

1) One Hell of a Ride

As the stars stared down on us,
And the ground below us beckoned to go onward,
We looked forward to getting on board,
The London Eye, a marvel to behold, not looking backward.

It was an exciting feeling,
To ride on one of the world's biggest ferris wheels,
A feeling not to be described, only to be experienced,
The queue was long, not long enough to deter our appeals.

As the queue dragged on, we noticed the adulation on the faces of the people aboard,
And longed to be there; an hour passed as quickly as it could,
We waited in anticipation, and finally the moment arrived,
As we stepped into the cubicle, our minds raced back to when we were young and good.

So we now knew that dreams do come true, even for people as penurious as us,
As the wheel, or should I say the Eye, started moving,
We were stricken with awe, marveling at the engineering of the rich and the great.
As the wheel moved at its own merry pace, we stood there in wonder, superfluous.

We kept looking down, on the city of the Tudors and Saxons.
The wonderful Thames looked refreshing, dragging us away from the monotony,
That bound us every day and night,
Our hearts were filled with joy, for once without pain or agony.

As the parliament houses swept past, and the clock on the Big Ben kept ticking,
And all the people around us kept admiring the beautiful view outside,
A strange sense of satisfaction arose within us all,
A sense of vindication, for we did something no poor man could imagine, magnified.

As the trip reached its climax, a hovering presence surrounded us.
The trip was what made us believe,
That with hard work and determination, we could achieve more,
And only then would have a life, all these while, deceive.

So now we knew that the gap would get narrowed,
A bridge to be formed,
The poor would get richer, and lead better lives,
Just because of that One Hell Of A Ride, performed.

2) A Journey with the Masses

As destiny awaited us all,
I remember that day as if it was just the day before,
Something exciting, something unique, with no rule or protocol.
As the train started tooting, the engine left us spellbound, encore encore.

As we sped along, passing CP and Khan Market,
A heavenly feeling within us began to explode,
For a night without AC and a journey with the masses,
Was all that we could've asked for, far from the stress and load.

So, we see strangers, who concluded to be our acquaintances
For this was no tier, no class, all we had to ourselves were our berths and baggage,
To learn the hard way, how tough life is in the real world, independence-
Was how we saw it, but realized it was burden, we had to manage.

As the evening turned to night,
Our compartment looked as if it had been a party hall,
A party full of two year old toddlers, who had many a fight,
The strangers(here, the masses) still regarding us as their allies, seemed to think we had
caused their downfall.

The ride lasted long enough,
For the bonds between us to strengthen,
All the memories formed; the rolls, patties and all the other hot stuff,
These were those that defined those days, no question.

And the masses in this journey made it more special,
As one looks forward to return from a party just for the beautiful journey back,
We too looked forward to the ride back home, with foe and pal
The train was what gave us the thrills and chills, front and back.

And the train arrived in all its splendor,
We too felt that all these moments in the past days would last forever,
Sometime later in our lives to sit back and cherish, on the back of our fender.
And stories to narrate to our children, forgotten to be never.

Now when we look back at it,
All we remember, the journey with the masses,
The greenery, and the insects we couldn't count,
All the things small and big, seem so beautiful.

Things that we'll never forget, we'll remember for the rest of our lives,
Things trivial and insignificant, are what define our lives,
And moving out of our comfort zones,
All things only to be learnt, when you undertake –
A Journey with the Masses.

3) Untold Stories: A Tale of Two Sides

Once upon a time, there lived a little boy,
A boy so different, and yet all the same as others.
His head filled with thoughts of joy,
And yet he had no sisters or brothers.

He wandered everywhere, none knew where he wanted to be,
Alone he kept going, with no friends to share his secrets with,
And no one to turn to in his despairs; no lock, no key
To his door, it remained open, for he believed in a myth.

And not one, but many; for he was a boy so alone,
He could only pass his time in his own personal thoughts, superstitions and myths.
He kept walking on, talking to himself, without letting out a moan.
As he passed by streams, stones and monoliths.

Thinking of the untold stories every night, he wished to make some of his own,
He felt, in every ounce of his self, that he needed much attention.
For he knew he would turn it around and be in the 'big zone';
For one day would come, when his life would have its major ascension.

But he did not belong there, for the stigma of his birth haunted him,
Bonded by poverty and illiteracy, his wings were broken,
Unable to fly, he was stranded, in a tank filled upto the brim,
He now knew how hard it would be, to make his own story, he had to be awoken.

Wounded and hurt, without mercy, only grief in his heart, so bare,
He needed now to bridge the gap between the two sides,
A pauper now, wanting to become the king's heir,
The two sides had to come together, a bridge between the two divides.

And so began the quest, a hunt so severe, the result uncertain,
It could end in glory or grief, the risks he had to take,
As he longed and longed, for the days of success, only to be hindered by a curtain,

Of uncertainty, doubt and despair, something he had to fight with pain and ache.

As the gaps seemed to be abridged, he realised there were stories untold,
As Aesop told his friends, he too longed for those,
As his success grew immense multifold,
His life now itself a story to behold, a plethora of highs and lows.

So this boy, now a complete man, who had begun from the depths of penury,
Had struck it rich, now a man of opulence so great,
If you ask him how, a simple reply, as one from a jury,
Join the two sides-one, the rich and the proud, the other, the common man, the poor and the sick.

4) To Utopia and Beyond

Depressed, hurt, hungry and emaciated,
A situation so bleak, satan wouldn't take you for his accomplice,
Life slowly draining out of you, you are done and dusted,
As one on his death bed would ask for his final wish.

Roaming wildly, wondering if there is survival,
All around you see shimmering lights and happy faces,
And begin to wonder if you are a zombie or an animal,
And realize you are one of the psychiatrist's rarest cases.

As you lie tossing and turning in bed,
Unable to go to sleep, not getting dreams,
Realizing your life is the worst nightmare made,
All you hear are cries and screams.

You begin to wonder when there is escape, if at all,
Wanting to be free from the bondings of this vast cage,
You look for chinks in the armour, be it big or small,
Desperation has reached such a level, life has reached its last page.

As the light goes dim, and darkness begins to surround you,
You sink deeper into the grave that you've made,
All that's become of you-the demons take you for stew,
And all that you can hear are your beating heart and the demon's spade.

As you go lower and lower into the grave,
Suddenly a speck of yellow light emerges,

You try to peek through, you see what you do crave,
And then you get blinded by something heavenly, through the reaches.

As one who has just received a 220 volt electric shock,
You lie there awestruck,
A man emerges through, holding out his hand for you, beckoning you on for a walk.
You merely comply, even though you wish with him no truck.

As he guides you through, you see a place so perfect,
As one you couldn't imagine even in your wildest dreams,
A place so wonderful, it seemed, it could never get wrecked,
You think to yourself, "Where am I? ", while noticing the refreshing foliage and streams.

As you gather enough courage to ask him where you are,
The man(of sorts) turns back and says,
"Welcome to Utopia, my friend", no place like this near and far,
And as he rambles on, you wonder why you deserve this place.

Suddenly, you realize there is such a thing as karma,
Your previous deeds have led you to this place,
And once your there, its like an armour,
"No place like Utopia", the man says.

But you know you have miles ahead of you,
Your destination is still far away,
You've got to reach heaven from Utopia,
And go beyond, who knows where, pray.

So all you need to do now is keep going,
You know you can't stop, no rest, no bond,
For you have to fly like a boeing,
To reach Utopia and beyond.

5) Coming Home

When life leaves you high and dry,
And pain sets you back a mile,
You feel like the whole world is a lie,
And your sufferings begin to pile.

When your down and out,
All defeated, beaten and bruised,

Home is the only place that you can call your own, for party and bout,
Home is that place where you are spoilt for choice and never confused.

You miss home so bad,
The roads, the buildings and the trees seem so far.
Neither friends nor enemies; it drives you mad,
Only a vague outline of a place ajar.

You begin to think life is a joke,
Only, its not funny, its dark.
You begin to see nothing but black smoke.
You've given up hope, survival is bleak and stark

And then you suddenly realize that there is an end,
To the hopelessness and the speculation,
Waiting for better days to come, hope is your only friend.
You hope, and the wonderful thoughts increase your temptation.

Life begins at the end of your comfort zone,
And you begin to wonder if you had one at all,
The temptation increases, as the days near by; you groan and moan,
The memories hit you hard, of summer and fall.

And you know however long the journey,
How many ever thorns, twigs and stones on the way,
You will brave through all of the obstacles and be as strong as an army,
Just for that one place called home-where you don't go astray.

So finally the countdown starts,
Each second seems like a year, each minute, a decade.
And as each second passes by, your mind does wheel carts ,
In anticipation of the impending joy and happiness made.

When you think of it,
Its such a beautiful word-HOME
And its where we belong, where we fit
Where we can play, sit and roam.

And when you finally do reach home,
The feeling is exotic, the nerves get rattled and the pulse gets faster.
We ease into ourselves and feel like on top of a dome,
And all the hate, the anger and the exasperation take a beating and you become the master.

So now the importance of home emerges out,
It's a place that is more than a place,
It's a reckoning in our heart, which beckons us further out,
So, oh my friend, I am coming home, I am coming home, to save my grace.

6) The 12th of September, 1988

As she peeped through the keyhole,
She wondered if ever she would go back there,
To the home she belonged; where five years ago, she performed rock and roll.
And her heart was filled with hate, followed by her eyes beginning to glare.

The more she longed for it,
A fear brewed inside her.
She saw the chair where she used to sit and play,
It was now warmed by her old sir.

As her thoughts wandered,
The strings of the guitar came into her memory.
It had been five years; slowly she lifted herself up and realised her blunder,
She knew she couldn't resist the melodies.

And then came the resolve,
She brought down the guitar covered in layers of dust.
She told herself; now she has to evolve,
To become her old self; evolve she must, she must.

Out came the plectrum,
The tuner fell in to place,
But when she tried to strum
She knew she had set herself very high dreams to chase.

And so it began,
Nine hours a day of arduous strumming, fingerpicking and lead,
But the struggle was futile; after a month her face turned wan.
However hard she tried, she just couldn't; she turned to weed.

Practice makes a man perfect,
So why not a woman, she wondered in her stupor.
When finally one day, she realised her life would be wrecked,
If she carried on; she knew she wanted it to be super,

Then came the dawn of a new beginning,
A morning for her to remember,
She recalls that day now, happily grinning.
The day that changed her life for the better.

So it was this that happened on the 12th of September, 1988.
A far cry from her previous attempts at success, all doomed by failure.
The guitar strummed on, she began feeling great,
As how one feels when he becomes a mayor.

Three years later, it was all back to where she had begun,
Her sir was back and so were her melodies and harmonies.
She had reached back home, playing rock and roll once again.
The audience was back and so were the aristocracies.

Looking back at it now,
She wondered how she had managed to turn it around.
From being a nervous, lonely wreck to the star she was now,
Leaving her fans spell bound.

When suddenly realisation dawned,
She remembered all those years of practice and work,
She knows now; it wasn't the work of a magic wand.
It was all her courage those days; which moved her on without a shirk.

Fondly remembering the 12th of September, 1988.
She carries on performing every night.
Now people know Carolyn Kate.
So Carolyn Kate she is now, she wasn't, ten years back into the twilight.