

Poetry Series

P. R Ashok
- poems -



PoemHunter.com

Publication Date:

2024

Publisher:

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

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When Do Women Really Get Freedom?

When do women have the liberty to live their lives without fear?

Are they haunted by the specter of violence and tear?

When do their voices thunder, with a crescendo of courage and might?

When do their spirits soar freely, on the wings of unbridled delight?

When do they rise up united, and claim their rightful place?

When do they shine with a radiance, that illuminates the space?

When do they have the power, to speak their truth and be heard?

Are they muted, by the silence of a thousand unspoken words?

When do the cadences of their hearts synchronize with the rhythm of freedom's unyielding pulse?

Do women really get freedom, even as we celebrate 78th Independence of our nation?

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Daisy

Daisy, a flower that touches the depths of the heart.
Your presence brings solace, peace and cheer,
Your simplicity is a cherished art,
Filling the world with radiant delight.

Daisy's whispers, a song of delight,
Bring solace to souls, weary from the fight.
Your petals unfold like rays of the sun,
In fields and meadows, where you freely run.

Through seasons of rain and sun, you endure,
With resilience, you blossom and allure.
In gardens and lawns, you dance and play,
Spreading happiness along your way.

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A Grand Piano

In a world of black and white,
A symphony takes flight.
The piano, an instrument grand,
Guiding us to a magical land.

With each stroke, a story unfolds,
A universe of sound, that never grows old.
Oh, piano, your whispers reach deep within,
Stirring the soul, where emotions begin.

Oh, let the piano's melody take flight,
Guiding us through the darkest night.
For in the hands of a skilled pianist,
The world becomes harmonious, the soul is kissed.

Fingers dance upon the keys,
Unleashing melodies with ease.
Each note a brushstroke in the air,
Creating a masterpiece beyond compare.

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Mango - The King Of Fruits

In the summer's golden embrace,
A fruit emerges with sweet grace.
Oh, the mango, a tropical delight,
A luscious treasure, a pure delight.

In desserts and smoothies, it finds its place,
Adding a touch of tropical grace.
Mangoes, a versatile treat indeed,
From breakfast bowls to evening's sweet need.

With a gentle squeeze, it yields and gives,
Revealing the succulent flesh it lives.
Juicy and tender, a burst of flavor,
A taste so divine, one can't help but savor.

Beneath its skin, a golden treasure,
Fragrant sweetness beyond measure.
A symphony of tropical delight,
With every bite, a pure delight.

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In The Footsteps Of Knowledge

You arrived as strangers and uncertain,
But you leave as a family, a close-knit team.
Through exams and projects, you stood strong,
Supporting each other when things went wrong.

From lecture halls to campus walks,
Thou navigated the maze, the endless talks.
You joined clubs and organizations too,
Building skills and friendships that grew.

The professors who taught, inspired thy minds,
Guiding you forward, helping you find,
Your true potential, your purpose, your voice,
Preparing you well to make an intellectual student.

Now you stand at the threshold of life,
Equipped with knowledge to face any strife.
With diplomas in hand, you step out with pride,
Ready to soar, with the world as thy guide.

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A Mother's Love

This day we celebrate the heart of love,
The noblest calling known to human kind;
A mother's love, like sunshine from above,
A grace that's given freely to mankind.

Her love is like a beacon, bright and clear,
That guides us through the darkness of our fears;
Her sacrifice, a gift that's always near,
And fills us with the strength to persevere.

We thank thee, mother, for thy love and care,
For all the things that thou hast done for us;
We honor thee, with gratitude and prayer,
And bless thee with a heart that's filled with trust.

O mother dear, on this thy special day,
We thank thee for thy love in every way.

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English Literature

Oh, English Literature, thou art a gem,
A treasure of wisdom, thought, and grace,
A world of words that shine like diadem,
And stir the soul with their enchanting pace.

In thee we find the power to ignite,
A fire that burns within our very soul,
And through thy lines, we soar to great height,
And learn to see the world with a new goal.

Thou teach us to explore the human heart,
To understand the nature of our kind,
And through the characters, we play a part,
In the universal story of mankind.

Oh, English Literature, we sing thy praise,
For all the wonders that thou dost amaze.

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Education

Education teaches us to think critically,
To question and analyze things logically,
It empowers us to create, to innovate, and to excel,
And helps us to shape our own personal cartel.

It offers a chance for personal growth,
And helps us navigate life's winding path.
It is a tool that can shape the world,
It can break down barriers and help us unfurl.

It provides us with the skills we need to succeed,
Indeed, with hard work we can succeed.
It is a melody of passion, of curiosity, and of wonder,
That inspires us to learn, to explore, and to ponder.

Our time and energy to the pursuit of knowledge,
And to embrace every opportunity to acknowledge.
It is a power to shape our destiny,
And create a world of prosperity.

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