

## JASMINE TREE

And that moment when I thought it's just about time,  
Out of nowhere the sound of the wind chime  
I felt every freckle of me respond,  
To that familiar smell as I begin to recall  
Days and months and years as they pass,  
We age and slither into the unknown realms  
The memories stay young,  
The jasmine that grew in abundance  
In the garden in my back yard,  
A piece of me still finds its way back into that part  
It still is the way it used to be,  
My jasmine tree  
And that scent,  
I go to sleep with every day  
No matter how far away I may be,  
I wear it every day on me  
And it still takes me back,  
To my old back yard  
And I water it like I used to,  
Back in the day, those hot summer afternoons  
And how few many droplets from yester years,  
still find a way to soak me up as I jitter  
I still wonder,  
How we fell in love inseparable  
To me I still belong to you,  
No matter how far, I shall live you  
As I fondly wear you behind my ear,  
Forever you are my favorite accessory in my hair  
Every spring I feel you and your smell,  
And I always will  
When the darkness prowls in those haunting moments,  
I see you cleanse it all for me with your scent  
And I see the sun shine down all the way,  
In your reflections jasmine I see the clear light of the day!  
This jasmine that I know not how to part,  
I live it, every day in my heart!

## PRESENT OR PAST?

And still a part of me,  
Beats for that long lost feeling to be  
Present or past,  
I fail to acknowledge the last  
The last time it bothered me,  
Knocks unawares every now and then and still be,  
As clear and blur all at once,  
I need that one lonely chance  
And attempt to read it right,  
May be someday I get it, I might  
In the mad fervor to decipher as I try reaching out,  
To catch hold  
Of this sinking feeling as it sailed,  
Every attempt is an attempt failed  
Why! Where! How,  
You still manage to make home in mind and so  
So rigid a feeling that you refuse to leave,  
Live in me and still not talk to me  
And then there are times,  
When I seek refuge in your lap and breathe the fresh respite  
When everything else fails,  
And the dark truth entails  
You let me in and be,  
What I wish and how I wish to see  
You bring to me what I long for,  
A cheer, some sunshine and some more  
Of all that I don't know of,  
But you do put a smile on  
On me,  
You know how to free  
Free me of my bounds,  
I still recall a day in my old house  
On my tiled verandah, sitting tight the white French door,  
Eerie sun seeking its way through the brown curtains and dissipating on the floor  
That little patch of sunshine tip-toeing into,  
And scattering on the kitchen counter, candle stand and a photo frame or two  
I still remember as we sit tamed,

Me and my beloved holding hands on the counter top framed  
Like a blow of turmeric on our faces,  
I can still feel the sun shining down on us, as if, it still is  
A second ago I was basking in my balcony,  
The gush of wind in my face while watering those many  
Green lovelies all around,  
The money plant, tulsi shrub and the cacophonies  
And as I hear Kids screaming their lungs out,  
“Let’s go skating, hide and seek, I will catch you, watch out!”  
All doing rounds,  
In the sprawling lawns  
Overlooking my balcony,  
As I see the sun go back after indulging in gluttony  
Savoring on a day with stomach full,  
back in the blue womb of a mouthful  
of sprawling sky,  
the spire of a mountain as it lie  
sending out signals of the day tapering off,  
as smoke starts marching out straight from the chimney  
of the tiny houses sitting on the foot of the hill as I see  
and in the humdrum I realise,  
the door bell rung once or twice  
or may be not,  
have I been dreaming of the entire sequence as I thought  
So am I not in my old house in Pune,  
Yet another dream, yet another day  
The obscurities as they ride around,  
It comes full circle round and round  
And as I realize,  
To move on in life  
You take some,  
you leave some  
And the rest become a part of you,  
As you live them, you walk with them, yes you do  
Little do we realize,  
That a part of you still lies  
In those little tiny corners of the past, you often retire to, naïve,  
Just to come back to this present life, in this lifetime- alive!

## TO DREAM!

To that walk,  
And the unsaid talk  
How every time you manage to find,  
and sweep aside that rogue flying lock from trespassing into my eyes  
And every time even before I wish to put down,  
You bring closer to me that shoulder of yours to count  
Countless times I have seen,  
I sleep and how content you be  
Eyes that I shut deep,  
And you wake up fresh without a wink of sleep  
With every stroke of your fingers on my forehead,  
I dream of that fairy tale back in the day we all read  
A prince charming on a white horse,  
In a shining armor, holding a sword  
And how we all wished for it,  
To be as real as it can get  
Even when I knew in my heart,  
It's a figment from a romantic's piece of art  
Despite knowing it all I confess I fell for it,  
And to this day I still do as much in the yester years I did  
Believe in magic, prince and the fairy tale,  
No wands, no horse, but the mysticism that it entails  
There are no fairy tales until you paint one  
With colors of love and compassion  
And You kept it all alive for me,  
You are no Prince but not less than any  
The cloud of doubt that fades away in seconds,  
As you talk me through the heaviest of those moments  
And it all becomes feather light,  
my hand in your hand held tight  
And how we both sail through,  
The oceans of worldly wars and breakthroughs  
No shining armor, but a heart of gold that I see,  
Is all you fight your battles with to be!  
My hero nevertheless,  
A smile, a wink, and the reassurance  
That I see coming from you,

To tell me before that thunderstorm even attempts to  
March towards me,  
You shall be right there to see  
and take it up,  
Face to face, with him  
While I can sleep away and watch that dream,  
Because my prince is out there watching out for me!

## CRYSTALS AS I GATHER

As it sits on my window pane,  
and I look through the absurdities and the oddities in vain  
here comes another one falling, joining the dots,  
the white mystic lot  
I see it take its last few breaths,  
seemingly putting an end to its long folorn quest  
of restlessness and impatience,  
of hope and dissipation  
how appaling it looks,  
trudging from the unknown to the hooks  
of an even more unknown trajectory,  
the wild the dark and unforeseen boundary  
underneath we all lie,  
with hope our heads held high  
to what we hold on to, doesn't always have a name,  
to recount upon- sane or insane  
it could be as blur as these lines,  
or as profound as the shine  
of these little droplets of hope,  
a trace of joy and a limen of scope  
tearing out from the ambit of its fate,  
revival of the lost faith  
from the long lost laughters,  
that faded with the blues of fears  
on the faces we never saw,  
the canvas and the brushes still left raw  
untouched with incomplete traces of wishes and desires,  
lying in the womb of absurdity of this vast reservoir  
today and tomorrow,  
and whenever you get a chance to borrow  
even for a little bit,  
do not let it go amiss  
go gather it for youself,  
straight from the heart of the unknown delve  
grab a handful,  
during that silent lull  
a handful of snow,

the mystic white on your palms to show  
It seldom comes knocking,  
with the packet full of goodness or pinch of mocking  
you would not know,  
unless you unveil  
and embrace the unknown,  
for me I found in it what was my very own  
as it puts a smile on my face,  
look at the beauty of the grace  
it brought to me..it was worth all the effort I took,  
despite trying hard to look  
everywhere but I could not find,  
that one little untameable piece of my mind  
that sat right next to me, how unaware I was,  
with my new friend that was  
this little piece of white magic flake,  
that came flying from faraway for me to complete the mosaic  
I feel light like a feather,  
this morning clear crystals on my window as I start to gather!