

Poetry Series

Mehak Chawla
- poems -

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Mehak Chawla(19 january 1995)

Nightmares

The last night I was not able to sleep as well
Nightmares surrounded me like hell,
In them I see myself falling
Sometimes from mountains, sometimes from river stream
Not only this I have also seen myself drowning in the sea,
Sometimes animals catching me to eat but somehow I managed to flee
With the thoughts of dying in my mind from the age of teen,
Not only this some spirits tried to possess my body
To save me there was nobody,
I was crying in pain with the feeling of fear
The eyes were full of tears,
I was killed by all these evil
Craving for the instead there was devil,
Suddenly I woke up from the dream so dark
Left with the impressions on my mind so sharp,
The more restless and despondent I feel
But desperately wanting this pain to heal,
I ask for the blessings from the God
Hug me with the happiness and kiss me with peace, Ohh My Lord.

Mehak Chawla

Deep Ocean

I want to merge within the ocean
Going deeper and deeper with no confusion,
There would be a hidden treasure of knowledge inside
Or may be the pearl of divine pride,
Cleansing of thoughts would be done with the holy drop
It will emerge a new ray of hope,
Sleeping forever in the blanket of waves
She will get pious love for whom the world craves,
When will it happen she ponders day and night
She Wants to run after the flying kite,
The sun will be her father who will give light
The way would be glowing with the clear sight,
The moon will inspire her to be proud
To scream out her inner thoughts loud.

Mehak Chawla

Ooh Sleep

My mind is going out of the blues
Every color has become just hues,
I wanna lie down on my bed for long
Waiting for the deep sleep to sing a song,
Whisper in my ears the calmness
Tickling neat hair take away all my stress,
Put on the blanket of love on me
Bless me the dreams of happiness and glee,
Dry off my eyes with the fairy tale
Ohh sleep, kiss my cheeks that has turned pale,
Heal my scars and wounds forever
So that I can never go on the wrong path ever.

Mehak Chawla

Get Her Back

Nobody was there when a child fell
what was going in her mind she can't even tell,
The emotional pain was less than the time caused physical pain
No cycle, no bus rather she slipped off from a train,
The first thought came when she was lying on the tracks,
She was left as a child with wounds and cracks,
She was taken to the hospital by the crowd
As she was crying in pain so loud,
What was her fault that she got scars deep down in mind
She has turned dead who was once kind,
The injuries could heal with the passage of time
But what about the wounds that lie under the mind,
She can be the same the surgeon clears
Of wounded heart no one cares,
Ask me she died a long ago
Not even the traces of her cheerful face can go,
I wish I could be the same again
Little bit childish and a little bit insane.

Mehak Chawla

Please Don't Love Me At All...

Please don't love me at all
I'm a wicked witch not your doll
I'm the reason for the waterfall in your eyes
You tell her the truth may be your daughter lies
Hate her like a sin doer
Curse her like a sinner
Don't kiss her on the forehead
I'm the evil who is living in your daughter dead
I remember a thing once she told
The sweet memories of you still she holds
She is the spoilage of time
And not a religious mime
Poison killing your daughter time and again
Which once caused you pain

Mehak Chawla

What The Life Has Out Today

What the life has turned out today
I used to stand still but now I lay,
I hate myself with the growing time
As if I have done numerous crimes,
I dont deserve any fairy tale
No success as I fail and fail,
Confidence has gone out of the way
In this world I dnt want to stay,
God curse me with the wicked curse
What goes in my mind i dnt want to even fuss,
The reality has betrayed me ever
Turned me into a stupid not so clever,
The mistake is not all mine
Its just the play of time,
I pray to my lord to hug my sorrow
Some love from him I want to borrow.

Mehak Chawla

Leave Her Alone

I am a sin
and not your kin,
Hate me like a story
In me there is no glory,
I am the queen of lies
am not the silence but the noise,
Evil thoughts swirling me
Snatching away my whole glee,
Care and love is not my stuff
Am not sweet, cute rather tough,
Once angel but now devilish
flying bird turned into a dead fish,
Putting all knowledge into a bin
from hundred to nil,
Full of confusions being a pessimist
open hand is now a closed fist,
She beg to the world to leave her alone
Let the evil seed grow which was sown.

Mehak Chawla

Love Is The Name Of The Trust

Love is the name of trust,
Emotions and feelings are a part of this crust.
Some people think it is a source of lust,
For them I will suggest
that they have to learn it first.
Its all about trusting each other,
And not just about spending time together.
Love cannot be snatched from anyone,
As this is a gift sent from heaven.
And it again depends on trust,
Which both of them have to keep as it is must.
Otherwise it has the power to break any relation,
Can spoil the lives by creating commotion.
If ever trust is broken by anyone,
By a lover, daughter or a son,
It can never be still and never be the same,
As it is not less than any act of shame.

Mehak Chawla

Caged Her Soul

Cruel people have spoiled her by toiling and moiling
Caged her soul and threw her body
Trespassers watch her and quote comments
Some say harsh and some say mad
No one sees her heart that is full of love
Her heart is surrounded by the vicious circle of confusions
No single person wants to help her to tame her thoughts
This world is unaware about what is she going to show the world
The world will witness her as a lion hearted queen
She is not quiet but she is just preparing herself to mesmerize the world so mean

She will rule everyone's heart
The bars will open one day or else she will break it
She will be what she never wanted to be...

Mehak Chawla

Nostalgia!

I watched a little damsel scuttling towards a toddler
With longing desires and unfulfilled wishes in her eyes
Obscuring from the human kind
She was tying the knot of the memories of her childhood
Urging not to disclose the warmth feelings
She sat back laying eyes on the balloons she tackled
She chuckled and giggled through her eyes and went back to home
A chubby cheek came and burst out her dreams with a cruel pin she held in her
hand
But little girl watched her deed
Stood still for a while
Holding the memories that clumsy broke
Still that kiddo Sat beside her and smiled heavenly
Making realizing the deed that chubby cheek done

Mehak Chawla

Her Desires! !

She desires to touch the snow with her hand,
Rolling and cuddling in the hotty sand..

To feel the butterflies from her eyes,
Loving the people with a smile of big size..

To play tantrums with the tiny tots,
Carrying and handling the loads..

To heal everyone's pain at any cost,
Showing the path to the ones who are lost..

To love those who have not even felt,
Making their hearts to melt..

To kiss the rose of early winter,
Making her sadness just about to filter..

To ride bikes in the deep mountains,
Roaming on the roads and lanes..

To become the most famous personality,
Celebrating like Jerry, Snow White and Tweety! !

Mehak Chawla

Spoiling Her! !

Anger, reaching the boiling point,
Emerging the other side of a coin..

Burning her cheeks and eyes,
Being a part of the world that is full of lies..

Tired with the situations seeming like a fine kettle of fish,
Blundering up her heart dish..

Tears roll upon her cheeks down and down,
She has become a begger who once deserved a crown..

Devilish spirits, taking her away from happiness,
Life has become a total mess..

Pondering over her mistakes day and night,
One of which has blurred her dreamy sight..

She opted the things which appeared to be angelic,
The reason of why she has fallen sick! !

Mehak Chawla

More Than A Whippersnapper! !

Longing for a whippersnapper who will hold her hand,
To overshine da soul with his magic wand..

Widening her smile like a longsome sky,
With whom she will come out of her shy..

Kissing her like she is the only world he has,
Above all her dreams enfolded by romance..

Her thoughts, haunted with fear,
Not to loose him after having him so much near..

Not a relation in which she is just a body to play,
Or the lame words that she has to say..

Who will be fit to hold a candle to her,
And making her nights glimmer..

Not the one who will just beat about the bush,
But whose love will break the silence of hush..

His words will not seem to be fake,
She will be the only with whom he will share his heartcake! ! !

Mehak Chawla

The Girl Of Your Dream

Waking with the rising sun,
She will pour the love on ur lips to make your mornings glimmery..

Walking with you in your ups and downs,
Kindred spirit more than an obverse..

A second self of ur blurred dark secrets,
Who could match the boy u dandy..

Pretty, sublimed but a devilish sort of,
Not a demure and just your type of damsel

Caring, ardent and Christlike,
Showering her love like an endless rain..

Will not endangering the intense darkness of nightitude,
Warming the feelings under your pillow heart,
By becoming your better half..

Mehak Chawla

Voice Of My Tears! !

Voice of my tears that no one can hear..
Or just don't want to hear..

But they really have a voice..
Which i don't want anyone to hear, because its my choice..

Every single tear falls ms apart..
It hurts alot when they fall in dark..

The clock hit two, sometimes four in night..
When i cry by hugging my pillow tight..

My wet pillow tells the story about my day..
My life has become a useless hay..

A hay that is useful for people seeming like animals..
But there is not me anywhere in the life of jungle..

Some people say i love to cry because of attention..
Well, they don't know the reason and now evwn i don't want to mention..

The words thaf my tears speak will remain unheard..
Because i have become a dead and silent bird..! !

Mehak Chawla

If God Does Not Differentiate Then Why Do People Do?

if god does not differentiate then why do people do?
god has given everything which people require..
but still people are busy in bitching about everyone,
and some are spoiling other's life like a fire..

people won't understand anyone's emotions,
as they are busy in creating commotions..

people can't love anybody,
as they don't want to share anything with anybody..

people want their motive to fulfilled,
whether in a right way or by creating filth..

people will be selfish and selfish forever,
as they don't want to live together..

people are far away from god,
as they don't follow the rules of my lord..

god has created this life to love everyone unconditionally,
but people are living here irrationally..

Mehak Chawla

Strange World

the world is full of transience and fakeness and so the people are,
no matter what i think and just matter who they are..

they just know about their lives,
and not about me who cries..

they want love, care and attention,
in return of which they give me hate and tension..

sometimes, i want to leave completely,
but then i think, i cant behave so rudely..

i am always there to solve there problems,
but no one is there when i play tantrums..

and for this also i blame myself, may be i am having something wrong with
them,
but actually the truth is that unlike others i am with them..

Mehak Chawla