

Life in Poetry

By Austinography

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About the author ... and *Austinography*

I have been writing ever since I was a kid, but never opened the lid. Like many others, I, too, was an introvert, and preferred to be alone. All my penned thoughts kept shuttling between papers, lappies and some other doohickeys. That was till the day when my mischievous siblings (I call them *the three musketeers*) finally succeeded at uncovering what I did in my self-attained solitary moments. I then found myself standing in an ersatz *court* within our modest dwelling. My father was the usual deciding authority (*the judge*) as my mom swung among all of us. Going by the conservative lineage, it was a big crime. Instead of focusing on my engineering studies, I was writing about love, life, crime, and all that I was not even supposed to read.

During the proceedings, however, *the judge* was amazed to see the quantum and diversity of my penned thoughts — from poems to lyrics to short stories to articles to blogs. He even read my screenplays and TV concepts and a novel that was simmering, nearly cooked, on a side burner.

After lots of arbitrations and deliberations, my mom's smile conveyed the decision. I had won. Coming from a moderate family, it was a win for her, too, to see someone breaking open the nailed box. Even though it was a conditional judgment (I was supposed to keep it as a hobby while focusing more on my 'safe' career), it was good enough to disarm my three cheeky opponents.

Next obvious step was to push boundaries, and I realized how excruciating it could be for a reclusive person to get rid of his inhibitions. But I was able to do so. Over the period, I garnered sufficient guts to display my prized possessions in front of my friends and their families. After winning accolades from them, I, quite humbly, present to you my first book **Life in Poetry**. It is a set of poems that I have handpicked out of my entire range of written stuff, which I fondly and collectively call as *Austinography*.

Netting words, flying past
Setting them in precise cast
Dressing up with ingenious art
Expressing them with an honest heart
It's not the ages-old calligraphy
It's of today's world, Austinography
It's of today's world, Austinography

About this collection

Is there poetry in life, or a life in poetry? I've always wondered. Either way, I feel it's true. Every moment of our life is a poem — sometimes it's laced with romance, sometimes just a matter of chance. Sometimes it's all fun; sometimes we don't know what needs to be done.

In each of the fourteen poems I'm presenting in this book, you will witness a life of different colours and flavours. It's just like life is — that is, for all of us, innocent, quixotic, emotional, inspirational, funny, and uncanny.

You will also see a progress — a life — carried from childhood through adolescence through marriage, disillusionment, re-examination, old age, acceptance and death.

Below is a summary of the lives within these poems:

Lazy bum. *It's about a lazy kid, just like most of us were during our childhood days. It's also about his love for his parents, and how one incident changes him as a person.*

Cutie-cutie Cat. *It's about a kid and his deep love for his precious feline.*

Is anyone there? *It's about a bachelor's search for a suitable mate. It's an A to Z poem in a true sense.*

Love on standby. *It's not important to be a winner in love. Being someone on standby when your dears are in need is what life is made of.*

My first date. *Those nervous yet magical moments of life.*

My first kiss. *That heavenly bliss, my first kiss.*

My colourful past (male version). *Reminiscences of an aging break-dancer whose life has changed after marriage.*

My colourful past (female version). *Women can never be left behind. For them, too, life changes after marriage — and in a big way.*

It was raining. *Smell the fragrance of rain and savour the joy of passive life. Well, is it the same for a married man? Find out yourself.*

Can we re-ignite the fire? *What happens when your love interest abandons you for your own mistakes? Would you not want them to return to your life?*

The other woman. *I prefer not to say anything here. You can read and attempt to fathom how life can treat you.*

World's not that bad. *We always blame life, but even a small creature can inspire you to live, fight back, and emerge stronger.*

Age is just a number, buddy. *Don't be afraid of growing old. It can't snatch away your magical sheen.*

When I die. *And finally, when life comes to an end, whom would you want with you during those penultimate gasps?*

Lazy Bum

Early morning
Alarm is ringing
My hand goes clinging
Alarm is snoozing!

Here comes the warning
Up, up, my son
On your head now is the Sun
Do some work,
and help this world

Let me sleep a little more Mama
I'm in dreams, just a little more, Mama

Mom is mild
She went and smiled

Alarm goes again
And gave me pain
Here goes my hand
Ouch! Pa's stick made a bang

'Get up, you lazy bum
On your head is the Sun'

My blanket is removed
Now I have to move!

Slowly, slowly, getting ready
Back of me is my angry daddy
Missed the bus, once again
He needs to drop me, once again

'What will you do, in your life?
You are the reason for household strife
Early to bed and early to rise,
Don't you know, is the healthy life?

Now, walk ...little faster you lazy bum!
My job is thereafter...you lazy bum!'

Shouting Pa, rushing down the road
Followed by me — as usual, slowed

A truck smashed with a loud bang
Leaving my bag, I simply ran
Pa, lying in a pool of blood
I, crying like a stupid dud

I then saw my mourning Ma
Life was gone from my shouting Pa!

In front of God
Ever since I pray
Getting up early is the right way
Cheery-cheery then I start my day

No more now a lazy bum
Everyone says I'm quite a fun!

Glad for me is my sweet-sweet Ma
Sad is but my lonely Ma
She and I miss my loving Pa
Caring and daring, my loving Pa

Sorry is what I say to him
Glory is what I promise to him

Care is what I pledge to Ma
But I miss my loving Pa!

I miss my loving Pa
I really miss my loving Pa

Cutie-cutie Cat

Sleeping in my bed
Tears I shed
Missing too much I am
My cutie-cutie Cat

Six months back
Dunno where she went
Leaving me alone
My cutie-cutie Cat

I was playing in the rain
She was peeping in the drain —
And then she was gone
My cutie-cutie Cat

I tried and tried
Then just cried and cried
She was nowhere in sight
My cutie-cutie Cat

Mama also ran
Everywhere she scanned
Nowhere could she get
My cutie-cutie Cat

Came then my Dad
With a new Cat
She was pretty and fat
But I miss my cutie-cutie Cat

Is anyone there?

Anyone there?
Bachelor here
Cool and trendy
Darling so handy
End now chases online
Find me at places offline
Get to see my new-new looks
Here I am for new-new hooks
In the day or in the night
Jolly-jolly faces are in my sight
Knock-knock, is anyone there?
Look at me, I'm really here
Mom and dad are very-very nice
Never say no to my little-little cries
Only wish is to see my wife
Please-please theirs is my biggest plight
Queen is not that I've been trying
Rhyme in thoughts for me is prime
So tell me, is anyone there?
Think of me and I'll be there
Under the chants of mighty prayer
Vacuum of my life be filled with air
We'll be made out of you and I
Xeroxed some of you and some of mine
Yes, come to me before I die
Zoom-zoom-zoom, we'll then fly!

Hey, is anyone there?
Waiting for you is a bachelor here!

Love on standby

She was in need
I was with her indeed
Braving a heartbreak
She was craving a new mate
Even though it was a year
I was more than just a peer
We spent some good quality time
Roses to each other, some exquisite wine
I knew she was impressed
And I waited eagerly for her to express
One day, she did
Only to leave me, mid
'He has returned', she told
Leaving me dead-cold
'What about me' I asked
She held my hand, acting fast
Looked into my wet eyes, and camouflaged
'I love you, but I love him more'

'I really love you, but I love him more'

It was hard to come out of that pain
Ignoring scars, I turned to another lane
After some talking
And some walking
I knew she was impressed
And I waited fervently for her to confess
One day we were dancing
Never knew there was another lad
with whom she was romancing
Her steps matched with mine
Somewhere else were love chimes
In her topsy-turvy phase
I was kept — just in case

Few years later
I again tried to fill the crater
Within my coterie
She was the one who adored my poetry
I thought I had touched her heart
And maybe now things can start
Utterly wrong was I
When she revealed and cried
Amidst her fights
I was kept in sight
Just in case things didn't turn bright
The moment things changed
I was left estranged

Dismayed of being the love on standby
I looked up in the sky
To ask, 'WHY'
And took a deep sigh

'Can I sit here?'
I skewed to see the person and the chair
She was my classmate, ten years ago
On whom, as well, I had a go
When she tied the knot, I had to let it go
Has she returned? I wondered
Never wanting to surrender
Over a cup of tea
Then chatted we
Amidst everyday strife
She was unhappy with her life
On this opportunity rare
She was glad to share
Finally, she smiled
I felt nice

After some time had passed
I could see a car getting parked
'Come, let's make a move,
I have too many things to do'
Shouted a guy
Hardly she bid a 'goodbye'
I saw her fly
While her hubby worked nearby
I happened to be there, as standby

As I saw their car roll by
Four black hoops
Reminded me of the boot
Where the stepney sits quietly inside

I looked up again in the sky
Thanking this time
For the answer to 'WHY?'

It's the people on standby,
who are with you when you cry
It's the people on standby,
who are with you when you cry

My first date

It was a moonlit lawn
I was waiting since dawn
Excitement was all-time high
Sometimes I breathed
Sometimes just a deep sigh

Nearby, flowers were crying aloud
All petals that I plucked,
were now floating on the ground
It might be the same old predicament
For me, the question was imminent
Will she? Won't she?
After all, it was my first date
And a test for my fate
Proposal from me was already there
It was up to her to take care
It took time to express
But I didn't digress
Did all I could to impress
Now it's the matter of success
Or suppress!

With each movement of needle
My heart tend to feeble
It was already half past nine
Maybe all was not fine
But I wasn't right
A shadow appeared
behind garden light
I could clearly see
Yes, it was she
Gorgeous as ever
One whom I would lose never
She came closer, and smiled
Glued on to the petals, away I shied

My first kiss

Sitting on a bench
We were fully drenched
Bit of sweating
Bit of fretting
It was a pregnant pause
After pleasant talks
I looked admiringly at her eyes
And touched her hand twice
'Can I hug you?' I asked
She glanced,
and shied away
I had no choice but to pray
With her nod of affirmation
I couldn't resist my temptation
Inching closer, I held her tight
She, too, moved slight
Her heart was flapping
Mine was heavily tapping
'I love you very much'
Whispered I
'Me too', came the reply
Adoring her beautiful lips
I firmed up my grips
And placed my first kiss
For that heavenly bliss

My colourful past
(Male version)

Those were the days
When I was a craze
Locking and popping
Many came hopping

Chicks umpteen
Very-very keen
Cute-cute faces
From many-many places

Who should I choose?
Who should I lose?
Pleasing all was heroism
Leaving some was racism

Love was brewing
I was grooving
Those were the days
When I was a craze

Time has changed
Leaving me estranged
No one mulls
On my shiny skull

No more raps
Life is a crap
No more dancing
Gone are the days of romancing
Gone are the days of romancing

My colourful past
(Female version)

When I was a kid
Never cared what I did
Life was a fun
We three dolls,
and he — the parents' loving son

Going to school
Pupils so cool
Sometimes studying
Sometimes cuddling
Sometimes flying
Sometimes crying
And teachers? Always running behind

Those castles in sand
And dirty-dirty hands
Many-many friends
And colourful trends
Sweet-sweet Mama
Her little-little drama
Loving-loving Daddy,
was our cute-cute caddie

Changed was my life
When I became wife
Instead of my Daddy
I was now the caddie
Making kids ready
Drove me maddy
Dropping them to school
Then taking them to pool
Helping them in studies
I lost all my buddies

There is so much of housework
Still 'Honey, why don't you find some work?'
And when I chant my trauma
'Mama! You make so much of drama!'
In this daily-daily strife
Colour is now just white
Colour is now just white

It was raining

Morning was cold
On the bed, some rolled
And some deeply snored
I was already up
With my beloved coffee cup
Daily paper fluttering in my hand
Adoring, I was, the scenic wetland
It was raining
Creepy-crawlies sailing
Fish were chasing
Ducks were aiming
Dazed I was
To see Nature's gaming

Calm and quiet
Soothing and bright
What a beautiful morning it was

... Well, it really 'was'!

My wife roared from inside
I was floored, sitting outside
'It's your off day
Doesn't mean you'll not work today
There's cleaning to be done
And feeding to be done
There's washing to be done
And shopping to be done
Move now, you idling dud
Want to see you like a lightning scud'

It was then raining inside
Heavier than it was outside

Can we re-ignite the fire?

There was a time
When you were mine
Our love was at prime
Like a holy divine

Holding hand in hand
We used to play in sand
Sometimes making plans
Sometimes creating romance

I miss those cozy nights
And all your love bites

Oh baby, can we not re-ignite the fire?
You are the one I admire
You are my only desire
Can we not re-ignite the fire?

You were so kind
Heavenly refined
I was blind
Never aligned

I've now matured
Reformed, I assure
Not just an allure
My love is pure

I miss those crazy fights
And your hugs, so tight

Oh baby, can we re-ignite the fire?
You are the one I admire
You are my only desire
Can we not, re-ignite the fire?

The other woman

Jealous be my wife
Couldn't-care-less, was I
It was the other woman
That was indeed my life
And I was candid to express
On her I was truly obsessed
I loved her giggles
And her wriggles
I loved her riddles
And even her quibbles

She was twenty-four
Our love had soared
Then one day
I was floored
All hell broke loose
With that unwarranted news
I know God has ways
To manage who goes and who stays
BUT WHY SHE?
I cried and cried
As the doctors tried
Autism itself was a pain
And now the tumour's strain?
Just a hundred-odd days
And then she'd be gone
I mourned and just mourned

Her clock kept ticking
And my love kept picking
It was on all-time high
When she said 'goodbye'

With scorched soul
And torched goals
Shards of memories is what I gather
For the times that we spent together
She was my precious daughter
And I, her dearest father

World's not that bad

Magically flowing river
Crystal clear, like a mirror
I peeped to see my face
But I saw the lost grace
Worrisome lines, running all over
Hinting to me, it's all over
I was sad
Why the world's so bad?
People laying traps
Craving to backstab
Trust — the word itself is now crap
Fully bust, I felt mad
Not thinking anymore, stepped ahead I
Wanting to just die

I then saw a fish, swam to my side
Wounded, her flesh split wide
'What happened', I asked
'Escaped from a Croc.' She basked
With spirits so high
She managed to survive
Took another dive
And danced for a while

'Watch out', I warned
'He is sailing this side
And is pretty much hostile'

'Anything that can't kill you
Brings out the stronger you', she said with a smile

Jumping up and down, once again
She tossed all her pains
'Don't be sad
World's not that bad
Till you settle your row
Just go with the flow'
Gave another advice
As she vanished deep inside

Stunned with her views
I forgot my bruise
Took some water
And I washed my blues
World is what it is
Either you live, to again try,
Or sit alone and just cry
There and then, I made my choice

Wafted in river were my plans to die
Crafted in the mirror, was a big 'Hi'

Said to the world I've learnt to grin
Not going anywhere, I'm back in
Not going anywhere, I'm back in

Age is just a number, buddy

Wrinkles reflect where smile had been
Spirits reflect where style had been
Wigs reflect where youth had been
Wits reflect where sooth had been
Age is just a matter of numbers, buddy
It can't snatch away your magical sheen

Pictures reflect where dears had been
Strictures reflect where fears had been
Pains reflect where strength had been
Canes reflect where strains had been
Age is just a matter of numbers, buddy
It can't snatch away your magical sheen

Prayers reflect where faith had been
Tears reflect where wraith had been
Age is just a matter of numbers, buddy
It can't snatch away your magical sheen

Age is just a matter of numbers, buddy
It can't snatch away your magical sheen

When I die

In my ride, you were with me
In my pride, you were with me
In my stride, you were with me
In my slide, you were with me

In my glide, you were with me
In my tide, you were with me
In my blight, you were with me
In my plight, you were with me

When I tried, you were with me
When I cried, you were with me
When I chide, you were with me
When I dried, you were with me
The only wish that now I have
When I die, you should be with me
When I die, you should be with me

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Best Regards

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