

POETIC VOICE

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A voice of mine soaring upward into the blue heaven,
Knocking at its door but the watch keeper nodding his head in refusal
Sending down my pure voice which I nurtured like my own kid
Cradling in the lap of my heart with soft touch onto her delicate parts.

She went there with her own dreams of bliss and happiness,
To be listened to by all in this cosmos
With the melting tears of broken dreams from her eyes, she came to me.
I saw slipping lines from her hands like sand, difficult to be collected with her own hands.

She had a straight headlong move to her own room.
Mused a lot on her own lot for months
And determined to start her journey again with all preparations,
She came to me to have my blessings

With the blazing armour of poetic honey
My voice soared again into the blue sky,
Soon she disappeared from my eyes into an unknown realm,
Trying to fathom out her own lot with her flapping wings.

My pure voice reached the door of heaven once again
Knocked the door of heaven and the watch-keeper appeared again
She didn't wait for any gestures coming from him.
Showed him her poetic honey and powerful wings to fly in Heaven.

The poetic world is filled with her songs
Songs of sadness, of bliss, of happiness, of joy and truth
Who can stop her sojourn in this world?
She has pen in her hand pouring out what is conjuring up in her mind.

A voice of mine soaring freely into the blue heaven
With her own lyrics and rhythm, making all to listen to her with patience