

## Some Creepy Subterfuge and Other Poems

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### 1. Monosyllabic Responses

Monosyllabic responses,

and to the answer "work",

at asking what are you

involved in!

To distort questions

towards uneven belief

and to often cite

the age-old

yellow pages

that too shed off

the brightness of

script~~~~~.

And the ink too!

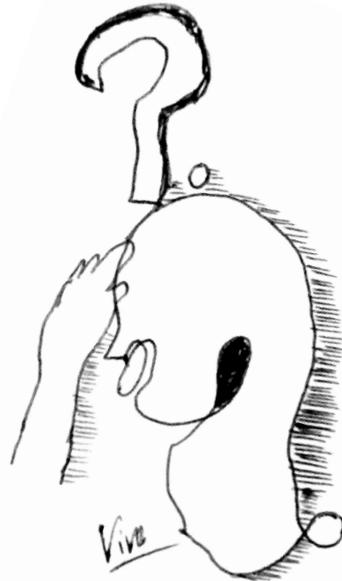
Let the words

eat them up

I see three images

walking here

just like you!



## 2. It was not A Delusion

It was not a delusion,  
no, never did I feel,  
And seldom it shall  
sail any such stream  
where tumults are seen.

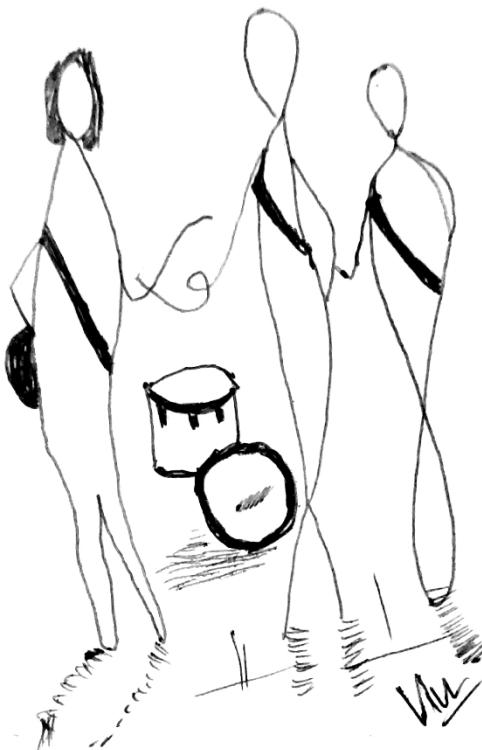
A mirage, the self may see  
yet fused with a zest for  
the love incarnate  
and the urge to attain  
sight, moves across, across.



It is not a delusion,  
The virtual world squirms  
and virtues set guerdons on  
the contest of thoughts,  
And the day comes on.  
  
A slumber is always just two-fold,  
and the anxiety in both the ways  
enthuses the existence  
and a trance commands  
opinions then melt  
and a life is seen ~  
Life full of love.

### 3. Of the Retreating Band

The fast train this dying December  
couldn't meet your pace, indeed  
Hey, the light from azure, you slept  
and the bitterness of thoughts held  
an arbitrary module to sleep or weep!  
Too early, I won't say, it was the phase  
where the clock strikes quite longer  
and the grace of nocturnal selves  
gleams up, higher and higher and so  
for many to arise and to begin.



Promises yet wept, like a self far off  
in barren lands along the sea, cries so,  
for her far-flown bird that came migrant.  
Dulcet trumpet of the retreating band  
and the whole night's quaker. The quake,  
It was a desire long grown, and kept safe  
like an organic seeding in farms, that  
The peasant does for himself, for his health  
As they say, the scientists for nutrients  
No pesticides in thoughts, let it grow.  
Let it grow, berserk, berserk, anyway,  
Yes, let it take its own course, whatsoever  
Let it break, let it break, let it break

At the gate of your beautiful mansion  
that you of your charm have made, yes!

#### 4. Some Creepy Subterfuge!

Thoughts prepare for the touchdown,  
yet no signal do they receive.

The foggy mood forces a doggerel  
And for some creepy subterfuge!  
quaky thoughts go and come  
in the chambers of commerce,  
the long night awake in thoughts  
Planning and calculations so.

The morning new, a signal comes  
yet bleak, too bleak to perform  
any action sequence, no new frame  
The systems again snarl, snarl, and  
Final thud!



## 5. Callous Answers, Too Frequent

The winter moon squirmed  
that fancied day, in thought.

The afternoon enveloped  
in fog, our cities too. So true  
when they say snow in throat,  
callous answers too frequent.

And this night I find it clearer  
It is conspiring convoying with  
that slender moon yes, so.  
Yet another whimsy land.

