

Poetry Series

Winston Dsouza
- poems -

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Winston Dsouza(21/04/1996)

Winston Dsouza born on 21-april-1996 in southern part of India in a state called Karnataka in a coastal viillage named Taccode (ta-co-de) near the city mangalore. William and Matilda Dsouza are the parents of the Winston Dsouza, Winston is the first child of william and Walien Dsouza(09-JUNE-2000) is the second on was baptized at the Little Flower church, at present Niddodi, on May 23 excatly 32 days after his birth on 21-april.

William and Matilda Dsouza are the agriculturist by the occupation and presently William Dsouza is in Gulf and Mtilda is a house on's primary and high school education was in the local school in the nera by town called moodbidri and Winston had a good grasping ability in his school days and he learnt his lessons well.

Now to glance on Winstons living, he is a nature lover and always shows mercy on nature and its always says 'By my living I should not be the reason of any ones grief or pain, but should be the reason of some ones happiness or gain'.He always wishes that his fellow beings be happy. He has greatr mercy on the animals and always questions that 'Is it right to eat non vegeterian food by man? By killing the innocent animals for his happiness or lifestyle? 'this shows that he has a great mercy on nature and animals.

INSPIRATION

Winston got the idea or intrest in poetry by the great William was just inspired by the writings of Sir Shakespere espacially his great on have only wrote sonnets till now and only took the olden themes or static themes never he adopted to the modern themes as he always like to be in a olden thinking.

Winston began to write poetry in his age of 15 when he was in his high school first Winston dint had the intrest in sonnets but had a keen intrest in poetry and poems and he thinks that poems are the most beautiful written works, but later when Winston saw the sonnets on Sir William Shakespere he got his mind done to Write sonnets and he greatly respects William Shakepsre.

Till today winston have wrote only few sonnets but those are of great meaning some are just usuall and mind cooling ones but some contains the essence of life in in the near future there is a hope and waiting that Winston would truly excel in his sonnets and be a good poet and contribute to the english literature from his side a bit and by writing sonnets he would be succesful in giving his respect to the evergreen poet and dramatist the great William Shakespere.

Beautiful Is The World

Beautiful is the world,
In my vision,
Tender is the the sun,
In the mornings season,
Pretty is this rhyme,
In the pleasurable time,
But when you walk to a grievous state,
You would not like but hate,
To change your state,
Is not your fate,
Why because, a seed decides the tree,
Bee decides the honey,
Declare yourself free,
And be happy without any richness, treasure or money.

Winston Dsouza

I Wish To Cry Out Loud; Sonnet 8

I wish to cry out loud,
Today, to finish all my tears,
More louder than angry black cloud,
For which I cant bear,
For I am in great sorrow,
And no happiness I can borrow,
Rivers may cry in the day of summer,
But not as much as I long for her,
Sweet be the honey of bees,
But not as sweet as She is,
But, my fate did make be bare,
The pain and grief with no care,
 But, no, let me not loose; but let me face,
 This fall as did great men in their days.

Winston Dsouza

Love; Sonnet 5

Its not like that beautiful flower,
Which bends to the suns rays,
Which fears for silly wars,
Or to walk on narrow ways,
Its not like that mountains snow,
Which melts to the suns glow,
Not one which goes to those brown hair and blue eyes,
Nor it changes at midday or skies,
Not it fears to the gale,
And falls weak and pale,
But, its like the unshaken rock,
For Stormy weather its unbroken,
For thunder its unshaken,
But, is firm as the treasure's antique lock.

Winston Dsouza

Rich And Poor

Leather in feet, rings in fingers,
Dancers to dance, to sing singers,
Palaces to live and to sit royal chairs,
Gold and royal robes he wares,
Wine to drink, meat to eat,
Wordly life so neat,
But, other face of human life,
Will tear you like a sharp beaten knife,
No full dress to wear, no thoughts to share,
Pain is to bear, is only he can dare,
Clothes are turned brown, dirty the face,
No dare to take a pace,
Body is turned weak, and eyes red,
For the hungry stomach there is no bread.

Winston Dsouza

The Tree; Sonnet 2

I saw a tree in a country side,
When I was on a horse on ride,
I stopped and got down,
To see the tree which seemed as the golden crown,
The tree was covered with charming golden flowers,
Upon which the winters icy dew showers,
By seeing them my eyes filled with gladness,
Ran away all my sadness,
Tiny sparrows and tender doves,
Were singing with charming sound,
Sheep, calves and cows,
Were on rest under the tree on ground,
I tasted the honey taste of nature under the tree,
And felt relaxed and free.

Winston Dsouza

Waterfalls; Sonnet 4

As I reached those woods I saw a falls,
Sounding like a nature calls,
Rushing down from a distant height,
Along with the shiny sun light,
Continuously every night and day,
Towards to the blue-green bay,
Water reflecting every suns ray,
everyone would be contented so gay,
Looking like nature is showering,
Every dropp was merrely dancing,
Decorated with flowers on either side,
Looking better than a pretty royal bride,
Lined with flowers and bushes green,
Which I had never seen.

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