

Poetry Series

Suyash Saurabh Singh
- poems -

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Suyash Saurabh Singh(19-07-1997)

Suyash has always learned a lot from life. His poems though represent his raw emotions but his Blog

Awesome life geek

proved that a person's true personality gets shaped during hard times.

Having witnessed a lot of depressing truths early in his life, he is now an Ideal for thousands of teens looking for personal development, self growth and self help.

He achieved this fame gradually struggling with his life.

A true epitome of passion, he lives his life at fullest!

Though he is a successful blogger and a published author but he still pours his heart out with poetry. But he never writes a poem on demand. He says, "

Poetry is something so pure, so divine that I just can't help with it until I have strong and raw emotions in me. "

Know more about him on his blog [AWESOME LIFE GEEK](#).

Consumed Infatuation

You know I cry every night,
for this, to you I can't fight,
sometimes I even fail to know,
you are my love or my biggest foe...

Tell me how to forget the day,
you came on which and sweetly slay,
the moment, in which, to you, I confess,
my love for you and that name princess...

That beautiful time, after my reveal,
was a desolate illusion, for me I feel,
they say, 'dude, its just defined fate',
thats why to god and people I hate...

You aren't sure it was love or crush,
can't see my eyes and silly blush? ,
you don't mean my words and my affection,
they say it as just 'your wrong selection'...

I can't rate my love as intense or mild,
the innocence of each heart is as cute as child,
you said, 'leave it! Lets be just friends',
for you, my emotions, there just ends...

I can't get someone, as gaily as such,
who tore my heart with a silent touch,
life is a game much tougher than chess,
can't play it anymore easily I guess,
I am contented atleast I did strive,
but got just consumed infatuation for life...

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Nothing At All

NOTHING AT ALL

I dont want to die,
I dont want to live,
I dont want to sigh,
or take the sympathy that you give,
I am too grown up to be controlled,
I am too blown up to be consoled,
I am not hopeless and have no hope,
I am not depressed and I can't cope,
I had dreams but I've seen how they shattered,
I can't figure out what all have I earned?
the people I gave my time to,
to whom they have turned?
the relations and their memories,
are they all burnt?

I am too tired to be told to try,
I am too drained to be told to cry,
I am not just shattered or an easy thing to repair,
I am too closed at heart to open up for care,
I am not stabbed to die, cause I wasn't alive at the first place,
I wasn't competing with anyone but they knocked me out of the race,
I am not a poet, not even do I love writing this,
but there's no one to hold me tight and heal me with a kiss...

I was a child I remember, when I was alive,
I was a dreamer I remember, when I was alive,
I had faith in people I remember, when I was alive,
I could have died for them and was always ready to do so,
I talked them out of sadness and was always ready to do so,
I had no fears of future, no scars of past,
I don't remember how long my life did last!
Then I had it all for last 5 years,
and I am even done with the tears!

I don't want to die,
I don't want to live,
I dont want to sigh,

or take the sympathy that you give,
I am not listening to myself because I've no call,
This is not a poem, its just nothing at all!

Suyash Saurabh Singh

The Dark River-I

The dawn was far, the pace was slow,
when above from that bridge, I felt the flow,
neither in expressions, nor even in words,
stating my story its voice was heard...

Watching it revealed, what it contained,
as souvenir after, those stormy rains,
the first it showed, its wrath and woe,
by reflecting the dark in its glittering flow...

The melted moon, witnessed a fit,
and mourned on the tears, I drowned in it,
the white when bursted, the stars were scattered,
they resembled my heart which sparked and shattered...

The flow it met, the sky behind,
the fog at the horizon, left me purblind,
the fog, it knew, but it didn't tell,
who is my sky and where it fell?

The shores were apart, but they met for sure,
their love somewhere, they mutually procure,
the place may be before, the flow was born,
where the flow, these shores, have tightly worn...

They recalled me the time,
when I felt her in my veins,
the winds swept the time,
And left Eternal Pains...

Suyash Saurabh Singh

The Dark River-II

The pain it recalled, I haven't yet died,
along with the heart, my tears too cried,
the wave of quests, I landed on a loach,
to help her answer, the dawn it approached...

Like the heart of the flow, the sun it rose,
reaching the sky, he called his foes,
in the fire of anger, he shined very bright,
that anger became cause, of foe's fright...

His rays of light speared the dark,
and stopped the wolf's scary bark,
see how the anger, changed the fate,
it killed the trait...

I got my answer, i got inspired,
burning my soul, even i got fired,
in the flames i resembled, that angry sphere,
ensuring- to touch my heart, none will dare...

My heart then became, the pure and untouched,
from the feelings like love, it remained unclutched,
untill i realised, that even that sun,
answered me like that, just for fun...

I then recalled, It was the heart of the flow,
by reaching the sky, in joy which glow,
darkness went away, because two lovers met,
this touching thought, left my eyes wet...

This meeting was the result, of a patient wait,
even when their god, was smwhat late,
celebrating that scene, with tears i shivered,
for returning my pace, i thanked that river...

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The Poemotion

This world a cemetery,
and me a solitary grave,
each relation is as temporary, as the roaring growling wave...

Tides are many but none last long,
like the relations we have with us,
but both of them when go strong,
they end with a gusty gush...

You often think that what went wrong,
the reason is nothing great,
it's the immortality of mortality,
of the mortal's fussy fate...

Change is like the only thing,
that really never change,
brains and veins and everything,
get beyond the relations range...

Hands get lock, of the life's clock,
and so get the twitter in birds,
the means get block of the revealing talk,
so get the glittering words...

I've got this point about every joint,
but life isn't free of fears,
the tweets are shuts and branches cut,
of the mighty tree of cheers...

Each relation is as temporary,
as the roaring growling wave,
This world a cemetery and me a Solitary grave...

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The Souvenir

Where I am? What time is it?
Am I alive? Or its hell I visit?
here, it came, my eyes clarity,
isn't a bad dream, its life's reality...

Teared eyes are looking the heart so sad,
I guess i've lost whatever I had,
wounds are struggling just to recall,
what is pinching me hard? What made me fall?

Darkness around is stable as rock,
a flashback starts as i walk,
listening the silence of that beautiful flame,
burning me to ashes was whose dreadful aim...

Neither a blow, nor even a storm,
just a letter from her hand's warmth,
was able to anounce the death of my surities,
and pushed me hard to the depth of obscurities...

The letter, it called, that thing insane,
just because its me, and that thing was my pain,
all up to it, how it justified her lie,
it then flowed in my veins and turned me to cry...

I had felt that closeness, so i resisted to move,
her heart as it told, never hugged the groove,
the voice which first seemed beatific,
suddenly felt by ears, were just a critic...

Each word of that letter just carved in my heart,
that lie aimed mind and was felt like dart,
the pain i had to bear, even if i can't,
atlast i just groaned and then i faint...

God woke me but i didn't resuscitate,
being aware of this i just suffocate,
Debacle passed away but memories i did stir,
as the paio of mine was the only SOUVENIR.....

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