

Melting Words

Arunoday Sharma

Preface

'Melting Words' is a bouquet of little poems. For this work, I devised a youthful and modern approach to express age old topics like love, life and the ironies of both. I have tried to use commonly spoken language that authors normally use in narrative prose or storytelling.

It is true that there are many human emotions that cannot be expressed as beautifully in prose, as they can be in poetry. Some of my poems here, have been conceived in English; but I have emoted most of them in my mother tongue, Hindi.

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Birth of an idea

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#1

Non-existent existence

I was a just a point
A dot
In a state of singularity
I had no face, no body
No heart or brain
No identity or name
But that was real 'me'
Entirely me
It was blissful being that dot...
Now there are trillions of dots inside me
In my body, in my brain
All these dots interact with each other
And with other dots in the universe
Getting entangled
They fight and cry
Love, hate, even rejoice
Sometimes outside dots order my dots around
In another moment my dots want to run the world
Want to own the world...

I miss that early state
That one point dot was much more sacred
Than all these trillions put together
My originality is lost due to multiplicity
I wish to return to my original state
To the state of singularity and
Non-existent existence

#2

What a wonderful world

This world is so wonderful
Unbelievable and magical
The sun rises cool orange in morning
And sets as deep red in evening
We have dark nights and bright days
Due to hide and seek the sun plays
Sun makes it bright during day
At night darkness gets to play,
So wonderfully they share a day...
Plants too welcome and like the sun
Each day they are happy to see him
Leafs and flowers smile
Appreciate and thank him
For what they get from his light
What a wonderful site...
Birds live on the trees and shrubs
Different shapes, sizes and colors
Each bird loves to sing
They have a song so they sing
Hundreds of them make a symphony
And for them it is never one too many
Their religion is singing
When one stops other comes on top
This wonderful symphony does not stop...
No one can find earth's end
It is like a huge round orange
We could run around it
Without falling off the edge
Outside it is cool, crusty and welcoming
But inside is hot, molten and forbidding
Earth rotates and revolves
It also wobbles like an unstable drunk
So happy to know that she is having fun...
We also have seas and oceans

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Their face may be noisy and violent
But inside is spiritual and non-violent
There is much more life in the depths of a sea
Throbbing, growing undisturbed, quietly
With peace and zero anxiety
There is also a barter going on
Between the sun, oceans
Plains and mountains
They barter in forms of water
The sea cleans the atmosphere
And also regulates the temperature
Oh, what a wonderful nature...

#3

Beauty of incompleteness

Been toying with an idea
To find a world, where...
No no, you don't worry
About your broken promises
Incomplete plans
Half hearted friendship...
I will carry them with me
To another world
I am not even sure about
After all
Is it necessary?
That every wish
Of everyone
Should be fulfilled?
Incompleteness too can be beautiful
In fact it is,
Beautiful
Have you seen flowering buds?

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Aren't they better looking?
Than fully bloomed flowers
What about
The new moon
Half a moon
Half naked woman or a man
Half open lips
Half shut eyes
Romance of a half nod
Committing neither yes, nor no
I wish to discover such a world
Where forgotten promises
Broken relationships
Unfulfilled dreams
Friends left half way
In fact,
Incompleteness itself
Is celebrated,
Respected,
Even if half-heartedly...

#4

Owning nothingness

Gautam announced
"Today is the best day of my life!"
Everyone was surprised - happily
But strangely no one noticed it
They tried to find it on him
In him,
The happiness

In fact he is never happy
He is also never sad

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I guess that is not really normal
He is so 'in between',
Sadness and happiness
I don't know what state is that
But it seems it works for him
To be in that 'in between' state
But how does it matter to Gautam
Or to anyone else for that matter
Is it not a good thing to be happy?
And is it bad to be sad?
But if you are sad and you can find 'why'
Then you can work on it
To remove the problems making you sad
It is a good approach
Very practical
Very normal
Everyone should try to improve their lives
And other's
But... what if nothing is wrong at all?
That, I guess is a very impractical idea
No one has that kind of life
No one can get it
Anyone living has problems
So if Gautam is in that 'in between' state
How does he benefit?
Everyone knows he had his share of troubles
Perhaps much bigger than many of us
His family
Parents, wife, children
His kingdom
Violent wars
Watching dead
Cremating friends

In his search for the truth
Search for himself
He is not trying to reclaim his glorious past

He is comfortable with what he has lost
And with what he has today
And also with the thought
That tomorrow there may be nothing
Out of all the nothingness that he owns today

#5

Gem hunter

Let me look into your eyes
To get the comfort of drowning
Once again
In that deep blue, ocean
Or is it blue deep, ocean
Your flickering eye-lids
Getting confused
Finding my eyes so near
Inches away
My hungry eyes wish to dive in yours
Looking for valuable gems
I need those gems
Transparent gems of promises
Blue gems of love
Yellow gems of friendship
Maroon ones for passion
But my eyes got lost
In the maze of your confused eyes
Burning objects crisscrossed
Confusing me
What were those things?
Why did they not allow me in
Beyond that firewall
I couldn't find any promise

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Or passion
Even friendship
Alas there was no love to be found
I am not a gem collector
I am hungry for them
I need your eyes to say something
Give me a faint hint
A little hope if they could
Something like, "try next time"
Or, "of course it is possible"
"I can't say it right now"
I feed on such flimsy lies
For the hunger of my heart
For the sake of my survival
For the sake of my sanity

#6

Friendship with conditions

Heart is a bit heavy today
It's... because of the things around,
Perhaps
Or, is it because of me only?
My house?
Discolored walls,
Cracks and leaks
In the discolored walls
... I can handle all that with money
But it is the people,
People, close and distant
Matured and grown ups
It is high time it was decided
A delay can cause unnecessary trouble
The trouble could grow
Grow into a demon beyond control

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The point is not how many
And for how long the troubles have been
The point is 'why' have I been tolerating them?
You think whatever you say, has a meaning
And my words make no sense
Then we don't belong to each other
If you feel you are in a jail
I too am choking to death
Like you are proud of the way you think
I too might have respect for my thoughts
You wish to insult me?
Go ahead and insult my looks,
My shabby sloppiness
But don't insult my ideas
I love my way of thinking
Just like you do
My thoughts are also unique in the world
Just like yours
They are precious
They are pretty
They are full of intelligence
They don't lack anything
Just like yours
No one has a right to look down upon them
To insult them
They are products of my mind
They are pious for me
Just like God is for everyone
This will be a hard decision
But showing respect for my thoughts,
Will be mandatory for my friendship
If you say,
What is I say is, 'wrong'
Then let us not waste time
I will turn left from next cross road
You take the right
And then be right, forever

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#7

Sine wave life

This life
This life of mine
That is seen on my face
In my actions
Or is flowing through my words
The life that I am knitting with my fingers
Manipulating with my thoughts
Sometimes life is ego's pointer
It can also get frail as my little finger
Sometime I force people on a path
Soon enough I am hopelessly lost
This sine wave, up and down
Stop-start beats heart
Push and pull flows the blood
Lungs breathe and wait
Brain kicks and rests
I too can't always be good
Or even good enough
I can't always be at my creative best
My sky ends at the edge of my site
My possessions end at the end of my arms
Or strength of my hands
I am only safe till I can run
And beat the other in the game

#8

Eternal Wait

A nearly deserted lane
A barber shop in the shanty
Of that lane

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Young barber is on the edge of his shop
He reads a newspaper
We don't know if he is reading
We also don't know if the paper is recent
Or even upside down
Like a hawk, his eyes dart left to right
Then right to left, swiftly
And then rest back on the news paper
He is not reading the paper
He can't be
He is merely there
On the edge of his shop
On the edge of his life
On the edge
He is waiting
Waiting for an elusive customer
To come in
And stare at the mirror casually
Move his fingers through his thick growth
And... ask for a haircut
Or a shave, at least
Barber does not budge
He is like a tiger in the wild
He has to shave someone
Shave off a few rupees from someone
He lowers the newspaper a bit
To search for someone scratching his beard
Or a hero looking boy with long hair
Soon he has to spot such a kill
Who might occupy his empty chair?
And he knows it best
Waiting is not easy
He wipes the mirror
Dusts the chair
Then goes back to the hunting point
He is tense
His body is getting tight

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Worst of all he is helpless
At the back of the shop
Hangs a brown, grimy gunny bag curtain
On the other side of gunny bag curtain
A female skeleton is leaning on a frail wall
A girl is scribbling on a note book
Her school fees has to be paid
A baby is squirming in skeleton's lap
He cries suckling the hanging breast
Utensils are empty
Stove is cold
Life is on hold
On both sides of the brown, grimy, sad,
Gunny bag curtain

#9

Inner secrets

We have days and nights
Due to the sun, and its light
But does the sun itself know
What is day and what is night?
I was told that the stars and the moon
Go to sleep during day
I wished that next night again
They will come out to play
Sand storms blind him there,
While the rain does it here
When it is so hot here,
It is freezing cold elsewhere
Let us sit together and narrate,
The tales from our side of life
Me, then you and then she
Will throw open her life
The shames and the secrets

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And all that mattered
Throw out everything
And make your heart lighter

#10

Living Dead

What is life?
Is my life or your life is life?
Or the life that throbs between us, is life?
Are the people around us living?
Are they living because we see them moving?
Eating, drinking, walking, talking
Fighting, loving or even thinking
Is that considered life?
For a businessman producing good products is life
For a worker, working sincerely is life
For doctors saving patient's life is life
For a patient following doctor's advice is life
For teachers educating young is life
For students learning from teacher is life
For a soldier fighting with enemy is life
For citizens being alert is life
For a baby sitter caring is life
For rich and powerful being kind to weaker is life
For farmers producing for the nation is life

But are all these living
Are they really doing?
What they are supposed to be doing
They are merely walking and talking
Six men rape a 25 year old student
Three men rape a 15 year old in a car
A politician and his forty cronies rape a young girl for months

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Girls in a home for handicapped raped
Fifteen year old raped
Twelve year old raped
Ten years old raped
Seven years old raped
Five years old...
Crowd protests against unceasing rapes
Police officer slaps a protesting girl
Minister says watch TV at night for population control
A minister tells farmers to urinate
And irrigate their fields
One group burns down another in a train
Starting a long retaliating killing chain
No one is there to do anything
Stop anything
I think no one here is living
I guess the buck stops with me
All this ends with me
It ends with my end
I am also dying
Dying, because I am thinking
We all are dead
Dead nations
Dead priests
Dead faiths
In a dead world

#11

Questions questions

As long as I was there
I was there.
I was there
You were there
But were you there?

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You were there somewhere
But not there
I mean with me there
Yes physically we were there
In the same space together
Within two feet of each other
That felt like a light year far

You couldn't break
The maze of your thoughts
Yes, you did look at me
Or was it through me
You remained focused
Perhaps on the infinity
Did you see infinity through me?
It felt strange
I shook myself, got up
And walked off
Even after a few paces
I felt whizzing inside my head
I stopped, waited and turned
You still gazed at a distance
Oddly enough you had a smile
Perhaps because I had gone a mile

#12

Future stepping into present

I have been noticing that my present
Seems to be reducing its presence
As though a process of fading out
Of life in the present has started
Though an impossible situation
Fading out present!
People, situations, conversations

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Seem to be gradually getting distant
If not distant, exactly
Hazy and unclear certainly
The things that were, right in front
Started moving towards unknown
As if a curtain is falling
Between me and them
Reducing visibility and hearing
I need to know
Why does my sight get fogged?
With color of brownish earth
And why do I hear the chirping birds
A large banyan tree appears
Its beautiful shoots eagerly stretch down
As they look towards the ground
Hidden by numerous banyan shoots
Someone is there, quiet and aloof
Long hair, long beard, chest bare
Looking somewhere with a constant stare
With his eyes half shut
It was difficult to judge
The object in his vision
But he was surely looking down
At bare earth or the ground
And then with a jolt
I discovered the source
Of that nagging brown layer
In front of his relaxed constant stare
I was seeing what he saw there
I know, it is impossible; but it is here

#13

Unique World

Today may be the day that will change everything

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For me for you and for everyone else
Be aware, be alert and be open to openings
Look deep into the eyes of new opportunities
Don't reject anything just because you haven't seen it
Life is not about recycling old stuff
It is about generating new ideas from that stuff
Or new ideas from the newer stuff
Don't be scared of the new
Every day that dawns is unique
This day has never been in your life before
Every moment of your life has never been around
A bird that has just said something
Has never said it earlier
A leaf that just fell from the tree hasn't done it before
Every wave that you see on the river is unique
It has never been exactly the way it is now
Every emotion that is being expressed
Has never been expressed before
Exactly the way it is being done now
Every spoken word is unique
Every moment is unique
Every breath is unique
Every 'he' is unique
Every 'she' is unique
Everyone has to chart his own unique path
With unique routes
Unique steps
We cannot be anything
But unique
That is the only way, we all are
And always will be

#14

Without you

I can't say I have problems
Or complains with my life
Even though you are not with me
But yes,
Living surely is not as lively
Since you are not with me
Remember?
When we walked
We just walked
We walked out
With nowhere to go
Nothing to do
Nowhere to reach
And later we walked back in
We were each other's destination
Complete, within each other
Now I need to stop often
Looking for a shoulder
To rest a while
To sob on
Or to, just be
As you did on mine
Remember?
Corners of my eyes
Need to be soaked dry
With a palm
Like I did for you
If you remember
Certainly, life still has its own joys
I do find reasons to smile
But I don't smile for no reason
Since you are not with me

#15

Lamp of my life

Now that you are here
Things are looking up a bit
Seeming brighter a bit
Perhaps you have added
Few days to my ending game
Fuel to my dying flame
Flame that was about to be
Covered with sheets of darkness
Or blown off by raging stress

Now that you are back
Life of my lamp is revamped
The strength is regained
To quell the darkness' reign
The happiness beams
And spreads the light again

#16

Theater of life

What am I to say?
What am I to do?
Whether I am to stay
Or must I go
Is it up to me?
Or is it up to you
I guess,
Nothing is up to anyone
It happens when it happens,
Till then behind the curtains
We must arrange our things

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When the time comes
When the curtain opens
All will be exposed
And judged
By hundreds of gods
Sitting quietly in the dark
Watching like a hawk
The gods decide
Who was good and did well
Who was good but did not do well
Who was bad yet did well...

#17

World and her story

Time is passing
So is life
Cross roads, hairpin bends,
Steep climbs, landmarks
All falling behind
I can see a path winding away
Far in the distance
Dissolving into nothingness
One end of which is under my feet
The other seems to be
At the end of my vision
After that... nothing
After that... nothing,
Would be wrong to say
After all, the rest of the world
Has to be there
Somewhere,
Beyond the end of the path
Beyond the end of my vision
Yes, the world made by man

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Will cease to exist
But world untouched by man
Will still be there
In its full glory
Narrating its amazing story.
I will pass away
You too will be gone
Our sorrows would be wiped off
Smiles will fade leaving no mark
Storytellers will not be around
Listeners also would have passed
But the world will go on
Narrating her story on her own.
Alexander, Babar, Genghis Khan
Christ, Kabir and Krshn
Winners and vanquished
Killers and the killed
All dumped randomly
Unceremoniously
In the dark silence
Of a little old box
Not moving
Not speaking
Yet wearing the crown
With a bloody sword in hand
Not knowing their story is done.

#18

Where were you?

Where were you for so long?
Why weren't you here
With me
I have been so disturbed
Hurt and depressed

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I needed you so bad
Needed you to hold my hand
Hold my face
Look in my eyes
Kiss my forehead
Move your fingers in my hair
I needed your shoulder
To drop my head on
Bury my face between your breasts
Yes, I know
In reality
This is imagination
But you could at least let me know...
That you are there
Somewhere

#19

Don't leave me

Is it okay to ask?
Don't leave me again
You see I am not even with you
You do whatever you want to do
In and around your world
I do not physically figure
You know I am not there
And I know you are not here
I am not intruding into your space or taking your time
Demanding your attention, respect, or love of any kind
I can't even see, what you are doing
Who is with you or to whom are you talking
Having coffee, watching movies
Or just sharing your stories
I am not snooping

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On your emails or your phone
Even then you never promised
Never to leave me again.

#20

In love with, imagination

You are the one
In my thoughts
My vision
Perhaps, surely
You are a stranger certainly
But have always stayed inside me
Inside my mindscape
On my thought's page
You may be something unsaid
But you are the poetry of my life
Silent movements of your lips
Are symphonies in my life
With my face on your bosom
I long for the comfort of your dark hair
And inhale the fragrance
A figure emerges in my vision
Perhaps personification
Of a thought,
That has been around
For ever...
I remember
That dark part of the day
Tight grip of hands
But our looks away
Growing warmth and sweat
Hearts that beat together
Were to separate
This had to happen

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I was in love with someone
Created by my Imagination
I think...

#21

Two Graves

I still remember the question
A question,
Crucial to me
My life depended upon
Your answer to that question
But...
You turned away
And kept playing with your long hair
Kept looking at your toes...
So,
I waited
For the answer
As my life to flowed
I waited some more
Waited for you to turn towards me
For you to stop biting your nails
Playing with your hair,
I waited for you to stop staring at your toes
And look at me
I desperately waited for your lips to part
And say something...
This eternal wait
Has been, years... years long
I lived an entire life
With you here

And still it did not happen
That you turned towards me

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Stopped biting your nails
Stopped staring at your toes

Now I am not the same
I don't remember myself
Perhaps this is my new birth
Cycle of life has gone by... waiting
For that quiver of your lips
To utter the answer...

Far away under that tree
Covered with flowers and leafs
There seem to be two shadows
Lying quietly side by side
If you notice closely
They are two graves
One, of my question
Another... of your answer

#22

Expensive Lesson

It takes long to fall in love
These days
Love at first site,
Is a phenomenon of distant past
It is not in fashion anymore
It doesn't happen
Now it takes many years of
Meeting, talking, sharing
Endless cups of coffee
Doing things
Like lending books
And then going back
To get them back

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Going for movies
Letting her choose the seat
Being nice to her,
Her family, friends... dog
Wanting to know more and more about them all...
After you have known a lot about her
No, no don't take it that way
That is not exactly
Knowing about her
How do you know if you do love her?
That question needs a true answer
You will know how much you love her
Sadly... only when you lose her

#23

I mean...

No I am not in touch with her
I mean regularly, no
Pensive? Who me? Huh
Well, I don't tell lies
I do think about her
Sometimes, often
I mean on and off
Like when I am not busy in my work
Or not blogging,
Except may be right now
No, not all the time
Are you crazy or something?
Well she is on my mind
When there is nothing else
On my mind, I mean
You know, what I mean? I hope
That is ridiculous
How can you say?

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I am in love!
With her, I mean
Just because she is on my mind
Don't confuse things here, ok
Moreover even if I do love her
It is not what you think
I hope you know,
What I mean

#24

Couldn't hear you

A little scared, unconfident and unsure
I managed to say,
'I love you'
You turned away with nothing to say
Making me much more
Scared, unconfident and unsure
Just when I was confident
You bit the corner of your nail
It felt like beginning of a tale
Then you looked at me shyly
And said something softly
But confidently...
Till date I curse my heart
For beating so hard
That I couldn't hear you at all.

#25

Not me

I know I lost you eons ago
Or we lost each other
We took our own path

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No, in fact it was me alone
Who decided to go on my own
It was because I had a path
I just left
And vanished without even looking back
I left as though I was dried up
Dried up of emotions, sentiments,
Responsibilities of friendship
Sense of honest relationship
True, there were no promises to keep
No dates to seek
But still, just walking out
Without leaving any message
Address or a phone number
It must have been
So shocking for you
So unbelievable even to think
That I could do that
I could 'be' that
But I hope you believed it soon enough
That it was 'not' me
It just couldn't be me
That's best for me
Not to be 'me'
For you

#26

Quiet conversation

I really think I have seen you earlier
I just don't know when and where
You seem to be a stranger
But not unknown
You may be a delicate doubt
But more believable

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Than of my own thoughts
When I saw you today
A memory flashed...
A dark moonless rainy night
Meeting of our eyes
Lit up my world bright
Your passionate yet calm face
Flowing dark silken hair
Rain drenched clothes
Enhancing your contours
My verses could never contain
Unabashed beauty of yours
Your passionate face froze my mind
Cold rain and fire held me in a bind
I remember your lips overflowing with passion
And our hearts beating in a quiet conversation

#27

In memory of Bliss

Somewhere in the distance, far away
When the day reaches its zenith
And the evening arrives quietly
Like a shy hesitant bride
Lighting lamps of my memories
When memories make my breath heavy
And well my eyes up for no visible reason
The love reaches out to soothe the tension
I know it's you who touched me
A dusky bride facing me
Some hearts remain distant forever
And some for eternity, belong together
My own mind becomes my enemy
Since it offers to suffer
For your pains inside me

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When I find myself in such complexities
I light a lamp of your memories
In my heart I store
My deepest secrets
Secrets of my everlasting dreams
I exist due to those golden dreams
If only a shadow of my dream escaped
Heart may be beating but mind will be dead
When the day ends
Sun wraps up its rays
Taking away the dreamy shadows
The evening turns into a bride
Covered in a dark cloak
And arrives by my side
Quietly

#28

Life Dream

Life is but a dream
I knew that,
Yet I loved life immensely
Problems, failures, frustrations
So many complaints...

A complaint was about to escape my lip
But didn't go beyond the tip
Where will it go, it wondered
Who will hear it
It was futile to 'say' it...
I started on my journey
I kept going, kept going, going
I never wanted to stop
I never stopped
My love,

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Finally, one day
We had to part and chose
Our own separate ways
Good bye my dear
Good bye, good bye...

#29

Words fail me

I sat down to write
As her memories
And my anxieties
Had started choking me
I placed on the desk a blank sheet of paper
Picked the pen up and guided it over
Even before I could write a word
My heart jumped out and sat on the paper
That was the easy part
But now I was thinking hard
About the words
That will replace my heart
Will express my feelings
The words that might say
That my life was missing
My pain had now breached all limits
But no words surfaced, that will fit
Even after a very long struggle
Words didn't emerge in my mind
Gingerly I held my head
And was clearly in a bind
I dropped the pen in the slot
And shut the inkpot
My eyes were welling up
And tears were rolling down
Onto the paper in front

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Forming unshapely circles
Soon entire paper was covered...

My feelings were perfectly expressed
Tears had said all that was in my mind
But real words?
Words failed me, one more time

#30

With me

Thinking,
Thinking of you
Today,
Today also, like yesterday
Like the last week, month or the year
I don't
No, I don't remember living a moment
Without you
Without the moments spent with you
I don't ever,
Ever remember being
Being deprived of your memories
Thoughts or dreams
You are,
You surely are always with me
But only,
The only thought that pricks me
Whether 'me' too is with you...
Like you are,
You are with me right now.

#31

Life Boat

When I am sailing alone
My boat is a drab struggle for survival
If you look at me from the shore
Perhaps I can row some more
If you join me on my boat
The boat will turn into a beacon of hope
If you sit opposite me
It might be a flight of fantasy
With you besides me
Your hand on my tired shoulder
Boat will turn into a fragrant garden
But if you pick up a sail and row with me
... Oh sorry
Writer's block!
Can't imagine that far

#32

Message for the heart

She was much in a hurry
Going straight ahead
Without looking left or right
Zooming through trees
Clipping and dropping leaves
That fluttered down aghast
Somehow I caught up with her
Why such a hurry?
I prodded her again
Where are you coming from?
I am a messenger
Of a man in white turban

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For a woman in blue gown
Walking on the path right down
A very private message?
I said with a chuckle
She said, 'yes',
With a menacing tone
'It's for the woman's heart
From the man's gun!'

#33

Life is about...

Life is not about happy ending
It's not even about ending
Or, a beginning
It is a cycle, in fact
Of endless beginnings and ends
Beginnings and ends are like
Stations or stops
Where one can
Take a breather
Rest a while there
Reschedule next leg of journey
Leave regular beaten tracks
Go sideways or
Visit higher planes
If one wants a finer form
Or stay without form
Take a nirvana...

Then at some point of time
If you think you need to change
The way the world is
Please sow the seeds of 'work to be done'

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In your soul and inner memory
And return to earth
With all that awareness in your soul

Life, perhaps is about awareness
And about actions,
Performed with awareness

#34

The Moment

I was going along
My own way
Minding my own path
Humming my own song
Smiling at the smiles
Avoiding voids
When I saw...

She did not smile
React or notice her blank eyes
Vaguely on a distant horizon
Her long silken hair
Bouncing in rhythm
With her sure steps

As the distance melted
I fumbled and missed a step
Causing Mona Lisa to smile
The moment froze...

I failed to notice
How many people
Crossed the space between us
Like shadows

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I kept walking
She kept walking
Till we passed each other
And passed the moment...

We were going along
Our own ways
Minding our own steps...

#35

Perfect, 'Good Morning'

In the morning when you open your eyes
Cover your face with your signature smile

You throw your blanket off without hesitation
And are charged with energy's manifestation

When you hear the day's first word
A friend's hello or tweet of a bird

Your belly happy with king's breakfast
Your chest ready to face a day's task

You step out into the open confidently
To resolve life's endless possibilities

That my friend, is a 'good morning'
Have one right this morning

#36

Guest song

Familiar and refreshing
Yet unheard song
Sneaked into my mind-space
And started playing around
It hops on various emotions
Through black and white keys
Creating new tunes
With upmost ease
Sometime it tightens a string
To tune it right
The other times it vanishes from sight
Only to find it relaxing on a string
That I know has been too tight

#37

Finding real me

I realized I like talking to emptiness...
We have intelligent conversations
One to one
I can say what I want
To that emptiness
She does not challenges me
Wrong me
Criticize or correct me
Expand on me
Shorten me
No one can even appreciate
Like or love me
Hate or insult me

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That emptiness,
Just lets me be me
And that 'me' my friend
Is real me

THIS IS IT

