

with eloquence

as i periphered along its meander,
as i glanced alongside & startled.
for a moment & then stopped,
she sits beside the river rocks.

as my words would sketch her,
& my paint brush writes her abest,
phrases by phrases & shades by shades,
with eloquence.

with the same settling in my gait, i walked closer.
i braced myself on knees,
then conquered my erratic hearbeats.
an impulsive look, & her smile then greeted.
it vanquished my ice of solitaire.
amazed & avatarred i procrastinate,
i procrastinate my will, my wishes.
i miraged my canvas, to insinuate.
i know i could make of this moment,
phrased by phrases, shades by shades,
with eloquence.

like my diary with the leather cover,
like the meander of this sultry river.
she enclosed them all within,
with eloquence.

the cynosure of her almond eyes sparkle,
i bewitched & broomed off feet startle.
her incisive smile charmed, i dazzled,
allured me more & much more, i bedazzled.
she resonate with her lamp black eyes; oh! so seraphic!
i drowned deepest darkest ocean; alas! catastrophic!
she charmed & charmed, & disarmed my mirage.
my mirage, my canvas, my leather cover,
phrased by phrases, shades by shades,
with eloquence.

no more the the sun could shine,
aclouded by her bouffant layered hair,
she nurtured the night falling amidst day,
with nocturnal now,i was still daydreaming,
undenying her presence i desired...
more and much more,
i know i could make of this moment,
phrases by phrases & shades by shades,
with eloquence.

with my paintbrush dipped in gold,
and those colors on my canvas so bold,
i could draw and draw much more.
meanwhile she twinkles,
she distracts and she winkles.
as i astonished upon her flawessness,
tanned and golden her skin,
with my touch of a feather,absinthe ran through.

now,high and alcoholous,i was struck with dilemma,
like a poem should she rhyme for me,
or fall with colours on my canvas cover,
with the absinthe still running through,
i decided and i decided much more..
phrases by phrases,shades by shades,
with eloquence,

then i dropped off my quill,my brush,my will.
to capture the uncaptured,
to be numbed with beauty,
to spell but spellbound,
& then i made of this moment..
i sit & watched,& watched her all day..
i sit beside the meander,the river rocks,
till the spur of moment is left to pass.
till the breathe beholded is left to last.
i know i could make of this moment.
phrases by phrases,shades by shades,
with eloquence.

by:
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