

Poetry Series

Avinash Nair
- poems -

Publication Date:
2016

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Avinash Nair(19/10/1988)

Avinash is one of the most talented poets I have ever known. His heart-touching poems not only reach one's soul, but his skilful play with words shows his dexterity and his comfort with the English language. Avinash is a philosopher-poet and his deep thinking about the various problems that assail the society which are reflected in his poems. Occasionally he deviates from his concern with the society and writes a romantic poem like 'The Kiss'. He is not only concerned with his role in the society but his sharp eyes also detect the plight of women and in one of his poems, he has touched the issue of prostitution. The pain of the woman is skilfully etched with words. It is as if he has created a painting with his words. 'The Storyteller' is I think the lamentation of his father's untimely demise and 'The Smile' is Avinash at his sardonic best. In his poem, 'New Year's Eve', he has tried to have a positive outlook and asked the reader's to forge ahead despite the gloom surrounding him. In the 'Sound of Silence', he has sensitively drawn the picture of street urchins, who are a familiar sight in Mumbai's glamour filled world. My heart cries out when I read the 'Sound of Silence'. In the 'Parting Ways' he laments the futility of his passion which is unspent probably due to the fear of society. Read the poems of Avinash Nair and feel the pain, hurt, passion that makes up his personality.

-Laya Bajpai

A Love Letter

To my dearest,
I can wait for you in your absence,
I can hear you out in your silence.
I can define your sadness,
And become your happiness.
I can wait for an eternity,
And can be that opportunity.
I can wait for your consent,
With all the patience that I have.

Yours Lovingly,
Lover.

Avinash Nair

A Poet

Some say,
I am the most deceptive,
Selfish creature on the earth.
I say,
Perhaps I am.
I am unsure of my worth.
Some say,
I don't feel any emotion,
I just need a perspective,
Simply want to experience the feel.
I say,
I am still a human
With a throbbing heart,
Hard to heal.
Some say,
I live, I write, I thrive,
For mere appreciation.
I say,
I write to survive,
All the pain and depression.
Some say,
I fall in love again and again
Just to gain
The romantic seed.
I say,
With every love that breaks,
There's something in me that breaks,
Which is beyond repair and heal,
Which with the layers of smile I conceal.

Avinash Nair

A Reason To Smile

Hold that smile for a second more,
For it has its reason to be there,
Unlike some forgotten lore,
It was not just a sheer chance
That carved in that spot of joy.

Let it feel the expanse of your lips.
Let your lips drench in their warmth,
For there were times when they
Trembled under the sheer sense of sorrow.
Let your eyes feel that relief which
Spreads across your face, they
Undoubtedly would want to witness
A new phase that begins tomorrow.
Happiness and sadness are each a world,
From which, you have survived on sadness
Long enough, giving you a reason to hold
This smile that spreads across your
Face, a selfish few seconds more.

Avinash Nair

A Small Talk

You want me to talk!
When I have no words left
To express,
When am just an experience,
Of a staggering existence
Which precedes its essence,
Trying to make that sense
Of the bits and piece that fall
Around me.
I am the tired approval
Of that silent mind,
That has known the gradual
Fall of an able sound.
Would you be kind enough,
To keep me safe,
Safe in the hands of history?
Because what we shared then
Is a forgotten lore now.
It is just like the smell
Of the moth balls
Enunciating from old clothes,
So faint, so distant
Yet so much present.
You want me to talk,
Now when my words crumble?
When I a stranger to the humble
Sympathies that I have gathered,
Is in search of a wall or corner
Where I can rest in peace.
Where silence creeps
Piece by piece.

Avinash Nair

A Smile!

A smile, is despair in deception
It is the deception in depravity
For it is the depravity of depression
The depression is of the deceased
Alas! The deceased is devoid
Of doing anything remotely human!
Yet smile is despair in deception
A device for the deceased
Now you may ask me
How do I know?
I know it, I am sure!
For I am never devoid of a smile!

Avinash Nair

A Sojourn Solitary Traveller

Again, he embarks on this journey,
A journey without destination
With a slight change;
This time, it is alone
A sojourn solitary traveller
Traversing through the trivialities of life
Filled with passion
Searching for a quest,
A bit of compassion,
Earnest with anticipation
For emancipation,
For a greater reason
To live and thrive,
Searching
For a justification
To be happy and alive.
He observes people,
Observes time
With passion,
He meets intrigue
And befriends sham,
Falls in love with hate
And marries vengeance.
However, as they say, 'fate'!
Our sojourn solitary traveller
Is still alone
Left out in the crowd;
A shadow without form
A sound without meaning
An existence without purpose.
The sojourn solitary traveller!
Travels alone
Preaching, trying, justifying
His life,
His sorrow, his hideous strife.

Avinash Nair

A Strange Relation

It's a strange relation that we share,
Strangest of them, but we dare
To look at each other in the eyes
And tell our hearts all those lies.
But we have no promises to keep,
No selfish meanings to reap.
We are just two bodies with
One troubled soul wanting to sleep,
Wanting to dream, the sweetest dream.
We are like the fading sunlight
Offering away our hope
Before the dawn of the night.
We are like the gentle morning dew,
Glistening to our glory,
But then noticed seldom, only by a few.
We are like that dying wishes
Etched in the memories with the dead.
We are the two bodies, indeed!
With distinct hunger, hopes and needs
But we are also that one soul,
Which silently always bleeds.

Avinash Nair

All For Love!

I put my love for you
Into words,
Words cleverly disguised
To look as if mine,
Every time I catch a new
Emotion, I put it down,
Write and rewrite
Edit and re-edit,
I have done all that,
That is not right,
I have broken into thoughts,
Into imagination that rots
In my mind,
I have strangled some words,
Choked their crooked necks,
Until I got,
What I wanted,
Sometimes, yes sometimes,
At desperate times
I have killed a few words,
Drowned them in my sorrow,
Given birth to a few,
All for my selfish needs,
Expressions that reads,
To meet a new morrow.
I have also wordnapped
A few astray words,
But 'twas all for love,
Love quietly trapped
Into my soul.

Avinash Nair

Alone

"Alone" she said, "I wait"
And I could actually relate
Her to a bird with broken wings,
Caged to a word with broken hope
Crying out loud in what she sings,
Staged against the backdrop
Of blight disparity.

"Alone" she said, "and I hate"
Ah! The pain when she did state
Her lips quivered
Her eyes wavered,
Perhaps I noticed a stray tear,
Or perhaps, was she afraid
In a slight quantity.

"I blame myself" she said, "for being me"
I saw a woman who wanted to be free
An image of a child trapped
Image of innocence chapped
Living each day with the pain
The fear, loss, and the disdain

A life lost of integrity!
A woman without an identity!

Avinash Nair

Broken Pieces

We are broken pieces,

Pieces of art,

Sometimes joined

At the odd cracks,

Hoping for completion.

Sometimes we are glued

To a piece so intricately

Carved, so well we get

An illusion to dwell,

An illusion to live,

Until that one day

When we realize,

We are nothing but

Broken pieces of art,

Never the whole

But always a part,

The broken pieces of art.

Avinash Nair

Can I Say I Love You?

Can I say, I love you
In just three words?
I don't think I could.
I don't think I would.
Love is more than just
These three words, tossed around.
It is not that astray feeling found.
Love is a perception!
And perception is reality.
A way to lead your life,
A sense of being alive.
Love is not in the perfection told,
It is in the imperfection unseen but old.
Love is not in the happiness shared,
It is in the silent sadness cared.
Love lies not in the expression of an emotion,
But rather in the suppression of a notion.
Love is not a thing to be expressed,
It is the enlightenment to be achieved.
Still do you really think,
I can say I love you
In just three words?
I don't think I could,
I don't think I would.

Avinash Nair

Choices

We walk into this realm
Of reality, we walk for a distance
Predestined. With some to follow
Us into the path that stem
From the choices that we make.
Only if we can undo what is done,
For at least those some instance,
From which voices our sorrow.
Only if we had a way to know
The true meaning of our actions.
Pleasure some, sadness much!
Life is a deliberate mistake such,
Repeated in response day after day,
For those whom we think we love.
We are the mistake of an emotion,
A widely mistaken notion.
We spend our lives in futility
Trying to understand the choices
That made us, each day ignoring
The choices that we make.

Avinash Nair

Confessions

Every day I pass by your window,
Half expectant of seeing you there,
Lost in thoughts
As you always were,
I wish I would chance upon,
Catch a glimpse,
Of an unexpected tear,
Rolling down to smear
Your pretty face.
Oh how I wish, I could be there,
Take you in my embrace,
At that moment,
Hold you close to heart and erase
The pain that was bent
On hurting you.
Every day I pass by your window,
Only to see it closed,
Foolish me to have supposed
Of any chance,
Of reviving the romance.
Then I hear you sing
In your melancholic voice
And I know 'tis for me you sing,
And to me a thought it brings,
Subtle though, it stings!
'I know why that caged bird sings! '

Avinash Nair

Desire

For all that argument's sake,
Let me propagate
A subtle quote,
A short verse,
Which should initiate,
Perhaps narrate,
Or better imitate,
The true meaning of desire.
'Our desire is a true desire
When it desires to create
A better change
A drastic interchange
Of ideas and lives
Of minds and motives.
Which if it fails to do
Is then nothing but pitiable rue.'

Avinash Nair

Elegy For The Dead

I pass through places,
I pass through people,
New faces,
Strange countenance,
All a dying pretence,
Some alone,
Some prone,
Some depend,
Some descend
Into my soul
Not in bits and pieces
But in whole,
Strange events,
Stranger people,
A Meaning that prevents,
The estranged essence,
A dying thought,
Clumsily caught,
Before it fell
And shattered,
Voices that spread
Like a cancer cell,
If only the weak
Could dare to speak
To break the spell
Then they would tell
Not in bits and pieces
But in whole
The story of the dead,
The tedious rigmarole.

Avinash Nair

Emotions

Sometimes, the rudimentary
Sediments of the arbitrary
Sentiments that lie in the deep
Settlements of your mind
Rise to your surprise, to remind
That you're a man who is
Afraid of the loss.
You're the one who have had
Known silence, because
Speech is a lost cause,
And when all that you say, fails
Short of sense,
As what you speak trails
Back into silence.
Having witnessed the words rise
Like tiny particles of dust,
Float in the air, visible just
In the little light, that enters
Your mind.
Where it settles down
On the musty floor of memories
Waiting for an external force
Of ulterior motives to force
Out meanings, that was never meant,
Tones that was never lent.
You feel the need to not to speak,
As you see the talking done,
With vivid senselessness bleak.

Avinash Nair

Everything Has A Time

Everything has a time,
A time to be,
A time to become,
And today it was ours!
To be,
Two starry-eyed lovers.
The subtle smell of the bodies,
That still lingers around.
The passion that embodies,
The souls in sound.
The deep distant niches,
That could be found.
The attempt, of the wishes,
With pleasure profound.
Your laughter still rings,
In my ears, clear and loud.
Notice the marks we left?
Sweet memories it brings,
Of the warmth we kept.
Believe me!
Everything has a time,
A time to be,
A time to become,
And today it was ours!
Tomorrow it would definitely be.

Avinash Nair

Existence

When time passes as time does,
Without you noticing it passing by,
A helpless senselessness creeps in you
That becomes impossible to hide.
You act and you react
But tis all in vain,
You cannot hide the fact
The constant pain,
Of life and living
Of strife and surviving.
You smile without any happiness,
You cry but there is no sadness,
Tis all a numbness,
A coldness
Of mere existence.

Avinash Nair

Eyes To Speak

Tonight, let's not fall asleep!
Instead dream with
Our eyes wide open.
Let our glances meet
In wide open spaces
Of those silent retreat,
For a troubled mind
Is unwilling to sleep.
Let's not disturb this universe,
This sweet soothing silence
With our crude words,
Instead let's look
Into each others eyes and speak,
Speak chapters and volumes.
For our eyes are the honest
Companions of the soul
And I have seen in them
The emotion of love for me,
Which your actions fail to explore.

Avinash Nair

Father And Son

I know we had our differences,
But we also have those
Similarities that are more,
Which perhaps you didn't notice,
Or perhaps, you chose to ignore.
All said and done,
All forgotten and forgiven,
I would want to say this.
I am still that lonely child I was,
Waiting in anticipation,
For your return.
I waited for you then,
I wait for you now.
But back then I had this hope,
I knew you would come back.
Now, it's just this emptiness,
This anger and vast loneliness
That is left behind.
I loved listening to the stories
That you used to tell,
More than that
I loved to cuddle beside you,
Feel your warmth
And see your breath
As it rose and fell.
I know I am not what
You wanted me to be.
I have not been a great son.
I know, I have seen that pain
On your wrinkled forehead.
But let me tell you this Daddy,
I am, what you were meant to be!
All said and done,
All forgotten and forgiven,
I would want to say this.
I am still that lonely child I was,
Waiting in anticipation,
For your return.

For An Answer

I can wait patiently enough,
Although it is extremely tough,
I can wait patiently enough,
For your answer.

Subtle though, my love
Is not a flower
Which will wither away
With every passing day.
It has the power
To sustain and retain
My intensity for you.

I am a determined lover,
Oh yes my conviction is love
I can wait for you
On this lonely bay
Until your lips does say
The words of consent.

Avinash Nair

For Love Is

For love is, that fleeting feeling
Of warmth in the coldest of nights.
It is the gradual healing
Of the pain in your twilights.
It is the subtle smile
That begins in your heart
And ends on your lips.
For love is the purpose
Of life, the blindness
Of the reasons.
It is the happiness
Which does deepens
With every passing moment,
It is the state of feeling alive,
The gradual revive
Of tenderness.
For love is the love to be loved,
And the love to love
With every passing breath.

Avinash Nair

Happiness

Suddenly, I feel that happiness
Is an illusion
A mere deception,
To beautify the hollowness
Of life.

Just a pretence
A palpable perception,
To sanctify the presence
Of despair.

Quite suddenly, I feel that happiness
Is like that distant star
Blighted and bleak
Just reflecting a false hope
Of being lighted and lambent.

Avinash Nair

Have I Ever Told You This?

Have I ever told you this? ...
I think not, it might have slipped
My mind I guess.
Or perhaps I thought
It to be too trivial to be stressed.
I think it is because I took
You for granted...
But now...now that...
I guess it doesn't matter anymore...
Well... I must say that you look
The prettiest when you sleep.
There were times when
I used to lie there beside you,
Wide awake, enchanted by
The warmth of your breath,
Looking at your pretty eyes,
Closed in the assurance of
A bright tomorrow.
Your tender palm on my chest,
Falling after every rise of my sigh.
It felt like your hands could
Feel the depth of my sorrow,
Not just when they actually
Touched my tears but also
Across the realms of
The reality and dream.
At times I think I even noticed
You smile...I think that's how
One looks when one dreams
About happiness.
But now, I guess all of this doesn't matter...

Avinash Nair

How Should I Define My Woe?

How should I define my woe?
Should I, a seed of it
In your heart sow?
Or should I let it reside
There in the labyrinth
Of my heart?
Or should I let it bloom
And spread its effervescence
Of despair and gloom?
Or better still,
Should I probe and poke
Its roots and yank them in a stroke?

Avinash Nair

I Bargained For Happiness

I bargained for happiness,
With every bit of subtleness
That I could muster,
As I needed happiness
With all its true lustre,
For I was desperate
As lonesome despair
And longing hate
Grew stealthily in me
To live, to be
I needed happiness
With all its glory
So, I bargained for happiness
But alas! I was given none
And as for my sane mind, hoary
With seeping sadness
I had to watch it die
With nothing else to be done.

Avinash Nair

I Met Humanity And She Was Blind

It was a normal day
As they usually always say;
With fights alight,
And deaths made right
With masses arguing
And the hunger growing.
Ahh what a sight!
A perfectly normal sight!
For us I would say.

I could just not wait
Any longer in this pouring hate,
The loud thundering noises
And silent puddles and sober voices,
So drenched in uncertainty
I knocked the doors,
The doors of humanity.
I always thought of humanity
As a woman
A beautiful woman
With a beautiful smile,
With lustrous skin
And a dimpled chin
With tender eyes
And a kind voice.

But I was surprised
Shocked to be precise
And I must say
As she opened the doors
And stood in the doorway
I let out a whimper, comprised
Of pain and sadness.
For I could see humanity
And she was old
Her nimble fingers clutched onto
The stick of Hope,
Her cataract eyes looking into
The darkness, her wrinkled skin

Dry from despair
Her feeble voice
That could hardly dare
To speak out, to plead
To end this hatred
And see what was in need.

Poor old Lady
Our humanity
I feel sorry for thee,
For dost thou know
What crimes have been committed in insanity,
As they usually always say for humanity?

Avinash Nair

If Only There Were Words Enough

If only words were capable enough!
To articulate how I felt,
The delicate heaviness that dwelt
In the crevice of my heart,
And the hollowness I dealt
When we had to part,
The fear of a lonesome night,
The sense of a ceaseless fight,
The essence of being lost
In a world so vast.
If only words were powerful enough!
To cast away strife
Out of my past,
My indifferent life,
To give me a different identity
To express the deferent futility
Of a routine becoming an eternity.
If only words were subtle enough
To express the intensity of my love,
To digress the density of my pain,
Add a meaning, to all that was vain.
If only there were words enough!

Avinash Nair

If You Can

If you can read between my lines,

Then read.

If you can look past my sadness,

Then look.

If you can reach subtly to my emotion,

Then reach.

If you can perceive my perception,

Then perceive.

For I think sadness is the certainty

Which love has to achieve.

Believe it or not,

I think that's what it is.

Perhaps, it matters not,

How much we love.

What really matters is that

How we love?

Avinash Nair

In Love With Silence

I'll talk to this silence
Which is you!
If possible I'll do it
Every day of my life.
Pour my heart out,
Mould them into words,
Words that contain
The strain of a thought
Which otherwise
I could never speak.
I love this silence
Which is you!
Where my words resound
To the general sense
Of your understanding.
Keep my heart's desire
On my mind's peak,
Say it out loud enough
So that I get rid
Of the emptiness
That follows the silence
That you intend to keep.

Avinash Nair

In My Death

I will remember you in my death,
For people tend to forget
What they intend to remember in life.
So, I will remember you in my death.
I will wrap you in layers of my memory,
Slip you into the niches of my mind,
And every day thereafter, I would remind
Myself to forget you inch by inch.
I do not want to recollect you
In the height of my madness,
In my dilemmas and indecisiveness.
I want to think of you as whole,
In the height of my happiness,
In that one moment when I
Know my purpose and role.
Hence, I think and I should
Remember you in my death.

Avinash Nair

Incompleteness

I am afraid of my incompleteness!
The part of me, which is still human,
Is afraid of the dark loneliness.
Is afraid of the lofty dilemmas
Of life, love and death.
Relationships, lust and their worth.
I am the Hamlet of my story,
Destined to die, for the madness
I imbibe, I perceive and I thrive.
I am the Othello from the tragedy,
With a difference, as I think,
'To be or not to be.'
I am the Macbeth, slave of my desires,
I am that naive child who aspires.
I am the loneliness personified!
Yet I am afraid
Of the incompleteness
That I have always had.

Avinash Nair

Kiss

I hold her close to me,
So close, so near,
That we cease to be
Two different entities.
I cup her face,
And draw her closer
In a tight embrace.
I look into her deep tender eyes
And try to imbibe her tender sighs.
I wait for a moment,
Perhaps a slight lament,
But I brush it off and plant a kiss,
Upon her tender, budding lips.

Avinash Nair

Let Those Tears Flow

Let those tears flow!
Let them meet the pain!
Let them be again,
A reflection of your soul.
At times, listen to your heart,
At times, listen to your tears,
For they are the closest to you,
Than anyone else would be.
At moments, I have sensed your fears
That you have learnt to live with.
At moments, I have seen those tears,
That you have learnt to hide with
That deceitful smile of yours.
Let those tears flow
My dearest!
For at times it is the pain
That gives us that hope
That happiness fails to be.

Avinash Nair

Let's Fall In Love

Let's fall in love
Once again,
This time, somehow
Without the loss and
The pain.
Let's meet up as strangers
In some strange land,
Perhaps as two lost, lonely travellers, and
We could just stand
On a cross road
Facing each other
Exchanging a courteous smile.
Let's meet up by chance, while
We're in a coffee shop,
You would be with someone
You love
And I would be expecting,
Waiting for someone
To love.
We could just exchange
A timed glance.
Let's meet up on the eve
Of apocalypse,
In that instance
I would, kiss your lips.
We could even make love
On a deserted street
With no morals to perceive
With no questions asked and,
No one and none to be misled.

Avinash Nair

Let's Be Lost In Love

Let's be lost in time,
For this is the best of the times
To be lost in.
Leave out a part of us back here,
To be looked back upon,
When we might have
Walked our separate ways.
Let's bury some of our
Happy memories here and now,
Deep inside our hearts,
We might need them,
When with age we bow.
We might make these
True instances of love
Our walking sticks
To hoist our hopes
When we see those
Sly, insensitive tricks
That life will have for us.
Better still, I suggest,
Let's us be lost in love
For this is the best of the love
To be lost in.

Avinash Nair

Like A Corpse

Like a corpse,
Sometimes when that distant
Image of happiness,
Somewhere buried deep down,
Beneath the layers
Of that troubled mind, rises
To the surface, for you to find.
Suddenly over the sleeplessness,
Of the dead night, you realize;
It was this delight that
Kept you going, over and over
When the music of silence filled you,
And yanked you towards
An inch closer, to the thought,
That you could have ended it all,
If you would have just at all,
Tightened that sadness around you,
To give it a closure
Once and for all.

Avinash Nair

Loneliness, Where Art Thou?

My love for you runs deeper,
Deeper than the wounds we share.
I have loved you more,
More than anyone else I ever had.
I nurtured, accepted and cared.
Walked with you when no one else dared.
All I ever asked, in return
Was your undivided attention,
Your subtle but selfish affection.
But when time came,
When it was your turn,
You just left me alone,
In the midst of these social beings!
I have suffered at their hands!
How much, you know not!
Asocial me in a social lot!
Can you imagine?
Oh my dearest Loneliness!
Where art thou?
I have searched for you,
Searched with all my love.
I need you, I need you now.
For a true love never dies,
It is what now I realise.

Avinash Nair

Lover's Liberty

I feel the tiredness of the life
Settling onto me.
For which I blame none, but me.
But what I do not understand
Is the way you apprehend,
My attention through
The various messages
That you have sent.
Each with a deliberate hint
Of hurt, each time you threw
A careless word across,
I succumbed to their pain,
Felt the sense of disdain,
As my happiness withdrew.
Does love give you the liberty
To hurt the one you love?
If so, you have hurt me
To last an eternity.
Here, I have my lesson learnt.
Now, let me burn myself
In the ember of these emotions,
For I deserve to be burnt!

Avinash Nair

My Journey

In this strange journey called Life,
I want to be that lonely stranger,
Traveling yonder to some strange land,
Meeting some strangers on the go,
Getting someone to know,
Falling in love with some,
Giving a part of me to some,
Be the happy memory for some.
I want to be that lonely traveler,
Standing in the yellow woods,
Where the two roads diverge,
And I want to choose the one
Less traveled by;
Not to make any difference,
But to be different from the rest.
I want to be the only person on a beach,
Watching the setting sun in the west,
Plunging into the depths of the ocean
While I lie on the sand.
I want to be alone, when I stand,
In the midst of nowhere
Looking up at those distant stars,
With a satisfied smile on my lips,
I would then contemplate the bliss,
Of living the lonely life.

Avinash Nair

My Verses

In the verses that I write
I record my life.
My happiness, my sorrow rife,
My dreams, my fears,
My unsolicited tears,
My unkempt thoughts
My beliefs that rots
Within my lonely mind.
I am a deceptive man,
So is every free human.
But in these few verses,
I have offered you no versions,
For here I have never devised
Any lie nor any truth revised.
In the verses that I write,
I am what I am.

Avinash Nair

New Year's Eve

On this New Year's Eve,
Let's try and leave
Our plausible sorrows and insatiable pains,
And let's for once gather the reins
Of happiness and mirth.
Make an arduous ardour effort
To realise life and its worth,
And give a general meaningful quintessence
To the eternal meaningless essence
Of this perennial survival.

Avinash Nair

Ocean And Shore

I am an ocean of problems,
With raging gulfs of anxiety,
Thunderstorms of fears,
Coral reefs of loneliness
In me all the time,
And in this turmoil
I saw you as a shore,
Calm and composed,
A harbor for my troubles,
A resting place in peace,
Day after day I tried
To be with you,
An endless attempt
To touch you with
My waves of love
But my every attempt failed
As after every touch I trailed
Back into the depths of my solitude.

Avinash Nair

On My Death

When I die,
Bury me in those pages,
Which failed to become
My identity, my stages.
Let me lie close
To those verses,
Those prose,
Which never truly dealt
With the emotions I felt.
In my death
Let me be a part
Of those feelings,
Those tears,
Which never found a niche
In that distant heart.
For once, let me be my
Madness, my fears.

Avinash Nair

Once When We Were Young

I think we should have loved some more,
Enough to satisfy a lifetime,
Once, when we were young.
We should have kept those kisses,
As souvenirs and parting promises,
For the dark days to come.
We should have wept some more
In each others arms,
Should have wept and sung,
Those songs more often,
Once, when we were young.
I think we should have lived some more,
Instead of wallowing in each other's loss,
Should have learnt, swallowing the pain,
Smiled and loved more often,
Loved and lived for each other's cause,
Once, when we were young,
We should have fallen in love more often.

Avinash Nair

Parting Ways

With our fingers entwined in deep embrace
We stare out, away to some different space
The passion unspent is heightened here,
But then there is this guilt with a tinge of fear
We barely meet eyes,
We rarely speak,
But then our emotion finds its voice
Within the silence of our choice.
With her fear laden eyes she looks at me,
A short smile of subtle degree
Passes across her lips
And I try to contain the second that slips,
But then, alas! It is time to part
And our love remains unspent
In our solitary heart.

Avinash Nair

Passing By

Do you pass like this every day?

Through the shallow woods,

With your eyes downcast

Lost in the intensity of your thoughts,

Left to the integrity of their present.

Do you realize that when you pass like this,

Unperturbed by the worlds around you,

You create the epitome of perfection?

Which imperfect souls like me yearn for.

You seem like a portrait left out there in the open,

For people to decipher and attach meanings.

Have you ever realized the way I leave

My gaze to wander and waft around you?

Sometimes when I see a beam of sunshine flowing

Passionately towards you, escaping the crowding branches,

And finally finding that perfect spot on your face to rest.

No, I think you observe none, not the world, not even me.

You just pass the shallow woods, with downcast eyes

And I just stand there watching you pass by.

Pygmalion

Tread with utmost care
When you step into my heart,
For I have had words bare
Spelt across to me
Letter by letter.
I think I should not
Promise you the longevity
Of my love, the continuity
Of this relationship.
As is always done!
I think I will promise you
A space if not none,
A harbour for us to rest.
In all my humble quest,
In what I write and create.
In all those creations
That I intend to make.
A place for you to take,
Live always in my heart.
A space for us to fall
In love again, to be a part
Of something which
We never became.
And in that panacea,
I'll be your Pygmalion,
And you be my Galatea.

Avinash Nair

Realisation

In the solitary confinement of my mind,
I have reasoned, recorded and debated
A thousand times; over the reasons,
And decisions that ensued.
Of everything that happened
And everything that never happened.
And I have realised but two things.
What am I? Nothing but a bag of bones and flesh,
Held together by a great lie.
And what is love? Nothing but an emotional rush,
Felt constantly but denied.

Avinash Nair

Recollection

Sometimes I think; are you even real?

I mean I have heard you,

Always from a distance.

I have seen how beautiful you look,

When your eyes are left wide open,

Enough to let loose your wonderful smile,

That feels like warm blessed sunshine.

Yes, it's a blessed smile for people

Like me, who have spent much of

Their life in the colour of darkness.

I have known that tremble in your voice,

Rather I have heard it, I can imagine

How your eyes would moisten,

With each dab of pain that's wrought
Upon them through subtle love.

I can sense the intensities of

Your lost emotions and memories.

I can touch your confusions,

As if they were formulated in my mind.

And yet sometimes, I can't help but think.

Are you even real?

Or just a fragment of my mind?

Avinash Nair

Reflections

I wasn't me anymore,
Why I wonder?
When I woke up from my
Deepest slumber.
What changed me?
Or induced me
To change,
I did ponder.
I looked around
I looked at me
In the mirror, my salient
Feature staring back
Eerie, subtle, and silent.
I could see there was a change
A distinct difference. Strange!
I thought, as I sought
For an answer.
My eyes cold filled with terror
My voice old broken with tremor
My eyes drooped, my smile taken
My soul trooped, my dignity shaken.
I was different,
To myself, indifferent!
So to myself I asked
"Between the ages passed,
The times spent,
What have I gained
Except for old age? "

Astounding silence echoed
Until I heard a weird sound
It was a laughter,
A dreary laughter.
And I wary of the sound
Did look around
But there was only me,
My reflection showed,
And what did I see

I saw my image
Laughing...

Avinash Nair

Sadness

What is the strange sadness that dwells in me?
Which wakes, sleeps, twirls and swells in me.
Is it the sadness of satisfaction?
Or is it because of dissatisfaction?
I wish I could name it
Something or someone to blame for it!

Avinash Nair

Secret

Let me offer you a little secret.
It may change nothing.
Perhaps it might change everything.
You may smile and dismiss the thought.
Perhaps you might lend the empathy long sought.
No, I do not need your sympathy!
What I want you is to understand.
If possible, talk to me and reprimand.
I think I should not divulge,
Some things are not meant for one to indulge.
Perhaps I should remain silent and mustn't
Let you into that secret I have always had.

Oh! Leave it! I am tired.
Tired of holding this smile, all this while.
Let me offer you a little secret.
I am almost always sad!
I am almost always on the verge of tears!
I have been in this state for years.
For as long as I remember.
Ah! I can see it in your eyes stir
The doubt, the question and concern.

Avinash Nair

Something To Live

As a strange union,
Strange was their love.
Under the starry skies
When they met, once
She said to him
As they looked into
Each other's eyes.
'I don't want you to just live,
But I want you to live
With happiness.'
He looked at her
With tenderness,
Her beautiful moonlit face!
Moving his gaze into
Her solemn eyes,
Where he could trace
The loss and the pain.
He said to her.
'I am happy when
I am with you,
Other than that
The instances are few.
And I don't intend to live
For those moments astray
But I wish to live for you.'

Avinash Nair

Sometimes I Cry!

Sometimes I cry,
Occasionally, in the quite
Darkness of the night,
It makes me a human again,
A weird sense of life and pain,
I like the warmth of my tears,
The time I know my fears,
Which runs across my face,
The laboured, deep pace,
Monotonous pattern of my breath,
Wasted away on a death,
I like the burning in my eyes,
A tedious mind that tries,
To delightfully express,
All that it had to suppress.
Sometimes I cry,
Just because I can't smile anymore.

Avinash Nair

Sorrow

Why is that we remember

Pain more often than

The happiness?

Is it because, pain is the

Only constant and

Happiness is something we

Create?

Or is because pain is

What we are?

The flesh, bone and marrow

Nothing but

A projection of our sorrow.

Avinash Nair

Sound Of Silence

Unseen, unheeded strands of existence,
Unheard is their Sound of Silence,
Dark faces smeared with dirt,
With traces of fear and hurt.
That occasional sound,
The audible pain, is the essence
Of their Sound Of Silence.
Lurking in darkness,
Awaiting light,
Their shabbiness,
What a sight!
Craving for a willingness,
Or least a pretence,
Is how they express their Sound of Silence.

Avinash Nair

Strangers Passing By

If I could just describe the pain,
The pain, of losing you!
The pain, of missing those
Passionate kisses, stolen at moments.
The pain, of looking down onto my chest
And not finding your head resting on it.
The pain, of not meeting your eyes
In the darkness where I lie alone.
The pain, of not feeling your breath
Against my skin.
The pain, of knowing my incapability to know,
My incompetence to love someone
With the same dignity.
The pain, of realizing that
All those moments were just a dream.
Much lacking in density,
And that we were never meant to be
Nothing more, than strangers passing by.

Avinash Nair

The Answer

Do I love you?
Is that the question?
I'll let the Silence answer that.
And the Silence follows.
Silence was always there
Between us, in our past.
I believe, it will be there
In all our tomorrows.
For we have exchanged it
In the colour of the night,
In between our lips
In the form of a kiss.
Many a times,
When all we had above us
Was the insurgent sky.
We have survived on it,
For days and days,
When we walked
Our solitary ways.
I think Silence is who we are
When we shed our
Flesh and bones.
And to your question,
The answer is, what
The Silence holds.

Avinash Nair

The Beggar

Thin, unnoticed she moves,
Amidst the crowd
Which promptly disapproves
Her or at least the shroud
Which she has draped,
Her brittle fingers
Around a plate wrapped
outstretched to strangers,
Expectant of their glance,
Or perhaps a sly chance,
Of a careless coin,
Tossed across to her.

Avinash Nair

The Bonding

What is it that binds me to you?
Is it the pain? Is it the scars?
Or is it the soul of an old friend?
Whom I met years afar.
Is it the sound of your voice?
That I hear, in those moments,
That I call ours.
Is it your musical laughter?
That to my heart does render
Those words, subtle, soft and tender
Is it the flutter of your eyes?
That very cleverly does deceive
Your quivering lips.
I say, it is that blush which comes
To your face, when the time ticks
Between the smiles in our eyes
And the touches of our fingertips.

Avinash Nair

The Concluding Note

At times I am afraid of the ease
With, which you say out certain things,
Things that are bound to hurt someone,
Things that are meant to be not always said,
It comes naturally to you!
It's not just the things that you say
Worries me, it's rather the tone,
With, which you say that out loud.
There's a strange sense of finality in that!
As if you have been already through this,
And you just are waiting, for a reason,
A reason to begin the end, of all this
That we have built and cherished.
Avinash Nair

The Enigma Of My Mind

The subtle loneliness that hath,
Built its walls were crumbling,
As I ventured into that path
Of needs and belonging.
Those harsh realities were
Mellowed by sparks of care,
And those unspoken fears
Doused by happy tears.
But now the question that troubles me is
Will this be a long lived bliss?

Avinash Nair

The Journey Of Life

The journey if it begins

Is a long one.

Spanning into days and years.

Would you be able to bear

With me for so long?

Would you be able to wake up

To the steady degradation of me?

Every day, night after night.

Would you still be able to love me?

When my smile would mean nothing

But a mark of silence on my lips.

When there would appear

Thick lines on my forehead.

Scars so permanent which

Life would have given me.

I would commit things which

Cannot be forgotten or forgiven.

When perhaps I wouldn't be able

To remember the first word

Of love that you uttered.

Would you be still able to

Understand me in my silence?

Would you still feel for me

The way you feel for me now?

Avinash Nair

The Lane Of Loneliness

I have been on this lane before,
I have seen the disdain and more,
I have known this dark alley
These dark labyrinths,
The stark deserted streets,
I was that lonely lark
Looming high upon the street,
The street of loneliness.
I have been those eager eyes
Sitting on the pavement
All the same, yet different
Drawn up towards the skies
Parched for a drop of light,
A recognition slight.
I had wished for a companion
Left out in the darkness
Left without a choice or opinion.
I was the street lamp,
There in the corner I stood
Without a form or purpose
As I barely could
Be of any use.
I thought I had escaped,
Then there is no escape
I was born into it
And I will be it,
I am the lonely man
The loneliest of all
Rising after every fall,
And I hear those voices, yes I can!
The spirits of the street
Singing a song of solace,
I become the darkness
I have no face
I am the old, I am the new
I am the one of the few

I am the estranged stranger
On this lane of loneliness.

Avinash Nair

The Man On The Beach

Have you ever felt like the man on the beach?
The solitary man in the confinement of his mind!
Unsettling like the wind, while living among his kind.
Now what is worth looking, is his eyes.
The look that fills his eyes, as the silent time flies,
Riding upon the waves, ingrained in every grain of sand.
The look that comes to him, as he with all his passion tries,
To capture the last rays and the feeble feeling of setting Sun.
It's a wonderful thought, a strong feeling; I must say.
To be that man on that lonely beach, witnessing
The setting Sun, with his unsettling eyes.
Waiting and expecting in each passing second,
For the darkness to engulf him back to the void.
To behold the beauty before it seeps away
From in between his outstretched hands,
As he in the futility of his attempts to leave a mark
Upon the receding winds that bring in,
The flavour of sea with it, dutifully every time,
As every wave that touches gives him a fleeting feeling,
Of being carried away into the depths of the ocean,
Where he could finally rest and be at peace with himself.

Avinash Nair

The Mother & The Son

Today I saw life
At the corner of the street,
Exactly at the spot
Where the two roads meet,
The one of happiness,
The other of strife.
Here, I saw a suckling cuddled
In the arms of his mother,
'The lady of the street'.
Their thin black frame huddled
Together, reeking of despair and bleakness
And painting a sight of decay and wither.
But today I found hope,
At the same spot
Where those two roads met,
One of happiness, the other of sadness;
It was in a song that the mother sung,
Against the dull backdrop
Of the gray wall.

Avinash Nair

The Pain

Remember to forget,
Forget the pains from your past,
They say, as they always do,
And if may you dare
To lay your soul bare,
You would want to say,
You're who you're, as long as
Your pain lasts.
You're a kept man,
Your pain is your keeper, and
You're whole when
Your pain runs deeper.
Perhaps, they understand,
Perhaps, you assume
Them to not to reprimand,
But all they do is,
Smile your way,
While you dare to say,
You're a kept man, and
Your pain is your keeper.

Avinash Nair

The Question

Should I love you for those differences
That exists between the real you
And my concept of an ideal you?
Should I love you for the reasons
Unknown to my mind but
Known to my soul, yet unfair?
Or should I love you for the wishes
That follows the silence into my life,
Tender into the roots of my heart?
Simple are you and me, but
Complex are those emotions that rise!
Come, let me love you for the unknown
For I have, in the other forms known
This thought, I have known them all.
Until I have succumbed to this very
Emotion, time and again, every single moment.
Could you please give me a reason,
Or at least save some measure
Of that long-lost love?
For I have always been dependent
On the kindness from strangers.

Avinash Nair

The Rains

The sullen rains have settled in,
Every hungry mind is parched.
Every wandering soul
That ever marched
Has found its peace and
Has made its tryst with happiness.
Except for you!
The hopeless wanderer!
You were restless before,
You are restless now,
Somewhere, somehow.
The sudden wind that carries,
The heavy droplets
Hit and pierce your skin.
You know the pain,
You feel it loud
But you don't mind
For in your mind
You have known the pain
All along in its various forms.
You were once that child
Who now plays in the rain,
Filled with mirth and happy calls.
But now everything has changed,
Is it you or is it the rain?
You realize, perhaps it is you
Who has changed
After all, the rain still falls
Pretty much like it used to do.

Avinash Nair

The Storyteller

Suddenly he has grown old,
His once proud gaze
And forehead bold
Seem tired and cold,
The sharpness of his eyes
Has given way to this dull haze,
His powerful voice
It seems, lies
Beneath the fold
Of his skin;
A faint whisper
A silent murmur
Is all your hear, in
His silent slumber.
Now his stories have finished
His thoughts are famished
Now all that is left is
His story
All that will be is
His story.
A story that was never told
A story that was never heard
Will unfold
Here, a story of the storyteller himself,
A story about how he lived
How he survived and strived
And a bleak epilogue
Of how he may die.

Avinash Nair

The Street

Yesterday in the stillness of the night,
I visited those lanes, etched
In the colours of our memories,
I think it was the darkness in me
That attracted their attention,
Though I would want to believe,
It was the dreams that really mattered.
For they receded within and fetched,
Those dormant emotions attached,
Buried deep within for none to understand.
In those shimmering memories I saw,
As lanes like decisions led one to another,
I understood what was never uttered.
Now with the conviction of a lost man I say.

That we are like planets, we both apart,
Encircling and deflecting each other
At the same time.
Bound and separated from each other
By the same force.
What keeps us apart is what
Keeps us alive!

-Avinash

Avinash Nair

The Way Of The Life

Those smiles of sadness
And tears of happiness,
Whispers of care
And shouts of despair,
Are the monologues of life.
Those meaningful relationships
And meaninglessness of hardships,
Passion of the positivity
And negation of the negativity,
Are the acts of life.
Those expected pains
Coming of the unexpected gains,
The parting of ways
And finding a new one on some days,
Is the way of the life.

Avinash Nair

The Wind Is Rising!

The wind is rising!
We must try to live.
I know them now,
In fragments that disavow.
The clouds that move
As strands of massive deception.
Ships without destination!

The lantern still shines!
Light before darkness.
And to me it reminds,
The subtle glow
On your pretty face.

The nights will be lonely lost,
With darkness bound,
With despair tossed
Like waves profound.
On these nights
We must return
To the warmth of love,
The rumbling sighs,
Which reflect in your eyes.
And when it is our turn,
We must to the young folks sing.
'The wind is rising!
You must try to live.'

Avinash Nair

The Woman

There, under the stuttering street light,
She stands,
Tucking away those loose strands
Of her hair, filling the night
With thick acrid smell
Of her cheap perfume, her bright
Red lips painted well,
Slightly parted in a smile,
Mixed with the sound of her laughter.
She looks at you,
'Tis Just a fleeting glance,
She smiles, inviting you,
And you walk across in a trance
But 'tis now you notice her face,
Strained of happiness, though sought after;
Those red lips are blood red
And it was her cry instead
Of laughter
That you heard...

Avinash Nair

What Is It That You Think?

What is it that you think, with your

Eyes fixated somewhere in between

Tense reality and subliminal thoughts?

Is it about life that you think?

Or is it about something else?

Has anyone ever told you that your eyes

Reach the peak of their beauty,

When they indulge with you in your thoughts? ...

Do you ever chance upon the thoughts of me?

No, not intentionally but just casually.

I mean when the mass of thoughts

That you have accumulated over

A period of time flows across your mind,

Does some stray thought, do remind

You of me? Perhaps even my face?

I think I'm asking for too much!

No, you misread my intentions.

It's not your fault, it's never been.

I mean instead of interpreting me

In a general sense,

Think of me as an admirer of you.

And we both serve our purpose,

You of existing so beautifully

And me of admiring you!

Avinash Nair

What Separates Us!

What separates us more
Than the reasons and distance
That we have found and gave,
Is the silence that we chose.
As the quiet breath fell and rose,
Silent glances spread in the darkness,
Still smiles shadow the quivering lips,
As they speak in the granted quietness.
We chose silence over words.
As words have stopped making sense,
In the chaos that we live.

What separates us more
Is the blindness that we chose.
Over the harshness of life,
As we know, light has nothing to offer
But darkness holds the essence
That we could live for.
What separates us more
Is the fear of the life,
The need to live a life
Within the boundaries of our mind.
But then boundaries are for mind
And body, we have transcended both,
Souls know of no limits.
What we cannot achieve in physical
Is already ours in the realm of metaphysical.

Avinash Nair

When You Are Done Loving Me

When you are done loving me,
Hide me in those slight curves
That form around your lips
When you smile in purest bliss.
Make me that loose strand of your hair,
That your fingers caress
With gentleness and utmost care.
Make me that mark on your chest
And let me lie there forever and rest
All my sorrows and pain.
Mix me gently in those tear drops,
That comes unknown to you in your eyes,
Which your reasoning tries to stop.
Make me that madness of yours
That glisten on your face
At those moments that I call ours.

Avinash Nair

Who Said Night Is The Time To Sleep?

Who said night is the time to sleep?
It is the time to think, think deep,
Finding solace in the tenderness of a weep,
The time to reveal the secrets we keep,
Time to travel and let imagination reap,
Time to test the faith and make a leap,
Who said night is the time to sleep?

Avinash Nair

Without A Heart

I suppose I would be better off
Without a heart,
A heart that
Breaks at every instance,
Every other chance
It manages to find.
Which lends its passion,
Which bends and breaks,
Which mends but remains
Naive and forgets to remind
Itself the fact that
A foolish heart is meant to break.
I wish I were born
Without a heart,
That way I could have
Escaped the pains.
Prepared a face to face
Those faces, that refrain,
My selfish needs and gains.
No guilt in doing
All those cruel deeds.
All of which now, leads
Me to a thought,
What if I was a human
But without a heart!

Avinash Nair

Words

Words have meanings,
When its purpose it meets.
They are the Tragedies,
When it's the pain it treats.
They are the Elegies,
When it's the death it bleats.
They are the Comedies,
When it's the happiness it greets.
Words have purpose,
When its feelings it meets.
When they talk of the silent retreats,
When it the emotion completes
When it sings in the defeats.
Words have beauty
When its true passion it meets.
Like the two people's silent heartbeats,
Like a beautiful melody that repeats.

Avinash Nair