

Drop becomes

Ocean

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Drop falls in the ocean.
Drop merges with the ocean.
Drop becomes the ocean.

To my family, residing with me.
To my dad, residing in some other world.
To the seeker in me.

Author Introduction

Deepak is a former corporate professional and an entrepreneur. The voices of his mind go beyond these tags and call him a poet. While coming across converging paths in life, he chose a path of self-discovery and passion through writing. That's what he identifies most of his personality and character with.

After understanding different aspects of life, he realised his passion for writing poetry. He writes poems in both Hindi and English. He also writes Urdu shayari in Devanagari script.

The mundane aspect of his education is that he did his graduation from Shri Ram College of Commerce, University of Delhi and post-graduation from Fore School of Management. The exciting aspect of his education lies in his ability to observe and think in an imaginative way, which is continuous.

He believes poetry is not a mere expression of thoughts and feelings through words. It is a much deeper confluence of art, perception and understanding. He writes to express his internal dialog, feelings and thoughts. His poetry expresses his thoughts, perspectives, feelings, passion and compassion.

He is the first prize winner in the regional category of Wingword Poetry Prize 2023 for his poem 'गुलामों की बस्ती'. His work has been published by the Partition Museum on its blog.

He feels very passionately about the inner dimensions of life. Something which can be felt but not seen. He just calls it a way of life. He can be contacted at deepak.ahuja2010@gmail.com.

About the Book

This book is inspired by various life experiences, which are felt and observed. It is an inquiry into our existence, philosophical dimensions of life, internal thoughts and feelings. This book is a culmination of actions, reactions and responses, which were imbibed over years, slowly metamorphosing and transforming consciousness. The struggles, internal and external, change something fundamental and shapes our thought process. This book is about that journey, which gives birth to wisdom beyond education. To think independently, authentically and without prejudice is perhaps the correct way to think. The poems in this book are a reflection of that only.

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Finally, I would like to thank all the readers, who found me worthy enough to be read.

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Solitude and Chaos

Solitude and chaos come together,
entangled in each other forever.

In a quiet place with no sound,
solitude finds a chaos profound.

The search for silence is so alone,
a quest so unknown yet so known.

In time, solitude and chaos merge,
both look different with same urge.

Both are different yet a bit same,
looking at them none will remain.



Love

When I loved, I left myself in an abyss,
but what is love, without uncertainty.
Then I asked myself, why such a risk,
but my heart said, embrace this insanity.

What is gone, was it ever only mine,
I searched for right, found only wrong,
What is mine is ours, without division,
like that music, which was my song.

While fervour is nice, inconsequential me,
lost forever in search of an entangled love.
I found some life, found some speck,
but what lies ahead is a strangled love.



The Fool

Cage and knife, belong to the fool.
after all the quests, he remained a fool.
Wisdom contains a dash of madness,
to know joy, fool enters sadness.

Knife cuts through, gibberish words,
cage confines, thoughts like birds.
Knowing ways of changing world,
He pretends and acts like the herd.

Fool often dances, under hot sun,
counts till infinity, searching for one.
Cage and knife are close to his heart,
in plain sight lies, the unknown part.



The Pickle

It gets dark sometimes,
sometimes, it gets cold too.
I am in a pickle, obscure,
the queue is a little long too.

Wait is there, weight is there,
both weigh heavily on the soul.
Some speck, unknown quest,
going on, like a rat race's goal.

Never ending, never quenching,
like a salty sip out of an ocean.
Frozen casket, waits at the end,
maddening desire, to be the one.



So Simple

It's so simple, when we speak,
maybe the rays, maybe the sun,
I don't know, who came to greet?

It's so simple, when we speak,
the rain, the pain, align together,
smiles are fire, laughter on repeat.

It's so simple, when we speak,
a cure, an ache, or a lonely star,
I don't know, what I seek?

It's so simple, when we speak,
forest is green, and water is blue.
Simple things are never weak,
it's so simple, what else do we need?



Imperfection

It seems like, everyone is damaged,
it's a world of perfect imperfections.
Quiet fear simmers, with quiet anger,
a latch, a lock, a door, as it happens.

A numb hand, in another numb hand,
both entangled, both mute, separate.
Seems like, the damage is now lost,
love more, to create, damage, create.

Cycles are there, the end is damaged,
but it will come again, yes, I will know.
I will wait, cause in it lies, a small hope,
and hope always counts, that I know.



Risk or Regret

Weight of risk, or weight of regret,
what shall I endure?

One is on the mind, one is on the heart,
how will I ever be sure?

Risk is a sword, regret is a poison,
what shall I face?

One will wound, one will suffocate,
how will I clear this haze?

Risk is a part of life, so is regret,
what shall I cut loose?

One needs courage, one needs will,
how will I ever choose?



Like a Breeze

Like a breeze, like a place,
like a shining frozen grace.
Another kind of laughter,
like an armour on the face.

Like a plan to smile again,
like an angel on a plain.
Arrive late and rely on one,
like a story with a stain.

Like a fear, forever known,
like a trust in the unknown.
At last, a colour of humanity,
like a rainbow, we still own.



Yellow

Ultimately, life turns into a yellow season,
slowly, this experience will deepen.

Yellow is a state of deep resonance,
a state of indulgence and abstinence.

Something calm yellow holds inside,
a deep peace and a friendship bright.

When the quest for madness subsides,
in our hearts there will be yellow lights.

Yellow is the colour of just letting go,
after the autumn, there will be snow.

The old falls for a better tomorrow,
yellow gives happiness after sorrow.



Letting Go

I think the act of letting go,
is like melting of deep snow.
All hard feelings become liquid,
and life becomes a simple flow.

Something shifts and transforms,
in deep realms of every heart.
It might seem like a painful end,
but in reality it's a new start.

So let go of everything, just let go,
just melt and change your place.
If life throws a thousand masks,
just show it your authentic face.



Change

Carbon didn't change,
into a diamond overnight.
Patience and persistence.

Oyster didn't create,
a pearl overnight.
Patience and persistence.

Caterpillar didn't change,
into a butterfly overnight.
Patience and persistence.

Good things take time.
Good things take effort.

So will you.
So will I.



The Nihilist Penguin

Sometimes walking away is
not about freedom, but it's
about a lifelong quest.

Perhaps the crowds are safe,
secure and familiar.
The mountains are very lonely,
unknown and vast.

Maybe it's an act of courage,
but more than that, it's a deep
longing arising from a sense
of deep futility of the known.

More than a rebellion, maybe
it's a search for something more.



Destiny of Bubble

The destiny of a bubble is to burst,
and people's opinions are bubbles,
and their judgments are bubbles too.

Temporary constructs of insecurities,
inflated by a false sense of big ego,
shall we curtail our flight because of it?

Every, I repeat, every bubble will burst,
It's just a matter of time, sooner or later,
so enjoy the drama as long as it lasts.

Our minds shall be free and peaceful,
like a clean mirror, without any guilt,
after all, to live authentically is not a sin.

Maybe it's their own trauma behind this,
their own mess shaping into judgments,
maybe it's they who need real support.



Audacity

At times, it's good to be delusional,
life itself is an unsolvable puzzle.
All proclaiming sanity and normalcy,
will also someday turn humble.

The audacity of unchained thinking,
can be the catalyst for winning.
Why perish for any false opinion,
when all can simply enjoy living.

All is delusional before it happens,
life is a series of sincere actions.
The world will surely laugh and mock,
but what is life without a few passions.

To keep walking is indeed a blessing,
in life there is no definite ending.
It has infinite possibilities and paths,
an open mind will keep on rising.



Perfection

When I seek perfection, truth is lost,
honesty is perfection's real cost.
Perfect ones are so harsh & hard,
imperfect beings are real and soft.

To know the world, one has to learn,
& to understand it, one has to burn.
There is no easy way & no shortcut,
everyone feels when it's their turn.

There is no shelter in the blazing sun,
but the authentic ones will not run.
Let's not pray for rain or any cloud,
the will to survive makes us human.

To become perfect is only an illusion,
seeking perfection is a futile decision.
Real beauty lies in our flaws & faults,
sometimes the truth is always hidden.



Intensity

There are days,
there are weeks,
there are months,
there are years,
we don't remember them.

Then there are moments,
good and bad, happy and sad,
which are etched forever.

So, maybe length doesn't matter,
time frame doesn't matter,
duration doesn't matter.

All that matters is,
the intensity of the experience,
how present we were in the moment,
the quality of our awareness.

It is said, quality is more important than quantity.



Freedom

Freedom is a virtue,
but beyond a limit, it can be a vice.
If a bird, who flies away in the morning,
doesn't return to its nest in the evening,
would it really be nice?

An anchor is needed in a ship,
without it, the ship will drift away.
If it gets unlimited freedom,
the ship is bound to go astray.

Gravity is needed to,
keep these two feet on the ground.
If the body remains attached to the land,
is it really bound?

Maybe the only true freedom ever is,
freedom of this mind.
If everyone could think more freely,
maybe the world will be more kind.



My Eyes

I saw so many tired eyes,
with a slight hope.
Fighting unending,
everyday battles.
To survive, to live, to exist.

I saw so many fulfilled eyes,
hoping for a better future.
Living in their own cocoon,
their own small world,
their own existence.

I saw so many living eyes,
living for the moment.
Living in peace,
almost empty.

I realised I never saw,
my own eyes deeply.
I saw my face in the mirror,
but never my eyes.
Maybe that's where I should start.



Life Stories

In the end, life is about stories,
we can't go everywhere,
and can't experience everything.
Also, we are not the perfect ones,
and a little damaged is every heart.

But, we can all tell beautiful stories,
through an art form, or else too.
Painting, singing, writing, music,
dancing, by just being ourselves,
or just by simply being in love.

The only connection with everyone,
is through stories we have lived.
Our life experiences, joy, ache, pain,
love, loss, gain, laughter, tears etc.
That's the only real connection.

These stories are what made us,
who we are and who we will be.
Sharing these can touch many lives,
by using any artistic form of expression,
or by simply being love in silence.



Prayer

I have burnt all my pictures today,
I am not what they portray.

How can one expression be me?
so many layers are underneath.

Many threads are woven into me,
some new, some old, some free.

I have broken my mirror today,
I am not a reflection for a day.

How can I be so superficial?
mirror is not anything special.

Mirror is just one fleeting moment,
the real me is so, so distant.

I have hidden all my paintings today,
I am not a few colours' play.

How can I be some fading shades?
I am made up of many shades.

The colours will just wash away,
transparent me will always stay.

I just kept a poem on me,
this is what I am and will always be.

How can words not define me?
only a few words, I want to be.

Everything will someday go away,
Poems are also a way to pray.



Proof of Life

God, let me be scarred,
as that would be a proof,
that I have lived a full life.

What is the use of,
a plain white sheet of paper,
if it's not scribbled on thoroughly.

It might look plain and beautiful,
but will have no meaning or depth.
Even if it has gibberish written on it,
it would still make sense.

God, let my experiences be a guide,
so that someone else can,
learn and write beautiful,
personal life stories.

Every part of creation is,
helping some other part of creation.
Maybe, life will teach itself,
using my false sense of ego.

God, never make me perfect,
as it will take away my authenticity.

Let me be flawed,
but always turn my mistakes,
into a silent blessing.

Mistakes can teach more than,
any kind of perfection,
and blessings are a bonus.

God, finally allow me to exist,
in words and thoughts.
They are keys to,
the inner realms of mind.

Maybe someday they can unlock,
something beyond my understanding.



Tragedy's Length

I am numb, like frozen water,
Am I aghast at the blast?
Why doesn't peace last?
Why does the world change so fast?

I am thinking, like a human,
What is the road ahead?
Are souls also dead?
Why is the sky so red?

I am pained, like anyone else,
Am I new to this?
Whom do I miss?
Was it my biz?

I am confused, like a puzzle,
Where is the sense in it?
Why did humanity split?
Shall we just quit?

I am pondering, like a philosopher,
Am I part of this world?
Why is everyone scared?
Who is to be feared?

I am quiet, like a valley,
Why is everyone so silent?
Why is the mind so violent?
Do we understand its extent?

I am sombre, like dark night,
Am I black inside?
Why haven't I cried?
Shall I ride or hide?

I am sleeping, like a baby,
Why aren't the words loud?
Where is the lonely shout?
Why is there a lonely cloud?

I am tired, like the setting sun,
Am I losing my strength?
What is the tragedy's length?
Why is truth so bent?



Nothing

Nothing remained nothing,
not even a false pretext of sanity.
What is sane in this world?
love and hate, both are tragedies.

I thought life had a meaning,
such a foolish thought.
To find peace and solace,
many fights are being fought.

Now irony is also sobbing,
it feels like a small child.
Surfaces are so calm,
depths are so damn wild.

The rainbows are so beautiful,
running across some clouds.
When the heart is so crystal clear,
why does the mind have doubts?

I could laugh at this predicament,
but I am content with just a smile.
Even a faint light of hope,
can make this life worthwhile.

To create something beautiful,
we have to explore some pain.
Even the clouds have to thunder,
before they start to rain.

To live like a thousand suns,
the heart and mind have to burn.
To know what is in the future,
we have to take an unknown turn.

The unknown is so black and vast
it runs a fear down our spine.
The one who intoxicates in love,
will pass through this world fine.

By choosing a greater cause,
the world will not turn soft.
But the universe will see through it,
and will bless your aching heart.

So, now the night is getting silent,
and inside is getting so loud.
I was trying to find my voice,
but only a whisper can be found.



New Perspective

I tasted life many times,
through my words.
Well, being a poet,
has its own perks.

It's like living centuries,
in a few decades.
Getting to know life,
and its umpteen shades.

A world of unknown,
myriad imaginations.
Inside there is land of,
countless moons and suns.

Some bright, some dull,
but all my friends.
Taking me to the unknown
heights and depths.

The nectar of thoughts,
is like an unending stream.
Last time I checked,
I was inside a broken dream.

To know so much,
I have limited time on earth.
But as a poet and writer,
I want to love and be loved.

At times bitter, at times sweet,
the experiences are never the same.
Still, I have experienced,
bitter and sweet in the same frame.

Then turning towards the ocean,
a new perspective was born.
Even its vastness and depth,
can't shield it from storm.

So, what is my own ego,
in this five feet few inches body.
I guess my poems and feelings,
are my only beautiful reality.

So, now I have understood that,
I have tasted life many times.
Now life has become a play of
words, feelings and rhymes.



Wonder

What makes me wonder,
also makes me wander.
Why shall I wander in this world,
without a sense of wonder?

Even a grain of sand here,
is a part of the larger picture,
How can I enjoy rain,
without the sound of thunder?

To imagine a poetic line too,
my mind will have to wander.
How can I find even a word,
to write something better?

To think like a fresh breeze,
I need a dash of wonder.
How can I see anything else,
if I miss that blooming flower?

Somewhere down this path,
everything will become further,
How will I go through the unknown,
if I did not trust a stranger?

When the sun shines again,
I will be awestruck in wonder?
How can I simply sit alone,
and not admire its nature?

Don't want to shut my eyes,
I trust the world will get lighter,
How can I wander in this world,
without being a peaceful fighter?

The grass on the other side,
always looks greener.
How can I know it truly,
if I don't cross my fear?

I want to go on a quest,
to mountains high and higher.
How can I sit on my sofa,
and be a false admirer?

In this amazing life and nature,
maybe, I want to just wonder,
On this path I have been given,
maybe, I want to be a wanderer.



Love and Hate

I sometimes wonder and think,
about love on an existential level.
It was never invented by us,
nor even discovered by us.
It's just what we have from birth.

I sometimes wonder and think,
about hate. It's not on an existential level.
It was never invented by us,
maybe discovered at some stage.
It's definitely not what we had from birth.

A child, when born, only knows to love,
the child has no idea of hate or,
any kind of discrimination at all.
After various life experiences,
the child learns to hate with time.

So, hate is a learning,
and love is a knowing.

So, I think the opposite of love is not hate,
maybe as a feeling, it is true,
but not in essence, maybe.
Hate is on the circumference, clouding
all the love we have inside at the centre,
which is natural from birth, and observable.

I think love has no opposite,
it's probably the first feeling at birth,
we have after we have cried.

What is learned can be unlearned,
but what we know from birth,
can never be forgotten.

As an artist also I feel, that nothing
can be created without love.

To even write one line,
one has to feel something.
We can never create anything,
out of hate ever.

Can a painter say,
I created this painting out of hate?
Ironically, even to paint something,
sad and hateful like a war, the painter,
would need some love inside.

Hate can lead to destruction,
but to create one needs love.



I Am a Thought

I am a thought, really a thought,
who knows me inside,
I am just a speck of dot.

Imperfection is my name,
since my imperfect childhood.
As I walked in darkness,
I also carried a hood.

I don't know what is real,
but I feel it's a door.
As I sip my coffee,
why do I want more?

Paintings are on the wall,
but colours gave their life.
Why is there this name,
for which we all fight?

There were notes in the coffee,
as there are notes in music.
I can't see both of them,
is it a little tragic?

While time will pass away,
and I will also move on.

I want to write imperfection,
but there is more than one.

I am flawed like a hanging,
broken branch of a tree.
While I can still grow,
but I will never be free.

The courage and trust I seek,
are always so elusive.
When I want some love,
why can't I just give?

Well, to love is the,
greatest courage of all.
It's the mistrust which,
makes this love fall.

The past is haunted,
by the ghosts unreal.
Do we have the courage,
to know what is real?

As I sit today with,
my intermingled thoughts.
I hope a new world,
is created without knots.



Condemned Hopefuls

The night has whispered,
broken words, mumbling slowly.
and I felt a thousand pains,
which happened in the past.

The poems I have written,
are they existential black letters?
The fears and freedom of,
condemned hopefuls, will they last?

Quietly admonished by,
silent, hurt, and astounded voices.
Those glasses with vision broke,
with a needle of sharp suspicions.
Fiefdom of hunger-laden ants,
spreads like wild berries in the forest.

Condemned hopefuls believe,
the ice of innocence will melt decisions.
Masquerading red scars as roses,
impeccable intentions also fall.
Creating freedom for mute souls,
the bounty of illustrious life is lost.

The iron is molten and pressed,
long ago, alone in caves.
Come see, a lone ember fighting,

condemned hopefuls are tossed.
Broken, broken until unbreakable,
the struggle of angels in human form.

Striding in a direction with love,
who are these chosen people?
The light of conscience is still open,
with heavy eyes and simmering anger.

Condemned hopefuls left to die,
never sad, never tired, never dull.
Wonders of earth, children of dust,
these hopefuls are lonely pearls.

A good fight is in their destiny,
old souls with a twinkle in their eyes.
Freedom is like hot, burning coal,
hands are burnt in this quest.

Lives are sacrificed with passion,
condemned hopefuls were wise.
Millions rebelled, like waves,
rose and fell, rose and fell.
Rose, flew and won,
independence is their parting gift.

Freedom fighters, our shining gems,
forever hopeful, forever happy.
Never left, never coming back,
they are the Condemned hopefuls!



Random Abstract Memories

Plethora of lamps, but no ray of light,
my hands are dark, but my heart is bright.

Shivering quest, nomads searching land,
horizon is in sight, with snow and sand.

I found a lamp, of hope and devotion,
my hands are dark, with no commotion.

Life is beautiful when flowers are free,
Oh! What joy, of just blooming on a tree.

Kindness in a heart is a precious gem,
some things our mind, just cannot stem.

Butterfly imbibes colours, of fun and joy,
the true one is purely a ploy.

Heart gathers dust, which could be gold.
looking beyond words, one gets bold.

What is to be learned, in this crazy world,
here lies are celebrated, and the truth is curled.

Deep down we know, our real thoughts,
this rope of life is created with knots.

Grey shades are common, in every soul,
why only white be considered whole?

Triumph comes when all doubts die,
in search of true love, success will cry.

Golden senses are lost, in eternal quest,
normal desires are, in a state of rest.

Inhibitions arise out of a varying mind,
sweet memories are the pearls we find.

Glittering stars carry dreams of space,
drowning in oneself, we find no face.

Anger can subside, but the pain is a fire,
truth is only felt, words are just mire.

The quest is eternal, running in veins,
life is essential, when free from chains.

Myriad feelings, enhance expression,
musings of a mind are pure creation.

Quintessential silence, sometimes roar,
the thoughts of desire, sometimes soar.

Neverending love is an unfulfilled dream,
one which never stops is a pious stream.

Gathering the fears, climbing a mountain,
I wish to find an eternal joyous fountain.

Flight of shine, running through eyes,
the deeper I delve, the higher I rise.

Am I awake? In this mesmerising world,
lessons are learned when love is served.

Am I free? When all thoughts are chained,
wise bounties found are already claimed.

Am I lost? In this new puzzle of feelings,
the prize of the heart is in new beginnings.



Ramu, Honey and Queen Bee

Honey, can I get some honey?
The loud voice of Ramu echoed.
His wife Shanti, stood up and,
the old fragile jar was opened.

Sunshine came out, with some joy,
and a drop dropped on Shanti's palm.
She exclaimed, Honey is over honey,
and then, Ramu lost his silent calm.

The fondness of honey is ever fresh,
the nectar of life, how clichéd?
Ramu lost in thoughts got sad,
Muniya consoled, it's only honey, Dad.

Ramu got angry, he had a tantrum,
it's a pious antidote, for my stress.
Muniya giggled with twinkling eyes,
Shanti laughed, and said, let me guess.

There is a honeycomb, on that tree,
I know the lady master, the queen bee.
A prayer, a request, will suffice,
my honey will get, honey for free.

Ramu started boiling like hot water,
Shanti went on with her daily chores.
Muniya had a hysterical reaction,
Ramu went out, banging the doors.

Humming a song, he went to the tree,
with needy eyes, he saw a honeycomb,
Few were options, he climbed the tree,
the desire for honey was so strong.

Greed or need depends on the situation,
Ramu's foolish quest was greed.
He prayed to the queen, "O mother",
a drop will also, be my heart's beat.

Such is life, intellect clouded by desire,
anyways, the queen heard his voice.
Startled, she issued orders, to sting.
Poor Ramu had to run, had no choice.

Why the need, for only sweetness in life,
Ramu thought, like a philosopher.
He ran to the river, and had a holy dip,
The queen bee then retracted her order.

Ramu was wet with, a new wisdom,
praying to the Almighty, he walked slowly.
Honey or no honey, life is just fine,
he turned into a saint, slowly holy.

He shouted, “Honey I am home”,
“Please bring me some salted bread”.
Poor Shanti and Muniya couldn’t believe it,
is this strange man, alive or dead?

In the honeycomb, the queen bee was happy,
she saved her home, from intrusion.
Who needs this honey more in life,
what should be the right conclusion?



Doomsday Bunker

I sometimes wonder,
have I forgotten my shield?
Well, every day seems like,
a Doomsday to me?

Metaphorically, not literally,
nevertheless seems true.
This tyranny of omnipresent,
all-pervasive time, controlling
my life, through a silent roar.

It passes and passes, and
abruptly stops, with misdeeds.
Is human nature naturally,
gravitating towards violence?

So many words of grandeur,
talking about love, compassion,
humanity and freedom.
Aren't we ticking time bombs,
or atom bombs of a false sense of
self-righteousness laden with
a syrup of hypocrisy and a
dash of moral corruption?

I mean nothing less than
a Doomsday bunker is required,
to shield my loved ones from,
the violence and subtle aggression,
which is not always present,
to our naked eyes, deep-rooted,
in society and its predicaments.

Monstrous feelings, and ill-fated
brutal onslaught of chattering minds,
at the cusp of life and its morality.
The truth is a vagabond, a beggar,
in this era of deceit and lies.

My salvation, our salvation,
rests in raising a Doomsday bunker,
of unknown angels, and humans,
saving us, shielding us from
those eyes. Those immaculate,
integral souls of this garden.

What is life, without a will to
create something better?
What is life, without a desire to,
protect our legacy, our conscience?
What is life, without a drop in the
eye? Perhaps the most,
important question in life!

The Doomsday may be aeons away,
but this melancholy is no less.
The fire of nonchalant lives,
extinguished by these hands,
made of a plethora of screams.
It's talking and saying,
we all need a Doomsday bunker.



Love and Quantum Entanglement

There is a super-secret,
which has now been discovered.
The universe is made of love,
Yes, love! You have heard it for ages.
In scriptures, gospels, stories,
legends, experiences, and in
your loved one's eyes,
What better place to find it, isn't it?

Are we entangled among ourselves,
with this superglue called love?
Well, science is meeting the mystics,
and exploring this newfound love.
Rechristening it Quantum entanglement.

A feeling here on earth, even a voice,
affects an atom in a star
billions of light years away. How magnificent!
This illusion of separation,
this mortal body, this small mind,
all are momentary phenomena.

A bumble bee flying, making a loud noise,
is affecting a fish inside, some deep,
spectrum of the blue Pacific.

A fragrant rose, emanating love,
reaching that wounded soldier,
fighting a futile war of divisiveness.
A feeling of ecstasy, in my heart,
affecting some alien life,
in some other galaxy,
some other world,
leading to a burst of joy.

So much healing can be done,
so much pain can be subsided.
This chain of connectedness,
the greatest myth of aloofness,
vast unrelated energies, finally,
finding their connection.

All those fancy words of
knowing oneself, finding purpose,
soul searching, and being a spirit.
It's finally coming to a conclusion,
that too scientifically!

Love, the language of the mute,
is the celebration of white doves.
It's the sound of that cuckoo,
dance of the peacocks,
cuddle of that stray dog.
All are entangled, affecting each other,
and that atom many light-years away.

Love is what lovers and poets call it,
quantum entanglement is what
modern science calls it.
Love is what mystics and singers call it.
quantum entanglement is what
logic and intellect call it.
I reside in you,
you reside in me.
I am you.
You are me.
This is love!
Forever entangled!



The Last Bus at Night

My solitude, my eyes, and my feet,
walk down a slippery path alone.
The remnants of hidden memories
are pouring like feelings unknown.

The wanderer in me is quiet,
but the seeker is always alive.
I wait endlessly at the crossroads,
looking for the last bus at night.

Here it arrives, screeching loudly,
empty seats, resonate with my inside.
So many seats here could be filled.
Why not one soul, can this heart find?

I'm astonished by my patience,
why do I wait for the last bus at night?
Am I subtle, or am I brittle? Do I exist?
yearning for peace, in search of a fight.

The driver of the bus is very tired,
living a boring story of his own.
I can see in his eyes that emptiness,
he can control buses, but not unknown.

Life is foolish, the least I can say,
why do good souls get the last bus?
Maybe their wait is long, fateful,
with love, pain and lost trust.

The day was long and tiresome.
I need to go home like a bird.
The lonely roads are haunting,
but the last bus can't quench this thirst.

I saw a soul like me at the stop,
when I went close, it had my face.
How scary, how wonderful, why?
such is this world, new heart, same face.

Alas, I persisted, with my naivety,
I thought this bus would now stop.
Well, life has different expectations,
what seems clean, has an old spot.

Those lights, shining from a distance,
and I remember my first love.
No connection, no link to the heart,
but a hope, lonely hope of a touch.

As the last bus approaches slowly,
the pounding is unexplainable.
I will reach home, in a real sense,

that my secret abode is available.
Why do we wait for the last bus?
Why do we wait for something better?
Are we lazy, or opportunist souls?
can't this periphery, find some centre.

Driver don't honk, the night is dead,
I felt the bus is my companion.
As I entered the bus, it embraced,
maybe this bus ride will be really fun.

Life goes on, and on, and on, and on.
so why wait for the last bus at night?
Why not take a taxi, Ola or Uber?
maybe on the last bus, tears can hide.

An obscure bus, so unknown, so alone,
travelling through deserted routes.
This bus runs on fuel and hope,
with a feeling that, lovingly sprouts.

Somehow, life is also like this bus,
going through some charted roads.
Paths are known, but travellers are not,
intertwined with fate and destiny's ropes.

The driver does rash driving, at times,
leaves few passengers stranded sometimes.
But on his last route, he is considerate,

because he knows the pain of lonely times.
Slowly, the last bus reaches the final stop,
and the driver is sleepy, hungry, but alive.
But he has no thirst, it's already quenched,
as his lone passion in life is just to drive.

