

Poetry Series

**Stephen Paul**  
**- poems -**

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**Stephen Paul(18/09/1992)**

# A Knot Of Beauty

Fingers were crossed when,  
I saw her for the first time...  
Utter smile was on my face,  
And the lips gave a smile in a rhyme...

Together was our journey started,  
And together was it promised to end...  
Cute cheeks she had and rosy lips,  
Which made my underage in a lovely way get spent...

As time passed and we grew young,  
Love for her started to build up in me...  
But was very much scared to tell her,  
As I wanted her to live her life free...

Passed did the years,  
And the distance between us became vast...  
She too loved me I know,  
But were afraid that how long would that last...

Every night I used to dream about her,  
Her face was seen in every star...  
Love for her in me grew more,  
As it saw no distance though I was so much far...

Waited for her to become mine,  
As she wanted the same...  
Idiot for her was I,  
And the life started playing a lovely game...

Life whispered to me an apology,  
Said she can never be mine...  
As she is not the star,  
That for me used to shine...

Old I grew,  
She was in no touch...  
My life started becoming a mess,  
As I loved her too much...

A simple hope now stays alive in me,  
That will surely meet her after my breath goes apart...  
Her beauty shall always stay,  
Stay always beneath my heart...

Stephen Paul

# Am Leaving The World

Cutting me down for that ugly rest,  
Bringing down from me that pretty nest  
Stripping out the leaves of mine,  
Down and down with that blade's canine

Beaten up was me with that sharpened axe,  
Leaving behind those immortal cracks  
Drop by dropp fell my swollen tears,  
They never knew that cutting me was a global fear

This humanity turned out to be too much fake,  
Who will cherish the loneliness of that lovely snake?  
Listening to my words they started to cry,  
Visible were the tears of that helpless butterfly

Am leaving the world my dear friends,  
Lucky were you not being a hunt for this human trend  
Am leaving the world  
Am leaving the world

Stephen Paul

# Childhood Holidays

Hopping and jumping,  
From the schools did we come...  
From humans,  
Monkeys we did become...

The excitements remained the same,  
Whether it was summer or cold...  
Continued and continued,  
Even after we became a bit old...

School contacts started to lose,  
As we stepped into our college shoes...  
Life seemed much amazing,  
Searching for those holidays were our nights passing...

With watered mouths we saw,  
The kids playing during their holidays...  
We became the monkeys,  
Fed by the hays...

Got our jobs,  
And got the responsibilities on our tops...  
Forgot the meaning of those holidays,  
As we were no more a part of those childhood days...

Missing those holidays,  
Missing the hide n seeks...  
Missing our true buddies,  
Missing those sweet memories...

Stephen Paul

# Cremated Love...

Buried me into that love pit,  
That love was simply made for myself to lit...  
Unfortunately my love was so much great,  
That great which was unable to fit in that ugly pit...

Thinking that the love would be much tastier,  
Turned my sweetest thoughts bitter...  
Feets under the earth was my cemetery created,  
Can never that bitter feeling make my life better...

The girl I started loving the most,  
One day was partially lost...  
Pretended like a devil to,  
To deliver me to the hell-full dust...

Wanted to become the king of sins,  
Wanted to cut those ugly fins...  
Not afraid of what God thinks,  
'Coz I was a victim of that cremated love...

Stephen Paul

# Into The Laps Of The Nature...

Blessed was me,  
Being a part of that highest peak unknowingly...  
The peak from which the rivers originate,  
Flowing and flowing they reach to the sea...

This productive nature became so warm,  
Slowly I started becoming less calm...  
Started to fall like a beam of light,  
That mountain was unable to protect me stretching its arm...

Sometimes towards the left,  
Sometimes towards the right...  
Even the creator could not imagine,  
To prevent the separation how did I fight...

Rolling down I remembered my past days,  
When I was washed with the first drops of rain...  
Huge tumbler like was I,  
The reign of mine was wiped off in pain...

Into the banks of the river,  
Was situated my future...  
But I had no sorrows with me,  
'Coz I knew that I will be in the laps of the nature...

Stephen Paul



# Leaves Of Love

With such love and care,  
The shrub of my love grown...  
As the seeds were pure,  
And into the deep of the heart they were sown...

With the sweet musical rhythm,  
It started to grow...  
Within no time it reached my head,  
From the tip of my tow...

Slowly an attraction,  
To the strangers it started to become...  
Slowly like an autumn they approached,  
Made the shrub of my love grow numb...

My life laid beneath the roots,  
Flew away taking it like a dove...  
Falling were the tears of purity,  
Falling were those leaves of love...

Stephen Paul

# My Lucky Charm...

Innocence slept within her,  
Didn't like to pretend...  
Zestful was the nature,  
I just hoped it would never ever end...

Rosy lips but no dimples,  
I never wanted to lose them from my hands...  
'Coz I nearly wrote the feelings of mine,  
On the timely sand...

Afraid of the dark,  
And the day afraid of her...  
I love her so much,  
Always want her to be near...

Never thought I would get,  
Such a lovely face on my arm...  
Changed my life,  
As she became my lucky charm...

Stephen Paul

# No Weapons And No Property

No weapons and no property,  
Imagine how the world would be  
No fights and no war,  
Which make the relationships sour

Many times I imagined how,  
Can the weapons diminish by now.?  
Oh man! Oh man! I was very wrong,  
because weapons live their lives long

How can a country have,  
Borders to protect their property?  
The soldiers don't ask for some food from us,  
But at least show them some pity!

How many of us desire,  
To have a pair of attire  
Think of the soldiers fighting in the war,  
And have lost their lives in the man made fire

Is our country safe,  
Whose flag we post in the mud?  
have a look at the soldiers fighting hard,  
protecting us, flowing their blood

The weapons are now,  
Used for fun.  
Whether it may be,  
A rifle or a gun

The property we have,  
Will remain forever on the earth.  
Were we so rich,  
At the time of our birth?

Stephen Paul

# Sayonara

Leaving those sweet eyes,  
And leaving that sweet era  
I just wanna tell you all,  
A last sayonara

What a time was that,  
Having you all around me!  
Can't forget you all or else I will die,  
Just wanna tell you a last goodbye!

Leaving my love and leaving my care,  
Leaving the world in a cruel despair.  
Never wanted to tell you a lie,  
Just want to say a last goodbye.

A cruel goodbye,  
A sweet goodbye  
Just wanna say,  
A last goodbye!

Stephen Paul

## That Broken Star...

My love was like a broken star,  
Never knew it would go so far...  
troublemaker for her I started to become,  
Heart was broken and was behind the bar...

She was so much passionately loved,  
Never did I care that I was dumped...  
Scarlett blood flew over the veins of my heart,  
My love ended before it could start...

I wanted her to be my mate,  
Can't imagine that so much to me did she hate...  
Several were the ways for my star to fall,  
But fortunately it got a heavenly call...

My star diminished before it could vanish,  
he earthly kiss was unable to manage...  
My love was like a broken star,  
Never did i imagine that it would go only this much far..?

Stephen Paul

# The Moral Of A Coquette

With that ugly love the girl started to pretend,  
The nerves of mine started to bend...  
Was so much lost into the thoughts of that devil,  
That slowly my happiness came to an end...

To myself I started becoming so much strange,  
My soul was put up in that thorny cage...  
So much my love was ignored,  
That to kill her was my final rage...

My life was filled with the thorns of rose,  
Flew away my life the moment that sinful wind blows...  
Was so much forced to criticize her,  
That my character fell on to her coquettish toes...

Stephen Paul

# Yes, I Want To Live With You Again!

Far away from my heart,  
To the beneath where there still lies a pain...  
Each moment of mine says,  
Yes, I want to live with you again...

Every sands of my time,  
I wait for you resting on that window pane...  
My heart cries in the loudest voice,  
That it wants to live with you again...

You left my heart melted,  
So it became sweetest like a sugarcane...  
An utter need of yours,  
As my heart whispers that it needs to live with you again...

Peacefully was our life carried,  
Perfectly on that lovely lane...  
I cry, I cry, I cry for you,  
Give me a chance to live with you again...! ! !

Stephen Paul