

Poetry Series

Vishal Dogra
- poems -

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Vishal Dogra()

I have started writing poems in 2004 with 'infatuation'.

The poem Lord Mother is my second poem. It is about Goddess. I was appointed in present service because of its recitation for the interview body. Its miracle, I can never forget. Miracles do happen for me as and when I write for my Deity Goddess. I believe in God.

My favourite collection of poem is Gitanjali of Shri Ravindranath Tagore.

My favourite film is 'Modern Times' of Charlie Chapline

Forgive Me

Forgive me, I forget;
I forget thee for a while, please forgive me

I forget thy love, thy warmth I received;
Please forgive me

Thou could forgive me nor me;
I love thee for thy love; please forgive me

Vishal Dogra

If Sun Again Set

Now, the Sun is again setting;
with fading beams a frenzy knight who shone & lit the dark with awful might
That shine is now punning and the Sun is again on verge of setting.

Shall the dark win the light?
Shall thou live in the night?
'O' Sun don't forget thyself truth of fighting the dark to bring the light

Why leave hope?
though sow those seeds and reap that crop
that Sun again shine - the purely white
who can win over the night;

So the Sun may again set in

Vishal Dogra

My Prayer

The storms that frightened me even when I was on shore,
now surrounds, tries to blow and mingle me through its course;

On the shore, I prayed long and long for a port
to stand against all adversities, whether or not there a storm;

What shall I do struggling with the storms;
but to wait for that moment when can I win over the storm.

Vishal Dogra

The Hermit

On the bedding of sea, many waves lay,
tis unhurt, unseen, with inhibitions to sway.

Living their days in peace & calm,
appeal they make in dusk & dawn.

Their temper swings
with blow of shocking winds.
These turn into tides,
through currents on rise.

I also clogged all my doors
to avoid heart sighs & to take respite
from those who can expose
to untrue world living in malice.

Tis not maintained for long.
She closed, opened all the doors
to make dance spirit singing on her songs.
Pierced through small beams,
she made me envision the open eye dreams.

Tis not maintained for long.
Alas! my emotions can't be tested any more.
Lest, avert me 'O' my soul,
my dreams have shattered,
my heart is broken and its pieces are scattered.

Vishal Dogra

Their Brood

I am groping in the dark a light of truth;
The light which can shimmer the future of brood

Round the world kids live naked; not by choice but by fate
Striving for food, poor are many
Faint, dull faces struggle for a penny,
Harder they toil, sweating through toil
Lay on earth having food, cloth dearth
Let's jump into crimes - songs ever chime
Notice them, save them to pierce dark through
The light which can shimmer the future of brood.

Alas! Sand lies on seashore
have plenty of water but throats get sore
Tides come through their heart
Settle through eyes with tears dearth
They imagine in dreams for their brood
Grouping in the dark a light of truth

Vishal Dogra