

THE NEVER ENDING PURSUIT

By Shalini Samuel

The roaring of the waves subside, as time makes it invaluable
Lust rises as the cheeks of setting sun blushes,
Silence melts in the evening breeze, the mind stumbles
Revealing herself from the shore, she conquers every bustle
She lets down her Rapunzel hair, into the waves
Slowly the black engulfs the light – secret endeavors explode
Whether that's Makers' smile or poetry!

Then abode the sailing clouds
As a moving feather, her ears hearken not the perturbing adulation
Nor the catcall of men, her glazen eye noshes every frame,
And what! The city, it's taken and it's deserted
That so fast, every life folded off neatly; set aside on beds and mats.
Yet awake are the lights, a few animals and men on a night shift.

Scrupulously she looks for her lover from the vale
The glitter of her dead dark skin, she wishes to glimpse
With death near, the dark heaven yearns and growls in agony
She searches for him, in the gorges and depths of the earth
His whereabouts, his identity – she tells not for she knows naught.
The sailors' fear of her thundering heart. In a rage, in agony, she bursts
She shines in love through the trough to catch him
After long she finds her lost song;
He is a black canvas with white polka dots and a big dot in the middle
They plan for a pre-wedding and a big carnival:
Inch by inch their plan fades, she meets him here and there.

Two weeks of joy and another two weeks of yearning,
This play goes on and on, yet they stand strong in love, though miles apart.

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A million Newmoon and Fullmoon may come and go
But I know you reflect my thoughts from the distant sky
Mirroring you, synchronized, I too wax and wane with you
With love, I keep watching you dance across my sky.
An illusion it may be, our world it may be,
I keep looking at you and wonder where you go in the day.
On a haunted valley, wearing an aqua blue attire,
Swallowing men in my frozen depths, I keep watching you.
To prey upon you, to drag you into my pristine crystal clear heart.
In amazement of your embellished hair, I wish to wash them with my elixir.
Oh dark sky, come to this abandoned lake, sit by me, seduce me with your beauty
And let us keep awing at our Makers' poetry residing in you and me.

A distant dying song tries to invade the earth and then reach the skies;
It's a dream, and unfruitful trial, yet the lake keeps singing.

THE MERRY RIDE

And you cannot not lie
The white eyes, and the cold.
It is an illusion you wear, too much tears you keep frozen,
Its maturity you say.
What if you break down into billion rivers?
We would all die.
...

Men toil under sunshine by the street – waking before
hour of the blooming of the rose, breaking every clasp;
The school beyond the village banyan tree sings rhymes
A student kneeling on hot sand, prays
May the bell ring and the classes end. Everything looks normal.
But I hear you scream in the depths of your heart.

Dead is my mind, the chirrup scatter on dead ears
Cannon killed country looks through its strained eyes.
Bye terror! you dithery powerful men, the day is near!
And like a lion, a gaze, and a pounce- everything would be anew
For she is most powerful than you and me.
She is the earth with a kind heart.
She grew from turbulent childhood to this matured motherhood,
She will outgrow these nuclear reactors and bombs, sooner.

Hearken men, restore earth to its previous glory
Make her happy, the greener and the peaceful She- let She become.
And let's stop the avalanche that's hiding behind the clouds.
A lot has been said so, some are turning green, some turn plastic
Some ignore and live life as it flows.
On one corner saplings are planted and on another mines
Whatever we shout or plant, she keeps revolving merrily
Like a kid with no thought of tomorrow.

THE STOLEN TREASURE

All night
The support she gave- tell not in words

Lips, thousand spoke the scary story, unrelenting,
Her name rises by error, not to forget
It's just by error.

When thy feet runs for light on a dark alleyway!
Something that's outstanding passes by:
And you...
In fright hold on to it during your flight.
It boosts your walk and guides you
As if it was to fill the lack, your longing
The waves, the palpitation, drops.
And neither decision I cannot make
I have to escape or hold it safe.

As minutes move, I drop her
And run. Today I am the hero
Out of the tunnel, breathing fresh air
I have won – But,
She, just a stolen passer-by
I survived killing her.

Bio

Shalini Samuel works as a freelance content writer and editor. She had authored three solo poetry collections and had co-authored many anthologies. Her poems have also been published in online and print magazines.