

Poetry Series

Featherings poet - poems -

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Featherings poet()

My Beautiful Prison

My beautiful Prison

- Ishan Sharma

The leaves separated from their mother tree
The yellowish color, oh! The birds so free
When the mist covered the rising sun
The sky got its crimson
The wind was blowing throughout the way
Through the money plants and beside the graves
My feeling flowed down into the air
The bale I collected, I started to stair
This is the masterpieces and this is the reason
That why I am lost in my Beautiful Prison

The cold breeze bluing in the sky
The birds flying up so high
The only lamp in the mist, let the rainbows fall I insist
The running horses, the feeling reinforces
The hide and seek, sitting in a cluster of teaks
The growing petals, the hot tea in the kettle
This is all designed by a sacred being
Oh! The clouds so pure, a natural feeling
I am in this thing, enclosed in a prism
And I love to get lost in my Beautiful prison

Featherings poet

The Independence Day

The Independence Day

-Ishan sharma

Who says we have got our independence?
Who says that we are free?
Though, Britishers left India
Now, politicians acquired the seat

Still India called the golden bird
In the reign of "whites"
But, all the jewels that are left now
Are eaten up by ministers like termites

I wish I could go back in that time when lived Gandhi
I would hold his hand and take him to this century
He probably will die by seeing his India corrupting
"Leave my hand, I want to go back
India didn't remain that interesting"

It's not an answer; it's a suggestion for you all
Leave all your utensils and prepare for the war
That day would be independence when corruption will be erased
When the real meaning on anthem will remain forever in our veins

Villages don't have food; they are living on their breadth
And still we smile and say "Mom! Give me another bread"
Dams are built near their villages, and still they don't get water
But, still the minister says "I'll give you everything you ask for"

I ask you a question- what kind of independence is this?
We proud to be Indians, but still we hate Muslims
Let's take an oath today, all my brothers and my sisters
Let's erase the insect of poverty and corruption

Let join our hands and together lit a light
Let's change the meaning of independence in our minds!

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