



THE TORRENT

FROM MY SOUL

*Poems of A Born Dreamer*

SANA ROSE

# **THE TORRENT FROM MY SOUL**

*Poems of a Born Dreamer*

**SANA ROSE**

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ISBN: 9781311790446  
Special PDF Edition

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*For All Those Who Dared To Dream...*

*For All Those Who Cared To Smile...*

*For My Teddy Bear, For Being The First One Of Both...*

*Love, S.R.*

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## **ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS**

I extend my gratitude, first to the Almighty, for every dream I could realize.

To my parents for being there. To my brother, Jasir, for being him. To Hanan for her love and support and Jawhar for all the fun at home.

To Labeeb, for loving me just like that with all my imperfections and absurdities, and still believing the best in me and always giving me a shoulder when I feel weak.

To my respected teachers, who guided me through, in one way or another. It doesn't necessarily have to be just about this book.

To my best friends ever, Heslin Jabbar and Haya Faraz, for reaching across time and distance and being there for me always, for loving me so much, for the beautiful memories of school life that make me want to go back and never return.

To Robyn Selters, my Loving Angel from Oz, for reaching across seas and lands, for having an email of comfort every time I wanted a hug, for listening to me and making me feel

better when I was lost, for being a mother to me when I was confused, a wonderful supporter of my works, for being so selfless and sweet. Robyn, you are one of the few best people I ever met in my life. I can't thank you enough.

To Elias, for being patient with me when I'm cheesy. I mean, for being a ruthless critic with a liking to my writing.

And last, but not the least, to you, reader, for caring enough to pick this book...

With All My Love,

S.R.

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## THE PROLOGUE

*“I never wanted to be a sad poet,  
But that's what I always seem to get...  
Though sadness makes the sweetest song,  
It's joy unbound that my poems long...”*

*The Torrent from My Soul* has always been the title of the collection of my poems ever since I began writing them at 13, because I knew I didn't want to stop.

*The Torrent from My Soul* reflects the thoughts, joys, sorrows, love, hopes and dreams of a young woman common to most of the young people but made different by the way she chose to express it - Poetry...

*The Torrent from My Soul* is sometimes a search for bliss... Sometimes a letting-go of heart-breaks... Sometimes, acceptance of changes... Sometimes a quest for True Love and sometimes Love itself...

*The Torrent from My Soul* is yet sometimes not a torrent, but a stagnant pond, where when you look in, you can see the reflections of a born dreamer or when you toss a pebble, you can see the ripples that ebb...

And as you sail in this Torrent, you can see most of what I held all these years...

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## **PEN AND PAPER – A MIRROR**

Stars are spangled in the skies  
That are dark, vast and hollow,  
But it's different from my heart...

There's not a single glimmer  
Of starry joy in my heart which  
Is dark and hollow as the skies...

Words are cruel to be like this,  
So easily breaking as twigs,  
And their worth I do miss...

Cruel is that desire that drank  
Me and my love to quench  
The thirst in which you sank...

Flowers of anticipation  
Just made me realize how far  
Anticipations were reliable...

That friction between our hearts  
Which is put out forever  
Haunts me all through the nights...

And I learned some petty things;  
Treasures for my life-long deals,  
And some sense they do bring...

Hopes are nothing but dreams...  
And those dreams are anything else  
But fruits I can reach...

Peace is more or less hopeless,  
For it's something to be realized,  
And I know not what that thing is...

Joy can no more show rays  
Of brightness in my mind,  
For bliss is anywhere but near...

Grieves do have a place  
In every walk of my life,  
For all I seek is solace...

Things are too far to reach  
That I get no grip on myself;  
Oh, things are on a slippery ground...

Loveliness is lost elsewhere:  
It disappeared holding the hand  
Of tenderness, its comrade...

Common sense flickers there,  
As rarely as happiness does,  
And all are in dark dungeons...

That mirror has a gleam,  
Reflecting my life so truly,  
For it's just a pen and paper...

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## POETIZED

I'm addicted  
To the witchery  
Of poetry...

I'm lured  
To the embrace  
Of poetic phase...

I'm seduced  
By the captive arm  
Of the poetic charm...

I'm imprisoned  
In the chained cage  
Of poetic rage...

I'm imbibed  
By the suction pressure  
Of poetic pleasure...



I'm 'Poetized'

To my soul's end

Every other moment...

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## THE POEM

Like a poem, often life is -  
You begin to perceive it,  
And you find it's ending...  
A bit, a lot... then another bit,  
You learn more and you're finding  
The horrible truths of haunting  
Realities of life, The Poem...  
The Poem that can't always  
Be sung in the tune you like...  
The poem written by God  
For each of us in unique ways...  
And that poem I'm reading,  
The same thing I'm perceiving  
But, as day by day wanes off,  
There I see... the three dots  
Of immature end, so sad...  
That's what the old world  
Is going to witness now on...  
As verse by verse I read,  
Tear by tear, fill my eyes...  
Beat by beat, tires my heart...  
Moment by moment, in the noisy silence,

We're getting closer and more...  
But then I reach the last verse,  
And realize that, by every moment  
We are growing closer to each other,  
We are getting closer to that time -  
The time of end, of departure...

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## WHEN I DREAM ABOUT YOU

When flowers bloom,  
As the nature's tears kiss 'em-  
When water lilies dance,  
As the rivulets gurgle with 'em-  
When floral scents spread,  
As the breeze blows with 'em-  
When I open my eyelids slowly,  
As the time flows by soundly-  
My dreams get alert,  
And glide throughout the sky...  
And cross the mountain,  
And sprout like a fountain...  
My dreams about you, too, awake  
In the morn, along with me...  
And they wander in glee  
Once more around  
All the paths they had trodden  
Last night,  
In the moonlight...  
But again my dreams are  
In the next moment gone  
To some romantic paradise,

Where I 'n' you are alone...  
And I could see you there  
Wandering like a dove,  
Looking for his comrade elsewhere...  
But I was wandering farther,  
Among multitudes of blossoms,  
Just like you, dreaming...  
Thirsty to see you,  
Craving to reach you...  
But came the next moment,  
And everything came to an end...  
I witnessed you dwindle away  
In the mist that lay  
Far across the multitudes  
Of colorful blossoms...  
And all I could do was  
Gift myself with a bunch  
Of many a heavenly blossom  
That was all around me...  
And my heart was filled with some  
Sort of unnatural glee...

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## **TO THE ONE WHO SHATTERED MY DREAMS**

Wafting in the skies of my dreams  
Were two lovely doves...  
No doubt, they were you and me  
Just about to step  
Into the maze of life,  
Where more cruel is time,  
And timeless is love;  
Where timeless is time itself,  
Being a dreadful illusion...  
There halt we in confusion,  
In the midst of the dark labyrinth!  
You find it hard, I see...  
Or is it just for a moment?  
For sure, a moment's enough  
To decide it for us...  
At that we may laugh,  
And for that we may cry...  
But how you cleverly left  
My heart in pain is incredible!  
It is waning, though slowly,  
But still I can't think of it...  
Don't ya remember, my love?

Those glances filled with-  
Oh, sure, I mean it -  
Those glances filled with-  
No, I shan't say more of it,  
For, they're no more there  
In my now-congested heart...  
Now that you're gone  
From the trench of my heart,  
A hole has gradually born  
Where you used to be...  
A hollow heart is weeping,  
And my dreams lie shattered  
All over, with a broken wing -  
No, they can't fly anymore...  
'Hey, what are you talking about?'  
Oh, sure, I mean it -  
I know I shall utter it,  
For they'll hover there forever -  
That broken wing of my dreams,  
Which wafted as a dove...  
Now, lost is its love,  
And cuddles it there alone,  
All alone, as those old  
And blown-up dreams...

You're cruel, I say,  
Without a reason, yet with one...  
Well, that was a clever path  
You chose in the maze of life...  
Too clever for me, I think,  
That I just can't accept it...  
Now that you're gone  
Far away from me,  
I don't know why,  
But I feel so much free...  
The bond in our chemistry  
Has snapped forever...  
What happened in our history  
Are being forgotten for good...  
But, still, I know you -  
You find it hard, I see,  
'Cause that much deep  
We've dug each other's hearts,  
And that much we have  
On each other as truth...  
Cut it out, I say;  
What has it got for us anyway,  
Now that we are more than  
Unknown to each other...?



I don't care for it anymore;  
I shall never, I dare say,  
'Cause memories have undergone  
A process called 'fermentation',  
In my words, for I learn science...  
You get what I mean?  
Every sweet memory  
Of our splendid history  
Have turned out to be sour...  
Just as milk becomes curd  
Is the fermentation of memories...  
Don't ye think so,  
Now - not - my - love?  
Those moments that we saw... -  
Oh, sure, I mean it -  
Those moments that we saw...  
No, I shan't spell more of it,  
For, they are most unbearable  
And the hardest to recall...  
I know, we do - sometimes,  
But as every good thing is,  
It is a rarity, too...

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## A MATTER OF LIFE

As rust eats the iron bars  
Of the gates to an unused land,  
Disappointment eats my mind  
That sleeps behind the bars  
Of the gates to a free world...  
Drenched in its own sweat  
In the struggle to get out,  
And in thirst for love and care  
Is this hazed mind...

You don't know what it's like  
To be crushed in between  
Depression and disappointment,  
Hatred and revenge,  
Anger and something else, too,  
That I don't know yet;  
Do you? - I'm sure you don't,  
Or you wouldn't have done it...  
Reason is what I want,  
Though it's not logic...

Reason is what I ask from you,  
'Cause it's real life  
That you turned into an illusion...  
It's what had to be a life-long deal  
That you cut in a split of time...  
It's my rising hopes  
That you declared as the most hopeless...  
It's my sweetest dreams  
That you turned into haunting nightmares...

It's my loving heart  
That you titled 'valueless'...  
It's my precious time  
That you wasted all the while...  
It's my valuable words  
That you put upside down...  
It's my bend-less conscience  
That you bewitched for your desire...  
It's a matter of patience  
That you judged you can't wait for...

It's the biggest promise  
That you ever did make and break...  
It's the strongest word

That you proved to be the weakest...  
It's the hardest-to-believe ending  
That you made everyone believe...  
It's your image blotted  
That you made in the mirror of minds...  
Again, it's a matter of life,  
A matter of time and words,  
That you mystified fully,  
In a matter of a split of time,  
By a matter of a thoughtless choice,  
Which, you didn't know, would really turn  
Every single thing unfair,  
Because, again, it's a matter of life -  
It's a pure matter of life...

## WITH TEARS OF GRIEF

Hark ye! Hark to me...!  
I really need someone to...  
I'm heartbroken, you see,  
And I feel ignored, truly I do...

I didn't sense the metamorphosis  
That took place on the stage  
Of my life, drowned in crisis,  
Oh, dear! I'm in rage...!

Little did I see the difference  
In the usual things in life,  
Till I got the real sense  
That matters were in strife...

I'm all right, they said,  
And I wanted to believe that...  
But I'm not fine in head,  
It's clear even through a hat...

It's said there are two of a kind;  
I mean the tears from our eyes,

With which the heart is in bind;  
The tears streaming when a heart cries...

One that comes when you're sad,  
Like streams, on your red cheeks...  
The other glinting when you're glad,  
When your heart finds the bliss it seeks...

But, dear, my tears are always one -  
Tears of sorrow, tears of grief,  
When rises and sets the golden sun,  
Rarely giving me any relief...

Is there a meaning for any of these?  
Tell me, ye, who harks to me...  
Is there a truth that's called peace?  
Tell me, dear, "Hopeful your hopes shall be..."

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## THINK BEFORE YOU LEAP

In the midst of deep sorrows  
In my heart's burrows,  
I saw a gleaming pearl,  
Of happiness, I guess...  
I touched it gently with  
The fingertip of my desire,  
And felt it was warm;  
No, I don't feel a bit calm...

That gleaming pearl is a tear  
Of almost everything I feel  
Just now in this lone,  
When I myself don't know  
How pensive my state seemed  
Thinking without a reason...  
"After all," I asked myself,  
"Should I tell YOU a reason?"

How odd my life seems now!  
I wonder at it always...  
Though I don't know how,  
All is well that ends well!

Oh, like a fool, I just began  
Living right, when things can  
Be more different from what I learnt  
From my mistakes in the past...

How even my life could have been!  
Only if I'd had enough sense  
To guess what I did was nutty,  
I wouldn't have had to regret...  
You wonder what's this all about?  
I know it, but can't tell you what,  
For I want to drive them all out  
Of my head and feel limpid...

"Think twice before you leap..."  
Is what I got to tell you all,  
'Cause, that is what I learnt from it...  
But ask me not what it is,  
For I can't tell you with that ease,  
But just that it was a foolishness  
That I did when I crossed a road  
Of life, not looking left or right...

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## THE SONG OF LONELINESS

Loneliness came with a wicked smile,  
With clawed hands that killed,  
And a hot breath that burned,  
And sang, 'I make you senile,  
And I'm the ultimate freedom...  
I make you senile and sterile,  
I haunt your happy moments,  
I make you feel dreadful,  
I make you finally crumple  
Into a basket-case of boredom.  
And then you know that, to live,  
You must call it freedom...

I sprout as lovely poetry  
And let off your senses to  
Play smart games with you...  
When you're in a crowd of friends,  
Even then you could feel alone,  
For, anywhere, I can be your mate...  
To make me a part of your life,  
It's not a hardship and never late...

Whenever you feel you're not heard,  
Seen, understood or even cared,  
I'm the mate you can always count upon...  
For, I'm there when you sit alone  
By rushing rivulets in the woods,  
Counting your seconds to push' em off;  
And when you stand against the waves  
On the sea-shore, gazing far off...  
And when you shout from the cliff  
Where the only sounds are echoes,  
And your cries return to you...

I'm there with you all the while,  
When you feel you're no more wanted...'  
Loneliness sang and made me smile...  
Now its smile wasn't as wicked as it seemed;  
It was merely calm, with power  
That no other feeling had...  
Perhaps, loneliness seems cruel  
To give us the feeling that death  
Was a lot better than solitude...

'But, remember, ' Loneliness sang to me,  
'When no man is your friend,

When no one cares, hears, you see,  
I, Loneliness, is your only mate,  
To be with you whatever you do,  
Wherever you are, however you are...  
Whenever you are and whoever you are...

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## **I LOVE TO CRY IN THE RAIN**

I love to cry in the rain,  
For then no one would see  
My tears merging with the sky's tears...

I love to cry in the rain,  
For then no one would hear  
My sobs blending with the rain's sound...

I love to cry in the rain,  
For then no one would feel  
My wet cheeks washed with the drizzle...

I love to cry in the rain,  
For then no one would catch  
My face with its sadness veiled by the mist...

I love to cry in the rain,  
For then no one would try taking up  
My heart's heaviness hidden in the humid air...

I love to cry in the rain,  
For then no one would touch and feel  
My soul's numbness coated with the coldness...

I love to cry in the rain,  
For then no one would even know  
That I was crying with tears all the time...

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## LETTING GO BETRAYALS

My heartstrings are frayed,  
My breaths are shallow,  
Because, I'm betrayed,  
And life's suddenly narrow...

May be a bitter phase  
To go through before the ending,  
Or an unseen dream's chase  
To leave my hopes in pending?

Which one was it, I know not,  
But my heart's flesh does quiver  
On some bygone moment's thought,  
And with fervor, my fingers shiver...

When love becomes a nightmare,  
When all I see is darkness,  
When, nevertheless, to live, I dare,  
Letting go is freedom and success...

But to say, it's always easy,  
To say, "Let go, " is cruel consolation,  
But again the only way, though queasy,  
Is letting when you need heart's manipulation...

Times when love was at peaks  
Are gone to the bottomless oceans,  
And true love this damsel seeks  
With flotsams of wounded emotions...

Strengthened by betrayal after betrayal,  
Smoothed by newer dreams,  
My heartstrings have turned musical  
To play new love notes, it seems...

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## DEFEATED BETRAYALS

When stones we threw  
Sitting by the river's edge  
And ripples we made so,  
I never realized the rising truth  
Of life's ripples called changes...  
And I never counted on  
The chances of sinking down...  
But still I see a brighter world  
Beyond the haunting sorrows...  
But still tears do gush out  
At times when tender love  
In things big 'n' small  
Capture a part of my soul  
In moments least expected...  
It's not the stinging truth  
That you left me that stings me...  
It's the smallest sense of real love  
In the air when some of 'em say,  
That wrenches my heart of all...  
It leaves me wistful  
For true, tender love;  
So wistful that I had to learn



To endure all those woebegone nights...  
Woe to falsity! I swear,  
Under each of my breaths,  
Over each of my heart beats...  
And woe to all kinds of betrayal,  
For it's the dirtiest thing  
You can do to someone  
Who accepted your worth...  
Dirtier than the cruelest murder,  
Dirtier than the meanest theft,  
Sadder than death itself...  
Unseen like the ghost of midnight,  
It popped up - the dirty thought...  
Foreseen by none, it crept on silently  
In the shadows of flirtatious talks  
Till my dreams had reached  
The mightiest mountaintop of fantasy...  
Of course, the timing was great –  
You always had the knack for timing...  
And slip I did for a moment  
But – hark - never for long...  
Slipped I might have at that moment,  
But never forever...  
Just a new sunrise it was

Or so I took it into my heart...  
If blood flows in my veins,  
True love and peace sails in it,  
Away from the smallest sense  
Of bitter betrayal of a bygone time  
And goes it out to console aching souls  
And thereby console myself do I...

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## IN THE LAP OF LONELINESS

In the lap of loneliness,  
I buried my face,  
To pitch black darkness,  
Seeking some solace...

In the lap of loneliness,  
I confessed regrets,  
To the cozy softness,  
About my little frets...

In the lap of loneliness,  
I wet my cheeks  
To the rising dampness,  
For what my heart seeks...

In the lap of loneliness,  
I saw many a star,  
In the night's blankness,  
Of hopes and dreams so far...

In the lap of loneliness,  
I decided to forget,  
But sensing incompleteness,  
I knew it wasn't time yet...

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## THOSE TIMES WE HAD

The stones we threw,  
The ripples we made,  
The stories we told,  
The songs we sang,  
The pictures we drew,  
The dreams we saw,  
The sands we walked,  
The times we passed,  
Are all gone far  
Away to memories...  
Because, you grew, I grew...  
You changed, I changed...  
Our love grew and changed, too...  
And I wonder what's left  
Of those innocent times  
We had together till we grew...  
And I wish we had never grown up,  
Lest we grow out of it...

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## WHEN REALITY REPLACED DREAMS

By the River of Love,  
I sat down and wept...  
To the Heavens above,  
My soul, the winds swept...  
About a wingless dove,  
Nightmares often leapt...  
Dreams and secrets of my love  
Leaked out to hearts that kept...

Moments when I felt all alone  
When love I trusted fled,  
Are now moments long gone,  
And my cheeks are no more red...  
My heart cried to atone  
For those things that can't be said...  
Came a new light, a new dawn,  
And to blot-less days it led...

Lengths unexplored, lessons unlearned,  
Are no more there in my world,  
If they are about love that burned,  
For which you, headless, swirled,

And saw dreamed wherever you turned  
When realities you simply furl'd  
Into unseen truths that churn'd  
And blew up at last and woke your world...

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## TO THE ONE WHO GAVE ME DREAMS AGAIN

Zest sheds like leaves,  
Anger extinguishes like fire...  
Gaiety blooms like flowers,  
Gloom blows in like the wind...  
Envy burns us like a candle,  
But Love cherishes our hearts,  
Just as spring cherishes the nature...  
And that's how it's meant to be  
For now and forever...  
Gone might be the moment,  
But I just can't let it go...  
For, a place in my heart I saw,  
Still, I see and will go on  
From dusk to dawn,  
And dawn to dusk...  
Not seen mere luck  
The place in my heart is...  
But just sprouted it must have,  
For your sake, oh, my love...  
True to the depth of my heart  
Perseveres my love for you...  
"Never let go..." my heart does sing,



Whenever I think of you...  
The bliss you unknowingly bring  
Into my life may be just a dream...  
But still, I believe in them,  
Just for your sake, my love...  
The place in my heart called love  
I cherish, for my dreams to live...  
The place in my heart for you  
I keep, to keep myself through -  
Through the yearning for you...  
My heart's thirst to see you...  
Weird as it might sound,  
But that's how it's meant to be...  
For my love, there's no bound  
Hitherto; lest you don't see...  
Let my heart sing out for you that,  
"We're the leaves of one branch,  
The drops of one sea,  
The flowers of one garden..."  
That's how I want us to be -  
Like two doves in Eden...  
With nothing to fret.  
And nothing to lose,  
But everything good to get...

Oh, hark to me, my dear,  
I'm at a loss for words,  
But my heart I don't fear -  
Here's the song it sings for you:  
"Time may tick on, till ephemeral,  
But the place in my heart called love  
Will wait for you till the end -  
Till my heart becomes ephemeral...  
Till time starts seeming eternal..."

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## OF OUR LOVE

Of realistic moments

I love to write...

Of our fervent silence

I love to reflect...

Of your sultry gaze

I love to dream...

Of suppressed passion's haze

I love to scream...

Of your thoughtful words

I love to think...

And fly above us the birds

Of peace, of love and link...

Those silent moments clarify

Nothing about our anticipations

And what all can really gratify

Our hearts, just remain as expectations...

You laid a foundation of love

And built, brick by brick, a home

Leaving just a door 'n' no window,

For me to get in and roam...

It's nice to be in your heart

And warm and safe of all...  
And you've become a part  
Of my heart and soul...  
This is love, where fervor  
Is held by chains of care...  
No one will blame a lover-  
Only I've seen your heart all bare...

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*Nature-*  
*Blessed are we*  
*With the Unending Beauties*  
*Of Mother Nature,*  
*When our own nature*  
*Is in conflict...*

## **NATURE – A SENRYU\***

Blessed are we with the  
Beauties of Nature when our  
Own nature is lost...

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## **HUGGING THE MONSOON – A HAIKU\***

Silver ripples rock

The boat as the river breathes,

Hugging the Monsoon...

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## MOONSTONES – LINKED SENRYU\*

Moonstones - cool to touch,  
Unveiled by only the grace  
Of the fine new moon...

Moonstones - glimmer fine  
As an iridescent white  
To veil the black blots...

Moonstones - smooth, gleaming -  
I love to keep them than the  
Caging wedding ring...

Moonstones - sea-polished -  
I wish I were a moonstone -  
Adored, but left free...

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## **A RIVER, A JOURNEY, A GAME**

Many a twist and a turn,  
A challenge is this life...  
And heavy burdens do burn  
In my blinking, beating heart...

Just like a river  
Flows the mortal life...  
And thinking of it, I quiver;  
Oh, hurdles like rocks aren't less...

It has to be like a river, still,  
Though it's like one all right...  
May be hurdles sprout and fill  
All its way or now and then...

But the way the river can elapse  
Each stone that lies in its way...  
Think what helps it from a collapse -  
It's the river's endurance...

Burdens may come, but budge  
Not your mind's confidence...

Think twice before you judge,  
And stand by yourself with patience...

Just a journey, a long one,  
Or a short one, with time flowing by,  
While rises and sets the sun,  
Yet, the roads aren't always smooth...

To strive against your desires  
Is how you can win in life...  
To light it with sense, like fires,  
Will make it sensible enough...

A game to be played wisely,  
Skipping hurdles now and then,  
And a journey to be traveled smartly  
Is this mortal life...

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## HARK TO THE LARK

I opened the window  
To receive the bestow  
That filled my heart with ardor,  
A melody filled with candor...  
For 'twas a song of a little lark...  
O' hark to it, dear! Hark!

The window was suddenly closed  
At the moment I was forced-  
Come along, dear! Come along! '  
Went on the tiny lark's song...  
Behold the thing that sang for me,  
The lark which gave me so much glee...

My visit to the lovely, little lark  
Wasn't at all just in vain...  
For, it sang for me to gaily hark  
At its melody, 'gain and again...  
But, I'd to witness it fly away,  
And shall I wait for another day?

I sat there with a heart full of bliss...

Then I was back from the world of that lark,  
Feeling a cool raindrop's kiss...  
And, I said to myself, 'O' hark, dear! Hark!  
For, the music which lent me so much glee  
Was from the little lark who sang beside me...

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## A FROLIC-LESS SPRING DAY

I woke up at the break of dawn  
To feel the ardor of the spring...  
Among the songs of birds in morn,  
I heard the mirthful cuckoo sing...

I saw the periwinkles bloom  
And blossomed trees everywhere,  
Blowing off each sign of gloom  
With frequents showers here 'n' there...

The springy day did all its best,  
Until the bird songs began to fade,  
To fill every heart with abundant zest,  
When the trees let out their last cascade...

The last sun rays dwindled away,  
Leaving no frolic for me to think...  
But the spring isn't just for a day,  
Though the day ends when the sun does sink...

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## **A DREAM IN THE DRIZZLE**

Song of the heavy rain  
Woke me up that morn...  
By the time I cleared my eyes,  
The pouring rain had gone...  
And there was only a drizzle,  
That made some light rainbows  
When the morning light kissed the drops,  
And I found bliss that no one knows...  
Loneliness once seized me,  
Fed on my dreams and hopes...  
There was no escape until you came  
As a blessing like raindrops...  
Enveloped in your care, I stand  
Through the burning sun and numbing frost...  
Diving into the ocean of love,  
Again myself I have lost...  
Thinking of your charming smile,  
I smile and count my dreams...  
And dreaming of just being with you,  
My heart, with bliss, it beams...

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## MONSOON BLUES

It's raining once again,  
And I know it's the monsoon blues;  
I want to die in the rain...

The cold is getting into each bone,  
But still, I want to stand in the rain;  
The monsoon blues are not gone...

The inevitable romance is haunting,  
I want to sleep in the lullaby  
Of the romance and the rain's chanting...

It's the warmth of your heart I felt  
That makes me love you more,  
Not the 'we-could've-shared' quilt...

But I realize my heart's rues  
Of suppressing the love as platonic;  
It's not just the monsoon blues...

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## TO LEAVES OF FALL

Oh, Glorious Leaves of Fall...

Feathers of a bird called tree...

Why are you the sorrows in me...?

Gliding and swinging

In the dry air of fall

Were you, oh, leaves of fall...

Dead, yellow, ye sailed

From your abode up there

In the mighty trees,

Down to your humble graves...

As green, ye glimmered

Up there in your abode...

But lost ye the glint

Though yet not so old...

But still you're like gold...



Reflect do I, of you,  
Of everything you might be, too...  
Cool and a comfort,  
When you're the most able,  
But, yet, no one cries for you  
When you descend, gliding...

But, oh, Leaves of Fall...  
Ye, Glory of the Year's Vesper;  
Not yet dark as night...  
Ye tell me about the blessings  
Of God, engraved in you...  
Soon, for you'll lose your soul  
And lie there, numb and brown...

You'll lie as skeletons  
But, may be I'll weep  
For you, when darkens the vesper  
And peacefully there you sleep  
In the graves, when whisper  
Shall the leaves still at home,  
Waiting to witness themselves  
Descending, yellow, in the next fall...

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## THE HAPPY SPARROWS

Hectic, I sat there on the steps...  
Hectic, I dug my pen in the book...  
Hectic, slightly quivered my lips -  
They remind us, oh, look!

Darling! Is that you?  
You must see them  
With me, for it's true -  
I'll keep the moment as a gem...

They flew down and perched  
On the fence, in glee...  
They chirped, they searched  
For a pleasant place, you see...

They sing, they dance,  
At each other they peck...  
At flowers they shyly glance,  
They nectar in them, they suck...

Behold! They suck with their wings,  
They hop about and play...  
One stands still, while the other sings;  
I hope they won't fly away...

Like them we were, I long;  
Carefree and glad, I would say,  
Together singing a lovely song...  
I hope the time's not far away...

It's quite hard, I do know,  
For whatever it be, it might...  
Man's never a sparrow,  
When life is simply tight...

So is it, dear, with us, too...  
We can just wish and hope;  
May be things'll turn out true,  
And our thirsts done with a dewdrop...

But they were after all,  
A couple of sparrows sucking  
The honey of bliss, as one soul,  
From each other while pecking...

And our life has, but no chime,  
For we are just two people  
With everything except time,  
Which, everyday, falls a triple..

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*That's us – Timeless...*

*Turning everything into Timeless...*

*Love, Hopes and Dreams...*

## **A FLABBERGASTING REALITY IN LIFE**

In the flickering light  
Of the candle,  
With a pen between  
My fervent fingers,  
I scrawled on something-  
A few factual words,  
Reflecting life as it is-  
As a reviving reality...

'My mind was a torrent,  
Deprived of complacency...  
And my thoughts and memories,  
Some flotsams in the ocean,  
Deprived of any emotion...'

'And my pain  
Began to wane  
In the witchery  
Of the elapsing reality  
Called time...

And time,  
The flabbergasting truth  
Bade goodbye to me  
As I was late -  
Too late, for it to wait...

And I was left behind  
All alone, waiting  
For the time coming  
Through the path

Of my numb life,  
With the time  
I'm in now...'

But all the same, the time  
Seemed to stand still...  
As still as my thoughts...

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## **DREAMS AND TIME**

Dreams I see, in the sky,  
As clouds, as stars and the moon...  
Dreams are unlimited, let's fly,  
For time's limited and always so soon...

Dreams I see, in the oceans,  
As waves, as tides and the whirlpool...  
Dreams are deep, let's dive,  
For time's shallow and makes us a fool...

Dreams I see, across the mountains,  
As woods, as rocks and the path...  
Dreams are high, let's climb,  
For time's slow and puts us in wrath...

Dreams I see, in the yellow meadow  
As grasses, as beetles and the dewdrops...  
Dreams are widespread, let's run,  
For time's narrow and takes our hopes...



Dreams I see, in my own soul,  
As heartbeats, as breathes and the feels...  
Dreams are the most felt, let's hold,  
For time's not felt even when our soul it seals...

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## TIME AND TRUTH

Adrift went the time,  
And things changed a lot...  
But time still in chime,  
And the world filled with blot...

Where's reality and truth?  
It seems very hard to find...  
And nothing but truth can sooth  
My thirsty-for-peace mind...

By the time that elapses by!  
It always stands with truth,  
No matter how long you sigh,  
It'll prove every truth...

In its long journey from  
The beginning till the end,  
Truly, not to all, but some,  
Time had brought the end...

By the God whom I believe in!  
Time through ages has witnessed end,

'Cause only faith, with not a sin,  
Will prevail until the destined end...

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## ILLUSION OF TIME

The fogs of ignorance  
And waning patches of innocence  
That shield the narrow eyes  
Of the crimping world, where dies  
More goodness everyday...  
So it is, that's the way  
Change, the inevitable, sweeps in  
And goes out, making a din...

A new beginning has come,  
I thought, but, no, it was some  
Illusion of time, 'cause it proved  
To be a continuation, and moved  
In a way I did not want it to;  
But, alas, there was nothing I could do...  
Not until I wasn't alone,  
But by then, it'd be all gone...

The treachery of time is such,  
Where man's tricks aren't much...  
Promising truths I do miss  
And get nothing worth any of this...

Outside I look, at birds, at trees

To lessen my heart's increasing crease...

Inside I search within my soul

The meaning of love, peace and all...

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*But still, Love exists...*  
*Hopes and Dreams exist...*  
*I Love You, Sweetheart...*  
*You gave me a lot to pen on...*

## POETRY IS YOU

Poetry was just a passion,  
But then poetry was my life...  
And then poetry was difference,  
And so my life was difference...  
And I was an artist of difference  
Drawing unique lines in this  
Rather monotonous world...  
My tears are salty as yours,  
But the causes were always different...  
My words are worthless as yours,  
But then I believe, still words are worthy...  
My smile is surely not the best,  
But then it could show all the difference  
My optimism brings to the world...  
My eyes are really not starry  
But then the gaze is sharp and unique...  
When sound failed to tell those  
Bittersweet memories of love,  
Poetry came to the forefront  
And spread on the whiteness of papers  
The black ink with all its density...

When sound failed to tell those  
Heavens my eyes captured through my glasses,  
Poetry overflowed as the rivulets,  
Rose as the sun and danced as the grasses,  
Blew as the wind and rejoiced as my soul,  
Beat as my heart and gushed as my breath...  
And then I realized the simple truth  
That my poetry was you, my dear,  
For, you're my soul, my breath  
And my heart I feel so near...  
Poetry was you and poetry was my love  
And everything that my poetry sang  
Was what my life is under and above  
The skin I possess, the dreams I cherish...  
Poetry, in few words, is my world  
And in fewer words, my world is you...

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## I AM IN DEBT TO YOU

I am in debt to you,  
More than I can imagine...  
More than I wish to be in...

I am in debt to you,  
For the love you bathe me in...  
For the care you give me to win...

I am in debt to you,  
For things best unsaid...  
For things worst uncovered...

I am in debt to you,  
For the smiles you bring my way...  
For all the nice things you say...

I am in debt to you,  
For my mistakes you forgive...  
For the hope you give me to live...

I am in debt to you,  
More than I can imagine...  
But still I love to be in...

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## LOVE OF MY LIFE

Love is fulfilling  
Each other's dreams...  
Love is completing  
Each other's beings...  
So, if you're the seven  
Lovely notes of music,  
I'm the eighth note;  
Let's make our life  
A beautiful song...  
If you're the bright sunlight,  
I'm the gleaming raindrop;  
Let's kiss, so that life,  
For us, will largely bloom  
As a colorful rainbow,  
That is a simple joy  
Even for those who see...

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## LET YOUR SKIN TALK WITH HERS

Hey, handsome lover of a lonely girl!

Why don't you hold her hand...?

Let your skin talk with hers...

To her ears, let yourself chant...

Hey, sharp-gazed lover of a dreamy girl!

Why don't you touch her cheek...?

Let your skin talk with hers...

In her eyes, let yourself seek...

Hey, warm-armed lover of a shivering girl!

Why don't you cage her in your arms...?

Let your skin talk with hers...

To her soul, send your charms...

Hey, sleepy lover of an ardent girl!

Why don't you make her lips pink...?

Let your skin talk with hers...

Into her, let yourself sink...

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## SIMMERING LOVE

In the simmering summer heat,  
I feared the moon might melt,  
In the warm night we meet  
And do all that our hearts felt...

To the twinkling stars, I told  
The story of our impeccable love...  
As I sing our song, they behold  
And listen from heavens above...

The dark night wraps us warm,  
And conjures a world of our own...  
The darkness holds us with an arm  
As we blend, invisible and unknown...

Simmers the night air in the fire  
Of our passion and ecstasy...  
As if the world was our empire,  
Our love simmered in frenzy...

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## I WANT TO...

I want to feel  
The impeccable largeness,  
In the seal,  
Of your embrace...  
And its fullness  
With so much space...  
I want to bite  
Your soft ear lobes,  
Flushed pink and bright,  
As your heart throbs...  
I want to nuzzle  
Your sweating neck,  
I want to tousle  
Your dark hair, so thick...  
I want to tell you  
How large a space  
I have for you  
In my embrace...  
I want to tell you -  
Oh...dear! I forgot...  
But I have to tell you  
That I love you a lot...

## **THE DREAMS YOU GIVE ME**

The cute dreams you give me  
Keep me going, through tights...  
The sweet dreams you send me  
Help me through lonely nights...

The lovely dreams you tell me  
Make everything I see beautiful...  
The funny dreams you throw at me  
Wake me up to days wonderful...

The true dreams that you write to me  
Show me the truth in little things...  
The innocent dreams you share with me  
Give my hopes a pair of wings...

The peaceful dreams you sing to me  
Make me hear music in every noise...  
The fervent dreams you whisper to me  
Bring to me in the stillness, your voice...

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## THERE IS A DREAM

When you leave me  
From under the trees,  
With the whistling breeze,  
I just cry like a baby...

There is a dream -  
That I take in my breath...  
See in my thoughts...  
Feel in my heart...

There is a dream -  
And that holds my breath...  
Rules all my thoughts...  
Throbs in my heartbeats...

And that's the dream  
I cherish always...  
It's a life with you...

When our eyes meet  
With memories sweet,



A thousand blossoms  
In your smile comes...

There is a dream -  
That I keep in my hopes...  
See all around...  
Lose myself to...

There is a dream -  
That I need in my life...  
To have you with me  
For now and for always...

And that's the dream  
I cherish always...  
It's a life with you...

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# TOUCH

Touch is the magic that takes you someplace,  
Not on earth, not in the heavens,  
But in mind, which is its own place...  
Touch is telling you the depth of love,  
And that dreams have wings and fly  
Higher than anything in this mortal world...  
Touch is giving you the care you crave,  
And passing the heat of all desires  
Burning inside, from inside to inside...  
I felt all the strength I know in your touch,  
And the heat of all the fires in your grasp,  
All the force in your heartbeats...

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## I WROTE YOUR NAME

I wrote your name  
On the sand in my heart  
Where the sea can't wash it off..  
Where the breeze can't blow  
More sand over it..  
Where nothing can cover it  
And veil my love for you..  
Where nothing can fill  
The Letters of Love engraved..  
For, the sand in my heart  
Are not mere grains  
But threads and fibers  
Of the warm flesh  
Of my throbbing heart...

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## I WROTE YOUR NAME AGAIN

I wrote your name again  
In the sand in the beach this time...  
I let the sea wash it away  
And in the wet sand, I wrote again  
Your sweet name, deeper this time...  
I let the wind blow over grains  
Of sand over it to erase  
Your name; and wrote it again  
And let it be washed by the rain...  
And again I wrote  
Your unforgettable name  
In the sand on the beach  
And left it there thus  
To be washed off, erased or covered...  
Because I knew, whatever anything did,  
You would remain unveiled  
In my heart, where  
Your unforgettable name was  
Unchangeably engraved long ago...

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## **EMPTINESSES IN EQUILIBRIUM**

Lonely I am, day and night,  
With no one left or right...  
Lonely is this room -  
Silence and echoes doom...  
Empty is my soul, my heart,  
Empty is the world when we're apart...  
And nothing changes its fate;  
The Emptinesses are in Equilibrium State...

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## **THE GREATEST THIEF – A TANKA\***

You are the greatest  
Thief I know - sure, you look great  
With your handsome smile -  
And you are the greatest thief  
Because it's my heart you stole!

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## MISSING YOU

When you leave me alone  
For a day, my bliss is gone...  
It's easy to forgive you,  
Because I love you...  
But it's not easy to miss you,  
That, too, because I love you...  
When the morning is dark,  
I sadly try to hark  
To a gleeful song,  
To give me the bliss I long...  
But then I stop listening,  
'Cause, I don't want joy, missing  
My heart, heart beat and breath -  
I'll just wait a day's length...

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*“Words are the Clothes that Thoughts Wear;  
So Dress Well...”*

*Thoughts Build Us...  
Memories Nurture Us...  
Experiences Teach Us...*



# WORDS

Words are so potent

That they can:

Make promises...

Break relations...

Take hearts...

Forsake pains...

Fake truths...

But also soothes

The heart that yearns,

More than that, it teaches

Whatever man learns...

So words are the best solution

To the problems words

Themselves made...

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## **IN THIS LIFE, LET ME**

In this mortal life,  
That rolls like the roundest wheel,  
Let me open my heart,  
And cry out what I feel...

In this mystic life,  
That unfolds many a secret,  
Let me utter a word  
And tell you what I regret...

In this length-less life,  
That seems to stretch more long,  
Let me forget the past,  
And happily sing a song...

In this timeless life,  
That makes us busy as a bee,  
Let me learn to love  
All truths my heart may see...

In this wingless life,  
That tries in vain to fly,  
Let me find some hope  
For my dreams to reach the sky...

In this untold life,  
That gives us nasty shocks,  
Let me help myself  
To face the future in locks...

In this confusing life,  
That twists and turns like a maze,  
Let me find my way out,  
Before I sense some haze...

In this ending life,  
That stretches no more far,  
Let me show myself to God,  
Before I reach some star...

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## **SOMETIMES I WISH...**

Sometimes I wish

I was just a floating thing

With no soul to live or die...

With no mind to think...

With no heart to know

Any joy or sorrow...

With no body to feel

Any pain or ecstasy...

With no chains of rules

To follow, obey and live with...

With no responsibilities, obligations,

To take care of...

Sometimes I wish

I were truly free...

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## **MY LIPS – A TANKA\***

Crying - I like it

Only because my lips turn

Lovely and rose -

And I feel I have nice lips -

Oh... Only if they could smile!

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## QUESTION MARK

Everyone has his own life  
To be lived till the end,  
And helpful in its strife  
Is no mate, no friend...

I'm there at all ends,  
Because I'm a question mark;  
Just a curve 'n' dot, no bends,  
I exist; everything turns dark...

You say, 'I was born on...'  
For what? - There I am!  
You say, 'I'm alone...'  
Why you feel so? - There I am!

I'm haunting you, man?  
I'll haunt you till the end,  
While you try to be better than  
You were, just before a moment...

I'm inevitable, just so -  
For, your life is full of doubts,  
Whatever you do, wherever you go,  
Whatever your heart roars and shouts...

You say, 'I know this 'n' this...'  
But then think, 'What else???'  
Again, me you won't miss,  
In you, many a question swells...

I can pull down your strength,  
For anywhere I can sprout,  
In your life's every length,  
And mix everything about...

I exist on your ignorance,  
Keep it uncared 'n' you'll lose,  
But if you try with endurance,  
With victory, joy will fuse...

A Dunkirk spirit is what you need  
To banish me from your life...  
But still I'll return, take heed,  
As the tail of every strife...

Haven't you seen me yet?

Just ask yourself - what, why 'n' how...

Ask me, 'Who are you? ', to get -

Don't you see me now???

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## DEATH

We say, 'Goodnight' tonight  
And who knows for sure  
That you'll see the morning light?  
And then when you see the pure  
Morning light, will you be there for this night?  
Come, oh, dear, it's known well that  
Death comes when it might  
And man stands stunned...  
Death comes to you 'n' me 'n' all  
And all know that truth very well...  
But if there's something so common  
That can stun any man,  
It's the words, 'So 'n' so has died...'

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## **THE TRUTH – A SENRYU\***

Truth is bittersweet -  
Sometimes bitter, sometimes sweet,  
Sometimes a rude joke...

But, The Truth is worse -  
No one does know what truth is -  
That is The True Truth...

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## STATIC CHANGE

Sleepy-eyed, I gazed at the black board,  
As if gazing at a long lost lover...  
A hysteresis loop was drawn,  
And its curves and points shown...  
Then erased; and she explains  
About specific and static compliance...  
And in the daze, I noted down  
In my notebook, the next heading...  
Absurd as it was, I kept it,  
'Cause they were true for the moment,  
The words being: 'Static Change'...

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## **PITEOUS THOUGHTS**

For every new rain,  
There's a new grass born...  
For every new blessing,  
There's a new word sworn...  
And I know not at all how  
The silence of the darkening dale  
Seeps into my inner soul,  
Oh, to know that, I fail!

Merging into each other  
In the dark woods, the trees  
Wait for a dawn, with the birds  
And combs of honey bees...  
Hiding truths behind veils  
Of treachery and the evil,  
Man sets the fluttering sails  
Against the Almighty's will...

Doesn't he realize the flaw,  
The foolishness of what he does?  
Doesn't he see what lies cold and low,  
That there's nothing beyond this fuss?

Doesn't he listen just for a while  
To the immaculate words of the Lord?  
Doesn't he want to bring a smile  
To the world, be humble to God?

Where all the goodness should be,  
Thrives cold greed and lust...  
Where all the values ought to be,  
Lives cruelty and distrust...  
Where the angels should glide,  
There rake the devils of hell...  
Behold do I, these piteous scenes,  
And with grief my heart does swell..

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## **TO THE PINK FLOWERS I SAW THAT DAY**

I saw you that afternoon  
As I was going past you  
To the shopping mall at school  
In around an area of one square meter...

There was a drizzle then,  
And there was a light breeze, too...  
Some mizzle drops rested on you  
Just like drops of evening dew...

You nodded at me  
When I gazed at you...  
You were pink and happy -  
Oh, the very pink I love...

You were simple, but lovely  
And I longed to be like you...  
Other plants around yours  
Looked like just weeds...

All the same, on my way back,  
I plucked one of you for him...  
I shouldn't have, I knew then,  
For, that day, you just wrinkled up...

You just wrinkled up  
In my very busy hands...  
I didn't have a chance to give  
You to him - oh, you were lucky!

Oh, you were lucky, pink flower,  
For, that's how he is...  
He would have plucked your petals  
One by one, till you could be carried on...

Yes, your petals would have been  
Plucked one by one, by him,  
Till you could be carried home  
Without being questioned, 'undamaged'...

That sounds ridiculous enough,  
But I never think too much  
Before fulfilling my wishes,  
'Specially when it's plucking a flower...

A victim of a mere foolish wish  
You were; yes, one of that lot...  
But you were different from  
All my hand's lovely victims...

You were different just because,  
Though you seemed like you would  
Fulfill my wish, for what you were  
Plucked, you did not, in the least...

You crumpled in my desk,  
And a few of my hopes, too  
Unknowingly crumpled with you...  
I kept the twinge of pain within myself...

With that twinge of pain  
Still within my heart,  
I came back home to be amazed -  
Joy comes when you least expect...

Joys, big or small, fly in,  
Or bloom, as you did,  
When I didn't expect you



In the least, to wait for me...

Waiting for me, and waltzing  
In the cool gale just before  
The next drizzle, you stood,  
In the courtyard of my house...

And, oh, that twinge of pain  
I felt when you crumpled down  
Slowly dissolved within me  
Into mere nothingness, of everything...

But eternity, you didn't spell,  
For the next day, you were gone...  
To see you again, my heart did swell,  
But all the same you were gone...

Thinking of you, I think of myself,  
And in more or less a shock, I find,  
Assurances are but in vain,  
Since 'end' kicks off 'eternity'...

Small things are replacing big,  
And so does the small word 'end'

Replaces the word 'eternity',  
As you, so little, stole my heart...

As you, so little stole my heart,  
From wishes for bigger blossoms,  
The truth of shortness of life  
Replaces my dreams for a longer one...

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## AN ODE TO GOD

Thou came to me -  
I'll tell Thee how...  
Through my dreams...  
And whenever I prayed...  
As my hopes,  
And whenever I felt  
Deep anticipation...

Dreams are but glass balls  
Shattered when hopes go-  
Hopes which are the pillars go  
From your unstable heart...  
Pray, did Thou come to me  
At that helpless time?  
When unstable was my heart  
With all its bonds cleaved...  
Yes, for sure, Thou did  
Thou, who knows what my heart hid  
Did come to me then...

So, some realities let me tell-  
Thou know them, for sure,  
Or Thou wouldn't have come to me...

"Wherever kindness floats,  
The sun always shines...  
Where cruelty suppresses,  
It's dark as the mines...  
Where bliss blossoms,  
It's bright as a flower...  
Where grief clots in,  
It's tears that shower..."

And Thou perceived my heart of all  
Or Thou wouldn't have come to me...  
Yes, Thou knew my soul...  
Pray, do come again, my Lord,  
When I call Thee, dearly...  
For, if Shelley did say,  
"If winter comes,  
Can spring be far behind?"  
I say, "If spring comes,  
Winter may be far away,  
But, it'll return some cold day..."

For, uncertain is human mind,  
Of what tomorrow'll bring...  
And thoughtful is human mind,  
Of what we did yesterday...  
And thoughtless is human mind,  
Of what we're doing today...

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## THE CALL OF THE DUSK

The horizon slowly blended  
With rose and lavender  
As a long day ended,  
And the sun went under  
The dark blue ocean,  
While the trees became shadows  
Dancing - swaying in a motion  
With the breeze that still blows...

The waning cries of birds  
Filled the air of twilight,  
As I searched for words  
To express my delight...  
Like oars cleave the waves,  
My heart hears that cry  
For which it, so long craves -  
The cry that once came by...

The call of the dusk it is -  
Comes once in a while and wanes...  
The call from heaven, for peace  
Absent in this world of pains...

It comes from heaven, I know,  
But seems it's from nowhere...  
It's sweet with a touching flow -  
I turn around to here and there...

The call of the dusk it is -  
Isn't that what echoes  
From the darkening, dappled valleys,  
Of everything God knows?  
Or is it what the warblings  
Of the returning birds convey?  
Or is it what the wind sings  
As it makes the trees sway?

It must be every sound  
In nature, in its air...  
For the bond is profound  
Between God's works so fair  
And God Himself, the Divine...  
I want the bond profound  
To hear that call so fine -  
The Call of the Dusk around...

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## BEGUN FROM A FLOWER

Just a little flower 'twas,  
Bright, rose 'n' lovely...  
You gave it to me, and  
I felt no more lonely...

Though just a little blossom,  
It was simply worth-  
May be a smile from me-  
Yes, I smiled in mirth...

Were we strangers till then?  
No, we were really friends-  
Always; but may be, we were busy  
To share a few moments...

Your flower simply did it-  
You did what I could not-  
You changed me, my friend,  
And lots of bliss it brought...



A sincere smile I've never seen  
Like that of yours, my friend...  
I remember what I've been,  
But now things are different...

Then I gave you a lovely bunch  
Of those bright orange flowers,  
But that was not enough,  
For bliss that lasts for hours...

Then I gave you a lovely rose-  
That did look more wonderful...  
Each flower meant a stronger bond,  
And that may make us tearful...

Begun by just a flower or not,  
Everything ends in its own way;  
Stopped by just a flower or not,  
Ends comes near, day by day...

If all the flowers so flamboyant  
Meant eternity in a bond,  
I would go on giving you  
Everyday a blossom sound...

But no flowers wait for me-  
For, it's all ephemeral-  
To be plucked 'n' given to you,  
For the journey isn't eternal...

So, then it's better for us  
To remain as strangers, right?  
For, the thought of departure  
Stings me day and night...

But, all the same, it's better  
To live your today- this moment,  
Than living in the past 'n' future,  
So, now 'n' forever, you're my friend...

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## QUEEN LOVE

Quintessential,  
Queen of Emotions,  
Sensational,  
Brings out passions  
For what you never  
Cared before...

Flabbergastingly  
Seduces the quill  
To scrawl about her...

Queen Love,  
With a fiery crown  
Of Blue Diamonds,  
Pink Hearts,  
Red Roses,  
Olive Twigs...

Desire throbs  
On her fingertips...  
Melodies sprout  
From her lips...

Queen Love,  
With a proud crown,  
Bringing everyone together  
With a swish of her gown...

Turns the Sweet Brier  
Into Roses of Love,  
Her elegance,  
Skill to tame...

The wild succumbs,  
The cruelly powerful  
Kneels down before  
Queen Love...

Healed the wounds  
Of a heart  
Fractured by Infatuations,  
Queen Love,  
The Queen of Emotions...

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## **BURIED DREAMS**

Pebbles I threw behind  
To the still memory lake...  
Buried dreams I did find  
In depths I could never take...

Buried dreams of childhood,  
Buried dreams of youth,  
To be joined by dreams of adulthood  
And pains that no one could sooth...

Buried dreams of sand castles,  
Buried dreams of climbing trees...  
Buried dreams of hearing whistles  
Of the swift grazing breeze...

Buried dreams of making cakes,  
Buried dreams of dough of clay...  
Buried dreams of taking breaks  
Amidst the work to play...

Buried dreams of leaping over walls,  
Buried dreams of hide and seek...  
Buried dreams of waiting for your calls,  
Buried dreams of kisses on my cheek...

Buried dreams of imprisoning beetles,  
Buried dreams of erring ants' lines...  
Buried dreams of counting only 'littles';  
To retrieve all this, my heart pines...

But buried they are forever  
Under sands of change, of time...  
Come back to me they will never,  
Like they left - in the same chime...

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## ROSE

I remember those blue eyes  
That closed when she lies  
And opened full when she stood...  
Her golden hair was really good,  
And her little nose was nicely carved,  
To a smile, her pink mouth curved...  
Her delicate limbs were lovely;  
She was there when I was lonely,  
Always in her purple gown  
Which I made on my own...

She listened when I shouted  
And calmly smiled when I pouted...  
She joined in my little joys  
And differed from all my toys...  
Years later, I found her stashed  
Away with old rags, and flashed  
In my mind, the times we had,  
As she lay there, ragged and sad...

Her purple gown was grey and torn,  
Her delicate limbs were gone...  
Her hair was rough and tangled,  
Her neck was flat and strangled...  
And where her blue eyes had been,  
To my horror, two holes were seen...  
She was Rose, once, my doll,  
For her memory, some tears roll...

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## **LIKE A CANDLE BURNS SHE...**

Like a candle burns she....  
In the heat of the friction,  
While he burns off his passion...

Like a candle burns she...  
While the delicate woman of chaste  
Is changed to a mother in haste...

Like a candle burns she...  
In the gaze of those who blame  
Her, for things she can't even name...

Like a candle burns she...  
In hurry to nurse her children  
Besides bearing many a burden...

Like a candle burns she...  
As light to guide others, she burns,  
While to a stub, she herself turns...

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## TO MY LOST BABY

Draped in impeccable white,  
Today, you lie, oblivious to  
Welled-up tears and the tight  
Feeling in the chest of a few  
Who never could see  
Why you, of all, would depart  
So soon, without a reason to flee,  
Leaving behind one broken heart  
Than all the grieving ones...  
Baby, you were so little, innocent,  
The eyes behind those closed lids once  
Twinkled beseechingly in consent  
When I called you to finish your cereal...  
Never did you say your dislikes  
But today, you are free for real,  
In my throat, the reality strikes...  
Baby, you were so tiny and lovable!  
But God took you back before you grew...  
Your two-year-old lips were just able  
To call me 'Mama'; oh, take me with you!  
Your cute fingers held onto my dress  
The moment I let your hand go...

To me you always press  
In fear, uncertainty and woe  
Of being alone in the world,  
And now, you made me alone...  
Like a tornado, my dreams swirled  
Because, leaving Mama, you're gone...  
To gather you up, my arms tremble,  
To kiss you, my lips quiver,  
To ruffle your hair, my fingers fumble,  
But my tears just form a river...  
Why did I let you go, my baby,  
To crush beneath tires larger than you...?  
Why couldn't I save you, my baby,  
From such pain that you went through...?  
Why did I let you be killed  
When you were a part of me...  
My chest is getting filled  
With guilt; my head with insanity...  
Your plays, your voice and presence  
Were the greatest comfort I had...  
Your need, your fears and innocence  
Make your absence more sad...  
Still, as you lie there in peace,  
I'm screaming my sorrows, my pain...

For once, I know what loneliness is;

Time, please go back again...

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## MISSION ABORTED

When you poured into me,  
I was overjoyed and thought,  
This time, I'll wait and see  
The growing bliss it brought...

Month by month, I'd process it,  
And gift it back to you...  
A new mission grew bit by bit  
In the same heart I placed you...

But when I told you, you said,  
It'd be an early burden...  
Collapsed the dreams I bred,  
Then everything was sudden...

Chopped into pieces, my baby  
Was cruelly thrown out alone...  
Dreams of learning a lullaby  
And sewing bonnets were gone...

As I lay there in daze,  
An inhuman voice reported,  
'You're free now...' and in the haze,  
I realized: 'Mission Aborted...'

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## FROM THE DEPTH OF MY SOUL

To the floating clouds,  
Went my dreams...  
In the milling crowds,  
Drowned my screams...  
Where's it? Where's truth?  
That I cannot find...  
But that alone can sooth  
My enigmatic mind...  
The flamboyant butterflies  
Fluttered around flowers...  
Raised my hopes to the skies  
To rest in God's powers...  
In my heart is a chink  
Left by words of parting...  
Of all sorrows do I think,  
But find so little in everything...  
The uncertain winds of life I feel  
With sparks of chill in my chine...  
'God, ' I pray, 'My heart you don't seal,  
For, all my love and life is Thine...  
'My eyes - blind them not  
To the unseen truths of life...

'My ears - deafen them not  
To melodies sweeping off strife...  
'My hopes You take to your heaven  
And keep them safe in your hands...  
'My soul You take above the Seven,  
Above the seas and lands...'

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## **CHILD – THE VASE OF INNOCENCE**

I remember a lure and I blink;  
It's my fondness, I should think,  
Towards that world of innocence  
Where very less can be silence...  
And that's the world of a child  
Thinking of which, you may feel wild...  
But know that you, too, were once  
A flower in that garden of innocence...

I remember it was sweet,  
Though I stood not on my feet...  
My life that I spent as a child  
With a heart so pure and mild...  
Oh! When I think of that past time,  
When I loved to play with a lime...  
I wish to be a child again,  
With a spotless heart and not a pain...

Yes, the sight of a child does always lure  
My mind, and is always a cure  
For my melancholy hunch  
Of having left such a bunch

Of gaiety - that old happiness...  
And what's left now is sickness...  
But, now, again being a child -  
Thinking of it just drives me wild...

The child isn't a vase to be filled,  
Nor is he an item to be billed...  
But he's a fire to be lit,  
As bright as possible, bit by bit...  
And that's what I'm happy about,  
The fact that how bright could I shine out...  
As I was a fire that was lit,  
As bright as possible, bit by bit...

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## **MY BRIDE - AN OLD MAN'S SONG OF LOVE**

When silver lines your face,  
When youth leaves no trace,  
Your eyes are still the same,  
And dear is still your name...

Look back do I to the memories,  
When you hid behind trees,  
And I see you even before I seek,  
But quietly watch your blushed cheek...

Gazing at you, as you walk down the aisle,  
And gracefully your silk gown trail...  
You smiled, my lovely bride,  
As you stood shyly at my side...

As life moved on, you stood by me,  
As days wore off, you gave me glee...  
As nights came on, our joys grew,  
When you were there, sorrows were few...

Years hence, you were with me,  
Showing me what I missed to see,  
Holding my hand in reassurance,  
When life showed some indifference...

Now, gone you are, before this old man,  
Leaving him to find what he can...  
There isn't much, my lovely queen,  
Nothing more than we've together seen...

As tears welled up for moments gone,  
You're taken to where you're alone...  
To all, you're just years wrapped in white,  
But, to me, you're an Angel of Light...

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## **DON'T EAT TOO MUCH CHOCOLATE**

'Don't eat too much chocolate,  
Your tooth will get a pore...'  
Was what I repeatedly heard  
When I was a kid of four...

'Don't eat too much chocolate,  
You'll start putting on weight...'  
Was what I began hearing  
Since I was just eight...

'Don't eat too much chocolate,  
You'll get a pimpled image...'  
Was what I began hearing  
Ever since I entered teenage...

'Don't eat too much chocolate,  
You'll be diabetic if you don't care...'  
When I grew, the doctor didn't forget;  
Oh, when will chocolate be fair...?!

'Don't eat too much chocolate...'  
They'll keep saying all the way...  
To them, say, 'I want to be sweet,  
So I'm eating chocolate anyway...'

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## LOOKING BACK

### *First Time*

The first time I looked back,  
I hit a wall in the front...  
I learned it was never so wise to look back  
When you're in the present...

### *Second Time*

The second time I looked back,  
I saw a wall there, I think...  
And I knew it was a dead end;  
With enigma it made me blink...

### *Third Time*

The third time I looked back,  
I saw a monstrous being...  
'Go back to where you should live, '  
It roared at me and set me fleeing...

### *Fourth Time*

The fourth time I looked back  
I could see nothing but fogs and clouds...

There was no way time could turn back,  
And I walked back to the waiting crowds...

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## MEMORY

It is a memory now...

Sweet? - to an extent;

Bitter? - a little somehow;

But still quite ardent...

Dead falling leaves get

A place of their own on earth...

And for memories, we let

More space than they are worth...

Stay in the dreams of the sweet

For little of the time you get more...

'Cause it's just euphoria for a beat

For it's something that's no more...

Leave the bitter ones for the best,

For pondering over them gives nothing

Unless you learn with equal zest,

For a better future, something...

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## **THE TORRENT FROM MY SOUL**

Sitting by the rushing rivulet,  
I let out gushing sighs,  
Count the things I want to forget,  
And torrents tear down my eyes...

The Torrent from My Soul -  
Holding the pebbles of childhood,  
The throbbing hearts of youth's fall,  
And the anticipations of what would...

The Torrent from My Soul -  
Loving the heart that loved mine,  
Standing against storms in whole,  
Rushing past boulders that shine...

The Torrent from My Soul -  
Fighting for difference in life,  
Against the monotonous call,  
Holding hands at times of strife...

The Torrent from My Soul -  
Of moments when love was made,  
And when the tears couldn't roll,  
When hurting goodbyes were bade...

The Torrent from My Soul -  
With me, when everyone slept,  
And when the bell wouldn't toll,  
And silent sorrows wept...

The Torrent from My Soul -  
In ink, in words that'll remain  
Till the world's last fall,  
To remember me once again...

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## THE EPILOGUE

*“My Children are finally going out  
To the world, to fight for their mother;  
Tears sting, reality strikes in my heart –  
I’m going to miss my dream forever...”*

As I put down my pen, there are tears in my eyes. I’m going to miss this dream of mine, of bringing out my poems to the world.

It has started to happen at last. Thanks for everyone who helped. You know who you are. You are my greatest friends ever.

With all my love,  
Sana Rose

###

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## **DEAR READER:**

*The Torrent from My Soul: Poems of A Born Dreamer* is my first book and it was published for the first time in USA in February 2011 as a print copy. Unfortunately, due to the hike in the price of the book with varying exchange rates and some other issues, I had to terminate the contract with its previous publisher.

However, as its author, I felt what mattered was making the book available to the readers and hence, decided to create a digital copy of a revised edition of the book, with some poems removed and some added to make it a better book. It's not the same feeling as holding a poetry book, I know, but the world's changing and I would rather have the book out there with hope than let it be forgotten.

I sincerely hope you enjoyed the poems in this book and related to them at some point. If you did, do let me know - through a message, a comment or review of the collection. Because, without you, dear reader, I wouldn't be who I am. Thank you!

Love, Sana Rose

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## ABOUT SANA ROSE



Sana Rose is a 25 year-old Homoeopathic physician passionate about the ink. She is based in Calicut, Kerala, India. *The Torrent from My Soul* is her first collection of poetry and was published for the first time in 2011. Her first novel "Amidst Sandcastles" is awaiting publication along with another collection of poetry titled "The Room of Mirrors: Reflections in Words". Apart from writing, she loves art, photography and of course, practising Homoeopathic Medicine.

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## CONNECT WITH SANA ROSE

Website: <http://www.sanarose.com>

Facebook: <http://www.facebook.com/SanaRoseOfficial>

Twitter: <http://twitter.com/sanahrose>

Blog: <http://sanarosewrites.wordpress.com>

## UPCOMING FICTION BOOK TRAILER

Watch the trailer for **Amidst Sandcastles** at:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=earBiggbalw>

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