The Dusky Aphrodite

Paras



The Dusky Aphrodite

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EDUCREATION PUBLISHING

(Since 2011) www.educreation.in To Priyanka Banerjee;
A beautiful girl,
A wonderful friend
A magnificent writer
And
My muse of Beauty

INTRODUCTION

This book has been divided into three parts. The first part is a collection of poems for a lovely person with whom I have the privilege to be friends. She's the reason and the muse behind this book. The second part is a collection of poems but with a Utopian mini-story of two people (poet and a poetess) in eleven poems. It is like, if I may, conversational poetry. Every poem is a response to the previous one and written alternately by the poet and the poetess (also me). The third part is a smaller collection of poems which have verses that I wanted somebody to write for me. And rather than waiting for somebody to write those for me I preferred to write them for myself.

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PART 1 THE DUSKY APHRODITE

And finally the words liberated through pen And hence found a voice louder than tongue's.

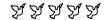
A WALLFLOWER

That beautiful soul resides infront And I'm stealing glances sporadically Do I take a step? But I'm scared Will I be smooth or foolish As every other yesterday. She's wonderful and lovely And piercing through the armour of my Heart through her seducing eyes Highlighted by mascara so fine. Look into her eyes passes a breeze over my heart So gentle and soothing That I blush behind my eyes Because I'm scared to reveal it on my lips For she'll know her thought is teasing me And my childish being is exposing the chain Of rushes that run over my skin and spine. There are riots of words But I'm scared to scare her So, is this a benign beginning; "Your beauty inspires me".

A A A A A A

A STROLL

I ambled around in the memory valley When on a bygone yesterday I met A woman with majestic pulchritude in alley Where I was lost and when my eyes set On hers, I had found myself a better me. Hello my new friend yet a stranger fellow I desire to know every piece of you Show me the secret path and I'll follow It to your heart and all liveliness Shall meld with all the loveliness When you smile for it is mesmeric And I recognize your spells of magic That are wrapped in silence But work by your inviting eyes And seduces, the fragrance That wraps your empyreal grace. That stroll led me to a muse so unknown That bewildered every sense of the poetic me For I possessed no clue of where to begin To reveal the chronicles of a beauty and a fool.



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The Dusky Aphrodite

It is more magical than poetic To be so inflamed by wonderment And poetic spirit that I'm speechless For the disorder of thoughts and lines Is scaring to not utter a simple word. The line I chose to slip out spoke "Your tongue possesses not the grace required" And I sit and stay silently, staring And praying to not get caught by her. What is that pulling my dreary eyes? What is it that entices my indecisive mind? What is it that contorts my tongue? What is it that hinders my lips? How do I keep in me that fights for freedom? All I desire is reveal what I have discovered; There she stands, the dusky Aphrodite.



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