

Poetry Series

Mihir Tejura
- poems -

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Mihir Tejura()

A Sight Of A Wonder

As wandering I,
O'er the thought, of the world that why
The world is not it's expected to be,
A signal I saw once,
From Thy Mighty Hand
Must go on the world,
God is tired still not with us:
-A Sleeping BABY the signal was
Thy incarnation of the Almighty

Moving tummy high and lie,
Sleeping like leaving all woes of life
Having sovereign sigh of unmatched relief
Sleeping, the baby was,
With the world as
Did knew he what the life was
In coming forth of life's fable!

As fly on sat babies cuteness
Sucking love the world wants,
Rose the childish hands of delicate baby
Frightening off the fly's mischief
Threw out the scene-
'An Ocean Of Cuteness'
Ah! What a moment was it!

Watching the passers by,
Without any discrimination
The Poor, The Rich, The High, The Low,
The Gentle, The Cruel, The Generous, The Cheat.
Watching he was his cartoon film
From the screen of mothers loving shoulders.
Slept he as he did in other films
By the coolness of the Mom's Love and Affection.
The kid's sweet days of childhood!

The Closed eyes, Tensions apart,
The Childish hands, The Delicate fingers

And a handful of Legs!
With a Tummy of joy,
On a Head full of high thinking,
Were really a message that
'The World Must Go On! '
With each sorrowful death,
It leaves a proof that
Everything is in 'HIS' hand.
And with each cutie-pie being born,
It conveys that Yes-
'Thy Almighty Still Is Not Tired Of Us! ! '

Mihir Tejura

Impossible Or I Am Possible?

Alas! The unsinkable did sink century ago,
In the battlefield of time,
There's probability in zero that you're sure,
Yesterday, our success,
Today we strive to make it,
Tomorrow, not in black and white,
Day after, not even in soft,
Time-an ocean of indefinites
An extempore, notta elocution,
Go win it! !
Move with your manoeuvre, conquer the earth.
Nothing impossible, there is,
Or perhaps, everything, a possibility.
Effulgent can diminish its brightness,
Leader, a follower could be
In li'l time of non-viewable movement by retina
of seconds hand of watch .
Maestro becomes a servant,
Servant, even adopts begging,
A legendary pen holder,
Could lift sword, pen already thrown.
And even Caesar can lose! ! !
Impossibilities, bound to be possible,
In thy nest of time,
We birds bound to surprise ourselves.
Endeavour long success for, may make us lose,
A small fluke effort may make us grand winner.
One plus one eleven, could be
And apple may go up! !
Impossible possible in the crusade of life,
If "HE" wishes so, And if "HE" strives for,
Impossible or I am possible? ? ? ! !

Mihir Tejura

Need

A need, indeed at proper places,
Enriches things, when real destiny reached,
Things useless, precious seem,
For the needy, of that.
Lies therein, no use of sword
For a legendary pen-holder,
Neither useful a pen,
For a hot-blooded brains,
What use lies, with the dog,
Of a ten rupee note,
Or what's the use of milk,
For the cow pious.
What's the use of gold,
For a thirsty mouth to quench.
Or what use lies of,
A branded english dictionary,
For a chinese, seeking meaning of chinese word,
Is there a need of delicacy,
For a man on fast,
Or is there a need of mouthwatering prawn,
For a strict vegetarian.
Depend things on 'wants',
Treasures man, the given,
On his plethora of desires..

Mihir Tejura

The First Favor Of Politics!

Laughing, was I, Moving out,
Of mob, opposing politicians.
Nature criticizing, has b'com
Of inmates of territory,
Under the leadership of
Brave 'High risk categoried' people,
Herd of cattle, following a stupid sheep,
Shouting, with banners
On the heroes real of the nation.
And, I being a man, notta cattle,
Came out laughing.
They say, They don't work,
Do malpractices. Use public property
For benefits, personal, and critics go on.
But come, when these leaders
On stage, speech to be given,
Say these illiterates-He's there for fake promises to be made
But may I ask them,
What's the risk, Which're clouds residing,
On these heroes minds,
Anytime, wishing good morning,
To their loving subjects,
Shot, they can be.
Family, their could be ruined,
Life their, would be spoilt.
I wanna bcom Dr., Er., IAS
Be anybody a leader?
Be the cause, Politics, a dirty bog,
Something in you, you've
Go clean it! But no,
We're for them to be in risk and pressures,
These criticizers don't even know a clause of constitution,
And blaming, resharing, tweeting
The status of critics of the real 'Maestro'.
STOP blaming, STOP criticizing,
Don't be a cattle, Be a 21st century Homo sapiens sapiens.
Come up, Enter to politics!
Observe, what hardwork is.
And work for the country, And not for the critics.

And-

'Be the second favor of politics after me! ! ! !'

Mihir Tejura

The 'Mcq' Mantra!

For in this decade and age,
Whence we've to 'Choose the correct option? '
And rather marking ours,
Depends on the choice, the neighbour has,
The Pros and cons of this hot mantra of the hour,
At a high debate, Are.
Optical Mark Recognition rather has become optical grasping,
Of the crammed minded animal,
Busy to darken the circle,
Led which to the darkening of the-'Present Edu-System'.
The pros far outweighs the cons,
As vomiting the crammed matter,
And learning the skills behind-
How to increase the length of the illogical answer?
Has indeed become an act of logical interpretation.
The width of lining that is silver,
On the clouds, the present edu-system is densed with,
Is indeed far more than the thrust,
Of this clouds on Li'l Masters,
Or rather the irresponsible citizens of tomorrow!
A fervant hope, lets make
Of stopping the Acid Rain,
This cloud may possess,
And enjoy the rain pleasant,
The umbrella of 'stealing logics', without,
For making a better tomorrow! !

Mihir Tejura

The Pleasant Early Morning!

The Dark Horizon,
Sky with bats,
And to see nothing above,
Yet one hope, The stars
Twinkling were,
But not as powerful,
To destroy Black Blossoms of hopeless sky.
The world at a still-stand,
And beauty on it's leave.
Yes, It is The Unpleasant Night...!

And the dear Yellow Ball,
Out throws first strike of white light,
Telling the world that Yes,
Darkness is followed by Bright light,
Woes are followed by Hope,
Sorrows are followed by Happiness.
And the streak of light first,
Upturned the darkness and
Behind left the Black Blossoms.
The birds chirp sweet,
Rings the alarm clocks,
And that transformation
To a bright morning from hopeless night,
Must be experienced! !

The Blue Ball
Looks as pleasant as corolla.
The sky goes bluish,
With polite dots of birds chirping sweetly,
And reaching as high as multi-storeyed architecture
Moralising that Man can not defeat nature! !
The forest lit's up
And out goes the animals
To make ends meet.
This way, nature joyful,
Blossoms out by single streak of Bright Light
Of Thy 'Pleasant Early Morning'! !

Up wakes the Men,
Preparations start for the day forth,
Morning seems as boring,
So as to go to the work today.
Leaves 'HE' the bed thinking with
How Bad The Day Gonna To Be? ? ! !
Rushing goes man blaming the morning,
To the work for a fistful of money!
Had ever you seen birds chirp sweetly?
Had ever you watched sky with stars twinkling?
Had ever you looked at first streak of light on your terrace?
This is what Life is!
Couldn't remember they last when they saw even Horizon of Hope!
And thinking the life as boring? ? ! !

Leave the books and files,
Come forth to nature,
No need of 'READING' morals,
Nature itself is best teacher! !
The rise of Pleasant Early Morning,
Leaves a sigh of hope, whence watched,
Leaves behind which, All the tensions, world is being sucked to,
Gives it a Moral Without 'Reading'
That Yes-

'Darkness is Definitely Followed By Bright Light Of -
The Pleasant Early Morning...! ! ! '

Mihir Tejura

We Again Will Fly!

Crawled I, from door to door,
Shut doors were found on me,
The wait for news good,
Reacted forming perhaps bad,
Further hoped for door another,
To lend some news,
That'd make my lips stretch and curve,
And make me smile, laugh, giggle with hearts of my hearts,
But this door next,
Ended up in a refusal,
From giving me a reason to laugh,
Hoped of the best, received better,
Expected of better, got something good,
Thought of good, received verst.
The very infestimial bag of my good deeds,
Indeed reasonified the act of doors being shut.
In these times of erosion of our hearts,
Recollected the plethora of times,
We laughed, giggled with a broad chest,
When, with wings lended by divine,
We used to fly.
Today our wings are cut, One day it'll heal,
One day they'll bud...And...-
One day, 'WE AGAIN WILL FLY! '

Mihir Tejura

Why This Hell, Why Not Only Heaven?

An interrogation, wanna I make,
To Thy Charioteer, the palanquin world of,
Or, Solemnizer mighty hand
of 'Miracles do happen'
For some, plethora of hope,
To some as infinitesimal as photoframe,
Or sculpture of rock, For some perhaps,
Or the hearts of heart's resider,
Or for some philosophic people, their work,
That, Why thorns sharp these,
On the path of life.
A driver, on an outnumbering car'ed road,
Becomes a good driver,
Tackling, experiencing, defending-
Perfect, makes a man,
But question, mine.
Is why outnumbering cars, are they?
Why life is drenched, tackling hard situation with
No economic problem,
No probs, No sorrows
Why this bog, on the way to ultimate lotus!
Why these thorns leading to mesmerizing rose,
Why can't rose n lotus, embrace us,
On a carpet of a crowd of yellow daffodils,
Child burnt, dreads the fire,
but why fire once for, even,
Why Why WHY
Can't all in favour our's be
True had it been
Null'd sorrows be
Suicides, Depressions, Dissappointment,
Everything would be a single zero,
Wonder I, Whether will I get
The Answer to-
Why this hell, Why not only heaven! ! !

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