

Poetry Series

# **Sandesh Shinde**

## **- poems -**

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## Sandesh Shinde(14-07-1968)

I am in search of tools to invert the established norms. On my way whatever I see, I find, I feel, comes out in the form of poems which I give for all who are in the same pursuit of redefining the world. My collections have been published under the title 'me, mine, myself' & 'quartets on life'. One more book is on the way to be published shortly titled 'ONE DAY ON THE STREET OF MUMBAI- a tale of a young man from midnight to midnight'

# Absolute High

No one reaches  
The absolute high.  
Some get sand while  
Some touch the sky.

Sandesh Shinde

# Amiss

I know I cannot build a  
Taj Mahal for you,  
In the token of my love,  
As the platonic clue.

I know I cannot take  
The stars in my stride,  
To sprinkle on you and  
And make you pride.

I cannot give you gifts  
More than a kiss,  
Do I deserve to love you,  
Or am I amiss?

Sandesh Shinde

# Amoeba

The street under the feet may reach the poles,  
Shortly.

The aliens could be next door neighbours,  
Shortly.

There will be black holes or no,  
Shortly.

The cells will never die,  
Shortly.

There will be no dreams,  
Shortly.

There will be no phenomena,  
Shortly.

Should I remain as an  
Invertebrate amoeba  
Living without a change  
Since the primordial times?

Sandesh Shinde

# And Then The Rains

Cracking soils and,  
Burning Stones.  
Wilted Trees and,  
Then the rains.

Dried ponds and,  
Scorching lanes.  
Thirsting crows and,  
Then the rains.

Eyes to the skies and,  
Nailing pains.  
Empty bowls and,  
Then the rains.

Sandesh Shinde

# Angle Of Hypotenuse

I knew.

There is Algebra in Mathematics.

And

Mathematics in Geometry.

I knew.

My side and the other two.

When I squeezed,

the triangle was acute.

When I stretched,

the triangle turned obtuse.

To place it straight,

On the base,

Me, the hypotenuse will change

The other two now.

Sandesh Shinde

# Die After Me

I can't build another Taj  
Towards my love to thee.  
Therefore, I wish  
You live long and die after me.

Sandesh Shinde



# Die Twice

For this beautiful gift of God,  
I am ready to die twice.  
It is the life, it is the life  
It is the life.

Sandesh Shinde

# Elegy Of A Poet

I do not understand  
as to why the people  
are weeping,  
crying,  
mourning  
and  
to exhibit their sympathy  
to match  
or exceed with the compassion  
of other in the same pursuit,  
shedding the tears  
for a poet  
who died  
writing poems  
on everything  
which even  
the sun could not see  
or imagine,  
but could not  
spell a few words  
for whom  
he lived,  
he tried everything possible,  
everything impossible  
by making it possible,  
and died  
and  
before the last collapse  
entered the endeavour  
of writing poetry  
on the walls of solitude  
and confinement  
leaving behind  
the belief that  
he might write  
something  
on his own epitaph  
once everyone  
pays the final tribute

and leaves the graveyard,  
to show her that  
he can write his own elegy,  
an elegy of a poet  
by the poet.

Sandesh Shinde

# Epitaph

Some colored flags have emerged from rooftops.  
Some chequered flags are swinging through the twigs.  
Some bending towards east.  
Some bowing down to west.  
Some standing straight upwards.  
And there are a few still lying,  
Scattered and waiting for their destiny.  
Some are symbolized.  
Some are scribbled.  
Some are both – symbolized and scribbled.  
I have to stand under any one of them.  
I am compelled.  
I need an epitaph.

Sandesh Shinde

# Heavenly Rite

I am still standing on my feet  
Like the mountain  
Withstanding the storms and snow  
By taking them in the stride.

I am still walking on the streets  
Full of thorns and stones,  
Carving my way towards you  
Despite all the plight.

I am still trying to change  
The way I behaved with you  
By setting myself straight  
And replacing wrongs by right.

Perhaps I may not reach to you  
And you might not come to me.  
Just remember me for once  
So that I die in heavenly rite.

Sandesh Shinde

# Homage To Mj

The Almighty must have fed up  
With the cacophony of unwanted  
Souls entered in the eternal land.  
Therefore, he must have called Him  
Snatching him away from us,  
For his treat .

Now,  
The moonwalker will dance in the sky  
And the stars will be at his feet.

Sandesh Shinde

# I Am A True Faminine

I am not proud of my curves  
And the beautiful complexion  
And the tender skin  
Like the petals of a golden rose  
With black dots.

I do not feel arrogant  
When the aroma  
Emanating from my body,  
Attracts every passersby  
And distracts their attention,  
Freezes their eyes  
And turns their blood  
Into the clots.

I am not egoistic  
Of my blonde  
And the rubicund visage  
And the dimples  
And a pimple  
And the mole on the chin.

I am true feminine,  
I am true feminine,  
I am true feminine.

Sandesh Shinde

# I Know

I know even if I bring  
All the stars and the moon  
And put them in your hands  
And even if I take  
All the oceans in my stride  
And squeeze them to a drop,  
You won't believe it could be me  
Who besides dreaming you  
And loving you  
Could do anything else.

I know even if I bend the  
Rainbow and sprinkle  
The colours of it  
On your face,  
And even if I pluck my heart  
And place before you  
In the test of my love  
You won't believe as to how  
I could do such a miracle  
For the sake of  
A minor mistake and  
A minor false.

I know you won't believe  
Me and my love.  
The desires in my eyes  
And the glow.

Still I will love you  
Till the end of me,  
Lest you change your mind  
And think to follow.

Sandesh Shinde



# In The City Of Sorrows

Why does everyone carry a question mark  
On his face in this city of sorrows?  
There is grief, there is agony, there is pain,  
Yet there is tomorrow.

Sandesh Shinde

# Just For Once

If you come to me  
Just for once,  
I will show you  
Each  
And  
Every  
Alphabet  
Of your letters to me,  
Preserved as a history  
Of mine, written on a tomb.

But I cannot show  
You  
The tears flown down,  
The sleepless nights,  
The hallucinations,  
The emotions  
And  
The desires,  
I suppressed  
And  
The probable  
Offspring,  
Flown into the gutters,  
Remembering you,  
And finding your womb.

Sandesh Shinde

# Love Me Long

I knew I am not lovable,  
Not likeable,  
Not desirable,  
Not adorable,  
By you and all.

Why?  
Why did you enter my dreams?  
Why did you spoiled my nights?  
Why did you teach me ardor?  
Why did you took me away from myself?

Now,  
Love me long.  
Until the last breath.  
Either of you,  
or me.

From,  
Wherever you are.

Sandesh Shinde

# On The Stairway To The Heaven

Why are you sitting  
On the stairway to the heaven?  
Who has thrown you here?

I thought you  
Would be sitting next to the God  
At his feet over there.

Because,  
I have forgiven you  
For all your rude  
And unbelievable behaviour,  
As I understood that  
I was romancing a solid rock ever,  
Made of magma,  
Having no heart,  
No passions,  
No emotions,  
No arousals,  
No instincts  
And  
No character.

Sandesh Shinde

# Please Don'T Get So Much Rude

I have written your name  
On the inner walls of my heart  
Nobody can erase it out  
It is written with the ink of blood.

I have pasted your image  
Deep into the brain  
Which shall never vanish  
Even in the storm and flood.

I have preserved all your kisses  
Locked by the blossomed lips  
And kept reserved to give you back  
Whenever you find the mood.

I have said sorry for all my wrongs.  
Forgive me for at least once  
I will bestow all my love  
Please don't get so much rude.

Sandesh Shinde

# Resurrection

As there is life,  
The end is certain.  
As there is end,  
There is resurrection.

Sandesh Shinde

# Seldom

It is not everyone  
who succeeds to sail.  
All those who try and try,  
seldom fail.

Sandesh Shinde

# Wait Until Dawn

The lights will spread  
All over again.  
The dark of sorrows  
Will be over again.

The dusk has fallen.  
Do not close the eyes.  
Toil through the night.  
And,  
Wait until dawn.

The lights will spread  
All over again.

Sandesh Shinde



# Why?

Holding the hearts in the hands

Why everyone is running to reach unknown lands?

Nothing more is required than a piece under the surface

Equal to the distance between the tips of middle fingers of stretched hands.

Sandesh Shinde

# Without Sex

In my diary  
There is a text  
On the love  
Without sex.

Sandesh Shinde