

Poetry Series

HARVENDRA SINGH
- poems -



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HARVENDRA SINGH()

Harvendra Singh is a lecturer and poet from India whose work explores the delicate interplay of nature, spirituality, and human emotions. Inspired by literary masters such as Robert Frost, John Keats, William Wordsworth, and T.S. Eliot, he has been writing poetry for the past three years. His poems reflect a deep inner search for meaning, a closeness to the natural world, and a quiet spiritual clarity. Alongside teaching, he finds solace in reading and writing poetry, allowing both his profession and passion to shape his voice as a thoughtful, reflective poet.



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As Though We Never Knew

With full fathomless faith,
Let's move two more steps ahead—
One for your adoration,
The other for dreams we've bred.
I hope I never wronged you,
You never wronged me too,
In silence, we built our truth,
And let love's quiet flame renew.
And then depart again,
As though we never met,
As though we never knew.

HARVENDRA SINGH



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Hold The Torch Of Dharma

Run along the highway—
Sanatan is the mother of many paths.
Narrow lanes and by-streets
may lead you deep into the jungles.
Google may misguide you,
the media may not be trustworthy.
But the Vedas and the Geeta
have carried truth for ages.

A highway can take you
to any destination you choose,
while an unknown street
may close at any turn.
So walk with wisdom,
hold the torch of Dharma,
and trust the ancient light
that has guided countless souls
through the shifting sands of time.

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Plastic Love

Go on—
taste it.
Sure, it will prick;
you'll bleed.
Taste your own drop.
What joy will it bring?
Who knows...

The plastic love,
in this plastic age,
an ATM card,
a deluxe version.
Swipe in,
and collect
what you deposited.
Interest benefits—
don't imagine.
Pay the hidden charges.

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In Vacant Hours

In vacant hours,
when your moving steps are absent
and the sound of your lips is missing,
I enter into my own heart
and listen to the music it makes.
For every melodic tone
resonates with your voice,
and sometimes, in a corner,
I find your smiles;
and the electricity they generate
matches the current of your touch.

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Something Is There

"The heart measures what the clock cannot record."

The sun rises, the sun sets,
Bringing the freshness of another morn.
The wind moves, the birds sing,
The clock ticks, the earth turns on.

Every particle owns its electrons,
Every field welcomes its farmer.
Everything has its reason to exist —
Yet something is there
That pricks my heart.

I know not why —
It beats faster, or slower.
Perhaps something is missing,
Perhaps something is lost.

Who knows how to fall apart,
Or how to console the silence?
It seems the system inside
Still falters in its code —
Perhaps a circuit of hope
Has quietly burned out.

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The Faithful Friends

Born in a hidden place,
My family unknown to the present world,
I would have been fated to bloom and fade unseen,
But for the faithful friends,
Who explored and guided my way,
Bringing me into the light of day.

Now, I proudly call myself a teacher,
Instructing first myself,
Then guiding students through life's path—
Perseverance, truth, and honesty.
These virtues flow in my veins,
Shaping my thoughts and my destiny.

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Petals Unfold

Petals unfold—tender, fragrant and fragile—
Sending their fragrance on the wandering breeze,
Attracting beetles of their own choice,
To carry pollen to distant lands.

They do not bloom for you,
But for their quiet, sacred purpose.
Not for your grasping fingers,
Not for your ill intent—
To pluck, to smell, to toss aside,
Discarded into the dust.

Don't touch them;
They are the whisper of the earth—
Handle with care, or leave them be,
For beauty wilts when forced to please.

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Silent Devotion

Neither wakeful nor fully asleep that night,
I slumbered, weary, in my bed's soft light.
She came in silence, with tender care,
And gently fixed the net around the air.

The clinking of her bangles and anklets sweet,
Were like soft music to my drowsy retreat.
First at the head, then by my feet,
With gentle hands, she made my bed complete.

Meanwhile, our daughter whispered low,
'It seems to me that father sleeps below.'
She hushed her gently, urging peace,
'Let him rest; don't disturb his ease.'

For I was worn from the toil of day,
She had her burdens, her thoughts to say.
But she neither stirred nor spoke a word,
Her own heart's ache, she let go unheard.

She subdued her needs, her heart so kind,
Concealing her will, for the sake of mine.
This quiet service, so rare, so true,
A testament of love in all she'd do.

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The Soul: The Vibration Of The Source Energy

The soul, the vibration of the source energy
Of this infinite universe,
Came across this beautiful earth stage
And was drawn to play its role
In this drama of the world,
To weave a thread of light into its darkness
And do something for Its betterment.

It adopted this apparatus of five senses,
But lo, the soul forgot its true existence,
The source from which it came,
Took this body as its being,
And the veils of illusion covered its sight.
The purpose blurred, the vision lost,
And the role it wished to play—forgotten.

In this wilderness of mind, it wandered
Chasing shadows, believing them real,
Mistaking the fleeting for the eternal,
Until the whisper of its essence arose,
A gentle breeze stirring the silence:
'Remember, you are not the body,
Nor the name or form you wear,
You are the light, the spark divine,
An essence beyond space and time.'

With each breath, the soul returns to the center,
Seeking the Source that calls it back,
To reclaim the thought once held close,
And fulfill the role it was destined to play,
Becoming a beacon to the world once again.

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Shimmering Globules

Like the focus of an electronic torch,
Your rays bathe me in a steady glow,
Bringing globules of health, happiness, prosperity—
Love, success, and power flow.

When I seek in my imagination
The source of this radiant focus,
I'm left amazed by what I see:
An unfathomable ocean of shimmering globules,
Waves of energy, sparkling bright,
Like diamonds, opals, and moonstones' light,
Pearls, sapphires, aquamarines gleam,
All casting a celestial dream.

At the center, a dazzling beam of Light,
Forever recharges my weary soul,
Filling it with endless might.
And as this vision strikes my mind,
A gentle smile spreads across my face,
Like the soft curve on a sleeping baby's lips.

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In Gardens Of Innocence

In gardens of innocence, she blooms
A delicate flower, with a tender perfume
Her laughter echoes, like a gentle stream
But shadows creep, with a sinister scheme

Her petals unfold, like a work of art
A masterpiece, straight from the heart
But hands of greed, with a wicked intent
Seek to bruise, her delicate bent

Let us shield her, like a fortress strong
From winds of malice, that seek to do wrong
Let us nurture, her radiant glow
And keep her safe, as the sun keeps the snow

For she is a gem, beyond compare
A treasure trove, of love and care
Her safety is, our collective creed
A promise to keep, her heart in good deed

Let us stand guard, like sentinels true
And safeguard her, with a love anew
For a girl's safety, is our holy duty
And protecting her, is a sacred beauty.

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A Whirlpool

A whirlpool
And the spinning of the dead leaf,

For a moment, ecstasy, warmth;
Then, helplessness, hopelessness,
A desire to get respiration,
To come out, to float over.

In the vortex,
The unfruitful attempt
To get a chance
To rise,
To begin anew,
To ride the whirlpool,
To dance with the tide,
To find solace, in the ebb and flow,

But, swept down,
Lost in the vortex,
Drowning in the depths of desires,
Greed, hatred, lust and longings,
The fragile leaf; its life,
With fleeting dreams,
Crushed by the torrents,
Is extinguished by its own fires.

-Harvendra Singh

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A Prayer In Darkness

A Prayer in Darkness

In this world of uncertainty,
In this darkness, stark and impenetrable,
I'm standing here, alone, helpless,
Searching a path to my destination,
Unknown to its potholes, depths and obstacles
And the surroundings shrouded in mystery.
A single misstep, careless and abrupt
May lead me down to the abyss.
In my despair, complete hopelessness,
Who else should I call but You.
Give me Your guiding hand,
I pray to send me a ray,
Like a beacon in the darkness
To pierce my utter gloom,
To illuminate the night of uncertainty,
Your gentle touch to lead me up,
Through the shadows to the place of bliss
Show me the beauty of life.
Again I pray, in my humble way
For Your kind embrace;
For Your guiding presence
Which provides solace, peace, and refuge
May I find solace, in your eternal embrace.

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My Mother

She is the shade of a tree cold and profound,
She is every herb to my aching wound.
She dabs my forehead, putting in her lap
And her lap's warmth gives me a cozy nap.

The seventh heaven, in her feet divine,
A miraculous cure, from her stroking fine,
Her soothing fingers, passing through my hair
Energize my nerves and spirit fair.

She is the solid ground under my feeble feet
Over my head, like the sky broad and neat,
An exorcist to a bad omen or an evil eye,
She is like a goddess from the mountains high.

My heartbeat's rhythm and a unique nurse,
My mother is my comfort and my universe.
-Harvendra Singh

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