



*The Faded Dreams*

*&*

*Other Poems*

*Ravinder Kumar Soni*



# The Faded Dreams

and other poems

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& Other Poems  
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Select Poems  
Of  
Ravinder Kumar Soni



## \*Listen To The Emptiness

True,

I must listen to the emptiness

That is within me

And surrounds me all the time,

Then I can know where I belong,

Why I live and die, and procrastinate

My rides and tides.

## \*My Poem

Past midnight, as we stepped  
On to the empty dark street  
I heard him recite my poem  
That I wrote only three days ago.  
'To ward off fear,' he softly said  
'I read aloud your lines.'



## \*The Faded Dreams

Faded dreams  
That is all now I have  
As memories  
Bitter and cold  
Sans delight.  
They have seen me through  
The roughest and toils  
The daily grinds  
And seasonal bites  
Retaining their hold  
Keeping me whole  
In a vestibule  
Narrow and dark.

Emerge from it  
I will one day  
To see the sun  
Glow brilliantly  
As ever before.

## \*The Book

The book, my dear Father,  
The one I hold in my right hand,  
It is the same  
Old orange calico bound book  
You gave to me on my 12<sup>th</sup> birthday,  
I am now preparing to celebrate  
My 76<sup>th</sup> this year;  
Then, I had just learnt to read and write.  
Your gift does not contain fables  
Or heroic tales of adventures,  
It talks of waging wars  
Against the unrighteous,  
About controlling and calming  
Mental tendencies and turbulence,  
Discovering own strength and morality,  
Finding a forgotten self;  
All this couched in simple terms  
The entire process is simple.  
I have followed those guidelines

But you did not stay long enough to guide me

Till its end

Now I have no one to tell me

Whether I have reached that end.

O, Father! Why did you leave me alone?

To fight this world of extremes!

## \*No One Believes Me

No one believes me.

I have just returned

From the other side of the sun,

No one believes me.

I should not speak about my travels

From one end of the universe to the other,

The journeys that I make all alone

To strange worlds.

Maybe

I should not tell them what lies in the Beyond -

A sea of delight;

Their small reach

Does not allow them to believe me.

## \*On A Wet Morning

On a wet morning  
Scared of getting drenched  
He did not venture outdoors  
To go to work;  
It had been raining since midnight.  
He was disturbed  
By the speeding gallop of falling raindrops  
Striking hard and noisily the tin-shed, he called  
his home,  
The ruckus caused did not let him go to sleep  
And,  
The day had dawned rather late.  
By then, he had grown tired  
Counting the remaining minutes to sunrise.  
The dampness of the air  
And the loneliness in his room  
Was extracting its toll,  
He was feeling drowsy  
And, badly needed sleep.

His morning cup of tea could wait,  
He was fond of preparing green tea.  
With this thought creeping in  
He rolled over and went to sleep.

## \*Begin With Me

I thought  
My long wait is over,  
The solution found  
I need no longer pay heed  
To the approaching footfalls  
Nor listen to the old songs  
Or stories often told;  
Now,  
A voice, loud and clear,  
Asks me to retrace my steps  
And commence the beginning  
That began with me.

## \*Find My Perch

O My fanciful thoughts!

Do not pick on me,

Be fair to me,

Please do not berate me,

Do not call me lazy or maimed,

I am neither.

You gave me the reason to live,

Because of you, I survive.

You made me bury my past,

Look forward to the future

And count my little gains.

You have brought me very far,

Now do not displace me

Or injure my pride

For having walked the path

Paved by you

Curious and investigating.

Keep me adrift,



Make me fly and roam the sky,  
Let me find my perch.

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