



CLAIRVOYANCE

The last thing on earth is never the last,
A change only, the old one's rust;
The last thing always does starts,
Clairvoyance for the dog that bark.

Corporal gnarled – the left alone,
Influxes from our tomorrow and the next;
And persistence scotches the succulent memory,
Now I will start sorely.

Vervain your vestibule – I passed,
Even though that was my last;
No university of life exist,
If you follow the rhythm we all last.

Conditioned mindset you know,
We break again – we bow;
Something absurd but wholesome fear,
Those basics I still bear.

The only road I foresee,
Someone for this jester at the edge;
Smooth and roughness I can sledge,
All my memories buried in my bed.

Now for the Vagabond

So call troth (faith) of the vagrant
Turned around in the cycling moves;
Somewhere from the aloofness of this lullaby,
And the lumbago still is domineering.
The colours one by one,
Timed out from the sky;
Darkness in the ageing blues,
But the Ponderings still high.
Do sometimes those eyes lie?
A vagabond rusted the folios of destiny;
Dilemma out of fortunes survive,
And he denies.

Some justice though out of books,
Real out coming overlooked;
And the elusive vagabond speaks,
Sometimes he sneaks.
Heat triggered hard on the ice;
And blown to ashes;
The Nights and the moon slaughtered,
Daylight trapped and captured.
Love frustrated and agonised;
That dirty ragamuffin thundered,
And some one ventured;
Blow by blow he slows.

An ultimate reason ends with a question,
Never answered, though now
Some beatitude is expectorant
And my deportment supposedly filtered;
I know the gloaming,
And the falsehood within the pulse;
The faience somehow cracked, Earthenware decorated with colorful opaque glazes
The last oppressed is now my impulse;
We for the Milky Way and more,
Caring though for the life it bore;
Your jingoism – but one soul,
Long journey for me and more.

Sometimes circumstances pretend,
And the satire all versed;
But what is for the premises left?

Workaholics- after the dying slaves,
Almost all percept a calculation;
And the ovary filled,
Though for the fluid of life;
A result of endless perennial nights,
Lady – the motivation is now over ruled,
And the vagabond again lost;
The only thing now to boast,
Nymph – The fractured soul after some love.

Jilted Reminiscence

Where sometimes those legs speak,
And moves to the door steps;
Retards backs with a clatter,
Some clatters still in this heart;

How things have changed,
Days with my cronies are diminutive;
Nights perennial and haunting,
Those melancholy strains are daunting,

Alas! Those thorny leaves,
Never did pinch;
For the flower it bore,
And the vagabond to the shore;

Swineherd the gardens you plough,
And the animals you reared;
Forsaken their destiny once more,
Blood – out of some pore.

My Caballero

There is a blissful beauty in your face,
You tend to hide behind that shadowy maze;
You tend to move with night – unrest,
Tonight I saw you in your best dress.

The king's men are in the hunt,
Today - Run your weapon is blunt;
I will hone them when you are back,
Today – save yourself from this livid attack.

For thousand nights I will wait,
For my dainty knight at the gate;
Even if I perished or you get late,
I will be there in the heavenly gate.

Today I see your divine match,
The Gods are here to see you combat;
Earth will remember your glorious death,
And heaven opens its gate.

TOMORROW

Fisherman – Your boat is drifting,
Take my hand, bring it ashore.
Inalienable hardship at work,
Never known to my hungry fork.

Army man – Your march is tiring,
Take my feet and my boots – make your trip.
Those icy thorns pricks you everywhere,
Ignorant habitat here let me be there.

Courtesan – There is someone at the door,
Tonight let me go, you mend your sore.
Happiness sold in this market of deaths,
Dream abandoned nights for tasteless breads.

Mother – Don't let your child grow,
Let it be there at your breast.
Those vultures and ugly Crow
There is still a tomorrow

I NEVER SAW

**I never saw the snowflakes,
I have never been to the peaks,
I never saw the ocean,
Never been to a land where it resides.
The River - my companion,
Never saw the foundation,
I hope to see the end some day
Cause I plan to see the sea
I never saw those eyes,
But I know the fear within;
Of loss and hardship,
When they sail the warship.
I never know that language,
But I can feel the odium;
I am the kill today,
Few more breadths, if escaped.
I will never see the snowflakes,
Nor the Ocean;
The River – Not my chum now;
In this tiny cell – my home now.
Waiting for my turn in isolation,
Darkness sometimes makes you look inside,
Sometimes makes you gather courage;
Courage to die, don't even know the time and age.**

ELUSIVE NYMPH

Working In a paddock,
I heard a sweet ditty;
It's indeed a fairy's song,
Sharing the nature, a bit of her beauty.
I threw my hatchet in a haste,
Went up the hummock in search of the guest.
I saw the lily bright.
But the owner never in my sight.
I crossed the gorge,
And I crossed the ford.
I saw the leafy thistle,
I saw the naughty squerrel;
I came closer and closer,
To the sound of some clatter;
What's this, its only the sound,
The owner of it I never found.

CHILD?

Parents - Outcome of a Child.

Child - Outcome of Parents?

Outcome of love?

Outcome of time?

Outcome of timing?

Outcome of Needs?

Outcome of Deeds?

Death - outcome of Life.

Life - Outcome of death?

Outcome of breath?

Outcome of nature?

Outcome of the wild?

Or Outcome of a Child?

Love - Outcome of the heart.

Heart - Outcome of Love?

Outcome of knowledge?

Outcome of a child?

World flattend by time;

Melting ice in the lava of crime.

Logic Personified to the core;

All outcome of a Child.

COMPTE RENDU

Hollo Pollo nescient today.
Their life in a suitcase
crosses borders from savage soil
into habitats - Plight untold.
Fear and accomplishment juxtaposed.
Shame and relief, young and old.
Many a promises being sold
cloudy moonlight - your story unfolds.
Back in time with stone age truth
fights for flesh
Oh ! The colour of the brook.
Heaven or hell - know not they. They pray.
New land found, years from now.
Yesterday's tomorrows lost in today.
Why change pluto and not our fate?
Rising water its not late.
Good old days, let's find our place.

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