

Poetry Series

renu Vig sharma sharma
- poems -

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Renu Vig is from Mumbai. She passed her masters in law from Mumbai university
She is loves writing poetry and would love to hear comments from the viewers
She has read many poems written by Rabindranath Tagore and inspired by his
poems on nature and emotions, love. She likes his poem' mega aaye tapur
tapur'.,

A Family

</></>If you have a child in your lap,
young moms would visit with kids to make them play around,
if you have a toddler,
many toddler will come and make your house upside down
if you have a teenage boy or girl,
young crowd will throng your house with lots of noise,
if you have a married daughter in law in your family,
young married ladies will get together to gossip and have fun,
if you have a oldies in your house,
old retired people will come to have a cup of coffee,
and when you donot have anyone,
no one will come to your house to say hello.

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A Poetry = A Poet + Try

</></>When a poet tries to write lines,
and he hears his inner voice,
there is a echo to his mind,
his heart pours out without any vice,
his imagination is vivid and fine
a poetry is formed in no time.

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Bees And The Boys

IN the dark night,
bees fly,
near light,
to burn and die,
the fearless know,
the death is sure,
but have no fear,
like a love of a young man,
who fell for a rich girl,
was captured and killed,
by her comrades,
the game of life and death,
the game of fire and failure in love,
is old for bees and boys in love,
played since ages in row
and killed many of them all of us know.

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Criss Cross Lanes On High Hills

</>Criss cross footpaths on the high hills,
seems lines on the map,
some path up some goes down,
down to the gushing water falling on rocks,
who made these paths man or god,
many walk on these paths since time immemorial,
known to hillmen from childhood days,
cattle rear leisurely on the steep edge,
myriad paths leads to different ways,
some to villages others to town,
in the dead night,
a leopard walks on these hill lanes,
leaving its pugmarks for hillmen to fear but in vain,
the hill narrow footpaths are lifelines,
some known and other unknowns to hillfolk in a way.

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Kindness

BE kind to yourself,
be kind to the nature,
be kind to every creature
be kind to your folk, family
kindness starts from home,
it is spread around world,
be kind to your parents,
your wife children,
folk and friends
to the trees, animal and smallest living being,
the GOD SHALL SHOWER ALL THE KINDNESS ON U
kindness will come with kindness
with bundle of joy and love.

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Life Is Uncertain, Death Is But Certain

life is uncertain.,
the sun rises in the east is certain,
the sun sets in the west is certain,
but
life is uncertain.,
the water flows down the hills is certain,
the newborn baby first cries is certain,
but the life is uncertain
the earth revolves around the sun is certain,
the bird fly in the sky is certain
but the life is uncertain
the breath of every man is counted and certain,
the death of a man is certain
his life is but uncertain.

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Lovestory Of A White Man And A Brown Woman

At the temple steps,
STOOD a beautiful girl,
dusky skin and black eyes,
selling red roses and lillies white,
came a white man galloping at a horse back,
dressed in red and white,
adorned with armour shining,
as he rode his golden hair swayed,
his blue eyes on the damsel,
with a smile he took all her roses and lilies white,
amazed she stood, still gazed,
galloped fast he went throwing a smile, desperate they were at night,
both came at the temple steps before the sun rise,
the love story began at the temple steps,
they met again and again to meet again
and promise never to part,
but the world is not so wise
many eyebrows were raised,
in the middle night the natives walked to assail,
holding firetourches with arrant minds
broke the house of the white,
killed him brutally ablaze,
alarmed with the death of beloved,
the girl jumped in the village well,
the saga of love story did not end,
they met again as soulmates in rebirth,
in the eyes of god their love was true,
they wondered if they eachother knew,
the girl still scared o f fire,
the man still loved the fragrance of flowers.

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Mother

BEFORE the sunrise,
mother gets up at 5,
to start her chores,
for husband and sons,
she runs around
to mend things right,
she is half mechanic, half plumber,
a fine cook and a good teacher,
all in one you cannot get in one,
she worked hard with her velvety hands,
caress her children with love and care,
she ran around you,
when you were so naughty,
she changed your nappy
to keep you dry and happy,
without a fuss,
now that she is so old,
she cannot run like before,
she kept u for 9 months in her womb,
did you ever spend even 9 hours with her,
run go fast to her,
she needs your help,
though she is mum,
because she is your mum,
bring heaven to her feet,
before it is too late.

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One Clan Left, Another I Met

I wonder at the different phases of life,
i met people in meets and bounds,
one clan left another i met,
there is no bond but memory allures,
sometime haunts othertime fond,
at times i travel down the memory lane,
and get lost in solitary way,
many things are gone in vain,
thou i feel utter pain,
few people whom i admired a lot,
are nowhere nearby now,
with those i passed my afternoon blues,
with laughter and smile,
where are they now
i wonder i wonder and wonder more and more,
when i think of them,
almost i feel lonely and lost,
for time never stops and memories never fades.

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Pebbles

</>the pebbles in the water,
looked like white crystal gems.,
i took few in my hands to see,
the pebbles looked like yellow tan,
i again dropp them in the water,
it regain its radiant white shining colour,
i smiled as i know,
some things should remain where they are so.

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Ray Of Hope

the ray of hope for me
is u
is u
in my life
is u '
is u
the life was dark like night,
the ray of light came after years
the ray of hope for me
is u
is u
is u
in my life,
dont go far from me,
u are my life
the ray of hope for me
is u
is u
is u
in my life
i love u

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Rose Petals

</>Rose petals are so soft to touch,
rose petals fragrance is so divine to smell,
rose petals are like lovely lips which smile,
rose petals are given to lady love,
rose petals are spread on bed of newly bride,
rose petals are life of butterflies,
rose petals are used for beauty baths,
rose petals are offered on the lotus feet of god,
rose petals are placed on grave of dear ones,
rose petals are offered in river ganga for departed soul,
rose petals are showered on newly weds,
rose petals are decorated on festive days,
roses are given as a promise for everlasting love.

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Smile

A smile goes a miles,
without any fuel and wheel
so smile for good feel,
a smile is rated million dollars,
but cost not a penny or fine,
so smile for good feel
a smile remove conflict,
a smile give mielege,
to bad mood and broken hearts,
a smile on your goes till your eyes,
making you beautiful and wise.
so smile smile and smile

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The Deserted River

THE river is complete nude,
no water or a stream,
no birds which flies around,
no beast animal visit to quench its thirst,
the boat half sank in the sand,
the boater left the bank,
the edges of river disappered,
no soul around,
the river is deserted till miles,
slowly the black clouds appeared,
suddenly it disapperaed,
the river dies a lonely death.

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The Divine Love

The divine love,
between two young hearts,
promise never to part,
kisses and hugs,
they cherish a lot,
the sunrise and sunset,
they knew not,
but the world is not kind,
the lovers were separated apart,
were sent to different parts,
the young boy broke the cell and ran fast,
eloped with the lady love to some unknown town,
the people looked for them in vain
far away the lovers made their love nest
nestle with a life of divine love
peace and togetherness,
away from this cruel world of pain.

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The Majestic Himalayas Of India

The white crown shining,
on India's forehead,
snowcapped peak glittering,
like diamond gems,
the high steep ranges unexplored,
high walls of mountain protect,
from enemies and cold,
the majestic,
the pride of india
magnificent Himalayas,
house of snow and rivers,
religious shrines bestow blessings,
the sacred rivesrs flowing,
like sliver thread deep b elow
the enchanting exotic view of himalayas.,
enthralled every visitor with surprise,
words are difficult to describe
the real beauty of himalayas

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The Mango Tree In My Backyard

the mango tree in my backyard,
stand majestic and strong,
the first morning rays,
falling thro the leaves,
like myraid colorful beans, ,
chirping of bird is like melodious song,
parrat myna bulbul and so,
make upteem sounds,
squirrel jumping up and down,
the water dripping leaves inrain,
flutter of leaves while the breeze blow,
summer sun glows like orange ball,
but the cool breeze of the tree gives a relief,
the mango tree saw us grow,
know our grief and all our sorrow,
the majestic tree gave us support and peace,
a true companion of our life indeed.

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The Mirror

The mirror said the truth.,
desperate i wanted to look young.,
gracefully the mirror revealed my age.,
the fine lines on my face
i powdered with rouge and paint,
the grey strands visible beneath.,
i coloured with black paste
i was happy i concealed my age.,
with pride i took mirror to look at
alas i look older than before
i cried in front of mirror for hours
a mirror is always a mirror.,
whether broken or intact.,
with no favours,
it tells the truth without an error.

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The Morning Song

</></></></>early morning the sun glows,
the cool breeze that blows,
th red silkworm crawl slow,
on the muddy water that flows
the bird gleefully sing,
the squirrels that run,
animal made different sounds,
for everyone its prayer time,
the earth bath in pure sunrays,
the temple bell ringing far away,
all the creatures sing together,
music is flowing all around,
its everyday.s morning song

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The Princess And The Saint

There was a princess lived long ago,
beautiful bold she was so,
brimming with pride all the time
she went to forest to hunt an animal of any kind,
armed with bow and arrow and pride to show,
she ventured in woods and searched for a hunt alone,
many days passed she could not find one,
one morning she saw a little fawn grazing in a farm,
she aimed the arrow and it struck around fawn; s neck,
terrified the fawn ran fast but fell,
drenched in the pool of blood and pain
the passer by saint saw the pain of the little one,
took in his lap and gave few herbs,
closed his eyes and recited few holy words,
the fawn revived and recovered at once
at the same time the princess came looking for her kill,
asked the saint to return her the kill.
the saint refused and said now its not her kill.
the fawn is fine and alive still,
the princess threatened to call her men,
and would put the saint in the cell,
the saint recited few holy words again
the princess got transformed in an adult deer,
the saint ordered her to look after the little one,
as its mother is not near,
reap what you have sown,
as you are a sinner who hurt an innocent one
saying this the saint went out of sight,
the adult deer looked helplessly at the little fawn.,
as from now she will have to live with the curse.

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The Rhino Of India

THE rare rhino of India,
native of Assam grasslands,
an endangered giant on earth,
known for its royal one horn,
races faster than tiger and fawn,
ferocious like a wild bore,
mysterious its habits and living,
around the world people visit,
to catch glimpse of rare rhino,
grip viewers with fear,
slowly disappearing from this earth,
hunted down by man for greed and gain,
Protect Rhino by saving forest,
Protect RHINO from man holding a gun.

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The Royal Tiger Of India

</>Stressful chattering of birds,
monkeys jumping from one branch to another.,
fluttering wings of birds,
running around of animals,
a sudden unrest in the jungle,
the news spread like forest fire,
there comes the majestic
yellow and black striped beast,
walked slowly on the dried leaves,

the best catwalk if one could luckily see,
the bold and the beautiful,
its the tiger on the scene,
the Royal tiger of India indeed,
unruffled by noise around.,
unquestionable the king of jungle,
the wildest cat on earth,
unsocial solitary beast,
make every soul to fear for life,
be it a bird, animal, man or a beast.

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The Star Foretell

</></></>On the roof i sat alone,
under the twilight night that shone,
the little stars were shining bright,
while the moon light glow was in its prime,
O my little star i asked one of the stars, ,
please foretell my future stars,
the star twinkled and laughed,
your present and past deeds
shall determine your future stars.

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The Voice

</>When i went in deep forest for a walk,
i could hear some one talk,
some one is there somewhere i guess,
but could not see any one anywhere,
i came near a mou ntain rock,
which was strong and stood talll,
as i mutter something in my mind,
i again heard someone's voice,
i raise my voice and said loud,
i could hear someone aloud,
i was amazed and thought fast,
i felt amused as i smiled wild,
its a echo of my own voice.

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Two Sisters And The Man

In a town far away,
lived two loving sisters,
beautiful were they

people would see them with delight,
one day people heard with dismay,
abuses and shouts of all kind
the bone of contention,
the man,
both loved the same man,
yelling fighting continued,
the man was amused,
greed grew in him, he proposed both,
shocked with anger, tears in their eyes,
they realised, the real bone of fight,
the man,
they kicked him out tight,
happily the sisters unite.

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What A Beautiful Place Is This World

In the middle of night,
i wake up to see,
the shining moon in the sky,
the red roses shimmering in its light,
what a beautiful place is,
this world to live in,
we are all blessed.

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When I Was A Little Girl

when i was a little girl,
i wore a dress with a fur,
i played lots of prank,
and fought with friends,
i set up a trend,
to play games to win in the end,
i jumped up and down the sand,
to search for black clay with full hands in the sands,
my nose touching the sand,
that sometimes i smell the sands now when,
i get nostalgic now and then,
i still love those goldendays of sands,
when i was a little girl

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