

~~The Nu Bad~~

~~by~~

~~Anonymyk~~

~~1. Last Mis-Try~~

If not an ordinary human being,

Then what else are you?

If not to yourself,

Then to whom do you belong?

If not to be loved,

Then why is everyone else here along with you?

If not inequality and discrimination,

Then what else is the lowest wrong?

If you really hate everything and crave self-destruction,

Then where are you going to?

If you really feel like the center of the world,

Then where have been for so long?

If you really have self belief,

Then why do you constantly crave validation?

If you really have some plan to execute,

Then are you waiting for your cremation?

If you feel choosing civilization over instinct was a wrong

decision,

Then feel free to quit society.

If He is biased and chooses to love only a few

Then to hell with Lord Almighty.

If the wanderers end up staying at a place for too long,

*Then they must ask themselves why they went there in the first
place?*

If you loath the cruel, selfish, ruthless leaders of the competition,

*Then why do you turn into that person during the course of the
race?*

*If I know the mistakes I make and I know that I have nowhere to
go,*

*Then why can't I, my habit break? Why can't I restart from
tomorrow?*

Maybe its because I don't apply enough of my will,
Maybe still I crave the cheap personal momentary thrill,
Maybe if one works hard enough there are aplenty blanks to fill,
But when one discovers the limits of their zeal, focus and skill,
One is left clueless, shivering under the effect of a creepy chill,
But all I can do is try again,
As the last MIS-TRY didn't help me pay my bills,
But that doesn't mean I'm destined to fail forever, I've plans to
conquer,
The highest mountains, the stars and the multiverse,
After I cross through these initial lowly hills.

~~2. O.M.F.G~~

O---M---F---G,

The once vague future,
In flashes I can see clearly,
If anything is kept on the line,
Then without any fault of mine,
Being the penultimate loser,
I must always lose everything,
And pay my dues dearly,
To some it may seem like a fatal sign,
But minding a loss has never been my thing,
You can demolish my roots and beat me severely,
Its merely routine for me,

I carelessly accept this defeat sincerely and cavalierly,

And like in the past in the future I am an ant,

Carrying a dune 'boulder' up a hill,

I alone can hear the loud echoing chant,

But what I mistook for glory was passing air,

And my meek shivering will,

My hill house was blown away fair and square,

Uncountable times I carried dust up these stairs,

But maybe my past KARMA haunts me, none it spares,

I stole this dust from the land,

It sends wind to destroy my home,

*I stole sugar from the nearby coffee stand,
Unintentionally the merchant sneezed at me,
Now like a refugee in the wilderness I roam,
But now when I am completely disoriented,
The once vague future,
In flashes I can see clearly,
And you won't believe the bubbles I see,
That have been bloating and are about to burst,
In the future, misery and troubles I see,
If you have been through bad then be prepared for the worst,
But first, shed all the baggages that weigh you down,*

*And develop an unquenchable thirst,
No point in pretending that you are just a clown,
Face the devil unrehearsed,
As with eternal damnation,
The ant's future has been cursed.*

3. Surrogate Station

Of course in the best case everyone must in life find a duty,

An inner calling, a reason for being, a discovery of self-beauty,

Realization of the path which exists a-priori of the being's

journey,

Focus, toil, learn, achieve, leave behind themselves a useful legacy,

But even if that doesn't happen, and constraints enforce plan-B,

Opportunity presents itself on other routes, not what you decided

to be,

Then a new trail, is added to the already perplexed being's list of
options,

Then the conflict boils down between rigid resolutions and
amenable adoptions,

In that case, is choosing a surrogate station in the course of
existence anyway inferior,

To the one that took a form inside the person's mind in the days
of life's anterior?

Not if the new duty takes hold of the being's core,

Not if the change of crossing gives you and me something more,

So jump ships if you have to but don't make it a habit to lose
direction,

In the dark room keep hitting at the switchboard you may just
achieve illumination,

Some try to make a shortcut from their new road to jump up
some distance,

Into the avenue leading to the earlier aim,

But to make headways on any highways, the puzzled person
needs persistence while playing the game,

Some times it can be done, and sometimes it can't,

It may or may not depend on what you want,

It is advisable to refrain from making any rash claim,

So choosing a trend is not merely a onetime thing,

No guarantees what ideas and notions passing time will bring,

Call on to the detached puppeteer inside of you, one who makes

you feel failing,

Ask it to manipulate your moves by pulling on the will and the

string.

~~4. Wish for the end~~

If you don't want this to carry on then please don't reply to this,

Reasons why things happen is not within our control,

Coincidentally an angel like you ran into another lost soul,

After the strange fiasco we had, I forgot to ask for that last kiss,

But since it all was a worthless idea to begin with,

So perhaps as per your wish, we must give it a miss,

Even though our short fling, was utterly embarrassing, for me,

But about your company I must say it was pure divine bliss.

Let it be just a mistake, but don't just let it go,
Its a stupid risk to take, like others taken long ago,
I know its not my place to keep hanging on,
I understand I am completely in the wrong,
But somethings wouldn't let me stop thinking of you,
Elegant eyes, sizzling smile, just to name a few,
I regret my present inability to move on and be strong,
I understand that to another world you belong,
Pardon my immaturity and permit my fantasies to pass this
phase,
I already pity myself and abhor my ways,
But I just can't somehow scrape along.

~~5. Ms. Princess and Mr.~~

~~Peabody~~

*You are really very pretty,
And I am really not worth paying heed,
You are really the rival of the full moon,
I'm just the dust beneath your feet,
You are the image of the wind over the fields of wheat,
I'm just the frog in the puddle in the month of June,
A sight of acknowledgement from your side my sweet,
Would bring divine music to my mundane lyrical tune,
I know I can never have enough of you,
And if ever we meet, and then,
If ever you left me, even after an eternity,*

I'd still feel that you left too soon.

And thank you for being so beautiful,

That hopeless mediocre poets find inspiration in your face,

Be content, that dull days of downpour,

Turn into something more,

Under the effect of your subtle grace,

Maybe in flesh, materialized out of reality,

You, I'll never get to see,

But still this way your presence on Earth makes me feel,

The feeling of wild vindication,

A glimpse of glorious gratification,
Surely the sweetest satisfaction,
A moment of joy from the wheel of time, I get to steal,
And I don't think I'm alone in this,
You are the magical stone, that if get you kiss,
You get to experience what wizardry is,
What any other thing in the world is not,
And I'd love to break any rule for you,
I don't mind playing the fool for you,
I am dull and boring, but I'd even pretend being cool for you,
Even though I know, that whatever I do,

Its not of much use and I don't have a shot.

*I was planning to spend my life in my thoughts with nothing to
think,*

*Then I saw your beautiful face and decided to keep the memory
at the center of my mind,*

And use it in place of my pen's dull ink,

It doesn't allow me to indulge elsewhere,

It refrains me from engaging in any other sweet stare,

*My mind is confined to concentrate on that great vision of you
that doesn't allow me to blink.*

Its just you and no other that can cause such a thing,

It was you who stole my worries away while I was busy
daydreaming.

It was your face that I had in my mind when I woke up crying
and screaming,

For I thought you were gone, but then I remembered that I'll
always have your memories and they'll never be leaving.

~~6. Nu bad~~

Owing to all the love you got and I never had,

It was always you and not me instead,

You always cheated and you always won,

You were liked by everyone, They said you were good,

You became the new good, So I became I became so I became bad,

I became bad,

The Nu Nu Bad.

If we could just deliver a pinch of the potential we have always

had,

If only some inch of us would rebel from going relatively mad,

Never had a moment to smile and be glad,

Always bad and now the nu bad.

But farewell now its time to change,

Its time to forfeit the traveler-ship of this wayward way,

Its time to throw away the charade,

Its time to take a bow and leave without looking back,

Its time to move on from the ongoing decay,

Its time to love and be loved and to do,

It was being awaited for a while,

But now all the leaves have fallen,

And without further ado,

Its time to get rid of this malignant mange,

Farewell now its time to change.

7. Use my failures

Its not quite just about the way you look,
Something more than just your skin's smooth feel,
Its not what makes me want to see you by hook or crook,
Its something more abstract but intricate, something unreal,
Something that plants the presence of you in me,
Something that grants validation to eternal love, that's truly free,
Something that mocks my humanly ignorance for angering you,
not an excuse,

But mortal I am and so err I would and something surreal I'm

about to lose,

But rather than pain, struggle I choose,

For that something like bliss I don't deserve,

All I deserve are failures and fiascos and I hope that someday

these are put to good use.

8. April fools —

useQuit conning yourself this April fool's,

Winner acts while the lazy loser drools,

Fortune smiles where detailed focus is intact,

Flow carries the victors, aim and will are the fuels,

Achievement is nothing more than the applied resolve of the will,

True struggler knows how to strive while avoiding overkill,

On the fool's day regroup, reset, rewind and replace the bet,

The earth won't transform itself like wrinkles in silhouette, to

crossover you have to walk up and down the inevitable hill.

~~9. More surreal than God~~

Those lips with that naughty expression,

Those eyes that remind forgetful of divine imagination,

Blue skies canvas the creator's creation to decorate it all with

perfection like you,

A sight of you, a feel of your breath, or the thought of losing you

like certain death are priviledges, for merely a few,

I just hope if somehow it could turn out to be my fate too,

I just wish, my sugar dish that your sweetness I get to percieve,

I am barely hanging through the skirmish, as in true love I

believe,

I hope that atleast a mixed signal from you I'll get to recieve,

As I havn't seen God and I search for him in you, but you exceed

Him,

And in my view, in front of you He seems ordinary and grim,

As you are surely the most surreal of the two, the truest of the

true,

An absolute answer to the unquenchable eternally unfulfilled

whim.

~~10. Girl in the image~~

I imagine that you are far more amazing,
Than the image that doesn't do justice with you,
My concern and affection for you is not just idle praising,
Its like the love of the sea that derives its shade from the open
blue.

I mean to sing sweet nothings for your sensuous grace,
I mean to express my gratitude at knowing your innocent ways,
I don't mean to say that your image is in anyway inferior to the
angels in the sky,
But I feel that you'll surpass all divinity when you'll just be you
one of these days.

~~11. Miss Mary Grace~~

Salutations Miss Mary Grace,

Congratulations on your lovely ways,

Luckily I've met you at this place,

Or else our routes might never had crossed,

Tell me more about your nights and days,

How are you making it work in this maze,

Have you discovered what you wish to chase,

Or like everybody else you too are lost.

They are killing this world while we suffer awkward alienations,

They are filling competitive hatred and greedy insterests of

nations,

Over the common greater goods of humanity or of all living

creations,

While blinded by selfishness all conventions of virtue are tossed,

Away, always, in your face,

Salutations Miss Mary Grace,

Congratulations on your lovely ways,

Luckily I've met you at this place,

Or else our routes might never had crossed.

~~*11. Everything of my future*~~

being

*Hello dear everything of my future being,
I know that you are the most amazing view,
That one in this world can dream of seeing,
You have a sensuous sophisticated complicated style,*

Your presence is an addicting luminescence for the blinded docile,

Your touch might just be too much but my heart craves for it, the

soul too is agreeing,

Hello dear everything of my future being,

Your smile makes me lose my breath, heart too is fleeing,

If you have a moment to hear my plea,

I'd like to convince you to consider my wild views,

If you can just spare a care and talk simply,

Then carelessly, drop your fears and be my muse,

Your manner makes me lose my breath, heart too is fleeing,

If you vaguely remembered me I'd be satisfied,

Your attention would be a matter of pride,

For my being.

~~12. Most amazing day~~

*I wish you have the most amazing day,
I wish all fun, glory and wisdom comes your way today,
Pay no heed to all the evil around,
Be moved by nature's and soul's sweet sound,
Don't overthink any step you wish to take,
Don't regret the rash decisions that you ordinarily make,
Don't restrict your emotions that naturally show up,
Be the zephyr, be the breeze, be the storm, grow up,
Be the reason for the magnificence that you wish to be on display,
Be the you for whom I wish everyday is an amazing day,*

Contaminate the hypocritical world with your contagious smile,

*Eradicate the ignorant uneasiness, decipher the logic with your
guile,*

*Pay heed to the miserable, stop wasting your time on the greedy
for a while,*

Open your heart and be prepared to lose,

Be curious, be addicted, be depressed but at least choose,

*Rather than being dictated your future course after covering
each mile,*

If you want leave then go but if wish to wait some more, then stay,

I wish all fun, glory and wisdom comes your way today,

I wish you have the most amazing day.

~~13. Panama papers~~

Again some brave global citizens like those of ICJ have pulled

another plug,

Panamian law firm Mossack Fonseca's records of unjust

companies have been exposed,

The underground of the rich oligarchs who manipulate this

crooked system has again been struck,

Like the history of previous blows, it continues to attempt
reformation of previously proposed,

Millions of documents and lakhs of unjust companies, crimes
with evidences, roundtripping of greed,

In the name of puppet accomplices, the wealthy monsters cover
up with pomp and pretenses, evil indeed,

They are calling it Panama papers but the global seekers
amongst humanity made it real,

Those who swapped their precious abstract soul for some
material,

Ignored how their selfishness caused unjust conventions and
harmed numerous poor,

Such achievements in information, will one day unite common

*conscience and a revolution will be this mainstream
underground's undoer.*

~~14. Positive~~

You are doing all that can possibly be done,

Just remember an innocent smile if you are not having fun,

The crooked system always keeps you alone and unsatisfied,

But just relax as these are the days when consciousness lives, you

havn't died,

Don't panic don't stress, future is anybody's guess,

A unique person like you musn't spend a second in such

worthless mess,

Bypass and blackout the unpleasant and spend all your vigor on

the good entropy, which might be few,

Live in the moment, make experiences exhuberant, jelous of your

positivity, Gods must end up envying you.

~~15. Miss Sherry Ann~~

Pretty girl neither you nor your world is real,
Oh precious pearl I hallucinate about your zeal,

Your magical manner makes the material world seem dull,

But your indifference leaves behind an unfulfilled feel.

Here I am falling for your image,

But you are only treating me like roughage,

I can only feel complete if you I get to meet,

But before that let me know more of you,

So that we are on the same page.

Oh man, Dear Miss Sherryann you look like an unbelievable

dream in those pants,

One can imagine and one can't control, but on the whole, you

transcend all cans and can'ts.

~~16. Like Rose and Jack~~

*I used to dream of extravagance,
Elegance, brilliance and exuberance,
But a sighting of your sensuous simplicity,*

Made me lose track of all aspirations of success,
Your admiration has become my only duty till providence,
You are so near yet so far away,
Maybe some great coincidence is needed,
For us to know each other in a better way,
Or else like always our interests would have depleted,
Before I could come up with what I wanted to say,
And if you are having an ordinary day,
Then it might be a great day that you've got used to,
Have fun and be free, be the reason for yourself and me too,
I've been waiting forever for you to look back,

Following your tracks, I've long lost my own,
Infatuations have in time grown, though magical moments are
what our stories lack,

To kill myself in depression like Romeo is not my style,
I'll sacrifice my life, hoping you'll live for ever and a while,
I'll perish with a smile for you Rose, just like good old Jack.

~~17. Dying unheard~~

*We've never met,
We live in different worlds,
But if you'd just let,
My aimless innocent words,
Reach you in silence,
Rather than dying unheard,
Extend your interesting guidance,*

Thankyou for acknowledging me with some word,
Or even a gesture or signal however absurd,
It'd appear absolutely clear and sincere from my lens,
Your glance'd be my undoing,
For I'd be looking at love in its true sense,
For what is the most fulfilling love but the one,
Between strangers who start with having fun,
Who become novices reacting to the games of chance,
End up in a trance, where they see their lover in the moon and
the sun.

~~18. Serious some~~

In hallucinations my vision clears, otherwise it disappears,

The best of things can in time be somehow done,

Just try and keep asking why, strugglers wait for no permission,

When I am me its guilty perfection, but when I judge me, I 've

fears,

In hallucinations my vision clears, otherwise it disappears,

My reflections on my reason, suggest discipline and

perseverance,

But I lament the lazy legion, of thoughts that suggests sweet

non-sense,

But after the best moments of brilliance, a person needs a 'next'

after all the years,

In hallucinations my vision clears, otherwise it disappears,

Work and society, depression and anxiety,

Unconsciousness and soberiety, just come and go,

Control the emotional flow, cracks in dam cause broken barriers,

In hallucinations my vision clears, otherwise it disappears,

Get hold of yourself, and a reason for yourself now you become,

It might give you the nature's divine love, but it doesn't give you

the 'serious some',

So for sometime change the rhythm, as the low sounds the

high-up never hears,

In hallucinations my vision clears, otherwise it disappears.

~~19. To do and be merry~~

Farewell fancies,

So long dear pleasure,

Now take measures,

Follow half chances,

Before the end of the game,

Fulfil your fate,

Bye busy boredom,

Leave behind routine random,

Discipline demands your fandom,

Enjoy duty's company,

Don't feel lonesome,

Now change, don't stay the same,

Its already too late,

Calmly search for clarity,

Be honest, don't fool yourself,

Rethink and reschool yourself,

Make failures your varsity,
Self love is difficult animal to tame,
Control it completely and be great,
Alternatives to persistence are fool's gold,
Hardwork, labour and continuous toil,
The worthy don't grow out of the soil,
By curiosity they are formed and by wisdom they are mould,
So now change base being, don't stay the same,
An apt time like now must end your wait,
Act now and don't wait for the wow,
Its already very late,

Time to do and be merry, mate.

~~20. Help!~~

Help me find words,
To admire you with,
Help me know more,
Of your life-like myth,
Help me look around for,
Our first innocent kiss,
Your caring heart is like vibgyor,
Your offer to help is half the cure,
Allow me to understand this,
That how can a selfless concern so pure,
Effect the rotten impurity of the abyss,

How can you be so sure,
That I need your help with this,
Because actually I do,
So lets continue,
But first tell me what your story is.

~~21. Dear Ailyn~~

Pleased to see you dear Ailyn,

The strings on my violin,

Sing your name when,

I try to make them scream,

Are you really so divine,

Or is it just a dream,

Where you seem like,

An angel from a far off land,
Sent here to realize some sensuous sceme,
That none in this world or in this realm,
Understand, but I do know what you mean.

~~22. For granted restless~~

~~rebel~~

How are you doing,

My dear restless rebel,

With vain you've no tuning,

I wish that you never run into trouble,

I'm sending you a lotta-love in this bubble,

I hope my words find you smiling,

As hiding a happy gesture is like rubble,

Covering a magical palace with rotten styling.

All the time is a great time to spend some good,

It doesn't extinguish like other things,

It stays forever like an immortal should,

It is at the farthest spaces and on the passing winds,

Can be found at all the places, it resides in all minds,

It should have colored the world with its shade,

If only it wasn't taken for granted,

If only an attempt to revere it could be made,

But for centuries its beautiful name has been chanted,

Forever it has been the bedrock on which histories were laid,

*But if peace and love was all you ever wanted,
Then be calm and satisfied rather than striving ahead.*

~~23. Woes of Jashnir~~

Erroneous ruffling of feathers on both sides,

Dear valley of Jashnir the time is nearing for you to witness,

The vile vultures of violence, that the ambitious rides,

Time is nearing when rising tensions and doctrinal intentions

compress,

The common conscience, so each day a new game is played,

For audiences who have to make ultimate choices between

whatever is presented,

Support of the world society is pivotal when the two sides are

weighed,

Millions of innocent people who avoid choosing sides are wrongly

represented,

So the questions that all Jashniris have to ultimately answer are,

Do they want to stay with one or the other or be a united or a

fragmented new,

Each wound suffered by the two states, hurts Jashnir the most by

far,

A tussle between free will and dogmatic beliefs, a brewing conflict

between the two,

A heavenly scenery, that has been plagued forever by the bad

blood,

Never ending cold war in the hearts of frightened folk,

Due to personal ambitions and whims, the dead bodies cover the

mud,

*Someday someone will listen to reason and it 'd be obvious that
the decades of destruction were a poor joke.*

~~24. The well of frogs~~

Competition, survival, facing the rival,
Conflicting ambitions, momentary transitions,
Recovering from pain, days wasted in vain,
Results in failures that come again and again,
Each time when we lose, we're left to look for booze,
A vicious circle of past depressions and resulting lessons,
These lead to decline, destruction and the ultimate demise,
Bully life is adamant to put us down, but persist and struggle
and always try to rise.
The well of jealous greedy frogs is an evil and cut throat place,
Its already almost impossible slope, is very difficult to ascend,

But your company, can be your enemy, who pull you back to the
base,

Almost certainly un-transcend-able, the bad wishes won't let you
stand,

So strengthen your will, don't waste it in learning some evil skill,

You don't need a pill, all you need is an ultimate goal to fulfill,

Many great and talented people died and for this waste no one
cries,

Bully life is adamant to put us down, but persist and struggle
and always try to rise.

~~25. Mundane moment to
magical day~~

The most ordinary thing can affect thee,

In the most amazing way,

Spit out whatever you want to say to me,

I'm listening to anything you've to say,
This mystical earthly life is full of overwhelming moments,
Fantastic fragrances fly through strange sentiments,
The most mundane moment can be,
The ancestor of the most magical day,
The most ordinary thing can affect thee,
In the most amazing way,
The expressions of people compels me to react without due
reflection,
But some virtue helps me to choose moderation over stiff action,
So pretend whatever you want to be,
Your mistake can turn out be my guiding ray,

Spit out whatever you want to say to me,
I'm listening to anything you've to say,
Oh world you always get to me in silences,
Sharing maximum instances with myself increases my chances,
Of you filling me with timeless tranquility,
I beg you to occupy me, not just temporarily, but till infinity,
Sometimes I'm disillusioned that I'm in your fray,
Like you I feel concerned, satisfied and gay,
Like you I feel selfless and ego-free,
But unfortunately always I'm reminded of humanity's way,
Then again,

The most ordinary thing can affect thee,

In the most amazing way,

Spit out whatever you want to say to me,

I'm listening to anything you've to say.

~~26. Romantic earthlings~~

Be the change you want to see,
Endorse the magic you wish to be,
Only your thought and your actions,
And not the body are your true personality,
Selfishness is fueled by expectations and greed,
It is inherent in every last living breed,
It may seem correct if it encompasses all earthlings,
But such grouping never happens and from the smaller ones we
need to be freed,

If worrying about anything other than you is not your true

thought,

If in lust of personal gratification you've lived then for your

monetary passion you'll finally rot,

Of course with money your time in this world would be

comparatively a lot more fulfilling,

But the romantics will always enjoy the satisfaction of reacting to

conscience while wasting time on a fight they've already lost.

~~27. Endless race~~

*Something and not a being told me,
Grace is the perfect mistake that we are missing,
But yes my shallow feeling told me,
That the maze is the only place where our answer is,
But of course fortune is our foe,*

Still choice-less, we are bound to go,
Our paths crossed once in the unknown,
But we had no real seeds to sow,
So we went our worthless ways,
Like the ones, we are sticking to, the as of now,
Like always, to our weaknesses we still bow,
Like randomness, we still don't know how,
But like them, still we speculate about the maze,
It was a pleasure, to have you here,
Hope the un-notice-able message, was loud and clear,
Just like you, nobody knows what to wear,

No-one knows the meaning of the chase,

Hope you enjoyed the endless race.

~~28. G(/l)ory tale~~

When we'll try,

We'll lie,

We'll cheat,

We'll steal,

Never mind the wounds,

They'll somehow heal,

Don't expect mercy,

We just don't feel,

When we'll try,

We'll fly,

Though now we kneel,

We'll have no heart,

When our art,

Will finally fail,

Never mind the failures,

'Cause our story is about to,

Become a g(l)ory tale,
Now sunk in depression,
We may seem frail,
But we'll have no heart,
When we start,
On the atrocious trail,
We've been immature,
Absolutely unsure,
Wayward and clueless,
For so long,
But though we were useless,

We were seldom wrong,
We were polite and humble,
But we were never strong,
But we'll turn into evil,
We'll be absolutely impure,
To rid our natural ailment,
Greed and selfishness,
Is the only cure,
They neglected the good in us,
But they'll notice the bad for sure.

29. Innocent love

*In the comfort of your cozy embrace,
The stress of my worst days, vanishes my queen,
My shadow in your eyes, my love,
A funny fulfilment that makes us sigh, my love,*

Overwhelms me as all my love, is for you my queen,

Your lovely shyness and your manner too,

Your abrupt indecisiveness and everything else that you do,

Makes my love for you stronger and deeper and more sincere,

I'd bring you near, roll my fingers through your hairs,

I'd paint the portrait of our love, on the canvas of the airs,

I'd be your passionate lover my queen, if somehow you were here,

My love for you grows with each passing breath,

And it will surely keep growing till our story's death,

Let me hold your hand my sweet lover, for a while,

All my days in this world were wasted, if it wasn't for your smile,

I fell in love with you for being whatever you are, buttercup,

I lost my heart to the expressions that you have in between,

This one is for you and our sweet innocence dear Gudiya, my

love,

I never ever felt like this even for myself, like the love I feel for you,

my queen.

30. Mind Earth

*Save this planet's biodiversity,
Or have many beings of the best kind,
Find a dynamic center dear humanity,
Either way, forever fertile Mother Earth won't mind,
Many centuries after human extinctions,
She will envision new kinds of mortals,
Her magical portals of balance, seldom you'll find,
She is concerned with continuity, she just won't mind,
Inhabitants like us may hurt it a bit,*

But harming it, is more difficult to do,
Greedy rulers amongst humans, are the most unkind,
She never judges them, their mistakes she doesn't mind,
Now hypocrites have moved from religion to environment,
Manipulating pseudo governments,
Making the pawns feel guilty,
Majority lacks free thought,
So consequently they unwind,
But she has mind for the timebound in the timeless, Our times
she doesn't mind,
So don't be fooled in whatever's name,
Be virtuous in your game, be focussed,

Few zealots' lust, must be curbed,

Rather than many going blind,

Mother Earth recognizes worth,

Selfishness she hates,

Natural dirt she doesn't mind.

~~31. Suicide in the name of~~

empowerment

Mother Information you connected us,

Now Evil Economic walls are fortifying groups of nations,

Defensive policies can't pull the modern selfish fool out of the

slump,

Hence the days of gradual fake revolutions against

discriminations,

The present ideal for all, has for long been America, modern

lightbearers of greed,

The puppets kept changing from corrupt Bush, to ambitious

Clinton, to dumb Bush,

They represented the racially discriminated with boring Obama

to meet their need,

Just a symbol, in the background they try alliances, with outsiders

for sanctions they push,

The capitalist oligarch sighed,

While numerous Springs popped out of the economic crash,

Ever-reforming left of the global politics,

Gains strength and starts grouping up too,

Enters the Jackass Trump, who is sure to lose after an

excruciatingly irritating campaign bash,

To none other than the clueless Hilary,

Here is a case of suicide in the name of empowerment for you,

They used to rig parts of the democratic facade,

Now it is artistically orchastrated,

The beneficiaries of the dominant ideology are aloof, From the

periodic outburst heading their way,

They plan and plant and play God

While my God lies in the common consciousness,

Which can at times be hated,

Finally the common will,

Will endorse true good equality,

With you,

I too am waiting for that day.

~~32. Our pure emotion~~

~~makes my day~~

There isn't a bigger incentive here,
Than the fulfilling feeling of being loved,
When the subtle surrounding sense of joy stays near,
Stresses are solved,
Desires disappear,
But the artificial human complexes,
Won't let me feel that way,
But dear lover our pure emotion always does,
It always makes my day,
The greed corrupts the loving land,

Its time for the romantics to take a stand,
Let yourself fall and then rise up tall,
Ultimately love seems enough motivation in the end,
To innovate, to contribute, to learn,
Be a flash of thought,
That won't ever cease to burn,
If I am in love then,
Like a God in my head I stay,
Dear lover our pure emotion always does,
It always makes my day,
Let this facade of a life go to hell,

All my ideas are born,
Take shape and die around you,
You by my side makes all ailments well,
I was searching without any clue,
But by some strange grace,
Somehow I found you,
Seeing you must be like viewing heaven,
Its all about heaven that I can tell,
Let me love you forever if I may,
Dear lover our pure emotion always does,
It always makes my day.

~~33. Let me forever be by~~

~~your side~~

Baby let me forever be by your side,
Let me watch you from a distance,
When you carelessly stroll on a sunny eve,
Let me steal a subtle magical instance,
When your magnificence, I can't believe,
Let me lose my fingers in your hairs,
When my free hands try to set them right,
Let me stay in this trance,
While I lose all my cares,
High on your laughter,
While the eve gives way to the night,

Deary in such perfect settings,
All my imperfections I tend to confide,
Baby, let me forever be, by your side,
In such an awesome aura,
I tend to forget all other issues,
By grace of an emotion,
I tend to decipher all the clues,
For an intuitional second,
I tend know all I could ever use,
The sensuous splendour of your sensation,
Leaves me utterly confused,

That do I even have enough time to love you,

As much as I really want to do,

Sweetly in such vision of heaven,

My innocent love I just can't hide,

Baby, let me forever be by your side.

~~34. In the now do wisely act~~

Through the lush greens,
Beneath the inbetweens,
Battling the evil kings,
Aiding the ailing queens,
Saving the plundered lands,
Helping the joined hands,
Wandering the silent nights,

Struggling in lost fights,
Focusing between the lines,
Learning from the giants,
Analysing out the fact,
In the now, do wisely act,
Transforming at the minutest wave,
No cataclysm big enough to rave,
No nothing too small to neglect,
In the now, do wisely act,
Burn calmly, in Hypocrisy's inferno,
To apprehensions, let discipline say no,

To the filthiest gallows, the purest go,

Only to return with virtues intact,

In the now, do wisely act,

Go and act, but never forget empathy,

There is you, in all the consciousness you see,

So be grateful and let them be free,

So much of you, is still to be,

Be engrossed and don't be depressed,

Skip the tension and not the test,

Rise up against the misdirected tide,

Prepare for an exhausting ride,

*Roar at the mightiest predator,
Creator Nature is by your side,
Hence explore yourself to make contact,
In the now, do wisely act,
A subtle nudge to hint your route,
That'd take thee to many a brute,
But your duty asks thee to win with tact,
Go in the now and do wisely act.*

35. Passing vibrations

Now nothing reflects,
No real world effects,
Just passing vibrations,
To prove my facts,
No rules to make,
No turns to take,
No stars to burn,
No concrete concern,

No chance of joy,

No noble ploy,

None of your kinds,

Nothing that binds,

You to no place,

No goals to chase,

No rising Sun,

No time for none,

Whatever is done,

Is mere plastic habit,

Just like a rabbit,

Chasing a carrot,
And if you dare it,
Then nothing reflects,
No real world effects,
Just passing vibrations,
To prove my facts,
So persistently bang,
As those who hang,
May later get to rise,
Rising above lies,
No insecurities left,

Not really bereft,
Of vile and vigor,
No aiming for bigger,
Nothing too small,
No final call,
No boundary wall,
But a free for all,
Like none seen of the kind,
A time to unwind,
What tightens up air,
Not the abundant,

Not the rare,

But whatever it is,

Is not merely momentary bliss,

But some, with divine contacts,

Not ordinary rejects,

But immortal acts,

Though nothing reflects,

No real world effects,

Just passing vibrations,

To prove my facts.

Anonymyk