

Poetry Series

Monica Nagdeote
- poems -

Publication Date:
2013

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

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Passed graduation in Science stream and pursued Mass Communication..I love to keep studying so now i am an endouring the English Literature.

A Mid Night Thought

Wisdom and Spirit of my Dear one
Calm, bright, soft, beautiful, pure breath
Your Sharp eyes bend me towards you
O Beautiful Moon! !
Yours Almighty character draw the art of immortal you
My "Moon" you and only you every where
Your bright raise makes smile in every face
Millions gave examples of yours for their Fair
My heart pumps harder when I see you in the sky
Perhaps, it goes down when I saw black up their
My Eyes down inside the room
Beneath the gloomy winter nights of your solitude
O there! ! here is again your shine raises which indicates living again
I appreciate you for your each and every Kindness indeed.
O blessed Moon! !
You're the thought of Joy
When I saw an immortal "A MOON in the Sky".

Monica Nagdeote

Community Crisis Verses Humanity Rising

O well-knit Leader, thou elated own forceful community,
To make the angels weep for not known maturity,
Nourishing plenty of food for follies and foibles through partiality,
Thy prophetic vision, doubted to reduce into ashes Humanity.

Blue, green, red, distract mob dialects pestilence,
O thou, stop pretending own almighty's pale dark image will,
Try to spread "WHITE" more into remaining existence,
Left, thou grist that comes to thou mill.

O well-knit Destructor, stop making monsters of the deep are made each zone,
Beneath cherish boundless, bloodless, joyous Humanism tone.

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Liberty

If I am an old enough,
To handle myself.
But still imagine like someone's hold me tough,
As he like zenith himself.

I can live alone,
To make my long-term.
But want to be grabbed with everyone,
Get reward from each and every firm.

Have two opposite diverse road,
One has undergrowth.
Another one had passed by every mode,
But I like to choose the second one who meets entire goal

Whatever I become,
Chosen by my own.
So it never hurts thy trisome,
It always feels me Pride and Fun.

Monica Nagdeote

Love Naturally

Winds blowing Melodiously,
Birds twitter Joyously,
Rivers floating Continuously,
In this beautiful sight, we suddenly fell in love preciously,
Your Beautiful Eye and Nature makes me more Gorgeously.

Monica Nagdeote

My Dearest One

When I was a little girl, I always thought
God will bless me something magical, something different.
Days had passed and I was still wait for something special,
When I saw you for the first time, It feels like we know each other from so long
I used to try to distract my strong waves from you,
I try to stop thinking about you, but fail as usual.
I think you non-stop, all the time.
Whenever you hug me it feels like
We had been together from so many years which is truly uncountable.
Whenever I cried, you try to make smile on my face, sometime it works
sometime it doesn't.
When it doesn't, I found little tears in your eyes.
My love you always be there either my happiest moment or in worst soverign
situations
Not important what the exact reason but you always there.
You made me most Gorgeous person In the whole Cosmos.
Everyday, yeah every single day You used to try to make me An angel
And your Three Magical Words Used to made my day so special
I get unconditional, unreasonable even unseasonable Gift from the HEAVEN
A Marvellous Person as a My Love
Whatever I am today, This credit goes to you too.
You make me feel, you make me think,
It has been 10 years completed for our Delightful Companionship
And I so proud of you with loads of happiness.
Only yours.

Monica Nagdeote

My Will

I am a girl,
Quiet expressive, sometimes an introvert.
I have plenty of relations,
Some are strong, rest of sweet.
I don't like politics,
But I can tell their names with the tip of my tongue.
I admire those who made me so special,
The best gift of mine is my small brother,
Who really touched my heart.
His innocent words, smile, actions and sometimes his anger.
I am fair enough satisfied in my life,
But still looking for a Place
Which I want.
I love my pen and paper,
Where I expressed my in and out.
The time to be come for appreciation
When you all fond of my penning Master piece.

Monica Nagdeote

Pity Of War

Guarding each breathe inside the line
Encounter myself for the Patriotic dream of mine
Made do's and don't outside the durst
Left Kinship emotions on the admit impediments worst.

I don't hate them with whom I fight
I don't Love them those I guard
Another bending of heart Loves Literature and the Arts
But Heroic pieties and Nationalist feelings made blood Wars.

Affectionate towards rarity, beauty of creature
This is ours, Little we see in Nature
Since then'tis centuries for authority, ambiguity
More appealing Wit confined me to an anti attitude ingenuity.

I can foresees my Fate somewhere beyond the Blood
Forsooth ask – GREAT GOD!
Why you gave us Wit which results War?

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Vanishing Own Mankind

Look at the flower, how beautiful it is!
Looks gentle soft, cheerful, lovely leafs
Doing two things in a single moment
Delights our sight, refreshes our mind
Appeals to the intellect through heart
I can see ongoing situation while sitting on the roadside chair.

A little boy came, exchange smile with a flower
Nursed, spray the joyous water and pray
Dear God! ! Please bless him upto the edge of the boom
Went for the play with promise to visit him daily
All sights makes little smile on my face
Look at the flower, how beautiful it is!

Awh! A Man came and pluck the same flower for his fair
Does he know he is Vanishing a budding thought?
Someone's emotions, Deep feelings or ransacks the whole
This So-called matured coining turbulent footprints for budding minds
Still flower blushing, giving gently smile trying to delight us a little longer
With bossy heart I still sit, folding my hands doing nothing.
Look at the Flower! How beautiful it is!

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