

Poetry Series

Geetha Jayakumar
- poems -

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Geetha Jayakumar()

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My poetic journey began from this site
It's you who added many colours to my thoughts
I remember each and everyone from this site
Who brought cheers to my life.

Thank you all from my heart!

>Echo Of Love

Today, on top of my voice I will shout.....

I love you!

Because there is no one to listen

Nor am listening to anyone

Nor anyone can see me

Nor I can see one.

I want to shout and tell

I love you dear with all my heart.

This one echo of love

Will come in multitudes of echoes

Will reach my ear

Will fill my heart with wonders of love.

As I am in the eyes of none

Nor anyone in my eyes.

My poems of love which rules my heart

Will speak in volumes.

My echo will flow everywhere.

And return me back

That's what I want.

You can listen me through my poems

And I will listen you too!

Never ever ask me from where I came,
or who am I.

Don't come behind me

I will vanish into thin air.

As I am the only poem

Which will fill your heart with love.

That's all my intention of

Coming here to sing a song on love.

Am a stranger and unknown

To this poem world.

I will wait for your lovely poem

And you do the same for me too!

We will be touch with each other

Only through these poems.

Let these poem be the bond

Of threading which flow between us.

I love to hear my echo...

I love!

By Sumi

Hi! Am Sumi

I am new to this unknown zone!

I have come to listen to you

I will keep on coming with poems new!

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>Short Break

Is it I am running short of break?
Is it break running short of me?
Is it I am breaking it short?
Is it short breaking me?
Well break is a break
When both mixed together
They look somewhat like this
A SHORT BREAK!
Am I right?

Dear readers and poets,
I am taking short break for a while.
This poem unexpectedly came into top five poems.

Please feel free to throw any comments
I am ready to catch it smilingly! ! ! !

I am ready
Start striking!

Thank You! ! ! !

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>Tears!

With tears you signed on the wall
Did not leave any impact on others shawl
It's your tears got wasted you know
For whom they were shed they don't know.
Its value is priceless if you call its own
for others it stand to be as good as meaningless one!

Let's hoard our tears as and when we shed
It's value measures the depth of ocean
At the end of the day they just get dried away
But leave a deep imprint on ones heart
Do you know?

May be the pain too went along with the tears you shed
It's priceless if my eyes shed them out
For others it stand to be the tears shed on barren land
Which will neither quench your thirst nor keep you dry!

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497(Ph) ...Thank You From My Heart!

A small Tweetie came today
And whispered in my ears
See your name listed
497 on top 500 poets.

I couldn't believe
'Is it me I am looking for'

I pinched myself
To see whether I am still alive.
I am happy that somewhere
I will be remembered
That I ever existed.
I wanted to share this happiness with you all
As without you it would not have been possible
As you are my source of inspiration
You are my wings
Which helped me to fly
Which taught me to fly.
Which shaped me to be what I am today
You are strength
It's your motivation reached me here.

I don't know how long I will stay
But I feel one should never miss even a tiny beautiful moment.
This is the tiny unexpected breeze which
Surprised me with its tweets.

I would like to thank each and every one of you from PH..

Thank a lot My Dear Ones!
I am obliged! ! ! !

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A Beautiful Mask Of Smile!

Who has not crossed the bridge of emotions?
Which keeps on flickering?
Day and night like the beautiful stars
Twinkling in the sky,
Though not visible in bright sunlight
It's like the mask of beautiful smiles,
Covering the painful face.

It's like a bird trapped in
Cage sings a painful song
For which the loud clapping heard but
Inside the cage was a weeping bird.

Life, like a joker in circuses, who made people laugh
But hidden in laughter was his painful heart
Though all his days may not be pleasant ones
Yet he has to make the audience laugh.

A mask of beautiful smile hides all the pain behind.
Yes, it's the mask, which play the beautiful roles.

Will I be ever able to unveil the mask?
Yes, a day will come when I will unveil my mask
I will laugh out loudly, cry out loudly
And live a day only for me.

No day is same.
Every day is a new day
As bright as sun!
Which is sure to come! ! !

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A Breeze Of Loneliness!

While walking through the fields
Along with you on no moon night
I never knew
I would be traveling all alone
One day on the same path again.
Though I was passing
Through the tunnel of darkness
I didn't fear the shadow of mine
While being with you.

Today full moon night welcomed me
With its delightful twilight
What made me fear my own shadow
I am not sure
May be the loneliness of breeze
Touched me painfully.

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A Cage!

I am captivated inside a cage.
It's a cage of darkness.
It's like a black cloud covering all over me.
Its so dark, I cannot see myself.
I don't know where I am lost.
I was never like this before.
I couldn't realize,
Why this happened?
How this happened?
Its so gloomy inside.
There is no one who could see me.
Nor I can see anyone.
Who will free me from this cage?

I wondered did I captivate myself,
or anyone trapped me inside this cage?

If I remain on this cage for long,
No one will ask for me!
Even if I die on this cage also,
Beloved ones will offer condolences and
of course they will always remember me.
World will move on like before.
My presence or absence,
Doesn't make any difference.
Because its law of nature.
Even they have to survive
So they cannot just sit aside.

Life keeps on offering challenges.
Which will never allow us to sit in one place even for few seconds.
It will make us run without a break.

Our Beloved ones have died but we are also moving with the world!
This is the fact of life, which no one can change.
Life is only one!
We have to accept everything as it is!
We cannot swim against tides, but can go on with the flow!

This is the Teachings of life!

Is it.....Our Life or our Thoughts inside a Cage?

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A Chess?

Life is like playing a chess.
It's moving in a slow pace
Unknown of what happens next.
Each twist and turn comes in surprises.
It's just mere calculations.
Some times it may work,
Some times it may not.

One step forward,
With two steps backward.
Just missed a step,
Chopped is the head.
Protecting the king and queen.
Aren't we in that place.

Life will move on fighting and defending,
But many things get lost on its way.
Protecting one,
Moves forward or retreat backward.
Sometimes forced or ready to attack.
Though one never wanted to.
Some one is cut off protecting self.
Reason maybe simple for an attack.
The fight keeps on going till the end.
Even though one may want to leave the ground,
Once started you cannot quit
Till you win or die.
Thats the rule in the battle field.

Finally...
When the winner is declared.
With a checkmate
Just turn around and see,
How many have you lost.
The lost ones may be your dear ones.

Did I win to loose everything
or did I loose everything to win.

I am confused.
Whether I should.....
Celebrate the Success,
Or
Celebrate the Failure.

Yes, Life is a Chess!

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A Cow Dung Pit In My Village!

My village full of greenery
Very beautiful, independent houses
Surrounded by garden of vegetables
Nearby are the fields and opposite is the river

When I went for strolling,
I fell into the cow dung pit
Kept for some purpose.
After falling what could have happened?
I was fully immersed in cow dung and
Saw people making a mockery of me.
Well, I could have gotten angry too and
Would have picked up handfuls
And thrown at them.

I just made up my mind
To be cool and said to myself
Whatever I throw at others,
In fact, I may repent later
It will surely hit me twice.
In fact I may not even get time to say sorry.

I just felt why to waste the time on stupid things.
I just went to the nearby river and
Took a deep dive into it and
Washed all my thoughts covered with dirt and filth
Came out with purity in my thoughts!

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A Cup Of Tea With You!

Though the happiness were spilling from your deep eyes
But it was arising from the hot steam of tea that you poured.

I could feel the beautiful aroma that touched my heart.
It seemed that you added few dewdrops of love to the tea
that gave a touching flavour to it

Were you spilling tea from the cup?
Or were you spilling love from your heart?
I just went on looking you in wonder
When you poured half the tea on tray instead of cup.

Were you adding sweetness to my heart?
Or were you adding sugar to tea?
Did wonder me as well,
Instead of a spoonful sugar, you just added four spoons only.
Really the sweetness of the tea was not less than your piercing eyes
Which went storming across my heart.

Before you took the milk pot, I took and added it
As you will add double milk
One will wonder whether its the tea or coffee you are going to serve.

Finally tea was ready to be served
Beautiful aroma of tea were lingering with your smile and love
That flavour were sensed deep down my heart.

A kind of uneasiness gripped me
And the tray with dear tea fell down from your hand.

Neither I, nor you had tea
But your naughty smiles did offer me tea
Looking into each others eyes we drank tea....

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Hindi version.....Ek Chai Aap Kay Saath!

A Dancing Puppet!

Why to keep on smiling
When my heart is bleeding.
All my hard work went into drain.
Dancing on others tune went in vain.
Like the monkey who jumped on each beat
While my heart had painful beats.
At last I cried out like thunder
My words blew them out
Yet it left me depressed forever.
A person should never be straightforward
Because they are the ones cut first
This is the lesson I learnt in my life
Which made me dancing puppet
in hands of few selfish ones.

If I knew how to play the game well then
I would have been the winner!

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A Dedication To Lini Puthussery!

There's the death waiting to pounce over,
Only left is the aftermath of the tides left over.
She lay isolated far away from mankind,
She was the loving and dedicated nurse of a kind.
A deadly virus had spread the blanket over her.
Probably her inner conscience spoke of,
The limited time left with her,
Battling the Nipah virus will be soon over.

She committed herself to the thankless profession.
Had she not nursed the deadly virus affected patient,
Perhaps she would have been alive here today.
Too late, she realized that the same had taken
Over the life of her patient.
She felt saddened yet unknown to her was,
The virus had already infected her blood.

She never knew it would be her turn to bid bye.
Just a day ago she had fever,
Yet ignoring her health she continued her work.
Finally, her health started deteriorating,
So she got admitted in the same hospital.
She found herself in an isolated ward,
Which made her realize she too contracted the same.

Her husband has been just a wall away.
Though she wanted to see him and her little children.
But thinking of their security she paused there for moments.
She knew her fate was holding her hand to death.
Then she scribbled just few words for her beloved at the last!

Only we can pray today is "May her soul Rest In Peace! "

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The young dedicated Indian nurse Lini Puthussery from Kerala needed to be applauded, awarded for her selfless service which costed her dear life while treating Nipah virus affected patient. She was attached to Perambara's Tukul hospital

in Kozhikode, Calicut. We appreciate the young woman's dedication to her thankless profession.

The Nipah virus infection, spread mainly by fruit bats and has symptoms like breathing trouble, brain swelling, fever, headache, drowsiness, disorientation and delirium. A patient can fall into coma within 48 hours. It travels through direct contact with a patient. There is no vaccine for Nipha virus yet, as per World Health Organization.

Courtesy Google!

Geetha Jayakumar

A Distraction

Distraction may or may not
Lead to obsession
But can lead one to commit any thing
As if one got obsessed with.

One beautiful girl
Travelled by bus
Everyday
Caught in the eyes of a young
But handsome man.
He never bother to see her face
But he got obsessed with
Her long, thick and shinny hair.

But everyday he
Started travelling
In the same bus
But took a seat
Often behind her only.
Only Just to see her beautiful hair.
He noticed her both timings.
The girl unknown of this
Travelled everyday.
This happened for months
And one day
He just took out a scissor
And cut her full beautiful hair
And took in his hand.
The girl panicked
And he was arrested.
But girl was studying in college
And stayed in hostel
For a week she was just frightened.
Then she never shared to her parents
Too far will be upset.
When she returned home
Her parents shocked to see her short hair.
There after she never grew her hair..

Obsession can do anything!

Purely an Imagination

Just a story....

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A Falling Star

I Am a falling star
Before falling
It will shine so bright
Like the last laugh on ones face
Before fall.
What brightness
It can spread on falling.
Its all shine shattered
Like a winged broken bird,
When it can never fly.
With shine reflected on each pieces shattered.
A twinkling star looked so beautiful,
Which bring smile on innocent child's face,
With a twinkling eyes it gazes stars around.
May you spread happiness as long as
You are the twinkle of ones eyes around!

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A Glow From Within!

Live the life in a beautiful way
Only one precious life we are gifted with.
Cure the wound before its too deep
Let us take control of its wings
before it is withered by the time.
Let us walk along the bridges we build
Let us keep on building it further and farther
As the years grow fonder and deeper.

Take a deep dive into an ocean
Stay there till not your thirst is quenched.
Breathe it, mingle with its fragrance
Sing and dance along when its thunder and rain
Shed the tears like ocean and
Free it from all the clouds of pain.
Let it be like the Earth washed with heavenly rain
Feel the coolness of breath from within.

Burn it, mould it, anchor it,
Till not it glows from within
Till not it emancipate light from within!

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A Lovely Bride On Way To Funeral!

I often tell my beloved,
Please adorn me with beautiful,
Jasmine flowers.
Like a lovely bride, I should look.
Once, I had long shining silky hair,
And I loved to wear jasmine flowers,
But I cut my hair short.
But don't be stingy
Tuck jasmine flowers only, in my hair.
Cover me with kanjeevaram sari only,
Else I will question you.
As I love to look today,
Like a beautiful bride.
Cover me with full of fragrance,
As I love perfumes,
My eyes to be beautifully drawn with,
Eye Liner.
Of course, be careful as it may hurt me too.
No lipstick as I don't like.
Yeah but scented talcum powder would be fine for me.
And one big bindi on my forehead.
And a small sandal wood paste on top of it.
I should look like a beautiful bride.
Ain't I?

Don't wake up the bride.
She is in her deep sleep....
Let her sleep!

Note..In this poem, I portrayed a scene of a woman whose husband fulfils her last death wishes. Like a bride she was decorated and taken for funeral. That's why I said last lines...let her sleep...

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A Lovely Dream!

I dreamt of a small house built by warmth of love.
A small window where only the freshness of fragrance flows in
As well as to welcome the cute birds and tiny squirrels.

Everyday a single rose will bloom in my lovely garden
Where my beloved will tug a rose in my hair.
Delicious meal with just one single pudding
Though saving will be quite few yet heart will be contented.

Maybe it's just a lovely dream
Many may be blessed with such lovely dream
But they may be dreaming of someone else's dream
As I am too dreaming of others.

That's why wishes never remain fulfilled
They remain mere a lovely dream in our lives!

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A Man With A Black Coat!

Walking down the crowded lane
I had just a glimpse of
mysterious man in black coat and
A big hat covering his face.
Before I could look at him
He vanished somewhere in no time.
Then I entered a lonely road
On my way towards home
Full of trees yet silence spelled all over.
Just enjoying its beauty I went along.
Then again caught a glimpse of same man
But this time horror stuck me and
I felt something wrong.
Then I started walking faster.
Just when I turned back
He was not visible around
I felt deep sigh but within no time
He was just right in front and
Caught my hand so tight.
Then slowly he removed his hat.
To my horror I couldn't believe
Leaving me gasped for a moment
It was my beloved but
he was expected next week only.
Oh my God!
But it was such a surprise full of
Sweetness and horror too.
How can I ever forget such a wonderful
Surprise!
Life is meaningful when surprises
Comes on our way!

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A New Year Born Only Once Called 2015

Count down begins
With loud music on
Dance to the rhythms
Beat on the drums.
Music is on....
Let's hum for a while
Count down begins my dear ones....

Hey! listen to the clock
Beating in rhythms
Tick, tock, tick, tock
Four, three, two,
There goes one
Next and next....
Here comes Zero.
It's the New year born only once called 2015...

Hey listen to the clock
It strikes twelve
Hey, It's another day...

Its my first date of the year 2015
Today, I am on date 1st Jan 2015.

A new fantastic year had begin
A new year born only once called 2015!

Another day begins
A New year begins.
With life of full music on...
With Passion of dreams on...
With twinkles of hope rising on
With loads of dream to carry on
Let my heart beats to its rhythm
Let us welcome New Year with melodious rhymes.
For It's the first day of the New Year rising high...

Pushing down the memories of past 2014
present arrives dancing gaily...

Each seconds, minutes, hours and days are its future.
Listen to the music of future 2015 ringing In your heart
Bring all your dreams into action, for which we are already born.

Wishing you all a happy new year 2015!

It's my first date of the new year.
Wishing you all a happy new year on your first date too!

Happy new year 2015! ! !

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A Poet!

Who is a poet?

A poet is the one who is full of emotions
Who can feel each emotions
feel each surroundings,
Which has to pass thru him
Before It is put down on paper.
Words carefully selected
Clarity in conveying the message
Choosing correct message is important.
The reader should be able to
understand the message hidden in the poem.
Emotions very well expressed.
Makes the poem well read.

Poet is the one who can switch on
To different emotions and characters in no time.
Poet is the one who play with the words
So fluently like a person playing a flute.

Poet is nothing but the director
Who direct words in mind.
All the roles and characters are played by him only.
He choose the location mentally.
And put each character in paper.
Here script, story, action, direction and editing.
Everything he frames in his mind.
And a beautiful poem is the outcome!

Poet is the one, who is all in one.

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A Problem With My Heart!

I have a heart like you
On every sun rise
It soars so high
On wings of imagination
It shines so well
Wherever it flies,
It laughs on its flight.

On every sun set
It falls down to ground
It loses its shine
It cries on its falls
And hides in dark phases of life
May be somewhere beyond horizon.

Well this the only problem with my heart
Otherwise I have well maintained heart.
Smiles!

Geetha Jayakumar.

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A Salute To Great Icon Nelson Mandela!

No words can describe Great Icon and Freedom fighter
Father of Modern South Africa,
South Africa's first black President,
Anti-apartheid revolutionary,
Politician and Philanthropist
None other than Nelson Mandela.
Today, he lives in the heart of millions.
He was a Great Warrior;
He was imprisoned for as long as 27 years
For trying to stop racism.
For challenging apartheid policies.
He succeeded in eradicating apartheid policies.

His parents named him Rolihlahla
Nelson is the name given by his teacher.
Also known by clan name Madiba.

Awarded with the Nobel Peace Prize in 1993.
For peaceful termination of the apartheid policies,
Laying foundation for new democratic South Africa.

One of the Beautiful quotes by Nelson Mandela says it all.
'What counts in life is not the mere fact that we have lived. It is what difference
we have made to the lives of others that will determine the significance of the life
we lead.'

He said it right
' Do not judge me by my successes, judge me by how many times I fell down
and got back up again'

He led his continent to a new era! ! !
Nelson Mandela is a man of history!

(July 18,1918 - Dec 5,2013)

A tribute to Great Freedom Fighter Nelson Mandela.
May his Soul Rest In Peace!

Geetha Jayakumar Dec 6,2013.

Geetha Jayakumar

A Small Pinch Of Love!

She draws a circle around her man
With a strict warning
Never think of crossing this circle
Stand there till I come
She went shopping for so long.
Poor chap stood stand still for a long.

Lovely maid came singing in,
Ringing in twists and turns.
On seeing him
She looked at him in a mockery style.
After standing prolonged
His eyes too flung at her captivating style.

He lost his balance and fell down.
The circle was seen nowhere.
He made a new circle
Then he stood perfectly still like a statue.

You know very well,
To all those who are already engaged.
A lesson to be learnt by the bachelors,
What a wife can do?

Ignoring his innocent looks.
Wife sniffed her man encircling him.
And saw the circle position changed.
Many utensils flung on him.
A door was shut with a
Big Bang on him.

She never left her man alone.
Now for shopping,
He was fully loaded,
With all the stuffs,
She had seen in sales.
Poor chap was carrying
All the way home.
As a double punishment

His credit card was swiped
To the maximum in one swap!

Don't ever fool your wife
This small pinch of love could be your big punch
Her eyes, ears, nose, teeth, heart always encircles her dear husband.
Her all senses works in full swing when it comes to her dear husband.
Though quite possessive she may be,
But she loves you dear, to her heart.
Don't ever fool your wife
For she is sure to give you A Small Pinch With Love!

Enjoy the beauty of love with your pretty and possessive wife!

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A Tribute To Our Great Visionary Leader Dr. A.P.J Kalam!

Popularly known as Missile Man Of India
A great scientist, Technocrat and a wonderful president
An Inspiration to youngsters
With profound knowledge
Above all a humble and simple human being.

You left with us the wisdom of words
You left with us light of knowledge
You left with us the inspiration to rise
Your words are deeply embossed in our hearts
Your powerful voice are heard million miles across
You were the enlightened soul
Your words gave insight to many

Your words followed the path
That left trail on millions to follow
You are a source of inspiration
You left for heavenly abode yet will live in our hearts forever.

My salutation to our missile scientist and former President Dr. A.P.J Kalam.

Three very powerful quotes.....

'If you want to shine like a sun. First burn like a sun.'

"Failure will never overtake me if my determination to succeed is strong enough".

'It is very easy to defeat someone, but it is very hard to win someone.' -

Avul Pakir Jainulabdeen Abdul Kalam (15 October 1931 – 27 July 2015) was the 11th President of India from 2002 to 2007

A huge loss to our great nation. Rest In Peace Sir.

By Geetha Jayakumar. 27th July 2015

Geetha Jayakumar

Aapke Padya Aur Meri Tippani! ! !

Aapke padya ne mera
Mann jith liya.
Aapki kavitha
Dukh dard, pyar
Aur rahasya se bhara tha.
Jo mere mann ko lubha gaya.
Ho saktha hai
Aur kai dilon ko bhi.

Aapke har ek shabdh
Mano dil ki gehrayee
Se utar ayee ho,
Jo ek lajawaab kavita
Mein badal gay ho.
Aapki Kavita surili awaaz mein
Lehrah rahi hai.
Aapne dil kholkar
Tippani dene ko kaha
Jo mujhe achha laga.

Main aapki kavita
Ko kya tippani doon....
Aapki kavita issi tarah
Bina rookavat kay
Pravaah karthi rahe.
Aur iss pravah mein
Logon ki dilon
Ko bhi saath
Lekar chalthi rahe!

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Aapkey Taarif Mein!

Phulon say guldastha banana Humein nahin aatha
Shabdon say pul banana Humein nahin aatha
Jo pul aapney hum sabhi Kay Dillon mein banaya
Woh Kaafi taarifey kaabiliyath hain!

Aapney Jis tarah is sandhya ko Apney nritya mein dhaala
hum sabhi ko is tarah mantra mughdh kiya
Aabhari hain hum aapkey
Yeh sunhari pal aapney hum sabhi Kay naam kar diya!

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After Diwali!

Festival of Lights are gone
All the lamps cleaned and kept aside
Waiting for its next arrival.

Often Diwali falls on no moon day.
A rest day for the moon.
Diwali visit us on darkness of night.
Asking the people to lit the lamp of brightness
Not only on house, streets but also
In their hearts too.

Guests are gone.
Sweetness of sweets too went along with them.
I am left all alone watching the empty house and the tiny birds.
No crackers will be heard.
No children playing mess around here and there.
I feel the silence and only silence everywhere.
Many festivals came and went in sequence bidding bye.
Ganesh Chaturthi followed by Dussehra and Diwali.

Festival did lit my heart with light
Which I am going to keep it burning bright
Till next Diwali!

Yes, Christmas and New Year are on its way!
Let me turn page and write something for my New Year resolutions!

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Alive In My Heart

Beloved ones alive in your heart,
Departed ones alive in your heart.
It is you, who have kept them alive.
They have sown the seeds of path and love.
They are there with you always.

What else do you require?

Go along with the flow of life.
Learn from the past.
Live in present.
Let the future be full of surprises.

Keep your Heart healthy, wealthy and wise.

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All Alone!

It is very difficult to smile,
In the midst of storms.
It seems that peace left,
Long time ago.

Why the pain can't flow out along with tears.
Why the mind is living in midst of fear very often.
Why the fear is killing me inside.
Louder I cry but all alone I find.
Whom to share.
Why the heart ache is so painful,
Though the tears fall helplessly.

Why each day is killing me deeply
It seems that pain is like cancer to me
Neither I can cut it nor I can treat it
As it already infected my blood and cells all over.

Why to live a life in hell.
The question arise
For whom to live
Why to bear so much pain....
Is it to keep the breathe alive?

It gives a deep pain
Especially when one swallows injustice.
It is rightly said
On the path of truth you find all alone.
All alone one has to swim across the river of hurdles!

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Alvida!

Kai baar hum vida lethe hain apno say
Ek umeed hoti hai phir say milney ki
Lekin jab zindagi humsay ek hi bar alvida lethi hai
Toh yeh humari aakhri mulakhaat hokar reh jaathi hai.
Is zindagi say alvida kehney ka na koi gam hai na koi shikva.

Zindagi jiyo toh is tarah jiyo ki alvida kehney ka koi gam na ho
Agar mein aakhri alvida kahoon toh bhi,
khushi say mauth ko gale say laga loon.
Is zindagi say alvida kehney ka na koi gam hai na koi shikva.

Hum parwane ki tarah
Zindagi kay diye ki chaaron aur ghumthe rahthe hain
Aaj na koi dar hai jalkar marmit jaane ka.
Mauth humein pukkar kar toh dekhe.....
Hum daude chale aayengi tumhari aur parwane ki tarah.
Is zindagi say alvida kehney ka na koi gam na koi shikva.

Na koi khwaab hai humare dil mein
Na koi umang hai humare dil mein
Jise pura karne kay liya na hum taras rahe hain
Na humein khwaaf hai marne ki
Haan bas is zindagi ko jeene ka khwaaf hai
Is zindagi say alvida kehney ka na koi gam na koi shikva.

Kai bar uss mod per aa jaathe hain
Alvida kehne ka vakth he nahin mil paatha
Bas yehi toh paheli hai is zindagi ki.....
Is ajeeb kashmakash mein hum piskar reh jaathe hain!

English Version....Good Bye!

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Am I Handicap?

I am on a wheel chair
deaf and dumb too.
Disabled in all sense
But I appreciate God
He gave me beautiful eyesight
With good insight..
My brain works wonders..
I could imagine
Beyond my imagination
Just lying on a wheel chair.
With a small garden
I convert them into
my whole Universe.
While writing poem
I convert my fountain
Into a beautiful waterfalls
Swimming pool into a river or seas.
Tides are my tears which
Keeps on hitting me on my inability.
Small plants into big trees.
Few flowers into garden of flowers

While writing poems I imagine
Myself so tiny like an ant walking in this garden.
To make this garden into forest.
I am happy while writing poems
As I can do all those
Which I cannot do in real life.
My heart sings, heart beats play drums.
I can run, dance, sing and love too...

In reality people pity me.
In fact I need love and appreciation
For all my ability.
A praise on my ability can do wonders for me.

I like to
Explore the unknown path
Leading to the poetic world

Relishing each and every moment
Though unrealistic for me but
Imagination make me realistic
I can do what I want...

While reading my poem
Do you feel
Am I Handicap?

.....
Please Note

I am Sorry...
I never want to hurt any one
Only telling no one is perfect.....
Physical disability can be seen
What about those not seen.....

A small token of Appreciation especially on their abilities and kind words will
work wonders for them!
Words are as Precious as Pearls,
As it can lift one to Heaven or Hell.
Thank you!

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Am Tiny Self!

Am a tiny light
Can I bring light in your life.?

Am a tiny path
Can I guide you to right path.

Am a tiny star
Can I bring star like shine in you

Am a tiny dust
Can I do anything good for you?

Am a tiny rose
Can I bring smile in you?

Am a tiny drop of water
Can I quench your thirst

Am a tiny drop of tear
Can my tear makes your eyes wet?

Am a tiny voice
Can a tiny voice be heard by all.

Am a tiny dot
Can a tiny dot help one?

Am a Tiny word
Can a word encourage you?

Yet I prefer to be called tiny
Though
My tiny voice cannot bring justice to you.
My tiny lights cannot light your life with wisdom
My tiny drop of water cannot quench your thirst for knowledge
My tiny words cannot bring smile in you.
Yet I prefer to be called tiny.

Though I cannot do anything for you.

I still like to remain tiny forever.

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An Apple Of Love!

An apple fell from a poetic heart
It fell into the lap of poetess hands.

A beautiful arrow of love
Flew from poet's heart to poetess heart.
Arrow of words went piercing
Each other's heart.
It was the beginning of love.
Know not how many arrows
Struck each other's heart.

Finally both lay collapsed and wounded
Was it a sweet love or painful one
I know not.

Finally a doctor was called
He said root cause of this entire problem
is the apple of love
on which arrows were struck from both sides.
Finally he took out the apple and threw it into the air.
A poor apple became the scapegoat of all piercing arrows.

Beware, don't ever catch together that tempting red lovely apple.

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An Ode To Brave Warrior From A Bleeding Pen!

Who thou not ask the words of warrior
Do you know the pen of mightier field
It's the blood that flows through my pen
But I write the lives of many brave soldiers
Who though not lay dead or wounded in battle field
Who thou not ask the words of warrior
Do you know the pen of mightier field!

Who thou not ask the lives dead
Why have you been bleed to death?
Why you lay dead in the battle field?
For you came with a golden spoon in mouth
Where every one rejoiced on your birth
But today, here I see you bleeding to death
Who thou not ask the words of warrior
Do you know the pen of mightier field!

Who though not ask the mother
Whose wounded son lying in battle field
Withering in pain and agony just waiting for embracing death.
For every single wound in your body or in your heart
Your mother shed a tears of rain
Who thou not ask the words of warrior
Do you know the pen of mightier field!

Who though not ask the lives that lost
Fighting for ones country they lost
Where the person lay trapped in horrors of death
If there had been no war
You would have lived a longer life more than me
And peacefully you may be slept under soil.
Who thou not ask the words of warrior
Do you know the pen of mightier field!

What to ask my dear pen
I am mere a spectator in the battle field
Though my heart can cry with pen to bleed
But the pain you and your loved ones went through I can never take!

Why the war, why not love and peace?

This poem is dedicated to all the people
Who fought like a soldier
Though a battle field not necessary
Though recognition not necessary
Winning not necessary
Loosing not necessary
But to all who took a brave step in their life!
Who fought for others and for themselves in their life.
I salute them with my heart!

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Ankahe Alfaaz!

Aapki har ankahe alfaaz pyaar ka izhaar kar rahe thae.
Aapka har drushya pyaar ka izhaar kar raha tha.
Jaise koi dil se utar kar aaya ho
Eaisa lag raha hai ki aap mere nazdeek ho
Per aapke alfaaz kahi door se
Kahin aur se udkar
Mere paas aayae ho.

Mujhe maloom hai pyaar ke alfaaz thae woh.
Aur eaisa lag raha tha mere liye he likhe gaye ho.
Mein mehsoos kar rahi thi.
Unko pehchana bhale he mushkil tha
Per woh pyaar kae,
vyatha aur dukh kae alfaaz thae.

Unko padkar mein khush hui
Kyonki aap mujhe samajh rahe hain
Aabhari hoon mein aapki
Aap vaakai mein ek amulya ratn hai
Jitna mein aapko samajhti hoon
Yehi gunnvatta hai jo aap mein hain
Aap mere vichharon mein kai upper khade hain.
Mein aaradhna karthi hoon aapki.

Pyaar woh nahin aap jise chahthe ho,
usse prapth karna jaroori ho....

Usse khona bhi pyaar hotha hai.
Doosre ki baath ko dhyan se sunna
Aur doosre ko samajhna bhi pyaar ka ek roop hai.
Usse haath se chood dena bhi pyaar ka ek roop hain.
Usse har drushtikon se dekhna bhi pyaar keh laatha hai.

Pyaar ke anek rang hothe hai
Aap jis rang se dekhna chahthe ho
Us rang mein aap apne ko bhi payyenge.
Pyar ek eaisi cheejh hai jiska na koi roop hai na koi rang hai.
Pyaar ko toh hum nei he roop aur rang diya hain.

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Ants Celebration Day!

Poverty sunken stars failed to twinkle in the eyes.
About to dip from the sky and fall in the ocean wide.
After diving deep into the garbage,
Pearls he couldn't bargain,
To feed his ever hungry pouch,
All he got was the half rotten cake,
Which he had closed in his fists.
Perhaps he took a bite and spared it for the next day.
Now its remnants were taken over by the ants.
Perhaps he had grabbed it from the ant's mouth.

His flesh had shrunk to the bones.
The blood stopped oozing from the fissures.
Often he was found loitering near the garbage,
Waiting to pounce on the leftovers.
Was he an orphan, least not by the birth,
While somewhere his brain wires,
Were incompatible with each other.

He slept in the bed of granules,
Viewing the canopy of twinkling stars,
Yet he failed to lit his own life.
Today he shut his eyes off from the world.
Now the tiny ants strolling in and out his ears.
The flies were relishing his cold parched blood.
While crows gathered around the garbage
Thereby conducting the autopsy of an opened flesh.

Today is the ant's celebration day.
Enjoying the big feast along with rats and insects.
Seeds of poverty were sown since long,
Today also it thrives in our soil.
Will it ever be swept from our lives?

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Are We Healthy?

Environment so is polluted that
We breathe in toxins
And toxins we breathe out.

Water is key is key to life
But gulping water with toxins
Is also the key to death.

Munching fruits and salads
We take not vitamins
But toxins
And end up visiting doctor
Again taking toxin(pills)
for feeling better.

A time will come
When we cannot breathe air
We cannot drink water
Nor have food,
As all this contain toxic substance.

Instead of that
we will just survive by popping pills
And keep our Health
Healthy, wealthy and wise.

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Are You Happy?

Happiness is the most welcomed guest.
But leaves in no time.
Like a money in hand
The moment you spend
To buy what make u feel happy
Its gone.
When you get what you want.
You will weighs which one was better
Money or the things?
These thoughts take away your happiness.

Can a money buy happiness?
Can a praise buy a happiness?
Can a food buy a happiness?
Can a necessities buy happiness?

Yes, all can buy happiness?
but it will remain with us like a bubble
and its gone.

We run behind our dreams
We work hard to fulfill it.
when they are fulfilled.
Our Next dream is ready.
Sequence of dreams keeps on following.

This will keep on continuing
until and unless we put a break in it.
Happiness is not everlasting!

Everlasting happiness
Comes when mind is calm, peaceful and content.
Happiness will reside in you.

Nothing can bring Happiness but only you.

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Aroma Of Soil

Having a tea in an earthen pot is
Really amazing
Each sip of tea speaks of
aroma of the soil.

The potter may have to
Sieve the fine mud to make a pot
A tiny stone while making pots
Can damage it fully.

Aroma of soil is so captivating
That it will allure us to it.

There would be no one who has
Not tasted the aroma of wet soil.

How can one forget the aroma of soil...
At the end, our body will lie deep down it.
Like a small baby sleeping in mumma's lap!

How can I forget the aroma of soil...

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As Light As Feather

Pelting stones on the sweetest fruit,
Painfully stood tree watching it.

Words of stone thrown,
Can shatter one!

Calm yourself...
Keep on going,
You are on right track,
So is the stone behind you,
To distract you from your goal.

No reaction like tree,
Remaining silent,
Can confuse one,
Whether
It was feather or stone,
Which he had thrown.
Never let it break your heart,
Rest everything will follow.

Make your heart as strong as possible
Even a monster of jealousy,
Should look like an ant,
Pack the return gift in a beautiful wrap,
return it,
Saying Thank You!

What about the beautiful rose born with thorns!

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Ashtray!

A Beautiful hall
Everything kept intact and
Each thing arranged neatly
A decorative touch by artistic hand.
My attention was caught
Centre of the table
Where a beautiful ashtray was kept in centre of table
Filled with ashes and few sticks of burnt cigarettes.

Still the smoke rising out of it
It seems someone was smoking and left
Out the partially burnt cigarette butt on ashtray.

Ashes may be of ones frustration removed
Ashes may be ones anger burnt
Ashes may be ones ego burnt
Ashes may be someones uncontrolled habits
May be of pain or sorrow or may be for fun or
May be of simply nothing.

A beautiful ashtray filled with ashes and
burnt cigarettes butts spoke of many things.
It seems that each dust of ashes wanted to tell something.

Though the house looked beautiful
Ashtray kept at centre of table caught my attention.

Is it the ashtray
Or the ash filled tray draw my attention
To come up with such a poem
For I am not sure!

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At The Departure Gate!

Sweet Memories are our dreams only.
It will make one happy for time being.
Let the beautiful song on love flow from you
Which fill ones heart with.
A song on positivity and inspiration,
Can do wonders.
Can make one winners.

A time always comes in ones life,
Where one feels lonely in life.
But a beautiful poems flowing from you
Can really make one happy and cheerful.
Can really encourage one to get up in life.
Can guide one in life.

A poem can do wonders.
After all how long we are going to be together?

Its the reality of life,
Where we all are in the departure gate to fly.
No one knows whose flight may take off.
As long as we are together, we can share our pain and love.

Why not a few words of Peace and Love be heard.
Silence and loneliness can really help one to look into inner self.
A few minutes kept in silence can cheers ones life.

Poets heart can really do wonders!

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Autograph

Full of golden memories
Written with the different
Colours.

It take you to
Many many years back
When you were in your
Beautiful teens,
So is the autograph book
too beautiful and colourful.
Filled with words
Full of life.
Full of wonders.

Finally when you
Relax from all your
Busy life.
You come across
This beautiful book
Which you have
Kept as treasure
For many years.

When you turn
Each pages one by one
reading messages
Some funny scribbles
By friends, classmates,
Valuable words by
Beloved teachers.
You remember each
And everything that
Make you feel
As if you are a student
Inside that class,
Reminds of
Studies, some subjects
Were so interesting
Made by teachers

While some were boring too.
It reminds of all
Those wonderful days,
It reminds of picnic,
Group photos,
Mischief, and of course
The punishment from
Teachers which almost
All of us have got at least once.
Yes,
Students days were filled
With discipline and dedication.

Finally twelve years of
Studies in school
Send off is given.
The day cannot be forgotten
Where students and teachers
Bidding good bye
To each other.

May be we haven't
Met some of those teacher's after that.

But today it
Reminds me of all the teachers,
I fondly remembers each of them
As their guidance
Have made a great
Impact in my life.

Autograph filled with
Best wishes by
Teachers along with
Valuable suggestions.
As well my friends
Wishes.
Lost in touch
With most of them.

Thanks to all my dear Teachers
And to all my dear friends.

For making my Autograph Beautiful..

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Battle To Be Won!

I am on way to fight a long battle!

My Mind is a battle field.

Where...

There is no weapons

No sword or dagger

No man

No animals

No soldiers

No bombs

No bloodshed

Today My mind is not less than a battle field

My thoughts are clashing with one another.

Today, there is battle of thoughts!

On one side is

My gloominess

My anger

My sorrow

My hatred

On which I have to overcome with...

Other side is

My love

My peace

My confidence

My happiness.

I am solely responsible to captivate my happiness.

I have to set it free from this cage.

Winner if I am...

I will wear a crown of love in my heart

I will host a Flag of happiness in my mind.

My voice will sing a song of peace!

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Be A Winner!

Being a champion is really something great.
Being successful is fantastic.
But all cannot be champion or successful.

Being Unsuccessful is a bitter pill to swallow.
Harsh words from peers and relatives
Further put you down.
Its just a temporary phase,
As well as a turning point in ones life.

Brave ones are those in-spite of failures
Put all their will power into effort.
And rewrite it.

It means the new beginning
Its asking you to rethink again.
Did you put less effort?
Could you recognise your weakness?
What did you do to
Convert your weakness into strength?

Its making you more tougher
By testing your will power.
Its just telling you....be winner.

One has to cross many such tests in life.
Convert your weakness into strength.
And prepare yourself for any challenges.
You are the winner!

Each one has unique qualities.
Explore your inner qualities.
And utilising it to maximum extent.
By putting your best effort on it.
Is the Evergreen Winner.

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Beautiful Pearl Of Thoughts!

While writing a poem
The Poet may have to take a dip
In the river of emotions.

Sometimes
The poet may have to take
Number of dips
To drink the emotions
Sip by sip
And feel the
Thoughts slowly and slowly
Each tiny drops of thoughts
Turn into words.
And words flows around
You like butterflies.
To make a beautiful poem.

Sometimes the poet may have to
Dive so deep down
The seabed that
Poet may come out with
Beautiful pearls
Of thoughts.
So is the poem too
Like a pearl of words
Where each pearl of words
Is passed thru thread and tied together to
Form a beautiful
Necklace of pearls.
So is the reader too
Enlightened
By reading it and feeling it.
Feeling each pearl is like
Wearing
A necklace of pearls.

Pearls are so precious as words
Unique shell cover the pearl of thoughts
Once penned down a beautiful poem comes out of a shell.

Like a Necklace of beautiful pearls.

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Beautiful Verses!

A wonderful poem flowing on beauty.
Your's lovely poem on beauty,
Did touch my heart too.
The flow of your poem was amazing!

A sort of sportiveness in your eyes,
With intriguing smile,
Walking with a splendor style,
An empathy in your voice,
With audacity in it.
Some compassion in your words,
With love in it
Heartfelt were her presence
With gracefulness in it.
That seized your kind heart.
Who doesn't like such a beautiful praise
coming from a poetic heart.

I was just wondering am I,
The dream girl in your picture?
With just a photo in your hand,
you made such a beautiful song on it!

I wonder do I match with your beauty of words.
The style and praise with which your poem flow.
Your each heartfelt words
Made me think..
Who is she, you have portrayed so beautiful?

Its your art of poem which made one so beautiful and attractive.
Its your eyes made one elegant.
Its your thoughts made one pretty.
Its not the beauty in one.....
But the way you portrayed, made one feels beautiful.
I appreciate your poem for making it more graceful.....
For beauty lies in the eye of beholder is the words rightly said.

One who carves a beauty from something ordinary
And convert into stupendous is the art of poet! ! !

Yes, I salute the poets who carves such an amazing poetry! ! !

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Before Taking A Bold Step!

Before taking a bold step
Take a good view of surroundings
Just after the step
If you realise you failed
Run as fast as you can!
Don't turn back.

Now with a boldness in your heart
Come to the same spot again,
When everything has calm down.

I am not telling one to be a coward
If you find yourself in front of angry bull
When no choice left, running is the best option.
As the words of love and peace cannot be ruminated by an angry bull!

Mirror can be protected before breaking,
When everything has cooled down,
Clean the cloudy mirror and ask them to look in it once again.
As we cannot clean their cloudy thoughts, but mirror in our hand we can
clean....

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Bitterness! / Kadvahat!

Bitterness!

Don't loose your sense
After drinking the bitterness of truth
Death is waiting for you
To loose your sense.

Wounds are fresh
To drink bitter juice of truth
Don't drink tears of your eyes
To heal your wounds.

.....Translation.....

Hosh na Gawa dena
Sachhai ki kadvahat pee Kay
Mauth aana abhi baaki hai
Hosh gawaney Kay liye.

Zakham harey bharey hai
Kadvahat ki ghoont pee nei Kay liye.
Aankhon Kay aasoo na piyo
Zakham bharney Kay liye!

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Blessed Day!

Move a head.
No more turning back! !

Stormy night is over.
Tides already turned over.
Heavy thunders and rain fell down with full shower.
Showers burnt down everything into ashes.
Remaining now is only a few ashes,
Which is as pure as reflection of self in mirror.
May you reflect like bright light forever.

Night is over.
With clear crystal blue sky smiling over.
With a glorious warmth of virgin sun falling rays all over.
A new day has come to welcome you!

A bright day is waiting for you,
To welcome you back,
Asking you to step once again into the brightness,
With full of warmth and love.
Once you step in, never step out back again.
It's asking you to,
Spread the message of peace and love.
Have a wonderful Good morning!
Have a Blessed day!
God Bless! ! !

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Boundaries Of Life!

A boundary has vast meaning.
But it has an intense meaning in ones life
Though Lines invisible
Only it's burnt can be felt
while trespassing it.
These are the powerful lines
Meant physically as well as emotionally.
Yet it carries a simple meaning
Where heart is controlled by mind.
Control on ones desire and emotions.
Its like an oath taken by self
One will stand to it, whatever may come on the way.

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Breaking News

Morning b'fast without a brewing cup of coffee
and the breaking news is incomplete.

I keep on scrolling the T.V. Channels
to see the news.
There is not even a single channel
which didn't go without a breaking news.

Today crimes are increasing at alarming speed
medias alert the people in a span of seconds
as the technology is so advanced.
but the criminals mind work much faster
that they also use the latest technology.

Every channel is flooded with breaking news
Crimes, corruption, natural calamities,
hollywood, business, sports etc

Today, no news is so shocking
as every now and then there is someone killed.
And when high alert is announced
we get the message immediately
which will keep the people off the road
and thus danger can be averted.

Technology is so fast developed that
just sitting at home
we get news around the world.

Just imagine the days
when newspaper and radio were only
the source of news.
People patiently waited to hear the news
which comes at a particular time.
Those days we don't get the
breaking news very often as we get today.
In those day crime were either less
or many crimes went unreported.
Today with every heartbeat at least one

crime is being committed.
Then breaking news play the role.

News has changed our thoughts
it make the people aware of their rights
and how one can be alert
and what can be done if crime is being committed.
News have changed the insight of the people.
People have become bold
and positive in approach.

Million Thanks to the scientists who
contributed their day and night of their life for
bringing the latest technology available to us
and made our life more comfortable.

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Broken Promises!

Promises lay broken like the toy broken forever
Only heard in echoes were the sobs breaking in air.

Promises were the seeds that were sowed on ones heart
When it was the time to reap they pulled their words back.

The harvest was sold and profits were booked
Everything was done at the cost of ones trust.

Promises are the words that flows freely anywhere
They cannot be trusted though they are written deep in ones heart.

It was mere a game to play with ones heart
Where each breath cried on being fooled in life.

While standing in front of mirror they smile back through the broken pieces
One cannot forget the words that pierced the knife in ones heart!

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Building A Strong Fence!

A beautiful tree
Stood in the mid of garden
By spreading its lovely shades
Gently clutch of dullness
Fenced in from all the sides.
Awfulness added further
Bloodsucker overpowered it.
The tree was
Strong enough to recover on its own...
When it had fence of strong will power
Parasites dared not to touch it.
Taking advantage of weakness
Leech Utilises all its ability to conquer it fully
So that tree is reduced to nil
By sucking all its strength of will power.

Day by day
completely dried with
Few leaves and branches
About to die..
No one knew what the problem was
Except the tree!

Unexpectedly a powerful light of sun
Went deep down the root of problems
Dig out the weakness
Sucked the poisonous parasites out of it
Chopped its negative hurdles
And that weakness was well manured
Drops of support and care from loved ones
Made it strong
And converted that dullness into its strength
Now tree stood more lively and powerful than before.

Wait for the time
Time heals everything
Though the scars remain
But it will remind us of the past
But once a person rise after great fall

Will keep his eyes open and
Watch his steps
Which will never let him fall Again!

Times is the best teacher for everything!

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Burp!

Plate was full with delightful dishes
Served by the loveable hands
Kept in front of one who
Couldn't enjoy the meal so delicious.
Burp was heard somewhere nearby
every eyes followed the burp
Saw a hungry man eating leftovers
Mouthful with teasing appetite and
tears burping in his contented eyes!

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Call Me Dear To Your Dreams!

Call me dear to your dream
Of dreams.
Its dark tonight
With only
Bright Moons twilight
I am on way to sleep
Thinking of you
We are too far away to be near.
A full moon peeping through window
Asking me to come
Out and walk in to your heart.
With pleasant wind flowing
Am thinking of you
Call me dear to your dream of dreams.
Are you thinking of me
Or anyone else already in your dreams?
Shall I make a surprising visit to your dreams
And together we shall sing a poem on love
In the garden of Eden
And we dance with
The tune of winds
Waves playing a music of love
And together our
Heart beats in drums of love.
Fountains of music
Playing song of love just only for us
With only you and me
In the dream of dreams.

When I opened my eyes
I found myself in the
Heart of forest
I don't know
To whose dream I went mistakenly...
Leaving me wondered.

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Call Me Dear!

Call me dear!

Don't leave me alone deep down the woods and go
As I may lose my path without you.

Call me dear!

Don't leave me alone in the midst of this ocean
I may not swim across the ocean without you.

Call me dear!

Don't leave me alone in the darkness of this midnight.
I may not be able to see any light to move without you.

Call me dear!

Don't leave me alone in the midst of tears.
I may break down forever without you.

Call me dear!

Don't leave my hand in the mid of this journey.
As I may lose my way forever without you.

Call me dear to your heart!

Don't leave my hand in this journey of love.
Don't leave my hand as I may lose myself forever without you!

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Can I Be Your Valentine?

Can I be your Valentine if.....

Cuckoo stops singing
Rains stops dancing.
Winter stops chasing rain.
Black roses starts blooming.
Night shining bright in sunlight
Sun shining bright with twinkling stars.
Birds starts swimming
Fishes starts flying
Earth starts rolling
Snow-falling in summer
Trees stops shedding leaves.
Seasons starts turning everyday.
Heart stop bleeding
Wind stops blowing
If moon taking nap in lap of earth.

Can I be your valentine?
If you are Loving self with no conditions.
If you know your body and soul is the only shadow,
which will walk with you,
with no conditions till your last breathe.

I don't have place in your heart as you love only self and walk together hand in hand with your shadow.
How can I be your Valentine, when I am sure to leave you in mid way of your life?

Our eyes often search for things which is beyond our sight
What is insight we don't see...
Life is a puzzle,
Often the answer remains hidden in puzzle.
That's the beauty of life!
Still I say life is Beautiful!
As life keeps on rotating us in labyrinth of life!

This poem is just for fun
Don't reply for this one!

Happy Valentines day!

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Canvas That Refused To Paint!

Many poems were soaked with tears
They were dried and beautifully spread for presentation.
Words were picked from the depth of my heart
Written by my pen filled with my blood
Which were bleeding on being wounded
The pains were not my imagination
But were the real flow from depth of my heart.
Today the blood got dried
And made it heartless like stone.
My heart forgot the words of love
My pen refused to write
My canvass made fun of me...
Teasingly said
Are you going to write a poem on love?
If you want to write on love
First feel it, so
I ran behind the butterflies, flowers, rivers, clouds, rains, trees and seasons.
To catch the glimpse of lovely nature
There is nothing so loveable than the nature has gifted us
There is nothing more loveable than the life we are gifted with
To enjoy each moments of life and nature.
Without which I was mere nothing.
To feel love I need a heart
To feel heart I need a life
To feel life I need a soul.

Finally I imagined and painted pictures of love.
Now my canvas is filled with colours of love.

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Captain's Journey

Adorned with
Lovely people
Full of life
Full of noise
and commotion
The huge ship
Started
Its thrilling journey
Thru unknown path
Lead by the proud captain.
Tides and waves
kept hitting and
drifting the ship
But
voyage continued
With hurdles.
All of a sudden the storm
Stood on its path
But It crossed
All obstacles.

Captains
presence of mind
Overtook all hurdles
that
What ever may come
He was ever ready for it.

Captain lead the
Ship to its destination.
Few of them got down
Some of them boarded
For next destination.
Captains journey
Continued with
Old and new
Passengers
and kept on continuing...

Till his destination was reached.

Life is nothing but a journey
Hurdles are the challenges
Each challenges
Make us strong.
Don't know when the
Twist and turns come
All of a sudden
Changes your complete
Journey on its
Way to destination.

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Chalk

Just a piece of chalk
Soaked all the ink
Removed all the stains
Of tears and pains

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Challenging Cracks!

Paths are diverting!
Surprisingly end of one path is the beginning of new path.

Yes, you are right, I am mere a light,
Just removed the darkness inside the earthenware vessel
But today cracks shook the walls of vessel.
It's sad the prolonged vessel going to be shattered.
Well it was never in my hand
As the time and climate withered it away.
None could save it from crashing.

But today, I am going to read this in other way...

Today cracks started appearing
Light is that driving force which will break the vessel of darkness,
to spread the light everywhere.

Your challenging words are those driving force behind to move forward.

A new path is coming my way
I can see through the cracks of earthen vessel
Which is going to break from all sides.
May be my cloudy thoughts are going to break
And showing me clear way to look ahead.
Unexpectedly I came across this path
Today, I am surprised to see there is a way through a tinted hole.
Not sure is this path long or short?
Through my experience, I am going to crack it.
I have to move.
I will not regret if I fail
Nothing can be worst ever than today.
I will not regret to fall into dust.

I am moving ahead.
I want to rise to the star
From this earth to the star
To prove myself
That I ever existed
If I touch star

And never return back
I won't regret
As I made up my mind to move,
To prove I ever existed
Though you may or may not see
But many will witness this star
Rising for at least once and
falling to the dust!

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Cheers!

In the midst of hot air,
A thin air of coolness
My brain sucked up
And made a way to my heart
Boiling with anger.
One straw of calm air
Churned with my anger
Mixing it with
Cold ice
A delicious drink
Was ready to be served.

Toast the drink....
Made with mixture emotions
Served with all my heart.
My love for you
Will float in the top
Of the glass
Like an ice cream.

One sip of it
Will get you relaxed
From whole days of hard work
Which the thoughts of yours
May dance to the tune
Of other emotions
Thereby playing a melody
Of music of love
Which will keep you refreshed.

Anything served with love and pleasant smile
Keeping all emotions at bay.....
Will open the window of air
coolness and calmness
Will overflow your Heart!

Oh my Love,
I thank you
From my Heart

For taking the delicious...
Cheers!

When your beloved wait for you with Love and pleasant Smile
What can be more be delicious than this!
Am I right!

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Cherish When Alive!

Just half an hour before death.
There lay an old feeble body
With just breathing in
Surrendered with near and dear ones.
Doctors said
Left with few minutes.
Knowingly he prayed God
And like a flash back
He looked back into his life
And cherish each moment
Happily
As well the bitter moments
Which he went through.
Since a childhood
Till now..
Where he lay in bed.
By the half hour
He remembers
each and everything.
He kept on telling all
that he can feel.
He shared with us the
joyous ones as well the
painful ones
which touched his life.
later...
He said he is feeling
Sleepy and he looked
Everyone for the last time,
and
Slept forever.

.....

May each of us get a time to cherish
All those moments and enjoy it
At least once in our life time
May each of us take a time to look back and see.

We can cherish as long our soul resides in our body!

Cherish while Alive!

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Child Abuse!

Child Abuse...

Is such a word of horror
Only the child knows
How much pain she would
Have been,
When she went through trauma.

How can one do such a thing?
Parents realizes too late.
What can be more worst is,
When their own relations,
Break their trust.
What the Child went through is beyond words.

Raped further.....
With many questions pointed to her to prove herself.
Is the worst adding to her mental trauma.
As well her near ones doesn't support her
Instead throws tantrums on her.

Cover her with a shield of your protection and love.
Discuss openly with her
Regarding child abuse and all.
Make her feel always comfortable
That you are there will her always.
If child is introvert, observe her changes
Take her into confidence and open up her feelings.
Whether good or bad listen only listen coolly.

You cannot always be there as a shield
So help her to built a confidence of shield around her.
So that she always uses her presence of mind.
And this shield will protect her.

Child abuse may happen once or more.
But the scar is so deep inside the heart.
That its looks fine from outside.
She starts her life
Carries this scar with her till her death.

It is a life long punishment.
Even the culprit may serve or not, few years in jail.
He will think he paid for the crime
And lives happily.

Worst is the victim,
who didn't serve any imprisonment
Yet live a life of SELF IMPRISONMENT!

Never ever discuss the trauma
At any point of life.
Treat her like before!

Love Girl child as she needs yours Love!

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Childhood Dimples!

Childhood is like dimples in chubby cheeks
Looks very lovely
When dimples are filled with fun and mischief
Along with Innocent smiles and plenty of tears
Where dreams are none
With the pinch of all emotions present.

Love and caress are their heart longs for.
Follows you often holding your hands so tight
Trying often to step into your big and fat boots
Trying to keep their tiny foot on your footsteps
They love to imitate the ideal ones they come across in their life!
They grasp everything very quickly
You cannot escape from their tiny and sharps eyes.

They are like the loosened soil.
Which can be moulded easily the way one want.

Child is present in every man
For its the first baby steps towards a man.
In any point of time one may enjoy the child in self.
Its innocence can never be forgotten ever in lifetime!

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Choice Is Yours!

It was raining heavily.
I was on thrill of driving
My brand new car
Which my bro gifted to me
On my birthday
With six of my friends
Choked up in it
With loud music on
None wearing seat belt!

I was driving at low speed
But my friends challenged me
They mocked me
Are you driving car or bullock cart

I saw highway empty
But still raining heavily!
With darkness of night.
I said just wait and watch!

I increased the speed
Kept on increasing
As all were enjoying!

Road was with ups and down
Passing thru hills
All of a sudden came a steep turn
I try to slow down
Music was very loud that
I couldn't hear the warning signal
From other passing car.
Then I felt my break failed
I tried to stop the car hopelessly.

But car collided with the divider
Within a seconds
Every one was thrown out of car
I don't know long I was unconscious!

All I could see is
All my friends lying in hospital bed
With fractures.
Except one.

I went searching for him and understood
That he is no more.
I could see his body lying ready
For funeral.
All our friends and his family was crying
His smiling photo was hung
on wall
with garland on it...
It smiled and said

Speed thrills
But also kills.
So let's not enjoy this thrill anymore!

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Chronic Bachelors!

Once a bright Sun and full moon fell in love
Our dear and lovely earth was the sole witness to this affair.
They said lets run together
Far away from here
When we both are free.

But this left our thoughtful earth wondered
What time they both are free.
One goes to day duty
While the other leaves for night duty
Both believed and dedicated themselves,
To the duty first.
Earth said I will come to sign the witness for you
Unfortunately when the earth reached
Sun and moon both were busy with their duties.

You know a secret.....
That's why they never got married.

And so still they are the chronic bachelors!

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Cockroaches Of 21st Century!

Big cockroach, Tiny cockroach
Fat cockroach, Slim cockroach
Black cockroach, Brown cockroach
Some funny, some panicked, some curious,
Some intelligent and smart too.

Jogging and walking in all direction.
It seemed that I am their guest in my house.
Made me run after them here and there.
They were playing hide and seek with me.
I brought pills to kill
Nothing got killed
I mixed killer powder in food and kept
But it grew fatter ever after munching it.
I brought the cockroach spray, to keep them away.

Cockroaches which escaped from My killer spray
Has more life than I thought
For I couldn't end the fate of cockroaches
Which came up with better fate than me.

My cockroaches
Were very powerful and strong willed
I think they learnt the breathing techniques too
After all they were too practicing yoga along with me.
I sprayed on big cockroach
It stood motionless for a minute
Holding those poisonous breathe.
The moment I stopped
It flew away.

My head started reeling
After inhaling
The powerful fumes!

I think I should learn
Something from
The modern cockroaches
They are well versed with spray

And I think they too watch T.V. and internet
Now they know how to escape.
It just left me wondered
How they manage their life so beautifully.
Though tiny but they do teach us a lot!

After all they have their own techniques to survive in this modern world!

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Color Palette

Color palette in my hand
To sketch a rainbow colors in my canvas.

Each colors are the truth of ones life
It's the fact which want to protrude from the canvas
Which I am going to portray it.

My many poems were based on true colors,
But stirred very well with contrasting colors,
So that it can leave you puzzled which one was the base color.

Now the base color looks hidden
And my brush dipped in the color and
Brush spreading to paint on my canvas.

Seven lively colors will be mixed together.
And now a beautiful rainbow took a flight to the sky.

Find the base color if you can!

Life is a combination of colors
Colors are our roles
Talking to a child and
Talking to old ones
Are the different colors one has to paint with.
Life is beautiful only when it is colorful like the rainbow colors...

Dec 6,2013.

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Colorful Bubbles!

When pain shrieked into droplets of tears
Hardly I knew ever it will sublime in air
Vapors of dead past gone dried
When will I come out of past and
Climb the ladder of present.
Am I going to soak and rinse in bubbles of past?
I know not where I am going right now for sure!

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Colors Of Love!

I can never forgive you,
for the colors of hatred,
you have poured on me.
But how can I forget that,
Once you've filled my life with,
Wonderful colors of love.

Colors of love is so golden that,
It can mingle with any color,
That one will not be surprised,
When did the hatred turn into love.
So is the color admirable.

Hail! to the colors of world
Who have filled the world with different colors
With color of love being the best!

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Come On Let's Dance!

Dance is an art
For its music to your heart.

Dance is the passion
For it's love in your heart.

Dance to the storms
For its hatred in your heart.

Dance to the breeze
For its calmness in your heart.

Dance to the strings
For its waves in your heart.

Dance to the thunder
For its anger in your heart.

Danced to the pain
For its love in your heart

Dance to your breathe
For its beats in your heart.

Dance to the drums
For its music in your heart.

Dance to the rain
For its passion in your heart.

Dance on your every colours of love, anger, pain and hatred.
Dance leaves you wondered after taking you through thunders.
Dance on every blended colour that rains in your heart.
Dance leaves you cool, calm and pleasant, every reason to wander!
Dance is the thread binding soul, heart and body together.

Let's Dance!
Dance in love.
Dance in passion.

Let's enjoy the Dance!

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Crash!

My mind is not catching
With your tunes
My mind is not catching
With your music
My mind is not catching
With your rhythms
My mind is not catching
With your voice
My mind is not catching
With your song.
My mind is not matching
With your heartbeats
My mind is not matching
With your love
My mind is not matching
With your speed.
My mind is not matching
With your words.

I am on crash diet or
Is diet crashing me?
Diet not matching me
Weight is catching me!
Making me plumpy and plumpy.
Confused with match and catch.

My mind is not catching your signal! !

I am just confused
With match and catch.
Nothing just landed in a CRASH!
Opps! Just NetWork Crashed! ! !
Chill.....

Let's have a TEA BREAK with Choco Chipps! ! !
One Smile Please!

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Crowned With Feathers Of Experience!

Gooseberries are the fruit that tastes
Tart, Sour, pungent and finally sweet
It's like testing of all your qualities
Then finally giving sweetness of the fruit.

Experience is the test of patience.
Fruits are the reap of hard work, ripens at different times.
Like parents getting love and care in their older times.
Relishing the rare Fruit of contentment is another feather.
Never loose that fruit to the time or to anyone
Relish it whenever you get.

But being happy in-spite of all odds is another feather added.

Experience teaches us,
Never dance, when some one play with music of your emotions.
No stones can touch you until you allow so.
Spread the lights of wisdom and love, peace is sure to follow.

Experience is the scars remained,
Telling us to walk cautiously.

Experience is the best teacher
Which give us pain first to make us understand
Then teach lessons.

It teaches us to rise strongly
Even after falling from a great height.
Its making us strong
By testing us hard
Its like iron has to pass thru a high temperature
To mould it perfectly strong.

Who doesn't want to wear crown?
Each of us has crown.
Each feather embed in it is the experience.
And
Experience is the wonderful teacher!

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Cry For Help!

Am a shining precious diamond
To protect me
From the fiery and Prying eyes
My mom covered me with
Black blanket.
I remain hidden for many years
But slowly
My ever shining glow
Started speaking..
And I came to the light of many.
My mom did all that to protect me
May be her insecurity
Prompted her to do that.
I lost my dad long back.
But now moms turn arrived
She left me alone with tearful eyes.
She had so concern for me
Even after her death
Her eyes were fixed on me.
Now who will protect me?
Oh God! Help me please.

If I had been familiar with the world
I would have protected myself
If I had been taught to fight
If I had been taught to face the world boldly
If I had been taught to face reality
Or the bitterness,
Today, I would have survived tactfully!

Each time you kept me
Under the shell of your love and protection!
Of course I knew you loved me so much
But now
Mom.....tell me what should I do?
You left me all alone to my fate...

.....
Please allow the children to face realities.

Make them strong to face this world boldly.
Love them Leave them not!
But let them stand on their own.
After all How many days can you hold child's hand firmly.
One or the other day they have to live alone!

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Cut Off!

A cut off I feel from everyone.
May be I don't want to listen.
May be I don't want to see.
May be I don't want to hear.
May be I don't want to face the world again!

A fear struck in me,
Don't know when a bow,
Will pierce my heart.
A fear gripped me,
Today, I fear everyone.
All my boldness drained away from me along with the flow of water.
May be I don't want to face the world again!

A blanket of darkness gripped me from all sides,
I feel like to be silenced as my brain stopped thinking,
It stopped moving further.

I am silent as my,
Brain on strike,
My mind on strike,
Heart stopped speaking to, well its on strike too,

All singing in chorus...
A cut off or a silence is required from everything and everyone.
A slight cut off from speaking to all, that's all!

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Cutting Tea In Rainy Stall Of Lonavala!

Half a cup of boiling water
Two teaspoon of sugar
Half a cup of boiling milk
Two teaspoon of tea leaves
So fresh and evergreen
Dried so brown with enchanting flavour
Just two whistle on boiling kettle
Makes our tea delightful forever
Few sprinkle of Cardamom
Two dew drops of ginger
Will give a mix flavour.

Especially it's a joy to have flavoured tea while having bathed in heavy waterfall.
When Bushi Dam overflows, the water falls down the steps below
Some just enjoy to sit on steps while some under heavy waterfall
Water is chilling cold and breeze will freeze you down.
To have the hot tea flavoured, from hawkers stall is really tempting
To have a sip while shivering in cool breeze
Cutting tea is the favourite of mumbaikars
Just a small sip of four empties your cutting glass of tea.

Drizzling rains
Playing and dancing in rain
Shivering with the cool breeze blowing all over you
With a corn cob just roasted in fire
Sprinkled with salt, chilly powder and few dices of lemon juice spread all over.
Make a delightful taste especially in wet rainy season.
And a cutting tea in hand
Makes our weekend filled with joy so profound ever!

So do you wish to visit the Busy dam in Lonavala
Which is the famous picnic spot especially during heavy rainfall
Why not to enjoy the bountiful beauty of nature along with
hot flavoured cutting tea and grilled spicy corn.
Don't forget to visit the nearest beautiful station Khandala
Which will add flavours to your weekend!
Where one cannot stay away from Trekking!

.....

Note. Lonavala Just next to Khandala in Maharashtra,
Famous song Bollywood song....Aathi Kya Khandala!
Cutting tea mean a small glass of tea, and tea keeps on boiling in big vessel.
Lonavala and Kandala are famous hill stations and famous tourist spot.
Winter season, these places are covered with thick fog, one cannot see even the
vehicle coming.

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Daily Valentine Wish!

Sitting on the throne of love
Pouring out few words of love
Daily into a mug of coffee
Stirring with a lovely smile
Relishing it with warmth of togetherness
Glowing each sunny day turns
Into a Beautiful Valentine day!

Holding hand in hand of trust and love
Walking through a rough and smooth roads
Make their destination more simplifier and joyful
As the joy and pain were equally shared
When one was about to fall a trusted hand to hold it tight.
When one was in pain a soothing touch did all miracles right.
Each adventurous path they crossed it bright.
Each sea sailed together felt very light.
Made their life so happy and bright.
Even to cross the perils of storms together
With all might.

To cross the storms and tide smoothly
While enjoying of being each moment together!
What can be the better wish one expects in life to savour
None other than the
Beautiful daily Valentine Wish.

What more lovely wish would you ask St. Valentine? .

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Dance An Art!

Dance is an art so beautifully played
Where the artist speaks silently through
All emotions of anger, pain, hatred and love.
Every rhythmic movements of her body
Flows along with the music.
It's the musical movements of the body
Where one touches the heart and soul.
Each rhythmic steps carries a deep and beautiful meaning.

Each Movements are like the sweet breeze flowing In rhythms
Each steps are like as if mingling with drizzling rains.

Shiva's cosmic dance, tandava
Kali's dance of creation and destruction
Krishna popular Rasa Lila, a romantic dance with gopikas

Indian Classical dance gave a touch of drama, music and story telling.
Hand gestures in Bharat Natyam
Kathakali for dancers elaborate costume.
Kathak and Sattriya took the form of ritual dance
Kuchipudi accompanied with Carnatic music
Odissi take its form of various postures seen in Indian Sculptures

Folk dances are the group dance, Bhangra, Garbha, chholiya and many.

Dance has no boundaries
Flowing along with many tributaries
It's like the vast ocean
Where each forms are its precious gems
Each rivulets are its rhythmic movements.
Each waves are its beautiful movements.
Sweet fragrance are its emotions
Drizzling rains are its bountiful movements.
Thundering and lightening are its music
Humming bees, chirping birds are its music of love.
Tide, storms are its music of pain and anger.
Each sun rays are its powerful moments.
Each sweet breeze are its musical movements.

Dance is the Gestures, Music, Emotions and Rhythmic bodily moments.

Note..Courtesy Google

Shiva, Krishna and Kali are the name of Indian deities!

Gopikas- cow-herd girls.

Names of Classical dances: Bharat Natyam, Kathakali, Kathak, Sattriya, Kuchipud, Odissi

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Daughters!

Daughters are the beloved of parents
They are the proud of the parents.
With their splendid heart they win everyone.
This relationship is woven so beautifully in their heart.
When they get married and settle elsewhere,
Though this thread is invisible in grooms home,
Just take a deep dive into the daughters heart
You will find deep hidden love always for their parents.

Betiyaan! (Hindi)

Babul Ki pyaari hoothi hain betiyaan
Babul ki raunak hoti hain betiyaan
Maaykay ki garv hoti hain betiyaan
Her ek ko apne dil say jeet lethi hain betiyaan.
Dil say Banda hua hotha hai dor unka babul say
Woh dor Sasural mein dikhayee nahin detha hai
Agar dil ki gehrayee mein jhankhoge toh
rishta gehrayee ka dikhayee detha hai.

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Dear Teacher.....

Few words I would love to put especially for you.....
Dear Geeta teacher!

You always come with freshness of smiles,
Like the beautiful sunrise,

With the fragrance of our,
Beautiful school day memories,
Filled with news of old and new,
Joy and sorrow too.

Link us together in a net everyday.
Believe me though we are far away from our school
You refresh us with the events on school.
This gives us a feeling of our presence in the school.
This make us too near to school though we are too far from you.
You make our school days live with the lovely events you

Thank you dear teacher for the smiles you bring us!
Please keep on updating as we are always waiting for your smiles.

Thank you dear teacher..
Wishing you a Happy New Year 2014.
God Bless you!

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Dedicated To All Loveable Teachers!

My words are very less
Yet feeling blessed
As I convey my gratitude
To all my loveable teachers.

When ink spreads on paper
Moulds one at galore
There is always
Something beyond
The topic written
On the blackboard.

Childhood of innocence
Looks at the bright light
Beaming towards her
Perceives something
And weaves her
Dreams with insight.

As the days pass by
She climbs the stairs at a time
Probably call it a foundation
From where she weaves
Her future visions
Thereby building
The perfect structure of
Precious womanhood!

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Dhadkan!

Ek intezaar tha
Un lamhon ka
Jo meri zindagi mein
Ek pyaar ki kiran ki tarah ayee
Mein aaj bhi un dhadkanooh Ko mehsoos kar rahi hoon.

Raath ho chali thi
Andhera aur sannata chaaya hua tha
Aur mein sadak paar kar rahi thi
Achanak se ek haath ne mujhe
Unki aur kheech liya
Unki bahon mein
Mere dil ki dhadkan tej ho gayii
Aur aawaz aathe aathe gale tak rukh Gayee
Unki saasein bhi meri tarah tej thi
Maano mujhe dhak rahi ho
Jo mujhe mehsoos ho rahi thi.
Ek apnapan tha
Yaa. pyaar jhalkh raha tha
Jo mujhe kareeb se dekh rahe ho
Ek ajeeb se bechaini
Aur mein unko dekhthe hi reh gaye

Humari aankhein ek doosre se takra gayi
Per andhera humare beech me khambhe ki tarah khada tha
Jo humein aar paar nahin hone de raha tha
Per humari saasein eh doosre se takra rahi thi.

Awaaz se yuh lag raha tha
Woh mujhe sadiyon se jaantha ho.
Aur woh mujhe dil se chhahtha ho
Eaisa lag raha tha unki har
Dhadkan mujhe pyaar se pukkar rahi ho.
Aur unki aankhon ki gehrayee ki aur
Lay jaa rahi ho.

Aur unhone achanak se haath chuda liya
Aur hafthe huae awaaz mein kaha
Agar tumhein kuch ho jaatha toh

Woh gaadi tumhe kuchal jaathi toh
Aur mein dekhtha he reh jaatha
Aur tumhe kya pata key mei tum se.....?
Bas itna kaha
Aur woh andhere mein goom ho gaya.

Pata nahin un lamhon ko
Mein kabhi bhool nahi payee
Unki tej saase gawah hai
Jo mujhe dhak rahi ho aaj bhi
Aapni pyaar mein.
Eaisa lag raha tha ki
Unki dhadkan tej thi
Mujhe apne paas paakar.
Kaash phir say
Woh lamhe meri zindagi
Mein vapas aa jaye
Aur mein phir se
Un pyaar mein rangna chhathi hoon.

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Don'T Blame Me!

Life is telling me don't blame me
If you are wrong.
I gave you eyes to see
Ears to hear
Heart to feel all emotions
Soul to light your life
Hands and legs to move freely
Nose to smell
But a wonderful brain to calculate.
Which you use like a parachute
You use only when you are in trouble
If the parachute doesn't work
Or rusted
Am I at fault?
Don't blame me....
You enjoy all the beauties of nature
You don't forget to enjoy fragrance
You enjoy everything
Then put blame on me.

I am not happy..
You gave me everything.....
But the control in your hands.

Yes, I do control you
Yes, I do create a scene
Yes, you have to do your part
But I gave a thing called brain
Why you didn't calculate the consequences
Yes, everything will be played as expected
But loosing self control lies in you
If you had calculated, you knew it this is going to happen
Still why don't you listen to mind,
Instead you want to listen to heart of emotions.
And move on.
So who is at fault?
Me or You?

Well its not my fault nor yours.

I gave you a beautiful life to enjoy
Yes control in my hand
I will open and close chapters of your life,
Which Was penned down before your birth.
Now I am too helpless to make a change in it.
All I can say is enjoy your life
Make the best of it
Not the worst of it.

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Don'T Count Stars!

A new dawn surprised me,
when tiny dewes sprinkled on my face,
Surprised I was to see,
Myself swinging in our beautiful garden,
I don't know when I fell asleep
Counting the twinkling stars.

Early morning awakened me,
But...
Reminded me a beautiful day had began
with sneezing
In full swing

It just reminded me only one thing..
Never count only stars but do count on moon too
Who just stood smiling only for you
Among the twinkling stars!

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Don'T Fall In Love With Me!

Don't fall in love with me
I am mere an illusion
A tiny part of this wonderful creation.

The moment you start loving me
I will disappear in no time
I am mere a body
Where soul brightens my life.
So, Don't fall in love with me

I am a beautiful maiden
You have given me a pretty name
You can see me till I am residing in this body.
The moment I shed my body
This beauty decays and
I am to be seen nowhere!
So, Don't fall in love with me.

Never fall into love with this perishable body
Which is a part of this wonderful creation
came here just to give only a guest appearance
The moment my part is over
I will disappear in no time.
So, Don't fall in love with me

The moment my soul leaves me
I am mere a perishable commodity
Which has to go into the furnace
where remains will be only the ashes.
So, Don't fall in love with me

Don't fall in love with me.
Love thy soul
As long as your soul lightens up your body
You can see me!

Don't fall in love with me!
Love thy soul
It will never die

It will live much longer than you and me!

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Down To Streets

Dressed in an old rags
An old man in the mid of sixties
Greyish white hair which fell across his face
Unclean and tangled hair.
Big bearded, looks like
He had not seen razor for many days
Greyish Moustache unevenly spread fall on his lips.
One torn and dirty long bag hung on his shoulder.
He wore one blackish coat worn out from many sides
His pocket hung loose outside.
His pants torn and worn out.
Very old shoes fully worn out from front
And the torn socks visible.

Morning he comes begging
Murmuring something in english
It seemed that he was not in his senses.
People were too afraid to go near him.
Keeps on talking to self and to the passersby.

Actually, he was from well off family.
Well educated and retired from a good position.
Initial days were good with family of three sons and wife.
Followed by wife's death
his sons took all his possessions
And made him penniless.

Being left with no choice
Left his own house
As his sons treated him badly
Started sleeping in street.

Years passed by, he was not in his senses.
He ate quietly what ever people gave.

Once on a heavy rainy day
He was lying beside one shop.
But on third day, he was found lying dead.
Ambulance came and took away his body.

Journey from own house down to streets.....

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Dustbin Of Surprises!

Everything comes in a packages of surprises...
May be a marriage, divorce, birth as well as death.
Every minute is a surprise..
Todays surprises are not pleasant ones
They are quiet shocking..

Todays dustbins are full of surprises!
Today everything is a dust....
So it goes into bin.
Used empty cups
Used relationships
In todays life
Not startled
To see them in garbage bin.
Its no longer surprise that
Which relationship is going to be dusted
And thrown into the bin.

Baby with heart beats in the heap
Of broken glasses, poisons
Left to die to become a prey of stray dogs
Ants eating the softy flesh of living cutie.
What more can be the worst surprise!

Be ready for surprises...
Live as if you have never lived today like before.
Cry and cry until u laugh thinking it was funny!
Finding happiness in small things is a must.
So that surprises wont be shocking you.

Never dream
such a dream
which will remain a dream!
Today even Happiness is a dream!
Never let your dream go into the bin.

When life can give so many surprises
Why not the dustbin!

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Echo Of Love

Today, on top of my voice I will shout.....
I love you!
Because there is no one to listen
Nor am listening to anyone
Nor anyone can see me
Nor I can see one.
I want to shout and tell
I love you dear with all my heart.
This one echo of love
Will come in multitudes of echoes
Will reach my ear
Will fill my heart with wonders of love.
As I am in the eyes of none
Nor anyone in my eyes.
My poems of love which rules my heart
Will speak in volumes.
My echo will flow everywhere.
And return me back
That's what I want.
You can listen me through my poems
And I will listen you too!
Never ever ask me from where I came,
or who am I.
Don't come behind me
I will vanish into thin air.
As I am the only poem
Which will fill your heart with love.
That's all my intention of
Coming here to sing a song on love.
Am a stranger and unknown
To this poem world.
I will wait for your lovely poem
And you do the same for me too!
We will be touch with each other
Only through these poems.
Let these poem be the bond
Of threading which flow between us.
I love to hear my echo...
I love!

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Echo!

Louder is the echo heard by all
Silence is the echo sensed deep down the heart
Echo is also sensed by you and me
Echo is also sensed amongst all.
Echo touches and returns back.
Some may just touch and reflects back
Some may touch deep down the heart and return back.
Echo can be defined in anyway.
One can sense in anyway one want!

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Ek Chai Aap Kay Saath! (Hindi)

Aapki gehri aankhon say jo kushi chhalak rahi thi jo
chaay kay pyalon say umad rahi thi
Maano eaisa laag raha tha
Do bund pyar ka os aap ney
Chai mein ghol diya ho
Pyaar ki kushboo toh chhalak rahi tha un pyalon say
Per woh ja lagi mere dil mein.

Pyar ki bundey aapki dil say chhalak rahey tha ya chaay ki pyalon say.
Chaay girtha hi chala gaya tray mein pyalon ki jagah
aur mein aapko dekhti hi reh gayi

Shakkar chai mein daal rahe thae
Ya mere dil mein mithas bhar rahe thae
Ki ek spoon shakkar ki jagah aap char spoon shakkar
Ghol rahey thae
Vaakey mein chay ki mithas aapki aankhon say kam tikhi na thi
Jo mere dil ko chir kar chali gayi

Per is bar dudh mainey milaya chai mein
Nahin toh aap chai mein itna dudh mila dethey thae ki
Chai kam aur coffee jayada lagney lagey

Bas chay taiyaar thi
Ek ajeeb si pyaar ki kushboo un chay kay pyalon say
Umad rahi thi..
Jo mere dil ko choo gayi.

Ek ajeeb si bechaini mehsoos ho rahi thi mere dil mein
Aur aap kay haathon say choot gayi chay ki tray.

Chay piya toh nahi meiney na hi aapney
Per aapki natkhat aankhon koi kam na thi
Chai mujhe pila hi diya mujhey apni palkon say!

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English Version.....A Cup Of Tea With You!

Geetha Jayakumar

Ek Mutthi Bhar Mitti!

Ek mutthi bar mitti
kya kya nahi keh jaathi hai!

Khoon pasine ki,
Kushoo aathi hai.
Anaj daane ki yaad dilathi hai.
Humari peit ki bhookh mitha dethi hai.
Humari pyaas mitha dethi hai.

Hum bane hai se jis mitti say,
Who mitti humari hai.
Ek mutti bhar mitti kya kya nahin keh jaathi hai!

Pag pag mein jo kheth aur khalihan
Lehrah rahe hai,
Won mitti humaein yaad dilathi hai,
Pasine se seencha hai meine isse,
Jo kaieeon ki zindagi kayam rakthi hai,
Mere pasine ki keemath yeh fasal,
Jo uss mitti se aaye hai,
Ek mutthi bhar mitti kya kya nahin keh jaathi hai!

Iss mitti ko aazadi dilaney mein,
Kai khoon pasine bahaye gaye.
Iss mitti me leekha hai,
Kaiyoon ne khoon se apne naam.
Yeh mitti humari jannani maatha hai.
Hum in mitti se bane hain.
Ek mutti bhar mitti kya kya nahin keh jaathi hai!

Jis mitti se hum aaye thae.
Ussi mitti mein humein jaana hain.
Karmon ka phal humein issi mitti mein bhogna hai.
Iss mitti mein humain naye karmon ko janam dena hain.
Jo goonj goonj kar aane walon pidiyon ko humari dastaan sunayegi.
Yeh mitti humari jannani maatha hai,
Hum iss mitti se bane hain.
Aur humein issi mitti me jaana hai!

Ek mutti bhar mitti kya kya nahin keh jaathi hai!

Sumi Nair

Submitted: Friday, October 11,2013

Edited: Wednesday, November 20,2013

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Ek Phool Jo Guldasthey Mein Na Saji! (Hindi)

Ek pyari see kali khil uthi aaj
Chaman ki Ghaati mein.
Badi hi Sehmi Sehmi
Sharmili aur musukurayee hui.
Sab say hatt kay.
Uskay roop aur rang bhi thae niraley
Na hi dharedaar kaantein thae usmein,
Woh toh thi sabsay hatt kay.
Per kushboo na thi
Us pyari see phool mein
Yehi ek kami thi usmein
Jo kabhi bhi guldasthey mein na Saji
Jo shaan say bhari thi
Rang birangi phoolon say.
Rakhi hui thi deewaankhaanay mein!

Note: English version: One Beautiful Flower Couldn't Add Beauty To Flower Vase!

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Ek Sham Aapkey Naam!

Phoolon ki kushboo ko tarashna hum na jaaney
Hum johari bhi nahin
Jo Heeray ki moolya ko pehchaaney
Heeray ki chamak
Kabhi bhi chup nahin sakthi
Woh nikhar kar aathi he hai meelon dur say!

Aapkey kadam jab is rang manch per padey
Dheemi baarish ki angdaeiyaan mein lipat kar
Cham Cham karthi Aapki Paayal
Ek ajeeb see gungunahat karti
Bheeni kushboo ki mehak liye
Jab is manch per thirakkay
Humarey is Sham ko
Ek sunhari yaadon mein badal dein.

Kala ki keemath anmol hothi hai
Jab woh ek kalakar ban kar nikhar Aathi hai
Kala ho hum na kabhi kalakar say alag kar saktthey hain
Kala to rag rag mein basi hai ek kalakar mein
Unki mehak Charon aur failti hai
Unchayi yon ki shikhar tak
Unhey Humein sarahna chhahiye
Ek taaliyon ki kadmadahat say!

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Empty The Load

Don't touch the things
On truck

Why?

We are the only authorised
Ones
To empty the load.

I can choose who
Should unload my truck.

Nope, you cannot
As long as we are here.

.
We will ourselves
Un Load the truck

No you cant
Its our area we will decide.

I have just shifted
To this new place
And these are my household
Things and along
With me are my relatives and friends.

Now, the time has
Come
Made me feel
I cannot do anything on my own...
My things
My people
My place
I cannot decide
Really pathetic.....

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Enlightenment And You!

Flowing river is telling in silence
You give me all your pains.
And I will take it gracefully
But I will fill your heart with purity of light and peace.

Cloudy sky is drifting away from you by
Either pouring out tears of pains or hatred
Are Carried away by the wind
Telling you the sky is clear
And thereby making a way of sun light to fall upon each of us.
Asking you to spread the lights of peace and love.

Snowy mountain whispering in silence.
Give me all your frozen pains.
My chilling cold will send you warmth of peace and love.

Melting snow is whispering in silence
Give me all your tears of pains
I will take all your tears and
Send you warm waves of peace and love.

Each cold flakes is telling,
Your each pains has shattered everywhere like the flakes
Now your heart has emptied all your pains.
Its just telling a new snowy mountains will be formed
New flakes will be formed on each day till freezing exists.
And each flakes will touch the powerful rays of sun
And each flakes will illuminate your heart with
Light of peace, love and happiness.
This powerful rays you will share with
Millions of people
There by making your most worthiness of life
For which God has chosen you to spread
These powerful rays
By enlightening you first with the light of powerful knowledge
Which you are spreading
To whom ever coming your way asking for it.

We are enriched with most valuable inborn gifts

Its rays wont reach outside,
If kept dark inside a deep hollow covered underground.
Spread the lights of knowledge, peace and love.
As God had chosen you right.
Let these guidance of light,
Lights the life of millions
There by bringing a new paths of life
To face the new challenges.

We often tell angels comes only once a while
We have not seen any angels
But the powerful thoughts you spread
Which enlighten others
Is the angel itself
Which God had chosen You,
to send these messages.

What can be more beautiful and meaningful to ones life
If you are chosen by God!
If you are chosen by God! ! !

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Exclusive Few Lines Designed For.....

Few lines designed Exclusively for the second last page!

When I lost all my desires and hope to live.

Life is now pulling me back into its illusionary web.

Especially tempting me with lucrative offers

Exclusively dressed for me.

May be to trap me into its magical web.

I want to turn down all offers including this life!

Why don't you offer me the one which I needed always?

Why everything goes in opposite way

Keeps haunting me?

When I fluttered and cried inside cage

Where were you?

Now when I got used to it,

You want to free me.

Now what's the use?

For everything, age and time has it own limitations.....

Can I stand under chilling cold waterfall for too long?

Can I go for trekking which I loved once?

Can I go for long driving?

Can I have as much as Ice cream I want?

Can I eat sugarcane with my teeth?

Can I dance, can I run, can I play, in rain....

Today, I prefer to be remain tied as ever,

Whether my desires are caged or not!

Now at this age if I do all such things all of a sudden

Will not people call me insane?

Can my health withstand it after a long gap of time?

Can I run like before?

Can my wings flutter again?

Now with my wings broken how can I fly again?

When you gave wings to fly

Why did you kept me caged ever?

Now I don't want to fly....

I have stopped dreaming anything!

At least don't take away that last choice from me!

After all the desires being caged for long
Today, all got washed away
Cage is free from any desire!
Sea shore is peaceful as ever! ! !

You may think what is in the last page?
Well the last page will be the answer for all the questions, unanswered!
Which the readers will write on their pages with their heart in it.
Ha..Ha....Ha..SmilesI

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Experiment With Flute!

Beautiful Bollywood songs
He went on playing
In an early morning hours.
Old melodies were the best
his flute played over and again
None appreciated him ever
As it was routine
For the flute seller.

I just stood listening to him
When ever he went passing by.
On one fine evening
He stood in crowded place
As usual playing his flute.
I too got tempted to buy one.
I tried playing there itself.
I said my flute not playing
Like yours
So would you change with
Another one like yours.
He said laughingly
You have to keep your
Fingers on and off the holes in flute
I tried my best
But just one long sound heard
and few people
looked and smiled at me
I felt bit embarrassed and
Told him shyly I will practice it
At home and took the flute.

Well it was a wonderful experiment with flute!

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Geetha Jayakumar

Eyes When Opened In Slumber!

Crossed the river with broken heart
Buckled it with the threads of time.
Thoughts when flew into my breath
Tears went rolling down my pen,
Relieving my heart from extreme twinges.
Feet got impaired as I progressed
While the heartbeats in past dead wood
Wanted to ponder and yonder.
Shabby memories opened its eyes in slumber
While seasons fell off one after another!

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Fabric Of Armour!

Night unveiled the quantum mysteries.
All the conspiracy plaited in the series.
He knew there was no other way round,
Injected the bullets with safest sound.
Blood was shed from the arm length.
Words of love spoken and shed by night.

The time has never woken up the life that lost.
Does the time give options enough to defend?
Is it today, you, tomorrow may be I?
After all, we wear the clothes of the same fabric.

Mother weaves dreams for her only son,
Was his fate meant to end somewhere else?
Lost him forever who was in his youth's..
Was it by fault or just for being triggered?
Which anchored the moving mob from fear.

Perhaps the same drops holds the lives of many,
Yet life was meant to move forward if any.
Ample of stories to be pumped from the chest.
Who all gets the chance to wear the armor of trust?

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Note # Violence, death.

Geetha Jayakumar

Faded Footprints!

Faded are your thoughts
That once filled your presence in my life.

Faded are your memories
That were once the spark of my life.

Faded are your presence
That once filled your fragrance in my life.

Faded are your voice
That once I longed to hear your song with chord less voice.

Faded are your words
That once were filled with trust and love.

Faded are your footsteps
That once I longed to hear.

Faded are your footprints,
Which I longed to keep my steps on your footprints made on sand.
But today shores washed them away.
As if they have been washed away from my memories too.

Today no longer I hear your footsteps,
Everything seems to be far away
Am I far away from you?
Is it my thoughts far away from you?
Time and fate changed their ways.
It seems....
Life too will become faded.
I am not sure memories may perish or not,
I am sure to perish,
Once the fate is decided!

Everything I had kept in my beautiful memories
Those memories were shattered into pieces for which I was once proud of.
I regretted when I came to know the fact that
I always remained faded in your memories.
I was always faded in your memories! ! !

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Geetha Jayakumar

Fake Coins!

This world is mean minded
Its people are self centered!

Just with a few strokes of brush they apply glowing touch to others portrait.
And present the painting as their own.
And they keep on adding feathers of appreciation on their cap.

Whom I should praise?
The poet or the presenter?
The poet who wrote the poems with his own blood
With his own breathe!
It was not just the ink he used in pen, it was his blood
He wound his heart to fill the pen with blood
How should I praise the poet who wrote poems behind the curtain
Who never made any appearances before the world
Thunders of clapping did appreciate his work
To the one who recited his poems
But not the poet!

This is the world
These are its people.
Our own world and our own people!

From far here, this world is so beautiful
But from near I hear the fake coins jingling in my silence heart!

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Note. Plagiarism

Geetha Jayakumar

Few Wishes!

Very few wishes I was expecting
May be of few words that I longed to hear today.

May be the flowers bloomed were less today
May be the sunrays didn't hug me today.
May be the warmth breeze forgot to kiss me today.

May be the sweetest breeze,
didn't carry the words of fragrance nor do any warmth of love.

After all the wishes are just made of few words.

But if the love and fragrance
doesn't exists in those wishes
the wishes doesn't carry any sense.

When path is blocked with memories
those memories I have to unblock it
As they stood in my path
obstructing the clear view
to move forward.

Coolly and slowly
Every wishes will be faded
One day to become a few memories.
I am slowly setting my mind to freeze.
Moving a head!

Forget the wishes
Forget the memories
Those were just blocking me.
They were just the blockages in my heart.
Today is just reminding me, to think of only tomorrow!

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Geetha Jayakumar

Flooding

Drizzling of rain
Spreading aroma of earth
Feel like dancing in rain
Cooling the mind and the body.
Enjoying the rain.

Remembering the day of flooding

The rain continued pouring
for the second day.
I went out in the rain as usual
with colourful umbrella in hand
the gusty wind came dashing
and took away my umbrella.

Meanwhile heavy downpour started
and roads not visible
as water was logged in.

Bus came at the bustop
I jumped in to it.
Carrying a dozen of passengers
the bus began moving ahead.

The speed of the bus
was as low as that of bicycle.
Still it crawled and
sudden came to halt
in the midst of the road
where no one around
surrounded by water.

We saw the water level reached
upto the one step of bus
then the heavy rainfall water
added it more.
as the water entered the bus
all passenger climbed to the
roof of the bus.

It was midnight now
and more than 6hrs
we got stuck inside the bus.

The downpour of rain continued
and the water level reached the window
of the bus.

Our network was down
and no one could be contacted
but one message we sent successfully
and waited patiently for
the rescue team to come
and save us.

The bus began to shake
we all got panicked
as no one knows the swimming.
Praying God
we waited patiently.

Morning we got up
finding that we all are alive
but our eyes were searching
for help.
The cloudburst was so strong
that we couldnt see anyone.

Finally by evening,
we were so happy that
One rescue team arrived on boat
though the rainfall have stopped by afternoon,
but water logging continued.

finally 24hours stuck in bus
was a terrible experience
which is remembered on
every 26/7 which washed away Mumbai.

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From Flesh To Dust!

As long as our body was alive
So lively and beautiful it looked.
Made it more beautiful
By wearing perfect outfit.
By cleaning it, make it fit and healthy.

When dead it's going to smell the worst
It get decayed and harmful to others in no time.

So beautiful it looked when it was breathing in!
Within some hours of death, changed the entire structure of body.

As long as alive it fed on living organism
After death living organisms started feeding on it.

Growing age made the appearance dull.
But experience made it powerful in thinking
Yes, when alive its words can inspire others
It can lend a helping hand to many
It can spread the message of love peace, happiness

Once burnt...
it is reduced to nothing but ashes...the dust...
Which get mixed up with land or water.

Living for self as well as for others make our very purpose of coming to
the world is served.

When dead it will be cremated
But being Alive in the Heart of many is really something great!

Soul is eternal!

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God's Kind Of Poetry! (Not For Contest)

What I should write on God's kind of poetry
He is the supreme power of all
I am mere a dust of his feet
Which can fly away with just one blow of breeze or
A little stream can suck it away.

What I should write on God's kind of poetry
My thoughts are too narrow
It just touches only the ground
It can never soar high into sky
While his thoughts are universal
Which goes beyond, innumerable height and measures!

What I should write on God's kind of poetry
My eyes can see only what I want to see
A time comes in my life where I cannot see
He is the eternal supreme
Just look into his eyes
The whole universe you can see!

What I should write on God's kind of poetry
He is the eternal bliss
Supreme being of all
This life is the valuable gift gifted by him
This life will walk, run, play, laugh and cry as dictated by his time
This life will go on and end as decided upon by him.

What I should write on God's kind of poetry
It's the battery of life given by him
Which can never be recharged without his knowledge
Once battery life get over
I am too too disposed off like a dead battery
Only I can thank him for giving this beautiful life!

God's own poetry is the air which the whole universe breathe in
Where as I can write only on what I breathe in
God's own poetry is the rivers, oceans, seas that flow in
Where as I can write till the blood flows in me.
God's own poetry is

the earth we stand in
The sun that shines in
The planets moving in orbits
The stars that twinkles in us
The infants innocent love in us
The wild beast in us
All the livings ones that breathe in.

What I should write on God's Kind of poetry?
For I can never imagine the poetry without the Supreme power!
For these few words too come
Are the sole blessings of him!

I am not sure what should I write on God's Kind of Poetry!
May be I cannot think bigger and wider than this
May be I am unable to write beautifully with free flow of words
These are the few lines
I wish to dedicate for God's Kind Of Poetry!

Geetha Jayakumar.

.....

Note. This beautiful Topic I choose as I loved the topic given by Brain Johnston Sir for poetry contest.

I just wrote this poem simply, a rough draft and unprepared but not for the contest!

Thank You!

Geetha Jayakumar

Gone With The Tide

A tide had come.
It washed away everything.
Leaving nothing on the shore.
All the happiness and excitement,
It took away along with it.
Nothing left on shore.
Just a song of silence,
Played by wind can be heard.
All the liveliness gone along with the tide.
Just a whisper of calmness can be heard.
Now its like a blank paper waiting to be filled.
But the ink of joy dried away forever.
No new song could fill this blank paper
Let's make a boat of it
And float it on the river.
Let it flow along with the wind
After a time it will just sink deep down into the tide.
Yeah, a song can be heard in future
Of the dead boats end! ! !

Geetha Jayakumar

Good Bye! !

We tell good bye to our near and dear ones
Sure of meeting next time
But when life bid us good bye
Sure of not meeting anyone!

Don't know which bye is the final bye in ones life
Life put one in puzzle
It is very difficult to tell
Which bye would be final in ones life.
Today, neither I am sad nor any regrets to bid bye to life.

Live each day as if its the last day of the life
So that one never regret to bid bye to life.
Even if I bid bye to life,
With happiness I will embrace death.
Today, neither I am sad nor any regrets to bid bye to life.

We are like moths flying around the burning candle of life.
Today, nor do I fear of burnt to death, neither to sacrifice life
Even if the death calls me
I will come running towards you like a lover to kiss death.
Today, neither I am sad nor any regrets to bid bye to life.

Today, there is neither any dream in my heart that remained unfulfilled.
Neither any ambition calling me, which I have to fulfil.
I don't have any scare to die
But today I scare to live.
Today, neither I am sad nor any regrets to bid bye to life.

Some times bidding bye lasts forever
Sometimes one doesn't get time to turn back
That's what I want to say this life is about!
Its a puzzle where one get struck between life and death!

Hindi Version....ALVIDA!

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Good Morning!

Each virgin of sun rays
Touching me
And telling me
A new day have begun
Wishing me a pleasant morning
And asking me to spread
The brightness of life
Where ever you go!

Words are like butterflies
They are kissing me
And wishing me
The day had began
With new enthusiasm
Keep this flowing all over
Where ever you go!

Each buds turning to flower
Giving me a hope of life
That I have to do something
Each day
To make at least one smile.
And each day an important one.

Each new leaves telling me
You have come with closed fists
Open it up
And give meaningful to life
Thereby making others life meaningful too.

Yes, am on way
How can I forget
Each and everyone
Telling me to do something
Which had value in it
Make others life a meaningful
And spread the light of happiness and peace
Where ever I go!

Have a pleasant morning with
Brewing hot coffee
Or my favourite tea but lot of spices in it..
Good morning!

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Hackers Just Few Steps Away!

Today though everything at phone call away
But the hackers are few steps away.
Whom to rely whom to not
Even if the call is just for confirmation or not.
How to rely on the calls I know not.
Written documents are the best.
I think postal services or couriers are the best.

I cannot narrate any hackers story
Chances are there they may hack my story.
I have kept everything tight lipped.
Forgive me my dear friend;
if I don't treat you well
I know not which all phones got hacked
As someone may be calling from your voice or not.

A day will come where even dust may be hacked.
Be careful to dust out the mites that stays in your rack!

Geetha Jayakumar

Happy Father's Day!

You are too far away from me
Beyond my reach.
But not that too far.....
As you live in my heart!
When I close my eyes
Still I can feel your presence
Inside me.

How can I forget
The warmth, love and care
Which I got from you.
How can I can forget
This beautiful world am seeing
thru your eyes.

Before taking any important
Decisions,
I close my eyes and think of you.
You are too far away
But still you guide me.

I have lost you forever,
many years back.
But you are Alive in My Heart!

How can I ever forget
You live in me till I die.
Miss you too much!

Happy Fathers's day!

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Happy Independence Day!

Wish.....

All the people from poor to rich

All people from villages to cities.

Without any caste, discrimination

Each and every lips could sing a song of Independence day

After knowing fully why the

Independence day is celebrated.

May this torch of light keep on passing.

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Happy Learning Dear!

I went to learning,
I joined as good as five car
Driving schools
One by one finished the driving course
They all wished me
Happy learning
And said bye.

My one problem is
I love to drive car.
Another problem is
Taking reverse, as
I find it difficult to look back
With my neck frozen.
Then searched solution myself
I always take two persons with me
One will look back and give direction
And other will look in all direction and tell

Again we three went in a long drive
Driving was good as long as no slope
My car was a special one
On seeing the slope
It just flow along with the slope
Backward direction only
Well nothing seriously happened
Just a few hits here and there
of the cars standing by
Just took all the shoutings
Smilingly and they emptied my purse
And said Bye Dear..
Said sorry and took U turn back.

Now I found a solution to
Take one more person
With me
Just to drive only on slopes

Still I love but my beloved took away

The keys
And said with a Harsh Warning....
Happy Learning Dear...
I will drive and You just sit Quietly!

While learning bicycle my friend asked me to focus on road
And don't look at those two people who are standing in foot path
I just got tempted to look at them and drove straight away into them.
And finally after hitting disappeared in no time
my poor friend got all those shoutings.

This case is true with me..I learned two wheeler all alone
but had a heavy fall and my poor friend landed with all fractures...
but..

What to do now all keys are Gone...
Leaving me alone
And telling me Happy learning Dear!

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Happy Mother's Day

Thank you Mom
is the three priceless word
I dedicate it to my Mom.
Mom is the three letter word
which means a lot to me.

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Happy New Year 2017!

A year fell off from the tree evergreen
Like the autumn leaves flew off from the seasonal beauty serene.

The leaves flew back to the shades of tree
To accomplish its unfulfilled desires gathered in sands of time.

Kill not the desire,
Kill not the hope,
As long your soul lightens your life.

You have a fruit laden tree to hang on.
While your roots have soil deep to struck on!

Happy New Year 2017!

Geetha Jayakumar

Happy Rose Day!

Beginning of Valentine week
7th Feb. one cannot forget.

On each rising day from today
One rose, I am sending you with all my heart
With all my love in it.

After collecting seven roses
I will come to you
To wish you a Happy Valentine Day!

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Happy Teacher's Day!

I respect you
For you have spread the lights of knowledge
To many students.

I respect you
for the morals you have
Taught by way of stories.
Some morals still remain fresh
In my heart.
That I have passed to many.

I respect you
For your sharp observation
And giving a proper guidance
At right time.

How can I forget you
Dear Teachers
That you were the source of
Inspiration to many students
Your words did wonder to come up in their life.

Yes, some of your words were so powerful
But I didn't realize its worth at that time
But today, I realized it.
In some of my poems you were my Inspirations.

I don't know whether I could pass
This message to all my dear Teachers
But in my heart each one of you are there.

I bow my head with respect to you!
Yes, today also We seek your Blessings Dear Teachers!

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Happy Valentines Day!

Valentines day approaching!

Poetry site will be flooded with lovely love songs

Keep One romantic song aside for your sweet one.

Choose one song and sing it with your heart.

Some may think of their beloved ones

Some may think of friends too

Some may be in the dreams of prospective ones too.

While some yet to meet one on valentines day.

Thinking of some one

One may sketch a beautiful romantic song.

Now its the time to fly kites with their dear ones name written in it.

Just kiss the kite and fly it.

See the miracles happens

It will surely reach the name addressed in it.

No stamp required

No charges required

Its free of charge especially for valentines lovers.

As it is going to reach directly and safely on right hand itself.

Return reply will be filled with many kisses on kite.

So start flying the kites, if it has to travel too far and to return you back.

Does the distance matter?

Does the words matter?

It can knock ones heart so sweetly.....

Some times silently and unknowingly too.

Love is blind it can creep anywhere, anytime blindly.

It doesn't take your permission

Like a cupid arrow It just struck the loved ones heart,

sometimes it kills one with the same arrow.

Beware dear ones, if you are not good in aiming.

As you may target someone and it may hit another one.

Then don't blame me for flying kites in wrong direction of wind.

Dear ones, Beware if you are targeting more than one.

Don't fly too many kites with different names.

On the special day, why to spoil your face with wonderful colours.
Colours may be of wonderful thrashing and beatings too.

With a Beautiful Red Rose in my hand
I am asking, Will you be my Valentine?

Don't ever reply to this one proposal! ! ! !
As I already wrote one poem on this.....
I Want to Propose You!
You know the reason!
For my rose has to pass through many seasons to reach you.
LOL.....

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Haunting Dreams!

Something bad
Is haunting me in dreams
As if something unexpected
Is following me.
Many sleepless night I spend.
I woke up from sleep many times
Following a dream
Not a pleasant one to tell.
But it covered me with full of sweat.
And breathlessness,
Since past few days...

Near ones too warned me
To be careful
May be their love for me.
But what is there in my hand
Which I can do.
But only thing I convinced them
I am too happy in life
So don't worry about me.

I don't know what is store in
For me tomorrow
But whatever happens
I pray it should happen peacefully
I should feel peace there after.

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He Will Pluck Your Nose

Be careful of this sweet charming guy
He will captivate you with ever sweet loving words
Make you feel very good about him
As he wears a descent look
Don't ever go for his age
As he is quite young at heart
And the very next moment he will pluck your nose.
Well can't help it.
It's his trend
As none dares to question him.
Be careful of sweet words from any sweet charming guy.

Geetha Jayakumar

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Heart Beats!

I am waiting for those passionate moments
Which stole my heart with love
It's so captivating
Today also its refreshing my memories with love.
Still I can feel those wonderful beats of heart.

It was one dark night
Silence spread everywhere.
With only dim road lights on
I was about to cross the road
Suddenly, like a storm a hand pulled me
Towards himself.
It just frightened me
And my heart beats increased
I couldn't utter a single word
As if words got struck somewhere.
And I could feel as if he came running
As he was too breathing heavily
And his warmth breathing covered me all over.
Which I felt for the first time.
The way he hold me I felt as he is fond me.
Or in love with me, since very long.
As if he knows me very well.
Our eyes met
And felt as if he was looking deep inside me.
Still a darkness crept between us
Which stood as barrier between our eyes
Though our breath mingled into one.
Something made me fell for him
My words cannot describe.

All of a sudden he freed himself
said in a breathing voice
If anything happened to you...
The car could have killed you..
I would have watched you helplessly
Do you know how much I.....?
He left me immediately before completing.

I couldn't forget those passionate moments,
Still live in me
His warmth breathiness which
Covered me is the witness to it
Though he never spoke of love
But I felt it captivating me into his love.

I wish.....
If I could feel those intense moments of love
Again and again
I wanted to fall into those moments
Which covered me with love.
Which spoke of Love in Silence!

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Hello! Whom To Call?

Words troubled her
Hurt her
Wounded her
Bleed her.
After all so many hot words doused on her.
She is sure to damage the engine, break, gear and clutch.

Dial the just dial
Hello!
Whom should I contact?
Is there any number in your directory,
To fix the brain properly?

Hello!
You want to fix human or animal or machine brain!
There is one person
He is all in one
He can fix for human, animal or machine too!
Just his charge is slightly higher
After treating patients for years together
Sometime he get confused about self as well as with all.
After all everything seems to be same for him! !
Double treatment and double charges
Thats it.
Well note down his cell nos. Sir!

Next
She will be taken to repair centre to locate her damaged wire.
Mechanics will say some
Fuse in her brain got diffused
Or some wires got damaged or entangled on one another
We need to fix it.
We need to give electric treatment and
Check if the switches are in running condition.
So now the electricity will pass through her wires of brain.
No wonder now she will remain like a dummy vehicle forever.
Now vehicle stood silently in parking lot just to be dumped later!

Today, there is no value for human life

Everything looks same!
I never wanted to hurt anyone.
If I am wrong excuse me please!

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Her Ageless Beauty!

Her ageless beauty often greets me along with the time.
I cannot rhyme a song on her beauty,
For it's just a fine line that enhances beauty.
Beauty knows no bound to bounce,
For its just her beauty so profound.

Her beauty did not fade with the time.
It's the wingless beauty that ever chime.
Her beauty swims to depth of ocean,
Her knowledge is deep as good as vast ocean.
Her humility ever shines like golden rays of sun
Her countless hair so shining bounces with the time.
Her ageless beauty often greets me along with the time.

Her melodious voice so captivating ever
That soothes ones heart and soul
And light a lamp on ones heart so bright.

Her glowing face dwells in ones heart so lovingly
Each lines on her face tells stories of untold time.

Her tears speaks in silence of love and pain
But she spells words of only love and peace
Her eyes are deep as good as ocean blue
Even if one sink on it cannot unfold her mysteries untold.

Her Beauty is merged with the past, present and future.
Well, Its all how I look upon her age and time.
Every age has its beauty defined.
Ageless beauty remains glowing ever, along with the time.

She is a lady of mysterious character.
With a friendly smile she wins the heart of others.

Beauty of soul is ageless and priceless.
It remains the same right from birth till death.
Beauty of soul is forever young and greener.
In fact beauty of soul is priceless ever.
Her ageless beauty often greets me well with the time.

Geetha Jayakumar

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Hidden Shades

Sunlight and shadow are the two contrasting shades.
One give sunburns, other heals
Shadow cannot stop following sunlight
Like wife following hubby
trying to find out wats going on behind!

Day and night are the two sides of one coin.
Its like spouses when one comes in other goes out
It has other shades too like wife and lover.
One wake you up and other put you down to bed.

Love and hatred are two flowers of one branch.
Its like standing in two boats moving in opposite.
Wife in one
And lover in another.
Wife is beloved as long as everything is hidden like shadow.
But the moment she bring it to limelight hatred follows her.
Tats the another shade.

Nature is playing hide and seek so is the life too.
What ever be the shades of life.....
A forgiveness is the only shade,
Which will give love, peace and happiness.

Forgiveness is so unique, because it is very difficult to reach.
Once reached
We can tell that
The very purpose of life is achieved.

How can I forget dear, these are the different shades which makes our Life!

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Hidden Shores!

Time washes away everything along with it.

I wished.....

If it could wash away all my memories too along with it,
leaving me blank forever.

Even if the very few memories of happiness too get washed away along with it
I wont be at loss!

Some losses are such,
which can never be retained back.

Even if they come back they are never going to remain the same!

Some path demands to be travelled all alone in the midst of many...

When the time and situation decides your path....

What one can do?

Just watch it helplessly!

After the storms washes away the shore

Does the shores remain the same?

One may find the shores remained the same
but no one notices....

What all got washed away with it...

Time washes away ones life

Can time be turned back?

Can life be turned back?

These are the thoughts hidden in shores of my mind,
Even if I laugh or even if I cry, they are there with me.
They lashes my mind high and low.

Is there any storms

which can wash away these thoughts forever? ? ? ?

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Hiding Inside A Shell

A Shimmering pearl
hidden Inside a shell
Oyster protecting its
iridescence
From eagle eyes..
So beautiful it is deep down the seabed.
Inside the soft bed of oyster
With no rays of sunlight touching it.
Protection of cover from the watchful eyes,
Who want to grab,
The precious pearl,
from the womb of oyster.

Why are you hiding inside the shell!
When you have the most charming quality
Let the rays of sunlight falls on you!
And you pass on the light of wisdom to others.

Come out of the shell
And face the world with boldness!

Its like
Lighting a candle inside a pot
Where the darkness of pot is vanished
And pot is bright with full of light
But this light is never visible from outside.
So the pot is still encircled by darkness from outside.

All the unique qualities you have got, is hidden inside the pot
Which is never going to be visible to the outside world!

Don't hide behind the shell...come out of it dear
And be proud of Self and prove what you are!
Not for others but for Self!

Tap out the hidden resources within
And utilise it fully
And enjoy the Happiness and Satisfaction
Which is the best form of dedication to Self

As well to others!

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How Can A Flower Of Peace Die?

A beautiful flower of peace shone bright
Along with the morning sun rise full of light
But a naughty bee came to sting the flower
As jealousy crept in its eyes
couldn't withstand the sight of glowing flower
And a heavy wind blew away all the petals of peace.

Next morning again sun rose to its peak
Spreading the rays of warmth and delight
The flower of Peace once again woke up
On seeing the rays of powerful light.

How can a flower of peace die,
When every sun rays cheers it from all the sides.
Flower of peace is the reflecting diamond,
It will pass on the reflection of light everywhere,
which it receives from the sun.

Flower of peace cannot wither away,
As there is always someone to water and nurture it well.
Please keep on passing this flower of peace one to one
Keep on passing as long as humanity sustains.
Let it spread the message of peace and love.

Let not the Flower Of Peace wither away!

Geetha Jayakumar

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How Long?

How long to run?
Run away from emotions, situations.
I ran enough, entire my life
Too tired
I have to give a break
To my old and tired feet.
Couldn't make a run.

A dog behind me to bite
If I run the bite is sure
So better is wait and watch
Dog can run faster than me
It can catch me in no time
So I just stood boldly
The dog went away slowly.
Thinking of bite
Made me run
And fear catches me in no time
Why to run
Did running helped any one
Think slowly
Why this happened
If mind is put to gear
The solution is sure
Be tactful in approach
None can tear you apart
Until you allow yourself so.

I may meet with criticism, I will not run.
But I have to swallow it bitterly
A day will come
To clear me away from all
Today's its my day of criticism
Tomorrow it can be yours
None can escape
Am so confident that truth will shine one day.
Criticism can put me down, but
One thing for sure
As long as truthfulness and purity exists in me

Nothing can break me down.

When others throw a stone
It will surely affect
Especially when he is criticized for no fault.
But a fall in self is so painful
One may never get up.

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How Should I Comment For Your Poems?

Many Bards sings positive notes
With a beautiful flow of words
That soothes ones heart
That touches ones soul
One get inspiration from it

Not because they are drowned in the pool of positiveness
Not because their paths are full of roses
Not because they are in the peak of happiness

But...

To spread the positivity
To spread the essence of love
To spread the message of peace and love.

Their lives too....
May have gloominess
May have sadness
May have bitterness
But they overcome all that
And sing a song on happiness
So that essence of happiness is spread everywhere.

With much positivity you come up with inspiring poems.
Now it's my turn to read and understand your poems!
As a reader...
How should I comment?
Should I speak of truth with bitterness?
Should I write comments sincerely?
Should I write comments just for namesake?
Should I write comment with my heart?
Should I write only pleasing comments?

Am I hurting one with any of my comments?
As comments can lead to many misunderstandings.
Always don't take time to clear your misunderstandings.
Don't keep anything in mind, to be taken seriously.
Just feel free or be at ease to clear any misunderstandings if any.

Your comments are most welcome!

Thank you!

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Human Machine

Life is a rotating wheel
Love, hatred, jealousy and sorrow also
Keeps on rotating with it.

Problems and worries leading to choke up
and slows down its speed.
Cooling solution to any problems when
added make it cool.

Oiling is necessary for the smooth flow.
Oiling is the relationship with which he is happy.

Timely checkup is required for sudden breaks,
Check out for heart, if it is overloaded.

If u don't take proper care
It will make a high jump on the speed breaker
and fracture will be the outcome.

If engine is too hot check out for its B.P.
and don't forget to slow down and
cool it as early as possible.

Take control of the wheel
Else wheel will take control of you
And make you land in heaven or hell.

Older the machine the more fragile will it be.

Once slipped out of rotating wheel
Means an end to all!

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I Am A Free Bird!

I am the same Tweetie bird
Which flew off from the cage
Which came once again
Into this unknown world
Full of words and love.
Once I was caught
And caged for many years
Was made to sing and dance
To the tune of others.
I am the same Tweetie bird
Which will never allow to be
Get caught in the cage once again.
No hands can catch me
As no one knows me
That I was the caged bird.
I have come here and tweet once again.
If again you catch me
Again I will free myself
And again come to tweet
Just to make my presence felt.
I am happy that I am a free bird
Which can fly here and there
And everywhere
As long as I want.
But will be cautious of unknown sounds.
Now my words can flow freely
Loudly and silently
As no one knows me
I am new to this world.
I Am a new birdie
Will fly higher and higher
On the new wings of imagination.
I am a cutie birdie!
Welcome me please!

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I Am Not A Poet Yet!

I am not a poet yet....
Nor I am inborn poet.
Nor with any special talent driving me to be a poet.
Just picked few words of dew drops
Each dew looked like a glittering pearl.
Guided the dew drops to flow freely through a channel painted in canvas.
Finally, went on binding pearls into a thread of passion.
Enchanting fragrance of jasmine gave a glow of touch to the poetic garland.
Each petals of rose added a beauty to its looks.
Poetic ice cream with cherry topling just ready to be served.
Savoured by your lovely comments.
Your each comments, I have kept as treasures in my heart.

I am not a poet yet....
I drove the poetic vehicle without following proper rules and regulations.
Went on switching lanes of tense.
Grammatical errors were chasing me from behind.
With some sparks of punctuations!
Many horns buzzed me to correct the lines.

I am not a poet yet..
As I learnt a lot from you and still learning from you.
As you showed me the different paths through which a poem can travel.
You taught me,
Poem is like a reflecting diamond where each angles reflects differently.
You taught me,
To understand what critics wanted to tell.
My some poems ended just into a question mark.
With no way of turning back.
I couldn't revert it back.

I am not a poet yet...
I attract a penalty.
My poetic vehicle is towed by a traffic police for reverse driving.
I was charged for over speeding poems in a wonderful way,
one after the another
Made a traffic jam to enter PH highway road.
My van will be released only if I gave a confirmation stating
No more further mistakes! !

I am not a poet yet...
To tell you the bitter truth.
I read many greatpoets precious works
Many times I felt will I ever be able to touch their feet any time?
I am too far away from them..
Where do I stand, to be precise nowhere!

As.....
I am not yet become a poet!
Nor I am not a born poet!

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I have seen that my this poem being copied somewhere in the internet and used
it without my this poem is already copyrighted and published one.
Just for your kind information.

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I Am One In All!

I am a daughter!
I am a sister!
I am a lover!
I am a wife!
I am a mother!
I am a grand mother!

I am all in one!
I am one in all!

I am leaving it to you.
You can portray me in any ways you want.
But each time you see me,
I will always reflect in different ways,
I will keep on reflecting on different roles in different ways,
As...
I am a great admirer of Art and Beauty!

You can see my reflections in my poems...

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I Choose The Other Way!

Challenges are many,
Which keeps on meeting me randomly.
If no challenges do I face today;
Where's the thrill lies in life.
Each challenges do I overcome,
So great I feel about self.

Let the tides keep on hitting me,
But my boat will keep on moving,
Any number of times you turn me upside down,
I don't know how to swim,
As I couldn't learn swimming.
But now I know how to save self.

I choose the other way to save self.
When life jacket on way to save me or
Catch hold of log or whatever comes on the way.
If I am going to be downed,
My hands, legs, eyes, ears, mouth and my brain will work wonderfully.
But I will not fear from downing.

Fear gripped me so much for many years,
It kept me away from any challenges,
I lost the race before I took the challenge itself.
What's the use of this life today I felt;
If I cannot get up and choose to stand in the line of race?
Today whether I win or loose doesn't matters me much.
But the courage to stand will make my life worthy of self.
To loose in a race is also great, as I can held my head high and say,
I stood in race but I fear none even if I loose the race.

How many times should I die out of fear?
Now I will not cripple myself anymore.
I will keep moving in this life of race!
Yes, I will keep on moving.

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I Couldn'T Hold On Your Hands!

Time went on slipping further
You too slipped away
In span of time.
Helplessly I watched you
Both slipping
With no grip on
I couldn't hold on your hands.

Well time was running very short
My spell to tell
I love you
Was very long.
Before I could
Tell you anything
I lost grip of you.
I couldn't hold on your hands.

Was it my love for you,
Was not strong enough,
Was it just one side affair,
that time in my square was very shorter.

I kept running inside a circle
If I could break away the square
I would have been in your arms my dear!

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Note. My Imagination.

Geetha Jayakumar

I Do And Do Not Regret!

No regrets for the life ever lived.
No regrets for the wounds never got dried.
No regrets for burnt left scars.
No regrets for poison I drank.
No regrets for the tears I sank.
No regrets for the eyes dried of tears.
No regrets for my palms were empty ever!
No regrets for the blessings I was deprived of.
No regrets for the love I was deprived of.
No regrets for the ones hated me for what I am not.
No regrets for any unfulfilled desires.
No regrets for the shoes I couldn't wear.
No regrets for the mask I wore.
No regrets for any dreams that never acquired.
No regrets for any failures.
No regrets if death is calling me nearer.
No regrets for life lived ever!
As I am happy somewhere I didn't cheat my soul!

Yes, I do regrets for the mistakes
That I did knowingly or unknowingly!
Yes, I do regret for the pain and hurt caused to others by me
May be some known and some unknown to me.
Yes, I do regret for unknowingly I stamped on someone's foot
The pain caused due it, I can never heal.
Yes, I do regret many times!

But....
Once in your lifetime, do step into my shoes
to understand me for a while!

Inside my mortal heart there resides my eternal soul.
Which tries to lift my goodness and happiness in me.
Which tries to pull me from pool of darkness and regrets.
To refresh my life with the brightness!

Today it, Asked me in my inner voice
If Nothing was ever yours,
For whom you regret.

For what you regret!
For why do you regret my dear!

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I Know Not Why It Happened?

I know not why it happened?

Writing poems were my passion...

is it my joy and sorrow I shared with passion?

Is it I kept myself engaged with passion?

Is it reading poems and posting comments were my passion?

Is it meeting you all were my passion?

Is it a sort of addiction sprinkled my passion?

I know not why it happened?

I feel a sort of numbness fenced me.

May be my heart lost its desire to speak out.

For my hands never stopped writing poems

But little hesitated I became in posting my poems.

I wanted to cross my fence and come out

Each steps I took to come out to reach the gate of my fence

My hands reached the gate but my steps took me backward.

I know not why it happened?

Today, neither I want to be happy nor to be sad.

I just feel like taking a dip in ocean of calmness.

Off load all the burdens of the past.

For I just want to float in water

Feel as light as the little fishes that swim in water.

Just feel like flying in air like the tiny birdie.

Just close my eyes and

Just feel the inner self

And remain silent from all

Remain silent from everything.

I know not why it happened?

May be I just wanted to keep my thoughts away from everything.

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I Know You Not! Oh Man

Your words masked with sweetness.
May you hold someone closer?

Your romantic verses may do wonders.
May wheel all the planets in its orbits.

I know you when you are cool and calm.
The sweetness of breeze does no harm.

I know you not,
when your ego hurts.
It will never leave without hitting an earthquake.
Know not how many lives still your ego holds!

I know you, still I know you not! Oh man
As still you always remains a stranger to me

Yet I am stranger to myself
As I too falls under the classification of man
In animal kingdom!

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I Loved You! ! !

You welcomed me with warm embrace and
pacified my rolling tears.

You made me feel comfortable in this
lively beautiful planet.

You loved me always but I didn't see your
love for me.

You were there for me everywhere and
every time.

Your firm grip on my hand made me feel secured.

You gave me all comforts on which I enjoyed.

But I never praised you for anything.

You loved me always but I never show my
love for you.

You were there with me in my love and pain
but I was not there for you for anything.

You longed to hear from me that I loved you

But I enjoyed finding faults in you.

I enjoyed the beautiful life you gave me.

I enjoyed the beloved ones you gave me.

I enjoyed the proud achievements you gave me.

I enjoyed everything you gave me.

But I forgot to thank you at least once.

Every morning you wake me up with beautiful smile.

But never, I smiled at you.

Suddenly, you let my hand free from your grip.

The moment you let me go,

I felt I am in grip of darkness and
being pulled away from you.

Though I tried to come near you,

I remained helpless and lifeless.

I never appreciated you,

Still with love you bid me farewell.

But it was too late to think

that you were a precious jewel in my hand,

Which I never valued it all.
I wasted it like a priceless stone.
When it fell down from my hand
Someone took it away.

But today, When I lost you forever
I want to cry out loudly and tell,
I Love you... I Love you...only and only I Loved You! ! !

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I Regret To Be Part Of This Play!

I regret some where in my heart
Where I was too beautifully trapped to play
I never wanted to play this character
But time forced me into it.
I realised it too late my dear
For I never knew the consequence of the play
I can just tell please do forgive me.
As I was given a role to play.
Next time I will be careful
But I am sure again time will trap me and tide will swipe me.

A pleasant boy at the cash counter
Alone he was doing all the work of collecting cash and packing it.
Just then he entered all my purchases
But since I lost my payback card
He insisted me go for card renewal
First I denied, later on his request I agreed
Meanwhile the purchases entered were one less and he re entered it
One lady stood at the back and asked him to make her bill
Another man horned only one man at the cash counter
I left out and made on my way in rickshaw
Just then he phoned and ask my new card nos.
I said I can give only reaching home in half hour
To my bad luck or may be his, my phone got switched off!
On reaching home I called at the number he called
I thought he would pick up
Unknowingly it reached the customer care nos.
They called me back and took my nos.

I realised that later
I felt guilty I went next day again to counter all the way long
Boy was not there I told girl at counter to tell sorry and asked
I hope nothing happened to him
I felt sorry as some where he may have lost job for his silly mistake he did
Time trapped him well from all sides,
I felt helpless that unknowingly I too happened
To be a part of that painful play
Time played the game
Time too trapped me to play,

If I had known, I would have never played!

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I Salute!

I Salute the Soil in which I am born.

I Salute our motherland, which feed and breed us.

I Salute the farmers, it's their sweat, which mingle in soil to feed us.

I Salute the parents who sowed the powerful seeds, guided their path with love and care to reach the mission.

I Salute to all the great Souls who crucified their life for the freedom for the country.

I Salute who fought for the human rights for millions and confined their lives in jail.

I Salute the scientist whose deep vision gave to wonderful inventions.

I Salute the doctors and nurses who are our healers and lifesavers.

I Salute the teachers, who instilled a good vision on students.

I Salute the poets and writers who passed on the lights of knowledge to millions.

I Salute the artist who carved the wonderful creations of the world.

I Salute the powerful voice that created ripples of powerful inspirations in the minds of many.

I Salute all the great leaders who just lived for others.

I Salute who sacrificed their day and night of their life just for the people.

What can be more beautiful is the Life we are blessed with

To feel, To touch and To see all the wonderful creations of nature.

It's just Beautiful Blessings of God!

I am Happy that I am a part of this world!

I Salute You all!

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I Saw His Ship Sailing Bye!

One fine winter snow fall,
He fell like dew drop into my beautiful secret lawn.
I stood at window, looking at morning rays of sun went kissing by
First time I saw his deep ocean eyes that swept me into his love.
He came haunting me in midnight, where sun shone bright.
Like a cool breeze, his warmth love, pass through my heart.
A desire which I never felt before.

A warmth of love our eyes exchanged
My heart set an alarm at 12 O' Clock midnight
Neither he came up
Nor I went down
Though the flow of words never we exchanged
A desire to exchange love was witnessed
by the twinkling stars and the bright full moon.

We both sat on swings of love
Cool breeze did swing us to and fro
A stream of warmth love went piercing our hearts unknowingly.

Suddenly, I woke up from dream
I closed my windows as it was never meant for me.

I saw him standing still looking for me
Once shut window, never I opened.

When winter went drizzling by,
Like an autumn he entered my life,
But only to shed flowers of love.

On one fine summer,
Like a storm he got washed away along the shore,
I saw his ship sailing by,
Too far away to bid him goodbye.

I stood still like a lonely bird on the sea shore,
All alone, watching his ship sailing bye!

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I Want To Propose You!

I really wanted to propose YOU!BUT.....

With a beautiful red rose in hand
Stood in a pose to propose,
In the beautiful wintery night.
Time stood as an ice
To reach the beloved.
Gathered all the strength
To break up the ice
But it melted so soon
To his astonishing surprise.
He found himself floating
On top of the ice!

Waited for the autumn day
Stood in a pose to propose
Once again
Time stood as an autumns breeze
To reach his beloved
Blew away all the petals
Just left a stem with thorns in hand!

Waited for the summer
Once again
Stood in a pose to propose
Time stood as summers anger wrath
To reach his beloved
Heat dried up the rose in hand
And he stood motionless in a pool of sweat.

Waited for the rainy day
Once again stood
In a pose with a beautiful rose
Time stood as a
Thundering and lightening
Stood as a wall
To reach his beloved
The storms snatched
Away the rose in hand

Only to be landed in the whirlpool of flood.

Finally

Gathering all the strength and

proposed with all guts

Time stood as a coffin

To reach his beloved

But

Joined hands in prayer

Telling

I want to propose you dear

With all my heart

But the rose

Only to be placed in beloved tomb! ! !

My proposal will look somewhat this way?

This is the only one reason I never proposed anyone!

Still if you want I can propose you! ! !

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If Thoughts Were Wishes!

Thoughts are so powerful
It can make you strong or weak.
It can take you anywhere any time.

Its just like magician rotating
his magical stick
just as he swings in air
Make you shivering with cold
While you are sweating in heat.

Inspiring thoughts can make you
Sing and dance
While you don't know single step of it.

Lovely thoughts
Make you feel as light as air
While you are seriously
thinking how to loose weight.

Challenging thoughts are like
Batsman ready for facing ball
To hit sixes or fours
But makes sure he is not out for duck.

Beautiful thoughts
Makes you feel as young as thirties
While you are at late sixties..
So evergreen at heart.

Blank thoughts are like
Sitting on the sea shore
And enjoying all the thoughts
All of a sudden waves gushes in
Washing away all your thoughts.

All the thoughts are good
Thoughts that not put into action
Is like the thoughts written on sand
With no outcome for anything!

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If?

If I could, sprinkle some words of happiness in your life.
If I could, spray some smiles in your face.
If I could, steal away some of your unhappiness.
If I could sow some seeds of Inspirations in you.
If I could, heal your painful wounds.
If I could share your pain and sorrow
If I could do something for you,
If I am ever in your sweet memories.
If I am remembered by you in your pain and happiness.
If my word of sorry could remove your hatred for me.
If you could forgive me for any word that knowingly or unknowingly hurt you.
If you could give me a tiny place in your kind heart!
If I could be in your sweet memories when I am no more!

If?

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In Her Loving Memories!

She had a loving dad,
He brought her up with much warmth and care.
With his complete protection of love.
Any pain in her he could read it very well,
Before her mother could.
So lovable he was,
Her all the childhood memories,
Were typed in his heart,
They lived in company quarters.
When infant she was,
Just sneezed for few days,
He says this place doesn't suit her,
Immediately he changed the quarters.
This way he changed many quarters for his dear.

Once after shifting house,
He gave her a ripe guava to play,
Eight months she was,
That too cleaned well and thought,
She had no teeth, she will not eat.
Hours later all were surprised,
Her guava seen no where but,
All her dress and face with guava seeds,
It seems that her stomach was so filled with guava.

Years passed by.
It was first time she went for further studies,
Far from house, to travel by train.
He accompanied her to education center.
He asked her to travel in ladies compartment.
He travelled in gents.
For few days it went on.
One day he asked her to go alone.
He will follow her from behind.
Actually he didn't go.
She caught him,
Just to give her confidence he said,
I am there with you, proceed ahead.
All were bothered about her marriage.

But he was not.
Many proposals came for her.
The first proposal came for her,
When she was just sixteen.
He got much upset, he said her studies are important.
He gave much importance to her studies.

Her parents went in search of groom.
Though they never showed her to anyone,
Finally, one boy got stuck his mind,
And marriage settled.
Few days of marriage,
He realised his daughter not happy,
Some where something went wrong he felt.
Though she didnt speak,
He was working far away,
Once in three months he used to visit home.
On the very last time she didn't speak to him at all.
As she felt hurt some where so she didn't speak.
But that hurt him very much.
Still the last words were,
My dear, have patience,
Everything will be alright,
I am there for you, why to worry....

He was getting ready to come home.
But, he died of heart attack after
Being in coma for three days in hospital.
His body arrived home.
His friends said he remained quite sad,
Spoke very less to anyone,
Especially after daughter's marriage.
What went wrong, all wondered.
Within six months of her marriage he died.
Today, daughter want to tell sorry,
But he is no longer to hear.

Yes, there was a dad so loving and caring.
Which a daughter could never imagine.
He lives in her memories!
He is Alive in her heart!

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In Or Out?

I just went on looking at the beautiful portrait
Displayed in an exhibition
Though placed in some corner of the hall
For me, It looked like some centre of attraction.
Portrait of handsome and charming guy
neither too young nor too old.
Whoever looked just felt captivated.
Was it the portrait so charming?
Or did I feel charming inside my heart?
Well I am not sure!

My friend told me look at the portrait deeply
Without diverting attention
And see what miracle happens.
Curiosity stuck me.

After looking deeply
I felt the star in the portrait offered me a hand
To dance with him.
So excited I got
I couldn't believe
Was it my imagination
Or did it really happen?

I was not sure
Whether he will come out of portrait to dance with me
Or I have to take a leap inside portrait to dance with him.

The confusion of in and out....
Diverted my attention away from him.
I lost track of him and forgot to give him my hand.
I felt he jumped back inside portrait once again.
Now the star stood smiling as usual.

Now I regret I lost the wonderful chance to dance with him.
I missed the lovely evening to be spent with him.

Yes, we are often in confusion of.....
In or Out

Yes or No

We ends up loosing one oppportunity especially

When time matters one!

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In Reality!

If life was made of such sweet memories.
So beautiful the world would have been.
It's just a dream of memories.
Which everyone wish to sing.

Many song on love did touch our heart.
Was it sung from a true heart.
Many heartfelt were the verses.
Is the life really beautiful?
Its so beautiful to hear a song on love.
Is in the world anyone happy?

If all were happy
No song on love and pain will be heard.
Heart full of sweet memories.
No time for it sing.

Many songs on imaginations flow from our heart.
It looks so real, one would wish to be the part of it.
For some time, we forget our pain listening to it.
In reality, is the life so beautiful?
Nature never lies, their beauty reflects in our eyes.
Beautiful moon keeps on changing its beauty.
Nature is changing its costume each time.
For some eyes rainy season is catchy
For some winter look catchy.
Beauty is different for each eyes.
So is the song too with different verses.

Yes, its the imagination which really keep us going.
Life is never greener as we see.
Many wear a smile on face.
To make others happy.
Only the one knows.
How painful the life is.

Love happens only once is the beautiful verses,
One wish to hear.
In reality can the love be so strong?

A child was the apple of mom's eye
Why does mom or child change it later?

Many break ups in marriage is seen,
A trust is broken.
So painful it is.

In reality everything changes!
That is the fact which one has to believe.
Nature changes its costumes.
We have to change costumes.
As the Winter and Summer costumes are never same! ! !

What is reality of life?
Is the life really Beautiful?

Sumi Nair

Submitted: Sunday, October 13,2013

Edited: Friday, October 25,2013

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In Searching Of Self!

I am searching for self in this vast of ocean of self.
I am a lone sailor in this small boat.
Huge tide came and hit my boat
It turn me upside down.
And I lost myself in this vast ocean of self.
I ran here and there aimlessly,
In searching of self!

My cry was heard by the log of tree dead floating,
I had a grip on it,
Went floating into unknown direction,
Just went along with the flow of wind.
From far I could see an island,
And I got struck there.
No one in island.
But I made myself comfortable with the choice I had.
Will wait till my boat arrives.
If it doesn't arrives,
I will think this is the place where I am destined to.
I ran here and there aimlessly,
In searching of self!

News of my dead boat may have reached all.
Let them think me dead.
No choice for me.
I will drink tears may be of happiness or sadness.
But will never make one drink it.
I ran here and there aimlessly,
In searching of self!

Am searching for self in this vast ocean of self.
I couldn't find myself.
Am lost forever.
But...

After many days wandering here and there.
I found a ray of happiness coming towards me.
I hope this time my happiness remain with me for a longer.
My poems are my love.

I cannot live without it.
I love it a lot.
Yes, I love it.
At last.....
I found myself in it!
Yes, I live in you.
You live in me...
You are nothing but Poems!

Sumi Nair

Submitted: Friday, October 11,2013

Edited: Friday, October 11,2013

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Inheritance! / ??????

Inheritance!

The blanket embellished with typical artwork.
Winter nor summer the snippet could hold.
Melancholic memories trail its framework.
Its restricted dimension not developed to unfold.

108 beads of rosary I gained in legacy.
While chanting your name I went on twirling the beads.
What escalated my heart, were the waves of agony
The beads broke down and fell into 108 seeds.

I do not want the blanket or beads in heritage,
The spark that you left on such abandoned ruins
Which is now pulling the anecdote from wreckage
Just before my eyes memories were stewing.

What to talk on gains that do not rhyme?
Though mortals attains salvation in course of time!

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Ink Of Rosiness! (3 Languages)

Ink Of Rosiness!

Travelers of unknown time
Walked several steps with rhyme
Build the bridges with droplets of ink
Traces of which remained lastingly in their hearts.

Perhaps the morning rays flows from her thoughts
Mingles with the fragrance of fresh page slots
She sighed on seeing the setting rays of fall
Verses knitted in twilight spilled from her heart.

She gathered words that slipped from her palms
With stream of petals she weaves garland
When the ink leaves its imprint
Feathers drizzles on someone's heart!

Ink that drizzled from her pen beautified themselves
Passion never dies as they enlighten the bookshelves!

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Is It A True One?

I am waiting for some one special
You just messaged me you are coming
And asked me to wait...
I have not seen you
I don't know how you look like
But my eyes searching you
I know you are just a distance away
I feel you are somewhere nearby
Just a feeling you are nearing me
I can feel my heart beats,
beating fast.
And could feel a chilling sensation,
I can sense some thing pleasant
Fragrance coming along way
This could be none but.....
You came so nearer and nearer
And from behind...
Coming near me
Just said Hello in a confident manly voice
I could feel the warmth breathe,
It just send shivering sensation in me.
I just stood dumb as if frozen
I just don't know what happened to me
Our eyes met for the first time
And I couldn't utter a single word as
You just happened to be the same
I have seen in my dreams
Just stood speechless
As if something happened to me
I just don't know
I wanted to ask many things but
Somewhere my words got struck...
I just couldn't believe...
I felt I know you very well
And didn't feel I am meeting you for first time.
I could feel two hearts beating into one
As if waiting for each other..
Is it just a dream or a true one?

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It's A Rainy Rainy Day

It's a cloudy day today
Black clouds covering
the shining sun and
Sun playing hide and seek
Gloominess spread all over.
After the summers
Wrath of heat,
The first drizzling of rain
Calling us to dance in rain and
Give us a feeling of
Cooling inside out.
Heavy spells of
Rain fills our dams, rivers, lakes.
Quench not only our thirst but also
Of plants and animals.
The entire livings
On the earth feel lively.
Friends and relatives gather together
For a rainy day picnic
To enjoy the waterfalls
The more the height of waterfalls
The more is the fun.
Boating is indeed a fun
For the old folks as they
Also become one among kiddie
While enjoying boat ride with them.
Boating together with friends
And dashing each others boats
With rain pouring all over us
Is quiet a fun.
Enjoying the ride in houseboats
Is another fun.
Its fun all over in rainy season.
Kids enjoying water kingdom
Is a funny day for them.
Sitting on a beach
And watching the waves
Trying
To sweeping all over and

Splashing water all over us
Is such a beauty.
But
Teens playing prank,
By driving car in such a speed
That water from road splashes
On the people walking on roads
And they enjoy the fun
Leaving others in dismay.

But
One flooding
Wash away
All the places,
All the crops,
Few of them drowned
Some fall under the
Grip of water borne diseases.

Still rain is a rain!
We cannot live without rain.
Our life will become lifeless
Without rain.

We are Happy that Nature has Blessed us with Rain!

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It's Fate!

If Owning a thing
Is my fate
Enjoying it may or may not
Be my fate
In a basket of mangoes
Each mangoes origin
From different places
Planted and watered
By some one
Passing through different hands
Reach some place
To be owned by some one
And
Top of all relished by someone...

The delicious dinner
Kept ready for someone
But enjoyed by someone
Is the fate.
Each tiny grain of rice
Had some name written on it
It will reach where it is supposed to.

When everything is fate
Then farmer will not sow seeds
As he will not enjoy a grain nor gain.
He will wait for fate to sow seeds and reap harvest.
And take the credit..

Then all will sit idle
Waiting for fate to feed.....

Only hard work can feed us.
We Reap what we Sow!

Nothing comes for free, not even a water.
When hard work doesn't pay, we curse our Fate!
But its the Fate which give us more than expected.
If a thing has to reach you, it will cross all hurdles and surely it will reach you.

But again whether its in your fate to enjoy it or gift it, or loose it, or sell it.

Lets not curse Fate!

Do the Best We can!

And make the Best from what we have!

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It's Party At Sixty!

Only one candle blown
On my 60th birthday
First time Bash on my birthday
With all my friends old and new
Welcomed me with cake, songs, dance, music.
So excited I was.

A feast of dishes welcomed all.
Which one to have first?

I looked at Colorful pickle. B.P. came rolling on me,
And said ok fine, have it, I am going to shoot now.
I saw biryani looking at me hungrily,
cholesterol peeked and said mind your health.
Variety of spicy food was decorated,
Acidity jumped into my plate
Finally I looked at the bread chicken rolls
Obesity jumped and said, want to add further weight.
Salads decorated lovely but fed up of that.
Finally I landed on a soup Which welcomed me Sweetie smile..
Relished few boiled veggies!

Last but not the least
I looked at the yummy deserts Fruits salad with ice cream
I just took a spoonful...Diabetes, obesity jumped together
You enjoy, we also enjoy to attack you..

Since a child I looked hungrily at the food.
Not a penny to afford.
My parents earned daily wages,
Even a single meal was mere,
water filled our empty stomach.
But relished what ever food we got.
Anytime if we had enough food,
we used to tell its party day today!

But today when I have everything
I cannot take even a spoonful.
That's my life today at Sixty!

Today I am Happy that am enjoying
with all my friends who were there with me
In all walks of my life!

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It's The Machines World!

It is better to be far,
At least once he will remember,
Just Hello, with heartfelt words from her will remind,
She is some where near.
Better than staying under one roof,
And don't utter a word,
Often busy in networking site,
It seems if one day you are not showing your face in site.
Friends will forget that you ever existed...

Hmmm, carry on with your work.
For now she have no regrets.

Remaining dumb to anything asked.
Ears had been kept mute all the time.
But eyes working like flashes on screen,
What's so much hidden behind that screen?
Laughing and smiling looking at the screen.
Really today, I feel machine have human heart,
And human heart is replaced with machine.
Where words are uttered like machine coded,
No sense of humour is ever present.

It's better to be far than to be near..
Enjoying your entire day with the machine..

A time will come,
When she will make herself so busy,
That you will have to take an appointment to say Hello!
Then you will realise the worth to be near.

A time will come when
Only a mail will talk between them,
Or a site will be sending messages to each other.
Perhaps a day will come,
Where ready made letters will be available for each emotions.
Again too lazy to send...
Then automatic love letters will be send on each 5 minutes.
The receiver will be fooled that so much he care for her,

But don't you worry,
She too will do the same...

Then a time will come,
No love song on rain will be heard,
As we keep the machine away from rain.

No song of love on rain will be heard ever again...
As its the machine world,
Human heart is replaced with machine.
Today our life has become so mechanical,
That half of our work done by machine.
Entire day is spend with our dear machine! ! !

Yes, It's the Machine World! !

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Jaws Of Death!

With a heavy heartedness
She moved towards the jaws of death
While standing on the shore she called for help
But all showed her way to the mid of the sea
As her path was moving only towards the sea
One old feeble low voice did raise but couldn't support her.
With a heavy heartedness she proceeded her way further.

Knowingly she started moving a head.
She had to reach the big lotus
Which bloomed at the mid of the ocean
Where she was destined to rest finally.

Only two choices she was given
One path is she has to travel all alone, full of fiery wild sea animals
Thereby protecting self from fiery eyes of strange sea animals
Who are ready to pounce on her for blood
If caught she have no choice left but to bleed herself to death.

Other way is she had to cross the path of octopus
Which will smother her to slow death
Thereby infecting her with painful virus.
Death was sure to smother her but a painful and slow cancerous death.

Which path she should choose?
Both the path are leading to lotus!

Life is of few days
Live a moment only for self, for time left is unknown.
May be a tiny breeze of happiness you may be blessed with
Not knowing what will happen the very next
Laugh and live merrily till you drink final sip of nectar or poison
Which ever your life has offered with.
Never let anyone know of what you drink.
Drink the poison which should look like you are having nectar in your glass.

Never let the world know of it.
Till you are finally gone! ! !

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Jazzy Somber Bend To Blend!

Jazzy somber bend to blend
Somewhere beyond horizon
Undulating words wandering
Like nomads turning towards
Stirring path.
Voice was though rough and coarse
Seemed to be bewitching.
While music was too aloud like
Thundering.

Be calm and cool down for a while
Listen softly to the hymn of life
Cords may not break apart.
Loved ones will surely applaud.

Do not fall into the phantom of darkness,
Where there is no path of moving forward.
Keep singing till soul does not depart.
Keep singing even if the voice is good or not!

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Just Forget It!

Each word went piercing down the beats of the heart.
That created millions of ripples in the depth of heart.
With ripples of smiles on her moonlike face
Drank the flood of tears sucked it inside which was,
About to shed from her watery eyes.
Like a black cloud they want to pour down heavily
But drank the bitterness with a smile on her face.
Words were lashing inside her mind,
which was resting on shores for a while.
Like the tides they went on hitting her high and low.
Trying to erase the words of hurt though written deep on sands of time.
Which had pinned her down with needles on her heart.
They just kept on multiplying over a period of time,
overlapping one another.
Kept on humming the ears drums
Like the honeybees beating the drums.
Kept on ringing in her ear for prolong
Like the mosquitos ringing tone ringing on her deaf ears.

Trying to forget.
But unable to forget.
Wished
If they could be washed down away with the steam of tears.
Wishing to forget each painful thoughts
But they keep on reappearing again and again
Like a picture to be seen by the blinded eyes.
It's just like again refreshing those memories,
Which stood like a flashback in her eyes.
It's just
Like applying salt to the wounds, which are on its way to heal!

Just forget it...Keep away from such thoughts.... No choice left!

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Just One

Poor farmer sows countless seeds
His sweat is the crop produced
Feeds the stomach of millions
But he dies of starving
Just for One seed.

Sea is full of water
Just One drop of it cannot quench thirst.

Standing in the midst of grape vineyard
Full of juicy black and green grapes
Not a penny in hand to have Just One.

Just One weighs more than empty ones.

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Just One Repair!

Just one portion of compound
Wall was broken
And I want to get it repaired

After much
Discussion
One person agreed
Along with him were
Five co workers
And agreed to complete
In five days.
Daily wages and
Meals have to be provided
Agreed.

Next day all came
At exactly 10am
Had tea, breakfast with chit chats
Work started around 11.30 am
Its tea and biscuits at
Work started
1.30pm lunch
Followed by a nap.
Then 3.30pm
Work resumed.
Followed by tea at 4.30pm
Along with lovely snacks
Work resumed
tea
Then 6.30pm left home.
Took daily wages and left.

Continued for 10 days
Work not yet over.

Finally upset
I thought I will do it myself
A tough fight followed
Between me and worker.

I came to a decision
Fair for both
I prefer to keep
Compound wall as it is.

Now I learnt how to be patient...

Good bye!

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Kavitha..... Nayee Jung!

Ek Naya jung ladna hain mujhe

Mera dimaag
Jung ka maidaan hai
Jung mein na koi hathiyaar hai
Na koi talwaar
Na koi insaan hain
Na koi janawar
Na koi fauj hai
Na koi bomb
Na he koi khoon kharaba hai.

Mera dimaag ek
Jung ke maidaan Se kam nahin.
Mere soch vicharon nei he jung cheeda hai.

Jung ke ek aur hain
Meri udasi
Mera gussa
Mera nafrat
Mera dukh dard.

Dusri aur hain
Mera pyaar
Mera shaanthe
Mera himmath
Meri khushiyaan.
Jis per muje kaboo paana hain.

Meri mann ki kushiyon ko meinein he janjeer mein jakad ke rakha hai.
Jise mujhe chudaana hain

Aagar mein jung jeethethi hoon
Toh
Hriday per mera pyar ka Taaj hooga
Mere Mann me kushiyon ka jhanda lehrayega
Mera aawaz samadhaan ka geeth gayega.

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Kavitha..... Ki Aahaat!

Baarish ki woh pehli khushboo
Mann ko yuh luba gayee
Jaise ki koyee pyaar ki aahat
Mann mein thama gayee.

Suraj ki nayee kirane
Ek nayee umang lekar aa gayee
Manoo koi dil ki gehrayee ko
Pyaar se choo kar jaa rahi ho.

Bhavrein humein ched kar
Humare dil se yeh pooch rahi ho
Ki kya chal raha tumhare dil mein
Ki tum pyaar se sharma rahi ho.

Khilthe huae phool ki mehak
Humare chaaron aur mandra rahi ho
Jaise key koi pyaar ki kushboo
Humse lipat rahi ho.

Daudthi hui Pyar ki natkhat lehron ne
Hum per pyar ka fuvvara barasa diya
Ki maloom hi nahin pada ki
Hum kab uss pyaar mein fisal gaye.
Aur woh humein jakadkar dil ki gehrayee mein duba le gayee.

Pyaar ki aahat hi eaisi ki
Woh apna roop badal kar aathi hai
Hume apne jakad mein le lethi hai
Ke hum apne aap ko chuda he nahin paathe!

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Kavitha.....Masale Waali Chai!

Chai to paani se hi banthi hai
Sirf paani he hamari pyaas bhujai sakthi hai.
Ubalthe huae pani mein thodi se
Chai patti dali jaye
To kaali chai kehlaathi hai
Jiska maja to kuch aur hi hai
Thodi see aur masale milalee jayee
Jaise ki adrak aur elaichi
To masaledar ho jaathi hai
Jiska maja to kuch aur he hai
Ab aur chatpati karne ke liye
Thodi doodh mila liya jayae
Bas shakkar ki kami hai
Usse bhi poora kiya jaaye
Aab jara chhakh kar dekhiye janaab
Kaisi bani hai hamari chai...
Masaledaar aur chatpati bani hai.

Jindagi mein bhi agar hum
Eaisi hi thodi thodi masale chidkh dein to
Zindagi jeene ka maja kuch aur hi ho jayega
Chai ka rang feeka na padne dein
Nahin to maja hi nahin ayeega
Chai thandi ho jaaye to aswad ho jaathi hai
Zindagi nirass hone se pehle hi
Kuch to eaisa chatpata kijiye ki
Zindagi mein khushboo daudthi huai aa jaaye
Zindagi jeene ka maja abb lehli jiye.
Aur zindagi ko berang hone se bacha lijiye.

Chai to chai he hai
Aur zindagi humari dhadkan
Is dhakan ka maja chai ke saath liya jaaye
Toh maja kuch aur he hai...

Kavitha achhi lage to wah wah to kijiye
Chai achhi lage to shukriya to kijiye.

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Kavitha....Paron Ki Aahat!

Her aahat paron key
Darwajee per dastak de rahi thee
Jo mein aapki samajh baithi
Aur her aahat sunkar
Mere kadam darwajey ki aur badd jaathe
Aur mere haath jaldh he darwajey kholne ke liye taras jaathe

Maine aapke liye shringar kiya
Aur ek muskuraahat say aapko
Sweekar karne ke liye taiyyar khadi rehthi thee.
Meri aankhon ko aapka hi intezaar tha.
Aapki Ek jhalak dekhne ke liye.

Din nilkalthe gaye...
Hum ek hi chhath ke neeche ajnabiyon ki tarah reh rahe thae
Subah jaathe vakth aur sham ko aathe vakth
Bas haath dikha dey diya karthe thae.
Aapne kabi bhi meri aur muud kar nahin dekha
Aapke ek muskuraath ke liye mein bechain thi
Aap se bahuth kuch kehna chhah rahi thi
Kaash aap mujhe ek jhalk he dekh lethe

Yeh har roj ka silsila ban gaya
Aur din ba din mera utsaah niruthsaah mein badaltha gaya
Aur pyaar mera kam hotha chala gaya
Eaisa lag raha tha aap mujh se doori rakhna chhah rahe ho.

Kya kabhi bhi aapko woh sunhare din
Yaad nahin ayae
Jo humne ek saath gujaare thae
Humnei ek saath jo kasmeen khayee thee
Woh aap kaise bhool gaye....
Kya kabhi mere kadam behak gaye thae?
Ya mere dil mein, kya koi aur basa hai?
Jo Key.....
Aap mujshe yunh itne rookhe rookhe say kyon rehthe ho

Mein aaj bhi aapse utna hi pyaar karthi hoon
Jitna kiya karthi thi

Her din aur raath mujhe aapka hi intezaar rehtha hai.
Bus mein itna aapse pyaar karthi hoon!

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Keep Smiling!

Live a life In such a way....
Nothing could fade your beautiful smile.
If death comes knocking
Embrace it with grace!

After you die.....
Tears should not be less in
You loved ones eyes!

Tears falling from your eyes
Went on flowing like stream into the sea
That sea water never reduced its level!
Do You know why?
Tears are our knowledge
Which enriched the river evergreen and flowing!

Life is the beginning
Death is not the end but in fact the beginning!
Plant new seeds,
That will sprout into new beginning!

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Keep The Fire Burning Within!

Its my thirst for knowledge
Ignited the fire within.
I will keep this fire burning
As long as my thirst for learning is not quenched
I dont want to leave anything incomplete.
If I have been asked to
Cross a lonely road
All alone
No passerby
In the midnight
Within the deep forest
Making a way to the
Top of the hill
Where lies my target.
My thirst for knowledge will reach me there.
I will keep this fire burning
And will continue to burn.

Knowledge is such a vast ocean
A dip on it is nothing
My thirst for knowledge will not quench in dips
Even if I have to drown in the
Ocean of knowledge
I will do it
Its so vast and deep that
After taking a dip in it
There is no one
Who has ever said that
I am happy and my quest for knowledge is quenched...
Keep the fire burning...
Till the end...

There is no one who can stop us doing anything
Especially something constructive
But we ourselves are the barriers
Which stop ourselves from going forward.

Keep the Fire burning Within!

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Key For All!

Success is the lock
Which I have to unlock
And key is in my hand
And am searching it all over
Which is
My hard work.

I couldn't see properly
I have to open my eyes
Which I have locked myself
And searching for the key which is
My spectacles with good vision.

I hear all unwanted
And close my ears
When required.
I have to open it
And just put key
And unlock it.
My hearing aid to hear everything.

I cannot walk properly
I need a support
And searching for
Just emotional one
Which will open my lock.
My stick of will power.

I love u so much
But I am unable to utter it
As my heart is locked
I have to open my self
With the key
Of boldness to speak out.

I am so healthy
Am so ugly
I lost my confidence
And I failed in exams

I have to unlock and
Open the door of success.
Using the key of confidence
And hard work.

I cannot get up after falling down
Though am trying it hard
Am physically fit too
But
On seeing the will power of handicapped riding his bicycle
And struggling with work for one loaf of bread.
On seeing the old person with luggage climbing stairs all alone.
On seeing the mom who is feeding her children and remaining hungry.

Will power is the key of keys....
Its such a unique key for all the locks
To unlock it with
Good vision, mission.
combined with 100 percent effort.

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Khat

Khat pyar ke syyahi se lekhe gaye
Dil se utarkar aaye thae woh.
Khali thae panne
Per mainei usse pyar ki rangon se bhar diya
Pyaar bhare shabdhon se lapet liya
Kya woh aapke dil per dastak dey gaye?

Sumi Nair

Submitted: Saturday, October 05,2013

Edited: Tuesday, November 05,2013

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Khota Sikka!

Matlabhi Hai yeh duniya
Matlabhi hain yeh log
Kisi aur ki Kalam ki syaahi ko
Pesh karthein hain Apney hi log.
Aur duniya Kay saamney prashansha ka paatra ban jaathein hain!

Kiski Taarif karein
Uss kavi ki ya jisney pesh kiya kavita ko duniya Kay saamney?

Uss Kavi ko jisney Apney Lahoo say likha shyaari ko
Jiskay saason mein basi hain shyaari
Uskay Kalam mein uskay khoon daud rahey thae
Usney Apney dil ko cheerkar khoon say Bhara tha Apney Kalam ko
Us kavi ki Kya Taarif karein Jiski likhavat duniya ney dekhi
Per us Lahoo ko koi pehchaan na paye!

Hazaroon Taaliyon ki kadhadahat barsi uskay kavita sunkar
Jisney uskay kavita ko bahuth hi khoobsurathi say pesh kiya
Har prashansha ko Apni Jolie mein bhar diya
Per kavi ka naam kabhi bhi saamney na aaya!

Yeh hain duniya!
Yeh hain log!
Apney hi hain yeh duniya Apney hi hain log!

Dur say Dekha toh sab achha lagtha hain
Per paas aakar Dekha toh khota sikka khanaktha hain mere khamosh dil mein!

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Note. Plagiarism

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Lakeer!

Gam Kay saaye mein rehkar
Darti hoon Kushi ko chooney say
Pata nahin
Kaun see lakeer kaat dey Kushi ko jeenay say!

Woh Kaun sa lakeer hai
Jisney mohabath ko nafrath mein badal diya.
Kahin Ahamkaar ka saya toh nahin
Jo Lakeer ko kheench kar ley gaya apni aur!

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Layer Of Coatings!

Many painful memories, kept deep hidden down her heart,
Like a secret it lay deep down since years.
Many colors of happiness she painted on top of it, to make it beautiful!
Each time she gave a layer of coating,
Whenever it was trying to show the base color.

With a mask of smile, she laughed enjoying singing merrily,
And danced with others,
Never let the world know of it,
But today her coating got faded, started disappearing.
And base colors hidden behind it became visible to all.
Any way one or the other day, truth hidden was to come out.
But she think....
It was too early it came out,
As she wanted the autumns to shed, leaves for few more years,
For a few more could have left her old and grey,
It's still ok,
The time wanted to tell the stories untold.
Better late than never, to be on positive side.
else
It would have been buried along with her death so uncertain.
Then no one will recite the stories untold.

She has to coat again, to make her refresh.
No choice left to her.
She has to move on with same layer of coatings.
Life has tested her enough patience to all that she stood successful,
People are looking to be young, but
She is the one who would be happy when she is old and grey!
As then she can remove her coating and have a heart full laugh!
Just waiting for that shiny day!

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Let Us Enjoy The Tiny Moments Of Life!

Let us enjoy the tiny moments of happiness,
Our life has blessed us with.

Let us enjoy the few lovely moments of our life.
Let us enjoy the few beautiful moments we come across.
Let us enjoy the few tiny moments
Before the sun sets beyond horizon.

Every day began with a new sun rise
Unsure of how many will rise to see the new sun rise.
Let's enjoy the tiny moments of life.
Let us live in the moments we are blessed with.

Let us live in this very moment of life
For I may not be there
For you may not be there
For we may not be there.
To sing the song.
Breeze will sing this song forever.

Let us relish the few happy memories which our life has blessed us with.
We will pass through,
Moments of sadness, happiness, bitterness
Only till we are blessed with this beautiful life.

Let us enjoy the few moments of happiness
However tiny it may be.
For we don't know whether we are blessed
With another sun rise in our life.

Let us enjoy the tiny moments of happiness!

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Let's Be Strangers

Time is never same
It keeps on changing
So is the relationships.
Once placed with respect
Had shattered me
Into pieces.
Tears have dried up
Pain has frozen into ice
Nothing can grow in dry land
Its got dried forever
Think train left forever
Never to come back.
Many a times broken
Mirror cannot be mended
Even if broken thread tied together
Will always show a knot in it.
Which will always haunt
Me like sorrow.
A scar will remain.

Lets travel like an unknown passenger
Even if we ever happen to meet..

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Let's Cut Cake!

With full of tears.
No one's near.
No birthday song to be heard.
No wishes on way.
No candles to be lit.
As darkness prevails everywhere.
Bloodsheds everywhere,
Poverty spreads darkness everywhere.
No money in pocket.
Struggling for a single day meal.
Today is your birthday.
Let's cut cake.

But, where is the cake! ! !

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Letter

Letter written with dipped in ink of my love
Flew from core of my heart
Blank were the pages
Filled them with the colours of love
Letter were folded in song of love
Did it knock your heart?

Sumi Nair

Submitted: Saturday, October 05,2013

Edited: Tuesday, November 05,2013

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Liberty!

You can savour my poem
In a hot or in a cold way
In a sweet or in a sour way
In a meaningful or in funny way
The choice is left to you to have tea with or without sugar!

Your comments can come to me in any way
Now its the time for me to relish them in
The way I want them to be.

We are liberal to one another
We never forces one another to savour poems or
comments in any particular way.

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Life For A Day!

Deepest words embraced her heart.
Coldest dews tickled her eyes.
Bathed in fresh morning fragrance.
Sun rays blessed her for a day.

Evening seemed to be bit bitter.
For night seemed to be bit longer.
Night may vanish slowly but firmly.
'Is there another day to rise? ', she whispered

Maybe all the prayers she requires.
Perhaps the brightest soul
May have to depart just once.
Leaving all the flavors of life.
Leaving all the memories of life.
Let the tides settle her life further.
Unsure of boat may reach ashore!

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Life In Comma! - A Painful Tribute To Aruna Shanbaug!

Finally a body lay restless fighting against all the odds.
Lying immobile in a bed of thorns and pains for four decades so long.

Where she should have been
And where did she reached today.
Once she was blessed with beauty and intelligence.
Blessed with a beautiful life to live upon.
Could she live that beautiful life, as it should have been?

Helplessly she watched,
when cruelty gripped her from all the sides,
which never gave even a chance to rise up,
Even though a new day began.

How many dreams she may have had?
She fought the pain till she breathed her last.
She lay motionless in a bed of shattered dreams,
With a pillow of bed ridden thoughts and tears.

Lying in a bed around decades of four
Hardly she may be two and half decades born
For years she lay crippled and helpless
fully dependent on others.
Indeed some blessings was there with her
Thankful to the people who stood for her, who loved her,
Took great care of her and travelled along with her till her end.

A fateful day took away all her dreams and twisted her life so cruelly.
From there her life hanged in between if and not, till she breathed her last.

Tears do we shed but also feel relieved,
Finally a soul was freed from all the prolonged pains and grief.

Till the last moment she fought bravely against all her pains
before sinking eyes to death!

May Her Soul Rest In Peace!

Hats off to all the nurses who went on adding
Drops of priceless contribution each day
as a part of their dedication to humanity.
In what better they could have shown!

PEACE!

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Note: (Courtesy: Google)

Aruna Shanbaug an Indian nurse, then aged 24years, from Karnataka, died after living in vegetative state for more than 42 years. She worked as a nurse at the King Edward Memorial Hospital (KEM) Mumbai. At the time of attack she was engaged to a doctor at the same hospital. On night of 27th November 1973, Sohanlal Walmiki, a sweeper at the same hospital, sexually assaulted Shanbaug. He attacked her while she was changing clothes in hospital basement. He choked her with dog chain and sodomized her. She was discovered with blood splattered only at next morning. Since then she lay in a vegetative state. Nurses from KEM hospital took entire care of her till her death in the same hospital. She was born on 1st June 1948. Finally she died from pneumonia on 18th May 2015 at the age of 66.

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Life Is A Flowing River

Life is like river,
Which keeps on flowing
Hurdles and downfall can never stop it from flowing
It spread the life of happiness wherever it flows
It pass thru the baby grass to the parent trees
And from successful of hill to downfall of heap.

It keeps all alive by its love of touch
It flows wherever it finds it's way
It is ready for any change in flow.
It nourishes the gem of knowledge
To all living ones on the earth.
But
If one of its path flowing into stagnant water,
It is not good for living ones.
But still thrives a micro ones in that water
So is their knowledge also becomes stagnant like that water.
They keep spreading poisons where ever possible.
When one drink it to quench thirst of knowledge
They are killed by the same poisonous water.

Oh Beautiful river!
Life is only one
Making it beautiful
Lies in our hand.
'Please spread the message of Peace Happiness where ever you flow'.

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Life Is A Puzzle!

Life is a puzzle
The answer lies in itself.
Our mind keeps on wandering
In the labyrinth of real and illusion.

Life is a puzzle of keys
Deep hidden is the key to lock and unlock anything.

Life is a puzzle of ocean
Deep hidden is the secrets and emotions.

Life is a puzzle of roses
Deep hidden is the fragrance of love and pain.

Life is puzzle of mask
Deep hidden is the beauty and ugliness of life.

Life is a puzzle often comes wrapped in a gift pack.
When opened, both Joy and pain punch us together.
After getting a punch, sure the solutions will keep on rotating in our starry eyes.

Life is puzzle of solutions!

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Life Is Beautiful

Life is a beautiful rose
surrounded by fragrance of light.
Thorns keeps us away from pride.
Stem helps to stand straight.
Roots are our foundation.
petals are our medal of memories.
It swings in the garden of relationship.
One day it's celebrating Valentines day,
Other day in the birthday bash,
of course in the marriages too.
It makes the babies smile.
Finally, it lay on the ground surrounded by beloved ones.
But still, it remain in the heart of dear ones.
It's fragrance whispering Life is beautiful..Life is beautiful!

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Life With Struggles!

What a struggle an unborn baby makes to push his way into this beautiful world.
He cries with pain when a knife cuts him to separate from umbilical cord.
He cries when he opens his eyes for the first time he sees the light,
Surrendered by unknown voices and people.
He cries in hunger, pain and uneasiness.
He struggles when he learns to speak, crawl, walk and run.
He struggles when he stand on his own feet and to maintain it forever.
He reaches in his peak of success.
His life stabilises for some years.

Then the downfall begins
With changes in fragile body and heart and mind.
He further struggles to cope up in life.
He take double effort to maintain well his body, heart, mind and soul,
He struggles when his soul leaves his body and flies away.

Life Begins and Ends in Struggle!

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Light Of Hope

Can a light be so powerful?
Can a hand be so strong?

Ask the one who has pass thru all this!

I don't know when
I fell into the pit of sadness
Knowingly unknowingly I fell
I realised it too late
When I went deep half way down
And
I tried to come out
But couldn't move an inch
Pit was so deep that
It engulfed me.

I couldn't stop myself
From going deep down.
As I couldn't get anything to hold
I just went on slipping deeper till I felt,
I reached the bottom of the pit.

Melancholy spread all over
So dark it was
Not even a ray of light was coming inside
Felt choke up
Felt as if someone
Tightened rope around my neck
Making me unable to breathe
I fainted and fell almost dead.

A powerful but a thin ray of light
Entered the pit and
Reached me
The grip loosened
And I could breathe
As if I got life.

All I could feel is

One strong hand reached me and
Pulled me out of pit
And once again I felt I should live.

Today, how can I
Forget the ray of hope
And the powerful grip
Which pulled me
Out of darkness where I
Had been lying as good as dead for
The past many years.

May God send a Ray of Light to all.

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Line!

Dwelling in solace of sorrow for long
Strings of fear pulled me from touching
The Glass of happiness
Don't know...
Which line will draw a cross on my line of happiness
And there by breaking into pieces!

Which line did you cross
That turned your love upside down
Isn't it, your fuming ego
That diverted your line towards hatred!

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Live In Present

Alone, I was driving down the traffic lane,
My car got struck in the traffic,
And also, my mind got struck in the traffic of worries,
I saw, I met with an accident,
on the way to hospital.....
The yelling sounds of horns woke me up..
I found, the traffic got struck because of me..
I pinched myself,
Oh! I am alive, so happy I was...

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Live The Moment To The Fullest...

Every moment had
Some happiness in it
Some sadness in it.
Some bitterness too.
Living a moment to the fullest
Is the beauty of life!

I just took a spoonful
Of ice cream
Before I could enjoy
My thoughts enjoyed the flavour.
My thoughts savoured the taste too.
Happiness flew into my mind...
About to relish....
The spoon fell off my hand.
And there went my happiness too.
Bitterness replaced it.
Forget the cream,
Ice still coming to cool your mind.
Live a moment to the fullest.....

Each moment conveying something.
Either in sadness there may be some happiness too.
Like newly wedded daughter going too far away.
There is both...live the moment to the fullest.
As this is going to happen only once!

Before enjoying any moment
Its our thoughts which enjoy first.
If thoughts can enjoy,
Thoughts can pass thru sorrow also....

Once I forgot to enjoy the moment
And was quiet busy with work
Remember, there is a small moment of happiness
Which comes when you are quiet busy
And when you are free, its gone.
The moment and happiness
doesn't wait for you.

There is no U turn in your life.
Moment doesn't wait for anyone!
In other words...

Life is only one.
Live the moment to the fullest!

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Local Trains

What to talk of local trains,
Lakhs of commuters travel by it,
Often over crowded.
And before the train stops in station
Train is filled.
So those who knows to jump inside the
Train while in motion
Can get seat to sit or probably place to stand.
While getting down
One has to get down
From moving train
Now today it became the daily
Practice of office goers.

A man went to office
While coming home he got a big lump on his forehead
His wife asked did anyone hit
He said no
Well it was the handle on local train
Which was hitting continuously as he couldn't move an inch.

Went for picnic by local train.
Ladies and gents went,
in their compartments.
Just one station before our destination
We stood to get down
But one lady among us
Thrown out of the train
By pushing her deliberately to get down
And she lost balance and fell on platform
People were pushing to get out
And many stamped on her.
Luckily she didn't slip into the track.

Many things pick pocketing.
Chain snatching,
A gang works behind this.
Different methods are used for it.
And if female travels in gents compartments

Though accompanied
Still harassment continues
Taking advantage of crowd.

Still one cannot forget local trains
Economical and reaches mostly the destination in time.
As it is the like the daily bread to the office goers and students.

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Long Live Heart!

Our small heart inside a cute bony cage
Well protected from a minute scratch
Keeps on beating continuously
Day and night
For keeping us alive.

Even falling from a height
Or accidents
Cannot damage it one easily
So deep inside us with well
Fitted Protected walls.

But words just thrown
In air like an arrow
Which can pierce one heart
Thoughts are enough to wound it and kill it.

Outside forces cannot attack it
That easily
But inside thoughts are sufficient
To attack it silently.

One who is in coma is alive
due to heart beats.

Its only Love...
Nothing but,
Love for Self
Love from others
Love for others
Keep it Alive!

Long Live Heart!

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Looking Through A Windowpane!

They were the close friends like peas in a pod
Lives too shared similar resemblances
The pain they shared were
Like the two shades of a coin.
Time played the games in their lives were the same.
They had their own families.
Just a coincidence one can tell
Things took a turn in both the houses were same.

Like the two shades
One was bright other was dark
Coin which they shared were of pain and sorrow.
But each had a different view.

Darker view from the outside her life looked painful but
visible to all
Brighter view to other life inside looked darker and painful but
Invisible to all.
No one could guess what inside!
All felt pity for the worst happened to the one visible
But
To the invisible view
Unknowing of what's inside
Many felt jealous of her life which looked so tempting that
many wish to live her life.
Both went through the same phases.
Yeah it was....
One was bounded by social status while the other got separated forever.
Now just one difference remained was the title.

So is the life-playing hide and seek
Not knowing what's on the way!
Some life's looks visible while some invisible
One cannot study the different shades of life.
Just by looking outside though a windowpane! ! !

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Love In Snowy Desert!

Alone I was standing
And looking at the beauty
Of snowy covered mountain
Standing too far away from me
Full of life, full of trees,
And covered with
Blanket of snow
Full of coolness.
Glittering in the sunlight.
As the each sun rays
Falling on it made it awesome.
What a beauty?
I love you...
Do you love me too?
Not a drop of tears
Could Fall from my eyes
As I am in the forest of desert.

Oh! my love
I love u too
You are in the midst of desert
Covered with golden blanket.
But when the sun shines on you
What a beauty is it
To see you glowing in golden-silver colours
Spread all around.
Share with me the peace and calmness
And the warmth in you.
Which I longed to feel.
I love u so much that
My eyes are wet with snow
Tears of snow balls are falling down for you.

Love knows no boundaries!

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Love Virus At My Site?

Just a click on a mouse
My first love appeared at my site.
But just a blink of my eyes
My love vanished from my sight.
Where did it vanish?
Did upset me right.
Just a click on his email
Opened his site
Fool he was to left password at my site.
Now female virus caught his site.
Flirting with females, I saw him at his site.
With just a click of mouse
I placed his photo on mine
And uploaded all over his virus flooded site.
Now his site was downloaded with many bugs.
With a heavy load of bugs
He came to my site.
Now the mouse trapped right under my site.
With a spam to his message
I threw him out of my site.
Now to unblock him
He requested at my site.
I just went to his another chatting site
And saw him chatting again
With many girls at a time.
My antivirus started debugging my computer.
Just a click of mouse I threw him out of my life!
Never to go for love at first site!
As virus get caught easily at this love site.

New technology mouse can reach anywhere!
Site or sight doesn't matter.
Its the mouse who does all wonders
Beware of this mouse!
As its coming to your site on 14th Feb to throw the love virus on your site.

To Wish You A Happy Valentines Day!
Enjoy your day with Love Virus at your Site!

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Making A Way To History!

Historical monuments
Stood remarkably well with proud
Making headway to
Wonders of world
Creating a history
For the future generations.
Golden words so engraved
Beautifully
Speaking the origin
Of beautiful monument
Built by
The admirer of arts and architecture
Combined with
Artistic approach
Creative minds
Strong hands
Years of hard work
Dedicated day and night
Of their life
Its the sweat of many people
For the antique piece to
Come up so beautifully.
Many unknown contributions
Of hard work.
Well financed
With quality stuffs.
Well maintained and strongly built with its life,
As long as the,
Living species on the earth,
Is the core structure emerged.
Built on strong foundation
That it stood for centuries
Untouched by natural calamities.

As the beautiful quote
Rome was not built in a day!

Yesterday was a forest here.
In a couple of week forest disappeared

Manual skill supersede
New technology, latest implements
Blink of eye, a beautiful tower stood.
And within couple of year tower collapsed
Thousands lay dead under it
No value for anything today!

Collapse of building was a history
Now its a common sight!

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Man Caged Himself In Zoo!

Was it a fate or
It's his last journey
That his ill fated wish of just visiting a zoo ended so cruelly!

For getting the better view of caged tiger of six feet long
He leapt forward the fence and he slipped
And fell down directly in front of tiger
Who was waiting for its feast.
Surprisingly, the tiger didn't kill him immediately.

People started screaming.
Hurling stones at tiger to divert the attention.
For fifteen minutes the poor chap pleaded,
The tiger to leave him.
But tiger was tempted by the fresh blood and flesh.
It went on hitting lad for fifteen minutes.
Finally tiger overpowered and
Took him far away.
No rescue team arrived and,
Finally two hours later,
Tiger was seen nowhere.
His body was sent for postmortem!

Cruel was his ending.
A unique was his death!
That he fell as prey in front of tiger.
How much pain and plight,
He would have suffered,
For those fifteen when he was alive, right in front of big tiger!

I feel pity for the young boy
Who was destined to die in a cruel way
Time called him to the zoo
Situation slipped him inside the zoo
Finally landed him right in front of monster
Which he had never dreamt of seeing it from near!
Was it a call of a fate or his destiny!

I can just pray....May his soul Rest In Peace!

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Mediation...A Path To Bliss!

When no roads are left to follow
One may feel either live or die
Always remember dear
A path of meditation always awaits you.

Believe me....

It will make you stronger than before.
Meditation will open your eyes
It will bring truth of life before you
Realisation of ones soul is felt
It will let you know of truth and illusion
Its a path on way to bliss and happiness!
Mediation will bring everlasting happiness and inner strength!

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Memories Far And Near.....

Whatever today is the beautiful moments
Is going to be the memories of tomorrow.
Some moments may be quiet embarrassing
But tomorrow when we cherish it we will
Laugh out loudly on the blunders we have done,
Laugh out once a while...

Many funny things I have come across
And did blunders too
But at that time I was too serious to face it.
Now I smile at them.

My uncle gave a two rupee note, long back
He asked me and my sister to take equally
What my little sister did.....
She tore the note into two
And say hey gee take this one piece.

I went to grocery store to buy
1kg detergent powder of particular brand
Too small at that time
The storekeeper gave me a good offer of
5kg for the same money but no brand.

Sitting on college canteen while having samosa
Using fork, my friend fork slipped and the samosa
Hit the boy on face standing nearby.
It is one I got lots of shoutings for no fault of mine..

Many blunders still going on
And just laugh after everything is over.

May each of think of those blunder
And laugh out loudly.
Its the time to think and laugh....

What a Golden Memories we had.
Think and relish it one by one!

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Memories!

Few Memories were written
In sands of shore
Though tides of time went wiping by
But it sank deep down my heart.

Bitter Memories were to be buried alive
Though they were of dead past
I buried it everyday at midnight
But the very next sunrise I carried it alive with me.

It just took away the present from me
I just sat staring at the dead past.
Many painful tears I shed on each day thinking of scars.
I continued it shedding painful tears till today.

Why do I hang on to past so deep?
Why I am not able to take one step towards present?

When I living in present wearing a glasses of past
Glasses are faded out, I am too worn out
Why can't I see myself in my mirror
And make me realize where these past have left me in present?

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Mesmerizing Mermaid!

My mind wandering
In Search of new chords of poem.
Maiden thoughts of songs comes
With the fog clearing
Its way into the sun rays
Peeking to come out
Just to spell me bound
with the warmth of touch.

The blanket of fog
covering me in winter
With its charming love
Making me warmth
Not able to move
Stood standstill like
A mesmerizing mermaid
Fell into the love for
Dear thoughts making a
Poem on full of love.

Morning dew drops of
Winter falling on my eyes
With new arousal of thoughts
Giving me the mesmerizing feelings
Of love for you
Made me standstill
And speechless
As though my lips were sealed.
And eyes closed with a captivated feelings

The snow falling
making me chilled
Made me stand still
With freezing cold
Flowing all over me
As if I don't want the
Passionate moments of love
To pass away from me
There by making me frozen

chilled to cherish
Those wonderful moments of love
Singing a poem on love
Which I want to share with you.

Awesome is the moments captivating
As if my mind still playing
A song on love
With the mesmerizing maid
In the magical world of love.

Note

Here Mesmerizing mermaid is nothing but the poem itself,
flexible in every ways enough to captivate one heart with its charm.

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Mom

Mom is beautiful when she holds her babe closed in her arms.

Mom is lovable when she nurture her child.

Child is grateful when she holds her aged mom's hand.

Years passes by but the relation of mom child is evergreen.

To mom her child is always a child.

Mom is the one who forgives you, understands you, listens to you patiently.

Mom is the one who waits for you.

Mom is just a call away from you.

Happy Mothers day.

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Move On!

Passing along the road
Covered with fog
On the way to the top of
The hill
Went on
Like a thrilling experience.
Went on moving
Through thorns, pricking stones
And unclear view
Did block my way
But.....
I was free from any thoughts
Free from any desire
My mind was crystal clear
As my only destination
Was the top of hill.

Never came across
Any other roads
Which made me to stand
And think
Which road
I should choose.
Or I didn't look here
And there
Is any other road
So that I can change my way.
I didn't search for any option
For my convenience
Or happiness.

Though my road
Unclear
And only a dim light was
Showing me a path.
I travelled enthusiastically
As long as I just turned
Behind
To just a view of the road

Which I crossed
Unbelievable it was
The road which I
Crossed was
As crystal clear
That surprised me.
So much difference
The road ahead full of fog unclear
And the road which I crossed one, was clear.
So I thought
I should go back,
As I felt the lucid way
Is calling me back, so I turned
But a huge block of stone
Fell on the way
Now I couldn't get a
View of road itself.
No choice
Move On!

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Muskurathey Raho!

Zindagi is tarah jiyo ki
Cherey ki muskurahaat kabhi bhi kam na ho
Agar Mauth bhi aa jaaye saamney
Mauth aaney ka gam na ho aur
Tumharey chhah ney walon kay
Aankhon mein aason kam na ho!

Aankhon say behthi aasuyein
Ek dhara ki tarah samandar mein jaa kar is kadar Miley
Ki kabhi bhi samandar ka pani kam na ho!

Zindagi shuruvaath hain toh Mauth anth bhi nahin
Naye beej Jo aapney boyae
Woh ek nayi zindagi ki shuruvaath hai!
Muskurathey Raho!

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My Astrological Calculations Just For Fun!

When a beautiful moon was shining in Virgo
And Sun waved hands to me from Aquarius,
I was born exactly mid of noon.

Moon is my heart
where all my emotions are stored
it tends to rise up and down
like our moons delight.
Virgo, a maiden, traveling all alone
Carrying all the storms inside her thoughts.

Well sun not comfortable in Aquarius
Especially in dark Saturn house.
The sign it shows a pot holding the
Bright rays of the sun inside.
Where it shines only inside a pot
without passing away the light outside.

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Note. Don't be serious. It's just my calculation only.

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My Balance Sheet

Profit is the each friend I added
Loss is my each friend lost due to my mistakes.
Miscellaneous is where friends is combinations of both love and hatred.
Suspense is my missing friends or out of touch.

Repairs and maintenance for my health.
Petty ones are the cold, flue etc I get every time.

Outstanding is the number of likes I expect for my Poems.
Prepaid is the likes I clicked in advance for others Poems.

My bank were full with love and care.
Loan Is the happiness I give to others.
Purchases is the thanks I purchased from others.
Sales is by fulfilling the wishes of others.

Profit was more than loss...but

Asset are the love I got
From my parents, brothers, sisters and relatives.

Liability are I couldn't return back
The love and the care which I got from them
which will remain always as liability.

Is my balance sheet well balanced?
I tried to balance it...
Nope, my liabilities balances more than assets.

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My Beloved Scarecrow!

I went to my village
Old and strong house of century year old.
Built With hard rocks and roof with bricks
one side with fields all over.
And front side was a beautiful river
Rice crop ready for harvest
Walking along field between was so marvellous
Part of field was already harvested and
Straw was heaped in one place.

I climbed all the way to top of the heap of straw.
And came sliding down.
There stood a scarecrow
With a empty pot on its top,
with eyes, round nose and monstrous teeth
Well marked with charcoal.
Looked like effigy with shirt and pant worn.

To my horror I heard some sound of barking dogs
With no one around
I ran in a full swing back home
Next day the moment I reached scarecrow
Elephants sound made me ran
This happened for a week with different sounds

I changed my timing
And to my horror I saw my beloved
Inside a scarecrow
Next day I went before time
And took position like scarecrow
I just play a record of bull
I saw my beloved running and I couldn't control laughing.
But few seconds later
I fainted as he pour bucketful of cold water over me
When I open my eyes I was surrounded with all relatives

And one scarecrow too

It seems that Scarecrow was kept to scare me?

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My Car Of Inspiration!

Decided are my ways;
Altered are my days,
for I know where to move;
For I know the way to reach.
My destination is too far to being seen.
With a map set in my mind,
With a slow speed I will start,
the engine of my car.
Well I am the lone driver,
I am the lone traveller;
Gear is set.
Mind is set right.
Mirror is well set up,
So that I get the three dimensional view.
Slowly I accelerated the speed,
Now I know the ABC of life,
I know when to apply break,
I know when to accelerate the speed
I know when to use clutch.
Here I am set to go!

I have to keep on moving,
On the same speed,
With my eyes and ears open,
My mind should work in coordination with,
My eyes, ears and hands.
My wonder car started,
Moving ahead all way.
It will wait for none,
Till my brain is in gear.
I will not turn back.
In between I will put a break
To give a pause to my brain too.
My wonder car started
Its moving towards a new way.
Through the path that seemed to be rough and smooth.
Today, Nothing matters me much.
I have to move ahead through unknown path.

With a steering controlled by my hand and mind.
I will move ahead with thrill and reach my destination.

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My Dear Brother!

Train moved on
It halted on the station
May be to offload the
Burden of sorrow
Which I was
Carrying since long.
Co-passengers were
Very kind enough
Helped me off load
The extra luggage.
My eyes were searching
For you,
And was happy
To see you smiling and happy as usual
You were waving hand.
You will be always there
In my prayers
And
From my heart
I wish you a long
And happy life.
You will be always
Remembered,
For all the encouragement
And the support
You gave me
In all success of my endeavours
Forgive me for any words of hurt from me.
Thanks a lot for everything dear.
I will never come your way
To your village
Chill.....
Just kidding.

Train went on,
Journey moving with
New passengers.
Looked out of window
Cool breeze flowing

While I could feel the
aroma of favourite tea
With some flavour of spices.
Yes, I do need to fill
My life with spices
To keep it
glowing like before.

May God Bless
You Dear Brother!
And your Beautiful Village!

On occasion of Raksha Bandhan Day, I dedicate this to you dear Brother.
Brother is not just the word, It means a lot to me like the word.
And I seek your valuable blessings on this auspicious day.

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My Dear Poets Don'T Bang Me Please! ...Sorry!

With blunt of words, you slice the brick-kiln baked.
With crackers of humour, you light the fact.
With sprinkle of spices, you bring tears of rain.
With nuclear pen you fire words of neutron.
When I visit your page, you welcome me with warm words.
With jigsaw puzzle, you play scrabble.
You take us on a jumbo ride, but we find ourselves on boating ride.
You take us to mars, but we find ourselves on moon.
You tell us beautiful maiden is waiting for her love,
But find her missing love somewhere riding in stars to heaven.
Flowers you send to someone, surely it reaches but another one.
You say it's going to rain heavily, but I see summer shining bright.
You say you are going on holiday to May Fair, but I see your poem coming in July Fair.
You said tears did not fell, well it left me wondered where did it sublimate?
You say rainbow perfectly rests in your brow, I wondered when did they interchange their places.
You run behind roses, but garden is seen nowhere in desert.
You say tides rising in heart, left me wondered when did blood started rising like tides.
You try to fit yourself in other's shoe, and now you complain of shoe bite.
One lad went to meet his lass past Jan 2014, he is missing since then.
Yes, but I do love the critic...
I am just wondering if there was
No apple and serpentine what could the next alternative be?
With a stroke of words you turned yourself into beautiful eagle
It just left me wondered am I seeing magician.
You said Close your eyes! I closed my eyes, but didn't open yet my dear
As you never instructed me to open yet.
You said love your soul only and keep away from the body
I just wondered where should I keep.
At lunch you offered me pasta, but it reached me at dinner time.
You asked me to wait at window, but why did you climb all the stairs to tower,
you could have used the lift instead.
Wind blew away the cotton candy which you gave, now only stick remained.
You said you are taking us to hanging garden.
You left us hanging and you went missing.
I couldn't take a single bite of red Kashmiri apple, as I saw my beloved's face in it.

Now I should never tell beautiful flow of words from your pen
But I should tell mobile flow of words from your laptop.
I could still feel the reflection of you in crystalline ball
though you are not standing in front of mirror.
You puzzled me with eleventh hour but on twelfth hour of midnight!
SORRY!

I think I am going to get a Big Bang from you all.
So I will just keep silence.
After thrashing is over, I will come out slowly.
Please do bang me after reading my notes....Sorry!

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My Dedication To You With Love!

The time has Come to
rewrite my Biography.
My Autograph today
Is filled with golden Words.
So many words of appreciations
I couldn't hold, all
In my heart.
I feel so contended.
I am so overwhelmed
By the praise
Which increased my
Confidence.
Definitely I will
Come to visit you
Every weekend with
Some new poems as well.
Make you
Feel my presence
By reading your
Treasure of poems
As well commenting on it.
I couldn't resist my
Feeling to see you.
So I came to peep
whats going on in PH.
I don't want my account
To be deleted as I
Will be left all alone without you.
My hands couldn't resist typing
This 101 poem.

I am in the seventh heaven
Flying like an bird in
The sky
Where sky is the limit
But here life is the limit.
Even if I die flying
No regrets in life
As life gave me

The life of human
Where humanity
Distinguishes it
From other species.
My each words of pearls
Were a drop of tears
Which were of
Happiness or sadness
Fell down from my heart.
But after making a
Pearl of necklace with
Your praises
Gave it such a glow
Which I will never let it fade.
I will preserve it glowing
The way you presented it to me.
I will never let this hobby
Slip away from me like
I did before..

Thanks you for all beautiful words
Which I will preserve in my Heart Always.
I will come to see you every weekend...
With lots of love!

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My Flight That Never Took Off!

With a heaviness in
My heart
I boarded a flight
To a beautiful land.
While my love
Stood looking at me
With tearful eye
As he know I am
Not going to return back
But with a fade
Smile he bid me
Good bye!
He left away
Leaving me
Sighed.
But my flight
Got cancelled
So delighted
Was I!
To share this
Delight i ran
As fast i could.
I called to tell
But his cell was engaged
To my delight i
Saw him but
It seemed that
He was waiting
For someone
I just stood watching him
There came a very
Beautiful girl
He hugged and took her
away in Arms
I felt so jealous, sadness.
Why the hell he did this to me?
I gave my heart
And he cheated on me.
After all my

Flight didn't take off
It crashed before flying!

Some times it is better to MISS flights!
To KISS a crush!

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My Jewels Box!

I lost few things to the time
Which I had kept secured in my jewels box
Everyday I wiped and cleaned it as if they were mine.

I gained few things in course of time
Which I had kept away from my treasure box
As I felt it was never mine.
Nothing I did to nurture it,
Unexpectedly it fell into my jewels box again.

Something I lost forever
Something I gained too
But here onwards I will never make
A mistake of telling
This is forever mine.
Nothing is mine
Nothing can be ever mine.
A jewel of trust I lost it forever, which I am never going to gain hereafter.
I lost it forever!

Something I gained
Something I lost
Whatever I gained and lost was somewhere mine at some point of time.
I may loose further and may gain too.
So my jewels in my box will keeps on reshuffling along with the time!

Can I ever tell confidently this jewel is ever mine?

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My Obsession!

Poems are my obsessions
I cannot stay away from you
My thoughts of you fills my mind
My pen filled with love of words
Which comes out blushing on my heart of blank papers.

You come into my poem unknowingly
And feel you are sitting near and listening me.
All emotions I put in my poem
Just thinking of you unknown stranger.
May be your words I got infatuated with
And a lovely poem comes on the way.
I may be in your poems too to do some wonders
Which I like when you write a poem on me or anyone may like.

Poem is an inspiration can be taken either from
Someones poem itself
Someones beauty, ones captivating smile, attractiveness,
Or my infatuation for others.
Something should be there as a theme to make it a poem.
To make it lively and heartfelt.
Poems comes on way
By riding on the wings of wonderful imagination.

Is it something wrong, If I praise someones beauty
But I make sure I never let my thoughts
Pass away directly to the one as one may get embarrassed
And wont be free like before.

There is no harm in praising anyone of anything
But keep the secret to yourself only.
Who ever read the poem
One should feel its written for them.
But never carry that thought of persons into your life.
Once poem completed or read forget the entire episode.
Its my way of perception.

Infatuation can do wonders
Its a human nature

Nothing wrong
But keep it secret.
As I do!

A secret kept to oneself is beautiful.
I hope you agree with me.

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My Ph Journey 2013

My wonderful journey to PH begins this way..

I deleted wonderful hobbies one by one from my account.

Meditation took its turn.

Then arise a deep passion for writing poems.

I don't from where I got that passion all of a sudden.

It was a real surprise for me as I never wrote a single word or poem before.

This also surprised everyone who knows me.

Yes, one thing I am just lover of solitude.

I love to stay calm just observing all the beauties of nature.

Love to read what the birds, crows, squirrels, cow, trees, flowers, fishes want to tell.

My many poems were based on experience and imaginations.

My first poem I wrote somewhere in April 2013.

Posted my first poem in 1st may 2013 in PH.

Breaking News came as member poem in Aug.

Popular poets level from India I am there may be around July/Aug

Top on list I had been twice (today also) .

My two poems came in Top under Hot poems

Forget the first one as I escaped beatings from everyone.

Though not literally but verbally took all the beatings.

What they said was true.

Once posted I thought I will not remove it.

I thought let me have some beating with canes.

I was myself surprised on seeing my poem in hot list that too topper.

Well the second one at least I can take the name

No more Claims!

I think this time, many sighed with relief that this poem is OK for hot poems to be called on top. Thank you.

Sorry for troubling you all with my wonderful poems in hot list.

Smiles.....

Today, I just laugh thinking of all those.

I can just tell Sorry for speaking harsh words, which I shouldn't have done.

Anyway it was a thrilling experience and this is not new for me.

As my life is full of such thrilling experience always with wonders, hitting me high and low.

Wherever I go such things happens, so not new for me.

Chill...

My many poems were misunderstood.

One more account name under Sumi Nair I opened account and closed it now.

I forgot myself for few days.

I felt I am somewhere wandering in poetic land.

I will never forget this experience of sweet and sour one,

which changed my entire life especially in my thoughts and writings.

This is what I gained.

My palms are filled with poems.

The credit goes to each one of you.

I started expressing myself.

Writings increased my confidence level.

I always believe knowledge is power.

It's that thirst which never get quenched.

I always respect the knowledge in anyone whether be younger or elder to me.

Within this short period many things happened.

I hope nothing comes as flash as usually happens till end of Dec.2013.

Lets see what's store in for 2014 in poetic land of poems.

I would like to thank each one from my heart

For supporting me in this journey.

I feel it was a fantastic journey though travelled through sweet and sour hills.

I loved it.

Thank you again!

Best wishes for 2014.

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My Prabhu!(Inspiration From Kee Thampi Poem Thrills And Spills)

Really hats off to you dear poet.
Appreciate the way you
Captured a character and portrayed
It so beautifully.

With one stroke of pen,
You promoted a jungle pirate directly into a lord
It's really amazing.
So much creativity in your words I see.
Your each flower of praises you
Offer to your powerful lord is praiseworthy!

It's also true
When alive he was invisible to everyone
But he visualized everyone.
Like a king, he ruled the forest alone, afraid of none.
He lived in the midst of precious fragrance
Which captivated everyone.
Where did he hide
still remains a mystery!

His unique mustache carried a special charming effect
On his personality.
It's no doubt he was a man of heroic proportions!

Don't be ever surprised to see your Lord visiting
You in your dreams with plentiful blessings dear.
As you have praised him so deeply.

May God Bless you And your Lord!

On seeing your poem
I just couldn't just sit idle
I am sending you some
Bouquet and its fragrance
Will spell out only the name of your Lord!

.....

Note. I appreciate KEE Thampi for his Fantastic imagination
And of course it's wonderful presentation!
I am just impressed by your poem!
Thank You!

Geetha Jayakumar

My Puzzle And Your Solutions!

To those who come to seek my guidance I never leave them distressed.
Well, I am a wonderful person to be approached for any problem
sung by you in your any poems.

Search for your solutions in my puzzle

This will continue on as long as you share poems with us

Don't be surprised to see your unexpected solutions for free of cost.

Don't miss any opportunities to create one problem,
Then come to me asking your solutions.

I will make it fine, be assured.

Then problem will never look like a problem

But my solutions will look like a problem.

This will keep you engaged whole day.

But you have to dive deep into the puzzle to get your solution.

My puzzle will definitely make you run 24/7.

But, just for few days,

It will leave you wondered who are you?

You know I can read your mind and heart through your poems.

Don't worry I will find a perfect solutions to your problems.

Some times my astrology, analogy, numerology, ideology, psychology,
Grammology, geology, biology, and memorology works.

Now you may wonder why geology?

Well everything beings from origin of earth.

Well memorology is software for memory reading.

Well you have to buy as I can see your memory is fading from your hard disk.

Beautiful offer only for you, buy two software one just free.

Please, give me your credit card

I will swipe for three which will benefit you.

Your lucky number is zero, use maximum zeros.

Wear only rainbow colour dress and cooling glass.

Keep all password of your account in my name.

Whenever you finding difficulty in decoding it, I can help you.

For Any guidance contact me at triple zero, triple zero, triple zero.

My email id is too funny....

Well I am leaving you to guess!

That's another puzzle.

May I Help You!

SOS me

I am at your help 24/7 without any rest.

Rest is up to you to decide!

Thank you and see you in next episode!

Read my puzzle to solve your any problems!

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Nature Speaks A Lot!

Golden words written on sand
Get washed away
With one waves on shore
Telling us words are our memories
May be good or bad
One cannot cross life
With stick of memories in hand
Its washing away means to
Forget the memories
Live in present
Think future as golden.

The clouds formed
Is like our anger or hatred in our mind.
When the cloudburst
Is like our anger got burst
And poured out of our mind to make us feel light.
Clouds of emotions is not good one
As it may burst on loved ones
And leave the deep scars behind.

Never to blame the flood
Caused due to block in drainages.
Never to blame heart attack
Caused with full of tensions.

Waiting patiently for the trees to bear fruits
Is telling us every efforts has reward
But wait for it patiently.
Not necessarily we may get what we want
But we are sure to get some.

Being happy with what we have is
The trees who bears neither fruits nor flowers
Is telling us.

Thorns are telling us not to be too proudy that it may
Hurt others and repent later.

Many things cannot be reversed
Deep Scars remains forever
Reminds of the hurt which
Had got from others...

Forgetting scars....
Remaining always positive
Is the one and only way for success!

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Nature's Makeup

Scorching heat of summer
Burns the earth like a fire
Followed by wrinkles and cracks
Make it more worst.

Drizzling rains cleanses the earth
And make it cool and lively.

Snowy cover of winter heal the burns
And cover the wrinkles
And soothes its cracks
And make the earth more pretty and lovely.

Sunny autumn make it more romantic.

Spring waiting for its turn for the final touch,
It covers the earth with beautiful flowers.
And now the beautiful bride is ready with lovely smile.

Patience of the earth is often tested.
But it wait patiently for the seasons to come and heal.

If nature can heal itself,
So we can!

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Navaratri!

Those 9 days of worship of Goddess Durga!

First day Goddess Shailaputhri.

Second day Goddess Brahmacharini.

Third day Goddess Chandraghanta.

Fourth day Goddess kushmanda

Fifth day Goddess Skandamatha

Sixth day Goddess Kartayayani.

Seventh day Goddess Kaalaratri

Eight day Goddess Mahagauri.

Nineth day Goddess Siddhadathri and Durga Devi.

Followed by Garbha.

Your nine days of worship

Will fill a divine feelings in me..

Oh Goddess of knowledge Saraswati,

Oh Goddess of power and strength Parvati

Oh Goddess of wealth Laxmi

My each petals of flower of offering

Will recite your thousand names,

In praise of you

Give me the strength.

I don't miss my steps in wrong direction.

My heart doesn't slip away.

I should never forget my aim,

Whatever may come on the way.

Give me the strength and will power

To forgive and forget.

Give me strength to achieve my aim.

Give me patience.

Let not my anger or hatred comes from my heart.

Let my curse never come out for anyone.

The more patience I gather

I will be more peaceful and happy.

How many days left out for me in this beautiful planet.

Just a few days,

Help me to make my stay on this planet worthwhile.

Help me Goddess to spread the message of Peace and Love!

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No More Claims!

A promise of word she keeps,
As she made to you long back dear,

The time had come to put a full stop here.
One path ends here as
The board read the warning sign there.
So now,
No more trespassing will be done,
As she noted it down long back.

No more claim on this path
As it does not belongs to her dear.
This path for her ends here.

With a deep pain she wish to tell,
No more claims further ahead.
Reverting back to her next path thereby,

Wishing you all the best,
on your beautiful come back
To build a dream of castles.
Once again in this beautiful planet dear!

Today nothing is left in her hands,
With an empty hands....
All she can pray for you and tell.....
God bless you dear with all my heart! ! !

Dec 3,2013.

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Occasional Visitor!

My dear umbrella where are you...
I searched for you in shops and malls.

This hot and humid Season just waits for you.
Frequent pedestrian like us
Would like to hold you to heart,
As you protect us from ultra violet rays.
My dear manufacturer
Why did you prevent the flow of colourful umbrellas into malls and shops.

Today malls are covered with summer outfits.
Please do consider manufacturing
colourful umbrella to suit our outfits too.
We are the frequent travellers on
Roads especially under the bright hot sun.
Umbrellas are the occasional visitors only on rainy season
This is the season we require you the most.

Save it for rainy day
Though the saying applies here.....
But saving it for hot summer days
Can also be one of quotes for the bright summer days.

A frequent road traveller is waiting for you
Please do come!

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Offerings!

I offered some
Fruits
In a cover
To the poor man
Who was begging
On the streets.
Though he was
Accepting coins
Who ever threw at him
But I thought
If I could provide him
Some fruits that could
Fill his stomach for
At least one time.
But to my utter
Dismay
He threw away
All at once
Not even bothered
To look
What it is.

Offerings should be given to
Only those who wish to
Receive it
Else valueless.
May be the knowledge itself.

Geetha Jayakumar

On Your Appreciation!

I know not to make a beautiful bouquet of flowers
I know not to built bridges with fantastic words
The bridge you have carved with your fantastic steps have touched our hearts

We truly appreciate it from our heart!

The way you captured this delightful evening with your charms of dance
The way you captivated us all in your mesmerizing steps.
We are really thankful to you
For this golden moments you wrote in our sweet memories forever!

Thank You!

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Once A While! / Kabhi Toh!

Once A while! / Kabhi Toh!

Once A While!

Once a while when you see me
Just give me a pleasant smile
I am your dear neighbour
Please do ask my name once at least!

I stay just two houses away from you.
I too live in the same world, where you live.
Once a while when you see me
Just give me a pleasant smile
Please do ask my name once at least!

Unsure of how many days we would be neighbours.
Sure enough, we may have to pass,
through the same street once a while.
Once a while when you see me
Just give me a pleasant smile
Please do ask my name once at least!

.....Hindi Translation.....

Kabhi Toh!

Kabhi toh dekh kar hum ko
Muskuraah toh dijiyey
Hum aap hi Kay padosi hain
Kabhi toh Humara naam pooch ljiyey!

Reh thae hain hum aapkey
Do ghar aagey
Hum Wohin zamaney mein
Reh thae hain
Jis zamaney aap reh thae ho!
Kabhi toh dekh kar hum ko
Muskurah toh dijiyey
Kabhi toh Humara naam pooch ljiyey!

Kitney din hum is mohalley mein hain
Yeh toh hum na jaaney
Kabhi na kabhi toh
Humein ek hi gali say gujarna pad saktha hai
Kabhi toh dekh kar hum ko
Muskurah toh dijiyey
Kabhi toh Humara naam toh pooch ljiyey!

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One Beautiful Flower Couldn'T Add Beauty To Flower Vase!

One lovely bud bloomed into a beautiful flower today
In the valley of flowers
Very timid and shy
Lovely and glowing too
Quite different from others,
Different in shape and in color,
No pricking thorns had she ever.
Though she was quite different from others,
With no fragrance,
Was she blessed with.
This was the only thing she lacked in,
She couldn't add beauty to flower vase
With dignity, which was decorated
With many bright and colorful flowers,
Kept in drawing room!

Note: Hindi version: Ek Phool Jo Guldasthey Mein Na Saji!

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One Chapter Completed On My 100th Poem!

Many chapters of my life completed
And few remained incomplete
Still not knowing how many chapters remaining
To be completed.

I Thank you with all my Heart
For the Appreciations, Valuable Suggestions, Blessings
On my 100th poem....
Your words of Inspirations, appreciation, observations
As well as criticism too, which I took positively.
Motivated me to complete 100 poems.

Today, I completed a necklace of 100 pearls
Where each pearls is your words of appreciation.
Some observations were so true
That I respect those with all my Heart.
I seek your Blessings!

Technology so advanced,
It made us to share our poems World wide,
And thereby enrich our knowledge
By reading poems,
Thereby each day adding a new feather to our cap.

I respect your knowledge
And power of words
Which can do wonders.....

What can be more Beautiful than this!
Thank you is a priceless word.
Which I dedicate it to you!
Appreciate your valuable time taken as well as your patience.....

May God Bless Us All!
.....Thank
You.....

OPTIONAL

.....My
Chapters.....

Many chapters Were written
With different colors and passion.
Few left incomplete..
Many completed with enthusiasm.
Chapters are full of my hobbies
Which kept on changing from time to time
And I don't refresh my knowledge on what I learnt
This is drawback too.

Astrology, numerology, palmistry, fengshui (incomplete)
drawing cartoons, painting, vastu, photography
Doing ng in flash, corel draw.
Reading, listening to music
Painted house on my own.
bit of interest in plumbing,
Specialist in some of veg. South Indian dishes and Tea.

Chapters Incomplete ones on my list were to learn Sanskrit,
Religious books to co-relate with life.

Learning was and is my passion
Gathered many diplomas on variety of subjects.
Today unexpectedly entered poetic world.
And completed one chapter of 100 poems.

My Life of path is on way of changing after
Knowing meditation.
Which I am learning.
Still exploring on it and will keep on continuing till end.

Thank you...

God Bless Us All!

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One Complicated Question!

Time trapped me into its web
Tides swept me into its swirl.
Situation fenced my thoughts and over powered me.

My unbridled thoughts fell into the well of fear
Where turbulent water tested its patience
Finally, I gave up loosing my confidence.

Choosing out of one was difficult.....
Either to Live like a dead one
Or to die and live in everyone! ! !

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One Evening Just For You!

I know not to measure the fragrance of flowers
Nor I am a jeweller to know the value of uncut raw diamond
Vehemence glow from precious diamond
Cannot remain hidden for longer time
Its luminosity will shine from far behind.
Dedicated to our loved celebrity of our hearts!

When she enters the stage with her mesmerising steps
Drizzling rains will mingle on each steps beats she takes
When her anklet bells jingles rich chime sounds rings in air
Aroma of freshness will spring in air
Our evening will be made delightful ever with sweet memories of here!

Value of art is immense
Its depth can never be measured
When art lingers in artist's soul
Her each steps are her breathe she takes
That one cannot separate art from artist!
It's not the art but
It's the beauty of soul that we can see in artist!
We should appreciate this divinely blessed inborn gift
With the thunders of clapping!

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One Handful Of Soil!

One handful of soil
Want to tell us a lot!

It want to speak a lot on blood and sweat!
It reminds of corns and seeds,
Which quench our hunger and thirst!
We are made of this soil
This soil is ours
One handful of soil want to tell us a lot!

Each plough land where crops are rippling in breeze,
They are the reminiscence of sweat and hard work of our dear farmers.
Each crops were the sweat of our farmer.
Just one handful of soil want to tell a us lot!

To free this mother land, there ran a
Streams of blood and sweat on this soil.
This soil speaks of names, who lost their lives.
Protecting our motherland.
Whose names are still written with blood.
This is our mother land,
We are made of this soil.
Just one handful of soil want to tell us a lot!

We took birth on this soil and we have to go deep down into this soil.
We have to pay for our karma whether good or bad on this land itself.
We have to give birth to new karma,
Which will be heard like echo to our new generations.
This soil is our mother land.
We are made of this soil.
We have to go deep down into this soil.

One handful of soil want to tell us a lot!
Sumi Nair

Submitted: Friday, October 11,2013
Edited: Tuesday, November 05,2013

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One Thousand And One Dimensions!

I don't want to choose something new.
Be whatever new comes in front of me.
Nor I want to take a U turn.
Nor do I want to run away.
Nor do I want to be standstill.
Nor I want to look behind
Nor to look into any horizon beyond
Nor to gaze on why the other side is greener.

But definitely..
I will keep on moving forward
Without changing the path.
But this time.....
I want to rewrite whatever comes my way.
Everything will be looked upon with a different dimension.
Everything will be handled with different approach.

I prefer to go deep down the root of tree
Check out for what hampered its growth
What made the weeds and pest to grow?
What made it to dried down since long?
I will check out all loopholes
And treat it deep down the roots.

Choosing a new path
Planting a new tree
Sprouting a new dream
Without changing self
Is not a solution for any
As the things will move in same way only
In whatever path I travel.

For I want to bridle the unbridled horse
Which lost control of self.
If I can conquer self
Then there is nothing in this world
Which I cannot strive for
With my strong will and determination.

It seems that time too is favouring me now
It gave me a chance to grow stronger than ever before
As I have to travel far beyond from here
My time is not halted here.
I have to travel a lot...

Thereby Looking a way forward!

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Oops! Shoes Doesn't Fit Her!

He loved one
Married next one
His parents were the happy ones.
He cheated everyone one.

His bride quiet different one.
Couldn't fit in shoe of his sweet heart one.
His sweetheart had a shoe slim fit one.
But his wife was just opposite one.
Now to fit her in his beloveds shoe
He crushed her with words
Shoe bites hurt her.
But forced her to swallow some diet made by self
Finally with each hurtful words
Surely made her so slim that the shoe
Turned out be loose one.
He changed the complete diet chart.
Her weight doubled.
Now he tuned diet chart again
Now slim fit she is.
But still she didn't fit in that shoe.
This went on many years.

He met his beloved years later
She had put on good weight
And looked happy and different too.

Now again he came back home, he felt
His wife looked more beautiful than his beloved.
Now with a sweet smile
He said I regret for all those words
You lived the way I wanted
Now here after I will live the way you wanted!

She felt headlong in shoe bites
But now started loving the one who relieved her from such bites.

Darling if you don't mind
I want to go to my love?

Fuming husband asked in boiling anger
Who the hell is he, more fit than me?
Wife in a pleasant voice said
the shopkeeper is the one
where you used to take me to buy fit shoes for me.
Oh! that guy who is as good as mosquito
Will fly away with just one blow of breeze.

Darling I am ready to fly with him...
LOL...

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Our Helpless Hands!

Tea, tea, coffee, coffee
egg omelette, toast, cakes, chocolates.
Sounds crashing one another
When the train stopped on one platform.
Two glittering eyes
Looking hungrily at the
Chocolates and cakes.
Dressed in rags
Dirty and foul smell covered her.
Torn from all sides
Begging for a penny
Nothing in hand,
To sell,
Just a seven year old.
But she entertained all
The travellers with beautiful
Movie songs
All enjoyed and listen
To her sweet voice
None came forward
To keep a penny in her small hand.
But she kept on moving
From compartments to next.
Another boy
Came cleaning all
The places inside the train
With a small stained piece
Of cloth in his hand
Came for asking for money
But few gave it.
Train started moving
They all jumped into the platform
And waiting for next train
To start again for their one piece of bread..

Many many are the people
On each stations
Our hands too are left with few pennies,
To feed them all.

Yes, our hands are helpless to feed them all.

Many days empty stomach
Fill their hunger with water.
How long will this go on
What about for tomorrow?

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Outburst!

Who can withstand nature's fury
When cloudburst in anger
Normally lasts a few minutes
But the heavy downpour it brings
Flooding may be its result.
With the clearing of trees
The roots lost its grip on soil.
The soil went on draining down.
The land could not withstand the heavy rainfall
It went on sliding down
Killing many innocent lives
Pulling many lives down under debris.

Still many heart beating with open eyes wide
Waiting for rescue team
To arrive and save their lives.
They will fight for their lives
Till the last breathe they live.

Rescued ones feels proud for
they had a heroic comeback
Seeing death face to face.
Dear ones, make sure
Stay away from epidemics
Which can bust anytime in unhygienic conditions!

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Pages For You Dear!

Few blank pages I am sending you dear
But only on one condition I am sending you dear.....
You have to fill it whatever you feel
It may be your love
It may be your thoughts
It may be your pain
You can share anything that is valuable with us dear.

Fill the pages that is something worth dear
For I know these pages are not sufficient for you....
If you want to write all your beautiful memories dear,
Still the most wonderful moments,
captured in your heart you are free to share here.

We all are waiting to read those lovely moments
Which made your life a memorable one dear.
Every one had a day in their life
Which one never forgets it
It is kept in the treasure of ones heart
Now feel free to take it out dear
And share those wonderful treasure with us dear.

Our life may be long or short
Let our journey keep on going
Sharing all those beautiful moments of happiness, pain and gain.
If you don't open up your lovely treasure box now
Are you going to keep it closed forever?

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Pains We Shared!

Clouds of pain we shared
Each drops of rain tickled
went flowing along with our tears.
In the darkness of midnight,
We hid our tears,
swinging in the garden,
Hoping for early bright sunrise.
With the lapses of time everything changed!
Time kept us running and moving!

A wink of eyes, years fell down
Leaving me alone you are too flying alone
You compromised somewhere in life
Challenges you faced in with all boldness you hold in
You taught me the same to have patience with all might.
Parallel our pains were but like two sides of coin
One hidden in dark, while other came to light.
In one sense we hid our tears inside
but spilled out on seeing each other.

I see you flying
Though not soaring
Keep sailing my dear!
As long as you breathe in..

We may not meet
As the time departed us
Where's your fate
Where's my fate
Unsure of how much breathe we hold on to ourselves.
We never know
This too will be written down in my memories ever.

Earth is round
For we may meet somewhere
Pain I felt, as you were very close my dear.

Seeing you flying
I can smile and wish you all the best

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Note. This is dedicated to my close friend who is moving out from here.

Geetha Jayakumar

Panoramic Frame!

Time that stride where panorama abides
Viewed by different eyes yet the same things coincide.
Flawless tears praised the virtues of rain.
Clouds of thunderbolt shook the tree of pellets.
Summers steam had the whiff of hot spells.
Winter interlaced the dribbles into snow blanket.
Ripened days cropped up with distasteful appetite.
Spring just sprang up waking all desires.
Everything hangs in where vitality lay nested.
Picturesque ambience fills the bouquet in one frame
Yet eyes still searching for something and beyond.

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Geetha Jayakumar

Passenger.....

I boarded the amusing crowded train.
Traveling thru unknown path
With full of ups and downs.
With a peculiar conditions
Ticket for life long..
It will take me to my destination
But if I get down I cannot get in back.

I boarded with a little cute bag
Which was as light and little as I was then.

By the next station
My bag was full of knowledge ready to squeeze me.
Competition added it more.

Train continued moving
By the next station
My Bag was filled with
Lucrative job, high salary,
Further
Family, social status.
Together with heavy work load
Added to my bag.

Train kept on passing from station to another.

Just a stop before my destination
I felt I Was less burdened..
So light I felt after many years
I got retired almost free from any burden.

Now I realised the bag has worn out
And cannot carry any burden
Except of self..
Handle got worn out
So few load was put in it
Like me a feeble passenger
With stick on one hand
Sick, travelling all alone

Waiting for my destination to arrive.

My eyes were searching for my station

My Heart beating fast.

Train went on moving.....

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Past 2013

The lane on which I travelled for an year
Is closing down forever
With a sweet warning
Never turn back
As you will find yourself
Like an alien
surrounded by none
Recognised by none
Welcomed by none.

The old moments were
Like each footprint you made
on sands of time and
Were washed away as you went on
Taking each steps forward.
Now what remains with you
Is only the memories, which you can cherish it anytime.

Each steps you climbed on 2013
will become sweet memories of 2014.

Before stepping into new and unknown zone
I wish to take few past memories with me
Before bidding good bye to 2013.

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Patriotic Song!

Let us sing our patriotic song,
With all enthusiasm,
With proud.

Let's hope when,
We sing the same song next year,
Our enthusiasm and
Our proud for our nation
Have taken a leap!
At least one step ahead!

Jai Hind!

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Peace Or Ashes!

Holy month had begun
Pious words to be uttered
How can one be calm
On seeing the killings..

It's just Killing of humanity within.

Peaceful planet we were blessed with
To enjoy its beauty serene.
One beautiful globe our earth is,
Where humanity is blown down to ashes!
Wars and battling for one's life going on.
Many are going to be dead and lifeless.

Just turn around and see,
Once when the war is over,
If any human being is left over,
If the war has not burnt everything down to ashes,
One can see all humanity is drained forever in the,
River flooded with blood and ashes.
No one will be left alive
To claim on further pieces of land.
No humans left over.
All will be the souls flying regretting
Over the earth that once looked so beautiful,
Today it looks dreaded and deserted ever!

Regretting for why they have remained a soul today
Had not they been killed
For reasons cannot be justified ever
For what and for why all this mess?
Just a six feet is dug deep down the soil
for one to be laid to peaceful rest.

All I can tell is
Why I am alive witnessing all these
Pitiful to see each blood shed and half lay dead.
Pitiful to see each cries battling for life.
All I can do is shed ample of tears

And pray to ease the pain of wounded ones.
And pray may their soul rest in peace
For the people who wanted to live in peace
But were killed against their Will!

Please think over again.....Peace Or Ashes...
does one require!

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Note..Here the meaning of Soul means, after the people are dead.

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Peace!

She went deep down the darkness and fell into the prolonged silence.
She heard the calls of none who loved and cared her.
Years later when
She opened her eyes only to find herself
in an unknown island of zoo
surrendered by aliens altogether.
Don't make your life a haunting one dear!
To forgive and forget the pain can really do wonders.
It can bring peace to ones heart!

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Poem Baked In An Oven!

Who though not, likes and appreciation
And a pat on back for the wonderful creation
Whatever the creation may be
May be a tiny one
Or the mightier ones
It's value increases especially
When comes from a heartfelt suggestion
It motivates one to come up with more poems
Some poems goes free from any likes or dislikes.
Even some dislikes shows to correct our mistakes
Like or dislikes shows number of visitor on your pages
It's something to be noted upon.

These likes keeps my fuel burning
A burning to keep my words spinning
My head reeling
Till a poem is baked in oven
Finally after steaming in an oven
For an hour or two.
A final toppling
Sugar coatings
Hot and Sizzling layer of brownie
With enchanting fragrance
Cools ones eyes and heart melting and mouth watering,
As you go on relishing bit by bit...

When it enters party
It's toppling cover as mask to many faces.
Each sizzling drops that drips from mouth
Bit by bit enjoy each relishing words
Don't stop till the last words of poem is relished by you.
Don't forget to give a kiss to your loved one
With sizzling brownie dripping from your lips.

Let us enjoy the poem baked in an oven
Especially for you my loved ones!

Please do write some comments about my poem
Baked in my oven of my heart!

Smile....enjoy the sizzling cake!

Though I don't know ABCD of cake

Oven I never used

Still I feel my words can bake a poem in oven.

Even if poem is bitter one

Do comment for its improvisation.

Thank you my dear for sharing my cake

though not a good one but not a burnt one either!

Thank You!

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Precious

Diamond is a priceless gemstone.
Brilliant rays it reflects make it awesome.
Precious gift to someone special.
Expensive when you have it one.
Harmful when swallowed one.
It's precious,
as its reduced to coal when burnt,
and can never be restored back.

Life is like a precious diamond.
Each life is unique in it's own way.
It's value is priceless,
as it can do many things,
which can never be valued at all.

It can spread love, care, share, happiness
and positivity in all the things it does.

All the qualities reflected make it awesome
like a diamond.

It's precious as it cannot be restored back
to life, once reduced to ashes,
But will be alive in the hearts of many
for all the good qualities it has spread.

Filling your life with positive qualities
will reflect you like a diamond.

Being precious in this world like a diamond is
Really something great!

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Prize!

If my pen keeps on flowing towards meditation.
People will declare me dead and bury me alive.
For they can see my eyes closed.
Not even bother to check whether I breathe in or not.

When I was buried deep in my meditation
For they themselves declared me soul less
And buried my body deep down in distress.
After meditation when I open my eyes
I found myself buried in graveyard.

Thank you for offering me the prizes which
I got along with your kind praises.
Though when alive,
I couldn't get any recognition.
Now its the time to come out of my graveyard,
Just to tell thank you my dear!

Let me relish those prizes
While I am resting in my grave yard
Which I am going to wear
For they were the beautiful
Jewels to be worn around my neck.
They are the prize given
Mistaking me for soul less one.
How can I forget
For they were given by dear valuable person.

My dear don't forget to engrave my name in golden letters.
I am happy to see my unmistakable name engraved
Let me relish those wonderful moments
Thank you for the recognition given.
Now I am flying on top on my way to heaven.

I hope this poem is going to reach unmistakably the right person.
Though he buried me alive declaring me a soul less one
Thank you my dear from core my heart!
To accept anything with smile is also a part of meditation!
Thank You!

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pudding Delight!

Love marriage
But grandpa against it.
Grandsons friend convinces,
The girl is well mannered
See the girl.
Grandson put condition
He will marry
Once grandpa agrees.
Agreed grandpa with
Another condition.
Tell my grandson
He will not talk but
If he likes the girl
He will eat a piece from
Any thing sweet.
A dozen of people
Arrived at girls house.
Grandpa liked the girl
But there is no pudding
So he look his friend and
Cough two times
Friends bluntly ask
Is there any pudding or sweets
Girls parents said
Since grandpa is diabetic
So no to sweets
Grandpa coughs thrice
Friend demands sweets
Ok but grandpa should not to eat.
Fed up grandpa coughs and coughs
Finally friend upset
Then he takes sweet and put in
Grandpas mouth..
Marriage settled.

Love settled for arrange marriage.
After all Grandpa is a Grandpa....
What more can be pudding delight!

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Purpose Of Life!

Let the things go on its own way.
For I am too designed to flow in certain way.
For no one can question the nature of hills and oceans.
Everything is illuminated for a particular time.
Every flower bloomed will have to wither away.
It's the duty of nature.
It's just reminding one should never forget their duty,
For whatever may hurdles your way!

A fear is a poisonous creeper which can pull one to bottom.
But one should rise from bottom
Not for self, but
To do all the duties one is entitled with...

Parents never forgets their duty towards children
Children should never forget theirs.
It's the chance gifted by God
To do something for their loved ones.
Yes, their blessings can do wonders in life.
It's like a feather added to the cap.
A smile if one could bring to their face.
One can tell purpose of life is served!

First illuminate your life with happiness
Then illuminate others too!
Be a burning lamp
To fill the others life with happiness and brightness!

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Puzzle!

A Circle inside a square.
A square outside a circle.
Does it matter?
Inside out?
Outside in?

A melodious voice attracted the attention.
Crowds gathered to listen.
Only a hidden voice sang the song,
Behind the curtain.

A plea to see the singer was granted
People overwhelmed
curtain raised
All eyes focused on singer
Everyone shocked
Singer just in contrast with the melodious voice.
Now people dispersed
Now they prefer to listen only.

Geetha Jayakumar

Pyaar Ki Goonj

Pyaar ka izhaar aab to mein
Cheekh cheekh kar,
Kar sakthi hoon
Abb mujhe sunne wala koi nahin
Na koi dekhne wala.
Abb mein kisi ki nazroon mein nahin
Na koi meri nazar mein hain
Abb Mere dil ki baathein
meri kavithayein hi bolengi.
Aap bas sunthe rahiye
Aur mein sunathe rahoon.
Bus yeh mat poochiye
Ki mein kaun hoon
Aur kahaan se ayee hoon
Bas meri kavithayee
Aapki hriday ko choo jayae
Aur mujhe kya chhahiye.
Mein ajnabee hoon
Aur aap bhi
Bus meri kavithaon ka intejaar kijiye
Aur mein aapki kavithaon ka
Yehi kavitha humari
Aur aapki milne ka zaeiya bani rahein.
Aur kavithaon ka silsila jaari rahe!

By Sumi

4 Oct 2013

Sumi Nair

Submitted: Friday, October 04,2013

Edited: Tuesday, November 05,2013

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Quilt Of Dreams!

Quilt Of Dreams!

Shall I sail on the crisp autumn leaves?
The spring gave me beautiful wings to fly.
Rains gave me a serpentine river to swim.
Summers cap gave me shower of sweat,
And I shall swim in the midst of the tempest,
To the serene ocean and quench my thirst.

I shall fly along the endless milky way,
As I trail along the moonlight rays,
And I shall sing deep in the woods
Where I am carefree of man or the beast.
I shall bury myself in the ground
When my breath was deep sunken down.

Shall I dance along the droplets of rain?
While it showers gently on the grass evergreen.
The quilt of dreams was warm and velvety,
While the chilled morning dews tickled my nose.

I shall bury my head on the pillow softy,
That gave me enough dreams to buy and sell.
When I count on my countless blessings,
I should have already wiped and dried my tears.

The chanting fragrance of dying roses,
Gave me reason enough to smile and beguile.
When I lay under the canopy of stars,
Twilight rays smiles and dreams hugs me tight!

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Reaching The Top! ! !

Reaching the top was never my passion.
Writing and sharing poems is my passion.
Its this passion brought me here.

I love to write poem with free flow.
I cannot stop writing.
Whether I am in top or bottom
Never bother me at all.
I always wanted,
My pleasant voice will speak in poems.
Love to listen to your cool voice too.

If I reach the top,
But none to appreciate,
Will make me worthless,
Rather I prefer to remain down
And loved by all.
After reaching top
Whats the great in it.
Just a look in mirror and have a great laugh!
That's it...
The happiness,
In heart is more important than reaching the top.

Many times in my life
I never participated in race of life.
I always took coolly.
Whether be the relationship or anything.
I will do my best
If I deserve, I will get else not.
I don't regret for loosing any,
Because it was never meant for me,
or I was not meant for it...

Life has taught me to loose always.
Because many times after loosing
I have won it from my heart.
In relationships of life, I am ready
To loose the game rather than to win.

But, I am on top of the world,
when I see happiness on my loved ones face.

I think loosing to win is better
Than winning and loosing everyone!
Its thats what life has taught me.
Whether I am on top or on bottom
I am always the winner in my heart! !

Yes, I am always the winner!

By Sumi

09.10.2013

Sumi Nair

Submitted: Wednesday, October 09,2013

Edited: Wednesday, October 09,2013

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Ready.....All Set.....Go!

How much do you want to run?
Where you are running into?
Is it into a Marathon Race?

Destination is same
The moment you are born
Running race begins.
Ready, All set..Go..
Starting point of each one is different
But the ending point is same.

So where are we running?
To kiss the line of death.
Which is our finishing point.

Whatever we do...
Whatever we make...
Whatever we earn...

WE....
Eat a food to either to fill our stomach
Or just to satisfy hunger.
To wear only one dress, at a time...
Only one cot to sleep.

At the End...
We require Only One Coffin of just six feet
Below the soil,
To sleep.....

Even the last journey can be
full of near ones.
Or very few ones
Or can be cremated in a lavish way
Or in ordinary way too..
Or burnt to ashes
Which will mix with soil.

Life is one only

Life is worth if your presence could make others Happy!
And your absence is also felt by others.
Good deeds are often remembered even after death!

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Recharge!

Life is full of light
Which shines so bright
But life cannot see its own powerful light
Dark moon reflects beautifully
when the powerful rays of
Sun covering moon with lights of love.
No one can take away the light of your life.
Like the sun's bright light.
Pleasantness add a fuel
To make it brighter
Occasionally sorrow or jealousy happen
To cross your path
To steal away some of your
Bright light.
To make you dull and to test you.
Let them steal it
And remove their darkness.
And fill it will light of love.

If surrounded by bright lights
Full of positivity
Again the battery of life is recharged.
Which keep on charging as long
As it is surrounded by inspiring thoughts.

One candle can light the thousands of candles
Keep on passing this bright light to all.
And spread the light of love and peace.

Yes, each one of us require a light of Love and peace.
If one is about to fall, Others can lift with light of inspiration.

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Records Killed Twice!

You are dead in records!
Its so shocking and funny to shout I am alive!
Standing in front of you.
Its so disgusting
For old aged pensioner
Asked to prove
He is alive as
Records showing dead.

Just one click of button
On person dead
Gone.....
The person though alive
Is dead in records is dead Forever.
No one can make it alive
After being dead In record.

Everyday going to the office
Telling each and every one
Showing proof of alive
Convincing each one
Whom he gets in contact with.

Finally one year of run
He got in records as alive!
He was so happy
That his hard work Paid well.

But the very next day
He is dead!
Now its kith's and kin running
Behind again the record
To prove
He is dead again!
What can be more funny than this!

As long as alive
He heard only one sentence
You are dead!

He heard it number of times
So confused he got
Tat he felt whether he was alive or dead!

Its only one thing we can tell
Records killed the person twice!

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Restricted!

What should I answer for your questions
Answer lies restricted deep down my heart.
For my mouth will remain stitched ever
Even if you call me heartless
I will not utter a word!
I am bounded by restrictions.

Life is very beautiful
Those who live only know
They are dying each minute they live.
One Beautiful Life I am blessed with
But Bounded by many restrictions!

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Return Gift!

I cannot change what you think of me.
But I can change my thoughts with love for you.
I cannot change the hatred in you for me.
But with love, I can conquer your heart.
My love for you is pure in my heart.
My respect for you is what you are.
Love does wonders
It can bring peace and smile in one's life
And remove one's hatred
If I can bring a peace and smile in your face
I will feel my purpose of life is served.
Love has done wonders in our lives
And will continue to do so,
As long as one human exists.

Even the other species
Show love for each other
I have seen one small
Puppy was played like a football
Passing it from one to other
By the teenagers
But its mother doggie came
It said in a cute, meek, hurting voice
To its mother
Suddenly mother sniffed its
Young one all over and
It started sniffing
The passers by.
I couldn't get what was going on
It sniffed me too.
By the time I saw those boys
Had gone too far.
But after reaching home
The entire episode
Came to my mind.

Love does wonders
It gives one ray of hope
A soothing word

Can do wonders
It can give life to one
Who is just on its way to commit suicide.

I am happy that
I played the role of healer to many people.
When they came to me with their problems.
Today, when I was
Desperately in need of words
Many words gained my strength.

I thank God, what
Ever well wishes
I have done for others
You have returned me back today
By a way through others.
Still I believe, God is there!

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Reversing Back In A Different Way.....

One should never stop a car with sudden break
When in high speed, its dangerous.
Reduce slowly.

Channelising direction
Is most important
Else
It will land in nowheres land.

All the habits, each and everything
Starts on a slow pace.
Then like some one mesmerising
You feel like increasing its speed
But the moment you feel to come back
Cool mind first....
Start with slowly coming down..
One by one step backward.
Else
It will keep on rotating
All around the universe.
At the end you will tell
I had been to heaven.

Increasing the speed is a thrill,
If panicked can make them blank too..
But slowing it down is an Art...
Which one can learn with experience only..

Please don't limit this to only driving...
Apply this to each and everything in life
Never apply a Break while in full swing
as this may give a Break to your life too!

Geetha Jayakumar

Riddles Of Nature!

Millions of heart you went storming by
Millions of dust you went sprinkling by
Millions of thoughts you went fuming by
Could you take even a single step along with me.
Tons of angels you went chasing by
Tons of heart you went bleeding by
Tons of spirit you went haunting by
You went flowing along the streams for chasing the river.
Many boats you turned upside down
Your miraculous hands pulled many from death
Many you pushed from top of hill to debris.
Just by pointing fingers you hit the storms
Earthquake you moved with your single stoke
You hid the sun under the hands of black clouds
You brought moon down to the river.

After pushing one into a whirlpool of sorrow
You gave me a teaching there is always a silver lining.
Beautiful rainbow danced to your colours
With One touch you made snow fall
With One click you stopped ones breathe
With One shot many seeds sprouted from earth.

With one smile you brought heaven down to earth.
Since I may forget you, if you keep me prolonged in the pool of happiness
So you banged the earth and volcanoes erupted
You brought clouds of pain
And poured heavy rain down the earth
Made the earth floating in the ocean of universe!

Who am I?
Still remains a riddle
With your puzzling appearance
You rotate us in the world of imagery.
We do really rotate in tunes with you
As the choices left to us are very few!

Giving a millions of tears and happiness you went passing by
You gave me a teaching...

For heaven and hell lies here in this earth.
Open your eyes, for you can see it My Dear!

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Rings Of Smoke!

Often he played with
Circles of smoke
He loved making circles
With the puff of cigarette.
A chain smoker, he was,
He lit another one,
Before one got over.
All warned him to stay away
But it fell on his deaf ears.
Finally, he choked his heart
Now lay as good as dead
On the bed of smokes
He puffed everyone's words in
Rings of smoke.

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Ripples Of Life As I Perceive! !

'Life cannot be without any ripples
Ripples may not be without breeze
Breeze may not be without trees
Trees cannot be without soil
And 'I' cannot be without any soil.'

Gentle breeze to heavy cyclones are the ripples, that fills our life with.
Ripples of gentle breeze sail smoothly like few lines in one's face with.
While ripples by stone, goes deeper down sea bed,
Leaving permanent wounds and scars.

When sea is calm, the boat of life will sail smoothly.
Even, when sea is turbulent, boat can sail smoothly,
If the captain of the ship, is firm and calm.

Life began sailing from one end to the other, passing through
all rough weathers, one reaches safely ashore to its destination,
While some give up on seeing storms, while some fight on till end.

It's in me, how ripples can be can be taken.
Ripples are our thoughts that can be shaken.
Ripples are sure to disturb the whole calmness of life.
For it's the nature of ripples to disturb the whole life.
Again for how long, the ripples has to be with me, is held by me.
Ripples of smiles in midst of storms can make one stronger even.

Life is sweet fragrance of love accompanied by many thorns.
Life often sail through upstreams and down streams.
Through any weather be it rough or calm.
Through hills and valleys.
Through day and night.
Through sweet and bitter experiences.

Life is never a smooth one, but always a challenging one.
Life keeps us hanging, in between the two extremes.
The balance of life was always in ups and downs.
Never did it stood still, balancing the balance.
May be, what was in my hand I couldn't perceive or
I looked up for, what was not in my hand.

The life from far looks as calm as sea.
Don't be surprised to see ripples smiling, when you touch the sea.
Did the boat ever stopped sailing on seeing the weather so rough?
Nothing can stop this boat from sailing by.
If stones have given many wounds and pain,
Time had healed the wound on it's own.
Deep scars may be left behind,
Which can be concealed with beautiful mask of smiles.

Life is a bouquet of flowers, with fragrance and thorns.
It's a non stop journey towards its destination.

All I can tell is 'Thank you' to this beautiful life lived ever.
As one may or may not get a chance to live a life hereafter!
I can sing, dance and enjoy the beauty of nature even in tears.
as I am blessed with this wonderful life!

Is it my thoughts keeps on changing?
Or is it my life keeps on changing?
What I think of life, may not be the same, for the very next day.
It's very difficult to analyze the ripples of life.
If my thoughts are stronger, no ripples can touch me ever.

Life is.....
One rose fenced with many thorns.
One boat encircled with many storms.
One tiny light burning bright, withstanding all cyclones and storms.
One destination with challenges many, but very often....
Changes with the time, thoughts, surroundings, understanding and experiences.
So what I perceive today may be completely different for tomorrow.
My thoughts are ever changing like ripples, sometimes gentle sometimes rough.
Is what RIPPLES OF LIFE as I PERCEIVE'!

Today, I am not sure whether ripples are smiling at me or I am smiling at ripples!

Thank You!

By Geetha Jayakumar..
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.....

Note. I choose this topic as I loved the topic suggested by Dinesh Sir for poetry contest, which is now cancelled.

Geetha Jayakumar

Ripples Of Smiles!

Oh! My Calm sea
Can I rest in your tranquil bed ever?
Today, your serene beauty touched me so deep
As I never saw you unperturbed ever.

A clement wind blew caressing your face
I have never seen such a phase of calmness,
Ever In your fiery stormed face.

Strings of tides gave a gentle kiss on forehead of sea shore
You soaked all the tears that came touching your heart
With a peck on cheek, a pleasant smile you presented ever
So serene beauty I have never witnessed ever.
You took me to its serene depth beauty of
Cascading thread of tides
making ripples of smiles one after another.
A network of Rainbow colored bubbles you went blowing thereafter.

Is it my heart so calm or you are calm today?
Is it my heart too singing a light music
That the strings of tides on which my hands are set on!

How many years did storms hit my heart?
How many ripples got broken and mended?
How many whirlpools took me to your turbulent bed?
After captivating me in turmoil of whirlpool
Did you feel pity that you left me back to shore of calmness?

Years of decades
A mild wind blew that soothed my heart for a moment.
How many tears of rain did my heart suck
For the storms of ripples you made in my heart?

Today, let me take a nap in your lap of solace
For I am not sure when the storm will arise to engulf me in its charm!

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Rise And Fall!

I made it to top.
I made it to bottom.
Like flying a kite!

But....
The control was in my hand.
Which....
Made me winner.
Made me loser.

When ever I wanted it.
What ever I wanted it.
I did it right!

So no regrets for either of them!
As both winning and loosing was part of my Life!

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Save Our Beautiful Planet

Entering in a Guinness book of world records is something great

Creating a Wonders of world is something great

Making of a History is something great

Inspiring people through writing is something great

Million thanks to this wonderful creation

where we live in

where every great things happens

Lets protect our Mother Earth

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Say Hi, But Don'T Say Bye!

Everyday when I go for morning walk
I often come across
Young man in his late seventies
So bright and cheerful
Made him look younger and evergreen
Actively participate in laughing session
With his large group of mix people in a mid of garden.

So cheerful and lively I have never seen anyone
Just greets hi to all he meets with pleasant smile.
Never felt he ever had any health problem
Running, jogging and enjoying with his friends in garden.
It seemed that he was growing younger and brighter
He was slim fit and maintained a good health
In his spare time he used to play badminton With anyone
Be it the children of any age groups.
So cheerful and bright ever he was
It just left me wondered
How he is so cheerful always
Sometimes he goes to buy few groceries
He stayed all alone.

Days went by...
The last I had seen him yesterday
Quiet Hale and hearty as usual
But by late evening
Heard he was taken for cremation.
My Curiosity increased what happened to him
He had breakfast as usual
He told his friends
He is feeling some tiredness
He slept and passed away in sleep
Just a silent stroke took his life away.

No one could believe
It was a shock to everyone
Many went through illness of his age
But he was fit and fine
Unexpectedly death snatched his life away.

For few days
The garden gave a deserted look
But it seem that all the charms, voices of laughter
He took along with him.

Walking goes on as usual
Begins with Hi....
Ends in Bye!

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Say Warmth Of Cheers To Our Spills Of Winter!

Winter spills
Spine it chills.

Winter severe
Meet with horror.

Meet our rosy
She is foggy.

Foggy winter
Made me cosy.

I cant see you
A big snowman
Between you and me.

Outside I shiver
Blanket is warmer.

Snowflakes falling
I am pulsating.

Pleasant snowfalls
Snowman cheers.

Winter rings the bells of Christmas
Lets us greet the wonderful season of the year.

Death of a year
Birth of next year.

Let us taste the winters flavor of New Year.
Say warmth of cheers to our spills of winter!

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Scenery

Sitting on sea shore
So cool and calm wind blowing
Unknowing of whats happening around.
Very far away somewhere in horizon
I could see the pretty golden coloured
Sun looking like a bride glowing all over.
Blushing with a orangish glow
entering the grooms chamber
after pausing each steps.
It seems that sea is eagerly for brides arrival.
Slowly and slowly darkness creeping in
Cool breeze blowing
All of a sudden
The two hands from some where it came
Suddenly covered my eyes
With a sudden blow I got up
It was my friends who played the mischief
They went for swimming leaving me on shore.
I forgot myself that I am on seashore.

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Search Begins!

I never appreciated myself for what I was and for what I am...
I just went on searching myself in others eyes.
Others cloudy eyes cannot be a mirror for me.
Others cloudy thoughts are reflected in their eyes.
Then how can those eyes be mirror of my life?
Only my soul is mirror of my life.

Once I had a long beautiful hair
I cut it short to look beautiful in others eyes.
Today I realised the fact
I never appreciated for I was blessed with.
My eyes were looking myself through others eyes.
I never felt proud of it.
I just cursed myself for it,
As others eyes never appreciated me.
Today many things I realised
Only I know what I am.
No one can judge me or see me, except me
It took years to realise
May be time teaches one.

Finally realised
My Happiness and my sadness
My weakness and my strength
My beauty and my ugliness
Everything resides in me,
In my soul.
Everything I was bestowed with
But never appreciated for it.
I was a fool to search myself in this illusion world!

Better late than never I can see myself in my soul of mirror.

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See You!

See you in a short while
For its a call of time
For I am slave of time
I can never refuse its call.
For its an order from lovely princess of time!

I often play hide and seek
I go on and off
If I am breathing in
I am sure to knock in you door!
See you in short while!

I met you somewhere
At some point of time
So far it was a
wonderful poetic journey
Travelled along with you
With sweet and bitter rhymes
In course of time.

On my journey towards my destination
A stop arrived in course of time.
It asked me to get down for a while.

Catch you in a while
When this journey,
Again comes my way,
Again when it will stop my way
I am sure to get in!

Life has many stops
On its way towards destination.
you may get down
you may not
No choice left for final stop!

Till then bye for a week
Enjoy your wonderful weekly ride of poetic journey
With melodious song, dance and music

Thereby hunting for treasure innumerable in measures
Enjoy the beauty of life singing
Christmas and New Year songs
On Chills of winter,
Listen to your echo in snow covered mountain
Snow will melt on hearing your echo of love.

Enjoy the bountiful scenery that we are blessed with
Enjoy the beauty of life
Looking through the window of musical poems.
See you in a short while from now!

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Note. See you are after a short break!

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Seeds Of Poems

Poets of yesteryear sowed the
Seeds of poems
With their thoughts
Of facts and fictions.
Watered them everyday
With their enriching thoughts.

The essence of poems
Like flowers,
Spread its fragrance in,
the hearts of millions of people,
There by leading,
To the sprouting of many,
New seeds of poems,
Under the shadow of,
Big trees of poems,
Made a beginning of,
New era of plants of poems.
Whoever happened to,
Have a glance of big trees,
Watering them,
Never letting it to die.
One hand followed,
By another kept on,
Watering it,
feeding it with refreshing themes,
Fertilizer of enriching knowledge,
Thereby keeping it alive
And its fruits
touched the hearts
Of millions of people
That it planted the seeds
In the heart of
the new generations
There by inspiring them
To write the poems
leading
To the numerous branches of the trees.

Varieties of poems,
Like the fruits of different trees,
But uniqueness like its taste and varieties in its own way..

The poets as well as
Poems which touched the heart
There by lit the candles in heart of many
With precious words.
This light will pass on and on
Will never stop.
Making it
Always alive in the hearts of millions of people.
Making them Renowned and Evergreen Forever.

A Tribute to their Priceless Contributions!

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Seemith!

Kisi Kay sawalon ka kya Jawab doon mein
Jawab toh mere dil tak hi seemith hai
jubaan see diye meinney Apney
Bhale hi aap mujhey galath samjhey!
Kuch bhi na Kahoon mein
Mein Bandhi hoon Seemith Kay bandhan say!

Zindagi Badi hi khoobsurath hai
Pal pal mitney ka gum Sirf usey jeenay walon ko hi pata hai
Bas ek khubsoorath Zindagi toh mili
Per har ek cheez seemith hain yahaan!

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Serene Beauty!

Wow! what a beauty
On top of the hill
Nearing dawn
Greyish sky turning blue
Making it more brighter
Sun peeking to come out
With the thousands Of rays following.

Winters chilling cold,
dew drops falling,
Foggy winter covering all over the hill.

The greenery of forest
Colourful wild flowers and creepers
Adding charming beauty.

Streams of water flowing
Glowing like crystal
With the sun shining on it.

Huge water falls
With sun rays falling on it
Looked like fountain
Of sliver falling upside down.

The serpentine zig zag road
All the way running down,
made it awesome.

Sky turning all over to greyish orange
Sun so golden bright at Centre and
Golden Orangish rays encircling it
Slowly moving beyond horizon
And moon on its way.
Added a serene beauty to nature!

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Setting You Free Forever!

Oh! my sweet dove of love and peace.
I am setting you free.
From all my verses.
From all my songs.
I don't know when you flew into my heart.
Just to be caged into it.
I don't know how long you were there.
Withering with pain and hatred.
Which my heart often spoke of.
I am setting you free forever!

You were there in my cage of heart.
You were there in my imagination all the way long.
Sittings on its wings many beautiful song were sung.
Many song on pain made you cry my dear soul.
I never wanted to tortured you with love, pain or hatred.
My dear soul fly away from me.

I want to set you free like a free bird,
Which long to fly innocently in air,
With no one obstructing its flow.
May the success be on your way.

Unknowingly, I followed a wrong path.
Please don't step into this wrong path ever again.
I am setting you free dear forever!

I am setting you free,
Letting you fly,
To sore high and high into the limitless sky.
Never come back again,
To be caged ever again.
I am setting you free dear forever!

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Shadow Of Eclipse!

Eclipse forecasts its shadow on us.
Everything came to halt.
Will this eclipse take all over in its storm?

Few bloodshed's and firings.
Innocents killed, death went in vein.
No value for anything?

Can the epidemic of eclipse be treated?

Else

One by one all will be haunted in its shadow forever very soon,
Many gain many loose,
A sun will not shine for us,
Eclipse will rise in our early morning.

May be, it may be too late to think.....
Will a Mahatma Gandhi again arise?

By Sumi
09.10.2013

Sumi Nair

Submitted: Wednesday, October 09,2013
Edited: Wednesday, October 09,2013

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Share Prices! ! !

Share prices tumbling up and down.
My heart too in tune.
Share about to rise,
Borrow and buy.
Debt on rise
Still no worries...
I was just to click to sell.
But a sneeze caught my attention diverted.
Shares prices went on scrolling down.
My heart too in tune with it.
Waited for its upward return
I lost full in a seconds.
As well as my pile of debt,
Took my breathe away..

My heart in tune with the rise and fall.
It pumped with pressure high.
But jumped with low sugar.
Landed in hospital with fees on hammering my purse.

Oh! Its all my sneeze which did wonders.
Again my routine started with wonders.
Up and down...
Down and up..

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Shayari

Aaj hum internet, mobile, telephone, telegram ke katar mein sabse aakhri khade hain

Ek din eaisa bhi tha ke hum katar ke sabse aage khade thae
Aur hum ek hi jariya thaa sab ki sukh dukh ki khabar pahunchane ka
Aaj hum hi aap sab se pehle alvida keh rahein hain.

Pal pal me likha hain khushiyon ka sandesha
Per Hum aapne uljhan mein itne ulajh gayae ki
Humein woh kabhi dikhayee nahin diya.
Aaj hum doondh rahein khushiyon ko
Unhee palon mein
Per woh humse itne door chale gaye ki
Humein nazar hi nahin aatha!

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Should I Accept Or Not?

I just smiled at the poor little girl dressed in torn rags
with cute pony tail dancing behind.
She smilingly came in front of me.
Two little groundnuts held in her tiny fists
When opened it was wet with sweat of love.
She offered me with her twinkling eyes.

So innocent she was
She didn't give a second thought before offering.

She put me in dilemma should I accept or not?
Just forget the hygiene.
I am not asking to have it.
Should I break her heart by refusing it?
But if I take
How much delighted will she feel
That no words can describe her love in giving though a small one!
By refusing it I make her realise what she is!
Or
Is it right to think, how come a beggar,
Who cannot stand on her feet is giving me?
Should I tell, first stand in your feet then think of it.
Or by accepting it am I degraded?

If she gives you her alms with love will you accept it?

A person standing in a pit or in a pool of tears too
can add something valuable to you life!
Don't underestimate others love and care.
Remember, a person in pain too can offer you a lending hand.
Some love are unconditional
After loosing it, you will realise due to your own false pride you have lost!

Life is short.
Accept the alms with love if the hands too are giving with love.

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Shyari.....3. Bheekari!

Aap ka haath mere haath mein tha
Aur hum ek doosre mein leen hokar
Chale hi jaa rahe thae
Pata hi nahin chala ki
Hum nei kab katoon se bhara pag
Phoolon ka bagicha samajh kar
Paar kar liya!

Aab humein pul
Se uss par jaana tha
Ek ka haath fisla to duje ne sambhal liya
Aur hum badi hi aasani se par kar gaye.

Yeh sab to mere khwab thaa..

Kaash ki mere haath mein
Ek majbooth aur pyaar bhara haath hotha
Mein aapnie kismath se eaise he ek bheekh maang rahi thi
Aur mujhe
Mere dil ka rajkumar mil to gaya
Per...
woh bhi meri he tarah ek majbooth haath ka he bheekh maang raha tha.

.....

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Shyari.....4. Mehmaan Barsaath Ki!

Tanhayee aur gum ka koi kaaran nahi hotha
Woh to humari zindagi mein
Bin bulayee mehmaan ki tarah
Aaa he jaathe hain.
Aur tab tak rehtein hain jab
Tak hum unhe apni dil se nikaal
nahin fekthe.
Aakhir Mehmaan nawazi ki bhi
Koi hadh toh hothi hai.

.....
Baarish mein bheegne ka maja..
Kuch aur hi hai
Yeh toh Unse poochiye,
Jo baarish se maalamaal hokar
Aapne kismath per roh rahein hein!

.....
Aankhon se aasoon yunh hi baras pade ki
Baarish itni tej thi ki
Pata he nahin chala
Kae yeh aasoon kae barsaath thae
Ya barsaath kae aasoon.

Kabhi kabh Shukriya toh adaa kijiye!
.....

Short poem....1. Guest of Rain!

Solitude and sadness were the un welcomed guest
They will stay till they want.
But for how many days?
Till we do not throw them out from our heart!

.....
Becoming wet in rain
Is something amazing
But ask the one who is flooded
With rain,
Which drained them away
And left them to their fate!

Tears rolled down my eyes
And it was raining too heavily
One couldn't guess was it rain of tears
Or tearful of rain.

.....

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Shyari.....5. Mitti Ki Khushbhu

Kulhar mein chai peena ka
Maza kuch aur he hai
Uski her ek chuski mein
Mitti ki bheeni khushbhu aathi hai
Kumhar nei mitti ko Is tarah chaan kar kulhar
Banaya hooga
Aagar ek bhi kankad pad jaati to
Kulhar vikruit ho jaathi

Mitti ki khushbhu hai hi
Eaisi
Kee woh humein aapni aur kheech lethi hai.

Koi bhi eaisa na hoga
Jinhone mitti key khushboo ka aanand
Na chaakha ho...
Mitti hai hi easi Ki Aakhir mein
Hum usee mein leen ho jaathe hain!
Jaise koi lalla apni maa ki godh mein soo jaatha hai!

Mitti ki bheeni bheeni khushboo humein yaad aathi hai!

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Shyari....2. Dilon Ki Dastaan!

Aap mere dil ko chooh kar yuh hi nikal gaye
Pyaar ka ek jhokha
Humarein dil mein thama kar chale gaye

Kabhi mud kar dekha nahin
Kisko dagga dekar chale gaye.

Hum he to hain woh saayaa
Jo kabhi bhi kisika saath nahin
Choodti.
Agar bhagna bhi chahe to
Bhaag lijiye.
Per hum aap ki tarah bewafa nahin hothe hain.

.....

Pani ki har boond mein likha
Tha tumhara naam
Barish itni tej thi ki
Har boond ko hum tumhein samajh kar batorthe rahe.
Jab baarish thami to dekha ki
Har bond paani paani ho gaya
Aur tum humari aashaon per paani feir kar chale gaye!
- -

Meaning of first stanza

You touched my heart and left away
and did not even see back
to whom you have cheated.
But i am nothing but your shadow
which will never leave you
if you want to run away from me
you can run
but i am not cheater like you...

.....2nd stanza...

Each drop of water had your name written on it.
Due to heavy rain, I thought it was you and

I kept on collecting each drops one by one
but when rain stopped
each rain drops turned into water
and u left me and all my efforts went into drain.

Kabhi Shyari Achhi lagi to Wah Wah to Kijiye.....

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Silent Melodies!

Where are those hands,
That caressed the timeless sands?
Mist came down drizzling,
Like musical waves sizzling,
Umpteen stars cascading,
Upon the breaths it's mingling.

Ecstasy spread its wings,
Beyond dimensional spring,
Transcends sense of sufferings.
Silent waves surpassed,
Many miles across the thoughts,
Did rise and fall many times,
Before drowning in horizon rhymes.

Calm is my heart,
Cries it not, laughs it not,
On its way of seeking salvation,
Thereby shaking off its stagnation.
Dreams rings in melodies,
When it flies on the wings of ecstasy!

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Geetha Jayakumar

Sip Of Wine!

Each sip of wine
Touch my heart with
tides of love
Keep on hitting me high and low
Like seashore longing to sip all the waves.

Each sip of wine
Passing thru my veins
Mingle with my blood
And sucking you inside my heart

Each sip of wine remind
Of ice cube that fell into my wine
splashed into your face
Kissing your lips.

Each sip of wine
Reminds me
Of the sweet revenge
You returned me with love.
And made my life horrible.

Each sip of wine
I think of the love we sipped together
Like the tides coming and sweeping
Us away into its heart of love.
It washed you away from me
And left me alone in the seashore
To enjoy the sip of wine all alone.

Sip by sip
I keep on enjoying wine
With you dear
When
You come near
With a glass of wine.
Its you who bring
Wine of love
And

Each sip of vine
I toast with you.

I keep on enjoying wine
Till i drop dead falling
To ground
With pains of love
You gave me
Leaving me alone
Going too far away.

I will keep on
Enjoying Wine
Until
You come and suck
All my blood out of me!
Falling me drop dead forever!

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Sketch

All the tides washed away all my emotions,
Leaving me blank.
Poems were my passion.
Started very few days away.
I took a blank paper,
And painted it with different colours
Though I am colourless from inside
Somehow my colours on paper did wonders.
Some stroke did I make it.
Some pencil strokes did wonders.
Finally a sketch was made.
I wondered who it could be
I never thought of anyone
While making this sketch.
I could feel,
I have seen the person somewhere.
My brain started
Roaming in search of
The face which my
Hands sketched unknowingly.

Oops! Its the same person
I had just a glance on shopping mall
Whose smiling portrait
Did captivated ones heart
Yes, it the same you
Who did wonders in
His speech
Especially in the college days.
Who captivated millions of heart
No wonders
Did I captivate you in my heart too!
So is my sketch caught you!
After long years you looked
So different in portrait
That I couldn't recognise
You stupid
You were same my dear old classmate!

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Soft Touch Of Love!

Deep down the forest lay a hard piece of rough stone
It's surface as turbulent as rough weather
Haunted and hidden for many years
from the touch of sharp eagle eyes to the powerful rays of sun.
Years had made peculiar marks of ages on its surface.
Visible were the traces of deep wounds of cracks and pores,
which made it heartless on each passing days.

Away from all
Untouched by love
Noticed by none
that added just ugliness to its beauty of love.

On a fine sunny day
A lovely stream crossed its way.

Roughness of the stone got melted away
with the warmth and sweetness of the stream
that went flowing down its way.
It covered the stone with its flow of love
and healed the painful wounds of cracks and pores
with its soft touch of love.

The love, which was never felt like before,
made it more glowing and loving day by day.
With just a soft touch of love...
Melted the heart of the stone!

Well! It just started sparkling once again like the precious stone.

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Soldier

I am a son of a soldier
Who fought bravely
And laid down his life
For our motherland.

Then eight year old I was
How can I forget that gloomy day!
I was waiting for my dad's return
I could see my dad coming and hugging me.

But., ,
Sounds of cries woke me up
I saw a group of soldiers
Entering our house
Along with a coffin.

There I could see my dad lying
Inside a coffin
I cried, I called him, I shook him
To wake him up
But he was so quiet as if
He was in a calm deep sleep.

I lost my mom long back
Now my dad too went away.
It was the toughest time in my life.

Years passed by.
Today I feel proud
That i fulfilled his promise.
It was his vision that I too
Should join army and
Serve my country.

Tears rolled down my eyes
When I received a medal of Honours and
When the crowd greeted me with applause.
I felt proud of myself
As I could make my dads vision come true.

This is for you my Dear Dad, I whispered.
I could feel my Dad smiling and Saluting me.

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Something To Tell!

Each wrinkles on the tree wanted to tell us something
The leaves, flowers and fruits are like the guests.
They may come and leave anytime.
Trees keep on standing witnessing everything,
Down from the heat of summer to the chills of winter.
But it went on adding its pages with memories written down in lines.

One can bend the tender stem
It can be moulded in a way one want.

If one bend the stem of older tree
Its sure going to break.
Change is difficult to accept.
Especially whose foundation had been set years back.
That too it was set with a strong foundation
Whether good or bad doesn't matter.
Many experiences also went on adding to its foundation
Which kept on making it stronger and stronger
On each Passing days.
Any slight change is enough to break it down.
Changes to certain extent in life is possible
Though the change can be seen from outside.
But the actual base remains the same.

To be on positive side
One has to accept change,
it's really very difficult to change the thoughts
Which has become our prolonged habits.
May be ones circumstances are responsible while forming any thoughts as a
base.

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Sour Were Those Grapes!

Target seems to upset me
Double is my goal to be made.
The more I run
The target is running double ahead of me
I just stood watching at it
Breathing heavily on the way
Just thinking and wondering
What I should do
Can't find a way..
There is no short cut
Only long cut
But time left is limited.

It seems those grapes are sour to touch,
And keep my heart cooling.

Any way
Make a final run and see
If I reach, I can tell
Grapes were wonderful..
Else
I can tell,
I just gave up,
As I felt from far,
Those weren't better for me.

Still I can laugh at myself
And tell
I was just near my goal.
What's harm in it
If my hands couldn't reach it
As they were too far and never meant for me...

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Sportsman's Spirit!

Life is like a football ground
Few hours before
A pin drop silence played
On the ground.

Couple of hours before games
The playground was overcrowded with spectators.
Pin drop silence was thrown out like a ball.

The two teams fought
Like tiger and bull
Surrounded by people
Cheering each team
Ball kept on passing from one to another
Each time crowd shouting out, cheering...
One goal...
Half the crowd happy
And danced in the wind
Other half crowd oops...
Just bend down to sit.
One is victorious
The ground is
Left to zero, with no sounds, just empty.

It's like the tide, which is coming and hitting seashore and retreating back.
It's like the happiness coming for a moment and going away.
Winning team left with happiness
While the other with unhappiness.

Take everything like sportsman spirit
While winning enjoys the happiness.
While losing forget it.
All cannot win all the times.
Some have to lose them too.

Keep your hand on your Heart and say
'Better Luck next time'

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Spring Of Desires!

Spring adorned desires
When drizzled in rainbow colours
Pearls blossomed in bewitching hour
While breaths bathed in dews.

Nectar dripped from the lips
While I plucked a petal
From the rosy memories
One beautiful face rose up
From the crystalline stream
Just one face, grasped my memories!

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Sprinkle Some Spices In Life!

A glassful of water
Colorless and tasteless
Nothing can quench our thirst but only water.
Boiled and added some tea leaves
Gives a taste of black tea
Again make it more spicy by adding
Ginger and cardamom
This works like medicine for cold, flu too
Again make it spicier by adding milk
Further more with sugar.
Each time you add one one spices
Its taste keep on changing
And each spice taste different
And tangy.
Keep on relishing each taste
Before moving ahead.
Enjoy which ever way you prefer.

Marriage is based on trust
Followed by love and care.
In mid of life when you find charm is lost.
Just sprinkle some spices
Not altogether.
Else dishes will be spoiled by spices itself.
Sprinkle spices slowly one by one
And see how wonders it does.

Keep a day only for yourself
Be ready with some surprises
Just see how wonder it does
Inviting third ones into your life is very easy
Just to make your life messy in future.
Some times there is no U turn.
And even if taken
everything may not be fine like before.
The others have also heart like you.
And put yourself in others place too.
This trust if broken
May be mended but the deep scar will always remain.

Never forget that.

This itself will take away all the spice of your life too.

Enjoy your life by adding spices to it!

Before its too late....

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Stood I Still Waiting For You!

Like a lonely bird I stood along the sea shore
Not knowing how many
Tide and storms went washing by
Stood I still waiting for you!

How many summers cool breeze blew
How many winters did shed painful rains
Fragile of ages went passing by
For I no longer remained the same beautiful maiden
Today wrinkles smiles on my lovely face
Bones too weak and feeble too
But my eyes are set on sea shore
Stood I still waiting for you!

A walking stick on my hand
Did give me a lending heart
With a heavy heart, when I left you on shore
My eyes were set on your sailing ship that bid me good bye
Stood I still waiting for you!

My eyes can't see the sun setting horizon beyond.
My heart see you riding, in time of horse, that went galloping by,
My eyes wanted to see you in the same way, my heart captured it.
Stood I still waiting for you!

I know you will come one day.
Tides will bring you to my shore.
My eyes though old are struck,
To have a glimpse of you.

For I fear the death, if it comes to me before you.
These shores will tell you the stories of my love for you.
Do visit my shore, even if I am not alive.
Just to let you know, how much I loved you!

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Sure To Be Unsure!

Unsure of where to keep the next step
When both the feet are in swampy pit.
But sure enough to know.....
Any step moved forward will take her further deep down only
From where chances of survival seemingly very less.

Once her heart was strong enough to deal with any blows.
But today her hands and heart had been tied down with helplessness
But with a sense of farsightedness!

After dealing with so many blows
Which crushed her completely down beyond repair
she lay half dead today with all the blood oozing out from each pins pierced
that wounded though unseen from outside.

Today she couldn't bear even the gentle caress!
Even the touch of loving caress on her wounds is too painful and unbearable.

With one arrow she didn't fall
She resisted injustice all alone....
But that angered many brainy.
Many arrow continuously pierced her one by one.
Wounded her for years together but she survived them all.
Once again she was put to severe test with a heavy blow.
A trusted arrow pierced her heart so deep
Left her completely shattered, half dead she lay down.
Even, If she dares to get up
Not one but many arrows are still waiting to pierce her down.

Which one is better?
To lie down like half dead forever?
Or
Even if she glue all the pieces of heart together
Again standing with shielded heart to resist those hard blows?
Can a shattered heart withstand so many blows?

Not sure where the path of life is moving towards.
She surrendered herself to fate for no choice left to her.
Today, she will accept anything with Smiles only....

Be the nectar or poison, life or death which the life has to offer,
Which ever comes her way, as she is too tired to resist.
Today whatever she get alms as sacrament
She will accept it with smiles as a blessing from God.
She has to pay for her karma in this life itself,
As she was forced to travel through the same path again and again.

Like a handicapped one she will not resist anything further!
Will not resist anything further!
For she is sure!

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Tears On Her Chubby Cheeks!

Tears rolled down her small chubby cheeks
did not speak of pain or agony or joy.

Tears were the tears clueless for why they fell down,
From the chubby cheeks of a cute li'l girl.

Mystery remains with tears as why they fell down.

A drop of tear and water looked the same.

It's the picture painted defined the story behind.

Or

Left the readers to decide.

Dec 5,2013.

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Tears!

Tears were clogging heavily inside her heart
Though it was flooding through her eyes
She made sure
Not even a single drops of tears were shed outside
Very beautifully she hid her tears under her blooming smile.

If its raining outside
She could stand under the rain for a while
And cry out to her heart full and shed her painful tears
Who will ever know
That tears got rolled down along with the flow of rain.

Never let the tears fall in front anyone
Never let any one know of it
Your glass is filled with painful tears
Drink tears with smile in a smoky glass
So that its never visible outside.
Drink to your heart-full but with a smile
Cry a tears of rain only when you are alone.
Never let anyone know of it.

Why to go on begging asking for pity as an alms
There by making mockery of yourself in front of all.

Live with full dignity and
Embrace death with both hands when required with full dignity!

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Telepathy!

Thousands of miles you are apart,
Dawn is setting its imprints here
While dusk may be yawning out there
We are in opposite poles
Attracting day and night.
Yet telepathy is working between us.
I can hear you while you can hear me.
Its the direct message passed from heart to heart.
It may just look like mere a coincidence
Surprisingly where no other means
of communication used.

Dear, in this e-world of today
Full of chaos and mess
Can telepathy play
its role without miscommunication.
As telepathy works at its best in silence.

Today our heart searches for internet
to send the messages world wide across
Everything is replaced by the machine
It does the wonderful job in no time.

I am just typing my favourite lines for you
So you are there to read those lines and
That brings smiles in your face
Which I can see it from here my dear!

So can we say E-World have replaced telepathy?

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Tempting Garden!

I was flowing in the wonderful garden of poems
With different colour, shapes, and fragrance.
Each poem was unique in variety with enchanting fragrance.

The shades of big trees did wonders
By giving the different colours of shade to the newly sprouted poem
Who were just a bud, on their way to be the flower.
Even the leaves of trees fell down as golden words
As they spoke of history
There by inspiring the new ones to come up with poems
On history of seeds planted earlier.

Butterflies, too were the like the newspapers
Like this site were sharing
The news of love, pain, hatred, jealousy and peace
To each flower of poems.
Thereby a wind of colourful emotions flow among this beautiful garden.

But in the garden there were lotus too
All had kept an eye on it and all wanted to pluck it too.
But lotus was quiet funny, it said teasingly
catch me if you can.
Am surrounded by water
None of you can swim and come across
Only a butterfly is the one who is most welcome.

Honeybees made a beautiful honeycombs
By sucking nectars of words
There by a beautiful flow of poem
Was on our way to be heard.

The roses said with love
I am there for you to heal
Whenever you feel tired and hurt
Just come to me I will fill your heart with words of love.

The white jasmine said when ever you are
Painful and frustrated
Come to me dear,

I will fill your heart with words of peace and love.

The green grass said
Whenever you want to have a
Beautiful sleep
I will give you a soft bed of love
Where can dream and write a poem on love.

The garden is so tempting
That whoever entered this garden
Never made a way out.
Its like mesmerising garden
Which keeps on pulling poets into it.
Yes, its tempting garden for poets!
Would you like to join us?

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Thanks Giving To Ph!

Let the Echo of 'love you all'
Reach each and everyone from PH.
And this echo will touch you all and reach me back like an echo.
This Echo can be ones inner voice that can be heard outside too.
Take it in any way; which ever fills one heart with love!

Don't know what is there in store for tomorrow.
Don't know whether there is any life tomorrow.
Only I can tell is, today was better
Or each days passed were better
As we had life, which is most important.

I really had a good time in PH.
As my writings changed me a lot.
Which gave me enough confidence to speak and write.
It's just because of you!

When I joined PH
I was completely lost somewhere in this world!
Complete shut off from the world.
Today I feel I have some identity.
I have also some name to be called upon.

PH is definitely a good platform
Who wishes to explore themselves in poetry world.
I wish to Thank You All from my Heart!
This does not mean.....
I am leaving PH.
Please don't bid me Good Bye now itself..

At the end of the year 2013
I wish you all a Happy New Year!
May many more poems
Comes from your Jewels Box
And each poems written with your ink of love
And keep on passing this torch of light to the
Baby beginners....
Who are just trying to swim across in this beautiful ocean of poems.
May God Bless You All!

Once again A Happy New Year 2014.

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Thankyou!

Few beads of positivity
Few beads of strength
Few beads of courage
Chained into a beautiful poem of pearls
Sent from
Loving and caring heart.
Are meant for many like me.

Do you know
How precious are your words?

These words are
Like the rising sun
Giving a new ray of hope
Enough to wrap
Ones heart with
Warmth and love.
To tell there is always
Light waiting at the end of tunnel.

It's like a Balm of Peace
You have applied to many.
I always appreciate
Your flow of words
Which enlightened my soul
Whenever I reads them
Which made me to
Look back and rethink...

ThankYou from my whole heart!

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The Last Bench!

The Last Bench! (Four Languages)

While sitting on the last bench
I never knew these verses of mine
Will ever rise from my thoughts anytime.
In those days to get the rank was my biggest dream.
Many dreams didn't bloomed into flower in later years.
Many words didn't touched the light
Even much before its petals withered away in the soil.
These lines when I recite I remembered my school days
When I checked rank list mine was the last one I do remember.
It stayed in my heart like silenced sobs
Like black clouds which didn't rained those pains.
Today these verses shine in rainbow colours
Let thousands of colourful butterflies fly away from these verses!

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?????? ??????! (Hindi)

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?????? ?????! (Marathi)

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The Last Telegram For You...Dear!

Today I am pushed to the last In the queue.
By the mobile, internet, telephone
There was a time when I was the only
Source which bind the distanced ones closer.

You all have made me idle..
Old replaced with the new ones.
There was a time when I was the
First one to everyones door
May be to the heart too.
I gave the messages of
Love, death, birth and important messages too.
I flew with the message in no time.
Am sure I might have reached you a message
At least once in your life time.
Some news may be so important
That you will never forget me dear.

Today I am the first one to retire.
I served you day and night
Without a break for as long as 163 years.
Today, You are quitting me!
To take Voluntary retirement from service.

Kudos to the technology
Advanced so far...
And I may have been a stepping
Stone for progress..
I am happy...
But sad too
Bidding you good bye.

All that ends, ends well.
God Bless us all!

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The Real Of Me!

Often I portray myself as bright and cheerful,
For it's my art of sketching me bold and beautiful.

While drawing a sketch I hide all my dark colors and
All my weaknesses, I mask with bright colors.

I never show what I lack in.
I try to show more than what I am.
I present myself as cheerful,
With a friendly smile.

I give a touch of glow to my lovely face
With fantastic makeups that suits me well
Thereby hiding all the fine lines.
I apply lipstick and wear a beautiful smile.
I paint my gray hair with the lovely color I want
For I want to look bold and beautiful.

Now I look younger and greener than real I am.
I hide all my pain, ugliness, hatred, anger, selfishness,
Behind my beautiful mask of smile.

Don't ever tell,
How beautiful her life is....
All you see me is through
Beautiful mask of smile!

Well, that's the Real Of Me!

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The Red Tiny Bag Full Of Promises!

With the grease stained coverall
He came home from work
A little bit earlier he came over.
His three cute children
Welcomed him with warm kisses
they too stained theirs cheeks with oil and grease.
The red tiny bag they looked in for surprises.
As there are always some snacks waiting for them.
Savouring sip of hot tea from his beloved hand as usual
He sank on his armchair to take a nap.
Nothing went unusual except he looked extremely tired.

Hour later his wife tried to wake him up
He didn't responded to her any calls
She screamed in horror when she saw him lying breathless.
On hearing her screams children too surrounded him as well
They couldn't understand what was really going on
Very late they realized their dad is forever gone
They don't have any shoulders to hang on in their life
Since then no more surprises ever came in their life.

The red tiny bag hung on the wall
Once full of surprises
Future dreams of promises
Now breeze cradling it gently
Still the sobs of memories whispering silently!

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The Stormy Shore!

The angry storm comes along
With the tides of high and low.
So angry to engulf anyone
Who ever crosses his ways.
Before the storm is the pin drop silence
Like the tiger keeping an eye on its prey
To leap forward and catch it in one single strike.
Now the storm comes leaping forward
Along with the hands of waves
Which will hold its prey deep down the sea.
After the storms have bathed the entire shore
Leaving the shores blank with thoughts
As if it has washed all its thoughts.
All the thoughts of love as well hatred
Got washed away with it.
If it could wash away only hatred
I would prefer each day to bathe
on the stormy shore!

In fact shore is just silent like our mind
Our thoughts brings storms of anger, hatred, revenge jealousy
This itself take away our peace.
The only reason is
When all are sitting on shore
Why storm hit few while others remain cool to it?

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Think.....Who Am I

I am a soldier
when my thoughts conflicts one another.
I am a student
when I learn lessons from my mistakes.
I am a teacher
when I guide myself to the right path.
I am a lover
when I love someone unconditionally.
I am an artist
when I think something creative.
I am a musician
when my mind is calm and playing melodious music for me.
I am a doctor
when my mind is able to heal myself.
I am a nurse
when I take care of my mind.
I am an engineer
when I reconstruct my thoughts.
I am a drummer
when my mind beats like a drum.
I am a priest
when I pray for well being of all.
I am a writer
when words flow like a water from me.
I am an actor
when I make best of my mind.
I am a director
when I directs my mind.
I am a robot
when my mind work like a set of habits,
which I dont want to change.

Who am I?
I am all in One
and One in all.

Keeping all the roles in balance
will make my life well Balanced and Happy.

That is all I want from my LIfe!

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Thirst For Love

We are a bouquet of orphans, please don't pluck one away.
Together we enjoy dancing, singing, hitting, smashing and loving too.
Every other day we welcome a beautiful flower that come into our way.
This garden is our orphanage, which is nothing but our home.
We are left into this garden not by our choice.
Please ask us our choice!

We waited for loved ones to come and take us away.
We miss you mama when humming of bees playing lullaby for us.
We miss your love when we swing in the lap of wind.
We miss you dada of the warmth and care that sun have given us.
We miss you granny when the twinkling stars tells fairy tales at night.
We miss all the lovely home which we should have been a part of it.

But the time have taken us too far away from you.
Today, we don't miss anyone, we no longer wait for anyone.
We have learned to live with courage and harmony.
We are like a bouquet of flowers where each one is unique in its own way.
Together we form a beautiful bouquet to make your life happy and cheerful.
In togetherness we find strength, love, care and share.
We thank God that you gave us this precious life.
Now it's our turn to make it admirable by our choice.
Yes, we will make it worthy by our choice!

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Those Loveable Chain Of Pearls!

Saw a couple sitting on the road side
On their way to pilgrimage towards the temple.
With a small baby playing in their arms.

A person selling an artificial pearls of
chains went passing by....
The husband just counted the
Few coins he was left with.
He bought the chain with few coins.
So delighted he was when he
Put the necklace around his beloved's neck.

One can definitely see the love in his eyes for his beloved,
She was looking lovely shy too.

Cost of pearls didn't matter,
But with the love he brought her mattered much.
This necklace may be worth of few pennies.
But this was the priceless movement
which made the necklace priceless.

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Those Tempting Sandwiches!

December fun fare was going on
Sandwiches of tempting varieties that attracted many eyes!

Club sandwich
Grilled sandwich
Vegetable sandwich
Chicken sandwich
Plain sandwich
Spicy sandwich
Jam sandwich
Angry sandwich
Lovely sandwich
Hatred sandwich
Laughter sandwich
Well there were many more of varieties
Names you might have not heard before!

I got hooked to a tag written below...
Begin your day with Laughter sandwich
To look beautiful and young ever!
My thoughts got sandwiched between the words
I gulped the laughter sandwich to look younger.
On seeing my funny face people mocked at me.

Competition was going on eat to all sandwiches in 5min.
Just got tempted to relish all those sandwiches
I too joined competition.
I gulped it all at once
But I felt all sandwiches got mixed in my stomach
They started running, churning and burning inside me.
They started striking me badly.
Now they started raining and draining me heavily!

I was excited when I was declared the winner.
I was too thrilled to see the surprise gift.
I saw a beautifully packed big gift for the winner.
It just left me wondered, what it could be?
But all my thrills got killed when
I got a jumbo size sandwich as a prize!

On seeing it I fainted
I was taken to hospital
Doctor said...
No more sandwiches for you!

Well how can I forget my prize
I kept it frozen as my sweet remembrance!

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Tips.....Funny!

Healthy tip...

One dose of laughter
Three times a day
Keep you away from
Million dollar diseases.

But

Continuously Laughing
Without break
Make a way to doctor too.

Eating salads will

Keep you away from doctor

But

Today it may
Safely land you in coffin too.

Beautician will

Make you look beautiful

People will look at you

But

Will not smile
Until you wear a smile.

Walking hand in hand at

The sea shore with

A girl friend

Is fantastic

But

At the same time
Seeing your wife with her boyfriend
Is difficult to digest.

Truth is a bitter pill

To swallow.

You love your wife

As well others wife too!

Don't keep your legs

On two different boats

Both will move in opposite

And you will fall midway in sea
Either Swallowing fishes or
Crocodile swallowing you.

So many products are
Advertised
To choose which one to use
Is difficult
Entire life will
Go away in choosing
one by one.

Watching a.T.V. news is good one
But at the same reading those flash news
which appears below the news
Is enough to confuse one!

Tips are so many tat it will never end
But life will end following them.

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To My Dear Dentist!

This poem on my dentist
Who brought my smile back.

Went to doctor with my visible teeth
All hooked and crooked
Full of maps and gaps and smiles with colourful cheese
My smile looked good from far but very bad from near.

Doctor said
Front two teethe looked like punched back
Two molars lifted upwards
All front teeth stood in crooked way
For that he will bring all teethes in semi circle

Now the caps were ready
No one can beat the teeth caps
They looked original too
More beautiful they looked than my original ones
Now caps were inserted
Many after seeing my smile
Said now your teethes are good
Polished and flashy too
But don't ever smile
As you lost your charming smile.

The two teeth punched look good
Now your teeth changed your face structure too,
So frustrated I got
After hearing from everyone
I called doctor
But he was cool ever.

He said your teeth are good and proper too
I said doctor
Cant you punch my teeth back
And lift those side tooth.
All told me I looked beautiful in hooked and crooked smile only.
He convinced me and made few changes
Now I practising how to smile with new teeth

As now I cant have same smile
Still I am trying my level best to smile.

Doctor said now
Show your smiley teeth to your friends
Whoever not satisfied bring them back to my clinic
I think now they need a treatment of punishment.

Ha Ha made me smile!

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To Shahzia Batool With Love.....

Please don't call me plagiarist,
If I steal some sweet words from your comments,
As your readers and well wishers,
Left with me no words to describe you.

Poem You! Reflects your rays of thoughts
From crystalline ball radiating all over.
Your pen is sharp and diamond tipped.
Keen observer and amazing writer.
Comes with truth in a unique way.

Well versed in literature and a scholar too.
Appreciative critic, an analyst and
Kind hearted too.

Your poems flow like music
Which fills ones heart
Both in Urdu and English too.

Dec 1st beautiful day to be born with
Many many Happy Returns of the day!
God Bless you with longer life!

Signing out is sad,
Something unexpected from you!
Once again waiting to take
us on a tour to your
Wonderful poems flowing
In the garden of 2014.

From Sweet Plagiarist

Geetha Jayakumar

Traffic Signal

Each signal showed to stop.
The traffic was always paused in between.
A free flow of traffic was often obstructed by instructions.
Shown by way of boundary lines.
Zebra lines are there.
Each and every time the warning was given.
My dear, why you didn't pay attention to those lines.
We are not here to break any rules.
I hope you too not.
Your life is as important as to me as my life.
Take care.
Drive safely.
Don't be in a hurry.
Keep control of the speed.
Don't over speed,
Else you may loose control of vehicle.
Your life too, may loose its control.
Kill not one
Kill not self.
Hit not one.
Hit not self.
A home is waiting for you dear!
To see you safely come home the way you left here.
A smile in you is a smile in us.
Protect your life.
Protect others too.
Drive safely!

Many road accidents or some accidents make one land in jail.
Just one control lost, putting many peoples life in danger.

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Travel

I wished to travel with you my mom
Your question left me wondered
If we could make an entry to Disney Land together
Its so crowded and packed.
If we loose each other on our way
Though we were holding our hands tight and tied together to each other.

If we never meet each other after that entry
Though the journey to amusement park began together
Imagine the plight of one who is left behind all alone
Waiting for the other.

Today, you have to take me mom along with you on your path of travel.
If your hands are strong enough to pull me
If your hands have firm grip to hold me tightly
If you are confident you will never leave me behind on the way and go alone.
Like when I was small once!

I am ready to travel with you mom
As I am sure you wont leave me alone behind!
Is it possible?

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Tree Of Dreams!

Its so painful
To see the seed of dreams you sowed
Drained away to nil today.

The seed of dreams sprouted into new hopes
There stood the tree with full hopes of leaves green
Cherishing the flowers of yellow
Waited long, for its fruits to relish.

But all of a sudden
All its leaves shed one by one
All its flowers shattered down
By the whirl of wind
That shook the tree of dreams.

The tree was full of green
Which stood withstanding heat and cold
All day long
Giving the shade of love
Whoever took shelter of the tree.
Decades together
The tree stood upright.

Today everything got
Withered away leaving only branches behind.
Today it can give no shade
It can give no flowers nor any fruits.
It just stood helpless gazing at the wind.
Though the tree was alive it just stood lifeless.
Just waiting for the roots to get dried away.
With everything going to finish in the whirl of storms.

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Tunes Changed!

A lovely parrot
Sings a
beautiful song of love
Everyday
With so sweetness
That added her charm to her beauty
No sooner
She attracted the crowd
Through her song
She captivated everyones heart.
But a bird hunter
Saw her
And
when she was captivated
Not in heart
But in cage
She sang a song
Not of love
But of pain
A caged pain.
Tunes changed
Melody remained the same.
But none couldn't understand.
All just heard her beautiful voice
And applauded her.....

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Unborn Fruits.....Child!

Down into the soil,
sowed some seeds
watered them every day
Waited each day
Watch it growing
Happy was I,
To see it growing.
Days went on like season
And it flowered
My happiness knew no words
And waited for the
fruits to come.
But
I have to cut the tree myself.
My same hand did it.
Along with the tree
New unborn fruits too died away
Leaving me dead too!

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Unknown Little Entry!

Heard a knock behind my head!
Little Mickey Mouse entered my house of brain.
Waited for no permission
Pushing me aside, It just entered as if its own house.
In a minute it vanished into thin air
It tasted all my dishes kept in dining table
It teased me with cute little smile.
I ran behind it.
Within minutes the house ran into mess.
But it escaped from my clutches
Now all my dishes went down to bin.
Oh my dear Mickey
Why did you keep us all hungry

It was not the mere the entry of the just little Mickey mouse
But entry of hatred and anger too in my life.
Little one irritated me with its behaviour.

Everyday you come up with some new ideas to hit me.
I feel I am standing in cricket stadium like a batsman
Not sure whether you are a spinner or a fast bowler
I am not sure what I am going to hit whether sixes or singles.
If I hit the boundary
That means you are out of my boundary.

Now I bought a mousetrap
Mickey was too wise to fall on it.
It never got tempted to cheese kept inside
But except that one
It went on eating my brain as it find tastier than cheese.
Oh dear Mickey, you just increased my B.P.
You had thrown me out of gear
You kept my brain irritated with anger and tempting fear.

How to throw you out remained a puzzle to me!

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Unlock The Lock!

Deep down the oceans
Far across the sea
High above the mountains
Far across the sky
Beyond the horizon of twinkling stars
A beautiful message touched my soul.
Neither the wind carried it
Nor the words whispered it
Nor the rivulets carried it.
Golden message touched my heart
From an invisible person
Through an unknown source
It directly came from a heart!
Surprisingly it touched my heart!

Message were filled with warmthness..
Carefully the message was wrapped in rays of sunlight.
The beautiful rainbow gave a touch of glow.
The fragrance of jasmine touched its core.

But I couldn't open it's secret coded lock.
I tried desperately to open it.
To my utter surprise another message followed.
The key to open the lock.

Unfortunately, I couldn't open it.
I felt the message reached my wrong hands.
Now left with no choice
I just made a paper boat and kept the treasure box
And left it on sea and came back.
It surprised me again
A beautiful dove dropped the box and flew away.
Now, I went to forest and kept the box safely in the wood peckers nest.
Before I reached home
I saw it in my pillow.

I felt the message was following me everywhere
From day and night to wherever I go.

I couldn't understand why this happened?
Why I am afraid to grasp the fact which the message want to tell?
Is it I don't want to catch its meaning?
Is it I don't have confidence on self?
Will I loose my way after unlocking it?
Was the message strange or came from a strange heart unknown?
Is it I am too rigid to accept any change?

Before decoding the secret lock
I was flooded with many questions
This is the main reason,
I couldn't open it as it clearly mentioned keep the mind pure before opening it!

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Unpredictable!

Can you know the depth of water, just looking at it?
Can you tell the water is cold or hot, just looking at it?
In the midst of sea, traveling, alone in a boat,
Suddenly a storm arises, and boat turned upside down,
Who is to be blamed?
Depth of ocean, one can say geographically.
Can you measure the one who is just sitting next to you?
Can you measure depth of ones heart?
Can you measure what reaction is on its way to your action?

No one has such an eyesight which can go beyond its sight.
No thing is so transparent as visible.
What's going to happen next to next is unknown.

Humans is to make errors.
Life is trial balance,
If one step wrong, take next step forward.
And balance the trial balance.

Change is sure,
It will come if we go on its way or it may come on our way
Time heals the wounds!

If life was so predictable,
then pain was nowhere to be found.
What happen next is so unpredictable.
We just make some calculations and move forward.
Life is always a challenging one!
Some surprises are so shocking which leaves one blank.
But when each day comes with a shocking surprises,
Life become so used to it, that a surprise never remain a surprise,
As heart becomes heartless with full of such surprises!

This is life!

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Untold Words!

Your every untold words spoke of love.
Your visuals spoke of love in silence.
I felt each words poured from your heart.
I can feel your presence somewhere nearby.
Far from somewhere it came,
All the way around and reached me.

I know it spoke of love.
I know they were meant for me.
I could feel each word.
Though tough for one to understand,
But they spoke of love and pain as well.

I am very happy with that
You understand me so well
I am obliged you are a gem of a person
I have known.
These qualities put you high in my thoughts.
All I can tell is I adore you from my heart.

Love doesn't mean achieving what you want.
Love also means understanding one of the heart.
Love also means sacrificing the one you love.
Giving up is also a love.

Love has dimensional perspective.
It can be taken in any way you want.
Love has different colors
You can paint love in any colors you want.
Actually, Love has no shape nor any colors
Its we give shape and colors.

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Geetha Jayakumar

Uploaded Creepers!

I came upon news edition
Wherein everything mundane,
Except the name,
Followers were distinct.
Formed by team explicit
To echo their inner voice.

Does it reach as many?
For I am not sure
Yet they existed around us
Where the news thrives in
While engaging readers in
Colorful issues.
Seeds dispersed in an air
Some turned into paddies
While some into weeds.

Journey began from a trail of thoughts
Uploaded on a paper.
Here words were shaped by sawing
While rivals weigh its intensity.

What's that special?
Made me think over and again
Success thrives in
Where you plant as many creepers
Roots goes in deeper
While the sun shines on the bearer!

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View Both!

I see a path full of darkness.

You see the same path with brightness.

I often find myself in a path where both are witnessed!

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Vine!

Dewy days lit by darkness
Died away in flames of sunset.

Clouded heart sailed across the wreck.
Tears ruptured adorned the deck.

Shimmering rays of certitude
Vanished in broad chested casket.

Tranquilized moonlit night
After stormy breeze sighed.

Path deluge in memories of conceit
Still the heart emanated from muddled plight.

Vineyard stealthily took away a few golden rays
Grapes stood blushing on the vine of mays.

Canopy of vine fabricated life
In a crystalline glass brighten up the path!

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Viral Fever, Not So Cute!

A cute virus
Looked at me lovingly
It look at the prospective victims
To whom it can over power easily.
But...
Don't know where it vanished into my body.
Well, still its trace couldn't be found in my blood.

It first gave me a mild
Dose of cold and sneezing
Then followed by cough
It went on adding its doses further
Giving me no time to get up
It gave me flue as well
Within a week
It shot my temperature so high that
I forgot who is standing nearby.

It gave me a feather touch of rashes red
Which irritated me further.
Still not satisfied
It increased my temperature.
So minute it is
It is invisible to everyone's eyes.

It shook my entire Immune system
Down with viral fever lying In a bed
As good as dead for a week
It shook away even my thoughts
I slept so badly
I felt I had never slept my life long.

Some times viral fever are so good
It will shake you so badly
It will leave you drained so completely.
Peaceful sleep free from any thoughts you can enjoy!

Remember...
It's deadly dangerous

It can just smother your life into death
Detect it before it harm your entire life system!
Don't ignore if fever continue more than a week!
Don't take everything for granted and
give yourself into the hands of this love virus.

Well, you can give your hand to one who loves and cares you...
Definitely not one who love to kill you!
It's not love virus which affected you
Beware of this virus!

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Vishu Kai Neetam!

Vasantam orukunna konna poov kaalam
Vishu vinde dinatine manja poov kondu oru drishyam

padanglil nellu vithkunna kalam
Eaishyaryatindeyum. Samruddhiyudeym varshikyunna
E vishu kaalam.

Vishu kai neetam kondu tulumbunna oru kutti kalam
Punchiri viriyunna omana poo kalam

Kalam tulumbunna chhaka vaytiye oru madura paayasam
Nunnja oyukunna chiri ormikkyum oru balya kaalam.

Ella varshavum kani konna pukunna kalam
Vishu kai neetam kaathirukkuna kalam

Oro ethalukalil
Parannu poye vasantham
Ethryo varsha gal pinnette poye kalam
Innu kunji kayikalil kodukayan oru vishu kai neetum.
Sneham tulumbunna e vishu kaalam

Ormayude chirakil parannu poye aa payei kaalam
Ormakalil sancharikkyunna snehathinde kathirukal
Aakashakalil nakshatrangalaye viryunna oru kani poov pole.
Madhura orma kalaye sparshikyum ee vishu kalam.

Ella varshavum kani konna pukunna kalam
Vishu kai neetam kaathirukkuna kalam

Ellavarkum ente vishu dina aashamshagal.
Nanni
Namaskaram.

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Wait.....

Waiting patiently
For the target to be achieved
Putting all the hard effort on it
Worked day and night on it.
Put complete dedication on it
Hard efforts was about to be rewarded
Just a final touch up
For the completion
A hurdle came on its way
The last hope of completing
The target was struck.
He became upset
and went into distress
Everything got over he said
And he gave up away.

Just a little patience
And confidence on self
Was only he needed...

At the end of the day
It can be said that....

At the last moment....
its like
Breaking the same pot with their own hands
which he had once moulded it with hard effort!

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Waiting For You!

Waiting at the sea shore
For my love..
Cool breeze flowing all over
The beautiful sun going beyond
Horizon and no where to be seen.
The waves coming all the way
Longing to touch me.
Breeze flowing all over the sea
Its getting darker and darker.
Its cloudy too.

Each day I write on seashore
Am waiting for you!
Each time waves comes running
And washing it away.

Knowingly I wait for you dear
Knowingly you are not going to come
Its the same seashore
Snatched you away from me.
Watching you helplessly
Tides swallowing you away
Every day I feel you will come smilingly
But todays gone!
Lets see tomorrow!

It seems that waves are telling me each time
To wash away everything from memories..
And to move a head in life.

Its true Nature also Speaks
But its not in our nature to grasp it!

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Warning!

On a bright sunny day
With the light wind flowing
A Cutie white cloud of peace
Peeked from the sky to play
With the wind
And that Carried her away
Too far
That landed them in nowheres land
Down is the hill
Top is the bright sun shine falling on
Peak of the hill.

All of a sudden
Darkness gripped her way
And a storm of silence could be heard
She saw that she was surrounded
By black clouds from all sides of rain
Which were ready to pour out angrily on her
It seemed like tiger ready for an attack.
With dagger in hand
To pounce on her to kill.

Meekly stood the cutie cloud
Watching and
Remembered her mothers warning
Not to cross the border line
Which she crossed playfully
All of a sudden
The swirling wind dispersed
Away the black clouds
Surrounding her
And she was given a way
To fly away.
She flew away so fast as she was lighter than air
That leaving all the black clouds at dismay.

She reached reached on her mammas lap
And cried to her heart full.
Mamma said

Be careful next time
Don't get carried away by the wind!

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Welcome To My Heart!

You are most welcome
To the core of my heart.
Inside my Heart is Temple,
Church and Mosque,
Where all the power of
God and Goddess reside
A divine power of light
Will welcome you with warmth.
Its illuminated with light
Of seven colors of rainbow.
And together they merged to form
A beautiful powerful divine light,
Like Sun
Will flash on your eyes
And you wont be able to take a
Glance of it.
Each rays coming out of it
So powerful
It will pass on the power
Of wisdom, love, peace, happiness, truth, strength in you.
Melody of prayers will fill your heart.
You will feel the essence of peace and love.
And cover you with aroma of pleasant fragrance.

My heart full of powerful light,
Light so bright that
Darkness million miles away.

Visit once to core of my heart
On return
You will feel so powerful
Like recharged with powerful divine light.

Welcome to my heart of light
With light so bright
Will fill your life with power of light!

Welcome to my heart!

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What A Compromise!

A compromise on heart?
A compromise on soul?
May be for anything....

If not you?
Someone else may compromise.
It works on give and take basis.
One hand give,
Other hand take,
Nothing for free!
After gaining,
Just dust your both hands and say,
It was not I,
It was he did it...

I Just want to let you know,
She understood how beautifully did this game worked.
Yeah a heartless compromise.
Where both gained something or the other!
And blame one another in front of her.
Never you felt?
Made others Believe.....
You are Right.

This poem is from my dear neighbour...
She wants to know...
Can you share this compromise with your beloved ones?

Eyes, ears, heart, mouth can be shut....
Ask yourself!
Forget it.....
Oh Yeah! Compromise do wonders!

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What I Gained And What I Lost!

When One pearl came to my hand
I was happy to have it.
I was making a chain of pearls
Where each pearl is my one friend
Everyday I kept on adding pearls one by one.
And finally after many days
I thought I will just see, is my chain completed
Surprised I was
To see the pearls remained the same
How come?
Then I saw I forgot to lock the other end.
When each time I added
Each time one pearl, I was loosing from other end.
If I had managed to keep it locked
Today my chain would have been completed.
What I lost is, I am trying to regain it.
And want to add,
Whom I lost.
How can I loose one pearl....
As every pearl is unique for me in its unique way..
I like each pearls...
And I don't want to loose any.

Friends are my pearls...
Each of you are my pearls.

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What's My Earning I Know Not!

I am saddened by the life I lived
what I gained I know not
One day with tears I may bid bye to life.

I fetched nothing after so many years of living.
Empty handed I came
Will I be leaving empty handed?

I am saddened by the life I lived
my hands are bare
my heart is empty
my thoughts are dry
with few drops of tears.
Well that's all in my life!

What's my earning I know not.
Was my life a blessing I know not!

At some point of time when I just turned back
I could feel these words ringing in my heart!

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What's The Use?

He couldn't believe
His long awaited dream
Of winning a lottery ticket
Was fulfilled with
An unexpected surprise
Of huge amount
Which he never imagined
So excited he was that his
Heart was in his mouth
And this uncontrolled happiness
Lead him to anxiety
Further heart attack
Followed by death.
Everything got over in a few minutes.
What's the use of that money
That not even a penny of it
He couldn't enjoy.

Made a lovely house
By the time it was ready
His relationship
strained
With the beloved ones.
There was no one
Who would make his
House a Home
What' the use when
The nest has become empty?

You have achieved everything
You wanted
Name, fame and success
And you were engrossed
In that so much that
You realise it too late
That you have
No one to share your pain and gain.

Life doesn't wait for anyone

Time doesn't wait for anyone,
Nor the relationship wait for anyone.

But you realise it too late when
You have lost everything.
What's the use of thinking it now
When everything is far away from you,
Beyond your reach.

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When A Poetry Was Born!

Yes, I feel proud today.

When a poetry was born from my breathe, thoughts, sweat and blood!

I am proud of you today....

Somewhere my song was appreciated with thunders of clapping.

Though I couldn't watch.

May be my luck didn't favour me.

May be someone else was blessed with luck.

May be better luck next time!

Birth of my poetry took this way...

I portrayed the artist after seeing her photo

Her dance performance I have never watched live.

Each stroke of lines

When I was brushing in my canvass

My heart could feel each steps she was taking

Each moments of steps I could feel in her

I could feel her breathe, pulse

I could feel her blinking eyes

I could feel her each lines of facial expression.

Her lips moments.

I could feel her moments of hands

I could feel her hips

I saw her dancing in the stage

I draw a portrait of her in my mind

Then I carved the beautiful picture of her in dancing pose!

Yes, I can do it...

If I want

This gave a confidence in me!

Still many raw stones are left in my hand

They are yet to be carved

Still the un moulded clay is in my palm

I can mould it the way I want

Still folded words are there in my heart

I can unfold it anyway I want.

My heart is filled with variety of flower buds

Just waiting to be bloomed!

Everyone get one opportunity.
Some opportunity teaches the harsh reality.
While some take you to soaring heights.
Before taking me to soaring heights
it just taught me to be on the ground always.

Yes, a day will come in my life
I will wait for that golden day
At least I can add something to my golden memories
Which will be ever remembered..

Few years of life still left with me...
Let me hope at least one beautiful moment I will capture in my life.
I could add to my memories as a golden one.
I will feel that this life is worth ever lived.
If I could do, I will wipe away all my memories.
I prefer breathing last, thinking of only those golden moments!

Live the life only once but live it with full happiness!

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When Death Comes Knocking!

Death comes slowly
In silence
And pause at the door
No one hears it
Only the one who knows
Feels it
His door is knocked
Though he may be
Surrounded by
Near and dear ones
Or
May be all alone.

When Death come Knocking
And speaks in silence
All set to go, dear...
Don't take anything
With you
Leave your body and
Everything here.
But.....
Take out your soul
From
Deep within.
Come with me Soul
Let's fly away from here
Heavens door is waiting
To welcome you dear.

When death comes knocking
Only once in lifetime,
Whether you want or not,
It can enter anywhere and anytime.
Its his choice
To whom
He should knock.
I don't know
When I will be his choice
Am waiting for him dearly!

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When Love Speaks!

The first showers of rain when it sprays on the earth
As if the earth eagerly waiting to quench its thirst
It Spread the aroma of love all around
Which Knocked my heart and felt as if new love was born.

When the first virgin sun rays touched the earth and
Spread the warmth of love
The earth waiting to feel the warmth of touch
Felt as if the warmth touched my heart speaking of love.

The colourful butterflies were so naughty
asked me teasingly
Whats going on in your heart
That you are blushing with love.

The beautiful fragrance of flowers
Spreading their fragrance all around
Made me feel that as if essence of love is
Covering me all around.

The mischievous waves came running towards me
And splashed the waters and showering me with love
I don't know when I missed my steps and fell into the love
And it hugged me so tightly and took me deep into its heart.

Love always comes in disguise
And it grip you so tightly that one cannot escape.

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When Silence Speaks!

A graveyard speaks
In silence
Of the souls
That rests in peace.

Monuments speaks in silence of
The untold Mysteries.

A library speaks
In silence
Of the books
That nourishes knowledge.

The stories speaks
In silence
Of the words Untold.

Jokes speaks in
Silence of the Pain
In humorous way.

Love speaks in Silence
Of the unspoken desire.

Weeping in silence speaks
Of wound that
Cut deep down the heart.

Poems speak in silence
Of the strong words
That bring pain or joy.

Eyes speaks in silence
Of love or hatred,
Mixture of emotions.

Words speaks in silence
Of the thoughts that it went thru.
Thoughts speaks in silence

Of the surroundings that it went thru
Actions speaks in silence
Of the pain or love it went thru
Revenge speaks in silence
Of the hatred that it went thru.

If Injustice is silenced...
Appreciate the Silence of deaf and dumb.

Mind speak in silence
Of the calmness
That it longed for.

Silence is golden
As long as one is not victimized by Silence!

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When Silence Toast The Drinks!

Have you heard the
Voice of silence
So powerful it is
That no louder you shout
On top of your voice
All may fall deaf to your ears
But the silence can be heard too
In a very powerful way
So is the silence a powerful tool too
To speak out directly into your heart.

When a silence toast with drinks of love
So wonderful would it be.
That one may fly in the heaven's world.
Along with the toast of love.
Love is the only drink
Which make us cheerful
But hatred, jealousy is the drinks like poison
When toasted in silence kills one.

Loud of cheers to be heard of Outside
Everything cooler
Cheers the winner
But inside is the
Drinks of bitterness,
Pain or failures of drinks
Toasted with silence
especially when near ones
Are not happy about the winner.

Forget it..
Life will move on
No one cares what
You drink.
A day will come
When one climb the ladder of success
Silence will toast the drink of success.
Though not heard louder.
But Heart will hear in Silence.

Yes the sometime Silence may cheer our drinks..

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Where Is This Exhibition?

One big red pulpy mango caught my attention,
As it was displayed very well in exhibition
It's beauty was alluring and
Mouth watering one,
Surprisingly, that caught attention of many.

I just went to see its price quoted.
Seeing its unusual cost perspired me well.
Surprisingly, many buyers crowded it.
Arguments increased,
Finally it was laid for auction,
Bidding went on one by one.
It's price went on increasing.
Finally, It went to the hand of the highest bidder.

It just left me just wondered
Why the cost was so much high
I asked the one who was its creator.
He said he planted many mango saplings
But all the plants died one by one
Except only this one left behind
Surprisingly this turned out to be the attractive one than others
So I quoted the price that I spend for all the plants
So the price was high.

He said you are the first one to ask me this question.
No one ever asked me why the price was so high.

Now to own this one
Became the prestigious issue of many
So it went on bidding higher!

This exhibition was held on my imagination
Don't ask me where was this exhibition
Don't ever think of going to such unusual exhibition
Don't ever sue me for coming out with such poem
Well just for fun I made this one
You are free to thrash me only with wonderful comments!
Ha...Ha..Ha...

Thank you for reading this one!

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Who Can Say No

When the virgin sunrays
Just touches you like feather with love
Who can say No to it.

When the warmth of sun rays
Just kisses you like honey with love
Who can say No it.

Sun rises only for you dear with love
To say Good Morning
Who can say No to it.

Who can say No to this Beautiful Sunrise!

Good Morning!
Have a Pleasant day!

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Who Is Superior?

Journey begins with a mother.
Journey ends in mother earth.

When the beginning and ending of journey is same
Why he struggle his whole life to prove he is superior.
In what way one is superior to others?

The entry and exit of life is same for all.
When the death doesn't see the difference.
When the graveyard make no difference.
Why the difference when alive.
Is it just because
No choice left for the lifeless body to do anything?

Whats the use of that life
Which looked only the welfare of self.

Whats the use of that life
Who lived only for self.

Whats the use of that life
For the happiness of self made the others life a hell.

What the use of that life
Only hatred you are leaving behind in memories of others.
A few caring and heartfelt words could have done much.
By doing it you are loosing nothing.
Instead you find enjoyment in pelting stones.
No eyes would shed a single drop of tears on your death.

One should be kind hearted enough to see others pain too.
If you cannot give any happiness, at least don't make others lives a hell.
You live and let others also live.
In the eyes of God no one is superior or inferior.
Why the difference here?

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Who Will Dig The Grave?

Whom to tell I am right?
Whom to tell you are wrong?
I may be right but I may look wrong,
As my meek voice couldn't speak right in louder voice.

Can the truth ever be listened from a meek voice?
Can the lies be turned to truth by a stronger voice?
Today voice matters whether you are right or wrong.
Louder the voice, louder echo it vibrates.

Many truths are like written on sand.
Many lies are engraved in stones.

Many truths have remained sealed in dead lips.
Many tears have dried in dead eyes.
Many fingers remained pointed by dead ones,
Surprisingly it caught the eyes of none....
Many blood have dried from wounded heart.
Many souls today haunt in search of justice...

But who will dig the grave and find out the truth?
Who has the time to measure the depth of the ocean?

Many stories with all whims and fancies painted on plain truth
To make the stories more interesting and vibrating.
All are in competing with one another to make it more hot and spicy.

My dear why did you leave truth behind?
You should have recorded when alive.
Why did you wait for the last moment to spill out the truth?
When you are trapped how can you bring it to limelight?
Yes, I know the answer, its some last hope in you, made it do so.....

All I can tell is, truth got washed away along with the dead ones forever.
This will keep on going as long as hope exists, not because life exists!
The last breathe took away the truth along with it,
leaving the body buried deep inside the soil.

Truth often gets buried inside the grave itself!

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Why I Am Stuck Behind?

Is the clock stopped
Or running behind
Or am I stuck
for the moment.
I dont want this
Moment to go away
As today for
The first time
Someone proposed me.
I felt I am in the
Seventh heaven
I am excited..
What I am doing
In the wonders of the world.....

Cool...
Never go excited
On being neither happy or sad
As I don't know
Which words
May take me to
Heaven or hell.

Standing on ground would be better
Else
Emotions may land me
In nowheres land.

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Why?

Why one feel tied by a rope
Though not tied,
But
Couldn't move an inch
Like fixed to the ground.
Why one stand frozen?
Is it the shocking or excitement news that made one this way.

Why ones lips sealed
Like a glue had sealed it.
Why one went blank
Is he at fault
Or is he innocent.

Why one has to smile
Keeping all pains aside.
Why not to show pain
Will it show our weakness
Or our strength

Why one has to move on
When a long relationship is broken
Is it to show we are strong.
Or
Dear ones goes away leaving us all alone.
Why can't we go with them.

Why one couldn't stay with
With the beloved ones.
Why we are forced to maintain relationship.

Why our thoughts keeps on fluctuating
Why one sentence is taken in different ways
One time it will say
This person is sincere
And other time it says he is cheater.

Why we keep on confusing ourselves
By asking did we choose right path or not.

Is it we are looking for shortcut
Or we are not confident enough that we are sure to reach our destination.

Why one can't die when wanted..
Why are people given a long life, who want to die early.
Why are people short of life, who want to live longer.

If I could get answer, why?

Each of us is lame without one another.
We need near and dear ones to share
Our pain and happiness as well as for guidance.

Just simple we cannot live without each other!
Life means enjoying all the spices of life!

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Why? ? ?

Why you gave me wings to fly
While you kept me caged ever!

Why you tempted me with dreams
While you caged all my desires.

Why you kept me in light
While you made me walk through dark tunnels!

Why you gave me boat to sail
While took away my rowing oar

Why you gave me the beauty
While you took away the mirror from me.

Why you gave me freedom
While you fenced me with wall of thorns.

Why you gave me a beautiful life
While you bounded me with many restrictions.

Why you gave me blackboard to write
While you took away the chalk to write.

Why you gave me mouth to speak
While you kept my voice dumb forever.

Why you showed me the forbidden apple
While you gave me strict warning never to have!

Why you gave me so many questions to answer
I searched here and there but I couldn't find none!

Still You whisper in my ears
Life is Beautiful dear!
If you question me too much
I will take away your life!
So keep quiet and enjoy the life!

So sing along with me...

Life is Beautiful!

Life is wonderful!

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Wish I Could Come With You!

Wish I could sleep forever
Free from all pains and fears.
Life lost all it's charms and desires
Just tired of carrying heavy burden of tears.

What all sort of painful games life played.
Where my hands and mouth remain tied ever.
Still alive I am witnessing all these.
What for?
Where mind is set as battle field
Where heart is bleed and wounded everyday.
Each bricks of positivity
I try to built is broken into bits.
Each kindness is paid with a slap on face
Role of maid would have been better
As she has to play her role of an hour or two.

Tree look so beautiful from outside.
But deep, hollow, damn dead rotten from inside.
Can we tell...Is it alive or dead?

It's my last wish to travel with you my mom
If you leave, I will be left all alone.
Wish I could hold your hand and come along with you.
I feel so helpless,
I couldn't hold your hand when you called
Mom, how to let you know
My heart cries from inside,
Though never heard outside!

Mom I wish to travel with you
Call me into your last journey.
Don't leave me alone and go.
Don't leave me in this hell and go!
I am all alone!
I will be left all alone!

Wish I could turn everything and come with you!
Wish if Almighty fulfills at least my lonely and last wish!

Wish I could take a deep dive into the river.
And get washed away along the flooded river!
Wish I could! ! !

Wish I could come with you! ! !

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Note....Purely my imagination!

Geetha Jayakumar

Wish Me Luck!

Each of us is put to test
everyday and every time.
Each question appear in a flash of time
But each answer is unique in its own way.
You can cut, copy and paste also.

The more you peep in others paper
the more frustrated you will be
As you will feel others answer is so simple
that you can fix in no time.
But others may also feel the same for you.

Once you press submit button
you cannot click it back.
The answer is like an arrow
when released from a bow
it is sure to hit the target where you choose to.
You cannot erase the answer
but you can rectify it by logical action.

Every one have to pass through the test.
The answer should be yours
Else some one else will take control of your answer.

It's like riding a horse.
Riding is smooth as long as
you take control of the horse.
But once you loose the control then
The horse will take control of your life too.
It will take you where it want to go and
If you resist then horse will make you fall too.

Then all you can say is
'My life in horse hands'

All I can tell is
BEST OF LUCK for the ride of life
and WISH ME LUCK too.

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Geetha Jayakumar.

Geetha Jayakumar

Wish You All A Happy New Year 2014!

What's the New Year Resolution?

I will keep on chasing the rising sun
Till I don't meet my horizon.
I will keep on chasing the romantic moon
Till I don't fill my heart with love for all.
I will keep on chasing the streams on way
Till I don't quench my thirst for knowledge.
I will try on new adventurous path till I don't explore it well.

I will keep on chasing my dreams,
Till I don't make my dreams comes true.
I will keep on chasing my life,
Till I don't meet with my death!

I will sow seeds in my tougher time
I will reap harvest in better times.
I will swim against the tide in my tougher times
I can be a good swimmer in my better times.

I will not wait for the time to turn good for me.
I will not wait for the fate to change my life.
But I will just do it, I will not think.

I came empty handed.
I will go empty handed.
Everything I got it from here
Everything I have to leave here.
Whatever was yours today,
Today it is mine.
What ever is mine today
Tomorrow it is yours.
Next it will be somebody else's.
What I gained and what I lost question never arises.

I will not wait for my new role to begin but just begin it!
Last years gain was my palms were full of poems.

This year too something special will be added new.

Just a few more steps ahead

I will keep on chasing the rising star

Till I don't meet with success! ! !

Success.....Success.....Success.....Success.....Success

Success.....Success.....Success

Success.....Success

SUCCESS!

Wish you all a Happy New Year 2014!

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2013.

Geetha Jayakumar

Wishes For You!

What wishes I shall send it to you....
From core of my heart that it reaches you in no time.
No flowers I am sending you to
But fragrance of love I want to pour on you.

No gifts I am sending to you
Few wishes that comes from depth of my heart
I want to send it to you...
For I don't want to give you any visible gift
That I find suitable for you.
For I feel gift of love is the wealthiest gift
Which I want to send it to you...

Giving a party is a momentary gift
May make you happy for seconds.
Words I feel are the valuable gift
Which will pierce deep down your heart.
As It will not fly away from your heart
It will remain as a treasure in your heart
As long as you store in your heart.

Any gift given become precious
Only When it is given with warmth, love and care..
Gift I buy may be precious or priceless doesn't matter.

As long as the thing remained in the shopping mall
It was mere an article which value was tagged in it.
Which I can buy as per my coins in my pocket

Gift whether precious or priceless
Doesn't matter....
when I sprinkle few fragrance of love
Its value become doubly priceless
When its gifted with warmthness of hugs and kisses.

I wanted to wish you dear
From core of my heart
If I can open my heart and show you
You can see yourself in my heart.

I am not sure whether I could make a way to your heart
If I couldn't...
That means I am not good in expressing my love for you
For I may have to change my words
To make you realise what I feel for you in my heart.

All I can tell in simple words
I love you dear from depth of my heart! ! !

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Geetha Jayakumar

Wishing You All A Merry Christmas 2016!

It's a day of joy
It's a day of blessings
Where the stars twinkles
Especially on Christmas wintery night.

Joy lay scattered along with the gifts.
While Christmas tree stood glowing
with tinsels and lights.

A touch of love was icing on the cake
Especially flavoured for the special occasion
Let each one gets their share of love.

Hold the glass of wine and say
Cheers to the chills of winter.
With beautiful message Santa-Clause arrive
To greet you all on Christmas wintery night!

Birthday of Jesus Christ celebrated world wide over.
It's a day to be remembered year after year!

Wishing you all a Merry Christmas!

Geetha Jayakumar

Wishing You All A Merry Christmas!

Once again winters snowfall
And December chills reminding us
It's the Christmas time.

Come on children
Let's decorate the Christmas tree
with garland, tinsel, candy canes.
Let's place an angle star on the top.
Making Christmas tree wonderful
with sparkling lights.

Once again waiting for Santa Clause,
Coming with surprise gifts for the tiny tots
Wrapped in a silver and golden paper.

Come on everyone join us for
The Christmas Carol Song
Let us sing in chorus with love.

It's the party time
Near and dear ones
Once again join us.
Let us have plum cake with wine.
Join us for the Christmas Party tonight,
With a beautiful Christmas cake
Inviting us to join once again.

Let us celebrate this Christmas
With full of delight
Wishing you all
A Merry Christmas on this wintery night!

Let us thank God
For the beautiful life he had given us.
For all happiness he has bestowed on us.
Lets us pray
To help the needy and
To spread the message of Peace and Love!

Let us Thank God once again...
On this Christmas day.....
We are with our loved ones
What can be more delightful than this!

Wishing You All A Merry Christmas!

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Geetha Jayakumar

Workaholic With Passion!

I am not praising you,
With any unwanted words.
Whatever I come across,
I just write in few words.
My pen cannot remain idle,
It just feel like writing down few verses, which I cannot tell on ones face directly.

He is a man with a passion for his work, so dedicated to his work.
With flattery words one cannot win him ever.
Send him birthday wishes, he will never love.
But with what dedication you do the work, only pleases him ever.
There cannot be any explanations for the excuses if any.
Just in plain words speak the truth.
His eyes are too sharp to judge you perfectly.
His memory is too sharp and
Blessed with great sense of humor.

Shaking hands meeting eyes to eyes,
His eyes speak of boldness.
Blended with beautiful qualities of,
Self Disciplined and inner strength.
He can sail through any storms,
which he had proved many times.
His strictness may not be liked,
as a man of disciplines.

He is a man full of life and charms.
A man, who has the courage to do the right thing.
But I will never tell,
Who you are.
I love to praise the qualities,
Whatever my eyes see,
What ever I hear,
For I know the person.
It's the plain truth I am writing,
Regarding him in my verse.
He may not read my verses,
so boldly I can write regarding him.
If someone asks who is he,

For, I will never tell.
For it can be you
or anyone who comes with
these qualities ever.

I have never seen a man, just took few hours of leave for his surgery.
Surprise it was that he directly he went to office the moment he was discharged.
So dedicated to work.
All I can tell is,
He is a rare person with so many qualities I have ever met.
Yes, I do respect him and his qualities, which he owns.
He is a unique man of rare with lots of achievements.
God Bless Him with best of health and happiness always!

Thank You!

Geetha Jayakumar

You Are Terminated!

You are Terminated!

Were the words fell heavy on my ears.

Devoted entire time and life for one work.

Worked with passion, sincerity and enthusiasm.

Never kept nagging behind for increment.

Though I got bread and fed with the meager salary.

I was happy with it.

Accepted the changes regularly to meet the needs of company

I worked it like my own company

I felt it was my duty to bring achievements to the company

I felt proud when it made progress at each stage.

Many times I was overloaded.

Worked whole day and night.

Still with smile I gave my best

But today you asked me to take rest forever.

You squeezed the blood out of me

I thought I am doing it benefit for the company.

When company is benefited I too will be benefited.

Many opportunities did come my way for a better pay.

But, I choose to stay.

I thought you are happy with my work.

Forget the few words of kindness, or awards or rewards...

Now you are asking me to take VRS with no benefits, no pension.

How I am going to survive at this old age.

And when I retire I would have got some pension too....

After so many long years of service, I gave you...

Now you want me to leave empty handed,

Now at this age which organization will take me back for work.

Can you tell, you never gained through my hard work?

Can you tell, my hand was never there is raising this company to good position?

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Geetha Jayakumar

You Nearly Killed Me Neelu!

You entered in my life,
As a soft spoken person,
With fantastic poems.
Slowly and slowly,
I found that your,
Each poems comes,
A reply to my poems,
Especially at least one
Word you have picked up
From one of my poems
Made me think as,
If its a reply to my poems.
And as the days went by
My curiosity to find you out
Was got increased
Then some of your poems
Did irritate me
You really killed me.
Then some rubbish comments made
In your blogs by someone
Really irritated me
Because I felt it taunted me.
Really it was a terrific week for me
In frustration I posted
The poem How could you?
Immediately one poem came as
a reply
Oh my God
I just sat down
What to do next
Deleted it
Still frustration was mounting on
In my mind
Then I got an idea
I took a word Chameleon
From your poem Neelu
Then again took a few more words
From your poem
Finally posted it

Just free myself
Again I felt its not reaching you
Oh God again two times
Then deleted it.
I dont know
I have read many suspense novel
So my brain too wonders like that
If anything had struck
Like poems, words, or suspicious in anything
Then that one will be targeted.
I have been behind your poems
When I felt something Fishy!
It made me relaxed to
Know a female voice played it very well.
You really reeled my head...
I bow to you..

In my poems you will be the Neelu!

Geetha Jayakumar

Your Charming Portrait In My Heart!

I had an antique frame in my heart,
Blanked it looked until I met you.
With my wonderful imagination I portrayed you and placed you in my frame of
love.

But.....

As I was travelling on my way
A melodious voice captured my attention,
But I could see you no where, only your voice I could hear.
Now I added your melodious voice to my portrait.
That added the charming beauty to my portrait.

I met a handsome man on my way that grabbed my attention.
Now again I took my portrait out of my heart and added your looks to it.
Once again I felt, glow of my portrait increased.

Next, a kind hearted man captured my attention.
Once again I modified by adding your qualities to my portrait.
My portrait went on adding characters one by one that increased its glow.

Now I felt my picture is perfect and clear.
I thought of owing that one portrait to self.
But when I looked back in my mirror of my life
I don't know how long I went travelling away from my destination.
Time got lapsed and with a heavy heartedness I reach back home
On reaching, I saw one old man waiting for me.
With a smiling face he gave me a warm welcome.
It was my old friend, I couldn't recognise him.
I just went to mirror and to my horror I found I had too changed the same way.

I regretted, I wasted my life by running behind the portrait which I have installed
in my heart.

Now I took that portrait out from my heart and threw it into the sea.
I moved towards him
His arms were open wide to accept me!

That was the Charming Beauty Of Your Portrait In My Heart!

Some realises too late that they had charming portrait in front of their eyes.
But too late they appreciate it

Especially when one is no more.

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Your Poems Touches My Heart!

Fantastic are your lines
That touches my heart very often.
So blunt and sharp are your pen Knife
That can cut anything.

I appreciate your words
I cannot resist reading you.
Each time you come up with
Themes so different.
Colorful are your poems
Not because I fell in love with you
But for your writing I really do!

But my craze for reading
Has captivated
Linked me to your words
I wait to see new poems
Coming from your way.

Though readers may be many
As you are so bold dear
Your poems are based on naked truth.

I appreciate your writings
Will keep on reading
As and when it comes to web.
I love Your writings
They are perfect with sharp insight.
Though you often draw a Rough sketch
You paint your poems Not that attractive.
But outlines you draw are sharp and blunt,
That I really fell in for your writings.

Please do keep sharing poems
As there are many readers like me visiting your pages often
Not necessary you should look For comments in your poems.
But I love your poems As it teaches me a lot
They are knowledgeable And powerful.

Thank you dear poets!

This I am dedicating to all the poets

Where many poem are based on sharp truth

And also for the powerful writes that attracts readers very often.

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Your Steering Left Me Punctured!

My dear friend
your driving is superb
Its stamped in designs in your wonderful car.

But every time you put brake
my heart just jumps out
and pumps in back.

I know not when my breath
will cut off from my heart
when your car flies on
on each speed breaker
that comes across.

Your speed is superb like flying in air
only the traffic can put a break to your speed.

How you cut off the lanes
without hitting anyone
but other eyes shoot the fire in air.
And their lips smell the burnt words of anger.

The way you flip the gears
I see stars in broad daylight.

Your driving is superb
leaving me punctured!
I sit and pray whole time inside your car.

When I reached the destination
I exhaust myself from all the punctured thoughts
from all boiling thoughts,
From fumes, frets and relax my muscles so tensed.
I just feel the need of coolant to cool my heart
I just need to check the petrol that exhausted my thoughts.
I just need to check if there is any hole or break in my heart.

Your driving is superb
you left me starry eyed staring at sky.

Made me religious.
You drove me though heaven.
Now I learnt the difference between hell and heaven!

Were you steering on wheels
or stirred my heart?

Well don't ask me who is the driver
I will have to run my life without gear.
LOL!

Note. At first I choose the tile as Your Driving Is Superb. Then I felt
its just like promoting the faulty driving.

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Geetha Jayakumar

Your Verses And My Comments! ! !

Beautiful verses of yours
Were very pleasant to read
With wonderful message.
Love, pain and mystery
Made it a perfect
combination.
Each sincere words
poured out from your heart
Made it stupendous.

What more interesting was
You left the readers
To think on its way
So free were your verses
Loved the way..

What most beautiful Was
The rhythmic flow
Made it melancholic.

Concluded with a twist In it
Made the readers
To read it once more.

What should I comment
On this beautiful flow of words...
Let nothing obstruct
The flow of your pen.
The indepth message in it
Made it worth reading.
Your poem speaks
A lot to us
Made it worthwhile
Reading it.

May your poem win the heart of many
And flow along with your
Journey of poems! ! !

Sumi Nair

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Geetha Jayakumar