

Poetry Series

**Chirag Kumar**  
**- poems -**

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# Chirag Kumar(1st January 1994)

Avid Reader

Passion for poetry

Learning animal

# Beti (Daughter)

I am waiting for the sun,  
I am lurking in time,  
so that you may step out  
in a world free of crime.

But, the wait, seems endless,  
though inevitable is the change,  
the attitudes stand sublime.  
All folks seem estranged.

A minor molestation here,  
a petty rape there,  
doesn't make a difference, they say,  
for its happening everywhere.

Girls, don't you wear jeans,  
don't you ask for freedom,  
for you're second class mortals, they say,  
born to be slaves under our fiefdom.

Patriarchy rules the roost here,  
no question of equality.  
In your exploitation and oppression, they say  
lies our inner tranquility.

So stay within robes of uncertainty,  
until such beliefs vanish undone.  
And if impatience grips you, beti,  
try coming here being a son.

Chirag Kumar

# Fire - The Best Teacher

Fire,  
the source of light,  
the epitome of optimism.  
Its aura enthralls even the cold blooded.  
Its warmth seduces their senses,  
draws sweat,  
enlightens their spirits,  
sets life running  
within the contours of the mortal body.

Fire,  
the purest of the pure,  
the hallmark of sanctitude.  
Its flames can be vitiated  
by no worldly desires.  
It possesses the strength  
to turn egos to ashes,  
sparing the bones,  
yet it remains modest to the core.

So burn like a raging fire,  
and conquer all  
with a force so brutal,  
that it leaves your rivals  
bewitched,  
fascinated.  
Be ablaze, not with pride and jealousy,  
but with acceptance and humility.

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Chirag Kumar

# Living Corpses

Out casted by the living  
and drawn towards being dead,  
he lies on the footpath  
with a hope that some vehicle  
would run over and relieve him of all pain.  
He wears filthy clothes which stink of garbage.  
A copper bowl serves his existence.  
With eyes speaking his misery  
his body bears a sorry picture of leprosy.

You will find such folks  
wandering in the city streets  
where the able pass by such living corpses.  
Some feel that a rupee can lessen their pain  
But all they need is love  
all they need is care  
and a healthy life again.

But we fail to look beyond such things  
for we are too engrossed in ourselves  
Self obsessed  
Stressed  
as pilgrims in the journey of an unknown quest.  
The fact of the matter is that  
we remain in motion, but lack emotions.

It's not a pleasant sight to witness  
the falling of flesh, the scabbing of skin,  
the slow demise of body and the demise within.  
But I wish that compassion in the world lives on  
For the Buddha once said  
'Have compassion as some suffer too much,  
others too little.'

Chirag Kumar