

Poetry Series

Giri 2007

- poems -

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Giri 2007(15th January)

Just a common man whom you can see everywhere and all my ideas and writings are from the commom men who are all my to write more....by the kind wishes of you....the great hearts.

Days And Nights

All nights are always good...!
As they lead to a fresh morning...!
All days are also good..
They give ways of removing tiredness...
By loving, hugging, crying, ...
Fighting, mating and so on...!
Day time too, we can do these...
But night is favourable and favorite too...!
Nights make the purpose of the days
Nights are in the womb of day mother...!
Nights too deliver the day babies...!
Days and nights are females...!
As they are the mothers of each other..!
Past times are foremothers of present...
And the present ones for times in the womb...!
Enjoy your nights and days...
Being they the motherhood!

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Gladly.....Love!

Love is God
Love is Dad
Love is Mom
Love is Gem

Love is Work
Love is Book
Love is Rough
Love is Soft

Love is Fight
Love is Right
Love is Me
Love is You

Love is All
Fall in Love
Live Life Glad
'Gladly Love'! !

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In And Everywhere...!

Each day is new
As every hour is...
And each hour has got a very purpose of it
As every minute does....!
Each minute says it is at present
As every second is perceived....!
Each heart beat in me engraves
That you are in me,my love!
As every breathe of mine seeing
Only you in me
And nothingelse is present out too.....
Excepting my sweet heart...!

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Intruder

There is an outer Wall!
Followed by a medical cage!
After that comes.....
Close protections at front, back
And all Sides....
After all the protections.....
It Lives with Self-Defencive walls.....

My Heart!My so called soul! !

How darlingly you intruded my heart..! ?
My dear Love!
You are the real ' Intruder '

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My First.....

The very first day of my life
You came unto me
Combed my hair
With your feathered fingers!
I could listen to your whispers
As your lips are....
Close to my ear lobes!
Oh! My dear wind...
You are my forever friend! !
To say it in gender,
Ofcourse....
My dearest girl friend! !
The very First second of the first day
You entered my heart
Through my nostrils, As
I Come out of mother's womb! !
Your pleasantness made me cry!
For I Couldn't cry like that anymore
I Couldn't get that pleasancy a second time.
That cry in ecstassy still makes my life alive!
You're closest of all to me
Because you have given me off u all!
As my wife does! !
To designate you,
You are my 'Latent energy',
As I designate my wife as 'My Enthalpy'! !
I am not without you.....
As not without her.

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My Mind....My Child

Sometimes laughing....
Without stopping
Causes some throbbing...
My mind is my child!

Threatens me like enemy....
Having lots of alibies
Making me feel sorry....
My mind is my child!

Reluctant for exercise...
Abundant shows of laziness
Fighting with routines....
My mind is my child!

Looking at guys and guls....
Awesome for gulps....
And else...and else...
My mind is my child!

Looking always for comforts...
Cajolling also a part...
Sleeps at the dark...
With the sounds of my heart...!
My mind is my child!
My mind is my child!

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The Busy Road

Suddenly woke up at the mid of night
Couldn't see even a house put on light!
It wasn't so dark to help my way walk
It was the road started at me to talk!
Wanted to tell me not a story
Rather it was a truth that was a glory!

The road neither stops working
Nor it has a time for resting!
People never feel the road as working
Few roads seems to be always sleeping!
The road has a great secret to reveal me
And seeded it for 'stress-free' life in me!

It told me
"Be Busy when Free And Be Free when feel Busy"
The road told this to keep itself busy
As I found at midnight the road was free! !

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Ungrammatically, Right..!

I have a guitar
It asks me questions...
Replies my doubts...
At times generate novel music...
Without me playing, very noble!
Many a times I thought
To enter the inner of that...!
As I entered it....
To know its wonders...,
Wonders of its everything...
Kid I became...
For my guitar..! ,
Because of entering its inner beauty..
I was cared as inside of my mom!
And became sacred too...!
Because I dont know anything...
Other than my presence in its kling..!
I am not fully fit to describe about the guitar....
Guitar...my mom...!
Because its my world...my universe..!
To the people it may seem as I am creating music
From the inside and outside by tricks..!
But ultimately....
The guitar only has created me...!
I am the guitar's kid! !

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