

Poetry Series

Sourabh Mishra
- poems -

Publication Date:
2016

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Sourabh Mishra(12 June 1989)

Sourabh Mishra is a freelance writer and poet. He has written several stories, poems and plays. Some of his plays are adaptation and translation, while some are his own creative production. His plays have been performed in various theatre festivals and competitions.

He started his career as a poet when he first wrote some poems for an competition. These poems were in Hindi and he was well appreciated for these poems. Later on, he started writing in English.

His Plays and poems are mostly on philosophical themes related to life and death, evil or humanity.

Sourabh Mishra has done Masters in English Literature from Mahrishi Dayanand University, Rohtak and has been involved in production of several theatre shows and short films.

A Wish

I don't wish success or riches in my life,
Not even willing to be great.
not eager to know my future,
Nor even dissatisfied with my fate...

To be true,
It will be a great pleasure,
if I find you,
Waiting for me somewhere...

People may call you cruel,
I think they are fool.
You are humble and kind,
You favor the mankind...

Though you take away their lives,
but you put their misery to an end
you finish all the strife,
you have your way, your wend...

I know, very soon this road will end,
towards you, every minute I tend.
And that's my destiny, my fate
Till then I won't do anything but wait...

Sourabh Mishra

Ah! My Childhood...

There was a time,
when I used to be happy,
used to smile and see
the world around me.

The beauty of nature
was a pleasure to me.
playing with cute puppies and birds
was fun to me.

Those happy days are gone,
gone away.
now everything around me,
seems to be dark and grey.

I am always sad and demented with worry,
full of tension and in hurry.
There is no smile on my face.
Life has become a harness race.

Ah! I wish
I could be a child again.
Could play and run
with my friends once again.

Ah! my childhood
where are you.
I miss those days.
I cry for you.

Sourabh Mishra

Being Unemployed

Brooding over something with a long face,
Standing in a corner, looking for gone-days' trace;
He was waiting for his turn with a heavy heart,
Away from others, he was standing apart

He had little hair on his head;
Always grumpy with a sweaty forehead
Lenses were the integral part of his sight
Or he could not even see in the daylight

Though he was young, none could guess his age,
Being twenty-seven, he looked thirty-five from his face
Always dissatisfied, like a caged-bird that wants to be free
He kept thinking what he is, and what he ought to be

Suddenly, he was summoned inside the cabin,
He pushed the door and stepped into that graben
There was fake tension on his seniors' face
Though they were adamant to expel him in any case

A letter was handed to him as a company's call
He had to say a lot but he just could drawl-
'Sir, I have responsibilities to fulfill, '
His throat choked and he stood still

He took the letter and sweltered,
Eyes stuck to ground, he faltered;
He had some dreams when he was employed,
But now this castle was destroyed

He was not alone; his colleagues too had lost the job
Outside the gate, there was huge noise of sob
He was hopeless and agonized like a fish out of water
Cursing to his lot, feeling like a pauper

Sourabh Mishra

Evil

Evil dwells in darkness and insanity,
Lives on hatred and carcass of humanity
It grows powerful with ego and selfishness
Can only be stopped, when knowledge used as harness

Past has witnessed wars, Where to satisfy ego,
Upon some city, a vicious soul dropped torpedo,
Suddenly the sky turned black and the earth red,
Cruelty danced and human blood was shed,

Several times, we have turned ourselves into devil,
Worked on the commands of evil,
Killed our brothers and destroyed races,
Ruined civilizations, leaving behind no traces

Relics of Christ show us the true path,
The way to stop this bloodbath,
Let's walk through that passageway,
That takes us from night of agony to a hopeful day

Let's make the world serene,
Blessed quotes of saints, we must glean
No more blood, no more hatred
Let's make our heart sacred

Let fraternity reside inside the soul,
In the garden of love, have a stroll,
Let the butterfly kiss your forehead,
Towards that virtuous path, we must tread

Sourabh Mishra

Just For Publicity

After smoking copious amounts of weed,
Drinking alcohol and eating mutton
Till his tummy was about to blast,
He yelled at girls sitting on a sofa next to him.
(These girls were called for entertainment of affluent class of society.)
'O you, F*ck*n* white girl,
Come, I will make you a celebrity in my next movie.
Just come to my place,
Let's enjoy to-night.'
The girl denied the request and went with another man.
The guy got annoyed and frustrated.
'How dare you to ignore my request?
because for last few years, I have not been a story in newspapers.
Oh, I will show you.
My last movie full of filth and shit based on sex and violence was a big hit
I made career of several actors
Tomorrow morning, I'll be again on the first page of newspapers,
Breaking news of my friend's bulletin.'
After blabbering a lot, he grabbed a piece of chicken and
Devoured half of that piece in one bite
'I have to become famous once more
I need to do something lofty and creative
What will I do?
What?
Ah! I'll blame our prime minister.
I'll abuse him and I'll be on the front page.
Yes, this is a great idea'
Reaching into his pocket, he took out his iPhone
'Perhaps, I'll abuse him because flush of my toilet is not working well.
No! No! It is so trivial.
Yeah! Intolerance
No! No! My fellow actor already picked this issue..He is a superstar.
I can see him lying in the laps of his wife or perhaps someone else...
Ah! This cursed alcohol. I can't even see properly.
No! No! He is lying in the laps of a famous News anchor.. Oh! She is my friend
Never mind
Where? Where was I?
Yes, I was going to blame our PM, abuse him
But for what?

I will have to think of a reason
Oh Fu*k *p! Who needs a reason?
I just need publicity.
So that the beautiful lady who just denied my request
May return to me tomorrow
Ah! Here I tweet
I abused the person whom more than half of the nation likes
Oh! Seventy five percent of citizens of our nation are fools
Only I am right. I am outspoken
I called his followers 'Bhakts' because I don't have logic to prove myself right
But I've proved myself a secular, knowledgeable and a modern man
Tomorrow, media will be at my gate, taking my interview
And once again I'll be famous
And then
Somehow, by paying at award ceremony
I'll collect some more awards for my filthy movie once again
Once again I'll be famous
Because I have laughed at democracy..
I have abused prime minister of our nation
The man who was elected as PM by more than fifty percent of Indians
To hell with patriotism
What is this word 'Nation'?
People in Japan, China and England may know this word
But I've never heard of it
All those struggled and died for nation's freedom were fools
Everyone must understand 'an artist belongs to the whole world or galaxy'
When Greece was falling, artists had to flee to Italy and Europe
Because they belonged to the whole world
Artworks and libraries were burnt and turned into smoke
Because they belonged to whole universe
These fools must understand
Artists can make friendship with terrorists or enemies of countries
Because artists belong to the universe
They don't know who I am
I am a celebrity, A self-acclaimed scholar
I am 'Vairag Ashyap- the great film-maker'
Ah! My task is done
I am famous now. What an artwork I have created! '

Sourabh Mishra

Ode To Breeze

Ah! See that breeze,
said something to me.

Soothed my aching soul,
put my mind at ease...

Oh! You naughty angel,
Alas! I could have come after you,
above the hills, forests and ponds!
I could have flown with you!

Wish I could take a view
of those divine places,
where serenity dwells;
of the pain, there are no traces.

Where some unknown singer on his cart,
in a happy mood, sings of his heart
the birds chirp,
and a doe is followed by a hart...

Where the dreams know no bounds
Where beauty abounds

Where the hills are flooded with snow...

I crave for that pleasant sight, I vow....

Sourabh Mishra

Ode To Evil

O evil!
Daughter of Satan!
With every sin,
you greaten...

You dwell in the hearts of people,
the people with black hearts
away from emotions
full of aggression...

You are merciless,
poisonous and malicious,
like a dictator or a sadist..
full of savageness...

You just know to cause pain,
you just enjoy the cries and sufferings
of deprived and helpless
of the people who are in distress...

See! What have you done to humanity?
Man killing man,
so inhumane,
no sign of fraternity....

See! Those cold-eyed people,
like some hungry eagle,
full of anger and revenge,
it's blood they want to quench...

Ah see!
under that tree,
a man is dying
bleeding severely and crying

Perhaps, he is hurt
by some car or by a truck,
But see!
How ugly is his luck!

He is surrounded
with the people cold-blooded...
no hand to help,
no ears to listen his yelp...

In the name of religion and community,
you have scattered insanity...
They know no God.
They only know to throw petard...
ruining cultures and civilizations,
devastating all traditions,
established by scholars
with love in thousand years..

Why don't they take a stand?
Why don't they be united?
To bury you forever,
Why don't you disappear?

Sourabh Mishra

Relics Of Love

Ah see! The sea is calm to-night,
Silent sky covered with moonlight
Sweet is this night-air,
Everything seems to be tranquil and fair.

Please come and kiss my head once again,
Once more, take me to that joyous terrain;
Where I and you roamed hand in hand
On the bank of some river, we would stand.

The blessed and cheerful moment when we met,
Though many years passed, I can never forget.
Your memories dwell always in my heart,
Sweetness of those can never fall apart.

Years later, when my grave will be broken up,
The heart of onlooker will shake up,
For that'll be a passageway or a blurb
Or a museum exhibiting relics of our love

It's not an end, but a start with a new notion,
Let this period be Cambrian Explosion.
Let's look for a world full of beauty and pride
Along some seashore, on a horse, there we'll ride.

Let life fly all around with the wings of fate,
From the shackles, to our souls, we must liberate.
We'll always be happy and together thus,
A fresh life, full of hope is waiting for us.

Sourabh Mishra

Why Discrimination

The bright sun in the sky,
White-mountains standing so high
Flowing rivers and fruit laden trees
They all never teach us to prejudice

Because a human looks different,
Has unlike physical traits and scent
The man becomes inferior,
Because he has different skin-color

His non-identical traditions and belief
are enough to raise a feeling of disbelief,
Hate to sit with him in a restaurant or in a bus
We keep on making a fuss

Our colors may be different but souls same,
Color defines quality- is not a true claim
Try to find a passageway to the heart of people
You'll know how much we are feeble

Look at the sun that gives its light and heat away
Gives us comfort and joy throughout the day
Be it rich, poor, black or white
On nature, everyone has equal right

God gives equal opportunity to everyone,
Nature knows no discrimination
Then why do we bind our minds
And poison our heart and tongues

No nation can be reckoned as the country of free
If there is discrimination prevalent, we see
If we don't have so much ethics
We all should be ready to become relics

Come my friends, let's stand together
Let's hug and kiss each-other
Let there be no difference

Between men, there should be no fence

Sourabh Mishra