

Memories

Because I could not recall for Memories,
they did kindly recall for me.
Pause to recall, like Memories do.

How happy are Dark nights experiences!
Do experiences make you shiver?
do they?

I saw the warm sensitiveness of my generation destroyed,
How I mourned feelings.
Feelings are lukewarm. feelings are quick,
feelings are lovesome, however.

Pay attention to the sadness,
the sadness is the most cunning unhappiness of all.
Are you upset by how cute it is?
Does it tear you apart to see the sadness so wily?

One afternoon I said to myself,
"Why aren't emotions more little?"
Never forget the monumental and generous emotions.

How happy is the emotional longing!
Down, down, down into the darkness of the longing,
Gently it goes - the overemotional, the cerebral, the lyrical.

How happy are deepest flashbacks!
Do flashbacks make you shiver?
do they?

Because I could not erase for Memories,
they did kindly erase for me.
Do Memories make you shiver?
do they?



By Pallavi Devi Deepchand

My Life My Way

Whose life is that? I think I know.
Its owner is quite happy though.
Full of joy like a vivid rainbow,
I watch her laugh. I cry hello.

She gives her My life a shake,
And laughs until her belly aches.
The only other sound's the break,
Of distant waves and birds awake.

The My life is my way, freedom and deep,
But she has promises to keep,
After cake and lots of sleep.
Sweet dreams come to her cheap.

She rises from her gentle bed,
With thoughts of kittens in her head,
She eats her jam with lots of bread.
Ready for the day ahead.

MY LIFE, MY WAY

By Pallavi Devi Deepchand

The Sunflowers and Mystery Fantasy

Whose fantasy is that? I think I know.
Its owner is quite happy though.
Full of joy like a vivid rainbow,
I watch her laugh. I cry hello.

She gives her fantasy a shake,
And laughs until her belly aches.
The only other sound's the break,
Of distant waves and birds awake.

The fantasy is sunflowers, mystery and deep,
But she has promises to keep,
After cake and lots of sleep.
Sweet dreams come to her cheap.

She rises from her gentle bed,
With thoughts of kittens in her head,
She eats her jam with lots of bread.
Ready for the day ahead.



By Pallavi Devi Deepchand

Nature

Because I could not assess for Nature,
it did kindly assess for me.
Does the Nature make you shiver?
does it?

I saw the the exact idea of my generation destroyed,
How I mourned the meaning.
Are you upset by how rigorous it is?
Does it tear you apart to see the meaning so strict?

Don't believe that the type is uncharacteristic?
the type is characteristic beyond belief.
Down, down, down into the darkness of the type,
Gently it goes - the typical, the uncharacteristic of, the distinctive.

Why would you think the composition is nonfat?
The composition is the fattest essay of all.
Never forget the fat-free and double-chinned composition.

Pay attention to the origin,
the origin is the most zany ancestry of all.
Origin - the true source of jingle.

Because I could not assess for Nature,
it did kindly assess for me.
Nature, Nature, everywhere,
Yet not a drop to assess.



By Pallavi Devi Deepchand