

Poetry Series

Kshitij Singh
- poems -

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Kshitij Singh(19th of November 2003)

About Me: Kshitij Singh is an amateur poet who resides in Bareilly, a city in the state of Uttar Pradesh, India. His personal hobbies include playing soccer, writing poetry, reading books. He was born on the nineteenth of November, in the year 2004. His father and mother are both Professors in Bareilly College, Bareilly. His Alma-Mater is currently the prestigious institution of Hartmann College on the outskirts of Bareilly. He studies in standard 9th of the prestigious institution. In free time, he likes to listen to songs, old and new. His aim is to qualify for the IITS and help his country by becoming a Civil servant, an IAS is greatly fascinated by the lives of great sportmen, namely, Cristiano Ronaldo, Sir Alex Ferguson, Ms Dhoni and Rafael Nadal. He is fervent supporter of all of these men who are dextrous at their own respective arts. Kshitij also likes to study and likes Physics and Chemistry. He has won medals in International Olympiads conducted by Silverzone.

A Pauper's Destiny

On one side of road were the monarch's marching fleets,
And on the other side were tattered paupers begging on the streets.
They called for the king and begged for some alms,
The king swelled with pride said, 'Hold out your dirty palms'.

The king, in order to dispense, took out some pennies and farthings
But he distributed the pennies and kept the farthing,
And said, 'Why spend so much such poor souls
When they will die some day, and get consoled! '

My ruminations deserted me, while thinking of their plight
And meanwhile, the king then sonorously questioned his exceptional knight.
And asked, 'Am I not the most altruistic kings of all time'
The knight said, 'Indeed, your Majesty, you are truly sublime'.

I was enraged at that obsequious sycophant,
And that unripe and unwise monarch
Because of whom the poor were put to death,
And the nation was heading into dark.

And the king went away with his procession after doing his bit
And well, I couldn't do a thing about it,
Than to feed and relieve the downtrodden
To soothe and console the out rightly forgotten.

The kings and queens will come and go,
But what will come of poor men's foes.
Well there always be a difference between the high and low,
And what will happen to the discarded,
They are worse off than an uneventful carnage.

I wonder if the poor will ever have any luck,
And a thought struck me with a bang like a Truck
Authorised by the whole system, there's always been a conspiracy.
Although the system is autocracy, republic or democracy

A conspiracy to always down the oppressed,
So that the poor soul, for lifetime remain depressed.
To increase that distance of high and low,

When I am sure that the poor will always dwell in shanties
And the rich will reside in bungalows.

Kshitij Singh

A Psalm For Mother Nature

While gazing at those year long daffodils
Whole looking at those clouds overshadowing the hills
Whole looking at those birds chirping on mighty trees
For once in my jolted life I did feel free.

Free of those concerns
Those are so pestering and loud
Like a wanted thief on the run
Against the wings in a maddening, rotations crowd.

The glory that nature brings
Is inexplicable in a few words.
And now I wonder what
Might've been observed by the legendary William Wordsworth.

Now, I can attain a slight sense of William's unattainable emotions
In this fast-paced world, they truly are on the verge of extinction.
Every citizen of this global village named Internet is a proven tech savvy,
Not even concerned of living life austerely.

Kshitij Singh

Come Wander In Your Innocent Past

Enclosed in an enchanted box,
Is a different world, a different space!
Events that is short yet innocent,
The memories of my childhood days.

Sweeter than sweets,
My obsession, my needs.
I can't help but cherish them,
Those are the memories of, my childhood days.

Like passengers on an archway,
Threatening the structure with their weight.
They flood my heart with a tremendous pace, The memories of my childhood
days,

They fascinate, they captivate.
They expedite my adrenaline race.
The joyous moments of my past,
The memories of my childhood days.

I pray thee lord, The all-powerful,
To let me wonder in that case.
Cause it encloses a whole lot different world,
The memories of my childhood days.

Kshitij Singh

I Love My Mother

After going to study abroad,
It's been five endless years of waiting.
Undoubtedly and indeed, she's my God,
At the thought of meeting her I was still shivering.

She always had that genuine unoffending beam,
She had the mildness of temperate phleum.
From within, her character had a different elasticity,
I thought Time's run the race faster than me,
Yet, in her old days, she might be spending on superfluties!

What a strange game time's played with me.
Her boy was away from her for loads of weeks,
Weeks and weeks have passed since I stepped into the real world,
And now I've finally got to meet her.

I said, ' Mother, you've grown old, long times no see! '
She said, 'Oh, come on, I am still feeling twenty'.
Perhaps she had adopted the buoyant philosophy.
Of neglecting the worries and living life radiantly

It was a fine way for her
To escape desperation,
But what in the world did happen
To my unflinching emotions

Well I was still not in my right senses,
After getting to hilariously glare
At my mother after so many years
And now I was at least free of all my fears.

A sudden realization swept my heart,
It awaked my thoughts with quite a shaky start
My mother is the most beautiful woman that I had ever seen
Incomparable in radiance, she really still seemed to be in her teens.

And then I vowed to myself
That I'll love her all my life,
Between her and me,

There would be no dispute or rife.

Since she is with me
I would not need a thing called 'girlfriend'
Son's love and Mother's warmth,
Oh! What a fine and romantic blend.

Kshitij Singh

Indian Cricket In The Right Hands

The men in blue,
As so they are hailed.
The stanchions of Indian Cricket,
It was the aussies they recently nailed.

Behold them! The lords of the game,
To conquer the world's their utmost aim.
Beware the world! The novel Indian Cricket team,
Genuinely aggressive, they are what they seem.

On the heights of their powers, on the summit of success,
It is a lively young brigade of Indian cricket.
Carrying the baton of fame,
Of legends and great men who graced this game.

There was a Sachin, There's now a Kohli,
There was a Sourav, there's now a Murali.
The legends are replaced, as time has taken its toll,
A young man from Saurashtra has now superseded 'the famous wall'.

We've got a spin wizard,
The man behind that genial smile
With his ambition and will,
Capable of rotating an isle.

We've got an ace captain,
Dexterous at batting.
Still learning, still perceiving,
Yet masterful and adept at everything.

Our captain is the man, who invigorates passion,
Zeal, zest, esteem, resolve and determination
Spirit and courage, that's what this team exhibits,
World number one, that is why they are tipped.

Kshitij Singh

Mother-An Indisputable Lover

The almighty's sent an angel,
To set the children of the world out of every tangle.
Her advices are like the divine's very own words,
Savor them or you will endure a lot.

She tends to wounds,
With an affection unmatched.
She loves us all our life,
Biased and unconditional, without any lapse.

But we children do our usual blunders,
As time takes its usual toll.
We insult her and shun,
Yet she still loves us, unmisted by dejection.

Takes a lot of effort,
To realize our mistakes.
And when we wake up,
It is always too late.

So my dear mother;
I just want to let you know,
You mean the world to me.
Only a heart as dear as yours,
Would give so altruistically.

The prowess you possess,
You've got no Achilles heel.
Having a divine mother like you,
How utterly blessed I feel.

I still search in your reaches,
Consolations that actually console me.
A class apart from the whole world,
Is the motherly bliss and warmth

Kshitij Singh

My Father- A Saviour Forever

Like a guard on the outside,
Preserving the walls of my innocent heart,
From the dawn till the moonlight,
Like a thunder cloud in drought.

He is a teacher extraordinaire,
My guide on this journey of mine own revival.
Because he makes me tough and see how I fare,
In this endless game of death and survival.

Amidst a maddening, roaring crowd,
He once, did his hand lend.
And by this action, he did ensure,
That I'll be indebted to him till our ends.

Kshitij Singh

Oh! Mom

You are not a queen of a state,
Or a powerful goddess.
 for me you are a trust divine,
Who lives in my empathy?

You are not a great author,
Like Dickens, Wilde or Wordsworth.
But with a nobler vision,
You wrote a story of my life.

You built no great temples, □
Like those in ancient India.
But with a finer design,
You arranged this soul of mine.

Oh God! that I have this beautiful gift of you,
Or that was in my destiny, zilch matters.
Cause with a colourful sculpture,
My mother's life will always blossom me up.

Kshitij Singh

Soccer- The Beautiful Game

Gerard scored a goal,
And it was not late that the Anfield burst into delight,
I came all the way to see this wonder boy,
Weighed in a spectator electrified.

It was a time of great jubilation,
As Anfield's white-headed lad had come up in times of great tension.

The whole Anfield was singing the Kop End,
A derby wins, a perfect Blend.
Cause a new hero was up in his teens,
To score screamers and live up his dreams.

That teen, was now, a grown up man.
And after 17 years of serving,
He was ready to leave the Anfield clan.

I was listening to his last words as a captain
And I saw you know the same spectator,
Holding a banner-

This read, 'It's been a pleasure lad',
And he was shedding his tears,
Unlike others who were glad.

The ace captain said,
'Now it is time to bid you all adieu'.
He was leaving Anfield with all his fame;
And now I wonder why?
The great Pele
Termed soccer the Beautiful game.

Well, this was a one in thousand story,
Of legends and stout men-
Who graced the Beautiful game,

I play this game as an amateur
For fun and health
and to show off my calibre.

What else can I say!
About this beautiful game.
It is my passion,
That is all I can claim.

Kshitij Singh

The Gallant Saga Of Soldiers

The army commander, in full throttle,
Said, 'O, Young men brave and stout'
Victory will bereft us, I warn thou men,
If thou are ever in any doubt.

Just go out there, and seek you aim.
Tis to conquest the enemy great,
Centralize thy own power and always honour,
The fact that thou are the carvers of thine own fate.

There will be two minds, I guarantee you this,
While ending the enemies' priceless life.
Cause he and I are of the same human race,
But remember your nation in turmoil
And become a hero in strife.

Think with your mind, and be tough from within
Like a thin reed sustaining the winds in a lake.
Be brave, courageous, esteemed and vigorous
Cause your nation's glory is at stake.

Don't get dismantled and deviated,
While thinking what's in store for you.
Cause it's a thinking that occupies a coward's mind
Diverges him from his true course
And makes him half-blind

Exhibit Solidarity, in its genuine sense
Be brave in the name of death.
Be fervent and exhibit ardour
Cause you've got a nice opportunity; of attaining perpetuity,
Take high pride in getting martyred.

This world shall remember you
As soldier, gallant and brave.
Who died for his country and became perpetual,
A quality for which everyone today craves.

The Utmost Purpose Of Life

A soul destined to be born on Earth,
Made an appearance before the Lord.
And inquired what the purpose of his life was,
And how was he meant to act,
After being born in an unknown horde.

It is a long way down there, said the almighty,
With a genial soothing smile
He said, ' just act in the living present'.
Like a person lost on an isle.

Think not about the past, nor what is in store for you
Because it is the present which is thy concern.
To progress and to become a better human being,
there are a lot of things for you to learn.

Preserve your metal and become valiant,
Like a fighter, brave and gallant.
Have a strong resolve and prove your mantle
In this world's broad field of battle.

Don't get deviated and digressed,
from your utmost aim.
Render yeoman's service and;
On perpetuity, have your rightful claim.

Be jovial from within and exhibit mirth,
Because for these reasons alone
I'm sending you on this planet Earth

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