

Poetry Series

Hari Das

- poems -

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Hari Das()

Babu's Death

Each entry I made
Babu's fumes I hailed
In the morning he told
Will be back
With some marigold

In the evening
He was back
With a crowd as jack
He was laying in a bed
It was new to our head

He was sleeping cold
In a white fold
Where is my marigold?
I goal'd

He dint said anything
He dint said anything hold
Hold
Don't take him away I told
But people took him away
With flowers on the way
As sold

Neighbors said a labor died
For which no one cried
We cried
We cried our best
For what I still hide

Amma said his death arrived
What is death I mild
Nothing, you sleep child

My babu is there
Somewhere in the hut
Somewhere in the nook
I know

I know his body was perfect

Today
Nobody is there
In my hut
Only his fragment of body left

Each morning I waited
When light enters to wake up
My eye wishes
He is there on the gate
To love us
To save us
Fake

He is not there anywhere
In the gate
I called my babu
Babu babu
Where I could find
My elders said
Babu is late
Late
Wait

I waited
I waited in veranda
Perhaps we played
We played
Hide and seek we played

I was caught'd, every time
But where is my babu
I couldn't find
Find.....

Indian Street Writer Hari Das

From

SHABD Society for Street Children

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Come Soon

Birds fly in seek of a way
Where they know there is food for the day
But you went away leaving me apart
Not able to drink and eat
You killed my part

Birds fly for a come back, I hope
In seek of food if finished there for the day
I will wait for you with lots of love
If not sufficient there to fill your heart

I will seek you each day and night
As a bird who lost his flight
Come soon and gift me a way
If you loved me
In any gone days

To My Dear MY Lady With Love

Indian Street Writer Hari Das

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Sunrise

Wind will blow us one day
To take away as fumes from ashes
But our Soul will persist
For a long journey as a migrating bird
Towards somewhere far
For a new sunrise
From a womb of a mother
As a new creature of this earth

Indian Street Writer
Hari Das

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