

Poetry Series

praneeth remidi
- poems -

Publication Date:
2012

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

praneeth remidi(17-Nov-85)

Crazy Relief

' what's on your mind' my Relief probes
And I always have two extremes
Either a lakh lines inexpressible
Or words less immense emotions to let out

I know I could never answer my relief
So I start running away from it
And I run and run and run and run

When two heavy clouds collide,
I run as if the thunder falls on me
Among the mountains of small rocks,
I run as if the earth quake chases me
And I just run and run and run and run

After the last dropp of my sweat I can't help giving up
But again the relief asked me what's on your mind
The relief pricks me harshly and hits me hardly
Harshly like the curved thorn at the mid foot
And Hardly like the hailstones on ankle

Now neither I can run nor can I answer
I sit quietly exhausted
Now the relief holds my lungs and heart
My breathe runs and my blood rushes
Tears run in fear, fears run in tears
Tears run and fears run

I search for showers to cover up my tears
I rush for a mask to hide my fears
Then I cry in me and I cry with me
And I cry in me and I cry with me

praneeth remidi

Dreadful Dreams

What is this that suffers me in my dream
For a few hours it doesn't let me sleep in my Realm
And the night comes nearby
And my heart beat goes high and high

Prompt are its timings and I perfectly mark
When the night is deep and dark
It rushes into me like a spark
it's been months that hardly I had a sleep
But who is there for me to weep

When that spark comes, I tend to wake up
But I see my eye lids, they are locked up
Dreadful are these dreams but I forget in the morning
How harsh of them, they are so cunning

it seems calm like a ripple in pond
but it is terrifying like a string's sound
of a bow, to kill a far lying hound

my heart shivers as if I see something scaring
like a scene of a hungry cobra hunts among
among the dead leaves for its prey
to avoid it, I struggle in my sleep rather pray
and on all the roads for it, I close the way.

still it comes, but from where, is a surprise
I am helpless and can only wait for the sunrise

I kneel down, I beg, I urge and say to time that
I am scared of the night; I am scared of that fight
I am sacred to reveal; I am scared to rewind
I am scared to run; I am scared of the sun (Truth)

shamelessly with no courtesy despite rejections,
the night comes, it doesn't seek permissions
Wish the Time too would have had some emotions

And the night comes nearby

And my heart beat goes high and high
I am helpless and can only wait for the sunrise

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Indian Village

Apprehensive music reached my ear
I could quit the door and soon roam there
Moving the rocky crowd I stood there
In front of a sieved hut I saw her

May she had an endless song
With her pair or brother or son or some
Hand and head with each other
Says that there are none to her

Through her dried and turbid throat
She winds up words and rhyme about
Moribund music from shivering strings
Turns out of her trembling heart

Her grown trees are green for ever
But her plants are always brown and brown
Wet with hunger from hours and hours
She curses Him in hate and honor

What a music it made! It made
Funny kids and crippled old think
What a music it Played! It proved
The young are frivolous and greedy.

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Invasion Of The Royal Illusion

Thou aren't a dream, I see thou smiling
That isn't a smile in dream, dream doesn't have colors in
But when I see thou smiling
I see thy lips, they are red and glossy

Mine isn't a dream, I too smiled when thou did
When thou started walking away,
I stretched my hands and shouted not to go
Mine isn't a dream, my hands pained and
My ears heard my voice

Mine isn't a dream, when you started walking away,
I too started on my legs for you, with the farthest footsteps possible
What secret lies in it?
That I am always behind thou
Despite thou walking and I, running
It isn't in dream, my legs started paining

Thou then walk into shades of shadows
I see nothing then and there
If it was a dream, it shouldn't have nothing

Finally it isn't a dream
For sure it isn't in life
This should be the royal invasion of
Stubborn, arrogant and ever winning divine illusion
And I am the only lonely soldier in my kingdom
With no weapons and at least an armor
I am helpless, I give up the fight
I am hopeless, I surrender to that mighty illusion

A while later when I sit exhausted
At the shades of shadows,
Clear like a stream, I hear thy smile

When I can see only the darkest shadows,
Aah, my love, Where can I go with these blind eyes!
The only thing left with me now is a stick of another illusion
Held in my hand for directions

With illusion, into the darkness, I went deep and deep
There might be trees around
With black trunks branches and leaves
I could also sense a stream nearby
Guess it flows with black lather
Alas, my utter blindness.

I made a conscious walk
Counting the angle in turns and numbers in footsteps
Aah, my love, what more hints and marks
Can this blind person create!

I walked, I shouted and I sighed
I cried, I crawled and I sang
To hint thou on my presence

Miles later I fainted and slipped down
With sliding and gliding, in a crack of
A time-built valley, I got struck.

Making the vain endeavors to hold
The grip less smoothest valley, shouted I for help
Saying "Is anybody there, Is anybody there"

A cruel voice followed echoing in the valley
"Fools are those who cry in me"

"Who are you and who is fool" said I in tears
"Its me, your destiny, and its you who are crying in me", replied my
destiny.

Praneeth Remidi

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Missing Anklets Of The Spring

Where are those, thy beautiful anklets?
My spring, the queen of seasons

Are they lost or are they hidden
Are they missed or are they stolen
But who needs and knows those
As only I heard them so clear

The ghal sound from many tiny bells
comes into my heart and dwells

Live once in last season, and recollect
the mesmerizing music of anklets,
starting from the cracks in the deep dales
goes dancing on trees and seas
reaches the peaks of hill shades
drifts towards the skies, passes towards the horizons
and came to us from all sides
to make us feel the hug of heaven
and the kisses of pleasure

My lovely anklets, where do thou lie
I could hear the sound, it is about to die
When thy music spread across uniformly
on all sides, give me a hint of intensity

Behind which rock of which mountains
Among which leaves of which trees
Inside of which waves on which seas
Thou can be caught, my missed anklets

I part the branches and fold the leaves
I fall to pieces to swim in the seas
I face and tap my hands in waves
I pass by all the sky with my eyes
And put the earth through the sieves

Get those anklets back to me, my spring
start now and open your wing

run or rush or cry or sing

The beautiful spring, I can't see your bare foot
come back with those anklets
If not tomorrow the next day, I would wait
but come back with those anklets

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My Fiddler And My Master

'Ooh my fiddler, my ill fated fiddler
In me and to me, thou can't be a traitor
Why do thou play only the sorrow string?
And probe sympathies and criticizing'

'I beg your excuse my master, my only master
To play sorrow strings is not my intention
For I do not have other strings to play
My master, please show me the way

I keep aside my ego and hold your feet
Do cease my breath else not hide me deep
In this one short life of yours I feel guilt
For I am helpless to give you any melodies'

'Hey my fiddler, I got you and fret not
Why feel sorry and shame for sorrows
Be proud that thou have taken
The ignored side of the life's coin

My fiddler, my unfortunate fiddler
Thou will always be my lover
Those sympathize and criticize are
Just acquaintances and are mere

My fiddler in me, feel not guilt
For this life might be one but lives are many
Why think for this one, let it pass
With the heart bearing all the cause

Ooh my fiddler, my foolish fiddler,
Is it on the melodies to me, thou worry?
Never, I have enough in my memory

Sing thy music, play thy instrument
With thy own tunes and notes
Why care for those who are not sought.
Even don't mind if thy breathes are short

And it is not a disease to weep
If thou are aware of thy sleep'

'My Master, listen agony in my prayers
And be with me for few more years,
The residence of a joyful heart
Is what I wish to be your next habitat.
And forgive me for my judgment'

To my master, my loving master - My soul
From your failure Fiddler - a fool

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My Lost Poem

I have lost my poem
Among the beautiful footsteps of a dancing bird
On the ever wet red soil
Those marks over there say
That the first peacocks danced
For the first drizzle on the earth

Those marks are beyond the ages
And so are they so pure rather purest
And is why they remain untouched
And is why they remain unfilled
And is why the marks are so deep
And is why the marks are still wet

Have I lost only my poem or am I also lost?
Yes, I am lost but where?
Is it among those lasting marks?
Or am I lost among the woods of flutes
Is it among the clouds of illusion?
Or am I lost among the dust in space

That is the only beautiful dance I ever saw
What a divine rhythm the dance had!
I go to the place in search of my poem
That lies at a few fast and half breathes' distance
Loneliness takes me on the chariot of giant wheels
And I pass by every mark
To hear a line in each of those

I stay on kneels and I bow my back
I stretch my hands and touch those marks
I touch and feel; I kiss and hug
I rest my cheek and shed a tear
I slap them once and stand on my legs

I cry a lot, I cry aloud till my tears stop
On the way of the dried flood of my tears
I come back home

How pity of me,
The moment I am back to my home,
I see the loneliness eagerly waiting for me

Along with the loneliness on the chariot of giant wheels
I go there
On the way of the dried flood of my tears
I come to my home

Music is no more but the echoes are alive
Tears are no more but cry never dies
Wounds have gone but pain still remain

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My Missing Magical Wings

It was sudden that I got a pair of magical wings
Unasked and unexpected.....

Wings transparent like that of the dragon fly's
Yet colorful as that of a butterfly's

They took me to flight across the beautiful places
And have flown across hills and seas and forests...

Though I was above the clouds I was not scared..
I was in trans... I now only know and want these magical wings
And was not scared of the height at which I was
and even forgot there exists gravity

Chilling drizzle of the waterfalls,
mystic smell of the wet mountains
Have seen the sea...Violent waves at the end and killing calmness in its middle
My flight started drifting even
and crossed the clouds and on the way
Sensed the softness of the smooth clouds hanging in sky with no support

Now observed the stars, they appeared bigger to me
I thought the wings will take me to more heights
But Again suddenly, the wings fell down
I fell from unimaginable height

All those I thought was beautiful started hurting me
Clouds made me freeze, sea made me drowned
trees hurt and mountains wounded me.....

now my heart is bleeding not for its unhealable wounds
but for the missing magical wings...

Dear my most lovable lost wings, send me a sigh through any wind..
I will hold that direction and walk in it round the earth

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My Quest For The Truth

Oh the truth, my lord, my king, come to me
Thou don't deserve to stay there
Thy speed will get slower where
With false and false cries it cover

I know thou look small like a word
None can forget that thou are the sharpest sword
But thy density is more than earth
So are thou kicked down and drowned

Oh the truth, the standard and the winner
Come to me with the pace of a thunder
And make me and all to wonder
Though on the way are the thick woods
Pour upon me like the angry floods

Oh the truth, the judge and the conqueror
Droop the dust and rise up with calms
For thee I have stretched far my arms
Thou will never desire to reside
Where Stumbles and stammers of false preside

My heart broke, dear truth, do the justice
Thou have no chance for it to ply
I beg you towards my heart to fly
Than the earth, thou weigh high
Will carry thou even if I die

Oh the truth, the strongest and immortal
My heart longs for thy presence
Rather for it now thou are the essence

Why suffer in the heart of dirty lane
As thou get treated, something as a vain
When I urge thou, with me to join
Why do thou take time and toss a coin

Oh the master, the savior, my truth,
Theft are my thoughts, thief is there

Dead are my dreams, killer is there
And why I say thou shouldn't be there

Come to me my darling, my truth
Come with the pure cry come with a jump
Like a baby from the mother's womb
I know Thy visit to my heart would
Pierce deep to cause a wound
But never would I mind

My thoughts would in a minute
Put down our culture
Like the hunt of a vulture
But my actions, they would never

I am harmless my love, my truth
And why I say thou should be here
Rush out from that heart and Rush into mine
I know thou hurt me but even I hug thou

Come on truth, come fast like a ray
Flowers are wreathed on your way
Thy knowledge sinks me, I confirm
Still I would try to be very firm

Oh my truth, the immortal and the perfect
I am eager waiting with my arms stretched
Reveal thy self and it makes me fetched

Its my word to you my truth
I would look after you
I will treat you as a king and serve you
I will treat you as a kid and care for you
I will treat you as the God and pray to you

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One Story

What are these emotional thoughts
Like the random laser beams in thousands
Raining in a closed room with no logic?
I want to hold them to get relieved from panic

I tried to hold at least a few of them
I jumped from one corner to the other
I crawled from one end to the other
I rolled round and round
But at least one I couldn't

I rested in one of the corners
To gather the strength to arrest the thoughts
Fortunately three thoughts fell on my eye

First thought was
The time when I saw her for the first and it was
The time when sun and fog fought to hug the earth
What a pleasing face and what a peaceful smile
Her walk has a mix of bold, care and shy

'In a reserve natured heart
An expressive desire born'

and now the second thought fell on me
that was an incident when I held her hand
so tightly that air cannot pass
not even the sweat can find a place
I looked at her eyes, they looked tensed
Observed the walk, it seemed to be dependent

'In an irresponsible heart
An endeavor for stability began'

And now the third thought fell on me
This was a place where
Unstoppable tears flown from four eyes
When the inevitable situations have stricken badly
What came from the two throats

Were more than Mere words.

Coz they are the farewell words between
The two loving souls
A farewell to the dream from the dreamt
A farewell to the forehead from the lips
A farewell to the hands from the tears
A feel no lesser than
A farewell from the soul to the body
A farewell to the bird from its wings

Those are the harsh decisions
Those are the sacrificing cries
In this short and magical life
The magic is lost for reasons
In this one beautiful life
Beauty is left behind

'In the pleasure packed heart
Then a vacuum was born'

After the third thought
I can no longer dare
For at least one any more
I came out from the closed room
To escape the thoughts
I started spending time on roads and in nature

But here I found lakh thoughts
Striking me for every second
The time has gone so far and
The thoughts have gone so deep
That I can no longer try to resist their invasion

Oo my magic, my music and my dream
I live with your thoughts in this world
I leave with your thoughts from this world

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Only I

Only I know what darkness exist beyond the darkest nights
Because I have seen the darkness in shines of sun

Only I know what beauty lacks when all flowers on earth gather
Because one flower never gets invitation

Only I know the master's vulpine bless
I once saw snide in his smiles

Only I know what cry lie beyond tears
As I know an anxiety that awaits while smiles surround

only I know the unpleasantness in dusk and dawn
Coz once for a while in them I saw a fairy better than these

When waves return with little sand
Only I know how badly they long for the beach

Only I know how burdensome the sky feels for the clouds
Because I have two eyes with cloud bags on their back

Only I know the sharp edges of the first crescent moon
Because I know of a heart with sharp wedged corners

Only I know of sleeps that are lesser than naps
Only I know of dreams in opened eyes

Only I know what timidity persists in lions roar
Only I know what presume in a cat's walk
Only I know the cry of a caged bird
Only I know the wetness in the dried grass

Only I know the smoothest slopes designed to climb high
Only I know the surveillance from a thunder shock
Only I know the time in person
Only I know the time in prison

Only I unfortunately, Only I unwillingly
Only I unknowingly, only I harshly

praneeth remidi

Rush Of Hazy Dreams

Who created these dreams?
Of himself, why is he scared to reveal?
In sleep I hear my screams
To get rid of those, is there a peel?

How he knows that I am asleep?
For I sleep half a night
Crossing my eyes, how it goes so deep
Despite my tough fight

The doors on all sides are locked
The uninvited and manner less guest,
Those doors you would have knocked
Before you enter, the shameless beast

Of it I don't remember the beginning
Of it I forget the end
I complain the entire theme is baffling
Doesn't mean that you again send

In it you make me too to act
I fight and cry to compete
How fun you make out of it
When I get a defeat

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Silence In My Heart

Where is this silence born?

- On a midnight in an ocean lit with thunders
It was born in a sleeping shell

How did it come to you?

- A snail was crawling on a wet black soil
The silence came running on its shoulder

Why did you allow the silence into your heart?

- I didn't... I thought, my love started on the golden palanquin
And is coming for me in rains of jasmine...
So I kept my heart opened for her
I waited... Became tired..... fell a sleep
but when I woke up, I saw this killing silence occupied my heart

Are these tears because of silence?

- These are not tears.... On the intensified emotional ground
it is the sweat due to the fight between enmity and righteousness

Then where did your palanquin go

- Without caring the night, she started for me on the golden palanquin
But on its way it was badly hit by the cruel thunders
It broke...it cried.... it died..... it melted
and went into the shell where this silence born

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Silence In My Heart _ Telugu Version

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Tale Of My Ruined Castle

I have done all that I could
The possible most beautiful castle to build.
Weighed I a lot unbelievable weights
Shifted I many stones and mortars and wood
Suffered I at my feet and heart and head.

Meters near in it, took care to add barbican
Spent most on beautifying curtain-wall
Ensured conical spires on the towers
Also a well between the two stables

With the golden grills and wooden planks,
Made I in the mansion the most beautiful staircase.
Just at the end of it added I a showcase,
Ensured to equip this with the thick glass.

Best of all, this showcase has a pearls border
Toughest of all, this had the shelves of costly stones.
On the first shelf in showcase placed I my shields
Second one occupied my lines in frames
Third had many curious new secrets
Fourth and fifth had packs of passing dust

Later to completion, played I in castle's ward
Climbed on towers and saw the world
East to see the sea and west to hills
North and south were there the fields

Went out for a ride
To get a plant and a pet and a fountain
It needed me to cross a long mountain
But how can I leave my newly built mansion!

Finally Left I my beautifully built castle
My lovely castle, my hard earned castle
It started, my life's journey away from castle
I was a bird with the strongest wings
No hedges nor shackles were known to me

Every two steps of my walk, looked I back
To see my mansion
Wished it would fit in my little hug for once.
I did speed up my feet wheel
And went far away from that peel

Before stepping to the other side of hill
Thought I to give a glance at my fort
Shocked I to see the slow fall of conical spheres
Followed by towers and walls
How dare was I to see the falling of the castle!

Shakes and smokes there are clear
'Fire in my castle, some body help'
Shouted I isolated, in the desolate place
Wind was whistling while my castle was burnt
Traced back to my mansion in the shortest path
Cared not for thorns, stones nor pythons

There were plenty of water and sands
What do I do, I have just two hands
Crossing curtains of smokes, went I inner
On the staircase I saw the fire, it is in anger
'stop, you the love less fire. Who gave you the right?
As a coward you waged war at a night'. Urged I the fire.
Fire was nearing the showcase, and I too tried
Alas! The staircase had only grills and steps were burnt
Fear in head and heart got churned and churned
Held the grills but melt were they
On all the grips of wall, slicks did stay

Roofs fell walls fell, why not on me
Only one room was left but lost I the key
Searched I for the source of devastation
'That corner room holds the secret' sounded the sky.

Unbreakable was that room's lock
It was made of the most dense rock.
Key was placed in tower with a knot
But there the tower was not.

What is there in the room was,

The first wind that caught the first kindle of fire
The first shake that made rescue a dire

Searched I and marched I for the key,
Well between the stables took my efforts.

Is the key taken away by horses tied in stable?
Let me wait till the horses come
Let me wait till the key is found

Is the key fell in the well
Let me wait till summer comes
Let me wait till the well dries

May I be drenched in rain or in sweat
May I be with winter fog get wet
Wait I till the room is opened
Wait I till the secret is found

Horses have come and went
And the summer too has
But the key is not found
And the mystery remains suppressed

When the castle is withered,
Cry for self rescue is an error.
In that light less night,
Alas! At least the key I would have got,
Key of that room that held the secret.

Among all towers, I have chosen the less ruined one
Climbed high and shouted I till the sky
'Help me with the key, help me with the key'
A voice whispered from the conical spheres
'It went into the room that held the mystery of devastation'
'How can a key get into a room
which is locked by it
and when there is no opening' Asked I.
'The first wind that caught the first kindle of fire
took the key through the pores of the strong wall'
replied the sphere in a stony tone.

Withers of flowers flow onto my feet
In fear I think, what they indicate.
Scared I am, suffered I am.

Ineligible are the ruins to realign,
Unequipped too I am.
Trying to build a tomb with them
But dare not I
Shivered I am, coward I am.

With fast breathes I breathe,
With half sleeps I sleep
Awake I am, alert I am

Hills and fields are near and a shore too is,
Uninterested I am away from the ruins.
Forget not I, forward not I.

I stay in a sharp edged corner
Like a ruin among ruins.
Hah, what difference between me and them lie
I think and they do not and this is all that matter.

That night with ruins still rules
Those ruins with night still rain.
I am the imprisoned passenger in this life's journey
Hedged around by the bars of freedom
And shackles of constraints

My dear demolished castle,
When thou find me in hugs of eternal sleep,
Build back your self and gift me a tomb
As not even a speck
From ruins did escape

With the thinnest threads when comes drizzle,
In it imagine I the presence of castle.
When the thickest screens of mist drop,
Its for the castle I hope.

In the drops of dew, due is my castle ward
When the sheets of moon light on,

wish through them I see my mansion

When the stars fill the sky
When the flock of birds fly
Miss I the roof, miss I the height
When the rains and rays fall
Miss I the roof, miss I the proof.

Alone I sleep in the ruins of the castle
It is not a sleep but a fear.
Alone I walk in the ruins of the castle
It is not a walk but unrest.
Alone I sing in the ruins of the castle
It is not a song but the cry.
Alone I live in the ruins of the castle
It is not a life but the death

When the castle itself is lost
Why do I cry and try for the mystery of devastation
My Castle, my darling,
Forget not, I reiterate
On to me, as a tomb when i die
Forget not, I reiterate
Your touch at once is a treat

Debris of the devastated and ashes of the burnt
Did never stay apart
Despite all suns and clouds

Pulling legs closer to my chest
Touching my knees with my head
With buckets of clay shrunken in angry fists
Goalless I sit like a lively boat left in a lifeless desert

When passers-by ask me the tale of the ruined castle,
I grow insane and I write, they call me a poet.

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To My Grudge

In the deepest depths of my heart
My love got buried
But from me the grudge didn't part
It makes me worried

The ugly grudge, Is thy reason false or true?
Tell me whom should I ask?
These thoughts always screw
To know it's an unaccomplished task.

Thy argument is many times logical
Acceptance is the only hindrance
Thou deserve to become a chronicle
But Keep a side her grievance

Thou run in my body's veins and vessels
Thou lie deep in me
With thy laugh like that of a group of devils
Thou always kill me

My dear grudge, accept
Even though it's an ache
That thou are not accepted
At least for my sake

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To My Perceived Enemy

I am still in past and still dwell in past
My dear perceived enemy
Proofs heaped and heaped
to cause a mountain in my little heart
and it pains of burdens

How cruel of thou, my shameless goddess
to stand, to breathe, to see, to smile
amongst these pure trees, seas and skies.
Thou I misunderstood to be among those purest
But now I knew thou got dipped in smokes and noises

I am still in past and still dwell in past
Until I get the rationale behind every proof
Yee the senseless three fools, the day rushes for me
Breaking the walls of reasons for my agony
When my day comes, my darling, with thy stupidity
Hold me not and ask me not, crossing thy guilt
I reiterate, you sow and you reap

I see the day rushing for me
On the chariot of angry thunders
Hope thou restrain thy dignity
by not seeking help of the one whom thou did not
Ignorance? It is no crime but thou hast probed it
Thou made more than crime, thou did sin

I dreamt thou would bring life in my life but
Thou hast brought into it tons of disgrace
The end, to me thou made it so worse
To feel guilt, to regret and to curse

praneeth remidi

To My Valentine

Ohh my dear valentine! Here I am waiting
With roses with as red as they can
With hands as big as they can
These would just go in vain
As thou are not seen
Thou deserve the treatment as a queen
but I am the only one who is known
My eyes are filled and the thoughts are too
Ooh dear valentine! Missing you might be once
But the quest to win you is for ever

Ooh dear my valentine!
For thee I am waiting
The roses are fading
And the hands are paining
Let me know the reason
For this dreadful prison

praneeth remidi

To The Insulter

Why am I insulted for my little emotions?
Rather they are obvious and expected
Why am I stepping back for a vengeance?
Rather I should insult even more

Where does the proof of belief lie?
For if it is between the two hearts
Where is the law for the oral promises?
For if it is heard by only two persons

Why should I abide by the culture?
When people use it for convenience
Why should I keep quite?
When the other cannot

Why my actions in frustration
Considered as my character
What about my actions in love
Now they seem nothing to you.

Where is the hell and where is the heaven
For they are in fools minds
Why wait for the divine's justice
For I doubt even the god's presence

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Two Invitations

End to end it is wandering in my mind
This unrest restlessly and worst
The most crushed heart is in grind
Why am I so badly cursed

Why is this instinct absent?
When gallons of thoughts are sent at once

Ah thou my death, I rest my forehead at inches away from thy feet
On this toughest concrete floor
Aren't thou seeing my blood, this less curious blood?
I invite thee, my death, put forward thy step
I am away only one from thou, one step

Sin it is considered, my approach to thou
And is why I invite thou to me
Disrespect not my invitation, my death
Now I feel, mortality is fortunate, ah unfortunate me.

And my love, I invite thee too to my funeral
Honor me with thy presence
Else not my funeral will never be done

If I see not thou at or after death, my love
Might I be incinerated to ashes
Might I be buried deep in muds
I wait and the funeral will never be done till thou visit

My love, I invite thee to my funeral
Ignore not my invitation

What do I have to gift thou on this farewell
Except a few words
Those days, my love, were not mere days
They were immeasurable tons of bliss
Those smiles, my dear, they were lulls to sleep

In celebrations of my funeral
If the music is on, ah thee my love

My ears would only wait for thy voice
When the crackers are burnt
My dear, it is for thee I search around

Are thou feeling embarrassed in the crowd?
Then come when all think that funeral is over
Get one red rose, that damn dark red one
Shed one tear from thy eyes or from one eye
None mistake thou, my love, it is a funeral
Thou hast freedom to cry there

I might be a dead one but
Speak for a while my dear, be sure that I listen
Be sure, when thou joke, I smile
Be sure, why thou cry, I too would
Go not so soon from that burial ground, wait for a while
For to let me see thou for once before I mix me in dust

That thy beautiful face that resembles a moon
Those two eyes like big long perfect fishes
That spacious forehead, cool like a summer sky
Those chubby cheeks, like the burdened soft clouds
That black hair that makes night visible
Those lips that gives a smile of a heaven

Why not thou wear those thick green bangles
And put on that big red bindhi
Why not thou wear those wooden sole sandals
And forget not to plait thy hair with red band
For I love knowing, thou did secure my gifts

But my love when thou start speaking
Thy voice, I am sure, makes me to try to come back to life
This complete poem is always incomplete
But consider this as my invitation

And miss not my funeral for it is always undone with thy absence.
And miss not my funeral for it is thou, the special guest
And miss not my funeral for I am dying only for thy sight
And miss not my funeral for at least later to death, i want to rest in peace

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