
and no tears of hopelessness,  
Here it is, your world of thoughts,  
and for this, with no one you have fought.

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# Your Choice

It was your choice today  
To come into my life  
Where many still stay,  
You too had your choice

I've seen less like you,  
for your of eyes told me a lot!  
A few hours of this life  
left a lot to be thought about

You did have question too  
of why did we meet?  
It was asked many times before,  
Never did I have an answer.

I still have your face,  
fresh in my thoughts  
I'm afraid  
it'll fade with time.

Should I thank you for that  
or should I regret for that?  
For many flowers bloomed in my garden  
But they all withered to their fate.

You too came in  
forgetting fate  
Weathered many storms for sure  
But silent time is much mightier.

So it was your turn today  
You came into my life  
Where many still stay  
You too had your choice

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