

Poetry Series

Arundhati Thakur
- poems -

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Arundhati Thakur(13-10-1992)

Not a professional poetess but yes, i do write when i get some time out for myself. I'm currently a student so i don't write much but as much as i do, i hope people appreciate it :) follow on twitter-

Apocalypse

Lush Lifestyles won't last,
Several will lament their past,
Troops will lose that gruesome war,
For their pride, they'll fight so far,
Slaves will be pleased to be liberated,
For them, to die is better than to be hated,
Babies won't feel the fear,
Several will cry for their dear,
God will be memorized by all,
Even the angles will fall,
When all their prayers will fail,
Will see blurred, misty images in hail,
Will remember the sins they did,
And that dishonesty they secretly hid,
Children will shed tears on seeing destructions,
Gadgets will lose their functions,
No contacts, no rescue missions,
Only tsunamis, Volcanoes and Nuclear emissions,
Rage of nature will raid,
All memories will slowly fade,
I'll not cry, not worry 'bout it,
Will show my annoyance and shout at it,
Then sit silently and wait,
Not love will last nor hate,
Will see my life as it slips,
And enjoy and feel sorry for that furious Apocalypse.

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Mother

What on earth would feel so calm?
What if someone eternally holds your palm?
How'd you walk when she isn't there?
Love her forever, her love is very rare.

What would you do when you're ailing?
She's always there to hunt your fear of failing.
How'd you eat without her food?
She'd love you forever, respect her motherhood.

What would you do without her blessing?
Who'd stop you when you're messing?
How'd you repay the care she cared?
You're life was blank, that she layered.

She's your builder, she build you this big,
She covers your pits, which you dig.
Not an architect, not anyone further,
She's your creator, she's you're mother.

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Time

Generations go by,
Morality disappears,
In a race to reach high,
No time for our dears,
Mistakes are forgotten,
New relations are made,
Ethics get rotten,
Memories slowly fade,
We grow old,
And hate it every day,
Wrinkles get over,
Our hair turns grey,
New journeys, we come across,
New boats we sail,
New profits are there,
But still some fail,
God gets frightened,
Each moment, every day,
His significance is lost,
"We've no time! " they say,
Evolution at its height,
New species emerge,
Old ones get extinct,
No idea, where they submerge,
So, Time won't stop for you,
To let you realize the sins you did,
And wake you inside,
To find where they hid,
You do,
You realize,
You pay,
It dies,
Don't commit it again,
It'll cost you more,
It'll give you a shock,
Intense than you got before,
Time is no toy,
To played with joy,
It has its rules,

And its regulations,
Live to the fullest
But with limits and hesitations,
'Cause ones it slips,
Never comes back,
Your build, it rips,
Shows you what you lack,
Don't regret your past,
Live in the present,
Don't think of future,
It may not always be pleasant.

ORIGINAL*-Adele Malik

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