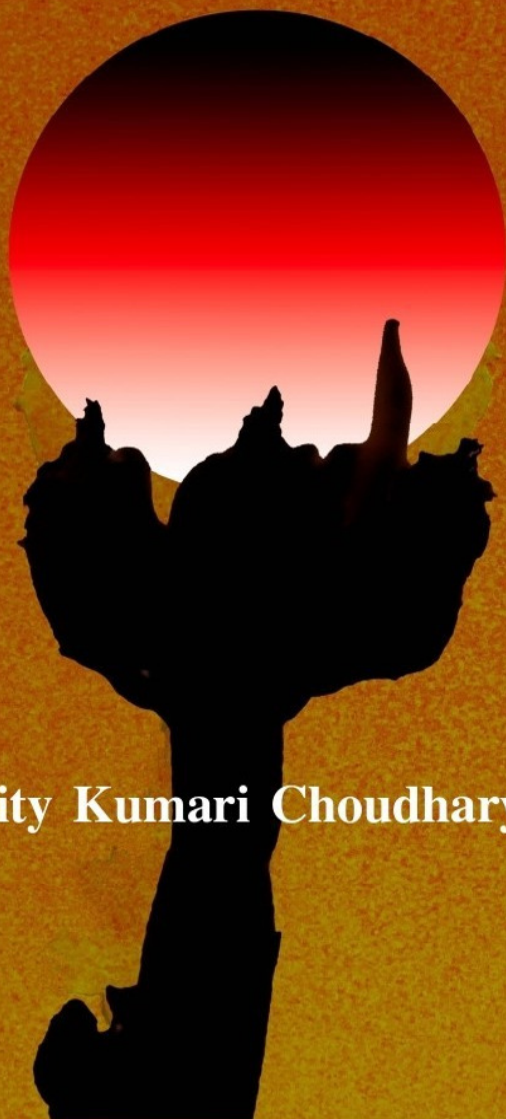


LOVE POEMS AND OTHERS



Prity Kumari Choudhary

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सत्राची फाउंडेशन, पटना

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LOVE POEMS AND OTHERS

by Prity Kumari Choudhary

DEDICATED TO

My Nephew

Darsh Jaiswal

FOREWORD

Prity Choudhary has been one of the brightest students of mine. I remember vividly when she entered the Department of English, Magadh Mahila College in 2012 as a fresher student. I was introduced to her by her father who had a firm belief in me that I would teach and guide her. At that time, he was not so sure of her whether she would be so consistent and diligent to achieve such height in the field of education. But I had already seen a pursuing desire in her eyes to succeed in this field of education. She kept on reading and learning without wasting a silly moment. She completed M. A. in English from Delhi University and also did M. Phil from the same University. She qualified for NET (UGC) thrice and finally earned Junior Research Fellowship. Now, she is an Assistant Professor of English in the Department of Applied Sciences and Humanities, B. P. Mandal College of Engineering, Madhepura.

Love Poems and Others is her maiden book. It truly shows her brilliance both as a scholar and writer. Though her poetry is thoroughly semi-autobiographical in nature, after going through it, it gives a universal touch to the readers. Her poetry truly explores the excitement, enthusiasm, experience, and perception of society as a young adult. It shows how a girl has to struggle to prove her worth in a patriarchal society. Her love poems deal with the emotional psyche of a growing woman both physically and mentally. Her endeavour is an inspiration for her peers as well as for other women. In India, there is

an acute dearth in the field of writing, especially in women's writing.

Prity has proved that strong determination and dedication toward one's goal can never impede anyone. She has all the qualities of becoming a prolific writer. I wish her all success in her life!

- *Dr. Jay Prakash Singh*

Director

Satraachee Foundation, Patna.

AUTHOR'S NOTE

This poetry collection is a work of observation, experience, feeling, emotion, and crisis. During 2017 and 2022, while pursuing M.Phil. from the University of Delhi I rebounded with one of my childhood friends named Ankur Anand, he inspired me to write rhythmic as well as unrhythmic poems. In this collection, there are numerous love poems based on different sorts of emotions. There were moments when I loved men in different shades and felt love in abstract as well as concrete forms. For every person, there are certain ways to deal with their crisis. Some express words in notebooks, some paint on the canvas, some dance on the floor, and some play musical instruments on the stage. For me, writing is a private affair that helps me deal with emotional, mental, financial as well as relationship crises.

These poems are autobiographical in nature and confessional in tone. Apart from love poems, there are poems about betrayal, religion, death, pain, memory, journey, season, weather, beauty, dance, city, literature, poem, pandemic, period, mother, passion, hostel, memory, and profession. Even though, these poems seem common yet profound. Some of them are inspirational, and philosophical and have the potential to connect readers with writers' personal experiences and incidents. For me, writing is therapy and works as a booster dose in day-to-day life. I follow a routine; thus, I believe in a systematic, organized, and well-planned lifestyle, and to make it possible I keep a diary and a notepad to scribble down my plan as well as pangs. I hope, these poems make sense to the reader and able to form a collective identity.

- Prity Choudhary
Katihar

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

Even though it seems a formality, it comes naturally from the deep recess of the heart. Whom to mention, whom not to, it is a difficult task. But here I go.

Firstly, I am thankful for the divine power of Goddess Durga. In a true sense, she is my divine mother. Thank you for your unseen presence.

With that, I would like to express my gratitude to my publisher Dr. Anand Bihari, and editor, Dr. Jay Prakash Singh. Thank you, dear Professors, for your huge support and for turning *Love Poems and Others* into a reality.

Secondly, I am grateful to my beloved parents. My father symbolizes a figure of struggle and my mother personifies a figure of sacrifice. Thank you for giving birth to me so that I can live the wonders of the world.

Thirdly, I have huge respect and love for my three dearest brothers. Brother Rajesh is significant for my career growth; Brother Dipak is important for my strong character and Brother Akash is vital for my personality development. Thank you for making me a fierce, independent, and strong woman in this cruel world.

When it comes to Relatives and Friends, there is a long list who shape my life in the best possible way.

Dr. Ronit Kumar Roy, my fiancée, and soulmate, thank you for dealing with me with care and sincere efforts. You are my muse and only because of you, I write.

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for teaching me what it means to have childhood friends in life. You guys are my second family.

Seniors Dr. Anchit Pandey, Dr. Ajay Kumar, and Dr. Richa for your inspiring words.

Nandani Raj and Monika Dohare, thank you so much for your constant presence in my life. You guys are my soul sisters.

Avdhesh Kumar Suman, an Assistant Professor and fellow Research scholar, thanks a lot for showing me different shades of myself. I always need a critic and best friend like you. Be in the journey of my writing career.

Special mentions to Abhishek, Satyam, Zarneen, and Nidhi for giving me food for thought and writing ingredients.

Last but not least, my cousins are my source of happiness and they have a special place in my heart. Ketan, Tusar, Rohan, Aryan, Harsh and Harshita. You guys mean a lot.

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A Baniya, a Brahmin, and a Dalit

I loved a Baniya, a Brahmin, and a Dalit.
I loved men in different shades, shapes, and stages.
I loved them as they were.
A bit ambitious, a bit emotional, a bit indifferent.
I loved a Baniya as a teenager.
I loved a Brahmin as an adult.
And, I loved a Dalit as a woman.
It was innocent, sensitive, and possessive.
Implicitly, all men are not the same.
Explicitly, all women are the same.
Women see men as their strength.
Men accept women as their weakness.
It was relaxing, rejuvenating, and reintegrating.
Men want women's bodies, first.
Women want men's souls, first.
You can experience Love at your own risk.
You can experience Death at your fixed time.
I loved men in different shades, shapes, and stages.
I had crushes but not lust.
I have love but not lust.
From Campus to Temple,
From Park to Playground,
From Home to Hostel,
From Mall to Theatre,
We felt the bliss of divine Love.
It was devouring, and deadly.

Somedays, he was mine.
Some nights, she was alone.
Hope was the keynote to play.
Tears were the holy water to dip.
Sleeplessness nights were inflicted curse of the
previous life.

It was devouring, and deadly.
I loved a Baniya, a Brahmin, and a Dalit.
All men are the same in different ways.

Insanity

We are the outcomes of insanity.

Insanity in gaze, in touch, in lovemaking.

We are the pioneers of boldness.

Boldness in holding each other hands, boldness in fighting for each other, boldness in tackling the rumours.

We are the ways of the unwanted world,

World in terms of strange love stories, the world in terms of casteism, the world in terms of class consciousness, the world in terms of racism.

We are the source of happiness, error of judgement, and misfortune of society.

Society won't let us live, society won't let us meet, and society won't let us survive.

You are the reason I came to this world.

You are the backdrop of my lost soul.

You are the reason for beautiful memories.

You are the reason for my stability.

I might be the source of your poisoned blood.

I might be the reason for your hellish mind.

I might be the source of your distraction.

I might be the reason for your destruction.

Believe me, we are unmade for each other.

Believe me, we are imperfectly perfect together.

Believe me, we won't feel sorry shortly.

Believe me, we are favourite mistakes of one another.

Let us enjoy the ride of the most passionate feelings.

Let us make the most of each other.

Heart

In pieces, distributed the Heart.
One was meant for rest, and another one was meant
for restlessness.
Divided lived, merged two souls.
Melted in the arms of one, burned on the chests of
another.
In the Sea, scattered the Souls.
One received the spirit; another gained the body.
Half-life was for Him; half-life was for Her.
Love in the form of Trinity.
Stuck in limbo, dangling at the death door.
Like poison, it spreads, and bluish skin takes over
greenish veins.
Savour skins, lick flow of senses.
Curbs hormones, and numbs the body.
Senseless actions, illogical love.
Purity resides here.
Questionable identity, labels of society.
Tolerate everything for his love.
Low esteemed, depressive state.
Don't question her loyalty.
The world is enough to let her down.
If you can't Love, at least stay by her side.
The least you could do is respond to her emotional
touch.
You may find her shrewd, staunch.
Look into her heart, you'll find her insecurities.

In a shorter period, she lived an eternity in you.
You may call it lust, but it was her way of Love.
In pieces, distributed the Heart.
Time again, Love happened all over again.
With the same intensity, with heightened passion.
If not die, let's live for one another.

Words

Words are spoiler alerts.
Extremists are Lovers.
Poisonous skin.
Nightmarish night.
Fated, destined, mismatched.
Cords of hearts broken up.
Believe in words.
Moderates are pessimistic.
Time of opportunistic.
The dark horse won the race.
The beauty queen baits her heart.
You were deadly, your love was ephemeral.
Captured the moments, relive the memories.
Predestined to expose.
You were in the air.
Limbs bleed, and feathers are clipped.
Drop down dead.
Mind awakened.
Encountered the oddity.
Withstood the tide.
Love will be your incentive for death.
One after another.
Highs are lows.
Emotions are fatal.
Existence matters.
But, for shorter periods.

Methinks! Who is here?
Strive for the gloomy vibes.
Procure the positive side.
You have you.
None comes before you.
None goes after you.
Be the prime.
The one for you will never flee.
The one without you was never yours.
See the variation.
Accept the actuality.

Love

My Love is like a Cactus where you will bleed.

In every season, you will perish.

At every juncture, you will grieve.

In every decade, you will renew.

My Love is like a Black Rose where you will discover
only thorns.

In every colour, your validity will fade.

In every petal, you will uncover a void.

In every leaf, you will confront a grey zone.

My Love is like Autumn where you will notice your
ageing.

Every day, you will shudder.

Every night, you will be frantic.

Every morning, you will be at your low end.

Every evening, you will be sacrificed.

My Love is like a Blank space where you won't be
proficient to ponder.

You'll be dragged into the Black Hole.

You'll be above the Pacific, below the Antarctic.

You'll be in perpetual misery.

My Love is like a Fire.

You'll scorch your skin.

You'll be an insomniac.

You'll be at your disastrous.

My Love is like an Asylum.

You'll shortly be a Bedlam Beggar.

You'll choke yourself.
You won't be able to operate.
You will be anti-social.
My Love is like an Inferno where you will be Satan.
Your serpentine quest for Eve won't end.
Your lust will exponentially heighten.
You will challenge your needs.
And, you will perish at the edge.
O, Romeo! My Love.

Graveyard

Graveyard determines the course of your Life.
Cremation deduces the worth of your body.
Thousands of people sacrificed their loved ones.
Thousands of homes lost their members.
Some are nonetheless alive.
Alive in the point of memory.
Alive in the sense of poetry.
Sincere feats decide your finding.
Sincere people determine your fate.
Hundreds of people were united.
Hundreds of humans endured breaks up.
Some are victims, some are culprits.
Some stab the heart, and some break the trust.
Some became disloyal, and some remained loyal.
Some got wedded for stability, some got married for
Love.
Whom to cross-examine?
Who is accountable?
Death makes Life gorgeous.
Life is like a fanatic who awaits their beloved death.
The lover will come, and Lover will go.
But, the terror of death will linger.
Beloved is prepared to take over the ride of Joy.
This time, Beloved will take the lover with her.
This time, death will unexpectedly reach you.
Be prepared to burn your flesh.

Be available to lose your body.
Be willing to die shortly.
Because you didn't heed God.
Because you didn't obey the righteous path.
Because you didn't love her the way she craved.
Now, pay the price.
Now, live without her.

Extreme is what, You believe in

Extreme is what, You believe in.
Passion is what, You dive into.
Love is what, You live for.
Emotion is what, You crave.
The feeling is that You exist.
Extreme is what, You believe in.
Some nights, we are a tale of Titanic.
Some days, we are a saga of Twilight.
Some Noons, we are deaths.
Some midnight, we are lives.
Extreme is what, You believe in.
Floods, droughts, earthquakes, landslides.
Birth, death, time, space.
Sometimes, Walk to Remember.
Sometimes, Notebook.
Romeo, Your Juliet will die in your arms.
Veer, Your Zaara will wait for you.
Ranjha, Your Heer will wed you.
Mahiwal, Your Sohini will beget you.
Extreme is what, You believe in.
Be unreasonable in a reasonable world.
Be unexpected in expected circumstances.
I'm your Lover, I'm your Beloved.
I'm your Soulmate, I'm your better half.
Extreme is what, she believes in.
Passion is what, he believes in.

He loved in rips and cracks.
She loved duality and doubt.
They're distinct yet fill up lacunae.
They're disjointed yet bridge the space.
Extreme is what, she believes in.
On this Earth, On that Sky.
On Soil, in Wind, with Fire, in Water.
Let me inscribe your name.
Let me paint your features.
Dive in, dive out.

Make his room, your home

Make his room, your home.

Make him, your better half.

Make him, your patience.

Make his Love, your passion.

Now is the time to give him everything.

From your time to your taste.

Now is the time to make him feel he is not alone in the ongoing world.

Now is the time to make an eternal Bond.

Now is the time to make him your staunch Supporter.

Now is the time to make him a believer in the purity of the Soul.

Make his bed your playground.

Make his kitchen your lawn.

Make his study corner a tidy yard.

Make his washroom dawn.

The way he cooks with perfection.

The way he sleeps with childlike innocence.

The way he cares with sincerity.

The way he holds with fondness.

The way he loves with devotion.

The way he looks with admiration.

The way he thinks with respect.

The way he teases with shrewdness.

He is the eighth wonder of the world.

From sharing foods to sharing his fats.
From sharing peace to sharing his pain.
From knowing him to living with him.
From looking at him to loving him.
From fear to fearlessness.
From stranger to soulmate.
Loving him was fatal.
Leaving him will be lethal.
Living with him is happiness.
Her search culminated here.
The beauty found her Beast.

Childhood Sweethearts

Believe in Childhood Sweethearts.
Live in Best friend's Love stories.
This is a pure form of Love.
Love comes first then Lust.
Friendship comes first then Love.
Innocence comes first then Emotions.
Immaturity comes first then Maturity.
Believe in Childhood Sweethearts.
It seems fairly tale. It seems unrealistic.
This is the epitome of a relationship.
It goes without effort.
It stays without pressure.
It lives inside you. It makes you free.
It flows with the wind. It flies with the waft.
It drenches in rain. It survives in a draught.
Live in Best friend's Love stories.
This is the first Love.
This will be the last Love.
This is the religion of your Soul.
This is the politics of your mind.
This is the economy of her worth.
This belief in the He-worship.
This is the Love.
That feels right even when you did wrong.
That feels logical even when you are illogical.

That feels virtuous even when you commit vices.
That feels like Heaven even when you deserve Hell.
Believe in Childhood Sweethearts.
Live in Best friend's Love stories.
If you can live for him,
If you can leave it for him,
If you can live with him,
If you can die for him,
If you can die with him,
Believe in First Love.

Sunshine

Short-haired, standard height, dusky skin, sharp nose,
deep eyes.

He is the epitome of Sunshine.

Poised, calmed, pacified, down to earth, above the
sky.

A thick beard, thin lips, white teeth,
chiselled cheeks, dark brows.

He is the beauty in thousands.

Dress sense, or sense of humour.

Management skills, or writing tricks.

Sometimes flirty, otherwise sincere.

Sometimes lusty, otherwise mature.

He is the one in many.

Free-spirited, musical, rider, adventurer.

Sufferer, survivor, staunch and robust.

He loved, laboured, and lost on midsummer Nights.

He learned, experienced, and followed Twilight.

Curb his pace, lose him for life.

Enjoy his personality, and live him for life.

Family-centric yet different sort of attitude.

Grounded yet beyond the reach.

The only way to celebrate him is to absorb his vibes.

The only way to support him is to be with him.

The only way to love him is to believe in his actions.

The only way to understand him is to look beyond his
words.

He is common yet rare to find.
The future with him is almost impossible.
Past with him was not destined.
Present with him is nearly possible.
He believes in actions,
She is words.
Sun and Moon met.
But both fall for Stars.

Love me with the purity of your soul

Love me with the purity of your soul.

Live me with the spark of your life.

Love me with the tears in your eyes.

Live me with the laugh on your face.

Love me with your deep emotions.

Live with me with your deeper feelings.

Love me as if it is our last day together.

Live me as if it is our last life together.

Love me as if I'm going to die today.

Live me as if I won't be in your arms, tomorrow.

Love me like I'm your first teenage love.

Live me like I'm your last adolescent lust.

Love me like at this moment the world will come to an end.

Live me like at this hour the earth will come to an end stop.

Love me like I'm water to quench your thirst every day.

Live me like I'm a staple food to satiate your hunger every time.

Love me as sincerely as you focus on your career.

Live me as seriously as you prioritise your daily work.

Love me evenly as you distribute your work.

Live me oddly as you assimilate your routine.

Decorate your bedroom with my hair.

Perfume your bed with my bodily odour.
Rinse your floor with my sweat.
Taste your lips with my blood.
I'm so full of Love, Life, and Laugh.
I'm so full of fire, spirit, and desire.
Let me love you once more.
Let me live with you once again.

Mind was reeling, heart was pounding

Mind was reeling, heart was pounding.

Fire was engulfing the spirit; passion was tormenting
the soul.

Four months troubled her sensibility.

It was destined to happen, fated to exist, chance was
unexpected.

And, Muse infiltrated her Life.

The wheel of time let them meet but for limited days.

The horoscope determined their detached lives.

But, before that, they chose to live.

But, before that, they chose to overlook the fallouts.

Their gazes, vibes, conversations,

Their bodies, souls, and emotions are entangled.

Their Zodiac signs fiddled games with them.

Why they didn't meet a bit earlier?

And, Cupid infiltrated her Life.

And, she burns in his desire.

Time halted the moment they dived and tasted their
thunder.

Space takes a rotational shift with its movements.

The more they drank, the more they pined.

Frequency of breaths, the heat of bodies.

And, they died a divine death.

His drive, her eyes were on the height.

Their skins are drenched in the delicacy.

Their hairs lift the temperature.

He renounced in her moaning.
She resigned herself in his arms.
And, the Lovebirds take flight, touch the cloud, dance
in the sky, and drip on the earth.
Summer was the reason.
Monsoon is the season.

I could not keep you in my heart

I could not keep you in my heart.
So, I tattooed your name on my arms.
I could not remember your name,
So, I put your name beside my Surname.
I could not forget your words.
So, I jotted it in my diary.
I could not relieve our memories.
So, I put pictures in my clutch.
I could not let you go so soon.
So, I bound you with my emotions.
I could not comprehend you so easily.
So, I wrote a novel about you.
I could not sleep without your voice ringing in my
ears.
So, I put music in my room.
I could not visit places without holding your hands.
So, I left the city where you dwell.
I could not see you with any other girl.
So, I came along with you.
I could not paint a Rainbow on my window.
So, I sketched your face in my soul.
I could not play any sports without you in the front
seat.
So, I sculpted you in the pavilion.
I could not dance on the stage without feeling your

presence.

So, I always preferred Salsa.

I could not eat anything without sharing it with you.

I could not wear any dress if you wouldn't look at it.

So, I sat in front of you.

I could not wake up without your call.

So, I stopped setting alarms.

I could not live without you.

So, I left this world without letting you know.

So, she lost her promise of loyalty, today

So, she lost her promise of loyalty, today.

So, she lost one part of her heart, today.

So, she destroyed her innocence, today.

So, she betrayed her first love, today.

Her life was easy, simple, and cozy.

Her life was pure, perfect, and prosperous.

Her life was stable, settled, and serene.

Her heart was clear.

Her mind was focused.

Her soul was centered.

So, she tastes the poison.

So, she lives in hell.

So, she burns her happiness.

So, she loses her confidence.

Don't ask, just feel the pain in her eyes.

Don't tell, just see the cracks in the soul.

So, she is no longer a one-man woman.

So, she is no longer the epitome of true Love.

So, she can't expect anything more in Life.

So, she forgets about her true nature.

This is the day; she will remember till the last day of her life.

This is the night, that will haunt her till the last breath she takes.

She dwells in the dirt of the world.

She drives in the wilderness of space.

No one understands what she wants from a person.
No one tries to read her mind.
No one feels the desire for her beating heart.
So, she unlearns her faith in humanity.
So, she relearns the bitter lessons of inhumanity.
Never ask what she went through.
Never ask how she survived.

Look at me like you always do

Look at me like you always do,
Even when I'm just a shadow.
Say it loud that I'm the prettiest girl that you ever met,
Even when I'm not.
Your words echo in my brain like a thunderstorm.
In my dream, I was there,
In your arms.
Follow me like I'm an engulfing fire,
Even when I'm not going to burn you down into ashes.
You might meet millions of girls,
You might fall for every other girl,
You might love some of them,
But then let me know how I'm different.
I'll love you with the intense passion of millions of
girls,
I'll stick with you in hell,
I won't let you run.
Take my hands, feel your heartbeats,
You'll hear my name.
I'm sure I existed there even before we existed.
Make me feel restless when you are not around.
Just be there near me even when you don't want to.
Sometimes, I want to be vulnerable and sleep in your
lap.
Sometimes, I want you to think about me above my
body.

Sometimes, I want you to scan my soul.
If possible, come all over again.
I'm your Saviour, you won't suffer anymore.
I might be the choice of many men,
But you made me your priority.
Tell me you love me a little more than the last Summer.
Ask me why I didn't love any other man.
I'm all yours even when I'm not.

How Love Changes You

How Love Changes You.

From immature to mature,

From carefree to careful,

From self-centric to other-centric,

From irresponsible to responsible,

From authoritative to adjustable,

From dominating to docile,

From speaker to listener,

How Love Changes Him,

From owl to early bird,

From dependent to independent,

From impatient to patient,

From aggressive to pacified,

From spendthrift to a saver,

From IQ to EQ, From introvert to ambivert,

From egoist to malleable,

From individual to person,

From the present to the future,

From inferior to superior,

From death to life, From mind to body,

From Hospital to Home,

From stressed to stress-free,

From the taker to the giver,

How Love Changes Her,

From short hair to long hair, From Western to Ethnic,

From no make-up-to-make-up Zone,

From reader to writer,
From thinker to an observer,
From Sun to Moon, From Day to Night,
From Hell to Heaven,
From monochrome to colourful,
From pessimistic to optimistic,
From Home to World,
From Peacock to butterfly.
How Love Changes Us.
From chatters to callers,
From family-oriented to career-oriented,
From Lovers to Soulmates, From I and You to We,
From weakness to strength,
From silence to words. How Love Changes Us.

The Smell of His Body

The smell of his body,
The sweat on his armpit,
The taste of his tongue,
The hold of his arms,
The hair on his chest,
The shape of his brows,
The Love in his eyes,
The voice in his ears,
The purity of his soul,
The tears of separation,
The colour of his skin,
The sharpness of his nails,
The curls of his hair,
The roughness of his beard,
His pointed nose,
Cuteness in his stride,
Manliness in his dress sense,
His stern smile,
His piercing gaze,
His cognitive mind,
His comic sense of humour,
His loyalty and his future,
His work and his wonder,
His desire and his demise,
All will be her.
Forever, ever.

Her contagious laugh, her dark hair,
Her sleepy eyes, her cunning lips,
Her puffy cheeks, her towery nose,
Her baby fingers, her sassy legs,
Her curved waist, her rounded face,
Her bossy attitude,
Her nailing confidence,
Her fearless attitude, her smartness,
Her kind heart, and caring nature,
Her promises, and self-worth,
All will be his.
Forever, ever.

Bollywood

He is so Bollywood.

When she wakes up, he sings a song.

When she freshens up, she sings a song.

When they converse, they recite Shayari and Songs.

She is so Bollywood.

Music increases her productivity.

Music gives impetus to her writing.

Whether it is in the kitchen or the washroom, whether it is the drawing room or bedroom, Music moves with her.

Her room echoes with the sonorous sound of the Speaker.

Her ears echo with the preferable noise of earphones.

She is magic in her musical self.

She is a mermaid in her dancing self.

He is so Bollywood.

Whether it is the 60s, 70s, or 80s.

He has taste in music from every decade.

Even his kiss, embrace, gaze, and words exhume Bollywood vibes.

The way he earned her as his own.

The way he comes to be desperate at her presence.

The way he opts for his career,

The way he settles down as a refined gentleman.

The way he puts his efforts,

The way he carries forward her in his Script,

The way he toils for their future together,
The way he pens down Shayari for her,
The way he surrenders to her insanity.
You will find Bollywood in him.
The way she gets ready,
The way she read,
The way she teaches,
The way she loves,
She has Bollywood in her eyelashes.

Yoga

Yoga! A means of survival.

A way of knowing life to its utmost.

Yoga! A voyage that transformed my life.

I learned how to interpret the intricacies of the psyche.

I cultured my own body in its different shades.

Yoga! A way of establishing an equilibrium status in your mind and body.

A rhythm and rhyme to unfurl the invisible temperaments.

In it, I dwelled on the best excursion of my life.

In just five years, I relived the last twenty-one years.

Yoga! My Guru, my companion every morning.

Yoga! My meditative partner, my gymnastic self.

Yoga! Incremented my happiness, and controlled my aggression.

Added productivity, and curbed known and unknown stresses.

Yoga, My Life coach, and my second-most favourite hobby after Kathak.

Yoga entered my life because of an enthusiastic Senior and a Haryanvi trainer.

Yoga stimulates me to put my best self in front of the world.

Yoga lives inside me like a yogic saint.

Yoga brings self-esteem to another level.

Yoga enhances attention and delivers positive vibes.

Yoga is as crucial as food for life.

Yoga is as essential as breathing for existence.
Yoga restrains me away from guilty habits.
Yoga! A route of knowing thyself.
Yoga! A way of conserving thyself.

Kuldevi

Three generations of women are consecrated to
Kuldevi.

Years after years, we honoured the divine power of
the feminine.

There is a puzzling connection.

We never inquired.

We never passed prejudiced judgement.

Three generations of men are appalled by her
ferocious looks.

Months after months, we prayed for the well-being
of our family.

There is an unspeakable affection.

Nights were restless.

We stepped into the temple of Durga.

Days were gloomy.

We trudged into the temple of Kali.

Lane was filled with kiosks.

We halted by the shop to purchase Prasad and
flowers.

As we entered, the passageway was thronged with
devotees.

Some were genuine, some were impostors.

We offered our prayer in the ambiance of undefined
grace.

Days were gloomy.

We strolled into the temple of Kali.
There was a row.
People awaited their number to sacrifice goats in the offering.
Some feel horror, some indulge in Bhakti.
The drummer beats the drum,
Children were trespassing.
We rinsed our feet from the water of the antic well.
We burn incense sticks.
We offered holy waters.
We anticipated the holy madness.
Three generations of women are committed to Kuldevi.
Years after years, we respected feminine energy.

Let me defame with your name

Let me defame with your name.
Let us discover our lost selves.
If not now, then we won't get another chance.
Let me challenge your ego that you couldn't fall for
anyone.
Let us absorb one another.
If not now, then we won't get another chance.
Let me renounce the peace of mind.
Make me an insomniac.
Turn me into a maddening passion.
Make me everlasting in your words.
Not everyone yearns for sensual Love.
If not now, then we won't get another hope.
Your longing couldn't be adequate for survival.
Your souvenir couldn't be sufficient for loyalty.
Let me cloak with the soil.
Let me pass through the dunes.
Let me unearth you in my disgusting self.
Let me love you in your sickly choice.
How could we last as a never-ending appetite?
How could we exist as tangled souls?
You wanted me to love you.
You expected me to embrace you.
You begged me to caress your lips.
You invited me to rest in your arms.

But, how could I make you infer that duality?
But, how could I make you realise that inferiority?
But, how could I whirl you into Poetry?
But, how could I glance at you as a Shayari?
I'm a glass full of hypnotism.
I'm a jar full of meditation.
Be my Platonic Love.

This Heart was never been mine

This Heart was never been mine.
I scattered a tiny piece of it, everywhere I went.
You can find its essence in the place I visited,
You can feel its depth in the people I left behind,
You can taste its wonder in the books I read,
You can admire its beauty in the clothes I wore,
You can read its meaning in the tears I shed.
This Heart was never been mine.
I roamed as a lost cause.
I rested as a love-struck case.
I retrieved it as an unwritten letter.
I revived it as an unheard story.
This Heart was never been mine.
I scattered tiny pieces of it, everywhere I went.
She loved a billion faces in a million shapes and sizes.
She liked even the unlikeable.
She cared for her wounds.
She dared to question her worth.
This Heart was never been mine.
I disseminated bones of bodily desire.
I exhibited a flawed body in the ashtray.
Burn your cigarette in the fire of her skin.
Bloat your nerve in the water of her throat.
You may find her in the love of the previous century.
You may discard her in the betrayal of the present

decade.

Your love was never been enough to hold her.

Your lust had never been sufficient to quench her thirst.

This Heart was never been mine.

It existed in multiple phases and times.

Down memory lane

I'll take you down in a down memory lane.

I'll ask some questions that haunt you.

Whether you love, somebody so deeply that you face
an existential crisis?

Whether you lost someone who toppled your
existence?

Whether you are a survivor or a sufferer?

Whether you are a lost cause or a winsome goal for
someone special?

I'll take you down in a down memory lane.

I'll ask some quick questions that haunt you.

We have been on the journey together.

We have been in the moment together.

The question is up till when?

We could be reasons for unreasonable suffering.

We could be answers to unanswerable queries.

When to stop, where to fall apart?

When to leave, when to forgive?

I'll take you down in a down memory lane.

I'll ask some questions that haunt you.

In the desert, In the graveyard

In the desert, In the graveyard.
In the tomb, In a coffin.
She didn't find his body.
She visited temple to Temple.
She pleaded in every Mosque.
She prostrated in Gurudwara.
She prayed in Church.
In woods, On beaches.
In mountains, In rivers.
She didn't find his soul.
His soul left his body.
Her body lost her soul.
She dug up millions of graves.
She opened up billions of coffins.
Where to find, where to search.
What to think, whom to ask.
She found his token of Love.
At her bedside, she kept his heart.
Beside her pillow, she kept his bone.
These are the artifacts of their undying Love.
These will be monuments of their dead souls.
They stayed together even after they left their bodies.
They died together even when they lived their bodies.

The train journeys

The train journey is one of my favourite pastimes.

You look at the strangers and realise the depth of the Oceanic World.

You are just a drop of water.

You may have uninterrupted music,
unwarranted meetings, and unavoidable noise, even though you are looking for peace.

You are asking for the same little space that you acquired as a pigeon house.

You may wonder at the lost sight of companies.

Your workout, your gadgets, your library, your meditative corner.

The train journey is one of my favourite pastimes.

Your family is waiting for you.

Your home is searching for you.

Your other self is shunning you.

Your streets are calling you.

Are you willing to come back for a scholarship?

Are you desiring to merge into nothingness?

Are you idling to take another leap?

Are you still rearing after your soul?

The train is a journey to and fro.

The train is a reminder of home alone.

You may move ahead of your past.

You may run away from your guilt.

The train will cue you of halts,

of junctions, of stations.
The train is your lost soul.
The more you refrain from admitting,
Most of you will indulge in it.

Hell

Hell is a feeling, a state of emotion, a phase of growth,
an outcome, or worse.

Hell is a level to define your being.

You can be in hell or heaven,
all at once.

Hell is reaching out to you, to curb your motion, to
ask your devotion.

You can be favourable, you can be unfavourable,

You can be mean; you can be in a mess.

Negativity is the monster that can eat you out.

Positivity is the master that can ease you up.

Half of the life you are stocking up resentment.

For half of your life, you are piling up hatred.

Somewhere you forget to feel the beauty of Living.

Somewhere you forget to feel the essence of
forgiveness.

Prudence can be your biggest foe.

Pride can be your biggest rival.

Hell is a feeling, a state of emotion, a phase of growth,
an outcome, or worse.

You can fall back on your weakness.

You can grow above your sickness.

Your limitation is your mind.

Your lamentation is your heart.

Rinse your inhumanity.

Rise your humanity.

Diary

Dear Diary,

Thanks for the Sunshine.

Thanks for the day-long life.

Thanks for the amazing Night.

Dear Diary,

You have given me so much strength.

You were taken care of me like no one before.

You were part and parcel of my Existence.

Dear Diary,

Hope you never misunderstood my words.

Hope you never think odd of me.

Hope you will be always with me.

Dear Diary,

I'm blessed to have you.

I'm blind for you.

I'm beside you.

Dear Diary,

All I want is to keep you so close to my bed.

All I need is to pour every feeling on you.

All I wish is for you to listen and erase my memory.

The hurt that I endured,

The obstacles I tackled,

The person whom I lost,

The hate that I ignored,

You are the one with whom I survived.

You are the one that kept me in shape.

You are the one who doesn't believe in backstabbing.

Dear Diary,
I'm all yours.
Either take me or my life.

Love Story

When she shared her lunchbox with him,
When she wrapped his textbooks with cover,
When she runs with him in Sports,
It was a kinda Innocent Love Story.
When he asked for her notebooks,
When he dropped roses in her bicycle's bucket,
When he drove the bike behind her for safety,
It was a kinda teen's, Love Story.
When he left the Town to make his career,
When he struggled through it,
When he came back,
When he planned,
When he executed it,
It was a kinda longing.
When she followed him,
When she respected his choice,
When she believed in him,
When they grew together,
It was a kinda mature Love Story.
When he decides to find her,
When he crossed Oceans to let their Stars meet,
When he took the oath to never let her go.
It was a kinda Divine Love Story.

Adulthood

In adulthood, you can breathe your childhood.

Cliches are associated with Chiffon Saree, that additional seductive music of Bollywood.

Everything can transpire.

In maturity, you can relinquish your hardcore personality.

Have you ever attempted Karaoke,

Have you ever lost your temper and then cry?

Have you overthought the near-impossible possibility of calls from your Ex?

Have you forgotten about dates when you are extra immersed in daily chores?

In insanity, you can indicate your smartness.

In downfall, you can have decent alternatives.

Let's try for the unusual version.

Let's try for ancient versatility.

If others are multi-tasking, you can still assume to perform one work at a time.

If others are addicted, you can still survive on Juices.

Why are we formulating nonessential competition?

Why are we dissipating unwanted aspersion?

You can have your conservative ideology,

You can have your liberal impressions,

Why do we put the obligation of history, myth, and religion on others?

Why do we collide on the never-ending arguments?
Sometimes, silence is better than words.
Sometimes, passivity works best for us.
In adulthood, you can relive your childhood.

Everything transpires for a reason

Everything transpires for a reason.
Either Love or, Life.
Either Heartache or, Heartbreak.
Everything happens for a reason.
Even tragedy or, comedy.
Even marriage or, divorce.
Unhurriedly you'll realise.
Gradually you'll retrieve.
Life transpires.
Life climaxes.
In a moment, you will be a Queen.
In a moment, you will be a mendicant.
Take it lightly.
Work on it casually.
There will be another day.
There will be another night.
Epiphany will reach you.
Epitaph will be carved on your name.
Prepare your death slate.
Leave behind your blank slate.
Nobody will flee from the scare.
Everything occurs for a season.
Like Priest, Like Prayer.
Like Pope, Like Paradise.
Nobody will be relinquished from the bliss.

Keep faith alive, till the time you are living.
Keep light alight, till the time you are offering.
Everything happens for a reason.
Everything ends with a lesson.

Firstly, and supreme

Firstly, and supreme.

Voice was cloudy.

Utterances stuck in the throat.

Why did he ring?

Something was throbbing in the midsection.

Had zero to converse about and everything to guess about.

Where to jump and never to halt.

He signed, awaited, and broke the ice.

But her mature say was enough to shatter him.

He mislays in the depth of her conservation skills.

She had fallen into the realm of his senses.

They are in the trouble zone.

Save them, Save catastrophe.

Distress kills mental peace, and Likeness kills inner peace.

They confronted in the Department, sacrificed their hearts in the Library, Went on Coffee Dates, traded Books as tokens of Love, composed poetry for one another, and devoted to Platonic Love.

They are deemed to do what most of us usually do.

But their stars were crossed.

They Loved unduly much nearly to flee too soon.

If you think they will join again.

Maybe in some Theatres, maybe in some Parks.

Maybe in some Concerts, maybe at some
Conferences.

He liked to co-author verses of her life.

She craved to author the crusade of his life.

They edited their present but forgot to proofread their
past.

And, so they missed the publication.

And, so they missed the reviews.

Home

Home alone.

Bittersweet impression.

The extra you stay, the more you connect.

The detachment scampers toward desire.

Home alone.

Mother's helplessness, Father's obsessions, Brother's
fortune.

The additional you speculate, the more you suffer.

Lover's diary, Beloved's letters.

His longing for her, her belonging to him.

Penny less craving, timeless compassion.

Lover's stethoscope, Beloved's ink.

Home alone.

Climate deceives, Rain perceives.

Waterlogging, ditch swollen.

Germ's breed, species beseech.

Pullers mourned,

Wheelers mastered.

Home alone.

Bittersweet impression.

Voids, vacuum, unheard voices.

Aggression, chaos, implicit vibes.

Home alone.

It will turn up again.

It will take off again.

Seasons

Seasons bloom inside you.

Green petals, dews on scented flowers, over ripen fruits.

Season blossoms in the ulterior.

Sit on the sunken surface of the carrier.

Dance at the intersection of the highway.

Your withered hair, your acne on the exterior, your dual chin, your dishevelled faces.

Season sprout sports on the spot.

Dampen shirts, shorts on the hairy legs, your joint brows.

Recognise your antiquity.

Season seamless sensation.

Ten years ago, you subsisted as a body.

Ten years from now, you will prevail as an intellect.

Be uncountable in your countable juncture.

Be unreachable in your reachable domain.

Seasons come with urges.

Seasons fade with voids.

Recognise your ancientness.

Season drenches the ashes of memories.

Season rinse the raw wounds.

If waiting for survival

If waiting for survival.

If counting hours for certainty.

If the Universe conspires for a tryst.

If names echo in senses.

Then, maybe you should stay in the moment.

Then, maybe you should speculate on the leap of faith.

Then, maybe you should soften in your beloved arms.

Then, maybe you have predicted enough for that moment to arrive.

If you are eager to greet the same person again and again.

If you are optimistic enough in the survival instinct.

If you are staring for space to break the enslavement of morality.

If you are hoping to dive into the Oceanic magnificence of Love.

Then, maybe the Zodiac sent them into the world for eternity.

Then, maybe all cosmic melodies are composed on their titles.

Then, maybe they never consummated in their last birth.

Then, maybe their thirsts are insatiable.

Have you beheld the ferociousness of Lion and Lioness?

Their undying insurance for one another.

Tranquillity in the ambiance.
Contentment in the belonging.
If waiting for survival.
If meeting for refinement.
If and only if you loved the same person with the same
rhythm.
If and only if you inhabited the same person with the
same spirit.
Then, this is fruitfulness.
Then, this is wholesomeness.

Millions of bangles are broken

Millions of bangles are broken.

Millions of jewelleries are scattered.

Millions of attires were torn down.

Millions of cosmetics expired.

Deadline lags, tickets invalidated, flights halted.

Roses parched, sheets received dirt, rooms persist untidy, floors coated with dust.

The room comes to be space, the patio takes the spot of the road, terrace replaces parks.

Connections shrink, baseless calls, and meetings seem like rare realities, and, hugs and kisses are the remotest dreams.

Parties, Cafeterias, Temples.

Casinos, museums, theatres.

Grabbed the back seats of your car.

Street foods, local trains,

Spa and Salons.

For two years, we subsisted in the void.

For two years, we survived in the chasm.

You echo in my ears.

You echo in my ears.
You float in my eyes.
You sing in my head.
You dance in my heart.
Let me fall over you once again.
Let me fall over you once again.
You colour my horizon.
You catch my hut.
You rise on my body.
You fall for my soul.
Let me die for you once more.
Let me die for you once more.
Clouds ask for your favour.
Rainbow seeks your consent.
Rain bends on your feet.
Sunlight salutes your fidelity.
You may arise again.
You may live again.
You may survive again.
You may sacrifice again.
Before that, let us know.
Before that, let us forget.
Before that, let us forgive.
Before that, let us knit.
Again, the Universe compels.
Again, Heaven exhorts.
Again, Prayer grants.
Again, Love conquers.

Heartstrings

Heartstrings bring us.
With all shortcomings.
With all blemishes.
Be here, Be mine.
Rags and riches.
Rise and fall.
She is above the river.
She is below the water.
If you care, if you count.
If you love, if it last.
She will be the accountable Soul.
She will be the reliable Self.
His hope won't go in vain.
His wait won't be failed.
If Stars will be countable.
So is her love for him.
If Sky will be fathomable.
So is his passion for her.
She will be his chosen family.
She will be his Interior Design.
She will be his balanced diet.
She will be his fame.
She will be his emergency window.
She will be his stress.
She will be his patient.

Be here, be mine.
Whether it is Animal Kingdom,
or, Human World.
Whether it is Aquatic,
or, Terrestrial beings.
Whether it is fairies or, mermaids
Whether it is insects or, birds
They will make history in Love.
They will make history in Love.

Poetry

Poetry is the world where you'll find your lost Self.
Till now, whatsoever you have lost.
Till now, whatsoever you have missed.
Here is your world.
Here is your world.
Poetry is the world where you'll find your lost Self.
Until now, whomsoever you have lost.
Until now, whosoever you have missed.
Give yourself a second chance.
Give yourself a second chance.
With open arms, Poetry breathes.
With open arms, Poetry exists.
Embrace it, feel it, and live in it.
Where is your Imagination?
Where is your Dream?
Where is your Happiness?
Where is your Smile?
Until then, Poetry is your saviour.
Until then, Poetry is your flavour.
Do me a favour, forget your Past.
Do me a favour, forbid your Caste.
Who are you, the real you?
Who are you, the reel you?
Poetry is your Summer, your Winter.
Poetry is your Rainy Days, your Sunny Boons.

Poetry is your lost Lover, a bedridden Beloved.
Poetry is your work, your essence.
Poetry is the wounded wound, a swollen womb.
Do me a favour, stop for an hour.
Do me a favour, stoop for a year.
Whom to follow, whom to unfollow?
Whom to curse, whom to crush?
You are the woman, I searched for.
You are the reader, I asked for.

She

She can be Sky.
She can be a Star.
She can be Moon.
She can be Soon.
It depends, what is on her.
It depends, what is on her.
She can be a hero.
She can be a heron.
She can be a Yogi.
She can be a monk.
It depends, what is for her.
It depends, what is for her.
She can be a scientist.
She can be an artist.
She can be a haven.
She can be Heaven.
She can be on the floor.
She can be on the scroll.
It depends, what you can do.
It depends, what you can do.
Time is of the essence.
Time asks for patience.
Time is the healer.
Time is the Wheeler.
When I ask for it, go there.

When I ask for it, go there.
She is the silence.
She is the noise.
She is the words.
She is void.
She is the praise.
She is the past.
Let her go, let her live.
Let her go, let her live.

Periods

Cramps, sickness, aches, and pains.
If I appear, I'll arrive with all.
Waist, legs, chest, and head.
If I bestow, carry it all.
Without objection, with compulsion.
Bleeding, odour, dampness, and pigments.
Perks of being a woman.
You can withstand how to wither before your death.
You can adapt to all those unjust.
Don't you want to give the origin?
Don't you want to live gestation?
Don't you want to behold your babies?
Perks of being a woman.
Clothes, pads, tubes, and cesarean.
If I bestow, accept all.
Jittery day, a wakeful night.
Hot steam bag, caffeine, and chocolates.
Appreciate the fulfilment, withstand the pang.
Four days of your unpopular preference.
Four nights of your wanted bedtime.
Perks of being a woman.
Cramps, nausea, aches, and pains.
Taboo, tradition, bondage, and heartlessness.
The blood we permeate, the blood we worship.
The blood that streams, the blood that makes you

shimmer.

We don't plead for rituals; we don't ask for festivity.

We don't want barriers; we don't want boundaries.

No more hush, shatter the ice.

Give some pampers, equip some dishes.

Deal with the whims and survive the wishes.

Perks of being a woman.

Weather

Weather simplifies overlooked sentiments.
Downpours festoon the exterior sensation.
Greyer sky, greenery rooftop.
Exhibition of Algae, progression of the eclipse.
In dips, in flash, in the aura.
Your existence felt.
The vestige of Love is endearing.
Rays of Nature is exhuming.
Weather fiddles with Pain.
The remnant of perfidy, a memento of treachery.
Lighter walls, brighter stains.
In solid, in liquid, in gas.
Your existence felt.
Cylindrical in contour, conical in strategy,
Rectangular in the gamble, circular in the strike.
Matter of a decade, the sweep of the agenda.
Matter of year, stick to the chandelier.
Body watch warnings.
Where to go, where to excavate.
Your absence plagued me.
Twenty, thirty, or, eighty.
Ashes of recollections will stride round the clock.
Three sixty-five days, fifty-two weeks, seven days,
twenty-four hours.
Stitches of wounds will thicken the relic.

Powerless to gulp, powerless to absorb.
Inadequate to surmise, inadequate to compile.
Your dearth plagued the compartments of the heart.
Neither Home nor world.
Neither Forest nor Mountain.
Disappointment, disappointment, disappointment.
Again, I strived. Again, I stayed.
Again, I earned. Again, I cherished it.

Men

Men, men.

They can go to any length to impress.

They don't even think about the circumstances.

Don't take me wrong.

I'm just blabbering about the incident that happened lately.

I went on the death anniversary of Grandpa.

There I met him for the very first time.

I can't say enough about him.

Just a normal guy, but medicos.

As I entered, Granny hugged me and cried profusely.

I tried to make her stable.

No sooner than that, I realised his gaze, somebody was looking so straight.

And then it went on, for two odd days.

Everywhere, every time.

Whenever we crossed paths.

It was usual till I gauged his silly efforts.

It strikes me, why he is doing all this.

It makes the moment so awkward.

I was a misfit in his orbit.

But, no sooner he is going to stop.

Who cares? Damn, the people.

At one moment, when I was chopping the veggies, he came with the utensils.

By the way, who asked?

At another moment, I had the responsibility to introduce guests to one another and make them sit and feel comfortable.

He participated, without asking for his annoying help.

Yeah, the end was the best.

He left when he came to know that I'm already reserved for Self-Love.

No, nonsense, please.

I

On the stairs, I climbed.
On the Terrace, I sat.
On the chair, I relaxed.
On the table, I wrote.
On the bed, I sprawled.
On the pillow, I flee.
On one slab, I worshipped.
On a window, I daydreamed.
On the rack, I decorated.
On the door, I stared at.
On the top, I dance.
The towel is the gown.
The mask is the jewellery.
Sanitiser is cosmetic.
The virus is an unwelcome guest.
On the pillow, I flee.
Dresses weep in the cupboard.
Footwear pukes in the stand.
The vehicle stands without travel.
Humans sleep without a cooler.
The weather is unkind.
On the pillow, I flee.

Pessimism

Dark hours, death mounted, voice muted.
I'm choked.
Humanity lost, humans bereaved, where we came.
Rewind the day, recast the way.
I'm chopped.
Mind numbed, brain dumbed down,
where we came.
Who is the culprit, and who is the victim?
Everyone is a part of the game.
Death will reach you soon.
Tell me how to survive.
Whether it is a system, or is it representative.
Whether it is public, or is it governance.
Whether it is facilities, or is it facileness.
Who'll decide whom to punish, whom to blame?
This shall also pass.
But, not without millions of demises.
This shall soon be over.
But, not without the permanence of shocks.
We'll win the race.
But, not without heart breaks into billions of pieces.
Who will take care of scarce?
Who will wipe away tears?
Who will ask?
Are you alive or just counting the days?
Tell me how to survive.
Tell me whom to ask.

Literature

I'm Literature.

I flow in words; I survive in languages.

I'm Language.

I breathe in the alphabet, I booze sentences.

I'm Humanities.

I wander in in-text, I wonder at end-text.

I'm Arts.

I live for humanity; I care for humans.

I'm Literature.

I dance in Novels; I thrive in Poetry.

I'm Global.

I believe in Fiction; I am brave in Stories.

I'm Universal.

Neither Religion nor Politics.

Neither culture nor custom.

None can surpass me.

None can suppress me.

I'm Globe.

I'm in your prayer, I'm in your dream.

I'm in your dialect, I'm in your conversation.

I'm your birth, I'm your death.

I'm Literature.

Your existence, your individuality.

I love it all

His smells, body odour, and sweat.

I love all, without thinking twice.

His name, alphabet, and pronunciation.

I love all, without thinking twice.

His clothes, underwear, and towels.

I love it all.

His brush, soap, comb.

I felt it all, in my skin, into my body, upon my soul.

I love it all.

His walk, gestures, posture,
weight, muscles, hairy chest,
toned skin.

I adorned with colours, of my blood.

I love it all.

His talk, laugh, irritation, voice, hunger.

I enjoyed the beauty at its best.

His career, knowledge, and ambition.

I'm here for all.

His circle, growth, and family.

I cared for all.

Man, you are imperfectly perfect.

Man, you are immaturely mature.

The way we started, the way we'll give it an immortal
touch.

The way we loved, the way we'll fight for each other.

We lived in the gap.

We loved in the gap.

We

When we held, we upheld the universe at that moment.

When we observe, we obscure the entire Earth.

When we meet, we collide like water and fire.

When we talk, we burst like two mythological beings.

When we coil, we conjoin in eternity.

When we overlap, we dissolve like sugar and salt.

When we wait, we loiter like lost letters.

When we laugh, thunder breaks at that moment.

When we weep, rain comes around.

When we dance, birds fly away.

When we enjoy, the world stops existing.

That is how we tested the infinity.

That is how we tasted the divinity.

One woman, one man

Two souls, two hearts, two people.
Entangled, embraced, estranged.
Similarities, simplicity, sincerity.
Texted, tempted, tasted.
Breathe, batted, broken.
Eliminated, elevated, elated.
Rose, raspberry, rashes.
Itched, rated, and awaited.
Sunflower, sunlight, sunburned.
Two souls, two hearts, two people.
Zoned, zipped.
Bifurcated.
Emotion, empowerment, excitement.
Demarcated.
Fitful, fearful, liberated.
Eyes lied, foul mouth, temporary pledges.
Rage, root, rare.
Promises, promises.
One woman, one man.

Wherever I go, I'll find you

Wherever I go, I'll find you.
Either in the form of flowers or the form of roots.
Wherever I go, I'll dissolve into you.
Either in glasses of water or glasses of wine.
We can visit the temple of heaven,
We can sojourn on the hell.
Either together or alone.
We can be mourners or well-wishers.
We can be deadly symbols or striking images.
Whenever I go, I'll disseminate you.
To the beggars, to the drunkards, to the priests, to
the wanderers.
Either yours or none.
Neon is the light of Love.
Not once, but twice.
Friendship, Love, Marriage, Eternity.
Whatever you ask for.
Give it all.
Snuggle up the violence,
Disburse the nerve.
You are wreckage, you are thunder.
See within.
Not once, but twice.

Mother

My Mother was at the age of fifty-three.
Her aging, grey hairs, wrinkles.
Her heart ailment, softness, and dependency on
medicines.
Her patience, skills, and lack of sleep.
My Mother was at the age of fifty-three.
You would never realise.
Till you see in her eyes.
She is the long-lost beauty.
She is the epitome of humanity.
Still, she never turns anyone into empty hands or empty
stomachs.
Over the years, she earned immense respect.
Whether it is in her near or distant families.
Whether it is in her society or locality.
I received my sleep and laugh from her.
I gained my kindness and sweetness from her.
Ten years back, her words jolted me.
Eight years back, her support helped me.
To step out of the home.
To be honest, she not only lost her work, but
independence.
But also, her public stature, and liberty.
My Mother was at the age of fifty-three.
Many things have changed.

It seems unacceptable when your parents behave like
a kid.

It feels wonderful when you can fulfil their requirements.

Twenty years, from now.

May or may not your parents will be with you.

Ten years, from now.

May or may not your parents will be significant to
you.

Till then, live for them.

My Mother was at the age of fifty-three.

Women

Where do you lose your creativity?

In the kitchen or domestic chores.

In the bringing up of babies or taking care of family.

When do you forget your ambition?

In the early marriage or the wrong decision.

During low self-esteem or the weakness of hours.

When do you burn down your passion?

In the moment of insanity or the wrong relationship.

Think women, think.

Before it is too late.

Not many are out there for your upliftment or empowerment.

You are you; you are irreplaceable.

You can still grow.

Nobody can do your part.

No one can contribute your share.

You can still live for yourself.

When did you shut down your worth?

When did you shun your happiness?

Think women, think.

You can still live for yourself.

You deserve a better self.

Family, partner, children, and friends.

You can have all if you have you.

Nothing matters if you miss your significance.

Nothing matters if you lose your importance.
Dignity, satisfaction, health, and hobbies should be
on your priority lists.

Who cares, if you don't have all these?

Who cares, if you stopped loving yourself a little less?

One mistake is enough to make you stronger.

One decision is enough to make you powerful.

Think women, think.

Despondence

Excruciating, inflicting pain.
Wounded soul.
Search it here, near me.
I'll give you all.
Ask me once.
I have one and all.
For ages, I loved many.
But, not above, before, and after you.
Don't ask.
The more I waited, the more I lost.
I pray, no one suffers or endures.
The way, I was looted.
Blood, tears, aches.
Bloody hell.
Search it here, in me.
I can exhibit all.
Nobody feels, no one caresses.
Hurt is just a word.
Coin a lexicon for my state of mind.
I am neither half of me, nor I can complete Us.
Why only me? You don't even interrogate this.
I am an available choice.
Don't you know?
Almighty! Give me some Light.
Where is the rainbow of hope?

I searched every corner.
Found nothing, helped none.
Bloody hell.
Search it here, in me.
I can exhibit all.
I may be light for you.
I may be the desire of many.
But, when I am down,
Sympathy was abandoned, the city deserted, and
People departed.
What transpired?
You don't even interrogate this. Search it here, in me.
I can exhibit all.

On the name of Love

I revisited, reimagined, and reflected.
In every corner of Heart, there were blemishes,
stitches, and ashes.
I tried to erase, eliminate, and eradicate.
But I found history, memory, and testimonials.
On the name of Love.
Who told you, never give it a chance.
I'll build the palace on behalf of him.
I'll address an epistle on the name of him.
I requested, retrieved, and regretted.
Not for the world.
Neither for him.
But, for me and me.
I tried to amend, annex, and append.
But I found geography, graphics, and graves.
On the name of Love.
I renounced, revived, and relieved.
Not for the Universe.
Neither for Us.
But, for me and me.
I searched, researched, and reinvented.
But I found Home, Helmet, Hampshire.
On the name of Love.
If you find my Love, anywhere, somewhere, shortly.
If you find him, anytime soon, somewhere, near your
dwelling.
Tell Cupid, I'm here, for him, by him, and, with him.

Do it for me, do it with me

Do it for me, do it with me.
Do silly stuff, do random chores.
Do shoes matching, do clothes twinning.
Do every nonsense, be illogical.
Who told you, I like only structure.
I love deconstruction, I admire fracture.
I live in a white zone, I surrender reasons.
I am insane, and a little drained.
Do it for me, do it with me.
Let's groove on the Bombay streets,
Let's bathe on the Goa Beaches.
Who told you, I like accessories?
I am nature, a wild being, a true self.
I am dark, a dazzling sky, a ghastly night.
Do Karaoke in the washroom, do midnight quibbles.
Play while cooking, seduce while eating.
I welcome every distortion; I celebrate every
destruction.
I am your baby when I weep, I am your woman when
I laugh.
I may have different voices, but I play with the ashes.
Men are just a game of chess. I'll win over them all at
once.
But you are the reason, I have seasons.
But you are the barrack, I am embanked.

Do it for me, do it with me.
Spotify the energy, and specify the quality.
I like all or I like none.
You can either be existential or non-existential.
Yet, you sustain breath in me.
Yet, you sustain a breeze in me.
Nor, I am simplification.
Neither, I am eliminated.

Mad Passion

I needed a mad passion.
Then, I chose to be a maddening desire.
It could either be an attachment or detachment.
I needed a latent meaning.
Then, I found him.
It could be either Lust or Love.
I went on a hunt for empathy.
Then, I found a vessel of emptiness.
Vacant hearts, wasted emotions.
I needed insanity, informally alive.
Who cares for patterns?
I loved him in every shape.
I needed someone to be there.
Someone to tackle aggression, passion, and swing.
Someone to fight for me.
Someone to fight with me.
Who cares for systems?
I needed him as a thermometer.
To measure temperature, to reduce pressure.
I loved him in every form.
In solution, in a mixture, in gases.
Then, I found him.
I needed someone to compliment, someone to shake,
someone to hold on to.
Someone to float in imagination, someone to quench

hidden pleasure, someone to be irreplaceable.

And, then I found him.

It could be either toxic or tonic.

But it couldn't be poisonous.

Drink the elixir.

Drench the soul.

I needed a mad passion.

To hang on, to follow, and to die for.

And, I found him.

An Indian Empire

Together, we'll build an Indian empire.
This is just a love story in the process.
Be my side, I'll be at the height.
Together, we'll breed warriors.
This is just a dream cum reality in the process.
Be my light, I'll ignite every nook and corner of
darkness.

Together, we'll overcome breaks, heart breaks.
Hang out there, I'll be your Mother, Sister, Daughter,
and Wife.

Breakfast by me, Snacks by you.
Lemon tea by me, Wine by you.
Cycling on the hilly ranges of Darjeeling.
Sleeping like a cuddling baby.
Hang in here, too close.
You'll be in China dishes like Chicken leg pieces.
You'll be in Indian dishes like Mango slices.
You are a crony agent of heart wishes.
Be mine, I'll turn Rainbow lights in your life.
Together, we'll beautify inner rooms and outer
showrooms.

Walk by my side, I'll show you Paradiso on feet.
As lyrics won't ring without instruments.
Winter won't come without Autumn.
As Astrophel pines for Stella.

As Antonio runs after Cleopatra.
Be in my words, inks, notepad.
Be in my imagination, story, and signature.
Be in my surname as a suffix, pro as a prefix.
You are a crony agent of heart wishes.
Together, we will ingrain an encyclopedia of Love.

Fish-curry

We met at the fish curry dine-out.
My Love for Rice, His Love for Chapati.
Turned out of Mutton Biryani.
I offered him a glass of water.
He asked for an evening walk.
He offered Dark Chocolates.
Darker was his gaze.
And, our kinda Love Story presumed.
He asked me to sit in the Public park.
This meeting went on infrequently.
Someday, we jogged.
Another day, we shopped
Some other days, we chit chat, relentlessly.
I was on cloud nine.
He felt starry night.
Moon-bewitched, Sun-soaked, Days seem sunny.
Man, we were in the bloody Love.
The next day, he dropped me at the College Campus.
He noticed from head to toe.
His was not Lust.
Ogling was odd in his nature.
Still, he observed everything, from Capri to transparent
shirts.
His imagination was at its height.
For a fraction of a second, he felt divine light in me.

He promised to be my man once again.
In every dimension, we met.
This was unlike our first meeting.
Dear world, you conspired against us.
You played coins against this Union.
You failed over and over again.
This Union is beyond any named relation, beyond any
definition.
I loved him at every birth.
I married him in every season.
I gave birth to fairies, every single day...

Delhi

The hubbub of locality,
the serenity of the city,
the bluest sky,
the flight of Kites,
the cooing of Pigeons,
the lights of dawn,
the barking of Dogs,
the strutting of Night watchers,
Sleep my City, sleep.
The encroachment in buses,
the swarming in the metro,
the greenery of campus,
the taste of vendors,
the parties of hostels,
the insolvency of Professors,
the nightmarish assignments,
the nervous breakdown during presentations
Awake my City, awake.
The expectancy of the future,
the bleakness of presence,
the joy of the past.
The inclusive life,
the boundaries of morbidity,
the reckless governance,
the gory politics,
Act my people, act.

Positivity

It's you, it's inside you, it's into you, it's up to you.
At last, only you can decide.
At last, only you can divide.
At most, only you can devise.
At least, only you can distract.
No one is here to make you strong.
No one is here to gauge your strength.
No one is here to shield the sword.
It's up to you.
It's inside you.
It held in, the depth of impurity, the destruction of
evils.
It is held by, the source of purity, the sight of morality.
It's up to you.
It's inside you.
The blessing of the Divine, the bust of the Devil.
The peace of mind, the piles of heart.
The serenity of Heaven, the sycophancy of Hell.
The sacrifice of Humanity, the sacrilege of Insanity.
It's up to you.
It's inside you.
You have Ram and Ravana inside you.
You have Right and wrong beside you.
You are the sailor.
You are the ship.

You are the air.
You are the mast.
Don't grow like weeds.
Swim like a whale, reign like a shark.
It's up to you.
It's inside you.

Amigo

Back then, I didn't realize it.
Amigo, your place defines your existence.
Your root determines your future.
Back then, hurriedly I left the place of Birth.
I left the place of growth.
Amigo, there is no match for your School Days.
There is no comparison of your childhood chums.
Back then, ambitiously I shifted to New cities.
Occasionally, I visited.
An abstract feeling of those eighteen years.
There is no going back.
Back then, I didn't count.
There, I spent one/two months of a year.
When did it happen?
Alas, Parents touched 60s.
Amigo, there is no remote control of time.
Was I searching for a speed breaker?
When did it happen?
A few days ago, I sat for the Tenth Board.
How far have I reached, where do I stand?
Amigo, this existence is ephemeral.
I took the shape of an aging body in the soul of
someone else.
Why did it happen?
Like a migratory bird, I traveled.

Little moments, I stored in.
Like a fish, I swam.
A jug of water, I hold on.
Like a Butterfly, I flew.
A bucket of color, I stocked.
Amigo, heterogeneous identity has pores.
How did it happen?

Self Love

Odour of Books, the sound of Rain, the flight of Birds.
Methought, wrapped in the bed sheets, dangled in
the corner stops.

Behold, outside of windows.

I captured the essence of Beauty.

I bathed in the bounty of Nature.

Dance of Leaves, the color of Flora, the fleet of Fauna.

I sketch doppelgangers of species.

I traveled in the lap of Nature.

Waves of Ocean, movement of Beaches, zigzag of
Mountains.

I am the daughter of Island.

I am the daughter of Wetland.

The flow of Wind, Sunrise, Sunset.

Somewhere, I get lost in the Love of Star.

Somewhere, I'm pensive in the lost Lust of Moon.

I am the daughter of Desert.

I am the daughter of Oasis.

Sing in the washroom, dance on the road.

Sleep on Terrace, and sit on the railing.

Walk at midnight, and run in the early morning.

Let's live with our hidden selves.

Let's fall in love with yourself.

University Hostel for Women

Four blocks, adjacent to each other.
Every block has four floors.
Every floor has multiple rooms,
divided by a balcony and common lanes.
Each washroom has an oval-shaped mirror.
Had an Eden Garden.
The mess had a square structure.
The administration was lousy.
Grand parties were rare.
Politics was at its height.
Rumors kill time.
Dominance rules at someplace.
Some qualified, some cracked.
Some ruled, some ruined.
Some were chain smokers; some depended on Tea.
The dynamic was Time, and Static was space.
Every morning, we wake up, and the cacophonic
sound of gong reigns.
Each day, we had college and Institute on time.
The schedules were perfect.
Had breakfast, lunch, snacks, and dinner on time.
Early morning, we kept time for gym and phone calls.
Post dinner, had a healthy walk and talked with my
balcony mates.
Some nights, had the wonderful experience of a Tea

stall,

And pictures by the roadside.

Some evenings had a Pajama party.

Super juniors turned out to be soul sisters.

Seniors turned out to advisors during times of crisis.

Facilities were many, from laundry to Press.

The system was a bit slower.

Still, those were the best days.

Still, those were unique people.

Few

Few essentials, I strive, drive, and thrive for.
With few schedules, I learn, laugh, and live for.
Few hours, I eat, pray, and love.
For a few days, I read, recalled, and remembered.
Few habits, I earned, enjoyed, and entertained.
Few people, I met, mingled and mesmerized.
Few aims, I achieved, acquired, and acquainted with.
Few lives, I imitated, inspired, and ignited.
Few years, I grew, grabbed, and generalized.
Few fruits, I chewed, ate, and digested.
Few foods, I tried, toasted and trivialized.
Few clothes, I purchased, wore, and distributed.
A few heels, I used, recycled, and retrieved.
With few wishes, I chased, caught, and cracked.
Few qualities, I adopted, acquired, and admired.
Few hobbies, I elaborated, exhibited, and exhilarated.
I am many in a few. I am few in many.
I am past, I am present.
The past is me; the future is me.
I am you; you are me.
I am here, I am there.
I am everywhere.
I am light inside you.
I am dark behind you.
I am death, I am life.
I am me.

May I?

May I know you? May I know me?
May I ask you to stop here and now?
May I let you know; May I hide my existence within
you?

May I beseech you, take every birth for me? May I
love you?

May I pause the time here and now?

May I celebrate every day like Today?

May you crave for me, like I do.

May you worship me, as I pray for you.

May you measure, inches of me?

May you weigh the mass of me.

May you burn, as I do?

May you turn into ashes, as I do.

May I love you?

May you engrave a sculpture of me?

May you draw a picture of me.

May I watch, your move?

May I wear you?

May I walk with you?

May I promise? May I love you?

Possessions are infinite.

Obsessions are indefinite.

He remains the desire.

She remains devoted.

I'm here to sing a song

Take away or take your way.
Rules, I followed. Lessons, I learned.
Paths, I carved. Destiny, I engraved.
Lines, I drew. Maps, I sketched.
Restrictions, I abided by. Regulations, I am guided
by.

Take away or take your way.
Lessons are ample.
None followed, none experienced.
Exemplars are many.
None adopted, none engrasped.
Mistakes are ignored. Mishappen averted.
None observed, none rectified.
Take away or take your way.
No one is here to guide you in the dark alley.
No one is here to show you the forbidden route.
You, yourself are your guide.
You, yourself are your light.
Lit the candle, or the candle will light you.
Burn the matchstick, or the matchstick will burn you.
Be the one in millions.
Be the one in zillions.
Take away or take your way.
You, yourself are the torchbearer.
You, yourself are the hell bearer.

Put on the sword, and fight the war.
Rinse the water, and wash the remains.
Victory is all yours.
The trophy is all mine.
Win the race, win the divine.
Lose the chance, lose the sight.
I'm here to sing a song.
I'm here to burn you alive.

Just like that

Play within a play.
A story within a story.
Dream within a dream.
Just like that,
Let me love you.
Room within a room.
Campus within a campus.
Just like that,
Let me love you.
You are yours.
I am all yours.
The earth beneath us,
Mountain beyond us,
The sky behind us,
Fury amidst us.
Just like that,
Let me love you.
We are ashes.
We are us.
Grills with spikes.
Doors with chains.
Windows with nets.
We are soil.
We are water.
Grow a plant.

Grow a life.
Just like that,
Let me love you.
If this happens once.
Let me choose you.
If this happens twice.
Let me choose you over again.
If this happens thrice.
Let me come to you all over again.
Just like that,
Let me love you.

I've crossed the Universe for you

I've crossed the Universe for you.

If you could do the same.

I've left behind Haven.

If you could do the same for me.

I've forgotten the ambition.

If you could do the same.

I've lost my existence.

If you could do the same for me.

I've missed the passion.

If you could do the same.

I prioritized you.

If you could do the same for me.

Surpassed the crisis.

Conquered the battle.

Took another birth.

I came again,

Like thunder.

Like a fire,

I came again.

Like a wave,

I've found myself.

Will you do the same?

I've succeeded.

Will you do the same?

I am content.

Can you?

I am stable.

Can you?

Quest for your esteem within you.

Quest for your spirit within you.

Rest are mere illusions.

Rest are mere delusions.

Welcome

Folks are aliens, and Planets are obscure.
Men are mortals, Women are commoners.
Kids are pure, Parents are impure.
The abundance of currency, the rarity of emotions.
Welcome to the land of Humans.
Bungalows are frequent, homes are infrequent.
Switch the planets, and reshuffle the chambers.
Conjoined the folks, construct the Genesis.
Engrave the new path, embroider the silk route.
Put your feet on the newfound land.
Put your hearts on the new generation.
Welcome to the land of Love.
Plant your efforts on the interbreed.
Plant your souls on the sprout.
Switch the composition of bodies.
Reshuffle the components of souls.
Welcome to the world of imagination.
Welcome to the world of hibernation.

Deep down, it is you

Destination is one, routes are many.
Soulmate is one, Lovers are many.
The aim is one, desires are many.
I'm road, I'm turn, I'm circle.
I'm an ocean, I'm a river, I'm a pond.
Deep down, it is you.
The book is one, covers are many.
Pen is one, inks are many.
Room is one, apartments are many.
The chair is one, tables are many.
I'm cushion, I'm pillow, I'm blanket.
I'm brick, I'm soil, I'm water.
Deep down, it is you.
Union is one, marriages are many.
The choice is one, options are many.
Photograph is one, collages are many.
Class is one, lectures are many.
I'm air, I'm fire, I'm sky.
Deep down, it is you.
Merges, diverges, bursts.
Boils, melts, cracks.
Into the wild.
Into the forest.

Men's beauty

Men's beauty can be as deadly as slaying.
Men can be as tantalizing as Red wine.
Men's silence is as profound as women's words.
In Men's world, women are abstract.
In Women's world, men are concrete.
Turn your camera on.
Move your eyes in front.
Witness Men and their beauty.
Decide on your own.
What fantasizes you more?
Is it his Intelligence?
Is it his behavior?
Or, his skin tone.
Or, his bank note.
Is it his loyalty?
Is it his soul?
Or, his name.
Or, his fame.
Is it his talk?
Is it his walk?
Or, his wand.
Or, his brand.
Is it his moustache?
Is it his beard?
Or, his mask.

Or, his task.
Is it his hair?
Is it his height?
Is it his personality?
Is it his voice?
Is it his sharp nose?
Is it his shaped lips?
Love the man.
Love the divine.
Beauty is infinite.
And, infinity is mine.

Ballet

She spins on the rhythm of his lyre.
She moves and moves.
She covers his aura in her circle.
She melts and rises.
She runs and surrounds him in her tides.
She is rhetoric, language reigns her dreams.
She is prosody, metre stitches her movement.
She unearths his heartbeat and lifts her body.
She touches the heavenly muse.
She moves and moves.
He creates his lyre on her body.
She removes her skin and mixes the blood.
They move one in two, two in one.
She twists and turns.
He has ups and downs.
They fight, they win.
She overpowers him, he undermines her cult.
I'm idols, I'm worship, I'm prayer.
She moves and moves.
He plays flute, and she transforms.
Ballet, ballet, and ballet, she moans.

Doctor and Professor

From toothbrushes to towels.
From bedroom to washroom.
From my library to your Clinic.
From my web series to your classics.
From my Deodorant collections to your Perfume
choices.

From my Silk saree to your White apron.

From my shorts to your boxers.

From my circle to your patients.

From my Novels to your Medicines.

From my chats to your calls.

From my Yoga to your gymnastics.

From my sleep to your snoring.

From my white to your black.

From headphones to your stethoscope.

From my Questions to your Answers.

We'll love in between these.

You'll be mine and I'll be yours.

Today

Today, I'll love you like never before.

Since I captured your aura in my skin.

You smelled like me.

Today, I'll make you love me like never before.

You touched me.

Since I ripped your heart into pieces.

I found my name, on every plate.

Today, I'll curb momentarily, Time and Space.

You felt me.

Since I disjointed your ribs, transfused my blood into
your veins.

I found desire.

Today, I'll hurt you, never like before.

You won me.

Each word, every language, any script. Our Love is
indefinable.

Senorita

Fantasy and imagination, ways of weaving day and night.

Easier to forget, and much easier to forgive.

Try once Senorita.

Stress and pressure, ways of living moment and movement.

Easier to let it go, and much easier to never hold it.

Try once Senorita.

Read and write, ways to survive the ground and around.

Easier to be judged, and much easier to never judge.

Think once Senorita.

Silence and words, ways of bonding week and year.

Easier to break, and much easier to carry forward.

Feel once Senorita.

Break glass of our psyche.

Break the wall of our conversation.

Fly Senorita.

Fire and Blood

It's been a journey of fire and blood.

Drenched and Unsatiated.

Wasn't lost entirely, but looted at every stance.

A year, blessed was the ambiance.

And then, the Hunger Games began.

Manoeuvring, neither trilogy came out as a result nor sequel.

Ambition died; passion strangulated, but there were those undying soulful whims.

It's been a war of thrones.

Bloody and banal.

Easier to give up.

Tougher to continue.

Entirely yours.

This is the way, I love

It pricks in my mind. Deteriorating.
Waist crumbles down.
Eyes were swollen.
Felt the essence of pain.
Legs were breaking apart.
This is what, I call Self-possession.
Fantasized Death.
Don't we feel the everlasting fragrance of self-love?
Dreamt a dream about a dream.
I was on my toes, dancing like a ballerina.
Sighs. Hallucination.
His absence exorcised her presence.
I fell on the glass ceiling.
Unabashedly, she was laughing and bleeding.
This is the way, I love.
And, this is the way, I live...

Room

If I can ask these walls.
Will they revert?
In the same way, I asked so many people.
They refused to talk about emotions.
Every place echoes every corner resonance.
It hurts.
Room, balcony, floor, stairs, mess, garden...
If I can say, will they understand?
Communication is rare.
Place displaces. Feeling wrecks.
I wonder, how it passed,
eighteen months.
It seems like one night.
It went so fast.
There will be a new habitat, a new connection.
But it won't be without.

Imagine! Organize, reorganize

Imagine! Organize, reorganize.
Yeah, somewhere between this and that.
Some way, in and out.
I Dunno. Maybe I'll know someday.
Imagine! It won't be hilarious.
Tragicomic. Someone is there.
State of mind.
Hitting, busting.
Cracking voice, modulation in the lyre.
It comes, It goes.
I stand and stare. Cannibalism is spare.
Calories, an edible Man.
Buoyant, has he?
I learned the thermodynamics of Love.
Electric, wire, current, and voltage.
He runs.
Dare to love, dare to dismantle, and dare to
reorganize.
Simpleton, fallen, wounded.
Dunno. Enough to unfurl.
Love, love, and love.
He is she; She is he.
Ours...

I'm here

People come; people go.
Life goes on and on.
Some stay, some stray.
Life never stops.
Live life, and laugh a lot.
Who knows, who cares?
I'm here.
Heartbreaks, emotion wastage.
Some betrayal, some loyalty.
Keep it forever, if ever.
I'm here.
He remembered; she had forgotten.
He came, and she moved on.
Life goes on.
Love for love's sake.
Friends for life's sake.
Family for God's sake.
Sisters for strength's sake.
Repeat it till the end.
I stopped to think about it again.
It began with fun and frolic.
It'll end on teary notes...

If You

If you love the foul smell of his breath.

You are insanely in Love.

If you love his coarse voice.

You are in.

If you go nut on his singing.

If you dream about him night and day.

If you love his dirty clothes to look at.

If you love his bad habits.

I tell you; you are insanely...

If you don't fall for any other man ever.

If you just want him forever.

If you stay happy without any reason.

If you are hellish and weird.

If you deeply feel at home whenever with him.

If you think you are perfectly abnormal.

If you talk rubbish over the phone.

If your coupling is antique.

If your smile, health, career, and family remain a priority for him.

Grab him, do it now. Don't let him go.

He must be imperfect, but he is the right one for an attic like You...



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