

Poetry Series

Ananth Patri
- poems -

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Ananth Patri(21-12-1990)

Childhood

The most enjoying period in one's life,
Is the exciting childhood life.
There is so much time for play,
And also make things with clay.

We make many friends,
And chat away to no ends.
There is no need to worry,
Or to be in a hurry.

There are no tensions,
For we do'nt look for pensions.
Such a quiet, pleasant life,
Is the wonderful Childhood life.

There is no need to carry loads,
Or work day in and out laying roads.
But a much simpler job-Studying,
Which is the only short cut for prospering.

Oh! childhood, how I wish to get it back,
But could recollect memories preserved in a rack.
So friend, enjoy the childhood to the content of the heart,
But without neglecting the studies part.

Ananth Patri

Journey In An Indian Train

Journey in an Indian Train,
At the time of a drizzly-rain,
Gives quite a wonderful experience,
Which can be kept in remembrance.

It travels from station to station,
And helps us to reach our destination,
It moves silently along the fields,
Where many farmers grow their yields.

We can see beautiful meadows,
Through the train's windows.
We can watch nature's beauty,
Which is splendidly created by The Almighty.

Indian trains provide good journey,
Without much loss of our money.
We can see many big rivers,
Which are held in, by Indians with great reverence.

Sometimes it doesn't reach on time,
And sometimes it'll be spots of crime.
But then it carries everyone,
Throughout day and night it'll run.

These are our Indian trains,
Transporting people whether or not it rains.
They travel through cities and towns,
Carrying everyone including clowns.

Ananth Patri

Men Of Honour

A dream to follow
For which we aspire
We endure all pain, we perspire
Cause we are the MEN OF HONOUR! ! !

We follow our heart
We follow our dreams
For that is the only reason we live
We are indeed the MEN OF HONOUR! ! !

No weakness can weaken us.
No pleasure to delude thus
Our strength can never elude
Cause we are the MEN OF HONOUR! ! !

With nothing to fear
With nothing to conceal
With no deception, we know our perception
WE ARE TRULY THE MEN OF HONOUR! ! !

We define our destiny
We change our world
We live a life's worth
THE LIFE OF THE MEN OF HONOUR! !

Our life's a Battle
Not with rifles nor with cannons
For freedom we struggle
THE WAR OF THE MEN IN HONOUR

Many lives spent in illusion
Of money and of lust
For there is more in vision than said
Behold the MEN IN HONOUR.

Ananth Patri

Oh! Its A Hot Summer Day

Oh! its a hot summer day,
When the temperatures are high,
Yes, this is the month of May,
All-man and animals cry-

Oh! its a hot summer day,
No one dares to come out,
They all like to stay,
In their cool home and shout-

Oh! it's a hot summer day,
And till the Sun shrinks,
It's not at all cool-no way,
Then they would like to thinks-

Oh! it 'was' a hot summer day,
Even then the temperatures wo'nt fall,
And people on their beds-just lay,
Now everyone would like to call-

OH! ITS STILL THE HOT SUMMER DAY.

Ananth Patri

U And I

When I open my eyes.
I see u
When I close my eyes.
I feel u

When i look up
In the skies
I find u.
Around me in the air, i breathe u

Whenever i am sad
Ur smile flashes
On my eye lashes
Its wat makes me glad

Ur my sunshine
Brightening up my day
U show me light
In dark whenever i lay!

Ananth Patri