

TARUN BHARADWAJ

*Dialects Of The  
Depth*

*Unfolding Obscure Emotions...*



Dialects Of The Depth  
Unfolding Obscure Emotions...

Publishing-in-support-of,

# **FSP Media Publications**

RZ 94, Sector - 6, Dwarka, New Delhi - 110075  
Shubham Vihar, Mangla, Bilaspur, Chhattisgarh - 495001

**Website:** *www.fspmedia.in*

---

## **© Copyright, Author**

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted, in any form by any means, electronic, mechanical, magnetic, optical, chemical, manual, photocopying, recording or otherwise, without the prior written consent of its writer.

**ISBN:**978-81-19927-85-2

**Price:** ₹ 214.00

The opinions/ contents expressed in this book are solely of the author and do not represent the opinions/ standings/ thoughts of Publisher

Printed in India

# *Dialects Of The Depth*

Unfolding Obscure Emotions...

*By*

*Tarun Bharadwaj*



# *Prelude To The Root*

It is a poetic parade which brings the broadcast here, depict of acts clearly visible with the deepen gist surge of sentiments submits by remembrance versifies in such manner so that it expresses as an epitome of the ‘depth’. This title speaks for itself, which bring my thoughts on paper factitious, non-fictitious, realistic, subjugation and so on, combined in their peculiar way with its delicate dignity to create this sort of certainty. Verily, it is an amalgam of variant feelings out and out with the words which for real whip into shape as prose and vibrant verses. Concretely, its my maiden endeavor to give the flavor in the favor of that world of poetry where usual words, disclosing all unusual mysteries in the most titivating manner.

“Really and truly I don’t know how deep is the depth?

What is in the heart that versus with rest?

But, wherewith we get the train of thought the station will be  
depth

Destination always delineates with depths, so it is

**Dialects Of The Depth.”**

- Tarun Bharadwaj



## *A Laconic Intro*

In the city of Taj, I was born on 9 November 1988. I have completed my graduation in biotechnology masters in English and also hold a bachelor degree in education.

I inscribe not only prose and verses, but also lyrics, stories, thoughts and so on in bilingual manner and radically want to make my native country India the signer of an era which begins as gaga and certainly transmute into a remarkable imprint of the saga. What I need is your love and support which proven to me as my pillars of strength.

Stay in Touch -

<https://facebook.com/Yours.Tarun.Bharadwaj>  
destiny.rules@live.in



A stylized, handwritten signature in black ink. The signature is cursive and appears to read 'Tarun Bharadwaj'. It is positioned to the right of the silhouette.





## *Thanks A Bunch*

Penmanship is that relationship which never be completed without devotion and for profound dedication, one needs the firm support foundation. By keeping this in mind at first blush, I would like to give thanks to deities for not only giving me the pen, but also contemplation, then thanks awfully to my parents for their resolute faith this dream never ever come true without them. Hearty thanks to my better half or I rather say best half Ankita because she is just being with me whensoever I needed and obviously for my younger brother Amrish, who just keep on teasing me because he can't stop loving me. First and last, vote of thanks to all my dear and near one's for their earnest contribution, especially Dheeraj Sharma, Murali Musineni, Ruchika Khati and Deepak Thakur.



# *Cup Of Contents*

<b>Sr. No</b>	<b>Content</b>	<b>Page No.</b>
01	Charismatic Kites	01
02	The Runic Letter	06
03	Fate	10
04	The Thames On Fire	14
05	Love You So Long	19
06	One Time Portraiture	23
07	Fay	27
08	Factual Feelings	31
09	Trio	35
10	Euthanasia	39
11	The Precis Of Bipeds	43
12	Fadeless	48
13	The Darkest Seamy Side	53
14	The Flawless Liar	57
15	The Reason	61
16	Heart Of Hearts	64
17	An Exquisite Flame	68
18	Twice	72
19	White Fluffs	75
20	Love, Duty And Fear	79
21	Once In A While	83
22	Ashake Ashes	87
23	Prickly Lesions	91
24	Shower Of Silence	96
25	Limners	100





*Charismatic Kites*

## *Charismatic Kites*



One day I was on my terrace with a cup  
of coffee in hand.  
Sitting down on the edge of the wall and  
seeing that **mum** land.  
Sipping Brew, firm in flavor,  
the fumes of that drink evaporate into the air,  
Perhaps this was the contrast between  
nature's **euphony** and **phony's flair**.

Breezing winds were blowing,  
and I was in a single sweater,  
Just then my eyes reclined on the sky that  
afternoon was foggy and the light sun  
about to sit down in layer.  
Deliberately looking at that sky seems that an artist  
decorated a beautiful painting with his hair,  
I was bitten of surprise when I saw two kites  
flowing high in the air.

Desirous weather delirious they were,  
extremely happy with each other.  
One was red another black in color,  
seems that they were really made for each other.  
They saw each other in that zeal, just like  
one beloved proposes other on kneel,  
They aligned with one another;

such as the heart coordinates  
with the influence of feel.

Amid was the **amiability**  
which brisk the gainer,  
They just kept on flowing high  
in their own manner.  
Far away from the seven deadly sins  
though they were a pair,  
Their tingling tail soaring  
in the slushy air.

It seems to me that they met  
after so much of time,  
Embracing each other with thousands of hugs,  
but not engaged in that rhyme.  
They moved hither and thither bobbled in buzzing,  
I was just blunt to see them and forgot  
that mug which I got for drinking.

They shimmered the sky with precious moments,  
Demented they were in their fluffy movements.  
However, in that flight,  
they forgot they have to fight,  
They were tied with threads which one-day light.

Both could see that person,  
who knits the thread,  
But they can't do anything  
because they were dead.  
They serenade for each other,  
but their words only heard by those ears,  
Whispering of those **laconic**



# Dialects Of The Depth

Unfolding Obscure Emotions...

**Dialects Of The Depth** unfolding obscure emotions... is an amalgam of variant feelings out and out with the words which for real whip into shape as prose and vibrant verses. It is merely an endeavor to give the flavor in the favor of that world of poetry where usual words, disclosing all unusual mysteries in the most titivating manner but I am yet unknown how much I succeed to convey the message while vying with depth.

"Really and truly I don't know how deep is the depth?

What is in the heart that versus with rest?

But, wherewith we get the train of thought the station will be depth Destination always delineates with depths, so it is **Dialects Of The Depth.**"

Undoubtedly Yours  
**Tarun Bharadwaj**



Stay in touch-

[facebook.com/Yours.Tarun.Bharadwaj](https://www.facebook.com/Yours.Tarun.Bharadwaj)

[destiny.rules@live.in](mailto:destiny.rules@live.in)

