Poetry Series

shyam balaji

- poems -

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A Pleasant night

During a night the scene
through moon light had I seen,

buoyanting a wood house over the sea,
afford I my eyes to see.

'Am I in a dreamy land', had I a doubt,
Pinching myself, my senses I felt.

myself I asked, ' Was it
nature's talent to make things

so pleasant', thought I for a while,
curiously I reached my bed,

gliding eyes closed on my head.
had I the dream, 'THAT SAME PLEASANT NIGHT,
THROUGH THE MOON LIGHT'.

S.S.B

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A sole walker

Across oceans, as sole hawk-
yearning for a soul to talk,
through my path, had an isolated walk.

Loneliness chased my life,
to slew my woes, had no knife.
through my path, been I only a trife.

While all evenings ran slow,
none to speak, had an isolated blow
through my path, saw no illuminated glow.

Saw no rose, but only thorn
with unknown reason I was born,
through my path, only sadness have I worn.

To view the world, when I turned,
tough lessons are there to be learnt.
through my path of life, only sorrows I earned.

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Dew on the grass

Oh! Great is the slope of the meadow
lush green lawn grown so low
drops of dew on every blade of grass flow.

Hidden sun glow in mercy
to warm cold sick skin of men,
a location even to enjoy the beauty of sun.

Worries and woes blow with breeze,
flora of various colours, that eyes gaze
around, as sheep and bull move in laze.

Heart huming songs, on track a rail,
lying one over another with my pal,
with a longing for love, we fall.

Fall where great is the slope of the meadow
Where lush green lawn grown so low
And where drops of dew on every blade of grass flow.

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India-The Nation To Feel Proud Of

Patriotic mind of mine kindled
impulsive thoughts that induced
the cells of mine to see India developed.

Let the indelible potence of each
rise to instill grit and teach
to plant the seeds of wisdom and courage.

Let not India lay with beggary hands
that expect helps from the others.
Thy serve to others and stand on its proud legs.

Thou art, let not sleep
make India flourish
In all fields that it accomplish.

Let the priest in temples chant
not,
'to deign each men with wealth and prosperity'
yet,
'to see the light of developed India'

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Is Hunting Fun! ?

Incadescent sun concealed behind mountains,
    I had my bobbin packed in bag,
daring to go about an adventurous hunting
    taking hand grandpa's blunderbuss,
I set off without any fuss.

Blusters blew swirling dead gleble,
    through dark black forest, I tread.
splendent torch glew red,
    looking forward a nice knock,
Waited for a good stock.

I sighted deer through gleam
    eyes twinkled green,
Aimed perfect, with one eye closed
    The moment, a sharp thorn pricked my feet
I screamed 'ouch! ! '.Realised the intense pain.

I beat my breast for being bearish
    towards animals of benevolence behaviour,
Had I a thoughtful lesson-
    a true lesson to every jaeger.
I turned home being corrected.

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Love's launchpad(first love)

I like you,
I know you, still,
I dont know why
I say'I hate you'.

I see you, wanting
you to see me,
you then do,
But then I turn.

I want you to be
A child in my arms,
When you accept
I recultantly regret.

I talk with your friend,
wanting you to talk with me,
When you just do,
I just act not to.

I dont know the reason why,
I thought it was pride,
But on realising, just
this is love's inaguration.

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Mom- I Love U.

The time when I laid on your laps, mother,
of the outside world I lest bother
That's time I was four.
You bet me, chided me, advised me,
That was all in the world I knew.
I cared in this world for nothing
except to ride a bicycle I had training
That was time I was nine.
I found the world a mystery,
for you provided me the glossary.
Unknowing what causes why I found myself crazy
for then you taught me the lessons of life
That's time I was eleven.
Clearing all the downsides of me,
with a pride eye you see.
Now I learnt the world well mother
to write a poem on you, the words slither
and its time I am sixteen.
Thy soul being yours, I find
Thou art is so kind.

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My Dream's Angel

Where in the world
could I ever see her,
Up the hills, down the plain,
oh! Please appear here dear!

What in the world
would I ever imagine?
Whirl with the winds,
angel appear here in a spin!

When in the world
should I ever test?
The thoughts of yours,
are shed without rest.

Whom in the world
might I ever trust?
Please don't vanish,
making my heart burst.

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Sounds that should not be missed

Sound of blossom of a flower,
I desire to hear,
the sound of nature.

Sound of rain's glassy water drop,
over a roof's top,
the sound of joy.

Sound of beat of our heart,
through our ears caught,
the sound of wonder.

Sound of delicious supper in boil,
after a great day's toil,
the sound of hunger.

Sound of a mother's loving ballad,
hearing the cry of her toddler,
the sound of love! ! !

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Terror in the dark

During a dark dense quiet night
on cloudy day's dim light,
I saw the most horror frightened sight.

Wading through faded red lamp
through gangsters streets of mud damp,
the place where phantoms camp.

Howling of crafty fox at yonder,
sodden by cold rain's thunder,
lightning cracking as electric shocks.

I rushed into house in terror,
gathering there was some error,
grew anxious to infer.

Stains of blood on red carpet,
drops of it leaking on bed,
from the roof's top was terrific threat.

Dreadful two spirit's voices heard,
one good another bad,
good promised a reward.

But bad cried, 'I am hungry lush
give me your sappy red flesh
will I have a frolic flush'.

Ghastly two doors opened,
inside, both equally darkened,
nothing seen inside, my sweat down flooded.

'Is my fate a death hard,
or a happy reward',
my hearts questioned.

My decision being my fate,
I entered a door off late,
Then.....,

Water splashed on my face,
no surprise it was late morning
my ears were filled with chidings.

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WH's Of Love! ! ! ! !

Where love begins in our soul?
In our nerves, heart or in our vein's hole.

What does love mean to us?
Pain, affection or success.

Why god wanted man to love?
To make him die, lie or live.

When do we learn to love?
The time when we learn to live! ! !

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