

Poetry Series

ANOOP RAJ K.R.
- poems -

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ANOOP RAJ K.R.(jan 1991- dec 2091)

Please visit my blog

thank you

Death: Our Status Until Rebirth

Death is a 'transformation'

From one name to another,

Through one body to the other:

With one parent to to the next.

Try to recall the past behind;

Search for names written in the sky.

Dig out the body under your feet.,

Love of the parent's care that you felt.

Moon is a grave yard,
Inspired my childhood:

'I will grow and reach you-

and grab you in my palms'.

But when I grew up,

I never saw a full moon.

Forgot my desire-

Dreams in vain
Lullabies weaken;

May be my ears are dead-

But still Death is ever rolling.

A godly transformation...

ANOOP RAJ K.R.

History Is His Story

He was the instructor of my evolution.

His idea engineered me to stand upright.

Someone said that;

He made us, with Thy faces.

It's a miracle that, He placed us-

On the top of elegance.

But I feel that,

We are terminator of all his creation.

ANOOP RAJ K.R.

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ANOOP RAJ K.R.

