



UNDER DESTRUCTION



SHREYASH SRIVASTVA



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story of a pretender

demons stood silent,
watching him leave.
who once wished the world
settled for bills.



he nods to fools,
says “he’s alright”.
his nights are long,
sleepless and lonely.

life feels aloof.
relations fake.
future doomed.
and present fleeing.

frustrated, can’t speak.
sad, can’t express.
hurt, can’t share.
pretend, yes he can.



I'm one such glass of wine

type of wine,
you easily don't get to see.
have you not once,
obsessed over me.
for them, a once in a lifetime
experience I am.

still I'm sad for the ones,
who never had a chance.
oh sad folks, I mourn
for your loss.





we loved, but way too differently

I deal every deals
after gazing into her
but she comes to me,
when everything else's done.





the fuck is wrong with the trains

the fuck is wrong with these trains,
never do they match my timings.

perhaps for me,
to realise a signal they leave.

that I am for flights, not dirt.





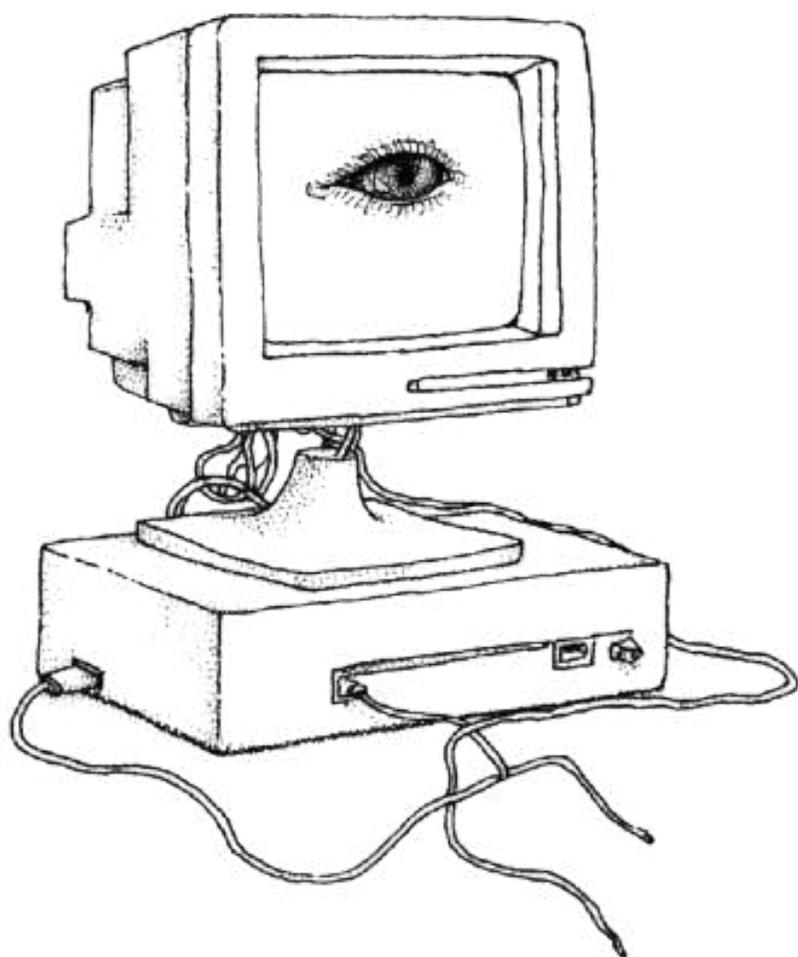
that stupid device

I am stuck,
to you
like you're my delirious obsession.

I thought,
you're my escape to life.
life's cruelty,
society's shit,
and my purposeless self.
my pill to world's callousness.

but you too turned against,
taking the fragments
out of the fragmented soul.

I'd be better,
without.





my tea spilled

my tea spilled,
and you were there.
standing tall and beautiful.

how can I pay attention
to some stained t-shirt now?





masks, you have many

masks, all
were made undone.
the night went through,
and yours never came all out.





**changes!
changes!
changes!**

I laugh, and question
how things in life
changed.

Monsters,
those that once killed me
in a frenzy,
Affect me no more.





I wish I could

I wish I could
hurt my enemies
so badly I,
accidentally hurt,
ones close to me.

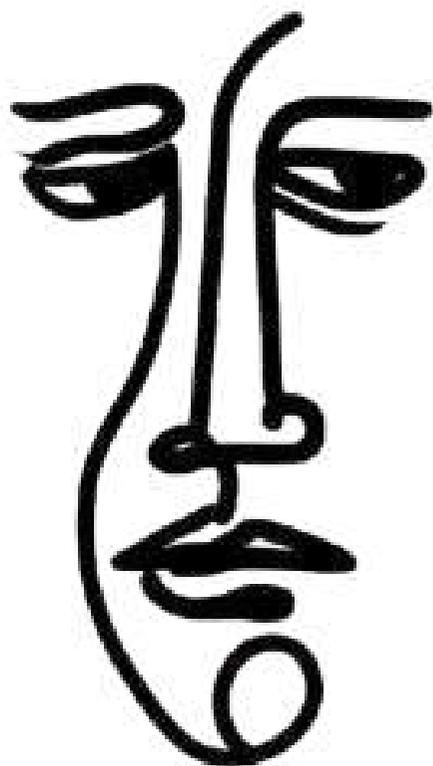




side eyes

Side-eyes, that's all
I can give you.
Oh harlot
of rotting tastes.

Jealous,
you get of lovers.
and live in lieu,
as if born
only,
to get bucked.





lord of hell

devil had his head down
shocked to see me,
I said, "I am God",
spit fire and
piss nectar-mixed elixirs.
my confidence,
made it hard to not believe.



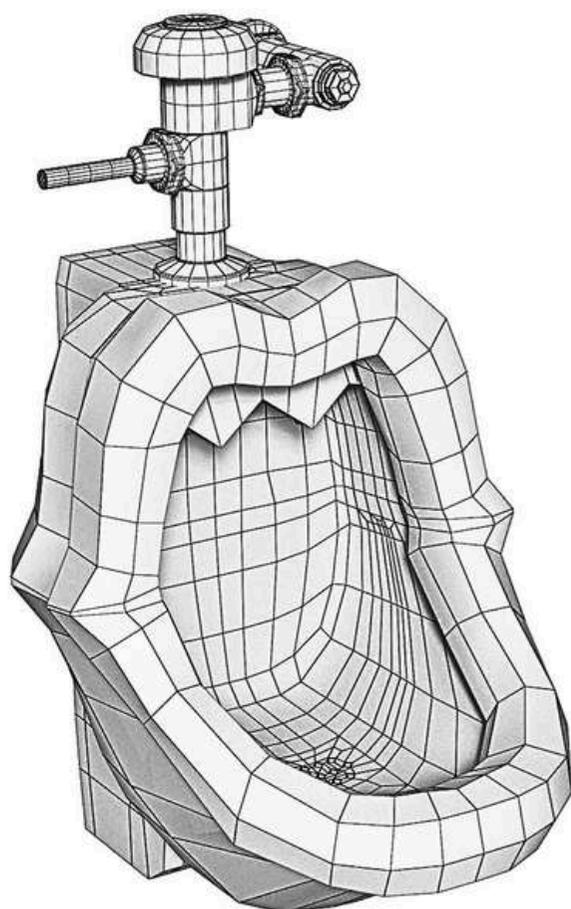


a urinal

oh urinal,
pure passion,
asking only for my piss,
greet – mouth wide open.

swallowing without pause,
non-stop,
such faithful zeal.

even when I leave you,
unattended,
you're still – mouth wide open.





I think too much

I think too much.
worry a lot.
I'm not even reading russian novels.
what the fuck.





the girl i loved, loved everyone else



for my love for her was immense,
and there she wanted everyone else.
too much to consume,
a neverender lust.
along with me.

her male deprived convent,
which made her dejected,
led her to the concept she created,
to have all boys.

to be with them
and have me by her side.



fuck phones

fuck phones.
these cyber parasites.





to think and be



Thinkin,
the slow suicide of being.
I claw through meaning,
find none,
still yearn for it.

Being,
just the silence,
after the noise of thought.
without words,
without applause.

Maybe I'm alive,
maybe I'm rehearsing.
Hard to tell,
when both feels like waiting.



serial jackass

my eyes, stare
at you.

“wondering”

how can you be so dumb,
to not understand a thing i say.

and,

how you survived till now
with your fractional IQ?





all the worst

Out of all things,
foul, sickening and dead.
You have attributes, of
all the worst.

You dead rotting,
piece of shit.
if I could,
I'd write F-U-C-K Y-O-U,
on your gate,
IN PISS.





I piss and it's art

you pray, meditate
and lucid you sleep.
for insights, ideas
revelations of some kind

go on long walks,
do drugs.
you travel, you dance,
try your best
to lose yourself.

with walls, clay, and piles of canvas,
you struggle to shape one idea out.

am here I am,
I piss and it's art.



about you to be around

I fly,
high.
in love,
and thoughts.

about you,
to be around,
where everybody was.
except you,
in that crowd.

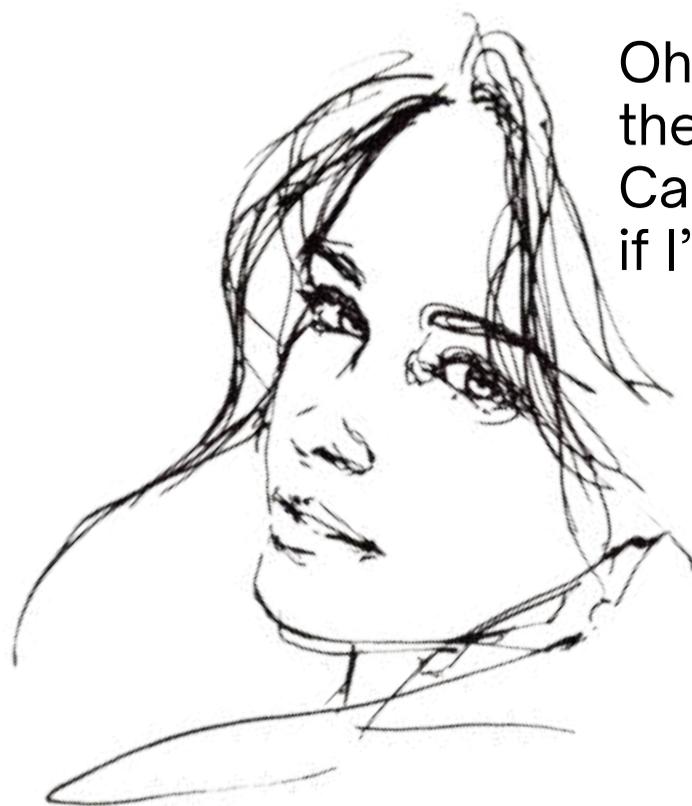
and I search,
for you,
in different faces,

to find nothing
at all,
no fucking traces.



that woman

Oh, that woman
the one you see to never see again.
Can I get you,
if I'm man enough?





the prophet

oh prophet of the lost ones.
the philosopher of modern times.

strange you have solutions for all.
and,
in your own game, you hit the wall.

clueless, confused
with no way out
you teach us of poise
and always you shout

the teachings you sermon
and lessons you teach
have you once followed
whatever have you preached.





dried expressions on his face

dried expressions,
on his face.
depicted his dead self,
it's a trace.



of love,
life and versions of himself.
he lost in unsaid ways.

the ways, he never wished,
once to walk.



**you
fucked my life,
i hate you.**

stress was good,
all that life gave me.

I stumbled when I only loved
the loveless,

whom I saw as the sole driver
of my life's powerhouse.

that really gave the outage
to my life.

I lied,
but I died.
I felt apart.





you little bird, dying to fly

you,
a little bird,
dying to fly.

you're inside her heart.
to come out, you try.

it's your tears,
when she cries.

but you shut your chirps,
when you see her die,
(inside)

not really,
but in the world,
where she lives
but never belonged.





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Author dedicates this book to the street lamp
he saw the other day.

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