

Poetry Series

Abie Arun
- poems -

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Abie Arun(03.10.1996)

This is Abirami, a 17 yr old girl from India. Reading and writing poetry has been my greatest passion in life. My anthology 'Sub-Rosa Whispers' is getting published soon! ! ! Poetry has practically changed my thoughts and desires and alleviated my life bringing light into darkness and sunshine into shadow. It has made me adopt this motto for life: 'You should not reveal your works, your works should reveal you' Currently, I have spread my wings into writing stories and I'm all set for my debut novel 'NO REGRETS'! ! ' 'Its not for those who want to succeed, But for those who have failed...'

A New Era

Big resolutions, small hopes,
I want to read more useful books
Worthy ones not captivated by looks
And have strong deadlines without hooks.

Big resolutions, small hopes,
I want to balance school and sports
Learn more games at the courts
And keep my bones without fits.

Big resolutions, small hopes,
I want to maintain a diary, so true
Make every entry with a poem view
And give it a unique hue.

Big resolutions, small hopes
Which I do hope will come true
For new Resolutions I blew,
God, don't make this year blue!

Abie Arun

A Rememberance

Very few are the possessions that live for me,
Not humans, not animals, not birds
But a slight miniature pencil
Which I've saved for years,
Innocently with tears...

Neither my hand, nor my mind did think of it,
Until it shadowed me day and night.
Seldom did I know I used it,
But care and lovingness prolonged...

Minute by minute, second by second
I watched it go out of my sight
When I think I'm misplacing it-
I sense it close me.
When I think I've misplaced it-
I perceive it before me.

That truly adorable pencil never fades away.
I compose my lovely poems with it,
I sketch the gorgeous flowers with it
Never has it gone too small to hold
As, when I really want to use, I catch a glimpse of it...

Abie Arun

A Room During Exams

You will not believe this:

The uniform peeping out of the cupboard
Giving way for the cockroach to tread past the wardrobe.
The drapes shut on one side and undone on another,
For which even the squirrel on the window-sill sat in wonder!
The wet towel on top of the chair
And the filthy clothes smelling the air.
The books lying at all angles of the table,
Liable to tumble on a shake!
Glasses of water near the crib-
Half poured and some lingering for the next kick!
The timetable stuck on the wall,
Amid its spare glue inviting the obnoxious dust.
The calendar showing the last year
Besides the pen stand stuffed with unusable markers.
The school bag flung over the bed
Coupled with its stuff swarming past its outlet.
The carpet twisted tall,
Before the door slammed against the wall.
And a girl snoozing in the bed
With a book on her face-
Her finger pressing the snooze button in relentless pace,
And her feet kept over the computer maze!
You tell it is me-
A room encompassing horrid stuff during exams—
Yeah! It seemed familiar! ! !

Abie Arun

Abominable Classic Moron

With a brilliant pink saree she enters the class
The best one she wears on teacher's day-
A pale garish yellow saree with gimcrack ornaments
And has the weirdest tastes on Earth.
Abominable classic moron, we call!
Early morning in the first hour she calls out
'All the absentees please stand up'!
The funny jokes she crack
Are more interesting than her Physics class
The happiest look you can get
When she derives an equation without the book!
She laughs at the jokes made at her own expense
And the innocent derisions she makes
Will suffice our laughter that day.
She tries to act strict at times
Sadly, that ends with a witticism.
She hardly speaks a sentence correctly in English
Then, the impeccable joy she gives
Will again turn into a blue story!
Everday we wait anxiously for her class
For that is the time we can atleast relax
Laugh and be merry with that moronic teacher!

Abie Arun

An Ode To Tenth

Days that were, perhaps at the pinnacle of glory,
Years which were, lively and quickly,
Months that were, peaceful and brightly
Are no-where in locality,
But now weeks that are, entangled with serenity.

Ten months of tenth and its syllabus
Ten months of books and its relevance
Now to only have a glimpse of that nostalgia-
Of the hot summer days
And the cool spicy nights.

Started with books and teachers
Ended with exams and results.
Three sections of bonded unity
Encompassing hundred students of cordiality
And more teachers and staff of humongous sympathy.

Days when we had no books
But went to school blissfully.
The months of confusion and commotion
Are only to be thought and felt
But not be met.

Those were the days that cannot be withheld
But can be relished even after years to be dealt.
The times that were never like before
To leave incredible footprints for the years more
And to leave delightful memories forevermore.

Gently and more tranquilly if we look
There will be significant people we partook
With laid-back fellowships.
But those are the real days of tribute
Ever, that year (2011-12)
To be stamped in everyone's memory
Ever, that year ...
To stand as a much sought-after year in our lives...

At Death's Door

Out there I found you as a gallant friend
But now here you lay numb and frigid
Leaving me, leaving the world torn apart.
The days when we played under the sun
and slept under the skies,
Those days when we hunted down
those boars in the wild,
Those days when we ran around
catching ladybirds in the grass,
The days when we basked under the sun
and laid in the lawn.

Where are those days, will they come again?
Now you lay in the death bed,
Speechless, motionless and still.
Yet I wonder if you can feel those jubilant days
Ever wishing them to come again along with you.
The times when we cried, laughed and hugged
Now they are gone, gone forever
Leaving me alone, hurting my sensitive feelings.
And I don't mourn your death, because you never left me
You are still in my heart, your soul is near me, crying over in pain.

When I see those rainbows and the bright sun,
When I watch the sky pouring down the rain,
When I catch sight of the blissful beach,
Yes, I would feel you in my heart,
And cry in bitterness of the elapsed days
And weep for you to come again
And pen a poem like this to see in retrospect
The silhouette of a remarkable era.

Abie Arun

Isn'T It Love?

Isn't it love when our knees tremble
Gazing each other from a distance.
Isn't it love when butterflies flutter
In our stomach in others' presence.
Isn't it love when you lose contact with me
On Valentine's day to pretend its not love.
Isn't it love when you try to control your blush
Just hoping not to be figured.
Isn't it love when we hang together
Yet, you don't call it a date.
Isn't it love when you sit next to me
And keep chatting for hours and hours.
Isn't it love when you interpret my talk
If I'm with another guy.
Isn't it love when you feel guilty
If someone teases us together.
Doesn't all these come under the word
'Love' in your dictionary?
But it does, in mine to a great extent.
The warmth of your presence
Is like sunshine in the dark.
The sweetness of your words
Is the yummiest fruit I'd like to bite.
Don't you get these feelings, my dear?
We have felt these emotions
And we are feeling it everyday.
I know its LOVE. Do you?

Abie Arun

Jog Your Memory

Look back and then tell me it is break up.
The days when we slept under the skies
And thought we were the only ones in the universe.
The days when our tiny hearts bore immense love
The days when our lips met somewhere above.
The first time you cuddled me with joy
Those were the times we learnt to enjoy.
Months back when we eliminated the word
Break-up from our secret dictionary as absurd.
The days when you gave false excuses
And took me for a date, that still induces.
The times were such when you said
'You'r always mine'
Now, look back at these days and say
Whether its break up.
Look back at the jubilant days and say
Whether its break up
Look at our cozy moments and say
Whether its break up
How can you let go off these memories
And still cope with life?
Wonderful things that we did
These memories are never to be forgotten.
I still think it is not break up
A tiny little split up, I say
And I'm waiting for your come back
For its definitely not break up.

Abie Arun

Life

Happy days have turned sorrow
Broad roads have become narrow.
Peace fled its way to the desert sand
Great people have left their fortunes in the land.
They went to a place where there is more calmness
More happiness and more kindness.
They have left their people with sorrows and torments.
Life is a fabric mixture of feelings,
No worries, no sorrows is not a life.
The way we take them in our heart is life.

Abie Arun

Life Goes On

Never give up though the road seems tough
Wait a day until you wade past that stuff
Don't feel low that you haven't won
Today you might not be that one
But think that you have just begun
And keep moving-on.

Every time you win, someone is losing
Every time you laugh, someone is weeping
Every time you are honored, someone is let down
Just because of you.
It is we who make others cross
Even without knowing about the loss

So when you are out of sorts
Just cruise past the knots.
For whenever you cry
Your fellow is up high
And just make a re-try,
But never say a good-bye!

Abie Arun

Middle Is Unable!

I have a brother who is the first,
I have a brother who is the last.
I am a girl who is in the middle,
Always accompanied by a riddle!

When I exchange blows with them,
This is how my mom condemns:
Give him respect, he is elder!
Show some sympathy, he is younger!

But, what Am I?
Doing in the middle?
I am not the one to be shown respect,
I am not the one to be shown sympathy...

And when my Dad exaggerates:
'My sons, the first and the last-
Are Always fast,
But, the middle is slightly in contrast'

Contrast, In What way?
I convey:
'I was away,
With my friends at the cafe,
When I had to give them a bouquet
Before I could reach the buffet! '

I reach great heights,
And show them delights
But always my neighbours tell:
'Your sons never rebel,
I think the middle is hell! '

And I am the middle
Who Is always unable
To tolerate their riddle!

Abie Arun

Miss You, My Love

A carefree life it was, a life worth living though,
Untill he came came past, with appealing glow
He put me under his arms, took me to the malls
I fell over greed and lust, and pulled an oar in balls.

He made it more serious than it was
He made my tears laugh in a mass
He seemed to be an angel called for a cause
He was every inch in my life, a top brass.

But he gradually gave up, and then completely
It all turned overnight, and I couldn't resist
I couldn't give up, the way he dismissed
Everything changed, with agony in the midst.

He changed my carefree life sweet
So please come back, don't cheat
I am always waiting for your tweet
Please come back, let us meet!

Abie Arun

My 8th Year At School

My 8th year at school,
Was my very best year when I was cool.
Nine months of friends and studies
Could catch up with those nostalgic feelings.
I wonder if I had one more year to spend time with them,
Rather than sitting in the den.
The last working day on March 24th,
Where flashing combined with lighting cameras;
Everyone saying-“Bye, bye, I'm leaving school”;
And some others-“hoping to see you all next year”...
Crying with emotions,
That was the day when I turned ferocious.
Cries all over the school,
Some voices telling-“Never I could see this school once again”;
Some only feel like poking themselves with a knife.
June, July, when chatting goes tremendous,
August, September, when studies goes on rattling,
October, when the happiest month begins,
November, when studies goes on ditching,
Now, I only feel like tempting myself with
A new year of Jan and Feb,
And then now,
Everyone runs helter-skelter,
To say “Good Bye” to the old, and “Hello” to the new;
Emotions combined with desire, the only thing that I wanted to say that time
was-
“My very best year of school couldn't be this worse...”
I'd never forget this year and this day in my life.
The nostalgia of this year,
Will always be flashing in my mind.
I wrote a poem and gave to everyone to remember me with this school-
It ran like this:

The very best year,
As everyone knows,
We, students hope to see everyone once again,
And going partying with everyone once again,
Don't imagine this as a dream,

It's just an ice full of cream...
Remembering those awesome days,
When we all ran with food stuff;
Dancing and figuring ourselves to the extremes,
Performing huge shows at the stages;
Just for a remembrance, I'd say...
"I hope to see you all once again"
Bye... Bye...
Have a fruitful year with many lots of friends like us....

Abie Arun

My Room

Brightness approached when I sprinted towards you-
Studies reached its pinnacle when I touched you;
Speech was of holistic turns,
Yet, Relax, relax were the terms.
You were furnished gorgeously, with items to pick
Perceiving you, I sat on my chair just to freak:
To sense myriad hues of creamy scarlet
And the drapes distinguished with it...
Flowers of love, books of romance
And laid-back lives.
Conspicuous memories, silent nights
Unobtrusive paradise, hot windy days,
Contemplations of life, spicy weeks...
Poems, stories and patronage to sense success.
Humors of sarcasm, laughs with irony,
Were all bestowed by you with treasures of worship...
And Me, with all marvels, and encompassing love
To be with you and with all you afford
Seemingly seamless to be -MY ROOM,
You are all for me-
Astronomical longings to the final offerings
MY ROOM TO ME IS ALLL...
Tucked away at the rear side of the stairs,
You are just more than a room!

Abie Arun

Nurturing Home Eyes

Exams over, friends dissolved and school also told bye,
Holidays commence; time to wander and to fly.
The first day of holiday-I woke up like an early bird,
Mom preparing stuff for breakfast,
And dad busy with calls and hurrying fast.
I stare at my room window and take a glimpse
Of people rushing their cars past the traffic.
Seeing everyone in routine makes me terrific!
The birds chirping daily without any holidays
And the sweepers taking away the dust without any leavings.

The gardener has arrived, the maid had come
In almost each person's home.
People terminated their morning walk
And grabbed the car.
I'm still at the window spotting tones of people departing out very busily-
The merchants and vendors shouting noisily.
All the work is turning on without distraction,
Everyone at their workplace in attention.

After some time, my neighborhood turns out to be calm
The tranquil and the ready floating breeze blow past my face.
This assures me that everyone left their houses
And reached their respective places.
I take my eyes off the window and sit-back.
No more to-do lists, no more writing the home works,
And timetables on the calendar looks.
No more wearing shoes at the sound of the school bus
No more books and things at mess.

I see the clock-it's only eight
Same time yesterday I was in an exam fight.

Spotting everyone at their routine work-
I feel so much desolate and forlorn.
And yet at dusk I watch people returning home from their day's work.
At twilight, I see the firmament fading into a thick sapphire loom
And ask myself-'What have I done today? '

The obvious answer is-'Watching people drive and return from work! '
I see the calendar-Two more months for school:
Two more months for my homely eyes to twinkle
Two more months to shut the windows
Two more months to mess my table
Till then, my homely eyes-weak and feeble
I just need to nurture and make them twinkle...

Abie Arun

Ode To The Watermelon

Watermelon, Oh! Watermelon,
Please come and fall on,
Cucurbitaceae family, you belong,
Nile Valley, you look-on!

So juicy and pulpy you are,
Not easy to get you afar,
Yummy juices you whisper,
Only in summer, we discover!

You change from red to pink,
And white in a blink.
You are our God in summer,
Even precious for a singer!

So many seeds you give,
Though bitter, I forgive
For ample juice you give
For in Summer, you make me live!

Abie Arun

Poetry

All our heads high from entry,
It was all fantastic with poetry.
Something without distraction,
It was all enhanced by our attention.
We had fun and frolic, joy and pleasure,

That could be our leisure.
They made jokes,
That could touch our hearts too close.
They were our poets,
And we were all absolutely quiet.
It had something with school,
That could make us cool.
It said something about nature,
And not something about creatures.
They asked us to write a poem,
That could tell us about their poem.
"Their poem were a bouquet of flowers,
In which every flower had its own color."
It was a treasure of poems,
And a mixture of grace;
It was their suggestion,
And it is my projection.
Nothing more to say,
All in its way.

Abie Arun

Sonnet: The Speciality Of My Diary

Why need a life with hearts broken into two,
And mind into four?
Why need a life with hatred and enmity?
Something to share,
Someone to contribute...
I cannot get anything better than you-DIARY,
Where memories concoct with desire,
Where contemplations hold up on career,
Encouraging, excluding the heart-broken sorrows...
Where you look like a bird without wings,
Challenging the unobtrusive miracles,
Stimulating the conspicuous sensations,
Co-existing with humanness and laid-back lives,
And at last terminating a year with something special...

Abie Arun

T20 Too Ipl

Cricket is the only game which lures me so much;
And then engrosses me so much.
That craze would never drive out of me...
My inspiration was 'Yuvraj Singh',
Only then I arose to identify that King.
Once Yuvi's record of six sixes in six balls,
The firmament was incredible for certain minutes:
That was the first time I witnessed cricket,
And India's triumph provided me a mind-blowing buzz to watch cricket,
Nevertheless continuing with balls and wickets.
I would turn crazy when Indian cricketers approach the ground,
And that would certainly not halt lest they are made proud.
This T20 shadowed by IPL,
Made me to by stand that awe-inspiring sport.
Chennai Super Kings-my favorite,
Followed by Royal Challenges Bangalore ...
And lots more hilarious teams and cricketers.
When Chris Gayle approaches...
Tsunami warning must be lifted and 'Gayle' (gale) warning must be given!
That's how cricket relocates...
Most matches concluding in the closing over
And some others in the finishing ball...
The most exhilarating sport and the format-
IPL is all fun for me...
With cheer leaders and the draped studio;
With cameras and videos
And at last the much awaited IPL trophy-
Cricket is all that it needs! ! !

Abie Arun

The Joy Of Giving

Birthdays from childhood
Are full of celebrations, is understood.

It was not any different for me
Till the unusual plea!

For my 13th birthday
The first time I gave away!

Instead of getting gifts
I contributed to the orphans by giving gifts...

Now I look back to those days
On how happy were they in all ways

I have given tones of gifts
To my fellow companions

But nothing can equalize the happy faces
Of the orphans in their mazes.

Even today I relish
The small gifts I bestowed
To those unknown orphans, , ,
Is what which makes my life today
With a brimming hurray!

The way they valued my gifts
No matter how small
They looked at me tall,
And gave the happiest call
Which I would never forget at all!

Those were the real happy days of mine
Which are valued as divine
And will never decline
But I do hope will combine
To give more hapiness: for I define: -
We make a living by what we get

And make a life by what we give! .

Abie Arun

The Land Of Peace

When my life was a hue and cry,
When my sorrows had no end
Where there wasn't a place where happiness could be spent
Where my thoughts and desires couldn't cope up,
Where my heart was breaking down into tiny fragments
When my love to someone else was awful,
Where life was just a desire to dream about
And when I couldn't find peace,
I FOUND YOU, MY DIARY!
In a place I can't think or dream about,
I found you, my glorious diary.
In such a beautiful land
You took the time to admire my sand.
From then on,
I got someone to hear my agonies and aspirations,
That's when I distinguished what life genuinely meant to me...
I wrote everything that came from deep within,
Each and every day I had the fondness of writing you,
You fodder me with the land of happiness which I've never met,
What else can a human ask from you, MY DIARY?

Abie Arun

The Witty Mother Cat

The witty mother cat galloped everywhere
Everywhere and Anywhere
Just to feed her kittens' hungry tummies
For yummy food they dream, at times!

One day, the witty mother broke the gate
To a luxurious well-provided estate
Yet she could only grab a Cake,
But a full cake, mouth-watering Choco-Cake!

She hopped and jumped and rolled
Just to protect it from the Afghan Hound
And reached it for her two tiny kittens
In despair, she badly wanted it too!

So she pronounced to her kittens:
'I will cut the cake into two exact halves'
And so she cut, as carefully she can!
Awfully, one became larger and one smaller! !

Then the witty mother cat got this idea:
'Why not eat a little of the larger piece?
So, both pieces will be equal in size? '
And there went the mother cat...

Eating a little of the larger piece
She tasted the Choco-Cake in a race
Again, one went larger and another smaller! !
The witty mother cat silently became happy...

'Why not eat a little of the larger piece?
So, both pieces will be equal in size? 'Read more >
And there went the mother cat...
Giving a taste to the choco-Cake again!

And it went on this way:
Of one being smaller and the other larger,
And the witty mother cat kept eating
The Cake-piece by piece!

Atlast the cake became smaller and smaller
Yet the kittens' didn't get any!
The witty mother kept eating many
And the cake never got cut equally!
With the witty mother finishing it fully! !

Abie Arun

Touching My Heart

Sometimes in the beach I sight
A couple blissfully squandering their time.
Sometimes in cinema theatres I see
Girls of my age cuddling their loved ones.
In busy shopping malls I witness
Guys holding their girls' hand tight
Intoxicated with the pleasure of solitude
And hanging out in their compatible paces
Saturday evening's parks I distinguish
Many a couple not too rich
Meeting in low budget parks
Yet they are happy in the others' presence.
Many times I witness my friends
Having a date with their boy friends
Now I just comprehend and precieve
Even if I had a guy like that
Many blissful times I'd spent
Like my other friends and mates.
For scenes like these touch my heart.
But only if I had a crush like them
Fun and unalloyed happiness I'd have
And spend glorious weekends like them.
Ergo, this Valentines' Day, a swollen heart I have.

Abie Arun

True Exam Fever

Rushing through eveything in one day
Skimming the text on the way
At dead of the night, we overstay
Yet no first class essay.
Atlast only exam fever, we display!

Abie Arun

Two Thousand And Twelve (2012)

It is an acrostic poem - 'Two Thousand And Twelve'(2012) !

Two more minutes to say-' Happy New Year 2012'

Welcoming my friends with a bouquet

On came this year with a hurray!

Taking my tenth board exams

Happy was I flushed with charms

Only citing the advance of results..!

Unbeatable yet overjoyed to hear:

Songs about me so clear

'As I became the school topper', so sincere!

Next came the days without fear

Days composed of only cheer.

And it were these days

Now I tend to praise

Day by day with full grace.

To all my relatives and friends

Who made 2012 more intense

Elevate your joy and blend-

Leave aside the latest trend

Vital times that we spent

End has come for that, friend!

Abie Arun

We Can Be The Best

Human life never contented
It never was and never will be.
Success always an endless strife
Ruptured amid battles and knife.
A trivial goal a beggar has
Profound spells a billionaire reckons
And they never reach success lay-up
After an accomplished goal the next props up.

Never we try to benefit from our talents..
We have the best potenciales that can do marvels
A catterpillar looks ugly at a stage
But after turning into a butterfly it marches upstage.
Nevertheless it has to be the best at the early age.

God, the Almighty has never created duplicates
There never was and never will be
Anyone exactly like us.

Everyone is unique
Everyone has an unique talent
But the one we miss
Is to be the best of ourselves.
God decides our destiny
The only weapon in our hand
Is to make the utmost oppurtunity
In whatever place He has put us.
A successful person will smell victory
In any destiny of life.
Being the best is all that matters.

Abie Arun

Where Do We Live?

Where Do We Live?

We resided in our secured domain,
For years, And Years, scraped
And we never got raped
For we constantly stayed indoors!

Where Do We Live?

We fought for Women's Rights
We won battles and fights
To reach unimaginable heights
To say, all these are delights!

Where Do We Live?

Today, we work on par with men
We jumped into the battlefield of life
Fully armoured with talent
And we, women are working with strife!

Where Do We Live?

Today, you do ALL THE BRUTAL ACTIONS
That have no attractions.
And you are indirectly sending us back home
Which Is the safest dome.

Where Do We Live?

Definitely not the household roof
Dare you send us back to spooof.
We will still fight for our rights
With our strength and might.

Where Do We Live?

This is my question to all the men folk
Please do tell us...
What do we wear?
Please do tell us...

Where Do We Live?

Give us due respect.
Atleast consider us- a fellow human

Without whom, your lives are impossible.
Please, don't show brutality
Do Save us from cruelty...
Read more >

This is my humble request
On behalf of all women
To The Men Of Our Society...

Abie Arun