

Poetry Series

Indrajeet Mishra
- poems -

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Indrajeet Mishra(13/11/1998)

Because You Are Precious More Than My Life

From the beauty of Rose,
Which always entice sweet Lovers,
I always try to explore,
Your soul which dwell
Everytime inside my heart.
Of that sweetness that
Beauty of Rose,
Often failed to give
To adorable Lovers,
Is just intaken by me,
By your presence with smiling visage,
And, When you sprawl with
Your head on ma' Lap,
It felt that I am lost in,
Joy of Paradise.
And, when you squabble with me,
Your angry visage looks very awesome,
And after this,
Your amusement on the same,
Relax me same as when fire,
Is being extinguishes by diluge.
In this world of wonders,
I can predict the cost of
Symbol of Love- Taj,
Symbol of Passion- Vinchi's arts, and
Even of Sun and Moon, but
O My Dear!
When It comes your turn,
My leapsing Lips can only utter-
'You are Precious,
Even more than my Life.'

Indrajeet Mishra

First Place Where I Meet My Beloved

Of the heart-touching beauty
I detect a sound sound
Which let all hatred to wither,
And brim in whole surrounding so profound.
Shall it started elaborating,
I was being mesmerized,
And it felt all angels of heaven,
Gather and dance and being serenaded.
So far, Till my heart and eyes,
Could succeeded in gobbling that adoration,
I was standing quite like statue,
And when I come in sensation,
I found that it was that rendezvous,
Where I first met my Sweet-heart.

Indrajeet Mishra

God Is Eternal

Aspiration of every blossom in this world
Is to live with happiness though it is on cost of squabble;
But controversially everyone denied the fact-
God is path and destination of all soul.
At the first stage of life,
It is adorable rose,
Loses his time in enticing sweet buds,
And this precious time is hitted by shoes.
After this joy and passionate stage,
Next stage arrive episodically,
One is Juicy mango,
Busy in managing all system responsibly.
Just like quarry with no relax at day,
No sleep at night; Willing to do everything for money,
And so on in the pace of life,
Lost his original happy and honey.
After this one pace forth in life,
It is tendrill of bottle-gourd,
No Power at own, No stamina at own,
And heart begin to cry at loosing Lord.
And, after this colourful journey,
One takes departs from this life,
Without thanking the supernatural almighty,
Who is presenter and saviour of our life.
O Foolish Creatures!
Keep a corner in your heart always for god
Who is eternal and kind and helpful
To everyone and is everyone's Lord.

Indrajeet Mishra

Internal Beauty

Behold Charming Beauty,
Behind Valance septy,
With grandiosing personality,
Along with shining curiosity.
Cleaning the wound of a Loathsome Laprosy pateint,
Ah! She was a great Nascent.
I saw first one in my life
With such holy spirite.
And suffice it to say,
She was a wierd Nine.

Indrajeet Mishra

Oops! I Fell In Love

She is gorgeous more than rose,
She is sweet more than goose.
Awesome more than Lily,
Adorable and Adorable more than Valley.
The day starts with 'Good Morning' of her,
The day ends with 'Good Night' of her.
Everything starts and ends with her,
Even thoughts and feelings stops at her.
Interrepting me work everytime,
Thinking about wierd slime.
No relax at day,
No sleep at night.
Ah! Love is such troublesome sight.
Serenading woeful ballad everytime a day,
Heart is burning like potter's clay.
Feelings of mine is not understood by anyone,
'I'll become mad' quoth everyone,
What should I do,
I don't understand; become dove,
Oops! I also fell in Love.

Indrajeet Mishra

Painful Effect Of Your Love

Thoughts of daydream, Swear of love,
With you, wrecked heart like sharp thorn,
And mesmerizing reminiscence of that strolling
Made heart like quarry and impell it to moun.
And memories of your sensual grin,
At my silliness and that roaming,
On that 'diluge full' eve'
Grimaced ma' heart, and
That droplets proves stingful tears now.
Shall you move ahead;
A corner in your heart,
Always missed a sensitive carer,
And felt that loneliness that can never be filled.
And not this only wreak me,
It also let your whole life
Sans happiness, sans love, sans Sweet Sweetheart.

Indrajeet Mishra

Proposal In The Moonlight

It was a cold, Pale Moonlight,
Weather was so Delight,
Wind was blowing Gingerly,
Rain was dropping far heavenly.
Clutching hand of each other- Me and me Lily,
Walk on the hill, so gleefully.
Water was striking on the rock from fountain,
Giving sparkle feeling on mountain.
Suddenly a piece of Ice strikes on us gently,
Carrying by wind but feelings was far heavenly.
'Love is as clear as Ice'
This quote is now suffice and suffice.
Affectionately, she hold me hand tightly,
And, say something in ear lightly.
Feelings was overflowing so that,
River overflow in Rainy late.
Filling eyes with tears and with Stammering voice,
I proposed her with a gentle noise.
Overflowing by feelings, she hugs and kiss me,
Even Sky and Earth feel envy by enthusiam of me.
Long Long ago, this feeling in my heart, I bore,
And not going to forget this any more.

Indrajeet Mishra

Rhyme Of Sachin Tendulkar

Thou' Cricket is not religion;
Sachin is our god,
Thou' British are Founder,
Sachin is invader.
We owned India,
British conquered it;
British owned Cricket,
Sachin congered it.
Talent sticks to that precious diomond,
Just like magnet sticks to iron.
Talent and efforts in practice matches,
Made king of international cricket.
Neither difficulties nor attraction,
Each fails in bending Tendulkar,
Whether it is fast-track of South Africa
Or Green top of Newzealand,
Sachin mesmerized all Indians by his performance on these land.
Never lost his courage
Whatever difficulties came in Carrier,
Face all difficulties by himself encouraging,
And fight with all of them like iron barrier.
And now whether it test or ODI
Sachin sir is leading run scorer.
Not king but emperor of Cricket,
The wierd guy Tendulkar,
Made Ton of Ton in International Cricket,
And become supremo of Cricket.
Played many many memorable Innings for India,
His Upper-cut is thrilling,
While Cover drive is quivering,
Master's every shot is quite trembling.
He is very very gentle sage,
But can't tolerate any challenge,
Not tell anything in Press-Conference,
But proceedin Play-Conference.
Whether it is Waqar, Warne or Akhtar,
He beat all like unstoppable runner.
People say- Sachin is God, But,
I don't agree,

God is Sachin,
This is true, true and true.
Lucky fortunate this Mumbai city,
Who bloom such wonderful blossom
Who re-defined Cricket;
By his talent,
By his stamina,
By his potential,
By his will.
And now, 121 crore people of India calls you:
Go Sachin go...
Go Sachin go...

Indrajeet Mishra

Sweet Memories

Mesmerizing glimpse of sweet reminiscence
With you sting heart and nonsense
All life and happiness,
And left alone in life race.
And, swaggering you with other one,
Propagate envy in this soul one,
And you grinning at another,
Grimaced me and left alone further.
And with discarded heart and feeling,
See way and kept on waiting;
With tears and woe,
O Almighty! This doesn't happen even to foe.
And your memories left me,
Sans Joy, Sans Happiness, Sans Yummy.

Indrajeet Mishra

That Adorable Evening

It was a gleeful evening,
Weather was screwling and screwling
On us. Gives a Thunder feeling,
Such that phosphorus is reacting.
Wind was blowing gently,
Giving Noiseless noise to the leaves fantastically
Envy by seeing enthusiam of sky and earth,
Direct giving his message full of oaths.
Speed of rain was increasing gingerly,
Sparkle feelings was rising heavenly.
Cloud was Thundering so hard,
Seems roared like a 'pard.
Lightning lightens with a blue light,
Giving luminous feeling in the night.
Clutching hand of her, I serenaded a ballad,
Just become statue also 'pard.
Feelings was so slim,
Even Love of Sky and Mountain become dim;
Theme was so gentle,
Even sea become sentimental.
Flowers who embellish the nature,
Also sat with gap becoming statue creature.
'I.....I LOVE YOU' so much
Quoth me with a stammering voice,
'Me too', said she with a delighting noise.
Drowning by feelings, I kiss her on cheek,
She smiled with huge sensitive leak.
This feelings in our heart, so adorable,
Become part of life- The Memorable.

Indrajeet Mishra

The Soldier

Once upon a time a Soldier,
Reside in the Perm Moldier;
All creatures beloved his bravery,
And praise him for his bravery.
Jealous is he in honour and seek reputation,
Full of strange oaths and quick pride;
Gorgeous is he in nature, full of agitation,
Fearless even in front of canon's slide.
Want to prove himself, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Does everything in name of his and his country honour,
Can't tolerate anyone treating nation lowel,
Stain everything with his blood who behave in this manner.
Sudden war starts with another nation,
He fought bravely in war,
Kills many of sepoy of another nation,
Lambastic like fire on them in war.
Fought till last shell and breathe remain,
And died the death of Martyr.
Tears floats in every mother's and sister's eyes,
Ah! He was such Marvellous guy.

Indrajeet Mishra

Thou' You Are Fairest Creation Of God

Thou' You are the fairest creation of god,
It startle me how god opt me,
To such a charming delight,
Who compells stone to smile.
As on occassion of your rival,
Shower falls on earth embellishing
And serenading woeful ballad
Of heaven; seems dreading,
But earth gleamed as got moly.
Thou' Men are mortal, But
You are eternal; in this Lover's eyes.
Wheather super-witness time forget you, But
You can see, this lover everytime memorise
You. One and only You.

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