



Mystical Emotions

Ritesh Verma

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New Girl In The City



Innocent eyes confused and wide,
she stays up all the night,
she doesn't need any fight,
she is the magic in the city,
she is the new girl in the city.

Lively as the streets in the mornings,
lovely as the lakes in the evenings,
loud as the cities in the nights,
she is just in a shell,
a shell of her own thoughts,
speaking through her own eyes.

She is always doubtful as an owl,
never trusting the distant light,
but yes bored of nights,
she is just in a shell,
a shell of her own views,
speaking through her own eyes.

Sweet as sugar, poisonous as a wine,
but a confused soul,
she is just in a shell,
as shell of her own people,
speaking through her own eyes.

She is the new girl in the city,
confused in the crowd but still witty,
she wants to paint the whole city,
slowly and steadily with her graffiti,

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she is here with a dream in her eyes,
she is the new girl in the city.
She questions every new sight,
to take out what she likes,
all her senses are working overtime,
to make her feel home in some lonely nights,
she is the magic in the city,
she is the new girl in the city.



She



You understand the mountains,
and the echoing of eagles,
that is why I knock at your door,
to revive my lost art.

You praise the words,
like a sailor praises the sea,
you look down the quarry,
to measure its unknown depth.

You question the infinity of universe,
and the perceptions of stars,
that is why I knock at your door,
to revive my lost art.

You rhyme the if's and but's,
like waves rhyme with seagulls,
you look beyond the eyes,
to measure the depth of soul.
You sense its breath,

and whispers from miles away,
that is why I knock at your door,
to revive my lost art.

You sing the pauses,
like the symphony of a cuckoo bird,

you look down the hilly road,
to measure the miles uncovered.

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You are a piece of art,
in this middle of chaos,
you revive the lost art,
in this dead man's heart,
You praise the unsung words,
in this game of emotions,
you revive the lost art,
in this dead man's heart.



A Luring Beauty



Misty eyes and grey sky,
I wonder whether you shy,
carrying a universe inside,
you are the star to shine.

More than the sunlight,
you are the sun in sky,
more than the winds,
you are the clouds in rain.

A beauty from nature,
you are the brightest flower,
a risk to eyes,
you are the love at first sight.

Wrapped in fog away from sight,
you reveal slowly in nights,
carrying a poison inside,
you look for prey in nights.

Slaying with just a smile,
you hunt in midst of swarm ,
time ceases to have a look,
you are way more than just a hook.

You are the prime of art,
through the beauty of shades and words,
you are a conflict from past,
through the bloodshed of wars and love.

For The Right One



I promise you our laughs,
I promise you our moments,
I promise you our bond,
I promise you our memories,
I promise you our love,
I promise you our silences,
I promise you our care.

It is all going to be there,
even if I am long lost,
even if I am just a memory,
let the day never come,
let the dream come true,
for I fear,
a life without your share,
a dream without your share,
but the fears will fall apart,
as the promises will triumph,
our fears will be on trial,
and our love will be on fire.



Gone



I know I will be gone one day,
lost in the misty woods,
exploring the unexplored paths,
but trust me my love,
I will be thinking of you.

But when the day will fall,
and the stars will shine in the dark blue sky,
making me wonder the road not taken,
but trust me my love,

I will be thinking of you,
Sometimes I might scream,
sometimes I might cry,
sometimes I might want to feel it again,
but trust me my love,

I will be thinking of you,
The nights will be dark and cold,
the days will be longer and blue,
the roads will go on forever,
but trust me my love,
I will be thinking of you.

On a cold night in a wooden cottage,
far from all the rush and hustle,
there will be nothing only just plain ice,
but trust me my love,
I will be thinking of you.

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Nothing lasts forever they said.
but a memory stays longer I think,

this second will also be a memory in a blink,
but trust me my love,
every second with you will be a memory unnamed.



Dreams



With all those dreams in his eyes,
he went on a fight with the lies,
he went on a fight with the nights,
he could picture only one image,
his life burning in his rage.

With all those dreams in his eyes,
he went on a journey for glory,
holding the hands of burning desires,
leaving behind the dried flowers,
he went on a journey not made for cowards.

He wanted to touch the clouds,
he wanted to fly higher than his reach,
but they all denied his approach,
but they all crushed his crave,
but they all seized his thoughts.

With all those dreams in his eyes,
he went on a fight with the lies,
he went on a fight with the nights,
he could picture only one image,
his lifeburning in his rage.

He was the pilot of his own thoughts,
dreams can fly he said,
and on and on he flew away,
on a journey to never come back again,
with all those dreams in his eyes.

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He was the sailor of his own ship,
dream can sail he said,
and on and on he sailed away,
on a journey to never come back,
with all the dreams in his eyes.



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Mystical Emotions

Collection of poems based on the unanswered questions of life.

About Author

Ritesh Verma is a Film-Maker based in Lucknow, India. He is currently pursuing his undergraduate from VIT University, Vellore. He was recently conferred with LA Short Film Festival Honour for his Short-Film, The Forgotten Words.



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