

Poetry Series

Runa Pradhan
- poems -



PoemHunter.com

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Runa Pradhan(8 February 2001)

A beginner to the realm of poetry. Glad to God that I have been incurring such an art which gays me ever.

I strictly believe in the omnipotent, omniscient and omnipresent God. I always imply myself the adage " A good name is the best of all treasures.



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Her 67 Chats

What I thought to share
After became freed
But just before it happened
She started to share

In the feel of a bit of believing
I started to feel of relieving From the fear of sharing
And the fear of caring

When I was not aware of her
Got a series of 67 chats from her To take up me to not to be so dead headed
Stead of being a bit of eggheaded

That chats as suggestions were deep implied
To me to go up what already I heeded
So after all, retained a sense of moving on
The way that she directed to go on

Runa Pradhan



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Let's Awake

Hey!

Time is short

But problems are a lot

We gotta throw that.

Hey!

It's the time

To do overcome

We don't gotta be mum.

Hey!

Never look back

That all are to be bake

We gotta now awake.

Runa Pradhan



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Disturbed Mind

A disturbed mind;
kills the Will.
Hurts the Heart.
Zip the Lips.
Seeks the Meek.
Drops the Hope.
Obey the Disways.
Dislike the Likes.
Less the Grace.
Unrest the Jest.
Blind the Mind.
Lessen the Ken.
Hot the Thoughts.

Runa Pradhan



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I And Mine

'I' a single lettered word
That's overtone to say SELF
'I' that sometimes spoken in ego
Which later results as GRIEF.

' Mine ' a fine sounded word
That cues men to say MY at the end of
His talks in ego to show how
He is able to overcome up.

'I' and 'Mine' that usually
Human beings tried to confess
But that's never to be said
As that's all of God to gay us.

Runa Pradhan



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Heart

Sometimes it's pleasure
Someday went to leisure
Somewhat it wants
Somewhere got chance.

Someway it's healthy
Somehow gets filthy
Somebody it cares
Someone it shares.

Somewhy itself noise
Something made concise
Sometimes it's known
Sometimes becomes unknown.

Runa Pradhan



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The Land And The Sky

One day the land asked
The sky;
Why are you at
Very high?
As I my love on you
Is true;
So that I'm staying apart to
Protect you.
Then the sky asked
The land;
Why are you being
More kind?
As the world's all are
Ours own;
So that I'm enduring theirs
Loads on.

Runa Pradhan



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Post Office

I'm post office,
People's first office
Known and noted every where
For my services from here to there

Though I earlier rare
At somewhere and somewhere,
Now I render my services and care
At everywhere and everywhere

I have a big family
To render services calmly
From the first office B.O
To the last office H.O

My GDSs are my drive
Postman are as my pro drive
And other higher are as civil capacity
Of my postal system as my directing entity

Now different services
I cater for all age old choices
Schemes like RD, TD, PPF, NSC, and IPPB
Etc. And also now digital system of POSB.

But I sad somewhere
As people have become a little aware
Of my schemes and services
Nonetheless, I am here for them since time immemorial.

Runa Pradhan

She: An Emotion

She, as an emotion
Of all my states of mind
Comes out, when I talk to her, or,
when I feel her more than a good friend

She, as an emotion
Of all my stress and strain
Haunts me every now and then,
When I know that I am not in her brain.

She, as an emotion
Of all my motions of life
Runs parallelly on the way I run,
When I break down somewhere in life.

She, as an emotion
Of all my disturbed thoughts
Disturbs me from to think ahead,
When I don't listen her voice or notes.

She, as an emotion
Of all my joys and might
Pops into my hearts completely,
When I take her in as my ever affable satiety

Runa Pradhan

Thirst Of Tomorrow

Day after day each day
One page stays added to
My book of days I have got yet as Blessings of God.

I count each day a day
Of hoping an another tomorrow
Letting the turmoil thoughts of Yesterday.

From a dawn to an another
Dawn of almighty time
An unexpected day within me remains Thirst of a tomorrow.

But each day I feel that
There's an another day, I would make It best of days have gone, but fails to
Feel the present I have now.

Until the yesterday has
transformed into a lively today and The today into a day of salvation of soul,
I will remain thirst of an another tomorrow.

Runa Pradhan

A Silent Surge

What I verily conceived
Made me inversely deceived,
So exhausted somewhere
At where I identified as unfair

How could I be alarmed?
As I was like unarmed,
Hence confessed, it's my fault!
But it stayed for me as a halt

Hence thugged my thoughts on
To walk along the rest to go on,
And learnt the life now to hassle
Through any imminent battles

The sky never stays blue ever
Nor the clouds stay ever,
Thus, I confessed it, veered to
Self what should I befit to do

Runa Pradhan

Malkangiri

Where there's most of scree-scattered girls'

That's Malkangiri

Where there's a sub-tributary line of Godavari

That's Malkangiri

Where there's cluster of diverse communities

I.e. Malkangiri

Where there's bond of solidarity among tribes

I.e. Malkangiri

Where there's area of cosmo-religious rituals

I.e. Malkangiri

Where there's people are immigrants mostly

I.e. Malkangiri

Where there's newcomer want not to go back

I.e. Malkangiri

Where there's nature has made its another home

I.e. Malkangiri

Where there's I started a new phase of my life

I.e. Malkangiri

Runa Pradhan



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My Illiterate Mother

My 'BOU'; my illiterate mother
Who is hitherto a fuel of my life ever
At where I feel illiterate myself at her illiterate literacy
And at where I go down at her uneducated efficacy

My illiterate mother never a day smothers
On any discourse of me with her
But sometimes she becomes sceptical
To my consent if it feels mystical to her

She can catch my words but I can't
Get her what she starts and ends
But ultimately I guess her what she
Gushes out at me in the sense

I pray at God that she would a bright star ever
Like Sun In world of my life and me too to her

Runa Pradhan



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Thousands Thoughts

Sleeping has not invited
Yet to eyes, night narrows timely,
Thousands thoughts teem,
Seems as if a galaxy of thoughts
Around my mind and heart
Burdening me repeatedly.

Some thoughts are stringed with
Fears, worries and pains,
As for taking these negative
And some thoughts stringed with
Commitments, optimism and growth
As for perceiving from positivity

Moreover, some are avenging
Challenging and assuring
To make sure to the imperialist that
How I can sword my these thoughts
Into him in same as manner
He does now and then

In the late night eyes whenever have
Got asleped over these swathe of
Thousands thoughts to mind,
It becomes oblivious to me.

I regret not to come these thoughts,
As these haunt me for realising
My actions and dictions to countering Challenges, anomaly and reprehension
At where somewhere I encounter

Runa Pradhan

When I Left Home

I know I will return oneday
To my home as going as
Or in the wrapped cloak carcass
But what I can, it time's turn
In my life to where it wants

Roaming in home and street,
Serving meal by my angel mother,
And everything obsessed are today
Haunting and making my heart pity
While leaving these away from...

I used to feel, I would make my realm
Of dreams in my brought up place,
But today, time is making it away to
A new vista of life which is haunting me,
Is it punishment or opportunity by time?

Runa Pradhan



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One Day...

There will be a day come
That the shiny sun,
the half-full moon,
The load-bearing land and
The night's starry twinkling sky
These all would stay
But I wouldn't.....
My elevated thoughts
To reaching a high
And my implicit identity soul
To heading to heaven
Would volatile somewhere
Which I wouldn't feel.....
All may gossip, deplore
And lament to my absence
For my all ill-will left
Attributions to them
As in different forms
Which I wouldn't perceive.....
Oneday I wouldn't poetise too
As I wouldn't as I wouldn't.....

Runa Pradhan

Pent Up Feelings

I'm walking around and around
My breath, thoughts and sound
With calm showed countenance
By throbbing of solitude's resonance

It's been tormenting my heart
That I'm going to be apart
From something more connected
Haunting me how will I be unconnected

When I got to lying down
When I go to read down
It's been darting my soul
As hammering to screw on pole

I'm repenting to my all ill thoughts
Perhaps, these are the notes
Of my tuning sole feelings
Yet, conserving as hauntings

Runa Pradhan

Points To Life...

Beaver away,
Optatively in life with noble minds
Because life is full of struggles
To get the power of fruitful life
So try it to make true through hassles
Think of,
What's meant to life?
Across the life till it stays
Lest it would full of regrets and backdrops
So learn to bear to imminent bad days
Blank out,
That life is a desultory boat
Wherever it may arrive on
And whenever it may rich out
But it's in own hand how better to stir on
Feel inside,
Why should you worth of?
And why to this mundane earth?
So try to best of the best ever
Until it makes you worth of worth

Runa Pradhan

Let My Heart

Let my heart owe for love
Of those helpless lives
that I can sob for them
Morn on for them

Let my heart bow down
At the people of loyalty
That I can be a little bit
Emulated with them

Let my heart be fertile
To those who can yield of
Greeny serene atmosphere
That I can be hailed ever for them

Let my heart seek for
Peace and prosperity in life
That I can be used for
Disbursing to it for them

Runa Pradhan

?? Jay Jagannath ??

O! dear lord of lords
Lord of the whole world
You are the path of all truths
You are the truth of all paths
So direct all along your truth's path
Let's bless O! Jagannath!
Let's bless O! Jagannath!

O! estimable omnipotent God
Make all strayed frayed to your mode
Of sanctity, sanity and salvation
Elevation off afflictions, calamities and
Sorrows have been abjecting to this Earth
Let's bless O! Jagannath!
Let's bless O! Jagannath!

Runa Pradhan



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Life

Life is conditional
To this queen Earth
With having a great oath
To walk along the just path

Life is unprecedented
At all non-livings
With having an animated soul
To connect the superior's soul

Life is such a directed way
To all who have got it
With having a set of setbacks
To face off these without being aback

Runa Pradhan



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Thanks God

Feeling thanked that I have;
Gifted with your blessing bloom as
A living spirit in my corporeal body,

Brought up by your parts as
Father and Mother,
Peered with your messengers as
Friends and colleagues,

Taught by your preachers as
Teachers and elders,
Devoted to your spiritual spills as
Imprinted scriptures,

Determined by the path you have showed as
Truth and altruism,
Dwelt on your devine place of moralities as
Religious field of the Earth and its society.

Runa Pradhan



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What Can I Give?

Mind thinks over much
What to give such
That I can reach out to,
As well, can avail to give out to
To put out existed dearths to

What deeds can be at me?
What dedication possible by me?
Can come out with calm
And composure to build up such realm
Of wholesome beatitude and gem

I can serve that has not served
But that the greeny queen has preserved
Already, thus, I can look out the door
Wherein every wish can fore and soar
So oneself will come to give more

I would rather give this lit up living life
If it requires to glow up a tree of many lives
Rather can teach what's the art of life
As a teacher, or can serve out till I can't
With fervor and gaiety as a social servant

Runa Pradhan

Running For A Hope

Life, still in the cradle of yearning
For a course of hope along which
Wanna run on to the spire of wishing
With facing fires and foes on the way,
But whopping hope halt the way,
Kills the soared longue to fore
And runs itself to finding a hope

Though creeps through the way it faces,
Yet the hope with which it wishes
To come along, can't be stepped

Nonetheless, it just wants on a vector
As a hope outside to make itself victor,
In what he itself has dreamt for and
Made true what others hope from it

Runa Pradhan



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The Melancholic Night

In the lantern's dim light of night
When I slept in late after my mother slept
Heard light cryings with drenched eyes
Which in turn, evoked me the same
Saw, she was begging for with folding
Hands at our clan goddess just being
Adhered down the head on pillow
Moaning herself with swiping tears
That, 'Hey! Goddess, let be helpful on my Child and my child became yours now'

As it was that my brother who went on
For labouring as novice, but stranding Hitherto helplessly without getting any
sort Of livelihoods with no whereabouts he there
I tried to condole her but couldn't, inversely
I became lamented, I too prayed to be the Same as my mourning mother,
ultimately
The unforgettable lamenting night went off.

Runa Pradhan



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Society: At The Door Of Modernity

Society - a we feelings bond
Which is on the verge of degradation
Has been seemingly felt like an umbrella
Or, as the sky over the earth these days, But
Within, it is contexted as the concave area of a cap

The strata has got the new equation of Modernity dissipating the mores of itself
And culture has sundered a bit from its
Thread of conventionality and traditionality of itself

Social beings have made asocial themselves
Being each as though an elitist and inhumane
Modernity may have changed the map of
Society as well as the mind of its members
But the fabric of socialization has not been constructed yet

The then social, economic and political Matrix have been altering in course of
Modernity, nonetheless, the morality of Societal strata and topography of social
Mores have not kept foot on realm of modernity

Runa Pradhan

How May I?

May I mad
May I bad
So don't on me be sad
May I ugly
May I silly
So don't with me get closely
May I naughty
May I butty
So don't on me be pity
May I fraud
May I rude
So don't with me be ahead
May I not true
May I not as you
So leave me, it will better for you

Runa Pradhan



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Teacher???

Whose work is teaching
And that makes learning
Who roles as a facilitator
That person is a teacher
That person is a teacher.

Who is noble in nature
Having subjective master
Who works as a path shower
That person is a teacher
That person is a teacher.

To whom society do gratitude
Having teaching aptitude-attitude
Who feels himself like a learner
That person is a teacher
That person is a teacher.

Runa Pradhan



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Three S'

Smiling is seen

When someone is come in

Smiling is come in

When someone is not seen.

Staring is gone on

When someone is come on

Staring is stoped on

When someone goes wrong on.

Sharing is stayed on

When someone does care on

Sharing isn't seen

When caring of someone goes down.

Runa Pradhan



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Why This Have Made?

Why this have made
With a bit of differences
Amongst all kind of beings;
The status, the state of mind
And the simpleton of all
To this society as good bad one

Why this have made
For looking onto one side of any
Rather not looking for both
In the selfless sake-seeing eyes;
Only having sense of existing role
And has been staying on own way

Why this have made
The touching-thinking insanities
Despite all have the mammalian traits;
This have made for a good living and serving
Where one is for everyone
Everyone is for all ones

Runa Pradhan

O! Dear Dream

O! Dream, let's come
And enter my realm of dreams
Bring a tender and tidy dearer one
With whom I will be stayed as a Monarch.

O! Dream, if not, let me feel the
Aroma of the dearer one and
Make me a devotee at her forever
I will be placated to her as an enchanter.

O! Dream, if not, let me keep on with
Don't go away, just make her to see me
The dearer one to be my beloved
I will be framed with her beauty's realm.

Runa Pradhan



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At Poem's Door...

Thoughts are get awaited when
Mood of expressing them is come,
Whited empty page get prepared
For accommodating these thoughts.

Fingers of hand start to nodding
The writer's weapon pen wanted to,
Get fixed at the tips of the fingers
And mind lays on its concentrating.

Surrounding become soothed for
Moulding these thoughts to a shape,
The writer as a poet also get ready
To lay out such a shape i.e the POEM.

Runa Pradhan



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What Changes And Not

Days come and go
It's ever will status quo
Just it's feel a bit different
As like as lines of a content

Rivers, ever flow on their ways
Sun, same gives his own rays.
 And past results as present as usual
 Present results as future not casual

What to be changed doesn't change
But what not to be changed that's change
Yeah! It's our intention on all on the way
Yet, life to be lived on the humane way

Runa Pradhan



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I'm Just

I'm just different from me
What makes distinct to feel me;
Have been sometimes opening at any;
Have been grinning or grimming at any

I'm just stress to me
What incurs as agony in me;
Have been busting mind's meek;
Have been making just mentally sick

I'm just chivvy to me
What results as dilly-dally to me;
Have been losing nerves to act on;
Have been closing heart's desire to way on

Runa Pradhan



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Winter's Whim

Winter's sky paints itself blue
Clearing clouds and their hues
Winter's wind blows being spry
Inspiring nature to too much high

Crop fields turn green
Nature sets up serene
Days become short
Being self a little hot

Winter's night turns bore
Being long makes sombre
But beings become happy more
To enjoy the winter's time more

Runa Pradhan



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When I Will Die...

Don't know, who will cry
When I will die
But know, they will cry out
Who loves me from in and out

All my kith and kin,
All will be mourned in
And all will be lamenting on
Just after and after my gone

But I can't feel my sole,
Can't know this whole
Thence, I will be vanished and gone
From theirs mind and will be lone

Hence, I am letting all
On to the God till having my soul
I will cry but never will make any to cry
When I will die, when I will die

Runa Pradhan

Some People On The Way

Some people come on the way
To mitigate misery what come on the way

Some people come on the way
To aggravate agony what come on the way

Some people come on the way
To motivate mind what exist on the way

Some people come on the way
To demotivate mind what exist on the way

Some people come on the way
To moralise life what going on the way

Some people come on the way
To demoralise life what going on the way

Runa Pradhan



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O! My Dear Death

O! my dear death
Never go before implying me
As here is more to start me and
More to complete those to fullest me
Let do me to make this life satisfied

O! my dear death
Where I have brought up,
To whom I, a light of darkness
And for those my life is in need ever
Let do me to flame up all these doings

O! my dear death
I have gotten a role here
As an artist to this mother earth,
So my role hasn't ended up yet, thus
Let do me to end up life's one-act-play

Runa Pradhan



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If, I...

If I were a bird
I would sweep across the sky forever.
If I were a flower
I would worship at God's head forever.
If I were the moon
I would dazzle in the nighty sky forever.
If I were a star
I would glimpse in the dark sky forever.
If I were a mountain
I would see the noblest nature forever.
If I were a fountain
I would course at a far I want forever.

Runa Pradhan



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Fake Friend

Sometime someone became closed,
Made friend for the purport of sake
Of life, on behalf of each of sides
Being no guarantee of fake.

Became closed more
Too, shared more
Keeping in between
A small tender trust there.

When the trust then
Became sundered
Made Fiend from friend
Being not atleast once pondered.

Thereafter s/he pinned more
Wanted to pain more being fake
Finally, made underrated, and Thought, for friend let's be sheer fake.

Runa Pradhan



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Life Is...

Life is conditional
To this queen Earth
With having a great oath
To walk along the just path

Life is unprecedented
At all non-livings
With having an animated soul
To connect the superior's soul

Life is such a directed way
To all who have got it
With having a set of setbacks
To face off these without being aback

Runa Pradhan



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Yet, Desired! !

Desire never die
Seeing the ubiquitous nature
Satisfied too, satiated too
Yet, desired at to be more perks from nature.

How diversified it is?
Who made it has?
How long it has taken?
Yet, desired at to be some new phase.

It's becoming magnified
Looking the desirous nature
To glorify it's care and share
Yet, desired at to be extra care and share.

Runa Pradhan



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How Bulky The Knowledge

Oh! the world of knowledge
How so vast,
How so depth
Wouldn't find its end
Wouldn't guess its area
Only known its path.
Sometimes it's pleasure
To go through this
Sometimes it's anxious
To connect with this
Sometimes it's easy
As tasty as cheese.

Runa Pradhan



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Facing Problem

During facing problem
Act with thinking
Think with acting
Then whole will be satisfying.

It doesn't matter
How the problem is hard?
How it would solve?
But not ought to afraid.

Not to be butt it
But to be look it into this
Not to be give up it
But to be find it's ends.

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Misery Of Mistakes

At each stairs of time, my
mind does merely mistakes;
Couldn't connect with heart
Rather it's started to forsake;

Mien mourned and withered
Like dried odourless flowers;
And my mind again and again
Commits mistakes showers;

Couldn't be done chill to self
And Couldn't be chuckled at all;
Yet miseries are mended and
I pained and fainted all in all;

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Reality: An Ever Changing Truth

Reality is never static
For all it's automatic,
Switches over old to new,
New to old and also few to a few

All go change, all made break
All at all come to wreck
Although it's varied at all to all,
Yet it's somewhere last more or a while

It's felt to perceptive eyes,
Seen to quested eyes
It's ever a mundane truth too
That makes always a cyclic change too

Runa Pradhan



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A Star's Stare

In a night's starred canvas
I stared eagerly and did guess
There're twinkling bunch of stars
That put out my mind's nightmares

I pointed out of bunch of stars
A glittered star that have no scars
I kept remember hers place in the sky
From where she starts seeing me in shy

She promised me to stare her forever
I hastily agreed to stare over and over
Then she called me at hers and get closed
And said to never go apart from me ahead

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A Course Within A Course (Exact 2yrs)

A course within a course
In which I joined ardently
In the span of joining the study course.

A sense of humor was started
Flaming in the core of the heart
But just before of that it lost the needy fuel.

I have learnt some lessons
Which I had never ever learnt
That all I got as the certificate of the course.

Think, it was all the flaws of age
Which come on the way to pave the
Life towards the door of what to do or not.

Runa Pradhan



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This Too Shall Pass

At all, at no will too
This too shall pass
Around the world in all
Everything will surpass

Too in everything
Too in all about
Never ever trend more
Rather it's all go out

As too is too ever
So too takes too time
To go out to end
On the very prime

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Dawning Morning

Morning commences at the dawn
Night on ready to go away;
The delightful day on the onset
Sunny morning wants to play.

Dreams are on the end
Night goes to a deep sleep;
Night insects are on the go
Morning starts to weep.

Dazzling sea seems shiny
Makes the Earth meek and mum;
How this while, wonderful
Feeling such a blithesome.

Runa Pradhan



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World: An Attachment Of Attraction

'Attraction' an ever stayed
In all in all around the world
Even this world also suffered
From the affection of attraction

Being attractive, being affective
Towards something sometimes;
A natural phenomena, a so called
Indeed truth across the wider world

Attraction like elections-protons
Opposite sexes, magnets- irons
All are the attachment of attraction
Never be untied, rather ever be attracted

Runa Pradhan



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To Get To Loss

Everyone, everything
Come across getting-losing
What comes may
That ever a mundane leaning.

Whatever the desire
There is both
The getting and the loading
To put forth to worth.

Treeloses his oxygen, for
Breathing own well
Beings loss his carbon dioxide
To heal well-being as well.

Runa Pradhan



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Love

Love... usually
What we do
Is what a stimuli
That's never stay due

Never it confines
Never comes to end
Yet, it estates
When we leave it for a second

It sets as well
When two hearts meet on
It will be immortal
When well understanding keep on.

Runa Pradhan



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At Mother

Sleeping
In mother's lap
Is like beatitude;
Living
In mother's map
Is like solitude;
Feeling
Of mother's tap
Is like gratitude;
Hearing
To mother's jape
Is like quietude;
Groping
At mother's rap
Is like attitude;
-Runa-

Runa Pradhan



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Thanks Corona

Thanks Corona you come
A great change you have brought
No pollution, no propaganda is on
Amid your coming now all are in traught.

Now the queen earth is healing;
Of all the sufferings in your coming
And has been extolling amid your plight;
To the beings, by seeing their on sight.

All have been staying safety and serious
All have been looking for healing,
All have been changing their own habits,
Consequently, all have been securing.

Runa Pradhan



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Curse Of Corona

The Earth is healing
Creatures are suffering
Curse of Corona is threatening
Being very hard to that for combating.

How a perilous curse is coming;
To the Earth, is more perplexing
Locked all down, by pervading
Hence, creatures are lamenting.

When it will be uprooting
How far it will be obsessing
Ugh! when the God will be caring
Moreover, it's reviving and reviving.

Runa Pradhan



PoemHunter.com

Dream Girl

When I go to my bed
The dreams are on their way;
In that while when I sleep
They are start on to play.

Later, I enter the realm
Of dreams, go on to roam;
To find for me a beloved girl
For bringing her to my home.

But when I go to bring her
She goes to banish elsewhere;
I can't catch to that my dear
Ardently move hither thither.

Runa Pradhan



PoemHunter.com

Morning Walk

Morning walk! Morning walk!
Along the road;
Perceives like running of chalk
On the blackboard;

Lengthy night, nightmares end
At the dawn;
Mind flashed, feet are get ready
To run on;

Peers are also mingled keeping
On their walking;
Our focused place get culminated
At a new morning.

Runa Pradhan



PoemHunter.com

Her Last Call (Apr 25)

In the span of one day's a little sleep
A lump of thoughts came to peep
Meanwhile, a closed known call rang
Hastily I got up and assured a little bang.

That was her call which was for last time
Never ever I expected that will be a crime
Sorts of warnings were there to change;
To me, which, still feeling what a strange.

In fact, I couldn't reply, couldn't pare;
To what she showered on me to let her
Ultimately, how she changed I can't find
All in all, to forget, I professed to my mind.

Runa Pradhan



PoemHunter.com

We Know

We know well that
We are
Superficial to own
Always.
Indeed, it must gotta
We know
How far we have known
To ourselves.
Not only you but also I
We all actually
Still up in the air to know.
Because we have
Inclined towards illusion and fascination
Being craving more.
We need to be oriented quickly out of that
Because we know
Well that sin always recoils on the sinner.

Runa Pradhan



PoemHunter.com

Art Of Life

Life is so beautiful
When we know that to the full;
It's an art of living
Which is always get charming;

To go for away
We have to pave our own way;
Adversities will nil
If we will feel that as bitter pills;

As patient get cure
By swallowing of pills which are bitter;
So we gotta ahead
By connecting that all troubles in thread;

Runa Pradhan



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