

## 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.

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**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).

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