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## A Poet - Three Sequential Poems

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### ♣A Poet- The-Pressed soul

A Poet- what with being- a fameless tho',  
 Having had endless spar with sagging fortunes;  
 Even mired in grievous crunch  
 And buried under mounting debts,  
 And thus care decays and misery dawns soon.  
 Yet, a privileged soul-  
 Much above the light of lime,  
 Conquering its frailty  
 To rise above its unseemly slime,  
 Often not lure by doles of trivial dime.  
 Thereby, hem by idle hopes of frequent rhyme,  
 Tis the tact to make its way through cooing chime.

The screaming soul thus blooms forth and sings-  
 Õ... tis all love and fire - the most unusual things.

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**✿A Poet: The Maddening Soul**

An Artist - obsessed to the point of-  
Maddening hunger,  
In restless wanton wallow in ecstasy  
a bit longer,  
In writhing flair of melancholic pines of  
Savoury excerpts,  
Of the remnants memories: the whiff of  
past stirring romances.  
Slave to ART, further swells to dwell on passion,  
And strive soonest to evoke-  
The undiluted pleasures a bit more,  
With touch of suave arts-  
To paint the blues in all shades of hues,  
Those inked beneath- the wise words of guise.  
In order to cease souls of readers to reign.  
Aye, nay you have done, albeit did incredibly fine!  
While moulding words -  
Meticulously with unerring precisions,  
With no slightest excuse of any reason,  
For effortless versification with polished rhyme;  
That's done with tremendous timing,  
Which cooing in the ear with mellifluous chime.

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## ✿A Poet: The Artistic Soul

A Soul- nearly Madness allied,  
 Yet picking up-  
 Its tattered dreams for its aid.  
 Tis tangled in chaos of love,  
 With intense notions;  
 For sure, an epitome of its kind.  
 Tis also transcends the mind-  
 In extremes,  
 Feed almost into raw dreams-  
 In youthful prime.  
 Õ like a warbling bird,  
 Is at peace in meditation,  
 For procreation -  
 A beautiful poetic creation.  
 And as fairer the Art,  
 Then triumphant,  
 So defying the odds,  
 As It comes out of the shadows  
 Of life's lows.  
 Yet a spirit lits, even in shades  
 Of Black, White and Red,  
 While Passing through -  
 All sort of life's myriad fads.  
 Eventually, for a fameless name  
 All its worth duly paid,  
 By way of composing symphonies:  
 The softest ever made.

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