

Poetry Series

Tanishq Sharma
- poems -

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Tanishq Sharma(13/10/1996)

Born in the capital of country, Delhi, he grew up between the so-called Delhites before moving to the never halting town - Mumbai.

He spent his considerable amount of childhood on the electronic devices in his home. From mobile phones to laptops, everything such, made up his day to day task.

Developing a passion for writing, he started his blog at the age of 15 named as Captive Of Thoughts.

The blog features his views on random life issues, his short stories and poems he wrote in the leisure times.

His website today holds 18000+ readers globally.

He is a food junkie, and loves to travel.

He is currently pursuing engineering.

A King Only Bows Down To His Queen

Walking in those dusty paths and rough roads,
He walks as he rules the world on his own.
Scaring the might of any living soul.
His eyes decipher the fearful walk.

He ain't scared of anyone, He ain't ruled by anyone.
His paws are full of blood and soul full of passion.
His elegance is superior than any kind.
He masks the death in his rigor.

But all above, is not why he is called a king,
Neither because he controls the world,
Nor because his elegance stands the tallest,
Not even because his eyes convey his superiority.

He is called a king,
Not because of his majestic walk,
But because I have seen,
That, A king only bows down to his queen.

He is called a king,
Not because he is a king,
But because I have seen,
That, A king only bows down to his queen.

Tanishq Sharma

Freedom From Cage. :)

Beyond the limits of the sky,
I witness the soul of happiness fly,
Beneath the covering of the earth,
I feel the despair overcome with mirth.

Spectating the winds flowing,
There is something I feel unknowing,
I measure the deepness of my soul,
It reflects the face, I see at the shoal.

I step ahead to match the grace,
Trembling legs, along the distorted face,
The harshness seems to glow,
But the water of freedom, is ready to flow.

I find no reason to bind myself,
Whether it is for joy, or the greed of pelf,
I know not where I am heading,
And soon the pathways of my life fading.

Call it lies, or the agony of assuage..
I am ready to depart and leave the cage,
The applause of surroundings,
Bless me with thoughts pounding.

I look above, a one more time,
I look inside, a one more time,
I feel perplexed seldom,
But I am ready to leave, and head to freedom.

Tanishq Sharma

I Learned To Be A Man That Night

Somewhere far from the land of dreams,
I was awake in the mysteries of life.
Somewhere far from the vivid imagination,
I was pondering as the moon castled the stars.

While the world slept and the clock displayed a bright two,
I managed to sort my priorities with the questions like what, why and who? .
While the others shut their eyes and rested themselves,
I worked to find the inner soul which kept me on.

I traveled through the distances of expectations,
I crossed the boulders of happiness,
I stopped at the tolls of pain,
I walked again at the paces of realizations.

I took with me, the skill of understanding.
I left behind the crankiness, and ego.
I took with me, the happiness to compromise,
I left behind the urge to ask returns of my favors.

I put myself way above the cloudy sky that night,
And then reminded myself to step the earth at all times,
I reminded myself the qualities possessed,
and proofed myself, the witness of my common touch.

That night, I slept with the lightness of forgiving someone,
Maybe that someone was me.
That night, I slept with the sense of understanding someone,
Maybe that someone was me.

The following morning, woke up, not a boy but a Man,
and that surely, was me.
For I had that night, learned what is life.

Tanishq Sharma

The Three Stages Of My Life.

Bruised and lonely as i sit, I ponder upon what has made me this.
Bending down to see how far does this go,
the shades of memories making me low.

The three stages of my life, i see.
Kid, Child and teenage namely.
Each emphasizing to its own,
Pointing out, every mistake, equally grown.

Giggles of a new born, do i hear,
Grumbles of a youth, do i hear,
Crises of my teen, do i hear.

I hear the agony of a broken crayon,
I see the distress of un-satisfied wish for a chocolate,
I feel the miseries of a broken heart.

I hear the bliss of making noises,
I see the pleasure of being the favorite child,
I feel the joy of getting someone's attention.

I hear the passing bells of a pram,
I see perplexity to decide the favorite cartoon,
I feel the dilemma of two different perspectives.

Walking beyond the lane of my memories,
i halt at a place called present,
I stand up from the place of despair,
Grasp all those sheds of tears and Smiles..

And Begin walking towards my future....

Tanishq Sharma