

Poetry Series

**ritty patnaik**  
**- poems -**

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## ritty patnaik(6th july 1952)

I am RittyPatnaik, married for thirty five years to a ex fighter pilot of I.A.F.iI have a son and daughter, both happily married and settled.

about me my world revolves round my family....love my family and everything else is an extension of it!

spirituality, in nature inspires me to write few words, about what i see and feel in my daily to read poems, and sometimes venture to write few words.i have a diary of happiness, in which i write about every fleeting moment of joy i can capture!

I am a painter of flowers and ng and needle work is also my sion for poetry dominates all! love music too, from western classics, to our very own gazals...the mood swings! a whole day is just not enough for me! i hope to finish all i have planned in this life time!

# A Chatter-Box Called Mitoo!

talks

without a blink  
a dime to a dozen,  
the whole house is up,  
hearing the sweet sounds  
of sweet soft tone,  
michael row the boat ashore!

looking here and there,  
purposefully calling my name,  
like i am his only buddy.

red ribboned neck,  
frightfully possessive  
of my finger!  
likes to perch up on it.  
eats and sleeps,  
flaps its wings,  
pretends to takeoff and land'  
in a grotesque cage,  
breaks its wings.  
upturns with courage,  
regains past glories'

wants to talk,  
and show off  
all that it knows  
in its little life span.

my parrot is dead and gone.  
her chatter used to wake  
all in the morning.,  
but now we have to  
wind the alarm clock!

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# A Cluster Of Lily Of The Valley

playing hide and seek

in the mellowing sunny breeze,  
hidden in the stream side,  
the leaves a deep green hue..

bashfull and pretty,  
shyly hidden in the leaflets,  
a cluster of scented fragrance,  
swaying in the breeze,

growing together,  
a field of whiteness  
bells hanging down,  
almost like being ashamed

so pretty when i spied her,  
my love, lily of the valley.

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# A Child Beggar

a girl child,  
begging in the rain,  
thinks of herself  
as a princess  
when fast asleep,  
in her dreams.

young eyes,  
speak of,  
shadow of time,  
yet has seen,  
the ego of clouds,  
pouring  
into her  
dishevelled hair.

she has seen,  
the forest fire in the jungle,  
and also seen,  
the lost youth of flowers,  
taken by hungry bees,

the back bone  
mountains, are  
silent in words  
while on the otherside  
very far away,  
the sea makes i  
its presence felt.

her hair suddenly,  
touched my face,  
and saddened my heart,  
filling my heart with  
commotion of feelings  
for her.

then i realised  
forever, i will

be a stranger,  
roaming  
and searching for her  
in myself.

on the mountains  
the cloud covered all.  
her soul was dancing alone  
and also her innocence!  
making myself ask,  
why her? ?

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# A Dark Dark Night

night is a un explained song,  
when my dreams let me  
venture out and cross  
the darkened borders.

at night it came,  
darkness in the river,  
in the jungle,  
in the sky  
inside my body,  
opening the window  
of fog,  
i looked at him,  
who held me in my dreams.

night passed in a trance  
as i opened my eyes  
to see the early morning sunrise,  
saying adieu,  
to the vanishing moon.!

,

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# A Day, Alifetime

the ice plant,

slowly unfolds  
with the first morning rays.  
myraid shades of pink,  
twinkle to greet the sun.  
by noon they are, drunkenly,  
smothered by bees,  
evening, smilingly,  
puts them to sleep.

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# A Death In The Family.

grave faces,  
in the graveyard  
of death.  
gnawing the core  
of heart.  
with a sense of surrender  
to fate.

ashen looks,  
of near and dear ones,  
time and again  
waiting to see  
the unknown to happen,  
or awed, with the awareness  
of the known.  
anticipate anxiously,  
for the strike  
of the death knell.

yet i wonder,  
what i am afraid of.  
the death of, all i have seen  
or the unknown death of me.

the future holds,  
not a happy scape  
of blooming days.

i wonder, what is the  
length and breadth  
of happiness.  
why is man always unhappy,  
both being two sides of the coin

is n't it true that,  
we should face both,  
with equanimity, and courage.

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# A Desire

in hours of darkness,  
your thoughts shined,  
like bright stars, illumining,  
my very being.  
almost dead i was,  
you gave me life,  
and desire to live,  
love and closeness,  
which fills my heart.,  
with divine essence.

at the time of death,  
you promised to be near,  
so what fear!  
when death comes near,  
i shall, be with you,  
and further still,  
beyond time and space.

grant me desire,  
of wanting to get  
absorbed in infinite,  
like glow worm,  
heads for candle,  
and loses itself in flame.

and for this desire,  
i shall be born,  
yet again, and again,  
till my soul, merges  
in your infinity! !

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# A Feast For The Eyes

making me wait

for a whole year  
for the first bloom  
of the cluster of laburnums!

flower fairies of the trees,  
appear early in spring  
in rich pendant yellow,  
like topaz,  
hanging on green leaves,  
showing warmth and joy,  
to the beholder.

seasonal laburnums,  
cascading down,  
in a flourish of golden yellow,  
shining, like a hue  
in a sunny afternoon.  
spreading joy in the hearts  
asking, nothing in return..  
except for a look of admiration, .  
for its peak of youth.

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# A Flowers Song

a million flowers bloom  
without reserve,  
there is a smile,  
which touches the sun,  
something unknown  
passes.....  
a mighty message,  
for the beholder is born.

the flowers,  
beckons him to see,  
a small truth of life.

a moment to love,  
a moment to cherish,  
and a moment to die!

so the moments we live,  
should be cherished,  
with love,  
lest we die.

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# A Friend

when unknown becomes more near  
with faith and love we adhere,  
strange strangers, give life to hope  
trusted become aliens  
to our great despair.

a good friend,  
stays close to the heart,  
even in a foreign land,  
a bridge over ocean,  
is made in mind,  
you can reach out, and  
always unwind.

a friend like this  
is rare to find,  
if you have one,  
life is sunshine! !

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# A Full Circle

a flower wilts,

it does not die,  
the fragrance is lost,  
petals don't cry.

away from lover,  
love does not perish,  
a lost note in music,  
one can still relish.

days pass away,  
the words said don't vanish,  
sorrow spreads in the world,  
happiness, piece wise  
distributed!

what is new today,  
becomes old tomorrow  
what is body today,  
will be the ash of sorrow !  
a full circle, of life cycle! !

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# A Golden Dream

a soft silken voice,  
irresistable,  
i hear at night.  
venturing out, to see  
in a lonely hill of dream  
a waterfall begins,  
and flows into a stream..  
i heard dewdrops falling,  
on leaves,  
that lonely night,  
or was it the murmuring,  
of sweet soft breeze,  
in my mind?  
a gentle tune of music  
began, in the prism  
of my mind,  
with strange harmonic  
tune of love.  
i guess, the call of love,  
was to ensnare me  
into the ink -blue fold  
of night dream.

the golden net of dream,  
with strange sensation,  
of sensuality,  
from the breath  
of your being,  
even if far away from me.

is it possible to have  
such unearthly feeling,  
of joy and elation,  
just by the hint  
of your presence?  
you looked at me,  
and looked away,  
elsewhere.



yet in your smile,  
i could sense, a  
spread of honeyed joy,  
which put me back to sleep.

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# A Guiding Star

directionless

i wonder,  
what is to become of me,  
a insecure dot,  
in your vast creation.

i look around and see,  
many like me floating,  
to catch the end of the rainbow,  
for a lift in their life,  
willing to change,  
but without a guide.

suddenly  
you emerged  
like a bright star  
to take us all,  
in a lifes long journey,  
of hardship and fear,  
giving courage,  
to face lifes fall.

you gave solace,  
to have a fruitful life  
of deliverance,  
and kindness and love  
for humanity.

we grasped you,  
like a marooned,  
grasps even a straw,  
to save himself,  
from the ravages of time..

you made us shed  
our bad energy of,  
evil and disharmony, ,  
and filled our hearts  
with love for life.

filled us with your,  
eternal being,  
getting us closer to  
our destination,  
and pulling us out,  
of the debris of life.

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# A Gypsy Life

this body is the home,  
of a gypsy mind  
this mind is always alone!  
it's home, under the blue sky,  
family, the people,  
on the road.

she ventures out early  
here and there,  
looking for water and air.

in summer, she is darkened and tired  
some incidents, hammer her mind  
sorrow chokes her breath  
she cannot escape, her helplessness.  
she is a outsider to the world.  
a gypsy!  
she is different than the others.

no obligations to any one.  
sorrow, happiness  
wishes and dreams  
are of no consequence.

a prisoner, in her cell  
none can penetrate her loneliness  
she holds her head  
regal and high.!

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# A Happy New-Year To All

the year end

is in a nostalgic mood.,  
where the old year  
is covered with a shroud..  
many joys and heartbreaks,  
we are through,  
let us look forward  
to something new.

the new era begins with  
a winking at time,  
as day breaks,  
and the new sun shines.  
forget the past,  
forget the pain,  
let the new year  
not make us vain.

cautiously we step,  
and begin the year,  
with a quickening of heart,  
and a thump in the chest,  
the new -year is here,  
with gods blessings,  
hope it will be the best

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# A Kindled Soul

weakness

    imperfectness,  
attitude  
    ungraceful,  
    shows in  
    restlessness  
    of the spirit.

a kindled soul  
has patience  
fortitude, balance  
and pragmatism.  
    his true strength lies  
in his quiet ways..

    he can become  
    perfectly quiet  
and perfectly  
    without fear!

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# A Leaf Falls

there is a soft sound,  
a tired leaf falls  
in the autumn breeze.  
stealthily, grief in mind  
it lays down,  
in the wintry bare,  
to nurture its dream.

in a tiptoe the snow falls.  
mind gladdens to see,  
what the heart wishes.  
though desire is fulfilled,  
life awaits for something!

in the garden of the mind,  
all flowers and fruits are shrivelled  
mourning for the lost time.

life goes through , like a circle  
like a leaf,  
to unfurl itself again and again  
to complete the life cycle.

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# A Legend

a dot of affection,  
is like a wave  
in the heart!

you came,  
in spite of scoldings.

it wasn't night,  
nor it was pitch dark,  
it wasn't day break yet,  
no noise of the lark.  
in such a moment,  
two dreams bonded,  
became true in a moment  
turning into a legend!

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# A Little World.....Mollys Garden

not very far

enraptured in secrecy,  
a haven of peace,  
in a little world,  
is mollys garden.

a confusion of colours,  
yet tranquil reigns  
a cascading, honey suckle  
in the springtime haze.

she stirs in the breeze  
when soft wind wafts  
through the greens,  
and with the rain and sun,  
dainty crocuses are born,  
flourishing wild,  
in a day they blossom,  
and by evening hide.

shade and shadows  
of greens everywhere,  
mollys garden wakes up  
to a wonderous prayer.

a garden so dear,  
is rare to find  
a refuge for soul  
as the heart unwinds!

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# A Mind At Peace

ease a tired mind

and rest a while,  
with natures fragrant  
flowers wild..  
watch the dove  
carry the message of peace,  
and the leaves sway,  
in soothing soft breeze...  
when the nature is content  
the heart glows bright,  
in nature it sees the  
innocent beauty  
of a child.

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# A Mind Song

in your being there  
every thing seems perfect  
the days glides by,  
like the dreams  
we thought of  
. , a strange boat floating,  
in the river of the sky.

some how,  
the days fly away  
like little birds,  
in there wings.  
flying in endless sky  
which embraces them,  
in its vast expanse of  
azureness.

when you are  
close to me  
all wishes fulfilled  
what i get,  
and not get  
i have no track of that.,  
a bird of hope flys  
with stretched wings  
in the sky  
, in a distance,  
making me  
secure and happy.

when you are not there,  
life becomes topsy turvy,  
like a thunderstorm,  
in a dark night  
in the deep sea.  
i feel my little boat  
would get swallowed,  
in the whirlwinds of waves  
and get sucked,

into its hungry deep centre  
into the abyss of  
deep darkened water.

in your absense  
the sky so big  
keeps quiet  
when you say a word  
even the dark cloud  
hides its face  
in the dark  
expanse of the sky.

when you come back  
my feet,  
dont touch the ground,  
my eyes, look far,  
far away,  
like a river full  
, lapping its water  
on the banks of dreams.

love touches,  
again and again  
like the rain of monsoon  
falls in the dreamy sky.

you love to drizzle  
in my minds song  
still they cannot express  
my minds desire,  
to say  
how very much  
i love you!

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# A Mother In-Law A Mother

i

in you i see the zest to live  
all your life you did give  
an epitome of love and  
will so strong  
god made you live so long.  
to see happy....sorrow  
around you here,  
god bless you mother dear !

giving death a strong fight  
as she lies here night after night  
honourable innings  
of ninety years she played  
her love for her own,  
made her heart bled.

oblivious now to her present state  
yet present in her world at best  
she loved and cherished  
all her life,  
yet life became an utmost strife

children grand-children  
gather around her,  
unbearable to think  
of life without her.

for each she had a special thing  
like an angel in beautiful wings,  
her heart so loving, dear to all  
mother, grandmother, mother in -law  
you are our all in all.

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# A Nameless Poem

how can i explain the silence  
written in the sky,  
is the poetry of your eyes..  
words cannot be held,  
in the palmfull,  
or just the waves of the sea!

so, i mention not  
in my poem  
your name and address.  
is it possible to write  
everything in love'  
or life  
just in a poem?

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# A Painters Garden

a painters garden

is a lawn of poems  
speaking to the flowers  
is the painters voice.  
if you abandon all pleasures,  
and life be hell,  
walk in the garden,  
where life dwells.

a memory of wild, and  
fresh flowers bloom  
in a moment of time  
they see their doom  
yet, never surrender  
their pride to face  
a new life again gives  
a new taste!

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# A Palmful Of Love

in the language of silence

i loved you

in the intense of my heart.

you manifest within me

like a timeless vacume

a lifeless dot, always there.

within me you look

for yourself,

living in the sea

you look for the shore.

your origin who knows?

neither i, mine.

my entireness,

a palmful of love

for you.

in my heart,

the strings of summer songs

play,

serenading, the beauty of

the sunset and the sunrise,

and the magnificent

flame of the forest.

come, see the spring in my eyes

and the entireness

of a palmful of love for you!

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# A Petals Sigh

a gazebo

you and me,  
an arbor of rose dreams.  
lay hand in hand,  
soul to soul,  
hear the heartbeats,  
of soft petals sigh!  
to unknown  
delectable,  
immeasurable delight.

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# A Poem

a poem

born from emotion,  
bred by passion  
mastered by knowledge  
attired by words  
dressed with imagery,  
worded with feelings  
skillfull in diction,  
soulfully touches,  
mesmerising the heart  
of the yearning reader.

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# A Poem On Love

allurement

dreams,  
breaks like a glass.  
even relationships breaks  
but love.....  
how can it break so easily.!

love builds on hopes,  
of a new tomorrow.  
always ready to jump  
into the ocean  
of deep bliss.

love.....always vigilant  
of its own status  
in the altar of marriage.

it is like the melting  
of the candle,  
bit by bit,  
in the heat of love.

it is the fire of obalation,  
in marriage,  
which, burns the ego  
to generate love  
and compassion.

love gives itself  
in the firey words  
of the mantras,  
which binds soul to soul!

love.....  
slowly turns,  
into a song of tolerance,  
faith and forgiveness.  
it becomes a strange fragrance  
of the sacred song of the lovers.

only gods blessings,  
keeps the love alive!

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# A Poem On Sorrow

some flowers

have no fragrance.  
some smiles,  
dont touch the heart.  
there are some days,  
unforgettable,  
some joys,  
that pass in a moment.

some words,  
difficult to utter  
some dream,  
remain a dream  
some questions in mind,  
stays like thirst.

some sorrow in life  
which never ends.  
some tears in the eyes,  
which never falls! !

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# A Poem On White

white

the otherside of black  
colour less  
mixed with anything,  
makes shades lighter.  
pure  
pious  
pristine white.  
a symbol of purity  
in the attire of a saint.  
a dress code for school  
mark of sophistication  
a unwanted symbol,  
for a widow.  
a starched priests robe,  
a white overcoat of doctor  
delightful white dress  
of the angel.

white

a roaring surf,  
hitting the rocks, in ocean  
a white crane ready to sweep,  
puffy clouds of white,  
in the sky  
an owl white and  
a dove white,  
two tiny butterflys white,  
flitting and flirting,  
with whiteness of  
african daisy,  
and scented white flowers  
of summer.

whiteness of white

porcelaine vase  
a paper white  
milk white for baby,  
love poems on white paper.

some white lies,  
some truths white  
white washes,  
white faces  
white stains.  
white statues,  
white virtues  
white in all,  
all in white.

white  
diamond, ring  
for beloved, white.  
a cooling white moonstone  
a soothing white rose  
on the grave  
a jasmine white for lover

a stately white  
a lady in white  
a ghostly white  
a shroud in white.

universal colour  
this white.  
stands out amongst  
all colours a  
as symbolic peace  
many splendour of white,  
gives crystalline delight  
white being white.!

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# A Poet Has No Age

if you ask me

the age of a poet,  
i would answer,  
the poet has no age,  
as he belongs to all times.

then what would you say  
to the age of blue sky?  
or whose eyes are the blue dreams  
of the sea.

in whose heart the fragrance  
of flowers reign?  
in whose mind the  
lotus flowers?  
in whose thoughts,  
the rainbow dreams.  
difficult to answer  
these questions.

yet,  
when the poet becomes old  
decrepitude sets in,  
that is the worst day of the poet,  
his creations remain stand still.  
his dreams are shattered  
the death rites  
are done that day,  
but, his poetry lives on  
for ages,  
so the poet lives on  
in his creation,  
he has a edge over age!

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# A Quick Surrender

timelessness

of a moment of joy  
in the mind, can remain  
as a epitome of happiness  
forever.

seasoned love lasts,  
becomes immortal  
in the mind of man,  
as he moves on,  
in the ladder of life.

steadfastness in character,  
helps to endure,  
ups and downs of life,  
with resistant will,  
to undergo lifes fall.

righteousness excels  
all forms of qualitative  
personality,  
in turning towards the  
right direction  
to meet the goal of life.

good deeds makes our  
destiny strong in next birth,  
bad deeds makes us suffer  
in pain and misery

a quick surrender,  
on the lotus feet,  
gives inner bliss,  
which is the  
eternal quality of god !

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# A Rose

perfect in feel,  
fragrance, and colour,  
a rose,  
favourite of all.  
in a rosy arbor  
around the lovers seat,  
buds that open  
in layers i peep,  
to disclose the core of love  
fold, unfolds  
deep sweet scented rose,  
love of all  
withered petals,  
in pages of my poems.

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# A Scenario Of Lull, Before The Storm

a scenario,

a perfect beginning,  
to endless.  
from matter to life.  
the scene of happenings,  
many and strange.  
in a moment it comes,  
and in a moment it goes.

with one blink,  
the thinking soul,  
leaves an idea  
of quest and knowledge,

the scene of silence  
a dream,  
or a state of awakesness  
whether of the earth  
or the sky?  
of sunset, or change of season?  
rain washed  
or an early morning  
of a rainy day.  
or the dark night,  
of a dark phase.

all have different story,  
to tell,  
if you think about this  
panoramic view!

under the scenic beauties feet,  
so many rivers originate,  
in hunger they look up  
to the sky.

the many colours of rainbow,  
is the truth of illusion,  
and beauty of truth.

and man,  
till yesterday he was,  
strong, capable and pragmatic.  
today aimless,  
destroyed, nature and  
also himself.

the scenario is illusive and quiet,  
lull before the storm!

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# A Secret

your first letter said two words  
    'remember me'  
    i tthought it was a joke!

in your second you wrote  
    'imissed you always after that'  
    seriously i wondered why!

    but then, when you said  
        you liked holding my hands secretly  
i realised, my palms were warm  
and too snug, in your palm  
as if i would never let go!

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# A Silent Storm

your love

unleashed  
a silent storm,  
in my mind.  
impoverished  
i have lost my youth,  
in the silence  
of the four walls.

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# A Strange Conversation

i asked god one day

haven't i done enough  
in this birth,  
penance, retributions,  
introspection,  
of my past lives.  
to get myself,  
a wee place,  
in the kingdom of yours?

so he replied....

my dear! ofcourse,  
why do you think  
i am here!  
with you all the time, ?  
you dont realise,  
even in my absense,  
i am present,  
with you always.  
you drive me away  
with foolish thoughts,  
of yours.  
one of my powers,  
is illusion you know.  
go deep, deep within yourself,  
and find me seated,  
in the petalled lotus,  
of your heart.

in all your births i have been with you,  
i am with you now,  
in future i shall be with you.!

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# A Strange Love

it may be i am a stranger,  
it may be i am right,  
but when i saw you  
and you me,  
what passed in your mind?  
after seeing, you pretended,  
not seeing me, and walked away.

in the silence,  
i can gage your mind.  
your eyes spoke,  
before your mind said, ,  
you are only my beloved

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# A Summer Bloom....Mollys Garden

in summer,

parijat blossoms fall,  
like snowdrops at night  
without any sound,  
they bloom at night,  
and lay abandoned by morning.

we collect the tiny flowers,  
stringing them with love,  
for, adorable krishnas deity.

the distant sound of bells  
and the blow conch  
the flowers and tulsi on krishna,  
fills the mind  
with nostalgic memories  
of awesome pleasure, derived  
from sights and sounds,  
in mollys garden,  
in summer bloom.

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# A Summer Play

the fragrant night air  
has a lingering chill.  
the last days of  
a long summer,  
as sweet fragrant jasmine  
drifts in warm breeze lazily,  
across the evening air.

there is a feeling of joy,  
and spring in the heart,  
a carefree sun,  
shines with mirth.

natures miracle, oh, what joy!  
green meadows dance  
beneath a warm sky.  
such a picture,  
immortal any day,  
time stands still  
as the summer plays!

ritty patnaik

# A Touch Of Envy

in a moment of green  
    when envy touched you,  
    you looked the other way,  
    as much as you,  
    pretend to smile.

ritty patnaik

# A Truth, Dream Also.

truelly without dreams

how jaded and dry  
our lives would be!  
a strange relationship,  
between truth and dream  
surely like the umbilical chord  
attached to mother and child.

sometimes, strangely,  
dreams and truth,  
can be the same  
to be in truth  
is to be alive  
to breathe, and  
have clarity of vision.  
the fervent desire of  
dream is truth.

truth turns its sides,  
alone it is restless,  
truth cries in pain  
and burns till  
it proves its mettle.

in the morning  
dreams step down,  
from the ladder of reverie,  
taking a backseat,  
confining itself,  
often not remembered  
in vivid memory,  
of the mind.

sometimes,  
at the end of dream,  
one tries to hold on,  
in bits and pieces,  
thinking it is true.,  
as we catch our breath!

ritty patnaik

# A Voice From Within

today

all are crying  
to live.

yet living  
is so far from  
life.

heart, body and  
soul,  
you might find one,  
or the other,  
if you find too,  
they play hide and seek  
with you.

conscience,  
inner voice,  
lacking  
strength to strength,  
with people.  
some times  
no longer audible  
to some.

the voice, of the soul  
which the poet feels,  
in silence,  
the touch,  
instinct of the artist,  
is the inner voice  
of god!  
all we need to revive!

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# A Weed.....Honesty

a weed amongst weeds

honesty, to you i do plead  
show yourself to me,  
one more time,  
in your pristine beauty  
of bright translucent white  
a adorable name,  
for a weed so hidden  
amongst natures  
wooden bristle beauty.

ritty patnaik

# Abstract Thoughts

an abstract dream  
of early morning  
fanning emotions  
skyrocketing  
the feeling of love,  
falls apart with  
the opening of eyes.

an abstract hope,  
of happiness,  
lurks in some corner  
of the heart.  
in the belief that one day  
all will change for better.  
a new world will arise  
out of chaos and devastations  
and the glory of almighty  
will spread words  
of love and peace.

an abstract faith  
of belief and nonbelief,  
engulfs all, in doubt,  
leaves one derailed in doubt,  
to listen to the world outside  
or the soul within.  
when one does not perceive  
what one sees  
or refuse to accept,  
and fathom the truth.

an abstract picture forms  
in the mind's eye,  
looms large....  
and beckons to  
unknown time and space,  
fails to touch  
the texture of thoughts.



a abstract feeling forms in mind,  
which has no beginning or end,  
looming larger than life,  
foreboding, yet inviting,  
to feel a stroke of luck,  
which will alleviate,  
the mortal wounds,  
of deep sorrow in the heart.

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# Acceptance

accept all,

that life gives  
in playfull mood.  
sign on its tears,  
on its blood.  
accept the love,  
and also the scar with it.

while climbing,  
the ladder of dreams  
i have fallen  
many a times  
accepting,

i have stopped sometimes  
midway,  
held on to dear life,  
not letting it escape  
from my embrace.

i know it has to go,  
still i  
with equanimity.

ritty patnaik

# After You Left

a vintage garden

with plants, flowers and weeds,  
in nooks and crannies  
the wild flower grows  
crocus bursts themselves out  
at the touch of rain,  
a splurge of yellow,  
in the uncared lawn.

an arbour of passion flower,  
hangs there, without care  
where the parrot, sang merrily,  
ignoring the watchful eyes,  
of the cat!  
disturbing its morning drill.

the beehive only a mockery,  
as wild hyacinth grows  
in the bird bath.

dear mother it chokes me to see  
everything out of place,

wild basil grows on my brothers grave.

ritty patnaik

# Again And Again

many times

i have thrown stones  
at the sky,  
with no answer.  
the stone returns.

many times

i hold the time,  
transfixed within me,  
but it slips away  
and swims,  
in the ocean of  
timelessness of time,

many times i tried  
to catch my youth,  
but it smiled and giggled,  
and stared at me.  
ran far, far away,  
never to return.

many times,  
i dreamt,  
to build a dream house,  
which broke  
by the fusion of my  
greying age,

many a many times  
i chose the path,  
where i shall not return,  
but at the end of the path,  
i came back  
again and again.

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# Agony

in the agony of losing you,  
    i died many deaths!  
which taught me,  
the importance of  
    living for you.

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# Alone

what difference,  
to be lonely,  
and to be alone.  
to be alone in the crowd,  
or to be lonely  
in being together.

ritty patnaik

# As I See, Life And Death

life and death,  
two sides of a coin  
alternately,  
following each other.

life....  
another name,  
for staying alive, means  
different things  
to different people.  
for me, for you,  
for other people!

for the lover,  
it is the sweet nothings,  
whispered by the beloved  
in his ears.,  
or the sweet calling of the koel,  
for its mate!

for the poet, food  
for his thoughts,  
expressions and feelings.

life for the farmer,  
a promise of rain,  
for a good crop next year.

for a prostitute,  
waiting to sell,  
to fend for her family,  
hardships, better known to her.

for the city dwellers,  
life means, to be on toes,  
morning to evening, without respite,  
having no time,  
to stand and stare.

for me life,  
a sweet babble of babies,  
butterflys in their wings,  
caring thoughts of loved ones  
it can be a love song,  
old letters of lifetime attachments!

death.....a negative utterance  
which one does not want to hear.  
a uninvited entry to a peaceful life.,  
last phase of all beings.  
the permanent rest house,  
for tired travellers.

an end of wishes and dreams,  
argument of a dissatisfied person.

but, in the language of soothsayers,  
it is the emancipation of a knowing heart,  
for the soul eternal bliss.

for the material world,  
it is thethe fragrance of jasmine,  
plucked as a gift  
to the unknown.! !

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# Azure Sky

invigourating! walk,  
    in the park,  
    takes away  
the dullness of summer,  
    simmering heat of the day  
    gradually melting,  
    in sweat and grime, as i sprawl  
    in the grass.....carefree,  
    look up at the clear sky,  
    and feel  
    natures beautiful blessing.

    a roof on mankind!

ritty patnaik

# Baghdad 1981

baghdad!

once a city of lights,  
and revellers, doomed, ,  
by destiny, to a unnatural death  
the war of hatred has taken its toll,  
bagfull of misery for all.

beggars beg with flourish,  
children weep in hapless homes,  
each one having lost someone.

men hang arround teashops,  
faces hidden behind newspapers,  
reading about futile battles of war!  
and in noon, they guzzle beer,  
in pubs to drown there sorrow.

there was a time, when people sang and danced  
on the banks of tigris, they revelled in joy,  
the evening breeze blew so soft,  
swaying, the jetty, along the grass!

the aroma of freshly baked khuboos,  
women in burkha, rushing, for bread, children  
screaming, for their share of cake,  
and women hurrying to get home..

inspite of everything, life goes on.  
war, becomes a way of life.

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# Barter

in life

all that you have given,  
makes me lonely.  
to greed, ,

i

in life what you took,  
i feel shy to tread  
on layers of  
soulful sighs.

so in this  
barter of trading  
you may have got something,  
but i have lost all.  
and yet i am happy.

ritty patnaik

# Be That Wall

i am like a book,  
open to you.  
flip each page and see  
how, in search of happiness  
i greed,  
and on sorrow i tread!

the ivy needs a wall to lean  
be that wall and help me feel  
strong twines that, will never yield  
to lifes pressure and disasters.

ritty patnaik

# Behind Wheels

travel with lord,  
in break neck speed  
zoom pass all,  
hold on to,  
dear life,  
and hear the screech.!

the lord is the driver  
who will take you home,  
a sharp mind knows,  
to take a sharp turn!

ritty patnaik

# Birth Of A Poem

a prisoner

of my own wish,  
for loneliness.  
my soul seperates  
to another world,  
when myraid thoughts,  
make entry,  
into my mind.  
spearing through  
in fast speed,  
an idea promptly  
developing,  
into a poem.

at other times,  
all my thoughts,  
form into a knotted ball,  
and fall into,  
a dark abyss  
of blackness.

but when i climb,  
the staircase of darkness  
suddenly a light reveals  
to show me, that  
i belong to another world  
and a new poem is born.

ritty patnaik

# Birthday Coming Up....Dear Dad

close to my heart,  
all along,  
you have been there.  
dear dad,  
part of my life,  
the best time perhaps,  
was spent with you.  
but a parting,  
i could never think of  
or forget.

your hard exterior, was  
a front for everyone,  
but i have seen  
love in your eyes,  
unexpressed in gestures.

they, called you big chief,  
thundercloud,  
you were esteemed  
the best officer,  
in uniform.,  
inspite your brusque nature,  
and strong will power.

for me lots of love  
underneath  
showed your  
careing heart,  
misunderstood by many..

dear dad...  
what we are now,  
the strong values, you instilled,  
with iron hands,  
is paying off today!

to be truth ful in life,  
just, and caring,

to be honest, in all times,  
has taught us,  
some strange lessons.

what you gave us  
was all you had.  
nothing you wanted,  
except love and togetherness.,  
in the family.

when i went off,  
i took the aroma of cigars,  
and cloves,  
your twinkling eyes  
when you joked,  
your zest to live and love,  
strength for acceptance of pain.  
yes dad, i see you in myself  
and my sister.

when i think, with pity,  
i have no one,  
in a hour of gloom,  
i tell myself,  
am i not a part of you?  
so dear dad you live with me  
forever!

written for dads b'day...4th sept

ritty patnaik



# Blanketed Feelings In Winter.....

as i lie there,

body and mind shivers  
with the cold touch  
of winter.

a drunken mans shadow  
in a sheet of snow.....  
yet.....winter! a time for revelry  
and a time for festivities.

a time for buds,  
to open arms to the sun,  
and a time for flowers  
to show their innocent ego....

winter awaits to welcome  
fires warmth in the evenings,  
pining for someone.....  
its touch bringing the fog about,  
and white shadows float  
in the morning mist.....  
sheltering some,  
under roofs and blankets....  
and others, impoverished  
in their bare nakedness.

winter remains in the warmth  
of the dancing girl s lips.....  
or in the woodpeckers beaks.

a touch of cold sometimes  
steals the sleep,  
sometimes widows lonely songs,  
so bleak.

yet in winter i feel  
the sweet smelling incense of love  
in the evenings, i see it,  
in the changing of waves..

winter leaves me alone,

in my blanketed world,

at peace, away from the gaze of all.....

ritty patnaik

# Blessings

life makes fun of death  
or death makes fun of life?  
eitherway whatever happens,  
happens with gods blessings!

ritty patnaik

# Blind Faith

faith

always

blind.

so are hopes.

only, blind faith,

possibly,

shows path,

to reach HIM !

questioning,

god,

his existence,

is foolishness,

as difficult as,

seeing our own breath.,

reasoning is good,

in gross matters,

but for the creator,

man has to go, beyond the faith

of existence,

beyond blind faith,

to get his foothold

in the realm of god!

blind faith, like love

is unconditional.

ritty patnaik

# Blind Love

to find you,  
if i have to sin,  
in the dark of night,  
i wouldn't care.  
because,  
i am so blind in love  
i could drown.

my tremendous faith  
in you,  
is not lost..  
however far the moon  
it gives a reason  
to rejoice,  
and a song to sing.

moon shines on us  
giving a new valley to live  
in a world of  
love poems.,  
palmfull of stars,  
in the garden of love.

for us love is honey,  
love is jasmine  
from which will be born,  
some million smiling stars.

ritty patnaik

# Brother Dear

when your face crosses my mind,  
tugs the core of my inner being,  
with pangs of restless sighs.

from the time we parted, these,  
eighteen years,  
every, moment,  
has been a eternity.  
never will i see or touch you.  
speak my brother speak!

memories of childhood, where  
siblings fought, and  
mothers caressed and said  
sweet nothings, to sooth,  
reminds me, like roll of film,  
in a camera unwinded, has lost  
its colour and shape in time.

your youthful pranks, and loving care,  
leaves a dull heartache.,  
only if you would speak my brother, speak!

ritty patnaik

# By The Sea

beside the sea

a long winter afternoon,  
stretching its length  
in my thoughts,  
like the sea,  
endless  
thoughtless,  
unforgiving.

i sat there,  
the breeze and me,  
playing hide and seek  
in your eyes,  
where the sky remains.  
also day and night.

as the sun sank,  
in the lap of mother,  
leaving a lovely colour  
in the clouds,  
little lanterns,  
began to appear  
like messengers  
of the sky.

a strange feeling,  
contentment  
of being with you!

again i sat down,  
why and when  
i forgot.  
everything except the sea  
and the shine in your eyes!

ritty patnaik

# Come Closer

come closer!

like the closeness of the chest  
with the heartbeats.  
or the closeness of the lips  
with the song.

merge yourself  
like darkness, in my sin  
awaits the morning sun.

come closer.....  
in the sacred sanctity  
of my prayers,  
and like fragrance  
submerge in me.

come closer.....  
touch my soul  
like a poem in my inner being!

ritty patnaik



# Coral Jasmine.....In Mollys Garden

as the eastern sky heralds day-break  
the nostalgia of dawn  
fills me with the fragrance of coral jasmine.  
the light broke into a soft morning,  
easily with a smile my memories of  
shafali flowers in mollys garden  
came again and again.

we go out to greet the morning sun,  
little basket in hand, to pick up flowers  
strewn, like a blanket of white.  
for, it will adorn lord shiva and laid  
at his feet.

the tree looks like a wholesome bouquet  
branches full of orange and white,  
brilliant little flowers,  
my senses feast at this wonderous sight.

the air gets heavy with  
soothing soft fragrance  
of nocturnal love,  
shaken out of their reverie  
and dreams of the night!

ritty patnaik

# Cosmic Consciousness

a star,

before sleeping,  
before budding itself  
goes off...in oblivion  
of distant dreams!

moon!

throws beams,  
of passionate love,  
from its shapely  
pale glow  
and smiles.  
thus elixer is born....

sun!

giver of energy  
warmth and well being,  
embraces man and nature  
in its rays of hope for mankind,  
showers light and prosperity.

sea...

in its vastness,  
holds, in its deapth,  
many secrets unknown,  
and a angst of power,  
over mans helplessness!

life...

dwindles  
day by day.  
no matter how much you walk,  
the road is unending.  
half way, the graveyard  
stares at you,  
welcomingly.

cosmos...

holding galaxies

cosmic consciousness,  
a dropp enough,  
which is the quintessence  
for existence!

ritty patnaik

# Crocuses, Flowers Of Spring Rain.....Mollys Garden

in the floral canvas

the crocus, brings grace  
to the landscaping,  
and flowers,  
with the first touch of rain.

as i spied them suddenly,  
looking good in masses,  
of last year seeds,  
strewn in the grass carelessly  
yet, making a picture  
for my memory!

every year they grow and fade  
making a picture,  
a small tribute to molly.....  
as i wait for it to flower and blossom.

isolated purple crocuses  
with orange pistils  
raindrops on them.  
growing beside,  
yellow crocuses,  
opening up enough for me  
to take a peek.  
creating a fantastic spectacle  
of, cheerfulness of spring,  
in molly's garden.

ritty patnaik

# Cruel Fate

why is fate so cruel,  
a child goes, before mother,  
emptying her lap, forever.

the sun rises like before,  
every morning,  
and the waves touch the sand  
without fail.

but the mothers arms  
that cradled, is bare,  
and her heart just wails.

spring comes.....  
the rain falls on the dry earth.  
she sits, near the sea,  
listening to the waves  
believing the sea will return  
her child.

staring at the void  
of the limitless sky,  
waiting,  
waiting is her life now.

ritty patnaik

# Cry Of A Girl Child

a bud smilingly nods  
before flowering,  
its fragrance stolen  
by honey bees.

bud searching  
for its youth,  
in the morning death  
yet finds it no more.

ritty patnaik

# Dedication

i loved her so much,  
i am afraid, it will break  
my golden dream  
of my small world!

so i loved her  
in silence of a prayer.  
without hopes,  
offered her my  
shattered heart.

i looked at her,  
not once,  
but many times  
like the artist,  
looks at the sculpture,  
from all angles,  
working on stone.

i think of her so much,  
that i cannot say,  
with pen and paper.  
i become a poet just for her.

i look for her  
everywhere.  
still i dont find her..  
yet, she is in my heart  
in my each living breath  
she comes and goes.  
and murmurs to me,  
'tell me memory,  
where do you stay.  
tell me! !

ritty patnaik

# Dedication To Kalki

seeking

liberation,  
annihilation  
submission,  
under the chakra  
sundershan!

mingling '  
with holy dust  
bramha with jiva,  
or jiva with bramha.  
it means the same.

you and i  
i and you,  
for ever!

oh! vishnu, narayana, shiva  
all in one,  
kalki ram,  
however you are known  
to whoever,  
in whichever way,

my love for you is ages old,  
no new love,  
but old is gold!

,



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# Divine Play

natures vagaries,  
    gods play,  
        nothing moves,  
        without his say.  
beware all beings  
be to nature kind,  
a leaf wont move  
without his will or mind.

many will make  
tall claims,  
in fax of moment  
all will change  
usher he will,  
the golden era,  
on his head,  
will be the golden,  
crown and tiara.

not much time  
is left you see,  
change your life,  
and forever be,  
apart ofdivine  
play of god.

master of three worlds,  
decides to rule,  
it will be no longer  
the rule of fools.

love and peace will be  
the corner stone,  
wake up to this knowledge,  
from aeons of time known!

ritty patnaik

# Dream Merchant

can you hear,  
the call of the night,  
in the bright moon light,

can you hear  
the commotion of stars  
in the darkened sky

will you ask the fragrant flowers,  
of the night,  
with which tune  
they wake up?

what makes the moonbeams,  
throw its light,  
on the awaiting waterlily?

will you ask the poet  
what he wants,  
how many moon rises  
in his life time?

when in his imagination  
the flowers bloom and finish.  
how his poems, are  
beyond darkness and pain  
that life gives!

yes, he is the dream merchant, ,  
filling the empty palms  
of the readers,  
with bouquets of rosy dreams!

ritty patnaik

## Dutch Clover....A Weed

puff balls in green grass,  
dutch clover i found alas....  
fragrance calls the honey bees  
flowers so small,  
yet attracts you see!  
in meadows, pastures  
in nilgiri grows,  
dutch clover fragile sways,  
in the cool of blue mountain dales.

ritty patnaik

# Early Bird

as i try

frantically to sleep,  
sleep eluding my eyes.  
the baby owl hoots  
from the wood apple tree,  
sweet notings to its mother!

it is not yet daybreak, the squirrels  
scamper to venture out,  
to gather their morsel  
of home  
my skylight!

the koel knows no time, sings,  
to welcome, ripe mangoes, and the  
other birds, early to catch the worms!  
for me, it is time to rise,  
and feed my friends of the garden!

‘ ‘

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# Ego

ego

a facade,  
for all.  
knowingly  
wanting to love,  
and be loved,  
under the shroud,  
a crystal clear heart.

ritty patnaik

# Embers Of Youth

in the park of love  
the couple sat  
merged momentarily  
in the spinning of dreams  
of turbulent hopes  
in uncertain times of  
youthful meanderings.

it was a trust  
that was given  
with conviction  
of faith.  
a endearing love  
of a endless summer.

in days of spring  
sprightly walk, down  
the serpentine path,  
or over the greens  
gave youthful zest,  
like the new leaves unfurl  
in shaded green softness.

after years.....  
misty eyes  
and broken hearted  
she sat there,  
to revive  
the glowing embers  
of past youth.

ritty patnaik

# Embrace

be one with earth and sky,  
and merge in its expanse  
in your meditation,  
and find the elixir of youth  
love, and well being.

be one with nature,  
in its diversity,  
and unite with its  
myraid blissful moods,  
to give you unparalel joy.

be one with your love  
embrace....  
extract the emotions,  
of loving and giving  
to the brim,  
for rejuvinating of self!

ritty patnaik



# Empty Cup Of Love.

if love is like elixer,  
and you drank it,  
might turn into poison,  
even alive, you are dead.

all ingredients of love  
full of sadness and strife.  
to find and lose,  
or lose to find,  
is written on the face of  
day and night.,  
losing and finding,  
love does not get tired  
till death.  
it says, to go far beyond.  
such lovers, roam around holding,  
the empty cup of love.

ritty patnaik

# Empty Nest

when children leave

and start their homes,  
empty is the nest,  
which bustled with life.

i steel my heart  
choke my soul,  
but the heart flutters  
and tears come blind.

at one time  
we loved to be alone  
now loneliness haunts,  
even when together.

ritty patnaik

# Endless Wait

i lean with grief

and sit alone,  
from dawn to dusk.  
at night,  
my heart opens to  
darkness, and  
i talk to myself  
about things unknown.

yes, i am waiting  
whoever comes  
appears to be you

breath of my life  
blend with your image  
deep within me.

you can roam the world  
there are many flowers.  
only the bee knows  
the taste of honey!

ritty patnaik

# Entangled Knot

i know

a entangled knot,  
will never open,  
like a mind with  
plenty of thoughts,  
filled with ego,  
and adamant, and  
a combination of attitude.

who can say,  
what formed the knot,  
in the mind.  
why the water gets dirty,  
or why a flower has insects.  
why does the mirror gather dust,  
or the mist covers the sun  
when it is rising.

unquestionable question!  
priceless puzzle of creation.  
this knot, of ego and attitude,  
is found in complexed people  
behind whom is a intolerant mind,  
not ready to accept, the good of others,  
who dont understand the joy of love,  
and the peace of giving.

a gesture of love,  
kind words  
can unwind the net of illusion,  
and let the inner quality of soul  
shine through the shroud  
of ego and attitude.

a ego sharper,  
than sharpnells, which break  
many hearts,  
is tired and wornout,  
yet the knot remains!

ritty patnaik

# Ersama1999

ERSAMA!

a small village,  
you are in the news!  
the world knows you as  
the ravaged mother,  
who has been overpowered,  
by a ruthless sea,  
stripping her of all  
her greens,  
razed to the ground  
are the earthen homes  
of the sons of the soil.

no longer there is laughter,  
as if death has engulfed all.  
just for a palmfull of rice, for a  
shed over your bareness you fight.  
tooth and nail to survive,  
the oncoming storm  
of painful memories  
of  
MOTHER OF CYCLONES!

ritty patnaik

# Essence Of Marriage

the essence of compatibility  
remains,  
in the presence of compromise  
in the heart of situations.  
and the core of existence lies  
in innumerable sacrifices,  
and flaming, bond of love  
making two lives inseperable.

ritty patnaik

# Everywhere

a morning passing away  
in the eyes of flower petals.  
a life passing away,  
youth of hunger death.  
only memory remains  
like a pebble  
in the flowing stream bed.  
i remain, with unfolded love  
where you are submerged,  
here there everywhere  
in the nature

ritty patnaik



# Expression

the sky is submerged with earth  
planets, standstill  
and frozen in cosmos  
lives are flickers  
and fragments of fire.  
then what is more than life?

it is beyond experience of expression! !

ritty patnaik

# Facets Of Love.

if love has to go  
    dont ask him why and where,  
    nor when to return,  
    it might slow step  
    backwards  
    to you.

a lifetime of moments  
    spent with him,  
    yet a whole life  
    may not be enough  
    to make him your very own!

love is such a game,  
    half life goes,  
    in chasing each other.  
and the rest in pleasing  
    eachother.  
    happiness, fulfillment  
    dissatisfactions, anger  
    all have a role to play!

in the danger of losing,  
    one dies many deaths,  
    making love stronger  
    in the mantle of the heart.

love,  
    comes from the soul  
    touches the soul  
    binds both souls.

ritty patnaik

## Facets Of Love.....Four

in a heavenly scented garden,  
the bee of love, slumbers,  
in the basking petals  
of a tea-rose.

love is a happy dip,  
in the jar of honey,  
submerged,  
safe and secure!

ritty patnaik

## Facets Of Love.....Three

a sky full of dreams,  
hurricane of desire  
lingering  
for a fitful crescendo  
for a soulfull bliss.

a overcast sky,  
and a langouring moon  
desireless,  
in its boring nightly adventure  
wating for something,  
scintillating to happen,  
wishing all the lovers,  
having their wishes fulfilled.

moon ties the knot of love  
faces glow on earth  
faith restored  
in the soft beams of  
whiteness of pure love.

ritty patnaik

## Facets Of Love....Five

in the pupil of my eyes

you are always there  
and as my hearts breath.  
when you have loaned me my life,  
how can i forget you.

,  
if for the daylight the night waits  
if for sorrow, the feeling of happiness dwells,  
and sweetness is the result of all pains  
then let it be so, to tide over  
those pangs of you....

if from seperations  
the deapth of love is realised,  
and in consumation  
the beauty of longing is lost,  
then.....  
whether ages wither away in time,  
is of no matter to me.  
but your changing for me,  
will change the equations of.  
all that i believed in.....

ritty patnaik

## Facets Of Love....Two

look into the eyes of love  
you will see the image  
in the pupils,  
many splendour of loves  
eternal quest  
to mingle.

love speaks,  
love trusts  
love warms up,  
to the warmth of a hug.  
the essence of bonding,  
like the earth with the sky  
or the blue sea,  
merging in the horizon,  
glorifying the union of love.

love is the eyes unread  
love, the word unsaid.  
the feeling shrouded  
in the mystery  
of a budding blossom,  
waiting for the touch  
of sunlight,  
also a blade of grass  
waiting for its union  
with the night dew.

a miracle of rejuvenation,  
is loves colourful vision.  
of a everlasting rainbow,  
in a mirthful smile  
conquering the heart,  
of a clear sky.

ritty patnaik

# Feeling Of Emptiness

emptiness

so close,  
yet cannot be touched.,  
just like  
the faraway moon.

in the afternoon of the life  
the length of time  
is vast and long..  
as if waiting for somebody,  
has become your identity.

it is a restless feeling  
to walk to the door,  
and come back again,  
to wait.

no! no one is going to come  
its me and my empty world.

giving birth to my children,  
and to my poems,  
this emptiness,  
is also born from me.  
so, why so much distance? ?

sometime, i want to hug,  
this emptiness,  
like a mother does  
to her baby.

sometimes, i need someone  
to walk beside me  
in this empty road of life.

but, like all relationships,  
i know not why,  
emptiness is  
keeping distance from me!

ritty patnaik



# Fight For Your Rights

free from bondage

our blood, sweat and tears,  
same as yours.  
as the sky cannot be  
put in shackles, the fire  
cannot burn their hopes.  
and heart untouched by fear.  
they nurture dreams of freedom,  
their birth right,  
like any one of us.

they fight, shoulder to shoulder  
find roads and inroads  
walking in unision  
to break the wall,  
of nepotism and beaurocracy.

it is impossible,  
prisoner they cannot be.  
they stand for a ideology  
on which thousands,  
have signed in blood.

ritty patnaik

# First Time

first time,

when we met,  
for a blink you  
appeared, in  
a moment  
dissapeared.  
in a deep  
mesmerised way,  
i was floating,  
in a blissfull mind.  
i feel.....  
waiting for you,  
is my destiny,  
waiting for eternity  
is perhaps my fate.

ritty patnaik

# Flash Back

alone,

you took me  
in your arms.  
but you held me,  
like the rippling water,  
catches the moonlight  
.....if for a while!

my heart,  
you have stolen,  
my heart!

ritty patnaik

# For Dear Bou

as she lies here frail and forlorn  
with arms spread out and limbs tied  
she writhes in discomfort  
for loosing the freedom  
she loved best.

for life is ebbing  
the soul, ready for release  
to another world.....  
who knows.....  
in the new world,  
if pretty flowers will bloom for her,  
or birds will sing their merry songs.  
who knows, if she will be born again  
amongst her own.

there is an aura of silence  
yet this night speaks a lot.  
i hope not this is the end  
or dare to think of a beginning  
of the souls journey  
to its destination.!

ritty patnaik

# For Dear Sonali

flowers and fairies

take their colour  
from rainbow,  
and smile  
from you my dear.

for me,  
you are the fragrance  
of the buds,  
and you are  
my heartfelt joy.

ritty patnaik

# For Elly

so soft,  
like a whisper  
she talks.  
a breath of fresh air  
in my jaded  
and jejuned life.

she holds,  
the candle of future,  
my ever burried hopes  
in the debris of  
million thoughts  
come up on the surface  
when i see  
her beaming face.

mysteriously ethical  
contentedly happy,  
with everlasting smile  
making her world  
a happy one,  
as well as mine.

genuine and gentle  
touch of hers,  
concern for all  
wins everybodys heart,  
and mine too.  
reassuring, is her smile  
is the goodness of a pure heart

dear elly,  
always stay this way  
in our hearts.

ritty patnaik

# For Krishna

with anklets crossed

you played the flute.  
my spirit soared,  
i ran from home.  
my life has called,  
i must go!

,

there i found  
many of us bound,  
to the chain of love,  
you had thrown!

ritty patnaik

# For Molly

in the evening time  
my mother so fresh  
like a jasmine in bloom,  
after a shower of rain,

the garden, gloriously coloured  
where golden hands had touched.  
her secret,  
of secretly tending and nursing,  
the sickly foliage'.  
like a child with jaundice, come alive,  
fresh with colour  
that is my mother.

who gives joy to others, yet  
she hides her pain,  
in the fibre of her being,  
unleashed when love pours forth!

ritty patnaik



# For You

happiness abounds

all barrier fallen  
walk in the sand  
hand in your hand.

the autumn leaves shine  
with shades, and hue  
like glistening fire,  
in the morning  
dew drops fresh, and moist  
all is stand still,  
except the rustle,  
of the leaves.

we trample,  
we laugh.  
we are together at last.

again...

when we walked side by side  
in pouring rain  
all indoors but us.  
trying to climb the minaret of dreams  
wanting to be on top of the world,  
with you.  
we settled for a kiss,  
under the umbrella.

again that time, when you and i,  
looked deep into, each others eye,  
fingers ran down forehead to lip  
everything ceased,  
the room, the fan the sound'  
except,  
you and i.

ritty patnaik

# For Your Sake

love, hidden

under sheets of  
tremulous complaints

love shrouded by ego,  
shy to let go.  
yet, however it is,  
acceptance or denials  
do not matter.!

as promised, will give  
till end of time  
only for your sake.!!

ritty patnaik

# Forgetting My World....

my feelings,

    remain dormant in my mind,  
    in the beat of drums,  
as well  
breath of the anklets.

    like a shadow i remain with you  
forgetting my own world,  
    my own, not my own!

who bound us in love, that  
from birth to death,  
a promise was made,  
which glows to be fulfilled?  
    a desire to merge.

what i have left  
for anybody,  
i dont remember,  
what i got from anybody  
is a distant thought.  
in what sorrow,  
i left happiness, to find you  
who can account for this,  
or have a clue.  
the body becomes cold,  
and useless!  
for days together,  
all will remember.

dont really know  
when i surrendered  
myself to you.  
you were in front of me  
when i opened my eyes,  
and i became shy, there  
was nothing left then.  
flower on my hair,  
anklets on my feet,  
and khol in my eyes.

!

can you hear my voice?  
tell me truly,  
are you really mine?

i felt i was made for you! !

ritty patnaik

# Formless To Form

anchor of my life

rest in me.

unite with my soul,

purify me.

ardent in my love,

never forsake me

astride the white horse

none other than you,

dare fight the evil.

arupa, you are vishwaroopa,

and you shall win.

ritty patnaik

# Freedom For Me

the death of me,

was only the beginning  
of my freedom.  
no one but me  
understood it.

for now i am free  
of the fetters of fate'  
and i can merge into my soul,  
which is me.

ritty patnaik

# From My Sick Bed

over my window sill

i gaze out at the moody moon,  
pass by.  
from my sick bed, i see,  
half a kanchan tree, planted years ago, and  
flame of the forest in firey bloom  
lightening my dismal  
thoughts of doom.

the birds twitter and fight  
robin sings to me, as  
the seven sisters scramble and fall.  
a cacaphony of sound, disturbing, yet  
healing me from inside,  
my lovely friends of the garden

ritty patnaik

# Fulfillment

the sky, and the earth  
and lives are empty.  
it is like plain paper  
with words unreadable,  
voice and sounds are.  
pleasant weather of seasons,  
which has given  
unseasonable pleasure  
and sorrow.

then what is more than fulfillment?

if you experience,  
the nimbus of desire  
then you could think of fulfillment!

ritty patnaik



# Giving In

beckon me you,  
with arms stretched with love.  
didn't you see me,  
my heart!  
there is a pleasure in  
giving in to your demands  
than denying love

your love,  
my love,  
our love,  
had spinned  
a fabric of dream,  
pleasure was mine,  
when you turned it,  
into a ream.

yet.....sometimes  
hopes dashes,  
desire crashes,  
i crash without love,  
to be safely picked up  
by your warmth  
and tenderness!

ritty patnaik

# Gods Gift

life of man,  
    laughter and tears.  
    treasure of god,  
    given to mankind  
    to love and bear.

ritty patnaik

# Gods Voice

the voice of god  
is always heard.  
those who drift away  
and never listen  
to that inner self,  
the conscience  
that tells, the right from wrong,  
it nags, it pricks  
till you listen  
to the voice of god.

ritty patnaik

# Graveyard Song

i am here

in the graveyard of time,  
like fresh blades of grass.  
if you come,  
touch my soft body  
with your loving palms,  
and see,  
how i have spread myself  
in the earth of the graveyard,  
spreading my roots.....  
if you hear a soft note,  
of a sad song,  
you will only hear,  
for ages and ages  
i am yours.....  
i am yours! !

ritty patnaik

# Happiness

a dear friend abroad  
a sweet song  
a soft morning,  
on the grave of sorrow.  
a flying bird, high in the sky,  
without oars!  
a rivulet miandering  
in the midst of the forest  
or a little shade in a sunny morn.  
happiness!  
cannot be bought  
in resturants or roadside,  
or from liquor bars..  
not from the honey,  
in the beehives!

happiness,  
half dream state,  
of a early morning song.  
a morsel of food  
for the beggar  
a polythene roof  
for the four walls.

it is a picture of a  
panaromic view  
which measures itself  
in the heart of darkness.  
a spellbound feeling of,  
smugness, with endless joy.

or a sad tune,  
of violin.....  
can be happiness.

ritty patnaik

# Happy And Sad Journey Of The River

calm was the river,  
meandering with serenity,  
adorned with grace of lapping  
on its own inbankment.  
crossing, rocky catchments,  
and elsewhere a sand bed  
rising, and falling, in rhythmic  
tune, barely audible,  
yet to the boatman, with oars,  
a feeling of harmony and joy.  
singing to the tune of  
flowing water, the lost tune  
of yesterday!

also the creatures of water,  
had seen endless joy filled days,  
when the sun shined on water,  
and they frolicked in glee,  
the shining bodies of fish,  
catching the sun,  
appearing and disappearing.  
sun being, the sole monarch,  
and soul of all waterbeings,  
giving it new life energy to live.  
stepping down as mentor to all  
living souls.

it is a different story now,  
today the underwater creatures,  
are in the danger of extinction,  
they lost their zeal,  
in polluted water,  
to survive and procreate.

now, the stars, and the birds  
dont see their image,  
in the murky, muddy water mirror.  
the river decides to change its course,  
or submerge itself in its on sorrow!

yet, in its angst mood in monsoon,  
in unexplained ravage,  
the river water, crosses,  
all embankments,  
making land, houses and trees, one  
by flowing in fitful frenzied speed  
in wrath and anger,  
to meet its mentor  
.....the sea.

torrential rain,  
driving people,  
out of home and hearth  
of homestead land,  
devouring, all. in all.  
roaring in demonic cry  
submerging, only from  
tree tops, you could see all.

here there and everywhere,  
floods has become,  
a forceful energy, making  
man and nature,  
one in creation.  
the suffering is endless,  
the fight for survival continues.

,

.

ritty patnaik



# Harbinger Of Spring.....Lilacs In My Garden

the lilac in my garden  
bloomed at last!  
the harbinger of spring,  
inviting the butterflys  
in their daily flights  
of fantasy.

early spring bloomers,  
give life to the garden,  
and their profusion fills the heart.  
purple lilac.....symbolising  
the first emotions of love,  
in its bloom.....  
gradually its youthful innocense  
brightens up the spirit.  
awakening the inner being  
from innocense to experience  
from adolscent to adult hood.

changing colours whimsically,  
showering its long strands of flowerlets  
into a picture of springtime love!

ritty patnaik

# Heartache

the oyster does not know  
    she holds a pearl in her,  
    as the rose, does not realise  
    she is in a bed of thorns!

    the sea cannot fathom  
    mind of the river,  
and the night about  
    the dreams of nocturnal birds.

the moon does not realise  
the path it shows to weary travellers  
    and the sun, not aware of,  
    its life giving gift to nature.

the world, does not understand,  
the ways of love,  
love does not heed, to  
    to the ways of the world.  
when lover is far, far away,  
    the mind cannot rest a while,

the mind cannot gage the deapth  
    of sorrow so unkind

so it remains like a ache  
    , in the core of the heart.  
asking many questions,  
    expecting no answers!

ritty patnaik

# Heartfelt Wishes

i wouldn't invite pain,  
if not for the love, of living.  
like a vague, surprising memory,  
finds its way, to my palm,  
in the form of grass flowers.

in secret the dew  
kisses the grass  
to learn the art of living!

the dedicated tune,  
of the flute,  
played in me,  
with the lips.....  
does it belong  
to the earth or flowers?

i dont know.  
i have fallen asleep  
in the embrace of a dream.

in the innocense of the falling leaf,  
in your hidden touch,  
and the beauty of your heart,  
so many full moon nights are spent.

i believe you are omnipotent.  
yet you stare, as if  
you have never seen me!  
or known me! ! !

but i know you,  
from eons of time  
in my dreams,  
i have seen.  
now from my tears  
from my experience,  
and in silence  
in painfull emptiness of life.

i have seen it all.

cant you hear me?

or see the tears of my heart,

or the unspoken tremor of my lips! !

,

ritty patnaik

# Hearts Call

much more to spirit,  
that meets the eye,  
much more to life beyond  
for which we quest and cry.  
much more to the universe  
we know about  
thousands of universe  
which is beyond doubt.

we are mortals,  
he made us so,  
to sing his name  
in all our woes.

at the blink of an eye  
his desires are filled,  
we mere mortals  
living at his will.

till we drown our ego,  
big and small,  
he will test us,  
till he makes us whole.

a crystal clear heart  
that would be,  
a gift of god,  
for all to see.

beyond all he remains  
and before all,  
he is the reason,  
of my hearts call.

ritty patnaik

# Heavenly Creation.

if the sky and earth  
draw a map  
and it is called  
a house,  
where all creations  
of nature  
are puppets of heaven.

ritty patnaik

# Heavenwards

dont make me so mad,  
over your love,  
i feel scared.  
like it might be  
the last flicker  
of the lamp.  
before going out.

the result of  
all this madness  
a passionate high  
brings me so close to you  
i forget the shape  
of my own body.

i know, in your life of love  
i only reign,  
in the throne of your heart,  
i am coronated and secure,  
still, dont make me so dear  
as i fear, if this is not the end!

in your eyes i have seen,  
rivers, mountains forest  
and sea.  
in your body,  
the warmth of darkness,  
measured the heat.

every night designed by you,  
with passion,  
dont burn me with the fire of love.

yet with my breath,  
will burn,  
the greenery of night,  
and the cool moon beams.

salvation is not very far,

from you love,  
the road to the temple  
is not very far.  
from your heart  
i can see the ladder to heaven,  
all i ask for, is there.

ritty patnaik



# Holy Ganga

ganga flows from eternity,  
taking along in its wisdom  
the sweet sentiments,  
and the sad rituals,  
of the departed souls  
of near and dear ones.

it offers its vast body  
for the holy dip,  
to inhale the lasting freedom  
we seek for our own!

ganga, ever friendly to all,  
offers to the mystics,  
a dream,  
where sages gather and expound  
their faith with gusto,  
in the kumbh mela of life.

from time immemorial,  
the sacred river weaves a charm,  
for upliftment of spirit,  
in search of ones lost soul.

ritty patnaik

# Honeysuckle And Night Jasmine.....Mollys Garden

the garden is aglow

with the moon shining,  
through the bower  
of honeysuckle.

giving a bright aura,  
in a darkened night,  
in mollys garden.

in the dense of passion flower,  
the creeper of krishnas love  
entwined hearts,  
of all lovers dwell.

as the night unfolds  
the blue water lily,  
spreads its petals,  
eager to touch the  
moon beams.

the flowers and me awaiting  
for the nightscape.....  
to be over.  
in such an hour of joy,  
my heart quivers, and skips a beat.....

many a night,  
i have laid awake,  
thinking about her, ,  
and her unflinging passion for beauty.

days have gone by,  
flowers have bloomed and withered,  
humming birds and bees,  
have sucked nectar to their fill.  
yet a longing remains in my heart  
to hug molly in her garden.

ritty patnaik

# How Best I Love You

how best i love you

i dont have to has softened the colour,  
experience of love is muted by age.  
past seems cloudy,  
faces get blurred from view,  
refusing to fade are images of you.  
the sun, the rainbow and sky still there  
your love has filled my mind and heart,  
snugly in my heart you have stayed.

ritty patnaik

# Hyacinths And Water Lily.....Pride Of Mollys Garden

a closeness so strange,  
of molly and her garden.  
as she captured the serenity  
of a single bloom of waterlily  
and a cluster of hyacinths.

adorned around  
bushes of wild grasses,  
sometimes, making chaos,  
yet a disorderly harmony prevails,  
in the quiet madness  
of the bees hovering.  
stinging the mind with  
painful remembrance.

soaked in the colour of moonbeams,  
was the blue waterlily.  
gentle.....  
gentle as molly treading,  
in her own heaven.

like honey drips  
never quenches a thirst y mind,  
the blue water lily appears,  
in the lap of water  
again and again.....  
in my pensive thoughts  
of mollys garden!

in mollys garden

ritty patnaik

# I Did It My Way

youthful days

full of music,  
a time of your life  
which winks at you,  
from time to time.

old memories revive,  
when elvis, rocked us,  
and ballads of tom jones  
felt as if sung for us!  
when cliff richards  
and jim reeves, filled  
all our time.

we danced to la bamba,  
twisted to black superman.  
and listened to classics,  
with a fervour of timelessness!  
when i could forsake all  
but not my music!

memories of usha iyer, ,  
singing in trincas,  
and the hippie culture,  
which swayed the young,  
when jimmy hendrix,  
had his day.  
loud music,  
made all sway..

not to forget a frank sinatra,  
who sang,  
i did it my way.....

all this music,  
still get sold,  
though branded as old  
now they are discs of gold! !

ritty patnaik

# I Am Anywhere

i am anywhere,

in any unknown seashore,  
in the grains of sand,  
in thunderous snowstorms  
or lonely moments  
on a barren hill top.

i invite the breeze to blow,  
with fragrance unknown,  
and show the moon,  
mountains hidden behind clouds.  
invite the birds to sing for you  
and stars playing , wonderous game  
of hide and seek.  
the sea with unending sea shore!

i am the horizon of destruction  
from bottomless abyss  
to the vastness of cosmos  
the torrential rain, and  
deep darkness of hell.  
also the norwester,  
that passes over head

i have a tryst with, death,  
ever so often,  
which i bravely face.

i am any where,  
in a beggars bowl,  
i see my face.  
in rays of soul  
when night breaks into dawn  
in the deep abyss of time.

in the sound of leaves...at fall  
or in unending, breath and  
belief of my life.  
yet, no one sees me

i am anywhere!

ritty patnaik



# I Heard The Spring Call

spring calls,

and comes.

deep in the earth

the seed stirs,

to peep out of earth,

to see the warmth and splendour  
of earthly wonders.

up, up it climbs,

till the earth breaks

tiny root shoot and all appear

to make the gardener proud,

to see this beauty of

creators creation

ritty patnaik

# Ignorance

fools we are.

.over look the known,  
ignore the truth  
and pine hopes  
for the unknown!

ritty patnaik

# In My Garden

butterflys,

chasing each other

in twos.

it is spring time

butterflys on there wings,

pastel, peacock, and aquamarine,

yellow and gold

shapely winged papillion

sitting on flowers

on purpose.

to kiss the petals, of

the youthful blossoms.

the winged bird of glory,

let them be,

watch them close, they have no worry...

ritty patnaik

# In My Mind

however much, i say

i love you

it seems not enough!

for enough! will be the day, you say

you have found,

new love again!

ritty patnaik

# In The Banks Of Yamuna....Divine Dance

oh dear heart! ,  
the sound of flute  
reverberates, as  
the tilting music begins,  
in the recess of my mind.

some familiar sounds,  
of births before,  
some familiar sights of,  
days yore,

oh kanha!  
bound by your love,  
smitten by your gaze  
charmed by your smile,  
coloured by your colour,  
were your gopis!

swaying and dancing,  
intoxicated,  
with the music  
of the flute.

the tinkling of the anklets  
sparked the hearts  
flowers gave with joy  
their fragrance,  
night passed,  
in a trance,  
as they all danced.

in the banks of yamuna! !

ritty patnaik

# In The Jungle....One

sunlight filters through  
the dense trees..  
pockets of sunny patches  
in the verdant jungle of quadali.

deep down an eerie silence,  
broken, by the jungle fowl.  
some sweet calls, and some shrill tones  
of birds, fill the air.  
making their presence felt,  
flapping their wings, flitting,  
a hustle and bustle mood,  
before, the curtain of night drops.

it is pitch dark,  
silence makes one squirm.  
even the jungle has its own rules,  
and own voice  
almost ominous to tread ahead..

ritty patnaik

## In The Jungle....Three

night suddenly arrives,  
when it is still evening!  
the jungle peacocks,  
get back to trees, as  
rabbits scurry to their burrows..  
sometimes a dazed look!  
hating the lights,  
of the intruding jeep.

the jungle in quadali,  
has its own charm,  
as i look back.....  
and put down this memory  
i realise, never again  
i will see such beautiful sights,  
and behold the wonder  
of the jungle.

the darkness vanishes silently,  
as the morning sun rises.

ritty patnaik

# In The Jungle....Two

at day-break,

elephants rub their back, on the trees,  
smoothened over years.

and sandy showers, using their trunks,  
making others feel small,  
against their enormity.

elephants, boisterously breaking tree after tree,  
plantation 's and huts,  
in a frenzy for food.

look at the malaba squirrel, a busybee,  
sporting a striped jacket,  
hurrying and scurrying,  
gathering food for sustenance.

search for food and water is everywhere.  
in the jungle it is the survival f the fittest!

ritty patnaik



# In The Twilight Hours.....

in the twilight hours,  
when the dark changes face,  
i see you walking towards me,  
in a soft nightly dream.  
bordering between is the  
stream of moon beams.

when fragrance,  
of your body,  
overpowers my senses,  
my heart gets tortured  
with million rhythmic  
beats of raptures,  
of love.

what passes,  
between us,  
lightens up my being,  
maddening,  
to take refuge  
in your loving arms.

ritty patnaik

# In Troubled Times

troubled and heart broken  
bound by selfish vision  
it is a world,  
of double standards.  
pleading of ignorance,  
man feels all,  
pretends of ignorance.

devouring men, eating its own,  
still hungry,  
pleading of love and brotherhood,  
in the garb of senseless killing  
of its own.  
hungry, with endless desire and  
engrossed in physical illusion,  
forgetting the path of truth.

unable to say,  
why i live on,  
to witness the happenings,  
deep in the silhouette of my mind  
i am troubled and heart broken.

human exploitations,  
the tides of selfishness,  
is like a wave of sorrow,  
devouring mankind,  
values and principles.  
conscience, has taken a back seat,  
while we flounder and wait,  
for a better world.

mind gets clouded with thought  
to revoke deeds and karma  
is impossible,  
the will to change is nil.

the conscience no longer,

propells the boat of life,  
where i stand, i can see and hear  
only, my voice of despair.

ritty patnaik

# Inner Thoughts

you have access

to my innermost thoughts.

so in silence

i speak.

my thoughts are yours,

as much i am yours,

i wonder dear,

if you will ever know,

how very much,

i love you so.

ritty patnaik

# Inspiration To Write.

i have a doubt,

if the editor will touch this.  
or if the book  
will see daylight.

who will praise,  
give prize  
and sponser it.  
for this writing,  
i know, there are other things  
like exhibition,  
and inaguration.  
to me, these things  
dont matter.

yet i vow to write  
for the rest of my life.....  
till as long,  
as the earth water,  
light and wind,  
inspire me  
to write about them.

or till such time,  
friendship, love, affection  
remain like an aura  
around me.

when i am down and out  
i close my eyes  
distancing myself  
to another world,  
where no one, steps in  
or trespasses.

my pen will move,  
with sprouting thoughts,  
about stories of  
tears and love.

the clouds of white feathers  
spreading in the expanse of sky,  
and a flower blooming,  
in a bed of thorns.

a flowing rivulet,  
carrying in its flow,  
the good deeds and sins,  
washing and transforming,  
into nectar,  
for the tune of tomorrow.,

thoughts of fragrant love  
bathing in moonlight  
to the noise of heartbeats,  
pounding, are all reasons,  
to flow,  
with the mind.

dont ask me why,  
i write today.  
rather give in my hand a pen! ,  
filled with the ink of existence,  
expectations  
and  
inspiration.

ritty patnaik

# Introspection

never wanted to hurt  
your feelings,  
but i did unknowingly.

never meant to leave  
you and go.  
but it happened so quickly

i never thought,  
i could do it,  
but sometimes decisions  
are taken suddenly.

now i sit and regret  
what i did in a hurry,  
i could have compromised  
and forgiven lovingly!

because beyond you,  
i see nothing,  
entirely! !

ritty patnaik

# Invisible Knowledge Of The Infinite

sometimes,

the invisible low pressure,  
of the infinite  
frightens the mind.

not a sign of rain  
or thunderstorm,  
nor darkness,  
still, a persistent,  
cry for existence.

the fall leaves take  
a final bow,  
and the birds change their  
course of journey  
faces changes,  
from youth to old,  
relationship sweats under  
some unknown cloud.  
all a play of the invisible.

a war between  
thoughts and consciousness,  
and a war of ego, of words.  
cursed soul, hides,  
in disastrous cyclones  
in the vastness of the infinity

meaningful, atrocious words  
in their frenzy look up  
to the distant sky

all is quiet and peacefull  
the poison today, is elixer  
the earth smiles,

all happening,  
in the invisible knowledge,  
of the infinite.



ritty patnaik

# Just An Idea

an idea

becomes a seed,  
grows roots,  
and shoots.  
expands  
multiplies,  
blossoms in profusion,  
nurtured in dream,  
wet, in the drizzle,  
turns into a poem!

ritty patnaik

# Kites, In The Hands Of Destiny

two kites,  
bobbing in the sky,  
tied to the reel,  
in the hands of destiny.

the reel pulls,  
up and down they go,  
just like us  
controlled, by  
golden hands of god.  
independence,  
depending  
on his will!

to float and survive, his wish,  
to come down crashing  
also his wish.

to survive it tries its best,  
but restricted is its neck,  
tied to the string,  
it tugs and pulls,  
sometimes entangled,  
sometimes free.

when the game is over,  
useless is the kite,  
like in old age  
its body torn and shattered,  
somewhere in the ground.

again, we see another kite,  
flying high in the sky,  
as the body takes,  
another birth!

ritty patnaik

# Known, Unknown

known, unknown thoughts  
come to the mind,  
when they go,  
leave a scar behind.

known, unknown faces  
appear, disappear in dreams  
left i am clueless,  
think! my mind screams.

known, unknown language,  
spoken from the heart,  
i try to catch the words,  
away it runs fast.

known, unknown friends  
are dear to my heart  
i share more with them  
with poems, that i part!

ritty patnaik

# Krishnas Love

enveloping all,

from sky to earth,  
from birth to fing,  
overpowering,  
spreading,  
like an ocean of contented bliss.  
in the vast pool,  
condensed in form,  
pure love like cream.  
milky white,  
wet and slushy, in that  
you submerge,  
the love of the whole universe.  
and yet you would say,  
it is not enough, no one loves me!

ritty patnaik

# Last View

i look behind, and take in  
the last scene.  
left all loved ones, memories  
and relationships!  
big dropp of tear, like  
the moon out side my window  
the koel serenading,  
the last tune.

i left behind  
all the pleasure,  
the false promises  
life bestowed on me,  
the awesome happiness,  
as well my lonely existence.  
to find myself,  
in eternal game  
of hide and seek.

with deep regret,  
yet with longing eyes  
left behind all.

in my freedom  
from shackles of life,  
i see transparent joy  
clear as crystal  
awaiting me  
with open arms.

i am the morning star  
staring to witness  
the dew,  
bathing in the  
soft rays  
of early sunrise.

transfixed, i embrace  
this glorious moment

of union  
like the waterlily,  
and the moon!  
the only witness,  
is time.

ritty patnaik

# Letters

the letters you wrote  
with loving hands,  
always touched my soul.

it went into the box,  
hidden from the gaze of all.  
i read them over,  
many a times  
recalling and reliving,  
till the paper, was smudged  
and torn, stamped wth tears.  
and ink faded!

you always postponed,  
your coming, for years,  
some plea, or other  
unforgivable that moment.  
how ever painful for me.

winter passed,  
spring is here to stay,  
if for a while.  
the koels sing in  
mango moods,  
wispy spring breeze  
touches the heart  
but i remain where,  
you left me before.

but suddenly your arival, yesterday,  
with lots of gifts, to apease,  
surprised me to tears.  
you gathered me in your loving arms  
and just uttered,  
i have come to stay! !

ritty patnaik



# Life Exists

life exists....

where love and hatred  
embrace themselves,  
in the fragrance of flowers,  
or in the heart of people.

life exists,  
in the light of hope  
and in the passing of time,  
in a deaf mans ears,  
as a commotion of words.

life exists,  
in the eyes of the blind  
for hopes of vision of tomorrow.  
in the cry of a mad man,  
in the hunger for existence,  
or in the labour of a child.

life exists,  
in the heart of untruth,  
deceit, greed and lies.

and life certainly exists  
in the silent witness  
as the soul,  
measuring the heaviness of the heart!

ritty patnaik

# Life Goes On

it was my hope

nothing should change

in changing times,

love should remain

standstill.....

and not pass away,

like a passer by.

it was a hope,

for a shaft of sunshine,

in the dense of my life,

but covering the sun

were the gray clouds,

bringing tears unknown.

it was a hope,

not to lose you,

at any cost,

yet loser i am,

to lose love forever,

yet life goes on.

ritty patnaik

# Life Song

life is fun

always on the run,  
hold on,  
before it is gone!

ritty patnaik

# Life Together

many sand dunes

in the shores of life.  
mountains of hopes,  
in the minds great strife.

great are the sorrows  
and pain in the world  
together well,  
we have tackled the fall.

to understand each other  
in silence we tried,  
in silence mind parted  
but hearts attachment cried  
stronger survived  
the test of togetherness,  
close together there is oneness.

compatible two souls  
look into each others eye,  
when together,  
they rock the sky.

ritty patnaik

# Life, A Pleasure To Treasure.

so close

yet so far away,  
your mind  
my mind,  
    our minds  
the depth of understanding  
of two entities, the silky dreams,  
of bonding together,  
begins to end,  
to begin again.

everyday,  
a new day.  
giving pleasure and pain  
in unequal measure..  
sometimes roofing the sorrow,  
eclipsing, happiness,  
and sometimes joy,  
overriding sorrow,  
    with gestures of love,  
    beyond measure or control.

broken hearted, left alone,  
we were poles apart,  
myself and my love,  
harlequin memories,  
    of time passed,  
made love grow  
, into steadfastness,  
    a solid contour emerged,  
    of relationship,  
    with each passing day.

time slipped past,  
years of not seeing you,  
gave a feeling of emptiness  
and void, which filled up  
with laughter of children,  
    who became my dear friends.

when you got back,  
everything, fell in place.  
i realised,  
life to be a measure,  
of pleasure,  
to treasure.

a part of life,  
melancholy, and sorrow.,  
a form of pain  
gnawing your heart  
to the core., yet remains  
hopes of grand tomorrow..

love  
bonding,  
togetherness,  
integral part of a  
beautiful relationship  
lasting a lifetime  
of understanding,  
and stands on  
four pillars of sacrifice.

once upon a time  
everything was impossible,  
but now my world is yours,  
and you are in it!  
together till last,  
or till one of us part! !

ritty patnaik

# Lifes Play

the moon plays in the clouds,  
the birds in the sky,  
the breeze plays amongst the leaves  
and the heart,  
with your love tune plays.  
in my mind,  
your mind plays,  
in your mind, my mind!

ritty patnaik

# Lifes, Hairpin Bend

life takes a bend,  
a drastic turn,  
together we stand  
and in the cosmic  
fire we burn!

to be like crystal  
to be white as pearl,  
years of labour made me  
lost.....in big way and small.

they say,  
great is my strength  
of enduring,  
and my patience, neverending.  
not knowing,  
the strength of my mind  
is drawn from  
the loving well of your heart.

i lose much and gain little  
that little becomes the strength,  
yet whole some,  
and sometimes brittle.

ritty patnaik



# Lilac.....Love Within

when multiple colour

captures the heart  
the stars flicker like  
the morning lilac's smile.

birds and butterflys  
haunt for food  
over and around it,  
a lonely love outing  
for fulfillment of emptiness!

lilac.....  
the youth of spring  
and wanting of togetherness.  
behold, behold once again  
capture in your eyes!  
draw the essence of life  
with the lilac of love within !

ritty patnaik

# Lilacs.....Mollys Garden

she planted the lilac  
with love and care,  
watching it grow,  
days and month.  
one fine day  
the blossoms came,  
to her joy, thhe tree,  
did not look the same.

then the flowers fell,  
in cascading showers,  
making heavy, the  
fragile bower.

in profusion it filled  
the purple bloom!  
sadness vanished and  
also gloom.

the flower bloomed  
day after day,  
she enjoyed the sight  
to hearts content,  
it did make her fragile heart  
so light.

in her absence,  
her presence i feel,  
when i walk  
into the garden bare,  
my heart beats to see  
the blooming lilac there.

ritty patnaik

# Line To Draw

in poetry,

all things can be said,  
but impossible  
once you have put words,  
in plain white paper, to  
take back as your own!

so dont draw lines  
for continents,  
or try to measure,  
deapth of the ocean.  
dont believe there is one universe,  
because we have heard of one!

but certainly, draw a line  
in your own world

which you can see and fathom!

ritty patnaik

# Little Joys Of Life

my joy is my garden,  
the flowers that i paint,  
the voice of the flute,  
and the bliss of solitude.  
of far away places,  
where footprints, leave no traces.  
music, that echo,  
heart beats that pound,  
countryside, lush and green  
a touch of grace in everything seen.  
rivers that roars,  
tiny shoot that grows, the  
surf in the ocean,  
sparkle in the sand.  
colour that splashes,  
colour that soothes,  
butterfly in their wings,  
beauty of a azure sky  
midas touch, whose can it be,  
every where, there is,  
harmony!

ritty patnaik

# Lone Lover

in your not coming

distance, distanced itself.  
i looked at the horizon,  
beyond it,  
was your sunny smile.

the hours we spent together  
may be locked in the memory,  
but visible is your absence,  
burning the heart of desire,  
to see you again.

entangled.....  
in the life web  
i am the lone lovers love,  
whose spirit rises above  
all compulsions,  
to weave a dream  
for tomorrow.

ritty patnaik

# Looking Beyond Illusive Maya

the rhythm of life

and the passing of time  
reminds me of my transition  
from the fluorescent illusion,  
to a subtle world of reality  
and truth.

rummaging,  
through the heart strings,  
looking for moments,  
of continuity and contentment,  
looking back  
at what i loved and lost,  
or lost to find again,  
where future seems  
a bleak surrender,  
to infinity.

illusion,  
in its glory of illusiveness,  
in the cosmic jungle of faith.....  
beyond which i look,  
for the thousand petalled lotus,  
where, peace,  
and peace reigns.

ritty patnaik

# Looking Inwards

when i close my eyes  
and look inwards  
let my thoughts waft over,  
like the clouds in the sky,  
and suddenly,  
i dwell in the light  
the light of thyself!

i hold on to it,  
from moment to moment'  
not letting it move,  
not letting it pass  
my breath still!  
that is the moment i cherish  
out of all.

ritty patnaik

# Losing All

if you lose everything  
    you discover yourself.  
    in losing to love,  
    we discover tenacity,  
    in losing everything to god  
    we discover our soul!

ritty patnaik



# Lost Youth

i could not know her,  
when spring came  
and passed me by  
while i was looking at the sky.

when i was watching the sea of dreams  
the flower of youth bloomed  
and fell unnoticed  
sure i missed my youth.

i could have found the green leaf  
you were looking for one day  
i found one unnoticed  
felt shy to give you that one leaf!

when you asked for the red rose,  
not the bloom in my garden,  
there was only one in the horizon  
i tried to touch but, could not.

today, i am looking at days,  
which will never come back  
and i keep looking at myself,  
to discover me.

ritty patnaik

# Love At A Glance

love,

at a glance  
happened one day.  
he bumped into my life  
for a moment to stay.

in a quick glance,  
the eyes were locked,  
as sparks flew,  
both surprised and shocked.

a unusual situation,  
for strangers just met  
the heart said yes,  
the mind no,  
till he said 'i am sorry'  
you are not her,  
the one i love,  
i am still looking for!

so, dont fall in love,  
in haste,  
and repent in leisure.!

ritty patnaik

# Love Changes, Yet Not.

one day

everything changes.  
the burning of the candle  
to the fate of the  
earthen lamp,  
when the wick gets finished,

change in the song  
of the jasmine,  
when it falls  
on the ground,  
or the mind which  
boasts of love.

in the murmur of silence  
a moon lit night is born,  
shafts of beams  
in the dream  
some where, someplace,  
the moaning of loneliness  
sounds loud and clear.

like this, every'thing changes  
dull becomes the colour  
of bright eyes.,  
and the starry night  
of faith and belief!  
tales of the jungles and hills,  
becomes history

the dust leaves its marks,  
in the wet leaves  
the verdant green, of paddy fields  
the shells from the sea  
also change with time!

yet from far i know,  
like a rising star of the past,  
there is someone

my very own,  
who never changes,  
waits for me,  
in sun, rain  
or early morning dew,  
in winter.

ritty patnaik

# Love Is Sharing

both shared,

happiness and sorrow,  
in the flow of life..  
and all our angst,  
we turned into sweet songs,  
in the full moon, and in the  
peak of time,  
in the sunset of ours,  
mind sky,  
colourful is our,  
each moment of time.

within happiness,  
many sorrows take birth,  
still we live life, till it fades.

when the moon smiles,  
stars smile,  
why the mind cries,  
for its loved ones,  
and draws picture in brush,  
wet with tears.

rain falls,  
in the garden of mind,  
making wet, the life and love,  
in the heart  
spring of happiness!

my love spins,  
gold the day  
and i, the moon beams  
showering in spray.

the mind says to fly away,  
but i dont know the way.,  
i have opened the well  
of thoughts today,  
saving some more, for

another day.

ritty patnaik

# Loving You.....

the season of spring  
and the season of love,  
were both the same for me,  
when you touched for the first time,

the day you closed my eyes,  
in the darkness,  
i loved the sky and  
your restless mind,  
like the restless sea!

in my impatience i learnt  
to love the flowers,  
and to be ready to bloom and wilt  
in a moment of time.

loved the clouds.....  
the day you poured out  
your heart to me,  
drenching me  
in your love.

i loved the moon.....  
for it had secrets,  
many we would share  
on our meetings.

i loved you that night,  
the same night,  
you made me yours.

ritty patnaik

# Lust

lust

a happy amalgamation  
of love, desire strong,  
when one is young  
    wanting to possess  
and also to break free.  
    from the norms and terms  
    of social role.

ritty patnaik



# Mahanadi

'mahanadi'

river of my childhood,  
also, the flowing, lapping,  
water of my youth!  
you changed course,  
after many years.  
perhaps your destiny,  
or unseeing eyes of people,  
choosing your large heart bed,  
to make there homes.

when at one time you were  
rushing, gushing,  
to meet your destiny.

mahanadi,  
i have seen the dry pockets,  
of rocky beds, holding,  
catchments of water, in summer.  
sometimes, i walked wonderstruck,  
picking pebbles and,  
slated stones, for my, youthful,  
memories.

sometimes, walking down your banks,  
in summer,  
those immemorable, sunsets,  
of breathless colours,  
leaves a deep longing,  
of desire, for your cool touch.

sometimes your furiousity,  
when you swell and grow,  
breaks all banks of caution  
driving man and beast,  
trees and houses,  
sweeping away, everything,  
leaving me awe struck,  
at your strength,

and will to destroy.

yet i would say, nature, gives lovingly  
and she takes away ruthlessly!

ritty patnaik

# Master Of Jigsaw

when it thundered yesterday, as if  
the heaven was moaning,  
groaning with pain and anger,  
i thought of you, who is the master of  
the jigsaw....life  
saw the cracks in the lightening  
invisibly mend.  
like the cracks in our mind,  
heals with your touch.  
aware of the lightening, and storm  
  
in the cool afternoons you are the balm!

ritty patnaik

# Meeting You At The Crossjoint

a promise to meet,  
after a year,  
went waste.

you arrived first  
at the crossjoints,  
i, after few minutes.  
we crossed each other,  
both not recognising,  
or responding,

you on your way to me,  
i on mine,  
both thinking,  
who ditched, who! !

ritty patnaik

# Melancholic Feelings

life has given me,  
many pleasures,  
most things,  
i asked for,  
and many,  
i never wanted for myself.

a melancholic feeling,  
engulfs, when lonely  
in spite of every thing.

it is a question  
i ask myself,  
the answer within me!  
why, in the deep recess  
of my heart,  
a constant, yearning,  
a smouldering feeling of  
collosal loss!  
creates in my mind  
a un avoidable void,  
which becomes,  
a part and parcel  
of my existence.

for those i loved,  
and lost,  
a heart wrenching sigh,  
tells me for the final time,  
that it is all over.

what is life without your own,  
what is home without you all.

i understand,  
i realise and cry.  
it is nothing, but an illusion,  
of transition of soul,  
laminating the truth of life.

ritty patnaik

# Mellowing Love

i wish in my sleeping heart

you play the tune of love,  
which i have been hearing for long  
spreading and caressing my soul,  
with wisps of joy, and comfort.

i wish i could be  
the breeze without control  
around you,  
and make you a prisoner  
of my secret thoughts.

sometime s i wish  
i could entrap and imprison you,  
in a glance of love,  
as i always did before.

but now, i understand,  
a time has come,  
to accept changes  
as love mellows, into  
a melting sun,  
ready to hide itself, ,  
in the horizon of life.

all hurdles passed,  
tests proving transparency  
of emotions and feelings.

surprisingly, ,  
yet love gushes forth  
for you,  
from the eternal well,  
of the heart.  
which has learnt to endure  
torments and pains of  
wholesome love!

ritty patnaik



# Metamorphosis.....Ugly Duckling

mirrored

in the lake of life,  
the ugly duckling, posed  
pouted with poise, trying to be  
distinctive, different and defiant  
then the other ones.

it preened its feathers,  
flapped its wings  
to be noticed.  
showing antics and loops  
in the water, looking deep.

she metamorphised,  
with a new identity,  
of being a beautiful swan.....  
the dark days of being ugly,  
left behind!

looking at her own reflection,  
in the pool of hers beloveds eyes,  
she blushed and swam away.  
but trapped in the lake  
of eternal love,  
swirling the pool, with ripples  
o f joy.

ritty patnaik

# Mightier Pen

i am alive, today  
because  
i have a pen,  
in my hand.  
otherwise  
who would have known,  
my love story.  
or heard about  
days of dissappointments  
and tears.  
or how would i have  
drawn my own picture  
of self respect  
and pride.  
above all,  
how could i have  
held my soul  
in the net of words.  
because,  
in my empty hand,  
i had this pen.  
mightier than sword.

ritty patnaik

# Milestones Of Love

in the lifes long race

happy we are,  
with few unspoken words,  
seperated by,  
neither time or distance.

when we pant and gasp,  
our breathing space  
is filled with endearments,  
in soft and soothing tones,  
with whisps of loving words.

our unspoken togetherness,  
and seperations  
to be together,  
are the milestones of our love.

ritty patnaik

# Miss You

i return there again and again,  
    where there is no need  
    for me to return.  
in a daze,  
my footsteps follow  
to a place of memories  
of bygone days,  
etched in my heart  
my loved ones, parents, brothers,  
I left me desolate, lonely  
    picture on the mantle  
    now shows me, the truth of life,  
    of transient interaction,  
    of a life time of love,  
    still not enough  
    to love and be loved.  
it matters to me dear ones,  
    it is your presence  
    all i need,  
to reckon,  
    the day of my birth!

ritty patnaik

# Moment Of Desire

a moment

to feel,  
a flower looks  
for beloved fragrance  
and the bee searches  
the tune for its song.  
the cloud searches,  
the lap of earth  
river, streams  
in its meandering  
to the bed of vast sea.  
to dance the leaf yearns,  
for the rhythm of,  
the early morning breeze,  
and the grasshopper dances,  
in dewy grass in glee.  
for the man slowly comes,  
the evening of desire,  
in merry merth, and soulful bliss  
his family is his treasure!

ritty patnaik

# Moments Of Happiness

hold on!

just hold on,  
lifes uneasiness  
will pass.  
grab a moment  
to happiness true  
make it stay,  
for a while.

cling on!

to your own,  
like never before  
lest you part for ever.

hang on!

hang on to friends  
do as much for them,  
or else there will be  
no time to give.

pull on!

pull on with with young  
and old,  
give them  
what they gave you!  
all your love  
and laughter.

press on!

press on with  
cleansing of heart,  
without delay  
reverse wrong deeds  
to good actions

live on!

live on, those  
eternal lasting moments  
of truth and love

vigour and vitality  
which may give you,  
a blissful life!

ritty patnaik

# Montbrettias.....On A Hidden Corner In Mollys Garden

in full bloom

on a sunny autumn day  
montbrettias exploded  
with the extravaganza  
of fiery orange tones.

around the beehive box  
next to the water garden,  
giving a rich festoon of flowers  
in mollys garden.

in a large cluster  
loose spread of red buds opened  
to softer warmred flowers  
giving a nostalgic saffron scent,  
grabbing my heart and attention  
to wards the colourful wisps,  
of brilliant tinted montbrettias,  
in the garden where molly dwelt.

ritty patnaik



# Mothers Garden

those beautiful flowers  
whose soft heady scent  
gives me raptures of joy,  
are no more to be seen.

always in my minds eye  
i behold, mothers garden, as a child,  
see my lovely scented sweet peas,  
in a long latticed row, stretched,  
whispering and beckoning me  
to bury my face in there sweetness!

ritty patnaik

# Mourning

how easily

time retracts itself,  
and takes away loved ones.

before the celebration of life is over.,  
dark clouds gather in the sky.

the butterfly of happiness,  
finally finds its wings  
leaving behind sorrow, more sorrow!

just like a friend, the wave of life  
follow like the ebb and tide,  
leaving deep breaths and,  
void in our minds,  
some sad solace to carry on.

in the moonlit night  
the tears comes in waves  
of darkness,  
covering the lamp of life.

still,  
the flowers bloom in the morning,  
and fragrance fill the garden,  
hopes reassures,  
in the shadow of the moon  
those dreams,  
which were dreamt,  
in the tune of  
faraway memory.

ritty patnaik

# My Identity

in search of identity  
of my own  
sometimes i might  
lose myself,  
in the fragrance of flowers,  
lushness of green meadows.  
in the blank sheet of sky,  
where the rainbow arches.

in the lonesome sunny afternoon,  
in the cool shade of the mango tree,  
i sleep, with book in my hand.

i lose myself to the sound of silence,  
in the chanting of aum.  
i feel my presence, in the nectarine,  
soft breeze of the spring morning,  
from beginning to end of,  
the vast cosmic world.  
the beginning of my prayers  
is the sound of aum!

on earth, i feel  
i am the fertile ground,  
and on a misty morning  
a dew drop.

i am the blow conch,  
to wake up the sleeping gods.  
if you think of me as a being,  
i am the tears of sorrow,  
of a heaving heart, and  
the fresh blood in me,  
ready, to build a new world,  
in protecting the greens.

from eternity i merge, with nature,  
and she is my identity!

ritty patnaik

# My Part Of The Story.....

at times.....

i have returned to you  
in silence.  
and now,  
you remain silent.  
still if you add  
both the silence,  
there is a silent commotion  
in our hearts!

a silence that determines  
our relationship.  
the voice of silence  
not touching,  
yet giving a touch of sensation.....

in the seen, unseen  
belief disbelief,  
in the ebb and tide of life,  
our burning like glow worm  
is our destiny.,

what else.....  
i have only said,  
my part of the story.

ritty patnaik

# My Souls Journey

in the deapth of my prayer,  
i tried to touch your soul, with my,  
yearning for you.

seeking liberation from  
the body trap,  
the pain of endless travel,  
through the tunnel of life.  
leaves me with empty hopes of  
happy tomorrows.

my faith still is endless'because i see'a  
candle,  
at the end of the tunnel.

beckoning me,  
to trudge, on the path of truth!

ritty patnaik

# Myraid Moods Of Nature

the sun vanished,  
    looking for its home,  
as the sky got darkened,  
    each star like teardrops fall  
    at evening time.

the gray clouds float  
in the season of rain  
it pours incessantly.  
    the earth looks up,  
    with love  
    and the sky bends  
    to meet the earth.

winter cold breeze,  
touches the cheeks and hair,  
shakes up the loose leaves  
    falling out on the awaiting earth  
    giving it a covered blanket  
    for long wintry months,  
    to dream.

coming of spring,  
brings freshness and new life,  
to emerging,  
    root shoots and buds,  
    new leaves show off,  
spectacular shades of freshness,  
foliage awaiting,  
    to be nurtured with kindness,  
    to sustain itself,  
    for its uncoming, youthful  
    scented days!

ritty patnaik

# Nastratiums.....In My Garden

in exhuberance i watched  
the primrose cream blossoms,  
shades of orange and rust,  
with petals thronged ,  
with a throat of raspberry!  
not just another flower.  
my beautiful nastratiums  
in the garden.

the tangled round leaves  
letting loose a cascade of edible  
bright red, yellow and rust flowers,  
peeping out of the leaves,  
in their anxiety to sunbathe,  
and tumbling about in my hearts garden.,  
as i remember monets rolling,  
nastratium path way !

ritty patnaik



# New Bud Of Life

tranquil  
quiet earth,  
    suddenly saw,  
the ravage,  
of the storm.

now,  
it is seeing,  
encountering  
    worse than that,  
the furiocity,  
in the naked  
and hungry feelings  
of mans tryst  
against man.

the storm,  
blew away,  
possessions  
and belongings,  
came and went,  
shed off all its wrath.

in a debris  
of dead people  
blooms,  
new bud of life! !

ritty patnaik

# Night Breaking To Morning

night is slipping by,  
darkness is stepping down  
nocturnal dreams break  
to usher in the morning light,  
mild rays of sun,  
peeps through the window  
as if to say something!

morning is getting up,  
from the warmth of the quilt,  
with rising noise of birds,  
outside the window, looking  
for breakfast, in the ground cover.

with a cup of coffee, and  
in a exhilarated mood  
morning wakes up to greet  
the day.....  
a sunny, plain day, where  
dreams have no place to stay.  
they die, giving rise  
to realities of life  
.which have come to stay!

ritty patnaik

# Not Easy To Give Up

i gave up

after many trials,  
to keep the waves  
that went back  
on its path.

i gave up being  
between the two shores  
of good and bad,  
and the river inbetween.

i gave up,  
succumbing to life pressures,  
in understanding and compromising  
for the best of others.

my dream i gave up,  
so you could have yours,  
of your own,  
that could make you happy.

i gave myself  
in full surrender,  
you can call it love  
or sacrifice

i gave you all i had,  
if you understand,  
this painful existence  
it might mean  
salvation for me.

but if you want  
salvation, for yourself  
beware of giving up like me.!

ritty patnaik

# On Belief

a wise man dwells in himself,  
    some run to temples and shrine  
    the rest believe in none!

ritty patnaik

# On Detachment

if we are not greedy,  
we cannot sip the nectar  
to the brim,  
which will only make us  
detached  
for final destination.

ritty patnaik

# On Divine Mercy

call it a divine mercy,  
or a hint of a earth quake  
seven point five!  
in the richter scale.  
not a man wounded,  
or a house,  
raised to the ground,  
tremor felt by all, shaking  
at night silently.  
the rumble of earth  
saying good bye for now,  
to come back again,  
to finish its unfinished work.  
  
miracles do happen  
sometimes unnoticed by man!

ritty patnaik

# On Future

the big tide

will come one day  
wash away,  
all that we made.  
time will hide the laughter  
on your face,  
destiny cannot be changed,  
by false pretense.

all flowers,  
will be strewn on ground  
all trees bare, without leaves,  
making earth barren to live.

in summer sky,  
a terrible heat unknown,  
the snow mountains,  
like candles will melt,  
the sea waves, in tides,  
will be over the land,  
all mankind will be in gods hands!

the lamp of my life will also ebb  
across the boundary of life  
again we shall meet! !

ritty patnaik

# On Kindness

what is the use of a heart  
that never feels.

of eyes, that never looked  
at the sorrow of another eye.

of ears that has time  
to hear only praise,

of lips that are only,  
made to kiss...

will it then know,  
what it is to touch,  
another heart?

to express, and speak with eye  
and listen to sorrows untold?  
and lips that sing only,  
the praise of god.?

ritty patnaik



# On Knowledge

ah knowledge!

not all from books.  
inner quality  
of retrospection  
self realisation  
is all it takes,  
to be of a righteous make.  
a seer to take you on  
to drink,  
that knowledge of absolute.

,

ritty patnaik

# On Life

when life is ebbing  
    nostalgia remains,  
    it is the kiss, of death!

ritty patnaik

# On Mothers Day

dearest mother,  
    heaven is most beautiful  
    they say....  
yet, more so is your lap,  
    beautiful,  
    comforting  
    sacred  
    and peaceful!

ritty patnaik

# On Salvation

who knows,  
it is the beginning  
or the end,  
of the circle,  
life evolving,  
from time to time,  
from ant to man,  
and finally with grace  
salvation.

liberation,  
salvation  
emancipation,  
easy words to say,  
when seers strive,  
sages suffer endless,  
saints meditate for years, ,  
in the snow of himalayas,  
or in the caves of khandagiri.  
where beggars, outside temples,  
pray for it, and men commit sins,  
in the name of god,  
also want salvation.

salvation,  
for those pure in thoughts  
and action.  
pure in deeds,  
perfect in attitude,  
sinless, unstained.....  
crystalline mind....  
god loving  
and god fearing.

ritty patnaik

# On Shyness

in shyness,

a lot of truth  
remains untold.  
they think deeply,  
who talk less.

ritty patnaik

# On Sorrow

there is no sorrow  
in matter or sensuality.  
sorrow comes,  
when we long  
and lust for them.

ritty patnaik

# On Truth

happiness or sadness,  
    both illusions.  
    if realised in true sense  
    it is easy to establish truth!

ritty patnaik

# One Last Time

trying to savour,  
the moments  
of the waning light'  
before season of life  
slips by.

trying to pick up  
pebbles of joy,  
seems far away now!  
collected they are  
a life time.  
scattered they are  
milestones,  
signed by divine.

trying to find,  
the demure moon,  
in moonless night.  
immagining beams,  
scattered, on roof tops,  
and windows  
to light my face,  
with shafts of white.

trying to breathe,  
scented fragrance  
of delicate sweetpeas,  
before the fragrance is lost  
to the drone of bees.

one last time,  
trying to feel  
on my face,  
the early morning breeze,  
that touches,  
the green leaves  
unfurls!  
giving vitality to survive,



yet i wonder,  
why not me? ?

ritty patnaik

# One Of It's Kind

your eyes says words,  
    all that i like to hear,  
but what i hear,  
    is the silence  
of your nearness,  
    which brings me  
    closer to you.

when you are around,  
    your smile gives away.  
my presence,  
    makes me restless  
    to fly away.  
    yet my feet  
    rooted to the ground, not  
    wanting to leave.

    i presume it is love,  
    one of its kind! !

ritty patnaik

# Only Assuarances

a lifetime passed

in the assurance  
of a good life.

the old address,  
the unfortunate,  
misunderstandings,  
have taken its toll.

the ice cold,  
long breath of sorrow,  
have all left me  
in the grave.  
arround which i hear,  
whispers of loneliness.

only for them,  
i whiled away  
my precious time.  
had so much faith  
for my future.

now see all fingers,  
point towards me.  
i am like the dusk,  
not belonging to night  
or the day.!

the cloud,  
coud not protect me  
with its cover,  
or the rain  
could wash off  
the fatigue of the day.

yet as each day pass,  
i am left with the assurance  
of a good life! !

ritty patnaik

# Outside My Window

outside my window,  
    a silvery moon rushing by  
    passing clouds  
    puffy and large,  
    destined to reach,  
    the other end of sky,  
    so that it can say good bye!

ritty patnaik

# Pages Of Yesterday

mind turned so happy  
when i turned pages  
of yesterday.  
everything with ease  
seemed to be alright.

the freshness of the grass,  
the songs of the birds  
and the fragrance of flowers  
looked like  
life is a happy song.

suddenly,  
a dark cloud of memory  
emerged from nowhere,  
breaking the barriers  
of the sky,  
pouring incessant rain.

i wondered how unhappy  
is this world.  
so much hidden sorrow  
yet man is after  
a mirage of consolation.,  
going in all directions,  
for a momentary happiness.

but the soul smiled knowingly  
at the destiny!  
if everything is alright  
then, who fires, and  
who is the slain.! !

ritty patnaik

# Paradise

paradise!

where  
on earth  
the dreams of a painter  
touches,  
the bounty of nature  
in fusion,  
of seven colors,  
inspiring the poet  
to rewrite  
the creation  
of GOD

ritty patnaik

# Passion

like a montage,

passion collects,  
in the loving heart,  
which overflows  
unawares  
like rain water,  
sweeping all barriers  
of love.

i reflect and realise,  
yesterdays feelings  
are passion of today,  
like yesterdays clouds,  
todays rain water.

ritty patnaik



# Passionflower.....Mollys Garden

that summer,

passion flower bloomed  
in wild abundance.

in the bower intertwined  
with woody tendrils  
of the climbing vines,  
the special charming blooms  
mesmerised me.

blue, violet filaments,  
unique in intricacy  
and formation.  
i wondered,  
at the creators creation!

passion flower,  
not a passion for love,  
yet, the the flower offered ,  
to krishna,  
yet again it is the suggesting  
symbol of crucification.

passion flowers,  
in mollys garden  
exclusive hosts  
for numerous butterflies,  
sharing, the foliage  
and fragrance with them.

a special energy  
a strange fragrance,  
a satisfying peace,  
connecting you to krishna,  
in mollys garden!

ritty patnaik

# Pawns Of Fate

god!

give me strength  
to bear it all,  
till the curtain falls.

life is a game,  
death be a reality,  
but here we are  
pawns of fate,  
trying our luck  
making unsure moves  
losing always to you.

but somehow in pain  
there is joy.  
i see you then  
picking me up,  
from the garbage  
that is life.

now, i am sure  
you are HIM  
looking at me,  
from within!

ritty patnaik

# Pining

your presence

fills me with ecstasy,  
joys unknown,  
like nectar dripping,  
to timelessness.

when you are not there,  
lonely clouds engulf s  
from nowhere, making me  
whisper your name,  
in each passing breath.,  
pining for your touch.

maybe, this is my fate.  
or in your not being there,  
you are there,  
so you say.

but, i like it best  
when i am aware  
of your presence  
deep in my soul!

ritty patnaik

# Place For Me

are you that

who sleeps in the ocean  
with closed eyes?

who has thousand eyes,  
thousand ears,  
and thousand feet?  
thousand heads,  
and also thousand names?

oh vishnu,  
you are the idol of purity;  
the god of gods,  
giving place to the,  
entire creation  
in your being.

but, have you a place for me?

ritty patnaik

# Poor Mans, Joy

shrunken eyes  
burning and firey  
with hunger  
in the belly,  
destiny!  
a glass ofcountry liquor  
for his sad, and joy.

ritty patnaik

# Presence Of You

when i chant your name,  
a presence of divinity,  
i feel a glow, enveloping,  
my soul,  
my being.  
like a halo  
surrounding,  
the nimbus of  
my ,  
i am a being.....  
only a extension  
of you.!

ritty patnaik

# Process Of Thoughts From Micro To Macro

pebble

stone

rock

boulder

hills

mountains

cloud

droplet

drizzle

shower

downpour

storm

cocoon

catterpillar

butterfly

moth

buds

seeds

weeds

flower

garden.

sapling

leaves

trees

flowers

fruits

orchard

colours

hues

shades

paints

brushes

canvas

contrast

complementary

canvas  
painting

red  
blue  
green  
yellow  
indigo  
purple  
orange  
rainbow

letter  
word  
sentence  
paragraph  
book  
dictionary  
poet  
writer

moods  
wishes  
longings  
wants  
needs  
greed  
dissatisfaction

tired  
eyes  
daydreams  
yawns  
sleeps  
retrospects  
introspects  
slumbers

infatuations  
love  
happiness  
happens



suddenly  
shining  
stars  
warmth  
overflows  
bonding  
binding.

ego  
avarice  
jealousy  
meanness  
attitude  
hatred  
downfall  
divide.

round  
zero  
whole  
circle  
moon  
disc

epicentre  
nimbus  
nucleus  
form  
formless  
macro  
pacro  
consciousness  
cosmos

man  
being  
spect  
particle  
fraction  
dot  
spot  
microcosm

he gives  
takes.  
conscience  
decides  
right  
wrong  
he adds  
he subtracts  
actions  
karmas  
equals to  
destiny.

moment  
fax  
mind  
thoughts  
waves  
ascend  
transcend  
mingle  
merge  
meditation  
oblivion  
restoration  
progression  
emancipation  
liberation.

ritty patnaik

## Putting Behind Past.

your image haunts me,  
    takes me to  
    another land.,  
where moonbeams  
throw light at the red rose,  
which smiles with  
    scented love.

haunts me,  
in soft afternoons of spring  
also, in the hot afternoons  
    of summer.

it has become difficult,  
to bear, the early monsoon drizzle  
    which brought us together..

now in the pouring rain,  
i look for you,  
at riverside and streams,  
trying to find your face,  
    in the mirror of flowing water! !

in a foggy morning,  
in the thick of winter,  
    you haunt me,  
    when i lie in the carpet of grass,  
    counting days and months,  
    and wished,  
time to pass in a flicker! !

the rose petals, have fallen  
and scattered,  
in love it is impossible to forget,  
    nobody does,  
so i learn a lesson to bear,  
    what cannot be endured..

when the mirror of the mind breaks,

it breaks forever.  
what pleasure to put it back.

i am told, the image, will  
dissapear with time.  
my broken heart will mend,  
and i should make a good start  
with new life  
and new hopes.

ritty patnaik

# Rainbow Dream

stretched across the sky  
the rainbow,  
weaved a dream for us.

seven colours,  
to fill, the  
palette of my happiness.

ritty patnaik

## Random Love

if the oceans are sweeter than honey  
if the rains randomly shower manna  
on earth  
if relations are transfixed, with  
bond of words,  
then what is more than love?  
what you deserve is the sense of your  
existence.

ritty patnaik

# Remember Me

when in the winter nights,  
you take a lonely stroll,  
remember me.  
on a rainy day,  
when the raindrops do,  
the fairy dance, on shiny leaves  
remember me!  
when the fragrance of sweetpeas  
reminds you, of spring time, remember me.  
when wisps of cool breeze,  
touches your cheeks,  
remember me.

now, when you sit in the porch,  
staring at nothing,  
burning cigarettes,  
remember me.  
also in your chosen new world,  
you are on your own,  
and lonely,  
remember me!  
for always my life, till my breath goes,  
i will be there for you.

ritty patnaik

# Rendezvous

i no longer

believe in you.

inspite of many promises

you did not come.

perhaps the hailstorm

and rain

barred your path.

or watching the rainbow,

engrossed you.

could it be the moon

light dim,

guiding your steps

away from me?

however!

here i am

drenched to my toes

in your thoughts,

harvesting dreams in the rain!

ritty patnaik



# Riverside At Chiplima

the soft murmur,

of the river, in its flowing water  
passed over, pebbles  
and slated stones  
for ages there,  
at chiplima.

the water lapping, and gurgling,  
with innocence of child,  
rounding the edges of rough stones,  
to silky smoothness,  
of a polished artefact.,  
ready for display.

stunning sight of  
huge rounded rocks,  
on the river bed,  
telling stories of their  
weatherbeaten days,  
which fortunately smoothened  
their lives, to perfection,  
of glazed beauty,  
colour to match the  
myraid moods of  
flowing water,  
moving hurriedly  
towards destination.

the mind overflows  
with words,  
the heart glows,  
with transfixed sights,  
captured in the camera of senses,  
written in diary of happiness,  
to be viewed in sad moments,  
bringing to life  
a flicker of joy.

ritty patnaik

# Saviour

we are slaves of selfishness  
and slaves of obligation.  
sometimes slave of pretensions  
and also slave to illusive religion!

but HE is the master of consciousness,  
and of our painful existence.

he, a fiery butterfly  
the poem of the scriptures  
for society,  
epitome of sacrifice,  
for life,  
a song of entertainment.

HE,  
the knower of unknown,  
stepping stone to all knowledge.  
kind to the down trodden, caring  
for those he loves.

when in anger, the  
the three worlds quiver.  
bringing tsunamis, and  
ating  
one and all.

.the world waits for its saviour,  
and for the yogis,  
he is the answer to their query,  
result of their years,  
of meditation.

HE, the cosmic illusion

the saviour of mankind,  
in the name of 'KALKI'

ritty patnaik

# Seasons

in the season of summer,  
synonymous,  
sun baked soil  
sweltering heat,  
twitter of birds  
with parched throats.  
dust storms, and power cuts,  
and me waiting,  
patiently, impatiently, longing  
for a wisp of cool breeze  
to wash away  
the dullness of summer.

rain  
stealthily, noiselessly walks in  
like a thief,  
the morning air,  
so powerfully fragrant,  
with the heat of earth,  
merging with rain water,  
giving a unknown aroma,  
of natures bliss.  
one thinks, summer has never been.  
it rains, it pours,  
as i feel the healing, inside me.

autmn, crazy autmn!  
breezy, windy,  
my heart lights up to greet  
the first winter morning.

welcome to my heart,  
and home,  
the sweet scented flowers of spring!

ritty patnaik

# Secret Talking

no words

no songs  
no existence  
of my voice.  
but.....i am  
talking to him.

footprints of his  
turns into whirlwind  
to make a word,  
to understand.

is it necessary to talk,  
share views,  
and to urge a demand,  
for conversation?  
when you already talked,  
before departing from him,  
into the womb of worldly mother?

how many times  
thoughts are making  
and breaking!  
making a vacume  
of empty basket.  
to fulfill and hear  
his soothing words  
before sorrow,  
pierces the heart.

this sound and words  
are his,  
this creation and salvation  
are his.  
is it really, you want to talk?  
while your secret talks  
has been already whispered  
and spread,  
in the cosmos of your

existence!

ritty patnaik

# Seperation

a seperation so small,  
a seperation, yet so long  
fills the heart with,  
compassion and trepidations,  
of loving and losing.  
yet without a seperation,  
can you write  
a poem of love!

ritty patnaik

# Serenity

serenity....

outstanding quality,  
in women and nature.

when you stop seeing with eyes  
and start seeing in the mind  
communicate with thoughts,  
and hear through inner ears..

serenity begins,  
when touch, with feelings begin.  
as if you are under water,  
yet riding the waves..

serenity, is a love that doesn't splash.  
but quietly stays in the heart  
when the surface is rippled  
the eyes are calm,  
he who gives serenity,  
is also the guardian of it.....

ritty patnaik



# Shirley Poppies

a field of poppy,  
suddenly in bloom,  
of last years seeds  
    which were strewn.

wind carried he seeds  
here and there,  
red yawning papaver  
    fills the garden bare.

my hunger to behold,  
the field once more  
last winters poppy,  
    on my horizon grows.

ritty patnaik

# Show Me

show me, oh poet!

the fragrance of the rose,  
the musty smell of the earth, after rain  
the hunger of the street children  
and show me the sweat of the brick layers.  
the whiteness of the moon,  
and show me the nectar of mothers love!

ritty patnaik

# Shower Of Rain

rivers of cloud,  
    in the sky  
    i await,  
    to savour the rain drops  
    raging, to pour,  
on that dropp of hope,  
    you too, must be  
    wanting, waiting  
    to get drenched  
    in the pouring rain  
    to take us down  
    memory lane!

ritty patnaik

# Silence

silent, is the silence of the night  
a wave of silence in the sky,  
in silence the stream gurgles  
the silence of the storm, is silent.  
but what is hidden in your mind,  
in silence the eyes give away.  
the poem forms in mind, in silence,  
in silence the words spill out,  
in your presence, my thoughts turn into poem,  
even with your pretense of silense!

ritty patnaik

# Silent Thoughts

walking alone in silence,  
silence, walked beside me  
keeping pace  
like my own shadow,  
step by step.  
making me wonder,  
if silence is a gurgling stream,  
or the lull in a darkened night.  
a magic of a winter afternoon,  
or the dance of the flower fairies.

in the moment,  
of the silent magic  
words keep forming in the ether  
transpiring with my mind,  
to hear in silence  
the sound of AUM  
AMIN and AMEN  
all the same  
which dissolves in the ether,  
bringing about,  
vibrations,  
ripples of joy,  
culminating into peace  
tranquility and harmony.

ritty patnaik

# Sky, On The Lap Of Darkness

behold the life

when mesmerised mystic sky  
shyly lies down,  
on the lap of darkness.

no birds flying away,  
no noise breaks the sound.  
no interrupting hindrance,  
in the horizon,  
between the sky and the earth.

silence, silence and silence  
around everywhere.

no fear stabs the life.  
no insecurity of the age,  
no solitude wakes again,  
me or sky.....  
only consolation  
raindrops of sorrow.

may be a salvation  
in the meditative state of creation,  
of destruction.

ritty patnaik

## Small Tribute To 'Monet'

the sun rays playing  
symphony,  
in the lake water.

the blooming water lily  
awakes, to a nocturnal smile  
from the day of deep slumber.

the little boat of  
'monet ' still afloat  
painting coloured dreams  
for the world  
galleria!

ritty patnaik

# Social Evil, .....Child Abuse

a child abused

a gift from god refused,  
insanity at its peak,  
makes young  
and vulnerable weak.  
beyond the scene of laughter  
a murky cry of torture.

it pains to see,  
a child humbled and scared,  
with pain in the eyes,  
unspoken fear of shame,  
and a broken pride.

a gloom of darkness  
around him spreads,  
afraid to trust and,  
mind never at rest,  
shadow of torture  
tears his being,  
all his life  
he sees himself dieing.

a childhood thus,  
pain imprints in mind,  
what ever happened,  
to that glorious smile.?

a child  
gift of god,  
a blessing for parents,  
a laughter in the home,  
dont lose him,  
to the darkness of fate  
take care of him,  
it is never too late.

ritty patnaik



# Social Evil.....Saga Of A Girl Child

a baby at large

joy for the home  
happiness spreads  
in a household,  
where a daughter is born.

not any longer!

a girl child dies before  
it is born.

she who could have been  
a sister to someone,  
a laughter to some home,  
or happiness to grandparents,  
yet now,  
worst, a burden to her very own

the recent trend of society,  
without social responsibility,  
before a baby sees daylight,  
it is sent back to almighty,  
here education fails,  
and life is planned,  
in connivance with injustice.

it pains me to see, everyday,  
in spite of stringent laws  
a girl child,  
in a gutter or well.  
their only crime being,  
a girlchild.

whether it is their fate or karma,  
is not the question,  
whether we are ashamed  
of such deeds,  
needs to be thought about..

a girl child, as i see her  
is the pride of a indian family,

the most lovable daughter,  
, should be given more love,  
by the society, because one day,  
she will be a mother, sister or a daughter in-law.

some times it seems,  
we are at fault.  
nevertheless do some good deeds  
before time halts.

love her as much,  
as you love yourself.

only in her little palms,  
fate is written,  
dont erase it,  
before the divines show

ritty patnaik

# Social Evils

a widow so young  
distressed, with lifes play  
moans.....  
it is not her fault,  
nor desire  
it is not the future,  
she wanted to have.  
became a widow of  
circumstances  
and for life.

her crime, perhaps,  
losing her husband to time,  
not her own, but with gods will.

she, lived her life  
with love and respect,  
till the vermillion  
of her forehead  
was not smeared,  
and her bangles,  
the sign of marriage,  
were not taken off..

it hurts me,  
when i see her,  
not participate,  
in happy rituals, and i think  
is it that we make her  
a lesser human being,  
because she is alone?  
i ask my self,  
when will we learn.

social disparity,  
social ostracisation,  
has been going on  
for ages now.  
those who raised their heads,

like raja ram mohan roy,  
and others have gone,  
succeeded to an extent,  
the malady, still remains.

some times, it feels  
the fate of women is jinxed,  
yet the talks of emancipation  
remains a faraway dream.

it is also the right of of women  
not to be restrained,  
from doing, the normal things in life,  
and lead a happy life they deserve  
to have.

till today,  
child widows are still there,  
suffering the life of hell,  
on earth.

ritty patnaik

# Social Evils.....Child Labour

labour of innocense

sweat and tears,  
in unknown home,  
a hotel boy, a farm hand,  
or child labourer,  
he curses his own life  
for being born  
poor and helpless.

he sees affluent children  
pass him by, going to school.  
playing in the amusement park  
his heart bleeds!  
unknown fear cluthes his heart,  
thoughts of fending  
his own family at the  
onset of youth  
for a morcel of food,  
for empty stomachs of siblings.

heart churns to see  
this plight of burden  
of child labour.  
here there and everythere,  
little grown ups, worldly wise  
with tear stained faces  
tell the same story of  
their sad plight.

child exploitation  
starts in poverty,  
and from own homes,  
where parents,  
make their older children  
responsible, promoting him,  
as a earning member  
of the family

child labour, sometimes seen,  
yet made unseen  
by society,  
plunge in deep dark abyss  
of selfishness  
exploiting innocense  
of the unpreviledged lot.

the hapless children  
victim of circumstances, ,  
victim ofpoverty,  
also victim of  
degraded society.

a change of heart,  
a feeling of compassion,  
a little love,  
a genuine concern,  
will perhaps go  
a long way in building,  
a better tommorrow.

ritty patnaik

# Soul In Bliss

when love

caresses the heart,  
soul pours forth  
its songs,  
in the form of  
poetry.

when, bliss and  
happiness  
spreads in the heart,  
like wild fire,  
of the flame of the forest,  
in a laden, tree of love,  
under which the lover,  
and beloved  
make their moment last.

when the soul  
is full of bliss,  
ripples of joy,  
comes like little waves,  
giving tinted colours  
to the pleasures of life.

ritty patnaik

# Spring In The Air

spring comes,

when southern winds blows,  
swaying with joy  
are the creepers of love  
with fragrant white flowers

the drunken bees buzz  
to drink nectar  
in maddened frenzy!

the river water laps,  
near our toes  
lovers lost in bliss  
in nature,  
a delightfull madness  
in the caress of spring.

ritty patnaik



# Steadfast In Love.

whether,

a storm in a teacup,  
or a storm in the heart  
it means the same.  
to contain it,  
before,  
the flow of emotions.

whether the mind  
rules the heart,  
or the heart rules the mind,  
achieving, goals matter,  
in the path to happiness!

whether i speak to you,  
or you speak to me, first,  
ego and envy ruins love.  
spontainity of thoughts and actions  
takes care of all obstructions.

whether my love is true,  
or yours is,  
or both steadfast in love,  
only time will tell the truth,  
at the fagend of youth.

ritty patnaik

# Stepping Stone

i would never say, no  
to climbing the ladder.  
certainly go up!  
but not one foot  
on someones back.

there is a difference  
in human back and  
a stone step.

sometimes allure of money,  
speaks different language.  
the difference is forgotten.'  
we use the back, of some one,  
as stepping stone to success  
bringing misery,  
and curse to us.

still go up  
till the last step,  
will be a big stone,  
which will make you fall  
and let others walk over you.!

ritty patnaik

# Stray Thoughts

unseen,

behind the screen  
a world drama  
enacted by strange strangers  
of world galeria.  
seeing the truth  
shrouded in the veil  
of disbelief,  
or fear of the unknown.....

a life time ebbs,  
the middleage smiles  
crossing the border,  
as the youth is spinning  
youthful yarns of  
a happy tomorrow.  
it is the way of the world  
to move on,  
make space  
for the others.

so we got our present,  
in a moment it will be past,  
immediatly after birth,  
so why worry, just face it..

life is but  
of multifull present situations,  
in a moment gets pushed back  
to a seemingly,  
good or bad past.

ritty patnaik

# Stream Of Love

why blame destiny  
    why blame fate.  
the spirit flows  
through us equally

we choose to open,  
or shut the door  
    or keep it closed  
and forever doze.

let stream of love  
unhindered flow,  
unbarred by fear  
and inner storm  
let it glow.

it will bring calm  
and soothe  
our gentle nerves  
let the stream of love  
flow on and on.

ritty patnaik

# Sudden Arrival

your coming, like a storm,  
like a current of lightening,  
vanishing, at a blink of an eye,  
makes me sweat, looking for you.

my frustrations of not seeing you,  
break up in unconsolable tears,  
in front of others  
who chide me with scoldings.

with regret i cry, day after day  
and think in which auspicious day,  
you were born,  
and if you ever had an address!  
from where you begin,  
and begin to end i cannot fathom!  
i have no clue.

i am at the fagend of time,  
finishing, bit by bit,  
going towards my last destiny.

still i cling to think  
of a fruitfull life to live  
yet i know the hidden truth.  
like a painter sits, near the battlefield  
to capture moments of history on his canvas,  
i look on to the much painted dreams of me.

ritty patnaik

# Sunset.....Evening And Night

the sun,

clad in firey orange, russet

returned, with glee

to be home,

behind the mountains.

whispered, to the trees,

serene mountains,

and the tired breeze,

to rest awile!

and to the flowing stream,

to have a peaceful night!

the valley

prepared itself to sleep,

in the crisp lightness

of a winter evening.

the butterflys

had sauntered home,

the cacaphony, and drill,

of the chirpy birds,

was missing in the field,

and the trees,

with a final rustle,

settled for the night,

peace prevailed,

sun went down,

it was dusk.

the ink of darkness,

got merged

in the etherial black

of the darkened sky.

creating a aura of silence,

and a colour stain,

in the black beauty,

of the night.

some dark feelings

ignited in the mind,

some dark memories,

frisked the heart

i wondered  
from where did they come?  
as the mountain, the streams,  
all went to sleep,  
in the lap,  
of mother nature.

ritty patnaik

# Sweetpea Love

i get a pang! when i see a hedge of sweet peas  
in full bloom,  
sweet gentle flowers  
leaning on each other'  
like ladies in colourful attire,  
nudging and blushing, as their fragrance fill my heart  
as i inhale the early morning air!

ritty patnaik



# The Bond Of Sorrow.....For Radha

your not coming,  
has left me,  
in a pool of tears!

the flame of the forest  
left the message,  
on the firey red carpet  
of your arrival.

tearing through the dark night  
with dark hair dishevelled  
i waited breathless,  
as time passed!

who will tell, about my  
tryst with love  
and my bond with sorrow  
for loving the dark krishna.

ritty patnaik

# The Falling Stars

the falling stars,  
clad in red and purple  
    hanging little lanterns  
    downwards bloom!

    looking like a dancer  
on her tiptoe glides  
all along the cottage  
so wild.

    fuschia the falling stars in red  
    always my love  
    till iam dead.

ritty patnaik

# The Firefly

bejewelled,  
in the lights of dewali,  
she came out,  
like a beauty  
of a antique era.  
waiting for someone  
tonight,  
to light the lamp of love.

morning comes.....  
she lay dishevelled,  
worn out,  
her pride scattered  
in the dust.,  
as her own true love,  
lay scattered,  
beside her.

ritty patnaik

# The Garden Beyond.

cascading water

of a mini waterfall,  
giggles over the slope,  
unmanageable,  
pouring into a dry creek,  
edged with  
sweeping swath of grass!

the flowering, bottle brush,  
attracts honeysuckle and bees,  
nestled out door living  
showing, a miniature world,  
outside my window.  
nature blooms with kindness!

ritty patnaik

# The Jakaranda Tree

the meandering path,  
    which takes me to you, ,  
    also is the path, we strolled  
        many a times!

    when jakaranda bloomed,  
    once or twice, a year,  
    forming a flowery carpet, for us to,  
        speak of love and yawn,  
    and we part ways,  
        when the sun is done.

ritty patnaik

# The Last Night

tonight!

is the last night.  
my heart beats faster,  
as my sense goes weaker.  
all the flowers of my memory of you,  
are scattered in the ground,  
which i wanted to preserve,  
yet i cannot for reasons unknown.

past.....

you are my last song,  
which i cannot forget.

because you are the blossom  
of todays flowers,  
soon you will be gone,  
there is little time.

the sad tune of flute plays on.  
for you, i will just remain as i  
singing, our lost love song.  
and yesterdays dreams  
as a parting tonight.

ritty patnaik

# The Master

you dont have to be  
of any caste or creed  
follow the master,  
who takes out the weeds  
mind is gross,  
soon it will subtle turn,  
mere touch of hand,  
past karmas will burn.  
he is waiting for you,  
with open arms,  
realise it you,  
before the time harms.  
destined are those,  
who will take the chance,  
useless is that life, which  
doesn't see at once!

ritty patnaik

# The Mother Of Cyclones

they made unheard,  
the cyclone warning.  
just another storm,  
to weather and pass.

no one left, hearth and home  
all belongings, sheep, and goats.  
the cows mooed with fear,  
the goats bleated,  
as birds made uncanny noises,  
receiving, signals of  
uncoming storm.

the wind came, with a wild rush,  
gushing forward and forward...  
catching up speed with lot of power,  
the noise was from heaven above,  
like a siren of death,  
it never stopped.

and the rain.....  
it wasn't raining cats and dogs,  
but heavens came down,  
in a outpour, all at once.

the wires were broken,  
trees were slashed, into halves,  
not one intact.  
they fell like ninepins,  
making shiver run down the spine.  
the awesome storm,  
made roofs cave in  
along with water came  
nightfall sly.

in candle light,  
not so bright  
prayers were made,  
for our plight.



but thankfully yes,  
HIS presence was there,  
guiding us that day,  
each step with care.  
so many things could have been,  
blessings were more,  
than what was seen.

next morning,  
the raging cyclone thawed,  
from huddled blankets, peeping  
out, we saw,  
the calm after the storm, as if,  
the sky was wiped clean,  
of all its charm.

the quiet was strong and menacing,  
a cyclone, which broke the heart,  
but not the soul.

ritty patnaik

# The Promise

from ages

in your eyes  
the universe is burning  
like a big, fireball!

raining like acid  
are jealousy, ego and  
sensuality.  
but you have been patient,  
and pragmatic  
awaiting the right time!  
to reveal.

man overpowered,  
in the shackles of  
societys, social drama.  
why he should search,  
for beginning or end of time.

oppertunity, like a python,  
mouth open to swallow,  
waiting.  
you also digest all this  
in silence.

let the earth burn, .  
let love, seperation  
affection, afflictions,  
thoughts burn,  
into ashes.,  
along with jealousy and ego.,  
and come out like pure gold!

a new world will be born  
with your wish.  
from that wish, will be born  
the love of eternity,  
and the woman of beauty and charm!

when will this endless waiting finish  
when will the sleeping dream take birth  
of a new world  
when will love find its tunes  
of old songs?  
and try to sing them.

like always losing,  
is not a new thing.  
but, in your promise for coming,  
a little star twinkles like hope,  
shining!  
in the darkness of my being

ritty patnaik

# The Sea Of Love

that day,

when we walked the shore  
you were, staring,  
at the horizon, where  
two points meet,  
to call it a day!

in your eyes,  
i could see the waves  
and on your cheeks,  
the many splendour  
of happiness.,  
bright, after a sunny day.

in the primal hunger  
of the sea,  
when you kissed me,  
all salt on your lips....  
we sat for long,  
watching, the setting sun  
the roaring sea, became quiet'  
we held hands and walked along!

if ever we meet again,  
by the sea,  
you and i,  
i would look  
for that salt on your lips,  
for the reassurance,  
of that day  
by the sea.

ritty patnaik

# The Silent One

i hear

a subtle heartbeat  
when i wake up from a reverie  
of a sound of silence.

beyond mind,  
who calls? beyond imagination.  
sleep eludes me  
and in each nerve, i feel  
a strange current  
pushing me to a world  
of silence.

the call of silence  
wordless! gesture of sound  
silently forms,  
into words of love,  
endearment,  
and worship.

i heard its call,  
in the beginning of creation.  
in the five elements,  
sustaining force  
of every being  
animates and inanimates,  
in earth, sky, water fire,  
in the wind,  
in the clouds,  
in the vast cosmos,  
and the supreme  
consciousness.

i felt you,  
in the valley of flowers,  
in sands of time,  
in the desert.  
your presence felt,  
in peak of concentration

and the flow of nectarine bliss  
in the realm of solitude.

you are ever present,  
in the vast field of  
food grains.....and  
the yellow mustard fields,  
in the heart of the leaves of fall,  
and the barren, jejuned earth  
of the mind dessert.

silence embraces me,  
in the darkness of night,  
consoles, when i am lonely,  
and rests peacefully, the mind  
resisting, thoughts of  
negativity, of life.

heard its call,  
from four coners,  
of blissfull eternity, unbelievable  
call always remains in me.

which is the beginning!  
where is the the end  
of the call of silence?  
silently, silence reverberates,  
wordless words murmuring,  
in silence of meditation,  
for the manifestation, of  
its goalless goal  
of ever etherial voice of  
THE SILENT ONE!

ritty patnaik

# The Smog In The Mind.

in the city

the smog rises  
heavenwards,  
making distance  
invisible and opaque  
and visibly invisible  
with its dense grey palor.

but a smog in the mind,  
is a constant reminder  
of a blank wall  
in front of you,  
which does not fade,  
till cleansed by the fire  
of knowledge,  
and egoless, humble attitude.

when ego steps in,  
illusion forms in mind,  
making man into a bundle  
of negative emotions  
about his self.

i presides before we and us  
in mind,  
causing disharmony,  
in the art of living.  
look through the smog,  
with inward eyes, which  
will reveal the jewels  
in the crown.!

ritty patnaik

# The Souls Goal

the end of the road,  
    also the beginning  
    of taking,  
    another shot at life.

    a full circle never ends  
    any where,  
like the soul continues its  
    never ending journey,  
in finding its goal.

    no matter,  
how many hardships,  
it has to traverse,  
in the roads of life,  
in seeking,  
the vision of its only aim,  
to mingle and merge  
    with infinity.

ritty patnaik



# The Weary Traveller.

the weary traveller pondered  
over the meaning of joy,  
his endless travel,  
fatigued him..

he realised one day,  
after much contemplation,  
the elixer of joy was within,  
and in all things,  
seen unseen.

so the lonely traveller,  
touches and experiences  
the world outside,  
and reveres  
the one within.,  
which was the answer  
of his quest.

so, god shows the path,  
when the mind is ready,  
to recieve, divine bliss.

ritty patnaik

# The Whirlwind Of Life

tossing and turning

the leaves circulate  
in the whirlwind of life.  
settles down on earth,  
the call of autumn.

the tree is laden  
with coloured hue,  
as, autumn leaves fall  
with sadness,  
forming a bed of,  
gold rust and yellow!

through winter  
to spring,  
through icy breeze  
and fog, it survives,  
the snowy chill.

spring appears  
with sweet warm touch,  
once again brings,  
tiny buds and flowers,  
new leaves unfurl,  
into a mass of green.

filling the tree,  
with hopes of love  
and life again,  
to flower and fruit,  
and make strong,  
its roots,  
for another circle  
of life cycle.

ritty patnaik

# The Wild Flower

in the season of spring

the wild flowers  
showers sweetness in the jungle  
adorned with bright hues.  
, it sheds itself quietly,  
alone and forlorn.  
no one to praise its beauty.

yet, the whole jungle comes alive,  
with the advent of spring,  
when the jakaranda and  
the flame of the forest blooms,  
in the unknown wilderness,  
.lies their spirit of happiness in giving.

ritty patnaik

# Those Beautiful Wild Flowers.....One

looking for wild flowers

i strayed along

in a unexpected place.

a wonderous discovery of

looking at the wildest beauty,

a journey spectacular,

in the lap of nature.

in the hollow of the rock, or

beside the stream,

along the meandering village path

or amongst the cultivated flower pot

each one specific in colour and class,

from pale pastels, to vibrant purples,

beauty of each hidden, in

wild pastures of grass flowers.

ritty patnaik

## Those Beautiful Wild Flowers.....Two

the musk rose,  
fragrant with dewy wine,  
hidden in cache of wild.  
in nooks and crannies, miniature  
dainty flowers,  
in a macro world,  
yet having its own identity  
under the sun.

the flower spectrum  
whether in wild pastures  
or manicured garden,  
all a part of gods creation. of nature.  
which should be nurtured to preserve.

ritty patnaik

# Those Lovely Words

words gather,

accumulates in ether and comes back,  
when i recall.

like a store house  
which replenishes  
my, innermost thoughts.

for long i sit back,  
turn pages  
for those underlined words  
which might be stuck,  
in the blue amber

but sometimes in anguish,  
my mind fails to  
recapture,

thosr lovely words  
you spoke to me!

ritty patnaik

# Three Parts Of Life

sometimes,  
my thoughts  
make no sense.  
like a jigsaw,  
ready to be put  
together.,  
and get confused like this!

confusion,  
stirs up the past.  
past.....  
the moment that slipped off  
from the vision  
of our eyes.  
remains in distant dream  
of our mind,  
where sometimes,  
one wants to get lost,  
on the other side of time.  
waiting for what, ?  
sometimes a comfort  
sometimes a pain.

the present,  
as we call it,  
the now time  
happening,  
in front of our eyes  
like the actor on stage, .  
the nerves burst into  
activity,  
of the moment  
to moment  
making them sad  
or happy,  
in the light  
of darkness of life  
present taken care of,  
becomes the past.

the future!  
uncertainty,  
insecurity.  
or a damn care attitude,  
of what will be, will be!

though no one knows,  
what it holds,  
he, who knows all,  
keeps it a secret,  
and springs it as a surprise!

ritty patnaik



# Touch Of Love

climbing the staircase  
    of dreams,  
sitting in the balcony  
    of rain  
i await to see you.,  
    in a frenzied state.  
my being,  
    dishevelled  
    warm  
    steaming.

with your touch  
i will be born again.

ritty patnaik

# Transition

a wisp of curl  
in the babys hair  
like a whisper  
in the morning air.

a lovers touch like,  
birds soft feather  
awaken senses  
with unknown pleasures.

a word of endearment,  
in loved ones ears,  
nothing softer  
than that my dear!

years of bliss,  
pass by so smooth,  
rough times  
are forgotten soon.

slowly but surely  
the life breath sleeps,  
amongst the fall leaves  
the sleep is deep.

ritty patnaik

# Trepidations.....End Time Is Here

in the silence of the heart  
there is trepidations  
a fear unknown.  
a despair in every voice.

no one is ready to hear,  
the voice from above,  
on earth to stay.  
to cleanse us from cursed,  
mind and body,  
to flower our wisdom,  
turning into bliss,  
to give the nectar of life.

the intense, intensity of work,  
his agony, for mortal beings  
making dungeons for own selves,  
makes him weep in silence,  
for, irrational scatterbrained people,  
whose greed is more than their needs.  
planet earth in turmoil,  
slowly reaching a point of no return.

man still making transactions  
with eternal,  
putting stones on their hearts  
to chastise their deeds.,  
when time is running out,  
showing, the end time is here.

ritty patnaik

# Truth Reveals Itself.

truth gives us,

what life cannot.  
life is transitory  
but truth prevails  
at all times.

in the name of truth,  
there is,  
bloodbath of lies.  
no one to protect truth,  
but itself,  
sometimes in the garb of,  
a incarnation, saint,  
or philosopher.

a hated person today,  
sits in the throne tomorrow,  
where a garland of lies,  
is thrown round his neck.

when the right time comes  
truth reveals itself,  
in full glory,  
pushing deceit and ego,  
to the background! !

ritty patnaik

# Truth Of Life

in life,

there is  
nothing to gain.  
nothing to lose.  
happy is the man  
who realises it.

ritty patnaik

# Under Thy Feet

break away

from the past.  
realise,  
torment is over  
take the anchor'  
and hang on  
to dear life!

long way, and  
dreary road  
but soon  
there will be  
daylight!

hopes abound  
desire crash  
he who comes,  
may go also.  
but who has found  
a place,  
under thy feet  
will live for eternity.

ritty patnaik

# Unfinished

little time

for unfinished work  
in quick hurry  
for a palmfull of breath.  
give me some more time.

unfinished in my love  
to hold you tight,  
i will never forgive myself!  
unfinished are our  
heart talks  
those untold moments  
of surrender.

unfinished.....  
i cannot take back,  
the tears  
and sorrow,  
i might have  
flung on you,  
promise to makeup,  
in another birth  
you are not ready  
to understand! ....  
after this,  
there will be eternal bliss.

one fine day,  
dont wake me up  
in the morning.

i would have sold myself  
to time.

ritty patnaik

# Unspoken

some hopes

some heart breaks  
some truth, some  
unspoken lies  
some light moments  
some dark regrets.  
in some lonely corner  
of my heart,  
it remains.

no one has a clue  
to my souls yearning  
hidden under my sighs!  
all come and go  
all memories tucked away  
in the deep recess,  
of my heart.

ritty patnaik



# Vision For 2010

clouds of uncertainty

    mars the vision of clarity,  
    of the uncoming future.

arrival of d-day

    can also be a turning point  
    for better or for worse.

    when dark days are gone,  
    sun will shine again,  
    hopes will abound  
    with plenty thoughts  
    of new tomorrow,  
    in making of new era.

    unknown presence  
    of gods wisdom  
    will lessen the misery  
    of the god fearing,  
    in the name of yagyan,  
    and meditation,  
    which will be the cornerstone  
    of human existence.

    dedication,  
    working for the world cause  
    positivity in action and deeds,  
    drowning ego and attitude and  
    living in humility,  
    may make man  
    a well rounded personality  
    to serve god,  
    in his own capacity.

ritty patnaik

# Waiting

when morning sweats

    i just await,  
    someone will step in.  
all of a sudden,  
    door bangs with noise,  
i saw a palmfull of breeze,  
    walk in!

ritty patnaik

# Waiting For Eternity

when you went back  
to the cosmic house of yours,  
you promised a quick return,  
whenever and wherever,  
i call you, you will come.

i thought of calling you  
many times, but stopped midway,  
because, there is no place,  
good enough for you.

my eyes goes over and over  
the plateau of flowers  
which we dreamt of  
.the butterfly garden.  
the colour still fresh, in mind,  
like a early morning dew.

,

i am still waiting  
for your return  
with the eyes glued  
to the time of your arrival  
which will be same day...any day.  
and still i will wait for you, even  
if it has to be  
eternity

ritty patnaik

# When Hurt Hurts

my feelings scatter,  
    like a feather pillow.  
    ripped open, brutal,  
    like the touch of the knife.  
    ripping the fibre of my being.  
    my hurt open,  
    to the gaze of all.  
, yet, i try to calm  
    and soothe my aching heart,  
trying to ponder,  
    where did i go wrong!

loneliness overpowering me,  
    yet alone i can think,  
    that, hurt hurts, when  
    one in flesh cant bear  
    but the spirit,  
    none can touch!

ritty patnaik

# When Knowledge Dawns

at the dawn of knowledge  
the soul awakens  
to experience  
a new splendour  
of life's vitality and strength,  
in unknown perception of  
perfect truth,  
in the world  
maimed, with the burden,  
of untruthfulness,  
and sorrow.

the soul,  
exhilarated, with  
sweet sensations, thrilling,  
yet calming the entire being,  
feels, the unfolding cosmic soul,  
merges within it.

ritty patnaik

# When The Self Is Hurt

when words fail

eyes fill up  
with unknown sorrow.  
a great give away,  
these tears unshed,  
comes straight from the heart,  
which has bled.

ritty patnaik

# When We Part

a tug in the heart

i wince to think  
of leaving you,  
though i must.

strange feelings,  
of heaviness,  
cannot bear,  
but must endure,  
at times like this  
when we part.!

ritty patnaik

# When You Come

when you come,  
the sun rises  
the moon smiles.  
flowers bloom  
a river of faith,  
flows on.

in the water of life,  
shadows of lotus forms  
night flowers, give light  
to darkness,  
there is a touch of softness  
on thorns.  
when you come,  
there is rain  
in the heart of the dessert.

in your coming and not coming  
in losing and finding you,  
knowingly, un knowingly,  
i give all that i have  
to you,  
without any reserve!

ritty patnaik



# Whereabouts

i look for you

in the downpour of  
torrential rain,

in the sweltering heat,  
of a mad summer  
afternoon.

amongst the red,  
and gold leaves  
of the fall.

and the closeness,  
of winter,  
under layers of warmth.

now, tell me where are you.!!

ritty patnaik

# Winter Tales

a sheet like ice cold

in th lap of winter.  
a flower filled garden,  
and the birds hovering,  
for their morsel of bread.

the black inky darkness,  
like a newly wedded wife,  
looking through the veil  
of anticipation,  
bringing dark silence,  
into the memory  
of winter dreams!

a frozen river,  
snow falls like powder  
adorned are the trees, ,  
covered with a cap of white.

night soaks  
in the misty rain,  
as feelings churns.  
the chimney smokes,  
covers the face of earth  
like black soot.

ritty patnaik

# Wishes Of A Lonely Shell

i am

a shell  
at the sea shore,  
pick me up,  
because, i am dreaming  
sleeping here in the sand.

many have trampled,  
and tortured me  
hardship has been my life  
all is left is pain.  
yes, i am a seasoned shell!

yet,  
when the moonbeams  
are on the pine trees  
the sea will smile in glee  
the sea will merge  
its smile with me  
and i, a part  
of the grand sea.

ritty patnaik

# Wishful Dream

sun seeps in,

as i close my eyes  
see glorious colours,  
of the spectrum  
vivid, loud  
exploding.

the rainbow,  
leaving a trail,  
as soft melting thoughts,  
of you, take over.

warming me, to  
your touch of love,  
i look and realise  
it was afterall  
a dream,  
how i wish it  
to be true.

ritty patnaik

# Without You

the earth smiles,

after a shower of rain  
youthful blossoms,  
of fragrant flowers bloom.  
young leaves shine,  
coyly, blunder and nudge  
dripping themselves, in  
the drizzling rain.  
the chakore looks  
for its mate,  
in every tree,  
the time for love,  
has come to stay!

but, empty is my heart  
empty are your words.  
without life,  
are the colour of dream.  
without telling, the dreams  
vanishes faraway,  
from the land of sleep.

ritty patnaik

# Witness

in the length and breath  
of silence,  
i am the only witness  
to my souls yearning  
for your love.  
your silence,  
and my eloquence,  
had one thing to say.  
that we were poles apart.

yet your gestures of love,  
my being in love  
brought us close together.  
before your presence  
filled my heart,  
now, in your heart,  
i am subdued and smug  
in your frozen thoughts  
i am the loving soul!

ritty patnaik

# You And Me

we move like two rivers

parallel  
only to meet  
at one point,  
at the sea.

ritty patnaik

# Youth Of Spring

when multiple colours  
captures the heart  
the stars flicker like  
the morning lilacs smile.

birds and butterflys  
haunt for food  
for a dreg of nectar  
over and around it.  
a lonely love outing  
for fulfillment of emptyness.

lilac.....  
the youth of spring  
and wanting of togetherness.  
behold.....behold once again,  
capture in your eyes  
and draw the essence of life  
with the lilac of love within.

ritty patnaik