

Poetry Series

Rohan Nath
- poems -

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Rohan Nath(02.08.1998)

I am an aspiring poet; I live in the beautiful city of Siliguri. The metropolitan city is flanked by inexperienced hills on the side, thus providing breathtaking view. My life is like any other school-going busy kid. Go to school, come back and go to sleep. The comfort me from the work stresses I write poems. This is my story...

Copying the poems is a violation against law. Please don't do it. Thank you.

...And I Will Always Love You

I made vows to never depart away from her
But alas! Yesterday was her last day with me
Oh! How I wish fate would travel as I prefer
Constantly listening to me and voluntarily agree

I sat right next to her as she suffered
Suffered from the merciless disease
That smote her with a rusty sword
Sword that brought her down to her knees

I looked at her hopeless wrinkled appearance
Her flowing tresses have now lost its dye
She gave me a weak smile as I glanced
My conscience can't smile but just sigh

I grasped her hand while she lay on the bed
Motionless like a leaf on a flowing rivulet
Her existence now hangs on a fragile thread
I deeply desire to own a time controller with reset

Its been an amazing adventure staying with her
We occasionally argued but it didn't proceed long
And for ever and a day cherished each other
For our love is eternal and exceptionally strong

The white blank sheets on which I inscribe
Requests me not to drench them with tears
While the brutal death looks at me and gibes
But I know life goes on and I shouldn't fear

Because I still treasure your golden memories
Deep down within my mind I still got the views
Reminiscences of how we first met and our first kiss
And how you whispered in my ears 'I will always love you'

Rohan Nath

A Great Deal To Discover

Be not be imprisoned in an enclosure.
Look outside and see the beauties God has to offer.
Break free the humbled chains of timorousness.
Flutter your wings in the method of elegence.

Fly! Fly and travel around the globe.
Let yourself be curious, so that you probe.
Survey the fair pearl in the darkness.
Swim deep down the sea of aggress.

Don't let your soul expire in one arrangement.
Go out! Attain some complicated accomplishment!
Don't be a dumb, do attempt and be independent.
Everything will turn right when we have knowledge and act decent.

Rohan Nath

Angels Among Us

Distressed and damaged, I laid in the abyss.
I prayed to Almighty and wept frequently.
Loss was common and so I lost my hope.
What do I perceive?
Howling of the wolves? !
Roaring of the tigers? !
My heart began to pump blood of concern.
A moment later, I observed something uncharacteristic;
A faint shadow approaching me;
In him, I saw the illumination of optimism.
He lend me his hand and whispered,
"I will guide you..."
I smiled and held his hand,
He picked me up and led me home.
Mamma couldn't detect him,
But I could yet not identify the figure;
Then I recalled something my grandma said:
"There are Angels among us,
Pray and he shall arise..."

Rohan Nath

As The River Flowed

There were ripples of the sparkling stream.
The crystalline water was mirroring the blue sky.
That befriended with the sun's wonderful beam.
Beams of the dazzling looking golden eye.

The background was overflowing with mountains.
Mountains with snow capped peaks,
Their attainment of such exquisiteness is a real arcane.
What is it above the sky that they seek?

The eagles were gloating about their wings.
O! How marvelous they were to glance upon!
Thrushes flew above the river as they sing.
Grazing on the grassland was a cluster of fawn.

There I saw the elderly yet strong fisherman.
Flinging his lure in an elegant technique,
Attracting the catfishes and trouts as much as he can,
While sitting on a boulder beside the flowing creek.

The loveliness of the lotus was luring me,
Positioned silently on the cerulean water.
The white arrowhead was charming as she could be,
Her petals were diminutive as they have always were.

Far away, I saw a grandiose tall tower.
Its peak was reaching for the high heavens.
He stood there taking delight over his power,
Amazes all travelers every now and then.

The heavens above exposed a band of colors.
Little time, after the floating dark skies cried.
I then assumed that our life is filled with squalors.
But don't worry because later they will shine bright.

After the drizzle, dew's sat calmly on the grasses.
Scarcely and leisurely moving towards the ground,
The sunlight coalesces with the dew with a tender caress.
How luxurious they looked worn the golden crown!

The children played alongside the river in pleasure.
Girls were collecting flowers to make tiaras and garlands,
While the boys were skipping stones on the tranquil water.
Their little footprints placed themselves temporarily on the loose sands.

And I was assembled comfortably on the greens.
Beside flowed the river without paying any notice.
It cleansed all of my hopelessness and spleen.
Therefore, I slept on the nature's lap with internal peace...

Rohan Nath

Battle Report To My Captain

Captain! Our soldiers have deceased on the battleground.
Young youths! Yes, they were young boys! □
Their motionless figure lies on the ground.
Crimson immortal stream shall never end flowing.
Captain! They inhaled their ultimate breath,
But it was a breath that packed their blood with fright.
Several lack arms and limbs;
Some are fragmented by showers of bullet;
While others disintegrated into pieces.
But don't worry,
For I directed a message to the Command center.
They will ship a fresh division of troops immediately...

Rohan Nath

Cliffhanger

Stay holding on to the mountain cliff!
Because deep down below all you can find is grief.
You have come too far above touching the sky.
Imagine about all you have tolerated to come this high.
You may cry and you possibly will suffer.
But retreat is not your word, for you are a cliffhanger.

An accomplishment never comes too easy.
It's a long twisted road full of obstacles and too messy.
Let your hands sore; Let your legs be numb!
But do not be all gloomy then succumb.
Believe yourself and you can accomplish wonders.
Prove yourself mighty, for you are a cliffhanger.

You will initiate your journey as an unknown.
People will mock at you and you will be thrown.
Don't listen to any of them and continue your journey,
For there will be a time when you will have glee.
Life will show you the best and worst it can offer.
Pull yourself up and reach for the peak, for you are a cliffhanger.

Rohan Nath

Close Your Eyes And Stare At Me

Do not love me, if appearance entertains thee;
For they are deceptive like an illusion,
Hoodwinking the multitude with splendor,
But inside the core may lie darkness.
Love me, for thou love me
And let that be the reason of your love.
Close thy eyes and stare at me,
Thou shalt see more attractiveness
Than thou shall ever observe.
If thy adoration be proper and genuine
Mine too...

Rohan Nath

Darjeeling

I think I see the mighty hills of Darjeeling.
What magnificence, it is that they bring!
Bold as a King, so high its peak.
Where the oaks grow densely and so do teak.

I think I hear a whistling of Toy Train.
Elevating the twisted track, so slow they gain.
As small as an ant climbing up the King's feet,
Singing and moving while sounding so sweet.

I think I observe a little streak of falling tear,
Fall from the eyes of Darjeeling, the valiant emperor.
I looked amazingly at the beauty he brings.
All hail Darjeeling! Our benevolent King!

Rohan Nath

During Times Like This

Gorgeous Creation enclosed within the cage of violence
Do I hear the echo of the cries of Creator's Creation?
Gloomy clouds of Lust where some lusts for thunder!
Following the thunder originates the heavy rain
I breathe somewhere where greed overcomes generosity
Where the cunning betrayal overpowers the innocent trust
I see individuals surrender to the strength of these evils
But one day, I saw a speck of sunlight during these tough times
I tracked it and it steered me to a place too strange
For what lied ahead brought tears to my eyes
Two old generation who adored each other!
They didn't fear the malevolent force
For they had an innocent smile upon their visages
And held each other's hand...

Rohan Nath

Faith

A trail of freezing zephyr of the January was blowing in the atmosphere
Sir Rowel de Gibbers, walked around the avenue of London in a breath of despair
He was a frequent chap; he owned a miniature magnitude of a land
He lacked wealth, and wealth it was that he truly demands.
For his little lass Gibbers is in a state of disease, and howling in soreness
The land he owned, and now is leased. He realized his little lass is at the
darkness
He begged the landlords and the even the common citizens.
No one pitied and no one humbled. What once named Sir is now in vain.
He cried all day long losing all hope. Thinking that she may not endure
He didn't want to accept this fact but his practical mind is sure
It was now that he became character of pragmatist, nor did he believe God nor in
Sprite
He said, 'God and Sprite isn't there, to believe and to know is my right'
One night, a miracle did happen. Rowel de Gibbers was dozing on the road
He dreamt, on a valley he laid. His body touching the green pasture and he
couldn't verbalize a word
He looked around to find a flock of sheep.
It was the vision that my heart will forever keep. For it was exquisite and deep
He gazed vigilantly to find a figure wearing a white robe with a rope for his belt
He had a beard and his eyes were kind and filled with sympathy that Rowel de
Gibbers felt
He approached him, to find that he was someone of his familiarity.
Tears rolled down his cheeks, he couldn't believe: was it hallucination or a
reality?
He knelt there in humility. Hiding his face from the other man's vision.
HE clutched Rowel de Gibbers' shoulder to help him up. It was no one else except
the Lord's own Son
'Brother, believe me. I was busy serving other of the siblings.' HE smiled at
looking at his innocent face
Rowel de Gibbers couldn't articulate a word. He stood there stunned and didn't
take another pace
Lord said 'I know your dilemma. Therefore I know your difficulty. Don't worry my
brother; your little lass will be cured.
Just have FAITH in me because FAITH is what you need and thus your soul will
be pure'
HE made an effort to place HIS hand into HIS leather pouch strapped beside HIS
belt
He laid his palm in front of HIM. For he was assured what HE meant.

HE gave him a crimson peach that had a shining sheath. He grabbed it adroitly.
HE then whispered 'Feed it to your little lass. It is for her therapy.'
He placed it in the front pocket of his jacket which covered him like a shroud
He wanted to thank HIM but not a word came out of his mouth
He doesn't memorize much what happened then.
All he remembers is, he woke up the next day while his head was in insane pain.
He looked around to notice he was lying in pavement while a dog was sniffing
him
He shooed it away and got up on his feet. He have to get back home before his
little lass is at dim
He crossed countryside, now filled with snow. He ran as fast as he could be
He could see his cottage far away. He now knew that he reached his destiny
When he got back home his little lass was glad to see him. Her innocent smile
was eternal
She replied with a pain 'Papa, I...I missed you. Where were you at the nocturnal?
'
He didn't replied but laid his hand into his pocket to find the magical peach still
lying inside
He gave it to her daughter and she gave it a two maybe three bites
In an hour, she was capable of walking and in a day or two she was back
vigorous
Rowel de Gibbers had now found a work of a driver in a rich family's quarters
But Sir never shared his experience with HIM among a person
Everything in life was all fine and glowing just like the Sun
Twice a scores passed by, it was now that the situation is opposite
Sir Rowel de Gibbers was lying on his bed in a condition really horrific
He knew he have a low chances of survival but unlike before this time FAITH not
defeated
His daughter has come to meet him, for the last instance from far distances. For
she is now wedded
She said with a smile 'Dad you will be alright. I am right here'
He opened his lips in an effort to speak these wise words with a leer
'I don't fear death. It is God that I fear. Now if I die, I am assured in will be at
the footsteps of HIM'
With these final words he closed his eyes dark and his life is now at dim
No matter how close he was to his death
He never gave up his FAITH...

Rohan Nath

Forgive Me

Can you forgive me? For I know I was wrong.
Our bond was exceptionally strong
But what evil wind has blown away my wit!
Oh! How careless I was! I admit.
Can you have faith in me again?
Even after I inflicted such an immense pain?
I am sorry for whatever I have done and said;
It wasn't long before you began to fade.

The memories of you keep coming back to me.
I swear you are the one and you always will be.
Now that the distance between us is excessively great,
Please tell me that it isn't too late.

I still treasure the memories of the moments we spent together
And therefore, you are always in my heart. Yes, you are...

Rohan Nath

Hope

Inside the eye of the Storm, I suffer
And I shall grieve until the end is near.
I know it shall drive away,
Currently or maybe some other day.

Rohan Nath

I Was Falling

There, I was positioned upon the crown of bliss
Limping and bleeding, I approached the brink of the peak
Deep down the steep walls, all I observed was pitch dark abyss
The aura of clarity that is habitation carries is a complete mystique

Wrestled against all the obstacles and lastly I stand here!
Weeks went by and so did months, to ascent the wall
'My leg was bleeding and the pain was impossible to bear
But the exquisiteness of the peak lured me onto her call'

Suddenly, I saw a charming maiden behind me
She was as fair as the snow that fell from the Great Heaven
Her smile illuminated the atmosphere to an intense degree
Her azure eyes was sufficient to entice thousand men

The gorgeous Angel upon land gradually approached me
Reached out her right hand towards my chest
Too flabbergasted, too astonished; I did not flee
Out of the blue! She pushed me off the mountain crest!

Amazed and dumbfounded I was falling deep into the abyss
O! I was falling...

Rohan Nath

I'M Perfect

I frequently tread the incorrect road.
And thus I often get despised by everyone
But I don't care
Because I know I'm perfect.

I find criticizers everywhere.
They don't like my behaviors and my appearance
But I don't care
Because I know I `m perfect.

They want me to change.
Change and be an ordinary
But I don't listen to them
Because I know I'm perfect.

Rohan Nath

Inspirations

I arrange myself on a chair and hold a pen flanked by my fingers,
And gaze inquisitively in all directions and think what shall I write about?
The vacant pages facing me look at me with a hopeful expression for hours.
For these flat colorless sheets want my fountain pen to spout,
And get filled with the wide world of inspirations that my mind encloses
And share them with others so that they too acquire the encouragement.
To inscribe on blank spaces and inspire the next generation to progress,
Such exchange of wise knowledge with each other is my intent.

Rohan Nath

Journey

Birth is just the start of an epic voyage.
The smile of a mother's face is radiant.
The first cry of happiness is joyous.
The effort for a fresh life is brilliant.

Life is a journey completely alone.
Fight everyday like it's a new encounter.
For it is a battle yet to be won.
And only who struggles shall conquer.

Time is the old-man keeper of our life.
Counting every second before our eternal sleep.
So why don't we get up and strive,
Before we rest six feet deep?

Rohan Nath

Let Me Climb The Peak

Father, let me be calm like the blues of the ocean
Give me passion and let me be inflamed like fire
And allow my wrath to be cooled
Like conjoining excitement and tranquility
Oh! I want to be optimistic like the sunset
Always hopeful that I will rise up all over again
Please, let me be like the rays of sunshine
Cheerful and spreading my grace on the entire world
Help me be like the distances of green meadow
So that I may learn to be established
Imaginative like the flamboyancy of purple
Coloring the entire world with vibrancy
Serious like the thoughtful earth
So that I may cleanse the evil that lives among us
Oh Father, please help me climb the high peak
And light the lantern of hope
And guide others who have fallen down on their knees.

Rohan Nath

Lost

Alas! I am lost in this darkness of night
Where is the virgin moon to grant me its purity?
The fireflies of night to guide me?
All I see is the darkness that embraced me
And the black shadows walking around
I am struggling to move around in this darkness
Sometimes I stumble over obstacles
I can't identify these collapsed entities
As I am blinded by the darkness
I shout for help but get no response
The shadows floats past by me
Like soulless and cold ghosts
The entire domain is hushed
No! I am mistaken for I receive something
Several feeble sounds of cries and mourning?
Terror gathers upon me
I can't realize the act but just hear
For darkness has blindfolded me

I kneel down upon my wounded knees
To plead to Thee for guidance
Maybe a helping hand
Or a light to reveal the way
Oh! Father please guide me!
I am lost in this darkness of night!

Rohan Nath

Mountain Of Glory

Down among assemblage of the common
I gaze up to the peak of the Mountain of Glory
It pierced into the heaven and embraced its purity
Many who lacked the determination have failed to touch it
Will I be able to achieve the crown?
These doubts charred the courage of my soul
But then a voice within the depth called out
'We may rise and fall, but then we get an opportunity.
An opportunity to get up and continue our journey.'
With these thoughts orbiting around my mind
I initiated my journey from the bottom
The mountains resisted me for I was a stranger to them
It started raining and I was wet yet I continued.
Then there was the blizzard and I was cold
I was frozen like a soulless entity yet I continued.
Frustrated for having failed to eradicate me
The mountains unleashed shower of boulders
Alas! My left leg got crushed under the weight of a merciless boulder
I was crying alone on the mountain terrain
Nobody replied back to my cries except for my echoes
My blood-bathed leg turned cold and lifeless
I took off my shirt and tied it around my leg to stop the bleeding
I then, continued supporting my entire body upon my right leg
Limping and leaving behind ruby droplets I climbed
Upon climbing the last elevation! Oh! I reached the peak!
Gentle zephyrs of the heaven welcomed and cheered me!
The Sun glowed brightly to acknowledge my glory!
My name was written among the names of the immortals!
While the birds sang 'Ye have conquered the Mountain of Glory! '

Rohan Nath

Paranormal

There are faded appearances on the wall.
Adjoining rooms gives a bloodcurdling bawl.
I notice a figure standing behind the mirror.
Please leave me unaccompanied, whoever you are!

There are rivers of blood whenever I run the faucet.
The ghastly air warns me regarding the threat.
The matured magnificent stairs gives a creek.
Please leave me unaccompanied, you devilish freak!

A dark black cat runs around the antechamber.
It glances at me and mocks me of my fear.
I can sense someone stalking me.
Please leave me unaccompanied, you grisly banshee!

There are mysterious shadows lurking around.
But no living creature is to be found.
There is a ghoul hovering around in my room.
Please leave me unaccompanied, and rest in your tomb!

The antique birch chair is rocking by itself.
The objects change its arrangement on the shelf.
You have changed my life, made it humble and bizarre.
Please leave me unaccompanied, whoever you are!

Rohan Nath

Questions

Why can't we grasp each others hands and breathe like siblings?
Why can't we settle together in peace and sing?
Why do we seek power when collectively we are invulnerable?
Why do the powerful yet coward humans harass not strong but only feeble?
Why don't we give liberty to the slaves? Aren't they human too?
Don't they have spirit and life? Then why do we maintain them in due?
They work all day and night satisfying our needs and pleasures.
But still we count them low in our society so low they are measured.
Why don't we give sufficient necessities to all the young children of Lord?
Why do we hold them as a slave and don't listen to any of their word?
They are just adolescent lad and need to discover the world.
They have much to learn, they are our future and our sources to what is referred
to molten gold.
Think about the crying mothers whose sons are snatched away during the war.
The young lads live distant away from their motherland, in a place too unknown
too far.
Yet we barely remember them or their deeds.
No matter how much blood they shed like ruby beads.
Why the ladies disrespected and men are help mightier?
Isn't it a universal fact, without them there would be no heir?
Why do we deceive our own brothers and sisters?
Aren't we all the same children of the one who is held mightier?
Why do we seek revenge and not live in silence?
Why can't we even love our hostile and not just friends?
Why can't we put our trust in the Lord by all means?
HE did everything for us and even died for our sins.
We are all equivalent, all the similar.
We live in the same world and do breathe the same atmosphere.
So why differentiate us with class, sex, color or creed?
Has the authority damaged us or is it the greed?
Has the humanity is us all gone?
Is it possible the approaching of the Judgement Day is at dawn?
I neither ask these questions to you nor me. I asked these difficulties to us.
To take care of our contribution by God is must.
Why can't we show a little sympathy? Not just by lettering a rhyme.
But by doing a random act of kindness at a time.

Rohan Nath

Thank You Mother

You sang me my first song when I was in the womb.
Endured pain to grant me the breath of existence,
Shed tears of joy when I was released from the cocoon.
How could I ever forget your warm hug and over possessiveness?

You nurtured me and I still remember your bed time stories,
I have seen you wake up the whole night when I was ill.
It made me feel secure and in the state of bliss.
You wake me up during midnight and make me have my pill.

Reprimand me in every idiotic and erroneous step I take;
Now whenever I commit an error, I just visualize your image,
And then my intellect prevents me from committing a mistake.
Oh Mother! The feelings are too great to be contained in this page!

During my childhood, I used to snooze on the couch intentionally,
So that you would bestow me on bed and tug blanket.
You always sheltered me in your arms when it rains or if it's squally.
Oh Mother! Wish I could time travel to those remarkable dates!

Your fragrance is sufficient to make me feel relaxed.
To our family you embrace the uppermost position,
We would be lost without your management and your acts.
Oh Mother! You really show me how it feels to be with your loved ones!

You taught me the technique to survive in this peculiar world,
For you knew that you wouldn't be me forever.
Be pleased! For 'I am prepared' is my word!
I guarantee I won't fall down whatsoever.

Rohan Nath

The Forgotten Death

The coldness of winter stretched everywhere
Is there any possibility to remain alive?
I scrutinized around but they all appeared same
Young boys with an expression of terror
'Is anybody there? ! ' I gave out a shout
My voice echoed through the lonely desert
No sound responded except my own

Sometimes ago it was tremendously noisy
But with the trade of violence everybody hushed
I walked around searching for existence
Walking through the crowd of silence wasn't easy
As I frequently stumbled upon the figures of dead
Some of the faces weren't recognizable
Yet I identified the fear in their appearances

Suddenly, my eyes fell upon my companion!
It seemed like he was having a bad dream
His body was pierced by the bullets
'Wake up sir! ' I shouted at him
'Your wife and son are waiting with hope! '
He didn't care to answer back to me
Tears welled up my eyes and so I spoke:
'You have given up your life but for what?
Death for death? Suffering for sufferance?
I know you have sacrificed your breath
Yet you will live a forgotten death...'

Rohan Nath

The Last Glimpse

There a soldier lied on the exhausted sanatorium bed.
Stayed unvoiced and numb as he bled.
Faintly opened his eyes to observe the mayhem,
While a red uniformed nurse was announcing several names.

At the same time I, Dr. Bell, the way I am known;
Reached and stood beside him to analyze the boy alone.
The other doctors refused to examine him as he was a foe.
Whereas I, Dr. Bell known as a savior had a life to bestow

Neither did he move nor did he watch me staring at him,
But relentlessly looked blankly on a white wall with a grim.
Suddenly, he gradually inserted his red hand into his pocket;
To pull out a photograph soaked with blood and sweat.

Tears rolled down his cheeks as he kept on staring at it.
I wore my spectacles and approached nearer to inspect it.
I was accurately traumatized to an extended degree;
For what it contains is a picture of his family!

He closed his eyes and remained silent for his life to dim.
Finally, he inhaled his finishing breath before the last glimpse...

Rohan Nath

The Last Page Of A King's Journal

There I was standing on the loggia watching the moon,
Looking at my milk washed kingdom under the stars.
Thinking that these wars and battles would never end soon.
They have affected my core and have left a deep scar.

I was eleven when I initially sat on the throne.
Since then all I have seen is blood and death,
It caused a pain in my heart too great too unknown.
I am now exhausted and desires for some rest.

I opened a glass tube which was placed in my pocket.
It contained the venom that would even kill the immortal.
I closed my eyes and drank it without any wait.
I smiled and greeted my death and now I shall fall...

Rohan Nath

The Little Robin Flew

The little robin sang, 'I can't fly.
Mother, I can't fly.
I fear the dreadful descent.
I fear the immeasurable depth.'

□

The mother robin replied, 'Fly! For ye shall
Realize the profundity,
For such is your curiosity
Maybe not now but shall regret later.'

The little robin beheld downwards with a terror.
Paced backwards and then sprinted ahead.
Jumped from the branch;
Dived into the unfathomable depth of ocean.
Fluttered his wings intensely yet down he sinks!
Trepidation occupied his delicate heart...

Suddenly, a tender zephyr of the spring held him
And shot him up into the heavens.
Terror turned into delight in an instant,
As he embraced the white cotton with his wings.
Then, the little robin observed his miniature abode
And the enormous world ahead yet to be discovered!

Rohan Nath

The Wedding

On that day you were looking no less than a white swan.
Your blond tresses intertwined like golden chains.
My eyes fixed upon your loveliness couldn't be withdrawn.
It appears that you have illuminated the entire domain.

Your cerulean eyes even humbled the sapphire wedding ring.
The contagious smile that you create turns me passionate.
The audience's eyes were overflowing with tears as they sing.
Next I saw you enter through the ostentatious arched gate.

There you were coming talking gentle steps on the carpet.
The grand pianos were being played with a blissful tune.
While welcoming you was a song from a golden cornet.
The homogenous choir of children sang with croon.

We exchanged vows to never depart from each other's side.
I observed your fragile expression as you looked at me.
I always sought you to be my gorgeous bride.
I would adore you forever to an immeasurable degree.

We hear the priest dictate as we positioned ourselves alongside.
After he completed, we exchanged rings with one another.
I then advanced close to kiss my graceful bride.
Our eyes glistening with tears, we readied for our epic adventure...

Rohan Nath

We Are Here To Support You (A Poem For All Cancer Victims)

Be anticipative and breathe every day!
Believe in an enhanced tomorrow and pray.

Please be not a grumpy, thoughtless fool!
With its unwise judgment, a senseless ghoul.

Be a wise who has touched the peak of knowledge□
Explore and love; be not in a painful cage!

Love, for it is the sweetest gift we can provide.
Guide the similar people who have cried.

Smile for it's the most beautiful view.
Like a sunshine shining upon morning dew.

Don't discard the precious flow of time!
By hatred or envy for they are heinous crime.

Believe me you are not the only.
So please end considering yourself lonely!

We are here to support you,
Trust me, I know it's true...

Rohan Nath

When I Look At The Stars

The stars twinkles bright tonight,
While I lie awake and miss you.
Among the star you reside;
I can feel you reaching down to kiss me.
Oh! I miss your warm arms around me.
The stillness of the dark isn't so wicked
Because I can perceive your whisper to me.
The spaces between my fingers are unoccupied
Vacant for your slender one.
Oh! I haven't slept in three days;
The coldness of your absence doesn't permit me,
But I sit in the yard all night
Look at you shinning up in the heaven;
And then don't feel so unaccompanied.
Tear of contentment flows down my cheeks.
I promise I won't forget you.
I am appreciative for the night,
The portal of our attachment...

Rohan Nath

When I Was A King

These I kingdoms that once I owned.
Trumpets and drums were played before I enter.
Attendants march behind until I reach the throne.
Almighty! King Arthur! It's all I remember.

Who ever thought I would be the King.
Oceans ascends with my single glance.
Lands turn fertile with every step I bring.
Skies laugh with joy whenever the kingdom enhance.

Cathedral bells ringed to greet my grandeur.
Priests and nuns sang chorus when I danced with glee.
Long live the King! They said. As I was filthy pure!
My enemies used to shiver and kneel before me.

As time flowed by and my hair lost its color.
I became excessively pompous of my authority.
Some devilish gust puffed my pureness forever.
I became so wicked. Oh! What has become of me!

My glorious reign has come to an end forevermore.
Revolutionaries wanted my head on the guillotine.
I pleaded and wept for my life until my eyes turned sore.
I lost my golden crown; I lost everything that took so hard to win.

Rohan Nath

Winter Walk

I daily wake up early in the glacial morning.
The birds greet me with their blissful singing.
The cold air penetrates through the window,
To savage all the heat grouped under my blanket below.

I inhale the strong crisp of cold atmosphere,
It sends a chill right through my spine really austere.
I somehow get up and reach for my sneakers,
Shifts outside and starts walking wearing my temperate gear.

There! There! I see the paperboy riding bicycle,
With the daily paper which he flings so well.
Hardworking people unlock their stalls and stores.
A person departs his home for his daily chores.

I observe laborers burning twigs and timbers,
Exploiting the flames to heat their freezing figures.
While some were holding clay mugs filled with hot tea.
Oh! How much more pleasurable morning walks could be?

Rohan Nath

Women

Who would contradict the affection of a mother?
She who endeavoured to bestow us the breath of existence;
Intensely compassionate in personality they are.
Secures us and therefore forms our defense.

Who else can obtain and sustain the duty of a sister?
She who happens to be our emotional support;
Sensible in intellect and gentle in action they are.
Guides us and therefore on no account lets us abort.

Who would constantly be dependable like a wife?
She who makes it crucial to fulfill our needs at any rate;
Gorgeous in qualities and remains beside us for our entire life,
Idolizes us and therefore desires us to be her soul mate.

Who else can be more valuable than a daughter?
She who sacrifices for the advantages of her family;
Garnished with essence of motherliness and heals our scar.
They are overflowing with responsibilities to an extreme degree.

Women stay as the most significant person in our life and soul,
And build an effort to facilitate us to accomplish our goal.

Rohan Nath