

A photograph of a rainy street scene. The image is heavily blurred due to rain, with numerous white streaks representing falling raindrops. In the background, there are green trees and a building with a yellow sign. The overall atmosphere is misty and rainy.

The fragrance of the pouring rain

and other poems

by

HA

**The fragrance of the pouring rain
and other poems**

(Self-published)

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To that something in our hearts that empowers us to write.

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Author's Note

This is the first publication of my collected poems which I have written over the years 2012 and 2013. Some of them have already been published either on my [personal blog](#) or on a writers' forum/community by the name of [20 lines a day](#), while some others are being published for the first time.

1. The butterfly flew away...

The butterfly flew away,
from the crest of my hand.
It is free and so am I.

2. That feeling

you know that feeling
when out of nowhere,
a thought comes across your mind
and you want to jot it down,

not because it is an important thought
but because something within you is urging you
to bring out the flicker of that light
that passed by the contours of your mind,

scribble it on a piece of paper
with a blue ink or black or even red,
keep on writing till the time
you have completely puked it out,

then store it inside a table drawer

already flooding with many such others,

place it carefully at the top

to be read some time in the future,

when you have almost forgotten about it,

one day you find it lying there lifeless, still

and read it in the light of the day

and simply smile at that cold thing from the past.

3. Looking towards the edge of the road

Looking towards the edge of the road,

I see a small child crying,

I want to reach him, comfort him

But there is something restraining me back

I can't move ahead, take even a single step

I finally ignore the child crying

And move ahead with the weight of my crime.

4. And that is when my dream breaks

The cackling of the birds,
the sound of the church bell,
the whoosh of the lightly blowing wind,
the drop of the drizzle like snow,
the faint laughter coming from across the road,
while I am sitting here
watching through an old tainted window,
sipping on a cup of hot tea,
a faint smile appears on my face
and that is when my dream breaks.

5. Draw me, sketch me...

Draw me, sketch me, and make a portrait of the being that is me,
show me who I am, what I do, which way I should go,
show it to me through your art, tell me who I am;

write me, read me, scan me, make a novel out of me,
let me know who I am, what I do, which way I should go,
let me be known through your creativity who I am;

won't you do this for me, this much I ask from you,
would you do this for me, I ask nothing else from you;

show me, let me know- would you draw me, sketch me,
write me, read me, make a portrait, write a novel out of me.

6. The fragrance of the pouring rain

The musky fragrance of the pouring rain,
it's background, very dim and light,
in itself produces a silent lullaby,
sending me into the isle of the sleep,
where I find myself not asleep,
but still not awake,
just lying there on the sand of time,
my consciousness remains intact,
making feel the surroundings
in a new delicate way,
Oh the fragrance of the pouring rain,
which sneaks out of the sandy terrain,
I feel good for once when it rains,
it does feel good when it rains.

7. The dark red blood glistens in the night

The dark red blood glistens in the night,
narrating the story of British Raj's might,
how a kind boy was killed at first glance,
where now his lover is forced to dance,
who will, against this injustice, fight?

this deed of the Raj can never be right,
the sad story of which I now write,
that kid was of no proper civil stance,
now his dark red blood glistens in the night,

what was about him, that the Raj fright,
was it his, against the oppression, fight?
he was not even given a last glance,
drowned in the black river at first chance,
now his lover dances at the same site,
here his dark red blood glistens in the night.

Footnote:-

The story of this poem is loosely based on a Hindi prose by Shivprasad Mishra “Rudra”.

Poetic style- Rondeau

8. A scarlet painting in the sky

A scarlet painting in the sky,
dotted with the white wisps of cloud
like the blood that taints the shroud
of the corpse with a smile so wry,

one could hear the sound of the cry,
emanating somewhere from the crowd,
under the white wisps of cloud,
that dot the scarlet painting in the sky,

the corpse's skin would wither by,
but what about the promise he vowed,
the seed, in the womb of his love, he sowed,
towards the sky, gaze upon, her eye,
on the scarlet painting in the sky.

9. Her voice still echoes around

her voice still echoes around,
the lone bird, lost in the mirrors of time,
faded, yet there with a fluttering sound,

hear, take it in, let it be found,
moaning in pain, narrating the crime,
her voice still echoes around,

her body decaying in the burial ground,
she is gone, leaving behind her life's dime,
faded, yet there with a fluttering sound,

the years she spent but being bound,
a prisoner to her own mind's rime,
her voice still echoes around,

leaving nothing behind her, no expound,
just her work, her prayers, so sublime,
faded, yet there with a fluttering sound,

oh Sylvia Plath, you are indeed crowned
the queen, amid the humanity's grime ,
your voice still echoes around,
faded, yet there with a fluttering sound.

Footnote:-

This poem is a tribute to poet and writer, Sylvia Plath.

Poetic form- Villanelle

10. A small petite woman

A small petite woman walking in the darkness,
passing by the lights of the city to digress,
leaving it all behind- the power, the glory,
she is tired of framing her own life's story;
frustrated with her acts that she so dubiously played,
she now walks alone, her hair no longer tied in a braid;
losing the sense of this world, she wants to be who she really is,
she has said goodbye to her past with a gentle kiss,
she is just starting to accept her real self with no pain,
she is finally walking in the darkness with no strain.

11. Crimson Rose

Put a crimson rose
on my tomb when I die
but let my gore flow
let it cover the land

let it get soaked by sand
do not spill tears, let me go
bid me a silent goodbye
put all my memories to a close

put the crimson rose on the grave
and tell every one I was not brave.

12. Violet Juice

Violet juice dripping down,
seeping through the lips,
gritted through the canines,
down it flows to the chest,

gives the pleasure at its best,
the sipping of intoxicating wines,
a quite shudder at the hips,
the head be dazzled with a crown,

the beautiful lusty juice,
through the body, running loose.

13. Red Lust

Collision of the bodies,
intermingling sweat,
the passionate hug,
the seductive kiss,

moan emerges like hiss,
euphoria of the best drug,
the fingers finally met,
come true the auguries,

the lust overcomes all,
echoes around, a silent bawl.

14. Gold pride

The gold pride of the gods
seeping down the Eden,
penetrating in the soil
and under the ground;

Hades cry out a shrill sound,
the blood of earth does boil,
the weapons form a redan,
and are activated the death pods.

suffer the mortals, pain and blood
amidst this amour pro-pre, crud.

15. Bloody Fangs

Fangs dripped in the fluid,
punctured through the throat,
sinking within the flesh,
sipping in the nectar,

thrashing away the protector,
no innocence that of the crèche,
the lips appearing to bloat,
speaking out the prayers of druid,

eyes twinkling, satisfied,
the thirst now thwarted.

Poetic Form

The poems numbered 11, 12, 13, 14 and 15 have been written in a poetic form which is of author's own creation. It hasn't been named as of yet.

The rules are as follows:-

1. Three stanzas; two quatrains followed by a couplet.
2. Rhyming scheme- abcd/cdba/ee
3. Theme- Some strong emotion or powerful act.
4. Optional use of a color for narration.

16. To write a poem

It takes only a moment to write a poem,
only if we widen our mind's horizon-
see through those dark spaces
no one ever cared to look,
pass through those lonely streets,
reaching that limit
where you are alone
but not yet so,
where everything is confusing
but you understand it all.

About the author

The author is a young man who reasons that writing is the best therapy to get through this journey of life. He writes everything and anything from poems to short-stories and from essays to articles.

He has been recently certified under the British Council's creative writing program.

After having left high-school in the middle of his senior-year, he wants to spend his life writing and earn some living, if possible through his passion for this creative craft.

Contact Details

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To know more about him and read more of his work, please visit howanxious.wordpress.com

Note to Readers

The readers are encouraged to share this free e-book with their peers. It can even be used as a gift. This is the author's first publication; so spread it across.

It is believed that the readers would share their opinion regarding the book with the author and provide him with their support and encouragement for more of such publications in the future.