Broken

By

Dr. Richa Tripathi

There were days
When I used to practice
For turning
My strengthen memory to be weak, very weak
So
It could erase
Everything in black
Forgetting the joyful white too
Crazy, stupid and lame
But now
I am practicing again
Hard, harder and harder
To survive
The same
Trapped in a circle
Of black
In a different blend
With the same pointed knife
To cut my pride
Should I need to forget or weaken my memory again?
To erase sadness and pain
To choose the path of forgetfulness
When beyond forgiving
Time to fix on
Running in my righteous mind
Not any more
I will not practice it again
I will not forget those happy moments in the route  
To forget that bad  
Promise to myself  
From Now on  
I will remember  
Everything  
Every black and gray  
Every night and day  
So  
I can face and repay  
All debts and interests  
In which  
I am again an easy prey  
As I will compete in the race  
Fight back  
Instead to say ‘why me’  
You will hear me utter  
Right here, right now  
Lets try me
Narrow Love

By

Dr. Richa Tripathi

Narrow love
Ocean of love fully polluted
Smelly garbage is now stings
Descending purity
Teary honesty
Ungratefulness
Dying devotion
Now who cares
What hurt?
Neither me nor you
Unfitted matches
Fully understood
Searching voyage
Thrust and hunger
Looking for whom
The supreme one
Reincarnation
For abstract union
Intoxication
To flee away
Vaporized emotions
Chained devotion
Burden on me
Learning unlearning
You, an unlucky fellow
Making me strong
Fearlessly powerful
Not any more
Awful affection
Happy with
Or without you.
Vow

By

Dr. Richa Tripathi

Ocean deep dried
Throwing pearls aside
Hemisphere moon
Thundering boom
Loveless cajoling
Never-ending trolling
Handicapped memoirs

Dead Louvar

Looking back to nowhere
Seeking here and there
Vanished footsteps
Step by step
Walking, running, flying
Lively dying
The dreams faded
Dark and shaded
Numb, mute, deaf
Broken clef
Two pigeons
Rainy season
One fly high
Crossing the sky
Other looking down
Below the ground
Vanished strings
Dreadful swings
Soul, body, mind
Leaving one behind
Colorblind

By
Dr. Richa Tripathi

I must write
So you may see
When I will be gone
Blood of my heart
Stuck and stick
My handicapped beliefs
No courage to leave for the mountains
I am lying on this couch
You slept in bed
Everything seems colorless
We, the colorblind
Unable to see
The colors of love