

Poetry Series

Vishal Sharma

- 445 poems -

Publication Date:

June 2014

Publisher:

PoemHunter.Com - The World's Poetry Archive

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

#Untitled

The grass ray and the hopper root are shining....! !

They are yet to be successful....

Hoax.....! ! ! !

Vishal Sharma

(Eternal Romance) Orthocentre of my thoughts

Those silent morning hills beside your
sweet smile
those amazing moment that makes me
think for a while
your rose fragrance, a heaven touch,
classy looks
you got success, heaven, you got me in
tanterhooks.

Verses are routes, lovely destination is
your heart
Many thanks to the almighty, for you, I
have got the art
My lovely wonderful mornings are
worth getting up
As you act as lovely sugar in my tea
cup.

Dedicated to dedication, passion and
your golden strings
Seeing the lovely and amazing eyes
my red heart sings
You know heaven, nights are black so
does your hair
You are lovely, you are my need, you
act for me the lovely air.

My mind knows you are worth eating a
bite
I will do it when the world whispers
good night
A nice poetry for a sweet heavenly
species to me
Before who, It is worth usless the
whole mighty sea.

Vishal Sharma

*****A Beautiful Talent (Must Read) *****

We are well placed in the mighty arms
of the human spirits
To spell out the reason how to get the
universe explored
We have a changed the dogma of the
pure religions and assets
Though,
A hungry lust to get all the
existing power churn our minds.

Selfless human flesh wandering the
quest of answers of all powers Sweat of
labor and hard blood rains do miracles
We are surrounded by the beautiful
demons of human ability too
We put the world at the edge of the
earth and we put our mind there.

Our own habits have a talent too gasp
the whole world into our fist
And we
are lucky to get such an honour by the
almighty soul
We burned our passion to burn the
lights and candles
Yes, we are at our best to make the
world a worthy place to live.

We are talented, we make rumours and
burn people
We make surprises and we destruct our
own nests
We the mighty power, an honest
servant
We have the potential to change the
world, only with the bare hands.....! ! !

Vishal Sharma

*****A Million Kisses For One Lips*****

I may not be a millionaire for the
rest of the world
but in my lover's eyes I am
worth more than that
I may not be the wisest for the
scholars present here
but in my lover's eyes I have
more wisdom than the rest
I may not be the smartest of the
smart folks here
but in my lover's eyes I might be
more than Tom Cruise! !
my pocket will be empty never
will be my heart
everyday seeing your face,
feeling you, my days start
I may not be able to provide you
this world's glimpse
but I have a million kisses for
your one lips

Vishal Sharma

****Autobiography****

life takes many forms
many shapes and sizes
choose the one fits you the best
make this judgement not in haste
whether in slums
or in palace
whether in BMW
or in auto
whether your clothes are branded
or not
matters a trifle.

if you born poor
not your mistake
if you die poor,
certainly
your mistake.

life has twists and turns
nothing back returns
thus prison your precious life
in an autobiography.

Vishal Sharma

****Bedsheet Of Your Ugly Deeds****

Last night, the doctor of my mind made a decision,
To put my rage aside, to do a worthy commitment,
You, the golden flower, blooming within my region,
Love, one day, I promise, get you my heart sent.

Lying beside the bedsheet of your ugly deeds,
And lamenting the name of my destiny's only destination
My heart is trying to stop the growth of those weeds,
That once, gifted me my talent, to love you, my passion.

Get out of these ugly memories out of my beautiful mind,
You made seven suns to work to get my head boil,
You go to the church of the purest, Me; You may find,
But, the best love grows when you are on your native soil.

Those arms were not enough to hold your dangerous eyes,
They were meant to make you with a safer heaven of love,
Now, open those ditches, that hear your sound, when cries,
But, I will be there to listen those, only from the above.....! ! !

Vishal Sharma

****Crime and Punishment****

Not a day passes by, not thinking about you,
believing in my love, which I know is true.
Waiting for you, to come back,
with a lot of hopes, but no regrets, which I lack.
I sit down crying, hurting myself,
praying that you will realize, my love, by yourself.
What did I do wrong, that you left me?
Isn't there anything pure that you see in me?
What happened, when you hugged or kissed me?
What happened, when you wanted to stay by me?
Was I not, a wall protecting you?
If not, then tell me, where I screwed?
I can change, the tides of time,
even with blood, as I write this in rhymes,
waiting, breathing, bleeding, for only one day,
standing wide eyed, for a single ray,
of hope, to see you return,
and give me a chance, to show my concern,
for you, and only you, whom I love,
ready to even battle, the gods above,
with a power, to bring heaven and hell as one,
for, the only one,
who is you, my heart,
without whom, my life is torn apart.
Is this betrayal, or just a phase,
to watch me suffer, bleed and phrase,
my pain, my blood, my inner happiness,
that has turned me cold, to numbness.
My tears have dried, crying for your return,
as I have turned hollow, and started to burn.
Think about, the good times we had,
the love, the smiles and the bond we shared.
There was not a single day, when you did not call me,
only to hear the words, 'Love you honey'.
Every day, and every night,
I hold on my phone, really tight,
waiting for a ring, or just a message,
which was my beating heart, and my life's passage.
What is it now, that you detest in me,
that you chose, to just leave me?
I am in despair, which I dont show out,
for this is another battle, a war, a bout,
that has brought this, sickness in me,
awakening, the demon inside of me.
Now I stand deadly, with rage,
transforming, even as I age.
But all through this, it does not conquer me,
for there is something that lets me be,
in a way, that you wanted me to stay,
filled with love, and a question that makes me pray,
oh god! ! Please bring her back, to me, my love,
please dont punish me, with your wrath from above,

and all through this.....I continue, to ask this question that would be,
dear, 'Why did you leave me? '

Vishal Sharma

****Cyclon Of Kisses****

Under your hair shade
I got to know the blade
And i will provide you happiness
Even in the strongest rain
I am writing for and only for you
Please come back to me my sweetheart
You know never without you i survive
And i also know your heart beats for me
Baby come to me madly and daily
As i have a cyclon of kisses
For your one pair of golden lips.

Vishal Sharma

****For Your Eyes Only****

Beauty,
that i used to dream of
in my sleepless nights, for whom
I used to linger, tearing down my bedsheets
Eyes,
that I have seen only of goddess
that my minds hankered to have a sight
to get those kissable eyes, i with my heart, fight
You don't know baby,
how much I hankered in the nights
my eyes were searching a piece like yours
the charms, the sheen, the love, the lust, all are mixed
and a love dish with a delicious aroma made,
puts my heart on fire, the fire without burns
I was burning, the lucrative eyes, yours, saved me
as calm as sea, as sweet as moon,
to get these beautiful pair,
I would cross the highest mountain,
would happily swim the longest sea
just a sight to the heaven, and be immortal,
the heaven's gate is waiting for me
and I am waiting for your eyes
my minds thinks of nothin, though
am too a human being,
I rather have been your instance
for me your deep blue eyes are more than a substance,
darling! Why are you making me so impatient?
though, your eyes have already done so...

Vishal Sharma

****I am a solid insoluble insane****

Do you all know my deeds?
yeah, perhaps but you all know my name,
do you know I am insane, solid and insoluble,
great! Now listen to me and judge then,
do you think I am a fool talented
the one who is always floating in words,
yes, I am, I am so, and a very rude genius,
I love someone, by heart but madly, a sin?
do you rather think me a child, think me insane,
I have guts, they are terrible and rude,
I want water over my fire, broke out into my heart,
and really, the secret chamber burned, made me insane
and I think, my world is a cage with a parrot,
and with whom I can talk to enchant strains.
my luck is dull and dirty and gives rather pain
that has made me a solid insoluble insane.

Vishal Sharma

****I am your Micky Mouse****

love me baby love my soul
as you know i want you whole
the way you write about me
i want to cross the deepest sea.

roses are waiting for your glance
kiss you whenever i get a lovely chance
you reside in my heart live in my poetry
and the most beautiful is our love story

just open your lips and provide me world
why increasing me heartbeat by your behold
make up your mind to enter my house
i promise i will become your micky mouse.

Vishal Sharma

****I want for you this whole universe****

Love you my baby, my passion
you have taught me every lesson
lesson of giving you love for no reason
the love i will provide you in every season
thinking only about you, my days spent
only for you, before god, i bent
at your every glance, at your every behold
i think, you are above 7 wonders of the world
every time when I give your face a gaze,
i think doing so God too will amaze
and in Himself, he must have said
o my God! What I have made!
I love you baby, I love your soul,
not in fractions but in whole
drowned in your eyes, work must be done
doing so, my heart feels great fun.
feelings I couldn't show you in verse,
but know, I want for you this whole universe.

Vishal Sharma

****On Your Radio, My Heart Is Broadcast****

Know, we are living here in 21st century,
though unable to redefine our destiny,
use a lot of splendid method to satisfy our need,
have ever thought, what is the effect of our this deed?
I do not know others, rather I know one and only you,
do you know, why I ask you all time why sky is so blue?
you know the wavelength of my craving increases everyday,
and the consequences are rather telling me to go to my own way,
I have a quantum of feeling compressed in my red fist,
what I will provide to you, have been confined in a list,
the organiser of my love to lust part of the soul,
and despite rumours spread, I am ready to accept you whole,
please do never leave me alone in the middle, at last
because, on your radio, everytime, my heart is broadcast.

Vishal Sharma

****Princess****

the princess no matter how old
shines in silver, worth in gold
i am confident, as i am told
by those who came after her behold
the reign was sweet and gain
since no one was there in pain
all were leading life in a way
whether it was night or a day
the princess no matter how old
shines in silver worth in gold.

kingdom and subjects all were her
she tried hard for this to occur
as she was not herself a caged pegin
she did not allow this in her region
she has got a big and selfless heart
subjects do not want herself to part
her promise and arts and skills
she on reign, father on pills
now she had to take a responsibility
and the coming time would check her ability.

Vishal Sharma

****Someone stole my biography****

when destiny prevails and gatherings of clouds over the head,
when graves are full, no place to bury the unluckiest dead,
a ray of hope still makes us working with a comfort ease
however frown we may be, a request is there on the lips, saying please

hardwork prevails the destiny of brave, no fool is allowed
and, habitual actions just mean saying, i have shown
we are the seeds of death, growing to die at a moment
i lost myself, and not in a mood of searching times i lost

i have a jar of blood into my head, that keeps me alive
and, your love, the two faced coin, never loyal to me
you proved fatal to me and i bear the pain silently
what a person could do in case someone stolen his biography.

Vishal Sharma

****Who! But you****

You are responsible
to end my search
to shake my principle
to get me in lurch

Is your this quality
A god gifted?
Is your this ability
Has been shifted?

I do not see anyone
but you
believe it or not
but that's true..

LOVE YOU FOREVER,

Vishal Sharma

****Will you marry me? ****

Now the time has come
to build our own home
and in which we prosper
i serve and you order.

now i make life long promise
certainly our greatest bliss
and my world within one
thats you the diamond queen

marry me and make me complete
and delay is increasing my heart beat
your one answer am waiting fore
love me baby love me more

you know darling i want moon
and promise i will give you soon
just do not drench me more in the sea
please answer by your rose lips
baby, will you marry me?

Vishal Sharma

****Your Eyes-The Eighth Ocean, (Part 1) ****

Gentle mild winds make silent music in the ears of sea
And I think they are singing the song of you and me
I, your lonely lover leading my life leaving all my pain,
and, you a fair angel of my often midnight lovely strain.

Ask these gentle winds, question these loves skies,
A lover heart is crying, my love is higher than their heights.
You have got the lovely pair of sea within the silver casket,
the deep blue eyes is responsible-have put my heart in your basket.

Seas are know by the waters that are salty and sour
Gazing your God's wonder daily, I spend my hour
you are the queen of innocence, the master of your fate
Baby! This bard is crying, accept me untill its too late.

A lovely deep face spilling out all your innosence
that gradually increases on my every lovely glance,
Your eyes has taken away my countless sleeps
On my own life, I have lost my lovely grip

Your eyes do wonders and credit goes to you
A pair of goddess eyes, you have, believe it or not, thats true.

Vishal Sharma

****Your Eyes-The Eighth Ocean, (Part 2) ****

Love lives within the eyes of the observer
and, being a observer to your eyes, I am a lover
my memories haunts my past and detort my present,
but for your eyes, my love will never be absent.

My mind may be insane, never would be my heart,
the place from where you get your love start.
And mad are many looking into your eyes,
the sweet culprit responsible for my thousand sights.

sighs that I have spent on the heaven sights
sighs I spent dreaming about you in my lonely nights.

you are the cure, remeady lies within you, give my disease a trace
by giving me a lovely look of your eyes grace.

You are that gentle wind, that relives the passers in summer,
and, those spectacular quality will remain with you for forever
cuz, your eyes contain goddess in themselves,
and gentle showers of love is crying for your bless.

For your one glance, I can even scale the Andes,
and for your love shower, i can sprinkle the waters of amazon.

your eyes make you whole, with it you contain the goddess soul

Deep your eyes....

Vishal Sharma

...Was Death

Death! Ultimate result of his life
all in grief, whether sons or wife
created panic all around in a sudden
that going person had let out his burden

he was however not liked much
many responsible for his situation such
though so kindness that man hath
but the ultimate result was death.

Vishal Sharma

2 A.M

The secret to happiness is to face the
fact that the world is horrible.
Bertrand Russell

We live a way to come up our misery through blue veins
But forgot the evils bleed onto the rotten thoughts
Whose imbelick reek just made our mind a hell to think
And something horrible is done, just to get the pleasure,
We are unknown to each other blood and veins and wines
And, those past done miseries do give us a better reason to cry
That we are always guided by some evil spirits into our mind
Who tend to the dark master of the fleshy and bony structure
Those dark days into the thin air just disappered into woods
And, witches are waiting to crawl into our horrible mind
We are just unable to pick the beauty out of the horror.
Vishal Sharma

2013-We Are Going To Die

humans are the animals in the skins layered by epidermal tissue
although a infected viral disease is spreading all along everywhere
a disease called RAPIMA causing misfortune and blunders
go with such humans infested in that virus and be among them
murders, rapes, kidnapping_ are you seeing this my god?
we are going to die in this strange world
sometimes, i think is this world belongs to me? ? Or anyone? ?

Vishal Sharma

2046

We are expecting strange things
when the world will change in catacombs
and, we perish to take this serious matter lightly
we were warned by our ancestors
we have a challenge to save our world
from the mighty clutch of the demons here
we are certainly the only brain present here
let me enter the hell first, you come after
what are we doing is the whole shit
i want you to stop my world from getting vanished

You were warned...

Vishal Sharma

28th February 2002 (Gujarat Genocide)

[Color=Red] A period of inter-communal
violence in the Indian state of Gujarat

Two religions moulded India

Into a face of such cruelty that is beyond

IMAGINATION

The attack on 27th February 2002 on a train

thought by most have been carried out by

MUSLIMS

The blood fury took place, killing 58 people

Some of who were the activists returning from

AYODHYA

Races shaped the furious riots across cities

And, Muslims were killed at its best for themselves

The women and girls were gang raped and,

then, burned alive...(speechless)

The small children were beheaded or either hanged

Pregnant women were stabbed and unborn babies

Were taken out before their eyes(believe me, it happened) .

At most 900 Muslims and 100 Hindus were killed,

though reports told it might be more than 2000 Muslims

India has a blood slur on her face in the form of

THE GUJARAT RIOT OF 2002

They are humans, my God, we are surrounded by them

Let peace ever travel to the land of Mahatma Gandhi...[/color]

Vishal Sharma

300

I am feeling honoured now
As i am going to accoplish
A tiny yet grusome feat.
To the straight, my dear friend
It is my 300th poem
Don't you feel suprised
I am here from 6th november
And that was of the last year
I have to achieve me more
And one day will come
When i will again write a poem
And would title it 3000
Just my readers only bless me.
As 300 is not an ordinary number
With the same soldiers sparta defeated
The xerxus.An imposible feat
So i am humble to all my poems.

Vishal Sharma

8 Haikus

1.

The sun is magic
I feel the need to hug
it
To the sun I'll fly.

2.

Sky covers the world
Keeping the sun and
the moon
Smiling to people.

3.

The heavenly song
Of the little tears
splashing
The waterfall's
beauty.

4.

It's a land of dreams
Without beginning and
end
Where I want to go.

5.

Moonbeams light my
life,
Forward shine into my
soul;
This is wonderful.

6.

Floating through the
air
Fluttering from bloom
to bloom
Drifts flits, glides to
me.

7.

'till I fall asleep
I'll watch the sky turn
dark-blue
In her protective arms.

8.

Vishal Sharma

911

Cold winds gushing out
when my throat had a shout
began blood gushing away
rather she had sway.

i felt hunger in my heart
my tears began to start
my nose was bleeding
children were reading.

cold blow over my face
will remain a life long chase
ever caught in prision bars
my mind will have scars.

Vishal Sharma

A bad day in your heart

I never ever think of this
But, the way you dance
across my bonafide muscles
you make a man a worthy cry.

You have an art to start
the fire out of the chills
and then my neck you roast
and, gulp a two bottles vodka.

Not a great start to live
Why such comuflage feelings
My days are permuted though
Live your life, a worthy kind act...! !

Vishal Sharma

A basket of tears

Downward in the grace of respect seeking trauma,
and, with some dissolvable solutes within the heart,
closly approaching the holy scene of the family
they are unaware...
might be diseased, God knows

Vishal Sharma

A broken vase

Talent never sheds their clothes
whether they want to enter the scene or not
talented gems are immortal and they deserve
the seat besides the almighty upon airs
whose influence is just enough to thrill you
Imagine how powerful his soul would have been
We lost a vase, today, a vase of verses into it
and, in future no other vase would be as beautiful
As this golden vase, God keeps great with himself
Its the law of the nature, another law

WE MUST ABIDE BY IT..

Vishal Sharma

A Cell

My life
full of devil deeds
so I paid the price
Being in the prison
It sucks! ! !

Life has bad taste here
and, future is fully ruined
Silly noises are almost common
And, nights are never less than a
nightmare.

Vishal Sharma

A Cup Of Foolishness

however love has no legs, its speed is greater than the rest
and being trapped inside it gains more and more trifles
like a nice contender piercing cold blooded humans

CONCLUSION

never do this a cup of foolishness

Vishal Sharma

A dark ray

host the show
called life
win the game
be the gambler
but remember
never
be the lover
dry leaves
are falling
from the trees
are you seeing
my pain
my melody
you used to see
now
what happened?
are you busy
are you crazy
but listen
i will never
caress down
your body
hanker has ended
you not offended
the mean act
you have done
need my promise
where are these
where are you
where am i....

Vishal Sharma

A Dark Window

I Love memories
to celebrate my success
and with a sweet gun
i killed someone's bless
am i ever be forgiven?
for the sickness i have done,
i want it just, never
as i use my little mind,
as a dark window
go away from me and my shadow.

Vishal Sharma

A Drop Of Sea

eyes
within eyes
heart
within lies
searching...
the one
the perfect
without defect
who can really
be mine
my future
my adventure
ultimetly,
my life...
are you that one
mine has gone
deep into sea
beneath the pain
i have gain
basket of tears
handfull of unfortunate
mouthfull of abuses
are you listening...
readers
how she was cruel
promising me the
whole sea
she threw
a drop on me.

Vishal Sharma

A girl named PAIN

Love costs life
it costs your everything
love has no meaning
it has lost charming
it is absolute false
just happen in books
i was a staunch believer
now i have nothing
love has taken my everything
i am a beggar being having words
worthy ignore me
i have this grace
though nothing to gain
from a girl named pain

Vishal Sharma

A glimmer/ray of hope

Gained the power
to recollect
those
called my desires

My life full of hopes
that I have caught
into my mighty fist
A very dareful job!

I tried to gain access
with the full might
but oh! No..I lost
my control

I repent
I have lost all the way
But, I am courageous
Not afraid to take risks

The green life
before me
Is breathtaking
just need someone to show

My problems,
just vanished before it
within those rainbowed
skies

I thought
being a star
I might get
up too high above there
I will never get it
Naah! Never
just going to give
an another try

Sitting here,
on the edge of life
I thanked Him, his next
move; determine my destiny

Vishal Sharma

A history lost in page

we are civilisation
the urbanisation within us
led to the globalisation.

we have lost the olmecs
the civilisation of the east
flourishing with deep rooted manifestation

avoiding the people
remain a mystery
why they are disappeared
thus a lose of a history.

Vishal Sharma

A Hungry Stone Engulfing The Whole City

patches and patches,
and with the almighty
whose legs never stagger
whose eyes never went blank
whose task is the top grade deed

a devotee,
a hungry stone
whose feet know no God
and a strife placed among the warrior
whose i want to console,
though they do no evil, they might

the hungry stone hates God,
may God bless him..

Vishal Sharma

A knot

Before i die
i will tie
a knot
something meant
someone smart
going here and there
stopping the bare
string of attachment

before i die
i will tie
a knot
meant for a meaning
even the sun shines
around it, matters
something strange
red or orange

before i die
i will tie
a knot
whether i do it
or not
away from the world
beneath the sea
over the sky
a place meant for it
may be a sea shore

but certainly
i will
tie a knot
as it wants to be free
the certain ifs and buts
of the world.

the sky above one
who loves someone
looks lovely everytime
hoping it to be or not
but i will certainly
tie a knot.

Vishal Sharma

A Million Kisses For One Lips (French version)

Je ne peux pas être un millionnaire
pour l'restof le worldbut dans les
yeux de mon amant que je vaux
morethan thatI peut-être pas le plus
sage pour thescholars présenter
herebut dans les yeux de mon
amant J'ai morewisdom que le Resti
peut-être pas le plus intelligent des
smartfolks herebut dans mon Les
yeux des amoureux, je pourrais être
morethan Tom Cruise! ! Ma poche
sera vide ne sera jamais bemy voir
hearteveryday votre visage, vous
sentez-vous, mes jours starti
peuvent ne pas être en mesure de
vous fournir la glimpsebut de
thisworld J'ai un million de baisers
pour votre onelips

SPANISH VERSION

Puede que no sea un millonario para
el restof la worldbut en los ojos de
mi amante me valgo morethan thatI
puede no ser el más sabio de
thescholars presentar herebut en
los ojos de mi amante tengo
morewisdom que la resti puede no
ser el más inteligente de los
smartfolks herebut en mi Los ojos de
amante que podrían ser morethan
Tom Cruise! ! Mi bolsillo estará vacío
nunca serMi hearteveryday ver tu
rostro, sintiendo, mis días InicioI
pueden no ser capaces de ofrecerle
glimpsebut de thisworld Tengo un
millón de besos para su
onelipsVizard Dhawan

Vishal Sharma

A monkey of my apple tree

we are just familiar with our great ancestors
who taught us a way to lead this beautiful life
and we are ultimately losing their faith
are we leading the life the way they imagined
they were innocent, they were pious in nature
they really taught us the reasons for our survival,
and the way we mislead them, is this a fair cheating,
yeah, surely it is, as we are not proving to be humans
and the hate virus inside us has made us a virus too
these are my captured thoughts i feel it free
whenever i look at the monkey of my apple tree.

Vishal Sharma

A Mortal's Realizations

some thoughts are buzzing in my
head...
they wont simply go away..
nothing seems real...
i am floating in the midst of surreal
and all possibilities seems fade
away.....

very terrible, unfair and painful it is...
it cant be real.....was the thought
that came repeatedly to me....
must be a dream i thought?
but it seems it is not.....
a shock wave ran through me...
the moment i realized it is really
happening to me?

the realization of present erased
all my shocks and doubts.
and pain is something
that is all left with me?

all that i could do
is to wish to change
not for ever but just for a moment
again.
the distressful moment is ever growing
and pushing into the gutter of pain
tears are shed and prayers are made
but all seems to go in vain...

the world goes on and it wont stop
it never did nor it can....
time stops for none...
clouds can never abolish the sun...

Vishal Sharma

A nail in my head

I have confusion
you are my passion
i deserve your love
i take you to heaven
i give you pleasure
be sure..

getting me
you know
when i see you
with someone else
there exists a nail in my head
gather all our memories
we spent together in ones arms
getting me my beloved

Vishal Sharma

A poem that put my heart on fire

You make words and they immortal
you are trying to adjust this world in a bottle
and you are penning so beautifully days
i have a little words outnumbering your praise

you are tied in a great white ribbon
i just give a gentle push to free you from this prision,
and make you feel that you are not alone
i too cry darling for someone who is now gone

i think of you even when my mind is in dream
and am making our love shining using fair cream
you write so vividly do you get your talent hire
but listen baby your a poem has put me on fire.

Vishal Sharma

A snail with a duck feet

TO THE HERMIT

'Can talent be grown and shown, majesty? '

They are only get by born, dear child.' Hermit replys.

what about the bird in the hand of the person,
is that dead or alive, dear hermit? '

Child, its all lies in that person's hand, replys the hermit.'

I have seen a snail with a duck feet, is it possible?

Hermit replys something that satisfys the person.

May i know the answer from my readers?
Waiting....

Vishal Sharma

A Worthless Coin

I had a big pocket
For a small coin
Coin-A rupee worth
And I was left thinking
What I used it for now
To make sure not to be laughed at

My own confidence drenched
I became helpless and sank
To put enough water on my thought
I knew that was useless and worthless
My mind began to rust.....I went to sleep

Vishal Sharma

ABC

A
Big
Counting
Difference
Emerges
Frequently,
Giving
Highly
Intensive
Jackpot
Kingship
Lementing,

Misery
Nonsensely
Opposing,
Patriotism
Queen
Respective
Soldiers
Taking,
Under
Vast
Watchable
Xenon
Yearning
Zebras...! !

Vishal Sharma

Able, talented but black

To an african mom
born a child
with black skin
from his father

he always complained
his mom
why he is black

everytime
mom gently kissed
his forehead
saying
colour does not matter
if you are able and talented

this was enough
to calm
that little boy

slightly younger
he became
began going to school
all made joke at him

at home he complained
his mother
she smiled
saying the same thing
again and again
if you are talented
colour matters
nothing

now some years later
a well grown man
he became
remembered still his mother words
went one day on an interview
all qualities he had though
the chair person quoth
though you are
able and talented
but black, sorry!
rejected...

Vishal Sharma

Afraid of humans

We learn many things
in schools
in colleges
even
on battle field

we kill people
blaming the victory
saying it a reason
death in every season
cold wind welcomes
the death birth

humans are terrific
i am afraid of them
they can kill me
harm me

i love girls
they are kindhearted
they are sweet
simple
elegant
obliged
and above all
mine

Vishal Sharma

Agatha

a girl in my life
has something to take
to take from me
to supplant these things

i have not a brave heart
my guts are so low
before you only i bow

volumes of love
are present to me
but i can't choose any

in last

i love mystery
thus i love Agatha Christie.

Vishal Sharma

Almighty

The world relies on whose mighty arms
and, who being superior than the
biggest power
whose presence is just enough to
shake the devil's legs
and, the mighty hands that has taken
the responsibility of destiny
and, by whose grace, every lamp is
lighting the world
and, the charming and gorgous
breathtaking senario
that we experience everywhere is
whose work
and our earth is ladden with beautiful
glimpse by whose grace
the ultimate power with the generous
soul and beauty
whose work is to heel and pain and do
in favour
that great body is my God, whom I refer
the ultimate power

Vishal Sharma

Alphabet Of Love

I am not educated
neither want to be
as, my knowledge lies in you
your talks, your smiles, and you
Tell me the secret of such hanker,
as, my world, you and you and you
my heart is still, my life, stiller
you make me complete with your smile
thus, though not a scholar, my heart is
i am able to understand the alphabet of love,
the alphabet of your heart, my sweetheart.

Vishal Sharma

Amour

I always know when i am in love,
likes trees a desert lends,
i thought, i saw you twice today
of course it always ends

Vishal Sharma

Amplifiar

by dear love
you are my boofar
i am your amplifiar

loving you
my only passion
roses bloom for you
sun rises for you

never ever leave me
in this empty world
then
i am helpless
lifeless

baby
you are my boofar
i am your amplifiar

Vishal Sharma

An autumn

An autumn
came
and went., unnoticed,
why?

A question lies within it
days are spent crying your name
away from the linger, the world's fame
and soon an autumn will grab everything
so serious the matter happened broken
left in tears, passed teared eyes nights
and then met a fairy, an angel, yeah she is

But my mind began thinking to the next autumn
will it happen again, If so
will I survive?

Heart began to cry...

Vishal Sharma

An idiot boy

I love to be called an idiot
if the word escapes your lips
you bring for me flowers
no matter roses or tulips.

i have a heart inside me
eyes saltier than the sea
i have become your instance
though you give me a single glance

my death is now certain
i die a death of a lover
but i request you to visit
my grave with a flower.

Vishal Sharma

An open page of ugly chapter

Besides thus and hence, all over, words, lyrics, sometimes musical,
Mistified and solid, probabbly Insane though BE lunatic,
A degree of bunch of odometers roaming gainst the twisters
Hollow words sharpen nicely yet testified darkly.....

A huge chorus song sung by those hilly eyes monsty
A grab of freedom towards such the poeticially insane
Whose mind hankers the red sea of human blood, and a pool of pleasure
Just a minute old words are worth millions of seconds went untold.....! ! !

Vishal Sharma

And everybody treated the same.

I'm sitting on the couch with a mind
To think of all the kinds... of ways to go
Its too late, its this place
Which got me feeling fuck faced
If i don't leave now... i'll soon be murky
And if its delayed then who`ll finish off
the story

I don't wanna be proud, don't wanna
be a simpleton
Don't wanna be something related to
sin.
Don't wanna be special or the ones u
would doubt
Don't wanna be the boy ur mom
warned u about.
If your searching, well u better stop
finding...
Coz, for u... i`ll be your silver lining

Now, we move on to what we've done
And later on to what we'll become
Its complicated on how life works
With all the bumps and the
unexpected perks
With luck around many, chances taken
All for the presence, of that one
beautiful maiden.

When its life, its a game
People who are driven, are driven to
fame
A minority come out of shame,
And everybody treated the same.

Vishal Sharma

And Then Comes William Shakespeare

When in the sky clouds rule the horizon
When only desires make you full of lust
And when mind and soul mix up and provide no clue
And when i sit down to write poems without ideas
Triggering my head for getting a single line words
And then that time comes and i finally
William shakespeare comes down to help me writing

Vishal Sharma

Android

Yesterday
i went to market
to buy me a new phone
to connect my friends
i was shown
a variety of sets
a variety of range was there
i chose the one fit me best
but i was not in haste
i want an android one
a new feature one
but what about our life
can we to replace it
with an android set anytime
i think no.

Vishal Sharma

Angel in my Void

I was living like a corpse, buried
underground
Hiding in a hole, nowhere to be found
Barely breathing air, resenting all the
trees
Everything I saw was ridden with
disease
I thought old wounds would never
heal
So conditioned myself not to feel
I gave up searching for the light
Just sinking into endless night
Wandering around a constant
nightmare
When I glimpsed something that
shouldn't be there
Coated in pain, but I saw inside
A beauty so bright, she couldn't hide
We traded scars, and shared our fears
Then said, what are we doing here?
Let's leave this place, it's been too long
We'll rise above where we belong
With wings fueled by burning desire
Together we can get much higher
On our own plane, above it all
I'll lift you if you start to fall
And in turn, you are my cure
With energy so bright and pure
My lost faith, you have restored
New depths have opened, let's explore

Vishal Sharma

Angels and Demons

Angels and demons are really the
same
To them, our lives are but a game
You can stay here, or you can run
there
Life is great, because you're going
nowhere
There's nowhere to go, and there's
nowhere to hide
No angels are coming along for the ride
They left you bleeding, they stopped
believing
Now inside your mind, your demons are
breeding
Angels don't believe in you
Friends, they keep on leaving you
Lovers, there's no breathing room
Spirit, is it even true?
What does that make you?
An angel? A demon? A human? A
spirit?
A channel, keep dreaming, it's true
man, you hear it?
The voices, the choices, they haunt
you, you love it
They tear you to pieces, you aren't
above it
Rip apart reality, a victim of illusion
Tripping on insanity, flipped it to
confusion
Choking on calamity, distortion is
amusing
In this comedic tragedy, you're the one
who's losing

Vishal Sharma

Another story of my failure

Images give me pain
and,
i receive it
with my full heart
and, always welcome it

I am lonely today,
greater days are beside me
my success tells a story
the story of a failure
that i failed to fail

My eyes has tears
my heart is heavy
do you feel my grief
though you are many,

I request you to
burn my memories
i have nothing to give
you all
anything special
you think so...

Vishal Sharma

AnticlockWISE

earth revolves all around us
the feeling is just simple and naive
we do or work morning to evening
the thirst even reside within us
we prepare ourselves to die
mothers prepare their siblings to born
cant it happen anticlockwise? ?
NO_ never...

Vishal Sharma

Anti-Markonikov's Rule

Sometimes.....! !
We tend to be more polite
among our fool followers
and rise a basket of sands
Worth noticing.....! !

We get an edge at the end
we get everything there
we put life into misery
we rise above bravery.....! ! !

Now, rules are meant to be broken
And we eventually do the same
to get the name and fame
we kill even our own name.....! !

Vishal Sharma

Anything for you my enemy

Doors should remain closed
anyhow if reopens
gives nothing but pains
eyes filled with soot
my prestige, your boot

insult me as much as you can
destiny allows to set the plan
but when i will be in gain
what will you do then

ever think about your fate
know the reason my this hate
blood is flowing as waters
go to hell dear haters

guns and bullet not in haste
your marks my chest
i will stand before thee
till all bullets are not in me

i promise to fulfill your dream
by pleasing and giving smiles
as i have done this to many
anything for you my enemy

Vishal Sharma

Apocalypse now

Sweet and mild gentle wilds
pouring all within the soul
but alas! these days are gone
slipped away from our hands
now humans are killing machines
killing their own breed and race
everywhere there are the voice spreading guns
ready to end the game and pleasure
but beware of the almighty
who is watching us from above
just saying within himself
get ready for another apocalypso

Vishal Sharma

Are you my last night angel?

you are proving joyful, and a nice soul
have got your mind, to get your body, my goal
and know i do never play pranks on thee
my words are telling, can't you just see

i have a mind of a rainbow god chair
so there are only love spread in the air,
and you are the trophy i have won here
my search is ended which was started last year.

and a cheerful red cheeks rose are you
who knows the reason why sky is blue
and who has stick my heart with a glue
and the bond that is natural, the bond that is true,

please answer me before going out of sight,
are you the same angel I saw last night?

Vishal Sharma

Are you visiting my graveyard?

Natural selection of death takes not a natural effort
but the inner core of the hearty flesh is well driven out
under achieved death the person might feel himself proud
but when in the middle of the night dreams awake you
and the ongoing sluttish time will ruin your rhyme
and you must cry at the moment and feel the burden
the salinity of disparity among the worst eyes
and the liquid ejecting will have no importance among
and the onlookers keep you within their sleeves
then at that time i am urging to all my dear friends
with shouting with my thirsty throat my dear pard
are you all visiting me near my graveyard?

Vishal Sharma

Armageddon

life lies within two points
one point is birth
death the other
i am trying to get the third
why?

destruction
on the earth
will be his will
his power
and his senses.

we are just
onlookers
seeing the whole
play
with a gun
in our hands....
agree?

Vishal Sharma

As Simple As Love

Before I saw you, before
I know you.
I thought love did not exist.
It is complicated and waste.
As soon as you entered my life.
There is nothing in the world,
As simple as love....

Vishal Sharma

Ask your testis

Have you ever wondered
why rapes occur
why their are rapists
who do this sinful sin
they are animals
just got human skin
from anywhere
they are inhuman

to the rapists
tell me why do you
rape
first a girl
than humanity

do not have my answer
bustards
ask the same
to your testis.

Vishal Sharma

Asylum

Along the breaking path of carved words
I missed my opportunity to guide myself
That passion ends my burning desire to get
My life, my love and made my mind an asylum

Vishal Sharma

Asylum 2

Death do come through the mist of darkness
And made the boney structure trash
We, just wait for our chance, full empty handed
God, we prey to have an eye, just we want blinks....! ! !

Vishal Sharma

Asylum 3

Creepy still nights still haunts my dreams
When I think of those mental patients of there
Though, me have a lil guts to get out of get
My heaven wings prove a boon for me, Atlast

Vishal Sharma

Asylum 4

Deep death secrets lying beneath the mystery
What would happen to the innocent patients
Making statements rather than wars
We break our hearts to them, call a vengeance

Vishal Sharma

Asylum Returns

Though a lovely path and an ugly pathfinder
below the road that took me to nowhere
Minds struggling to get the dust of the heat
when everyone went there to get that beat.....! ! !

Vishal Sharma

Asylum-Freezing Creepy State

Just wondering a bit of my life getting why hacked
By bullets, nope, the spear of the lonely pain
That gave a mentle retardation among nerves
And, my body decomposed with a name in my heart.....! ! !

Vishal Sharma

Asylum-Murder of Helium

Just wondering.....!!!

How much it takes to kill an inert

An infant

A helpless.....!!!

A mere blow

And game won.....!!!

But, Have you actually steal

The show.....!!!

Vishal Sharma

Asylum-The Fate Story

Getting panic chest attack into a dead body
To demolish all the made up sins there
And rather achieve goodness with an excellence
But tell me.....Does anyone love dead bodies?

Vishal Sharma

Asylum-The State Of Choas

Mental body with unnatural bodily experience
Just be off the eyes of those melting tongues
A brief eating disease that took us apart
Just be ugly to see the daily sunshine.....! ! !

Vishal Sharma

At Last A Rose

At last a rose, a single yellow rose
On the verge of unfolding like a
sudden genius
It's life! it's the beauty of life!
How does one compare it to the sun?
Eternity seeks for such an answer
Wonder strikes me dead in the eyes!
A rose so young and tender knows not
its beauty
On this earth
Who am I to deny its birth?
Dear Vishal we are in perfect union
Miraculous is the color yellow!
Does my heart not feel immense with
pride?
Behold the flight of doves as they glide
Tears a-streaming down my face an
endless waterfall
Somewhere in time I am young again
...Young and tender like the verging
rose.

Vishal Sharma

Aurangzeb

a king needs
kindness in his blood
being generous
in his waters.
a king
killed his own three brothers
prisoned his father
the man behind the Tajmahal
so cruel do you know?
that cruel king was the title
reigned for almost fifty years
hated music and creation
the last one of his gene
so powerful and talented
but has a stone heart
thus am saying him the villain.
yes, he was

Vishal Sharma

Autumn Leaves

the autumns leaves are weak and old
the shades of grey paints them all
a brisk wind is enough to make them
fall
they lie on the ground.....lifeless and
still
and succumbs to the autumn's chill....
it tells the story of vibrant colors
of green, red and gold
which starts with spring
and ends in winter's cold.....

Vishal Sharma

Away from my father

One road diversified through the yellow woods
but sorry, i along with my father could not travel with each other
now the reason lies being in the time when have to bear the brunt of it
now time is the master and we are the slaves of this creature
i want to spend some time with my father but time said no
and we departed and aparted and seperated from each other
belong the yellow woods he walked and walked and walked
and within the short span of time from my two teared eyes
my father disappeared in the misty fog leaving me here HELPLESS.

Vishal Sharma

Awesome

The way you walk
the way you bent
your way of seeing me
simply awesome

your eyes on me
your lips on mine
i begin to shine
in the situation that is
simply awesome.

nights spend together
in one another arms
the smell of your body
simply awesome.

we will be togther
show this worjd
that being a pair is
so much awesome.

Vishal Sharma

Axe

Minds are colliding against each other
over a lovely path, grace of the almighty
and with that norture young blood stories
that has been hiding beneath the young ones,
and, i with the axe of thought, grind all these memories

Vishal Sharma

Bard's Agony

In the darkness of midnight,
When stars were shining,
With five edges full of light,
I saw a bard writing.

Sitting on the fluffy cloud,
He saw a boy,
Jumping on the stars and singing
something loud,
His lips and eyes embracing and
winking with metaphoric joy.

Darkness gulped that joyous melody,
Which bard came to translate into
beauty,
Echoes sounded like a parody,
Silence aroused the cruelty.

The fluorescence in stars started
dimming,
And the dew calmed and balmes bard's
agony,
With chagrin, the ink in pen started
dripping,
And bard's head fall on the bed of
mahogany.

Vishal Sharma

Basic Instinct

A dirty and ugly music enchanting within a low volume heart
Deep with feelings and a great majestic appearance
Dullness above the poetic character does rise rational
Without whose order, murder cant be committed intentional.

Vishal Sharma

Beauty

Was it really love at that first glance
To me, of that, there was no chance.
To be more precise, its love at every
visit
A feeling so real, it's truly exquisite.

Vishal Sharma

Because...

Because you have the gift to reflect
on what the word 'love' truly means.

Because you know how to imagine and
narrate the most beautiful dreams.

Because you give the world the best
so that they believe in a love that is
real.

Because you imagine a more beautiful
future for those that suffer loves
ordeal.

Because you write of an earthly
paradise
that has never visited your own home.

Because you know the hidden secrets
of the human heart, yet remain alone.

Because you share your boundless
enthusiasm
and dedication expecting no
return blessings

Because where would the world be
without you,
a creator of stories and happy
endings?

Because YOU have changed my life

I thank you for allowing me to believe.

Because?

Because I have fallen in love with you
and the future we can achieve

Vishal Sharma

Beggar heart

Lonly cries, ahhh, it pains
deep inside and inside
mighty hand of fear to tear
and, the oppurtunity slipped,
making the situation the worst,
and, that man gives no sign of life.
although vulgar, and somewhat, insanity
at the peak, the robbers parking the ship,
the soul of my heart, begging here and there,
to find the coffin to rest, the best way,
a healthy and fresh penny it has received now,
making me a whole, and a lost companion,
truth lies outside the poem, they show words
i show you feelings, and the best one, rather real,
we, the depressed one, yet a lovely creature,
make me your instance, longing for you!

Vishal Sharma

Beginning Of The Sunrise

when i was a little child below my own legs
when i was my mom's cute little god's gift
and my father who was not before my eyes
at that time i was left alone to survive with a pen
and that golden pen has resulted Vishal
whose works will ever be your apologize
and who will always be humble to all my friends.

Vishal Sharma

Being in Love

we are now together
we exchanged our heart
with each other
we truly love
one another
with patience and little fear...
but O my dear..
are we here..?
I think no...
I too am burning
in the same fire
I am just learning
the way to love, from you
and I am not a liar
we are in love
and out of this world
far away from loneliness
even though we live
among people of mind curled
I am preparing myself
to fulfil all your needs
you don't know yourself
that I am feeling guilty
for all my bad deeds
my deeds that hurt you
that brought tears in your eyes
but O my dear! I love you
and for you I can even wait
sitting up above the SKIES

Vishal Sharma

Beseech

Again you came
though you know
my critical situation
why are you so hurried?
I am ready to come with you
let me finish writing this poem...

After that
i am ready to give you my soul

Vishal Sharma

Best Murder

my fate
my illness
my cry
no your ear
so cruel
you had been
never.

why so now?
are you sure
my pain pleases
you! !
my god
even i prey
you be blessed

what you have
done
wid my heart
it cries
telling it
the best murder

Vishal Sharma

Beware of the moon

Put your body on fire
or let itself hire
from someone else
but not false
as growing takes response
have it balance
among the people you know
among the fathers
be a cheater
let you be anyone
what else you be
does not matter
but
beware of the moon

Vishal Sharma

Big loaf of love

Separation
painfull
for both of us
remain together
not in fate
thus i hate
my destiny
my fortune
my biggest enemy
with many
broke me
totally
peacefully
painfully
though
hungry am i
god has snatched
a big loaf of love
from my mouth

Vishal Sharma

Black Out

it is horrid
to be blind
visions descend upon me
hear the whisper of the wind
shadows on my room walls
just like a shadow theatre
dark and ominous
the way this silence its tumultuous
in hearing the sounds
of screams in a blackout

Vishal Sharma

Black pen red ink

God write our fate
whether we love
or hate.
we shine in the day
rest in the night
out of the sight
we never had been
so rude
to the almighty
to the god!
he write everyone future
with a red
or a black pen
but my god!
he has written mine
with a black pen
but a red ink
why? ?

Vishal Sharma

Blame for your pretty scars

She suffers in silence as she sees her broken image, me
Alone, only she can hear her own voice
Crying for help and feeling empty
Begging Him please and asking for forgiveness
Admitting of being afraid of what she might do
As she tells herself that she isn't enough
She does not recognize herself when she looks at me
As she stares at a body that does not fit within her vision
Disappointed with her thoughts
She does not understand the pleasure she gets from their horror
She screams until her chest hurts
And I make her drop to the floor as her knees become weak
Rocking back and forth she tries to catch her breath
To stop the skipping sound in her cries
Feeling dirty when she looks at me
She lets the water run
Hates the clothes she sees on me
But rather have them on than to be naked
The water is hot but she embraces the heat to seize other pain
She allows the water to
hit her face so no one can see her cry
She turns her soft hands, fingernails first
And tries to scrub off the shame off her skin
She is now dirty again
With blood
He may love me but she hates me
Why should he love me? Why would she love me?
I'm not pretty, not smart, not talented
I'm damaged, complicated, weird
I'm selfish, cold, dead
A confusion that drives her insane
She looks at the wrist that I helped create
She does not cut for attention
She cuts to provide proof that she hates me
In case she forgets
She has forgotten so many times
Because during those times she was happy
Glancing at her photos of the nights before
The happiness was interrupted when she saw me
Her own words break her down
Revealing her self worth
I notice she drinks to feel better
I see her having fun. Oh my little girl, you're forgetting again
So I remind her. Go cut yourself
Let the cold metal pierce your pale skin
Feel the stings as you move across
Show me you hate me
That you're disappointed in me
I will take all the blame for your pretty scars

Vishal Sharma

Blind Binds

You always hide,
You always run away
Your blinds remain closed
Much to my dismay
But something is wrong,
It's plain to see.
I wish someone else,
But it only seems to be me.
Your blinds hide nothing
I see straight through them
I see the inner you
You were hurt and left,
Alone and afraid.
No one to turn to,
Nothing to lean on.
Darkness surrounds you.
But I'm here to help
Just open your blinds
Just wait and you'll see.
Light will shine through,
And even at night,
You will still have me.

Vishal Sharma

Blood

Blood
All over the carpet
Brought by the death's
servant
To block his
life by open his veins
Crying... Those wild cats into his arms
Death made
him insane too
With a
little touch of madness, he went up
Remorse, I felt it long ago to my beloved
Whose feet is
covered with blood now
My
mind hankers for a single taste of
that...

Vishal Sharma

Blood harvest

Take a sip of the miserable life upon the thirsty neck,
to make a judgement to put a sale on your soul,
A worthy night with a worthless guy roaming beside the Nile,
Just you and me, deep will be the sea, and just you and me....!!!

Silence....!!!

Vishal Sharma

Blue Fire

The burn in your eyes shines so bright
You've grown up and grown so strong
You pushed, you pulled, and you've
fought all night
I see only innocence but they only see
what's wrong
You're scared, I know, but you must
give up the fight
Let go and move on from what you've
had so long
Your burning eyes fixed with mine lets
you know it's going to be alright
Hold my hand and with me, sing this
song
Don't put out the flames, don't alter
your sight
Keep your head up and just walk along
Your eyes still shine like their very
own light
They gleam and glow, that blue fire
Keep strong, now don't you tire
Believe me when I say, now I am no liar
You put off such a spark, you really do
inspire
Let your eyes shine on and never put
out that beautiful blue fire

Vishal Sharma

Bomb version 2.0

O my fair lady
are your father
a terrorist
that
he has produced
a bomb same as
you.

Vishal Sharma

Border

We make border
not the almighty
we transform humans
we classify countries
god made us
we began making borders
within nations
within states
within families
within our heart
we the reason
people in prison
let them set free
let clean the border lines
with the gentle touch of our heart
let you start let i start
are you?

Vishal Sharma

Brainwashed

Stay a little longer, pour a little more.
Take off your dress baby, just leave it
on the floor.
My promises are nothing.
Unfaithful I may be
but thats ok because tonight that's not
the mask you'll see.
So wrap your arms around me.
What do you want to hear?
I'm a man of many talents
but these talents you can't see.

Vishal Sharma

Braveheart

We cannot
do two things
simultaneously
as we are human beings
not the god of heaven
bring some pain
inside yourself
be braveheart
face the truth
lie the world
if you are comfortable
world is ok
if not
check the pocket
a penny
a ticket
a love letter
a cigarette
anything is enough
for your destruction
redemption
be brave
be a man
if you want this world looks

Vishal Sharma

Bridge That Departed

behind the right side of my home
there is a bridge gaping the river
to my left side
my beloved was always there
we exchanged kisses standing on
the bridge
the ultimate proof of our love
the bridge that gave me the reason of life
that had made my life worth living
now she left me never would that bridge
but i always miss my left side there
everything is same except you
i cry on the bridge to make it aware
but it doesn't hear me as i think
along with you it is the bridge too
who departed away from my life

Vishal Sharma

Brief Rays

Sun makes us hot giving a hope of survival
and we are getting them since our arrival
We have made our mind a worth cage with rage
and just hankering to take somehow the brief revenge...! ! !

Vishal Sharma

But he shall live until he dies

He who laughs shall cry
And he who lives shall die.
He who walks this life alone
Shall disappear when he is gone.
He who makes the earth his home
And he who makes his heart a poem -
The one that does what makes him he,
Is a man of life and shall be free.
Yet the man who trembles dark with
fear
Shall never see, nor taste, nor hear
What it is that true life brings
With every note the songbird sings.
A man less known to all life's kiss
Shall never live but only wish
To touch her tender heart of gold,
But to his dreams his soul was sold.
He who takes a thousand breaths
Shall live the life which he so sets.
And so he laughs and so he cries,
But he shall live until he dies.

Vishal Sharma

Bye Bye Poemhunter

times had been spent
its now the time to say goodbye
to this holy place..
who has given me some identity
identity to call me myself
my self respect..my dignity
all lies here..all lies here
no time for you now
my dear poem hunter
i cant now sit down to pen any poem
and contribute to you..
may be never..
but O all my dear friends
never forget me nor do I
you all will reside in my heart
unwritten soul,
sunprincess,
gajanan mishra,
hazal,
mustif-ul-sheen,
kavya..
all you will be in my heart..
but sorry friends,
I will not be seen to you all,
the things that will remain with you all
are my poems..my poems..
I am in grief
hands are not working properly..
but I am writing for my friends..
YOU all are ultimetly my friends
thus whenever you get a chance to remember me
read my poems..and give me tribute..
thankful to the love that I have received from you
but now,
time to say gud bye,
my last verse is requesting you all
PLEASE DO NOT FORGET ME

Vishal Sharma

Calm Rampage

be calm
avoid making trifles
being int this state
be satisfied
among what you earn
never yearn
for money
for fame
for life

trust
only one
the one responsible
for the rampage
brought on the earth
before my birth.

see
whatever you wish
eat your favourite dish
be with your parents
always

never lost in page
the one responsible
for this calm rampage.

Vishal Sharma

Cameo

all the world is a stage
we are merely players
some have a big role
some are a part of it.

i too have some role

on this earth
i have come to perform
just a role of a cameo.

Vishal Sharma

Cast me a look

My angel,
where are you
in heaven
or in my heart
are you for me
are you sure
do you love me
do you feel for me
my baby
come to my life soon
we make honeymoon
on moon
we will see our sunset together
but dear angel
cast me a look

Vishal Sharma

Chemical bonding

Do you know the electrovalent and covalent bond?
they are a far different from the fictitious james bond
they play a major role in providing the existance to the molecules
and simply follow the basic rule of drawing the structures
they are deeply drawn into my soul of learning chemistry
the lewis structure and the octet rule are simple to follow
they give us the insight to peep through the world of chemicals
and we simply denote them with clear cut diagrams
afterwards, there comes hybridisation and dipole moment
so beautifully written to grasp all the contents
we are familiar with the world of knowledge of liquid
and, thus the true science lies beyond the spiritual eyes,
make yourself a self trusting and be the legend
and, henceforth, a greater way for learning science
has its door opened for the mighty brains.

Vishal Sharma

Chennai Express

The
power
of
the
indian,
shah rukh khan,
got all
records broken
on
the box office,
and
peacefully,
collected
220 CRORE INR

The cuteness of
sweet Deepika
and talent of
the real man,
and a love chemistry
between them,
made it a blockbuster,

the lovely music
and passion presented
just hats off
I love the movie
at its par,
a must watch
family drama
laughter and emotions
at its best..

Vishal Sharma

Class 7

When i was in this class
my heart broke
not by girls
but by teachers.

they are dull
they are filthy
but i loved my mathematics mam
she is a genius
she has a unique talent
i will always remember her

good day
mam

Vishal Sharma

Cold ray

sun shines on our belly
oh! Really...

we find the ray warm
and soothing

sun shines on the belly
of those whose belly is empty

but they find it cold
anything ray brings

does not matter
as their belly has nothing

Vishal Sharma

Cold tears, hot feelings

You made me think
why...
are you my soul?
or my instance

you kept your heart
within the blanket
i complained...
naah! Never

just listen one thing
you made me cry
and, my tears will
not go in vain

someday or the other
i may return
in your pretty life
to seek my revenge...

Vishal Sharma

Competition

Never look back
arise with a new hope
people are rather boring
great are their sentiments
respect them, and be in good luck
be in the compition, wishing you success

Vishal Sharma

Confined to the limits of my memory

Confined to the limits of my memory -
In the absence of light,
With the fear of being lost forever,
Are the dreams I've dreamt at night.
To my withered recollection,
At least what's legibly left;
The fear to lay my head at night
Has corrupted the hours I've slept.
As a child, my heavy eyes were open,
In defence of my tired, weary mind -
Guarding from thoughts and horrors
imagined,
In darkness without contemplation of
time.
As I've grown so too has the damning
fear -
Trying to rid my mind of light,
Until the sandman catches me up
And I lose the nightly battle I fight.

Vishal Sharma

Co-ordinate geometry

When i make a straight line fly over your head
and you never understand it, though well said,
and, rules will decay you mind and memory,
till now, we were living in the world of harmony.

seeing the picture, i too become a picture,
and, well know verses appear in my mind
other chapters, with me, are so gentle and kind.

a proper approach will lead to the success,
and, ultimately a nice concept strikes my mind
making this chapter more natural and more kind,
just spare your time, reading it and on...

Vishal Sharma

Crocodile

in my empty mind
and somewhat lazy one
there lives a crocodile
that scares me away
and turn of my night and day
what the matter little i have to say
as my mind hankers for the play

strong and lazy
little scared away
from my due course
the raft the croc produces
the day is near when that
ugly creature
will swallow up my whole brain.

Vishal Sharma

Crying silence

City under dark and dangerous movable injuries,
what matter for us a happy holy graceful life
burden will kill your shoulder and eyes feel pains
and somewhere in the middle, someone is crying bitterly

Vishal Sharma

Cube

My words are squares
My heart is flat
My mind is rectangle
My eyes are oval
My words are arrow
My moments are lines
My hopes have ray
My expectations at bay
My fortune is circle
My visions are ellipses
My sentiments are hyperbolas
Our meetings are like tangents
Our lips are like asymptotes
We spend days like curves
I am your cuboid, thus
You are my lovely cube.

Vishal Sharma

Cut Down Skirt

baby so lovely
baby so sweet
on your every move
I tweet.

baby so harmless
baby so charming
baby be God bless
my heart sings.

baby so busty
baby so wine
seeing my baby
boys in lines.

baby so delicate
baby so naive
for you i will die late
i don't want grave

baby you my passion
and a good book
i learn every lesson
in home or in facebook.

baby you are me
never have me hurt
i make you promise
i will, only
cut down your skirt.

Vishal Sharma

Dazzle 2

In my eyes photos of my lover
though a little nasty and clever
never get me see her behind her pullover
and i just love her as a busty mad lover

may be you an angel sent by that god
to whom i used to pray all nights long
and carved that angel in my verses in my song
no matter my angel is far away from me
sitting for me in another country
but my dear friends let me clear you all
love does not know boundries whether big or small.

Vishal Sharma

Deaf poet

We are equal
with a basic need
with basic talents
we all are poets
we review poems
whether bad or good
whether nice or average
but i am somewhat different
as i am a deaf poet.

Vishal Sharma

Death Anniversery

when the world cries for a penny in his pocket
and the time flies up above in the sky as a rocket
at that time i laugh at all who once rejected me
saying me my disability and showing it to the whole world
that i am not fit for the block as per my identity
and you now come to realise the meaning of the birth
when i make my death anniversery.

Vishal Sharma

Death Of A Book

No more bulk
No more pages
Now
Never read me
I am going
No one is going
To reprint my edition
Are you so cruel?
Why?
You gained from me
Now gave me pain
Though i have been removed
From your bookshelf
Always be rembered
By the world
But now
Be happy guys
As there is
No more
BRITANICA ENCYCLOPEDIA

Vishal Sharma

Difference

people laughed
i smiled
I cried
they laughed
on my fate?
or,
for that
i could not get
the heaven's gate

they are cruel,
yeah, i am real
they are destroyer
i a creater

They love God
God loves me

you worship rivers
i the sea
that's the only difference
between you and me

Vishal Sharma

Digitmania

1234567890

Numbers are my life
i play with them all the time
i love them more than my wife
i give its presence prime

love the digits, just play with them
and find all the world lying in it
i love them to the beyond extint

my love i am able to show
with course of time it must grow

Vishal Sharma

Divine Disgust

Into material I was thrust, from divinity
to disgust, I'm told to live through it's a
must, the fear the loathing and the
lust, never knowing who to trust,
sometimes I want to bleed the rust,
and disintegrate myself to dust. But
god forbid I spill the real, because
we're told it's weak to feel, just lock it
all inside and seal, can't penetrate a
wall of steel. What's left of us is empty
shells, we're perpetrating our own
hell, in this place we're forced to dwell.
Now real's mistaken for a trend,
enemies are confused with friends,
this mass distortion never ends. I don't
claim I'm free from guilt, I'm trying to
wash away the filth, including former
friends and lovers, they end up
showing their true colors, I'm made to
duck and run for cover, hide myself
but see through others. You can look
now, you can't touch, I've been
brought down way too much, I've been
sinking far too long, but now I'm rising,
now I'm strong, up above where I
belong. What was once lost now was
found, it's all in who I keep around, so
keep your self worth on the ground,
but I won't be coming down.

Vishal Sharma

Don't Put Ice On My Heart

i am the beginning part of our love story
that slightly become more deeper by poetry
and the way i writes about your feathers
i bet task could not be accomplished by others

you remain in my memories till i have my soul
and remember you get my love not in fractions
but in whole.
you are the ultimate destiny of my survival
i accept you whole before this holy bible.

you have the charm of make me dull
but this has proved to me a far fruitfull
i start loving you my dear once again
do not put ice on my heart in this rain.

Vishal Sharma

Don't Want To Be Your Romeo Because You're No Goddamn Juliet

As the dreams become more cryptic
and distant
Your face fades from memory
As the conflict becomes a silent
surrender
The scars darken and turn to grey
January has come and gone, A bitter
monument in my mind
Of all the sunrises I have drawn, None
compares to the one I'm reminded of
I've laid in the dark praying for dawn, Is
it forever night or am I just blind
July has come and gone, And still you
aren't by my side
We haven't spoken in two years
I think I chased you off for the last
time
Does my memory still bring you to
tears
Or is my absence just too sublime
I find myself staring at the traces of
your hate
Outlines of my failures to make you
stay
I find myself daring to look at your
letters
Every word weakens my knees and I
start to sway
Why can't I forget you, There must be
a way

Vishal Sharma

Doom

We are the survivors
of this lush green patch
nothing has our match
we the ultimate saviour

but above us
one is sitting seeing all
whether big or small
afraid of him

he will give you no room
and thus brings the doom.

Vishal Sharma

Downloading my death

A lot more to say, a lot more to pay,
a lot more to search, a lot more to lurch,
a lot more to find, a lot more to bind,
a lot more to hide, a lot more to avoide.....!!!!

Death silence,
grasp away my winter chills.....

Sssshhhh.....!!!!!!

Download complete.....!!!

Vishal Sharma

Dracula on London street

A dracula
somewhat lazy
somewhat jazzy
wanted to visit the world
with his eyes open in the middle
he decided to run ahead the humans
he decided to visit London first

On street

he was laughed out
for his weird makeup shakeup
and the ugly nose and dirty teeth
made children laugh but no fear
dracula was disheartened at this
i am the dracula
the count one
thee not afraid of me
thou we are afraid but why
you are so funny indeed.
said the children.

dracula want to flee
to his palace
to rest for a while
then he heaved a sign of relief
by reaching his castle
now dracula was safe
he understood he is dracula
in his castle only
now no London
no world travel.
dracula went to sleep
might peacefully.

Vishal Sharma

Dream

Soft sensuous dream
Of hands meeting
Lips touching
Eyes greeting
Embracing hearts pound
Breathing, souls entwined
Nature unbound
Eyes shine
Nirvana, Moksha, Erotica (peace,
freedom, and love)
Two joined as one
Destiny decided
Without question

Vishal Sharma

Dreams

in my dream
you were with me
when i opened my eyes
you were still there with me

Vishal Sharma

Drifting

The sting, the burn drags on and on
As my face flaunts red, blue and pink
I feel as if in minutes I will be gone
Although now the pain is beginning to
shrink
I feel so far, far away, somehow I am
the moon at dawn
Lights flash so bright but they have no
link
Right now all I can do is think
How far away I have become
My lungs fill up, but somehow remain
hollow
I remain here just to wallow in my own
petty sorrow
My heart beats much too slow
I take a deep breath before I drift away
My soul is moving on, at the right
steady flow
I hear weeping but see no pain
Just tears of shame lie over my cold,
dead body

Vishal Sharma

Echo

your heart always makes an echo
whether you hear it or not lies with you
just thrust on your lust providing
the wrong insane justice done to humanity
never ever tell me my spirit
as i well know that they are dangerous
not deserved to be in any human beings.

Vishal Sharma

El Dorodo

Long past ago
there used to be a town
called El Dorodo
full of gold and silver
beyond imagination
a town made up of golds.
searches began
people lost there life
no one has ever known
whether it is true or false
first the spanish
now the whole world
crying for the gold
though
the courage they have showed
El Dorodo still
sleeps in the silent mode.

Vishal Sharma

Elysium

I wondered a perfect world
To make a simple yet complex decision,
We rather strive on the greed of mighty,
then on the hollow blessings of almighty....! !

Vishal Sharma

Energy reloaded

Who is back
yes you all are correct
i am back
from the dark fantasies
of the wonderless world
with new powers
for a cause

i am back
for someone
i will now write
more and more
rather be bore
but i will go on writing
for my sweetheart
my golden versed lady
are you listening
the sound of my pen
yes, you should

Vishal Sharma

Equation Of Your Eyes

I saw you
you saw me
we saw each other

I went to library
you went to library
we went to library

we talked earlier
by eyes,
now the first time
we talked by tongue

you left me wondering
waiting for the wedding ring
and, my heart rang tring tring

you gave me shocks
and, a gift of friendship
i accepted it as your eyes

i am a good mathematician
so many solved questions
even today I shys
searching out the meaning
of the equation of your eyes

Vishal Sharma

Everything I Touch - A Haiku

Everything I touch
with tenderness, alas,
pricks like a bramble

Vishal Sharma

Expedition to an unknown city

here, I am now resting besides the graves of my memories
and plucking black flowers grown to their ugly chests
and with a spade, digging the hole to grab all the soil
to rewrite my past, although knowing thats quite impossible.

i am in an unknown city, with my some well wishers,
the city proves to be full of graves and vast skeletons
i cannot rest my legs on them as they are pious remains
and their souls instruct the whole city with their bizzare eyes.

i am unable to decide, why my fate has taken me to this city,
have i done something wrong or just craved for you
and I know my discovery would lead me among one of them

Last night,

I encountered a virgin soul, weeping on her grave,
she was a beauty and a heartfelt lady in her best clothes
I w
had no courage to go to her, and asked her what the matter was,
somewhat like she too was feeling what I felt at the beginning
I wish, she might understand the pain of the dark memories

And that city lies in the heap of the dead memories.

Vishal Sharma

Eyes Forever

Roses
bloom
for the princess
the charming beauty
and a lusty figure
to make my world silent

By the grace of your eyes
got my stuffs nakedly away
and, making myself a true poet
your eyes has lead my world to end

Vishal Sharma

Fact

water is a faucet,
like poetry on the mind
hope is there, when you turn the tap
but the source has been refined

Vishal Sharma

Fallacy

when two bodies meet in space
they pass or they collide
but I suspect the darkness smiles
when they reveal where the orbit hides

Vishal Sharma

Falling

My Maker is calling,
Ready to finally meet
He's running, he's crawling
I try to hold on
Yet I keep on falling
Deep into dark
No longer am I stalling
I loose my grip
My heart pounds faster
As reality begins to slip
My life flashes before me
When my eyes aren't mine to see
I trust the world, yet not for free
Now I will go blind
My Maker yells, he sighs
My faith and I, we fall
Deeper we go down
Reality is no longer raw...
I am falling.

Vishal Sharma

Fastrack

Running world
is full of compition
full of agony
depresson and disapointment

be the genius
and avoid them all
be big not small
be dangerous

potful of knowledge
being in you
will give you clue
and thirst
to make the direction
your destination is.

Vishal Sharma

Father

It
does
not
matter
to
me
what
my
father
is
it
is
worth
noting
what
i
will
be
when
i
will
be
the
father

Vishal Sharma

Feather

All days long, and all songs wrong
that give me a bunch lot of classical atoms
steps of success may be the everest
but the birds fly with their mare wings

Vishal Sharma

Felt

Of all my highly scary things,
culture scares the most to me
never been known to heed red lights,
is the subtlety that stampeeds

Vishal Sharma

Fiitjee

a name with a class
with deep quality
with no match
yes it is fiitjee
my two years education
will ply on its shoulder
my dream will be achieved
if i fullfil its wish
prey for me
are you?

Vishal Sharma

Flames

As the tears stream down my face,
I blame only you for my pain.
My mind and my heart can only now
race,
About my loss but your gain
In my never ending chase
For love, for hope, for fun
For purpose in these ever long days
I see my dream and I think of you.
I rip it to pieces but save the lace
I start a fire as you did in my soul
The embers fly away with every last
tear
The walls burn down around me fast
but slow
My heart beats quickly as you scream
to me, 'no'.
You broke me then, you shall never
again
I fall to the floor and turn to thin dust
You run now away from my grave
Where I will forever remember your
name

Vishal Sharma

Flamingo

Naive and simple
cute and gentle
smart and sexy
not my girlfriend
but my flamingo
beside my house lake

dumb and silent creature
never harm anyone
though rare to see
but i got a glimpse daily.

my flamingo is great
pink and chubby
so intelligent
and full of humour
this time
my girlfriend
not flamingo!

Vishal Sharma

Flower Upon Your Stone

As I think into the past
I see you.
When you look down from the sky
Can you see me too?
As many tears are shed
The memories with you fill my head.
As I say my last goodbye
'It was too soon' is all I cry.
As you lay beneath the ground alone
My goodbye is a flower upon your
stone.

Vishal Sharma

For you are the one

For you I would climb
The highest mountain peak
Swim the deepest ocean
Your love, I do seek.

For you, I would cross
the river most wide
walk the hottest desert sand
To have you by my side.

For you are the one
who makes me whole
You've captured my heart
And touched my soul.

For you are the one
that stepped out of my dreams
Gave me a new hope
showed me what love means.

For you alone
are my reason to live
for the compassion you show
and the care that you give.

you came into my life
and made me complete
each time I see you
My heart skips a beat.

For you define beauty
In both body and mind
Your soft gentle face
More beauty, I'll never find.

For you are the one
God sent from above
The angel I need
with whom I do love! !

Vishal Sharma

Forbidden Fruit

Does my heart not bleed
overwhelming desire for you?
The kiss of love is undeniably true
Romance is raving in the stars tonight!
I shall make love with my destiny
Midst the waking hours of the
midnight sun
I am drawn to your secrets of despair
Let loose your long dark hair
Your beauty is something to be
admired
In the mist of all temptation
As I tease myself with a gentle touch
Forbidden fruit tastes so sweet when
it's perfectly ripe
Come hither my dear!
I shall taste the ripeness of your
forbidden fruit!
For passion is the baring of suspense
I want to blow your mind beyond your
wildest dreams
Let your spirits rise until you shed a
tear
Illusively I long for you
Oh you're so damn intriguing!
I can't control what is happening to me
I never felt more alive.

Vishal Sharma

Forest Prison

clawing at the roots
stripping away internal life
gnawing at the bark
grinding at insanity
black wings spreading out
the beast of diamond scales
dark eyes peering with disdain
fighting to be free;
this ancient prison
razor claws dying to be free.

Vishal Sharma

Forever In Your Arms

My heart skipped a beat
Whenever you walked by
The smell in the air becomes an
undeniable sweet
The day my life began was the day I
caught your eye
I knew of love as soon as we had the
chance to meet
I felt as if I could touch the sky
When you and I became a we
My world was flipped and changed
Never in my life had I felt this free
Forever began the day our vows were
exchanged
We could rule the world and walk over
any sea
This is where I forever belong
You made the bad go away, all the
harms
Together we could never do wrong
I'll forever stay in your arms.

Vishal Sharma

Forever, I am there

I, too was once a human being
Now, merely a long stand
statue
Two large gazing eyes of stone
Who forever waits for you.
I was not what I am to day
Rather I was something else
Your love made me so. A mere
Human being to a stone stained
Now, I live in stone and
You, in my heart. Thus
Call me from anywhere
Forever, I am there.

Vishal Sharma

Fountain

I love the idea of a crystal-clear clean
fountain
that breaks up every pattern as it
emerges
and replaces it with a new one in love
ever renewing
and what is old decays and floats away
is cleansed reborn reconstitutes in
brand-new day
and so remains eternal in this way.

And patterns stay unbroken in this
change
in change itself as they grow into
being
becoming all the while more
themselves
seeing what they like in what they're
seeing
which shatters what they were -
forever freeing -
liquid in a constant ever fleeting.

Vishal Sharma

Fragrance

She Shines Like a Brilliant Star
Hanged by The Hands of Jesus in The
Heavens Far
And I am Blessed by Her Presence
And in God's Nostrils.. She is a Rosy
Fragrance

Vishal Sharma

Friction

we should have friction
in our life
otherwise
it will wear out

Vishal Sharma

From bottom(Quote)

Do something as badly as you can and certainly you rule....! !

Alas! From bottom....! ! !

Vishal Sharma

From Womb To Grave

nights
are always fascinating
especially
in the grave
among the zombies
and our relatives

dying
produces curiosity
among the people
we have a life
a chance
an opportunity
to do something
extraordinary

we have limitations
we have to prove ourselves
from a different domain
our human species is save
but we have a region
from womb to grave.

Vishal Sharma

Full stop

A poetic world is hard to judge
and ever would you do it be silent
and the power remain in the hands of
the creator
i have been blamed for nothing against
anyone
a serious riot has taken place within
my heart
and, whose fire is not easy to take
control
Let the fire broke out within the minds
of the monsters
I am just waiting...

Vishal Sharma

Gardener Of Poems

poems are sacred
they are holy as well
they have no religion
they are used only to tell
the love emotion flawlessly
and the ballad that fly endlessly
and give a poem a reason
and the poem will spark diamond
poems tell us that we are only humans
not hindu, muslim, sikh, christian, jew
you can never judge a person's religion
by merely looking into his poems
as one who writes there always
rests God in their hands.

Vishal Sharma

Goddess Charms

In nights when sun sleeps
And moon matters
When all sleep and we get up
In your memories,
My eyes play with the sleep
Mind hankers for you, any how
I get the answer, thus, relief
That there she, too, will, be
Sleeping with her pillow
Her voice will also be low
She too wants me as I
Nights spend searching the
answers
I get them In her bright eyes
When at morning she says
Vishal! get up.

Vishal Sharma

Golden lips

Tell the remedy and I will be free
Why sleep has turned off my eyes
Your golden lips may be responsible
The fair colour of the lips immortalise
it
When you smile, they are cheerful
When you speak, they tell other words
Might be the finest pair of the world
So soft, so tender, so delicate to pick
But as soon as I keep mine there
Your lips began to enchant other
music
So sweet to taste, so lovely to see
So beautiful to imagine so wild to be
yours

Vishal Sharma

Goodbye, friends

Time has come to the same place
from where it was started
and being short of words
i am writing down now
against my will and my fury
eyes have sea and cant recognise me
you gave me the pain
but i am asking you my dear
are you in gain?
if yes, then may god bless you
now my poems are no longer beautiful
please do not read them
as you will not be able to recognise
am i same vishal, some hours before
then i am answering NO.and now never
i have now no grip on my poems
they have lost their lustre
as only few people used to read me
and if you are reading me now
then o dear please wipe my tears
they are flowing endlessly these days
i broke someone heart and also got broken mine
for whom i wrote my beautiful verses
that girl is now not giving an eye to my poems
are they so ugly now, worth not to be noted
i know she is always correct
yes, they are now valueless
i hate my poems for i hate my hands
though i satisfied her in a million reason
hope you may get my words and one day
i think your touch will alive my poems again

Vishal Sharma

Grandma, where is my father?

when i was born on this beautiful patch
then with me a person too was bought here
from the mighty clutches of pain and sorrow
my father was brought into my life as a companion

far away below the mountain whe sheep cry
my father protects my country
from the intruders
he has faith on his two broad mighty shoulders
my mom is disheartned that my father is too far away
now i am young and senseless enough to ask
my grandma, tell me where my father is.

Vishal Sharma

Grasses

watching the grass dying
no rain available
just because of love
they are surviving the ample

Vishal Sharma

Greed(Quote)

Greed lasts for forever....! !

On the deathbed....! ! ! You cry....
! !

Thats the greed....! !

Vishal Sharma

Guts

Never talk
what you cannot achieve
never determine
what cannot be accomplished
never love
as it hurts in the middle
be brave
the reason may vary to all
depending on your guts.

Vishal Sharma

Habitual Love

Deny: the simplest attempt he did.
Porcelain crashing: her complex, teary
reply.
"You can't prove anything", he retorts.
"But you explain nothing!" she shouts
Man ruffles his head, admitting
faultiness
She lowers the next projectile, waiting
Unveils from his pocket, golden rings
Six: Crude, chipped, carved, amateur's
work
Man takes wife's fingers, places five.
"Here..."One. I. Give. The. World. To.
In thumb, he wears sixth. Yours.
Tears roll, kisses, then unholy noises.
The neighbors just sigh once again.
"At least once a month, eh? "

Vishal Sharma

Hacker

Hake me
and see
the strange
happenings
all round you
mental disorders
late sleeping
just headache
viral infection
sight problem
gushing nose
long pain body
stained nails
low ear volume
poor immunity
small memory
a big deal
now see

YOU ARE HACKED..

TASK COMPLETED..
DOT

Vishal Sharma

Had It Been Anyone But Her

love chemistry
remains a mystery
if you are gettin'
and not supportin'
your beloved.

love for physics
and required basis
before you ogle
hankerin' after
your beloved

love is like the moon
forget it soon
nights out., Thd sun
brightens you and
your beloved.

love is in my heart
my like began to start
it was so late so that
I began to write for you
and my beloved.

Vishal Sharma

Hair Hair Everywhere

Such golden thin strings
Yeah! I am talking about your hair
Long and natural so shining
Wears away my heart within a moment
Those are yours, those are shining
When they are carved into plaits
They do nothing but enhance your
beauty
Gazing gazing at them my only duty
When air rushes through them
I want that moment to be stopped
Such a beauty your hair has given
They add colours to all your elements
I want my life spent under that shade
I want myself everytime under that
blade
I want to live, I want to die
But I will never say you good bye
Your hair has made me so romantic
That only your hair, your hair
EVERYWHERE

Vishal Sharma

Happenings

She asked me to die
i asked her why
she said it her wish
i said, 'as you wish'

She told me to go
i told, i do so
she told me to crave
i said, yes my dear brave.

She said me to depart
and i simply got apart.

Vishal Sharma

Happy Ending

Wishing you a great journey
over her

just got to know you all
my pleasure

never been so mischievous
worth to be abused

and, that a mocking resul
might my heart chocking

you got me with hate, sorry
let it be my fate

a lone ranger i had been here
to get you all that

at last please do not get bothered

HAPPY ENDING...

Vishal Sharma

Heart full of spirit

The fist sized organ
that has a lot to do
especially in our body
and in field of love
my heart is not mine now
it belongs to anyone else now
and infact i am happy that she
possess my heart biggest plot
you dreams every night and day
makes me dumb so i have very little to say.

Vishal Sharma

Heart to you

you made a lovely attempt
to put my heart to yours
your graceful charms and sighs
would i ever forget the way you love me? ?

Vishal Sharma

Heartbeat

looking the sky,
I searched you.
there,
with my two eyes,
looking the sea,
I searched you.
but both places,
I got nothing,
you are not
before my eyes
at last,
I searched you within,
my heart.
and surprisingly my god!
I got you there.As an immortal
piece
You are always with me
I have a sea of love for you
Just waiting!
When you will come in my life
As a newly married thus my
wife.
in my heart
you live and throb.
same as my heartbeat

Vishal Sharma

Heartless

You thought me useless
clapping hands for this
you thought me that i am that strain
that could be sung whenever wanted
but, you are my ghost memories
i hate you and even your name sucks now
giving pain your hobby, breaking heart, profession.
and to me you have done the damage
now, turning to world, doing the same?
you thought me innocent, and trapped me
thus, whether night or day,
i would say,
traitor, traitor, go away!

Vishal Sharma

Hell On Earth

See awkward is a polarity
between the two of us is a
controversy
I have nothing against conformist
or of the generation that walks on
asphalt
But the ones who walked the earth
with Jesus sees us as their
symptomatic
Sinners that will one day destroy all
and he will come as a flame as tall
As a mountain taking all who follows
him in the good name of the heavens
Red as the devil hates us
and the jealousy grows like a
matchstick

Hell if I know why I'm preaching
but I've lost you man and the blades in
the kitchen
Waiting for me to believe that I can
but I won't cause in my heart I'm a
fucking man
Problems tease the spirit, fear it
hear it scream like it gave all the
answers
Run away from faith and love
but above the clouds hides a plane of
purgatory
Tell the story where the bad guy wins
he sins but yet he's still a good person
Who thinks that he might make it to
the end
but the book slaps shackles and chains
on em

All I want is exactly the same I want
truth,
I want love, and a memory of me
But if I'm left with fear of the things
I've done just kill me now
I don't want to be alone I don't want
this thirst
Got have love for the ones who broke
my heart
and get passed this hell on earth

Vishal Sharma

Her Love Is The One Thing I Lust

So cold towards me she is
As cold as the arctic winter breeze
The things she says to me with every
line
Sends arctic chills down my spine
Her love is the one thing I lust
Moving on without her is a must
Stop loving you is something I cannot
do
For my heart wants no other then you

Vishal Sharma

Hero

great adventure
lies within whom
a great deal of courage
lies within whom
are not the heroes
working in movies
but they are those
who are protecting
our country
from the influence of
the enemies
taking guns in hand
the rest are artists.

Vishal Sharma

Hey Girls, Are You Going On A Ride

voices of beautiful
makes more senses
when you are within them
in her heart
in her parts.

joyful rides
she provides
every night
before your sight
unleashing herself
on your behalf
rather young piece
taste all these
lovely smile
before the eyes
i want to know
are you going on ride
tonight?

Vishal Sharma

Hills have eyes

ONCE,

I lost among the hills
that led me to hell
i cannot describe it fully
i had a shit battle with them
the grey rangers of tall structures
they were fearful, scary looking beasts
i called my God,
save me to this monster
i had had a bitter situation
better talk about it later..

Vishal Sharma

His Girl Friday

love has turned loyal
she has become royal
ready to move in my pace
my god! What a grace
lions are in their den
she will give them pain
mighty sassy girl she would be
going inside deep within me
not my mistake that is committed
all my memories are omitted
let us die another day
see his girl friday

Vishal Sharma

Holding hands beneath the moon

Holding hands beneath the moon,
I swore I'd always be with you;
I never thought we'd ever be alone.

Lying there in silent light,
You told me you'd stay by my side;
I never thought I'd let you run back
home.

Life can have its ugly days,
And sure, we hate those games it
plays,
But it's not over 'til we've given in.

So open up your eyes and step outside
The life you hide behind,
And realize it doesn't mean a thing.

Vishal Sharma

Huckel Rule

Just be something
worth noticing.....! !
Among the best among best
And we get a heaven peak rest
That aromatic ring we should get
Have a hats off delay of the wing...! ! !

To put off the way, we get the rule we say...! ! !

Vishal Sharma

Hurry up, I am on a way to heaven

hey girl, whom are you waiting for endlessly,
am i not proving alone to satisfy your curiosity,
just give me a chance and make me a man,
everything would belong to us then.

and dear little young mermaid
are you coming in the gown red
that will add up to your beauty
and slightly put some fire on my curiosity,
you are the talk of my unnamed village,
are you feeling comfortable with my age.

i may be young but too have a song
that with your fat heart does it belong
i rather enchant malacholey strain
for my darling to put off her pain

do you even wonder why wonders are only seven,
hurry up! I am on a way to heaven.

Vishal Sharma

Hustle Loyalty Respect

Being doing the misery
i was born
yes, it was I
nobody else,
why?
cuz,
life means a lot
for being a plot
and, then leaving
why,
naah, never
plz, dnt do that
atleast,
not with me
I
rise above
hate
to teach the lesson
my passion,
my ideal
idol,
the one
the only
my life champ,
John Cena
May live forever,
I love his every
atom, character.

Vishal Sharma

Hydrocarbon

carbon has two allotropes
one is graphite-one is diamond
you are one-you are diamond
shines for me shines by me
having you is a miracle
we are known by the names
that are multiple
you and I are bonded by the
bond that is triple
I am tetravalent, shows many
characteristics
but only attracted by
hydrogens, that is you
sometimes, some heteroatoms
disturb us
as I am strong, only bonded by
you
our love story will be known for
generation
I the carbon you the hydrogen
thus forming hydrocarbon

Vishal Sharma

I am 17

Though my age does not match wid my talent
but i have enough capability to make you silent
you think i am boasting in this afternoon
then its correct, please forget them soon

i am only a little wonder and nothing else
just surviving myself in this great poetry race
and there are many who are far better than me
they are the oceans, i a mare little sea

i always do my work of pleasing your mind
and with your soul my soul is bind
and the way you all encourage me is amazing
for only poetry my red little heart is ringing.

my ways are queer never would be my intention
i will pick up my love from a by far station
and then we have our world out of this bin
but remember my darling, I am only seventeen.

Vishal Sharma

I am Rydberg

My life is constant
and, mind is too
i love my nature
and, i love you too
and, never give me a look
that hampers
and frustrates me
cuz, love is grown
on the heart of two
not, one...

Vishal Sharma

I am the slave of your eyes

You have only two, enough to take away my sleeps
and I being your instance, searching nearly here and there.
and you know how to hypnotize humans, a perfectionist
and thinking you my every bit, nights are spending it.
you have the power, power to make me your slave,
the two classy eyes are determined, yeah you can do so.

Vishal Sharma

I and My Talent

endless days,
never ending todays,
no gurantee for future,
past has no existance,
refer to exit and entrance,
my life has become so,
being so much qualified,
I and my talent is not required.

Vishal Sharma

I Celebrated My Own Grief

do you think me
alone
and nevertheless a busy
bee

i think no more of
celebration
rather, a contradiction
happens.

You are away from
eyes
and, I searched you within
souls.

you gave me a reason
perfectly
and, bear all my mind
insanity

I loved you in dark
room
it didn't mean you left me
in dark.

A close celebration of
my grief
The story narrated, but
in brief....

Vishal Sharma

I have a bird inside my belly

I can spit words and form a poem
and not to worry of its consequence
as it always brings a good luck for me
and i am quit sure you all are experiencing this
a fine poetry is called unwritten soul and spirit leaf
and my poems are always loyal to them forever
and i know they are better than me by far
and i also know i never think of consequencs
i always write words, they become poetry by itself
and its not my mistake, i do it daily
as i am ordered to do so by the bird in my belly.

Vishal Sharma

I Know Myself Partially

i hate roses
over girls
i want your curse
i need your abuses
are you doing it to me?
I Do not know you,
but, i know myself but partially
try hating me
i am waiting

Vishal Sharma

I lay awake with you in mind.

I lay awake with you in mind.
I cannot clear my head.
Reflect on days we left behind as I lay here alone in bed.
I'm never alone with you in my life.
My world is brightened.
I love you more than words describe.
Our memories have no end.

I cannot stand the way I think about you everyday.
I close my eyes and see your face.
When you're not here, I go insane.
I'll be right here thinking of you.
Just tell me that you're thinking of me too.

I'll be here for you when you don't know what to do.
When your world gets dark and shines no light, just take my hand, I'll be your guide.
I need you right here next to me.
I need your touch so please don't leave.
I can't face a life without your light.
I'm so lost now that you're out of sight.
Next time I see you, I'll hold you tight.
The thought of you won't let me sleep tonight.

I watched you grow, it seems you were so small.
The years flew by, I've been there for it all.
We grew so close and in you I confide.
If you hold me close this heartache will subside.
I love our times together.
You're the only one I want to see.
I'll sing for you everyday 'cause you're the only crowd I need

Vishal Sharma

I loved you

Left me in the middle
should you have done so
though, not my fault
i accepted the guilt
and you walked away,
not giving me the single look
and you thought me dying
but, o heartless! Listen
my heart is made up of salt
and no effect would it feel
whether you love me or not
i am now a broken piece
to this world, crying everytime
I LOVED YOU.

Vishal Sharma

I neither exist nor I was born

I neither exist nor i was born
in Paris, in New york, in london
I am situated in a small place
though millions come for my a glance

I am not counted in the seven wonders
though i have attracted many plunderers
I am not such a piece worth in gold
but call an adult or a child or an old

Regarding me people comment a lot
they come to see me in cold and hot
being nothing, I may be pride of nation
everyone coming to me have an intention

I serve from thousand of years and over
in your service yesterday., today and forever.

Vishal Sharma

I Say

o baby spirit
you are my heart beat

Vishal Sharma

I think

Sometimes I lie awake at night
And think of the battles I've tried to
fight
I think of how no matter where I go
I find the ground always empty of
sacred, white snow
I think of the tears that have
threatened to fall
But instead spend days trying to stall
I think of how life tries to change
But only succeeds in being more
derrange
I think of how I spend hours reading
and leaving my thoughts
When in reality, one could go crazy in
that very spot
Then, last of all, I think of when I think
Because that's when my thoughts go
crazy in one little blink

Vishal Sharma

I Was Born With A Pen

god has declared my destiny
in my mother's womb
that i am coming down
only to write and write and write

i am thus obeying
the order of that almighty
to write is the only thing i know
will increase my spirit as i grow

my blood has water and poems
my eyes sees only pens and papers
my hand knows only writing
as i was born with a pen.

Vishal Sharma

I Wish Dying At Your Sight

no matter this world forgets me
you, my dwelling place, your
heart
never make me homeless, my
heart

I want to be in your memory, till
I end or the earth enters the
doom
I want your behold no matter, I
have
to think that you don't want of
me.

I want you, I need you, you my
survival
why such seperation, my heart
tell
I bear no noticing but not yours
even if am shifted to hell.

Vishal Sharma

I wonder

I wonder
why there are oceans
only seven
why my maths teacher says
numbers are even

I wonder
why rivers always contain water
and, why we always apply on bread,
my delicious butter

I wonder
what makes God to sprinke rains
why i cry when it pains

I wonder
why grandfather has lost his teeth
and, why in my book there are a lot of myth

I wonder
why we seen, at night, a shining moon
and my mummy always ask me to sleep at afternoon

I wonder
why cant I erase my mistakes with the eraser
thus, at last

My wonder,
why humans can't live forever...
I really wonder these! ! ! ! !
Do you? ?

Vishal Sharma

If you leave me, I would become a tree

If you leave me, I would become a tree,
Away from the world in a lonely silence,
Only nurtured by water and food everytime,
Fixed place, invisible tears and shedding leaves.

Never do that to me, thus you should find,
someone is weeping bitterly in your garden behind,
Gazing two teared eyes would always be fixed on you
Unable to even express my feelings as it is hide.

Vishal Sharma

If You Love Someone, Show It

love is divine
and everybody has to accept it
for love there is no fine
if you love somebody, show it

In love there is no use of revile
but somebody avoids it
love makes people virile
if you love somebody, show it

Vishal Sharma

Imagine

Imagine the woods,
without a tree.
imagine the rivers,
without the sea.
imagine yourself,
without me,
imagine how lost,
I would be.

Vishal Sharma

In blood and tears

Through the dust and smoke I can see,
Beneath the veil of liquid certainty
drowning in a thinly disguised
nightmare
sitting next to me, all I need,
Sitting next to me, a memory long
dead,
Next to me it seems to be a waste of
time
In front of me, cathartic remedies,
swallow down the liquid amenities
The bright light shining down,
The smoke filling my nose and lungs.
The burn as the world twists and
melts.

Something like a memory, veiled inside
this dream
Too real, I can feel, the memory; the
misery,
The solution dark, the answers one
extreme
Blood and tears raining down,
All my life crashing; draining to the
ground
Wash away all my pain let it flow
freely
feel the pulse of life fade away,
the crashing sound the broken glass
all the memories of twisted agony
the pool of life drums the ground
flowing down till this life is through.

The life I've lived outside the light
Under the glow of heavy memories
Under the influence of my cathartic
remedy
I won't remember anymore, not
anymore.
Let the pain run down, flowing freely
to the ground
Let me see the stream of silent agony
Flowing to the ground beneath.
Blood and tears crashing down,
A memory of darkened years
Blood and tears to take away my pain
Blood and tears to bleed this life away
Raining down to lifeless ground
Pooling silently beneath
Let the stained earth tell the story
Of pain of misery, Lost in memory.

Vishal Sharma

In Torchlight

That night on the dock was our first
kiss
by the light of a torch in a moment of
bliss
with a great Northern Lake stretching
out beyond
and the chill of autumn coming on.
Out into the night on the further shore
is a great granite cliff and the rapid's
soft roar.
Over our heads was a great vault of
stars
in the cold northern sky in our
heavenly hour.
What would become of this couple so
new
in the heart of their song hoping
dreams will come true.
She won't let time fly but he must do
or die.
He's frozen in time but must reach for
the sky.
I must seize the power that makes
dreams come true.
I must paint the picture and so the
picture renew.
If I am an artist, then I must be true
and be author and actor and audience
too.
I don't have the option of going along
and not being the singer and just being
the song.
This is a pleasure that is stolen from
me
in exchange for an answer in the form
of a key.
I must open the door and only this way
be free
to live as I must in the way that suits
me.
Only this way can I become the song
once again and be singer as I sing
along.
It's the life of an artist who's not like
the rest
who must meet this challenge or
never find rest
and so serve the others who are doing
their best
to live out their lives each in their
special quest.
Each plays their part in the magic of all

no one more special or with further to
fall.
We all work together in a magical
scheme
where each person's dreaming is part
of one dream.
We must climb to heaven - each one
on their own
serving the others and themselves to
the bone.
And in return we are light as a feather
and we know love in infinite measure.
With frozen fingers I struggle to free
the key from my pocket and the
doorway I see.
It is barred by the door from its top to
the floor.
On the other side is the one I adore.
With each tick of the clock, we die by
degree
and must cross the ocean to set
ourselves free.
We have only seconds in the course of
a life
to reach for what matters on the edge
of a knife.
The warmth that is life must be got
with a knife
that's our friend in the wilderness
throughout our life.
We must make our way and so our part
play
to make our living each in his own way.
There is a threshold the artist must
cross
that is the turn of the key in that lock
where dreams come alive and his
creations thrive
in the scheme of the dream he has
sought to contrive.
There can be a time, at a first fumbling
blind
when fear overtakes both poet and
rhyme
and one must give all to answer the
call
to give wing to the dream even after
the fall.
Somewhere in the torchlight, she's
waiting for me.
Is she still that woman or another I'll
see.

I must close that distance and be
already free.
Then in that true light, together we'll
be.
Then we'll have fun and live life on
the run
wild and free as the lake and the tree,
the rock and the birds and the love in
our words
in the country and city and all of the
world.

Vishal Sharma

In your arms

In your arms
I certainly
Found the heaven.
Don't know why?
Your soft lips
I am hard to forget.
Your eyes,
Says everything.
I have no control
Over me and my
Thoughts.
I want to see you
Every time, everywhere.
You are just unaware
Of this fact.

In your arms
I certainly
Found the heaven.
Don't know why?
Your beautiful soft hands
Caresses my face.
I just have no control
On my hormones.
You give me pleasure.
And yours looks
You have all the
Resources that
I find in a lass.
Thank you.

Vishal Sharma

Insane

may i close my eyes
before it is too late
i do now want to judge
what is there in my luck and fate

i am transparant
just as my silver waters
i just hate my haters

i write poems by heart
then pen and on golden paper
poems are the road i travel

living here i have found
so insanity in my words
i am complaining it to you.

reading my verses you lost
not my mistake dear fella
just judge my words only

if i meet you ever
never forget me
though i am insane
my poems will remain
for forever.

Vishal Sharma

Insanity

Roses aren't always red,
Violets aren't always blue.
You couldn't hurt me,
And I couldn't hurt you.
We live in a world where sanity is
insane
Flaws are beautiful
Pefection is derranged
You see through my eyes
I see through your veins
Your pulse beats fast,
and your blood flows slow.
If you come to me now,
We will continue to grow.

Vishal Sharma

Intensity Of My Insanity

A lovely evening worth remembering those old days,
though having pain in chest and in dustbin waste
My lovely monday music was rocking up and down
Have you found a reason to get yourself frown.

My lady love is inside my well knitted behaviour
I turn animal to watch those freaky creepy eyes,
My mind is restless, my heart is jobless, I am pumping blood.....! ! !

Vishal Sharma

Irish loves beggars

Once in Ireland
i found myself in a street
there i saw an irish
bald head
low nose
short height
and somewhat lazy

he was begging
i came to know after
my proud observation
he was poor
he may be hungry
but i was sure he was begging.

then one old lady
in her fifties
came to him
and first ignored
then he pleaded towards her
with his weak senile body
and requested.

the lady had a big heart
she offered him bread
the beggar became happy.

i began thinking
who is god for that beggar
the one in posters
or
the one who offered him bread.
the one who gave him birth
or
the one who gave reason to survive.
you decide.

Vishal Sharma

I've Forgotten

don't let those tears fall down your
face
you'd look better with a smile
do you remember the last time
the smile you gave me was real?
what happened to us?
you you even remember?
I don't feel that I am strong enough
Can I really hold the weight of both our
worlds?
was there ever a time?
a time that I didn't feel the weight of
pressing down
did you ever see me for who I was?
or was it just who you thought I'd be?
was anything you ever said even real?
Or was it just to keep me waiting?
was there ever any truth between us?
deprived of everything I once felt
Held here by something I can't define.
Beaten down by the weight of the
world
Can I hold them both or should I let
them collapse?
Or maybe let our worlds collide?
Such an end to something so weighted

Beaten down by the weight of
everything
everything that I've Put myself
through
Everything just to hold you higher.
Just to put you someplace better
though you still don't see
Just smile for me this one last time
let me see just one more smile
give me something real this time
do you remember what it's like?
do you remember the light of the sun?
did you forget the light in your life?
I've forgotten,
I've Forgotten

Vishal Sharma

Just a minute old words

My stories untold under the grass of mysteries
A packet of cold snakes and a bath worth wetting
Perfect notion of crying history into the peeping pages
And, a century old truth died in front of all.....! !

Vishal Sharma

Just Alone

Me and my thoughts.....!!!
Just alone....!!!

How alone they are!!!

Vishal Sharma

Karma

Came from the God's home
Took the support of mothers womb
To step in this world
From toddler to adult i grew
Made my parents smile and cry
Married and took responsibilities
My children made me smile and cry
And from adult to old i shrinked
Took the support of coffin
To step back
In the God's home

Vishal Sharma

KFC

Yesterday,
I went to a restaurent
with my some friends
to have a formal level brakefast
we were aware of the expenditure
thus, i ordered some petties and a coke,
and, we started our handsome meal,
unaware of what is going to be happened
meanwhile,
an old man in his seventies
came and begged for a coin
as soon as I came outside
I thought, is he not eligible of
eating in KFC
i took him inside, though he insisted,
and have him served a good meal,
and thought in myself,
the real India lies in him,
not in those who are there in KFC.
ca

Vishal Sharma

Kiss Of The Sun

almost every natural beauty
has a limitation. In which
it has to provide satisfaction
to the people under it.

some people avoid walking
in the scorching sun
but ask the labour as if
it were the kiss of the sun

Vishal Sharma

Knife In My Head

seeing you with someone again
bring inside me a great pain
love too am i burning in you
provided give me a single clue
why you leave me baby my heart
know nothing from where i start
to live out a new life
with my newly married wife

Vishal Sharma

Know love's not coming again.

Sometimes
it rains words,
hurts and crucifies,
has the power of ice;

Sometimes
it rains love,
makes you hallucinate,
and you volunteer to die;

Sometimes
it rains silence,
thunders inside,
is potent enough to slice;

Sometimes
it doesn't rain,
and you preserve the hurt,
know love's not coming again.

Vishal Sharma

La agonía del bardo

En la oscuridad de medianoche,
Cuando las estrellas brillaban,
Con cinco bordes llenos de luz,
Vi a un bardo escribir.

La sesión en la nube mullida,
Él vio a un muchacho,
Los saltos en las estrellas y canto
algo fuerte,
Sus labios y abrazo de ojos y
guiñar con alegría metafórica.

La oscuridad tragó aquella melodía alegre,
En que el bardo vino para traducir
belleza,
Los ecos sonaron a una parodia,
El silencio despertó la crueldad.

El fluoroscence en estrellas comenzó
oscurecimiento,
Y el rocío se calmó y el bardo balmes
agonía,
Con el disgusto, la tinta en la pluma comenzó
pringue,
Y la caída principal del bardo en la cama de
caoba.

Vishal Sharma

Language of Mass Destruction

Crying tears of acid pain, on the floor
of that blackened room.
That poison-ridden tongue of hers,
drowning out the moon.
Her fatal words, disguised as charm,
aiming for his heart
And roaring lips of quiet lust spit
homicidal darts.
Her hidden thoughts being born aloud,
in crackling shades of shout;
Syllables lined with harsh intent,
tempting him to be cowed.
Lyrical verses of lucid assault, planned
in the planes of Hell -
Grammatically sewn by the Devil
himself, in his Secret Scribing Cell.
Penned by the spear that pierced
Jesus' flesh, in an ink spawned from
dead hopes and dreams.
The desired effect is to seep deep
inside and lure out those sadistic
screams.

Vishal Sharma

Legion

Look above the sky
do you see anything
now make the sentence
more and more clear
do you see anyone?
yes, dear friends
there lies your destiny
fate and fortune
and with them a holy body
protecting all of these
i guess you understand
who are they?
congrats! !

Vishal Sharma

Let Us Be God Blessed

 We make temples
we make mosques
we have really holy eyes
we play hide and seek
with our tired soul
just to quench the thirst
that the local beliefs give
wishing God to listen to us
Let us be God blessed[/font]

Vishal Sharma

Lie to Me

[/color=Blue]Lie to me
Tell me that you care
That you wouldn't feel the same
If I wasn't there
Lie to me
It's worth it in the end
It's just another broken heart
And this I understand
Tell me that you need my love
Tell me you are mine
And never stop lying to me
Till the end of Time
Lie to me
In sweetest simple words
That you wouldn't leave me, dear,
Even for the world
And feel free to touch me
In places no one else can see
Tell me that you're not afraid
To see what's really inside me
Tell me that you think of me
So much you just cannot sleep
That you're unable to eat
Cause your love is oh so deep
And tell me that you lie at night
Wishing I was at your side
So lie to me with all your heart
Lie to me with all your might

Vishal Sharma

Life Is A Game

Life is a game that is hard to win
Unexpected end just like it begins
Love is the same but has more pain
Rendered by a love1, lover or friend

Vishal Sharma

Limerick

there was a boy who said,
'o girl, shall we get married? '
but the girl said, 'no'
wherever you go
you must be considered as dead.

Vishal Sharma

Lines Between Words

Life turned a reckless ugly giant to a bee humour skilled passion,
and i kept laughing...

Vishal Sharma

Lips Of Thunder

we are wearing a metalled skin
thus the reason we are defeated
by our rivals everyday, everytime
let snatch this useless costume
for the sake of humanity
raising our voice when
we are left with no choice
all the rights would be denyed
at that juncture someone rise
he the one with par excellence
the one who will kill the evil
that one will kiss the lips of thunder
that ONE lies in every wonder

Vishal Sharma

Locus of my life

Happy moments are not that treasure,
that we may lock up and throw the key,
it comes and goes but never comes and reatains.
Though all humans have same piece of eyes,
never they have equal views to anything,
I start a journey and after some times,
reach the same place, meanwhile,
just, starting my journey, again and again

Vishal Sharma

Logical reasoning

When i was a child
i used to think
perhaps sometimes
but used to think
why my father beats my mom
whether outside or in home
has been his habit of beating
for reasons never clear to me
i asked my mom one day
mom why are you beaten up
mom replied dear son shut up
itz your father heavenly love
that he shows over me everyday
now time has been passed
today my father is no more
thus i wonder in myself
whether mom was telling a lie
or father was showing the sign
of saying me him good bye....

Vishal Sharma

Lollipop

Do you love sticks?
black, blue, red, green.
all colours are available
just wet your lips and tongue
and slide it over your mouth
the stick hankers to be eaten
just suck it to the extreme
make it your self by licking
do you lyk it?
do you like lollipop?
are you a child?

Vishal Sharma

Lonely sun

Just
a
lonely
sun

Wandering
above
all
alone

Beneath
the
rocky
mountain

Just
days
are
passing
and on....! ! !

Vishal Sharma

Long kisses, I avoid

my beloved loves me
more than i do her
an angel in human clothes
a fairy without her feathers

lovely so enough
love her everytime
do not satisfy her
i satisfy her only in bed

but nights are so long
for my this song
now no more hisses
usually i avoid long kisses

Vishal Sharma

'Love' is a beautiful word,

'Love' is a beautiful word,
That ties two people in one thread.

Love needs commitment,
And is full of sentiments.

Love means standing by each others side,
And making your loved one smile.

Vishal Sharma

Love Ladden Lust

I love you but fear
you might not bear
the burden of pleasure
I will provide you for sure

you are more than the world
for your touch and behold
I could do anything
for the happiness to bring

alas! you did't get me
and trying to be free
the love ladden lust
blew away in a gust

Vishal Sharma

Love Of My Soul

Time to say goodbye
Now that you want to walk away.
We are two strangers,
Connected by the same love,
One heart but two roads,
Now is too late to go back.

How can we love each other so much,
But could not stay together?
So in love, how can we split apart?
You have my love and I have yours
Yet so far.
See you in another life, love of my
soul.

Vishal Sharma

Made In Heaven

are you made in haven
with the finest quality of soil
and with god's clever hands
i think your heart was made first
when god was in sweet mood
he has inserted a melody brain in you
that you seem so charming classy
and the way you write i think
god lies in your hands with perfection
and the way you speak has enough glow
to beat my heart faster and makes it low
you are perfection and never leave this
i have committed myself towards you
my sixth sense is crying within me
o leaf! You are surely made in heaven

Vishal Sharma

Markonikov's Rule

Life takes a class,
a lesson,
gives-
An experience.....! ! !

We get to know
the waves,
the fly
The tornado of failure
among us....! ! !

Life adds
the central position
to the most stable
It retains.....its dignity,

We loose
Our pride hope
And law our lives
as a hankering peasant....! !

Vishal Sharma

Massacre Of My Thoughts

I am crying the cry of Bram Stoker Dracula
Upon the death of my own civilised thoughts
Through the eyes of the unnoticed birds
I went to handle the world being Adolf Hitler

Vishal Sharma

Mathematicians

Mathematicians are rather jokers of
number
Wearing a mask of difficult man made
sum to crack
to get pleasure of sex from the dry
theorems
whose proofs been settled in the dusty
files
and thinking to be a brain game to
solve complex number
when hyperbola cuts a circle on
tangent at infinite range
to rethink what is happening there to
make brain dance
with the tornado of whose little
generalized believes
got to be such a talent as Gauss or
Eular to prove words...

Vishal Sharma

Matrix

Hide and seek playing over and over again
Those silent memories deep red and lost charms
My hanker and your whips made a day out of us
We are now forgotten by the ugly slaps of time.

Hunted emotions and weak shoulder pain
Just a gust of wind over my mighty laziness
A whole picture acting as a game set into another world
The saga that made our love an immortal wing.

My future depends over your eagerly cries
when pains rule the world and we got sacrificed
Our limbs are not strong enough to make an escape
We have a passion to unlock all the mystery keys.

Vishal Sharma

May You Be The One

you are the sweetest
of the folks
over here
and, I truly know it
you have the power
to make me yours
you like me, don't you...

our love story is different
yet, the same
name and fame
i will gain
again and again
to quench my thirst
to be a name
in this unknown world
may you be the one...

Vishal Sharma

Maybe I'll Shine

Tie a brick to my ankle,
Push me in,
Watch me drown.
But first, kick my teeth in.
Make me suffer as if I deserve it.
Leave my throat with one little slit,
Cut my mouth from ear to ear,
Let my blood splatter everywhere.
Beat me up as if no one cares.
Watch me suffer.
Save me from myself.
I am keeping myself captive in this body
of mine.
Let me die, and maybe I will shine..

Vishal Sharma

Maze

I have your craze
gaze
fashionable
up the place
The nature of such silly maze
golden fruits
Love the way words dance
it feel so
shoes of melody
the tune! ! !
Vishal Sharma

Like a rubick cube near
Memorable and
Hand written
with a brain sharp phase
Let it be, what it be
Pure garden besides
The way I make
with my dancing
I went on singing

Memories

You left me so quick yet so long ago
My heart still aches without you by me
You didn't have to stoop so low
You held our lock and I held our key
We were supposed to live happily ever
after
Forever, side by side and hand in hand
Every single day we shared the most
beautiful laughter
I was most wrong when I thought we
could withstand
My heart aches to this day
You know how hard it breaks
Our love wasn't a game; there was no
need to play
I held all I had on the stakes
All I have now is hopeless memories
You're gone with the current of the
wind
I have no pictures, no joy or
accessories
The light of my life has so greatly
dimmed

Vishal Sharma

Memory I Just Pray It Be Enough

Why is it that i can smile and cry at the same time?

A mask is my face but the mascarade party will end soon and everyone will see

my face for the fisrt time

i try to peeling the mask from my face but i am not strong enough

The only thing strong enough to rip this mask off is her graceful touch the touch of an angel is so powerful yet painful

her grace is only for a second then vanishes

I yern to feel the angel's touch again she has shown my face is there more she can show me of myself?

Or will she only leave the memory of her blissfullnes?

Either way im greatful for the memory i just pray it be enough.

Vishal Sharma

Midnight Hour of Power

The midnight clock
Levitated upon
The surreal vigor of
The Great Voice,
Discovered accidentally.
Landmarks staked mentally.
Marked within me.
Muscle memory.
Lifted gently.

Vishal Sharma

Mighty Almighty

A lways throw your heart
B efore the mighty lord
C onquering the whole world
D oom still survives over here
E nough power to make all vanish
F orming a dilemma within us for sure
G od is the mighty power in heaven
H ell has a tiny droplets of God waters
I ntentionally ever visited there, never
J ust keep your head calm and cool
K indness flourishes just like a mud there
L egion of well wishers are for us there
M ake a firm determination about that
N o cry is ever recorded where you weep
O pen your eyes to shout a loud cry
P lease keep the hunger of praise within you
Q ueer fish are almost everywhere there
R estless and mindless games bring satisfaction
S ound like an eerie and creepy jazz
T olerate them, if you have guts for them
U nder God's mercy, fruitless trees are blessed
V iewing should only be changed concerning them
W ithout whose order, we are lifeless
X mas trees are decorated for whose honour
Y earn to get whose one look we crave
Z eal is that we call our almighty God

Vishal Sharma

Mind it(Quote)

Every dark mind has its brighter site....! !

Mind it....! !

Vishal Sharma

Misread

She looks around
Heart begins to pound
Feels confused
Tightly bound
She desperately speaks
No one hears a sound
Her voice is loud
Intentions misread
Everything shrouds
She cuts and turns red
No one notices she is dead
Death was her plan
She had life
She ran
Death Should come last
Not swiftly and silently fast
Life should be respected
Death should be unexpected

Vishal Sharma

MoDiFied InDiA

Just capture the essence of the marked words,
to put them close enough and bring them into life,
A man of destiny has done so, proved such,
Just a man of my country, with an iron fist,
Just coming to make my India a place worth living,
and the way he handles the problem, just a problematic relation.....! ! !

Vishal Sharma

Mosquito

Do you find weird.....? ? ? ? ?

Me or mosquito....! ! !

Vishal Sharma

Mr.Death

O death
you will come
when you have to
to me
to my neighbour
to everyone

but my dear death
tell me one thing
why you scare people
they are screaming
seeing you.
i only chuckles
as i know

my dear death
you will certainly come
when you have to
to me
to my neighbour
to everybody
amen.

Vishal Sharma

Musical Mango

Tap tap tap
hip you hip hop
pop shop shop
sip sip sip

down to earth
dance by birth
see my eyes
feel my voice

cock cock cock
tap tap tap
move your feet
down the street
let me sleep
with your grip

mango mango mango
lusty juicy one
direct from god gate
provide me the one

zip zap zoom
boom boom boom
take me home
take me home
you are gone

where is my
mango?

Vishal Sharma

Musings of An Isolated Mind

She possesses this night,
though she will not tarry
as the fantasy succumbs to truth.
Is this not that of which the tragic
poets
spoke when they described my love?
Is she not described in that longing?
This creature is too delicate for me,
a lily over a rose with petals of
soft optimism and gentle dedication.
A mind more capricious than fixed;
a body more oracle than muse;
the siren cry of a spirit capitulates my
will.
Her name changes like shades of
sophistication as my memory follows
to the details of something new.
This is my truest folly as I follow this-
no longer do I believe in meaningful
beginnings, just visions of new
endings.
So her eyes pass over like the setting
sun
as I cut through her words like a bow,
her beauty kisses my face like the
wind
until she is behind and I am freed again
from this dreadful chemistry
that seizes my mind in this lonely
moment.

Vishal Sharma

My Angel

My sweet beautiful angel.
Sent to me from above.
I am so grateful to have found you,
and I give you all my love.

You must have come from heaven,
because you have pretty little angel eyes.
When you gaze at me with them,
my heart begins to fly.

Your sweet angelic voice,
continuously rings in my ears.
With you by my side,
there is nothing I fear.

Whenever we are together,
You shine with a heavenly glow.
Your beautiful angel face,
raises me up from feeling low.

Yes, heaven is missing an angel,
because you are here with me.
You're my sweet, beautiful angel,
and I'll love you for eternity

Vishal Sharma

My City

Walking on the dry grass
with blades kissing the feet
a heavenly air wept all across
clouds will welcome my presence

peace rules even in such chois
and no trace of any being so found
grass and grass everywhere on ground
when speak anything, talk to ownself

such figure of a city i have imagined
to frame such a deep quality of motion
city full of happiness and joy and pleasure
once it will happen, i am sure

Vishal Sharma

My deplore

The ignorance entered my body
and I kept silence

My mind knew nothing about it
and my heart stopped

My soul began weeping into sleeves
and then,
I identified who am I...

Vishal Sharma

My end is near

So many verses to make all of you happy
do you all think i am fit for this
my verses are for you and forever be
let me satisfy myself before my eyes

all are welcome for their satisfaction
and i am in love with a goddess here
my end is near my dear friends listen
be blessed be I and be immortal be you all.

Vishal Sharma

My Father

To whom i will give the world whole wealth
and never give his heart even a lovely trace
i know world is full of compition and race
but at last what matters is my father's grace

Vishal Sharma

My flesh cries for you

You have gone out of my sight
and took away your heart from me
and gave shock after shock you should
but i consolidate my mind everytime
saying, 'powerful is the time and destiny'
we are just mere puppets in their hands
we do just we are instructed to perform
happiness and sorrow are two faces of same coin
and we should bear the spring and autumn both
now my fate is raining unusual to my existence
i am lost and in the maze that it is impossible
to take me out of this situation
just my flesh cries for you the moon
please come to me soon, dear
please come to me soon.

Vishal Sharma

My galaxy of failed attempts

i was born talent
in my childhood, got praises
slightly younger,
then burden of those praises
continued increasing,
i became insecure, in my eyes
began thinking all nights long
am i a success, a role model
although i managed to get a place
will i ever forget those sleepless nights
that i spent when i was a failure before the world
do you love me? My failure attracts you...
do you have the heart to understand me?

Vishal Sharma

My Mistress Eyebrows

Once

A longest river came between us
and, i made a long insane jump among waters
and, you know, water cried for their lives
and shedding tears, they made themselves ugly
then I told them their guilt, coming between us

My days are spending these days
Under the shade of my mistress eyebrows.

Vishal Sharma

My mom is from Mexico

Hey, listen to you all
i am going to the ball
to make enjoyment
and making the commitment
i am no longer a kid now
are you saying, just wow
yeah, you are right
i am bright
eccentric, and insane
but never give anyone pain
and, you listen, old lady
where is your daddy?
to hell or to heaven
or on the earth even,
i am crying in happiness
these days being god bless
and, learning new arts from
my mom, who is from mexico.

Vishal Sharma

My passion

If a kiss were a raindrop, I'd send you showers.
If hugs were a second, I'd send you hours.
If smiles were water, I'd send you the sea.
If love was a person, I'd send you me.
You are irreplaceable and irresistible.
Together we'll make this unbreakable.

Vishal Sharma

My views that kill, O Lord!

Bitwixt the sunday nap and the monday hill task
joint tragedy that circles my mind up engulfing it whole
and shocking enough to mix them up and down, a ride
that has planted my mind with those infectations
what a whold deadly game a person may have seen
thanks God, I am not one of them
You always cheat me, why?

Vishal Sharma

Mysteries

Just an ugly clock over the underdeveloped wall of lusty satisfaction,
that makes an important boarderline, evolving through the turning passion wheels,
Whose existance besides those godly words and an unharmed patch of dusty misery,
A time would come soon, when nobody would have the power to love ones.....! !

Vishal Sharma

Never(Quote)

Never chain your wishes...! !

It may choke your neck....! !

Vishal Sharma

New Age

Often pettiness dry the young and
ugly face
of the movable lipids oozing out of the
mind
and then yearning for this greedy soul
condemn
the rest are blood buyer and the the
soul seller
our hysteria is going downward along
the spirit
the candles have deep imprints of past
deeds,
and we are waiting for that single
moment when
Almighty will again land on this earth
and new life begins,
that makes human a racist basket of
cruel and hate
who will never be welcomed by Him at
the heaven's gate

Vishal Sharma

Next

Survival through the water of death eaten worms
is rather impossible glad to tell me this to you
being nurtured by the heart of humans cry path
just ugly glimpse after having the blood bath
i use towel to dry myself in the middle chamber of my spine
the colatral damage done to the has melancholy strain
the period of death provided to you rather be used
tattooed hands and chest and pains full of orgasm
provide the one sole reason to walk away in the dark
with hands bent lie there a three feet fear
mightier than the mighty ribbon knotting the life
every second life goes on thinking just one thing
what is going to happen next and next and next.

Vishal Sharma

Night Time

Relaxing by the mighty load of all days work
and the time when I see the calm moon
hovering above my roof
that provides relief to this poetic heart
when the world goes in the arms of sleep
and by waking we just stress on our eyes
when we follow the next day routine
and ultimately when the heart experiences peace
the night time is so valuable cuz of this.

Vishal Sharma

No title for this poem

i do not want anyone to force
to make comments
and do read my verses
but you are the only one
who seems here to be mine
i love your verses
even more than mine
you write gods
you write souls
make me your part
and be never apart
i want to rest
within the blades of your hairs
and be there always for eternity
i will give you all my love for surety.

Vishal Sharma

Now i have revealed myself

yeah, its high time i have put the cat out of box
and the waiting hearts are now come to be stopped
and the fellow people are dying for it
do you think now that i have done anything shit
what with all you my cheerful mates
are you coming to see me passing my gates
and giving me your valuable comments
and now i think i am no longer a mystery
for my beloved, who taught me the lesson
though not so charming as a prince i am
i even do not want to be called the same
i am vishal and want forever to live with this name
and everytime you gaze at me happily
you don't know but my heatbeat runs rapidly.

Vishal Sharma

Now That You Are Away!

Love is far away from me,
Every bad habit has shrouded me,
There is no way out of this black veil,
It has become my nature which is fait accompli,
I have been almost throttled by every bad habit,
Politeness seems to be no where,
Polite words always get lost on the way to my mouth,
Patches of kindness seems to be wiped away,
Sincerity likes to remain a mile away from me,
Anger is running through my each and every vein,
Throwing dirty looks have become my routine,
My words have adopted abysmal standard,
My tone has changed its flavour to raucous,
Bad thinking has become my obsession,
Doing things flagrantly have become my passion,
And
Hurting Has Become My Life

Vishal Sharma

Now, its only you (lyrics 2)

what a life without you
does it make any senses on my existance?
being far away from you
means i am far away from me.
cuz, its only you now! !
now its only you
now, life lies in you
relief
my pain
my madness
now its only you! !

so conjusted the relationship between
you and me
that i hate a second's time
partying away frm you.
its only you,
for whom i birth everyday
take my life time
not a single second of my life is without you.

each breath spells out your name
cuz, its only you
now, life lies in you
relief
my pain
my madness
now, its only you.

for you i live only
i have surrenderd myself to you
being nurtured by your faith
erased all the pain from my heart
with you my luck borns
after getting you i am complete

cuz, its only you
now, its only you
now life lies in you
relief
my pain
my madness
now, its only you...

Vishal Sharma

Ocean Breeze

The wind blows her hair,
Over her baby blue eyes
And this will be the moment that I
dare,
I tuck her hair behind her ear.
The ocean breeze gives her such flair
That honestly, now I swear
It's like a firework show
But I would really like to know,
What emotion hides under her eyes, so
deep and so blue?
Does she feel a spark like I really do,
what is under that curious glare?
All now that I know is I'm locked in this
stare
Deep but not cold, warm as the snow
Burning so good, fast, but not slow
Our dreams collide into one
Aligning so perfect, so straight, but not
mine.
I can now tell it's not only me,
We have formed an us, so true, so fine.
We kiss, sparks fly, we have never felt
so free

Vishal Sharma

Octet

i sing a song
sung by no other
you do not love me
why do i bother?
you didn't believe in me
i had a lot to say
without giving a glance
suddenly! You went away
away from my thoughts
still in me, i say, you are
judged your love by far
come to my life back and
save me from heart attack

Vishal Sharma

Oil

Do you need me?
do you know me?

i belong to god
i am his slave
lightening this beautiful
world
i am used
never amused
i am pure
or crude
but never
rude

use me in your part
but wise man
what do you do
in future?

Vishal Sharma

On Death Of My Friend

i have a friend
only one
whom i share
what i know
what i think
what i do

we are chums
for forever
we are together

but alas
he is now no more
life is rather bore
when he departed
when we apated
my world became still
jumping off the hill
yes, i will.

Vishal Sharma

Once on the bare street of Kolkata

It happened with me once
when i went to city of palace
the indian pride city
kolkata.

i was thinking about life
so busy there
no time for anyone
cars and cars everywhere.

days are battle
nights are calm
the city certainly
stole my heart

love the people
love my country
live for them
live for you

Vishal Sharma

Onion union

Once it so happened
potato was going to wed
with a lady's finger
invited band and singer

sweet potato came early
he was excited madly
then came the brinjal green
wrapped in the cloth with sheen

chief guests were cauliflowers
who came to blessed the lovers
party was orgained by ground
then came tomato red and round

everyone was enjoying tea
then their came a group of pea
they began playing all around
then came the ugly bitter ground

carrot and radish came late
as they had to wash the plate
music was high and kinky
shocking entered zuchini

then came their enemy
with a union
at last made the blast
the wily onion

Vishal Sharma

Orthodox Love

I am not a middle aged man
neither my thought is as such
I am the result of grief told with romance
and for praising beauty, i leave no chance
my love is orthodox, and i am paralysed,
never bothered to remove my ugly mask
and, you know my darling never asks
why am i so ugly beneath the beautiful face
and, i pat her forehead and give my love,
but remember, my love is not that orthodox..

Vishal Sharma

Our Story

My grizzled eyes stalked your lissome limbs
and discovered comuflaged curves
I purred a secret smile

I am not reckless and thought to retire
but then your winsome smile.
My surprised spirit soared on seldom seen condor wings.

My excitement ripened like a restrained volcano
you snared my mind with comfortable associations.
we progressed., each touch thrilled arousal

Now, you welcome my eyes, my lips and my feckless fingers
my touch is no trespass.
you've let me pass the sentries around your soul.
and we soar.

Vishal Sharma

Outcast

Holy lands within the capture of the ultimate truth
overpouring the courage of the human beings over here
and being the only functionable dock of society here
a grass root level of being pious is predominantly outrage

Vishal Sharma

P2

Great battles are won
not by gun
not by bullets
they are won
the path of mind
how it works and why
certainly a big question?

it happens to me
wandering in the battle field
why we are not concerned
about our fellow mates
enemy are the worst culprit
make them silent, gift them bullets

Vishal Sharma

Pain

Today,
I am alone
Beneath the sky
There is no one
Here,
To whom
I can say
Mine
Today,
I am missing
Whom
Who, too, will be
Missing me
Now
I just want to
Listen to her
Voice
But I have no
Choice
She has forbade
Me
To do so
I am weeping
Inside
Want to see her
Not possible
Now,
I am missing
Her
Today,
I feel
What love is
Today,
I realize
How much I
Love her
Today,
I can say
Only one girl
I love
Even more than
My life
Each second
Lingers a year
Craving for her
Face
May she too will
Be remembering me
Now,
I just pray to god
I want to hear her
Now

I want to hear her
Voice
But alas! I have no
Choice
Why such separation
I can't stand
I am dying
To hear her
But couldn't do
Anything
She is far away
From me.
Far away very
Far
I can't do anything
To see hear
Merely go on weeping
And shedding tears
I imagine
How one can miss
Someone so madly
But I am an ox example
Today
I have felt
What heart contains
What eyes have
To see the beloved
They are fighting with me
I am just going on
Consolidating
Then now and there
O! my beloved
Please say
You too are feeling
The same
You too are burning
In the same flame
Speak to me
Talk to me
Lingering;
Longing;
Craving;
I am
Where are you
Can't you feel
My tears
Where have you
Gone?
Come to me soon
Come! And me mine
I can't wait now
Darling!

Are you getting!
What I am saying?
Speak to me you
Why are you silent?
I am waiting for
Your single word
That escapes your
Lips
My life! Why are
You taking me?
You are my soul
Apart from me
I think
You too feel the
Same
But you are not
Answering
As of same problems
But whenever you
Get a chance
Give your moblie
A glance
And call me than
As I am waiting always.

Vishal Sharma

Pain Of Love! !

I am completely engulfed by the pain
of love! !
Is there any way out of this?
It has torn me apart,
Separated my heart and soul,
Snatched away all my glitters and
glows,
And left me all alone!
It spoiled all my ways! Except
one-'Death'
It took away all my friends from me
Hurting all the way deeply
And has left me barren,
Where neither drop of water can do
anything,
Nor the ray of sunlight!

Vishal Sharma

Pain of my pen

Gardens of thoughts
hovering all around
unable to gather a single piece
unless you command you to do

MY PEN

can you feel my pain?
when you are unable to bleed
and, left me with my deed
i hate you
for not being true
be safe beneath lies
i wish you a safe life..

Vishal Sharma

Pain singer

A cry in pain gives tears to the eyes to the marrow
what we want is a free happy life of content
as it matters a trifle for the singers, so much
that they forget, they are singing their own pain

Vishal Sharma

Painful Joy

I sat alone all day with no one but me
Nothing got done but very few tears
were shed
When you come near I sense what no
one else can see
My love is very alive yet my faith is
dead
Our us has been broken but there is
still a 'we'
As you walk by all I can feel is the way
your heart bled
The lock to our hearts is broken but we
still hold the key
I'm happy we are over, I could take no
more
I know you begged and yes, you did
plea
We will both miss our presence but I
am filled with joy
The love we gave was not enough
Our 'us' was put to rest but we didn't
destroy
It hurts to say goodbye and it's going
pretty rough
But my smile keeps growing, no longer
is it a decoy
This pain is my reassuring joy

Vishal Sharma

Pang of conscience

No points in naming clouds
why didn't you tell me sooner
they passed by the fast like eyes of strangers
name not once we fewed her

Vishal Sharma

Parallel Stars

What has the ages done to us
But let us fall out of place from the
skies?
Through the millenia, I have been
spinning whilst gazing
Across the Milk Way, to where you
spire in your own axis
The dread, the minute possibility, of
the chance I have
As the years permit to spin me closer
and closer to you
If another will decides that I lose my
cycle and become a supernova
But, though chances are cruel for us
who cannot break free
A time may tell that I may be able to
burn beside you

Vishal Sharma

Parameter

Rain waters are pure
and, they satisfy me
in every situation
everyday, everytime

do you think me right?
yeah, i am saying it well
and, with the might of the heart
and deliver the pure reason
thats why i am here

Vishal Sharma

Password of my life

I have a well managed three dimensional structure
that makes me one among the crowd of all of you
I sing before humanity and beg him to return my soul
and, in return I get a whole wide mouth of respect

A good thought often flickers into my mind alltime
I have no courage to tide them into a single mass thought
rather, my life is shattered and each piece cries your name
are you listening to my grief and don't give ugly look to me

you see, my mother tells me that I write the best, as my mom
and I think about my poems that are eventually my life
am i writing well, then why dont anybody read me
Have I committed any blunder or something else has been done

My life is rather boring, it sucks, my wife
made up my mind, going to change password of my life..

Vishal Sharma

Perfectly Different

My sun shines sweetly
Your sun rages a glare
My feelings are locked away neatly
Yours are released with a tear
Our world spins us around discreetly
Yet we remain unaware
Our differences hold us together so
strong
We fight so much, but we never do
wrong
We love with all of our hearts
Making our friendship last forever long
We are perfectly different
Yes, we are thankful for that
For our friendship is a great
accomplishment
This we promise each other
Never will we end in abandonment
Forever is now and our flame burns on;
never to be smothered

Vishal Sharma

Picture Of My Pain

Throwing eyes away from the window
surpassing truth, with the head bow
not listening to what the birds are singing
dying inside in inside down in longing

Vishal Sharma

Poem of the blue eyes

My long little life longs for your little love
the unforgettable touch and for the gentle kiss
the meadow of the dusk, and that love of dawn
do you remember my last days when we been together,
when sun shines pouring his love on every creature
do you know, I will vanish to a point, without you
and the relief is provided by peeping into the blue eyes,
the magical magnetic moment, hearby to you sweet
and, being your instance, i mearly play the violin
that music belongs to that pure heart that enchant love
my soulmate, my heaven gate, my life mate
why are you making me so wait,
you know how i feel being away from you
a promise life long, in the form of my heart songs
and you know, to whom these songs belong.

Vishal Sharma

Poems keep my soul fresh

A poem and poem and poem for eternity
and a pen and a pen and a pen for my insanity
my love has a clour red and it never clots
and even in the hard times i never give up plots

i have my own domain and you got it proven
please wait for sometime my bread is still in oven
call me call me a sweet sugar coated candy
otherwise with you i will not prove to be handy

leave behind my old sayings and words
usually they were needles, now i have swords
my blood contains red blood cells and poetry
have you ever heard such a heartfelt story

i do no rubbish with all my lovers here
i try as possible as i can to have my love share
and having being blessed with this almighty grace
it is my poems that keep my soul fresh.

Vishal Sharma

Poet

Poets are real
others are fake
others are river
poets are lake.

poem is pious
not waste a single piece
tomorrow generation
will judge us through these

poems are your identity
you have the quality
to create the masterpiece
beyond the world glimpse

we have kindness
we are loyal to words
we are gentle to pens
we are ahead of our time

poems give us satisfaction
write a poem and donate
to who needs the most
whether a human or a ghost.

poetry is our religion
we abide by our rules
we have come together
to bridge the gap among us.

we are the one
we believe in creation
we create new and holy things we too are but human beings

Vishal Sharma

Poet's crime

We are criminals
we commit crimes with pens
the crime of writing words
may we ever be caught
by the mighty limbs of god

We do welfares
bring peace all around
and, protects the seed of humanity
we may get peace after death
but,
we provide peace to others

Thats only our crime, dear
the only crime, we commit

Vishal Sharma

Pointing at the graves of time

Pointing at the graves of time
and the vultures of sick feelings
trying to eat the flesh of my memories
wondering! Would they get anything
as I was living in the world of dreams
and a farewell just succeeded to prevail
that nincompop has badly given me away
the pure innocent lust that was within
the father of god was the destiny of son
without whom the panic created was
no longer so strong that i can put it
in a long form of a well written verse.

Vishal Sharma

Poor dreams

Guts to kneel down the death shadows over the overwhelming angers,
and bitter nightmares that hamper down to lead sleepless nights
would you except dreams in that case?

Vishal Sharma

Power

Whenever you feel
shy
or somewhat
discouraged
than my friend
contribute a good
poem
to your life
that will lead you
to heaven
paradise
and place
of fairies
unicorns
and angels
thus my friend
see
how
powerful a poem is!

Vishal Sharma

Preface

World is known
to all
to every creature
to every nature.
we are here
hands together
for forever

dreaming of me
how many of you
do you think me right
do you give me your sight.

people are known
by their names
by their fames
by their deeds
by their face
but
vishal will be known
by his preface.

Vishal Sharma

Priceless Money But Intension

have you ever thought your existance
when you are penniless and without ideas
do you think the charming luck will bless on you?
when hands are empty rather bore the world is
and the price of price is felt at that juncture
when we are bare and nobody supports us
do you think yourself to be in that situation
and have ever thought bout the plight condition
yes, i have done so not today but everyday
before the almighty, before the landlords
who drench away my penny from me wow
but remember they are unable to drench my destiny
this gives the heat to the fire of my intension.

Vishal Sharma

Promise

Since we know
each other
our souls
may vary
our roads
may diversified
but know one thing
i will always
love you as usual
because for me
you are not an
object.
for me you are
what i cant express
thus you too should
feel what i feel
it will heal
all my pain
thus i will gain
your love
even if God calls
me back above.

Vishal Sharma

Pseudo Love

traitor
i am your new hater
now you go to hell
then i will be well
you went to fair
and have my heart sell
but alas! You fail
i was in your jail
between you false tale
my life had smooth sail
before i saw your nail
jurt go away
even today
never say i love you
you lost me
i lost my life.

Vishal Sharma

Psycho

grave down the body
body rests in peace
trunkless trees
laden with vultures

night was more than dark
silence was making the noise
everywhere blood rushing out
through trees shoot and root

my god
i am trapped!
in the zombieland
save! !
i not in grave.

Vishal Sharma

Psychotic burnings in words...! !

Ample amount of fire
to washout...! ! !
Green lava of yellow suit,
Just a grand and a grandmother...! ! !

2

You watched a caged poem flying
just over the dirty minds of ruthless junks....! ! !
SPEECHless and CLAssY WORds
.....! ! ! ! !

3.

JUST a DaY to WATch ouT foR the hAmpeRing EffEcts
ThoSe ugLy siGHs and RANdOm mOmEnts are flushed....! ! ! !

Vishal Sharma

Queen

Known some day ago
but likes a life long relation
will last for forever
we are friends
might never be lovers
might you leave me
might we will leave alone
but listen!
i got into you
now a relation
within short interval
will last forever
never leave my hand
i will always remember
that scene
when you will
be my queen

Vishal Sharma

R.I.P (Rest In Peace)

my dear daughter is departing
away from my dark house
with all the candles and lamps with her
with my heart with my soul
be brave and be happy my lady
dnt ever forget your daddy
who taught you to walk
who taught you to talk
but never worry ever
promise me my sweetheart
after you are away from here
just come to see me when
i rest in peace_dnt forget to bring a flower
_your father

Vishal Sharma

Radius of my heart

You wanted to see me
see, I am here...

overflowing flow of love
out of the cup

the sole reason behind
why i am feeling low

alas! You are unable to measure
the radius of my heart...

Vishal Sharma

Rain

Rain tickles my face
Slithering slowly like a snake down my
neck
While playing perplexedly with my hair
Saranatingly soothing my body and
emotions
Teasingly tempting and taunting me to
smile
I extend my hands upward to accept
the small droplets
I open my mouth to welcome them in
To make rain a part of myself
We are now one
I am rain

Vishal Sharma

Rainy Days

Cold gentle breeze, here you come,
Reminisce sadness, and smiles for some,
warmth awaits for love that stays,
and tears for lovely rainy days.

Vishal Sharma

Reasons

you are my shining star
i am a lone star
you get me passion
and, i use them to end up
with you

Vishal Sharma

Red Star

Seas boil and mountains move
sands heat, dragon proves
red stars passes,
stones pile and fires burn
guard all passes...

star stone watch, scan skies
ready for the doom, bone chilling
wow..red star passes
allusion..

Vishal Sharma

Religion, why?

the ultimate survivors on this green garden, to my God
they who survive tend to conquer this whole patch
vast green lush spreading here and here, who has provided this?
to my God, to my religion, I am asking again against them
what is religion? all are same, every man is equal
all are created by the unbiased hands of this powerful soul
but, we the humans, differentiated the humans-causing disparities
riots are the result of the difference between the mortal piece
humans are killing themselves-which religion allows this?
religion-a word that makes a human only two things-
helpless or a terrorist.

Vishal Sharma

Remember, You Are My Queen

hey girl, where are you going
have you come from paradise
and bring my luck inside your golden belly
please show it to me and make me free
as i want your influence over my eyes
and whenever it is dark please show me light
by the torch of your kindness and love
you are always there in my heart as forever
as in your eyes i see me.

Vishal Sharma

Remorse

Lifelong promise
where are they?
now...
in the arms of
the mighty time
or, somewhere else
I thought myself
the luckiest
you proved me
the useless
now life has no
connection, with me
as, I too
don't want to survive
WAIT...
knowing the ultimate truth
I, being relised
you were correct
nor was I
I lost a love in the
form of you
NOW...
tears share both of us
but that mighty line
can't be just overwheled
by that tears
sadly,
I lost you, hence I
lost my life

Vishal Sharma

Retina

see the world with you majestic eyes
and the world will be seen beautiful
see the world with a diseased eye
and it would look like a dead man's coffin.

all we are concerned about
how do we use our retina.

Vishal Sharma

Retreat

your heart knows mine
behind the silver line
I used to die for you
why didn't you give clue
that, you too loved me
If you had done so,
certainly you would save
and, didn't let me go in grave.

5 March 2012

Vishal Sharma

Rhombus

Nobody hankers all but yearn for something
one asks for son another for daughter
parallel lives are worth living rather than these mates
though a heart cry i have from all sides and not perpendicular

Vishal Sharma

Right there

Heavy baby, so full of clouds it is
swirling
Constellations and sun catching
Soul shine right on top of you
Not familiar with that genre of
music, the notes you moan
Oh yes
Sing
How they turn me to a silent
inhabitant of your space
Lights dimmed and
I'm reeling
At a lose with those eyelashes
Covering me, wish it could be denied
I dig the way your hair falls down in to
love
So all over the place it makes
It makes me breath needles
Pins to my olfactory, pulling
Screaming senses and touch
It should be uncalled for
Shoots! !
Ladders
Crawling
Right up this spine
Fears and sun burning out moments
Blinded but
Ohh
Get right under there
Just a little farther
Just one more millimeter
My skin
Your nails
Were you born with a name, stars, silk
in your veins
The smell
Oh my god!
Or just jasmine and garters
Get right under there
My vocabulary and random thought
processes
You make me speak
Cool like rain, so simply
awe getting
Yeah yeah yeahhhhhh
We sit still and wonder
you all under the sheets and under my
skin
So under my skin
The forest disappears
I almost witness the trees
Broken memories

Closing off the circumference
Bringing every part of it right to
Fresh air
I thank the rotation
These shells
Moving
The entire reason stories are written
And societies are crushed
Separation anxiety and scavenger
hunting for that thing that makes
your legs shake
I want to run you through my fingers
Becoming all sensual and primitive
All one
Tranced out and full of steamy air
Clouds swirling
Heavy baby
Morally bankrupt, lost, divine,
It gets me there
Right under my skin

Vishal Sharma

River That Joins Our Hearts

i am not boasting yet delivering a simple trauma
that my heart has has a connection with yours
and this is a life long and for more than posterity
the time exceeds eternity and forever the bind is there
that a pious river with holy water flows through our heart
making deltas when the fall in the ocean of the bright world
and the lookers imagine the quantum the naturality
my heart has given you a pious thread yet unbreakable
we will lead the world within eachother's arms
for the time immamorial.

Vishal Sharma

Room No.1408

ENTER AT YOUR OWN RISK
I HAVE WARNED YOU

Motel surrounding a grave silence
inside their, beasts live happily on the dying corps
and, ultimately the cost of life is so tiny
beware, YOU ARE WARNED...

Rooms are well managed and I am lying
you have the key of every room
EXCEPT ROOM NO.1408,

You will never know the reason
Cuz, you havent listen to the scream of that dying beasts
who ones ruled the entire motel and graveyard
I am seen a thought provoker, am I?

Rusty dusty paths leads to the destination,
One WRONG TURN will vanish your existance,
and, a dark humour leading to that room consumed

YOU WERE WARNED,
SO BEWARE OF THIS ROOM NUMBER
WHENEVER GOING TO STAY IN A HOTEL

IT KILLS...
TRUST ME,

Vishal Sharma

Roto

Soy un camino solitario DreamsIts
OfBroken A ThatI'm bulevar
búsqueda ForThese Stars Are allso
DullIts la luna que ForHappiness
I'mSearching Es MeIts Así AngryAt
vida que ForThere I'mSearching es
un CrowdAround mí en absoluto
TimesIts un amigo que I'mSearching
formy La vida es apenas LikePathIts
A ThatI'm Buscando Destino
ForDon't sabe qué es ItThat LostMay
He Be Su ThatI'm 'ME' Searching For! !

Vishal Sharma

Running

My palms hit
With every step
Weightless ...
Moving lightly
Swiftly along paved routes
I am fast
Perfect in form
Perfect ...
I am always running
From what is
From what is now
And who will be
Faster...
I say to self
limbs tense
My gate in full
Pushing...
Determined
People say I am
Of things needed
And wanted
Farther...
Just a little more
It s right there
Its in reach
Finishing
Why? How can I?
Looking forward
Eyes fixed on horizon
Passing...
Not giving in
I have much to tread
Because I enjoy
Running...

Vishal Sharma

Saliva

I know my intentions
my verses, my composition
I know my limits and
my saliva

I hate this world
not for being not mine
but gradually increasing
pace of the slow incorporated ventures,

my saliva
would destroy me
yeah, the will...

Vishal Sharma

Satire

beneath the sky, someone is
craving for one
sitting besides the river,
someone is longing for one
within the day, within the night,
all aware
stars are in dilemma, whom I am
searching for
all pains are heeled in just one
look and glance
for whom I will make my life the
basic instance
for one only my heart will throb
and feel blood
eyes stand still on whose
presence-they should
dark night asks me the reason
of this painful loneliness
even though it is praying for me
to be God bless

Vishal Sharma

Save me to grave

Save me to the hellish grave
Neither am I so brave
Who has a reason to grow
To get a great chance to be
And who gets a penny destiny
For the melody crime I did
I dug up my own grave, so brave
Who will ever look into my eyes
That is called a ruined fortune
Slapped against the race of time
And that damage I would unable to explore
To my mystery, give me a head of justice
That would describe my own trodden path
That things never go straight, as planned
The dark nightmares are so fuckin' dangerous
My mind has been eaten by these nasty worms
Whom my mind thinks are coming up monsters
And diggin' up own grave made me more pretty
Yeah, that happened...I am sure and you too should be
Vishal Sharma

Saw

Before you die
say good by
to your mates
and all the gates
that you used
and get amused
by plucking flowers
for your lovers
and between two angels
and heart lies
all should be noticed
by your caring heart
and soothing mind
which has provided
you the way of life
and the feelings of hope
that has a lifetime effect
on all your lagecy
never down your dream
so let us be down together
by the mercy of god
the dictator.

Vishal Sharma

Scattered Pieces of the Puzzle

All these demons in my head keep me
nailed down to the bed, it's like they
won't stop til I'm dead, what do they
want from me? All the signs I see
outside, taking nothing said in stride,
cuts and bruises on my pride, it all
comes naturally. Spilling vomit from
my mind, sitting idly biding time, self
expression's such a crime, they scream
it's blasphemy. Your religion is a lie,
but you won't ask yourself why, where
do we go when we die? Someone
answer me.

Vishal Sharma

Scream

tear you throat
crying in rashes
down the natural blood
sigma power to the bond
your thirsty jeoulsey
will led to the rivers of blood
FLOWING

nothing so natural
that it seems to be real
but the bone dipped in blood
where they should

either lie one the heart
or near the beast mouth
but the chain of murders
going down
the next victim
YOU.

Vishal Sharma

Screaming Silence

The words I say come out no more
You reply with nothing and the silence
takes over
The sting of the quiet shoots through
me to the core
You can't say a thing anymore when
your life has been taken
Your lost life rushes over me with a
roar
You are forever asleep but my heart
has just now awakened
The crash is fresh in my mind; it's still
an open soar
They close your eyes and lay a sheet
down to cover
The laughter and joy are done and the
silence rushes out, it slowly pours
Your love is my sanity but your
presence is forever gone
This silence I can no longer fully
endure
The silence you give now is screaming
in my ear the facts of reality
I'll never let go of you but I must go on
This love is forever ours and this
silence is now too

Vishal Sharma

Self respect

When sun is above the horizon
and, the light it spreads reaches our eye
we forget the darkness, and think ourselves be blessed
Sun's power to light the glory world is self respect.

When rain enters our rooftop,
it doesnt ask whether you are rich or poor
the melody of the sweetness is for everybody
you may call it the rains self respect.

Wonderful stars are there in our sky
and they twinkle to make the sky looks like in a wedding gown
and, its sweetness is preserved in the fairy tales,
thats the self respect that the stars have.

when I mingled to write down a poetry,
thinking it to be my only work supported by my passion,
the happiness I get after make people smile,
thats certainly the self respect I give to myself.

Vishal Sharma

Serenity

Once you leave this Earth for good
You leave behind your worries
As you wish you always could
Your pain is gone forever and always
And although your days are stopped
cold,
You lived a life good as gold
Your problems vanish in thin air
Your veins are good as bare
Serenity takes over
With the most amazing, painless flare

Vishal Sharma

Seventh seal

death has no face
no colour
no taste
no delay
it comes when it comes
goes never alone
seeing have you?
it has no fear
no tear
no kindness
it comes when it comes

play with the death
have you ever?
death will bless
in the game of chess
defeat and die

let the game begins

Sweden, 1952
village full of ghost
full of evils
and death.

one die there
anyhow the sad news
death came and
showed his face.
death is a beauty
for those who die
a warrior death
and thus happened so.

death cries
the seal has returned
the seventh one

TO BE CONTINUED.....

Vishal Sharma

She Is

Blushed in the misty fog
i saw her with such a face
nothing could be uttered from
just give me her a look as grace

Her voice is as confident as
you expect it to be of an angel
her face has so much description
as it put my heart in tangles

it is the grace of the almighty
that I am in knowledge of her
if you don't know her, I think
you are the unluckiest person
on the earth...

Vishal Sharma

Silent pain

though I am not
before your eyes
my heart is always
there.

It hankers for just one look
but O my dear life
remember this rhyme
strongest is the time
we are just its slaves
we do,
what we are are ordered to do
our time is gone
never would be our love
we hence take the promise
our love will shine for forever
brighter than the sun
as calm as the moon
as pure as the dove
that is our love...

Vishal Sharma

Silver spoon

I have my talent
to make anyone silent
i use it everyday
but sorry not today

i am not a poet
i only write words
they are called poems
by your all my wishers

i am simple
i am peace loving
i love watching movies
i love writing poems

i am among you all
who spare their precious time
reading my poems
commenting on them

i am not born rich
but i want to be
the day will come soon
when i too have a silver spoon

Vishal Sharma

Skull

Powerful yet miser
that fellow sunriser
even today he lingers
to spell out his story
known or unknown to world
but something must reside
behind the edges of time
to consolidate upon harness
and sometimes the dilemma
is at peak why he is so rude.

skull

you the reason
the reason is you.

Vishal Sharma

Skull 4

now
what with the dilemma
that arised inside the skull
was that insane in nature
or anything else was ventured
is he satisfied within himself
or he has just granted his pain
skull was alone in the mist
or the rain pouring over him
but the dilemma is still dry
should skull give another try

i think yes,
as he was curious
was not able to think himself

go done below the rain
o skull!
you are useless
without the brain.

Vishal Sharma

Skull 2

Now
the dilemma is
the fellow mate is outraged
by the nature powerful bark
afraid of his wonderful dark
just he is lying somewhere
else rather had been he

skull

he was unable to rejoin
that dilemma still unsolved
skull has the answer
not his brain.

Vishal Sharma

Skull 3

Scratching head
beyond his limits
he thought
and went on thinking
but what he can do that poor
the reason he lost somewhere
to manage such instancers
would cost him the thing
he does not want to give
thus forming a cloud of horror
to the zero mark

.....
skull

the ultimate reason of
the dilemma.

Vishal Sharma

Skull-Less

I sit to write
and to redicide
my dull future
and your face
horrified me
and I awaked
in the middle
to feel blood
that I was real
not a figment
of your dreams
and your gently strokes,
provide me strength
and I being alone
did nothing for hours
rather it was boring,
do you think it as right
see, i had sit to write
and telling you what
that am i skull-less
yon decide...

Vishal Sharma

Solitary lover

I have colours
they are colourful
and, I feel proud of them
that they belong to me
that makes everyone cheerful

I love a girl,
sweet, simple and elegant
and, a bit intelligent
and, a perfect thief,
who stole my heart
a whole plot of it...

sad days...

we are not together
rather,
i am very far away from her
it pains sometimes,
as, we know our destiny
our future and a blessed life
we love each others...

I have made up my mind
we are going to be one
before this mighty sun,
please, come on that day
you are invited,
my love is waiting for me
my arrival will bring her life back
and, my life will be ended
as a solitary lover...

Vishal Sharma

Solitary Reaper Version 2.0

Long long long ago
a great mind quoted
my best words till now
these are

behold her single in the field
yon solitary highland lass
was cutting and reaping by herself
stop here or gently pass

though not a dust particle
i am before him
but the time has been changed
mindset is changed
now the poem goes in this way

behold her single and nobody else
yon solitary highland lass
was along in the field
rape her or kick her ass.

we are changed
thus the poem
grateful to the poets
who showed me the way
of living a holy life

Vishal Sharma

Some are horses, some are ass

Dark destinies never the result of the holy road,
and, destinies are got even by the creepy insects,
we are the lovely fusion of good and evil projects,
whose mind has been filled up by the shining world
but, the truth never begs nor cries in slumber,
we are the ultimate winner of the life race,
though running in it, some are horses, some are ass.

Vishal Sharma

Some kisses give pain for eternity

Days are spending in the mighty arms of the fear
though, the matter is so grave, i must have to appear,
and, tell the world, taking a sip of tea, my intention,
the words i wrote, now in fire, in fire as i gave me tension.

yet, i have not decided, what to do with the rest,
make a decision, and will prove a decision made in haste,
i linger gasping at my beloved eyes, whole night long,
that pick of time, i kept wandering how would be my song.

and, now the arrogance of her aroma proving me fatal,
i inside, died, though having no participation in a battle,
cruelty done by you will never never hamper me in future,
as in your belly, regarding only me, our seed nurture.

may you survive, by grace of god, till posterity,
but, love, listen'some kisses give us pain for eternity.

Vishal Sharma

Spirit Leaf-A Goddess

within a short span of two months
life long promises are made
and two buds of the little flower
were unknown for this incident to happen
they are innocent and gentle and naive
and they have courage and full of brave
they have power of words and expression
they are meant for the meaning and hence
my every poem from now will be for she
who has taught me the lessons from her words
and encourage me everytime i lose my heart
my wonder is that charming goddess and forever be
as long as the earth bears the burden of my presence
my life has got the meaning it is the verse
you might wonder who is this beautiful couple
the one is the title and the other is the writer.

Vishal Sharma

Spirit Leaf-Queen of poetry

Love the way
you make your
pen dance on the paper
rolling down words
creating masterpiece
everytime you are a success
with a perfect tone of yours
queen of poems certainly
you are for me, i swear.
never ever left writing
all the pages of the world
will go on strike then
cutting trees will be useless
buying pens will be no use
show me your talent baby
show me it whole
i want your influence
on me and my poems.
going down below
you are the
talent of the century.
consider me right dear sweetheart
words are not lying anyhow
your poems are immortal
make me too so, baby! !

Vishal Sharma

Spirit Love

pour water of your rain
and drench me upto head to toe
and wet all my atoms with your moist love
that for showing only to me you have come
and the love of the unbreakable string
whose tensions will be neutrilized
by your spirit and sometimes by my passion
and the moisture collected over the glass of romance
that has got heat to the fire as well
i love you my darling in my neat verses
and want to show you me whole bodily love
and be satisfy telling me what you feel then
and then i will ask you
'is this love, baby is this love? '

Vishal Sharma

Spirit Love (A poem for redrose)

pour water of your rain
and drench me upto head to toe
and wet all my atoms with your moist love
that for showing only to me you have come
and the love of the unbreakable string
whose tensions will be neutrilized
by your spirit and sometimes by my passion
and the moisture collected over the glass of romance
that has got heat to the fire as well
i love you my darling in my neat verses
and want to show you me whole bodily love
and be satisfy telling me what you feel then
and then i will ask you
'is this love, baby is this love? '

Vishal Sharma

Status now

STATUS NOW #A true write

me on a chair,
a dim fucking candle,
that is about to die,
with a pencil of 4B, besides,
a cup of hot grey chocate,
with some old newspapers,
which has news of murders,
creepy and hogwash music,
playing all around the corner,
darkness calling me its sweetheart,
and, the chair is kinda broken,
behind my back, a man sleeping,
with a huge black body, unconcious,
and me alone and alone and all alone,
a book of chemistry (inorganic by J.D.Lee) is seeing me,
page no.77, topic VSEPR Theory is crying,
please somebody read me, read me loud,
And, I in a terrible diary of 2012,
making words, with the last refill of my pen.

Vishal Sharma

Stop! Or Mom will cry

Do not talk
dangerous
in terms of
making a leave
away from family
you know it hurts
a badly bad itch
happens at sure
one day, and all gone
be mad at the one
and he talks nonsense

Be wise
just rise
make a day
worth a life
be a strong gun
never run
away from you
and get a blue
be a wild goat
and in nutshell
never roam
leaving your home...! !

Vishal Sharma

Stopwatch

look, and stop
lost and hope
love every atom
and nature every leaf
be the big hand to help
and, never leave hope
they will come, but certainly
and be whatever your mind makes
our feet leaves the earth
and we depart

Vishal Sharma

Strangers

I do not know my existence
Since I known yours
Had faith in God
Now, have faith on your word
We are strangers
On this platform
Hearts perform
To get your a glimpse
To make you mine
My soul begins to shine...., .! ! !
Vishal Sharma

Suicide

It's all i think about
Suicide
Can't get it out
Suicide
So hard to resist
Suicide
resist the urge to slit my wrist
Suicide
All I have is a small razor
Suicide
Is all I dream
Suicide
Seems to be my only friend an one of
my enemies

Vishal Sharma

Sun after Rain

I lost sight of the use of my
imagination
which I had once understood implicitly
but gave in to words in the world
around me
which refuted that truth explicitly.
I became like a dead star
in an infinity of pain
unable to get dry
in an infinity of rain.
I had to renew and re-knit and review
all I once knew and so began anew
to return to the light and the truth
of my birth.
To put into words inner voices I heard
to restructure the way as clear as
night and day
that is different for each in their own
special way
that brings us fulfillment in work rest
and play.
I would not go back to the night of my
lack
but it brought me to here - glad of the
attack
that made me fight back and get back
on track
to before things went black and I
suffered the rack.
Now I see more clearly and hold even
more dearly
the light of my knowing and from
whence it is flowing
which sets my heart glowing with love
overflowing
as fresh winds are blowing and new
shoots are growing.
I want to go back yet go forward in fact
to a new kind of knowing and a kind of
a pact
that's at once old and new and a way
to renew
forever and ever all that is true.
I will dance in this light and I will dance
in the night.
When I can't see the sun, I won't die of
fright.
I'll await its return as it's thought I
relearn
and so renew its light with each turn.
The sun and the rain and the pleasure
and pain

that are all part of life are an ancient
refrain
yet are new every day we awake on
our way
learning and growing in our work rest
and play.
At the core is our dreams at the heart
of our schemes
as we dream and imagine all manner
of themes
and try on for size new ways to feel
alive
that bring us back to the light of day
after night.
We cannot lock down the way things
should sound
when the song's ever flowing of our
inner knowing
and we need to renew the song with
this view
and so going forward we come back to
what's true.
This is Sun after rain, pleasure after
pain,
Day after night and the way toward
light.
Rain and dark of confusion with
shades of delusion
give way to the light that sees through
the illusion.
Along the way, dreams rule the day
they do not reflect but project what
will be
if we would see, into them we must
see
and find there the light that sets us all
free.

Vishal Sharma

Tangent

life crosses us
whenever we are silent
what we do then

we try
to cry
give up?
shut up...

long legs
are in demand
but never fulfilled
love in the eyes
the eerie effect
of the passion

life is a circle
we are just tangents
touching life at just
one point.

Vishal Sharma

Tea cup and break up

It took a life to gain respect, health and intelligence,
Gone in the twinkling of an eye,
Yeah, bulid your character as deep as you can,
And make a life worth having the deep respect.....! ! !

CONT.....

Vishal Sharma

Tell Me The Direction, God Lives

O! My mighty mother,
tell me and give my curiosity a reason
tell me the direction God lives
but, before this
tell me whether he lives there,
everywhere there are bloody hands
who are just willing to end there generation
rapes, murders, corruption-are they created by Him?
He created humans-they created these
so we should not get God blame
in every direction they are blooming
so, you my mighty mother
tell me the direction God lives
tell me whether he lives there? ? ? ?

Vishal Sharma

Temptation

i have a strong feeling of fear of losing you
to this strange yet complicated world
and the rest deeds i will manage
with the mighty lump of love showers
yeah, baby i conquer the whole world
when you are besides my passion
on the edge of tamptation and aroma
that will arise within our body
and then i will be lost in yours
and you would be in mine.

Vishal Sharma

Tension

Massless string
whether in books
or in love
matters
tension remains constant
at both instant
whether a girl
or a pully
both has to bear it
take it as natural element
so tension
required at both the juncture
i am talking about my
physics book
ha ha ha

Vishal Sharma

The bleeding autumn beauty stands alone.

The bleeding autumn beauty stands
alone..

The bleeding autumn beauty
stands all alone....
amidst of the crowded leaves
scattered on the ground in heaves.....

oh! people watch your steps,
while you pass near my ground,
all my leves are fallen now
and scattered all around.....

they are fallen and are dead..
their time has come and
will become one with the dust
the spring is far away and is gone....
thats the reason i bleed in red
and stands all alone.....! ! !

Vishal Sharma

The chaos

Gerard Nolst Trenité – The Chaos (1922)
Dearest creature in creation
Studying English pronunciation,
I will teach you in my verse
Sounds like corpse, corps, horse and worse.

I will keep you, Susy, busy,
Make your head with heat grow dizzy;
Tear in eye, your dress you'll tear;
Queer, fair seer, hear my prayer.

Pray, console your loving poet,
Make my coat look new, dear, sew it!
Just compare heart, hear and heard,
Dies and diet, lord and word.

Sword and sward, retain and Britain
(Mind the latter how it's written) .
Made has not the sound of bade,
Say-said, pay-paid, laid but plaid.

Now I surely will not plague you
With such words as vague and ague,
But be careful how you speak,
Say: gush, bush, steak, streak, break, bleak,

Previous, precious, fuchsia, via
Recipe, pipe, studding-sail, choir;
Woven, oven, how and low,
Script, receipt, shoe, poem, toe.
Say, expecting fraud and

ITS NOT VER YET
CONTINUED.....

Hero, heron, query, very,
Parry, tarry fury, bury,
Dost, lost, post, and doth, cloth, loth,
Job, Job, blossom, bosom, oath.

Faugh, oppugnant, keen oppugners,
Bowling, bowing, banjo-tuners
Holm you know, but noes, canoes,
Puisne, truism, use, to use?

Though the difference seems little,
We say actual, but victual,
Seat, sweat, chaste, caste, Leigh, eight, height,
Put, nut, granite, and unite.

Reefer does not rhyme with deafer,
Feoffer does, and zephyr, heifer.

Dull, bull, Geoffrey, George, ate, late,
Hint, pint, senate, but sedate.

Gaelic, Arabic, pacific,
Science, conscience, scientific;
Tour, but our, dour, succour, four,
Gas, alas, and Arkansas.

Say manoeuvre, yacht and vomit,
Next omit, which differs from it
Bona fide, alibi
Gyrate, dowry and awry.

Sea, idea, guinea, area,
Psalm, Maria, but malaria.
Youth, south, southern, cleanse and clean,
Doctrine, turpentine, marine.

Compare alien with Italian,
Dandelion with battalion,
Rally with ally; yea, ye,
Eye, I, ay, aye, whey, key, quay!

Say aver, but ever, fever,
Neither, leisure, skein, receiver.
Never guess-it is not safe,
We say calves, valves, half, but Ralf.

Starry, granary, canary,
Crevice, but device, and eyrie,
Face, but preface, then grimace,
Phlegm, phlegmatic, ass, glass, bass.

Bass, large, target, gin, give, verging,
Ought, oust, joust, and scour, but scourging;
Ear, but earn; and ere and tear
Do not rhyme with here but heir.

Mind the o of off and often
Which may be pronounced as orphan,
With the sound of saw and sauce;
Also soft, lost, cloth and cross.

Pudding, puddle, putting. Putting?
Yes: at golf it rhymes with shutting.
Respite, spite, consent, resent.
Liable, but Parliament.

Seven is right, but so is even,
Hyphen, roughen, nephew, Stephen,
Monkey, donkey, clerk and jerk,
Asp, grasp, wasp, demesne, cork, work.

A of valour, vapid vapour,
S of news (compare newspaper) ,
G of gibbet, gibbon, gist,
I of antichrist and grist,

Differ like diverse and divers,
Rivers, strivers, shivers, fivers.
Once, but nonce, toll, doll, but roll,
Polish, Polish, poll and poll.

Pronunciation-think of Psyche! -
Is a paling, stout and spiky.
Won't it make you lose your wits
Writing groats and saying "grits"?

It's a dark abyss or tunnel
Strewn with stones like rowlock, gunwale,
Islington, and Isle of Wight,
Housewife, verdict and indict.

Don't you think so, reader, rather,
Saying lather, bather, father?
Finally, which rhymes with enough,
Though, through, bough, cough, hough, sough, tough? ?

Hiccough has the sound of sup...
My advice is: GIVE IT UP!

Vishal Sharma

The cursed hands

When the sky cries his hot utterly
tears
Blood gushing out my mind demand an
old try
Whose poweless guns may shift their
nuzzle up
And, fired at me with the full zeal to
cure the remeady

Mind is a boring slave of the dusty
trodden path
Whenever a bird is caught inside the
devil net
Mind hankers for the correct
judgement it takes
The unbearable pain it cause makes
me insane

Situation like an old civilisation cries
Over its dusty pathatic fate of the
destruction
whenever ugly things began to
happen, it sheds off
And ample amount of the failure into
success,

My thoughts make the paper dirty
everytime
What I try to write with bold letters, I
fail
The cursed hand brings the
destruction to lines
And, I weep my hot tears under the
same copper sky
Whosever once was so deep, once was
so high

Vishal Sharma

The Field

As the night
sifted through the light
she watched and faded
as the dark as ink
slowly engulfed her
she waited
she expected
to hear those three
and let the sound wrap
around the fold of her ear
to softly whisper through
to her soul
then out every digit
bringing light
to those around her
there she stood
where straw mostly grows
a vast empty clearing
dark and slightly dusted
with cold
she watched and now waiting
for the warmth and light
to return

Vishal Sharma

The Last Embrace

Far beyond this physical realm
I placed you in my land of dream,
Where you do plunge
In my eternal stream,
Of deepest love overbrimmed!
When every day you cross my way
For your glance I melt in pray,
When a single smile you throw on me
The Lord set my prisoned soul free!
Each time I stand alone
In a stormy night of the silver moon,
White lilies and orchid red
Taunts me as a poet mad!
The clotted blood of my deepest
wound
Dry themselves for your healing
sound,
Starts flowing in a rippling thron
To match their tune with a Divine love
song.
My life is but a crossroad great
Where two lives diverge but cannot
meet,
As an aloe in a desert once I did bloom
With the last embrace of your love and
fume

Vishal Sharma

The Meaning

Breathing fast, breathless
Heart pounding, a thunderstorm
Fiery blood, burning sweetly
Lost in a smile.

Head spins, dizzy joy
Body tingles, nervous delight
Kiss, touch, satin lips
Anticipate.

What is this?
How is this?
Tender
Sacred flame.

Vishal Sharma

The Most Uneligible Bacheolar

see my fortune
see my destiny
see my tidy clothes
see my dirty deeds

there are lots to be seen
my works are red and green
i have done something such that
the person know will thus now hate

o my darling, forgive me this time
i am so sorry about for this rhyme
as i am uneligible the most one

not fitting the bill of your fair demands
as you know i will never hurt my darling
no matter we both travel on different ways
but i will go on loving you always and always.

Vishal Sharma

The Peak of Desperation

You have me
exactly
where you want me
I am at your mercy
Please
take care of my heart
You didn't ask for it
You may not want it
But it's yours
all the same
And I just want
you to know
how much
I need you
Always
and forever

Vishal Sharma

The pink and orange hues of evening sky

The pink and orange hues of evening
sky,
are beautiful yet sad, as all goodbyes.

With each breath, I can feel life's
fading out,
and hear myself, call out your name
aloud.

An inverted 'V', after a tough day's
test;
a formation of flock, heading to the
nest.

Each morning glows, then grows to
same old night;
the reason, my heart sinks at sunset
sight.

The early morning flight of hope and
pride,
shall culminate, when tired wings
alight.

Vishal Sharma

The Promise

As I sit
on the edge of time
besides you, my love
My heart leaps
to behold your face
in the light of the setting sun
my soul yearns
to caress your face
to see if you are real
not a figment of my dreams
'Is it true'I ask,
you turn
with a gentle touch
of your lips
on my forehead
you give me-
The world!

Vishal Sharma

The Siren's Song

Ah - the Sweet singing searing ache
of hearing the siren's song -
that leaves you hanging by its thread
Long after she's gone.

Is it wrong to want what you can't
have -
when it's home - where you belong.
There has to be some other way -
to reach for what you long.

Vishal Sharma

The Song Of A Sad Lover

Despite the long term of faith he
suited
To please her mistress with the full
heart
An unpleasant wind of hate blew so
firm
Uprooted those pleasant memories
away by far
Life has turned out to be rumble and
crumble
Into darkness, found a room of relief by
pains
And into his confession, the boy sang
blood so deeply
That even the song of the epic, before
it, became voiceless

Far away from lovely sight, he
witnessed,
A roaming upheaval cry into his dusty
sleeves
That had a lot of meaning to mean
that heartless
Who made the fly loving sun to settle
down the sink
Whose eyes, now, never hamper that
brave emotions
Voice becomes hoarse with the dirty
unpleasant sound
And the judgement of fate remains
within themselves
Whose destiny is yet to be settled by
the Godly hands.

Vishal Sharma

The thief of class 7

She was a thief
with large and busty hip
seeing whom, my heart began to slip
and, i adjusted it by appying a clip

she was the talk of the class,
and, she didnt even see me, alas!
my failed intentions began to pass
by seeing a sight of that busty lass.

I want to talk to her,
wishing god for it to occur,
with her, I wanted this world to conquer,
but, I was unaware, she was a heart broker

We began to meet
It was a season full of heat
but my heart did want her treat
she did give it to me with greet

one fine day,
My love was going to pay
she told me, she hated me at bay
though a full grown man, and not a gay.[wink]

Vishal Sharma

Those torn slippers....! ! !

Young minds in India are writers
And, that makes a slight difference to mind,
That peaceful night and rustful days of heat,
Those struggles and torn slippers are sweet fruits....! ! !

Vishal Sharma

Tiny Universe

my love has all the colour
that one wants from me
my intense love for you
never fall down against time

memories are past forget that
as i do not live there anymore
besides my own destiny
i have a burden of yours

do not please think me a coward
as i am not that one
i cant show it in my verse
but i can think out this tiny universe.

Vishal Sharma

To all my deepunderground poetry member

You are suspicious
yes, you should
especially intricate B
now time has come
to reveal myself,
i, vizard dhawan, aka vishal
is the owner of all my poems
that you are seeing here or
at deep underground poetry
i am trapped by the name of stealing
but listen, i have talent
talent to write 380 poems
i posted some at dup
and you took me a criminal
i was attracted by dup
so i came to you all
you welcomed me then
ABUSE ME
i lost my identity,
but talent can never be terminated

Now see,
who is it, who is it
strider
missy
case 28
intricate
violet
earth child

see me and my real face
i am a poet
a poet
my name is vizard dhawan
vizard dhawan
listen, its vizard dhawan
and the all poetry belong to me
i am their owner
their master
they are my words
some of them i shared with you guys
and you took me a thief

I really hurt

its for you intricate
its me
listen

VIZARD DHAWAN
AKA VISHAL

AND I AM NOT A THIEF
I HAVE MY OWN GUTS

THANKS...

i think it is enough

Vishal Sharma

To My Dear And Faithful Friend

I believe in our love
For our love is real
Even if the whole world binds against
us
Our greatest strength goes beyond
What no other love can measure
I wouldn't dream of losing you
In this rising battle
My dear and faithful friend
The race of time will beat us until the
end
But as long as we stay afoot
We can make it to the end
Only in love and war
It is the fiery flames that roar
Intense heartbeats rage on
We have to fight to survive
Believe...believe in the life we can
achieve.

Vishal Sharma

To my valentine

Heartfelt lovely grace
To my beloved....! ! ! My Valentine
Lots of love, sea of hugs and ocean of kisses
Is waiting for your holy arrival, into my heart
Mild breeze and lovely music tunes in the air,

Just me and you and the setting sun beneath us....! ! !

Vishal Sharma

Today I sit down to write poems, again

Today I sit down to write poems
to fill all the pages in the world
to bridge the gap between the lines
to give a soul tribute to my beloved

today, words are shorter, greater am I
today my mind is craving for her eye
when in the dark room, her smell felt
now there is nothing aside the darkness in the room

Vishal Sharma

Tourist

I have no home
anywhere here
i am a tourist
directly sent by god
to judge
the nature of
his creature
to think
what they think
about that pure soul.

i am a tourist
who is searching
himself
among the crowd
on the path
travelled by no one

i feel
i am a navigator
mapping the whole world
just for my satisfaction
i am here
i was here
being a tourist
i do not not know
will i be here?

Vishal Sharma

Toward death

The light of the chosen has died,
Didn't seem to matter all he tried.
Try to forget the reasons why.
The master has said his goodbye
The light of the chosen has died
In his heart only regret resides
Once in his life there was fire
His spirits are growing dire
He went so very far, so far
all that's left just the scars
A time he stood a step above
Now he's sunken, a shell of man
Now so much less; the man he once
was
Did you see the start of his descent
Nothing left this time, his malcontent
In his troubles he been found
This time though he's death-ward
bound

Vishal Sharma

Toxic battle

toxic, this vast arid wasteland,
The air ripping at your lungs,
Cities torn by war, always on the move,
this environment is killing me.
I've got nothing left to prove
Onward the battle cry lost in the decay
will this fighting ever end one can only
pray
There's no holding back time to rush
the line
Weapons clash it's head to head
Just whats left in store.
dashing toward the other side
no option but to win.
I don't know what's left
Pushing forward can't look back.
Let the battle roar around me
I won't turn my back
Heading toward the final push
hoping that they break.
Watching as they waver
Not much longer now.
Count another victory
don't let it get inside your mind
Lest the pride bring your downfall.

Vishal Sharma

Transcend

Pass the pasture
of four legged wool
beyond the knoll
and to the hill
here is where I sat
as still as a frighten fawn
the fragrance of sweet grass
and black berries
filled the air
remembering my
grand fathers words
"hard times will come"
"experience you will gain"
my nostrils widen
taking in the fragrance
I shall not burden myself
with these boulders
instead my eye and mind
will transcend pass
this physical beauty

Vishal Sharma

Trapped in Darkness, behind my mask

Trapped in Darkness, behind my mask.
My mind's been battered and torn.
Enchanting feelings, of joy and elation
Were plentiful. Now I'm forlorn.

Crying and empty, yet full of emotion.
My tissues are drenched with your lies.
Outstanding scarring from pains that
you caused me.
Horroric memories fleet by my eyes.

You promised your love and allegiance
ne'erending.
And smiled for the whole world to see.
Now the freedom I've gained from
leaving your evil
Still haunts, hurts and lingers with me.

Lonely and Maskless, and overly
callous,
A broken steel shell of a man.
Don't know who I am now, or why you
broke me.
These feelings I can't bare to stand.

Vishal Sharma

Truth

God divided love among us
to test the quality of the human being
and, that love has become poison of
our soul
that we are killing one another

Vishal Sharma

Two times(Quote)

Never succeed two times a day...! !

Lots of hard works may be
leaking

Thus.....! ! !

Vishal Sharma

Ugly Pain and Early Kit Kat

Golden balls of bleeding blue red eyes ever
Deep down the heart and rather full of throns
The way my life has vanished away from me
Rather a difficult play to continue on the life way...

Just go away even away from my monster dreams
that make my sleep horror and begins my heart low
Just be broken away from my part my heart
Break the fuzzy tears and worth dying let me go.....

O nasty gal...! ! I am dying my mobile is switched off
My lines are dead, my mind is blank, my heart dry
Finding the great pleasure beneath the lovely gaze
Now, Ugly pain and early kit kat make a worthless pair....! !

Vishal Sharma

Ugly Thorn

Pens running,
Might heart stopped
and might the person
inside died off...

You have reached
the level of cruelty
that I could not afford
and being the slave of eyes
you have just done good to me

YOU LEFT ME
your majesty!
and, life is now peaceful
the ugly thorn has been kicked off

Don't ever shout
GO,
your ugly face does not hamper me now,
Now, I find myself a happy man

Vishal Sharma

Ugly Waters

Bad mouth being a silent killer
Upon the naval monster of the dead fly
 Just a kill to rampage the silent naked seas
To make a man look ugly inside the debt of his lust.....

To nowhere a silent sea take me to that temple of waters
And a guy with a dirty smell going all the over
My naked eyes witnessed all the monster handled creeps
To my ugly waters, I say, a lustful of vengence.....! ! !

Vishal Sharma

Undergraduate

Experiences are playing hide and seek with my emotions
though i am a rather weak gust of winds
and feelings generated though might not be great
as being so much qualified, i am now an undergraduate...

Vishal Sharma

Undertaker

After death
we get another life
another responsibility
to scare people

dead man is coming
from his coffin
let him sleep for forever
never ever try to wake
the phenom
the undertaker

home in death valley
resides in terror
beyond ever reach
just try to escape down
his mighty influence

Vishal Sharma

Van der wall's

A love like no other being trapped in human clothes
whose memories are soon going away from me
and the heart attachment that we had at the moment
going to be broken, were they attached by van der wall's force?

Vishal Sharma

Vegabound

never ceased down under my fate
into which whatever is happening
world has no connection with me
i am just a soul seeking around me
searching my own soul
but i am a little bit confused
do my soul belong to me
have i it possession

evils i have done till now
time has come to pay for them
i am ready my mighty god
announce me your judgement

evils led me to the path of misery
i was turned then to poetry
which has shown me the right path
from here i am going to where?
here i feel safe
i find my soul here

Vishal Sharma

Vengeance_Death series 1.0

Just made a serious colour of my maiden murder,
Those red eyes and cold blooded hands upon,
The still of the night, the cruelty of my meekness,
How powerful it would have been to be God bless....! ! !

Vishal Sharma

Vengeance_Death Series 2.0

Though I made an awful bad deed to my human clothes,
Have I ever been released from those ugly taunting,
My mind makes irregular graphs to plot the conspiracy,
Just put down your hands down to convert the jury....! ! !

Vishal Sharma

Verse

Verses are my life
they are my passion
they have my soul
not in fraction
but in whole

i kept writing
tiii the doom's day
when god will do judgement
of all the human beings

i want to say something
but not having a word
i want to make poems
mightier than the sword

world
forget me
i am going
not in hell
but in well
to write poems
my talent
my hard poems
will you ever forget?

Vishal Sharma

Vessel and a Voice

Born without a choice, I'm just a vessel
and a voice, plunged into a hole with
all these chocolate covered souls.
Zombies in a void, living dead out to
destroy, and we're all playing roles,
whether a hero or a troll. The ego's
like a toy, so fragile when employed,
and all the damage takes its toll,
you're just fractions of a whole. Trying
to pick up all the pieces, and smooth
out all the creases, looking to be
enlightened when you're in the dark
and frightened, and all the demons in
disguise give you offerings of lies, on
the surface it looks nice, but it always
has its price. Want an easy way out,
not a chance, might look fulfilling at a
glance, want enlightenment, you're
better off sticking a light bulb up your
ass. Every day thinking this moment
will pass, you want answers but you
never get them when you ask. Take
off the mask you need a breather for
your spirit, but you don't know truth
when you hear it.

Vishal Sharma

Vintage pain

Just a road of ugly demise and all over...!

Sighs!!!! , , , , , , , , , ,

You never knew the pain I felt there

Just a lovely path to follow the boredom....!!!

Yeah, I am depressed....!!!!

Vishal Sharma

Vulture

i come across everyday
someone whom i want to say
just ask about my fortune
the song of the best tune

some answers- god knows
other just blows
but i keep silent
for judging my talent.

may be i a story for you
not for my heart blue
i may not be fit in this culture
and you may call the vulture...

Vishal Sharma

Walk Around Frame Lake

Waves of snow on a frozen lake
Makes me do a double take.

The spruce's shadow far below
Glow blue against the sunlit snow.

In a breeze beside the lake
Birch bark flaps squeak clack and
scrape.

In leeward shadow of a bay
The scene is dipped in blue array.

Now the sun is sinking low
Through the trees its eye does glow.

Dry snow crunches beneath my feet
As I walk to a steady beat.

The sun, low in its orb, does turn
A distant building's windows burn.

Vishal Sharma

Wanted unknown

Though wanted
thus unknown
the world is
of my talent
be silent

world is searching
peace
i have found
within me
by me
to me
do you see
but
when i cry
give up try
no...never

this world is rude
yes dude
i am thus wanted
but unknown
to you all.

Vishal Sharma

War and water

We rule the world
with our strong arms
with glittering eyrs
with brave smile
but have we ever think?
what about the children
living on sands and streets
begging for their lives
we create war
they create thirst

Vishal Sharma

Waterfall

i love waters
of sand
of land
of mangroves
of my nation.

i have penny
to satisfy thrist
but
who demands you this
a shopkeeper.

have you ever thought?
why waterfall do not demad?

Vishal Sharma

We The Humans

God lives in clouds
up above the world so high
they rest there with their mighty limbs
calculating the sins done by the down human beings
we the humans
we are social activists
we are great personalities
we are achieved sportperson
we have a great strength
to murder
to rape
to kidnap

we create horror
we are best known
for these
among the god.

Vishal Sharma

What Am I To You?

What am I to you great city?
What new concoctions
In your boiling bloodstream
Take me to new highlights
In a night that lasts forever
And is so full of dark wonders
When I'm down and out of breath?
What am I to you when life's
Celebration's a dead end
in your secret alleys?
In your steaming arteries
What kind of force has come to be
The shelter of your hungry children?
You simply want me to give in to you.
You don't have an option
For me to resist
Your treacherous wisdom
And your beckoning grins.
But I win, O I win,
By a head's length I win,
When it comes to the question
I will make the right choice.
So free from your gentle
Tight grip and smoking love,
What am I to you
But a handful of memories?
That's the only thing
You can get from me,
The part of me you can touch
And relish in your lonely nights.
You taught me something I won't
forget;
I wasn't made for this city life.
So goodbye; it was useful to know you,
Now let the distance come
And drown us in sweet separation;
A journey has ended. Another begins.

Vishal Sharma

Where are you, my beauty

'No, I don't think I will kiss you, although you need kissing, badly. That's what's wrong with you. You should be kissed and often, and by someone who knows how.' – Gone with the Wind

Today, I hanker for your skirt
Tomorrow, the whole wardrobe would be mine

Today, I am searching a single flower,
Tomorrow, the whole garden would be mine,

Your lovely smiles that cut my heart into pieces
tell them to come to me and whatever early

Rays, your eyes make, seeing my frequency,
The heart begins ultraviolet rays of love.

Expelling out the whole acid of the anger,
let us dilute them with those sexy kisses

LOVE YOU, my passion, a duty for you my beauty!
you are sent here to be my part of the body, STILL SEARCHING...

Vishal Sharma

Where is my leaf?

Searching for the whole day long
my songs to whom belong
is absent from my working field
have you hid yourself behind the shield?

let us come on the scene
and make me happy my queen
why are you making me craving
you know i do not like quivering

you are not here
my world is just a bare
patch of the unfertilized land
have you gone to New Zealand?

Vishal Sharma

Why I Write?

I write to bleed words
Mightier than the mighty swords
Those passion filled papers carved out
Nothing gonna change them though
you shout.
My passion measures my mental
sickness
Little I know myself being God blessed
My veins run thus make my pen goes
flowing
Words after words are thus coming and
going.
No matter my breath stops and I deny
living
But, my pieces of masterpiece will be
with human beings
My nature and past gesture is looking
over me
When I make words saltier than the
sea.
I crave for a piece of written ink by my
hand
and my name will be forever, though
on sand
My nerve is shouting and yelling your
name,
Just far far away, from the worldly
name and fame.

Vishal Sharma

Widow behind the window

Wars are destructive
takes away ones life
wars are curse
they are meant to be killed
the amount of people
hate them
wars produce orphans
they produce widows
who are helpless
sometimes senseless
breathless

avoid war
they break
the most common
law of human beings
the humanity

wars from past
led us think
whether a time will come
when we are last
that last blast
do we ever come to know?

Vishal Sharma

Winter is the Season

Winter is the Season, when she started
teasin', she got me goin swoon and i
dont really have a reason.
She got me on my heels, turning all my
wheels, got me spinnin, out of control,
and i like the way it feels.
Never Thought id ever have this, cuz
she wasnt average, not normal,
something different, hope she can
handle all my baggage.
But when the time is right, and this
love can take flight, watch us soar
above the city when we flyin out of
sight.

Cuz our journeys just begun, we're
having so much fun, please turn down
the thermostat becuz we hotter than
the sun
This all feels like a dream, cuz we
make the perfect team, not the
ordinary match becuz this shit aint
what it seems
And all thats in the past, we'll forget
about it fast, cuz im focused on our
future girl im tryin to make this last
Now just gimmie one shot, one chance
for tonight, cuz this moment is forever
im tryin to do you right
This may come as a surprise, but your
smile caught my eyes, it can light up
the whole world like i am watching the
sunrise.
And i could see it in my vision, and i
made my decision,
Girl i want you by my side and this aint
a superstition.
Cuz when faith is on my side, and
All we gotta do is glide, away from
reality into the fantasy take the ride
Never seem to blow my mind, this
feeling one of a kind, cuz this is
something that i thought id never ever
find.

Vishal Sharma

Wishes

Sitting beside a river
i thought
might i be the bank
of the river
in this strange world
might there anyone
whom i care
then i dreamt you
your face
when we are together
beyond any problems
i was yours and
you were mine.

now, i am alone
in this world
what about you
come in my life
i need you
why this betrayal
i loved you
you certainly not
now i cannot survive without
you. Give me a chance
please....

suddenly, someone patted
on my back
oh! Its you
come back to me
just then the coming boat
disdreamt me
i looked back in my dream
might it happen
i wish you return

Vishal Sharma

Wizard of a filthy suit

Come back,
Spilt into three halves
Stop....!!!

Go to the union bus
Just drive madly
Compete....!!

Enjoy the late dinner
Make a tea for them
Grab their neck...!!!

Wait for the run
and then trigger
Run....!!!

You are an awesome class
Just hamper you Wizard
Of OZ...!!!

Are you still alive...!!!

Vishal Sharma

World is square

Bring before me that person
who says world is a sphere
have one returns from nowhere?
do you judge that man's dilemma?

world is a square
all sides there are equal
pain and misery
poverty and hunger
jealousy and anger.

one who departs
never comes back
in your life they lack
lost in its corners
want to search for him
with a list
but alas!
they are
lost in the mist.

Vishal Sharma

Worthless-The pain of love

A mighty leap cant get you out away from your destiny,
as I realised a hearty big deal onto you,
you, by the power of my words, I snatched, away
from the dwelling place of most of the people's heart,
I changed you not completely, only a figment, but CHANGE
Now, you are killing me, with your lovely sharp uncut words,
you wanted to be mine, thinking again and remembering, it pains,
now, you say, you love me, it pains and that a big busty one,
I am unable to whitewash my heart again and give another try,
you lost me, the almighty's favourite deed, and I am of no one now,
Just cut it, forget me, and my mighty words give aside you as poems,
you do not WORTH it, you do not WORTH my heart
I being the God bless, you are the bloody WORTHLESS

Vishal Sharma

You and I Could Be Together

You and I could be together
In a world of endless pleasure
Where I'd love you beyond measure
And our love would be a limitless
treasure.

Nothing we don't want around
Would be able to enter our grounds
Of the estate that always surrounds
Us, wherever we are found.

We invite whatever we like
By our attention to its sight
So we bestow both day and night
Our flow of thought to what delights.

To each his own in this scheme of
things
In harmony our bells can ring.
If in discord, we happen to sing,
We know each invites what the other
brings.

We have a chance to see it all
Before we decide what we will call
Through the gate that's in the wall
Around the grounds of our Lordly Hall.

So we choose to love each other
Loving self and life, each one discovers
Who they want to be their lover.
I would put no one above her.

Vishal Sharma

You are my dark chocolate

Packed in the wrapper
you do appear,
with some melted face
with my long gaze
and so tasty to eat
so nasty to heat
and clumsy enough
to look at you
and sticking to my lips
between them you slips
and lost in my mouth
and again feel me thirst
that you are again gone
and i muddling my head
though about your shape
and about your witty nose
and my last given rose
that you are my fairy
and the rumours about
you i hate,
as you are my dark chocolate.

Vishal Sharma

You Are Responsible For My Thousand Sighs

Dusty path on the river of dark sided hate
and the crying painful hot tears are asking for its fate
that, someone has ever asked about the wonder you do
that, one glimpse takes a lot of cosmic energy and after much ado

You are a magician, who knows doing wonder with lovely hand
the cute angel, who is known to cultivate flowers into sand.
Those angelish smile, that I love to see in my lonely days
Please, be forever in my fate to put my cries at the bay.

These lovely graceful eyes that my heart sings a song
those kissable feet, my heart says to me belong.
And sour summer leaves, that yield salty waters in my eyes
Baby! You are responsible for my thousand sighs.

Vishal Sharma

You are the reason

Do you know why roses are red
and in autumn leaves of trees are shed

do you know why it rains
and when you are away, it pains

do you know what makes me smile
seeing whose face i can walk for miles

do you know from where these winds come on earth
know i love you from the day i took my birth

do you know why passion is so high
and know the person i can't withstand whose goodbye

do you know why stars are so charming
and our talk ignites fire so heart warming

do you know why i am feeling low
cuz i can't see your face as it blows

you know i know everything that you think
i know you say to me 'i love you too' everytime you blink

Vishal Sharma

You killed my eyes ft. Survi

I have a deep impact after gazing heavem in your eyes
Almighty might take you with Himself after he made you
Just a rose fragnance and a body enough to kill me
Baby! You killed my eyes though you look innocent....! ! !

Vishal Sharma

Young Love

I'm so eager to reach the open skies!
It's a higher feeling, for love is real!
Vast and beautiful sunshine come
over me
I'm in need of sweet warmth
I shall bask in a moment of eternity
As we journey along
I want to hear heaven's endless song
Without a care in the world
Our spirits are free like a river running
wild
Young hearts never sleep
We share a bond worthy of our keep
Against the wind we rage with such
passion
We fear no destination!
For the farther we go, God only knows
My poetry never leaves me
It brings forth the brightest star
It is young love in motion
It is my innermost possession.

Vishal Sharma

Your Lips-Made In Heaven

My angel...!!!
Sweet looking eyes
Filled with a thousand sighs...!!!
Are you that beautiful angel...???
Who comes to my dream daily..!!!
Nice pair of juicy lips..!!!
With a lovely heavenly grace upon
them
God's marvel and our eighth wonder..!!!
Fairy..!! You have made my day a worth
living
Thats now my fist sized beast is
singing..!!!
Your lips make my heart sink
Soft and juicy, same that angels
possess...!!!
Yeah you are one of them in human
cloth...!!
Doing wonders have always been in
your hobby..!!
Lips...!!! Round and sweet and chubby..!!!
Darling..!!!
You possess my day, my nights are
yours
You have made me insane, my heart
pours
Lovable pair of lips, that you possess,
No other human being have that
access..!!
Now, I see the world that lovely
Just you and me....!!
For eternity..!!!
[Color=Blue]Dedicated to one and only
my sweetheart, my darling whom I Love
so much..!!!

Vishal Sharma

Your Love: A Poem For My Mom

Your love is like an angel,
Encasing our family in your wings,
And often we are tangled,
In the silly mess of things...

But we're in it together!

Your love is like an angel,
Protecting us in your embrace.
So go ahead and fly!
Above the whole human race

But let's fly together!

Your love is like an angel,
And I love you as much (if not more.)
And although it might be dangerous,
I love you to the core.

But let's fight this battle together!

Vishal Sharma

Zambia

Heat of cold sun
give you burn
middle in the forest
no place for rest
be the best
among the worst
poverty rules
kings less
but a peaceful place
to visit to.
i have once
do you?

Vishal Sharma

□□□ □□ □□□□ □□□!

□□ □□□□ □□□□□□ □□ □□□□□□ □□,
□□□ □□ □□□□ □□□□□ □□ □□□ bootie □□□□,
□□□□□ □□□□ □□□□ □□ □□□□ □□-□□ □□□□ □□ □□□ □□□□□
□□□,
□□ □□ □□ nudie □□ □□□ □□□ □□□□ □□□ □□□
□□, □□ □□□□□ □□□□ □□□ □□,
□□ vampette □□ □□ □□□ □□□□ □□
□□,
□□□□□ □□□□ □□□□□□ □□□ □□□□ □□□□□ □□□,
□□ □□ □□□□ □□□□□ □□□□□ flashin □□□ □□□□ ' '
□□ □□ □□□ □□ □□□□□□ □□ □□□ □□,
□□□□ □□ □□ □□□□ □□□□□ □□□□ □□ □□□□ □□ □□□ □□□□
□□□□□
□□□□□,
□□□□□□□ □□ □□□ □□□□□ □□ □□□□□□□,
□□□□ □□□□□ □□□□□□□□□□ □□ □□□ □□□□ □□ □□□□□□□□□□
□□□□□□ □□ □□□ □□□□□ □□□ □□□□□ □□□□□ □□□□ □□,
□□□ □□□□ □□□ □□ □□□□ □□□□□□,
□□ □□□□ □□, □□□□ □□ □□□ □□ □□ □□□□□ □□ □□□□□...
□□□□□ □□□ □□□□ □□□□□□ □□ □□□ □□□□ □□□□□ □□
□□□□□□□□□□□

Vishal Sharma