

Poetry Series

Saheb Mohapatra
- poems -

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Saheb Mohapatra(21-01-2003)

I AM 13 YEARS OLD.I STUDY IN S.T. MARY'S CONVENT SCHOOL,
RAGHUNATHPUR, BARIPADA, MAYURBHANJ, ODISHA IN INDI PASSION IS TO
WRITE POEMS.I HAVE BEEN WRITING IT SINCE LAST YEAR.

A Poet ...

At world's stage, forgotten words solemnly he covers,
And true lies in him do birth,
While with him shall pass million earths,
With emotions in his finger tips and poems; his lovers.

As days pass soon, passes his emotions,
As awakened waves rush fast to shores,
He greets men when his minutes hasten more,
And penning emotions with no destinations.

Shan't he die, is what I believe,
For if it be, his pen shall stop writing,
With the ink of his blood; emotions carrying,
But his penny-less pockets the world shan't perceive.

To him applauds his lines drawn by his rusted pen,
And his immortal words sounding even beyond the heaven.

Saheb Mohapatra

A Meeting With The Moon

I was in company, but at that time, alone,
I was lonely on my bed,
My eyes too turned red
Every time when the hills kissed the sun.

Soon after, I found an orb calling me out,
Up above the rice fields,
The domain where the pearls are yield.
Shrinking and growing on nature's every shout.

I gazed and gazed,
Yet my eyes were shut.
But with their help, I shared my heart
Until, with her, my eyes were embed.

When I eyed on her, she flew away, leaving me beneath the blue.
I really wish I could be up there too.

Saheb Mohapatra

A Midnight Song

Those street lamps overhead along a half-orbed street,
A new glow ever and many gowns with,
And when it's dead each other they meet,
Which ends with next dawn, with shapes; lithe
Shall find you not in any world this night,
With few new specks each day, adorning the sky,
Claiming with beauty your very first sight,
And hiding in each hot morning with shy,
How deep you go into those lakes with lusture,
Shall surely you find a watery heaven,
With a frozen moon gazing at woods those glitter,
All like pearls of necklace when ripples the gain.

And what you find in that night so dark,
All shining tracts with each one's own mark.

Saheb Mohapatra

A Monsoon Song

There dwell those droves in a number few,
Within a stone's throw, the rainbow of bliss,
And in each glance shall reveal colors, new,
With drizzles apart, like arrows with kiss,
The more you shower you be the best,
The height you reach greenery takes,
And how often you find icy winds at rest,
With horses of joy riding o'er the lakes,
Those waves at night with roars of beast,
And full-wet sand wailing at shore,
With smiles the most and grief, the least,
And all woods of crickets praising it more.

To all high lakes at earth's blue chest,
It's what you say the beauty at its best.

Saheb Mohapatra

A New Year For The Poor

Though we make the most of New Year's Day,
Smiles stand far from some in dark,
For us it's the time to make the hay,
Yet for some this day leaves no mark.
Though we will be chorus and often carols,
They will be singing their road-side strains,
And we will be dreaming of toys and dolls,
But they will be wishing a hand, full of grains.
Longer and longer our smiles shall run,
But they will be in darkness finding their home,
Sleeping under moonlight far alone,
And won't be knowing that New Year has come.
This day is indeed to make it great,
But by bringing smiles to those we hate.

Saheb Mohapatra

A Spring Carol

The hot summer how did make me forget,
Those buds in spring whose I not know,
Earth be staring at sun and I be finding a date,
To claim her with stares and kiss and bow,
Those woods in yellow standing far alone,
All with rare hats and rarest glow,
And all shall be in dark when asks them none,
Like as in good times all try to show.
Long, long I stare at those listless bees,
With my true eyes that minutes not spare,
Then when a golden sunbird at them sees,
Both embrace in nuptials with their breasts, bare.

The more you stare at those glittering flowers,
The more heart shall wish to spend more hours.

Saheb Mohapatra

A Winter Carol

The snow-capped hills I stare through,
And what I gaze beside a wood full of oaks,
Sculptured mists in each long bough,
With each twig of cuckoo and no more croaks,
And frozen waves like a white-manned troop,
As if they're blind and their shores in dark,
And far away drizzles with each one's own group,
O'er peerless beetles beneath all wet barks.
Sun's now hidden and nights in dream,
With light clouds at edges as black as ink,
And icy lakes with drowned man's sweet scream
And you go deep in it in each erroneous blink.

And what I see are joys in million gowns of dew,
All like happy tears of earth in an eon, new.

Saheb Mohapatra

Because I Love You Much

Because I love you much,
It seems shall never I meet you,
Shall neither know the deadly days; so few
Nor the death to me shall touch.

Because I love you much,
I forgot that word 'LOVE',
For me the tempests too are as calm as dove
And neither shall I forget you nor love anyone such.

God, it's you, whom finds my exhausted eyes,
Shall never be taken your height,
Even if I meet you and lose my sight
Or shall transform smiles into cries.

God, requests your son, "Love me, "
Much before my eyes stop to see.

Saheb Mohapatra

Children

Children,
How lovely, how tender!
In this world of joy,
They seek our bosom,
For they bring smiles to our sad lips.

Saheb Mohapatra

Death

What we do, at last, shall make us get,
What men know are few opulent days and penurious weeks,
Keep knowing the betrayed eyes and fragile shrieks
Until the tears swell our fate.

God, paint me with darkness,
Matters it not to me,
The world isn't that what we urge to see.
(A tedious journey, few selfish names and greedy faces.)

Death, make me yours and what with me it is,
Soon, within my transient days and weeks.
Let me blow with the heaven's breeze
As here, neither ceases the emotions nor the time's shrieks.

When we blink, what we see, death is it,
If not, men shall be god and this world shall never exist.

Saheb Mohapatra

Discrimination

Man, 'Why are these names,
He, she, I, you, my, yours? '
'Why so vulgar adjectives,
Black, white, rich, penurious,
Deemed God's words,
But emanating enormous tears.

Man, learn from the dark night,
For it never discriminates,
Learn from a tree,
Who, to every lone man, blissfully sheds,
Learn from the mighty sun,
For it lights, leaving no path behind.

If partiality be immortal
And keep breeding here,
It shall ever cast its shadow on men's future.

Saheb Mohapatra

Diwali (Never Have I Seen.....)

Never have I seen such a victory,
Of true smiles o'er the dark false shrieks,
Of few true minutes o'er the wicked hours
Where skies are adorned with 'fire-showers',
Of the busiest day o'er the tranquil weeks; alone
Where the lamps too shine,
Far better than how the mighty sun
Would have shone.

Saheb Mohapatra

Diwali For The Dead

Never shall my lamps stop to glow,
Even if my breaths start to slow,
Even if shall die human's humaneness
Or his nobility which perhaps is the Almighty's bless.
God knows, not know the men,
Even if I am dead, shall glow my lamps
Beside my ever-slept bones,
Being a navigator with the heaven's maps.

□

Saheb Mohapatra

Father's Fun

When the darkness encaged the glittering sun,
Words uttered from someone unknown.
I was frightened, my toes too started trembling
And when I woke up to find out the truth,
I found my father happily snoring.

Saheb Mohapatra

Fire-Flies

The uncommon venations of somebody unknown
Shone in the dark,
As if the moon turned into the bright sun.
It started to wander, started to rave,
Under the grooves, as does a Greek warrior, much brave,
Its tiny eyes glowed every time when the calm breeze blew,
Like as a speck revolving each drop of dew.
It followed the never-followed path,
Finding its destination but unknowingly lighting the dark.
The waves too saluted, mountains too bowed
To greet the tiny fire without heat,
But periodically showing its greatest feat.

Saheb Mohapatra

For All Those Who Love As The Way They Paint...

For all those who love as the way they paint,
On that naked sheet with the pace of wind,
That hits his soul with that sudden bent,
And calls forth all strands waiting to bind,
This is that strand to be embodied with colors,
With reddish shades and strokes of green,
Love's like that sweet dessert of lovers
That gets itself spoiled with the rise of a sin,
Not love, if waste, nor for that golden touch,
Nor like that gay spring oak's darkest shed
Which feels his portrait in the monsoon much,
And love's tears when knows what's hurting bed.

Do love in that pure way ere it turns waste,
And make love's portrait the way it tastes.

Saheb Mohapatra

For I Am In Love With Death...

For I am in love with death,
With tears swelling eyes,
With no essence of such human faith,
And no time to state those; lies.

With sun's endurance from tiny rainfall,
Shall meet me death with eyes asleep,
With rhetoric in tone and the echo-less calls,
And bending tears when approaches we keep.

In love with strange someone,
Shall never my mistakes, I confess,
With dark dawns, I surely not be a man,
But with a live hope of help to access.

While in love with death, I shall ever be unknown,
And on earth none shall adore, none shall mourn.

Saheb Mohapatra

For You Are Dead Now...

For you are dead now,
Seems my life a barren, old field,
With no joy and none to shield,
There's no reason I live; I show.

Each word of her, freighted with love,
Bringing smiles to sad lips,
In you when sweet spring shall dip,
From your voice, meager shall be great proverbs.

Oh no! God says you are ever lost,
I do believe, yet, I hope he maligns,
To me never with death shall you sign,
If the winter even woos not the frost.

When the hours do cold become and I lose you,
Shall soothe I myself before my left weeks be so few.

Saheb Mohapatra

For You, Shall Never I Be Old

For you, shall never I be old,
Never shall my eyes stop to see
For shall I love you and you, me,
Even if to you, my life is sold.

Shall ever I break my words?
So why, this game of I, you, he and she,
Death isn't that for which you build up me
And for that shall never I run in your streets as mad.

Though death's approaching, I believe shall once I win,
Yes, strange fits of love shall I own,
Shall never I die in this world alone
Until I am yours and with you I shine.

Now, it's not the human fears becoming inbred
For love never dies but meets both live and dead.

Saheb Mohapatra

God, It's The Man Speaking

God, it's the man speaking,
From your dark, dumb streets
Where love finds love, neither meets or greets,
Days are dark, where greed, the nights too bring.

Know not I what you are,
It's men whom I see in and after my blink,
In you, let me and my life to sink
Until you put on a greedy gown and at you I stare.

I lost from you as I have taken birth,
Like does the small mounds from storms,
I hope not shadows of few million-homes
Or of that names as false as worth.

What I am is yours and will be once again,
Bless me with bosom until my callus leaves my pen.

Saheb Mohapatra

God's Death In Men Is Inbred...

God's death in men is inbred,
With rainbow clouds emanating emotions,
With light-less nights of no discrimination,
Until life's lost with graveyard's giant shed.

With an innocent beheaded, God's death it is,
Of love not genuine, lurking words to betray,
With disguises of cowards when deemed a prey,
And with benevolent bays kissing doom-like breeze.

Dies never the Almighty, yet I believe sometimes,
When eyes catch blindness with love vanished,
With blushing lips costumed in the skin of greed,
When there be falsehood and words baffle pious hymns.

When fingers blood-bathe with callus lurking evil deeds,
Stony hearts develop with God's wane being breed.

Saheb Mohapatra

Haiku-1 (Creek)

Mesmerizing creek,
How flows through the dark, green lane,
And none shall stop it.

Saheb Mohapatra

Haiku-10 (Dusk)

The sun once gets blind,
And shelters behind the mountains,
With valleys of colored clouds.

Saheb Mohapatra

Haiku-11(Noon)

"It's the time to love"
Says sun, "...the hills as old as me.."
And this love making noon.

Saheb Mohapatra

Haiku-12(Life)

Life is actually a canvas,
To be painted with any color,
That reflects imaginations.

Saheb Mohapatra

Haiku-13(Heaven)

Land glittering in moon's shadow,
With creeks gearing up to "mortal tract";
Angels singing in God's praise.

Saheb Mohapatra

Haiku-2 (Trees)

With the sun's every birth,
Soaks it up a great mighty,
But never exhausted.

Saheb Mohapatra

Haiku-3 (Death)

It is not human fear,
But something tasting Godly,
Which simply we call death.

Saheb Mohapatra

Haiku-4 (Flowers)

With nature's soft smiles,
Blooms various colors never in sight,
With suavity and beauty.

□

Saheb Mohapatra

Haiku-5 (Stars)

When sun rests, being tired,
Bloom millions of pearls in the sky,
Uncountable; never gauged.

Saheb Mohapatra

Haiku-6 (Moon)

Nights sing the cradle song,
For a beauty guiding the clouds,
Who glows with no end.

Saheb Mohapatra

Haiku-7 (Friendship)

Friendship's like the sky,
Without something it's always blank;
The quarrels, acting as stars.

Saheb Mohapatra

Haiku-8 (Men)

He is not the Almighty,
But with corruption costumed honest,
And with blood of greed.□

Saheb Mohapatra

Haiku-9 (Dawn)

With warmth in hill's womb,
And light in the night's sad sky;
Dawn; all hoping its welcome.

Saheb Mohapatra

He Lived In The Dark, Dead Streets

He lived in the dark, dead streets
Where once the Thames did flow,
Matter not, it fades or glows
As being lonely, a lot he meets.

He lived in the dark, dead streets
Where neither reached the Sun's nor the moon's faint glow,
I wish I could cease its flow
And ask him, how to the greens, he greets.

He lived in the dark, dead streets
That never caught a selfish eye,
Perhaps, he was betrayed or a bit shy
Who trudged in the lonely lanes that the world never meets.

He lived in the dark dead streets where never fell a bright bud,
I know not around us, why hasn't echoed his words.

Saheb Mohapatra

I Sing With Nature's Smiles...

I sing with nature's smiles,
When my eyes do compass become,
With no tunes costumed wearisome,
With beauty and a lot to beguile.

When seasons worn out in counting days,
Shall there be a lot wandering eyes,
With beauty; the truth and all; lies,
Or with stars dreaming when mother moon stays.□

When lips forget all sounds,
With days; calm, when summer's red,
My thoughts get my eyes heaved,
With thickets blooming beauty; profound.

From nature's colors, tiny shall be my songs,
Shall ever I love it with lines growing with thoughts growing long.

Saheb Mohapatra

If The One I Love Goes Before My Eyes...

If the one I love goes before my eyes
And I as well get drunk on grief,
Shall fade away our sweetest lies
Or shall my heart get broken into briefs.
But these smithereens of my heart will freeze
With the strands of tears and stagnant shrieks,
And I know someday these tears shall please
The lightless days of my ending weeks.
The days of sweetness shall once be over
And too our yearnings, hopes and dreams,
No man on earth shall live forever
And all shall be not what all do seem.
.....So lets all be now smitten to our woes,
.....And wait forever for what our life shows.

Saheb Mohapatra

Let Me Not To The Land Of Bills

Let me not to the land of bills,
How life there would be, wonder I.
With tranquil days and weeks of shy
Where tears too stand like tall hills.

Greed, proud be never,
As you're limbed with notes and engraved stones,
Love isn't greed-boned
That once I did even ponder.

Let me not to this hell-like heaven,
Hope, there would be an angel
With neither greed where evils dwell
Nor with the money madness of men.

If greed shall grow in this eternal platform,
To us we shan't reach and the men shall God become.

Saheb Mohapatra

Limerick-1(Girl-Friend Or Granny)

Someone called me at dark late night,
Knocked at the door to draw my sight,
I thought she was my girl-friend
And opened the door in the end,
But found my granny in her shortest height.

Saheb Mohapatra

Limerick-2 (Saloon Day)

When I opened my saloon when ventured the sun,
Entered an over-protective bald granny with her bald grandson.
They bewildered me after entering my shop,
I asked, 'Which haircut for your bald-top? '
Said the bald, 'Just like the hero of PERCY JACKSON! ! '

Saheb Mohapatra

Limerick-3 (Cockroach's Prank)

When I was in the streets after my biology classes,
I entered a bar with great masses.
With my pals, I ordered beer,
Then, when we were about to cheer,
We found cockroaches swimming in the beer glasses.

Saheb Mohapatra

Limerick-4 (Cost Problem)

I went to a stall with my pals both,
I asked, "How much for this stuff?";
He said, "All for ten."
"Starting from toffees to pens";,
Then I asked, "Is also your stall rupees ten worth?";

Saheb Mohapatra

Limerick-5 (Funny Adjective)

After entering the class, said the Inspector,
"Which adjective is best for your teacher? "
All said, "Handsome, Sir."
But said a foolish from far,
"For him 'INSANE' can likely be better."

Saheb Mohapatra

Limerick-6 (Chemistry Question)

Suddenly, in the tedious chemistry classes,
Teacher asked me a question leaving masses,
'What is the most complex thing? '
Then I said, 'I think...
Your lectures are most perplexing substances.'

Saheb Mohapatra

Limerick-7 (Dirty Drinks)

When I gave the foreigner, milk, partly of dog,
I asked him, "What are your drinks made of?"
He said, "Everything is equal...
In our country's milk stalls,
There we drink what we get, may be dirty stuff. ☐

Saheb Mohapatra

Limerick-8 (Weird Question)

He asked a question based on reality,
"If we be dumb, what shall decrease? "
Teacher said, "Our capacity to opine."
He said, "To the thoughts; mine...
We shan't woo and population shall cease.

Saheb Mohapatra

Moon

When the days turn dark and dreams take birth,
Shines a beauty o'er the tall, dark hills,
Which being a missionary from the heaven
Lightens our pious, blue earth.

When never shall you glow,
Bring me back to the heaven,
I'm not among earth's cynical, cruel men.

When nights fall asleep,
Meets me your eyes,
To me, you're my life's obsession
And beyond you shall never I find any destination.

'Shall never you die? '
It's what I believe,
If it shan't be and upon me verified,
Shall never die a man but earth would surely have died.

Saheb Mohapatra

Mother

The human that you once shall get
Is like the sky of pleasure,
But with stars of love
To whom you call is MOTHER,
Who, to the world has no glow,
But shall always light your fate.

Saheb Mohapatra

O ' Death!

****O' Death****

(WRITTEN BY: : SAHEB MOHAPATRA)

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O' Death, the kindest, where lies my end
Which thou bestow on every fate,
For loneness and tears me befriend
And nought but dolour for its despaired mate.

And all alone in an aimless stroll,
Few sedent smiles and hueless hopes
And sins too great to cram up this soul
Caged within this breathing corpse.

O' Death! O' Death! Embrace me soon,
For long have I been interred with woes
And a curse discovered from this boon:
Some friends are worse than foes

Saheb Mohapatra

O Stop, Little, Lovely Rose

O stop, little, lovely rose,
With eyes being earth's lone diamond,
With wings in pink that a lot have earned
And green beds for all friends and foes.
O stop, little, lovely rose
With lips of the greatest smiles,
Hope, I shall sleep in your dusty toes
And together we shall share miles and miles.

Saheb Mohapatra

On My Way To The Graveyard (Part 1)

On my way to the graveyard,
I saw a lad,
And in my every look,
I found him weeping for his dead father.
Surprisingly, around him and his tears
There were many but none even bothered.
Soon, I went for a short walk
And as soon as I returned,
I found all vanished.
Disappeared, the hopeful lad who hoped for help,
Disappeared, his dead father,
Disappeared, the robust cord
That attached him with the emotions.
But things that I found left behind
Were, like always, some hideous traces of blood.

Saheb Mohapatra

On My Way To The Graveyard (Part 2)

On my way to the graveyard,
I found a cradle standing beside its dead owner,
And it seemed to have life.
Every time when it swung, my eyes wetted my toes
And the cradle too called the crows,
For requesting them to find a hope for its existence.
Every time when I gazed at the ever-slept baby,
My eyes too turned heavy and I couldn't see anything,
And soon, when I got them back again, there was nothing.
The tiny owner disappeared,
Disappeared, its living cradle
Disappeared, its bad days,
Disappeared, its sweet shrieks
That once helped it join with people,
Both cruel and gay.

Saheb Mohapatra

On My Way To The Graveyard (Part 3)

On my way to the graveyard,
I found a couple of cold-blooded mammals
Standing beside their created carcass.
And every time I pondered about them,
They made me ponder once again.
They yelled out, prayed to god,
Perhaps, to get back their dead foe back.
Just behind them, I found some red dew droplets,
Some sharp knives and a gun.
Perhaps, some red tears emerged from them
Trying to call back their foe again.
Seeing this, my limbs trembled, and I went out,
Just then all disappeared,
Disappeared, the dead foe,
Disappeared, the mercenary hell's angels,
Disappeared, their cynical tools
Which once made them win battles.

On my way to the graveyard,
I found myself dead in mind,
My eyes were tired seeing this,
I laughed, I wept,
And when I came out of my imaginary world,
I found myself dumped in the happy graveyard.

Saheb Mohapatra

Tears Of Joy

Times when our hearts are drenched with glow
And when they lift their feet to dance,
Some tears then arrive and show
The seas of success on our face.

Times when from the fields of our mind,
Are threshed our ripe wishes,
Some tears are such which then bind
And adorn them with true kisses.

Times when our dolor gets new wings
And flies in soul's open sky,
The song of peace some tears then sing
And soothe the wailing eye.

I know these tears, the tears of joy,
Will one day clasp our calls,
Nor as we think it would annoy
But paint our barren souls.

Saheb Mohapatra

The Death Of The Ploughman

When the sun was out on that wintry morning
And all boughs were cloaked with woe,
The village ploughman marches forth winning and winning
Against a fatal fate and with a heroic hoe.

Tall and strong, with a chest so wide,
He marks in life his woeful way,
And like a man of wits he is to hide
The wisdom of sheer dismay.

As time into the lap of the day goes deep,
So deep that it is hidden never,
The smiles of the ploughman and his elated lips
By his very own road forever.

The sun, quite fed up with the chilliness of time
Acts as onlookers o'er his field,
And then appears with the disappearing rime
The pictures of his futile yields.

Tight he holds the gazes of grief
With footsteps of demise near,
Whose hands of eternity are to be brief:
Death takes the hands but of the poor.

The strains of the dirge all asked to wait
Too the miasmic skies of rhyme,
All the shackled and frail doctors of fate
Wail deep on the banks of time.

The village ploughman, so stout, within an endless slumber
Ends up with a painful ease,
And on the saddles of time loses for ever
The disrupting warmth of the breeze.

The shrieks of his boy can even not wake
A man webbed in oblivion of weeps,
His very own roads never see him coming back:
A full cup of tears he sips and sleeps.

And thousands like him pass with fleeting years
And thousands death demand,
For they are to drench with their very own tears
The barrenness of their lands.

All these march to the grave and stand
Beneath the clouds of cremating rime,
They shed their tears onto their very own hands
As night drinks the broth of time.

Saheb Mohapatra

To Me, My Love.....

To me, my love, never been ruled,
With dusty stars, in I despair,
Bringing me to days; unfair,
Where help's never helped, with when love is glued.

To me, my love, hot summer's lone queen,
To it applauds winter's dead heart
With his embedded eyes left unhurt,
Which seeks its charm, never does sin.

To me, my love, blind bay's lone friend,
With relations being its baby's cradle song,
For its height never be taken and I go wrong,
It shall paint itself with old colors and never does end.

To me, my love, not a vindictive man's historical revenge,
Shall never alter when to it death's door cage.

Saheb Mohapatra

True Love

True love never shall die,
Never shall it fade, until it begets itself,
With lover to love and hopeful to help,
Until it meets betrayed eyes and sweet shy.

True love is what you meant,
As you're blind in it you shan't see,
Small impediments in love's penury,
Old histories and its mysteries' hints.

True love makes you seem
Like someone who robbed your heart,
For shall it never be gauged never be lost,
It shall beguile you ever and never get dim.

True love lurks not eternal words and rhetoric of sounds,
It means neither soul's delivery nor alteration; profound.

Saheb Mohapatra

True Love's Not A Matter Of Shame...

True love's not a matter of shame,
Where neither love nor emotions do rest,
Of thirsty nights perceiving day's tempest,
Too strange feats of God shall a true lover defame.

With birds singing spring's welcome song,
Love shall be love with no alteration,
Shall there be neither shame nor the end to mention,
With fake lines uttered by lie-embedded tongues.

True love's not shameful, for it arrives with no departure,
With emotions bending where true soul enhances;
Like as mighty sun's rays escapes from fences,
Too escapes true lover from forehead's printed future.

If soul be a true lover, with emotions daughters and sons,
Love shan't be a matter of shame with eyes of no frustration.

Saheb Mohapatra

Wake Up...

Wake up, wake up, o, grandpa, o dear,
Wake and feel those you see;
Don't you know how hard it is to peer
A living mass lying dead before me.

No, no, not let anyone to come
To mince us apart and too our ways;
O please, o dear, return home
And don't freeze these soundless days.

Wake up, wake up, o, grandpa, o dear
And take me to the land you wish,
O my eyes can hold no more these tears,
Nor part from you with a kiss.

You are an angel of lands and lands,
Or will be soon; or might,
Just place your head upon my hands
And you will be all right.

Wake up, wake up, o my best friend,
Please don't make us cry,
It's not the time for your life to end;
Nor for you.....to die.

Saheb Mohapatra

When My Love Feels That She Is Free...

When my love feels that she is free,
She flies beyond my sky with winged creatures,
Sending tears ever hurting me,
For love's not a matter of days and then departure,
Freedom from love means not to betray,
But these tiny detachments keep making tears,
Love shall be love, which even betrayers say,
For an impediment here's night's sun, yet not a fear.
With no sign of me, you, in your empty streets,
Be crying for me whom once you had hurt,
With those street lamps lighting love's weird feats,
And joining broken hearts which love's hands had got,
 Ever be futile shall love be without shrieks with haste,
 For this shan't go in vain bringing smiles with no rest.

Saheb Mohapatra

When My Love States That She Is Futile...

When my love states that she is futile,
She actually mends relations with eyes of stress,
For love's never dead though covers miles,
She is ever an angel with beauty; ageless,
Times when love meets fake eyes,
Really it seems genuine and so becomes,
Love's endowed with success, not lies,
With true soul's meetings in the life; wearisome,
Love not sprouts leaves of futility,
For impediments when approach, it'll be same,
Though shadow, the woes, like a foe with priority,
Yet, with legs of trust love shall never be lame.
Like as hummingbirds stop lips until they meet spring,
For success, ever love be hungry which faith brings.

Saheb Mohapatra

Woman

How nice it would be being a woman,
With smiles soothing sad hearts,
With tears burning greed and selfishness,
With pain abolishing deceitfulness,
With love shielding from impediments,
Being a missionary, the Almighty has sent.

So, why is she ignored?
Leading a life of dark hours
Why none welcomes her birth?
The angel of beauty and suavity,
Owning ever the crown of society.

Saheb Mohapatra

Your Love, So Cool...

Your love, so cool, a piece of soul's token,
How you are lusty and your sculptured snows,
How hearts you soothe with height, God knows,
For eons before, the best he had chosen.
Your height varies though worth, same stays,
With your maple woods shielding forge thickets,
When sun's deserted blue sky gives you mates,
And your beauty never gauged in brief days.
You cry with tears that lures the species,
Your beauty shall bring, on the wane, futile futility,
With frost lurking you when reaches maturity,
And your glittering tracts with luster, not lies.
Your beauty so ancient yet in histories no mention,
Your snow-laden forehead's likely the best creation.

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Saheb Mohapatra