

The fall....

Not all trees are evergreen roborant
The deciduous is insidious and cormorant.
It lets its offspring go urchins errant.
Abandoned in the season of fall
Its multi-colours leaves fall
Some into the cracks between walls.
Others straight to the pond
To drown,
In an act of suicide they did respond.
Still many get down,
To the ground
And the wind kicks them around.

They roam the streets no doubt
Gang up dastardly to fight
Into houses, push their way in and out
They slap peoples' faces
Menacingly run between the legs
And restrict paces
Balking one from reaching places.

Oh, leaves do not take it personally,
You are not the only one treated cruelly!
I empathize you truly
I too was abandoned prematurely early.

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Lottery!

The name is majestically apposite
It is a fitting tribute
For a one off occurrence,
Be they call it a chance,
Or all time mischance.

But those who are at it,
So says the verdict,
Are full time addicts.

They pour all their creams
Earned at full pelted steam,
And crave and dream
To cut and kill their miseries up stream.
But in doing what they succeed
Shoot themselves across the bowel,
Punctured a big hole,

Profusely bleeding like hell
They could not stanch and hold.

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If allowed..!

I swear to God!
I would give up everything I'h got,
Would travel everywhere
And feel no tired.
'Would camp anywhere,
Sleep on a hard rock
And would not complain for a second.
Come all odds,
I would breathe in fire
Breathe out ice cold,
And I will not die
From burns or frost
Defying the written codes,
If only allowed
Your slim waist
To tightly hold.

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Inside-out Climate

One day snow falls in abundance
Ever so softly covers the ground with grace.

Next day blustery wind whips the white powder
And a whirlwind began to roll over
There could be a danger.

The third day ice cold grabs the earth
And in frisson she began from cramp to suffer.

The fourth day the sun comes out victorious
From the sustained defeat it once experienced,
And takes revenge, ice gets punished,
Whipped & deliquesced to the ground.

This was out side climate
And inside me it has its own mate.

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National poet Laureate (courtesy Poets workshop USA)
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