

Anagha Narasimha

Can You Wait?

Thoughts sailing
in the air in search
of words
Sensations wandering
like a vagabond deprived
of home

Can you wait for me
for some more time?

Cos my lecturers won't
and there are stacks of
assignments left
Can you wait till I finish them?
Cos the college bell won't
and the holidays never last

Half prepared presentation
is still on the laptop screen
While the scribbled lines
of a poem on the last page
of notes remains unseen

Can you wait till
I finish all the pages
of that notes and reach
the last page?
Oh forgive me
for being lost in the
things that give me
no joy

The time shall
truly come when
I sit down and replace

thoughts with words
Build a home out
of poetry to the
wandering sensations

Can you wait till then?

Reminiscent

Amidst the noise of
heavy ships on the ports
Carrying out the mundane
business of import and exports
She reminded me of the
pleasant sound of waves
singing a lullaby to soothe
one's heart

When life took the
busy road and all
the bikes and cars
were stuck in traffic
She reminded me of those
narrow country roads where
I rode my bicycle like
a free bird

In the era of remixes
Where neither the
lyrics have any meaning
nor the tune has any structure
She reminded me of those
old melodies that were played
on the radio which are but now
long forgotten

The Puppeteer

My hands are tied
My heart is ripped
My soul has fled
Leaving me dead
Yet my hands move
Only to clap the ones
Who tied it
Yet my heart beats
Only to mourn the ones
Who ripped it
Yet my soul wanders
Only to find there's
No home for it
Losing it all I have
become a puppet
The thread that holds me
Is the very thread that broke me
The string that the puppeteer pull
Draws a smile on my face
The string he lets loose
Draws tears from my eyes
I walk and run
I jump and dance
Only to his tunes
Only in his shows
Once the show is done
Once the spotlight is gone
I'm back being dead again
In the darkness the puppeteer
Holds no strings
Yet there is a silver thread
Attached to him
without my knowledge
The invisible thread
The invincible thread
It neither has a beginning
nor an end
Clinging on to the puppeteer
Holding on to the puppeteer

The thread of Hope
Hope, that one day
The puppeteer shall
Grant me freedom
He shall let me go free
from his kingdom
Hope, that one day
The show shall end
And I shall fly back
To being unbound
The thought of freedom
Has chained me to the puppeteer
How can I expect liberation
From the same person
Who put me into
Imperial domination?

The Storyteller

Gigantic banyan tree
Branches spread out
Embracing the blue sky
On those branches
Birds found their nests
In the shade of those
evergreen leaves
A storyteller found
his stage
As soon as the sun
reaches the west horizon
Children come running
and fight to sit in
what forms the front row
under the banyan tree
"Sunshine and snowfall
The vast ocean
And the mighty hill
The world that's forgotten"
These lines marked
the entrance of a skinny man
Wearing a brown turban

Waistcoat with buttons open
And a white dhoti
The village's sole entertainer
The Storyteller
"Where evil villains
Terrified every civilian
Where mighty heroes
Waged bitter wars"
One could forget the story
But not the characters
Some were brave
Some were shallow
Some were cunning
Some were naive
Yet all of them were
So full of emotions
"A fallen kingdom
A new hero born
As history paves the way
for the legend unknown"
There were deaths that only
gave birth to new beginnings
Characters died halfway
Yet the story continued
He bought the children
face to face with the death
They were afraid
They cried
When the story continued
Their hopes survived
They learned that death
wasn't the end after all
"A beast from hell
An angel in heaven
The greatest saga
of love ever written"
In a society where there
are so many barriers to love
And absolute freedom
for unreasonable hatred
His stories made them realize
Love knows no barriers
and no boundaries
"They faced the

harsh fate together
And went on to
Live happily ever after"
What seemed like an
endless tragedy
Always had a happy ending
Children's lips stretched
wide as the stories ended
By the time it did
The shadow of the banyan tree got
Immersed with the darkness
Children returned to their home
Where candles lit their hope
Whereas the teardrop in the
eyes of the storyteller
Told a different story
One that wasn't a happy ending
Love was chained and contained
And hatred was allowed to spread
The tears knew this wasn't a story
The Storyteller knew this was the reality
He had accepted the darkness
And there were no candles lit
Yet he told those stories
To give them the hope
He knew that even a little candle
can be enough to survive in the dark

Duet

A wolf is howling
at the full moon
As the moonlight
floods through the veins
Pumping up the
suppressed desires
Resonating the vibrant
darkness that engulfs
the evergreen forest
Moon is perhaps
Playing hide and seek
Seducing the wolf

Who is mild and meek
Tempting her
to sneak a peek
Though he shows up
once in a while
Every night she climbs
the mountain
Though once in a while
She gets to be in
the blanket of moonlight
Every night she plunges
into the heart of darkness
Though she's always alone
Once in awhile she
gets to have a company
A wolf is howling
at the full moon
Though it's out of love
It's not pleasant
It's not melodious
Cos she understood love
in the hardest way
She learned to love
through separation
A wolf is howling
at the full moon
There could be no duets
For what followed her howls
were his affectionate whispers

The Crown

The river failed
to wash the blood
spilled by the death of
thousands out of hatred
Her tears joined the river water
Her body was torn apart
Yet...
The Crown remained
Poets have written plenty

of pages glorifying her beauty
Her motherly affection
And her unforgettable reign
But her plight is best described
by the bloodstains on her gown
Yet...
She has to bear the burden of The Crown
Her subjects who are
no lesser than her dear children
Fought and died
Not the foreign enemies
But their own kith and kin
Once a charming face
is now dull and pale
Yet...
The Crown continues to shine
When people value
objects more than humans
When people choose
The Crown over the Queen
What else can she do?
Apart from sitting on
throne like an idol
wearing The Crown
Even if it is made of Thorn

Time Changes

The car I bought
and the one which
I loved the most
The one that suited
my comforts
Now has started to
make me feel suffocated

My heart yearns for
the long journey by train
Amidst the lush green
trees and tender rain

Nostalgia seeps in
as I crave
To leave the smooth
roads and feel the
vibrations of the track
To spend the night
while the train sways
like a cradle

Maybe it is not
about cars and trains
Maybe it is the
tendency of humans
To go back to where
it all started
We strive to stay
separated from society
But in the end
We long for the
company of the same society

Though we have our
own playlist in our
own music system
We still fancy turning
on the radio and search
for our favorite station
sometimes...

About the Poet

Anagha Narasimha has completed his graduation in the stream of science from Christ (Deemed to be University), Bengaluru. Currently, he is pursuing a degree in law from K.L.E. Society's Law College, Bengaluru. Fascinated by the poems he read in school, he started writing poems in Kannada during his high school days. Later on, he developed an interest in theatre and actively participated in proscenium theater events during college. Gradually he started writing in English also.