



**F**all

**In**

**Love**

**Everyday**

**Club**

*A Collection Of Short Poems dealing with  
Conduct, Knowledge, Governance and  
**Love** in the 21st Century.*

*An Introduction to The Long Debate.*

By  
Anonymyk

***1 . Fables Unheard***

*Your eyes hold, Fables Unheard Secrets Untold,  
Waiting for you to unfold magnificent mysteries,  
While I wander lonely, seeking inspirations in the cold.  
Your smile hides, encompassing perils from all sides,  
Hoping for your smile to conquer stubborn memories,  
While I follow the avenues, that for me fate decides.  
Your voice reminds me of the relaxing days gone by,  
Dreaming of the wishful victories, in instances of misery,  
While I pass my aimless life, like any lugubrious gloomy  
guy.*

*I've had no life the slumber breaks when you kiss me,  
Then I'll be born, then someday you'll say goodbye,  
Then I'll go back to my nap, As always again I'll die,  
My life would be the moments when you loved me,  
Those cherished moments forever I'll behold,  
When you loved me, I lived and grew old,  
Remembering the corner I once had in that heart of gold,*

*Your eyes hold, Fables Unheard Secrets Untold.*

*I'll try and change everything that you may hate,  
Take all the the time you need to make up your mind,  
Don't worry about me, for I'll wait,  
To see, the brightest image of me,  
In those elegant, eyes with lores,  
If ever your story finds a place for me,  
Just call me, I'll always be waiting outside those doors.*

*There is a subtle sense of guilt, in admiring you for too  
long,  
Can't talk to you for then I'll be, disastrously,  
Obsessed, and I am not that strong,  
Thats just about it, cowards can't commit,  
But the sight of those shiny eyes, inspire me to be bold,  
Just now my heart skipped a few beats,  
As you turned your head, as those pupils slid and rolled,  
Those haunting eyes won't let me rest,*

*But the sinking, need no rest, they only need something to  
hold,*

*Your eyes hold, Fables Unheard Secrets Untold,*

*Waiting for you to unfold magnificent mysteries,*

*While I wander lonely, seeking inspirations in the cold.*

## ***2 . Halo thy Vagabonds***

*One's fear of loss, is there despair and redemption,*

*For the miser never lets go, but lives a focused ascension,*

*In the malevolent material world of the "You have, I  
desire",*

*While all that one ever has, are the idiosyncratic  
inspirations called emotions,*

*And the abstract random events in time, called  
experiences, that they acquire,*

*The disgrace of denying the needy, curbs concern and  
leaves the wealthy deprived,*

*Let all vagabonds be honored in a higher dimension, if it  
was equality that they craved.*

*The harmony between conflicting ideals of commotion and  
creation,*

*The synergy in the cosmos between the tangible, and the  
virtually space less information,*

*As a balanced being the vast individual multi verse acts,*

*The infinite anomalous Universes canceling each other  
out,*

*Fulfilling unspoken pacts, without isolations they  
cooperate throughout,*

*This conformity is inconsistent in our human society, but  
there are still detours to be paved,*

*Let all obstacles in the path of "progress" be hallowed, if  
it was consensus and fraternity that they craved.*

## ***3 . Only Lovers and***

## ***Romantics***

*All the power of progressive democracy rests on the idea that the masses are the most equipped with the general sense to choose their future,*

*But in Kenneth Macalpin's historic land, that boasts of lives and experiences of great men, opposers of the union, for the last three centuries, have been fewer,*

*Times have witnessed cries of Home rule and those of  
changing winds,  
Some even suspect they are being used for their richness  
in resources,  
In the realm of devious competitions, Is there a place for  
honest poverty,  
The world must stop and notice for Scotland is about to  
get on with full forces,  
But in the world of globalised economy,  
Perception of stability is the key,  
Hence they chose the cultural and family links, over the  
'just do it', to be free,  
In the race towards a personalised communal identity,  
Segregation and secession are just knee jerk reactions,  
To the pressures of globalised communicational unity,  
Every step that avoids armed conflicts and achieves  
answers,  
Is a civilized step in the positive direction,  
As nationalism has more often proved to be a curse,  
It is nice to dedicate your life to a reason,  
It is better to devote it to love,*

*It is bad when patriotic, sectarian ideologies drive action,  
But when it harms humanity it is worse.*

*He was deeply in love with her but who isn't always  
hoping for the new and the changed,  
They lived together in Manchester, but she went back to  
Dundee for her family's sake,  
For an year now they had been discussing how they could  
get back together, Lovers estranged,  
In this Global village of random impossibilities,  
Infinity of mistakes for the youth to make,  
Over an year had passed and some traces of affection  
remained,  
Conversations were now mere rituals,  
A split at the horizon seemed ordained,  
Isn't it obvious for unity and traditions to be shattered,  
As the competitive cruel world always offers frustrations  
and torments,  
Broken hearts mean nothing to the old habituals*

*of sorrow,*

*In over-compensation of their discrepancies they shouted  
and quarrelled,*

*Feelings corrupted, memories tattered,*

*She told him that times had changed,*

*And now she has an opportunity to secure a better future  
with someone else,*

*He replied in rage, cursing the Scots, and disconnected  
the line,*

*And in an instant his fury turned into fear,*

*He let himself loose, went in and out of depression all the  
time,*

*But when love compels, heart rebels,*

*He cried asking her to come back and say "No thanks",  
He will try hard to be better, for they were always "better  
together",*

*But times had now changed and she felt that things will  
change some more,*

*She heard the ache, but there was no going back,*

*He cried and now he had no strength to proceed on and  
start over,*

*But he had strength to persist and persue,  
Please don't do anything just to show that you can,  
The unnharmable walls of our union are facing a  
hazardous crack,  
She said that she percieves that there would soon be a  
national boundary between the two,  
And then she is never coming back through.*

*Both sides raged in anticipation,  
Those marching for freedom offered a just future,  
They proclaimed,  
"We have resources, talent and wealth, the referendum  
has given us a new energy, confidence and determination,  
That will serve us well in the early days as an independent  
nation",  
Hoping to build a Scotland for, "the Millions and not the  
millionaires",  
They were reminded of their achievements, "the spirit of  
yes is what brought us to where we are today",*

*They were incited and provoked, to not be told what they  
can't do,*

*Wallace and Bruce risked their lives along with many  
others for a free Scotland*

*All you have to do now is to agree to want it,*

*Finally they were asked, "Should Scotland be an  
independent country?" Yes or No,*

*In a milestone moment in Democracy's short history,  
A handful of extra votes decided that the unification must  
extend,*

*It would have broken numerous hearts all round the  
globe,*

*To witness an old meaningless tradition come to an  
abrupt end,*

*Some propaganda won and the majority kept calm and  
voted No,*

*The choice reflected a few fears and a few desires,*

*He knocked at her door at one in the night or so,*

*A moment of pure love and a rekindling of sacred fires,*

*All eyes filled with tears as he asked her to marry him,  
And she agreed,*

*They say true love is the greatest whim.*

## **4 . Hope and Try**

*Let me just try one more time,  
For this time I may be right,  
I feel no shame in trying forever,  
The other guy's try just came through,  
That doesn't mean I am not that clever,*

*Someday I may also jump the queue,  
There are no competitions I seek to win,  
Its just a procession of experiences, clawing in,  
Me and my opinionated judgmental glasses,  
They just follow a personal light,  
Let me just try one more time,  
For this time I may be right.*

*Why am I a dweller of this all encompassing scale,  
Does Earth or the Multi verse discern,  
Those who gain from those who fail,  
I have long lost my way since I decided,  
To turn left into the lonely lane, leaving behind the "good  
greed" trail,  
If all was good then what will you change,  
The consciousness answers to calls random and strange,  
The docile, the blindly ambitious, the indifferent and the  
vicious,  
The fuzzy natures of the multitude, are volatile and  
capricious,*

*The empathetic ultra modern public is bound to feel  
nauseated,*

*They will reflect on the basics of coexistence,*

*Change is constant, and change they might,*

*Let me just try one more time,*

*For this time I may be right.*

## ***5 . Dreams and***

## ***Nightmares***

*Pull out dear self,*

*You are drowning me,*

*In this virtual land of nightmares,  
Strange notions roam free,  
Of wishes unfulfilled,  
Reflecting various bearings of being,  
Of nail biting escapes,  
Either surviving in limbo or getting killed,  
Visions of water, the emotions take form,  
Either calm in peace or choppy in the storm,  
The fear of falling down,  
The euphoria of flying high,  
In the ocean or the bath tub when I drown,  
Or wake up in agony cursing the nightmare,  
Back to sleep, re-retiring with a sigh,  
Making love to strange unknowns or people I know,  
Or visions of suffering or I die, the TV, the Radio,  
I see crosses and I see roads, but don't know where to go,  
There were teeth and there were mountains,  
Conflicts of either to rest or to conquer,  
May be money or may be marriage or may be fountains,*

*Wishing for worth, desire and hope,  
Hands pulling on hairs or onto a rope,  
Some days even the escapist is unable to escape,  
Misses a flight, confronted with demons or may be being  
chased.*

*But I would never trade my dreams with yours,  
For I am them, they make me, me, they take me away,  
They carry me through strange exciting routes,  
Which I never get to tread in the busy day,  
All I really am is what I choose to reflect on, when left  
alone,*

*Varying, inconsistent impacts of unrecognizable  
illuminations, the magic throne,  
All I really know of me is from when I am there,  
Winds of anxiety and despair,  
Or wings for flying in the air.*

## ***6 . It is and It is not***

*Blessed be the uncertainty of all accurate information,*

*Dwindling degrees of truths vary,*

*From accepted obvious to absolute negation,*

*In confessing that I doubt everything,*

*I have, no hesitation,*

*Forms of all reality vary,*

*From nothing to any abstract formation.*

*Forms of all reality vary,*

*From nothing to any abstract formation.*

*Perceptions composed of opinions,*

*Based on experiences may distort,*

*The reflection of natural objectivity in human subjectivity,*

*May be a little it sometimes is affected,*

*While other times may be a lot,  
The being interprets based on his museum of dogma,  
Even though the multi verse ultimately dictates the divine  
plot,*

*This being of beings is nowhere and everywhere,*

*That soul of souls is ambiguous,*

*It "is" and It "is not",*

*It is and it is not.*

*This army of Accepted Norms has mercenaries,*

*So greedy that they may change sides any day,*

*My feelings and thoughts, recollections and reflections,*

*In this moment breathe the same air that I do,*

*I've decided to spend this moment with them here today,*

*But being me being just a human,*

*In a single moment I can only see a single one,*

*Regardless of me, everything else is always at play,*

*At this very moment, the whimsical, the depressed,*

*And the hopeless in the gutters unconscious and stiff,  
silently lay,*

*In the next he may rise, to alter notions,*

*To pave the "new way".*

*In the next he may rise, to alter notions,*

*To pave the "new way".*

## **7 . Beware of the Docile**

*An instant when unconscious activity like a light ray,*

*Filled with illuminations, flash of life, is here today,*

*Prepared for nothing, but ready for all that may come,*

*A life of greed and success for many,*

*A path of empathy and satisfaction for some.*

*A gradual cycle of experiences and emotions,*

*Divine natural innocence out to play,*

*An instant when unconscious activity like a light ray,*

*Leads the being, to hope, to desire,*

*The belief in personally superseding even what Gods  
aspire,*

*To compete or to be infatuated, Some choose to walk  
through,*

*While there are those who choose to be consumed by the  
fire.*

*A pessimistic decision one cloudy noon pops out,*

*Nothingness and randomness,*

*There is no magic anyway,*

*A gradual cycle of experiences and emotions,*

*Divine natural innocence out to play,*

*Reflecting upon reflections ever so hastily,*

*Burdened by the boredom of stagnancy,*

*In the most diverse and volatile situation,  
The artificial substance of the virtual world,  
Takes hold of the anarchy,  
It's time for,  
Motivation, Patience and Moderation.*

*The guiding hand of the will is always there,  
Or always not,  
But if you seek to learn,  
The eternal saga finds a way,  
A pessimistic decision one cloudy noon pops out,  
Nothingness and randomness, there is no magic anyway,  
Some may judge but probably none would care,  
Most would be indifferent,  
"Beware, the docile live here",  
Keep the smile but loose its sidekicks worry and care,  
Individualistic egalitarianism is in the air,  
But when the time for magic and wonder comes along,  
I possibly won't be there.*

## ***8 . Somalia, Sorrow, and***

### ***Al Shabaab***

*They hijacked a Kenyan Bus, from amongst the sixty  
passengers on the bus,*

*The gunmen separated the Muslims from the "Infidels",  
freeing the former,*

*They tried to take the bus, but it got stuck in mud on the  
unpaved road, thus,*

*The "Movement of Striving Youth" headed by Abu Ubeid,  
killed 28 "Non Believers",*

*As a revenge for the raids on four Mombasa mosques and  
arrest of 150 of there legion,*

*Here we shed a tear for the innocents killed by the fools,  
this season,*

*People generally live and they generally die for selfish  
vision, for no sound reason.*

*Comarade Siad tried to adapt China-like scientific  
socialism to the needs of his land, unified by Af Soomaali,*

*Unity and diversity have there own virtues,*

*But if the Qabil's identity overshadows the patriotic  
solidarity,*

*Then dreams like Soomaaliweyn are hard to fulfill,*

*But worse happens when the leader misleads, another  
folly,*

*It was to terrorize the Majeerteen, Hawiye, and Isaaq  
clans, making the oppositions stronger, but there clashes  
led to more disparity,*

*Jaalle Siyaad's life ended in political exile in '95, but his  
remains returned for burial in his home region,*

*Let us take a moment for the innocents that are murdered  
in the name of revolution,*

*Every passing season, for no sound reason.*

*Those groups of Sharia courts of the Hawiye clan,*

*The Somali Islamists of the xeer system interpreting  
customary laws, created a Kritarchy,*

*The Isaaq qabil's Somali National Movement achieved  
Jamhuuriyadda Somaliland, Mahdi and Aidid of the USC  
continued struggles in the capital,*

*But the Islamic Court Union had to continue fighting with  
Mogadishu secular warlords who formed the ARPTC  
backed by the US,*

*None in the direction of achieving autarky,*

*Finally the victorious ICU started the clean-up campaign,*

*Before losing at Jowhar to the Transitional Federal  
Government,*

*Hiding is the award of the surviving loser in the battle,*

*The suppressed youth of ICU then unified to form the al-  
Shabaab,*

*The rest wore political masks and made deceiving peace,*

*May be for the greater good, may be for future treason,  
But when one turns back to revisit the past, one must take  
a moment for the innocents that are murdered in the name  
of revolution,  
Every passing season, for no sound reason.*

*The Popular Resistance Movement in the Land of the Two  
Migrations,*

*An extremist splinter group whose core consists of  
veterans,*

*Who once defeated the ARPTC, warned the peace keepers  
saying,*

*"Somalia is not a place where you will earn a salary, it is  
a place where you will die."*

*They committed the Beledweyne and AU base bombings,  
Kampala attacks,*

*Westgate centre shooting, and numerous such atrocities of  
slaying innocent brethren,*

*Almost eight out of every ten soldiers in the nations many  
rebel forces are children,*

*They use all sorts of media in order to spread their lie,  
Imposing there Saudi-inspired Wahhabi version of Islam,  
on the Sufi Somalis,  
They dream of a Caliphate like there allies Boko Haram,  
Al Qaeda and IS,  
Without empathy, equality, flexibility, and reason,  
Innocents will keep dying every changing season,  
They can keep trying to oppress and repress,  
But they need to be assured of never achieving success.*

***9 . Stall for better days***

*As the light rays of the Sun pierced the cool breeze,  
On another such dull, disappointing winter's noon,  
He lay idle just like any common jobless struggler, loafing  
with ease,  
When a bubbly bairn gently slapped him and greeted him  
with a smile, so opportune,  
He decided to cease being gloomy,  
In a moment he felt lively and glad,  
One can only try again hoping for impending fortunes,  
wishing for better days ahead,  
Right about then he noticed, there were hostile crowds  
increasing in number,  
Around the square,  
And as he talked to one he discovered that it was,  
Another case of conflict of inter-religious domination,  
Instances of madness in ages of dogmatic slumber,*

*So he acted intuitively and shouted out loud asking them  
to wait,*

*When he had their attention he began to say,*

*"Those who want to kill, slay*

*Know that you are also slaying your own family,*

*Those who don't care if they die today,*

*Feel free to drop dead,*

*Don't add more sorrow to humanity's dismay,*

*But those who want to live and were misled,*

*Drop your arms, this life is filled with charms,*

*Survive, Try, Act, Learn, Love, there are better days  
ahead,*

*Empathize and avert another victory of injustice over  
ignorance,*

*Condemn those who want to harm others to fulfill their  
own lust,*

*Humanity has potential to recover from the Worst,*

*Don't be blinded by pretenses, Only to follow the deceiver,*

*In the art of living we still have great heights to tread,*

*Be patient, comprehend, there are better days ahead".*

*Just then a shot was fired and the bullet created a hole  
though his head,*

*The sound created a frenzy and the followers panicked,  
within moment many were dead,*

*For better Co-existence, Governance, better Judgment,  
Conduct is needed,*

*For better perception, Virtue, better Experiences,  
Empathy is needed,*

*And even if we had all or nothing of what we need, There  
will always be better days ahead.*

***10 . At ease in struggle***

*If wealth is water, the doomed die everyday of thirst,  
Every time they mar their fellowmen,  
Is another step towards an inevitable burst,  
Someday argumentation will lead to a justifiable society,  
But first,  
Let him roam that poisonous pit of this anguishing abyss  
in peace,  
He weeps in his dreams, But in the struggle he is at ease.*

*If all emotions were natural,  
The flawless heavenly tune, on Earth will play,  
Such love would be blind to all barriers of injustice,  
But such hate would ravage the rare relief of rapport  
everyday,  
Dialectic has given mankind multifaceted masks to bear  
pain today,  
Just like the one they had yesterday,*

*He is pressed pleasantly to ponder over the peculiar  
proportions of passion,  
Suffering from a deadly disease,  
Alone in the silent alley he bangs his head on the wall, But  
in the struggle he is at ease.*

*If he could control his conduct chastely,  
Be the rational representation of the conscience of this  
sphere,  
Not like what a Being could,  
But if he senses like a supernatural species should,  
Then he is the soul of this planet and he is Him,  
He cannot be waiting for the one reality to become clear,  
There can only be a final answer to anything when you  
know everything about it,  
The ages of hypocrisy in His name, the dogma, the fear,  
Absolute knowledge will produce the accurate answer to  
all,  
Until then lets use empathy as a cure to all disease,  
In this life his aim is to learn and to help mankind,*

*Ideas may survive or be extinct with him,  
But in the struggle he is at ease.*

## ***11 . Goodbye***

*Listen, yonder, the shattered spirits howl,  
Look at the "mighty", smirking, while the destitute die,  
Smell the stench of hypocrisy nauseatingly fowl,  
"Time is precious don't let it fly-by", To Time I say Good  
Bye.*

*The more It is pressed, the more It learns to bear,  
The more It bears, Hiding the tears, Hoping to fly,  
The more difficult it is to be virtuous, and also clutch any  
chance that comes near,  
"Ability is nothing without Opportunity", To Opportunity I  
say Good Bye.*

*I sing for the stars, I sing for the sky,  
Crying for the thoughts of better moments gone by,  
I'll be waiting for the mysteries of the new day,  
Like the breeze that never meant to stay,  
I m going away, away, away.*

*Let me better move on, to the land of the true,  
Hoping to find, some empathy too,  
Why decide the final, color of truth,  
When nothing is certain, and the sum of the two,  
Is grey, Its grey, Thats what they say,  
I m going away, away, away.*

***12 . Some minimum***

***bearing***

*Taken by the indelible intensity of your magic and your  
mystery,*

*Mistaken, but let it be, it is enough to feel the urge to think  
of thee,*

*Maybe, just possibly, after you are done with making fun  
of me and not caring,*

*My words will survive after my world is dead  
And the thoughts will at least have some minimum  
bearing.*

*Conquered, but not defeated, there is no storm to blow all  
ambers out,*

*Some burgled while some cheated, when some honest  
fools depended on whistle and shout,*

*By why do I come about these ideas, when your surreal  
image is the one that right now I am staring,*

*It might be because it wasn't just you but the situation that  
we created,*

*Which on this universe will have some minimum bearing.*

*This jumbled being is presented to those who stumbled  
here to bring disarray,*

*Your stopping and seeing the passing ant rows gives birth  
to gestures, situations and some new way,*

*Remember the day I asked you to not be indifferent and  
initiate every natural pairing,*

*For the docile are just dust, though in society they stand  
first,*

*But it is the shameless who will have some minimum  
bearing.*

***13 . You to - night***

*Silently under the sombre sky,  
The gloomy zephyr of your indifferences blow,  
I hang by your words while you lie,  
Hiding my smitten stare, I hope it doesn't show,  
I know you'll say no, but I can't help it,  
Always I am bound to ask,  
I sense those pretty pearls peeping,  
Behind the forced uninviting outer mask,  
I feel you get angry, just to give me another chance to  
make things right,  
For some reason, all I want to do is think about you all  
night.*

*I do know its about time for me to go,  
And I am aware that the two of us don't really care,  
But I don't think I know the future,  
The magic may change us and start caring we might,  
But for now,*

*All I am going to do, is keep thinking about you, tonight.*

## ***14. Bubbles in my cup***

*There are no troubles that eat me up,  
Only flashes are left, like the bubbles in my empty cup,  
My made up pain, begs me to employ, self destructive  
cures,  
If your footsteps wake me up from my nightmare, I'll be  
forever yours.*

*My ignorant miseries suck up all my zeal,*

*Savouring secret self punishments,  
No more fake wounds left to heal,  
I recognize the symmetric dichotomy, I just need to find  
the dynamic middle line,  
Suddenly someday I may succeed in scrutinizing some  
satisfying solution,  
If for a few more seconds you pretend to be mine.*

*But you and me we can never be free,  
Just like everything else, that was never meant to be,  
As absolute freedom, needs perfect thought,  
And the best of the lot, that anyone ever in their minds  
had,  
Is what I wish to say to you, but it still is yet to be said.*

## ***15 . Lest you forget***

*All past sacrifices, seeds of virtues and vices, haven't  
bloomed yet,*

*Fire up sleepy eyes, precious moment flies, be bold or else  
regret,*

*No reason and no genuine obligations, that must be  
adhered,*

*Neither the simple sensitivities, nor any complex  
cognition,*

*Can corrupt something so pure,*

*Why fear the gullible guilt, that aims to keep you anxious  
and unclear,*

*Better let the zephyr come in those doors,*

*Better keep a smile on a face like yours.*

*Lest you forget the serene silences and the nervous  
utterances,*

*Rest assured of those, who cherish these memories,*

*Haunted by the spark those eyes had,*

*No maps are needed by the hopeless seekers,*

*To rediscover you, amongst all worldly fragrances,*

*The admirers are indebted forever,*

*Having witnessed the wonderful way you had,*

*Keep smiling, for it encourages some existences to be  
glad,*

*Stay as you are for all of them,*

*Remember to stay you,*

*Lest you forget.*

## ***16 . Spirit's silent shout***

*No temptations can stop the sweet sensations,*

*That your memory brings with it,*

*When your elegant expressions,*

*Constantly creep into my consciousness,*

*No inhibitions can prevent my reminiscences,*

*When I long to see your smile,*

*Look at you a little while.*

*I don't mean much anyway,*

*But without you I've become worth even less,*

*Instead of scratching out of my slumber and moving on,*

*Convincing myself of the fact, that dream time is over and*

*you are gone,*

*I write,  
Because I hate the truth as it always gave me some more  
doubt,  
Like those who are too high on bliss,  
I am forced to vomit my tranquility out,  
And like the other romantics, who were struck with this,  
I am cursed to be tortured, by the spirit's silent shout.*

***17 . Not for me***

*It was a great pleasure, to have known you my dear  
majesty,*

*I wish I could have had your company, for some more  
time, but sadly it wasn't meant to be,*

*And don't misinterpret, the deserving beauty of the grace,  
I discovered in your eyes,*

*Surely stars will twinkle, and you will achieve what you  
want, and be redeemed,*

*But for some reason, that I wasn't meant to see,*

*I know for fact, the brilliance of your divine natural bliss,*

*But alas! It wasn't meant for me.*

# ***18 . Confused and***

# ***frustrated***

*To speak out the pent up frustrations, may be their only  
vent,*

*To be confused at all times, might just be their aim,*

*In this form that they acquire on rent,*

*To be someone in someone's company and somebody else  
in case of a personal consent,*

*To think of things to say and to come up with things to be,  
is the acquisition of human intent,*

*To step out with personal thoughts and convey what I  
really meant,*

*So that I can avert the deified cheer,  
Its been such a long time since I started hoping that my  
abuses and my guidance,  
May wake me up from the never ending nap of excuses  
and weak will,  
And as many or more days have gone wasted in roping the  
constantly eloping,  
Focus,  
Which is necessarily needed,  
To shake up the dead, out of the killing chill,  
In all fairness, I cannot say that a second ever passed me  
by,  
Including every unsuccessful try, which I regret and wish  
to go back and erase,  
But its up to the actor to ignite the play, its up to the star  
to become the sun, and light up the sky,  
Like its up to me to escape the maze,  
Even losing myself to win the race.*

## ***19 . Only Maybe***

*Amidst the ruckus those endless rattling sounds,  
Be engulfed by the grandeur on display,  
Let oblivion take care of all displeasures,  
Stronger we become, after living through this new day,  
Even without taking any measures,  
Supernaturally, we may run into great treasures,  
If not today, maybe some other day,*

*While you forget, about your smiles and that sigh,  
At least there will always be,  
The days gone by,  
At least the sullen will always find solace in moments of  
unrepeatable past,  
While those ordinary moments last for eternity,  
In the faint vivid recollection of those innocent eyes.*

***20 . Restless***

*Time keeps running and the clock keeps ticking, but the  
spirit keeps yearning,  
It still has no plans to rest,  
As the days of unrest keep passing by, still I hallucinate  
about those shiny eyes,  
Timelessly under your arrest,  
Craving and also dreading moments of calm, after the  
violent storm of your beauty moves on,  
Your weak willed lover is sure to break down,  
And his object of affection is sure to forget the jest.*

## ***21 . Sages and faith***

*Lives of humans have a habit of falling into a vicious  
circle of pain,  
Accompanied by the imperative wish to achieve instant  
gratification,  
To relieve the aching vitality and to replenish it with  
determination,  
Just to make choices, believe, have expectations and be  
disappointed again.*

*There comes a time, in the tedious job of living this  
monotonous life,  
Another miracle, of the infinite universe of random  
oddities,  
Become mere mundane cases,  
Simply because they can come to pass,  
So the masses require guiding embraces,  
An adviser to help pass the harsh times,  
An abecedary in the gloomy existence, through infinite  
strife.*

*That was what his spiritual teacher was to him,  
This morning when he woke up swayed,  
And along with his family and numerous others,  
Stopped the cops from arresting his preceptor,  
Unaware of the disgusting truths of his mentor's secret  
life,*

*Blinded by allegiance to the pseudo educator,  
He was ready to die and kill for his Saint,  
But him his fortunes betrayed,  
A stray bullet hit his wife in the police raid.*

*After sobbing for his wife and witnessing his pedagogue's  
true identity being revealed,*

*His children weeping at his feet,*

*He lies, broken, by the side of his late wife's body,*

*He decides never to fall in the trap of such swindlers  
again,*

*And right then he accidentally dedicates rest of his life to  
toddy,*

*Religion, blind faith has always been a dependable dope  
for the masses,*

*The dubious path to truths concealed.*

## **22 . "Yixinou"**

*Thousands of years it took for us to disperse on this  
planet,*

*To spread, to experience, to learn and now establish  
modernized resumptions,*

*To fly in the sky,*

*To traverse routes in the once infinite oceans,*

*Spreading webs of flat iron rails on the spherical Earth, in  
all directions.*

*One such 82 wagon cargo train left Yiwu, China's world's  
largest commodity market, to go via Chongqing home of  
Iveco, Hewlett Packard,*

*Through Zhejiang then via the Alataw pass Xinjiang,  
before entering Kazakhstan, and then Russia, Belarus,  
Poland, Germany and France,*

*Connecting the scattered.*

*Then the 13,000-km line finally crosses in to Spain,  
ending its journey at Madrid, from China,*

*It is run by Trans-Eurasia Logistics, a joint venture,  
Between Germany's Deutsche Bahn AG and the Russian  
Railways,*

*The train, named "Yixinou" is part of the New Silk Road,  
and reached Madrid in December.*

*Another train already on this road is the train between  
Chongqing and Germany's Duisburg,*

*Russia and China are joining strongly, following U.S.  
forming its Asia Pivot,*

*The Yixinou would reduce dependence on sea and air  
cargo transport*

*And is five times as long as the route of the famous Orient  
Express,*

*Whatever we know is not enough,*

*To help sustain fulfilling and satisfactory human race, As  
a species we must innovate everyday,*

*With empathy and with grace,*

*Don't fret being lost on an exotic trail,*

*Rest is luring but one must avail,*

*the time we have to course new realms,*

*There are still infinite mountains to scale.*

# ***23 . Simultaneous randomness***

*I*

*For when we change we change for good,  
As an ardent follower of flexibility should,  
Fill the voids our flacid docile spirit,  
With zealous, motivated airs,*

*From fuel by rotten pasts and wood,  
To wind, sun and other wares,  
In mother Nature's market we rationally,  
For our progressive existence, use our shares.*

## *II*

*But when 5% of humanity consume 30% of its reserve,  
Other life forms are struggling to survive in the present,  
Age of mass extinction, when in an ideal world of justice  
and verve,*

*The superior species must act, to aid the endangered  
segment,*

*But when we change we change for good,  
As an ardent follower of flexibility should,  
Theres nothing to it but to will it and do it.*

## *III*

*Charles Ponzi first materialised,  
What Dickens first mentioned in Martin Chuzzlewit,  
And made it known to the materialistic New World,  
When he robbed Peter to pay Paul,*

*When the ambitious, decides to steal to quench foul  
desires,*

*Blinded by greed, they fall,*

*But when we change we change for good,*

*As an ardent follower of flexibility should.*

### *III*

*Individual Superego's repressed resentments,  
Eternal Id's, asomatus, veracious enchantments,  
Capricious Ego's, illusory abstract, still leads,*

*Be mystified in the radiance,*

*Move to the nature beats,*

*But when we change we change for good,*

*As an ardent follower of flexibility should,*

*Theres nothing to it but to will it and do it.*

### *IIII*

*Move on settler leave these cursed lands fallow,*

*For no weed, ever, did here bloom,*

*Welcome new victim, to the land of the shallow,*

*The land, of greed, and gloom,*

*But when we change we change for good,  
As an ardent follower of flexibility should.*

*IIIIII*

*This story needs miscalculation,  
Everyone dreams of Liberation,  
Hanging by hope of resurrection  
Duplicity, dectet and deception.*

*IIIIIII*

*Intutions are leaps of faith, some information must be  
present,  
With the thinker, and complexing conditions, must be  
created by the collective conscience.*

*IIIIIIII*

*A hero is virtuos and gracious towards the mysterious,  
But when He changeth, He changeth for good,  
As an ardent follower of flexibility should,  
Theres nothing to it but but for Him to will it and do it.*

*IIIIIIIII*

*I aspire to say something that helps,*

*My expression to me is what your curiosity is to you,  
Like the blind bat's sudden movements while passing  
through.*

*IIIIIIIIII*

*An instant when unconscious activity like a light ray,  
Filled with illuminations, flash of life, is here today.*

*IIIIIIIIII*

*Intutions are leaps of faith,  
Some information must be present,  
With the thinker, and complexing conditions,  
Must be created by the collective conscience.*

*IIIIIIIIIIII*

*But when we change we change for good,  
But we don't change, we stay astray,  
Not the way, an ardent follower of flexibility should,  
But the way, the doubtful eccentric on Earth may.*

*IIIIIIIIIIII*

## ***24 . Fragmented core***

*If the self wants, it has the capacity to trivialize most,  
Numerous generalizations for every situation, previous  
and post,  
But the subjective seekers of the infinite final answers  
expect more,  
Of the dialects in truths and the minutely fragmented core.*

*The flexibility of the beautiful, certain, Uncertainty  
prevails,  
The divine mystery of super symmetric patterns,  
That the limit of our conscience curtails,  
If information were an ocean, we can be sinking deep,  
May be presently, we are near the floor,  
And simultaneously be riding the fresh innocent waves, Or  
sitting dry, near the shore.*

*The nature of truth seems abstract, intangible and  
inconsistent,  
Like the mystical fantasies of the Pure Youth,  
The distant and the persistent,  
But the disillusioned loses touch,  
When the trials of the imaginary material world seem too  
much,  
To take refuge, in the dubious shades of faith and lore,  
Rather than being stunned by the fragmented core.*

*Every instance is most productive,*

*For its acutely discrepant notion,  
All states of rest and motion,  
Create opposite symmetric commotion,  
We are doomed to be shortsighted,  
But are cursed with curiosity,  
Waiting for more illuminations, to come to the fore,  
To better comprehend,  
The inherent nature of contradictions in eternity,  
The sorrows of the fragmented core.*

*Whenever one finds some, they lust for more,  
Inequality and injustice,  
Leave the empathic dimensions sore,  
Some day we will grow up, when the time is right,  
See the large and the miniscule,  
Which today escapes our sight,  
When we walkout, of some magnificent shortcut door,  
And witness the shape of the multiverse,  
And the subtle fragmented core.*

## ***25 . Fear loves Stability***

*Humans are mostly, almost certainly mistaken,*

*We block our own views, muddled and shaken,*

*Limits on our reach, restricts our scope,  
We may never truly understand, what really is real,  
But while we marvel in the surreal,  
The beauty and the balance gives birth to hope,  
Amidst the life of angst and agony,  
We encounter moments of tranquility,  
Discovery of dialects and contradictions inherent in  
perfect symmetry,  
One such is the bizzare love story, of Mr. Fear and Ms.  
Stability.*

*The natural reaction to preserve oneself in threat,  
The emotion to survive calamities while we fret,  
Come alongwith the previous experiences of crisis,  
Keeping the presence of a continuous consciousness,  
A mystery, is one of Nature's great vices,  
Hence, we dread for there may be an Arrangement,  
By which those who are scared,  
Strive to survive in vulnerability,*

*The suspicious survives, the survivor evolves,  
The infinite circle of complex calculated randomness, in  
time achieves plausibility,  
And so they whisper silently, when none can hear,  
That, Mr. Fear loves Ms. Stability.*

***26 . Calm will do!***

*May be the wretched race,*

*Never intends for you to win,  
May be this putrid place,  
Is not meant for the person,  
That you have been,  
Attempting to save your face,  
Don't panic and do something,  
Without thinking it through,  
But if you have some patent patience,  
Then hold your horses my fiend,  
For that'll do.*

*Nothing has ever been a piece of cake,  
But every strange spectacular occurrence,  
In time is bound to take shape,  
The sketch of eternal Destiny is yours to make,  
Stay in this Moment, along with It,  
The being in you may also escape,  
The rivers, the winds, the mountains,  
May seem to have specific courses,*

*But in need they transform  
Without giving away any clue,  
But if you have some funny flexibility,  
Then may be there is still something left,  
A Chance perhaps,  
And that'll do.*

*Perhaps the gloomy Goddess,  
The forbearer of Fondness and Fortune,  
Is cross with you,  
For your denial of her existence,  
Perhaps the persistent flow of failure,  
Is not really a curse but a belated boon,  
And somewhere along the road,  
Reward sits waiting to plume your persistence,  
But why wait or worry for Opportunities,  
Though invisible,  
But your routes are filled with them,  
And also the destinations you are going to,*

*But if in you,  
Immortal, innocent curiosity burns,  
Then the selfless school always learns,  
While the greedy group reacts too.*

*But if just smile and ask humbly,  
And be compelled to think,  
Politely in harmony,  
Then dear fellow wanderer,  
That'll do.*

## ***27 . Stairs to satisfaction***

*The magic out there is infinite and incomprehensible,  
Our finite perceptions limit us, to wonder about oddities  
unseen,*

*Bold innovations for discovery, that will happen,  
Exceptional unaccounted brilliance, that has been,*

*Practiced natural impulses, compel me ,  
Towards this over-analyzed amalgamation, of my  
perception,*

*In my descions, I tend to be bias, I tend to lean,  
I know what I am saying, but I don't know what it would  
mean.*

*Ahead, at some distance,*

*I don't hear pleasant voices,  
I sense noisome echoes of thunder,  
Ambitious paragons out to plunder,  
Onerous and Ignominous, spoilt for choices,  
Fear sucks my prudence, out of me today,  
But it keeps me alert, in this dreadful plight,  
Inspired by greed, I ponder over running away,  
But guided by my perception of the right,  
Here I stay, Now I fight.*

*Silent light, in blank instances of pause,  
Gloom grooms, the gory glut, to learn and follow the  
luminous laws,  
The tales of the tacit, the stolid saga of the turgid,  
The purity and the fetishes, the putrid and the florid,  
Pretending to be grateful, for mallingering through the  
doleful dirges called life,  
Fortifyng will, by expecting providence to pave routes,  
To eternal bliss, from the abysmal edge of a banal knife,*

*The fault is not in staying calm, and letting guile and  
gumption,*

*Define my route,*

*Through the limpid notion, that immutable objectivity,*

*Is my personal subjective emotion,*

*Created to cause changes,*

*Since I am already here,*

*Root ripples in the cosmic oceans,*

*Stairs to satisfaction, Shadows of the truth.*

## ***28 . Better than the***

***worst***

*Staring silently, waiting patiently, craving violently,*

*The old man turns the bottle's cap gently,*

*In a flash he gulps down some homemade toddy,*

*For the past week, since his wife's death,*

*Every moment has just been another ordeal.*

*Throughout their mutual miserable life,*

*They were in love only with each other,*

*But this alcoholic banker, always prioritized her,*

*Below his liquor,*

*All his life he hated his job,*

*The people, there greed, the inherent hypocrisy,*

*He felt like an under achiever,*

*But never truly desired, to join the aristocracy.*

*So a strange sensation of boredom,*

*Forty five years earlier, turned him into a drunkard,*

*A few years into the marriage,*

*Her husband that she worshiped,*

*Was decorating her with bruises and blood,*

*But she kept loving him, until her last breath,*

*She was all he ever had, until her death,*

*Then he puts the bottle down,*

*Deciding,*

*Never to touch it ever again,*

*Not for his own sake or his health,*

*But because she always,*

*Wanted just this much from him,  
To turn occasional, his habitual whim,  
He could never do it then,  
But is resolute to do it now,  
But his numerous previous failed attempts remind him,  
That even today his chances of succeeding are slim.*

*Drunk as always, he lies down to sleep,  
And from then on he tries sternly to quit,  
He starts trying to do activities,  
People his age generally do,  
But every single vacant moment,  
Made it harder for him to skip it,  
Finally he met another like himself,  
An old hippy who only smoke weed all through his days,  
They shared a puff and he said, "Start anew,  
Amidst the superior sun's virgin rays,  
Piss on the past,  
It could have played out in a billion worse ways".*

## ***29 . Stare of magic***

*Of me you ask what I'll never do,  
But as you asked I'll do it now for you,  
I'll change the color of the sky if you ask me to,  
I'll hold my breath and die if it pleases you.*

*In the night, the sky changes its shade,  
Even if I hold my breath this innate vigor won't fade,  
But your sweet wish is my true calling,*

*I keep seeing you everywhere, while I keep falling,  
I fall and I sink, but for my sake you won't even blink,  
But when I think of all that is justifiable grace,  
Only thing that eclipses my thought is your sweet face,  
This face of Beauty is like elixir for the tragic,  
Decorated by the eyes of Purity and the stare of Magic.*

## ***30 . Strange request***

*Gently the chilling zephyr blows,  
While silently I sing for you,  
Stoically unwilling the harsh cold night,  
Asks of me, strange requests,  
Throwing pebbles at your windows,  
Barefoot and besotted too,  
I hope my patience pass these tests,  
I hope you can hear my strange requests,  
The foggy night, the dusty skies,  
Conspicuously, they trap me in,  
Like the made up fantasies in your innocent lies,  
Like the brilliant lustre of your skin,  
I am trying to be, there when you drop your chin,  
Placing my shoulder, where your head needs to rest,  
But to know what I mean, you need to hear me out,  
Or else you will miss out the point,  
Of my strange request.*