

The Thought Behind Rose Cascade

It was a practice at our home to bring flowers in the evening. My father was partial towards roses. The neighbourhood vendor, seeing his affinity towards them, naughtily hiked the prices. But that didn't stop him from buying; that inspired him towards a descending count of 5, 4, 3 because his budget was fixed. As it turns out, inspirations are good to be passed on, if the next generation is willing to catch the vibe.

Luckily, I caught it. Roses heal.

Maybe, after a tough day at the workplace, he found it pleasant to have something to light up the living room where he relaxed.

May be, he missed his years spent in Durgapur Steel Township where people grew flowers in gardens and rooftops and tending to them was a daily routine. After all they are living beings, so they express. They express themselves in their own way when one gives them time. In exchange they give us joy.

Sudakshina Basu

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ROSE CASCADE

50 Ways of Admiring Roses

Sudakshina Basu



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Rose Story

I grow by the rule of Fibonacci
And rule with my twist and twirl,
I am the king
On my deep red days,
As my petals bloom and unfurl.

I can be by your side on a day of fever,
I can be your crown on coronation;
I can float with the lamp,
Taking your prayers along the river tide,
And tie a ribbon for a robust relation.

I am never a part of a hate story,
I am imbibed in joy;
Take me when the path is rough
To ease out things that annoy.





Positions

They pose like fielders
In a cricket match,
Set at vital points
To take a catch.
One at mid-wicket to stop a four,
One at short leg to arrest the score.

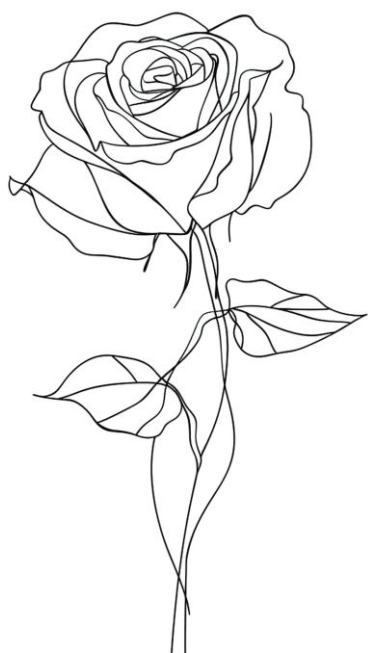
One at cover
Aiming for a run out,
One at the gully
To keep the batter in doubt.

The third short man
Is the Junglee of the lot;
The moment he sees a leftie,
He starts to plot.

One at deep point
Seeing the batter's face,
Signalling to deep square
Guessing the batter's pace.

The bowler standing straight
To the batsman's view,
His aim is always to bowl an LBW.

By the way
I am talking about roses,
On the bush in the garden
These are their poses.







You

You are needed
Oh, beautiful,
You are there
Oh, truthful.

You are the garden
Oh, dear rose,
I beg your pardon
If my windows are closed.

You are the day
Oh, my Sun,
You are the laughter
Above everyone.

You are the humdrum
In the poise,
You are the silence
In the noise.

You are the warmth
Oh, red rose,
You are the saviour
If I froze.





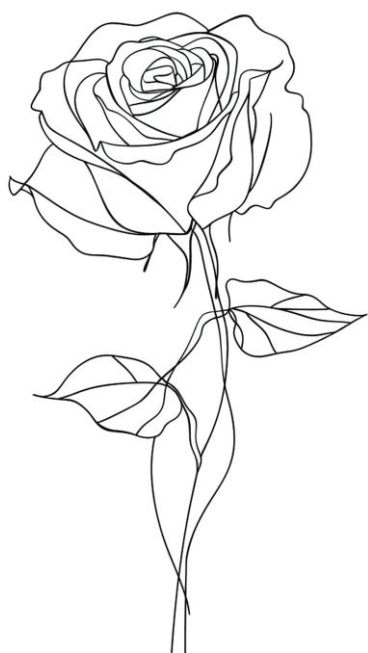
A Dance at the Bay

Just dance me
In the light,
I have nothing much to say;
You become
My close confide
There is no such place to stray;
The sky is blue
With no clouds,
With peach roses
At the bay;
The glow on you
Holds me tight
Guides my steps in every way.

Just dance me
In the light
I have nothing much to say..

O Laa laa laa
Laa laa laa
Laa laa laa laa
Laa laa laa.
Hmm hmm hmm hmm
Hmm hmm hmm

Hmm hmm hmm hmm
Hmm hmm hmm.







Birth of the Honey-Hearted Rose

The butter cream rose
Was seated in calm
On a spring-summer day
Yet to get sunny;
When a busy bee flying over it
Dropped by mistake a little bit of honey.

It fell at the core
And spread through the whorls,
Smeared the petals
That had begun to unfurl.

Just then, the busy bee
Hurried back to blurt,
“Don't let it flow out
Hold it at the centre, deep in your heart.”

Thus, was born
The honey-hearted rose,
Guess how it smiles
When you go very close.





On a Riverine Tour

You came in floating
Along the waters flowing by
And stopped just before me;
When you called me with a hi
To the world, bidding goodbye,
I started with you on a tour, for free.

You polished your stem
To be my boat
In the riverine journey
Through the woods;
I didn't paddle much
It was flowing along as such
But it was good
That I didn't wear boots.

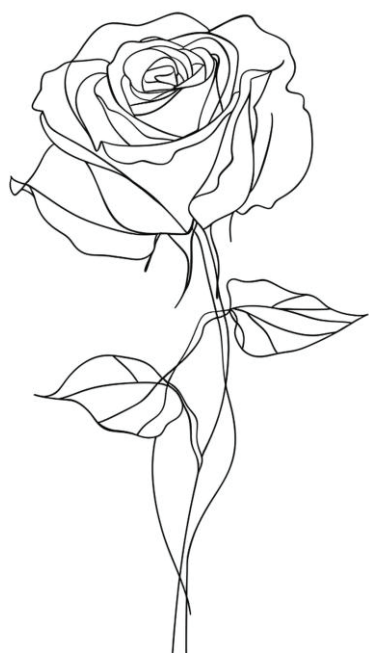
Soon as the river took a twist
Through the early morning mist
I saw some teeth open before me;
You jutted some prickly thorns,
That pricked the crocodile's corns,
"Ouch", it cried
And turned around to flee.

Close to the estuary

There was a point to worry
In case into a turbulence, we get;
But you asked not to worry
For there being no hurry
That soon we will get caught
In a fisherman's net.

Yes, we were caught right away
With fishes trying to stray,
In no mood to get into a trawler;
But we are not aquatic,
Just enjoying a tour dramatic,
For us, it was a saviour.
Loaded with fishy smell
We stood up fast
So that they don't sell,
But they laughed at you
For your scent;
Saying, "You rose in the fishes
Give us ideas for new dishes
Write a cookbook
As a rent."

We sat down to write
As the trawler went on its stride
The waves taking us up and down;
When we reached a new shore,
And gave them the book to explore,
Our recipe sold quite well,
Becoming the talk of the town.







The Sun's Goodbye

It's for a pleasant goodbye
That I land at your doors,
To the other half of the world
I have to move;
For the next few hours,
As the moonlight towers,
Till again in my sunrays
You begin to groove.

It is a matter of hours,
Not days nor months,
You shall get my light again;
You sleep for some time,
You roses in peach or lime,
May the colours of your petals
Never fade but reign.





Diamond Drizzle

Did it so happen
That diamonds drizzled
Along with the rain?
Then how do the roses
Shine so bright
Just by my window pane?

It can't be with a drizzle or dew
A rose gets smeared
With a diamond glue.

Or is it done by the magic man
Up in the sky, the magnificent Sun?
Only he knows
From which corner he throws
The light on the water drops
And like diamond, shines the rose.





Thumbelina's Twin

One on each rose I place my feet,
Hopping from leaves to flowers, I repeat.
If on the way I find a bigger rose,
Slipping into sleep
To my dreamland, I retreat.

I am twin to Thumbelina,
Dewdrops is my name,
To be true like a snail
I have only a foot
And with that, I am all game.

I lay flat, not ready to move;
As you shake the branches
I shake-up and groove,
Like a snail, I leave a trail
Along the path that I avail;
But if the day gets sunny
I turn fast and funny,
You will see me
Fleeing within moments,
Carrying your scent
With the winds of the dale.





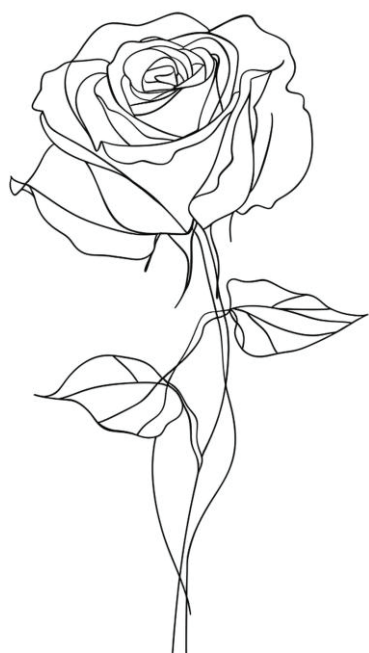
Getting Ready for the Bloom

Early in the spring
When you began gardening,
You sowed me deep
With my siblings and cousins;
It was for the time of Summer,
We were getting ready for glamour
In a northern island
To bloom in its best of seasons.

Far in the south,
Cousins fourth or fifth
Or maybe half-sisters,
They all start swift;
They are sown in Autumn
Just as monsoon recedes,
In the warm winters
They bloom in lawns,
Cleaned of weeds.

In shades of
Pink, yellow, white or red,
Like the wings of a flying bird,
Our petals spread,
We never grow in a hurry;
It takes time to ready our bed,

To de-weed and remove the twigs
That are dead,
We need calm to grow,
And not in a last moment scurry.







Symbiosis at the Rose Garden

The chirp supports the beauty
Or the beauty supports the chirp,
Who entered first into the garden?
The birds dropped the seeds
From which plants grew,
Or the plants brought the birds,
Is the question.





Obviously Enroute My Garden

When I asked,
“Did you bloom for me today?”
You nodded in quietness;
And looked up to me to say,
“You came to see me
Even while you don't confess?”

Okay I admit, you caught me right,
I was headed for some work of need;
But I diverted my route
To see you from close
Before, with harder things,
I had to proceed.

It is no joke to set things in place,
In trying to arrange all with grace.
Yet, ‘To err is human’
Is a proverb known,
It is my garden
With my efforts sown,
You are so much a need to me,
Keeping you well is a pleasing duty.”





Proxy Partner

I was in search of a look-alike rose
To be my proxy;
Now that I have met you,
We will stick together with epoxy.

When I don't style up for a visitor
You stand in for me;
Some days I shall be your proxy,
When you are busy with a bee.

Let us not disclose our proxy plans,
The gardeners will start throwing
tantrums,
But let me tell you something true,
Sometime in life,
All wish for proxies like me and you.



Meta AI



A Garden of Dancing Roses

The roses look like-

Dancing daddies,
Lovely mummies,
Having fun
Like crazy buddies.

As if it's a party
Of bachelors and spinsters around,
For some time, putting their kids
On the merry-go-round;
Even they need moments
That belong to them,
While the role of parenthood
Is always at the helm.

Dancing daddies,
Lovely ladies,
Must have fun
Like crazy buddies.





Happily. Tuned

If for a kiss
You bow down like this
You will see yourself all around;
You are so big
That on every twig
Your flowers bloom well and surround.

It's for the sky
That you never go dry
The rain clouds up there make you tower;
They float in big groups,
In long, unending loops
And every now and then they shower.

I stand in the shade
On the rosy petals you laid,
I am struck with fortune;
You make me proud
In my garden full of crowd,
As I add lyrics to your rosy tune.





Reciprocity

If you are Enid Blyton
I am your story,
If you are Robert Frost
I am your poetry,
If you are Robin Cook
I am your mystery,
If you are Ruskin Bond
I enjoy our chemistry.

If you are my Carmel
I am your nun;
If you are James Bond
I am your run.

If you are a joke
I am your laughter,
If you are my roof
I am your rafter.

If you are my gardener
I am your rose,
If you are my pillar
Holding you, I shall pose.



17.

Rosy Maze

Let's run through a rosy maze
To see where the path takes
In our own different ways;
Never worried about getting lost,
Just taking cover during frost,
The rows of petals
Shall shield from the sunrays.

If the path winds to eternity,
It will be of greater beauty,
Each day will step up life;
Troubles might smoothen
To pebbles from rocks,
Or get shuttled like badminton corks,
Each passing day
Will add to an archive.





The Fire Rose

Would you mind me saying,
That you are not a rose at all?
It's a façade that you wear;
Your soul is hardened
But for few,
You are the face of fire.

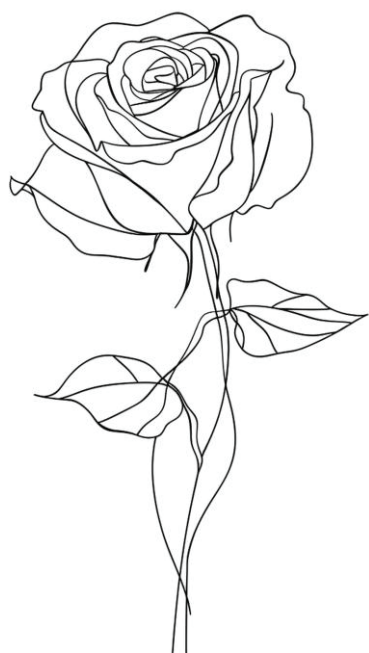
I am trying
But cannot find
An ounce sweetness in you;
Ask someone
If I am wrong
Please feel free
To take others' view.

In your whorls
I can only place
The fierce face of a lion;
You disguise like a rose
Calling your prey close
And then you just hunt upon.

If that was all I thought of you
Now I change my mind;
You may be the lamp in the darkness,

A focus lamp from behind.

Your light travels a long path
Reaching every step before I reach
Your flame keeps the darkness afar
Will you stay along if I beseech?







"My Heartbeat" - As a plant says

I took some years
To grow into a bush
From the sapling
You planted in the garden;
As we grew up together
Wishing every morning
With the beat of a sonnet
On the ground that is sodden.

The rhythm goes hush hush
Only we can hear,
No one else does it bother;
You water my roots,
Sprinkle on my leaves,
Making me reach for the clouds
Or grow even further.





Care is All That Matters

Care is sweet.
For the heart, it is a treat.
And when it comes along with roses
Nothing in the world can ever beat it.

Nothing can beat
The time spent to choose,
The colours of roses
The receiver can't refuse;
The time spent to bind
Keeping some leaves in the hind,
And some buds be there too
That will bloom in a day or two.





The Ascetic Rose

There is calm
As, peace resides in it;
All elements in a balanced form
In the life of an ascetic.

In the white rose
The ascetic stays
It is not merely a flower;
It is composed
To the core
In it, lies its power.

It has the same oil
It also calls the bees;
But it is hard to see
Their petals twist,
It is always at ease.

Its presence as if unknown
Among the pink, red and yellows;
It is subtly there
In the shape of a white rose.





Pretty Make-up

I ransacked my mother's make-up kit,
And with all shades of colours
On my face, when I hit,
I looked very pretty
From chin to nose,
Just like this pretty
Rainbow rose.

With pride, I strode,
Looking very smart
To show to all
My work of art,
Some were in awe
And some just froze,
Seeing on my face
The Rainbow rose.

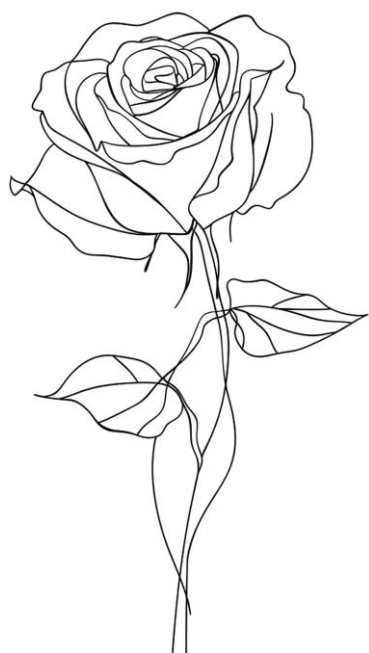
Some called me a jelly belly,
Some called me a cock,
That gave me an idea;
That I should now colour my frock.

My mother scolded.
Giving a glance,

To cry, I folded my lips
And she stopped at once.

She asked from where I picked such make-up
lessons;
Happily, I replied, "As I looked into that *millor*
mamma,
I applied my *thhense*."

millor stands for mirror; *thhense* stands for
sense







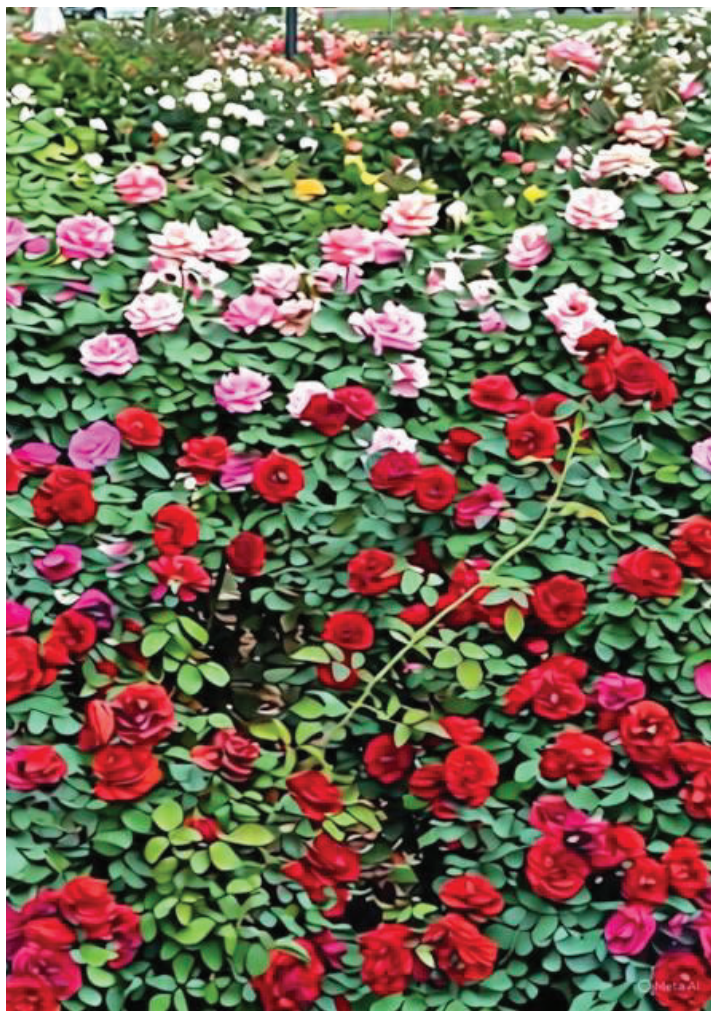
Speaking to the Butter-Pink Rose

How to write for you
When I am at a loss of words,
But I can pay attention to you all day;
For you, I have time, gifted by the lords.

Was it a silkworm
Who wrapped you in silk
Or some oil came off you
In an oozing way?
Can you share the day you were born,
So that I can celebrate your birthday?

With petals at the core in silky pink,
In the layers towards the fringes,
Your pink merges with a buttery yellow
All held to the pedicle with hinges.

As your pink touches your yellow
There comes a transient rose,
Whose colour mellows down slowly,
Through a seamless transition,
As it flows.





The Oil Wells

I bought an oil well
For a few rupees,
Then with some more money,
I made its copies.

Holding on to the land
They kept growing in number,
Be it daylight
Or in slumber.

From days of low yield
They turned into a rich field,
Giving rose oils filling the barrels
And of colour, light amber.





Rose Economics

It's a Wednesday
The middle of a week
Fine, you bloomed well,
Do attention you seek?

No no, enjoy who you are;
For I have money to count
Be it in dollars or pound
By work I am bound
And you are by nature.

Your beauty and spell
Also, your scent sells well,
Your petals, when dry, sell too;
They put you in tea
And in different recipe
Or in drinks for the rich, that they brew.

So, let's do a joint venture
It will be adventure
And see how much money we can make;
Let's grow and grow steady,
For the hard world, be ready,
For falling behind is a big mistake.





Sunday Brunch

I glammed up for a Sunday brunch
At my friend's country home;
Even though it was hot,
I decided to roam.

Most of my friends huffed in shorts
For they couldn't take the summer;
I ignored the hot sun
And put on me,
To be happy, a bit of shimmer.

It was my scent that did it all
That made my summers cool;
Rub my petals on your palm
To immerse in an air delightful.





Forever Youthful

If I bloom in a burst
And stay on for long;
I am strong for many days
Being fresh
Like a very new song.

I might have C as my vitamin,
For I am born in an orange field,
The air bearing the charm of youth
Against aging, they carry a shield.

My petals don't get a chance to dry,
I am picked up in a day of the bloom;
If on the first day I adorn someone,
The next day, I am taken to a room.

A room of flowers and strange aroma
A strange scent all around;
I am dipped in a jar of Egyptian oil
To be forever young and well bound.



© H. H. H.

28.

Barbie Rose

Don't be so jealous
I can't have a story for you all;
You very well know,
That shade of pink on you,
Makes you look like a Barbie doll.

You are bedecked
Every morning and night
And love to party till nightfall;
You are the Barbie Rose
Dancing around,
Be it at a ballet or a ball.

If that is all you want to know
I have told this so many times;
You keeping on coming up
Like a naughty teen sister,
Bringing to her elder one
A lot of smiles.





The Cream-White Rose

Waiting for You
At the gate,
Looking for You to step in
Before it's late;
I created a shade of roses
With a pale cream hue,
For the Sun to pass through me
Before it touches You.

What if, like our parents, that
cream-white rose plant at the
gate awaits our return every
day?

What if it knows that the Sun
at 4 'o' clock is no less strong,
so better create a shade to
ensure that the sunrays filter
through its cream-white petals
before falling on the child of
the house as she or he
comes from school.





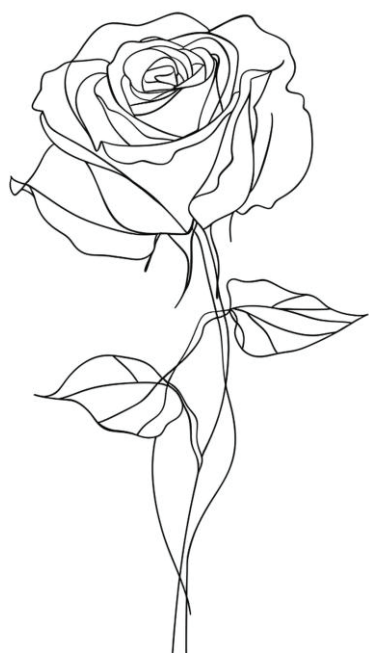
The Giant Rose Bush

If I stand like a ghost or a giant,
Tall and stout
And a bit out of mind,
Will that frighten them
When the light is low?
I am still the rose,
Though as a big bush I pose,
When the right light falls on me
They may see me glow.

But if I go in that mood,
That a naughty mind should,
I can act as a barrier
In the game of hide and seek;
When children do a pee-ka-boo
Hiding where little light passes
through
And I shall tap to frighten them
Thus, making them let out a shriek.

I am happy in this garden
To grow in a calm,
You take me as a ghost
Or someone handsome

It doesn't bother me much;
Don't forget to water my roots,
Come barefoot and not in boots,
Play with me for some time
Running around the little
grassy patch.







Sickness of the Roses

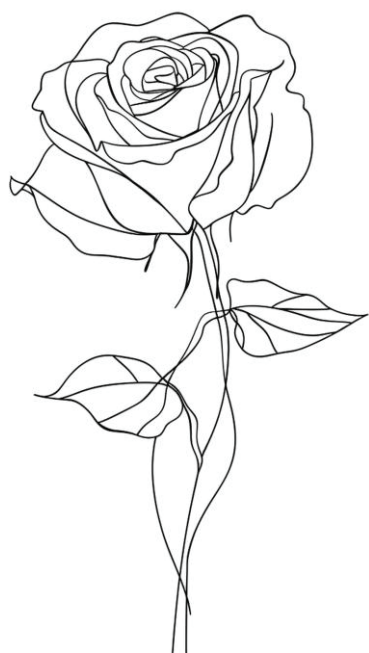
Broken petals or folded ones
Even if it's the rose;
They look like a broken heart
When you look at it from close.

One may pass by it
Taking its fragrance sweet,
Or walk past the flower bed
As a daily practice to repeat,
Keeping a count of daily steps
When hovers over one's mind,
Where is the time to stop by
And notice the roses falling behind?

They are living
And have problems too,
Fungi rot their leaves and petals,
Animals and insects chew.

The worst among all
Is the rage of the Sun,
Turning pink, yellow and red petals
And the youthful leaves to brown.

So, when you pass by the roses,
Take a note their faces;
With the change in the air around
They pass through various phases.







A Subject You Love

If I knew that a rose
Would make me compose
Half a dozen of poems a day;
I would have started quite early
When barely I was twenty
Taking an Honours in English
someday.

When I was young
Lines came in rhythm
But science is the best,
Many did say;
But a subject of love
It's all above
That love forever shall stay.

It's unconditional,
Without much reason
With it the heart aligns;
Be it physics or civics,
Or history or mathematics
Or commerce or law or science.





Thoughts of the Undecided Bee

Where to land
I can't make up my mind
On the first cream rose, that I can see
Or on the one that's behind.

Do I land on the petals few and flat
To insert my straws for nectar,
Or do I climb up the petals of another
Lined deep in layers;
Thus, changing my vector?

I am in indecision, hovering above
To get what is easy
Or to strive with love;
I choose the one with layers deep
Having a barrel full of nectar,
I can get some sleep;
Oh! But then, I need to hurry to the hive
Sleep can wait for later,
I am the worker bee out on job
To bring back home,
A barrel full of nectar.



© Meta AI



Playing Around in a Rose Garden

We had some fun
As we tapped our feet,
In the rosy posy garden
Along a beat.

As we played along
Doing ding dong dong,
In the rosy posy garden
Singing a song.

Going round the bush
Doing pull or push
In the rosy posy garden
Faking ambush.

Leaving chalks and slates
Doing all mistakes
In the rosy posy garden
Eating our cakes.





Buttons for My Old Coat

I have an old coat
Folded in the trunk;
Whenever I wore it
I looked quite spunk.

But when I got more healthy
By just a few centimetres;
Its buttons just flew off
By nearly twenty metres.
I was in my twenties
And my sister in her teens,
She suggested,
“Leave the coat,
Let's be in jeans.”

Now, after a long time
When I saw the coat
I opened my e-mail
And to my sister I wrote,
“Come over for a few days
You naughty witch,
I discovered some rose buttons
And you have to stitch.”





The Wandering Wonder

If I show this rose to a teen,
She shall say,
"Please colour my room
In this pink and cream."

If I give it to a kid,
It would say,
"Put in the chocolate drink
that you feed."

If I give it to a man,
He will take some petals
And put it in his eardrum.
All words coming to him
Will start sounding sweet,
In the land of dreams
Like a Nightingale,
He may sing and tweet.

If I give it to a granny,
She will keep it with the spices
In a way rather uncanny.

If I give it to her grand-daughter
Who can't cook,

She will keep it
Within the pages of her book.

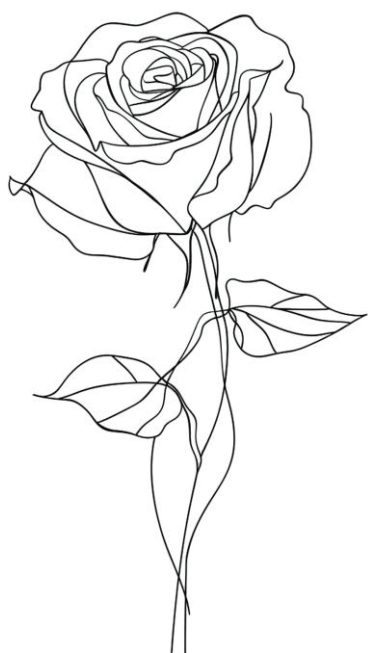
If the daddy sees the rose,
He shall frown;
And ask someone
To colour it brown.

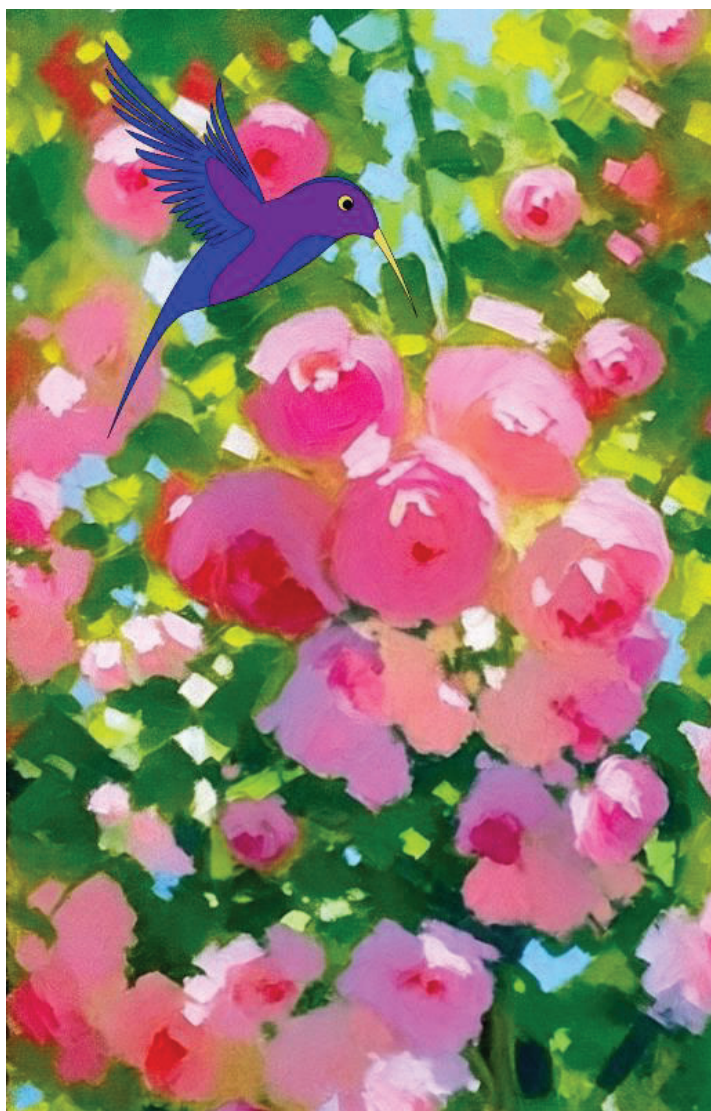
If I give it to the grand-daddy,
He might think it's tobacco
In shades of a strawberry candy.

If I give it to my mum,
She will ask "Who gave it to you,
a frog or someone handsome?"

If I give it to my sister,
She shall print on her frock
Along with some glister.

So rather, I keep it with me
And place it where it wants to be.







Just Adorning

Some reels are good
Meant to brighten my mood
A garden of roses in all;
I can give back a poem
With verses that adore them
I can go on writing till nightfall.

Don't spoil me so much
That I get addicted to this catch,
One rose on a twig was enough;
But to adorn it with six,
In a mesmerizing mix,
What if I don't rehabilitate enough?





Rose Overdose

Now, it's an overdose;
I will dry these roses
Or will decompose.
Those dried petals,
I shall put in my tea,
And the decomposed
Will go at the base of the tree.

The dried ones
I will use while baking a cake,
And the decomposed
Will go into the pots on the rake.

Only buds to bloom will be left on the plant,
I will think twice if permission can be grant.

Okay,
These words are just to tease,
You keep on coming over please,
I am so much in love with rose,
That to weave some poems,
It's you that I chose.





Spring Fantasy

On your petals,
And sepals and stem and leaves
It snowed and snowed
For countless days,
Till it started to melt
And some warmth you felt
At the touch of the first sunrays.

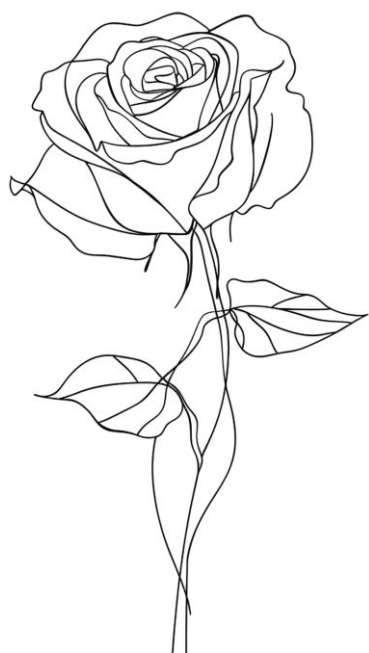
With a master stroke
All ice it broke
In shatters,
With time, that did melt;
Indignant though
In a placid flow
Time with more time
Had it dealt.

As the spring breeze moved
With scent approved
Growing-up days did flow easy;
The bloom was fine,
Your scent was mine,
You became my fantasy.

The winter ice cracks first,
then shatters, and with
time melts.

This not only marks the
beginning of the spring
season;

it appears time takes time
to melt that ice, creating
flowing streams that were
once frozen and hard.



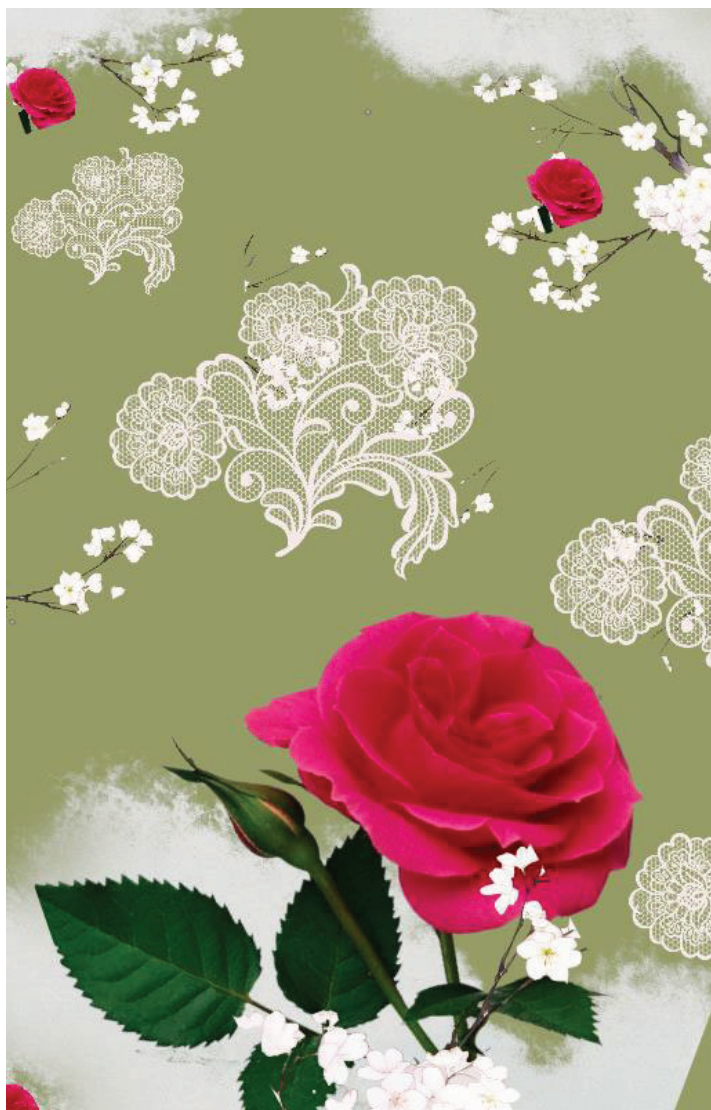




Mother's Drape

“What do you intend to do?”
The plant asked her flowers.
“Drape me like a Queen
In the gown that you sew;
That newly stitched gown
Made for a mother by her fawns
With you roses stitched on me,
I have become so pretty
That crowds come over to see me
From far off cities and towns.”

When a plant is in full bloom, it appears as if the flowers, which are her children, have draped their mother in a beautiful attire, and the mother flaunts it with pride.





A Rose for the Ring

Which of you will adorn my fingers
If I pick you for a ring now?
How will you lay your petals,
On a stilt, with a little bow?

I like none, for the fingers though,
A shape more flat makes sense;
So lay like a lotus,
With the twirl of a rose,
To make a smoother presence.

Oh! Dear Goldsmith,
Please take care
That no petal or twirl is crude;
If a thread gets pulled,
By an edge of the ring
My dress would take it to be rude.





If I had to write about 5th of May,
I would say that the Sun brought in a
wonderful day,
It painted the sky in a light blue
Extending till where my eyes could view.

Homeward bound, when I started
Walking towards the horizon,
There they come, the enticing roses,
Blocking my way, without a reason.

I stood at once
With hands on my hips
Asking, 'Why this brigade now?'
They looked at each other
And said with a grin,
'We had to stop you somehow.'

"What's the reason?"
I asked.
"It's for treason"
They said.
I fell from the sky
Like the broken rope of a bungee
My brain going numb

Like a lump of clay.

Each took out a bottle
And started to spray
Saying what's best to wear for lunch or dine,
They threatened me to buy some scent
Or to be ready to pay a fine.

"Alas", I said,
"What a roadblock
What a brigade this is,
Okay, I shall obey you
But give a free scent please."

They said,
"Free? What is that?
Here everyone lives as free.
The air, the light,
The water, the scent
Here we have no currency.
Oh! You were ready pay,
But what with that,
And how do we use your money?
You better pay
With some water and manure
For us to grow well
In shades of lavender and honey."

I missed my bus for the day
Watering them
And hearkening
To their stories of bloom;

Happy they gave me all for free,
Bottles of scent,
A plate of food,
And for the night,
A nice room.





The Sleepy Baby Pink

It's no morning, no evening time,
From the colour of the sky
One can't say;
But the light got dim
To call indoors,
For darkness is on its way.

Gloom may fall,
It may storm,
It may hail or shower or pour;
Covering those roses, baby pink
I shall go indoors
But wait behind the door.

When it showers,
When it pours
When the hail storm
Hit the doors,
I shall keep an eye on my Baby Pink,
To note that its covers
Don't fly off in a blink.





The Sun-kissed Lavender Roses

Oh! Now that the sun is out
It all glows, no doubt
And I put my petals in a pout;
The rays I do kiss
Which I did badly miss
My soul dances in joy all about.

Let us join hands
For a lavender dance
Going around in a sweet trance;
I bow to you,
You lift me too,
As it happens in a ballet dance.



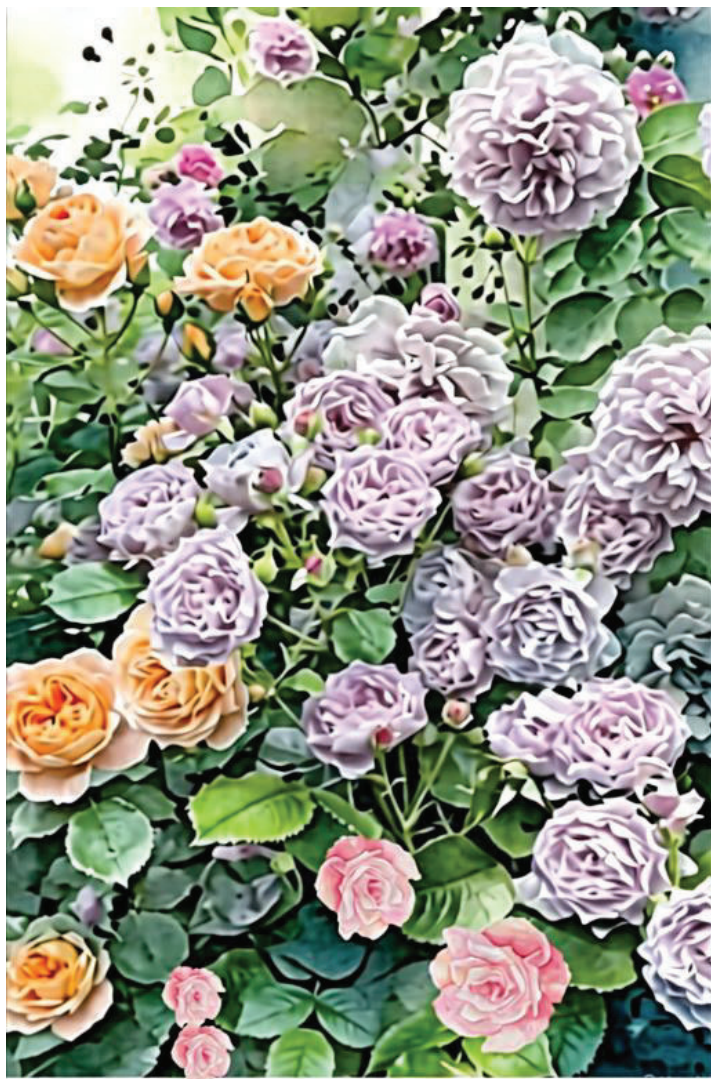


Sunny Threats

It was with a purpose
That the Sun woke up early
And ordered the clouds
Out from the sky;
Saying
"If I see you around
I shall scorn you in full
That forever you shall die."

It then ordered the wind
Not to blow too strong
But in a decent intermittent breeze;
Saying in strict words
"Don't flutter the petals of my beau
so much
That she can't stand at ease."

And then it scolded the butterflies and bees,
"Can you finish your breakfast, please?
Who keeps on eating till eleven?
You disturb as you play,
Your shadows guard my way,
When I look at my pink rose from heaven."





Intoxicating Roses

Pour me some
Malt and ice
High enough to touch the skies.
Let it drip from the rose,
Mixed with nectar as sucrose.

Let my mind float like clouds,
As my eyes through roses browse.
Let my heart
Love every one,
Plucking for a garland
For someone.

Let the garland
Be full of flowers,
Of pink and orange
And rainbow colours.





The Cranky Rose

See, even if I am a rose
At times, I can be cranky.
Look deep and see my petals frown;
You all come too close on a visit
And keep on judging me
With adjectives before my noun.

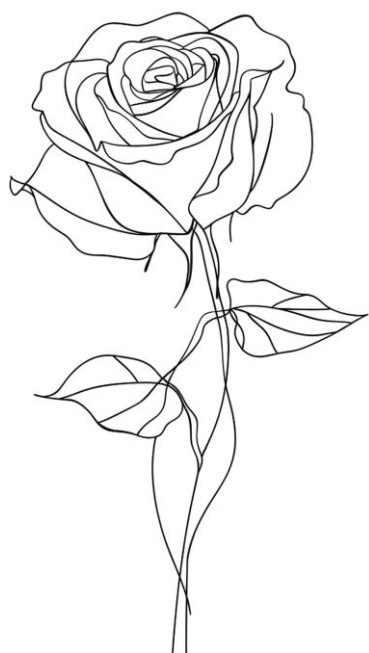
Can you go a bit far?
Or else I shall prick you with my thorns,
If you touch my petals too much
I wish your hands develop corns.

I can't go on smiling all day,
I, too need to revive;
Some days I feel a bit tired,
Dear guests, understand
And please don't be naive.

Shhh...go...
See you tomorrow..
It's not an excuse;
I am moody like a woman in her prime
Some days she cuts off her fuse.

I feel good after shoving you off,
I feel good for being bad;
But I said these
All in my mind
I won't speak such
And make you sad.

Add some bad words before my name
In case you get my vibe of the day;
Sometimes it's good to get defamed
I shall remain a rose anyway.







Peppy Pink, I Think

It was on a sunny Sunday
I was in a mood to sleep for long;
But as habit has it
It dimmed after dawn.

You peeped by my pillow
Like a daydream;
In a rosy pink colour
On my mobile screen.

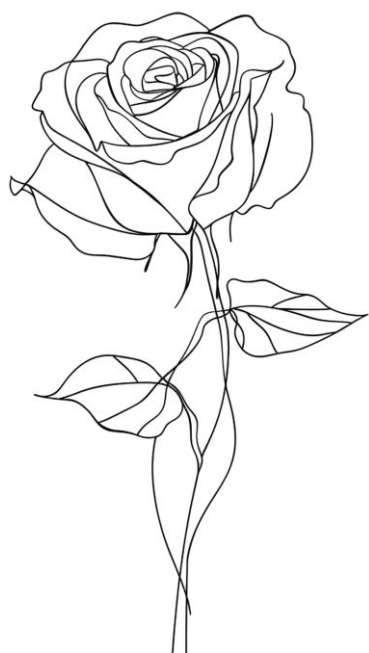
I searched for a name
I could give you;
I searched the palette
To match your hue.

There were plenty of shades
Of pink everywhere,
But without the right light
They were going haywire.

Finally I thought of a name for you
Matching with your glow
Matching with your hue
When you brighten my mornings

As you come,
You look lovely
Tagging along the Sun.

Thank you that it's me you chose
Good Morning to you too, Peppy Pink Rose.







Strength to Strength Talks

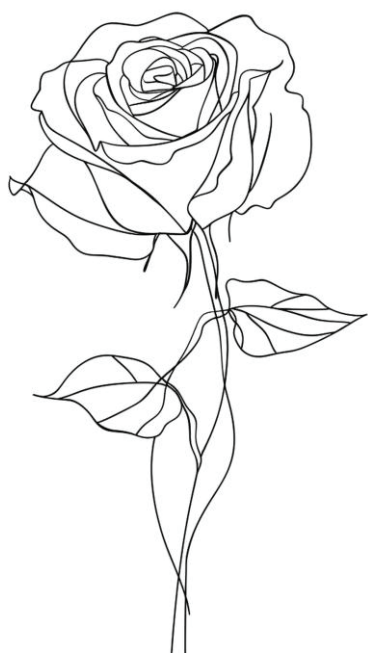
You by me,
I don't how
It's end of my winter
I'm yet to sprout.

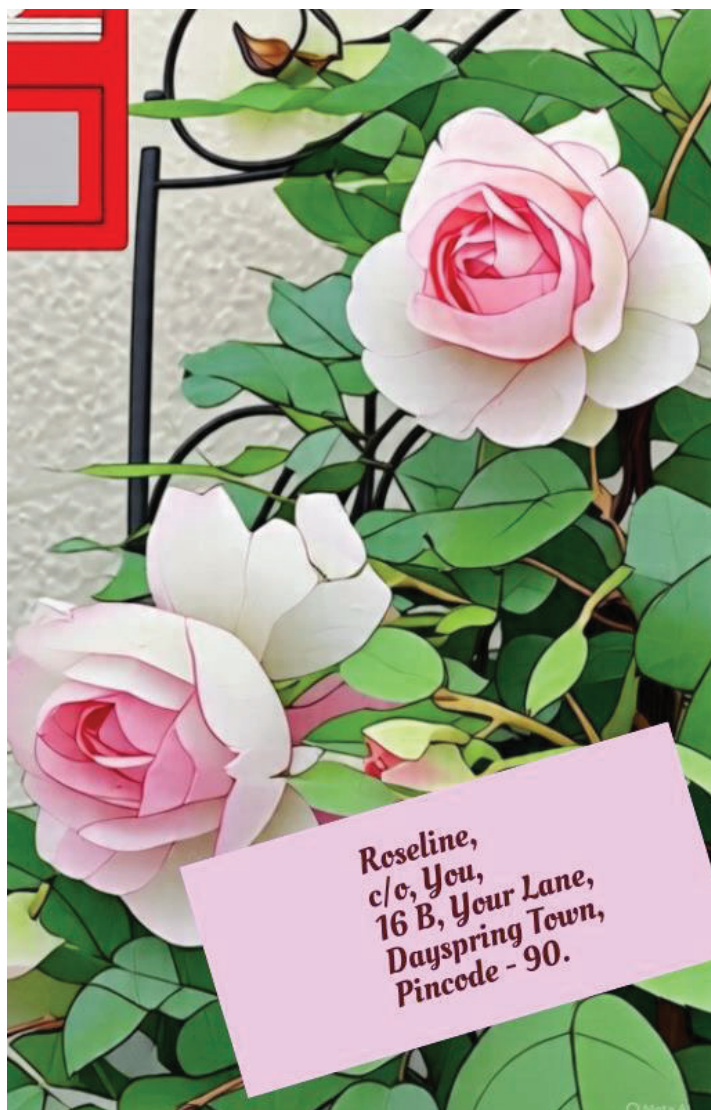
I look like a tree
Hit by lightning,
But your lined up presence
Make things quite brightening.

May you flourish to heights
With no one to offend,
If lightning strikes
I shall defend.

From the floor, you go
Up to ceiling,
Chatting along
With a happy feeling.
When I sprout
I shall shade,
From the hot summer Sun
Your rosy blade.

So, give me time
Give me company,
To paint a picture
Of great harmony.







Roseline, care of (c/o) You

You made me wait for a pretty long time,
You were only in my dreams,
I never knew
That you can be living on the Earth,
As time passed by, the dreams got slim.

Then one day at 7 a.m.
When I went to the garden,
You were there, standing in front
And you said,
“Beg your pardon,
Is this 16 B, Your Lane,
With pin code 90
Where roses are yet
To grow in bounty?
I have come
In a mesmerizing form,
This is going to be my address
From now on.
Some letters might come
In my name too,
May I ask them to write on it-
Roseline, c/o You?”

Explore the Writer in you.

(Preferable writing instrument - pencil)

Explore the Writer in you.

(Preferable writing instrument - pencil)