

Poetry Series

Sinha
- poems -

Publication Date:
2010

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

Sinha(20-6-1977)

Dr. Mosam Sinha was born on 20 June,1977 in the city of Haldwani (Uttar Pradesh) India and brought up in historical city of Nawabs known as Rampur (Uttar Pradesh) .He lives in Rampur and did his education from there only. He is an International poet, reviewer, broadcaster, trainer, counselor and above all a passed high school and Intermediate from U.P Board and did B.A and M.A (English) from khand University, Bareilly (U.P) .He completed his doctor of philosophy on Dr. I.H Rizvi, an International poet and critic of modern time in 2006. It was first Ph.D on Dr. Rizvi worldwide. He did a Certificate course in Teaching of English from IGNOU and from Chattisgarh. He also did a Vani Certificate Course conducted by All India Radio, Delhi.

has about nine years of teaching experience. His areas of teaching and training are-Professional Communication, Technical Communication, Personality Skill Development, Presentation Skills, Speech Dynamics, Voice Dynamics, Anchoring Skills, Scripting for Radio Show, Phonetic Skills, Case Analysis, Interview Skills, Resume Building, Leadership skills, Stress Management, Time Management, Written & Oral Communication Skills, Listening Skills, Business Correspondence, Business Etiquettes, Negotiation Skills, Art of Persuasion, Marketing Communication, G.D Skills, Teaching of poetry, prose, drama, short stories and grammar. Presently he is Head, dept. of English Communication & Personality Development at Teerthanker Mahaveer University, Moradabad(U.P) .He is also the research supervisor of Teerthanker Mahaveer University, Moradabad and Vinayaka Missions University, is guiding two students of and one student of is a visiting professor and trainer of School of Performing Living and Visual Arts, Moradabad and career counselor and trainer of Institute of Career Guidance and Placement, is also the executive editor of International Journal of Managemet named having served as a part time presenter for about six years in All India Radio, is still in tuned with radio and often presents his programmes there. He has done more than fifty stage shows as a host.

As a literary figure, has written about 40 poems and about 120 haiku in English and about 40 poems in Hindi..He loves composing haiku..He has reviewed the poems of various contemporary Indian English poets. His poems and papers have appeared in Canopy, Indian Book Chorinle, Poet, Poetry World, Poets International, Poetcrit, Samvedana, Metverse Muse, Opinion Today, Gyan Jyoti, Vidhya Megh, and many other journals and newspapers.

As a writer, has written four wrote 'Professional Communication', 'Basics of Communication Skills' 'Remedial English Language'for students of , ' A Refresher

on Technical Communication' for the students of BCA of Khand University, Moradabad with Kedar Nath Publication, Meerut(U.P) .Presently he is writing a book entitled 'Business Communication' for the students of MBA of Uttar Pradesh University, Lucknow.

In the year 2009, received Editors'Choice Award for his creative skills and contribution to Indian English Literature by The Home of Letters, Bhubaneswar, was also conferred upon with the highest citation: 'Life Time Achievement Award' by International Poets Academy, Chennai for his contribution to world a book consisting of various poets of India with their poems including him as a poet is coming up under the banner of The Home of Letters, Bhubaneswar. is trying to come up with a collection of poems in a book form soon.

Dr. Mosam Sinha

Discipline

When I deeply go in search,
find disciplined the universe.
Well ordered by natural laws,
governed, dynamic, without flaws.
All the plants molecules,
elements, atoms, go by rules.
Divinely disciplined, so safe,
go on without deforming shape.
Indisciplined a life, we live,
disorder is all we give.
Fights, tensions, quarrels, hate,
sick at heart, ill fated fate.
Law and order if we bring,
to life and be disciplined,
safe, smooth, the life will run,
deeds will be perfectly done.

Sinha

For You

Golden words in golden ink;
silky paper with border around,
decked with muti colours
giving a sweet fragrance.
Feelings felt writ on paper
with love and remembrance
of all days I passed with you,
in your unforgotten company.
I can only read those words
and feel your precious presence
for you have become different.

Sinha

Sinha

Haiku On Flower

Hidden in green grass
like a lady behind curtain,
a flower leads its life.

Its beauty is endangered
as one plucks it for oneself.
Let it enjoy life.

Beloved can be pleased
with a word of praise for her.
Why to kill its beauty?

Born to spread fragrance;
to sweeten the hearts of others,
not to endure pain.

Don't pluck lovely flowers
to be offered to worship God.
Divine force is there.

Sinha

Haiku On Woman

Woman, the goddess
is burnt in ashes of dowry
for her sinlessness.

Woman, a precious gift
of Almighty, God is crushed
under the feet of man.

Don't trample the rose
Resting on her fragrant cheeks.
God's pure gift to man.

Vultures pounce upon her
toying with her like a prey
in the field of ills.

Streams of tears are shed.
Virtue has melted in air.
A gift of modernism.

There is dark chamber.
sounds of sobbing come through it.
A woman is there.

Save thyself from snare
laid by so called gentlemen.
She needs your due respect.

Sinha

Haiku-A Three Line Poem

Haiku

Under the bright sky
beggar waits for bread for long.
The rich enjoy life.

Walking through rough ways
the farmer plods towards home
to feel homely pain.

Rain coming through pores
of roof flooding doorless room
tells poor man's tale.

The boatman sailing
through the sea to reach island
defines struggle of life.

Mercy, the garland
of God facing rage of time
finds no place to exist.

Loveful feeling lasts
as she meets her fatal death.
A new love is born.

Sinha

Sinha

Haiku

Killing your time
Is like committing suicide
Not doing murder.

There is dark chamber.
Sounds of sobbing come through it.
A woman is there.

Age can not wither.
Time can never steal what I write
with my strong green pen.

Sinha

Love

Love is the supreme power,
save it from being decayed.
Love is the cause of creation,
use it in the best way.
Love is the way to improve,
accept it with happiness.
Love is the way to build relations,
embrace it to bring harmony.
Love is the essence of life,
spread it to make life a beauty.
Love is the inspiration of poets,
poetry delights and teaches both.
Love is the solution of quarrels,
express it to make country heaven.
Love is what nothing can be,
accept it for there is God.

Sinha

Mother Earth

Mother earth is crying.
for her sons are rejoicing
the feast of their devilish acts.

Mother earth is pained
to see her sons being corrupt
involving in violence.

Mother earth is restless.
Her sons are turned dishonest
killing the innocent.

Mother earth is worried.
Peace bird has migrated
to some forlorn land.

Mother earth is pained.
Her daughters are canned
for not bringing dowry.

Mother earth is angry
for her sons are fighting
out of their selfishness.

Mother earth dreams
of her children being
honest, truthful and social.

Sinha□

Sinha

What Are You?

What Are You?

What are you?
My mind says you are an enigma.
No one can betray you.

What are you?
You are as soft as a flower.
No one can pluck you.

What are you?
You are a beauty of God.
Purity lies in your heart.

What are you?
You are an abode of kindness.
Innocence flows from you.

What are you?
You are an abstraction.
People think of your destruction.

What are you?
You are a reflection of God.
But you are being fraud.

You are hit and humiliated
by whom you are related.
You are toyed in love and cheated.
even when you are weighted.

I am pained to say so.
You are an Indian woman.

Dr..Mosam Sinha□
Sinha

What Is Truth?

What is truth?

It is inexplicable.

It is the eye of God-

Divinity reflects there.

What is truth?

It is like gold.

The more it is beaten-

the more it shines.

What is a lie?

It is like slum.

Dingy ways are there-

Satan reflects there.

The world is slum today.

When you enter, find no way.

But gold shines more-

when becomes muddy.

Sinha

Woman-The Goddess

I love you
for you are the essence of life.
I praise you
for you are the role model of man.
I respect you
for you are the basis of the nation.
I like you
for what you have I don't have.
I write on you
for you are the creation of poetry.
I worship you
for you are the mother of the nation.

Sinha

Sinha