

Poetry Series

Manu Kranth Chary
- poems -

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Manu Kranth Chary(11-11-1990)

An Indian Ceremony...

India, here everytime demands a ceremony.
Nothing can be done without Money.
Birth is a function and death wants a function.
What a land it is with an extravagant tradition.
Right from my first breath every occasion,
Gets a different special charm and distinct fashion.
Every special occasion is celebrated with pomp and show.
Hence I feel my tradition is great and one should bow.

Manu Kranth Chary

Be An Ace

Here's your new new day
Sing your very own way
Look beyond the clouds you see
Think above the stars and Sun
Cling onto your way of fun
Forget not the prizes you've won
Feel the world in a rhythmic tone
Plan your frames without a moan
The clock runs at it's pace
Inviting everybody to have a race
Never look at melting ice
Instead watch a working vice
Run like light in space
Work hard and be an ACE.

Manu Kranth Chary

'Bhanu' - The Sun

Here he comes breaking the dawn,
Piercing through the dark plane.
Throwing around his glow and light,
And growing bright from brackish light.
Yesterday's sun comes here again,
Yesterday's past is beckoned again.
With the cool breezes of new morning,
While cute birds all around tweeting.
The light from an astronomical unit,
Dashes here in few minute.
Dashing into the atmosphere at 300 millions speed
Oh my! Is that staid.
I see the first ray fall on the planet,
Like an unaltered clean freshet.
To finally make this land bright and great.

Manu Kranth Chary

Do Rich To Be Rich

People become rich,
Not by merely their riches.
They ought to be,
Rich in their Pride,
Have nothing to hide.
Rich in their respect,
Rich in every aspect.
Rich in their will,
To achieve what they will.
Rich in their courage,
To grow strong and rage
Rich in their strength,
To achieve wanted wealth.
Rich in their style,
To go like the river Nile.
Rich in their attitude,
To rise like a Tide.
Rich in their Persona,
To even Like flora and fauna.
Rich in Intelligence,
To cross far every fence.
Rich in destiny,
To let no matter go funny.
Rich in talent,
To act always prudent.
Then I don't Understand
Why people go behind Riches,
For those pursuits are always futile.

Manu Kranth Chary

Grow Grow...

Things diminish as you grow,
They now seem small at your brow,

Glowing sands were diamonds ago,
They seem to you cheaper now.

Cards and boards were treasures to you,
Loads of gold replacing now.

Things peculiar you have collected,
Now you give them a glare and go.

Standing fence was a barricade,
You jump and cross it now.

Your friend's article in your bag,
You felt extremely uneasy.

Misplacing things of cost and yield,
Is now no big deal you feel.

Yes Now I Understand from,
The quest of my questions that,
Priorities change with Time.

Manu Kranth Chary

He Is Old...

He get's up like a ceaser slowly,
Looking through his fragile glasses,
Half broken and at the master's support they are.
Dim and dusty they became with ages.
Ready for the daily walk he goes in the grasses,
With his friends all around - the breezes,
With his companions all around - the trees and plants,
With his guardians the sun and stars.
Bringing back the very smooth,
Glorious reminiscence of the past to soothe.
Trodding down with a cane in his hand.
Even the very smooth dust rise would irk him.
Small children being his best friends,
He always tries to ape 'em.
People had no bother in him,
But he cared the them to the most.
The weak heart had hardened by years,
Never a time he shed his tears.
Strikken by different ailments of his age,
Sought refugee now and then by a hospital.
He saw, He felt decades of time.
He visited the life in many a way,
Passing all the Seven stages of life,
He reached all the way to this day.
But he wat looked at, relentlessly as a bother,
For he was an unproductive OLD FATHER.

Manu Kranth Chary

I See You...

At times I do see you and when I do,
A smart girl in the class I see.
A nice friend in the group I see.
A good orator on the stage I see.
An inspiring player on the ground I see.
A relay runner in the race I see.
A prudent leader of the batch I see.
An extravagant chatter on line I see.
An elegant member of the elite I see.
An enthusiastic entertainer I see.
An esteemed achiever in the fray I see.
A beautiful companion in my sight I see.
A fostering comrade at troubles I see.
A complete friend of mine I see.
But now I can not see you ailing,
Please you get well soon unailing.

Manu Kranth Chary

It's Your Birthday...

It's your birthday.

It marks an year of knowledge you sought in your way.

It marks an year of enjoyment you've fetched from our bay.

It represents an year of encouragement you gave us till today.

It was surely an year of handsome ransom for our hard work.

With the same endurance and hope work through the next year dear.

And I a part of your past promise to never part with you.

I don't compare it till the clouds exist,

Cause they stand on the support of wind I knew.

I don't say till the sky doesn't exist,

Cause it is a mere illusion and it is not new.

I don't tell till the stars stand embedded in the sky,

Cause it may run out of Hydrogen as it is in due.

I would say I will be with you till there exist ME & U.

Manu Kranth Chary

My First Love

It was deep night but all bright,
When I caught her brilliant sight.
Her gracious sharp and grave sight,
Pierced holes deep into my heart.
Her tuft of splendid tantalizing hair,
Invoke me to be her apposite pair.
Eyes did not listen to my word,
Nor feet did not take my way,
Heart did not beat at rate I opt,
Mind did not leave her sight at least.
Again and again she often came,
Closer to my mind than to my eyes.

Whenever I do think of her,
Every vein in my heart does pain.
I look for her at places she is
And look for her at places she was.
I take everyone on the way for her,
Mistake every place for that she walks.
She comes as a mirage and goes again.
With a desperate rate of thought,
I look at her for her copious sight,
I tire to have her everlasting laugh,
I pray to live under her merciful heart.

I take her voice to that of the koel's cries,
I take her attire to that of a queen,
I take her look to that of an angel,
I take her manner to that of a Goddess,
I take her compassion to that of the Mother,
I take her thought to be my life.
I look long for the days to come,
When I dare to say it's my first love.

Manu Kranth Chary

That's How A Child Is...

He is the one who is new to this reign,
Learning things elementary but nothing mean.
One who wishes to possess every thing known in his world,
Trembling and tumbling on the very failure of his word.
One who loves nature more than himself,
Leaving behind all others for being rigid and tough.
One who works reluctantly seeking no favour,
At the order of his master with no irk and fervour.
One who likes his presence marked at all times,
Trying to gain the attention of all around.
One who conceals himself not in deception,
But to trick others around since his inception.
One who likes to pray the god early and late,
For he loves to have god's meal for himself in his plate.
One who likes to play in the meadows and the garden,
With his companions all around along with his warden.
Like the cupid in the eyes and imagination,
Of his contemporaries of his nation.
Like the messenger mercury who connects the gods,
And humans by his smiles and deeds.
Like the Zeus who spares no one at his disposal,
With his spears of lightning and being disloyal.
One who takes whatever is told to be granted,
And fights others at the things he feels corrected.
One who believes whatever taught and told,
And following them to become strong and bold.
One who can be mended as one wished.
One who can be made as we have liked.
That's what is childhood,
One of the greatest gifts of life.

Manu Kranth Chary

The Desperate Brother...

The child in despair is crying all aloud,
With her brother to clear her bother to best.
She cried aloud as long as he tried.
He showed her a camel passing on road,
Tall and lean trodding very clean,
But she saw only the child enjoying on it.
He then pointed the cute stuffed monkey,
Made absolutely smart and all set to play,
But she couldn't see the toy but its master.
He took her into the pretty shops around.
Full of toys, games, gifts, cards and boards.
But alas! They couldn't stand for long.
For the man of the shop didn't allow.
Fully disheartened he stepped down the stairs,
With an apologizing look he looked at his sister.
Feeling sorry for his ineptitude,
Feeling sorry for his incompetence,
Feeling sorry for their humble state,
Feeling sorry for their deserted life,
Feeling sorry for his timid hope,
Feeling sorry for their unaudited walk,
Feeling sorry for their unending walk,
Feeling sorry for their distant end,
Feeling sorry for their unquenched peace,
Feeling sorry for their desperate plight,
Feeling sorry for their dreary state,
Above all he was deeply feeling sorry,
For not being able to assuage his sister.

Manu Kranth Chary

The Firm

When things are lost from hand

People lose their courage in mind

Weak ones shut down there

They call their pursuits unfair

Firm ones straddle back

To beckon the qualities which he lack

The firmer ones spangle again

To overcome hurdles of vain

The firmer then the firmest

Is one who fights back again and again.

Manu Kranth Chary

The New New Day...

Clear skies open my day,
Wetting my eyes with heavy mist,
Wavering down slowly to lie,
On the drowsy land and sleepy bay.
Flowers shiver and tend to sleep,
Birds stop their voices deep,
In this cold winter morning.
The Sun seeming sleepy now,
Is pulling up the cloud covers.
The warm sun's rays slowly,
Slip and trickle my skin sharply.
Encroaching every heap of snow,
To meet it down as the winds blow.
The squirrels appear shy to roam,
Cause they don't wish to leave their home.
With my eyes creeping down,
And throat shivering too.
I wish you a pleasant
Welcome to unleash this New Year.

Manu Kranth Chary

The Return From The Graveyard...

When I step into the sunken graveyard,
The land that the gods themselves guard,
Place where lives take leave and sleep,
In their sacred graves in the soil deep.

With eyes uninspired and throat dethroned,
Heart weakened, I stand deeply moaned.
With my feet defeated and hands banded,
And the demise of my voice, I stand rended.

The tape of the time, I wish to rewind,
To erase all these remains from my mind.
The hands of the clock I hope to turn,
To remove there records and set them burn.

I think again and again but all goes in vain,
As it is a human temptation to always remain.

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