

Poetry Series

jiks patel
- poems -

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jiks patel()

"I used to dream about escaping my ordinary life, but my life was never ordinary. I had simply failed to notice how extraordinary it was. Likewise, I never imagined that home might be something I would miss."

Folks Yet I Am Satisfied

My friends who ask me daily dedicated to them

Folks....yet I am satisfied.....

Folks yet i am satisfied.....

which was i believed to be Boatman,
he made hole in my boat..
which was i believed beautiful that,
made me blind...

which was i considered wealth,
He has bankrupted me...
which was i considered Banquet,
He was giving me hungry...

which was i considered base,
He took my roof....
which was i considered beam,
He was pulling my land....

Which was i thought to be life,
Give me death was the same....
They always love to hate me,
My blindness that as had been her love....

Folks.. yet i am satisfied
In her last moments of my lifetime happy ness is achieved....
Loyalty is also a satisfaction education I have achieved it.....

Folks yet i am satisfied...

jiks patel

Importance Of Realization

And to be with someone with
Provides a feeling of not being believed
Whenever we go broke, then
Explain the meaning of life is the realization

Awakened enthusiasm when writing
Realization of the vision is to offer ideas
When you are down in all the world
Prevents the feeling of despair

When pain is unleashed upon us
The mirror of life shows the realization
Brings a smile to be happy in life, feeling
Ayesha your friendship is only my beautiful realization.....

If possible,
remember me
Your an anonymous friend

jiks patel

Now's Your Turn.....

Dedicate to my dearest bestest friend ARSHU..

Now's your turn.....

Read these to once again,

The mere jugglery of words do not..

Sense that they all are alive,

Not only the skeleton of grammar..

With these few,

Emotions are standing

Yes, you my,

Read some poems....

Of humor, make up,

And form of love,

Each juice is shown in these...

You do it or,

Just for you,

Fiction is written...

Every sense of my pen,

Is turned on your own...

You're immature, did not?

Every word is linked to you

And every word...

You did not connect,

Will be punished by a critic..

Remember these things,

To read, and would be great fun....

I am just adding words

Every sense in mind, is already inscribed

Everything in poetry, your own

Tell me what, you are part of....

Still did not write,

Everything, it is necessary to

What do these words

These are few restraints....

Write down all the time - saw the writing,
However, each verse is given

Too bad you're in love
So write, it's your turn..

jiks patel

Which Is Not Seen Often Touched Her...

In memories of someone more than special.

I see every morning in gathering crowd while sprinting
Each side is dominated readiness to be lost in the crowd.

The ones I get and then realizes
The sound comes from the heart live - live.....

Which is not seen often touched her.

From the shadow hugging each evening to see fireflies
Each side is dominated by the revolt itself to silence.

Lost loved ones to let me in and then realizes
Never sleep, never to wake up.....

Which is not seen often touched her.

I see that the sun sets in the west
The story sculpted hundreds a day.

And then I came to this world to realize
Sometimes cry and sometimes laugh.....

Which is not seen often touched her.

Dear Teena i wish just you always Stay Bless.

If possible,
remember me
Your an anonymous friend

jiks patel