

Poetry Series

Bharti Raina
- poems -

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Bharti Raina(6th August 1998)

I find solace in writing and hence love poetry.
I like singing and listening to music.

Delusion! ! !

I am not what you see,
as happy as you believe,
I am but one torn drum,
unable to produce any rhythm,
I am but as white as a paper,
having a black spot in the middle,

I am not what you hear,
as simple as you endear,
I am but a broken mirror,
unable to reflect the inner,
all I do is refract in bits,
leaving you alone with your spirit,

I am not what you like,
as kind as my image strikes,
because I am nothing but time,
having lost its chime,
as silent as the sound of death,
I wait for none,
and hardly remember anyone

I sleep with the sunrise,
I am awake with the nights coldness,
because I am not what you perceive,
thus, let me live, unseen, unknown,
and unlamented let my soul depart this worldly throne

Bharti Raina