

Poetry Series

**subodh pandey**  
**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**

2018

**Publisher:**

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

subodh pandey()

# ' The Other Thing Immortality '

Came lazy and stretched summer afternoon  
Nothing to do, you chase a butterfly  
Its wings swiftly flutters  
Balancing the load of sunrays  
On the colored fragile wings.

Led by your impatience and its instinct  
You see a man sitting on a rock  
Sculpted beautifully by time and flowing water  
With tilted head and drooping shoulders  
His infinitely long arms,  
Tries to grasp, the ever escaping lament,  
carried by water

swept by the eternal current  
he witness many ages go by  
at the edge of futile endeavor,  
you wipe out the stained fingers,  
with the mildew colors,  
left by the wings

subodh pandey

## .....A Conversation

A droplet of rain  
rolls on the curves of a leaf  
a bird swirls its neck.

subodh pandey

# 1 Haiku

fallen leaves rumbled  
under the cart wheel, silent  
alley to village.

subodh pandey

## 2haiku

The morning dew drops  
on the tip of the grass, mourn's  
sliding down the edge.

subodh pandey

# A Broken Tennis String

Tingling wave creeps  
to the being, along the hand  
a retreating string.

subodh pandey

## A Broken Tennis String 2

sweat trickles on cheek  
rolls sharp, an ill defined line  
in shivering dusk.

subodh pandey



# A Conspiracy

Let us search, the one,  
Who conspired against us  
The urge of man himself to know or the god  
The faintest, subtlest sign  
May still be lying in the chain of time for us to trace  
The pure duration felt on the palm  
Of the beloved, when you touch  
Or the longing to walk together holding hand in hand.  
At the moment of your ascendance  
You taste both the ephemeral and eternal.  
O' how strangely you escape in search of the one who conspired,  
Filling us, the ephemeral's with the quest of immortality  
We faithfully, almost, blissfully taken into the call.  
The worn out face of yours is too much  
for the hands of beloved to hold on.  
Someone from some other time  
well might dropp in, in whose heaving  
Bosom you may hide, in delight.

subodh pandey

# Absence

Enveloped with their absence  
gripping the slippery hands strongly,  
they walk to mountain  
wind breezes past insanely.  
A dropp of sweat, skips the hold  
earth yields a solitary note  
in the ear the note melts.  
Absence are placed way past our reach  
domains of absence coalesce to form  
the temple of ruins, where lone blossoms.

subodh pandey

# Aks

At the distant old lake  
Your reflection wavers on wandering waves  
In the limitless enmity of past  
your eyebrows are arched in anticipation  
as if raised by the pallid moon  
the pure and sanguine jealousy  
glides over the undulating water  
cold breeze unveils the hidden spaces  
draped with, you drown in fear  
lest, reflection will him  
already you withstand the departure  
but the still lake, the pallid moon  
you, the reflection  
all is at rest a stone throwaway

subodh pandey

# Ancestors

Shivering too is lonely  
quite possible let it be  
the undulating light on water puddle  
too does not have much.

along cane woven by threads of rain  
something has reached my eyes  
delving even deeper than the darkening leaves in rain  
i should have asked them for a cup of tea at least  
they might have drank a bit.

its about morning the trespassing sun is lost somewhere  
my spine shuddered lest they may leave  
like JARATKARU spine might have shuddered, ages back  
on seeing his ancestors clinging to the roots of banyan tree.  
his spine might not have shuddered may be quite possible  
they ancestors were capable in their wait and he in pledge.

before even i can think of doing something  
their cane of water threads disappeared  
they might have been tired of wait or primal grief of centuries  
i am still shivering caught in the threads of rain  
am sorry sorry

subodh pandey

# Blindness

Blinded by sight i look into things  
being in it or rather too close to it  
i obstruct the view.

I arrange it, it shatters  
again i strive to put the fragments of  
fallen flower together,  
so that somehow it may relate to me,  
a prayer march on in the vast unknown.  
All of it is not tiresome uptil you sing a fresh distraction  
former is distant now  
and in the later, you are out grown by a breath.

subodh pandey

# Boatman

The spilled silver of moon  
over a distanced lake,  
in the still of night.  
A boy mounted at the edge of boat  
dips his foot,  
tearing apart the silver and solitude,  
torn sheet quivers momentarily  
The widening circles of ripples.

subodh pandey

# Boredom

At the mud wall hangs a landscape in a painting  
Which by its everlasting presence is left disinherited.  
The mountain, cart, sickle, a reaper all standing firm at their place.  
Along with the flying hay, flowing water, pile of colors,  
all the rustling and rumbling world,  
Suddenly along the tremendous outpouring from the landscape  
a fine thread of of boredom seeps in  
The tense yearning came rolling through the thread  
gripping the world of young.  
The boredom was new to her  
and too bountiful for her tender hands.  
She does not know whom to give it to  
Or to take it to other dimension, the future,  
Which is yet to take shape in her life  
But behind the landscape  
Is nothing more than the transient transit.  
On her own she consecrate the image of a friend  
Visiting her, with whom alone she can share her playthings,  
Thus can roll a new begining.

subodh pandey

## Boundaries Haiku

over night heavy rain  
pale straw aligns chaotically  
play place is marked.

subodh pandey



## Brown Haiku

The earth's brown disguised  
by a cover of leaves, dead  
birds nest lay unvieled.

subodh pandey

## Calm Haiku

A retreating bird  
Slithers past the evening moon  
Calm trail in young eye.

subodh pandey

# Chess Haiku

Moonlight bathes a tree  
earth marked by light and shadow  
an oblong chequer board.

subodh pandey

# Dawn 1

White flakes settle  
on the firewood  
crimson tale of morning

subodh pandey

## Dawn 2

Draped in the ripe fragrance  
and the morning breeze,  
you woke in birds' chirp.

subodh pandey

# Dementia

A man stands at window, watches a tree  
thrusting its outline in the sunbeams  
The sunrays roll down the leaves,  
in all splendour.

He strives long to turn out  
a leaf out of the gone by  
agonisingly close the image of his  
memories shatters again and again  
within him

He stills his hands on a parapet,  
lighted by daylight.

subodh pandey

# Dillema

blinded by sight, i look into things  
being in it or too close to it, i obstruct it.  
i arrange it, it shatters  
again i try to arrange, so it may somehow relates to me  
but by my slightest glance, it collapses in me,  
leaving me to dwelve in dark.  
it's not tiresome uptil one smells and sings fresh distractions.  
now former is distant and  
in later you are absorbed.

subodh pandey

# Displacement

o' where are the shudders of spine  
brought by the cold air  
you are robbed by time, may be  
the endearing curiosity of a child,  
at the edge of the star, someone plays flute,  
pebbles left at shore by flowing water,  
herds of cows coming back to calves at dusk  
amidst all, bereaved you breathe  
and in you vibrates the unlaid poem.

subodh pandey



# Elegy

O dear, the stars you saw in childhood  
Are now so distant  
even afraid of a whisper  
with the touch of a word  
oozes out the fragrance of ripening  
wet with the tears of grief, they fall  
vanishes with thud in air  
not before brightening the morning dewdrops.

subodh pandey

# 'Evokation

ink spills in water  
whirling cloud of smoke leaps up  
erupting volcano.

subodh pandey

# Gaze

The tree still stands there  
Providing the place to hide  
gaze of fate can see it and surrounds us  
inner caverns of recluse, your weeping places,  
filled with the echoing voices  
from all the ages  
holding the strings of voices you avert a fall  
in vain you search for a dullest corner you reconcile  
but people from all quarters of time  
endlessly evoke a listener in you  
tells the stories of lovers, kings, martyrs, holding nothing back  
you float like the fallen leaves  
your eyelids can no longer withstand drooping  
you escape to a dream unsay able

subodh pandey

# Grand Mother

Where are they, nowhere  
Moving past is the night sky  
Someone walks with a lame  
Words rolls down on her lips  
Stays there , on those parched lips  
Mockingly indifferent you sit  
Once again, spring unveils nothing but fall  
Smoke takes shapes quite unheard of.

subodh pandey

# Green Of Grass Shimmers

Green of grass shimmers  
by morning dew drops, blemish  
below feet, silence.

subodh pandey

## Haiku Like Poem 3

Graying shadows  
rolls down the hill  
herd of cows returning.

subodh pandey

## Haiku Like Poem 5

A sickled moon hangs  
above a desolate hill  
mist disperses gently.

subodh pandey

## Haiku Like Poem 6

Sunrays trickle through  
the sieves of an old thatched hut  
column of light and dust.

subodh pandey



## Haiku Like Poem-4

Half filled pitcher  
on a slant of a hill  
stills a flying bird.

subodh pandey

# Haiku Like Poems 1

Sun is hidden  
greyish curtain descends  
A bellowing heifer.

subodh pandey

## Haiku Rain 4

White cloud  
Rounds the hilltop  
yellow flowers on road.

subodh pandey

# Hallucination

in the gloomy interface  
as the light recede, serpent of dark crawls idly  
deep into the night.

Sitting long over a cold corner  
people pass by, bustling in the overlapping spheres of speech.

The spheres diffuse upto you  
get tangled in the web of smoke and spilling dark.

Elongating curve's break straight in the oblivion  
out of many, few stirs the ear,  
drifting along the opaque air,  
like piercing shrapnel's.

The smoky sap leaps up  
the forbidden echoes in your vault,  
whistling at a furtive pace,  
in search of a lost enunciated word,  
which leaked silently through the overburdened syntax of a dream, a long way  
back.

You sway in an unknown trajectory of the same primal origin,  
always a new in the eclipsing evening.

subodh pandey

# Henna

the stationary hands arranged obliquely  
in space, trying to hold the falling breath.  
words, through porous fingers  
clutching the web rolls down the faded red,  
stays momentarily on the the pulsating vein.  
she withdraw her hands  
from a strange eye  
as the evening moon  
in all its might, evades  
the red lament of sun.

subodh pandey

# Involution Haiku

On a barren hill  
shade of gliding vulture impels  
an effacing line.

subodh pandey

# Magician

The mundane always escapes us  
such is the truth of one's departure.  
What we miss, is the place for him  
to weave his world.  
For him world is a web of woven strings  
he stamps his foot randomly  
with each foot a note falls  
note after note and silence in between.  
Lured by his music  
you settle in the elusive world  
but hold guard some thing still be escaping.

subodh pandey

# Meditation

Birds flying in arch  
A shrill voice  
void fills the cup.

subodh pandey



# Monia

The orange of morning  
rounding the drum beats  
seeps along bamboo bushes  
they walk the silence of words.

subodh pandey

# Moonlight

The spilled moonlight  
recedes over ripe field  
the dark of sickled reaper  
finishes the harvest.

subodh pandey

# Music

Bird beak knocks a mirror  
afloat in the sea of cold air  
a cadence of sound.

subodh pandey

# Myth

In the darkest recesses of memory it lay,  
in all its fragmented finesse.  
Crumpled along the frills of frock  
or as an alibi in locks of a young women.  
On the travellers shoulder it circles the world  
through the vocals of transient travellers, it emerges  
magnificent, timeless, pure as a load of primal grief.  
You see in it the fragrance of a shadow flower  
sown flower of its own fruit.  
By pointing fingers you count flowers, yet to be fruits.  
The contorted contours of feeling swells up  
in the one who survives you, your time with a thin wry smile.  
The ancient sap leaps high up in the veins  
heart shrinks in excess of being  
trying to behold the everlasting,  
completing the circle of myth.

subodh pandey

# Night

Dreams drifts on chirps  
in search of a inflated call  
deep in the morning's interface  
light shadows the frilled sheet.

subodh pandey

# Night Walk

The lengthening shadows of the figures  
slowly merge with the dark of night,  
in the oblivious distinction  
you cling to the extreme periphery of an  
ever-expanding shape,  
of which your collective memories  
chooses to be mute,  
as if not to divulge, the secret of a childhood friend,  
come what so ever.

At the stone altar you stand  
hands heavenwards, protecting yourself  
from the wrath of stars.  
All of sudden sky is like an inverted bowl  
mosaiced with the shimmering stars,  
lighting the distinction with the rustiness of vice.  
Your inner space is tangled with all that is  
vice and novice  
One overlapped by the moonlight  
strolls to a walk in night.

subodh pandey

# Pilgrimage Haiku

The sight of pilgrims  
bores through, in eternity  
reaping the harvest.

subodh pandey

# Poem

Transgressing the child's play place  
Arrives a silent oath, on a horse back  
Words flow like mane  
Ear filled with forgotten secrets of fate  
Mingled with dew drops  
One touches the colors of separation.

subodh pandey



## Rain Haiku 3

Loitering cloud  
disperses,  
In the depth of an eye.

subodh pandey

# Rain-Haiku

Cloud caresses the canopy  
pierce the twigs  
on a slanting hill.

subodh pandey

## Rain-Haiku 2

A cloud loosens  
at the edge of lake  
raindrops smite the face.

subodh pandey

# Remembrance

Overlaid by the infinite expanse of your remembrance  
As fog blankets the winter withered lake  
The moonlight wanders on the waves

On tiptoe, she walks in the garden of blue white flowers  
At the desolate foothill, sits an inconsolable schoolboy  
Yearning for rain

Raindrops spreads and dissolves  
Memories in me, like ink in water  
My caged world

can now transiently fly  
on the wings of clouds.

subodh pandey

# River The Ganges

Sunrays glides  
over undulating waters  
A prayer flows on.

subodh pandey

## Road Haiku

to misty hill  
a road bends  
Trail of passerby.

subodh pandey

# Shadow

Black cloud  
veils moon  
you, bereft of a shadow.

subodh pandey

# Shadow Of A House

Shadow of a house  
crawls a mud wall  
a half blackened portrait.

subodh pandey



# Silver Haiku

Laid by the moonlight  
a silver sheet over lake, quivers  
in the tranquil night.

subodh pandey

# Smoke Haiku

The semi lunar moon  
stagnates among the lake bushes, lonely  
you smoke on way back.

subodh pandey

# Sound

Threads of rain  
Spread in a lake  
a quivering thud.

subodh pandey

# Stepping Out

in the vast nowhere  
with our violent instinct, we leave  
but every parting has a space in us  
we have left is a one thing and ah  
other is our mirrored freedom.  
but is there any way past memories,  
for its completion it creates a world of its own,  
full of vivid colors,  
as if oil spilled on water.  
in the interface, you rhythmically occur  
as a stroke too bold on canvas.

subodh pandey

# Sunray

sun rays rest  
on a rain cloud  
a birds' retreat

subodh pandey

# Tesu Haiku

Flowers on fire  
against the setting spring sun  
fierce red in an eye.

subodh pandey

# The Elegy To Autumn

Silence will not be the form of you in me  
at the edge of fate, we scream  
the last sigh of our exiatence.  
The veins of trees are visible  
devoid of leaves, as if free of all pretexts.  
No where to go, blissfully it stands  
as the last penance of our outcry.

subodh pandey

# The House

shadows from the day, dust laden  
tied loosely to the sound of footfall  
enter the house.

The shadows dissemble and spill  
over the house, even to the unkempt bed.  
The moonlight is caught in the bars  
of the window sill, etched on the wall.  
silently you walkout into the  
widening expanse of the white light.

subodh pandey



# The Moon

Birds flying in arch  
scaling away  
Towards the moon

subodh pandey

# The Other Storyteller

Do you hear his retiring, from day long work  
his foot lazily falls on the ground  
not to annoy earth or from tiredness.  
The loosened clay and we call him,  
gather round him and fire.  
Sitting, the quiet hours of childhood,  
which have nothing to say.  
By and through the fire he changes  
everytime his transformation escapes us  
stars stay for a while as a mute witness.  
Words on the warmth of darting flame  
reach our ear  
smoke fill up the every space of childhood.  
Amidst, he leaves few spaces for us to fill  
with whisper and breath.  
We the fearful  
always fill up  
lest his transformation and by him ours  
might crush.

subodh pandey

# The Other Transparency

The wandering moon is caught  
amongst the tree tops on a hill  
A shrinking rivulet flows  
as a thin staff of an old man  
Stones lay bare in the transparent brook.  
She dips her feet, the flow parts at her calf.  
Her foot imprints an arch  
on a nearby stone  
silently the arch dissipates in other transparency.

subodh pandey

# The Passing By

Moon is eclipsed  
Threads of cloud  
Resonance of rain.

subodh pandey

# The Pot Maker

Unsteadily first revolves the pot maker's wheel  
With tremulous hands, he searches what's not there.  
His fingers reach out for mud and mud for him.  
Emptiness forms on both sides of the mud  
In the beautiful expanse of his patience,  
He endures to retrieve the shape of earth, long forgotten  
Amidst, he along with birds chirps  
Something like an ancient hymn.

subodh pandey

# Wait

the spread out yellow  
echoes in the stolid eye  
a flushing harvest.

subodh pandey

# Wanderlust

Crescent moon wanders  
in search of its remains  
at the edge of wood  
a white trail of cart track  
bends towards a hut.

subodh pandey

# White Haiku

Lonely crescent moon  
floats on the chirp of cricket  
mirrors in a lake.

subodh pandey



# Yellow Haiku

The yellowing leaves  
held by dissolving stalk, flips  
to dance the autumn.

subodh pandey