



Waiting (Poem)

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*Everyone is waiting for something
At some place, at some corner, at some point.*

A crowd in the bus stops

A patient in the hospitals

Ration card holders at the ration shop

And the serpentine queue at the ATM booth.

Life is full of waiting,

For endless purposes and meaningless reasons





*Waiting of the farmers for the harvest full,
For the lover for his beloved's return
Between certainty and uncertainty
When the twilight walks into the night.
At times a senseless waiting
Other times for hopeful tidings
Many a times it's a fruitless waiting,
Knowing not what to hope for
And what to wait for
With only a bygone nostalgic past
Where one's dream seem to bloom
In the garden of imagination
Where periwinkles spread its hues of colors
And the cuckoos sang its melodious song.
Where cool breeze blew by
With the news of spring and summer
Where mother Earth opens up to drink in full cups
To renew and grow
To contemplate on the fullness of this world.*





2. TRUTH

*Truth has its varied facets
With its rainbow colored hands
Is like the mysterious lady at the devil's gate
And a fragrance of peace at an angels gaze.*

*Truth opens up the Earth with beauty
With its manifold blessing and bearing
It is like the grain that grow into plant
And the blue sky reflected in the mirror.*

*Truth stands like a rock in spite of the sea
With its sediments cemented in solid ground
It's like the pristine spring that gushes down the hill
And gurgles out the pebbles on its way.*

*Truth has the mocking and shocking aroma
That grinds and winds out life
From the layers of covers
To the nakedness of being.*





*Truth can capture or deliver
Make or break
With fear and owe
This needs no show.*

*Truth is the rope of hope
The shield of faith
Is the bottomless pit
Which need no cover up.*

3. The Weary Soul





*News comes flying
Across buildings and blocks,
That someone passed away
And a meeting is held
A condolence for the departed.*

*Sitting in reflection of the soul
Who could not withhold
The pressure of life,
This made him only sigh
As he walked those miles.*

*Condolences read with grief
Of life lived in brief
Of men's woes and ills
The motif to self-kill
With no room for life's will*

*The weary soul must have walked its last mile
Like a man in exile*





*Sorry for himself and his fate
Weigh down by the heavy tolls
Seeking solace in death,
Where no one knows where it goes
No question to be asked
And no answers to be made*

*Weeping soul,
Thy life is a journey now
To another world
Where you seek and rest.*

*To find a home, to talk to souls
With whom you may care to know
Stories of spirits
Those that have wondered far away
To seek and find, an everlasting rest.*

