

Poetry Series

**chirag saxena**  
**- poems -**

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## chirag saxena(12/04/2000)

Hello friends I am Chirag saxena born in a small city Bhind of Madhya Pradesh to I Saxena and i Saxena. I am student of class 10 of el's school

From my childhood onwards I am very interested in self composing and with the passage of time it had become my hobby and I started writing poem. for me it is not just only the craze but also the way of talking to billions of hearts and showing myself to them. I writes on life, love, nature and sarcasm comment on society. &quot; some words to say&quot; is my first step towards my dreams.

## # Some Words To Say #

I was a wingless bird  
who desires to touch the sky.  
thou came in the same form,  
hast taken my sprit in the sky.

I was a transparent yellow gem  
in millions of black hated stone,  
needs the great Aristotle to find me in it.  
thou came in the same form,  
discover me in myself.

I was an unlighted lamp  
who desires to look bright,  
needs a candle to light me  
thou came in the same form,  
embraced me like a little rose.

thou realised me what I'm  
thou inspired me for what I will.  
when I was alone in this dark world  
thou had taken my emptiness.

thine anger is thine love  
thine words are very special.  
without thee I think I'm nothing  
but thou taught me I'm everything.

but one thing never satisfies me  
that has taken sleep from my eyes.  
why thou hast not taught me to  
thank the teachers like you?

chirag saxena

# Sign Of Happiness

I desires to see it,  
the beautiful smile on your face.  
it comes from the heart,  
and glad the heart with ease.

It is something immortal,  
which even cannon cannot bite the dust.  
and tom, dick and harry with tooth and nail  
cannot dig the grave of it.

if you're life,  
it is the soul.  
life without smile,  
is boat with hol.  
can sink anywhere,  
nobody has control.

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# The Heaven Is Here

The heaven is here  
hath the heart of mine.  
here lies a different world  
close to this colorful sky.

The sun comes from the mirror  
and spend his time in the sky.  
fills his heart elation  
and hide himself hills behind.  
and I sing this wonderful rhyme.

The heaven is here  
hath the heart of mine.

Here birds sing melody  
and the blowing winds added there rhyme.  
the greeneries blossoms me  
and make me fell above the sky.  
and I sing this beautiful rhyme.

The heaven is here  
hath the heart of mine.

Here lies the love of colourful petals  
kissed by the beautiful butterflies.  
the golden drops on this green floors  
touches and embraces me  
like a love of mine.  
and I sings this wonderful rhyme.

The heaven is here  
hath the heart of mine.

Here mountains touches the sky  
like the dreams of mine.  
the snow on this hills  
spreads the love all-around.  
and I'm the fortunate to see this heaven painting alive.  
and I sing this immortal rhyme.

The heaven is here  
hath the heart of mine.

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# Who Will Cry When I Will Die?

who will cry when I will die?  
they who don't know my name  
or who had never cried in my pain.  
who had laughed in my tears' rain  
and had enjoyed my every failure.

for whom I will care, those hand  
who had never touched my fingers.  
or in whose fingers holding,  
I walked this mighty world.  
for whom I will stop myself,  
who had never come out in my tears' rain  
or who bath and taste every drop of my pain.

Shall I live for whom who will cry,  
or shall I die for whom who were never of mine.  
Shall I live for whom who will live for me forever,  
or die for whom who were anonymous to me however.

who will cry when I will die.....

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