

Poems by Amitabh Vikram Dwivedi

Where's love

Love just vanished.

As heat evaporates ice,
Your loving me too much did to love.

Now there is a feel of snow in the air.
The sun shines fluffy and light sleet and
Snow mock at my face.

Had you loved me less
It would have been fated same.
Our separation didn't require a reason:
Since love started without reason,
It ended just like that.

What matters most?

Consider! It is a four lettered word,
No, not a matter of love,
But a matter of f@#^.

No moral law is involved,
Since mortals know how they evolved:
While syphoning the python, and
Squeezing the lemons.

Conditions are same, and positioning fine,
With deliberations we seek; and
With effort we determine.

Through advantages of Earth,
The derivations of Heaven arrive.
With timely enforcement
Man & woman become man and wife.

The reward and punishment play,
And army increases-two able generals
Bring forth soldiers of discipline.

The Last Breathe

I know that you were never being in love.
So you asked me, why in pain,
And, what a pity, that
I languished and my suffering increased,
You simply smiled and said-
No pain no gain.

Till my eyes had tears, I wept.
Till my body allowed, I remained
Alive though dead long back.

A poor thing that I had to drag my body
As long as I had the last breathe.

Parting

That is a good thing we have parted-
One road,
Opposite directions,
Cannot reach to destination.

And you left me midway;
Nothing novel, I too will leave
One day,
This home.
Beyond the grave.

Love-war

Like war, in love too,
The [S/s]tate is important:
For war it is nation, and
For love notion.

It is a matter of life and death:
In one you risk body, and
In other heart.

Constraints determine your moves;
Factors govern success and defeat.
You must accord with the ruler:
Commander or Heart, at all times & every seasons,
Cause it is a matter of life and death.

Believe your ruler,
As you have no choice:
If embrace victory the world is yours,
Otherwise you will rot for sure.

Balloon

You have given me a balloon, haven't you?
By filling air in my stomach.
You said, "my seizures will cure,
If I allow you."

Now beneath my mound, something crawls.
What happened to your balloon, you said,
"It will protect."

I forgot my periods, and now
It is too late.
So stately it ascends, and
My tensions are mounting perceptibly.

Soon it will struggle for breath,
The mere idea chokes me.
The creature will strain and spun,
So quick it happened, outside institution.

Bat

Early September, it was a bit dark,
I saw a bird flying in the sky.
It was really high and steady:
I thought it were a crow.
After a while, I realized it was a bat,
And soon they became many.

I told my wife, "They are bats."
She didn't believe me.
How foolish-didn't know bats' wings-
What a pity?

I again said, "They are bats."
She resisted, they were not.
I thought for a while,
Whether with a mule I am talking too.

I looked at my baby in the pram.
Such a beauty!
Do bats drink baby's blood?
A thought flashed through, and disappeared.
I lifted my baby and pressed near my heart.

"I will protect you from everything."-
I said silently.

Wind

The wind is rising, wetting my eyes.
That warmth—actually a waste product—
Is rather salty but necessary too,
Cause it provides me a relief.

The satisfied leaves also clap weirdly,
Trying to break that prolonged dryness
Through exorcising moisture.

How vast is that ocean,
How petty my life!
My mind too conspires; it wouldn't stop nudging me,
And wind rises.