

Poetry Series

Hrishikesh Bharadwaj

- poems -

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An Epode To Two Junctures

The first Ballad: Spring Equinox

I

A fall that starts the earth,
The lone that transpires in May.
All round in the world,
Blooms joy.
From north to west,
Against East to West.
Fowls of different classes
Sing to their gusto's content. 8

II

Forests, hardwoods and shrubs,
Bud from the lightest to darkest green.
Efflorescence the flowers from
Pale yellow to vibrant and dark azure.
The berries yield a juicy,
And ripe vegetative part.
From eatable to non- eatables
Join and form a canopy of stars in a green sky. 16

III

The morning red burning stars,
Spreads its first ray on the grasslands.
Luminous Meadows,
Radiate the vibrant sap green.
As the dusk signs off and packs,
The white cratered body
Beam a bright white
On the hot apples. 24

IV

The lad turns happy,
And the giants visit their friends.
Nippers dance in the giant's garden
To the ode of the sing koels.
Sighting the worldly joy,

The creator himself turns jovial.
And showers more herbs
For the bop of the dude. 32

The second Ballad: Summer solstice

I
It follows the green term
Whose king is the Sun,
That shines dawn and day!
Turning miserable for some.
Follows the green term
In the days of august
Too in June and July
Glows the king. 40

II
The great star burns,
Burns till the hydrogen is empty.
Until all the water evaporates,
Burns he, burns he, and burns he.
The moon of the baking days,
Converts into a snuggly ball of rock.
Days are lengthier,
And the nights cut are short. 48

III
The mortal chaps and dames,
Wear squidgy and flimsy wears.
Too they all in corners,
Take sips of fruit pulp.
Faunas and the birds,
Stay long in their nests and dens.
The venoms scaly reptiles,
Out comes less for quarry. 56

IV
The floras burns off,
Till they turn dark brown,
Till the leaves dry and fall,
Till all the branches loosen. 60

I Call To Thee From Me

A call to thee from me
to the happy loitering bees.
to the quiet that's here
and life enjoys it mere.

A call to thee from me
to the merry wave-gushing sea.
to the voice of the bird
and the cattle's herd.

A call to thee from me
to the happy mother she.
to the inquistive leaf and bark
and the sound of the ingenuitive lark.

Aye! botman please do tarry
i wish to enjoythe peace
me too give you extra fees
to row mw over the ferry.

So be ye! happy and green
sparkling in the sun's sheen.
I bid farwell to thee
and promise to visit again ye.

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In Her Shining Eyes.

In her hopeful shining eyes,
I see my bright future.
In her thoughtful glazing look,
I see a peaceful morrow*.
In her selfless meaningful sacrifice,
I see a jolly day.
In her pleasant speaking mouth,
I see the whole universe.
In her restless skip and hop,
I see a true dedication
In her running and ambitious thoughts,
I see a healthy me.
In the shining eyes of ye O! Mother
I see a merry me.
In the thoughtful look of thee O! Mother,
I see the galaxy.

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My Complaints

Complaints are more,
So bitter and sour.
For everything NO,
more and more, do ye know?

Wasting time the say,
also say they all day.
Painting and walking
I like with talking.

Scoring less is sin, they say,
Need you with full marks win.
All the day read they say,
Like my book amiable weed.

Dint't you guys roam,
Leaving your very home?
Did you score full?
So don't charge at me like a bull

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O! She's Gone Away

O good heavens! She's flown away
From the bright happy moments to the dull,
From dawn to dusk
O! she's flown away.
O good heavens! She's gone away
The one with the charming feathers.
She's a boon with a royal gold.
From open to closed
O! she's gone away
O good heavens! She's left away
She left me alone and dull
I want to be there for you
O! she's left away
I clapped from the window
But she's no where
I threw her liking grains.
But she's not where.
I wowed at her depart
I solemnly affirm them
Those happy memorable days
With her at my back
O good heavens! She's left me and gone away.

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On The Walk, Along The Bay

Oh! so white and blue.
waves bopping with tints and hue,
on a walk along the bay
on a cold windy day.

Oh! the life so good and sweet
without the sense of bonding's heart.
on a walk along the bay
on a cold windy day.

Oh! the rightly carved marine life
without the promise's blade or knife.
on a walk along the bay,
on the cold windy day.

Oh! so quiet and peace
forever to ferry with the reef.
But i have rocks on my head
before I lie down on my bed.

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Person, Please Give Up Tobacco

Giving and sharing brings joy,
but giving up an vice brings greater joy,
it was but yesterday that we shared
fond of memories, for old time's sake
Dear Lad; won't you give up tobacco,
For our sake?

We cherished fond memories of
playing together,
Short bursts of speed; the long race,
without much bother.
Painting and coughing;
we were heart broken, you know!
And then we pray that dude would,
Run away from tobacco

It sows the seeds of poison,
Leads to destruction of creations,
Rise above angles, not fall animals,
Oh man, please give up tobacco.

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Red Hearts

I palely loitered as a star
that walks on high valleys
suddenly once for all I saw far
A bunch of wonder red roses growing a fountain.
Beside the lake underneath the bayon
hovering and singing in the cool zephyr.

Simultaneously formulated their joy
as a bell on cloud nine.
They extended for and innumerable line being coy
ten lakhs saw I peep at gleam
uplifting their head in a feisty bop.

They bored my awareness
in a huge jovial shine
Heart of mine charged with exhilarate
with the bop of the roses and drunken wine.

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The Black Heart

She zoomed the lad's awareness
A dark lady, with heavy paws
Dressed in vermillion skirts
And on her head was a hibiscus.

They sat near a fresh cut file of statues
On a jigsaw stone
Near a full fed stream
Where no dude sighed.

She lulled him
With a tender caress
He the lad saw a mad
Dog loitering around.

Abruptly she got up
And ran along the horse
Lad had his heart broken
Saying she had no mercy.

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The Blind's Thought

O! We are the unsung men,
Of this racing gen.
puny citizens among thee
the unsung men are we.

We never till knew red,
But the feel of a cosy bed.
Beauty of the green see thee,
The unsung me are we.

The need of none we have,
Like the normal's crave.
We happy are more than thee,
The unsung men are we.

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The Four Natural Laws

Inherited as a petite
Aye fellow! Thy life starts,
On passing SEVEN AGES by Shakespeare
Zest of mortality is wrought thou.
Thither ends the first law.

Inherited as a petite
Oh! Chap thy valor increases
From lad with satchel to a grand with spectacles,
Thee shalt grow and die
Hither ends the second law.

Built as a dwarf creature
Thy gift is reproduction metaphysics.
A scruputas may be born for ye
Thus ends the third law.

A grass to grow
Thou have the reason for birth
Craving for reasons the angles and the wizards
Therefore conjuring the four natural laws.

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The Owl'sdream

The dusk was up,
After a long sup.
On a light branch sat an owl
So puffy, fitting in a bowl.

The owl was on yawn,
He hooted on and on
Sudden hoot stopped he,
The air swept and moped.

Looked it a star
After a day's war.
Eyeing it a long watch,
With a yellow hatch

In a hope of a catch,
To the twinkle's match,
Up and up it flew
Huff and puff he blew!

Reaching up to the clouds
Away from the hounds,
Meeting the star
After a day's war.

Stretched its little arm
Neither cold nor wam.
Held the owl tight,
To have a flight.

A trip around the galaxy
Regret to the vexy.
The glow of red,
Pulled the owl from its bed.

Once left its bright shining arm
Not cold or warm.
Owl fell from the sky's reem,
Bursting off its dream.

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To Mom, With Love!

Lo! stay good wherever thee recide;
Be gay wherever thee dwell.
If in sky thee shone, let thy sole rest in peace.

A shining gleaming pearl eye
clean cut nose and cheeks,
Amidst sorrow and happiness of ye's life and loss
Wishes to sight Ye!

Come once to see this waiting soul,
Come once for my wish.
Come once to adore me
FROM THY CHUCK, WITH LOVE

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To The Dodo

To a canopy of lush green,
To an inquisitive land of breeze.
To a score of gleaming stars
To the happy ingenitive Dodo!

To the shrills of the crickets
To the land amidst the seas.
To the flapping sound of leaves
To the merry ingenitive Dodo!

To the shaggy wet damp floor
To the loam so cold and low.
To the stems of juicy berries
To the jolly ingenitive Dodo!

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Voyage

Aye! thou are so fine and lively
though the rest have advanced highly.
Car, trucks, bus and planes
and the bicycle along the lane.

Watt designed the engine steam
was a super hit as it seems.
but thou'rt so fine and lively
though the rest have advanced so highly.

Oh! the blue waves and the boopping fin
can magic and any heart win.
any sailor can become hostage
of the seas during a voyage.

I must go, I must sail, I'll leave
thou enchanted my choice's seive.
you are so fine and lively
though the rest have advanced highly.

Hrishikesh Bharadwaj

Woman

You bring peace to earth
you bring reconciliation
woman
you are magnificent
you are mother
at the in there was no room you were between the life and death
you went to the stable
and have been criticized.

To worry what is to fear
to worry, to hunger and thirst
Woman
and still you know what is it to be triumphant
cry out of joy
you will bring everything to pass.

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