

Poetry Series

**ALOK KATDARE**  
**- poems -**

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# ALOK KATDARE()

# Child: The Father Of The Man

I can fly high and high  
Which you may not  
I can catch the sun and land on the moon  
Which you can not  
I have no limits; I can go beyond the horizon  
Which you will not  
My flight is infinite; my imagination is boundless  
Because I am a child, the father of the man  
See through my eyes, peep into my brain  
I have all wonders stored there  
Just I need is your helping hand  
Just I need is your helping hand.

ALOK KATDARE

# Habit Of Success

Inspiration, aspiration and perspiration

Takes one to the dream destination

The dream destination is nothing

But is a result of appreciation and admiration

An outcome of application and determination

Determination motivates to generation of strong willpower

The willpower is set by the desires

Inspiration, aspiration, perspiration, appreciation, admiration, determination and application

Fuel the desire to formulate the success equation

Once achieved the success becomes a habit

Only then we reach the never reachable DESTINATION

Alok Katdare

Navi Mumbai, India

March 16,2009

ALOK KATDARE

# I Want To Ignite That Fire

I have might  
What I require is a flight  
I have canvas and colour  
Help me paint it with full vigour  
I wish to script a story  
I have strong desire  
Oh my teacher, give me that spark  
I want to ignite that fire

ALOK KATDARE

# Mother Nature

## MOTHER NATURE

I went up the mountain  
I tried under the sea  
I visited the woods  
I asked the river  
I enquired with the wind  
I could not find  
The mountain said  
Its in vain  
The sea roared  
The woods whispered  
And refused solitarily  
The river kept calm  
The wind groaned  
Finally looked at sky  
Asked why  
Where is the NATURE  
It mocked  
It gloomed and doomed  
Thundering it said,  
You! Man you!  
You are wicked  
You have bared the mountains  
And dug the hills  
You have hacked trees  
And sullied the air  
You have choked the nature  
Go and ask the desert  
It will know

Storming, the desert alleged  
The mother bled  
The mother cried  
But you went deaf  
You disowned  
And I, I swallowed it  
Declared the desert

I heard the silence  
I saw the gloom  
I felt the roar  
I experienced the whisper  
The groan was spelled  
The solitude questioned  
And quietly the storm asked  
Do you really want the nature?  
Sheepishly nodded I  
Then go! It growled  
Worship the mountain  
Surrender to the sea  
Hug the tree  
Let the wind be free  
Listen to the calm of the river  
Help heal the NATURE  
And understand then you  
It is giving birth to the MOTHER  
It is giving birth to the MOTHER

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ALOK KATDARE

# Mumbai – Aamchi Mumbai

Mumbai – Aamchi Mumbai  
I am Mumbai  
Running tirelessly  
South to North and North to South  
Kandivali – Borivali or Chandivali – Dombivali  
Nothing can stop me  
Nothing can tromp me  
They call me a City That Never Sleeps  
And I call them natives who take leap  
My team is Local & Best  
Which connect East to West  
My spread is from Churchgate to Virar  
And CST to Kalyan  
The unholy people also come to me  
Beg for shelter and deceive me  
They thought they could blast me away  
A small wound here and  
A small wound there  
I don't get deter  
My strength is my people  
Who have courage in ample  
They are mine and I belong to them  
Though they run in different directions  
But still they are soldiers of this great nation  
And listen, whatever you are  
These cowardice acts of yours  
Emboldens them  
Fires vigour in them  
Strengthens them  
Energises them  
And hence every time you attack me  
I emerge stronger than thee  
Leave it  
You can not understand it  
The secret of the bond is different  
Which you will never get it  
It is simple  
I am theirs and they are mine  
My name is Mumbai

Better you get it  
With love and affection they call me  
Mumbai – Aamchi Mumbai

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# Nurture Dreams

To grow, nurture dreams  
Convert dreams into desires  
Desires set the goals  
Goals may be distant  
Hard work brings distant goals closer  
Determination converts them into success  
Success further ignites the fire to dream  
And once again the dreams become the desires

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