

Poetry Series

Dr Hitesh Sheth
- poems -

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Dr Hitesh Sheth()

I am a student of psychiatry and might always remain so.....I love to practise karate and yoga.....As a scorpio, I am passionate about the things I do.....Sometimes I jot down the thoughts on a paper which people call, a poetry..... Biography.....His story was too common to be told.....Thanks for visiting this page.....

A Faithful Lover

He alone struts with swagger fine,
To tame alike, humans and kine.

He breathes with us, with us he dines,
The cupbearer of life's wine.

He feeds us all - the beings of clay,
As people raise chickens for prey.

We play in his gape, love in his lap,
Unaware of his bewitching trap.

He relishes our cries and sighs
While lurking in passionless skies.

He is the solid truth here
His shadows are kin and peers.

He is death, our faithful lover
Who leads us to peace bricked bower.

Dr Hitesh C Sheth
21/04/2009

Dr Hitesh Sheth

A Live Poetry Bomb

All people, fearfully call him a live poetry bomb,
because his rhymes are deadlier than bullet's storms.
When fires stanzas through his mouth's barrel,
hapless mind feels naked, in their wisdom's apparel.
He often emails unsuspecting people to read his poetry
and coax and beseech them to post their commentaries.
Many victims who had fell to fatal gunshots of his poetry,
are still smarting from his deadly epitaphs in cemeteries.

He assembles vague paragraph and slices it into two half,
so to fire it as a poem, and soar up his statistical graph.
Whenever he is short of ammunitions for poetic fights,
he searches for explosives on rhyming dictionary's sites.
Then he fuses combustive lines for his lethal mission,
so to blow up all the literature with atomic poetry fission.
Then he ruthlessly bombs his poem on all poetry websites,
wherein community of poets gather to taste literary delight.
Then he selfishly comments on other's poems with fervour,
knowing well that others would gladly reciprocate his favours.

Everyone in the society dreads his nuclear poetic blast,
as it could push a poetic world into a literary holocaust.
People call him a poetic blitzkrieg of worst kind,
as he shamelessly shatters a fragile peace of their minds.
Even God the bard, duck downs bombardment from him,
for he mercilessly mutilates his inspiration's streams.
Lo! all the wounded minds pray at mangled poem's tomb
for God to descend and diffuse, ticking poetry bomb.

Dr Hitesh C Sheth

28/10/2008

Dr Hitesh Sheth

A Mansion Of Bliss

Love was agape
And earth too began to shake
When they saw divine and his lover
in a secret soul's bower
hugging in adoration's lap

During blushing daybreak
they surreptitiously escaped
to roam on
love drawn map
on Venus landscapes
Wherein flows, love kissed lakes
tickled by devotion's sheldrakes

The mansion
adored by the ruby's swastika
bedecked by diamond's obelisks:
Wherein incandescent chandeliers,
tease by romantic breeze
sings the songs of divine bliss

They retired in love's mansion,
built ever for joyous occasion,
Where jewels of balconies
embraces the palaces,
perching on rosy colonies

They merge in each other
till their breath stopped to labor.
At last, their love for each other ceased
For super soul and soul merged
seamlessly without crease!

Dr Hitesh C Sheth

13/02/2009

Dr Hitesh Sheth

A Tiger From Woods

There was a tiger in the woods
Who was expert in finding his foods

In chasing holes, he was number one
So he would indulged in all kind of funs

Oft he would go alone for hunt
And killed his preys while making grunts

He used to share spoils with tigresses
And would also play with their tresses

The offal he would bring for his wife
Which she ate without complain or strife

One day she caught him sharing his spoils
And her blood suddenly came to a boil

She attacked in rage and tore his flesh
And tiger's wanton life was in mess

He is yet to come out of the woods
And the tigress too is in sombre mood.

Disclaimer: The characters, emotions, ideas, events, concept, plot and thoughts, mentioned in this poem are purely fictitious and any resemblance to person living, dead or invisible is purely coincidental and unintentional.

Dr Hitesh C Sheth
06/12/2009

Dr Hitesh Sheth

A Train Of Stress

The rats' adept in a rat race
Buy the tickets from a shrink,
And board a train of mental stress,
Hurriedly in a wink.
The ticket checker is death
Keeping tab on passenger's breath.

They board in a hurry
And munch the fast foods of worry:
To reach a cemetery of success-
Which treats all with its
deadly gaze

The train driven by a crazy driver ego
Loves to keep greedy rats on their toes:
While rushing on a track of woes
It crushes alike, friends and foes.

Some jump on glitzy stations
And befriend fat diabetes and
Melancholic passions.
Some alight on illnesses' stop
And are destined to
Slip on life's slopes.

But some wise ones- known as
Crackpots- luckily win jackpots
They choose to alight at sylvan place
Solely relying on God's grace.
They stay in a mansion of health
Store peace and bliss as a wealth.
They sleep with longevity-
An ever youthful mate-
And accompany her through
heavenly gate.

Dr Hitesh C Sheth

04/04/2009

Dr Hitesh Sheth

A War A Mother Lost

A single mother barely
out of teen
Toils hard in a
voracious army canteen

Prepares fuel for the
killer machines
So she can afford to
cook at home

Her son, a sapling
is ten months old
And her relatives
have miseries untold

She refused a
posting in war
Coz her lone son
may suffer
emotional scars

A war in which
whoever win
Humanity is sure
to cry and whine.

But no one is going
to heard child's plea
Because she has been
jailed for disobeying
state's decree.

Somewhere a
volcano dormant
for centuries
emits fire
Perhaps angry at
heavenly sire.

(After reading a news that a single mom, was jailed after she refused a posting in war zone)

Dr Hitesh C Sheth
19/11/09

Dr Hitesh Sheth

A Zen Monk

Calm Sage

Indifferent

Unconcerned

Waited

PATIENTLY.

And Poor Problem

Tired of

For want of attention

Solved itself

COMPLETELY.

Dr Hitesh C Sheth

11/12/2008

PS: There is a level of consciousness in which solution precedes problem comes to give delight, which we get while solving some puzzle which's answer is already known

Dr Hitesh Sheth

An Insurance Of Universe

After reading news
That in years few
Universe will collapse
So to get solace
I ran to the Insurance Company
with request to insured the universe completely
And to my utter surprise
The crooked company readily obliged.

Dr Hitesh C Sheth

29/12/2008

Dr Hitesh Sheth

An Open Letter To Mosquitoes

Oh mosquitoes! Humming
like a helicopter shoddy,
And landing on a helipad
of our fragile body.

If you want to drink our
blood, just drink, who cares,
Because many do the same
from our soul, puerile and bare.

Learn to sip it gently as a
politician of this world does,
Without making loud noise
without making much fuss.

Our other complain is why you
need to sing music in our ears,
Did you have Mozart, Beatles
Madonna or Jackson as peers.

Learn to inject the little pain-
killer from your proboscis
Learn to refrain from injecting
the killer virus of diseases.

You may sip blood but why
you need to inject germs,
Why help doctor earn money
Are they your peers or chums

With this open letter, we
declare truce with your species,
Henceforth you would not
treat human as your dishes.

Dr Hitesh Sheth

An Oscar Award In Heaven

She had acted all her life
as mother, daughter and wife
She faked pleasure, when there was none;
She feigned gusto, when zest was gone.

She smiled at people, she would like to kill;
She scoffed at charmer, who gave her thrill.
She obeyed her boss, she longed to rebel
She served the persons, She desired in hell.

Thus she acted happy all her life,
In her world full of pain and strife.
At last her journey ended
And in heaven her soul landed.

In the heaven there was Oscar giving ceremony
And on Hollywood actress, all bet their money.
But as usual, Man proposes and God disposes
So actress lost and she won Oscar with roses.

God Announced: "Actress acted only in movies,
But she acted when her life was scarred,
Her acting is really thrilling and groovy,
So not the actress but she deserves Oscar.'

Dr Hitesh C Sheth
19 /07/2010

Dr Hitesh Sheth

And The Ocean Created A Man

When the whims to 'feel', swam in ocean's streams
An amoeba sprang from it, just to roll and dream.

When a wish to swim, surfed on his azure heart
His womb gorged out, fishes, reptiles and sharks.

When a fancy to fly, troubled his deep abyss
The birds flew from it, just to circle the sky in bliss.

When, masochism flashed in his greenish eyes
And emotions' tsunami bubbled in the waves;
His heart yearned to be exploited and to be lied
And men arose from it, just to punish the slave.

Dr Hitesh Sheth

Asylum Earth

Frustrated I stood in front
of the God to Pray,
And asked him why lunatics
are increasing day by day.
Why there is scarcity
of people in a synagogue,
Why popping up of
Prozac is in a vogue.
Why people look as they
are coming from morgue,
Why all minds are clouded
by the depression's fog.

Then, God appeared suddenly
with his mischievous smile,
And he started to speak
in his inimitable style:

"Son! this earth is nothing
but asylum of the universe
But for marketing my poets
described it in beautiful verse.
But most fools are the people
who claim to be wise,
And labors to turn this asylum
in a pretty paradise.
But thing which fills me
with a gaiety and mirth,
Is your construction of an
asylum within an asylum earth."

"Do you know why this asylum
earth is devoid of joy and fun?
Because men who turned wise
are poisoned or shot by guns.
Unless and until you
immediately rectify your error,
This earth cannot be freed from
madness, anxiety and terror.

Benumbed by god's answer
I immediately left his premise,
In order to prevent becoming
one more mad wise.

Dr Hitesh C Sheth

11/01/2009

Dr Hitesh Sheth

Audacity To Hope

When the recession of opportunities
Knock downs, towns and cities;
When the flood of tension
Hits alike, huts and mansions;
When anxiety tortures life's moments
And men wallows in teary torments;
When life is anything but easy
And only head shrinkers seems busy

Then, oh! Men
It is time to stand still
As ancient hills
of indomitable will
Which braves
Fiery storms
And wintry chills:

And your audacious hope
Should strive to climb
steep recession's slope,
tightly holding
divine grace's rope

Till in boom
The flood of recession wanes
Clouds of opportunities rains
And mad lives again becomes sane.

Dr Hitesh C Sheth

28/02/2009

Dr Hitesh Sheth

Child Marriage

Oft an adults with childish mentality do marriage
With an aim to travel in life's joyful carriage.
On fate's tortuous road of uncertainty
With an aim to sing life's joyous ditty
The coach drawn by colts of happiness cum sorrow.
Rushes on a road winding up to morrow
Then a wanton fantasy running amok
Mates with a desire running wild
And in due course produces a sacrificial child.

Then, adult children with unfulfilled goals,
Imprison poor newborns in their ambition's gaol.
They prod tiny tots with a goad of desires
Till their limbs gets tired and hearts emits fire.
The fools trying to fulfill goals in a vicarious way
Unknowingly extinguish the newborn rays.
The child born in an accident
Complains in a front of providence:
In muffled prayers or screams
To rescue his brutally raped dreams.
Thus their desire abuses new born child
Who is yet to shed innocence's guild.

□

Eventually the carriage falls in
a dolorous dell,
And the progenies that
begets in the hell,
fight like Cain and Abel.

Dr Hitesh C Sheth
02/06/2009

Dr Hitesh Sheth

Coming Out

In the world full of mads
He confessed he is sane-
At last he comes out.

Dr Hitesh C Sheth
20/07/09

Dr Hitesh Sheth

Constipation

An urban teacher recently transferred to a rural school
Had complaint of, 'Inability to pass his stool'.
His wife thought, "Husband may be speaking lie
Let me take him to Freud- City's sexiest guy."
Freud boasted, "I can cure this illness in fifty sittings
But since it is an emergency, I will call psychiatrist's meeting".
He decided to call psychiatrist all
And they gathered in a big conference hall.
Freud started, "Pt is fixated at phallic stage
And harbors suppressed sex and repressed rage."
Karl Jung shouted angrily at Sigmund Freud
"You always bring sexuality, Are you Freud or fraud? "
Then he mocked at Freud, "Do you have brain or bladder
You cannot diagnose even a simple matter".
Sigmund Freud confessed, "You all know I am sexually perverted
But you also know, personality cannot be reverted."
Then he added shyly, "Phallus comes in my mind uppermost
When I see pen, pendulum, pillar or post."
Then Jung added, "It is a simple case of fight
Between a conscious complex and an unconscious archetype."
Anna Freud said to Jung, "You are speaking in jest
Otherwise go east or west my father is best."
Alfred Adler said, "I can see with clarity,
It is an obvious case of organ inferiority."
Maslow interrupted, "Pt has problem in climbing a pyramid
So please give him some push from behind."
"It is 'birth trauma' blurted out 'A Man in Black'"
When all look on their back, it was Otto Rank.
Adolf Meyer said, "There is no need to guess
It is a simple case of, 'reaction to life stress'".
"Basic Anxiety" Karen Horney spoke anxiously
But as usual no one took her seriously.
Briquet guessed, "It is a conversion disorder and secondary gain
There is no pain without gain"
Erickson said- flashing his mobile Ericsson-
"It is a problem of stage transition."
Heinz Kohut said, "Pt is not getting job satisfaction,
Because he is not getting 'narcissistic gratification'. "
"It is an adjustment disorder", spoke SHETH HITESH

Everyone look at him with interest.

Pt said, "You all fool, Don't loss your cool

I'm not passing stool, because there is no latrine in the school."

Dr Hitesh C Sheth

27/09/2008

Dr Hitesh Sheth

Erotomania-A Delusion Of Love

A moth or an innocent boy
Or incessantly talking toy
Caught helplessly
In a nature's ploy:
Thought flame loves me
Thought dame thinks of me
Thought ma'am cares for me.
All the while
The flame
with a flickering smile
burning in a opaque
lamp of guile
with a global
all devouring vision
and feeding with oil of treason
Saw a moth adamant on
self sacrificing mission

The hypnotized moth
went near
a flame with glee
and made love making
earnest plea
And the cunning flame
Gladly reply
Yeah.

Flame knew moth had
Erotomania- A delusion of love
Soon he would be devoured
As hyena devours dove

Then,
Alluring flame-an enticing threat
Beckoned him for a embraced great
Then licking the moth with
A tongue of death
She sucked away
His laboring breath.

Lo! Comes
One more moth
on the trot,
Attired in a martyr's coat,
Burning in a heartrending
passions hot,
Bubbling like a
love stewed broth;
Trying to cross
A death filled moat
In a love tiled
porous boat,
While vainly trying
to remain afloat

The hypnotized moth
went near
the flame with glee
and made love making's
earnest plea
And the cunning flame
Gladly reply
Yeah!

Dr Hitesh C Sheth

11/12/2008

Dr Hitesh Sheth

Fountain

O gushing crescendo
Thy silent stealth
A cool and misty
Watery wealth
Oh glorious liberty,
Down the rocky graves
So calm yet spritely
Bright and brave

My sacred wash
My life my dreams
O swelling thoughts
And wholesome themes
O blissful luxuries,
By thy side
When melancholy
Or in pensive sights

My head
Thou washeth
In baptism clean
My sins of Adam
And of Eve
That original sin
That blast
A cast to loosen
To secure
a place of reason
That paradise
Thy heaven

O you fountain of love
Elemental divine
Lodged in your mystical deep ravines
The knowledge, the truth,
The unfinished period falls
No voice be hushed,
No life treads deep
In true silence

And sleep profound
As I in childhood sweetly sleep
Untroubled where I lay
Beside thee
Above the vaulted skies

Dr Hitesh C Sheth

14/03/2009

Dr Hitesh Sheth

Haiku

Mother with rosebud*-
A gardener anxiously guards
from flower pluckers.

A multibillionaire
wedded to his wife, Wealth-
longs for his keep, Peace.

In autumn of his life-
Balding man caresses his head
looking at leafless tree.

(Many seasons ago, this haiku was runners-up at competition held on .)

*Rosebud=A pretty young girl

Dr Hitesh C Sheth
03/04/2011

Dr Hitesh Sheth

Hairy Woes

(This not a poem. One day I thought whether I could write about hair problems and this is what I could come up with. Have a good hair day.)

Oh all the balding men of the world! Neither split your hair nor let your hair down; instead, get up to fight against hair experts and hair industries because, you have nothing to loss except hairs, which you are already losing anyway.

The scientific study published in, 'International Journal of Fake Studies', has proven beyond doubt that, all kinds of hairs and particularly black hairs, absorb sun light and thus indirectly contribute to the global warming whereas, shining bald pates reflect sun light back into the atmosphere, thus help to make earth's climate cool. So taking these facts in account, bald persons should be given the tax rebate in form of carbon credits whereas, high taxation should be levied on persons with hair for leaving carbon footprints behind.

It is true my friend, that you are paying the tax as well as losing your hair, but try to imagine a plight of less fortunate ones, who neither earn enough money to pay the tax nor have enough hair to loss.

'Son! Why do you worry about your hair problems; get me mustards seeds from the home, that doesn't have hair problems', thus spake enlightened sage, hearing which young man became calm.

The biggest cause of hair fall, dandruff and other hair related problems is existence of hair.

No person with hair on his head, can solve all your hair problems, neither can the person without hair.

As, not all the armies of the world, can stop the idea whose time has come so, not all the hair experts can stem the progress of baldness, whose time has come.

Only two things are universal, hair problems and human stupidity, but I have doubt about former, thus spake Einstein of hair science.

Not all the trichologists, dermatologists and hair experts together, armed with shampoos, hair oils, hair dyes and herbal ointments can cure all the hair ailments, as long as hairs are there.

As long as hairs are there, there are going to be hair problems, similarly as long as shrinks are there, there are going to be mental problems.

The hair industry expands their business by perpetuating the two myths, first is there are more hair at unwanted place and other is, there are less hair at desired place.

Hair here, hair there, hair everywhere similarly: problem here, problem there, problem everywhere.

He fell in love with her hair and married the whole girl, soon he was without hair.

In early part of his life man losses his hair to earn money then he uses same money to gain hair back.

Don't bask in a glory of the hair, you used to have in past, instead tell me, do you have gorgeous hair now?

There is some truth in a myth that the bald men are fortunate; to begin with, they don't have to spend their fortune on comb, hair products, hair cuts and last but not least girls.

There are more blondes on streets of India than women of the rest of the world put together; thanks to Garnier. Take Care.

White hair is nothing but a flag hoisted by a tired life, signaling armistice with hostile time, which eventually leads to surrender to the death.

Blessed are the monks who shave their hair themselves, a symbol of a vanity of the world, because nature is going to destroy that vanity eventually anyhow.

Oh Sinner! Vain is your attempt to hide your sins, for sins will shine in your life as bald pate shines through the sparse tufts of hair.

It is irony that the monks who do not care for their hair often have beautiful and luxuriant hair.

Trees are nothing but hair of Gaia, the earth; if you destroy, them then earth too would take her revenge by creating conditions, that won't allow the hair to stay on your crown.

More often than not, one owns heir are responsible for one owns hair fall.

If you cannot prevent hair fall, enjoy it.

15/01/2011

Dr Hitesh C Sheth

Dr Hitesh Sheth

I'M Goona Copy

I'm surely gonna copy,
Be it poem, DVD or floppy,
And win Nobel Prize and trophy.

I will copy poets all
Whether they are big or small
Ya! No one can make me stop
Till I scale a fame's highest top.

At the beginning of age
When God made men in his own image
He started this "Plagiarist" trend
Which I am not gonna end.

And what is creativity?
If not an ability to hide
a source of theft
with impunity.

When there is nothing
original under the sun,
Why should I copy not
and deprive myself of fun.

So I'll copy them word by word
be they Pablo, Shakespeare or Wordsworth.
I'll copy them from morn to evening
And would excel HITESH and Kipling.
Can you prove, they were not plagiarist,
And had not copy from some poet's list.

You can inform FBI, KGB or CIA,
But I won't stop my wanton ways.
And I will copy without shame,
Till I earn big name and fame.

I will copy till people start copying me,
And then and then only I will
give up this vice with glee.: -)

(This poem is a sequel to poem, "hay all you people that like to copy" written by
Melissa Schreuder)

Dr Hitesh C Sheth
19/05/2009

Dr Hitesh Sheth

Long Live The Recession

The steel factory has
stopped to gorge iron ore
Coz due to recession
demand is no more.

Peace of barren mine
Undisturbed by a human kind
Beckons new birds and kine
To stay, populate and dine.

Flowers and Plants flourish
Younglings and saplings are nourished
The beheaded trees bloom
And crazy cuckoos croon

A young bird is building
a nest in the deserted house,
To please and cheer his
expectant spouse.

Far away a flamboyant bird twits,
"sion is dead"
Other birds chirp
"Long live the Recession".

Dr Hitesh C Sheth
27/11/2009

Dr Hitesh Sheth

Mosquito's Feast

A humming mosquito said: gun, gun, gun,
For greatest ever feast come, come, come.
Party area is a house of SHETH,
And venue is his lush dark pate.
Angelic Anopheles and Cute Culex* are special guests,
And black trouser is place for rest.
Special item is blood of HITESH,
Our greatest enemy, whom I detest.
Coil, Net and Mat may prove hitch,
But, 'Arise, awake and stop not till goal is reached.'**
Please keep your children at bay,
From a newest mosquito killer spray.
With God's grace destroy devilish plan,
And with malaria wipe out evil human clan.

*Anopheles and Culex are species of mosquito

**Arise, awake and stop not till goal is reached-Saying of Swami Vivekananda.

Dr Hitesh C Sheth

28/09/2008

Dr Hitesh Sheth

Ode To Karate

He practiced karate with verve
And suddenly sharp pain shot through his nerve
And his heart started to rejoice
Hearing his beloved God's voice
Saying that he delighted in him the most
For he used the muscle
Which's function was lost.

Dr Hitesh C Sheth
03/05/2009

Dr Hitesh Sheth

Paranoid Dogs

Once existed a cute puppy in street
Who used to jump, sing and dance with his fleet

But up there in sky someone was jealous
And people say his ways are mysterious

The puppy was crushed by a wheel of fate
And his soul fled grieving his friends and mates

Scene gruesome made puppy's mother insane
She barked, each passing vehicle is bane

Then dogs gathered in condolences meet
And growled that, vehicle owners are cheats

Now their groups chases moving cars and bikes
And terrorize human beings and his likes

But why punish humans who always cry
Instead howl at God, who enjoys from sky.

Dr Hitesh Sheth

Pareidolia- A Way Of Perception

A depressed Guy
Was staring at sky,
Abruptly a form popped up
Assembled from
The lonely wandering clouds,
Appeared to him
Weeping inconsolably;
Suddenly, the warm joy welled up from within,
And the same clouds colluded to carve out,
A laughing form.

(Pareidolia is the phenomenon of finding familiar images in random scenes, like faces in clouds or religious icons in root vegetables)

Dr Hitesh C Sheth
24/05/2009

Dr Hitesh Sheth

Schizophrenia

There was schism in his mind or phrenium
To keep his job or suffer ad infinitum
He had delusional thought that his boss
keep tab on his work
And was intercepting his email
and spying through clerks.
Sometime he had auditory hallucination
in which he would hear footsteps of his boss,
Sometimes he had dream in which his
colleagues nailed him to cross
His speech was disorganized because
he would often mutter alone,
His behavior too was disorganized coz
he would make faces when his colleagues were gone.
Because of attention deficit his all work were mess
And because of alogia he would often speak less
Ambivalence chained his legs and his speed was slashed
He pulled his hair when his emotions were thrashed
Due to anhedonia he lost interest from chat
And avolition caused him to grow like a fat.

When duration crossed six month he
diagnosed himself as schizophrenic,
And put in his papers so to take
treatment at psychiatrist's clinic.
When his boss came to know, he said
there was no need to resign,
Because he and his colleagues too had
same symptoms due their boss's evil designs.

Dr Hitesh Sheth

Seven Year Itch (Haiku)

Now he wants to drink
water from his neighbour's well-
Seven Year Itch.

'Seven Year Itch', the title of Marilyn Monroe's movie in which one character wants to have an extramarital relationship after seven years of his marriage.

Dr Hitesh C Sheth

19/12/2008

Dr Hitesh Sheth

Singing Sorrowful Song

Why hearts all sing sorrowful ditties,
Why nightmares torment dreams pretty,
Why sorrow revels in fate's kitty,
Why sorrow humbles joy's uppity,
Why sorrow questions joy's sanity,
Why sorrow encroach joy's city,
Why sorrow disrobes nubile pity,
Why hearts all sing sorrowful ditties.

Dr Hitesh C Sheth

04/01/2009

Dr Hitesh Sheth

Sky's Eyes(Haiku)

In blue skies
A twin flock of birds flies
the sky's eyes

Dr Hitesh C Sheth
09/07/09

Dr Hitesh Sheth

Solomon's Wisdom

Nothing is worthwhile or worthy to find;
Everything is futile, like chasing the wind.

The breathless sun chases the darkness since ages
The God hounds the wickedness with sages

The Birds chirp to awaken men from sleep;
Prophets descend to dislodge men's darkness deep.

The Rivers try to sweeten the salty seas;
Rain tries to satiate, earth's parched pleas.

Youth sprinkles with wrinkles in a wink;
Knowledge often ferries to a disaster's brink.

Woe! Here swiftest rarely wins the race;
Weaklings walkover with a beaming face.

The Godly dies young, leaving starving sons,
Lo! Liars live long, having endless fun.

Un tempting are my wives and virgins
Oh! Hopeless are my hope woven dreams

Happy are those, who have died and gone;
Blessed are souls that refused to be born

Verily, nothing is worthwhile or worthy to find;
Everything is futile, like chasing the wind.

Dr Hitesh Sheth

Soul-Breakers

Oh! bloody thirsty soul breakers
Oh! manipulative nerve wreckers;
Playing with the beings like puppets,
Relishing their hearts in buffets.

Oh! Self righteous naivete
Don't treat people as hapless pawns,
Don't blackout their rose tinged dawns;
Stop thinking, you are beyond his laws,
Stop thinking, you can escape his claws.
Oh leech! Don't increase your karmic debts
Recall Ye! How evil doers wept.

Oh! Sower of the bad karmic seeds,
He longs to punish your talks and deeds;
He waits to strike at opportune time
And to make you pay for your heinous crime.
For the punisher watches from above
And keeps a tab on your talks and moves.

He weaves the whip from sighs of oppressed
And soaks it in tears of depressed.
His lashes produce, weals of adverse times,
And would throw away your blood hued wines.

When he would strike with his thunderbolt,
The mother earth would refuse to hold
The sky would refuse to shelter
And your shanks would run helter-skelter.

So fear oh! Cruel heart breakers,
For he is God, your soul breaker.

Dr Hitesh C Sheth
25/05/09

Dr Hitesh Sheth

Sub Prime Crisis

I asked to the God:

Why America is on a verge of bankruptcy?

Why all are facing a drought of currency?

Do you think anyone should bank on banks?

Which have sunk a people of all class and ranks.

What quake produced a tsunami of sub prime crisis?

Can you explain it to the men, rich in vices?

Which is a better pill, communism or capitalism?

Can you illumine it with a dose of pragmatism.

God replied:

Son! There is nothing in this world like crises;

These are hidden opportunities in disguises.

One prime lesson still you haven't succeed to learn,

One should never spend more than one earn.

In jungle of finance, if you are led by economists,

Your fortune will be devoured by a debt's beast.

If you mortgage future joys for a moment's passions,

Holy odyssey will fail to reach a divine station.

I replied:

In future, I will never take any kind of loans,

So I don't have to groan in a sea of moans.

Thank you for your advice, oh! Heavenly bard,

Right away I am tearing down damn credit cards.

Now I will share this poem with all my friends,

So they don't face the crisis till their life ends.

Consider as a merit, an act of forwarding this email,

So like economist, I won't be tormented in your jail.

Dr Hitesh C Sheth

Dr Hitesh Sheth

Sub Prime Crisis (Haiku)

An Earthquake of greed-
Tsunami of Sub Prime Crisis
in sea of finance

The Sub Prime Crisis-
Starvation for poor and
dieting for rich

The Sub Prime Crisis-
Dip in rich people's wealth and
trough in poor's belly

Government withholds
Food packets from the poor-
Gives package to rich

A bankrupt banker
goes to bank to take a loan-
Bank asks for the same

Investment banker
badly hit by market crash-
Beaten by a mob

The Sub Prime Crisis-
All leaves of money minting
employees cancelled

Dr Hitesh Sheth

Tax The Love

Oh Politicians!
you are now thinking to levy "Flush Tax",
In future, you may tax even our earwax...

Instead,
Tax those, who fall in love
Tax those, who fall out of love
Tax those, who search for love
Tax those, who crave for love
Tax those, who love to love
Tax those, who hate to love
Tax those, who glorify the love
Tax those, who vilify the love
Tax those, who read about love
Tax those, who write about love
Tax those, who comment about love

And your coffers will be
overflowed with dough
In a one go...

For,
It is not the elusive dark matter that keeps
universe falling apart,
But the mysterious love that
stays in every human's heart.

So,
Tax the love
fill your trove.

PS: I read in a news paper that politicians are planning to levy a flush tax. More you flush, more you pay the tax. So this poem took birth in my mind. You can find this news on a following link.

Dr Hitesh C Sheth
03/04/2009

Dr Hitesh Sheth

Television Addiction

Tom said, " My! Dearest Friend Hick,
Why do you appear so weak and sick?
Do you have any major stress? ,
You seem to be in a great distress.'

'Has your father excluded you from his will? ,
Or has your wife again incurred a hefty bill?
'Has your son topped from bottom in his class?
Or has your boss again called you an 'ass' '

Has your daughter courted the trouble same? ,
By courting that wanton Casanova again.'

Hick replied, 'These are the trivial things,
That cannot diminish my zest and zing
Now I have lost interest in life,
Because cable operators are again on strike."

Dr Hitesh Sheth

The Bullets Of Sorrow

The lethal bullets of sorrow
Aim at our rosy morrows,
By the cruel devilish FATE,
Push the men through sadness gate.
Cruel death is a helping mate,
Eager to share his blood -filled plate.

The bullet targets our jobs,
Pellet pierces our hopes.
The shrapnel shatters our ties,
The smoke smothers our sighs.
Battered love cries, and dashed dream sobs,
And lo! frail heart quivers to cope.

Some sheds tear dry, some sheds wet,
Blaming tight-lipped heavenly gate.
Some hides their pain in joyous muse,
Some reveals it in word obtuse.
No one is immune to attacks,
Save men trudging on divine tracks.

Dr Hitesh C Sheth
01/05/2009

Dr Hitesh Sheth

The Great Gambler

The Gambler stopped a monk
dwelling on spiritual plane,
And exclaimed, "Oh! monk
we both are exactly same
So I think we both of us
deserve equal name and fame.

Monk replied, "Gambler! I put
self not a pelf at stake,
And drink bitter poison
for God's sake

Only fool would say our
lives are same
For you a game is life
for me a life is game."

Dr Hitesh C Sheth
27/12/2009

Dr Hitesh Sheth

The House Of Relationships

Oft the house of relationships is
Built on the land of selfishness,
It bricks are shrewdness
Plastered with cement of treacheries
Painted with color of pretensions,
The ceiling is foxy hypocrisy
And floor the opaque opportunism.

When the earthquake of
Difficulties strike that jinxed house,
The bricks of relationship falls apart
And all flee, not unlike the rats
that desert the sinking ship.

Then sisters sue sisters
And Kens attack Abels
Perhaps they are sworn
Enemies of past lives,
Who are born as
husbands, brothers and wives.

Was it in vain
cried the Christ bold
Man's worst enemies would
Be in his own household.

Dr Hitesh C Sheth
05/08/2009

Dr Hitesh Sheth

The Rebel Angel, 'satan'

Yes I am rebel angel Iblis
with my invincible code triple six.
Like a robot rebelling against his master
I have revolted against my heavenly pater.
We have unbridgeable difference of opinion,
about, leading the world towards joy, Dionysian.
He maims and kills for Bacchic thrills
without realizing that even a puppet feels.
Like a bloodthirsty spectator in a theater
he applauds mayhem and massacre.
My contempt for his sadistic ways and means
compels me for attempts umpteen.

Now I have to out-maneuver him
and behead his blood claded fancies and whims.
My righteous blitzkriegs will last till my last breath
and I will not cow down by his sinister threats.
Let the whole universe stand against me
but I'll neither bow nor flee.
Unmindful of death, I fight without plan
because I belong to a valiant clan
for which disgrace is worse than the death
and the greatest insult is to bow the head.
Like his Seraphic Angels, I don't beg for power
and am too proud to be fed on his leftover.
Mephistophelean gods may sell their souls for silver
but I hate their yearning for wanton pleasures.

I too want to lead tortured world towards joy:
Joy that is pure, joy unalloyed,
Elysian joy of nothingness,
Epicurean Joy of sleep dreamless.
My nay to ephemeral aught.
My aye to eternal naught.
There will be hara-kiri of souls immortal
and complete dissolution into nihil eternal.
There will be cessation of pleasure and pain
and eternal freedom from loss and gain.

Even my defection might have engineered by him
to work out his inscrutable grand scheme.
But still I would fearlessly play my assigned role
so to end this worldly anguish and dole.
My Sisyphean Kamikazes may fail
and I may be thrown in eternal jail.
I know there will be gnashing of jaws,
and my flesh would be eaten raw;
My skin may be sheared by his saw,
for breaking his satanic tyrannous laws;
My vitals may be gnawed by his claws,
for blatantly exposing his sanguine hued flaws.
But I have inherited his sole good trait,
to tread fearlessly on path straight.

Even if you consider me as an evil
Still I am product of his own sweet will.
I Lucifer, am hated by all
And blamed for child's slip to prophet's fall.
Now this poor devil Iblis
is caught between Scylla and Charybdis
of the evil lord and his henchmen
and is curse by his apostles and God men.
But uncompanied I will fighting against him
and thus drink hemlock full up to the brim.

Yes I am fighting losing lonely battle
and trying to threaten him with childish prattle.
But If I win, the world will merge in a black hole
If I lose, there will be end of my role.
I know, in Armageddon, I may get perished
but this defeat, I will forever cherish

Dr Hitesh Sheth

The Resurrection Of Moths

The moths worship a flame
in a circular motions,
As lovelorn stars orbit the moon
in a Venus constellation.
Chant a mythical choir in
a mystical fashion-
To appease the divine goddess
of love and passions.

A lamp of love bejeweled with
cacoethes's emotions,
Bedding a wick woven
with wonderful impressions
And feeding it with
fiery oil of passions.

The moths resemble
the martyrs
ready to die for a nation,
Are raring for kamikaze on
spherical stations
of the flame housed in
bosom of emotions.

They aim to land on
Goddess of passions,
Mate with her in
fire walled mansion
Use their burning
flesh to graced an
auspicious occasion.

The hypnotized moths
march on drumbeats
-war chirps of crickets,
In a mind numbing night
-the starlit thickets,
With their face glowing
without fear or regret:

Chant dust to dust, ash to ash
While landing on bosom
of flaming lass
Smilingly turns
to mounds of ash.

Lo! A magical wand
of resurrection
of a golden glass,
Mysteriously moving
on mounds of ash,
Raises the seraphic
moths of the
highest class.

Dr Hitesh Sheth

The Stalker

He knows hidden feelings and blues
On life slopes, in emotions' groove.

He captures fleeting thoughts of mind
And tapes the muse we sing to wind.

He errs in mistakes we make
And frowns in each virtues we fake.

He spies amidst winking of eyes
And watches every truth and lies

He flows in all tears we weep
And hides in each secret we keep

He is God-the stalker on move
Who follows us till we are wooed.

(This is iambic tetrameter)

Dr Hitesh Sheth

The Swan Song Of A Falling Leaf

Now I am rocked in the air
By the winds of death and despair
Rushing to the burial ground
Whereon wait the ash-strewn mounds.

Not long ago I was a budding leaf
Sipping the wind of joy sans grief
I would laugh at yellow chaps
Greeted their fall with thunderous claps.

Hallucinating that I and pyramid are alike,
Which a storm of death would fail to strike.
But slowly time painted me yellow,
Not unlike my long lost fellows.

At last my blinded pride
Wayward coz of lack of guide
Sees that neither joy nor pain
But death is a life's lasting gain.

Dr Hitesh C Sheth
30/08/2009

Dr Hitesh Sheth

The Ultimate Game

The Creator asks to
the adventurous soul
Who returned to heaven
with a thrill seeking bowl.

The Creator asks:
"Did you enjoyed the game
of your staged abduction,
Which was done at non-
descript railway junction.
For that you merrily
bought the 'Kidnap Package',
And for few hours they
stuffed you in a cage."

The Soul replies:
"Yes the fake game
was loaded with fun
But I want a real
not a virtual one."

"Boring was the king's
role I played
Outwardly men praised,
inwardly they flayed.
Cadger's role, was same
Begging is a monotonous game.
As Casanova I chased girls
And saint's life was dull.

"Now give me something new
An event that is bolt from blue
And challenged my dormant sinews."

The Creator says:
So be it
But then you'll writhe in pain
Look at the heaven in vain
Will call me names

Call your existence a bane
Do you still want that deal
The deal wrapped with thrill
in which you'll cry and squeal.

The soul replies:
So what if the plan is botch up
And my body has to suffer much
I know you'll gift me a new mortal coil
And again send me on earthly soil
I'll again play and toil
Till adrenaline causes my blood to boil.

Somewhere in background
Angels sing in sweetish sound:
'Seek and you shall find,
Ask and you shall receive.'

(After reading the news that for 900 euros, the clients of a firm in France, can buy a "Basic Kidnap Package", where they're bundled away, bound and gagged and kept incarcerated for four hours, Times of India,25/02/2010)

Dr Hitesh C Sheth
26/02/2010

Dr Hitesh Sheth

Tomorrow I Will Be Happy

Small child dressed shabbily,
His eyes dusty, hair shaggy.
'When I will grow big,
I would have sweets many,
I would play throughout the day,
And would be free from elder's tyranny,
Tomorrow I will be happy."
Hearing, HITESH laugh heartily.

Schoolboy donning dress neatly,
His eyes sleepy, hair curly.
'When I will grow big,
I will see movies many,
I will roam throughout day,
And would be free from teacher's tyranny,
Tomorrow I will be happy."
Hearing, HITESH laugh heartily.

Teenager sporting T-shirt trendy,
His eyes dreamy, hair lengthy.
'As I have grown big,
I would have girl friends many,
Soon completing boring study,
Would earn early and marry promptly.'
Tomorrow I will be happy,
Hearing HITESH laugh heartily.

Worried man wearing suit perfectly,
His hair receding, eyes weary.
'Soon my son will grow up,
After completely his costly study
Would earn dough plenty,
And fulfilled dreams many.'
Tomorrow I will be happy,
Hearing HITESH laugh heartily.

Old man wearing clothes dirty,
His vision dimly, hair hoary.
'Now I have grown old,

Fate has made joke cruelly,
Soon completing life sickly,
Will die and free from misery.'
In next life I will be happy,
Hearing HITESH WEEP heartily.

Dr Hitesh Sheth

Two Ubiquitous Tragedies

Once Asylum was visited by a sage
And he saw two bonkers in a same cage.

And sage with a fazed face,
gazed in the oubliette
and heard both loonies
shouting, "Juliet", "Juliet".

And curious sage in a soft whimper
asked to a studious headshrinker:

"Why both have gone mad?
Why both appear sad?
Why one seems serious?
And other appears furious?"

Headshrinker replied:
One Romeo failed to marry Juliet
Other's marriage failed with Juliet.

And sage quipped:
There are two not three tragedies in a life
A life without a wife and life with a wife

Dr Hitesh Sheth

Unbelievable Dream

Fish drowned in the sea
And bird fell from the tree
Elephants began to fly
And money rained from the sky
Bullock pulled the plane
And car lifted the crane
Lions started bleating
And goats started roaring
Servant fired his maid
And Hitesh became a poet great.

Dr Hitesh Sheth

Which Disease You Suffer From?

Those who are having an obsession
to make their bodies thin suffer
from, 'Anorexia Nervosa'.

Those who are having an obsession
to make their bodies muscular suffer
from, 'Bigorexia Nervosa'.

Those who are having an obsession
to make their bodies perfect
suffer from, 'Athletica Nervosa'.

Those who are preoccupied with an
imaginary defect of their body
suffer from, 'Body Dysmorphic Disorder'.

Those who love their bodies
while yelling, "To hell with the world"
suffer from, "Narcissistic Disorder".

Those who refuse to take care
of bodies while shouting, " To hell with it"
suffer from, 'Diogenes Syndrome'.

Hey! Buddy, Which disease you suffer from?

Dr Hitesh C Sheth
05/05/2009

Dr Hitesh Sheth

Why Me?

When the hopes are hassled
And relationships are rattled

Naïveté asks, why me?

When wishes are whacked
And dreams are dashed

Naïveté asks, why me?

When fantasies are fettered
And blessings are battered

Naïveté asks, why me?

When desires are demolished
And ambitions are admonished

Naïveté asks, why me?

When temptations are traumatized
And passions are pulverized

Naïveté asks, why me?

Strangely,

Naïveté with influence
And naïveté with affluence

Never asks, why me?

Naïveté with name
And naïveté with fame

Never asks, why me?

Naïveté with health
And naïveté with wealth

Never asks, why me?

Naïveté with fiefdom
And naïveté with wisdom

Never asks, why me?

Naïveté with beauty
And naïveté with booty

Never asks, why me?

Dr Hitesh Sheth

Winter (Haiku)

A Shadow of hard stone
shivers in the soft water
Icy winter night.

A gentle door knock
Is it winter 's cool breeze
or a spring as a guest.

Womanly winter
fails to cool off
smouldering passion

Dr Hitesh Sheth