

Wilderness House Literary Review 7/2

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"Self Dedication To Poetry"

The shadow lying on the floor,
Was of the esteemed poet's,
Pondering on some deep thoughts.
And the poetic inspiration,
Being lifted from the shadow,
Enter his sanctified heart,
Through the eyes gazing at the floor.

Then the rhymes from the heart,
Collated, blended and blessed
Sprout out to fall on the blank paper,
As if some heavenly angel,
Descends down to earth landscape.

Imagination ,illusion, illustration
Like the quite heartbeat of the poet,
Stops never.
And are found ever in his poems.

When the night sleeps and dreams,
The poet strives to add more feel,
To his poems that are so full of feelings.

And when the dawn wakes and enlightens,
The poet completes the ending line,
Of the poem that will forever shine.

The shadow, the candle flame,
The paper piece, the nib of the pen
And the poet himself,
Only knows
How arduous a thing it is,
To dedicate the complete self to poetry...

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"Immortal Ink Bleed"

He sees through his divine eyes,
From his heart,
Sanctified words he writes,
And the nib of his mighty pen,
Bleeds in rhyme.

So concerned for him is the night,
Asking why,
He spends sleepless nights,
And garlanding extreme pain,
He keeps on writing endless lines.

He colors the poems, in gracious feel,
So beautiful are those penned rhymes,
Soothing as the nightingale's song,
Are the poems that are his mental vision.

The Poet's thought passes,
From the graveyard,
To the endless void,
And from the baby's smile,
To the weeping lady,
And again from the flowing stream,
To the supporting blind man's stick.

Peace readers, extended your ears,
The poet so able
To pierce your heart
With doleful lines,
And enlighten your soul,
With divine poetry.

The poet strives ,writes ,enlightens ,dies,
But Immortal Ink Bleed he leaves behind...

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"Your Beauty, My Poetry"

This I say not in a mournful undertone,
You are to me like rising sun to the morn.
The immense love that you have given,
Makes my heart to sicken and weaken.

Deep rooted inside my passive heart,
Like the form of an impressive art,
Your love takes shelter,
And slays my weak slumber.

Then euphoria upon my heavy eyelids reign,
When you invade my dream with mist & rain.
All the pain from my heart is washed,
When the tide of your beauty hits it hard.

Many dreamlands have my eyes beheld,
Since you have moped out the tears they did shed.
And your gleaming eyes dwell inside my eyes,
Tears from the four eyes are vanished to the brine seas.

O beloved, you will stay immortal in my poetic pages
Your beauty shall be adored by the folks of the upcoming ages,
For the alluring beauty that you possess,
Is meant for the theme of my poems...

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"The Crucifixion"

Crucifixion as it cogently elucidates,
The plighted tort of Jesus moribund,
At Galilee, Jesus evangelized his sermons,
And preached on the mount of olives.

But the injudicious Caiaphas,
Whimsically stated this as a Blasphemy.
And the avaricious Judas,
Peddled Jesus for a few pieces of silver.

Jesus was then abducted to Pilate,
"What should be done with him"??
Asked when the ebullient roman Governor.
"Crucify him", shouted the imprudent horde...

"I am innocent of this man's blood",
Quothed this the patrician Pilate to the throng.
"See it to yourselves", affirming so he departed.
Twas' the first occasion , he relinquished the decision.

Oh , then the iniquitous fiendish scene,
Witnessing which, stony hearts would even bleed.
How nefariously was Jesus fastened to the cross,
And was maneuvered to the Golgotha by three centurions.

The barbaric tyrannical lashes of the whip,
Was real torment for the bleeding man.
Love of mother Mary danced before his eyes,
But faded soon when the cross was raised.

Thus Jesus was atrociously bereaved,
The tragic suffering brought his life to an end.
"Messiah"!! The liberator of oppressed people,
Was assassinated whose effigy we worship today...

(JESUS)

"The Dead Man's Stare"

And inside the dark room,
A dead man was found,
Whose eyes gleamed and dazzled,
When the candle was lit on the table.

As a tall phantom or a vamp,
Holding a candle in the dark,
Descends some bungalow's haunted stairs,
So the cool and blunt breeze,
Removed the white cloth,
Covering the dead man.

Then deep inside his yearning eyes,
Deeper pain and agony reflected.
That soon went down,
To his perished heart,
When his eyelashes were shut,
By someone's trembling hand.

A drop of tear fell on the floor,
From his eyes that were dead shut,
And a ocean of affliction was stored,
In the tiny dolorous teardrop.

When they put the corpse,
Inside the famish coffin,
And raised it above the floor,
The feeble candle flame blew off.

When the funeral march was on,
And the graveyard was waiting,
To give shelter to another corpse,
His living soul wept inside that room,
That was being conquered by his lifeless stare...