

Poetry Series

Chirag Kumar
- poems -

Publication Date:
2015

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

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 enralls 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