

Poetry Series

AAHAN VARMA
- poems -



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AAHAN VARMA()

Hello, my name is Aahan Verma, and I'm the writer behind Poet.Behindbars. If you're listening to this, you're not just hearing my voice. You're hearing years of thoughts, emotions, observations, and stories that I chose to put into words. I've always believed that writing isn't just about expressing ourselves. It's about making someone else feel understood.

People often ask me why I write poetry. The answer is simple. Poetry allows me to say the things that ordinary conversations often cannot. Sometimes I write about love. Sometimes I write about heartbreak. At other times, I write about hope, justice, education, society, and the courage to ask difficult questions. Every poem begins with a feeling. Every feeling becomes a thought. Every thought becomes a sentence. And every sentence has the power to change someone's perspective.

I'm currently building a creative platform called Poet.Behindbars, where stories are not written just to be read, but to be experienced. Through poetry, spoken word, films, and visual storytelling, I hope to create conversations that stay with people long after they have finished listening.

One of my biggest dreams is to build a community of creators who believe that art can inspire change. A place where writers, filmmakers, designers, photographers, and storytellers work together to create something meaningful. Life has taught me that answers are temporary, but questions stay with us forever. Maybe that's why I continue to write. Not because I know everything, but because I'm still learning, still observing, and still asking.

Thank you for listening. I'm Aahan Verma, and this is Poet.Behindbars, where words don't just tell stories they leave a mark.

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— Aahan Verma

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— Aahan Verma

1??

Ek ladki hai jo mujhpe marti hai,
Mere saamne bachho jaisi harkat krti hai,
Kabhi roye kabhi gaaye,
Kabhi sunaye aur kabhi rooth jaaye...
Haste hue bahot achhe lagti hai....
Ek ladki hai jo mujhpe bahot marti hai....

2??

Mai kuch bolu toh chup chap sunti hai....
Par kuch samay baad mujhe hi suna deti hai.....
Kabhi zikr na kiya usne ki mujhpe marti hai...
Thoda ajeeb hai par phir bhi mujhe pta hai ki woh mujhpe marti hai....

3??

Logo ke taane seh leti hai...
Kisi aur jaise ke sath kyu ghumti hai....
Baat krti hai.....
Ek ladki hai jo mujhpe marti hai....

4??

Iss ghatiya samajh se kabhi na sharmati hai...
Haas ke iss samajh ki soch ko taala lagati hai...
Fark nhi padhta chaar log kya kahenge...
Zakhm hum apne pyaar se bhar lenge...
Yeh toh sirf pyrr hi smjhti hai.....
Ek ladki hai jo mujhpe marti hai....

5??

Mere roone pe mujhe chup krati hai...
Hai toh choti si par bahot marungi baar baar dohrati hai....
Kabhi kabhi mujhse chidh aur rooth jaati hai...
Kabhi gussa ho, kabhi jhagda kre aur kabhi mera bheja khati hai....
Ek ladki hai jo mujhpe bahot marti hai....

— The End

Aahan Verma

AAHAN VARMA

The Last Voice Of Democracy

One day,

The slogans will fade.

The faces will change.

The promises will age.

But one question

Will still remain—

Will the people's voice

Survive the noise and pain?

A student will ask,

'Where is my future? '

A farmer will ask,

'Where is the value of my labour? '

A mother will ask,

'Where is my child's chance? '

And a citizen will ask,

'Where has my trust gone? '

These questions

Are democracy's heartbeat.

These questions

Keep freedom on its feet.

The question isn't

Who sits in power.

The question is—

Who answers.

The question isn't

Who wins the race.

The question is—

Who serves the place.

Because a nation

Isn't built by names.

It is built by millions

Carrying hopes and dreams.

A teacher.

A worker.

A doctor.

A farmer.

A journalist.

A student.

These are the voices

That move a nation forward.

We don't ask for miracles.

We don't ask for perfection.

We simply ask for a country

Where honesty isn't a disadvantage,

Where truth isn't a danger,

And where questions aren't feared.

Because the day people

Become afraid to speak,

Democracy doesn't die at once—

It slowly grows weak.

So keep asking.

Keep caring.

Keep hoping.

Keep trying.

Because the last voice of democracy

Doesn't come from a throne,

A building,

Or a government alone.

It comes from a citizen

Who still believes,

And still asks—

'Can we become better than this? '

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AAHAN VARMA

The Theft Of Trust

A man woke up

And went to work each day.

He paid his taxes.

He followed the rules.

He stayed out of the way.

He was taught—

'Trust the system.'

'Do the right thing.'

'Be honest.'

And life will reward you someday.

So he waited his turn.

He stood in line.

He followed every rule.

Believing fairness would arrive in time.

Then slowly he noticed—

Some doors opened with influence.

Some moved faster with money.

Some rules bent for a few.

And some promises became funny.

That's when he realized—

The biggest theft

Wasn't money.

The biggest theft

Was trust.

The question isn't

Whether corruption exists.

The question is—

Why it feels so difficult to resist.

The question isn't

Why dishonest people sometimes win.

The question is—

Why honest people grow tired within.

When shortcuts become normal,

And integrity feels rare,

The damage isn't financial alone—

It spreads everywhere.

Roads can be rebuilt.

Buildings can rise again.

But broken public trust

Takes generations to mend.

We don't ask for perfection.

We don't ask for miracles.

We're simply asking—

Why fairness feels conditional.

Because a nation's greatest wealth

Isn't hidden underground.

It's the trust of its people.

And once that trust is lost—

Everything else becomes harder to build.

AAHAN VARMA

The Laboratory Of Dreams

A child once looked

At the stars above,

Wondering if one day

His name would rise among them.

He didn't play with answers.

He played with questions.

'How does this work? '

'What happens next? '

Curiosity was his favorite subject.

His mother would smile and say,

'Build something new someday.'

And he believed

The future could be changed that way.

Then came school.

Then college.

Then degrees.

Then reality.

Some laboratories were too small.

Some resources ran thin.

Some ideas were ready to fly,

But never found the wind.

Some dreams left the country.

Some stayed behind.

Some brilliant ideas survived.

Others ran out of time.

The question isn't

Whether talent exists.

The question is—

Why support is often missed.

The question isn't

Why young minds dream.

The question is—

Who helps those dreams become real.

A scientist doesn't just do a job.

A scientist builds tomorrow.

Research isn't just an experiment.

It's a solution borrowed from the future.

We don't lack intelligence.

We don't lack imagination.

Sometimes we simply lack

The investment behind innovation.

And if every child carries

A spark of discovery inside,

Then tell us honestly—

Do we give that spark

Enough room to ignite?

Because nations don't grow

Only from what they've achieved.

They grow from the dreams

They choose to believe.

AAHAN VARMA

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The Inherited Chair

A child grew up hearing,
'Work hard and you'll rise.'

The same lesson lived
In books and advice.

So he studied.
He struggled.

He earned every step.
Believing effort was something
The world would respect.
Then one day he noticed
Some people began the race
Already near the finish line,
While others were still
Searching for a place to start.

Some inherited a name.
Some inherited influence.
Some inherited open doors.
Others inherited silence.

The question isn't
Whether family matters.
The question is
Why merit often shatters.

The question isn't
Why connections exist.
The question is
Why talent gets missed.

Millions of young people
Wait for an opportunity.
While some paths appear ready
Before responsibility.

We don't ask for privilege.

We don't ask for favours.
We simply ask for a system

That rewards effort over surnames.
Because a nation's future
Cannot depend on inheritance alone.
It depends on the talent

Waiting in ordinary homes.
And if success truly belongs
To those who earn their place
Why do some people begin

Several miles ahead in the race?

AAHAN VARMA

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AAHAN VARMA

The Silence Of Kota

A child left home one day,

Carrying dreams in his eyes.

His mother kissed his forehead,

His father spoke of brighter skies.

'Just work a little harder, '

They said with hopeful smiles.

'Your success will make

Every sacrifice worthwhile.'

Then the race began.

A test in the morning.

A test at night.

Another score.

Another fight.

Slowly friends became ranks.

Smiles became numbers.

And life became something

Measured by marks and wonders.

One student lost sleep.

Another lost joy.

Another forgot how to laugh.

Another stopped being a boy.

The question isn't

Why students work so hard.

The question is—

Why they carry such heavy scars.

The question isn't

Why dreams grow high.

The question is—

Why so many feel they must suffer to try.

Behind every report card

Lives a story untold.

Not of marks and percentages—

But of pressure taking hold.

We're not against ambition.

We're not against success.

We're against a system

That turns childhood into stress.

Because every student

Is more than a score.

And when a child loses hope—

Society loses something more.

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The Government School Question

A young child walked
With a school bag on his back.
Every morning carried hope.
Every morning followed the same track.

His mother told him—
'Study hard, my son.
This is where futures begin.
This is where dreams are won.'

But when he arrived,
The walls were worn.
The books were aging.
The classrooms looked torn.

Some schools lacked teachers.
Some lacked space.
Some lacked the tools
Needed to run the race.

Then people wonder,
Why coaching centres grow.
The question is,
Why schools struggle so.

The question isn't
Why students fall behind.
The question is,
Why opportunity is so unevenly assigned.

The question isn't
Whether talent exists.
The question is,
Why support is missed.

One child begins the race
Several steps ahead.
Another is still searching
For the basics instead.

We don't ask for miracles.
We ask for a fair start.
Because education isn't charity.
It's the foundation of every heart.

And the future of a nation
Doesn't begin in speeches or rules.
It begins every morning
Inside its schools.

AAHAN VARMA

Barricades For Questions

A student stepped outside,
Holding nothing but doubt.
Two years of sacrifice,
And his future was wiped out.

His mother skipped her needs.
His father worked extra shifts.
He believed hard work mattered.
He believed effort existed.

Then another headline came—
Another paper leaked.
Another exam cancelled.
Another future weakened.

Within a few hours,
Barricades filled the streets.
Police stood everywhere.
Every road faced restrictions.

The system moved so quickly.
The response came so fast.

As if asking questions
Was the real threat at last.

The question isn't
Why students protest.

The question is
Why scandals pass every test.

The question isn't
Why roads get blocked overnight.

The question is
Why leaks survive despite the spotlight.

An exam wasn't lost.

A year wasn't delayed.

Trust was broken.

Faith was betrayed.

We don't want conflict.

We don't want applause.

We simply want to know

Where was this urgency before?

AAHAN VARMA

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The Price Of Truth

A reporter stepped forward,

Carrying nothing but facts.

No dream of power.

No hidden acts.

His family warned him—

'Please be careful out there.'

He smiled and replied—

'I'm only asking what's fair.'

Then he opened old files.

He followed a trail.

He asked a few questions.

He connected the details.

And suddenly the mood changed.

The smiles disappeared.

The story became dangerous.

The truth became feared.

Some received threats.

Some faced lawsuits.

Some lost their freedom.

Some paid heavier dues.

The question isn't

Why people investigate.

The question is—

Why answers hesitate.

The question isn't

Why citizens ask.

The question is—

Why truth becomes a task.

If facts are so weak,

Why fear them so much?

If questions mean nothing,

Why do they touch so much?

We're not looking for enemies.

We're looking for light.

Because democracy survives

When truth can speak without fright.

And the day people fear

Speaking what they know—

Lies don't win.

Silence does.

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AAHAN VARMA

The Waiting Dream

As a child he used to say,

'One day I'll make them proud.'

A small house.

Big dreams.

Promises spoken out loud.

His mother saved every rupee.

His father worked every night.

Just to keep one hope alive—

'Study hard, and life will be bright.'

School passed.

College passed.

Degree after degree came by.

And every year he told himself—

'This is the year I'll finally fly.'

Forms were filled.

Exams were cleared.

Interviews came and went.

Years disappeared into waiting rooms,

And so did confidence.

Some friends found jobs.

Some left the country behind.

Some kept fighting every day.

Some slowly lost their minds.

The question isn't

Whether young people work hard.

The question is—

Why opportunity feels so far.

The question isn't

Whether dreams still exist.

The question is—

Why the doors stay closed like this.

One side has talent.

One side has ambition.

Yet millions are waiting

For a simple permission.

They call youth

The future of the nation.

Then why does waiting

Feel like a full-time occupation?

We don't want shortcuts.

We don't want sympathy.

We just want to know—

Why does effort no longer guarantee dignity?

Because unemployment

Isn't only the absence of work.

It's the slow disappearance

Of hope beneath the hurt.

And every year spent waiting

Creates the same painful scene—

A nation full of potential,

And a generation stuck between.

AAHAN VARMA

The Lost Merit

A boy studied all year.

A girl sacrificed her sleep.

Both believed one simple thing—

Hard work was theirs to keep.

Their parents carried burdens.

Their teachers gave their best.

And every morning began

With another practice test.

They didn't ask for favours.

They didn't ask for fame.

They only wanted a fair chance

To play the same game.

Then whispers filled the headlines.

Another leak.

Another scam.

Another list rewritten.

Another shattered plan.

The question isn't

Why students feel afraid.

The question is—

Why merit feels betrayed.

The question isn't

Why dreams sometimes fall.

The question is—

Why fairness feels so small.

One student loses a year.

Another loses hope.

Another keeps smiling outside,

While inside learning not to cope.

Every cancelled exam

Steals more than a date.

It steals confidence,

Trust,

And faith.

We don't ask for guarantees.

We don't ask to always win.

We just want a system

Where effort actually means something.

Because talent isn't rare.

Potential isn't gone.

But when merit keeps losing,

How long can a generation carry on?

And if hard work is truly the answer,

Then tell us honestly—

Why does honesty keep competing

Against dishonesty?

AAHAN VARMA

The Price Of Honesty

As a child he was told,

'Never lie.

Never cheat.

Always do what's right.'

So he listened.

He worked hard.

He followed every rule.

Believing honesty

Was life's most valuable tool.

He never copied answers.

Never paid a bribe.

Never looked for shortcuts.

Never crossed the line.

He stood in every queue.

Waited his turn.

Trusted that effort

Would earn what he earned.

Then one day he noticed—

Someone skipped the line.

Someone bought the result.

Someone knew the right name at the right time.

And suddenly he wondered

If honesty was enough.

Because doing the right thing

Started feeling tough.

The question isn't

Why honesty is hard.

The question is—

Why dishonesty is rewarded.

The question isn't

Why rules exist.

The question is—

Why they don't apply like this.

Every time a shortcut wins,

A lesson quietly dies.

Every time cheating succeeds,

Another honest dream cries.

Slowly people stop believing.

Slowly values fade away.

Not because honesty is wrong—

But because it rarely seems to pay.

We don't ask for privilege.

We don't ask for special doors.

We're simply asking—

Why does integrity reach last when it works the hardest for?

Because a nation's strength

Isn't measured by wealth alone.

It's measured by the people

Who choose right when wrong is easier shown.

And if honesty is truly the right path,

Then answer honestly—

Why does it often feel

Like the longest road to dignity?

AAHAN VARMA

News Or Noise?

Every night at dinner,

His father switched on the news.
Hoping to understand the country,
Not to watch another feud.
A student needed a job.

A patient needed care.
A school needed teachers.
Real problems were everywhere.
But the screen had different plans.

The shouting had begun.
One anchor picked a side.
Another picked someone to outrun.
'Hindu versus Muslim! '

'Who insulted whom? '
The volume kept rising,
While the truth left the room.

The question isn't
Who won the debate.
The question is
Why the real issues wait.

The question isn't
Who shouted the loudest.
The question is
Why facts sounded the quietest.

Unemployment waited.
Education waited.
Healthcare waited too.

But every night the spotlight
Found something else to do.
A farmer's struggle got thirty seconds.

A student's future got none.
Yet hours were spent deciding
Who had already won.

The screen kept glowing.
The noise kept growing.
And somewhere in the corner,
The truth kept slowing.

We don't ask for silence.
We don't ask for perfection.
We're simply asking
Where is the information beneath the projection?

Because when outrage becomes entertainment,
And attention becomes a game,
People stop learning what's happening
They only remember who's to blame.

The screen keeps shouting.
The truth keeps waiting.

And that's the difference,
Between informing a nation
And merely entertaining.

AAHAN VARMA

The Coaching Nation

The first day of school,
His bag was bigger than his dreams.
His mother smiled and said,
'This is where your future begins.'

The teachers taught lessons.
The books taught hope.
Everyone said,
'Education will help you cope.'

But somewhere along the way,
A different story appeared.

School became attendance.
Learning disappeared.
Morning at school.

Evening at coaching.
Night filled with tests.
And slowly childhood stopped growing.

His mother paid the fees.
His father worked overtime.
The whole family invested
In one dream at a time.

Every street had a coaching centre.
Every city had an empire built.
And somehow the classrooms
Were left carrying the guilt.

The question isn't
Why coaching became so big.
The question is
Why schools became so small.

The question isn't
Why students keep enrolling.
The question is

Why they don't trust classrooms at all.

If schools were enough,
Where did this crowd come from?
If education was working,
Why did a second system become one?

Some schools lack teachers.
Some schools lack space.
Some schools teach yesterday,
While tomorrow wins the race.

A rank is not education.
A score is not a life.
And a childhood shouldn't become
An endless competitive fight.

We don't hate coaching.
We don't blame ambition.
We're simply asking

Why has extra help become a necessity, not an option?
Because the biggest report card
Of any education nation,

Isn't the exam result,
It's the rise of an entire coaching generation.

AAHAN VARMA

Election Season

For five long years,
The road stayed broken.
The job never came.
The promises stayed unspoken.

The hospital stayed crowded.
The classroom stayed the same.
But suddenly election season arrived,
And everything changed.
One leader spoke of religion.
Another spoke of fear.
One promised to save the nation.
Another blamed someone near.

The speeches grew louder.
The rallies grew grand.
Yet somehow the same old problems,
Still slipped through their hands.

A son searched for work.
A father battled rising costs.
A mother waited for treatment.
But those conversations got lost.

The question isn't
Which slogan sounds best.
The question is—
Why real issues fail the test.

The question isn't
Who wins the argument tonight.
The question is
Who improves people's lives.
Every election,
A new enemy appears.
But unemployment remains.
And so do the same fears.

Education waits.

Healthcare waits.
Development waits in line.
While politics finds new battles
Every single time.

We don't hate religion.
We don't fear belief.
We're simply asking,
Why do solutions feel so brief?

Because votes can be won
By dividing a crowd.
But a nation moves forward

When solutions speak louder than slogans shouted aloud.
And when election season ends,
One question remains the same

If development is the destination,
Why does the journey keep changing its name?

AAHAN VARMA

The Taxpayer's Question

The salary arrived today.

The message flashed on the screen.

But before the money reached his hands,

A part of it had already been seen.

His father always told him,

'Taxes help build the nation.'

So he paid without complaint,

Trusting the system's intention.

He paid for the roads.

He paid for the trains.

He paid for development,

Again and again.

Yet every monsoon,

The streets disappeared in rain.

Every hospital queue

Told the same old pain.

The bus was crowded.

The traffic stood still.

The public service was waiting—

But the payment never will.

The question isn't

Why citizens pay.

The question is—

What returns their way?

The question isn't

Why taxes exist.

The question is—

Why basic services are still missed.

Each year the numbers rise.

Each year new promises arrive.

Yet broken roads keep asking—

'When will we finally survive? '

A sick mother waits.

A student stands in line.

A worker loses hours.

And calls it normal over time.

We don't mind contributing.

We don't mind doing our part.

We're just asking—

Why does accountability feel so far apart?

Because the tax always arrives on time.

It never forgets the date.

So why do public services

Keep showing up late?

If citizens keep their promise,

Shouldn't the system do the same?

Or is responsibility

Only a one-sided game?

AAHAN VARMA

Why Not Us?

As a child he looked at maps,

And wondered every time—

How do some nations grow so fast,

While we stand waiting in line?

The people there aren't magical.

The children aren't born ahead.

They wake up.

They study.

They dream beneath the same sky overhead.

A student here studies all night,

Chasing marks and chasing hope.

Yet after years of hard work,

He's still learning how to cope.

A teacher wants to inspire.

A scientist wants to create.

But too often their biggest battle

Is the system they navigate.

Some countries build laboratories.

Some build classrooms first.

Some invest in ideas.

Some leave potential unrehearsed.

The question isn't

Why they're ahead today.

The question is—

Why we lost our way.

The question isn't

Whether talent exists.

The question is—

Why talent struggles like this.

If ability were the problem,

We wouldn't reach the moon.

If intelligence were missing,

We wouldn't rise so soon.

The problem isn't people.

The problem isn't dreams.

The problem is what happens

Between plans and reality's seams.

We don't compare out of jealousy.

We compare because we care.

Because every child deserves a chance,

No matter where.

Developed nations aren't accidents.

They aren't built overnight.

They're built when education,

Research, and vision unite.

So we're not asking—

'Why is Japan so strong? '

We're asking—

'What are we doing wrong? '

Because if our children have the potential,

And our youth have the fire,

Then what's stopping the system

From helping them climb higher?

AAHAN VARMA

The Price Of A Signature

His father taught him,

'Walk the honest road.

Work hard.

Keep your head held high.'

So he did.

No shortcuts.

No cheating.

No lies.

Just faith that effort

Would one day win the prize.

He stood in every line.

Filled every form.

Followed every rule.

Waited through every storm.

Then one day he noticed—

The line wasn't moving at all.

Until someone whispered,

'There's another way to solve it all.'

A file sat untouched for months.

One payment made it fly.

A door stayed locked for years.

One connection walked right by.

Some jobs were bought.

Some contracts were sold.

Some promises looked shiny—

But the system felt old.

The question isn't

Whether corruption exists.

The question is—

Why it still persists.

The question isn't

Who takes the bribe.

The question is—

Why honesty struggles to survive.

An honest man waits.

A dishonest man speeds through.

And every time that happens,

Trust breaks into two.

Because a nation doesn't lose

When money disappears.

A nation loses

When fairness disappears.

Roads can be rebuilt.

Buildings can rise again.

But broken public trust

Takes generations to mend.

We don't ask for special treatment.

We don't ask to skip the queue.

We just want to know—

If the rules are equal,

Why do they feel different for a few?

AAHAN VARMA

Waiting For Justice

A family believed

The truth would be enough.

That the law would listen.

That justice would be tough.

So they waited.

One hearing.

One date.

One promise at a time.

Trusting that sooner or later,

The truth would finally shine.

But months became years.

Years became pain.

The headlines moved on,

Yet the wounds remained.

The courtroom stayed busy.

The calendars filled.

But every postponed answer

Left another hope killed.

The question isn't

Whether laws exist.

The question is—

Why justice feels like this.

The question isn't

Whether courts can decide.

The question is—

Why people grow tired waiting outside.

For the powerful,

The road often seems wide.

For the powerless,

Every step feels like a climb.

And somewhere between

The arguments and delay,

A grieving family wonders—

'Will our turn ever come one day? '

People don't lose faith

Because crime exists.

Crime has always existed.

That's not the twist.

People lose faith

When answers arrive too late.

When justice keeps walking,

While pain is forced to wait.

We don't ask for revenge.

We don't ask for rage.

We just want to know—

Why does justice take so long to reach the page?

Because justice delayed

Feels different from justice denied.

And every year of silence

Leaves another scar inside.

If the law belongs to everyone,

Then answer honestly—

Why do some people wait for justice,

Longer than they wait for life to be free?

AAHAN VARMA

The Weight Of A Degree

As a child they told him,

'Study hard,

And life will change.'

So he listened.

His mother believed.

His father paid every fee.

And he spent his youth

Chasing a future he couldn't yet see.

School passed.

College passed.

Degree after degree came along.

Each year he whispered—

'Surely, I won't wait this long.'

Then one morning,

Certificate in hand,

He stepped into the real world—

And found another line to stand.

Thousands of faces.

Thousands of forms.

One vacancy waiting

Behind a million storms.

Some topped their classes.

Some won medals of gold.

Yet after every interview,

The same story was told.

'Wait a little longer.'

'Try again next year.'

And slowly confidence faded,

Replaced by doubt and fear.

The question isn't

Whether students are studying enough.

The question is—

Why success feels so tough.

The question isn't

Whether degrees still matter.

The question is—

Why opportunities seem to scatter.

One side has qualifications.

One side has unemployment.

And standing in the middle

Is an entire generation.

They said—

'Education is the key.'

So we're asking today—

Why are there still so many locked doors to see?

We don't run from hard work.

We don't fear competition.

We just want to know—

Why does effort still need permission?

Because a degree becomes heavy

When it carries years of hope.

And every closed door

Makes it harder to cope.

If youth are the strength of a nation,

Then answer honestly—

When does their turn finally come?

AAHAN VARMA

The Hospital Queue

The fever started yesterday,
But the fear wasn't the pain.
The fear was the bill
That would arrive again.

His mother could barely stand,
His father checked his wallet twice,
Counting notes with trembling hands,
Calculating the price.

They reached the hospital early,
Yet the line already stretched far.
Some were waiting for treatment,
Some were waiting for a miracle to start.

One bed.
Ten patients.
One doctor.
Hundreds of names.

And somewhere in the middle,
Hope kept changing lanes.

The question isn't
Why people fall sick.

The question is—
Why treatment becomes so difficult.

The question isn't
Whether hospitals exist.

The question is
Why they feel out of reach like this.

Some sold jewelry.
Some sold land.
Some saved their loved ones.
Some simply couldn't.

For the rich,
An illness becomes a bill.
For the poor,
It can swallow an entire life still.

We don't ask for miracles.
We don't ask for luxury.
We just want to know,
Why does healthcare feel like a privilege instead of dignity?

Because people don't fear disease alone.
They fear what it will cost.
And when treatment becomes a gamble,

How many lives are quietly lost?

AAHAN VARMA

The Waiting Degree

As a child, he used to say,

'One day I'll make them proud.'

A small house.

Big dreams.

A future spoken out loud.

His mother saved every rupee,

His father worked every night,

Just to keep one promise alive—

'Study hard and your future will be bright.'

School passed.

College passed.

Degrees kept piling high.

And every year he told himself—

'This is the year I'll finally fly.'

Forms were filled.

Exams were cleared.

Interviews came and went.

Years disappeared into waiting rooms,

And so did confidence.

Some friends found jobs.

Some left the country behind.

Some kept fighting every day.

Some slowly lost their minds.

The question isn't

Whether young people work hard.

The question is—

Why opportunity feels so far.

The question isn't

Whether dreams still exist.

The question is—

Why the doors stay closed like this.

They call youth

The strength of the nation.

Then why are millions waiting

For a single chance at creation?

We don't want shortcuts.

We don't want sympathy.

We just want to know—

Why is effort no longer enough to guarantee dignity?

Because unemployment

Isn't only about work.

It's about watching hope disappear

While you're told to keep waiting for your turn.

AAHAN VARMA

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AAHAN VARMA

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AAHAN VARMA

When Did Asking Questions Become A Crime?

A student grew up believing,

Truth was something to defend,

Teachers said—

'Ask questions, think freely, '

That's how progress begins.

A journalist chased a story,

A citizen raised a doubt,

A whistleblower spoke too loudly,

And suddenly they were singled out.

No stones were thrown,

No hatred spread,

They simply asked—

'What's going wrong ahead? '

But answers never came,

Only labels arrived—

'Anti-national.'

'Traitor.'

'Pick a side.'

They didn't hate their country,

They wanted it to improve,

Yet every honest question

Became something to disprove.

A reporter wrote the truth,

And became the headline instead.

A whistleblower exposed corruption,

And found a target on his head.

The question isn't

Why people ask.

The question is

Why answers never last.

If criticism is hatred,

Then what is patriotism for?

If questions are the problem,

Then what's democracy for?

We don't ask because we hate.

We ask because we care.

Because silence builds fear,

But questions bring repair.

And when questions become dangerous,

And labels replace replies,

A democracy doesn't collapse overnight—

A democracy slowly dies.

AAHAN VARMA

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AAHAN VARMA

The Leaked Future

4 a.m. alarms,
Cold coffee nights,
A thousand sacrifices
For one exam fight.

Mom skipped her wishes,
Dad buried himself in debt,
Just to see their child win
The future they never got yet.

Two years of grinding,
No parties, no fun,
Then one notification drops—

'Paper leaked. Exam cancelled.'

Not because students failed.
Not because they didn't try.

But because corruption
Worked harder than they did.

They say,
'Work hard and you'll succeed.'

But every year some mafia proves
That cheating is faster than dreams.

Kota cries.
Hostels go silent.
Another student loses hope,
And nobody calls it violence.

The real question isn't—

'How did the paper leak? '

The real question is—

'Why does it keep happening? '

When students protest,
Barricades appear overnight.

But where was that urgency
When futures were being sold?

A paper doesn't leak.

Trust leaks.

Hope leaks.

Years of effort leak.

And when trust dies,
An entire generation starts questioning the system.

We're not asking for miracles.

We're asking for fairness.

Because if a nation can't protect an exam paper,

How will it protect the future written on it?

AAHAN VARMA

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AAHAN VARMA

Nation Of Questions?

The Nation of Questions

'Stay quiet, ' they whisper,
'Don't question, don't see.'

For questions are dangerous
To those who fear the free.

A journalist writes,
A teacher speaks,
A student protests,
And suddenly power feels weak.

Some are called traitors,
Some anti-national overnight,
Not because they hate their country—
But because they question what's right.

A mother sells her dreams,
A father borrows to pay the fee,
Then another paper leaks,
And another future ceases to be.

It's not just an exam that's stolen,
It's trust that bleeds away,
Years of sacrifice and effort
Sold in a single day.

Students break under pressure,
Parents drown in fear,
While promises of reform
Return every year.

Schools teach yesterday,
While tomorrow races ahead,
Young minds chase coaching centres,
Their classrooms left unfed.

Taxes rise like mountains,

Services crawl like dust,
Roads crack, systems fail,
And citizens lose trust.

When protests fill the streets,
Barricades appear in rows,
Yet where was that urgency
When cheating networks rose?

Then comes politics

Religion on one stage,
Secularism on another,
Communities become vote banks,
Neighbor against neighbor.

Real problems disappear,
Education, jobs, healthcare too,
While endless political battles
Divide me and you.

The media grows louder,
But answers grow thin,
Noise wins the headlines,
While truth struggles to begin.

We reached the Moon,
And celebrated with pride,
Yet millions still search
For quality education denied.

You praise Japan,
You praise Korea's way,
But when will our children
See that future someday?

We are not for power,
Nor against it by default,
We're simply asking questions
About every visible fault.

Because love for a nation

Is not silent applause,
It's having the courage
To challenge its flaws.

For patriotism is not obedience,
And criticism is not a crime,
A stronger nation grows
When questions survive time.

And the day questions disappear,
Leaving only cheers and praise,

A democracy may keep elections

But slowly lose its soul.

-AAHAN VARMA

AAHAN VARMA

The Mighty Stone And The Broken Bones

People who talked to me like a friend,
Brought this friendship to such an end.
I just want to cry aloud,
May be their absence will heal the wound.

I always want to be like tree,
Standing tall, forever free.
People who want to leave can leave,
My mind and I don't need this grief.

After losing the rest, they were my last hope,
But now when I try, the sound is just 'nope.'
I want to be alone, perchance forever,
Debt of the heart that no one can sever.

Like grounded earth and mighty stones,
Somewhere my heart breaks, somewhere my bones.
I crave a hug for stretch of time,
Until my spirit feels bright as lime.

As time passes and the wind blows,
It calms my heart when I feels low.
I need someone to listen and talk,
Or the tears in my eyes will stay behind lock.

AAHAN VARMA

Student Terminology And Angelology

People of my age,
generally in a cage,
preparing for a scam,
some call it as scam.

To be not as a students,
we just want to be an eludants,
to the people who becomes our obstacles,
are the person who made our life critical.

alpha, beta, gamma destroyed our life,
concentrated H_2SO_4 fights like our wife,
tried to find value of y and x,
just after exam we will take a long relax.

No relax given to our life,
we were stabbed by study named knives,
on day of exam our mind becomes blank,
tried to find matrix rank.

Parents words continuously flying,
even though they know they are lying,
after this our life will be on rest,
except us who knows our best.

On the result some happily resides,
but some of them still suicides,
to have been member of rest of tension,
why government doesn't attention.

Students are compared to marks,
this come to them like hidden shark,
unproper sleep studying pains a lot,
but it hits and harm like big gun shot.

Parents doesn't understand our pain,
they just want a result of heavy rain,
just studying so that parents doesn't feel shame,
otherwise we are studying as for just name.

Syllabus is such in a vast,
cannot think to study first and last,
to be respect of India's constitution,
In future our generation need to bring revolution.

AAHAN VARMA

The Last Breath And Words

The day which took out my brain,
I Still wait Same day to fall & rain,
on the way to the path of Such fears,
keeping my courage didn't fell into tears,

It's all about my life to fly,
Sometimes nature represents a beautiful lie,
It's all about magical Seas & Sky,
Still Sometimes nature represents a beautiful lie,

This darker Sky will just come and go,
Still I wait for you and sits for such long ago,
Even though there are So many darker clouds,
my sad Still calls you in damn alouds,

Its all time to Sun Set,
and Sea of hopes making me wet,
Time goes mostly on my favourite chair,
Since I waited I Saw So many layers,

may be these words presents my last breadth,
Don't fall tears and cry Even after my death,
with this beautiful poem I finalize my last bye,
Still I repeat don't cry Even If I die,

AAHAN VARMA

True King

His life was like black hole,
As we go near more it swallow,
To be honest with no actual goal,
Some people thinks his mind was narrow

To rule his kingdom,
He was true king,
To provide great wisdom,
He was falcon with large wing

A person who never fears,
After loosing his beloved one,
With his broken heart,
Felt into tears,
Still he provide message of swaraj to everyone

A person with ideal thoughts,
Started loosing all his weakness,
Knowledge since childhood he brought,
Never led him to cowardness

To kill enemy,
He was sharp sword,
For thousands or many,
He was more than lord

There was fire in his entire life,
His every word is Amber's breadth,
For enemy his every step was knife,
His principle are still alive even after his death

He was true Maharaj,
Only his thought to bring swaraj,
Enemies that come in his way,
He removed their life in subway

AAHAN VARMA

Trust

The most important thing,
that I worked callow,
like wearing cardigan,
with so many disallow

I trust people very easy,
Showing me their busy,
They considered as their capitalism,
How is this cynicism

My life became like delirium,
Just going on as maverick,
I felt middling sometimes,
Somehow it was misunderstood every time

Life's mundane going on,
For the race which I never won,
When my secrets were niche,
Every time they cross their pitch

I want to punctuate,
When promise they make,
My blood fluctuate

They are using trust in a quirky way,
To punish this worst people
Is there any subway

They tried to deceive me,
Again and again tried to dodge me,
They think I can embroil with them,
But i am trying to elude from them

Slowly slowly trust became my flaw,
Why there is no such law,
That anyone who breaks trust,
Should and must get arrest

These people became a hitch,

Whom to hurtle whenever they crosspitch

Somehow i am controlling infuriating,
On seeing such people my mind causes speculation,
To avoid this diversion,
My mind need meditation

I am always lull,
What these people felt me,
Still my anger full

AAHAN VARMA

White Board With Black Spot

Quietly watching a white board,
stillness of myself I ever note,
most of people only notice black spot,
it can be claimed as common mistake for all

keeping a piece of greenery with us,
just some days left to fill bus,
if ones it start without silence,
no one knows where it ends

to be honest as a maverick,
keeping my feeling sick,
not afraid to be member of death and life,
just not to be hidden by knives

mother does not want her son to fight,
they made themselves to be greenery of light,
every one notices black spot on white board,
whenever my mother will ask I will note

: -- AAHAN VARMA

AAHAN VARMA

Monsoon Met A Flower

morning morning I went to garden,
I met a flower named charm,
with my busy life in burden,
after talking to her my mind becomes calm

she saw me with her smiling face,
I talked to her short more time,
she blessed me that I will win every race,
till we talk it was just nine

there were so many hitches around me,
to talk with her in peace and in,
so many rules that surrounds me,
that somehow I have to win

one day when I went to garden,
she ignored like I am no one,
all this happened such sudden,
to whom should I convey Is there someone

I sat near pond lonely lonely and lonely,
to the things I was afraid to be,
I cried and cried smiling madly,
only I know how it feels to me

she dried and died after sometime,
as every year I wait my time to fall,
we must spent some more time,
I still remembers our memories that's all

: -- AAHAN VARMA

AAHAN VARMA

A Girl And A Boy Can Never Be Friends

What happened to us,
all sat in a bus,
still people curse,
that a boy and a girl can never be friends

people brought,
a wonderful thought,
that a boy and a girl can never be friends

who is controlling,
this thought,
who is patrolling,
when this was brought,
that a boy and a girl can never be friends

all friendships were misunderstood,
all wrong things were understood,
but still a boy and a girl can never be friends

it just like a open book,
whose outer portion only people look,
and say,
that a boy and a girl can never be friends

to change this thinking,
there should be a blinking,
but still i am thinking,
can a girl and a boy ever be friends?

life became like a tree,
we cannot talk free,
still people bree,
that a boy and a girl never be friends

is there anything wrong in this friendship,
or it will bring to relationship,
but still people deny companionship,
that a boy and a girl can never be friends

: ---AAHAN VARMA

AAHAN VARMA

Who Am I?

A question arises in my mind
who am I?

People in my life will just come and go,
from the ashes something beautiful will grow,
but still question arises' who am I?

I may happened very lately,
I wanna to thank myself whatever you gave me,
but still question arises' who am I?

I am showing my quite rage,
since childhood I am in cage,
no one knows this pressure weightage,
but still question arises' who am I?

Strictness of my life is quite tight,
it seems to be things comes and bite,
or its just illusion of my sight,
but still question arises' who am I?

My eyes felt into tears,
sounds caused me fear,
my life needs a gear,
its something that i can't share,
but still question arises' who am I?

Its no ones blame, just
life plays plays a beautiful game,
never let me feel shame,
somethings in my life were awkward,
but he always kept me upward,
but still question arises' who am I?

sometimes my life caused me laugh,
sometimes cry,
but still my heart says try,
but still question arises' who am I?

people choose me without understanding,

and loose me because of miss understanding,
these thing again and again reminds,
who am I?

who will tell them that,
it may be wrong sometimes somewhere,
but not every times, everywhere,
again and again reminds, who am I?

: - By AAHAN VARMA

AAHAN VARMA