

Poetry Series

shubhen bhandare
- poems -

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shubhen bhandare()

A Girl Child

Quarry of dehiscence,
Tended with care and compassion,
A raw seed sown,
A sweet flower grown,
Watered with love and affection,
Slanted to meet the sunshine,
Planted to greet sore eyes,
Dancing in love's company,
Spreading its aroma,
Consuming the evil air,
Making hope float,
An impregnable defence,
The fortress of upbringing,
The garden smiles,
The gardener cries,
Tears of joy,
Water the fountain of youth

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Admission

Alone in this dark room,
I engineer my downfall,
Desolate in this gloom,
I hear a frustrated call,

Revelling in my disease,
I indulge in self-pity,
Pessimistic pig at ease,
I romp in stied calamity,

Frenzied orgies I adore,
Where mind sways headily,
Limited excess to the fore,
Body takes in readily,

Life is a worthless act,
Evil can never transform,
To the good in a pact,
To help mankind reform.

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Curiosity

Wish I could get one last glimpse,
Of the beauty which really was not,
Smitten I was by my heart's whims,
Blissfully unaware about lessons taught,

Ventured into a web of friendship,
Woven around an apparent trust,
Never knew the meaning of hardship,
Until the core met the crust,

Wish I could let my eyes behold,
The greatest desire of it all,
Love in it's essence gone cold,
Curiosity inadvertently does call,

Mortal the being which succumbs,
To the beguiling nature of love,
And then when love benumbs,
It's too late to move!

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Drinking

Half filled glass in the front,
Nervous eyes bear the brunt,
Slurred profanities rend the air,
A wounded tiger grabs his share,
Drowning himself into misery,
Selfish giant of brutal strength,
Physical and mental in his whims,
Nervous eyes sneak a glimpse,
Finally he collapses in a heap,
Slowly the effect puts him to sleep,
Another dawn awakens the day next,
The loving man under seeming pretext,
He keeps his frustrations within,
Drinking might not be a sin.

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Ecstasy

When the sun decides to play hide and seek,
From behind the clouds takes a sneak peek,
When the clouds gather with their offering,
Drops of happiness ease my suffering,
When the birds whisper in my ears,
Songs of joy dispel my fears,
When trees sway to the wind's tune,
And sprinklings of hope lie strewn,
When twilight beckons pink of health,
Birds return with their earned wealth,
When beneath the oak I sit in peace,
Gathering the leaves piece by piece.

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Indig-Nation

Country's flags are sold for a penny,
Mouths to feed are more than many,
Economy is on the upswing,
Common man has next to nothing,
Selling of flesh is the best trade,
Unless you like being in the red,
Clothes cover important points,
Leaving scope for whore joints,
Pimps make hay while the moon shines,
Sun hides his face as morality declines,
Independence was sought for this day,
The country to be ruled this way,
Of the people, no one from the people,
Not for the people, Not by the people,
Pure anarchy let loose,
Debt narrows the noose,
On the country's neck,
Who is there to check?
Corruption powers on,
Powers carry on,
Nation thrives,
Frustration survives!

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Let Her Go

The hands that taught me to walk,
Clutched at mine desperately,
The spirit shone from within,
The body unwilling to do the bidding,
Face sullen yet the twinkle present,
Crystals formed in my eyes and hers,
Years of care and nurturing,
To leave me and everything,
Looking away at the moment so unbearable,
Running away from reality's grasp,
I loosened her grip,
She made a plea to me,
To visit her again,
I nodded in the affirmative,
Always thinking about the negative,
Reality bites,
Tears flow,
Torrents uncontrolled,
Open emotions,
Man is a child,
I am disgusted.

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Muses

Of love gone bad,
And stories sad,
Of a heart broken,
And nothing spoken,
Of a dear departed,
And nothing started,
Of a fear within,
And a courageous sin,
Of a passion unknown,
And symptoms shown,
Of compassion filled eyes,
And beautiful blue skies,
Of grace displayed,
And cunning replayed,
Of life savoured,
And death favoured.

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Onward

The road might be strewn with thorns,
Walk as though its filled with roses,
The feet may bleed in the aftermath,
A spring nearby will wash away,
Worries that you started off with,
Pricks that you endured en route,
Searching the soul for a better tomorrow,
Burying the past of whatever is left,
Marching onward, a soldier in harness,
Prepared for the next battle,
The will his very sword,
Patience his armour,
No challenge so great,
No strife unconquerable,
No fate dishonest.

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Perpetual Sucker

She came to me,
Desert met the sea,
Embraced by her charms,
She lay potent in my arms,
Heady caress of my fingertips,
She lay poised for my lips,
I sent her in,
Her scent within,
I was waylaid,
A bit allayed,
Spiralling ecstasy,
Dizzying fantasy,
Repeated motions,
Unconscious emotions,
Mind at peace,
Piece by piece,
Drowned sorrow,
Submerged tomorrow,
I lay inebriated,
My life abbreviated!

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Salvation

Take me away from this heavenly place,
The flower smiles once for all,
The trees bow in a courteous gesture,
The birds chirp a serene tune,
Implore me not to leave so soon,
Friends I had whom I would die for,
Always the ones I lived for,
I grasp the bough of trust,
For I leave with this hopeful feeling,
Mankind will someday be kind,
Selfishness will somehow vanish,
Towards a hopeful dawn,
Away from the dark night,
Journey to an eternal salvation,
My stay is on the verge of departure,
And the destination awaits my arrival.

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Stationary

Jotted words fill up life's paper,
Memories that run into pages,
Lines form the shape of love,
Emotions drawn from a well,
Blotted by the tears of joy,
Erased by the sadness blended,
Words will not lie the truth writ,
Feelings were feelings long ago,
The paper appears blank and coarse,
Layered by liquid sorrows,
The hand will not write,
For the muse is no more,
The heart yearns for none.

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Successful Earthling

Here I am being paid for my work,
My body imploring me to shirk,
My heart is about to collapse,
My mind already had a relapse,
People berate at me,
I am a designated flea,
Gone to the dogs have I,
Maggots giving an eye for an eye,
Success is on everybody's lips,
At all costs wanted on the fingertips,
Women rubbing shoulders with men,
Can't fight them without going insane,
Gentleman am I to the core,
Emotions waiting for a downpour,
A secluded corner is my jaunt,
Frustrated words come to haunt,
Death is better than a life on earth,
Where man fights man for money's worth!

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To The Almighty

I love you from the bottom of my heart,
For You were there when we fell apart,
You made us gather our faculties,
When we were at our wit's end,
The message You sent was a godsend,
Blessed are those who come to You,
For the paths they have chosen are apt,
I seldom go to the temple to worship,
As you reside in my heart, mind, and soul,
Your essence remains with me in whole,
From dawn to dusk I seldom remember,
Until a call comes from a distressed member,
Oh God please take care of him,
Is the general statement of whim,
To absolve myself from this selfish crime,
I have placed this call to You in time,
To tell You how fortunate am I,
I will not succeed, until I try.

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To The Pyre

The lonely road takes me nowhere,
Nor do the byroads promise hope,
The sun fails to guide me,
The moon betrays my friendship,
The stars twinkle mischievously,
Towards darkness I set forth,
In search of light that isn't there,
To every stone that looks at me,
With an innate sense of pity,
To the tree that laughs with the wind,
Making sneering noises at me,
I swerve not from the forces to be,
Trivial impediments to my march,
Walk I must for there are miles to go,
Until I make my own destination.

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Triumph

For the love that knows no bounds,
The lark soars high above the clouds,
Dark clouds do not deter him,
Nor do flashes of sudden shocks,
Thwart his relentless journey,
Failure isn't an impediment,
Nor success a motivation,
For love floats on faith's wings,
And trust that seeks eternity,
Dreams that transform for reality's sake,
Wonderful thoughts that breed good deeds,
With a will to direct him throughout,
And a buoyant heart that floats,
Living is an enriching act,
Death is a distant nightmare.

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Unknowingly

Believe me if you will,
The mind knows nothing ulterior,
For what the heart does,
Designs go out of control,
Judge me not for the act undone,
Your judgement creates my guilt,
Let me prop myself from my ordeal,
I had joyful designs for thee,
I made a mistake of being optimistic,
Seldom do I make one,
Here, I took a detour,
Coming back to square one,
For the assault on my being,
Cascaded like a ton of bricks,
And then the fury of an avalanche,
Can disturb the coldness of the soul,
I have never hurt a fly in my life,
I am no saint either,
Forgive me,
I give you a chance,
To be virtuous

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Urbanitis

In the city that never sleeps,
People blend with lonely crowds,
Human haste piles in corrupt waste,
Human flesh sells in butchers' shops,
Many takers of suppressed lust,
Throng here lest they rust,

Scattered bodies lie strewn,
On the altar along the roadsides,
Dogs and men are one and the same,
Dogs are better, they are faithful,
True to the food fed,

Water water nowhere,
Lots of beer to drink,
Guttural sounds of grunting pigs,
Inebriated sozzled intoxicated louts,
Reddish garish lupine pouts,

Things have changed overnight,
Pubs close before midnight,
Dances take place clandestinely,
Moral police do immoral rounds,
Culture shocks get electric ones,

People cry hoarse for entertainment,
Temporary solace to a permanent damage

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