

Poetry Series

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- poems -

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Abhinav Sharma(06/october/1995)

A Better World

Lets just for a brief time, forget who we are
forget who owns better bike, or owns a better car
forget who has bigger house, or better luxuries
forget how one earns, or how happy one seems
and look at the world, to see what we are,
that how happy does moon looks, and how happy do stars
that how much anyone is happy in freedom than in luxuries
that fishes do not like gold aquariums, but water streams
that trees like open spaces, more than expensive pots
that life is meant for freedom, if you believe or not,
just look how happy a rich is exactly
and how much he is satisfied
that how much he is insecure
how many times he has lied
just change your way of thinking
because freedom is all it takes
because no matter how much money it is
it cannot make the world A BETTER PLACE

Abhinav Sharma

God Or Not

God, a universal truth or a stubborn lie
Does he controls the world and makes birds fly
Does he writes our fates and notes our deeds
To give us for kindness and punishes for greed
Does he is as powerfull as is told
Or just a story the world seems to behold
Is there someone who makes rain fall
Is there someone who when angry can take it all
Is there someone who can cause hearts to beat
Is love such a shallow feeling that it can be triggered by cupid
Is there someone who makes sun shine
To a thing as bright as it neccesarily be divine
Is there someone who can destroy this world alone
Is to believe without thinking, the thing for which we were born
We question even the fact that cement is wet
But never ever question about good and evil
We never question if gods are always right
Never question if really wrong was the devil
We never question when they tell us to pray whether it will be of use
We never question why some things are right and some wrong
Are wd too afraid to question
Or we dont because we dont care
Has anyone bothered to think
Has anyone bothered to stare
Stare at the stars and question the divine
It wont make you evil
It will just make you alive

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India

Once upon a time, there was a beautiful land
India, its name, golden was its sand
flourishing with every second, it had a magic wand
whenever there was a doom, the magic wand revolved
every sad moment turned gay, every stone into gold
but then, the story spread, a devil got to know
it decided to get it, by hailing fire or snow
the devil came and corrupted the land,
it weakened the guardian of honesty and reached the wand
it broke the wall of emotions
it spread its soldiers across the land,
and killing the guards, it stole the magic wand
its soldiers were hate and fear
they were powerful and smart,
they killed every soul they found
rest hid behind the walls
with the wand, the devil fly
but couldn't handle its aura,
its goodness made him mad and weak,
the wand slipped of his arms,
the wand was now lost, it was nowhere to be found,
without it the land trembled and everything went underground
the devil in rage barred the land,
corruption running in its veins, polluting its sand
but the wand still lies somewhere, and it will come one day,
to take my motherland out of its sufferings and dismay

Abhinav Sharma

Our Stupid Education

The youth of India is a responsible one,
They care for country a lot,
That's why they are studying so hard,
That's why they are working like a robot,
Everyone wants to go in PMT'S our IIT's
Everyone wants to earn lumps of notes
No one actually cares about others
Everyone wants to be on top

Their parents in mirage of money
Make them suffer like hell
End their social life once at all
Throw them in a deep dark well
Study to them means A+ on report card
Whether its by hook or crook
Toys are removed from early age
And are replaced by heavy books

A for apple is crammed to them
No other word is used
If he tries to think out of the box
He is surely abused

Why is D for deer and M for mango
Why not dad or mom
Why is getting A+ so important
Why H is not home
Why being a writer is a sin
Just because it doesn't earn a lot of money
Why is it we can't be what we want
Why is it not funny
Why are IIT's so important
Just because of our greed
These institutes do not make humans
Just some good for nothing machines

Let us be ourselves
Let us do what we want
We are humans after all

there is nothing we can't

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Sometimes

Sometimes I feel too lonely to live
Sometimes I feel too weak to carry on
Sometimes I feel my mind lost in long thoughts
Sometimes I just can't take you out of my mind
Sometimes past revolves like a film, sad memories echoing inside
The guilt making hard to carry on, the heart pierced with a knife
Sometimes I just want to go away, without even saying a last goodbye
I just feel so lost, and i really don't know why
Sometimes I just want to quit, and don't even look at you again
I am really tired of trying, but losing again and again
Surely that sometimes hurt a lot
My heart feels broken, my body not
My eyes become wet, i cant controll
But I supress thos feelings and say LOL
Because all feelings are not to show
All pain not to tell
All sufferings not to revealed
And every broken heart is not healed
But in my heart i know
That i can suffer, and not show
As i have my precious friends
Which make death slow

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