Poetry Series

BEJJALA ROHITH KUMAR - poems -

Publication Date:

2021

Publisher:

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

BEJJALA ROHITH KUMAR(04 September 2000)

Rohith Kumar Bejjala, an undergraduate pursuing a degree in mechanical engineering at K.I.T.S Warangal. He scribbled his first poem, at the age of twelve. Telugu is his mother tongue. Reading books, writing poems, wandering in nature, composing audio musings are his hobbies. As a formula student, he is very fascinated with building race cars. he says" Writing is my route of capturing the beauty of life, penning a poem that painted with all the spectrum of my feelings; as time is moving the art from my heart-boosting my pen solely and bestowing its power to dance on a paper."

Fight With Thought

I might fight
with my thought
for your sight
that cuddling me tight
during the whole day and the twilight
my dreams are eloping to a height.
to meet your bright caught
all for creating delight

that, I brought from my heart!!

that's my art's ought

As The Night Sleeps

as the night sleeps

My tears slide on my cheeks

memorizing our friendships,

Recalling past looks

Of our love trips,

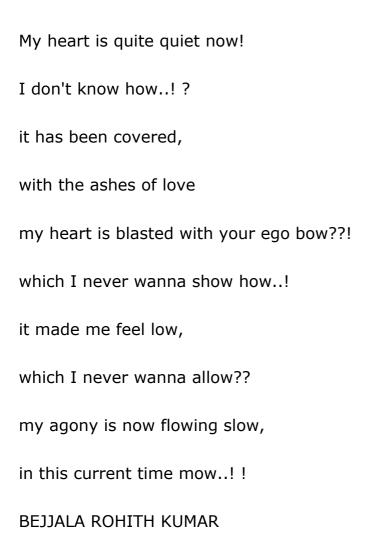
I'm Craving for a kiss on your lips,

I miss the coffee sips with you!!

After you have taken off from my life!!

Everything is fucked off in my life!!

Quite Quiet..?



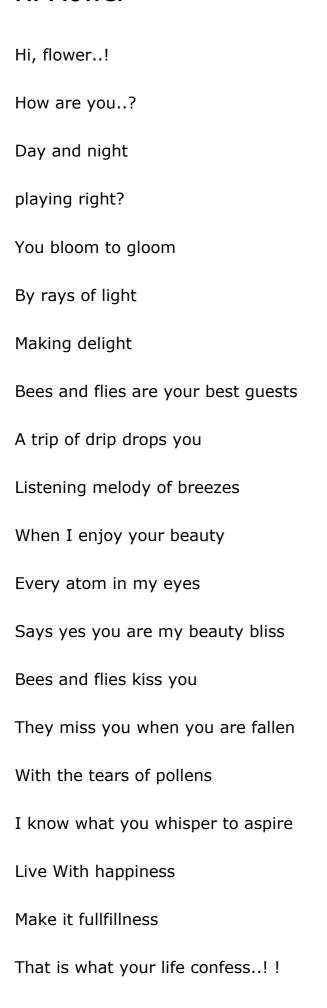
Rise And Fall Is That All About Life..?

Rise and fall Is that all..? about life Said the eyeball with its lids Gazing all gall in eye mall With an unknown call from heart hall That tuned and stained in sad scars With rain of tears Strain of fears That can only be heard by my ears Became vain to my fate That I met with hate With a high rate on a sad date.

The Tragedy Of Life

I'm moving in my tragedy of life Where my dreams chase me, In every phase of my life Sad and glad trace my path I fall to rise I rise to chase I chase to face I face to race I race for grace Grace for nice Making love fly like Dove By going through growing. BEJJALA ROHITH KUMAR

Hi Flower



Nature Rhythms

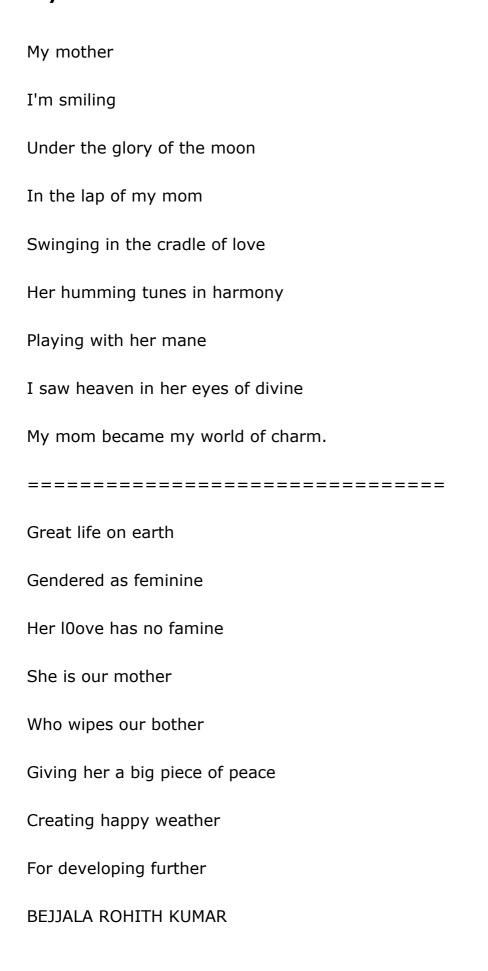
The morning time The sun starts giving peaceful delight Cool breezes make its melody Freezing my body in her custody The blooms of flowers shows its colors The bees on the trees are in peace When I saw the meadow From my window With the touch of the sun Water gifts its rainbow My joy of the soul Falls its shadow The tweets of birds meet With dancing of my eye lids All gazing the beauty of nature And appreciating the mighty beauty of creature

Childhood Days

It's my childhood Where I fell deep sleep in peace Catching something that I like Chuckling for nothing making joke My mom is my first talk My dad is my first walk Falling on down Rising by own The first step I took The first word I wrote The butterfly I cached The chocos I shared The games I played The swinging on dad's shank The singing of Mother's swank Many years had passed away

By slowly giving its way.

My Mother



Oh..! My Guru Prabupad

Oh..! My Sri guru prabhupad, Every day I feel so glad On the broad spiritual road, From your literature, I read. Your's messages To the soul, I feed. How fortunate I'm, indeed. Keeping chanting every day in lead, My heart is purifying while touching every single bead, Krsna Solutions are reaching me, when I'm in typical need, You've blasted the enemy greed. Nourishing the bhakti seed, Dancing, Dancing Breathing Beneath your Blessed blissful melodies, My Hands Touches the sky with overwhelming ecstasy, Leaving the material lunacy, Please, guide and ride me In this way, Keeping the insanity astray..! I bow down to you, Oh..! My spiritual master, I've realized that I'm not this body, I'm the eternal soul, Help me in reaching the ultimate goal (Krsna) ..!! Haribol...!!

Past Beats -Broken Fleets

Amidst pleasant waves making some melodies
I look that as I'm lost
I'm searching for the best
There are millions of stories
Flowing in my veins
I'm finding myself in my way of healing the wounds
By writing my pain as words
Doping a small hope that I murmur
To myself that keeps me alive!

Oh..! Hare Krsna Hare Rama

oh..!! hare Krsna hare ram how fortunate I am. to feel every day so calm, under the light of your pretty palm, my hands touches this immense sky, in the mode of the exceptional ecstasy, under the surveillance of your supremacy, the jazz up joy emits out with an efficient frequency, what do this soul need more than your mercy..!, oh krsna, please, throw me out of this material lunacy I wanna be eternally under your captaincy..! let my soul float with that buoyancy towards the great 'vaikunta' which is beyond this galaxy...!

Voyage Of Time

on this wonderful earth
from our birth to the death
unfortunately,
we are travelling with worthless faith on the path,
we are moving quite crazy by being lazy,
omitting the truth,
that is hiding beneath our breath
changing wonders to squanders,
going and glowing without actual growing
with a sound war between the health and the wealth
struggling for happiness
searching the sign and rhyme of fullfillness to full illness,
congesting for the longest quest of life with many surprising twists,
turned the life mystical test with the absence of rest.