

Poetry Series

Gaurav Sharma
- poems -

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Gaurav Sharma(5 Feb 1992)

Some Kings are born King and Others become King....I am the later one! ! !

Gaurav Sharma

Born In Pathankot, India

Living in the same place from birth till now. Have many interests ranging from Learning new Languages, Paintings, Sketch Making, Writing short stories and lots more.

Writing has served as an outlet for me during times of great joy and sorrow.

Have an extremely close relationship with My God who has helped to guide me and comfort me in my most trying of times.***

Begining Needs Ends

A love red or blue?
This we neither knew.
We leapt on its floe,
hung onto its glow.
It took us to the places,
of wide open spaces.
And dimly lit caverns,
as we explored taverns.
Asylums and dreams,
of demons and screams.
Kids seeking their souls,
once falling down holes.
Together we sought,
yes sometimes we fought,
our devils, each other,
father and mother
some friends and some foes,
And yes, goodness knows.
we made our love stick
as brick followed brick.
We broke down those gates,
so changing our fates.
Back here we began,
but now with a plan.
we stand at a sign
of welcome benign
'Come in! ' it invites.
Enjoy new delights.
Your love it has flown,
a new love has grown.
Begining needs end,
each holding a friend
a student and tutor.
Welcome to your Future.

Gaurav Sharma

Hard To Forget

I really wanted to forget,
that we had ever met.
But you are clinging too tight,
haunting my lonely nights.
I tried to go to places so far from here,
yet its still your voice I want to hear.
Your face and smile I want to see,
its always with you I want to be.
Hope you'll be the one for me,
because I can't afford to set you free.
Though we are a thousand miles apart,
you'll still be the one in my heart.

Gaurav Sharma

I Am Sorry Dear Sister

Three words, eight letters, so difficult to say.
They're stuck inside of me, they try and stay away.
But this is too important to let them have their way.
I need to do it now, I must do it today.
I am sorry.

From the time that we were little,
I knew you'd always be
Not just a loving sister
But a caring friend to me.

I'm thinking of you
With joy and pleasure,
Remembering times
I'll always treasure.

Let's go on with our lives as we were;
I'd take it all back if I could.
Let's focus on positive things;
What we have is important and good.

I will not hurt you, that's my promise;
You will forgive me, I know this.

Gaurav Sharma

I Missed You Today

The rain brought with it,
your memories today..
And I yearned for your presence...
I would have hid behind you,
to hide me from the tapping hailstones...

Your memories brought back
the smile you loved..
The clouds seemed happy
and there was no
tormented wind blowing
after the downpour...
Just the breeze telling me,
that she was happy
to see me smile...

I laid there on the grass...
Just staring at the sky
crowded by the clouds..
It was twilight and I drenched...
The rain had tickled the earth
as it always does...
And it smelled so beautiful..
As if the earth gave out its little giggle...

Do you remember? ?
I was overwhelmed when you,
kissed me for the first time..
I kissed back with tears,
streaming down my cheeks..

You had given a little laugh then...
Ah! ! your sighs...your voice...
They resurfaced and lingered
in my happy tears...
rolling down with the rain...

I missed you today...
I Love You...

I am waiting..

Wake up soon..come back soon...

Gaurav Sharma

I Wished I Would Have Understood

A puzzle of pieces of a scattered life
Lies all around me and turvied about.
What secrets give meaning to this pain at night,
Or knowledge teach living alone, in without?

Nobody else could make me happy
No one could hurt me like you do
You were the only one that mattered
Then you were gone
Love had moved on
Left me alone, thinking of you
Just thinking about you.....
I wish i would have understood
What you mean to me.

Gaurav Sharma

It Would Have Been Wonderfull....! ! !

It would have been wonderful if only you could
Have taught being human rather than 'Be good! '
Had childhood so nourished instead of so beaten
To not have been punished for beans left uneaten
To not have felt fear at the call of my name
And not seen the stripes of your rage on my frame
To not hear I'm sinful because of wet beds
Or not feel the blows of your hand on my head
To not have been taught how the Lord's on your side
Until from the His Love I learned how to hide
To not have to best all the others at school
And when you were needy displayed like a fool
To have welcomed your hug not shied from your rod
And grown up in terror of you and your god
To know there's a haven to whom I could run
When kids called me 'four-eyes' and dealt me a shun
To have had a mother who taught me to love
And received a come closer in place of your shove
To have grown up a man with the courage to feel
In place of this hole that I'm trying to heal

Gaurav Sharma

My Sister

People say i m a daydreamer,
I live in my Imaginary world,
When I says that I've seen an angel,
They just laugh at me and moves away.

But they don't know I've an Angel,
who cares for me,
who is always there for me
Whenever i need.

One day we used to play,
Today we have our own ways.
But I will always have a big sister,
I will always have a loving sister.

Friendship always come,
And friendship always go,
But the friendship of a sister,
That will always grow.

We've shared so much as children
the tears, the joys, the pain
A lifetime spent together
those memories remain.

I could not see my life without them

Gaurav Sharma

My Sister My Friend

To me you are an angel in disguise
Full of love and very wise.
Always giving confidence and
Helping through good times and bad.
If I had one wish,
it would surely be that all your dreams come true.
You are always showing how much you care
From your heart that is full of love.
But if you weren't my sister
Life would have been so sad.
Thank you my sister my friend.
My respect for you has no end.

Gaurav Sharma

My Tears My Fears

I never knew love could
Be this way
I couldn't see the pain and tears
And now their here to stay

Even though it's been a lifetime now
The memories are as clear as yesterday
But I can't see where we went wrong and how
I'm left wishing we could
go back to that one day

My Dreaming nights are filled with tears
And the words I speak are sounds of cries
It's always been hard for me to sleep
Because my soul is filled with fears
And a past that's filled with endless lies

I've done so many things, but none where right
I've lived my life with nothing to show
So it's time now, time to walk to the light
Cause I don't have anywhere else to go...

Gaurav Sharma

Night Writer

Familiars and witches have long gone to bed
And still I write poetry that roars through my head.

As line follows new line my head wants to split.
I try to sift diamonds.

Recalling the new friends who gave me this life,
I relish the freedom, not missing the strife.

And, yes, there's a yearning for someone to share
As, searching for rhyme word, I take up the dare

My innermost me on each paper to place.
No armour is left me, no mask over face,

No places for hiding, my soul's being bared.
My thoughts and my feelings, for so long not shared,

Must now be made public, so that friend or foe
May know all my secrets, my fears, too, will know.

Gaurav Sharma

Parul

This is about a girl named Parul,
She is cool and truly rule.
I call her my sister,
Who is as pure as easter.

Your eyes they're like views to a perfect place,
So pure so soft in addition to a perfect face.
Straight forward and precise,
Overall i think you are nice.

To those less fortunate you like to give,
Helping the fellow men thats how you like to live.
Creative, imaginative and smart,
Forgiving, understanding with a golden heart.

Thinking outside the box is how your mind clicks,
Treating people fair and not about the tricks.

Gaurav Sharma

Perfect

I'm the writer of my story, I record as it happens.

Can tell as much as I remember.

I am not me, although I admit.

Name my character, give him looks,

but I'm just an observer.

I say every page is same, nice, with white paper and black words.

You say somewhere it's happy somewhere it's sad.

See the thrills, rewards, lose and love.

And ask me; why, how and what next?

Well then I have nothing to say.

Thanks for feeling what I wrote,

Just don't ask cause it's nothing personal.

Or you will not like my answers.

You may just read on.

Or keep me in your shelf or someone else's arms.

You'll be an important part of me in any case.

I see a good book getting great

as I write, as things come.

Nothing was ever wrong; you and I never made a mistake.

Believe it or not, since you're curious,

tell you the fact, this journey was, is and will always be, perfect.

Gaurav Sharma

Silent Tears

Silent Tears

Are tears that come unwanted

They show the sufferings

Silent Tears

Come every waking moment

They fall for preserverence

Silent Tears

Come because they erase the pain

That is in my life

They become a part of everyday life

The tears keep coming

They won't stop

Now they leave behind

The marks of pain

That is not understood

But leave behind unwanted scars

Unwanted scars of silent tears.

Gaurav Sharma

Ten Plus Eleven Makes Three

In deep'ning dark he sits and stares
at three-seat couch and four armchairs,
but read his face, there's no despairs -
more like the man has got no cares.

Perhaps this man has gone to sleep,
though every night he's here to keep
a meeting that is hard to reap,
as he sits silent, very deep.

He cocks his head, as if to hear
a Voice afar, not very clear.
On days his one eye sends a tear
or else his chest heaves with a cheer

as if to shout, 'Hip, hip, hooray -
I've lived to face another fray.'
In truth, the man sits here to pray
and thank his God for glorious day.

A day which ended without fight,
when he tried doing just and right,
that has no demons in the night -
his sleep will be at peace, tonight.

Tomorrow, when God's new day breaks
and as our man his first look takes,
he'll recall days of boozy shakes,
of fears and terror, lonely aches,

when he awoke, in burning need,
to find his god had paid no heed
to him at all, when he did plead
for Death to come, so he'd be freed.

But, as the then-god of our friend
refused his Black Angel to send,
the man his own life tried to end.
Now Love's brought him to comprehend

that sober living will have pain
but also a stupendous gain,
because the God of sun and rain
can feed the spirit, mend the brain

of him or her who wants the three
birthrights of Happy, Joyous, Free.
Come join us, whether he or she -
He'd welcome you, He's taken me!

Why I was called I cannot say
but, as I pen this verse today,
I'd rather sit in dark and pray
than feed the worms beneath the clay!

Gaurav Sharma

To Read You

Whisper in my ear your sweet tales of yesterday.

Show me your roots and the soil from which you came.

Tell me of your battles and the scars you were dealt;
Did you win any of these?
Are you still fighting?

Give me a glimpse into your world,
Through your eyes.
I want to know your reality no matter I escape from mine.

Tell me of the people you've loved and those you've lost.

Tell me of those you hate and remind yourself of those you've forgotten.
I want to know.

Show me the real depth of your soul;
Forget all the politeness and brovado and expectations of others.

Show character.
Your character.
Be honest.

Tell me of the times you've cried.
Because I know.

Tell me of the times you felt like you couldn't go on,
And the times you did!

Tell me your dreams and wishes for your life.

Tell me a story,
Your story.

I'm listening.

Gaurav Sharma

Unshed Tears

Unshed Tears

Reveal the part of me
That i dont want to be shown

Unshed Tears

Reveal the pain in my life
Thats not shown

Unshed Tears

Reveal the shame of not knowing
Not knowing that someday
There will be no one there
To help me along the way

Unshed Tears

Bring the life of me
Thats not shown to the world

Unshed Tears

Hides the love behind my hard surface
Forced to hide and not to be shown

Unshed Tears

Reveal the weakness
Thats part of my life.

Gaurav Sharma

We All Are Just A Guest House

This being human is a guest house.
Every morning a new arrival.

A joy, a depression, a meanness,
some momentary awareness comes
as an unexpected visitor.

Welcome and entertain them all!
Even if they are a crowd of sorrows,
who violently sweep your house
empty of its furniture,
still, treat each guest honorably.
He may be clearing you out
for some new delight.

The dark thought, the shame, the malice.
meet them at the door laughing and invite them in.

Be grateful for whatever comes.
because each has been sent
as a guide from beyond.

Gaurav Sharma

What I Prayed Today

We have walked a far road together
And been good friends for each other

Too often we have been at odds
My prayer today is for our Gods

To guide us further as we try
To let there be no need to cry

In the days that lie before us still
And, if you'll let me, I surely will

Be the man to cherish your love
With the help of Grace lent from above

I pray this day is only one
Of many of laughter in the sun

Of joy such as we have known before
Of sharing and caring and touching and more

Gaurav Sharma

What's God Gonna See....

What's God gonna see
When he reads the book of your heart

Will he smile so gladly
Or not even start

Is he gonna read it straight through
And know you loved him from birth

Or is he gonna ask why
You wasted your time on this earth

Will he see one of his children
And how they showed others to him

Or is he gonna turn and ask
Why you made life so grim

Is he gonna see
That you're pure, honest, and true

And dont think you can hide it
After all he made you.

Gaurav Sharma

Why

The smile hide the way she feels,
Her feelings to no one she reveals,
She pushes you away to see how much you care,
But when she turns around you are not there,
Why does she have to give up all she knows,
In order to be with the one she is close to?
Why it cant be simple just once?
Instead of not talking for months and months,
There is no point in placing blame,
When the end result is just the same.
Why do you have to be so far away,
When all she wanted was for you to stay?

Gaurav Sharma

You Are Missed

Though newer eyes behold your light
No diamond-hearted fearful blight
Are you

We shared and spoke, discussed and cried
And from my deeps welled up a pride
For you

The we that once had been, no more
And yet my ache for you is no more raw
And you

Stole through our words, his misty trace
As if by magic you made space
For she

Who was the first taught me to live
And through her rending pain did give
Me, me

An I who shared her every ache
And by the Grace did help her make
A she

Who found once more a will to smile
And strength to walk the weary mile
That we

Who swam the depths of seas so dark
We very nearly lost the spark
of He

Who held our place safe in His Heart
Where lay the secrets of our part
In we

Few I've had now in this Life
Each with its joys and each its strife
For me

To learn the songs the spirit sings
Once angels have stitched on his wings
And you

My angel, and your man, must grow
Into each other's ebb and flow
While I

Go forth and learn what lessons new
Have since been set by Masters who
Love me

I'll miss the time that we had
But little angel I am glad
For you

Gaurav Sharma

You Are Not Alone.....

When tears of sadness streaks your face,
You are not alone.

When you feel lost and out of place,
You are not alone.

When it seems you can't carry on,
And everything you do is wrong,
You are not alone.

When you open your presents on the holiday,
You are not alone.

When nothing can seem to spoil your day,
You are not alone.

When it seems like you made it through,
But there's no one to share this feeling with you,
You are not alone.

You'll never be alone when I'm around.

I'll cheer you up when you are down,
And whether you are happy or feeling blue,
I will always be there for you.

So when you feel alone and in dark.

Just keep me in your heart,
And you will never be alone.

Gaurav Sharma