

Poetry Series

**Hari Kishore**  
**- poems -**

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Hari Kishore()

# It Makes Me Wonder..

It makes me wonder, why people are so selfish  
Is it because of their pride that makes them run out of their luck?  
Is it the because of their jealous nature that makes their brains freeze?  
It makes me wonder do these people deserve this.

It makes me wonder, what animals do, when they don't have a home  
Would they stray like dogs, buffaloes and cows on the road?  
Would they run until they are tired to find a new place?  
It makes me wonder do they deserve this.

It makes me wonder where the birds go when it's dark  
Would they be flying around until they touch the sky?  
Would they go back to their nest to be with each other?  
It makes me wonder do they have pride like humans and race among one another

It makes me wonder why do we fight for in these small lives of ours  
Are we fighting for power? Or Are we fighting for freedom?  
Are we fighting for justice? Or Are we fighting for religion?  
It makes me wonder, do they know what they are fighting for

It makes me wonder, why people cut down trees  
Is it because they want to destroy the environment  
Is it because they want more paper to write Save Trees  
It makes me wonder, why nature still love us

It makes me wonder, what to wonder  
Because everything is making me wonder  
From water falling from sky to the flower that blooms in winter  
I still wonder because everything makes me wonder.

Hari Kishore

# The Place I Call Home..

There is going to be a day  
Long after today  
Feeling tired and weird  
With the experienced that I gained

Thinking to myself  
In this life  
What did I achieve?  
In this fools world

It is when you realize  
Nothing mattered  
More than being wise  
In this small lives of ours

There would be times  
During the stages of your life  
That you felt betrayed  
Devastated & embarrassed

Those were the times  
That you wanted a place to hide  
Some where safe  
Like a mothers womb

Which place can be safer?  
To protect you from all misery  
To say don't worry  
And everything's fine.

I was younger then  
It is the place that I like to call home  
But today, things change  
Most of all, I changed

I am all old and weary  
Thinking of the times  
When I ignored the call  
Of my inner cry

Thinking to myself  
Like a baby protected in the mothers womb  
When will I go back to the place that I've grown  
The place that I call HOME.

- Hari Kishore-  
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Hari Kishore

# The World Is Not Twisted

My Life

Slipping through my fingers

Like a fool

I thought I played the right cards

Idiot

I call myself

Like a fool

I thought I played the right cards

Lonely places and Lonely paths

Like a stranger I wandered

Through the grass and through the trees

Thinking the world is twisted.

I took a bike and went places

Saw the things that aces

Whiskey in my hand and marijuana in my breath

Wind on my hair and craziness in breadth

Like a jackass I wondered

It took a very long time

For me to face the music

It took a very long time indeed

To make a friend

All the lonely places and paths I wandered

Like a fool, thinking the world is twisted

Took a long time to realize, that -

The world is not twisted

Its we the jackass's are twisted

-Hari Kishore-

Hari Kishore