

Poetry Series

shweta singh

- poems -

Publication Date:

March 2009

Publisher:

PoemHunter.Com - The World's Poetry Archive

Poems are the property of their respective owners. This e-book was created by shweta singh on www.poemhunter.com. For the procedures of publishing, duplicating, distributing and listing of the poems published on PoemHunter.Com in any other media, US copyright laws, international copyright agreements and other relevant legislation are applicable. Such procedures may require the permission of the individuals holding the legal publishing rights of the poems.

****With Love****

You are sea far and wide,
millions of creatures breathe by your side.
You are deep within,
hiding treasures unknown and unseen.
What am I, just a shallow pond,
whose bottom can be touched and found.
How can I dream to be like you,
And even if I do, I cannot touch you.
shweta singh

Abandoned! ! !

I peeped out of the window
to the sundry path,
on the sides of which were old fir trees,
I felt as if from centuries,
I was devoid of the rays of Sun:
After those long gloomy after-noons,
which seemed synonymous to dark nights,
Today I opened my eyes
to witness a day, so young.

They say, that every dark night
is followed by a bright day,
But what if the sun turns its face,
and leaves day on its own fate...
the Sun abandoned Day,
For her pride had made her arrogant...
And, while her glory was on peak,
she forgot the one,
who brought her to this day.

Sun went out of sight,
to make her realize,
How much important was he,
in her life, for without him,
She was only next to night...
With swollen eyes and heavy heart
Not moved her tongue for a single time;
She kept longing for him,
all night and night...

Each passing day seemed like a decade,
and when hours, days and seasons went past,
Day decided to bare her heart-
She cried, she yelled, she said him mean,
For she was young and drunk in her glory,
but being so mature, how could he be so cold,
And, when the rain had drenched the earth,
when chicks of birds were dying fast,
Came Sun smiling from the east...

None of them spoke a word,
But resumed to their work,
for each of them knew,
who faltered at what time...

shweta singh

After my funeral is through!

I believe, I am dead my dear friend,
For I can see you roaming around;
And in spite of my high intensity call,
You neither hear them nor sense at all.

I know you are gonna bury me soon,
and dispose my belongings in store room;
May be you will donate one or two of them,
To the beggar sitting at the corner of lane.

But that old pink pullover of mine,
And that red scarf with white line;
Why did you put them in garbage bin,
I know they are old with holes within.

But, I thought you liked them as you liked me, didn't you?
And wished to keep them even after my funeral is through.

shweta singh

But, Buddha is Dead

Wait! I said to the man running ahead
Looked into his red-bright eyes and said,
A knife in my pocket, a bomb in his hand,
I ask him, 'Can you be a little kind.
Are you thirsty or these weapons are;
Why to soak ourselves in blood and war'.
I try to make out what's in his head.
He smiles and says, 'But, Buddha is Dead'.
I reciprocate with smile and start,
'We lived in peace centuries after that'
He looked with disgust and snapped,
'Don't act foolish you old, pale rat;
You know how recently he died,
when they pulled him down at Bamiyan,
second time, they gave him salvation;
For if he was alive, would have cried
I poked, 'we aren't enemies but friends,
throw your weapons and shake hands'.
He winked smiled and then laughed aloud
said without any malice from his side
'I throw my weapon and hug you tight,
but I know you're still hiding a knife'.

shweta singh

Desire

Every night when the Sun wears a dark veil, covered with distant gems afar,
Every night when the Moon starts flirting with the wild stars;
Comes in my heart a feeling that burns the candle of desire,
I know not to swim, still plunge into the river that flows touching the solitaire.
shweta singh

Of Life

Pales, dries, it falls on the grass,
A gust of wind opens the door to past;
As it descends and kisses the ground,
Aches my heart, with a sigh profound.

Fraction of a second it takes, goes on leave,
leaving reminiscences behind embraces peace;
I wonder, is there another sky to see,
Where, our soul flies on a virgin spree.

What secret oblivion is holding in arms,
more full of bliss than earthly charms;
I sense the wet gentle breeze on my dry cheek,
And, my aching heart, finally finds some ease.

Smiling, I see the leaf pursuing the path paved by wind,
For there is a beautiful journey unfolding ahead! ! !

shweta singh

The Golden Dawn

Standing on the vast sea shore,
I am longing to see the rising sun.
The inchoation of a blemish less day.
when the hitherto world will change.
Man will be turned to humane.
I will be you and you will be me.
With divine thoughts and pious feelings,
we will crow about the treasure of life.
The soothing feeling after
stretching a helpful hand,
The joy of sharing a piece of bread.
Dancing on the tune of Cosmopolitan hyme,
I hope to see a new sunshine.
Nothing inclement and inane,
The blood will flow only in vein.
We all under the same roof,
In the presence of our Great father.
We will hop together at each fun.
I will surely see that shining sun.
Yellow to orange and then to red,
I wish to see its every shade,
Light lavender all around,
I hope to see the Golden Dawn.

shweta singh

Wish

You are a song, untouched by singer's tongue,
I will not hum unless you want me to sing.

You are a book, unread to the myriad readers,
I will not peruse unless you want me to read.

You are a tale, no one has ever told or heard,
I will not spell a word unless you want me to narrate.

You are a gift, that is still untouched,
I will not bare unless you want me to unwrap.

You are a mystery, that exists unresolved,
I will not persuade unless you want me to resort.

And there is one more thing that I can do my friend,
I will keep you like that forever, unless you don't want.

shweta singh

You Are Beautiful! ! !

When I see you,
I wish to see you again,
For in my mind you leave
an impression that lasts long,
And even when you are not around,
your face surfaces in my mind,
And my heart denies to possess any limit,
For it craves to get a glimpse of you
like an innocent child,
Whose eyes are longing
to see his mother come,
For he thinks,
there is no other bliss
than being in the arms of his mother...

shweta singh