

Grapes and Grains

Vision

Half asleep, half awake,
a little cold, a bit cozy,
bisecting the night and dawn,
swollen eyes caught an artistry,
a dream's hallucination, an absolute mystery.

A drugged window canvas with glowing background,
millions of droplets breeding rapidly,
color of translucent and distorted yellow,
brush of breeze painting in free flow,
tiny little drops pleading it to go slow.

Still delirious, injected with a tonic called sleep,
alarm clock spying to attack any moment,
Intoxicated by the talent pouring on my window pane,
ears opened first followed by two pearls in shells,
before unconsciousness returned again in heavenly short spells.

Curtain then revealed the masterpiece of nature,
with a spotlight of trembling sun's ray,
the symphony of chirps playing in background,
dampness in eye or on glass caused that haze,
simplicity spread astonishingly, determined to amaze.

Its mist; stuck on exteriors perfectly patterned,
until warmth of light caused a drop to escape,
Spoiling the artwork or was it abstract art?
A marvel that pulled me to take a closer look,
splendid charm uncaptured by any textbook.

Anxious, barefooted, I found my way out,
smelt a chastity in the skill put in from night till dawn,
an effort worth innumerable soulful admirations,
I touched the mist, each drop so tender, so frail,
it felt just like it, magical, conspicuous; just like my brail!

A Journey

A stream of tear on desert cheek,

Happiness of being harnessed,
despondency of eviction.

Baptized in the mirage of agony,
embalmed on the shores of relief.

Released of overwhelm,
destined to belittle the draught.

Trickling vociferously,
fading silently in skin dunes.

From a fractured spirit,
to an enlightened compromise.

From a jeopardized desire,
to a harmonized composure.

Precious beads of irrigated eye,
quenching infinite needs of traveler heart.

An oasis of calm on desert cheek.

What's a good poem?

What's a good poem?
The one with unrelated words tied together,
Or swelled with vanity of vocabulary,
One buried in the depth of hidden confessions,
Or a simplified expression?

What's a good poem?
The nature poem, embellished,
Love poem with jellies and cherries,
Angry one with satires,
Or just a random orphan thought?

What's a good poem?
Decorated with similes, metaphors, rhymes,
A free verse, a sonnet, a haiku,
Certified by a lesson, mentor, program,
Or mere scribblings at night?

What's a good poem?
One with sweet recitation, crisp accent,
One with reputations, inspirations,
With dramatized aggressiveness, polished politeness,
Or sprinkling a feeling across?

What's a good poem?
Is it short, medium, long,
With limits, defined sizes, needless editings,
published, new, unborn,
Or just an uncurtailed flow?

What's a good poem?
One designed for a public reading,
Or the one chosen for a \$1000 contest,
Selected for a library of scholars,
Or penned for no one?

What's a good poem?
That, which makes you happy,
That, which leaves you crying,
One that keeps you thinking,
Or one that makes you do?

What's a good poem?
Who knows,
Or all do,
your verse - your reflection.
Your style - your character,
your words - your life,
Your poem is you.
You judge, is yours a good poem?

I Pray

When sea waves ruin the innocent sand grains,
and when grains make their way into the hands of little angels,
when the faces of those children are lit up with innocent smiles,
and when those playful smiles make their mothers' day,
those are the kind of moments for which I pray.

When breeze breaks petals of adolescent flowers,
and petals tease the bees to fly after them,
when bees quench their thirst with the divine nectar,
and when all feel so blessed under that sun's ray,
those are the kind of moments for which I pray.

When white agile cloud pecks mountain's forehead,
and when a stream of water breaks the serenity of clouds,
when birds try to sing to the music of stream,
and when sudden gush of wind makes them all fly away,
those are the kind of moments for which I pray.

When drops of rain wash the leaves to make them greener,
and when those green leaves coax peacocks to spread their feathers,
when rainbow reflects colors to see the blue birds dance,
the jamboree better seen than heard of, making everyone sway,
those are the kind of moments for which I pray.

When notions persuade the mind to write,
and when mind narrates those ideas to my pen,
when pen carries on its 'ink filled' journey of feelings on paper,
and when I dream of destination after reaching just half way,
those are the kind of moments for which I pray.

Then

Sunlight was so soothing then,
world was confined,
lemons were so juicy then,
frolic underlined.

Sparrows chirped music then,
worries unspelled,
grass was plush then,
heart where dreams dwelled.

Breeze was polite then,
desires miniscule,
sky was near then,
and games without a rule.

Morning painted noon then,
belief so naive,
butterflies were vivid then,
hopes would jive.

Dusk was serene then,
spirits were ignited,
stars were countless then,
soul all delighted.

Life was a melody then,
when I slept in granny's lap,
wish I wouldn't have woken,
from that beautiful memory's nap.