

Poetry Series

KAUSHAL SABOO
- poems -

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KAUSHAL SABOO(24-09-1997)

Today I will tell you something about me, which is not known by many.

Kaushal Saboo,

Paida hone ki baat karu toh mera birth hi ek mazak tha. My mom was in hospital and my family was expecting me, any day. So my mom Played a gimmick calling everyone, ki mai hogaya.. Yeah, It was fun..but jab mai sacchi mai hoya toh saathme sirf, mai, maa, nani aur nurse thi..

Ghar me sabse chota tha, that's why most lovable too..

Padhai me accha tha toh school me bhi wat tha. Life was going as smooth as sea. I was a nerd, with no passion or hobbies. I would have died being a nerd if not, I changed my school.

New School, New Friends.. Poora naya mahol tha. Cope krna hard tha.. But time make it possible. Us school me jake pata chala friendship kya hoti hai.

CRICKET(Love of my life) k through hum kch jano ka ek group bana.. We even named it, " BIG BANG ROCKERS" .

We used to play, hang, party. If there are 24 hours a day, I'm with them with more than 12 hours. Once, our school organised an annual function. I still don't know why, How.. but I write shayris for it.. That was the start of my Poetry. Teachers liked it, I got to recite them in the function, My Headmaster gave me diary to write more poems, and It was like I found my PASSION..

Honestly speaking, If i read my poems written by me then, now, They are disgusting..no meaning, no feeling, just rhyme..
Changed school again.

New Friends. Pehle wale school me sirf 3 ladkiya thi, usme se bhi ek ladke jaise dikhti thi..xD

Yaha toh bahut bhid hai..

NEW FRIENDSHIP BAND HIDES OLD ONES.. Our group was like falling.. Crushes, Senseless heart-breaks(for the one who were never yours)

I was like chalta firta Bollywood.. Bina faltu ki feelings jaga li.. Poetry toh sudhar gayi..Mai bhatak gaya..

I cleared my 10th with flying colours.

The next 2 years were turning point of my life. They changed me, my surrounding, Everything..

Anyone who's reading it..I don't want to describe this phase, just want you to know..

THIS WAS THE TIME, I LOST MY EVERYTHING!

Can't stand on high Expectation- I lose my confidence, My attitude, and my parents' trust..

Shitty Feelings and emotions(Adultery Period) - I lost my friends! Big Bang rockers was only on books which we used to maintain our cricket statistic.

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Yeah, Life moved on.. But now what i got is only myself.. I created my ego as my identity. I hate love.. If everything can be lost in fraction of seconds, then why spend so much time weaving such relations..

Log abhi mjhe kharab samajte hai..

Accha hai.. They don't know me..The day when people started judging me without listening to any explanation was the day i stopped giving Explanation..

My parents think that I'm a fucking loser..

Yeah, its true.. Loser but Fighter.. I am not now one of those nerds, studying because they have to. I do it for reason.. no one beleive me..But i do.. I trust myself.. Ki Ek din toh aisa kuch kar hi jaunga ki duniya wapis taarif karke sar pe bitha lengi..and mai unko middle finger dikha k aage badhunga..

Thank you for Reading!

A Friend

Your friendship means the world to me;
Youve opened my eyes so I can see.

You have always had a shoulder to cry on,
and a hand to wipe the tears;
You have always been there
to listen throughout the years.

Words can not express
the love I feel for you,
you always cheer me up
whenever I am blue.

If not for you
I shudder to think where i'd have been,
now all I can do is
thank you for being my very best friend!

KAUSHAL SABOO

A Letter From Mom And Dad..

My child,
When i get old, I hope you understand and have patience with me.
I hope, I can get a mug of love from your sea.
In case, I broke a plate or spill soup as I'm loosing my eyesight.
I hope you don't yell at me and instead say 'Its alright'
When my hearing get worse and i can't hear what you say.
I hope you don't call me deaf, please repeat and don't just go your way..

I'M SORRY, My child, I m getting older.
And this thing cannot get solder.
When my knees get weaker, I hope you have patience to help me to get.
Like i used to when you were child with love and not by hate.
And if you have spare time, i hope we can talk to,
I know you are busy, but please have time for my jokes to mock to.

When you were little, I did this all to you.
Now its your time, Please bear me, as my days are few.
When the time of my death come, giving me strength to face death, i hope you
hold my hand,
And not talking with me about distribution of property or land.

And don't worry, When I'll meet God, I'll tell him to bless you.
Because you loved your parents and care them with due...
Thank you, We STILL LOVE YOU! ! ! ! !

-With much love and blessings,
Your Mom and Dad.

KAUSHAL SABOO

A Love Story! !

Combining your names gives 'PEACEFUL NIGHT',
which is perfect combination showing both of your future bright,
All it starts because of school change,
Synonym of limitless is both of your love's range.
It was destined both of you to meet,
Both of you to each other perfectly fit.

Who say internet spoils life,
It also let a boy find his wife.
Facebook, g-talk, mail and whatsapp,
Talks were increased even forgetting their nap,
Both get know they are best together,
It was like a perfect buffer,

Understanding, then trust, and finally got to love,
Pure it was as a white dove.
Fate plays skit, Both getting all common moments,
Now question was to emotions, how to lament.
Finally on 15 jan 2013, in a fearful voice, low,
Boy shared everything with girl, and cupid left his bow.
All was secret, not to reveal,
As they will, uncomfortable feel,

Both were together like bones for muscle, body for soul,
Heart beats, blinking of eyes, even same was their poll..
Best period was from accepting each other from bestie to couple,
Time has in between played a lot buffle.
But all going straight doesn't have sense,
Sometimes situation even goes tense,
Their trust was challenged and fights were increased,
But all were short term soon they used to make peace...
Friends, Parents, Studies tried to come between them..
But the love was untouched and same.

Time had make them far, by distance, a lot times,
But the far they go, the near they come and now everything is fine..

Accompanying each others hand, today completing a year,
Was with each other in every smile and tear.

I guarantee, their love will last more further,
REALLY, BOTH OF MY BESTIES PROVED, TODAY THAT THEY ARE MADE FR EACH
OTHER! ! ! !

KAUSHAL SABOO

As You Travel On Life's Way

Happy Birthday, gentle friend
have a blessed day
May your heart be filled with wonders
as you travel on life's way
I pray your day is filled with love
and joy of every kind
May the world rise to greet you
I hope these things you find
Joy, peace and happiness
contentment in your heart
May u find all these spirit fruits
the ones that you impart

KAUSHAL SABOO

Being Zero! !

May by any FAILURE, I get Divide,
I'll not be one to pray God, to me, If he can hide,
Though by any SUCCESS, I get multiply,
I may have wings, but will not prefer to fly.

Yes, I'm a ZERO, who is never seen in limelight,
But Because of that, You cannot question my might.

'I have no value', They mockingly say me,
But with someone supporting me, I can transform from drop to sea.
There are three types of people in this world- Positive, Negative, And Me.
Though I'm not so exemplary, But in my life, I'm balanced and from
expectations, I'm Free.

I enjoy the slice, I have, rather than crying for the complete piece.
That's why, They call me WHOLE number, Satisfied and hence, Always in bliss.

May, Everyone blame me and no one to pat,
But, I AM A ZERO, And I'm Proud to say that! !

KAUSHAL SABOO

Cancer Really Sucks Human

Death That Comes In Many Ways
Doctors That Try To Kill It With Their Rays
Sometimes It Creeps Up Fast
Sometimes It Doesn't Really Last
Sometimes It Comes Up Slow
No Matter How It Comes, It Always Seems To Grow

This Little Thing Causes So Much Pain
It Takes You Away, Once You Think You've Started To Gain
It Makes You Hurt, Cry, And Skinny
To Think That There Are So Many

Lungs, Mouth, Heart, And Brain
They All Make You Feel The Same
As If You've Been Ran Over By A Truck
Overall I Can Say, Cancers Truly Does Suck

KAUSHAL SABOO

Cancer-A Devil

It's a terrible disease;
That affects millions of lives.
It affects sons and daughters;
And husbands and wives.
People take the news; Different kinds of ways.
It makes some people cry; And puts some in a daze.
Some people pray; And fall down to their knees.
But you've got to be strong; To beat this disease.
This fight can be won; Believe it or not.
You just have to put your faith in God;
And pray a whole lot. So keep your head high;
You'll soon know the answer. And you too;
Will be a survivor of cancer.

KAUSHAL SABOO

Cane Replacing Teacher's Love? ?

Scolding for every small thing, without giving a chance to repair it,
From being late, to assignment submission, you have to face their scorching
heat,
From homework to rules, everything is imposed on us,
I cannot get, if being a student, is a boon or a curse.

I condemn the saying, 'SPARE THE ROD, SPOIL THE CHILD',
Atleast try once, to teach them with love, you'll see Success make more sound
when it's mild.
A bud never blossoms under continuous Heat,
It also needs GENTLE Water & Warmth of soil, for being a tree, Green and Fit.

A bird has to be thrown to make it fly,
But if it's wings are not so able to cope the height, then what, BYE-BYE? ?
There are students Who on their Victory, thank their Teachers before their
parents,
Besides Family, Teachers share a great part in student's life, Which I pray, Never
faint.

If God gives us life, you give us its aim,
To get a ' GOOD', From you is our trophy and to always be in your memory is our
fame,
This is a request, and not a complain,
Please recall You are God for us, and GOD NEVER SHOWS CANE! ! !

KAUSHAL SABOO

Childhood

To Tease our own Elder Sister, On Getting more Toys or food,
It Was our Childhood.

Being Most Notorious For all others, but for our Mothers, Being always Good,
It Was Our Childhood.

To Cry endlessly, On every Small Thing, Not Fearing Of being a Dude,
It Was Our Childhood.

To Do Anything, Without Competing with Others, Depending on our Mood,
It Was Our Childhood.

Not to talk to the person, Who scold us for being Stubborn And Rude,
It Was Our Childhood.

When Mom is Searching us, For Feeding us, To hide Behind Wood,
It Was our Childhood.

To make us do a Thing, By giving Bribe of our Favourite Food,
It Was our Childhood.

Fearing a Barber's Scissor, or A Doctor's Injection, We always used to Hold our
Father's Hand Tightly, as He, Beside you, Always Stood,
It Was our Childhood.

Childhood is Not a Period, it is A Feeling,
May How Old we are, but the Children in all of us, Is There only, In a Sealing,
Let Your innocence be Come out, And Love and Forgive All, As You Should,
Because,
IT IS OUR CHILD-HOOD! ! !

KAUSHAL SABOO

Death

When I Was Lying In My Bed
Looking At The Ceiling Ahead
I Wondered When Or Why
And If I'd Live Or Die
I Was Prodded And Poked
If Given Something To Eat I'd Choke
The Doctors Said There Was Some Hope
As Long As My Body Could Cope
I Was Hurting And So Were Others
The Hugs, The Candy, The Flowers
Could Not Take Away The Pain
I Wondered If I'd Ever Be Well Again
With The Love Of People That Shared
I Knew That They Were The Ones Who Cared
I Don't Know If This Is A Dream Or If It's True
So Just Tell Me What To Do
Or I'll Die Too Young To Know
And Healing Step By Step Is Very Slow

KAUSHAL SABOO

Death: Biggest Truth

"This hospital room is a prison cell!
Why can't I die in MY bed, take me home!
Sweetheart, don't cry. I didn't mean to yell,
But to sit here and wait? I'd rather roam! "

"Let me gaze at the dusk! Enjoy a steak!
Watch a football game or drive to the Falls!
Death is a moron, he made a mistake!
And for just one more day, I'd beg and crawl."

"Take care of yourself, Dear, don't live for work,
Life's too short, those 'golden years' are a lie,
Be kind to strangers, but ignore the jerks,
Take time to laugh, because the days will fly."

"Where did I put my pen? No. Don't bother,
My mind's a muddle, the puzzle's too hard,
This crossword book I'll tuck in my covers,
Forget that checkerboard, that deck of cards."

"I'm tired of this dumb game, " he then said,
Carefully, I asked, "What game is that, Dad? "
His look sent darts. "Don't toy with the near dead!
I've fought a good fight, gave all that I had."

I looked in his eyes, saw pride, love and fear,
"Dad, would you like to dance, right here and now?
I know in that gown, I might see your rear,
But keep it slow, and you don't need to bow."

"Chip off the block, " he extolled, then guffawed,
"Help me up, Buttercup. This I can do.
Yes, I'm weak, but I can still shake a paw,
Of course, you nilly, I will dance with you."

We moved together and he held me tight,
Slowly we shuffled, my father and me,
"Hey, " I whispered, "don't be scared of the night.
It's just a doorway to eternity."

He held me closer. "How'd you get so smart?
My daughter, my life, you do what you can,
I leave happy, for you have a good heart,
Just promise, you'll remember your old man."

KAUSHAL SABOO

Don'T Quit

When things go wrong as they sometimes will,
When the road you're trudging seems all uphill,
When funds are low and the debts are high,
And you want to smile, but you have to sigh.
When care is pressing you down a bit.
Rest, if you must, but don't you quit.
Life is queer with its twists and turns
As every one of us sometimes learns.
And many a failure turns about
When he might have won had he stuck it out:
Don't give up though the pace seems slow -
You may succeed with another blow.
Success is failure turned inside out -
The silver tint of the clouds of doubt.
And you never can tell how close you are.
It may be near when it seems so far:
So stick to the fight when you're hardest hit
It's when things seem worst that you must not quit.

KAUSHAL SABOO

Fathers

Our First Toy, Our First Happiness, Who Brings You That?
Who become horse for you, on whose abdomen, for ride, you sat.
Mothers may scold you for your failure, but on your Success, Who Pat You?
For whom, in their lives, You are like, On lotus, Pearl-Shaped Dew? ?

The Day When You ask for a thing, Who brought it for you?
For tickets of your favourite movie, Who stand in long queue?
Who is the one, who can spend anything, just for a smile on your face? ?
Who is the one, Who find Qualities even in your Mess? ?
Who is the one, Who cannot see you facing pain?
Who Always protect you from your Mother's-Cane?

Yes... Its FATHERS! !

If Moms are Angel sent By God, then dads Are God itself.
They only Teach that Relations are made by love, and not by blood running in valve...

KAUSHAL SABOO

Fly High Bird!

I am a bird,
made to fly in high skies,
I always flew away from my herd,
To find new ways and to be wise,

Dark clouds of development, one day came,
Change the whole world with their rain,
I now got bounded in chains,
Earth get block with building and lanes.

Now I am in cage of competition and wealth,
I have to work and study more, may it get affect my health,
No need is there of those who only flies,
Respect is given to those who made their own skies.

Those who do not get blocked by high winds,
Is blocked by a paper note,
To sail in this se, many heaps,
Of cries and lives, are cut to make a boat.

I don't know why I am doing these all,
Many times from my wings, I heard a call,
Break these all chains and fence, before you die,
Because you are a bird, made to fly high! ! !

KAUSHAL SABOO

Friends (Abc Poetry)

Raiding through streets,
Singing each other's feat,
Trolling each other,
United like Brother,
Friends, We are called!

KAUSHAL SABOO

Friendship

We May Laugh,
We May Cry,
But Our Friendship Will Never Die.

Our Friendship, Like God's Love Is True, Honest, And Everlasting Blessing,
To Be Rich In Friends Is To Be Poor In Nothing....

A True Friend Wants Nothing More,
Than The Pleasure Of Your Company.
A True Friend Will Be With You,
In Desert Or In Midst Of Sea..

Ships On The Ocean,
Ships On The Sea,
But The Best Ship,
Is The Balanced Friend-Ship Between You And Me.

KAUSHAL SABOO

God Vs Cricket

Oh god, you are a umpire
And your given life is a match,
I am a player, tired,
Everyone want to take my catch.

You are only responsible for my every four or six,
You are only responsible for audience remix.
By you only I am still playing at crease.
Though its time for me to freeze.

Even when my partner got out,
On my ability, i never doubt.
You only prevent me from every bounce or york,
Because of you now i am settle at crease like a cork.

You only taught me to play swing or spin,
The opponent players, to take my catch, are keen.
You also pleased me with wide and no-ball,
You only rises me on my every fall.

Thank you god for all these things,
Because of you, whenever i think about my century, i start to sing.
Now, o.k., bye, i have to go to watch IPL,
Where only entertainment dwell.....

KAUSHAL SABOO

Good Books

Good Books, Good Rhymes,
Good Stories, Good Times,
Good Beginings, Good Ends,
Good Tragic. Good Trends.

Good Fiction, Good Facts,
Good Adventures, Good Acts,
Good Characters, Good Thoughts,
Good Sense Of Humor, Good Soughts.

This Is Our Good Friends,
Which Have No Demand, No Complaints.
It Is Read By All Over-
From President To Cooks.

Really It Is Our
GOOD BOOKS.....

KAUSHAL SABOO

Happy Anniversary! !

Who said, for relationship, it required to be in touch.
A couple has proved it is not such,
Trust and understanding make this long-distant couple near,
That's why today they are celebrating their relationship's maiden year.

Long ago, it started like a calamity in heart,
Boy was just paralysed like sans horse a cart,
Both have feelings in heart, but for coming to lips, it took time.
They were singing without any fear of rhyme.
Their priorities were well defined, did justice to their role,
In their love studies does not play a foul.
At last the right time came,
For each other, both have feelings, same,
They may be two, but are counted one,
They are always with each other, in every mourn and fun.

Girl may have gone long distance from boy, but everytime he support,
Thats why their love is still errect and strong like a old fort.

No matter, They cannot talk to each other every day.
But they are incomplete with each other, as if she's the sea, then he's the bay.

I wish in future, you did not have any worry.
My friend, to both of you, A VERY HAPPY ANNIVERSARY! ! ! !

KAUSHAL SABOO

I M A Girl! ! ! !

Born With crying, But no Tears in Eyes.

Someone's Daughter, Someone's Sister, In My Mother's lap, I lies,

I thought myself to be most fortunate,

But i Dont Know, Being A Girl, turned all my Fate.

Innocent are my Eyes, Heart Melting Is my Smile,

We Win hearts by these, and not by any style.

To differentiate from all. God, has given us hearts,

We cannot eat the whole piece, and always share it in parts.

No one we can hate, we love to love.

Take even the symbol of peace, Female is also that dove.

By our beauty, Fire can extinguish and even can lit,

Lacking in you all boys, We have that practical wit,

You know only how to make relations, We know how to keep It,

Noone can ever forget us after the first meet,

Why all limits are defined for us, it feels caged,

Why all credit to you, though we work back-stage,

Let us evolve, we'll disprove that we cannot hold top-spots,

Not only for our, we are also responsible for your success's dots.

Just imagine, Without us, on earth, in few seconds, life will end.

WE are special, as sans reason, god, to anyone, did not send.

Love us, Respect us, Please end this MALE-PREJUDICE uncurl,

YES I'M A GIRL AND I M PROUD TO BE A GIRL ! ! ! ! !

KAUSHAL SABOO

I Want That India Back

The Golden Bird
with rich culture,
Widely heard
for its treasure,
Remembered for
Great kings & great saints,
who took birth
on that land,
That dignity,
That greatness,
Now, where is that?
"I want that India back";

Rulers and dynasties
came and went,
But no one
too long remained,
Found defeated
and turned away,
Against its unity
and "Satyagraha";,
That brotherhood,
That equality,
Can anyone return me that?
"I want that India back";

The relation
of teacher and student,
For which
famous was my land,
where youth
became inspiration,
And followed truth
away from corruption,
That zeal,
That spirit,
Youth can only return that,
"I want that India back";

I Was Sitting Lonely On A Bench

It was like, I felt into trench,
No shoulder was there, on which I can cry.
No mind was there, To which i could fry.
No lips were there, which on my jokes, can smile.
Only thing there was in my heart, isolation's pile.

They laugh at me, make jest of me.
I could not do anything but only see,
They tease me, their talks also to me, hurt.
But i was hearing, because dirt cannot wash dirt,
Because of them, even tears flow from my eyes.
But I only remember you, seeing the skies.

I don't care to what they say,
But, It was for me, a special day.
I, from now, will fill their heart's sea with happiness,
Upto brim, even not less.
Then i guarantee, you will see,
The lips that mock me, will only have the eyes that will cry for me! ! !

KAUSHAL SABOO

Idol Teacher

East or west
Teachers are is the best
They are our best guide,
They help us to decide,
They tells us the right way,
They are like a refreshing day
Our troubles afraid from them,
They stand infront of us whenever they came.
They are like book of wisdom, which give us knowledge
They make our thoughts free from our mind's cage.

They are like a burning candle,
Which give us light,
Avoid us from doing fight,
And show the right path,
To our future's kite.
All in all,
They are best of all...

KAUSHAL SABOO

If Life Is A Plant!

If Life Is A Plant
Then Who Plant Your Seed,
The God Is Your Farmer,
Who Look After You When You Were Kid.

If Life Is A Plant
Then What Holds You,
Your Parents Are Your Roots,
This Answer Is Known By Few,

If Life Is A Plant
Then By What You Beautify?
Your Friends Are Your Flowers,
Which Live With You All Time Whether You Love Or You Die.

If Life Is A Plant
Then By What Are You So Green,
Your Values Are Your Leaves,
Which Reflects Your Dream.

If Life Is A Plant
Then By What Is In You From Which People Fear,
Your Thorns Are Your Obstacles,
You Have To Cross All, My Dear

If Life Is A Plant
Then By Giving Fruits And Shade Please Others,
You Are Born By This Aim,
Keep Care Of Them Like You Are Their Mothers.....

KAUSHAL SABOO

In!

In lady or In men,
In mother's love Or In teacher's cane.
In hearts of men,
Or In shopkeeper's gain.
In Minister's speech,
Or In the abuse word 'bitch'.

In teasing of students,
Or In hunter's hunt.

In the foreign people.
Or In the light of knowledge which is dull,

In one who, for corruption-free india, do fast,
Or In corrupt ministers, Or in everyday's blast.

WHY HUMANITY IS NOT A ORNAMENT OF ALL PEOPLE,
IS IT INvisible? ? ? ? ?

KAUSHAL SABOO

India

A large, vast part of Asia,
It's India in our hearts not Russia.
A place where crops live,
And health and fitness to us they give.
Don't forget our nation,
To make it forward is our ambition.

Lal Bahadur, i,
No words more than thank you
To say, to make our country free.
Thanks to Lata Didi,
For blooming flowers by her music,
To give a sweet voice,
To our nation, that is fantastic.
Don't forget our nation,
To make it forward is our ambition.

Here is the soil where god has taken birth.
Make our country progressive, why to fill it with dirt?
This is country with traditions and culture,
Please give this country great future.
Please Don't forget our nation,
To make it forward is our ambition.

KAUSHAL SABOO

India Is Not Free

India Is A Country,
Which Is Not Free,
All People Are Not,
In Merry.

For Money,
People Kill People,
Why All Men,
Are In Troublr.

Why Women Burn,
If Drowery Is Not Given,
Why All People,
Not Go In Heaven.

Why There Is Discrimination,
Besides Man, Becomes Our Foe The Sun.
Why Father Has To Bent Infront Of Sun,
Why Honesty Is There Only Before Gun.

Oh God! Make Man Realise That His Country Is His Second Home,
If Not Then India Will Only Be Like A Foam.....

KAUSHAL SABOO

Life Is Like A Candle

Life Is Like A Candle,
Which Gives Others Light,
Which Has With Darkness,
A Huge Fight.

Life Is Like A Candle,
Which God Lits,
It Has To Face All,
From Moon's Light To Sun's Heat.

Life Is Like A Candle,
Which Frightened The Mare,
But Its Life Is Also Not So Simple,
It Has To Fight With Air,

Life Is Like A Candle,
Where Its Wax Will Get End,
But We Have To Learn From It,
That It May Die But It Never Get Bend.....

KAUSHAL SABOO

Life Is Like A Road! !

Life is like a road,
We are traveling with a load.
It may be smooth, may be rough,
Which show that our life is tough.

It has many holes in it,
You have to cross them may you get hit.
There are many obstacles in life, too,
But one who cross all are very few.

There are speed-breakers,
Which controls our speed,
Forgetting all our loved-ones
Don't take a high lead,

Turnings will also come in the road,
Don't lose hope and say "now we have to board",
Make your choice confidently,
Because we are not the one who, in half fight, flee.

There will be traffic, crowd and may also be queue,
But, you will find some loving one who will walk with you,
But crossing all traffic you will have to go.
Crossing all the traps set by your foe.

But till last you have to walk,
So that no one at you can mock,
Remember, Life is like a road,
We are traveling with a load.
And at last we can say "I have lived my road",

KAUSHAL SABOO

Life Is Like A Sentence.

Life is like a sentence,
which is not bounded with any fence.

It has many commas,
but that is not our end.
It has one ultimate fullstop,
i.e. Death which, only sadness, send.

It has exclamation for happiness,
which are sometimes more or sometimes in number less,
It also has question mark which represent confusion,
but its the role of life after shade comes the sun.

so friends, live your sentence like a whole essay,
live it like every second, not like every day....

KAUSHAL SABOO

Life: A Gift

Life Is A Giftto Be,
Used Everyday,
Not Can Be Prevent,
And Hidden Away.

It Isn't A Thing To Be,
Stored In Chest,
Where You Gather Your Small
Gifts And Treasure Your Best..

Get Out And Live It,
Each Hour Of Day,
Use It As Much,
As You May.

Don't Keep It In Corners,
And Grooves,
You Will Find That In Use,
And Also Its Beauty Improves...

KAUSHAL SABOO

Life: A Race

'Quit! Give Up! You Are Beaten'
They Shout At Me And Plead
'There's Just Too Much Against You Now'
This Time You Cant Succeed'

And As I Start To Hang My Head
In Front Of Failure's Face
My Downward Fall Is Broken By
The Memory Of That Skating Race!

And Hope Refills My Weekend Will,
As I Recall That Scene,
For Just The Thought Of That Short Race,
Re-Energied My Being

They All Line Up So Full Of Hope,
Each Thought To Win That Race,
Or Tie For First, Or If Not That
Atleast Take Second Place

And Fathers Watched From Off Side
Each Cheering For His Son,
And Each Boy Helped To Show His Dad,
That He Would Be The One

The Whistle Blew And Off They Went,
Young Hearts And Hope Afire.
To Win And Be The Hero There,
Was Each Boy's Desire.

And One Boy In Particular,
Whose Dad Was In Crowd,
Was Running Near The Lead And Thought
'My Dad Will Be So Proud! '

But As He Speeded Down The Field,
Across A Shallow Dip,
The Little Boy Who Thought To Win,
Lost His Step And Slipped.

So Down He Fell And With Him His Hope,
He Couldn't Win It Now,
Embrassed, Sad, He Only Wished,
To Disappear Some How.

But As He Fell His Dad Stood Up,
And Showed His Anxious Face,
Which To The Boy So Clearly Said,
'Get Up And Win The Race! '

He Quickly Rose No Damage Done,
Behind A Bit, That's All-
And Ran With All His Mind And Might,
To Make Up For His Fall.

So Anxious To Restore Himself,
To Catch Up And To Win,
His Mind Went Faster Than His Legs,
He Slipped And Fell Again.

He Wished Then He Had Quit Before,
With Only One Disgrace.
I'm Hopeless As A Runner Now,
I Shouldn't Try To Race.

But In The Laughing Crowd He Searched,
And Found His Father's Face,
That Steady Look, He Said Again,
'Get Up And Win The Race! '

Exerting Everything He Had,
He Gained Yards Eight To Ten,
But Trying So Hard To Catch The Lead,
He Slipped And Fell Again.

'Get Up.', An Echo Sounded Low.
'Get Up And Take Your Place'
You Were Not Meant For Failure Here.
'Get Up And Win The Race! '

They Cheered The Winning Runner,

As He Crossed Line First Place,
Head High And Proud And Happy
No Falling No Disgrace.

But When The Fallen Youngster,
Crossed The Line Last Place,
The Crowd Gave Him The Greater Cheer
For Finishing The Race.

And To His Dad He Sadly Say,
'I Did Not Do Too Well'
'To Me You Won', His Father Said
'You Rose Each Time You Fell'.

For All Of Life Is Like That Race,
With Ups And Downs And All,
And All Of You Have To Do To Win,
Is Rise Each Time, You Fall.

KAUSHAL SABOO

'Logy' Express

The King Of Jungles Is Famous For
Lions,
The Word "Logy" Is Famous For
Science.

Zoology Is The Study Of Animals,
Who Need Food For Survival.

Geology Is The Study Of Earth's Structure,
Which Need A Better Closure.

Biology Is The Study Of Living Organism,
Like Humans And Ferns.

Ecology Is Environment,
Which Needs Development.

Psychology Is The Study Of Mind,
Trouble Of Mind To Find.

Thus, It Proves,
The King Of Jungles Is Famous For
Lions,
The Word "Logy" Is Famous For
Science.

KAUSHAL SABOO

Love Is A Job! ! ! !

Some say love is immortality,
Some say love is beauty,
Some say love is poison,
Some say love is fun..
But nowadays, to love someone is like getting a job,
It requires certain qualification to prove you better in mob.

Yes, Love see money in your pocket,
Are you wearing a gold chain or cheap locket,
It is the most important requirement to fall in love,
Nowadays, A diamond ring gives yes, and no to dove.

Love see your face,
Dump your qualities as they are not the base..
Their topic of beauty will be your bboasting,
So to get only handsome guys, is their duty..

Love see your status in society,
Are you timid or mighty?
It requires you to be master and not slave,
They accept your popularity, not the heart you gave..

Love sees your possession,
If you have your own bungalow then it is done,
It requires four wheels to go till last,
It only sees, in society how long is your green mast.

Love see your personality not your care,
To enter in their heart, a good body is like a fare.
It see your muscle not your heart,
Bt they had forgot it is of same body parts..

If you want job in love's profession,
These are your qualification,
If you have these, you are done.
Or they will break your heart without use of gun...

Love is care, Love is feeling,
Love is joy, Love is what makes you sing..

See his heart not what he earn.

Love is decided by emotions, not built by money in ton! !

KAUSHAL SABOO

Love Is An Ocean! !

Love is a ocean,
It see much nights and suns.
Somewhere it becomes someone's life,
Somewhere it becomes someone's wife.

First love is a new way in life's road,
It is our new happiness' node.
Other than friends and family, it brings someone new in our life,
With new responsibilities, new happiness, new start, which completes our hive.

It brings in our life new essence,
It remove all tension's fence.
New limitations are made,
New limitations are laid.

But what if we are hurt by our love,
Instead of olive, we will see a nuclear bomb even in hands of dove.
Though its not possible, but then also our heart will break into pieces!
She make me her brother, instead of I making her my MRS.

But if it happens to me, do you know what will I do?
I will say to myself, in this world, there are not beautiful spinsters few.
Once again new happiness, responsibilities, and new love,
Once again new joy, new essence, and this time with olive branches, a new dove!
!!

I know its practically hard to do this,
It is hard to love again, like going to school without paying fees.
But, friends, life has several commas, which we treat as full stops.
It is not our end, it is our beginning to hop...

KAUSHAL SABOO

Maths Of Life

Add Aim In Your Life
Subtract Obstacles That Rise,
Multiply Your Success,
Divide Out Your Stress.

Square Your Happiness,
Cancel Your Weakness,
Given Is Your Life And Ability,
Prove Yourself To Be Witty

Solve The Above Sum,
And Thereafter You Have Learn ,
Without The Threat Of Marks-Knife
THE MATHS OF LIFE.....

KAUSHAL SABOO

Missing School Days! ! ! !

Period-wise, we used to arrange the bag,
Every book was covered and have a name tag,
Waking up early in morning, get ready to go,
May homework not done, but never were low.
In assembly, that anthem, and prayer.
That going in queue like a disciplined mare,
Noise in class was like our birth right,
everything we do, was a height.
punishment from teacher was just a gift,
for communication through ends of classroom, require no rift,

Being OUT-Standing of class, more than being in,
Melodious, it seems for us, our noisy din.
No child was let to study in class,
No tension on face of future or marks.
That recess times cannot come back again,
for us adjectives were naughty and insane,
That making new class love-stories, and mocking everyone,
Our only mission was from every day, may not learn anything but extract
maximum fun.
Will never forget that playing in games period,
no tears were allowed, our rules were only laid.

Bell ringing aloud, Teacher has gone,
Student at back benches taking corn.
Oh! ! I was sleeping and dreaming, I was in college,
Where classrooms are full of dirty gauge.

O God! Why i got elder so soon? ?
Missing my School days a lot, Which was for me, really a boon! ! !

KAUSHAL SABOO

My Best Friend

I have a best friend,
But I have many complaints of it,
But these would not put, on our friendship, a end,
Because, by him, my unlit light got lit.

In our friendship I only speak,
He never console me, even I am sick,
He never tell me what is right or wrong,
But he only speak that I will live with you long,

He never in my work spot a mistake,
Nor did he advice me,
Also not tell me what to leave and what to take,
But for me, he is every door's key.

You may be thinking that this could not be a friendship,
You will advise me to leave him and take a leap,
But he has one quality that he swallows all my smile and weep,
And a promise of never leaving me alone, he keeps,

I don't want anything to do with your look,
But it is true, that you are my best friend- MY BOOK! ! !

KAUSHAL SABOO

My Dream Girl - (1)

Not much are my Wishes,
I know I'm not in any Hotel, Ordering Dishes.
If I will Ever Be Asked by God, How your Companion should be?
I'll Tell him, I too have a Dream, in which, to her, I'm Used to See.

The one Whose hand I'll Hold,
Need not to be Beautiful Or Bold,
Just she should have innocence, Which will win every heart,
And her Eyes and Smile be like a Dart.

When she enters, A Smile on my face, Automatically Welcomes her,
Her smile Be a Festival to me, And tears, To my heart, Be like a Thunder.
Always should be full of life, and never let her any part of life to be faint,
Comes taking happiness with her, And left all With many Moments.

Confident, Emotional, And Friendly, But not to be OVER IN ANY OF IT,
And in every aspect of life, We should make each other complete.
And God, Most importantly, She Should LOVE me, TRUST me, and UNDERSTAND me.
Lacking which Fights happen, And I'm not at all Good in Quarrel, AS You can see.

I request you, One who will be like a FRIEND, COMPANION, AND A GUIDE to me,
Be a only with whom, I will tie a Knot,
I Promise you God, I WILL LOVE HER A LOT! !

KAUSHAL SABOO

My Dream Girl - (2)

Everyone has a dream, of how their partner should be,
But Lock to the treasure, is opened by only one, Who has the key.
We have to assure God, that the way he took care of her, The same way I'll.
'How great and fortunate creation of god, She Is' I will Always make her Feel.

God,

I Promise you, May not All her wishes, But will try to full-fill all her wants,
I promise you, I will Always be beside her, Whenever she Haunts,
I promise you, I will never let her Alone and sad; Her smile will be my only AIM,
I promise you, I'll Be the First to start, and last to end Clapping and Cheering,
Whenever she will rise to fame.
I promise you, I will always be there to listen her every joke and wipe her every
tear,
I promise you, AFTER MY PARENTS, She'll be only one, Who will be my DEAR.
I promise you, I'll Always support her idea, Even though World say it Impractical,

I promise you, Even if i cannot be her Prince-Charming, But My love to her will
Be Immortal.

I promise you, I'll Feel myself obliged, of her, to take care,
I promise you, My every good, Bad, Truth, Fake Things, Honestly with her, I'll
Share.

I promise you, Our TRUST, LOVE AND UNDERSTANDING will be Exlempary,
I promise you, Blame to Every failure is mine, And to my parents and her, I'll
owe my Every Victory.

And God,

Even if I don't Get her, as i'm like, on grass, an unwanted slippery dew.
Please give all these things to my dream-girl, This is just, What i PRAY you! !

KAUSHAL SABOO

My Farewell Dream! ! !

I have a aim,
not related to money, or any cream.
Neither its of love or hate,
nor of profession, nor of any bet.

I have Friends, best in this life,
They are my earnings, which cannot get steal by showing a knife.
I make them laugh, never allow their eyes to get wet.
Make their every moment special and memorable and get from their hearts, all
hate.

When they cry, i dried their eyes,
When they fall, i encourage them to touch the skies,
When i get trapped, they help me out.
Even once, All on me, scold and shout.
I mocked at them, only to make them smile,
Our friendship never see marks' file.
I advice them where they lack,
Keeping their different names, also, jokes on them i crack.
All ups and downs, we face together.
Wherever we go, there comes a blunder.

These memories cannot be written in short,
Because they are a lot.
I have a dream, to get the eyes wet,
Whose lips, i shared a smile.
Yes, i want them all to cry at farewell,
Before i reach a mile.

Every thing will had a memory, where their eyes lie.
I guarantee they will not be able to wave their hands, as they will aa cry.
How grateful i am, i got such Friends.
Cannot say you Good-bye, because, i cannot bear the pain of our end! ! ! !

KAUSHAL SABOO

Nature-Don'T Ahead Of It!

Moving in dark
don't know where it will go
waiting for a spark
don't know what'll it show
the night is barking at me
but whom to look at and what to see
broken glasses mixed in mud
know the taste of my blood
if compared these momments are fine
still afraid of the coming time
as i move my step
she oppose me to take
as i go deep
i hear the trembling of her lips
a message from the "Queen of the night"
not to cross the extented height
but i....

KAUSHAL SABOO

New Year

From darker moon to brighter sun,
Of old year forget mourn and remember fun,
Everyone from north, south, east, west,
Praying your this year should be best.

New year come
with happiness and wisdom, sum.
Everyone is screaming,
From girl to boy,
Goodbye last year's mourn,
Welcome new year's joy.

Forget every sorrow and remember only fun,
Forget your every tear which flow from your eyes in tons.
Only remember my cheer,
HAPPY NEW YEAR! ! !

KAUSHAL SABOO

Nobody Knows I Miss You

Nobody knows I miss you,
They think i feel set free,
but I feel like bound with chains,
Trapped in the mystery.

Nobody knows Its empty,
The smile that I wear,
The real one is left in the past,
because you left me there.

Nobody knows I am crying,
they wont even see my tear.
When they think that I am laughing,
I still wishing you were here.

Nobody knows Its painful,
They think that I am strong.
They say this won't kill me,
But I wonder if they were wrong.

Nobody knows I'm praying,
That he will change his mind.
They think that I had let you go,
WHEN YOU LEFT ME THERE

KAUSHAL SABOO

Nourishing Nature!

Green fields, Golden corn,
Blue sky, Yellow dawn,
Red flowers, White snow bed on hill,
This all Makes our hearts refill.

Brown land, Dark green Grass,
Setting sun has acquired the colour of Brass,
Pink cherry, White Waterfall,
What a wonderful, from nature, a come-back call!

Yellowish leaves fallen on land,
Black stones, Yellow orchard sand,
Colourful birds, And Dark Night,
The most pleasure-giving is White moon-light.

How nourishing is our nature,
should remain like this, only with unending tenture.
May there are few to observe this,
Don't know why, Even these stingy need not to give any fees.....

KAUSHAL SABOO

Old Age- Second Childhood

Clouds were Clear, It was a Bright day.
Coming back from walk, Grandpa was making his way.
Very Happy was he, In his eyes, Of Hope, There was a ray.
He was expecting it to be Great, as it was his Birthday!

But Everyone was Busy, with their lives and its problem,
Thinking that, 'They had forgotten his Birthday ', makes him numb.
But Still he was hoping for a Surprise.
Because for him, They will always be nice.

He went to Dad, To help him recall,
He was there with him, For every rise and fall.
On his Birthday, To everyone, Grandpa used to distribute sweet.
Now what should he do, If his own son forgot it.

With still hopes in eyes, He came to mom and me.
But seeing my friends, towards them, I flee.
Mom and Dad went for their Job,
Grandpa was feeling very lonely, Though living in a Mob.

No one was there, Grandpa sat and Cried.
Hearing footsteps, To cover his tears, He tried.
Grandma came with a Cake in her hand.
To him, She was like an angel, with a magical wand.

They celebrated it, Eating in only one dish.
Grandma asked him to make a wish.
'It's your birthday, In remaining days, Pray for more Fun',
With closed eyes and a smile on his face, he prayed, ' BLESS MY CHILDREN! '

Remember our parents haven't earned anything, We are only their gem.
We are here, because of them.
Don't scold them, or treat them as your responsibility.
They want your Love and respect and not pity.

KAUSHAL SABOO

Relation Between Teacher And Students

Relation Between Teacher And Student Is Like,
The Relation Between Potter And His Pot,
Like Them Teachers Also,
To Their Student, Loves A Lot.

Potter Jump On The Clay For Benefit
Of It,
Teachers Also Beat Their Student,
For Their Creativity To Lit.

Then Potter, To Clay, Give A Shape,
Teachers Also Give Their Students
Life Shape But It Required,
Good Co-Ordination Between Them Not The Measuring Tape.

Then The Pots And Students,
Are Ready To Go In Market For Sale,
But If They Forget Their Teachers,
By Me, In Their Life, They Fail.....

Relation Between Teacher And Student Is Like,
The Relation Between Potter And His Pot,
Like Them Teachers Also,
To Their Student, Loves A Lot.

Potter Jump On The Clay For Benefit
Of It,
Teachers Also Beat Their Student,
For Their Creativity To Lit.

Then Potter, To Clay, Give A Shape,
Teachers Also Give Their Students
Life Shape But It Required,
Good Co-Ordination Between Them Not The Measuring Tape.

Then The Pots And Students,
Are Ready To Go In Market For Sale,
But If They Forget Their Teachers,

By Me, In Their Life, They Fail.....

KAUSHAL SABOO

Sachin Tendulkar- A Poetic Tribute! ! !

24 years between 22 yards,
Records being made like palace of cards,
He is one who breathes cricket,
A player, whom no opponent can hate.
He plays cricket only, thinks everyone...
But playing with nos. Is his real fun..
His achievements are his identity,
He's a true legend in reality.

663 Matches,34357 runs,100 tons,154 fifties,200 wickets are enough to call him
sir,
He's no other than SACHIN TENDULKAR..

Records are so, that can be written an encyclopedia,
Most times news, was he for media.
Head is at seventh sky, still feet at ground,
Kept every responsibility brilliantly, it is found.
Our Indian soil was blessed on 24 april 1973, when he born.
That day was for Indian cricket, a new dawn.
Family supportive, start training at 11,
His focus being perfect, that's why he has today heaven..

On 15 nov 1989, he came whirling his bat,
At 16, before pakistan, he was like before lion, a rat.
May start was bad, but determination was atmost,
Passing all hurdles, he reached the coast.
Then fours and six and runs and records.
Oh my goodness! Everyone has to laud..
Time was departing, so were players,
But immotile as hill, he was there,
What he cannot do was unanswerable,
His story in future become fable.
Those watching him play at childhood, share field with him,
But wrinkles in his performance was never seen..
Equalling Billgates' income he won hearts.
He was the whole piece, but then also considered himself a part..
Father's wish was to be a good human,
Now every father want such son.
Every thing achieved, giving father tribute asked-' Have i made it large? '

May height so small but deed so enlarge..

But every good thing comes to an end,
And so does when our legend descends.
With brim on head, tricolour in hand.
Touches the pitch, saying I did my job, my sand...
Make everyone happy when he bats,
Now tears in every eyes, but everyone pats..

The god of cricket, jersey no.10.....
This passion, determination, stamina, spirit & much more we'll see when? ? ?
In India, 'Its Impossible' is replaced by 'Its sachin'
Your Father must be proudly saying-'my son, u win'

The ladder he climbed, no one can reach,
Bye-Bye Sachin, How to be perfect, to us, You only teach! ! ! !

KAUSHAL SABOO

Scene At The Examination Hall

Pen-dropp scilence was there,
Cannot enter even a mare,
Everyone was looking in his paper,
Those who do not know anything were playing with wrapper.

Eyes were not allowed to be peep,
On head there was tension's heap,
Peon was also showing his rudeness,
Want to ring bell, giving us time, less,

Teacher was roaming here and there,
No one even to copy, dare,
We all know that our marks will become our identity,
May be we are too witty.

Someone was in hurry, someone in tense,
But everyone was thinking about the tense.
Question are more but life is small,
This is a scene at an EXAMINATION HALL! ! !

KAUSHAL SABOO

Soldier

In this beautiful world, i got birth,
Want to do something, so that i will not a burden on Earth.
grown up, saw the condition of country,
for saying only, it was free,
so to save the millions of cry,
i prefer to be soldier,
ready for country to die.

If i die in a battle zone,
box me up and send me home,
put my medals on my chest,
tell my mom i did my best,
tell my love not to cry,
BECAUSE I AM A SOLDIER,
BORN TO DIE! ! !

KAUSHAL SABOO

Television

Some times tears from eyes,
Some times, from mouth, fun,
Some times cartoons of cat and mice,
It is all in my magic box, 'TELEVISION'.

Discovery and History channel are as,
biggest encyclopedia of me,
The breaking news of mine,
is earthquakes or flood in sea.

With the news of weather,
or rise in rate of tin or leather,
songs and movies refresh my mind,
which aware us with brotherhood and kind.

don't watch T.V. so much time,
your generation have T.V.,
USE IT FINE.....

KAUSHAL SABOO

Tension

What Is This Life Which Is Full Of
Tension?
No Time To Do
Fun And Relaxation.

Every Parents Want Their Child To Shine,
No One Think That Is It Fine?

Children's Tension Are,
Study And Exam,
They Have To Study Whether,
It Is Cold Or Warm.

A Paper Note Has More Value,
Than Our Creativity,
Every Student Is Suciding,
In Village Or In City.

What Is This Life Which Is Full Of
Tension?
No Time To Do
Fun And Relaxation.

KAUSHAL SABOO

Thank You World! !

I was loving,
World taught me to hate,
They said every heart has been freezed,
Leave this or spoil your fate

I was honestly working,
World taught me to cheat,
Truth comes last,
Sinners, only acquire first seat.

I was sowing the seed of peace,
World taught me to do war,
They said solution come only in this way,
But, by me, They are only making fruits sour.

I was laughing,
World taught me to cry,
They said, this, you will need more,
They are like water in land, dry.

I was good,
World made me bad,
I'm confuse to say them sorry or thank you,
Because they only taught me to become sad! ! !

KAUSHAL SABOO

The Way!

I Walk, I Walk,
Alone The Way,
'You Will Fail'
They Say.

The Way, Full Of Thorns.
I Passed All The Mourns,
The Way With Many Curve Endings,
I Complete All, Remaining None, Pending.

Petals Were Also There On The Way,
I Passed All Night And Day,
I Walk Carefully Through All Mosses And Hay,
But Then Also 'You Will Fail'
They Say.

Throughout My Life, I Have Been Walking The Way,
To Spread My Initial, 'K'
Now Success On My Feet, Lay,
Now, 'How You Achieved This? '
They Say.....

KAUSHAL SABOO

The World Is Mine! !

Today, upon a bus, I saw a very beautiful woman,
And wished I were as beautiful.
When suddenly she rose to leave,
I saw her hobble down the aisle.
She had one leg and wore a crutch.
But as she passed, she passed a smile.
Oh, God, forgive me when I whine.
I have two legs; the world is mine.

I stopped to buy some candy,
The lad who sold it had such charm,
I talked with him, he seemed so glad,
If I were late, it'd do no harm.
And as I left, he said to me, 'I thank you, you've been so kind.
It's nice to talk with folks like you. You see, ' he said, 'I'm blind.'
Oh, God, forgive me when I whine.
I have two eyes; the world is mine.

Later while walking down the street, I saw a child I knew.
He stood and watched the others play, but he did not know what to do.
I stopped a moment and then I said, 'Why don't you join them dear? '
He looked ahead without a word, I forgot, he couldn't hear.
Oh, God, forgive me when I whine,
I have two ears; the world is mine.

With feet to take me where I'd go,
With eyes to see the sunset's glow, With ears to hear what I'd know.
With loving family & friends to enjoy life
Oh, God, forgive me when I whine,
I've been blessed indeed, the world is mine. - - - -

KAUSHAL SABOO

The World Made Me Selfish

The World made me selfish.....

I was born neutral
clean of any disturbances
neither were there any disturbances
neither critical circumstances
what was there was my mom's caring
my relative's happiness and my father's dreams.

I grew up slowly,
within my circle,
made many friends
almost all were good
coz we were not ripen still
and I could not even
find any obstacle...

I was teen aged then
I found myself to have a crush on someone
I expressed duly
but she hated in the same
She never thought of me
and never even tried to do so
She built up the same kind of deny, refuse & betray
the same amount of affection I had on her
This wasn't a blow
but was a lesson either
of the world that wouldn't know
who is better and who the real bitter....

Now, I am a young
a fully grown up young
grown in the sense that I knew the world
I faced many such faces
many such hearts, intentions, notions..
whom I had thought to be great
but they had the selfishness great
I knew each and everyone had their own motive
no one thinks of other
neither they think of their own mother...

We all have motherland, the one mother
but each of us now deny & we bother
to accept this truth...
We are so called independent, have self respect
the so called endeavour not for all
but for self..

So I knew this kept in my mind
developed myself
adapted for this world
tuned to be the same as others
Great, i am selfish now

So,
I am really grown up.....

KAUSHAL SABOO

Time

For me, for you,
For one, for two.
For sachin, for ordinary people,
For visible, for invisible.
For lady, for men,
For amoeba, for hen.
For moon, for sun.
For mourn, for fun.
For trees, for leaves,
For beaver, for bees.
For rich, for beggar,
For mam, for sir.
For Indian, for foreign people.
For clever, for dull.
For girl, for boy,
For sorrow, for joy.

In this life of cold and bun.
TIME is valuable for everyone....

KAUSHAL SABOO

Waiting For First Rain

Waiting For First Rain
Very Eagerly
Want To, From Summer,
Flee

Waiting For Bathing In,
First Rain,
There Is Dryness,
In Each And Every Lane.

Waiting For First Rain,
To Fullfill Their Wishes,
Now We Are Bore To Eat,
Oily Dishes

God Please Make The Raindrops,
To Fall On Earth, Which Is So Wide,
I, Now, Cannot See,
Farmers Doing Sucide.....

KAUSHAL SABOO

We Are The Follower Of Gandhi!

In 1930, we did so,
All walk, forgetting their friends and foes,
He was the one who led all,
All come to walk to Dandi On Mahatma's call.
By him, we got independence and got free.
Yes, we are the follower of Gandhi.

His death also, doesn't change, our attitude.
We call him, Gandhi-ji in the world of saying dude.
Everyone like him, Everyone Want him,
Seeing him even a light got lit, which was dim.

But our, today's gandhi's colour is green.
everyone is running behind him,
This green-Gandhi is like a beam -balance to measure status of a man,
This only decides who will get bread and who will get jam.

May with unfair means, but everyone is goldening his key,
Because, WE ARE THE FOLLOWER OF GANDHI? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?

KAUSHAL SABOO

Where That India Gone!

Fields full of golden corn,
Everywhere happiness, nowhere mourn
Everyone proud to be born in this country,
Everyone proud to be free.
They understand the importance of its soil,
All try, it never get spoil.
No one here is individual, everyone lives in pack.
I want that India back! !

Where sea of love flows in every heart,
Where, marks not mind, everyone, by his own creativity, do his part.
Where humanity is there in everyone,
Where brides and widows, for dowery, not get burn.
Where may houses are small but everywhere home is there,
Where, for parents, children too care.
Where everything is in a systematic way like a rack,
I want that India back! !

Dark clouds like corruption, cruelty, violence has hide these qualities,
But remember, to cross success door, they are our keys.
But if you are with me, we can put these clouds in sack, and
WE CAN GET THAT INDIA BACK! ! !

KAUSHAL SABOO

Why A Boy And A Girl Cannot Be 'Just Friends'?

Why a boy and a girl cannot be 'just' friends?

Why people of today's generation continue old trends.

Why people does not want friend-ship to be sail between a boy and a girl?

Why their talks are so irritating and dull.

If a boy and girl talk,

They think something else and make their mock.

They say, "They are more than friends."

Which to us, disappointment, sends.

If a boy and a girl shake hands,

They think that the situation is, now, out of hand,

They say, "they be, 'just friends', cannot happen.

The lion of love has entered into boy's heart's den.

If a boy helps a girl,

Their mind's thought become a whirl.

They say, "they both love each other".

Now it cannot be a friendship relation, further.

See friends, friendship never see gender,

You have to bear people's speech, because, it is like after lightning, thunder.

They have the hands to mock and mouth to comment.

But for that, you should have the heart to bear, and the mind, which knows the truth.

This will only help you to prevent your life's sunshine from getting faint.

KAUSHAL SABOO

Why Parents Are Forcing Children To Be First?

"Study, Learn, You Have,
To Come In Merit.
Even If The Electricity Went,
Make The Candle Lit

See Your Friend,
He Is So Intelligent
In front Of His Mother,
My Image Has Been Faint.

See He Has So Many Awards,
His Mother Was Saying, He Is, In School, For Others A Lord.

Study, Learn, Don't Watch Any Serials Or Cartoons.
Your Exams Are Coming So Soon
This Time You Have To Make My Head High,
Wake Up Early Don't, On Your Bed, Only Lie.

If You Want Any Tuitions,
I Will Get You There,
But This Time You Have To,
Be Ahead Of This Mare."

Parents, Why Are You Keeping Us In This Competition Fence,
Everyone Is Not Of Same Intelligence,
Why Are You Forcing Us Like a Hot Sun,
Is Being My Friend Intelligent Is My Crime, So I Lost All My Fun.....

KAUSHAL SABOO

Why Race To Be First? ?

When a baby comes to this earth,
his profession is decided 2 minutes after his birth.
he didn't even breathe his first.
But 'he should come first' started parents lust,
no one ask him what he wants,
but they say he has to earn money and fame to save us from taunt.

On birth his race of life begins,
first the race of who will speak or walk first get started between kins,
at school, he race for more percentage,
every student gets in competition's rage.
then competition of love is there,
of that emotions and feelings, no one cares.

His whole life is ruined competing e\with others,
he cannot recognize between his foe and brother.
after being raced, whole life for money and fame,
this process will continue for next life the same.

His only important are this money and fame?
can't he live in his own den? ? ? ?

KAUSHAL SABOO

Why There Are Differences? ? ?

Why there is differences? ? ?

Celebrations everywhere,
when a boy gets birth.
When a girl comes in this world,
A burden to earth.
This tradition is like a whirl,
Why there is difference between boy and girl? ? ? ?

Man's status is rank by a paper note,
It does not give any importance to vest, but much to a coat.
Friendship is done with how beautiful clothes you wear,
For poor, it is like it has fare,
This is not what our culture teach,
Why there is difference between poor and rich? ? ?

In these all they don't know each other,
But difference is there in love for children born from same mother.
Why all love is given to young,
Without elders they are like body without lungs.
I need your love, mother,
Why there is difference between me and my own brother? ? ?

Though money, people also not leave one's knowledge,
Each one is bound in competition's cage.
They don't understand everyone has his own talent.
Today's competition has make student's creativity faint.
That time, when all were equal, went,
Why there is difference between dumb and intelligent? ? ?

I hope by this poem there would be change in people senses.
And THERE WOULD BE NO DIFFERENCES....

KAUSHAL SABOO

Why You Left Me There? ?

You Are the first Rain, I enjoy,
Along with you, comes A different joy,
You are my tear, you are my smile,
Without you, I cannot think of myself for a while,
You are the pain, You are the only Cure,
Believe me, For you my Love is Pure.
You are the sunshine, You are the shadow,
Love for you has replaced my Blood from Heart to toe.
You are my confidence, You are my fear.
What Matters me most is, You are happy, My Dear!
You are my strength, you are my weakness,
With You, any Ups and downs, I can face.

Today, God has taken not one, but 2 soul,
Am I so bad, that I have to pay so hard toll.
You have gone to a place, where to u, I cannot see.
Oh Dear! ! I feel very alone here.. WHY YOU LEFT ME? ?

KAUSHAL SABOO

Women!

She too breathes, but no one notice,
She too live, but why her life has become point of tease?
She too loves, but no one cares,
She too had her dreams, and nightmares.

She too had brains, which is only ladder to development,
She too have heart where everyone can live without paying rent.
She too have problems, which she never share,
Also no one listen to it, Like it cause any fare.

Why her voice is always buried?
Why she's Never, from protection's cage, get freed?
Why she is bound by limitations?
Cant She enjoy and live her life with fun?

Why only on her, Rules are imposed?
Why to bow down, she is forced?
Respect her as because of her, You are on Earth.
She is the best thing, God has ever given birth.

'ITS IMPOSSIBLE TO UNDERSTAND WOMEN', They said.
First Tell me how Many of Them, Had an attempt, made? ? ?

KAUSHAL SABOO

Words Of Life

The most bitter word is...

ALONE.

Without anyone we are like,
body without bone.

The most revergent word is...

MOTHER.

Like her there is no other.

The most tragic word is...

DEATH.

The most comforting word is...

FAITH.

The warmest word is...

FRIENDSHIP.

Without a friend we will like,
a tree on a mountain's tip.

The most meaningful word is...

LOVING.

Without it no one can live-
Neither a poor nor a king! ! !

KAUSHAL SABOO

World Shortest Poem! !

.....Keep WALKING! ! !

KAUSHAL SABOO

Yes Our India Is Independent?

Yes Our India Is Independent?

For which many freedom fighters fought and went.
Our India now is developing country,
We have more cities than tree,
For which Gandhiji has fought, we got that thing,
People are running behind money and everyone wants to be king.
Women in India feel more insecure,
Problem of violence with them cannot be cure.
These are our achievement, which I meant,
But, Yes Our India Is Independent?

We are following Bhagat singh's ways,
May be getting nothing but, fasting for many days,
Maybe many women or children, suffered or die,
But our religious riots will continue, may be not knowing the reason, why.
Even in front of teachers, no spinal bent,
Yes Our India Is Independent?

Corruption is much more important than people's benefit,
No one can be trusted because of increasing cheat,
The thing for which Lokmanya tilak shout,
Increasing terror make many people's adrenalin out.
These are the thing for which our India glory get faint.
IS OUR INDIA INDEPENDENT?

KAUSHAL SABOO