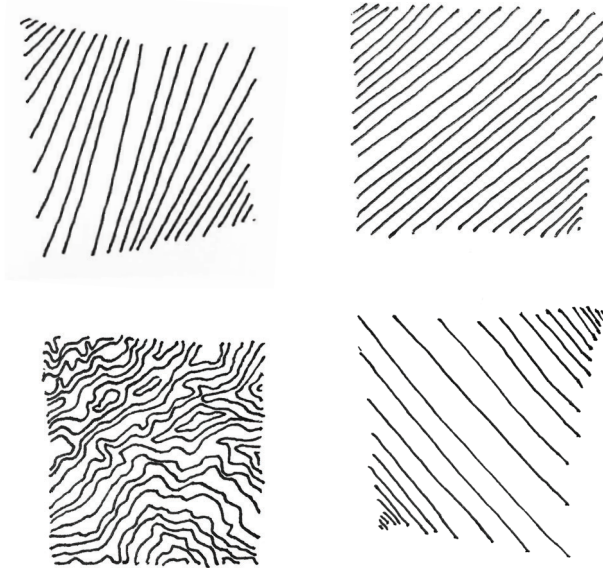


Seven Illustrated Poems

Rahul Ghera



Saudade as *time*

time is endless
yet we quantify it

a line is endless
yet our ink runs out

time carries memory
yet we forget over time

lines tell a story
yet they are just lines



Saudade as loneliness

Empty benches are tough to find,
too many pairs embracing in the cold.

An awakening occurs,
as you realize where you sit.

Alone in the cold,
with a pen in hand.

Yet feelings of content,
as this moment is pure,
the control is yours...

...don't fly too far.



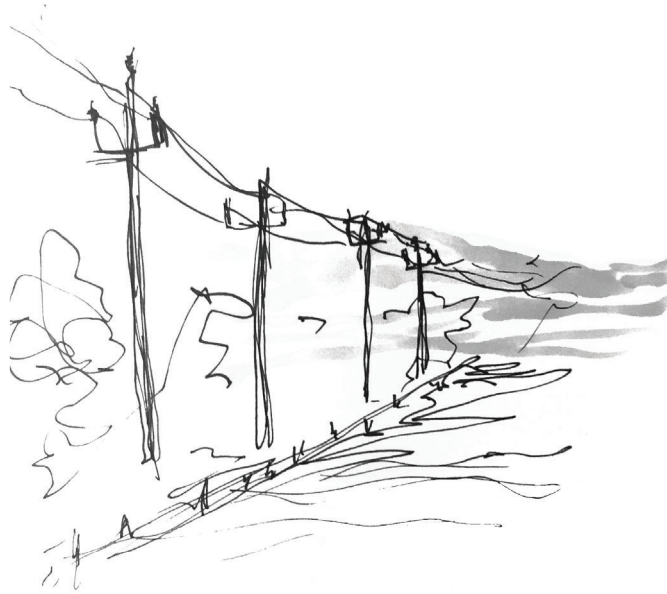
Saudade as culture

taking some time out, at time out
lost in sounds...

foreign sounds transport you
creating a loss of reality

arms suddenly embrace me
I feel welcomed
memories and emotions are shared
through the slightest touch

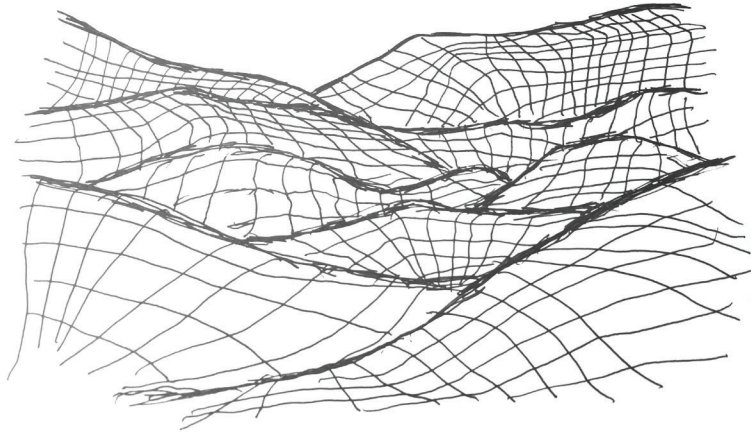
allowing me to love
allowing me to feel the energy



Saudade as *time*

Time, an incredibly misunderstood part of our lives.

Time heals people.
 It engulfs people.
 It flies by for many. (tragic)
 Time is unpredictable,
 yet the most consistent part of our lives,
 right up there with breathing and the sun rising.
 I'm torn at times, as I try to write the unwritten.
 I convince myself, I've seen the unseen,
 and predicted the unpredictable.
 As life unfolds, defying my outlined plot,
 setting all falsified realities ablaze,
 I consistently need to remind myself,
just breathe, time will tell...



Saudade as *loneliness*

Loneliness is quite relative. It can be dangerous and consuming. While simultaneously peaceful and necessary. Being lonely has given me opportunities to talk to myself. It gives me the time to assess myself, others and reality itself.

On the flip side, loneliness brings about a very dark side in me. I begin to feel alone, depressed and my thoughts reach dangerous parts of my mind.

Is it necessary to have a balance of both?

Is it possible to not?

Understanding loneliness has given me the opportunity to productively experience it. Through sketching, cooking, walking, whatever it may be —loneliness allows me to give in and get lost in things I usually don't have the opportunity for.

Which makes me think, what would I do if I had all the time in the world?

...insanity



Saudade as *identity*

lost in a crowd
seeking any sense of familiarity

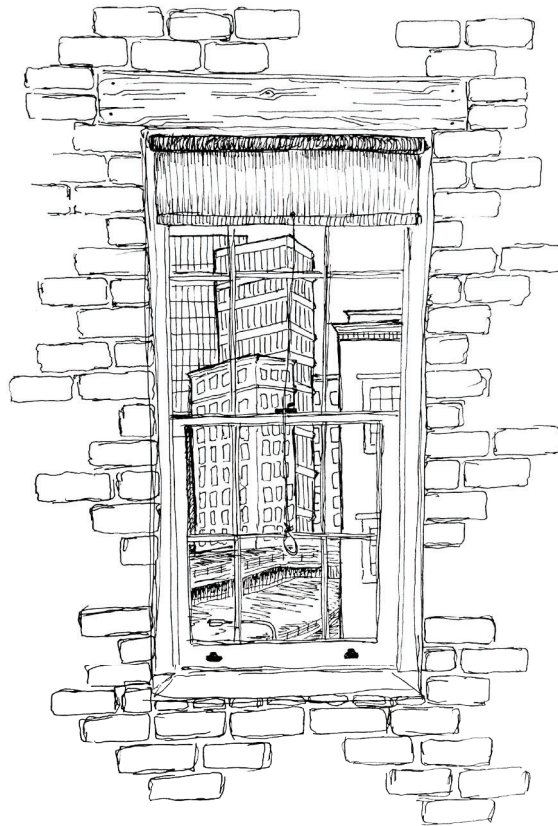
a glow catches my eye
looking beyond unfamiliarity

the sun shines brilliantly
thawing my insecurities

my peripherals begin to interrupt
stealing my only glimpse of safety

a compromise was formed
as this sketch began

hiding from discomfort
through the shield of my paper and pen



Saudade as *absence*

in a room full of friends, i got lost in my thoughts
counting the bricks, one by one, trying to understand my state of mind
my attention suddenly captured, as i look down at my paper
the beauty of an absence, are the events that take place
our presence fades out, allowing the subconscious to fade in
we project ourselves out in different ways
to be surprised each time
as we emerge back from our daze