

15/9/2k2

i thought
i will speak in verse,
but papa is shouting
& mama's a scream
wat shall I rhyme
in between a fight.

Papa likes coffee
Dark & Sweet.
Mama prefers Tea
over any whisky drink.

Mama likes to shop
till she is dead,
but papa is flop
& will not give an empty check.

They Shout & Scream
& Scream & Shout.
i get nothing else
other than my daily bread.

wat shall i rhyme
in midst a fight

with love i find
nothing rhyming
my dog says bow
or starts whining.

kids like me
shouldn't be born
there's nothing
Rhyming
With Pop & Mom,
nor mom & pop.



15/9/2k2

i am living life
like a wind up toy
you are the spring
(me just a toy.)

High i have been
on life since eternity.

my mother/teacher has
a pair of razors
for her tongue
she tried them on me
they went blunt.

25/11/2k2

Finished playing the song
no music, no phone, no movies,
no babes, no news, no nothing new
its all over in the end.

26/11/2k2

The end of time
had come home
the other day.
Talked her into
sleeping with me

Ankle deep in sludge of yesterday,
we walk up and down in search
of something to search for.

Me gal says
she likes my poetry
and not me.

Paradoxical juxtaposition of odds.
Creative attempts towards equilibrium.
wasted energies searching for
nonexisting truths.

