

Poetry Series

BEJJALA ROHITH KUMAR
- poems -

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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's my art's ought

that, I brought from my heart! !

BEJJALA ROHITH KUMAR

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! !

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Quite Quiet..?

My heart is quite quiet now!

I don't know how..! ?

it has been covered,

with the ashes of love

my heart is blasted with your ego bow??!

which I never wanna show how..!

it made me feel low,

which I never wanna allow??

my agony is now flowing slow,

in this current time now..! !

BEJJALA ROHITH KUMAR

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.

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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

Hi, flower..!

How are you..?

Day and night

playing right?

You bloom to gloom

By rays of light

Making delight

Bees and flies are your best guests

A trip of drip drops you

Listening melody of breezes

When I enjoy your beauty

Every atom in my eyes

Says yes you are my beauty bliss

Bees and flies kiss you

They miss you when you are fallen

With the tears of pollens

I know what you whisper to aspire

Live With happiness

Make it fullfillness

That is what your life confess..! !

BEJJALA ROHITH KUMAR

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

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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.

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My Mother

My mother

I'm smiling

Under the glory of the moon

In the lap of my mom

Swinging in the cradle of love

Her humming tunes in harmony

Playing with her mane

I saw heaven in her eyes of divine

My mom became my world of charm.

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Great life on earth

Gendered as feminine

Her love has no famine

She is our mother

Who wipes our bother

Giving her a big piece of peace

Creating happy weather

For developing further

BEJJALA ROHITH KUMAR

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...! !

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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!

BEJJALA ROHITH KUMAR

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...!

BEJJALA ROHITH KUMAR

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.

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