Poems by Sandeep Kumar Mishra

Sleep-On Sale

Every night I wander around bed-town
To buy some tranquil delights homegrown;
Dark ghostly mysteries of human life
Persuade me to escape from the day of struggle and strife.
I am eager to go that land of forgetfulness, of that unknown territory,
I track but can’t find a way to make me weary.
When unfulfilled desires hover frequently,
My fancy wide awake weaves his web brilliantly.
Sleep is a dream girl, a musk rose fragrance,
Melodies of a cookoo, the serenity of romance,
These beauties in bounty I always cherish,
But every nocturnal errand will be quite garish,
Because sleeplessness is my love interest,
Day sympathies me but nights torment.
I am impelled to sell my reluctant sleep,
If anyone is willing to buy and ready to weep.
Bring Me More Pain

I want to lift the raven pal of my doomed future
To see if there is some silver line in the dark,
No, wait! I have changed my mind
    As it might show me
The coming disaster,
    I might not be able to face,
I have reconciled with my
Shattered dreams,
Broken heart,
Lonely nights,
Sullen days,
Weary body
And tortured soul,
I feel the prick of pain
In the corner of my heart
When life does not torture me.
Beauty: bliss

Beauty is but bliss, an ecstasy
When life unveils her holy face;
A soft whisperings, speaks in our spirit,
The eternity gazing itself in a mirror,
It glows with pure tints of varying hue;
It shall rise with the dawn from the east,
A lock of angels forever in flight;
Exulting beauty descends from centered
And from errant sphere;
Balmy nectar glows,
Its magic spell enchants the heart.
Come! See the breezy dome of groves,
At its fountain quench the thirst
Of magic thrall.
When I Breathe Last

When I breathe last,
Don’t weep at my grave or inscribe a stone
For I won’t be there;
Death is slave to the luck,
Nothing it could do;
I will change my form,
My ashes will be one with the crust of the earth,
I would revolve with its diurnal path
And be live again for forever,
Eternal I become.
For me, life would mean all that more than
If ever meant whatever,
You can afford to forget me now.
Death: A New Life

Death doesn’t have feet or form,
You can’t trace his footprint;
See its image in the mirror of vitality,
Its spirit lives in the body of life.
Death is inside the flesh,
Mount on the funeral pyre;
Feel the body fabric burning;
You are not descending into the Earth
But rising towards the Sky,
And entering into a new home,
Remember! When the Sun sets, the Moon rises.

Sandeep Kumar Mishra is an artist, writer and lecturer since 1995. He has published poems, articles, stories and 3 books: 1. Pearls (poetry anthology), 2. How to be (professional development), 3. Feel my heart (art and poetry).