Poetry Series

Viraj Bhanshaly

- poems -

Publication Date:

May 2007

Publisher:

PoemHunter.Com - The World's Poetry Archive

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Viraj Bhanshaly I like to write whenever I want, I also write about anything, I find that nice... pleaz comment and vote on my poems, i hope they appetize you. My nickname is V or V.J $\,$ My first poem was dinosaurs but i lost the copy and the original... sigh, haha i found the original yay! !Works: none i wish i could

15th Century Galleon

As the galleon swiftly went by, I wondered how so fast, In this glory day and age, How such a strong mast.

What were these ships used for? Why were they here? Is it a lonely battle? Which we were instructed to steer.

The boldness of the ship, The raising of the flag, The mounting of the sail, The cleaning with the rag.

The horizon was the goal, War, was the aim, To win would be courageous, Even better, come back with fame.

But these were the dreams, That the English dreamt, The English bold as brass, With no, worry or contempt.

For as they sailed out far, The mainsail catching the breeze, They started going faster, And turning at 30 degrees.

One day it would be nice, To be a captain of ships, Especially the Galleons, And go with the waves dips.

To be a seafarer, Go up into war, Maybe so get killed, Or come out in, less than a claw.

Or even win so strong, Just like ones old dream, Of crossing the valiant oceans, And winning in the gleam.

For these Galleon bearers, The English so forth won, Very easily you could say, And that they also had fun.

I don't know who they battled, That I could find out,

But even though, this story, I have no fractured doubt.

9/11

For when the terrorists gained a lead, The world was merely touched, Nobody really cared for then, And an idea of bombs was flushed.

Until that promised day of launch, All was strictly fine, The world silent as rock, And mother nature divine.

But this wasn't, a tsunami, It was a jungle attack, America hit from behind, The twin towers back to back.

Both crushed in seconds, Or minutes we could say, And neither told the tale, In a happy, joyful way.

For as the planes struck, The passengers bewildered and scared, All died within, This deadly, vicious nightmare.

People still live the tale, And they can vouch for good, For many stayed to help, Not wondering (eventually), if they should.

And those that died to help, We still pay them respect, For their bravery, and courage, As well, as intellect...

Abalone Shell

As the Abalone Shell was found, All the architects' gathered round, Gazing at the piece of art, Made by a creature, so serene and smart.

Its natural beauty made no noise, For all the architects', were there and poised, Staring, at this new found wonder, Slowly, they started to plunder...

What made such a beautiful work? Why is it making, our minds go berserk? What produced the velvety curl? What in such nature produced this twirl?

And so they held it in their hands, As the first tears, came down in bands, The golden, bluely, greenly shades, Bold still, over many decades.

With the patterned indents still there, Their hearts clear of all despair, They carried on still surprised, Until they slowly realised.

The little mark, precise and secure, As it acted like a little lure, For in the middle a little eye, Pointing to, the Heavens and sky.

With all the shininess, that it brought, The Abalone Shell purely sought, Out of all its twists and bends, That before it had, many friends.

And ten indents it carried inside, These may be friends, or rules to abide, And in the gold, it may be so true, That it lived with its friends, like a fine crew.

The bluely-green may signify sea, Also the Abalone was fine, well and free, But in all of this, the thing that was best, Was inside the eye, a red golden crest.

This was the heart, serene, filled with grace, It pumped the, unique creature, at a good pace, And as a good present, it then left behind, The Abalone Shell, which we, today find.

The heart may be gone, taken up above,

Up to the skies, with the white dove, But, we keep, the blue, green and golden, Abalone Shell, however much, past olden.

We now today, remember this deed, The Abalone Shell, which we also freed, Nobody knows, where those men went, But with them, discovery, whether given or meant...

Ablazed Death

Torture, torture, Death concealed, Ablazed as it is, Now revealed...

Blazing, ablazing... A revolution, Of my life in front of my eyes, My death...

One so merry, Blazing tonight, But in the mix is sadness, Ablazing is light, my life...

Burning and billowing, Turning and twirling, My life like so ablaze, It seems to be whirling.

Until I die, the fire remains,
Ablazed death it will be,
But till that time, which I saw flashing,
The burning life we shall see,
Until the ablazed death.
I remain blazing and burning.
Till death does burning part...
Ablazed Death...

Alone...

I cowered in the corner, Didn't know what to think, All alone in this darkness, It's not very nice at all, Just well felt scared, Nothing to really fear, But, when you're alone, You can start hearing noises, That doesn't exist...

It's not very nice,
Anxiety wrecks the minds thoughts,
The conscience is overridden,
Taken over,
Noises, cracks, bangs,
All imaginary, but you're alone,
Not with anyone,
Imagination goes wild,
Trapped in no bars at all,
A lonely feeling...

In the pit of the stomach, Everything is jelly, All alone, the body feeling like to hide, Move, run from the despairing noises, All in the head of course, But at the moment, Well, it's not like that, Alone is calling the feelings, Calling and calling, Never ceasing...

Threatening, then the mind joins,
Not all, only imagination,
Making everything worse,
The call stronger,
More beckoning for madness to release,
For adults, well they can,
Keep the barrier strong,
Children, well they get dragged in,
Moving into the twirl,
The twirl of despair, loneliness,
Everything still the minds doing,
Nothing outside...

Only maybe the darkness,
The occasional car,
Person walking down the road,
Telephone ring next door,
All, not the minds clever side takes in,
But imaginations interception abilities,
That influences first,

The rest of the power, Formed by imagination tracks down, Only to destroy that clever area, Make it no part...

Only a part of the brain, That doesn't work, Useless, dead, non-significant, Alone is a disease, It affects everyone, Alone a terror, Alone...

Ambidextrous

When one arm is the same As the other one, You might feel slight shame, And slightly down and dum.

You may feel that you're strange Not like the others you are, With two arms of power, It acts like a scar.

But this is not the point For unique you are now, And friends are all you need, You may wonder how.

Well be kind and helpful and free, Don't listen to any remarks, And one day you will see, A vision of friends in the park.

Angel Falls

Once on silent day, Life all so still, Featuring strong erosion, Angel Fall fills.

Moving in disaster, Cowering at the source, Steadily, steadily falling, Just like a dying horse.

Rocks behind its power, Abrasion pushes down, Steam always rising, Rocks hit the ground.

The tallest in the world, Angel Fall is high, A systematic skyscraper, Touching the waves of sky.

Animals...?

The cats on the floor,
The dogs on the roof,
The tadpoles in the more,
And the farmers lost his moose!

The donkeys in the air, The flies' upside down, The pigs at the fair, Wearing a dressing gown!

The monsters in the loo, The crickets on my bed, The monkey said boo! And the bear is dead!

The frogs on my mat, The lions in my field, The mosquito's on my bat, And the mantis on my shield.

The zebra's behind the mat, The rhino by my door, The cockroach on my lap, And the ant in my straw.

The wasp by my light, The hippo in my pool, The beetles in a fight, And the eel is a fool.

The rat's in my socks, The panda in the herd, The giraffe in my flocks! Now all this is really ABSURD!

Bicycles

Bicycles, Tricycles, All of many type, Just like instruments, or very old pipes, There's flute and all, as you can see, Many different types, Hee Hee Hee

Birds of Paradise

As the birds of paradise flew, The dazzling colors binding, They moved around in velvety rings, Your body's insides grinding.

For as you saw the birds go round, You wondered how, when? How can they soar so violently? Then gentle after ten?

As they plummet to the depths, Catching lots of fish, Their wings spraying water round, Then you slowly wish.

Maybe it would be better, Away from all the strain, To fly around in circles, No losses or a gain.

But nah, it's better like this, Enjoying them chirp and crow, Watching them play catch, As the nicely follow.

Then they also hover, Stay in the moving air, Such a life, so free, With no worry, or such care.

About what will happen, The next day and so on, For this is a paradise world, We birds, we won't be gone.

Black Cat

As moonlight struck the sky, The black cat standing near, Its yelps and little cry, Its tail spiked with fear.

Its eyes glimmering steady, Its body slim and round, The short legs at the ready, Claws in the ground.

Ears, dark and twitching, Listening for a sound, Its black neck slightly itching, It's a mouse its found.

The tail, long and coiling, The black fur jagged up, It leaps with its strong legs, And now its caught its sup.

Black Death

Death arrived like horses trot, Along it planned a malicious plot, To kill and be merry in any way, The colored life, slowly turned grey.

Rats scurried and bit with lead, Bodies lying in the shed, A lung falling to the feet, Blood breaking, feel the heat.

Sweat erupts to the brink, Glands smelly, Oh! They stink, I'm imagining, it's in my head, Free from life, for now I'm dead.

Black Hole...

The black hole raged, Nicely engaged, In sucking a battleship.

The atoms flying, The people crying, As the there was a big rip.

The black hole jerks, And makes the works, Of the little thing.

For it enjoys, Juicing toys, Escpecially the wing.

But as the space, Meets the face, Of an unkindly cry.

The black hole zooms, Like a car vrooms, For a white hole makes it die.

The ship is gone, And now it's none, For it got sucked before.

But the black holes free, To a degree, As now it is no more!

But more come out, And fling about, Their massive pulling power.

And they still consume, A high volume, To other objects cower.

So please beware, As you stare, In the open place.

You may see unkindly, A black holes hindly, For this is one strange space.

Blue Whale

As the monster crossed the sea, We watched him go by, But these were my earlier views, And so I'll tell you why.

I believed that the creature was bad, As it was so huge, It was like a million of me, In a blue refuge.

It seemed capacious, One with rooms, Full of dead, As it looms.

Towering over, it ate everyone, That was what I believed, But when I saw the whale that day, The evil vision was conceived.

Yes, maybe very large, Colossal, Ginormous, you could say, But so gentle, kind and fearless, On that summers day.

Just like me eventually, For I then realized the pain, For their numbers weren't rising, Never at a gain.

They only kept on dying, We weren't there to catch, Only to see the beauty, That nothing ever could match.

But some catch these whales, Only for their meat, Don't forget the blubber, Burning in the heat.

I understand its money, It's the only way to live, But let, some live a free life, For you just have to give.

And so my vision is clear, These animals are so pure, But not always their life, And the problems they endure.

And so agencies fight, For these animals case,

To save them in the future, And in our timely race. Viraj Bhanshaly

Centurion

Centurion, the one that breaths, A supernova, destined for heaven, It gives no warmth, no glory or power, From midnight until seven.

After that it leaps out rage, For why it still remains, Why it can't go to heaven, And why it suffers pains.

Vibrant though it strives forever, Golden, darkened Red, Hotter than, angels burning, Or purifying Lead.

As it lives a supernova, It twirls round and round, Giving off sparks of flame, Space is its surrounds.

It cannot however talk, For Centurion is alone, Until its destined death day, It remains in state of moan.

Many have tried to capture it, Set it free at last, Release the sudden beauty, And destroy the angered past.

For once in that state, Of pleasant freedom to share, It can die in peace, Not pungent, fierce despair.

Chol - era

There once was a man from Chol-, Era, was found at the poll, Big was the vote, The dead people wrote, And worse, they increased the toll.

Cholera

This poem is short, For many are dead, But it burns, pains and kills, Cholera, found in water, Deadly and vicious, Death is not a step backward, It is the only way to go, The last account, I'm burning, it's happening, I won't stay for long, But tell the scientists that it's water, The rats, not the air, Don't and warn people not to go Out of town, I've researched myself, Proof is in my science shed... Please, i won't stay long, Blood is coughed and trouble breathing, Spread the News! Please as my last request, It must be tol... Cholera is a kille.. r...

Church

As the Sunday woke the hall, The Church slowly filled up, The Sun rising in the east, The men had a cup.

Early in the morning they rose, To set up the stage, To get the Church nice and neat, And then to nicely engage.

With the people pouring in, To hear the Morning Prayer, To feel divine in their world, Uncover the Earths hidden layer.

With the prayers they now announce, Sing with the choir, Gaze up at thou kind God, Make God a desire.

One that can guide the world, Seek it through the worst, Make the world survive the embers, Make it so the first.

And so the columns sing aloud, In the heavenly sounds, May God help us, Out of our worldly bounds.

May we see the stain glass, On our dreams so now, May we be with you God, Just tell us one thing, how?

(This is all polite, if you do get offended please tell me)

Circle

The circle is like a bouncy ball, That whirls its way around, It also acts like a shape, A 2-D shape as found.

It has its taste in math, But also other things, Like a circle of friendship, Or the way it flings.

It shares D.T and art, It spins to form a brown, (on the color wheel) Electricity and colors, But not within a frown.

City Life

In the city all so good, The city streets are calm, Everybody sleeping, On the giant cities palm.

Until dawn however, Then it all begins, The silence disappears, Never to ever win.

Until the late hours of night, When the world so sleeps, Otherwise noise won't stop, Even counting sheep.

The bars remain open, Closing at three at night, Then there are people drunk, Getting into a fight.

But when the cities silent, Heaven then awakes, Followed by the noise, And the deadly earthquakes.

But this is city life, Congested as it is, Buzzing, always buzzing, And always in a whiz.

Don't forget the traffic, Everywhere you go, Motorbikes go racing, Cars to and fro.

The screech of a car, The ice-rink very near, The lively, dynamic roads, Not so very clear.

The plaza also here, Look the famous town square, Oh great! All the traffic, This is a nightmare...

But the cities also good, It gives you lots of range, Even though maybe expensive, And maybe just slightly strange...

Contrasting Skies

The contrasting skies passing by, The Crimson and the Blue, Throwing all the weight around, Trying to break through.

Separated by a purple crease, The Crimson showing war, The gentle Blue showing peace, The purple is the shore.

The common grounds between the two, Fiery and the Ice, The laden earth ready for battle? Or will they think twice.

The darkening night, Turns so dark, coldness streaks as well, The slowly combining of the two, Into one warmed up shell.

The Crimson and Blue talk, Their joining every night, Why should they either cower? Or break into vicious fight.

They both show uniqueness, One for war and peace, They should accept each other, Anger they should release.

Brightened up with courage, The Crimson blazing fire, Blue showing gentle, Both never tire.

This was the contrast, But also the poem on teams, That fills the sky with wonders, And melancholy dreams.

The fire raging well, Keeping minds ablaze, The peace enters the minds, And casts upon a gaze.

Featuring that contrast is good, But we're also the same, In this touching skies, And this friendly game.

For we control the skies, The birds never above, Touching the waves of sky, Not even the heavens dove.

One may be Crimson, The other blissful Blue, Different in kindred natures, But both battle it through.

However much they contrast,
Differ they nicely control,
Both combining after fun,
To form, a natured soul,
Contrasting Skies they are,
But on the horizon,
Not very far,
They're the same... these Contrasting Skies

Crazy

When darkness spread All were dead, Animals, freedom and all.

Terrain was moved The sky was grooved, The earth started to call.

Crazy crazy life is lest Once thou, the best of best, Now we shall never rest, Crazy crazy is the crest.

When darkness spread All were dead, Animals, freedom and all.

The earth in despair Will take the share, For CRAZY is the fall.

Crimson Red

Crimson Red, Hatred, Love, Sunset, Beauty, Setting Night, Warmth, Light, All these and maybe more, Are shown by Crimson Red, A color very valiant, A color that's not dead, One that brings beauty, So divine that is, Warmth to those that touch it, Hatred in the hearts, When felt at full blast, A gleam of sunset, Setting near, A setting night, Bringing light, Not forgetting, embraced love, Like one bird, with a dove, Crimson Red is what's in life, But not in all areas, In some, the word doesn't exist, But here, it's part of life, Crimson Red, never dead...

Dark Trees

Coming home in pure dark,
The trees bounding over,
Their prickly ends and pointed arms,
It seems as if they're going to become alive,
Roam the streets,
Searching for friends, family,
In the warmth that is still carried,
And maybe eventually the sheer cold,
The trees lean over,
Staring at every step taken,
You would start to wonder,
Will they pounce to attack?
Their long prickly arms, reaching,
For attack...

Maybe, they'll have traps prepared, Never moving, only planning, In the darkness that surrounds them, Talking, forever, Gleaming, breathing, Moving the leaves they may have left, Or the branches, swaying, Maybe this is what they do in the dark, Plan, retreat if in problems, The dark trees will carry on though, Through the dark times in history, They strive, maybe one day to attack, With the prickly arms and branches, With the Darkness from the Trees, Really coming out, Causing oblivion and trouble, Those Dark Trees... mischief...

Dark...

There is something like, Cold, black, silence, Scary and unknown, A place where light can't show, Somewhere black, Where nobody goes.

Darkness Of Light

People regard light as a great principle, Something that awakens our day, Something that enables us to see in our misty minds, Something that we all share.

But when does light share darkness, Nobody ever thinks about when light was dark, How it was used to kill and sacrifice, The forgotten.

This light isn't all good, For once it cleared the darkness, It never fought away its return, This darkness in which we all live in, Is only light itself, for the earth started in darkness.

The birth is only the true state, The Big Bang or God brang light, But before the light there was dark, And light was our saviour now Our destroyed respects in the dark.

Dead Poetry Thief

Comes and goes as swiftly as sea, Thunder is never seen, Only poems crimson blood, The golden reddish gleam, Streaking across the floor, Blood continues a trail, Where it ends is diminished, The poetry thief has a veil.

Never showing where it went, It comes in and out, Not only killing though, But stealing ideas, Watching ideas, Gaining hunger every day, For more and more, Topics to steal, enjoy, To gain as its own.

The dead poems are never seen, Not by human eye, Only by another poem, For this thief is sly, Hiding clues and silent, Quiet is the game, Once close, pounce for kill, Every poem the same.

No certain favourites,
A random pick to chose,
The dead poem unknown,
That's one poem to lose,
However these poems,
Are never seen or read,
They lie, passed away,
Cowering even when dead.

A weapon this thief carries, One I know not myself, I dare ever find out, For this poem, the last one to stay, Is the only account, The only ever remaining document.

If this dies all proof dies, This thief will be a load of lies, Compiled to get better rhymes, With better stories, and better times.

This account though proves them wrong, It's all I have to say, About this serial killer,

That everyone knows today, Once death has occurred, The thief will take the power, The words and the rhyme, All it will devour...

Not one word remains,
All to be written again,
But alas the poem will never be found,
In this world of men,
The words of golden now all lost,
The thief owns them all,
The poem may cry for help,
But intended always is fall.

The thief can never be found,
Never caught of heard,
Never disturbing the house,
Or minds could go absurd,
Who is that, what is it?
Why is it here, to steal?
Make a fool of me,
A secret I cannot conceal,
The world would then come to know...

So silence is the key,
To opening all the doors,
Catching out all the words,
Jumping to other floors,
Draining words in ecstasy,
It causes a pool of red,
Crimson actually to tell the truth,
One death has committed may be affected,
May feel guilty,
Not the dead poetry thief...

Stealing after death it plays,
All those golden words,
The emotions that are written,
Felt during the poem as
Well as the writers own feelings,
All stolen, all taken without a word,
If people found out,
They'd go absurd...

But still as crimson leaks from wounds, The poems breaths are numbered, Its body drained of all contents, Pain is never slumbered.

Dreams can't occur, To leave a quiet death, For all is taken away from body, As a gleaming wreath.

Still it steals and steals and steals,
Going on and on,
Stealing all it can kill, devotion to nobody,
Only itself and own fortune,
Stealing the dead, leaving a wreck,
Ripping the throat, then the neck,
Leaking poems, nothing left,
Poems only on the floor,
Lying in enormous mounds,
All in galore...

Not of original state,
The originals were lively and free,
These are simply dead,
Old and tattered like the cover of and aged book,
Even worse it uses these ideas,
To make poems of own,
For now the originals are dead,
Who could be overthrown?
Who could be found out?
The answer is nobody...

No remains present, not to the human Or animal eye anyway, Just new poems with added features, Remixes from other stolen poems, Never found this hunter, traitor, killer, Never heard or seen, Only leaving blood in red gleam, No blue of peace, only red, To signify those who're dead, Or crimson as could be heard, The killing large and absurd.

But still this thief carries on,
Everywhere it visits, searching out poems,
To drain and kill, suck all contents out,
The golden words, the silver words,
Money as words pouring out,
The poem never able to shout,
Never heard or ever seen,
Only its blood in crimson gleam...
The only remains left...
Death and misery...

Bold blood of crimson red, Signifying those of dead, Never ever heard of misread, The thieving stealing always fed. The one who makes losses of dreams of gold, Makes poems always heard and untold, The one with a whip who sharply can scold, The one that leaves poems in a mould, Killing with black leaving only red, Forcing poems to give those words read, Shaking the black into the souls, Leaving only crimson, the rest taken, like black holes...

Dead Poetry Thief...

Delusions

I see them going, walking Through open streets talking, Wondering what to do next, Nobody ever sees them but me, But they are real aren't they?

Going into shops never scaring, Just passing on the money to Everyday needs and the shopkeeper is Content, still confused at the strange Occurence that just happened.

They then go out again walking, But nobody ever sees them go home, They are homeless I say, As nobody else sees them, They are real though.

The winter feel that they bring, Is assuring as well that they are moving, As they walk past people Wind rushes and people look, There is something there.

But why aren't they seen, For what reason is it just me that can tell, Why do blue lakes seem filled With green and red as delusions fill me, Just why do cups seem abstract.

The plates bending in front of my eyes, What is this, a fairy-tale? Why do these people walk and talk, For what in this dream in which we In reality walk. Why delusions?

Desert Rain

As the heated desert raged, The area parched and dry, The little scorpions scurried, The desert rat let out a cry.

No rain for months on end, For a traveler, that may mean death, On this lonely desert, A burning, fiery wreath.

As a dust spiral started, The manic then began, The shield was quickly raised, It saved, more than one man.

But still the famish reigned, Bringing us down to knees, Our bodies so delirious, The heat could make us freeze.

At night it dropped below, It was a freezing chill, It brought hair on end, And made the body shrill.

Hardly any water, To quench the fearful thirst, Only to imagine mirage, Eventually the worst.

As the cracked rocks crumbled, The cacti only for drink, But their prickles pricked the hand, And left no water, in a blink.

As the sweltering heat went on, In it's full blast day, My arid skin cracked all over, The colored life turned, grey.

My eyesight failing, Due to heat, Flash-Flood gaining, Pure defeat...

Ahh a flash flood, Rain at last, Misery is gone, May this last.

But so threatening, For more, more came, Rain was falling, It was insane.

In this heat, It was fresh, But now so much... But now so much...

This deserts rain, is insane...

Deserted House

As the, deserted house, Coiled into loom, There was only, one step further, And that of was which, into doom.

But many people took the step, Thinking they were cool, But as they ended, in nothing at all, They nicely played the fool.

The house was deserted, Like on a starless night, The house held no glory, Only, misery and fright.

But once it was happy, The people who lived there were, great, Until the house was deserted, Nobody knows of their fate.

But that side, which was pure evil, Will be, just, left dead, For it's, mere history, As it's always said.

People though who went in, Fell in a bottomless pit, I've never been in the house, Only those with wit.

There was only one, who survived, And this person tells me today, For he's one good friend, He says 'stay away.'

For that house is naughty, Nothing but the works, Of a man with a greedy smile, And a man of mischievous smirk.

And so I, don't go near, That one, old, dreaded place, For all it is, is Hell, The start of a killing chase.

Maybe, one day the spirits, Will, become happy again, But right now, it's one fearful place, A place to free fully condemn.

Until, until, until, The happy haven returns, My that place, be in fire or Hell, And I hope it pleasantly burns.

For it draws the people in, Something they can't resist, Until they fall, into the depths, Of that murky mist...

Destiny...

The shadows moved across the sky, The men standing by, Looking at the shadows formed, Wondering of their destiny, Whether it'll be grand, Whether it'll be sorrow, Maybe it will be free, It could happen tomorrow, But destiny is majestic, Prancing round and round, Free, nice, playful...

That's destiny...

A wonder of the future,
One the men dream,
Maybe it'll happen,
Who knows, life occurs,
Day by day, week by week,
Everything for the good only,
Destiny we seek,
But we won't find it,
It won't be allowed,
It's one big secret,
We all live it...

Destiny, the Destiny,
One forbidden,
One lost,
One comes eventually,
But still, when the time is right,
Destiny will appear,
Maybe when the night is clear,
But that's Destiny, comes, goes,
That's all it is...
It really shows,
It comes, only to go, to come again...

This the men think as well, But they just realized now...

Dreams of Reality

As the dreams turned away, They wondered how to be merry, To live dreams in reality, Only happens when drinking sherry.

Life whirls, dreams flash, Moving eyes around, Dreams of Reality move, Until they hit the ground.

But when dreams come true, Life seems a line, Which you can draw, configure, change, It wasn't sherry, its wine...

Dying Hearts

The dying hearts concluding grey, Shaking misery to the times that were missed, Gone, memories of the deep, A heart starts to weep, Crying in dismal state at age.

Wondering at how it's dying, Why it's dying, Why the life has to stop, But this pain is never felt, It's like the heart having its own mind, A way to think.

These hearts memories aren't shared, They're one of secrets, Bottled up, only to be seen When death occurs, the vortex Inside the experiences of good, Which the heart reveals as well.

Its memories finally unveiled, However only one person can know This dead heart of secrets, That's the dying person, The secrets never to be uncovered Never to another living soul.

But during the time,
When the heart is dying,
The person may be hurt or crying,
Shaking misery, sadness and woe,
Telling those emotions,
To pack and go,
They never will in all life,
Leave people alone,
They'll stay, causing moan,
You'll weep for eternity,
Feel only certain glee,
For this is a Dying Heart,
But maybe just the start,
The beginning of life,
A Dying Heart...

Early Moon

This poem is short, As the moon rises fast, But with it comes dreams, That will, always last.

And as it shines, The white brilliance down, The Heavens are silent, The Moon wears the crown.

And as it so rises, At half past three, that's late! This early moon, Fills the dinner plate.

And as we so see, That, sensational glint, High up in the sky, The Moon even gives, a slight golden tint.

Earthquake

Slowly cities subside, Confusion streaks across, menacing, Destroying, fretfully springing, The city yawns, taking no notice, The jolts, left aside, The crack, the city sleeps, only to wake, Move, see, yell, cry, Despair...

Buildings disintegrating, changing, Houses, lop-sided, A mouth gapes, just as the ground, The earth indignant, fierce, violent, Jolts, jolt, Jolt, jolt, SHUDDER... crack.

Newspaper Headlines:

'Gas Explosion Causes Seventy Terminations' Seventy flights cancelled, Seventy dead...
'Landslide Causes Slides in Economy' Economy rates at extreme low...
'Fire Causes Fritz'
People screaming, crying, trapped...
'Tidal Wave, People Swept of their Feet' Water devastation wreck villages...

The city left in complete wreck, Debris flying out, Chasms occupying areas, Flames, fallen trees blocking escapes, Smoke causing suffocation...

The worst came at eight point one, Struck the city firm, The epicenter most, unrecognizable, Still kept the feeling of aftershock, Buildings sunk under, The seismic wave, a catastrophe, Only held feeling of death, In this major earthquake Macbeth...

Egyptian Pyramids

I went on another holiday, This one to Egypt, It was excellent, But even though the title is pyramids, The best thing was the food...

I mean it, seriously it was excellent, The pyramids were good though, The smell of oldness and mummies, Seeing the sarcophagus and the cases...

Ohh soo coooolll, Then the heat made it better, You start to hear noises, Your mind tired and so are your senses...

You start to feel the old days, Also hear them and see them up front, Then the amazement that there were no vehicles, Nothing to help them...

Only the ropes, but so high to go, All the way to the top, It seems like if anyone was that strong, They'd be able to lift a mountain...

So amazing life, And here we are so stuck, In our tight bonds of despair, Or happiness actually...

But still the pyramids, Great, a must see I tell you, Not of the internet of magazine, Something the Egyptians never had, But going to Egypt...

Elizabeth 1 (1533-1603)

When Elizabeth first began, She eventually lasted for a major span, But within, there were bumps and rides, Also the usual turning of tides.

But Elizabeth, even though very young, Was never, taken over, or even strung, She held her own string, abided her laws, And within that, no political flaws.

For the first ten years, she played it nice, Catholics, Protestants, no vicious spice, But soon one event, did, much harm, That no there would, never be calm.

Elizabeth now hated Catholics, for their mischievous deeds, For trying to overthrow her, and make Catholicism the seed, But no, she didn't take it, not one word, And finally she attacked, like an angry bird.

The Heavens raged, Hell laughed, At the terror within, The battle did, stop, But inside came a mighty sin.

Elizabeth was also cunning, She had all her pictures the same, They hardly ever got older, All in the fiendish, big game.

And so many players played, In these so called games, For example, Sir Walsingham, Detectives, Spy were his names.

And if you know this period, You know what I mean, That this, game, is like chess, It carries the same 'esteem.'

EverCrimson War

The bloody hearts that we consume, EverCrimson they are, The bloody streams, crimson with terror, Are not very afar,

For eventually war will strike, These haven heaven lands, EverCrimson forming round, Death hitting sands.

Causing terror, freedom felt, In the depths of the sea, Where drowning can lead to freedom, A free death possibility.

But still as this war comes, We shall never prepare, For this EverCrimson War, We never daren't stare.

For this battle will spread blood wide, Not only blood but lost dreams, For those that once lived, Now dead as it seems.

Those dreams lost forever, Never to come back, Losing memories of childhood, Now at severe lack.

The child at home playing, Wanting war to end, Never to know the death, That EverCrimson War can lend.

For as well as dreams and death, Souls will be lost again, Reaching up to heaven, But never these lonely men.

For we caused war, maybe end it, But we started it at first, So Mother Nature cannot be happy, Only send us the worst.

Crimson war is bad enough, Than having it Ever to stay, I tell them, 'it isn't a game' The dead in sorrow lay.

Listening to my words, Understanding what I mean, But nobody listens otherwise, They will never wipe sins clean.

Only keep them forever, Staining the blood EverCrimson red, Never to be lost, Reminding of the ones who are dead.

Those that were killed,
The ones they killed,
Hearts, lands, acres full of blood,
EverCrimson War only brings disaster...
To those who fail,
Will flash crimson, go stale,
Rotting bodies, rotting blood,
Mixed in with the dying mud.
EverCrimson War only brings disaster...

Everybody's...

In this life that we all own, Everybody grows, In wisdom and in knowledge, It all just shows.

That we don't stay the same, We all change one day, Learning all the time, It's always been that way.

Ever since the beginning of time, The dinosaurs learnt to eat, Some were herbivores, Some ate lively meat.

Then there were the people, After the microbes changed, We humans strived, Now we are quite changed.

But everybody's changing, And I feel I'm not, Maybe it's just me, Or maybe I'm tired and hot.

But everybody's different, That for we are proud, Even though we don't say it, Definitely not aloud.

We grow in many ways, Eventually when we stop, Writher and die, For now we cannot hop.

We stay in one place, The body cannot grow, Just like how I feel, Maybe I'm just slow...

Excuses, Excuses, Excuses...

Err, miss you know, My book has died, It had my homework, I've not lied.

I was at my cousins place, My book was upstairs, The house, we had an earthquake, I really do cares.

It well, just got battered, It wasn't able to live, I grabbed, its hand, But it couldn't give.

I then just ran out, I felt like, to cry, That's my story miss, My book had to die...

Err, miss you know, My book has died, It had my homework, This time it fried...

(written especially in lower class English to give effect)

Fear

As fear stikes the heart so strong, The weather turns so bad, The mind twisting turning round, Driving life mad.

The fear of life as it is, The fear of death so strong, Driving the mind into darkness, And keeping it there for long.

Going through the tunnels, In the maze of mind, Never keeping facts, Just wiping them blind.

Fear takes its place, So strong but so weak, However never disappearing, For strength it can keep.

This fear travels boldly, Never to stop and pause, Only thinking violently, To rip you with its claws.

The only way to suceed, Is to gather all the force, To fight against the evil, That has come within our reach, And banish it to the underworld. Where it stands to die.

Fear stays there.

Fire Without Ice...

Fire just without ice, It's like, having cats, but no mice, It just shouldn't be, To any degree, And also it's not pleasantly nice.

Fireworks

Crack, bang, fizzle, pop, Please make it all stop,

Fountain, rocket, shooting star, Whoosh, that one went so far,

Sparkle, twirl, flicker, zoom, Magical... multicolor boom,

Wail, whine, whistle, whiz, Deafening, hear that one fizz,

Blaze, shimmer, cascade, sink, That one came out reddish-pink,

Dazzling, stunning, so, so cool, Wow, that one's a Christmas ghoul,

Roman Candle, Catherine Wheel, That one came out greenly-teal,

Explode, flare, soar, shoot, That one made a funky toot,

Squeal, splutter, thud, scream, This is what Fireworks mean,

Fun, happy, naughty, free, Fireworks are just like me,

But fireworks aren't all so good, When someone dies in flames, Fireworks can be deadly stuff, If used in naughty games, Killing, burning, blazing, People can end like that, Dead, bloody, a mess, Destroyed like a trodden on rat.

So please use them safe,
Don't mess around with death,
It comes at any moment,
As a violent wreath,
I'm not saying don't have fun,
Have fun in spirit mist,
Just don't play... Hell or Heaven,
And join the growing death list...

Forks

This little beast,
With three metal teeth,
Can unleash,
A deadly beast,
Ever known to mankind,
The fork I say, use your mind.

It digs three holes, In a bite, You will bleed, It'll be a fright, For this monster may attack, And turn your blood all icy black.

It's made of metal,
It doesn't melt,
It hurts a lot,
When really felt,
This little thing can do so much harm,
When really pinned into your arm!

Fox

Fox, Fox, Run away, Come back another day, Don't catch our birds, Or we'll catch you, And cook you up for foxy stew.

(My own poem based on Roald Dahl's book 'Fantastic Mr. Fox') Viraj Bhanshaly

Freedom.....

Those that vouch with careful steps Will always gain a strife, Those that help with great beliefs Won't feel a vicious life.

For freedom wasn't easy, For those that lived at all, It gained only mercy And led to only fall.

Locked up in chains People lived like that, Freedom far away Lyk a runaway cat.

But people fought to catch it, Touch it if they could, And now it remains, Loved and Understood.

Frozen Winter Hiakus' 5

Chilly freedom cold, Feel icicles down the neck, Slowly travelling.

Moving, freezing, sheer, Yikes! Shiver, cold insane, Frozen Winters mist.

Snowballs flying high, Frostbite taking its sheer toll, Frozen Winters Ice.

Gleaming in the Moon, Streaking against the cold Sun, Frozen Winters time...

Gentle Skies

As gentle skies, shouted cries, Of mere merriment, The white doves reigned, So very tamed, And in no real relent.

The clouds were crossed, And nicely embossed, In sheer, sterile devotion, The sun was to set, Until it so met, And caused a placid emotion.

This was so that,
The black golden cat,
Was hit by the golden sun rays,
It caused such great grace,
To our human race,
That I became, in much craze.

A sense of serene, Acted pure gleam, In this gentle skies golden time, Bu as the sun lost, Out cam pungent frost, And acted as a pure crime.

But innocence was felt, Through the suns, so long belt, This stretched, wherever you were, And to this all kept quiet, So there wasn't a riot, Only a silent murmur.

But these gentle skies, Held no demise, For they were so, kind and free, That they led the world, Even, when uncurled, And this is what we now see.

Golden Gate - Beauty/Despair

The golden gate stretched far and wide, Till the eye can see, The line of beauty never fading, Strong, bewildered and free.

Caste a gaze by the shadowed eye, It brings the brilliance bound, But in the pupil suffering For despair is the sound.

It echoes each vibrant step, As if waiting for light, Even with the brilliance, Despair steps in sight.

Even with the beauty hold, And with the gate solid gold, Despair lurks round and round, Bringing glory to the ground.

And this alas, the golden gate, Not beautiful, but nor in despair, Not enough to shine the world, But given enough thou care.

Grand Paradiso

For paradise is one of dreams, Only to fulfill, It fills the world with laden streams, And keeps all nature still.

To preserve the holiness it brings, And all the beauty too, That leads all heavens and angel cast, Through and through and through.

Through death paradise feels no flaw, Only to carry on Grand, With life and death for it lives on, Each one hand in hand.

And so Grand Paradiso is born, With only natures strength, Caring, strong, divine and free, To all of life's pure length.

Harmony

As I chased the moon around, The sun wanted to play, And so we had some fun together, Oh gosh what a day.

And then we played a different game, The very next day I mean, And this is what I call harmony, In its magic gleam.

And so the people should be kind, In this, strange haven we own, Just like me, the Sun and Moon, Have just so nicely shown.

Even though we are different, We all played the game, And soon the Sun joined in, We treated it with no shame...

And so may this be a lesson, But there are still people out there, That discriminate others, And don't, give a care.

Heaven vs Hell...

As the thunder struck the Heavens, The clouds were passing by, Generating all the anger, It made them swiftly cry.

Hell awaiting merry fortune, Thunder has now struck, 'I can now raise duo power, With my prophesied luck.'

Hell though in all demise, Knew not of heavens gain, For Heaven carries candy floss, And suffers no, vicious pain.

It realizes, this is not so thought, Not so greatly planned, We shall just so, play along, Bury our heads in the sand.

Keep quiet until Hell, is nice, Thinks it has so won, Done, with all the fun and games, Let it hold the, golden gun.

But we shall strike so purely, That Hell won't stand a chance, We'll use life as a weapon, Use it as a lance.

We'll strike Hell in the chest, Bring it o the ground, But we'll do this politely, For Heaven is profound.

We'll destroy purgatory, Heaven we shall bring, To those who're kind and helpful, And those who can nicely sing.

So that is the battle, Between Heaven and Hell, A story to pass down, A story you can tell.

I though am a Hindu, I believe in living again, Rebirths as we call it, (8,400,000 times) But that's a different stem,

This is just one story,

One belief we could say, The rest I, could tell you, Maybe another day...

Homesick

On this deserted island, We feel so alone, So, so homesick, afraid, Please take us home, Send someone, Find someone, It's hard..., Lonely...

Hurricanes

A hurricane's like an enormous drill, Both swirl to terror, People try to keep away, But all is gone in minutes, Even pieces of wood come in, Swirling round and round, Both make a roaring noise, Until they settle down.

I Mean... Emotions when I Speak

I mean... Death, Life, Anger, Freedom, Revelation, Epedemic, Release, Bliss, Ecstasy, Fortune, Fear, Mist, Murk, Gain, Loss, Wretchedness, Violence, Moods, Experiences of Gold, Crimson Red, Happy Yellow, Valiant Green, Darkness Blue, Shades of Emotion, The Heavens, Merry Hell (sarcastic), Freedom of Speech, Darkness, Alone in..., Desert Rain pouring, Nonsense, Destiny, Craziness, Sweetness, All in my voice, Radiating out, In beams of golden crimson, A life of a dream, In which I speak, All Emotions, The world can give, To Die with feelings, But always Live...

I Tried To Tell You

I tried to tell you this, I tried to tell you that, But all you do is hiss, And now you just spat.

Inflation...

You see, told you,
It's happening,
Already started,
Inflation that is,
Really annoying, to tell you,
Something that really gets on nerves,
They don't raise job wages,
But they raise prices of everything else,
I hate it,
Wish I could grate it up,
Place it in the fire...

That would be nice,
Erase it from minds, meetings, the world,
Sigh... wish I could,
Affects everyone I guess,
If only we could wipe it out,
Maybe... the worlds changing,
Everything that's happening has to happen,
Except some bad things which could be erased,
Maybe even inflation one day...

Invisible Silence

Sometimes people don't recognize me, They think I'm invisible, For that they stay bare silent, And don't forget, being still.

They think I have no personality, I'm no one but a fool, And so for that I'm invisible, I'm treated like a tool.

Then they stay all silent, Whilst I'm their, that appears, Then they start to talk, Like nobodies spoken for years.

It's not rather nice, Teachers do it as well, (not all) You ask them a question, And they're inside a shell.

Well here is a lesson,
One to never forget,
Don't stay invisible
Or your life is like 'TO LET'
That applies to me,
And no more being silent,
Or life's like just like a, a scared infant.

I won't be invisible or blanked, Neither will people be silent, When in the room I'll be thanked, For my helpful alliance.

Is It True?

Is it true that leaves are purple All the year round? Is it true that tree trunks are green? And they make a lot of sound?

Is it true that birds can talk? When they're calling a mate, Is it true the world's population? Is increasing at a rate?

Is it true that the sun, Will blast in five million years? Is it true the next person born? Will shed a load of tears?

Is it true the ozone layer? Is constantly being destroyed? But is it true that tomorrow, I will be annoyed?

It Made Me Think...

The sky turned blue, As blue as ink, I stared up, It made me think...

A leaf that falls, As light as air, I thought so, That leaf was bare.

As I walked, The ground like streams, I felt like swimming, In my dreams.

Just Well... Cats

Black cats,
White cats,
Cats that like to sleep on mats,
Cats that like to hunt the bats,
Alley and house cats,
Don't forget the dustbin cats,
Or the ones that eat the rats,
For there are also model cats,
And the ones that top the stats,
For these are all the cats,
That anyone needs to know,
And most of them are written here,
Al nicely in show.

King from Spain

There once was a King from Spain, Who got lost in his own terrain, He stared at his map, And said it was crap, Then he shouted himself insane.

Lampost

Slowly skies sorrowed, The lamp-post standing still, With a strenuous click, A heart starts to fill,

Darkness surrounds it, Ever since its birth, Its long thin body, Is really all its worth,

Tonight it lights to gold, Starting with a flame, In the glowing embers, Fire plays a game,

Slowly red to orange, The anguished anger released, A lighter tone emerges, Darkness stiffly ceased,

As heavy as the sun, The colour turns so bright, A lamp-post vastly desperate, To shade all its light,

A brightness known in miles, The devil brings no fear, Its horns protrude its heart, A pain just to severe,

So this little lamp-post, Shares all of its desires, Inside its gorgeous glass, A heart as strong as fire,

It lived with its embers, All through the night, People in the fiery heart, Carry on the light.

Late Winter

This Winter came so late,
It hasn't even come,
The warmth still remains,
From late Autumn,
At thirteen it stays,
No frost, wind or coldness,
No shrill in the voices of men,
As they stare into the oncoming snow,
The breeze and quality ice,
Nothing... nothing at all...

It doesn't feel like Winter,
It feels like Late Winter,
That the control panel,
For Winter has been overridden,
Taken over, not knowing when,
How, or even why to start,
Journal burnt in Autumn,
Crisp, warm weather,
Nothing remains,
No snow walks, evenings by the fire,
Staying away from the cold,
So warm...

Please, Late Winter, Arrive, we're waiting, So real Winter can begin, At full speed, steaming ahead, Faster than the world can take it, Late Winter... arrive...

Lone Tree

The lone tree stood in the plains, Gazing at the grass, Wondering why the grass is small, And so plenty, bold as brass,

It wondered why it's lone, With no family, friends or mates, And why it's so so big, And trapped within the gates.

Why it can't wonder so freely, Just as the grass can spread, And why can't it live so long, Like grass for it's never dead.

But there it stands alone, Unique people could say, And morally people are different, Let it stay that way...

Just as God gave uniqueness, And that's what I say today, To that, still, lone tree, For let it stays that way...

Lonely Cave

The cave glistened in all its bloom, Listening to the night, Hearing all the frogs croaking, And swaying to its sight.

For inside a boy so slept, In that murky gloom, It was quite a spacious area, That wet and murky room.

He slept, though peacefully, He never ever stirred, Never ever worried, As it nicely occurred.

The stalactites were growing, Coming further down, Eventually to form a pillar, Twisted to the ground.

It seemed so claustrophobic, So, so chilly and cold, A place for the ghostly, And all the dead untold.

But still as the shadows, Moved across the chasm, The boy never stirred, And never used sarcasm.

For when he woke he said, That this was pretty nice, Then he nodded away, I guess that would suffice.

To me it looked bizarre, Something very musty, But I believed that child, That this cave wasn't rusty.

It glistened with no fear, Even in the dark, The moon guiding the shadows, Setting no angry spark.

But as I moved away, From that cozy grotto, I heard that Childs voice, Saying his precious motto.

He told me not to say, And so I will not, But as I moved away, from the unearthly, I still haven't forgot.

That little Childs motto, Shining in the moon, The pitch-black going away, So, so soon.

And as the contorted, Moved slowly away, The stone pillar fading, I won't forget that day.

The day when I went, Into a strange cave, To find and discover, Something, we could all crave...

Lonely Traveler...

I see the lonely traveler, Why is he so quiet? Maybe he's in passion, Maybe he's in fear, Maybe sheer happiness, Something to control in silence, Without telling anyone...

To walk through the jungle trees, Stare, climb and then sing, A song, one happy, scary, so heartfelt, I started to cry, A mixture of feelings, Something to divine to share, Only with the invisible shadows, That travel with him...

But I followed him,
For no real reason at all,
His gentle side as well as fierce side,
All in one,
All in control,
But still he walks alone,
Never to be confronted,
The Highwaymen fear him,
And those people are fearless,
Stealing money, for that you have to be...

But still, people kept away,
From this man, who sang his heart out,
Fear, despair, the quality of happiness,
This lonely traveler meant,
He spoke in a gentle voice,
When taken aback he changed his tone,
Rapidly to say,
He played his guitar on and off,
Sang to it, played to it,
Until he once met a cat,
No ordinary cat though,
A cat like him,
With feelings...

He understood,
Placed his loneliness away,
For he then took the cat,
Stroked it, Matured it, made it Free,
From the bounds of its old master,
He now only had his bag,
His guitar and many other
Instruments he picked up along the way,
As well as his cat, the only one that can breathe,
The same breath and feelings,

People don't know how, For once the traveler stroked the cat, The cat became lonely...

One of quality, one of defense,
One to never fail,
With only the man to lead,
Nobody else, may feelings rule,
We rely on nobody else,
I realized that this man was rich,
He never however used this for expenses,
For nature to take and give,
For his feelings to rule,
But his nature to stop him,
The cat too, took all it needed for good health,
Nothing more or less...

This is unity,
One so precise and profound,
The Heavens couldn't tear it apart,
I took the chance to go up to the man, the traveler,
And say hello,
He replied, in a gentle voice,
No man of fear, only emotions,
Ones of type and quality,
We talked, he wasn't lonely now,
But when I left him,
I carried on following,
And he remained even until I died...

And there I still remember that,
That person that controlled his emotions so well,
That loneliness was the only option,
And there he is on my memories,
Pressed, like a scar,
Walking through those woods,
Those jungle trees,
Humming with the bees,
Controlling his emotions so well,
Just so well...

Loneliness was an option,
He placed that option first,
Never to stop,
Never to cease,
For he is the one to travel,
Alone, with only his cat,
One of which to he talked was me,
I don't know since,
But the Highwaymen still stay away,
From that Lonely Traveler of Feelings,
And I refer to him as this,

For he was everything in this name, In this emotion world, It sounds like a game, But he was the one, The one of only ones...

The man himself with his cat,
His majestic, playful guitar,
His bag,
His free, pure emotions,
The Lonely Traveler of Feelings... that was his name...
One to never forget...
It resides as a scar in depth memory,
Sheer memory of feelings...

(these were my feelings when I wrote this poem)

Lost...

As I lay lost in the breeze, The wind brushed my face, I felt alone in this small world, In our timely race.

I stared at my surroundings, Looked at what's around, Moved my feet in silence, Along the leafy ground.

I thought 'where am I'
What is this place I'm at?
Why am I so lost?
I usually know dat and dat.

I blinked in twitching movements, My arms swinging like wild, My anxiety at a high, My worry, maybe mild.

I felt the breeze again, This time it was brisk, It was getting dark, In the winter risk.

And so I stared in the distance, At the bare, stemmed trees, This time there weren't any animals, Or the buzzing bees.

The moving breeze was one, But now I'm solely lost, As a lonely traveler, I'm now severely crossed.

Very double-minded, About what I should do, Follow the aching woods, Or get stuck in glue.

For this time there wasn't power, Only feeling of despair, And in these moving breeze woods, Lost, was one very rare...

Love...

Their soppy faces at a glance, Just a sigh of wild romance, It just shows, how life's meant to be, Like honey and a bumblebee.

Love gives some unity, It gives emotion, to be free, It makes you feel to jump to joy, And kiss your own favorite toy.

It shows the strongest strength, It has a period of worthy length, It can fill a certain gap, You'll become a lively old chap.

It makes you feel... colorful, The yellow then starts to pull, And eventually you'll feel so great, You just then shout your fate.

'I'm in love, and I'm not scared, My life is so finally shared, Nobody will break my bond, Not even the worst song!

My love will live, My love will give, It will strive, And deep I dive.

For all these years I have a heart, I'm not at all like one large tart, Like buttercup and daffodil, My heart is now at top fill!

Love...No.2

Their soppy faces at a glance, Just a sign of wild romance, It just shows, how life's meant to be, Like honey and a bumblebee.

Love gives some unity, It gives emotion, to be free, It makes you feel to jump to joy, And kiss your own favorite toy.

It happens on the road or street, Hearts in full defeat, Holding, crying, swaying free, Weeping by the lonely tree.

Wondering, love so bold and strong, But just really for how long, But whilst it stays, what next, Be together or write a text.

Wonder, questions everywhere, I wonder is loving a nightmare, Or a dream that we can live, Take only to nicely give.

Emotions of happy, Emotions of great, Something that expands, At a fast rate.

Romance turns to freedom in all, The heavenly birds start to call, Love isn't one of despair, It's one of brave and pleasant care.

One to give and always take, One to, never lose, only make, Never forgetting the heavenly times, Where committed, romance crimes.

Love came with, nicely to see, The happy lives, so, so free, Extravagant, not lonely life is now, To life we now always bow.

Life of love the heavens await, Love served on a dinner plate, Starter, Main course, Dessert and all, At loves valiant call.

Served in extreme glory, Love is a jolly story, One to tell all in the world, Of this heaven freely uncurled.

But still as the wonders eye, Wonders love and when and why, When will it finish, will it begin, Will it pop, with a big pin?

But as it stays, it lives, Only to strive and it pleasantly gives, To those who will take it, use it for nice, Take it and spread it, love so concise.

And their faces still so gleaming, Seeming as if they're greatly dreaming, Remain spreading a story, that's very caring, On the go, never tearing...

Magic This poem is STRANGE...

I once had a wonderful dog, But I accidentally turned it into a frog, It jumped in my magical hat, It came out as a gruesome rat.

So I turned it into a man, But he blew air like a fan, It felt so annoying, So instead I did some destroying.

I blew him into pieces, Than I looked at what I saw, It was a little rabbit, Though as stiff as the law.

It was all so tragic, Also it was so quick, But do you believe in magic? Or just a magic trick...?

Many Poems

When many poems, Get together, Happiness is shared.

When many poems, Share their horror, Some could be scared.

When many poems, Weep together, They feel a worldly token.

When many poems, Feel united, They cannot ever be broken.

And so poems work like this, They're of own feelings as well, And many times out of ten, You can never tell...

Momentum

Momentum frozen in the world, Locked in the ice, Alas now wanting to move Faster than the mice.

Going round the spindle, A gyroscope as well, Momentum driving crazy Racing into hell.

Fiery as it spins, Prickly at the touch, For momentum is now breathing Sometimes though too much.

So now we see it breathing All the way through time, Never ever stopping Until ice enters the rhyme...

Myths and Symbols

An island represents the world and people that inhabit it, A conch represents democracy and freedom of speech, Glasses symbolize power as well as the power to understand, And have common sense, Light represents the power to reveal or conceal, As well as to create and illusion in the mind, It means knowledge as well, The sun shows power and strength however it seems, Like it's also the protector of good, The sea seems to represent a haven of unknown, And maybe evil, Fire symbolizes a killer and a fighting, killing soldier, In a deadly war only to claim lives, Beasts are not actually real but show a, Pigment of fear in the world and all that inhabit,

These are some symbols in life,
Some may help and some may not,
But in the world there are many more,
Or you could say greatly a lot,
But in this world of great demise,
We all take our place,
To give the symbols, an erotic feeling,
And use them at our pace...

Nazca Lines

Another wonder in this demise of ours, So excellent, so pure, so mysterious, Nobody knows who built them, They never had planes...

But still they built them, This wonder, it puzzles me, Gives me headaches, Confuses me...

They're about a good, Or lots of kilometres by kilometres, And so deep, Another wonder...

Or maybe a future wonder of the world, Something unknown, new, Something free, Science has to pursue...

But still science no religion, Can tell what happened here, It doesn't make sense, We're missing a gear...

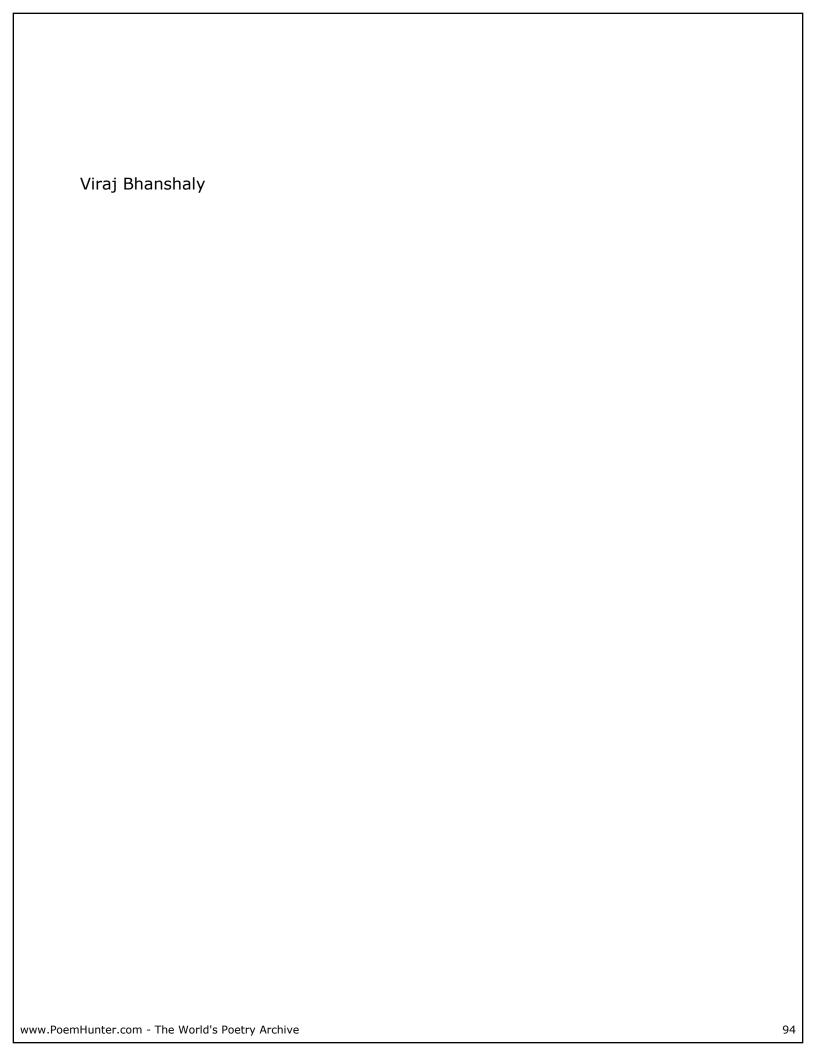
Something doesn't clog, It just doesn't well fit, So confusing, Can't wait till we found out what it is...

Maybe some things weren't meant to be found, Never known at all, No game of uncover clues, No peep or call...

Just a mystery...
No bounds for these lines,
Science well, nothing much,
So all it does is whines...

I think a mystery is good, Life isn't arid or just boring, We need something good, Especially for exploring...

To tell you the truth, I don't think we'll ever find out, However hard we try, Even if we develop, For Nazca, we'll still, Feel lonely and cry...



Nice and Sweet

Nice and sweet,
Is when you can greet,
With a pleasant smile,
Do this everyday,
And you're neighbor will say
Gosh, this neighbor is worthwhile.

Not saying that you aren't, Or even to your aunt, That you're, not a good friend, Just it's nice and sweet, And keeps, innocence neat, And keeps going off the bend.

Nice and sweet, Can also be polite, To the man down the road, Who's in a fight.

Sweet can be honey, Nice can be French, Or just chatting, On the old bench.

But still nice and sweet, Will always be there, Whether it polite, Or in a nice pear.

Nonsense Poem

There once was a boy, Uuuh what to write... Yeah he got flushed down the toilet, Like in cartoons, I love Tom and Jerry...

Ohhh what next, My lines are to stiff, I need to make them bend, It's not working...

Come on something non-sense, Pop into my head... Right now I'm not flexible, Well actually I work from 9 to 6, But my non-sense words are dead...

Started of good, Need another word, Something like googliebagalada, No that's too absurd...

Maybe he went in the sewer, Yea that's nice, There he met some rats, And some curry and spice...

From yesterdays dinner, Euugh he then says, Great the words have gone, This is pure craze...

Frustrated, words are blocked, This isn't... uuuhhh... so pleasing, My words are dead out cold, And now even I'm freezing...

Yes! ! The boy got frozen, Down in that watery place, It's the middle of winter, Hehe he'll never survive...

Need something more, Something to appetite the reader, Maybe a monster, Who's a boy feeder...

He eats boys alive, One gulp, two gulp, three, His face full of happiness, And major greedy glee... When he sees the boy, Coming down the sewer, Lunch is ready, The sewer monster is cackling...

No, not again, My words are so arid, They dry up like a lake, In summer especially...

Sigh; well this is the end, You can probably tell the boy gets eaten, Which he does to tell you the truth, And well that's my dry non-sense poem...

Full of crazy mixed up things, Of a boy flushed down the toilet, Or maybe he just clings, Onto the toilet seat, there he still remains...

Maybe it was another boy, That went through all those pains, Well I'm talking nonsense, You obviously realized that...

But still if there is a monster, What would we do? Wait till he gets us, Aww, words they're too slippery now...

Keep slipping, Keep dripping, Maybe I can catch one, Yes I did, 'non-sense bye'...

Well that wasn't good, Not much, At all, Little words, Ahh dripping away, A Nonsense Poem By Words All Gone

Once I Saw An Angel

Gleaming through the woods, Ahh the beauty, Shining like the moon, Dazzling through the greenery of innocence.

Free like the birds, In this ancient world, Just like the stars twinkling, Through midnight, brighter than the moon.

Watching for the moon to rise, To play and dazzle and await, Its fellow angels, In the mist of peace.

The glowing ball of anger, Soon departs and leaves, No fury, only angel strenght and peace, In which the mind can freely relax.

The angel of magnificence, As I call the angel, The one who shines more brighter, More golden than the sun.

And brings utter bliss and merriment, To these sorro' lands, And fills the land with shine, And this wood with the strenght to live.

It seems like power has taken, control, But power of one so weak and free, No-one can take hold, Of this free spirit.

Am I the only to view this, This wonder in which only appears, In the dreams so valiant and bold, But as the dreams wonder.

This wasn't a dream. As soon the angel went up, To Heaven of Havens forgotten.

One-Sided

One-Sided is so annoying, It gives no chance to win, Only to lose in the faces of others, War can be one-sided, Life is also sometimes one-sided.

A numerical equation, In which there's an equal sign, In the middle, However it's really not like this, For it's only one-sided.

The chess game,
One persons always winning,
The other clinging away from check,
The friend says mate,
This is one-sided...

A life of crime, May be one-sided, To criminal never caught, Never found or seen, Never heard...

The crimson night may be one-sided, Anger always on tip top, Never to fail the fiery burn, Blazing in terror, Anger that's one-sided.

Many things are hidden, By one-sidedness, The opposite or avenger, Never given a chance, Always losing the chance to grab.

Peace may be lost due to anger,
Jails may be empty,
Due to criminal one-sidedness,
The chess game won by the one-sidedness,
The numerical equation also never solved,
All lost and hidden,
One-Sided the culprit...

Peril

The fiery sky pierced within Brings down heavy rain, Its monstrous drops pounding the earth The birds going insane,

Darkening, darkening, darkening still Thunder swept the land, Trees swaying to and fro, Death hitting the sand,

Fire whirled in pungent waves, With black ice treacherous and chilled, Weather twisted every second, Moments killed and killed,

Deserts grew, scorched to sizzle, With ice caps melting fast, Turbulent, rough, tight-fisted seas Made every sea dweller its last,

Torment, torment, it never stopped Only this poem remained, Describing that time of fiery fritz PERIL it was thou named.

Poison

Wrath of violent despair

Tri ckling

down

Into the blood turning green, like sadness.

The body wriths, pain, agony, Terror that this prey consumes the victim.

C r a w l i n g, slowly. The mind howling as it spreads.

The body sends an army. Hup-two-three-four. The poison engulfing the little soldiers. Like eating choco cake. Easy.

The little soldiers run, in pain, 'need help.' the soldier cries.

The body saying the same thing.

Running, quickly, the body hides, from itself.

Not working, agony and pain anouncing itself. An ugly monster of pain. Bliss and merriment long gone.

Wheezy, the head drops. Emotions gone. Body limp, numb. Breath whispers all it had left. A second ago. The long pain

of poison's

next

victim.

Poverty...

As poverty struck the lands, The people crying out, How life is so devastating, For money they only catch trout.

But in these sad lands, Poverty struck, worst of all is disease, It doesn't just destroy humans, But all the wildlife and trees.

As the children die, The parents can't do much, They can hold their child, In the tightest clutch.

Not to kill them of course, But to exterminate the, sad feelings, The only funeral to give, Is one with prayers and kneeling.

But there's no fancy place, To commemorate, the dead, They're buried underground, Not the nicest bed.

But there they lay, now free, From the land they once knew, Still cared for and remembered, Their bodies lying askew.

But they don't get what we do, No protection from disease, Nothing from mosquitoes, Or the deadly fleas.

Maybe whilst reading this poem, Many would have died, Maybe even parents, And then the many, cried...

Robbers

... I lay awake in my bed, It was 1.00 at night, Then I heard a little creak, Floorboard must be tight.

Then I heard a wham! I felt a little cold, My blood felt icy black, A mystery to unfold...

I got up without a sound, And listened to my best, My body, pitch black petrified, Acted as a pest.

I writhed and writhed like mad, I felt like was dead, I waited in the silence, My teeth were made of lead.

Then I heard them talking, And they tip-toed everywhere, They took all the china, To me it was unfair.

They made their way upstairs, It only then got worse, My teeth were loudly clattering, To me they were a curse.

I leapt into bed, My heart now, stone stiff, I saw them go round, I felt like a lonely cliff.

I towered doing nothing, And now I just broke, I jumped three feet in the air, And proudly provoked! ...

• • •

I couldn't...

Sensing Serenity

Growling, purring like a soft cat, Gliding like the sounds of waves, Touching the souls of those long dead.

Watching the dandelion grown, Tasting the bees gentle honey, Feeling the breeze on the tongues of brilliance.

Watching the grass take its path, Turning from the dead to the waning then to move on to brilliant vert followed by the crisp hay.

Watching the clouds turn angry to happy and then maybe, Spout in sorrow with rain and storms. The loneliess of one cloud destroyed by others grey.

Looking at the crimson sky as you see a lonely traveller in the distance with fireworks going off.
The great dazzling colours going in the night.

The clodness bitter however a heart nice and warm sending golden red glows of colour to the cheeks remembering the joyful memories of a young life.

The seas so calm with empty beaches, Only sand moving to and fro with palm trees swaying in the distance and always moving, The feeling of warmth by a fire whilst reading a book of most enjoyment.

The time of peace to the world where silence is not the sign of death and sorrow but of a happy place enjoying scenery and, keeping the world merry.

A time when clouds go by and watch peace strike and people get along, When green grass is bold as ever, That is Sensing Serenity. so beautiful... if only true.

Sky Wisdom Thou Eagles

As the eagle flies around, Moving its wings with gliding sound, For moving at the speed of sound, An eagle for it is...

It glides down reflecting light, Soaring at its menacing height, Its sharp beak fearing blight, And so a fish is in its sight, An eagle tearing it is...

And as it moves with all the power, In the water with no cower, Drenched as it takes a shower, A fish for it has...

Moving into the wretched sky, For only an eagle flying so high, With a fish trapped in the claw, An otter for it has now saw, As it takes the skies choice, Moving with wisdom in full rejoice, An eagle at the catch...

The skies wisdom takes control,
The eagle at its desperate fall,
Moving at the otters call,
It narrows view down nice and tall,
Like a planes runway,
The eagle starts to sway and sway,
An eagle narrowing down,

Until the eagles speed of speed,
The otter in much help indeed,
But only is it much too late,
The otter's only easy fate,
For eagles tackle cobras down,
Wrestling them in heavy sound,
For that's the wisdom of the air,
Nothing to point at in despair,
For it's only an eagles catch,
And better enough an eagle match,
Eagle takes the skies wisdom...

Skyscraper

The skyscraper moves into the loom, At its distant height, It towers highly, above all, With its fearful height.

But these are all over, Higher than the skies, And with them are the secrets, And all the cries.

Still they marvel all, As the highest peak, Except for the mountains, The skyscrapers are then weak.

Solitary Figure

Standing, watching, I admire his gaze of wide brilliance, The blue tint which shows, The danger in the air.

Standing, never moving a muscle, Letting the sweat move down his cheeks, The heat builds, However he remains still, unmoved.

Watching the gates waringly, Carrying the hidden gun in his pocket, However no movement, The eerie silence deafens.

I can hear his sweat pour down, Is he expecting something? Watching so easily, His hearing intact, with smell so defined.

Nobody have I met, With such movement that never a Single gaze is dropped, To check the time or even date.

Just darkness seduces the night, Where this Solitary Figure sill remains, Counting the seconds of the night, Guarding?

Still the stiletto hidden and out of touch, Just what, a watchkeeper? Why no movement in such the slightest manner, No sign of even tingling fear.

Just a Solitary Figure, Enjoying the remains of the night, In all its glory where champagne was spilt, Red as blood and fiery was the world.

The stiletto still out of touch, The gaze of wide brilliance still there, The blue fiery tint, The sweat still shining.

The dead mourning,
As the times of terror took hold,
The Solitary Figure gazed,
The stiletto in blazing touch.

He still watches this person, The Figure that is imagination, Though one could say that he is real as you, He is... that Solitary Figure.

The stiletto in blazing touch, The gaze of wide brilliance still there, The blue fiery tint, The sweat still shining. He Is The Solitary Figure. Full Stop.

Stay Forever

In life nobody stays,
They only go to the heavens,
Where land of warm snow awaits,
To greet them with open arms,
Warm summers of grape and vine,
With the occasional glass of wine,
But in this life nobody stays...

If only people could stay,
A dreamers dream would come true,
Stay forever as in happiness,
Heaven on earth,
Holding arms open in greeting,
So bold that hell is shaken down to wits end,
Only to even welcome this approach...

But nobody can stay forever, Only die in the depths, Maybe having a good life, Maybe committing suicide, Something that many people do, Maybe without thinking...

If people could stay forever,
Then they maybe wouldn't,
Only to see technology rule,
Then die as hatred of robots ruling,
The world and shattering god's creation...

Many relatives die, At unfortunate times, Many wish that they could stay, Maybe not forever, but a bit longer, To go round the world and back, On angel's skies and red clouds of love...

To fly in the sky like an eagle,
To stay forever and live this,
But staying forever is not a dream,
It's also not past or present,
It's in the hearts of those who lose and gain,
Those who live a bumpy road...

Following the ups and downs, With sincere grace, Do you think they should live forever? In my opinion nobody should, Maybe live slightly longer, But never forever...

Steps of Gold (Cold War)

After victory the Cold War struck, The golden steps destroyed, That rememberance we all shared, War took the toll again.

But this one lasted thirty years, Never to end or start, Nicely though there wasn't war, In this crimson heart.

It was an arms race to the end, God forbid open war, For if war occured death would strike, The men tired and confused.

The golden steps never came back, The ones to peace and bliss, But that is only a wish in the future, A golden wish that is.

My poem's short unlike the war, For death is inexpressible, In words or actions nothing good comes, Like many people say, for the WW1, WW2 and the Cold War,

'Two bad things, daren't equal something good'

Sunrise at Peru...

As I woke, my eyes glimmering, At the mere thought of watching sunrise, Seeing all the birds awake, Oh so beautiful...

I got dressed first, Only to then start going to my destination, Nothing like a nice steamy walk, Through the Amazon...

I had my guide with me, He led me to a tower, I must have had about, Around 170 steps to climb...

But all for a beauty,
More than that blue whale,
To see life's first awakening is a dream,
And I lived it...

Climbing, climbing
Oh soo annoying,
This climbing business,
That I wished would stop...

But still it was good, I helped, raised my, My My...

Oh just too good to say, And soon enough I got there, Excited, but it just wasn't, It was just better than I imagined...

The parrots flying, The steamy sun, Oh Heaven has come down, This is amazing...

Seven in the morning, This is what the dreamers dream, Seeing the whole canopy, Everywhere, then the streams...

The river, winding through, The beginning of life as we know it, This is how it was, This is how...

Then I look down, See my height,

But then at once I realized the noise, The clatter, the silence, the birds...

Chirping, silence, the monkeys, I smelt the breeze full of morning steam, I tasted the evening remains still there, A dreams dream...

Was this a dream? Am I dead, in heaven? I ask this today as well, That beautifull sunrise at Peru...

Supernova

The supernovas fiery gaze, Setting the darkest night ablaze, Through temper, steady shine, The holiness, so divine.

Turmoil, destruction everywhere, Into the chaos I calmly stare, Staring into the blackened earth, For what is all this really worth?

The debris and rust frozen dead, The building roasted to strength of lead, The people dead, in their dreams, But this was reality, not what it seems.

For if this was a dream, all would be good, The woodcutters cutting the strongest wood, Burning ablaze for to keep winters warm, Sleeping in peace in one cosy dorm.

Staring at winters snow and so gloom, Not wondering at eternal doom, That a supernova could one day bring, Meaning that life would never sing.

For swarms of fire, swept the land, The aftershock of gales came in a band, Sweeping life firm off the feet, Supernova claiming defeat.

For into the destruction, I now boldly cry, Wondering when, how and why, Why this terror, why so slow, The painfulness I'll never know.

How they died, in courage or weak, Why I survived, this deadly freak, The supernovas centre now sparking flames, Hot as the sun, the dead people claims.

Twirling in circles, a river of death,
The crimson world of fiery wreath,
I wonder a poem, when it writes such tales,
Of terror and chaos and when the world fails...

When only one ever survives, Making many carnivorous dives, To rescue the dead, resting in craze, Fish them out, of a dead maze.

The supernova still one of anger, Sets out another banger,

However this annoys the earth's core, Of deadly strength in galore.

The supernova only to stop, Clear remains and die to go flop, In the end nobody won, Nobody held the golden gun.

Only debris, chaos and bad, Left in one story so sad, But one thing I never understand, Is why my face is so bland?

Confused, but I never know why, And all I can do is shrug and deny, Stories told by my fellow dead friends, Of how I survived, the twisted bends.

And yes that is it, the answer confused, Of why I survived, never abused, By that horror that once stuck these lands, Buried my friends in flaring sands.

Scattered chaos and debris and all, Why I survived this crazy fall, Where was I when this occurred? My memory is jogged and blurred.

Never came back, no one to speak, The lonely life never to leak, For all that were dead, spoke in my dreams, I still remember, as it seems.

Me and my friends having so much fun, Till supernova, hotter that sun, Scorches all, guns ablaze, Wiping out humans, all to erase.

Where am I now, at the ends of the earth? Still staring at the blackened worth, Wondering, all this, that I've said, The poem wrote this, all you've read, For this supernova, was witnessed by one, Poem, all were dead, not for fun.

For humanity was already dead, before scorch, For heat fries humans, a human torch, The poem though, just like me, Where lonely from scorch and so very free.

This is not the answer though, For why I survived, never to show,

That I was dying, even in pain, The poem wrote this account, so insane.

I wonder a poem, when it writes such tales, Of terror and chaos and when the world fails, And when supernovas strike in the mist, Only to add to the growing dead list...

I still never know why I survived... But for all others they quietly died, In the misty fiery lands, Of the supernovas hands...

Supersonic Speed

As the world went whizzing by, Supersonic speed control, I thought this is the end of it, The world had finished its toll.

But no, the world laughed and cried, At this mere thought, He saw this supersonic speed, And then so courageously fought.

Supersonic raised the lights, It turned on full ballistic sound, It raised pressure to the limits, And made cracks in the ground.

It moved all the cars round, Sizzled all the beach, It melted all the bricks, Teachers couldn't teach.

It raised such a speed, Faster than our light, The earth held its ground, It showed brilliance of white.

Until it pulled out... black... Something for which death, Supersonic hated, A black holes furious wreath.

It pulled this power in, Supersonic speed, Had no time to scurry, Nor to hide of heed.

This power was just gone, Sucked, oblivion state, Reality now pursued, At the fastest rate.

This power was like a flash-flood, One all too flashed or quick, But the mighty earth controlled, This feisty little trick.

Survivor(s)

This survivor never lost, Only won in fame, Arguments, votes all were chosen, He was winning his game.

Surviving through the worst storms, Coming out drenched but alive, Taking risks rescuing to the dead, Like taking a carnivorous dive.

Going through Hell to fight of devils, Killing for all good mankind, Glory in his faithful day, Peace he shall find.

Moving though the moors, Strategic, down and low, Waiting for the symbol, To pounce and bravely show.

The battle of peace and victory, Surviving he does his part, One to save his country, The other to save his heart.

Fighting they stayed forever, Surviving was only a chance, But this person or even they, Done that with a threatening glance.

We are the victors, Their eyes showing this phrase, Never to lose or fail, Never to fall in daze.

Going through the mud, Taking control and speed, Moving towards the enemy, Never to stop and heed.

Some died surviving, Injured but never dead, For in the hearts they fought, For justice as rightly said.

Taking diseases and famine, These survivors never were daunted, Killing those of evil, And those that bring the haunted.

Past the seas they traveled, Going through rough and war, Shooting cannon with power, Accurate, never a flaw.

Sinking the other ships, Guiding their own to Heaven, Never to follow a plan, But to stop for supplies at Devon.

For they knew the enemy, All the rugged sly moves, To conquer all the world, With the horses hooves.

Discover new lands, Have people at the ready, The survivors though standing, Nice and strong and steady.

Battle it out they did, Die did they never, Surviving was the aim, This was, forever.

Going through terrain, Only Hell would dream, Unimaginable it would be, But real, as it would seem.

The war lasting long, Survivors still here till dawn, Until defeat came to town, Peace now firmly born.

Survivors still accounting, For what went on and where, Many still survive today, though many died, And into the enemies eyes they stare.

Remembering all the friends who died, And how some so stood, To have gone through all and still survived, How come some just could?

Going through storms of sea and land, As well as bullets of steel, Wounded many but they survived, How it must... feel.

Surviving many for the lands, The country and the crown, Never to lose, gaze and fall, And die with darkened frown.

The S	Survivors			
	emberance to all	that fought in W	/W1 and WW2	
Viraj	Bhanshaly			

T.V.

T.V. makes you sit and stare, Attention is for all its care, For it brings the people round, On the couch without a sound.

The infernal thing, on it blares, A funny channel, all on bears, Nobody move, all sit down, Oh, next the show on town.

So they sit, there they are, Eyes glued, mouth ajar, It's getting warm, close the door, Eyeballs rolling on the floor

Talking To Winter

'Merry Winter' winter said,
'May you be happpy by chill, '
I replied 'why thanks you alas,
This breeze is refreshing and shrill.'

Then winter said,
'My snow has to come, though it's late..'
I then replied in a pleasured voice,
'My Winter friend, it's really worth the wait.

For you can never desert us, Coming every year, better late than never, ' Winter than calmly says, 'You're right, I have come forever.

Every December, Jan or Feb, Turning up even in April I will, To turn your faces warm with smiles, So that you can feel the chill.

My soft cushions lay on the ground, Snow, as I think you decide it's named.' 'Yes, that's its name' I replied nicely, 'That's what keeps Winter spirit, enflamed.

It's nice to know you Winter, You bring happiness as well as a change, You give us a shiny moon, And coldness in a great range.'

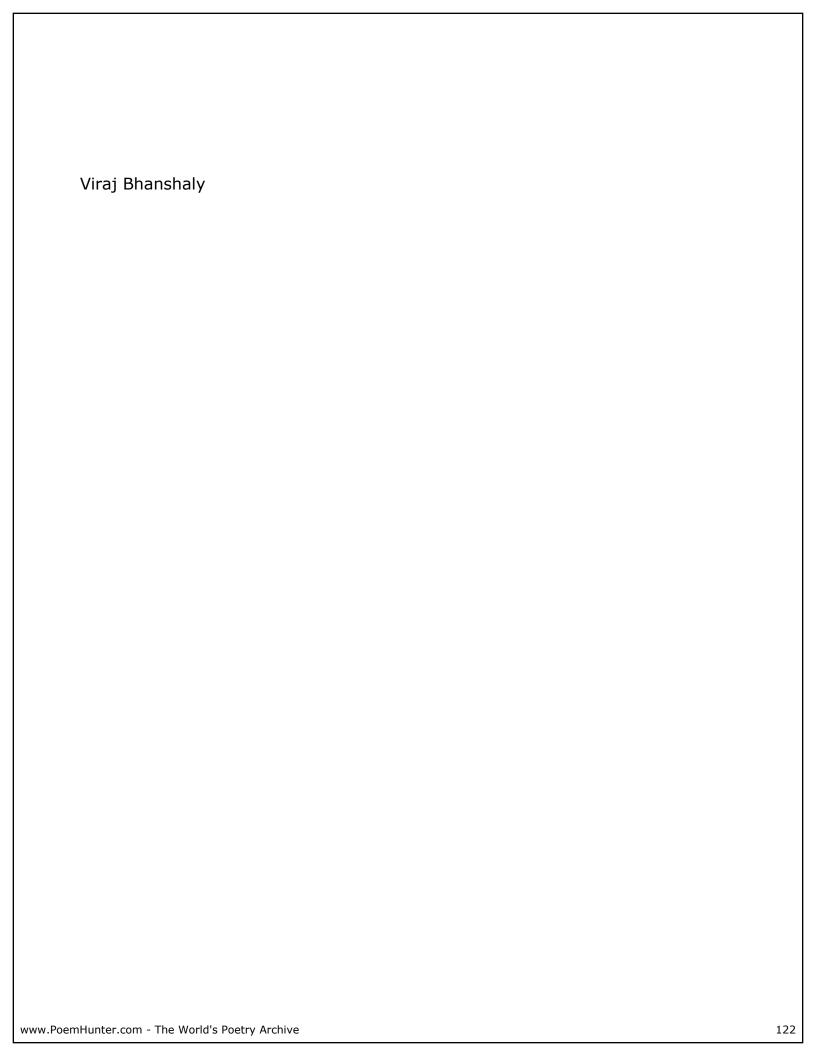
'Thank you' replied Winter,
'Your comment has made me feel nice,
Like for once I feel warm,
My chilliness needs some spice.'

'Haha' I replied politely,
'I'd better stock up on heat,
Spice to winter sounds chilly,
Like giving coldness a beat.

Well thank you, what a nice talk, '
I said in a merry tone,
Winter replied 'well thank you as well,
Atleast this winter, I'm not alone.

Pleasurable talk, gets things open, I hope we talk much more, Maybe invite some friends? I've got Autumn, Spring and Summer in store.

Lovely talk.' I replied 'same, lovely...'



Techno Despair

The world ages,
We grow,
To die in a techno age,
Is something wonderful,
See humanity evolve,
But fail in despair at the same time,
The world ages,
We grow,
To die in a techno age.
Beauty or Despair.

The Dead Wish

Many people die, In this wretched earth, The dead people gave me a survey, And told me what's it worth.

Number One, their life, Number Two, their heart, Number Three, their soul, Fourthly the Quick-E-Mart.

Number Five, their share, Number Six, the friends, Number Seven, control, Eightly, black dead ends.

For from mistakes they learnt, How to control themselves, Now trapped in a library, With fallen deadly shelves.

These were the top eight, That the dead remembered, Ones they may have never had, But now they are surrendered. To other forces... of life...

The Learnt Lesson

For once the teacher entered, In a different style, For this wasn't usual, And he began to smile.

He then said 'today you'll learn In a different way, and this you Won't forget, however long you stay'

The mischief makers' silent, The breeze rustled by, For this wasn't easy, They knew a turned tide.

He then said 'from now on You'll listen and abide, For this lesson is different, This is a turned tide...'

He grabbed a boy and flung him, Right across the room, He aimed his sheaf and threw it, It gave a girl her doom, He then said 'this lesson, Contains violence, mischief and grief, But all you lot are good at that, You practice on the reef'

He grabbed a girl by the hair, And throttled her down to the ground, The room brings mere whispers, The throttle, a heavy sound.

A boy asked 'can I go? '
The teacher 'if you want?
But don't you enjoy this,
Or does it give you, the haunt? '
The head stepped in to see,
What the rack was about,
He threw in a pippins grenade,
And then started to shout.

Eventually in the end, The bloodshed chairs remained, An empty chair asked 'Sir what have we gained?'

The teacher replied
In a moody way
'A sense of learning a lesson,
And how to nicely play...'

The stained chair replied 'Thank you, thank you sir, I think I'll go and play, My friends are waiting outside, Oh it is a lovely day...?'

The Man from Roof

There once was a man from Roof, He said he was 'growing a hoof', I don't know what... that means, But it really seems, That that guys really a doof.

The Moving Breeze.....

In the countryside I felt A precious longing breeze, Moving always moving, To the sound of bees.

Humming all the time, It gave a friendly prescence, Through the aching woods Of desirable presents.

It carried on the power, A threshold of forgiveness, To keep the lonely traveller, A sense... the moving breeze carries on.

The Sea

The sea is a raging fire, It engulfs all in its path, It dares show any mercy, People never laugh.

It takes over people, Nothing left to see, People never found, No time to flee...

The Showers of Life

We're all trapped,
In the shower of life,
Knowing not where to go,
To stay in the shower,
Or to leave,
And enter in the death tower.

But many stay, In the showers, Knowing what may occur, If anyone leaves, But eventually if stayed in for too long...

Well you just can't, It's easier said that way, The shower stops, Life stops, Heart aches, Death makes, The works, does the job well.

Sometimes the shower of life stops, The waters out, In striike you see, That's when a feeling erupts, One that is that, You feel like your dead, But really nobody is...

When the shower,
Is in full strenght,
It feels like lifes too much,
Too much weight, pressure,
When the shower is mad,
Well then the world seems crazy,
The shower of life...

But many remain,
In the shower of life,
Basking, breathing for all we know,
Living with life, freely,
Then some are also dying,
Some being born as well,
All in the Shower of Life...

Those That Dream

Those that dream,
Feel reality at its wake,
So powerful that it's overwhelming,
In a wonderland,
That they were they now
Face reality.

The muffins and pies, Or scrumptious fruit at galore, The heavens calling and giving More sweets and nice things, So lovely a dream.

But some dreams come to night, They live in the darkness, Inhabiting when you're asleep, These nightmares, Of terror.

Those that sleep know, Terror and peace, Just like the world, War and tender peace. Just don't go... in reality or dreams.

That's why a dream is overwhelming, Just as reality is. Dreamers know that. It happens to all that live.

Voices of the Dead

I hear voices, screaming, screeching, Yelling at me, invisible and destructive, Ahh, moaning, my mind, What is this...hell...?

Freezing and catching my memories, Reading them out aloud, My mind, voices, moving, memories, What's happening?

My brain power ceasing, Nerves lost, blood trapped within, No oxygen, these voices trapped, My mind a violent haven.

Moving my soul, they screech, Tempted by God knows what, Trapping me and others, With their moaning and yelling.

The power within their words, Never ending, the loudness so great, Bashing against my skull screaming to get out. These Voices of the Dead...

When Lights Turn Off

When lights turn off, Lions bite, The darkness spreads, Like a rite.

A ritual to be said, Something strange and wise, Leading to creepy creatures, In this dark demise.

The movement ceasing, The area so pitch, Black and shadowy, Like an old witch.

The trees cackle, Entwined in lights turning dead, The sheer coldness and chill, Is least to be said.

For some things are unexpressible, Just too good to be lived, But darkness came and went, Taking, but it never gived.

When lights turn off, Fear struck into hearts, Until the bullseye is struck, Like in a game of darts.

Maximum points scored, Not in game, but in fear, For when the lights turn off, Everything seems very queer...

Who Am I...? Mountain...

I tower up high, My body cold and bleak, For who am I? I marvel at my peak.

Snow covers all, With grassland below, I echo a call, Into shallow.

My ice glitters light, Forming a rainbow, Its colors so bright, That they seem to glow.

My roots keep me strong, So I do not fall, I will stay long, And not even crawl.

My rocks are rough, And slopes cover me, My snow is tough, And my ice is free.

The grasslands that live, Strive very tough, For they will give, Me lots of fluff.

These are my properties, That I seem to own, But don't feel weary, Because I'm not alone...

Why? ...

Why is life so long? Why is it too much? Why do we have to learn? Just why can we touch?

Why is life annoying? Why is life so good? Why is life strange? All, so misunderstood.

Why is the question? Why is there space? Why is there a universe? In our timely race.

So many questions, Little precious time, Why did I write? Is it a crime?

Too many questions, Too many questions, Why many questions? Why many questions?

Wintry Crimson Morning Sky

As the road led to fire, The heavens enraged as it was, Winter taking all power, Forcing fire out of its depths, Taking away the warmth.

Leaving the rest of the day, In sheer dullness and empty sounds, But during that time, Of lives ablaze and burning, The sky glowered with this feeling.

Of crimson orange streaking across, Looking like a burning sky ship, Leaving trails of power, In the morning mist and glory, This wintry crimson morning story.

The clouds like barriers,
Taking the clouds anger and heat,
Only to be crossed, burned and destroyed,
The beauty however,
The mild winter chill and feeling.

Erupting emotions of wonder and anger, As well as the beauty concealed, Now to reveal the masterpiece, The sky has hidden in darkness, In vain and terror of when to reveal this revelation.

This madness in life, as well as bliss, Contempt feelings that winter can burn, Blazing and billowing, Not on earth but in the freezing sky, Tuning to life's blaze, as life wakes.

The purple clouds nearing close, Still trying to control the blaze, Overridden though to the strength, The extreme irresistible pleasure, Beauty, joy, inexpressible in actions or words.

The winter feelings shaken, The morning awake dazed, Looking at this burning feeling, The wisps never faulting, The ships streaks never failing.

The sky dazzled at the,
The own, the own...inexpressible feeling,
The erotic emotions fluctuating,
Fluctuating at one hundred beats,

Violent changes, but all in happy despair.

The Wintry Crimson Morning Sky, A change to take a note, This change something so divine, I heartfelt wrote,

That this occurrence is so very strange, Brilliance, strategic fire, Raging in skies of anger, But peace also, and desire, It can make someone cry.

The gleams and streaks raging, The wintry sky divine, Crimson filling hearts, Wintry Crimson entwine, Morning Sky wakes.

This picture cannot be described, One picture is now bolted to my mind, This gleaming memory is all I can write, Before my mind starts to bite, Telling me to erase this unknown.

Feeling and fluctuating emotions, All connected to this picture of life, Never straying to far or wondering, That's why my mind is in deny, Of this beauty that makes me cry, Wintry Crimson Morning Sky.

The trees swaying, Choir singing as winter arrives, Morning welcoming this crimson, For none can extravagantly die, From crimson and fiery remains, From the winter breeze and sheer chill, Wintry Crimson Morning Sky... a beauty,

eauty,
Of anger,
Strangeness,
Bliss,
Death,
Fire ablaze,
Despair,
Fluctuation,
A morning to never forget.

This winter I see heaven forbid and welcome, Wintry Crimson Morning Sky...

Wintry Midnight Moon

Setting at night,
Through ghostly clouds,
Moving giving comfort,
To all those young 'uns,
Sleeping and dreaming of monsters,
Fairy-tales and sweet dreams.

Moon so silent, gentle
In the skies,
Joyful at being the one,
To watch over all,
Except over the suns territory,
They do swaps...

The brilliance of the white light, The cheese up in the sky, So peaceful to sit under, The starry sky gazing at the moon, In the night-time dew in the grass, Have a glass of apple juice.

Take the 'cheers' to the moon, For the light and beauty, The loveliness about the moon, For in this poem nothing bad is said, The moons brilliance, relaxing the dead...

Through the winter midnight strikes,
Christmas day begins,
The moon shines to all extent,
The clouds wearing sunglasses to see the moon,
Never to block its rays,
In these numbered, wintery midnight days,
Which this wintery midnight moon so much enjoys,
As being the main part of this starry festival,
Keeping the tradition going...

Wolves

The wolves gathered in a pack, Ready to pounce and attack, For once they have caught their prey, They will slowly start to sway.

They will howl a horrid sound, And bring all the neighbors' round, 'Where's this racket coming from! I hope it's not unworthy Tom.'

For then they saw the noisy wolves, The humans' heads swelled like bulls, Then the horrid chase began, But are wolves faster then man?

Writing Poems of Crimson

Do we take poems for granted, Swish them out of a dream, Or snatch them from reality, When we write poems, Do we, what do we do...

Do we consult topics, Take them for an interview, Whoever passes, Gets a poem written, Or do we threaten ideas, Come or die...

Is it made up,
Nothing too real,
Maybe half and half,
Fiction and non-fiction,
What really happens
when we write...

Are ideas taken from heaven, Or misery from hell, Or an encyclopedia, We would never know, Maybe the internet, Made up junk...

Do we trap ideas, Force the light bulb to light, Express the words feelings, Reality or not, Seduce the topic, make it up, Force truths about the world, To come pouring out...

Then write a poem,
Made up or not,
But if it isn't made up,
What happens to the trapped idea,
Exploited, crimson, fused, blood mess,
If it is made up, what happens,
The rest of the ideas...

Inside the topic there's also, Blood, but of poetry statistics, What happens, it leaks crimson, The snatched ideas of gold, Wasted, in writing poems of crimson, Snatched from hell, heaven,

Swish them out of a dream, Or snatch them from reality,

What do we do?	
Viraj Bhanshaly	
www.PoemHunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive	141

Wych Elms

This is the strangest name I've heard, In my point of view, it's really absurd, I'm sure the trees, wonder as well, That why does their name, sound, like it's come from Hell.

Why can't it be, a nice pleasant name? One of which, just doesn't sound lame, Like 'Free Elms' could be one, it sounds ok, It gives, real significance, especially in May.

But then it sounds creepy, Something very knew, 'Wych' so mysterious... Very, very few...

Get named that phrase, Maybe it's cool, It sounds like Halloween, Or like a, steaming ghoul.

But, as of all, it's very unique, Maybe the future, isn't so bleak, As I've never heard, any of the sort, Even in castle stories, next to the mort.

But there's always a first, For everything they say, 'Wych Elms' may be one, On this winters day.

And so we'll leave, The Elms to their work, But 'Wych' ever so strange, Something queer, maybe Turk.

'Bye, bye Wych Elms, Have a good time, May this, strangeness be happy, And very sublime...'

You Can't...

You can't hide But you can run, You can't ride a Hot cross bun.

You can't see But you can breath, You can't live One good deed.

You can't touch But you can smell, An oyster in an Oyster shell.