

SONG OF SILENCE

SONG OF SILENCE

a poet's inner journey

Sangeeta Gupta



Prithvi Fine Art and Cultural Centre, New Delhi

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For rebels in search of silence

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Sangeeta Gupta's poetry transports you to the edge of the cosmos where you stand amazed by the beauty of nature and the mutability of human beings. *Song of Silence* is a woman's dialogue with herself as she puzzles out the meaning of love and betrayal, laughter and suffering in the quotidian circumstances of our banal lives. Since the eternal questions will forever engage the mind and never find answers, Sangeeta says, "Give yourself/ The gift of silence."

Poetry is indeed the whispered outpourings of the troubled soul. Sangeeta's images and metaphors function at the level of the sublime but her feet are planted on the ground. Memory is a leitmotif in this collection of poems, and such that stirs both joy and sadness, recalling interludes of laughter and companionship even as the dark clouds of separation gather above. The intense yet transitory nature of desire, attraction and sexuality are precious, but the poet's wisdom also knows that the ecstasy will pass and finally, each person, is alone, in silence. No bitterness is allowed to sour the memories, instead a mature acceptance arises, "Each has a right/ to walk one's path/ as per one's own passion and need."

It's always dangerous to read biography into poetry but given Sangeeta Gupta's extraordinary professional achievements in parallel with her prolific creative expressions, one can't help note that stretching the self into hyperactivity is a way of coping with life's vicissitudes. However, this is much more than biography. In today's world, such a protagonist is a prototype for the woman aspiring to success in an unequal society: Here are some beautiful lines:

Passion, wedded to creativity
bloomed, flowered.
Me perceived as a role model,
a super woman.
None saw nor did I realise
the hidden pain
in the burst of laughter
till I healed myself.

What is highly engaging is the mystic awareness in Sangeeta of an all-encompassing destiny that will only speak if one is silent and receptive to the message. Faith and meditation are its language, and flowers, lakes and mountains are its context. "Rediscover yourself in love", says the poet, and this leads far beyond ordinary human exchange. In allowing the cosmic forces to flow through one's life-- with awareness yet detachment-- to savour every gift of the day, to remember with compassion, and to strive with dedication for a larger humanistic cause, these are the active principles of silence. Poetry of such tenor is not solipsistic, nor is silence a withdrawal. Sangeeta's poems tread the path of purposeful living, with discernment.

Professor Malashri Lal
Convener,
English Advisory Board, Sahitya Akademi.

11 November 2017

Song of Silence

My whole being
a vast expanse of emptiness!
In the autumn of love,
I softly pick up
the leaves of your memories.
and sing for you
the song of silence.
I hug your thoughts

and pour my emptiness into you,
dissolve my core existence into your being.
and yet remain empty
in this season of love.

Without a choice

Without a choice,
a helpless spectator,
bleeds inside,
dies a thousand death,
pleads time to heal.
Witnesses
love and hate
as one and the same.

Illusion indeed,
Maya's most magnificent act.
Whenever one looks for
and finds love
outside of oneself
it is bound to fail.
Return to oneself
look deep within
it is there.

Oh like all beings

Oh like all beings
you were born,
with a free will.
To lead your life,
to choose, to decide.

You did not choose.
You gave away

your free will
and suffered in silence.

Enjoy your gift of life,
awake, arise and empower yourself.
Break free, be who you are, what you are.

In soul search

In soul search ----
Known meets unknown.
Mind meets no-mind.
you go beyond,
beyond yourself,
memory,
past,
oblivious of future,
oblivious of all,

you have ever known.

Explore, traverse,
transcend.

and then you are born
anew, afresh yet again
to hold in your arms
Here and Now.

Memories metamorphosed

Memories metamorphosed
turned into a lake.

A lake so
tranquil, so still.

I see your mirror image
yet there is
no reaction, no feeling
no nothing.

Neither angst nor anger.
I accept my past,
accept all that
happened between us,
ugly and beautiful.
and move on,
with Love, with Life.

Can success

Can success
substitute happiness?
People,
equate success with happiness.
and when
one realises that one is successful
very strangely one also realises
that happiness is an illusion.

One regrets, it is too late
in the day to restart again.
One's endeavour is to be happy.
Let me tell you
it is never too late.

Love reaches its peak in hate

Love reaches its peak in hate,
one ponders
was it lust in guise.

One blames the other,
magical moments vanish
blissful once,

a nightmare now.

Emotional crisis,
endless agony
one looks for an escape route,
finds none.

Suffering,
more suffering
day after day,
night after night.
What goes wrong?
Why love culminates into hate!

Promise of growing together!
both drift apart
communication ends in uneasy silence
efforts to resolve differences
drag one down
every meeting turns into a disaster.

One is at the dead end of the
so called love
ultimate reality dawns upon you
damage control leads to more
damage,
devastated, destroyed
one can never be the same.

Life has so much to offer

Life has so much to offer,
I have to move on.
with or without friends,
with the understanding
that everybody has a
different purpose,

different intent, sense of space and time.

Each has a right

to walk one's path

as per one's own passion and need.

I have mine too,

alone may be

but have to move on,

life has so much to offer.

On an unplanned day

On an unplanned day

doing nothing

was uppermost in my mind

decided to go easy

with time and space.

Neither mentally preoccupied,
nor any agenda on my platter.
Went with the flow,
met someone long disconnected,
shopped for the fun of it.
Read for a while
then finally could bring myself
to scribble my thoughts.

Preoccupied or idle,
how I pretend
that am not missing you.
In the depth of my soul
the truth sinks in
grudgingly I admit that
life is lifeless without you.

Sheer magic of our togetherness

Sheer magic of our togetherness
matched the spirit of
Dona Paula.
While we saluted their spirit of passion
they came to salute ours.

Sea took us in a long, intense hug,
raw passion revealed before all.
Awestruck, stood motionless
surrendered to sheer madness,
accepted their token of love.

Nature understands,
accepts true love,
though unconventional
the mundane world may perceive.

Day as unpredictable as you

Day as unpredictable as you
had other plans
which didn't take off
pushed disappointment aside

decided to plunge
in pending assignment,
It's been long since I worked on the incomplete documentary.
Worked in editing studio and
found solace.
Work revives my passion for life.
Realised that happiness is within
independent of the outside.
Choose to be happy,
be aware that it is your choice.

Surrounded by others

Surrounded by others,
not a moment of one's own.
Oh! How one longs
for a lone moment.

Stolen glances said,
so much unsaid.
Suffered the desperation
of being together yet so alone,
unable to share
the unbearable agony.

Love leads you,
to a undefined, unknown terrain
where one does not know it's fate.
Hopeful in a hopeless situation.
One is aware of its uncertainty,
It may last a night,
it may last few days,
or few weeks,
who knows, who cares.
So live each moment
as if there is no tomorrow.

Your world will change,
mine would not remain
the same either.
What was lived,
would be cherished forever.

Orange roses

Orange roses
burning with desire,
passionate flames,
longing to be by my side.

The fiery you,
often looks like
orange roses to me.

They sitting pretty,
nicely arranged in a vase.
Trying to control their emotions
as wild as yours.
Give me a stolen glance
and bemuse me.
Oh! How they remind me of you.

How your own, your very own

How your own, your very own
hurt you, tear you apart.
Violence in their words,

in their eyes,
cold, menacing hate
oozing from their persona
is more painful than death.

Sudden realisation,
send shivers through your spine ,
you were never loved by the person,
you lived for,
you died several deaths each day , to make one happy,
lack of choice kept you together.
Oh what a colossal loss of one's stupendous courage, conviction,
life surprises at every turn,
tears don't roll,
they turn in
and wet your soul.

The long wait has come to an end

The long wait has come to an end,
it's raining.
Just watching the soft drops
from my window

of the seventeenth floor office
elates my spirit.
It brings the same burst of laughter
pure, innocent
of childhood days.
The monsoon sparkles from the eyes,
fragrance of romance,
spreads across.
Without caring a bit that
it is a Monday afternoon,
spirited mood can hardly wait for
the day's work to be over.
Nature's bounty knocks your door,
one craves for the long promised
cup of coffee with you.

Waiting for a lot to happen

Waiting for a lot to happen,
when you and I meet
in this ever thirsty,
ever hungry city
for coffee.

The aroma of first splash,
mingled in the coffee,
will it make you a bit forgiving,
for those small fights of
the last week.

You terribly hurt, upset
seem so unforgiving,
my relentless efforts to make you
feel special,
gone in vain.

You unwilling to live the fresh
moment,
will the rain come to my rescue?
Will the fragrance of the moist soil
touch your heart softly,
make you smile,
if not for me, for greeting the
monsoon!

I was with you

I was with you,
neither words nor silence
was the same.
You seemed far away,
I was with you and
yet was not there.
Pain, deep, intense spread all over,
the magic of togetherness was missing,
Waited for that to happen.
Then left, with a heavy soul
craving for it
More than ever.

Me wide eyed

Me wide eyed,
It's past mid night
craving for you
more than the sleep.

Rains bring back memories,
longing and desire, all so frozen.
I am amused at my thoughts,
how utterly romantic,
first monsoon of the season
can make you!

Lonesome life,
didn't bother me a bit, ever.
You made me aware,
how lifeless life was
without you.
One lived but was not alive.

To deal with grief

To deal with grief,
betrayal,
breach of trust,
I pour my heart and soul
in work, creative or mundane.
Work and more work,
and some more
it really helps.

One Weeps for one,
who has outgrown you.
Memories
hurt deeply.
Forgiving
your own self seems
so difficult!
But this is not the end of life
I will revive and bounce back.
I know I can.

I have managed to run away

I have managed to run away
from the outside noise.
But how do I deal with
turmoil inside.

Crying one's soul out
seems to be helping.
Need to let go,
walk alone.
keep walking,
clueless of the path,
seeking peace,
seeking compassion.

Universe
hear me out,
help me
to come to terms
with the crisis
and learn to love my self.

Restless soul had no solace

Restless soul had no solace,
wandering mind found no comfort.
Old dreams recur once in a while,
chase me relentlessly when I sleep,
in between the long spells of being wide awake.
The unusual dream of
wandering endlessly
on a path unknown,
where I exhaust myself completely
and can never find my place of destination ever.

Since my childhood I am haunted by the same dream
time and again.
In such a dream I never give up my search
of finding my destination,
till morning.
When I wake up,
am tired of the futile journey,
a sense of loss creeps in.
I wonder why I keep getting this dream time and again.

All I wish for is solace,
before I leave this earth.
I want to find my way once
in this life and in my dream as well.
The search in life as well in the dream
goes on and on.....

You give meaning

You give meaning
to my words,
to my poems,
you are the life force.
you add spice to drudgery.
My heart did not beat for years
you made me alive.
The silver in my hair does not
make me count life gone by
It says it was worth waiting
all these long years
for love to happen.

Laughter came naturally

Laughter came naturally
like rain in monsoons.
Words and silence both were understood.
We so alike loved
being with each other.

It seemed we never got
enough of each other
craved for more, more and more....
Time as always made us slave
societal pressures, family norms
all took their toll.
Love compromised,
life squeezed in moments
do create their own
angst and agony
frustrations reflected
in our body languages
desperation blurted out from our
mouth
without us, knowing about it
We hurt each other not knowing
how to deal with lack of time,
opportunities not forthcoming,
suffered in our own way.
true it is
Love always comes
With its twin, pain.

Found

Found

an unplanned evening
absolutely to myself.

Such moments are rare
when I do not have a 'to-do list'
tagged to my day.

Lazing in bed with a hot water bag,
to ease my back muscles,
sipping my favourite tea,
listening to soulful music
with my eyes half closed,
in a slumber,

longing for you still
on a mid week evening!

Is it asking too much
from life?

Is it expecting too much from this moment.

If words hurt

If words hurt,
hope my silence
brings solace.

In stark aloneness
your thoughts come by,
remind me of the days
when laughter connected us.

The present,
a shadow of turmoil.
One doesn't wish to
live in the here and now,
one looks back, looks further.

To be grounded in the now,
one needs you.

One, mesmerised still

One, mesmerised still
by the memories
of the other day,
the other who has moved on,
wishes to redefine the relationship!

Parallel lines,
would not meet again.
Can time heal devastation
can we ever bond.

Thought process
no longer the same.
Wavelength mismatch!
Chemistry gone!
Now nothing
will happen between us
time to say good bye
and move on.

Violet orchid sitting pretty

Violet orchid sitting pretty
on my side table vase,
sparkle like naughty stars
in your eyes.
Teasing me in words unsaid.

Last when we met
you were with me
yet so far,
by my side
yet not mine.
Irony of time,
curse of destiny
written on our faces.
Let it be,
let it go.
We shall be together,
someday somewhere,
sometime who knows.

I peep out of

I peep out of
my bedroom window,
look at my three friends
my neem trees, who know me
and often share my life.
Now there is a secret
hidden in my core within,
can't talk, can't share.
My friends are not probing
they glance at me
with a naughty smile,
seem to know my secret,
so well guarded, unsaid.
I blush realising that they know
and they burst into laughter
so soft, so beautiful.
Your friends know you
better than you know yourself.

Saw myself in the mirror

Saw myself in the mirror,
on my right cheek
just under my eye, the blue mark
the bruise looks like a tattoo
a token of deep love, wild emotions
a fond remembrance.
It hurt me for days
then amused me
now makes me smile.

You in my thoughts
and would have been
in my thoughts with or without it.
Knowingly or unknowingly
You created this tattoo
so when I am faraway
it would remind me of you.
Your wild innocent
expression touches my core.

One craves for

One craves for
one's own space on a mundane day,
or in a crowd
looking for aloneness,
your thoughts still
linger to my soul
one craves to feel
to hear, to touch, to see you.
Far away, disconnected
yet finds you
so near, so connected.
Fond memories of your vibrant laughter
Keeps me alive.

The phone bell rings
and both hear each other
and burst into laughter
this is joy, this is love.

Work even creative pursuits were

Work even creative pursuits were
an escape.

Robot me
never wished to think
nor ever gave space to my inner self
worked, worked and achieved.

The world saw me as
a multi tasker, a workhorse.

Passion, wedded to creativity
bloomed, flowered.

Me perceived as a role model,
a super woman.

None saw nor did I realise
the hidden pain
in the burst of laughter
till I healed myself,
connected to my core being
comforted by the song of silence.

Come July, come rain

Come July, come rain,
waiting desperately
for the first splash,
for the fragrance of the wet earth
that made you feel alive.

One drowned,
in the memories of days gone by.
When one danced in the rain
without caring a damn
for catching cold, getting fever.

One craves
for a carefree life.
The aroma of hot coffee
lingers long to the soul.
Standing by the window
one goes back in time
and relive the monsoon magic,
waiting for it to happen yet again.

Weather spreading

Weather spreading
It's gloomy mood,
hazy smokey, ash grey day
no sign of sun,
sultry, humid, standstill
Waiting for the rain god,
to send its blessings on earth.

Am distracted, disoriented
stiff back, stifling my thoughts
why am restless, for what?
Unable to define,
may be because not been able to meet you.
This little truth,
bothers me no end,
why meeting you has become
so essential for my spirit!

Goa in monsoon

Goa in monsoon,
mesmerises one
with its awe inspiring
lush green freshness,
so alive in its sensuous wetness.
It arouses ones soul
to experience peak after peak.
One surrenders
to the sheer madness of the sea.
Clouds pour their
raw passion on sea,
and on you as well.
One gets drunk
by the bounties of nature.
It takes away the angst of
one's body, mind and soul.
One witnesses the magic of nature's
gift of catharsis,
one is rejuvenated.

Magical monsoon

Magical monsoon,
mystic sea,
beautifully mingled,
singing love songs,
dancing in each other's arms
mesmerise one
with their sheer passion,
life engulfed in that moment,
lived so well
no regrets of misspent past,
no expectation for tomorrow.

a moment fully lived,
has no fear of death
a blissful moment
gives you the courage
to accept death.

Not sure whether time

Not sure whether time
will heal the deep hurt.
I saw life in your starry eyes.
Those two always twinkled,
when I looked in them.
They greeted me with
the most beautiful smile.
You always laughed
through your eyes,
mesmerised me.

Those two didn't smile,
they looked so distant,
so vacant, so lifeless,
you said with time,
all will be fine.
Will wait till eternity
for such magical moments.

Not knowing

Not knowing

darkness

Will deprive one,

to know and cherish light.

Experience all shades of life.

Pain, sorrow, betrayal enrich you

You learn to value

bliss, joy and trust in life.

Silence

Silence

not mere absence of sound,

absence of noise.

It is neither emptiness,

nor vacuum.

All five senses connect one

with outer world.

Explore it with your sixth sense

which leads you towards inner world.

Inner journey leads to immense silence

which is eternal, blissful music.

silence is to be

experienced.

Silence is your

Silence is your
natural rhythm.

It is a state of no mind,
a state of eternal bliss.

Where you communicate
with your inner self.

You become one with yourself

One with HIM.

Your inner being

Your inner being
reflects only in the mirror,
without ripples in absolute stillness,
in utter silence.

In a state of no mind
suddenly you meet
your own being.

Mind is mundane, mind is sleep

Mind is mundane, mind is sleep.

Meditation is,

awakening of your own being.

A state of desirelessness,

non ambition,

unfathomable silence.

Only in such silence

blossoms the lotus in you.

Truth neither can be spoken

Truth neither can be spoken,
nor expressed in words.

What one speaks or writes
are mere facts.

It can only be transmitted
through silence.

Let people hear you
without, you speaking.

That is the only way
truth gets transferred
from one silent heart
to another silent heart.

In utter silence you share,
you merge, you become one.

Learn to wait

Learn to wait
cosmos will give you
whatever you are ready for.
Go in silence,
no mind, no emotion, no thought,
just silent watchfulness.
In that awoken consciousness
universe gifts you
abundance.

Give yourself

Give yourself
gift of silence.

Consciousness grows
only in the soil of silence.

Religion is action,
meditation is no action, no mind,
no thought, no inner talking.
It is flowing of inner ecstasy,
it is pure silence.

If you wish to

If you wish to
communicate with HIM
learn the language of silence.
Intimacy with HIM
happens in magical silence.
You know the ultimate beauty,
only when you sing
in absolute silence.

Truth arises

Truth arises
from the intensity of your silence.
Truth is not other than silence,
open the door of silence.
Small silence will grow
and become absolute silence,
where you find your being
inter-connected with One and All.

Love is the only power

Love is the only power,
one has.

You have that in you
in abundance.

Gift it to the world.

Silence is the only force in you
which can never be defeated.

Love and silence
connect you to you.

You arrive HOME.

Life and Love are

Life and Love are
momentary, not eternal.
Only death is permanent.
Why care, why value
permanency.
Live the moment,
love the moment.

God is

God is

No - body

No – thing

No – form

No – definition

No – gender

It is a luminous flame
of awareness within you.

You merge in that flame
only through faith in yourself.

Challenge

Challenge

the random noise within you,
the inner dialogue,
the scattered thoughts,
the mundane accounts of
your achievements,
the worldly success.

Integrate the silence
reach out to yourself,
your core existence.
And know the light on the path
it is none other than HIM.

This moment is

This moment is
the gap
between past and future.
Live the gap
remind yourself that
life is only this gap.
It does not exist in
memories of the days gone by
or
plans you make for days
which will come by.
Life is only NOW.
This moment is your whole existence.

Where there is no past

Where there is no past,
no future,
only now,
only life
then it is death of mind.

Become aware

Become aware,
that you are more
than this body,
this mind, success, career,
everything on this planet.
You are love,
you are the cosmos,
you are nature.

Strive to create yourself

Strive to create yourself.

Unaware you are mere mob.

Rewrite your destiny,
dismantle the mob's mindset
take charge of yourself.

Life is not all about

Karmic fate

and giving control

of your life to destiny.

Make choices,

take decisions.

Only you are responsible

for your life, your growth,

your evolution.

Create your own path

be the light, be you.

Soul is timeless, ageless

Soul is timeless, ageless.
You,
an unaware enlightened soul.
Strive to become aware
that is the only purpose
of your life.
Just go in,
learn to be silent.
Life is undivided,
a phenomenon,
a vast existence of We.
We are connected,
we are whole, we are one.

Soul has no gender

Soul has no gender
no caste, no religion
no family, no nation
It's a free entity.

Once born
is given a name, a gender, a body
a caste, a religion
a family, a nation
and these chains take away
the free spirit.

Running the rat race

Running the rat race
relentlessly will
tire you not.
Networking will
increase your net worth.
Your banker will
manage your relationship.
Facebook will decide
how many like you
and whatsapp forwards
will start your day
and may be
you will go off to sleep
holding your mobile.
Days will pass
and you will
console yourself
oh I am so successful.

Engulfed by

Engulfed by
overflowing passion once
you seem to have attained indifference
as if it is nirvana.
Reflect on this achievement I suggest.
To me it appears
as an escape
from fear of intimacy.
People often are
incapable of accepting love.

The unknown

The unknown

unexplored

undefined

unsaid

nitense

mysterious something

flowing from you to me

dark yet pure

needs to be demystified

Someday somewhere...

Two islands of Loneliness

Two islands of Loneliness
poured their emptiness
in each other's soul
and created Void
more Loneliness
dark, deep, intense
they thought
they were soulmates
islands will be islands
they do not cross
each other's path ever.
They are, They will be
two islands.

Can reach you

Can reach you
no more
you were faraway near moon
though it seemed nearby
now the gridlock between us
makes it impossible
to reach you ever
while I am on earth.
You have given up on me
and I am scared of
intimacy too.
you have your own baggage
and I have mine too.
No hope, only despair
Our meeting once for
some pearl moments
will haunt me
this lifetime anyway.

Love is

Love is
a slice of life
savour it while it lasts
Nothing is forever
Life and Love never
ever have happy endings

Life is a journey
Love is a station
where you halt for a while
and move on.

Whether you like it or not,
willing or unwilling to let it go ever,
you have to move on.
Love lingers to your being as memories
Life, a journey till death.

Life's most momentous challenge

Life's most momentous challenge
is to love unconditionally.

Respecting the infinite distance
between two closest people
is true love.

Understanding the
craving for solitude
of your loved one
is true love.

Accepting each other's
idiosyncrasies, different ways
is true love.

Love

Love,
inexhaustible radiance of the soul.
Infinite energy field,
where souls are one whole
interconnected, cosmic pure fire.
Love exists eternally
where you leave behind
the boundaries of body.
Soul meets the soul
when lust and longing die
love sublimates in compassion
where raw passion is left behind
it survives in acceptance of
uniqueness of each other.

Love is

Love is
the only purpose of life
Silence is
the only song of life
discover and yet
rediscover yourself
in love, in silence.

Life is a

Life is a

rhythm of opposites

accept the duality of existence

agony – ecstasy

Death defines life

Life is momentous, not eternal.

Creativity

Creativity –
a narrative
of infinite passion,
sweet and sour memories,
dreams of the distant future.

Creativity
is exploring timelessness,
the present always mingled with past and future,
and is all about
rebellion of a free spirit
an expression of freedom more than
love.

When I will be gone

When I will be gone
I will be still around
in the twinkle of your eyes
in your lazy, cosy smile
in the memories of shared moments
in your thoughts
in your success
in your happiness
in whatever you do
and also
in what you don't do
I will be still around.