

Poetry Series

**Shubham Shukla**  
**- poems -**

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**Shubham Shukla()**

# Let Me Sleep.

The world is burning  
with heavy flames of greed.  
Let me sleep,  
I am no more in need.

Let me sleep, O! rising sun  
For your rays make me blind.  
Let me sleep in empty heaven,  
for there is no place for kind.

Let me sleep, my sweet mother!  
for your child needs no proud.  
Let me sleep in laps of hell,  
for this sick paradise is crowd.

Let me sleep where all have slept  
with their blind open eyes.  
Let me sleep where no wisdom rise,  
for my lonely soul cries.

Shubham Shukla

# Life Less Loved.

In between the struggle  
and fate  
and victory.

In midst of  
writing own  
phenomenal history.

People die  
from nowhere.  
Paralysis, Cancer,  
Murder, Rape.

People eat people.  
Brains over brain.  
Hunger eat them all  
in greed, in vain.

Love gives you life.  
People are killed of love.  
Killed with a smile,  
killed in pain.  
Killed with sweet poison dear  
again and again.

I see no selfless love,  
only  
burning souls in hell.

To hell in minds,  
to hell with society,  
to hell within themselves,  
to hell in hells of humanity.

Shubham Shukla

# Love As Bitch.(Form Of Love)

Colors  
smell beautiful.  
Our lips on  
fire.  
All weird fantasies  
getting higher.  
My evil gestures,  
now tunes your  
skin  
and tempts  
a music,  
-the luring chords  
of sin.  
Into the echoes  
of love,  
I touch  
the seldom touched vibes,  
groans, howls and  
the tears  
that  
burns our flame  
of joy,  
desire,  
fantasy,  
ecstasy,  
perhaps  
our necessity!

Shubham Shukla

# No One Is Yet You.

Hiding colors of life within  
be white ray of light.  
Pure, bright, smart, simple,  
kind, humble, quite.

Like a baby bird  
-testing wings in sky,  
be brave, confident, free.  
Spread your wings to fly.

Firing within like fireflies,  
light own motivation.  
Lead yourself to arms of faith,  
sanity, toil, perfection.

When Loom, Sarcasm come to play  
calmly smile wise.  
For they fragile you,  
cheer them- rise!

Remember,

Smile is sorrow,  
known faces are new,  
when world is upside down,  
when you have another perception of view.

No one is yet You.  
No one can ever be.  
Polish yourself to infinite  
and one day world wants to be.

For whatever you become,  
'Your life is just another memory left behind'.

Shubham Shukla

# Pour Me Another Glass

I need more stories,  
more lies.  
I need more pain,  
more life.  
I need them to  
kill me down,  
walk away and laugh.  
Pour me another glass  
for  
I need more of me  
to say,  
the child inside me  
is not dead.

Shubham Shukla

# She

She is everywhere in every form.  
She is all inside me.  
I am all her.

'She is the gentle music of clapping leaves.  
She is the mild flow of summer winds.'

When all hopes and faith  
are beyond my reach  
She is in the holy form  
of a mothers preach.

Dead in cold,  
when flames of despair breeze.  
She is the bless of nectar,  
churned by thousand seas.

She is the cute blush of a baby's cheek.  
Immortal desire, I forever seek.

Moved by emotions,  
when eyes weep  
she is the lap of comfort  
that tends me to sleep...

Kissed by failures,  
when my soul shrinks to cry.  
She's the soothing hug,  
a whole new spirit to try.

Merging all her forms to one.  
Kneeing on a romantic lieu  
and hand quiver with roses,

I say

'She is the eternal form of You'



