

Poetry Series

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- poems -

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Parth Bhatia(17/04/1997)

I really love writing poems, so share them on Facebook & Twitter and encourage me. My Facebook page is

Cristiano Rolando: Footballing Mastermind

Footballing legends like CR7,
Never tend to grow old,
But with experience and practice,
A stronger grip on perfection they hold;

Among all the attackers,
CR7 is the best,
Bit when he is not playing the match,
I lose all my interest;

When he gets hold of the ball,
He sprints faster than a Lightning Beam,
And meeting CR7,
Is my only dream;

With his left and right foot,
He plays equally well,
And Cristiano Ronaldo's name,
In the Hall Of Fame, would dwell;

He scores goals very easily,
Because he can quickly think,
And when Ronaldo powerfully shoots,
It's a goal before my eye's blink;

Words can't express,
My admiration for CR7,
Because when he plays a match,
Even Gods watch him from Heaven;

Parth Bhatia

Cristiano Ronaldo: Living Legend

Perfection isn't enough,
Cristiano Ronaldo would say,
Because he is improving,
With his practice everyday;

Till the end of the world,
CR7 will be the best,
Because he can easily pass,
Even the Football's Toughest Test;

Playing with Real Madrid,
Was always in his fate,
But he can still go back to Manchester United,
Because it's never too late;

In the Real Madrid Top 10 Players' List,
CR7's name was engraved,
Because he scored a goal,
In every match he played;

Fear in the minds,
Of the opposite team's defenders' mind would stay,
Because they cannot stop Cristiano Ronaldo,
Even if they block his way;

Messi is of no match,
When to CR7 he is compared,
Because when Ronaldo scored a goal,
Messi helplessly stood and stared;

Parth Bhatia

Cristiano Ronaldo: The Perfect Footballer

Cristiano Ronaldo dos Santos Aviero,
Is his full name,
But it were only his footballing skills,
That eventually made him gather such fame;

He gave his career,
A tremendous start,
And sometimes with his powerful shoot,
He tends to tear the goal-net apart;

He is a footballer,
Who always strives towards success,
And no Club in the World can buy him,
Because his skills are priceless;

Watching him play on the field,
The audience tends to hoot,
Because there is no goal-keeper,
Who can block your powerful shoot;

He is the man,
Called the 'Free-Kick King',
Because when he shoots the ball,
It goes with an erratic swing;

Ronaldo once truly said,
'I'm living a dream I never want to wake up from',
Because he is the only player,
Who runs faster than a storm;

When CR7 plays a game,
He gives his team his best,
Because he loves to earn money,
And knows that it won't come from some Fictional Treasure Chest;

With his technique,
Admiration of more people he would gain,
Because he is the World's Greatest Player,
And till the end of time, remain;

Parth Bhatia

Cristiano Ronaldo: The Saga

Ronaldo runs very fast,
And always shoots between the 2 poles,
And I wish that in the next season,
He would score a 100 goals;

He is the rightful winner,
Of all the awards,
Because his skills are praised of,
Even by the Gods;

Whenever CR7 shoots the ball,
It goes and kisses the net,
And he would be the Player of 2013,
Everyone could fearlessly bet;

CR7 was made the Brand Ambassador,
Of games like Pro Evolution Soccer,
Because he scores every goal in a different way,
And he is not a mocker;

The best thing about Ronaldo is,
His stance during the free-kick,
And he looks very smart,
When he gives his hair a backward slick;

He is a dashing model,
And an amazing Football Star,
And I wish that in his career,
He would go very far;

- Parth Bhatia.

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Football The Game

Football is a game,
Played be Eleven,
My favourite jersey,
Is number Seven;

There are Two teams,
Opposite each other,
They play the match,
Whatever may be the weather;

In a draw match,
There is a penalty shoot-out,
One team wins,
And the other is out;

When there is a goal,
Coach shouts ' Well Done! ! ',
With Two more goals,
The match is half won;

Pele was the man,
With the Golden Boot,
No one could stop the ball,
Which he used to shoot;

When Messi kicks,
The ball flies,
Then the goalkeeper,
Dives and tries;

Ronaldo is the man,
Called the Free-Kick King,
When he shoots the ball,
It goes with a swing;

After a goal,
If there is Offside,
The condition is like,
The Coach just died;

In a team,
There are attackers and defenders,
After the match,
They usually go to bar-tenders;

To play the game,
You have to be fit,
So the the football,
Could be easily hit;

Wearing his boots,
The player shoots,
Seeing the ball,
The audience hoots;

Captian has the Cup in his hand,
People are shouting in the stands,
The match is over today,
For the great footballers, we should pray;

Parth Bhatia

Misdiagnosed

Visit a doctor, they said.
I'd miss her.
I'd cry.
Weep.
Scream.

I tried to find her.
In soaring clouds,
In shooting stars,
In empty rooms,
In romantic books.
Anthropomorphism, he said.

I'd listen to her voice,
In gushing wind,
In chirping birds,
In melodious songs,
In busy crowds.
Anacysis, he exclaimed.

I tried to hold,
Her fragile fingers,
Her wild heart,
Her divine soul,
Her irresistible body.
Love, the doctor sighed.

Parth Bhatia

The Dark Side Of India

We live in India,
It is our Mother Land,
But we have given it,
To the politician's corrupt hands;

Back in the 40's,
When Gandhi Ji fought,
In the schools,
Patriotism was taught;

After our freedom,
From Britishers we became free,
And now for our corrupt nation,
We cannot blame thee;

Back in the past,
When our soldiers were great,
Our 'now enemy' nation,
Pakistan was our mate;

For our support,
Anna Ji protested,
But our cruel government,
Had him arrested;

For the safety of India,
Great and brave soldiers bleed,
But there is still gossip,
About the politician's greed;

There are many scams,
Like the one of coal,
In which our politicians,
Greatly played their role;

There is Mr. A. Raja,
Who did the 2G scam,
But now resting in his bungalow,
He's eating bread and jam;

The condition of India,
Is going bad to worse,
And now the youths will have,
To save it from corruption's curse;

Parth Bhatia

The Victim Of Love

Time will eventually fly,
People will inevitably die,
Memories will be forgotten,
And so will be I,
But I still promise my dear,
That I'll never make her cry;

A million words won't make her love me,
I know because I've tried,
A million tears won't make her miss me,
I know because I've cried;

My crying soul she did not see,
And my eternal feelings she did not understand,
But I still hope that she'll come back to me,
I still hope that she will come back and hold my hand;

Maybe someday she'd realize,
That my love for her is true,
Maybe someday she'd realize,
That her heart loved me too;

Her beauty lies in her splendid smile,
Her beauty lies in her ecstatic eyes,
And to catch a glimpse of her beautiful face,
My loving soul daily dies;

True love gives you golden memories,
No one can ever steal,
Lost love leaves you with heart deep wounds,
No one can ever heal;

From the cunning trap in her beauty's labyrinth,
My loving, fragile heart would never be freed,
Because it's not her mesmerizing kisses that I yearn for,
But it's her charming whisper that my ears need;

From the dirty river of lust I stay away,
And in the refreshing air of true love I breathe,

Because it's not her flawless body that I yearn for,
But it's a glimpse of her beautiful face that I need;

The influx of nostalgia for the time I spent with her,
Would rupture my veins and make my heart bleed,
Because it's not her romantic aura that I yearn for,
But it's a single drop of her eternal love that I need;

When the epoch of my last days would take place,
And on the inevitable death bed I would lie,
I would exclaim that my last wish would still be,
To be in her arms, and happily die;

Parth Bhatia

Time

Time swiftly flies,
So do your work,
Otherwise by people,
You'll be called a jerk;

Time does not stop,
When the old man dies,
Or even if a small baby,
Shouts and cries;

Clock continues to tickle,
Even if you are a monk or a nun,
Or even if you are standing,
With a big gun;

If you are lazy,
For you time wouldn't wait,
It will just continue running,
And will worsen your state;

Time would pass by,
And you'll become mature,
Try to become strong,
So that problems you could endure;

Life is short,
So enjoy and dance,
And if you have any skill,
Then don't miss your chance;

Parth Bhatia

True Friend

There is nothing more good,
Than a true friend,
And in your need,
Everything he would lend;

Money should'nt matter,
When 2 friends may meet,
But atleast you should welcome him,
With a memorable, warm greet;

Keep your friend happy,
A boy or a girl,
Because a true friend,
Is rare than the rarest pearl;

The memories of your friend,
You should never forget,
Because if ever he leaves you,
You will cry and regret;

A true friend for you,
Will always wait,
Because in his life
You're a portrait, intimate;

When I needed help,
Behind the trees, to find him, I looked,
But then I found out that,
Beside me, he always stood;

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