

Poetry Series

Harshit Agrawal
- poems -

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Harshit Agrawal(15-07-1998)

A Pleasant Dream

Near the forest and a river mouth,
I saw a big camp of scout,
With children training in front of a mountain,
In mud and dirt without any pain.

I just kept on looking at their training,
And wondered if happier to do was anything,
They crawled, they jumped, from place to place,
With a bag pack without any space.

I thought the place where was I,
Such a beautiful grassland with pure blue sky,
Then suddenly everything started go blur,
And I saw my mom saying wake up my son.

Harshit Agrawal

Any Other Time

ALL of us play our very best game
Any other time.
Golf or billiards, it's all the same
Any other time.
Lose a match and you always say,
'Just my luck! I was 'off' to-day!
I could have beaten him quite half-way
Any other time!

Fellows will ask you out to dine
Any other time.
'Not to-night, for we're twenty-nine
Any other time.
Not next day, I'll be out on the bike
Just dropp in whenever you like
Any other time! '

Most of us mean to be better men
Any other time:
Regular upright characters then
Any other time.
Yet somehow as the years go by
Still we gamble and drink and lie,
When it comes to the last we'll want to die
Any other time!

Banjo Peterson

Harshit Agrawal

At 43, Searching For Identity

I know a woman, she is forty three
Still searching for an identity

I'm still a stranger to myself she would say
And in the maze of life I've lost my way.

Fired from her job earlier this year
She does not know where she is going from here

She now lives on welfare a quarter of her wage
And her barrier to employment is her age.

With job seekers half of her age she must compete
Very hard whom she thinks will be to beat

She was a young woman twenty years ago
And she herself still doesn't seem to know

In future her life's going to be, she feels a lost soul
Might as well be as dark as the coal

I know a woman she is unemployed
And out of work to her means loss of pride

And though on her birthday she was forty three
She still searches for an identity.

Harshit Agrawal

I Am A Tiny Dropp Of Water.....

I am a tiny dropp of water floating in air,
You might have noticed me but science knows i am there,
You might not know the places i go,
Brook, river, sea or a pipe little and narrow.

I am a tiny dropp of water on which you all depend,
Serving them and this earth whole life i have spend,
You mix me in medicine to remove your pain,
After rising from sea, I become cloud and then fall as the rain.

I am a tiny dropp of water that helps birds survive and fly,
I am the one that falls from your eyes when you cry,
Because of my absence you all dehydrate,
With my help farmers irrigate.

I am a tiny dropp of water that makes you survive,
Me and my friends sacrificed life for you to be alive,
I am the one which is there in every voice,
I can be in the forms of liquid, steam or ice.

I am a tiny dropp of water smaller than a flea,
I request the mankind not to waste me...

Harshit Agrawal

Life Is Fine

I went down to the river,
I set down on the bank.
I tried to think but couldn't,
So I jumped in and sank.

I came up once and hollered!
I came up twice and cried!
If that water hadn't a-been so cold
I might've sunk and died.

But it was Cold in that water! It was cold!

I took the elevator
Sixteen floors above the ground.
I thought about my baby
And thought I would jump down.

I stood there and I hollered!
I stood there and I cried!
If it hadn't a-been so high
I might've jumped and died.

But it was High up there! It was high!

So since I'm still here livin',
I guess I will live on.
I could've died for love-
But for livin' I was born

Though you may hear me holler,
And you may see me cry-
I'll be dogged, sweet baby,
If you gonna see me die.

Life is fine! Fine as wine! Life is fine!

Harshit Agrawal

Life! My Friend..

Life! I know is not an art,
And know that we are a single part,
Life! We have been long years together,
Through pleasant or some cloudy weather,
Its hard to separate when friends are dear,
But if done it causes tear,
Before separation give me a warning,
So, I can enjoy with life a more morning,
Oh God! Its on you to choose our time,
To choose our place to part, to me its fine.

Harshit Agrawal

Love: The Unknown, The Want

Love is the thing unknown to me.
Disasters and Damages are all I had to see.
No Happiness from pole to pole,
No kindness was given to any soul.

I had seen tears and tears,
Destruction since years and years.
I might have silenced many voices,
But I wasn't given many choices.

Giving no mercy but only pain,
Cold blood flowed in my vein.
War is what I saw under the sun,
Was never allowed any fun.

Be it any season, we were forced to fight,
We were helpless, without any right.
Red and tired have now turned my eye,
Seeing the people die and die.

Love is the thing unknown to me,
I request as many gods as there may be.
To explain me love from pole to pole,
To fill the love in my soul.

All I want is just a chance,
For a happy life, maybe in France.
I know you might be angry from me,
But I feel sorry, You might can see.

All I received are enemies in my life,
Scars around the body, mostly from knife.
I have gone through a lot of sufferings,
To be taken, now there is left nothing.

I do wish to experience some more,
Happiness and fun from crust to core.
Love is want I want instead of pain,
From Heart to Soul to Body to Brain.

Harshit Agrawal

My Resolution

The priest asked-'any new resolution this year? '
I said-'driving with the helmet and with first gear.'

'That's good but have you any more? ? '
'One can have many. But i have four.'

'The first will be never to yawn,
In public be it noon, dusk or dawn.

The second being never say no,
Whether it's summer rain or snow.

The third being a little simpler,
To save water by putting a sprinkler.

The fourth is to hold my head high even under water,
Learn things even from life of a potter.

My dream is to make wonders out of my hand,
Leaving a impression forever on sands.'

Harshit Agrawal

Poverty

Lot of hunger and empty bowl without food is poverty,
Not having one more dress to take bath is poverty,
Sheltered, willing but failing to accommodate a guest is also poverty,
Mother's sick but cannot afford treatment is also poverty,
If treated, prescribed but cannot buy medicine is poverty;

No matter if you are born in poverty's slum
While some are handicap blind, deaf and dumb
Work and Strive dawn to dusk with inspiration
Make education oxygen of your life and your kingdom.
Don't show poverty as excuse...
God gave you brain to make use

From in India to Cambodia and Georgia to Indonesia,
From Kazakhstan to Afghanistan, China and all Asia;
From Namibia to Zambia and Algeria to Nigeria,
From Uganda to Rwanda, Morocco and all South Africa;
Bolivia to Columbia, Guyana to Argentina and all South America;

Don't look up to someone or don't cry and cry;
Go far, father and farthest, Age is not fix so try and try!
Take all ladders, Surpass Eiffel Tower and reach the sky!
Let the disease of poverty die

Harshit Agrawal

Time

Time will come and time will go
Time shall reap what time has sown

Time comes slowly, time goes fast
Time comes first, never the last

Time sees all, time knows best
Time will shine, bringing good
Time remembers, time never forgets

Time will hide, time will reveal
Time will open, what time has seal

Time brings hope, time brings fear
Time brings distance, time brings near

Time will help, time will cure
Time will end, that's for sure

We forget about time, yet it's all we know
In time, there is everything, and time will show

Harshit Agrawal

Wishes And Horses

There was a time when no one came
No friends to play in childhood game
No one to shelter from the rain
Nor the adolescent pain

Yet in my inner heart I knew
Secrets rare and secrets true
Were wishes horses, all would ride
Other dreamers by my side

Then one day I dropped my guard
I never did something so hard
In my heart I let others in
And found I had a friend

By one's and two's they gathered near
Absorbing all my darkest fears
A history we began to make
With our lives on stake

For youth need never fade away
As long as I can dream and play
On wistful horses I will ride
With other dreamers at my side

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