

Poetry Series

**Pratheek Praveen Kumar**  
**- poems -**



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# Pratheek Praveen Kumar()

Born in Bangalore as son of Shree Praveen Kumar and Smt. Jayashree Praveen Kumar on September 18 of 1992, PRATHEEK PRAVEEN KUMAR completed his Engineering course from the reputed R.V. College of Engineering of Bangalore after completing ICSE and ISC with distinction from the prestigious Bishop Cotton Boys' School, Bengaluru.

Pratheek Praveen Kumar already has Five Published Books to his credit. He ventured to literary world with his collection of English Poems, &quot;CALM REFLECTIONS&quot; published in the USA in 2009 and published 4 more books since then.

A karate enthusiast, Pratheek Praveen Kumar loves horse riding, tennis, billiards, cricket, cycling and football. He also won First Prize in Arm Wrestling competition held in R.V.College of Engineering, Bangalore. He won several First Prizes at the national level in All India Essay Competitions with rare commendations for his writing style. He also secured First Prize in inter-college Creative Writing Competition held at PES Institute of Technology, Bangalore in 2013. He won First Prize in Information Technology competition held in Bishop Cotton Boys' School during his tenure there. He is a Gold Medalist in Mexican Jiu Jitsu both in California and New Jersey.

He joined Comviva Technologies, a multi-national corporation based in India as its Product Engineer in 2014 after completing his engineering course, BE, in Telecommunications Engineering. Later, he did his Masters in Information Management, MIM, from the KU Leuven University in Belgium and Masters Program in Business Analytics (MSBA) from the University of California (UCI) in the USA. Presently he is settled in New York, USA as a Data Scientist.

# Reflective Poetry

Tiger! What a ferocious beast!  
On you, he will surely feast,  
If he while hungry, catches you alone,  
You will be reduced to skin and bone.

The lamb, Oh! What a sweet little thing,  
Dumb, yet smart and innocent thing,  
When it clings, its soft wool warmth brings,  
When it brays, cuckoos join and sing.

Rose, what a beautiful flower,  
Even Rapunzel had it in her tower!  
It is even a sign for a lover,  
Hark, you never see it in a creeper.

The world, a busy nest where all live,  
Of heights, people strive, and pools, people dive,  
The World is filled with bumps and dents,  
With men and women, and Satan and saints.

King of all games is indeed tennis,  
Played and enjoyed by masters and dames,  
That builds stamina and keeps off stress,  
Every day who plays it sees health and bliss.

Rain, oh! What a cool shower,  
Pours from heaven, people run for cover,  
Rain, oh! How cool you feel,  
When it sweeps with thunderous gale!

Mother, an endless spring of love and care,  
Who, in her child's distress, willingly share,  
Be it in lion, deer, horse, mouse or hare,  
Mother is mother, for her little, she dares death's lair.

School is the place where people learn,  
Where they delve in intellectual sojourn,  
Teachers in school are very kind,  
They help us to improve our mind.

Up, Up, in the sky,  
Birds do try to fly,  
They chirp and sing,  
And beat their wing.

'Honesty is the best policy'  
So, wise and great alike say,  
So, if you serve and do speak honestly,  
Honesty will save the day.

Many a literary magic spawned there,  
In the indefatigable mind of Shakespeare,  
He wrote famous plays like King Lear,  
Macbeth, Othello, yes, Hamlet, to most, very dear.

India, what a beautiful land!  
Filled with spices and lots of sand,  
India, what a lovely place!  
Where everyone turns his curious face.

Mother Teresa, a jewel in human kind,  
Pure love on move, to all, she was kind,  
Sufferings all round, stirred her noble mind,  
Missionaries of Charity, for them, she nobly found.

Grand old ancestors of all, they swept the world,  
Dinosaurs, big and small, like mythical flood,  
Everywhere they were, made all others fade,  
They rose to treetops or simply hid 'neath grass blade.

Computers, a true blessing to man,  
Of what everyone fast becomes a fan,  
Space bar, Enter, mouse and disks,  
Computer a pal, everyone likes.

Bright and early, the Sun rises high,  
And goes up and up in the sky,  
He stirs life, people rise, trees move, birds fly,  
While lazy people, still in their bed, lie.

Holiday! Oh! My heart swells with joy!

As if I play with a heavenly,  
Holiday! Oh! What relief!  
Though the holiday is for a day and brief.

Science for man is a cosmic gift,  
It gives the man intellectual lift!  
The magic of science is indeed great,  
Even though it bound man to its fate.

Life is a road of bumps and humps,  
Each bump and hump springs unexpected jump,  
Life is beautiful, but full of thorns,  
And thorns force life to unexpected turns.

Flowers, Oh! The replica of heaven is here,  
Replete with colors, fragrance, radiant texture,  
Flowers, Oh! What the bliss of perfection is here,  
Complete with the beauty that seizes in leisure.

Friendship is the beginning of many a relationships,  
That never fails in the turbulence of jerks and slips,  
Friendship is sweet commitment, a true fairyland,  
Where people meet and play with magic wand.

Stars in the sky twinkle at night,  
When the sky is clear and dark for sight,  
They dance in the sky in buoyant fun,  
But run away when comes the royal Sun.

Good conduct, virtue must for all,  
Be he a pauper or a king, or short or tall,  
Good conduct is armour, that leads man aright,  
And endears him alike to God and beast.

The kindest hearts of all is Buddha,  
Who got enlightenment under the peepal tree,  
He preached good conduct to become 'Siddha',  
To shed the wheel of life and become forever free.

Short, stooping, simple man Gandhi was,  
In bare loin cloth and thick wire frame glasses,  
He spent hours on spinning wheel, toiled,

And did what battles for centuries failed.

My house is filled with joy,  
And many and many a toy,  
Sweet memories spring there from each wall,  
And floors are so smooth that I playfully fall.

Books is my true and favourite friend,  
With its astonishing facts enrich mind,  
Comfort to me it do always gives,  
And insights that from wrongs me always saves.

Father is indeed a very loving person,  
And enormous is his love to his son,  
Tell your father and the work is done,  
Ask for food and he will give you a ton.

Tick-tock, tick-tock, on goes the clock,  
Day and night for years without a block,  
Some clocks are big and some are small,  
But all in time's hall look equally tall.

War is a dreadful thing,  
Death and destruction it does bring,  
Be it for land or riches, war is wrong,  
A swell of wastes, war is a devil's song.

Happiness is a great thing,  
All seek it, be he a pauper or a king,  
True happiness, unstained of jealous or hatred,  
Swells while shared with those close and friends.

Blue is the sky on any sunny day,  
And dark with clouds on a cool rainy day,  
Warmth and depth of the glorious Sun,  
Blend the sky with the passion of the moon.

A subtle and tender flame is love,  
None knows when it flares, and how,  
Love makes hearts and souls bond,  
And contentedly dance in joy's pond.

Beauty, you are the cause of this world,  
You dwell on all, on hills, on rain-bearing clouds,  
Beauty, you are of differential kinds,  
And dwell on face, and deep in minds.

Poems! Oh, the light to the world,  
Though oft on face they look absurd,  
Poems blend deep sense with rhyme and rhythm,  
Fun indeed is writing a poem.

Ashoka, the prophet king of peace and welfare,  
Saw his light amidst Kalinga warfare,  
He shed his royal robe, yet ruled his land,  
Not with royal decree, but with love for human kind.

Lion! Oh, What a ferocious beast!  
Yet how splendid and royal is its gait,  
Lion! Oh, What a look of strength,  
Its grace and mane, its royal wealth.

Ambedkar in black spectacles,  
For India made social justice a grand spectacle,  
He, the light of India's Constitution,  
In cause of self-honour roared like a lion.

Friendship, something none ever forget,  
That transcends despise and regret,  
True friendship of years of hard work,  
In souls forever creeps and lurks.

Ramayana, the path of Rama,  
A model human drama,  
Goodness in suffering's wilderness lost,  
Reemerges like gold, pure and bright.

Anger, the thorny enemy of humankind,  
Clouds mind and shatters bond,  
By its hard gusts of wind,  
It uproots sanity, senses go blind.

Sleep! Freshness and sweet dreams,  
Its peace makes soul sing joyful songs,

Sleep! Oh, a wondrous rest and quietude,  
While soul dips deep in still solitude.

Patience is wealth, patience is growth,  
Have patience and the work is done for you,  
With patience you definitely achieve,  
Whatever it is, with infinite joy.

War, the destroyer of all,  
Of peace, poise and progress, it brings fall,  
Peace builds bridges and trust  
And leads there, where all is right.

Blue on a beautiful day,  
With the patches of clouds in play,  
The sky turns cloudy all of sudden  
And gales sweep with fierce rain.

A lovely, lithe and dancing bird,  
Peacock strides in grace and pride  
When clouds gather and rain pours,  
Its feather Lord Krishna's crown adores.

Truth is the essence of existence,  
Truth is the length and breadth of life,  
Truth is divinity, truth is true grace,  
Who parts truth is off-track and unsafe.

Blue, blue, blue everywhere is sea,  
Salty and blue wherever we see,  
Vast and washed with whales and fishes,  
Sea is deep with endless riches.

Birth, the melodious spring of life,  
A spark that lights new world of self,  
Death, the dark chasm of discord,  
Makes to leave the wondrous world.

Trees are everywhere wherever we look,  
Their green splendour is wondrous to look,  
Their long brown branches support life  
And make this world lovely and safe.

Pratheek Praveen Kumar

# Harry Potter

Harry Potter is a dream of child,  
Whether he is strong or mild,  
Harry Potter is his heart and soul,  
Whether the wizard does fair or foul.

Harry Potter is love of all and one,  
It be he a parent or a son,  
For all, Harry Potter is a lot of fun  
And nod heads even the Moon and the Sun.

Harry Potter with his magical wand!  
Lo, children welcome with musical band,  
Millions and millions of people adore and sing  
The masterly creation of J.K Rowling.

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# Father

A pillar of strength in times of need,  
A teacher of life indeed,  
A person that one can surely depend upon,  
A person of learning and fun.

A person who cares and shares,  
However his son fares,  
A person of gold indeed,  
To happiness he does his child lead.

My father is the person, who always teaches me,  
As to what a type of person I must always be,  
A person who supports one in his hour of strife,  
A person who you can depend with your life.

A person who certainly loves you with all his heart,  
The person who helps you all the way to carry the cart,  
Who can it be except your very own father?  
A person who shares your troubles and also about one bothers.

There are people, who in the world turn out to be a blessing,  
However, a person's father is the one, who does not stop caring,  
A person to look up to,  
When one's options are few.

Pratheek Praveen Kumar

# Indian Constitution

The soul of India is its Constitution,  
Its light, path, direction and foundation.

A child of the foresight of Ambedkar,  
A great edifice raised with love and care,  
After truly many great mental wars.

The light of the nation's life-process,  
Its life, strife, subtle shifts under stress,  
Indian Constitution guides India forward,  
To be the leading nation of the world.

The laws and rules that uplift all people  
Sprout from the womb of a good Constitution,  
Welfare of all is its primary concern,  
Who limits by the Constitution, a good citizen,  
Who never ever regrets his faith in the Constitution.

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# My School

A place of study and play,  
A place of something new each day,  
A place of happiness and friends,  
A place, where our character mends.

A place where one learns new things,  
Where our brain acquires wings,  
And soars above the rest,  
Our object there is to be the best.

A place of enjoyment and nurture indeed,  
That, us, to greatness does lead.

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# Ramayana

Ramayana, the noble story of Rama,  
Of the divine love and the all-out war,  
Fought in the name of highest Dharma,  
Fought for the lovers separated very far.

Rama, the prince, exiled from Ayodhya  
With his young wife and devoted brother,  
Willingly gave up his rightful kingship  
To honour the words of father and mother.

Wife was kidnapped, he was in shock,  
This was the sorry state of noble Rama,  
Yet, he fought a war and won her back  
In a truly a wonderful cosmic drama.

A story all need to read, heed and lead  
And ingrain righteous life of that breed.

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# Holiday Spirit

Holidays, the time to be happy and gay,  
And run and jump and swim and play,  
Once the hard work is completely done,  
Now, it's time for enjoyment and fun.

Waiting and tiredness  
Have been scared away,  
The long time of work  
Is finally tugged away.

This is also the great time to learn,  
How else one broadens his horizon?

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# Will And Determination

Will and determination, truly crowning passion,  
Built and pulled down crowns and nations,  
The inward strength, truly unparalleled wealth,  
Hoisted zealots to life's unsurpassed zenith.

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# Birthday Party

Birthday Party is memorable in life,  
Distinguished like cutting the cake with knife,  
With balloons and sweets spread all over the party,  
The only time parents smile while carpet becomes dirty.

Birthday Party is the time to rejoice,  
And play a lot until tired and drop  
On a cot and happily sweating a lot,  
All its parts, we all wait day and night.

Birthday Party, how much joy it gives!  
Sweet memory of what in heart forever lives,  
Friends play without fear and adults do cheer,  
It all is Birthday today and here.

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# Religion

Religion, the path to God  
And everlasting peace,  
In love and kindness found,  
Prayer and devout service  
To fellow humankind,  
Bring religion inner grace.

It be temple, mosque or church,  
God's blessings from there reach,  
For God, all his houses are same,  
And bigotry is only man's shame,  
Who seeks Him with devout soul,  
He blesses with peace and all.

God needs none, no human helping hand,  
He is the only religion of all the human kind.

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# God And The Heavenly World

The person who resides above us always,  
And keeps watch on us, people,  
He does this continuously without break of a day,  
His work will all of us cripple.

The home of God and his beings is above us,  
A grand place it surely must,  
A great place of which we, everyone know,  
Where there is for God not one foe.

Grand beings indeed are God and Heavenly beings,  
Much of course are their sightings,  
The greatest beings to ever exist,  
They rule the whole grand place of Earth with an iron fist.

They keep watch on us lest we do bad things,  
Of them and their glory everyone must sing.

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# Universe

The keeper of all things the universe is,  
Many different things there are in the universe,  
All thoughts of fear and unhappiness are dispersed,  
The universe is certainly beautiful and bliss.

Never-ending and great the universe is,  
No time for every part to be fuzzed,  
The creator is as great as the universe,  
And unhappiness he does disperse,

Indeed, the greatest thing ever built,  
It certainly never does wilt,  
Forever and forever it will remain,  
And this is what will be our domain.

People are in awe of this great thing,  
Happiness and humility it does bring.

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# Leisure Is Harmful

Leisure is certainly harmful,  
It makes a person dull,  
And spoils one's mind beyond repair,  
And badly shall one fair.

Thus one should not indulge in leisure,  
As then devilry will have one's measure,  
And troubles will come unabated,  
Until one is fully sated.

It is bad to have too much of a good thing,  
As bad things will it bring,  
It will be bad for one,  
As long as there is a Sun.

Harm has it always brought,  
To all those who it have sought,  
Leisure is a poison in excess,  
Thus one should enjoy it less.

People who enjoy it a lot have come to harm,  
As then evil does swarm,  
And destroy everything in its path,  
And thus has a blood bath.

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# Pranayama

The practice that makes a person great and strong,  
The thing that makes all people to concentrate,  
The thing in which people are made free from many a wrong,  
And which for changes makes no one to wait.

It indeed is a practice to do each day,  
It changes everything in every way,  
This certainly is the best thing to do,  
When your options to do are very few.

Fresh and healthy one does feel,  
It nourishes strength and control in a veil,  
It indeed makes a person to feel the best he could,  
And make a person strong it certainly would.

People are energized by this each day,  
This is certainly what people crave.

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# Testing Time

A time of great stress,  
Which do students depress,  
Where they should excel,  
Or at least do well.

All over the world people have this,  
Not because it gives bliss,  
But because, it is needed,  
It is by students dreaded.

A time in which students give their all,  
So that they can stand tall,  
As hard work is needed,  
As this will them to greater heights lead.

We all have seen them everywhere,  
And how students fare,  
They work hard during this time,  
So that later they can be fine.

However, easy it certainly is not,  
It is a tough a lot,  
And people will have to try their best,  
To leave behind the rest.

Pratheek Praveen Kumar

# Exam Ination

A time of great stress,  
Which do students depress,  
Where they should excel,  
Or at least do well.

All over the world people have this,  
Not because it gives bliss,  
But because, it is needed,  
It is by students dreaded.

A time in which students give their all,  
So that they can stand tall,  
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And people will have to try their best,  
To leave behind the rest.

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# Javni

A person of intense loyalty,  
Who did everything easily,  
Whose spent her life to serve,  
As to stand up she did not have nerve.

She became the perfect servant,  
And never to her anger gave vent,  
And did her work well,  
Even though she had gone through hell.

She had deep devotion to God,  
Even though her life had been bad,  
And also showed devotion to her masters,  
Even though they used to her sometimes curse.

And thus she lived day after day,  
Without having anything to say,  
And did not even once bemoan her fate,  
Or anyone curse or hate.

She was a very different person,  
She did not bemoan her lot,  
She did not have a son,  
But was content with what she had got.

Pratheek Praveen Kumar

# Walter Mitty

A person imprisoned by his wife,  
Who dreams of a more exciting life,  
Who dreams of becoming an adventurer,  
And going far.

However, he cannot reach his dreams,  
As it seems,  
That his wife controls him,  
And he is quite dim.

He wants to be a pilot,  
And go and fight,  
The Germans in the War,  
And go very far.

He wants to be a great surgeon,  
On whom everyone pours acclaim on,  
He wants to be a great shot,  
Who respects all a lot.

However, his dreams are doomed to be unfulfilled,  
As he is with timidity filled,  
And so he shall lead his life,  
With a dominating wife.

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# Time Is Rhyme

The concept of time,  
Does rhyme,  
With space,  
As we have found always.

Close indeed are time and space,  
As we have learnt in the preceding days,  
Siblings they certainly are,  
Their relationship is not far.

Einstein and Hawking have found great things,  
Have found close links,  
And discoveries are still being done,  
Which physicist claim is great fun.

However, easy things these certainly are not,  
Still wars are being fought,  
Against an unknown enemy to find new things,  
New discoveries happiness to all brings.

However, the great mystery has still not been found,  
However, in its direction are scientists still bound,  
And hard and long they look,  
In every corner and nook.

Pratheek Praveen Kumar

# The People's Republic Of China

A country of mystery and secrecy,  
In which nothing is free,  
Where Mao won and ruled,  
And from where Chiang Kai-shek fled.

A country of tea and spice,  
Where everything is nice,  
Where more than a billion people live and die,  
Where peasants plough fields and sigh.

A pleasant place for all to see,  
It is quite a good place to be,  
People are very polite,  
They do not much fight.

A country that has grown in strength,  
As if it was just meant,  
Challenging the USA in many ways,  
People say it will overtake it in some days.

A country to be respected,  
As it has been many times said,  
A country that will grow more,  
According to many a lore.

Pratheek Praveen Kumar

# My Summer Vacation

A time of fun and joy,  
In which I did enjoy,  
Learning and games both came,  
I treated them the same.

A time of rest and enjoyment,  
In which we do give vent,  
To our happiness after examinations,  
And free up our tensions.

A time needed for students everywhere,  
After the heavy wear and tear,  
Of examinations that test their ability,  
They are finally free.

A time to pursue hobbies and interests,  
To do things in others behests,  
It is a time that all crave for,  
And of what students want more.

It is a time to visit family,  
Who for long they have not seen,  
However, it ends too early,  
And then students have to go and study.

It certainly is a boon to students,  
To be given rest after the examinations,  
It indeed is time for refreshments,  
Time for a lot of happiness and fun.

Indeed student like this time,  
In which study is not given a dime,  
It certainly is filled with lots of festivity,  
In which children can develop their creativity.

Summer Vacations is of course very important,  
For the children it is indeed and always God-sent.

Pratheek Praveen Kumar

# My Ambition

All people want to be something,  
Of which later people will praise and sing,  
However few make it,  
And the rest in the wayside sit.

As tough indeed is the way,  
That is what all say,  
And people have to walk through fire,  
And avoid their pyre.

My ambition is to be the best,  
And leave behind all the rest,  
And walk through fire and stone,  
All alone.

It is a very difficult road,  
As many instances have showed,  
To become the best there ever was,  
Is not going to happen very fast.

Not easy is that wish fulfilled,  
As it is difficult to build,  
Castles in the air,  
When evil things are everywhere.

Pratheek Praveen Kumar

# Family

The unit of life is family,  
Without it we can't life see,  
We all need one,  
Otherwise life does not have fun.

The cocoon, which protects us,  
With a large amount of fuss,  
Help it shall always give,  
With them we live.

All people need a family,  
With them we are free,  
And are able to live happily,  
That we can all see.

They support us in time of need,  
They us always heed,  
And help us at all times,  
And put up with our whines.

They give us support always,  
Which, sweetens our days,  
And helps us to grow,  
Thus we as seeds can grow.

Pratheek Praveen Kumar

# My Wish

All people have a wish,  
As umpteen as there are fish,  
Sacred to them it is,  
The accomplishment of which will give them bliss.

My wish is to be the best,  
And far behind leave the rest,  
To work hard and succeed,  
To the world, lead.

Not easy is that wish fulfilled,  
As it is difficult to build,  
Castles in the air,  
When evil things are everywhere.

To have a wish is ordinary,  
To get it will set one free,  
As the fulfillment is something rare,  
However one does in one's life fare.

One should work hard and long,  
And only then can one break into song,  
By accomplishing things fine,  
In the due course of time.

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# What Is Life All About

What is life all about?

When all our actions come to nought,  
When we leave the world forever,  
And breathe again never.

What is the use, one might say,  
Of journeying life's way,  
If in the end what we do,  
Is remembered by only few.

And even that is for a little time only,  
That we can all around us see,  
People survive only in songs and prose,  
Which are told by grandmas when children doze.

And after some time, when stories bore,  
They are lost in lore,  
And no more is the person remembered,  
Even by the people he mothered and fathered.

And in the end one is completely forgotten,  
No one cares whether one was good or rotten,  
He sinks to the depths of anonymity,  
No one will care or pity.

Pratheek Praveen Kumar

# Arrogance

The destroyer of many minds,  
Which one still finds,  
In many of the legions of broken people,  
Who think the seas of the world for them ripple.

Something that has been on Earth for long,  
Written about in essay and song,  
Examples of such people litter history,  
Disdain of such people do we see.

A disease, a malady not to be removed,  
Which the carcass of many has sewed,  
And which one sees many examples of,  
To laugh at and scoff.

One sees them at all levels,  
Enraptured in their joy and revels,  
Who think that the Sun revolves for them alone,  
And do not care for what they have done.

To see them is to flee,  
For it is better to be,  
Alone than with such people,  
For such association does one cripple.

Pratheek Praveen Kumar

# Kindness

A great virtue is kindness,  
All those who show it are blest,  
Something that all show,  
As they then would have no foe.

All great people show it,  
As they all know it,  
That they grow more and more,  
In story and lore.

It is important to be kind,  
As then greatness shall we find,  
However easy it not is,  
It gives us pure bliss.

Kindness makes us complete,  
It is a great feat,  
To show kindness at all times,  
To not show it is a great crime.

However, sometimes kindness runs off,  
As to maintain it is tough,  
And it is a virtue that all must show,  
This is something that we all know.

Pratheek Praveen Kumar

# Infrastructure

The structure for development,  
That is for business meant,  
And which helps countries to grow,  
As they sow.

Important development indeed is,  
It helps a country to rise,  
However effort needs to be done,  
Otherwise it will ruin all fun.

Many countries have risen through this,  
And have thus attained bliss,  
And thus gone to the top,  
As it is no easy hop.

It needs careful planning,  
Which, is in our country lacking,  
Persistence and dedication is the key,  
However, will we get it is the key.

For it proper leaders do we need,  
And corrupt ones we must weed,  
And thus rise up and up quick,  
As our country is right now sick.

Pratheek Praveen Kumar

# Excellence

The target of everyone everywhere,  
However they fare,  
Something all want always,  
Throughout their days.

Something that all want,  
Something that all can't,  
Something that sets people apart,  
Whether they have a good or bad heart.

The crown of life excellence,  
For which a person bends,  
And toils to achieve,  
The failure of which does him reeve.

All admire excellence,  
It people to ecstasy sends,  
And makes people respect one,  
When one's earthly work is done.

Very rare is this indeed,  
This virtue to greatness does lead,  
And makes one remembered forever,  
He will be forgotten never.

Pratheek Praveen Kumar

# Banquo

A conscientious friend,  
Who to the witches did not bend,  
And kept his mind,  
Which we in Macbeth do not find.

He wisely decided to do nothing,  
Even though it was told that his sons would be kings,  
And thus was opposed to Macbeth,  
Who in his desire was set.

He did his best to dissuade friend,  
But to his objective he could not Macbeth bend,  
And so, he was suspicious of him,  
He was however a little dim.

And so he was by Macbeth killed,  
As he was with suspicion killed,  
He remained loyal to the end,  
And died denouncing his old friend.

A more loyal man Duncan did not have,  
However, he was not able to save,  
Duncan from his death,  
And so he was on revenging Macbeth set.

Pratheek Praveen Kumar

# Sleep

Very important indeed is sleep,  
Without it we shall weep,  
Something that knits up the sleeve of care,  
With it well we shall fare.

Something that we in our duty need,  
As it does us feed,  
And keeps us alert throughout today,  
And we thus work hard in our way.

Something that acts as a relaxant,  
And gives to our weariness vent,  
Something that helps us all day,  
Sleep is important all do say.

A great commodity is sleep,  
As we sleep, so shall we reap,  
Something that we all do each night,  
Otherwise we shall be quite a sight.

It freshens us as nothing else,  
It brings us back to our proper sense,  
And makes us ready for another day,  
To make us strong, there is no other way.

The act, which gives people relaxation on a high scale,  
To satisfy someone fully it certainly does not fail,  
However, if done excess, it will completely destroy people,  
People it will almost certainly forever cripple.

Joyful and without any trouble it certainly is,  
Its strong effect on an individual is complete bliss,  
No person can do away with this blessing in disguise,  
If not done by one, he almost certainly dies.

One of the most essential things needed by mankind,  
If one does it often, he will certainly find,  
That sleep is a commodity that keeps us alive,  
And for that thing we must most certainly strive.

Only a few more things are more completely bliss,  
Than sleep and that we must certainly not miss.

Pratheek Praveen Kumar

# Books

Great friends indeed are books,  
For good people or crooks,  
Great companions at any time,  
They put up when one cries and whines.

Knowledge they give us certainly,  
They make us feel free,  
And allow us to become better,  
Because they our dogmas do shatter.

Enjoyment they us supply,  
They never do lie,  
And allow us to enrich ourselves,  
They thus do us bless.

People have gained through books,  
In everything from brain to looks,  
And have never regretted reading one,  
As this entails a lot of fun.

From olden times have books been read,  
And high standards have they set,  
They have become the medium of spread of knowledge,  
They into us knowledge wedge.

The best friends of man indeed are books,  
It gives a man due to his knowledge looks,  
The greatest people were great book-readers,  
Books are indeed the greatest mind-feeders.

Books are the cause of the survival of a race,  
Of survival and development they are the base,  
Certainly, they will decide the fate of people,  
Either they will live or their life will be supple.

People have read books and have become the best,  
However, not reading is just a great and avoidable waste,  
One must read and read all his short life,  
That will make him happy throughout his short life.

Indeed, great is the practice of reading each day,  
Happy and joyful his life certainly may.

Pratheek Praveen Kumar

# Malcolm

The virtuous true heir to Scotland,  
Who was exiled by Macbeth's hand,  
Who finally regained his throne,  
And ruled well as he had sworn.

When his father was killed,  
He was with sorrow filled,  
And to England he ran,  
As from Scotland he was banned.

He then planned his return well,  
As he knew he would go through hell,  
To get revenge for his father's murder,  
This had caused Scotland a lot of bother.

He was known to be good,  
One always knew where he stood,  
And was honest throughout,  
He put Macbeth to rout.

A great king he became,  
After Macbeth he tamed,  
Considerate and great,  
He was a king-saint.

Pratheek Praveen Kumar

# Goebbels

A cripple of great character,  
Who went truly far,  
And was able to make a mark,  
And who did things that were very dark.

He followed Hitler loyally,  
He treated Hitler royally,  
And then did things for him, at whim,  
He was thus seen to be rather dim.

The Propaganda minister he became,  
And gained a lot of fame,  
He stayed loyal to the end,  
He was Hitler's best friend.

A person to be remembered truly,  
Because he lived frugally,  
And lived and breathed Hitler,  
And thus was able to go far.

A controversial character for ages,  
He certainly was not among sages,  
He committed suicide after Hitler too did so,  
As this for him was the biggest blow.

Pratheek Praveen Kumar

# Police

The keepers of law and order,  
Who no one does bother,  
Bravely, they patrol the streets,  
Wearily they complete their beats.

They track down robbers,  
And try to protect others,  
They are protectors of people,  
Though, they are sometimes feeble.

They help people in need,  
They are brave indeed,  
Un-thanked they slog hard and long,  
Their lives need a bit of a song.

Working hard to keep people safe,  
Rarely do they go to a café,  
They get less money than they deserve,  
They surely have got iron nerves.

They protect and serve people well,  
Never do they themselves sell,  
More people must be like this,  
Supremely strong and stiff.

Pratheek Praveen Kumar

# Macduff

A synonym of loyalty to his king,  
Who Macbeth to his death did bring,  
Suspicious he was when Duncan was killed,  
With a sense of outrage was he filled.

So distrust to Macbeth did he show,  
However, the consequences he little did know,  
And to Malcolm in England did he go,  
To him his loyalty did he show.

The rage of Macbeth did he provoke,  
So Macbeth did the strength of sword invoke,  
And killed MacDuff's family full,  
And made MacDuff his decision mull.

And so MacDuff decided to kill Macbeth,  
In this he was firmly set,  
And so in a battle did he Macbeth fight,  
And never was there a grander sight.

Macbeth fought long and hard,  
In this play by the great bard,  
And finally MacDuff was able to win,  
And righten Macbeth's sin.

Pratheek Praveen Kumar

# Mangalore

A city of sweat and Sun,  
That allows one to have fun,  
A place to go for holidays,  
In which one can enjoy different ways.

A place of great temples to see,  
It is indeed the place to be,  
A magnificent place it is,  
Where one gets a sense of bliss.

A place where one feels at home,  
Where one is not at all alone,  
A place where one feels at ease,  
Which us surely frees.

A salty place of great renown,  
Where the seeds of great people were sown,  
A beautiful place to be in,  
A great experience it indeed has been.

A place that I would like to go again,  
Which, has got a lot of fame,  
A place that holds lots of memories,  
A place that us frees,

Pratheek Praveen Kumar

# Mahatma Gandhi

A great person of peace,  
Who to all wars called a cease,  
And who prevented bloodshed,  
And who India to freedom led.

A lawyer who was in Africa,  
And who racial discrimination saw,  
He solved the problem there,  
And then, he, Indian problems laid bare.

He fought using non-violence,  
In senseless people he put sense,  
He led India to greatness,  
And he India thus did bless.

He pushed the British out of our land,  
To the ordinary people he lent a hand,  
A greater person never did walk this earth,  
To a greater person never did India give birth.

A great solver of problems he was,  
He was never at a loss,  
To give an answer to problematic questions,  
He was the only one to say no to guns.

Pratheek Praveen Kumar

# Leadership

A quality that one does look up to,  
A quality that is with but a few,  
A quality that most of us want,  
But the lack of which haunts.

It is something one must have,  
For the world to save,  
But only the strong have it,  
Because with it, comfortable only they sit.

A virtue that every country needs,  
Because this a country feeds,  
Something that signifies confidence,  
Some thing that one follows hence.

A quality that is found in few,  
Something one will have to cut and hew,  
As it is a precious gift,  
That does a person truly lift.

Blest are those, which have virtue,  
And who this gift nurture,  
But high shall they rise,  
And their life will be very nice.

Pratheek Praveen Kumar

# Macbeth, A Tragic Hero

A person of boundless ambition,  
From whom we should learn,  
A person who was waylaid by witches,  
For which he had to pay the consequences.

To kill Duncan was his dream,  
However, unlikely did it seem,  
That he would do this deed,  
Until his wife put in him, this seed.

So he killed King Duncan,  
When his attendants were drunken,  
However, he no longer had any peace of mind,  
As everywhere enemies he could find.

He searched the witches out for their prophecies,  
Which were again filled with many lies,  
However, he again believed them fully,  
Too late did he the truth see.

In the end he was killed by Duncan's son,  
And Macbeth's life was finished and done,  
However, from his life we can learn a lot,  
That Kingship cannot be simply bought.

Pratheek Praveen Kumar

# Mahabharatha

A story of the fight between a set of two brothers,  
Who were born to different fathers,  
A fight it was between evil and good,  
Which was won by the good, as it should.

Yudhisthira was supposed to become ruler,  
However, this in Duryodhana caused a furor,  
So he tried to drive Yudhisthira off his own place,  
That was seen by others to be very base.

He did so by playing a game of dice,  
Which was not seen to be very nice,  
Yudhisthira kept on losing-from money to rice,  
Until he lost his own wife.

So the Pandavas were banished,  
So while, they in villages languished,  
Duryodhana lived a life of happiness,  
Which he thought was much blest.

However, then the Pandavas came back,  
Their moods were correspondingly black,  
And they then fought a great war,  
Which did Duryodhana's life utterly mar.

Pratheek Praveen Kumar

# Driving

A great skill to be learnt fast,  
A skill that has troubled people in times past,  
A skill needed in today's world,  
A skill only for the very bold.

Driving certainly does not come easy,  
While learning it one feels queasy,  
A skill to be learnt with hard work,  
As failure does near lurk.

A skill that can be learnt very quickly,  
A skill that we everywhere see,  
A skill that every person should know,  
So much that it must from one's body flow.

A great skill indeed is driving,  
Great pleasure does it unfailingly bring,  
As then one can go anywhere on land,  
Whether on mountains or on sand.

A skill that is now surely needed,  
For anyone who is not gone or dead,  
A sense of freedom does it give,  
It must be learnt by anyone who wants to live.

Pratheek Praveen Kumar

# King Duncan

A patriarchal figure of Scotland,  
Who Macbeth was to send,  
To his death, so that he may become ruler,  
Which attracted a great deal of furor.

In Macbeth did Duncan place trust,  
However, this all was to turn to dust,  
As ambition came over Macbeth like a flood,  
And this resulted in the shedding of Duncan's blood.

Macbeth's cousin was Duncan,  
However Macbeth did leave his guards drunken,  
And crept to his chamber and dealt the blow,  
Which would seeds of his own destruction sow.

A worthy king was Duncan indeed,  
His country to great heights did he lead,  
He destroyed his enemies one by one,  
And then left it all to Malcolm, his son.

He trusted Macbeth to the hilt,  
And with his help was his empire built,  
However, in the end by Macbeth was he killed,  
As Macbeth was with ambition filled.

Pratheek Praveen Kumar

# The Joy Of Achievement

Very sweet indeed is the joy of achievement,  
A joy that is truly God-sent,  
Something that causes us to be happy for long,  
And causes us to break out in song.

The joy of a job well done,  
Is the best of joys under the Sun,  
Anyone would rather have it indeed,  
To eternal happiness does it lead.

Rare indeed is this particular joy,  
We cannot it lend or buy,  
Something that comes after hard work,  
For a hard worker everywhere it does lurk.

The fruit of tiresome years,  
That comes amidst apprehensions and fears,  
It is sweeter than any known fruit,  
A hard worker it does properly suit.

A joy sweet it indeed is,  
It causes one to have a feeling of bliss,  
Something that is rarer than gold,  
That gives joy untold.

Pratheek Praveen Kumar

# Mother

A person who cares for you,  
Whether you are bad or true,  
A person to be valued a lot,  
For she cannot be simply bought.

Truly great is one's mother,  
She saves one a lot of bother,  
By doing things before one asks,  
This, a person's mother truly marks.

A person who knows one more than all,  
Who is always at your beck and call,  
Who will do anything for you,  
In this world, like this, there are but a few.

The only friend of a person in his long, lonely life,  
The only person who supports you during hours of strife,  
When everyone else to help you does not bother,  
Who is it who helps you except your dear own mother?

The only light for a person in a street, which is dark,  
The person who in every life leaves a certain mark,  
The person to whom your life is certainly in debt,  
Mother is the only person who with you has wept.

The only one who loves you more than her own dear life,  
The one who in the world of hate to you does not have a knife,  
A person indeed to respect and love,  
In a dangerous world she is a safe cove.

Pratheek Praveen Kumar

# Three Witches Of Macbeth

Three people of undying fame,  
Who all looked ugly and the same,  
Who destroyed Macbeth's life,  
With a disastrous combination of evil lies.

To destroy Macbeth's life they wanted,  
So with prophecies they his mind haunted,  
With promises of kingship they him lured,  
It was some time before he realized he had been fooled.

Macbeth's life went from bad to worse,  
The witches he began to curse,  
However again to them he went,  
Prophecies of invincibility to him they sent.

Macbeth believed what he wanted to believe,  
No longer did he whimper and grieve,  
He decided to be ruthless and bloody,  
It was not long before he was once again sorry.

Near his death he discovered the witches' cunning,  
Their words had hid a deeper meaning,  
Near death, he cursed them again,  
However, it was all in vain.

Pratheek Praveen Kumar

# Lady Macbeth

A person with ambition,  
Whose life was full of tension,  
And who changed her husband's mind,  
With words that were not kind.

To end Duncan's life was her aim,  
To this end did she her husband tame,  
She made him kill their king,  
So that the bells of kingship would in their home ring.

She said that she had no conscience,  
That she was full of common sense,  
That she had no feeling of regret,  
That she would not allow kindness to near her get.

However, her mind did not leave her free,  
Sadness and despair did she everywhere see,  
And in the end she died with despair,  
Alone and friendless in her dreary lair.

Desire for her husband's coronation she had,  
Her life and death were very sad,  
She was blinded by desire for the throne,  
And thus died sad and forlorn.

Pratheek Praveen Kumar

# Shakespeare

A man who wrote great plays,  
In new and magnificent ways,  
A greater playwright has not walked the earth,  
His literary talents are worth a lot.

At Stratford-on-Avon was he born,  
His early life was pretty much forlorn,  
Then he went to London and wrote plays,  
He became famous in a very few days.

He wrote with a style hard to reach,  
Even now people, his language teach,  
The greatest playwright ever was he,  
A greater playwright one has never seen.

Hamlet, Macbeth are but a few of his works,  
Fluidity and style in his words lurks,  
A famous person did he become,  
So much, that the Queen to see him did come.

Even now he is remembered,  
His literature is everywhere heard,  
He is respected by all everywhere,  
Students now read his plays with care.

The greatest writer who walked on the face of Earth,  
His works in every man's bookshelf will find a berth,  
Thousands of people have adored his great works,  
His name in every writer's mind certainly and always lurks.

No other person ever had the mind of this great writer,  
From no mind will his name even temporarily wither,  
He will always be treated and remembered with great honour,  
And will be exalted for his skill as a great worker.

People always associate him with the very best,  
He has certainly proved himself when in the test,  
He will always be something like a great legend,  
And will be thought as one of the greatest God sent.

The greatest plays were written by this great man,  
And every person on Earth will always be his fan.

Pratheek Praveen Kumar

# Examination

A time for self-evaluation,  
When there is a lot of tension,  
A time to show one's knowledge,  
Where sometimes students go over the edge.

A time which students generally fear,  
And are put under pressure by their near and dear,  
The best students welcome this period,  
If they have well read.

Examination is a very important time indeed,  
To great deeds does it unfailingly lead,  
If one does well in it,  
With happiness and confidence can they sit.

A time to mark for all,  
Whether they are short or tall,  
As they determine one's life,  
Examinations are certainly rife.

Students for examinations extensively read,  
Good concentration do they need,  
As this time is very important,  
To do well in it is it meant.

Pratheek Praveen Kumar

# Love And Marriage

Love and marriage are very important things,  
Great happiness do they unfailingly bring,  
Both are important things for all always,  
The way of nature, do all unconditionally say.

A life filled with joy do they enfold,  
The joy of a person do they hold,  
A blissful life do they mould,  
Umpteen such examples can thus be told.

A joy that all must have,  
A lot of pain can they save,  
Things fall in their places,  
One starts holding the aces.

Something that God has created,  
To save people from the sad future otherwise fated,  
A thing that every one is happy with,  
Whether they are poor or filthy rich.

Some thing that fills one with joy,  
Whether a girl or a boy,  
A happy life it entails,  
To bring happiness it never fails.

Love and Marriage are very important things,  
Great joy and happiness do they bring,  
A person is certainly under a spell if he is in both,  
A forgiving attitude it certainly brings forth.

Love indeed is a great and joyful value,  
Time goes so fast that cannot tell you,  
Certainly joyful will one certainly be,  
The pleasures one certainly cannot see.

In a marriage, two people are united,  
Without hastiness and fuss they are wed,  
And happy they will be in their company,  
Happy as heaven will they certainly be.

These values are some of the best that are known,  
In both these things, seeds of happiness are sown.

Pratheek Praveen Kumar

# Friendship

A person who sticks with you through thick and thin,  
A person who sticks with you if do or if you do not win,  
A person who cares for you at all times,  
Whether you do the greatest things or the most wrong crimes.

A person who will do anything for one,  
When you ask him to do something, it is done,  
A person who is always by you,  
Such people in the world are few.

A person who shares with you everything,  
Who from you will never ever cringe,  
Whether you are old or ill,  
With happiness does he always you fill.

A dear person indeed is a friend,  
Who to you his help he will always lend.

Pratheek Praveen Kumar



PoemHunter.com

# Honesty

A virtue of great value,  
Which is found in few,  
A rare virtue indeed,  
That the world does need.

A magnificent thing is honesty,  
However rarely do we it see,  
Only great people show it always,  
Whether they have good or bad days.

Honesty does to greatness lead,  
Such a person all do heed,  
All people unconditionally admire him,  
Whether they are fat or thin.

An honest person is someone great,  
No one does him hate,  
He shall attain great heights,  
No one will have him in his or her sights.

The king of virtues is honesty,  
It is the representation of what one should be,  
Whether the time are good or bad,  
One should never be a dishonest cad.

The greatest virtue of all indeed is Honesty,  
Forever increases the person in his modesty,  
The greatest gift of a person Honesty indeed is,  
It always gives a person whatever that is his.

Blessed indeed is person who has this virtue,  
Greatness is the character that he does nurture,  
He indeed has got an extremely great future,  
He always would have got a great desire to nurture.

By this virtue, the future of people will always be determined,  
And the part it played in many lives will always be underlined.



# My House

A place that gives comfort,  
When one is tired or hurt,  
A place where one can always turn to,  
When other places of refuge are few.

A place that always welcomes you,  
Such places are very few,  
A place where one is always comfortable,  
Even when it consists of only a chair and table.

A place, which I like unconditionally,  
Which has every thing that I need,  
A place of comfort and rest,  
I feel for it like a bird feels for its nest.

A place that means more than bricks and concrete,  
It is always there when it you need,  
When one returns from long, strenuous journeys,  
Here one can rest their weary knees.

A beautiful place it is indeed,  
For people in need,  
For a place to lie their head,  
For here they can find a bed.

Pratheek Praveen Kumar

# Adolf Hitler

A person of great charisma,  
Who in this world went far,  
In his evil, but chosen path,  
He did not have a good heart.

The dominance of Germany was his dream,  
This did the world threaten to un-seam,  
Thus a great war was fought,  
Which unhappiness to the world brought.

A great orator was he,  
He wanted the Germans to be free,  
From the bonds of the First World War,  
To do so he was prepared to go far.

And so he annexed many a country,  
Most of which had been free,  
But then he went a little bit too far,  
And thus brought about the Great War.

He fought very fiercely till the end,  
The might of several countries did he bend,  
But in the end his tyranny came to a suicidal finish,  
And thus the world did this twisted genius banish.

Pratheek Praveen Kumar

# Poetry

Something that gives a vent to one's feelings,  
Something that one joyfully sings,  
Something that causes one's heart to leap,  
It shows one's feelings down deep.

It is something that all like to write,  
It enables people to see the light,  
It is something that is very sublime,  
To compose it takes some time.

Here, one sees a twist in the lines,  
To write this well everyone pines,  
Poetry revives one's soul,  
And makes it fine and whole.

A beautiful thing is poetry,  
It makes one's mind go free,  
It enraptures the soul and mind,  
And to its lines makes it bind.

It is an outpouring of emotion,  
That in the lines its course does run,  
And reveals all without stop,  
Whether one is grieving or on top.

The best way to express our expressions,  
To express as much as we can,  
Certainly we can express our feelings in tons,  
The best way of spending time for a man.

It gives the mind a satisfaction that nothing else can,  
Really it gives an extremely joyful feeling,  
What else can be expected by almost any man?  
Any man will resort to utmost singing.

The eternal mind is restful always,  
That is what a person who writes poems says,  
He indeed is destined for great happiness,  
Without almost any wariness.

Indeed, the only way to pass the time,  
Its effectiveness is always undermined.

Pratheek Praveen Kumar

# Science

A subject that arouses the interest,  
Of the very best,  
A subject of unparalleled mystery,  
And unmatched history.

A subject of supreme subtlety,  
That lets the mind wander free,  
A subject that the great adore,  
And none does it bore.

A subject that solves mysteries,  
The mind does it tease,  
It is truly a great subject,  
Cursed are people who it neglect.

A subject that sharpens the mind,  
To it do great people's minds bind,  
A subject upon which the future does depend,  
It can the damaged world, mend.

A great subject indeed is science,  
Studying it will give no grievance,  
A great, useful subject indeed,  
Which to betterment does lead.

The future of the world will be held by this great subject,  
Change it will in every way every minute object,  
The subject of the greatest of the people of this world,  
The life of many, many people it does mould

Einstein and Newton are just products of this great subject,  
Cursed indeed are people who give it even a little neglect,  
People who work on this great subject are indeed great,  
Truly and forever great indeed will be their fate.

People have died while working on this subject, Science,  
They have died without almost any great grievance,  
Scientists have a thirst for discovering new things,  
This certainly greatness always and faithfully brings.

Great indeed are the scientists, who work for the upheaval of science,  
They will always have a sense of free, spirited and unstopped buoyance.

Pratheek Praveen Kumar

# Beauty

Something that is liked by all,  
Whether they are small or tall,  
Something all unfailingly adore,  
Something of which, one does not bore.

Something apart is beauty,  
It lacks everything faulty,  
A thing of beauty is a joy forever,  
It shall displease anyone, never.

Beauty is truth, truth beauty,  
It causes people to a jaunty,  
Something that all admires,  
However it is found in the deepest lairs.

Beauty is a very rare thing indeed,  
To happiness it does unfailingly lead,  
Beauty is what the world does need,  
Beauty is what the world does heed.

Something that we rarely see,  
Something that we would like to be,  
Something truly out-standing,  
Happiness does it unfailingly bring.

Beauty is certainly an extremely essential necessity,  
Which is present in this world in real scarcity,  
Certainly needed a lot in social life in this world,  
This great thing cannot even be bought or sold.

Opposite ends mostly meet in this great thing,  
The bad have this good almost every time,  
To the bad this great thing almost always does sing,  
In this world, this is the most heinous crime.

It certainly is the thing most people would ask for,  
Many people will ask for more and more,  
However, people are misled by this great character,  
It certainly makes a person a good actor.

This great character must never mislead all people  
It certainly must not the judgement of a person cripple.

Pratheek Praveen Kumar

# India

A country of tigers and spices,  
With very few vices,  
A great country surely,  
That people say is great, freely.

Great people have walked in this great land,  
This was surely made by God's hand,  
A great place with great traditions,  
There is no equal to India among other nations.

A place where nature has thrived,  
And animals have happily lived,  
A place of grandeur and purity,  
No place can match India's beauty.

A country of mystery and happiness,  
God has this land surely blest,  
A country that has preserved its values,  
A country that often makes great news.

A place that is a pleasure to stay in,  
The place that houses my kith and kin,  
A place to be proud about,  
A place that I care about a lot.

The country of forests and spices,  
The country where many great people thrived,  
The only country without any vices,  
The only country whose traditions have not died.

The country of many a great monument,  
The country of many men, who are god-sent,  
The country of Gandhiji, Guru Nanak and Buddha,  
The country whose law is completely 'shuddha'.

India, the land of spice and silk,  
Of cattle and battle and rice and milk,  
Where jewels like Buddha won hearts of people,  
Where enlightenment dawns 'neath trees like peepal.

India, the land of love and truth,  
And people who shone in spiritual path,  
Where made home sages like Nanak and Gandhi,  
Where live in peace Dravidas, Aryans, Nagas and Sindhi.

India, the home of greats like Ashoka,  
Of bhoga and vairagya that blend in Vedic shloka,  
Inspired great souls to be models world over  
And cleanse human kind with the spiritual fire.

Great people have walked in this great land,  
This great land was certainly made from God's hand.

Pratheek Praveen Kumar

# Buddha

A great person of lore,  
Whose heart tore,  
When he saw suffering,  
So wisdom did he try to bring.

A person who gave up everything,  
So that he could end suffering,  
By finding the secret of life,  
And so he gave up even his son and wife.

To a forest did he go,  
And according to lore,  
He sat under a peepal tree,  
And light did he see.

He went everywhere to bring peace,  
Never once did he his work cease,  
Many varied people did he cure,  
And the rise of Buddhism did he ensure.

He was respected by all,  
Many people did answer his call,  
To join him to spread wisdom,  
For this life he had given up a kingdom.

Pratheek Praveen Kumar

# Autumn Evening

A time of pure peace,  
When trees shed their leaves,  
Birds chirp contentedly,  
One feels fully free.

Beauty rejoices here unrestrainedly,  
Happiness does one everywhere see,  
Leaves turn yellow from green,  
Calmness is everywhere seen.

Autumn is a beautiful time,  
Where everything is fine,  
People see the beautiful scenery,  
It is indeed a joyful time for me.

Even animals show their joy,  
All people show it, girl and boy,  
This time is completely calm,  
It cures us better than any balm.

A time characterized by cool winds,  
A soothing thing for all minds,  
A peaceful time is an autumn evening,  
It makes one want to happily sing.

Pratheek Praveen Kumar

# Fall, Leaves, Fall

Fall, umpteen leaves fall,  
From trees tall,  
Autumn has set in,  
And the trees are growing thin.

The trees have grown weak,  
Sustenance do they seek,  
To compensate they dropp leaves,  
Which fall down like water from sieves.

A beautiful sight it indeed is,  
It makes everything very happy,  
It falls down on people below,  
Who are walking fast or slow.

A long journey from the top of a tree,  
After from the tree it is free,  
It shifts silently from one side to another,  
It resembles the flight of a feather.

It covers the ground below,  
The wind does it blow,  
Leaves are falling down,  
On the well-kept lawn.

Pratheek Praveen Kumar

# Spring

Nothing is as beautiful as spring,  
It makes one want to sing,  
It is a time of birds and flowers,  
Its hallmark is the abundance of colours.

A beautiful time is spring,  
Happiness it does bring,  
Spring is a time for joy and fun,  
Where we can things learn.

Colourful flowers bloom,  
Happiness does everywhere loom,  
After the cold sting of ice,  
The warmth of spring is nice.

A time of warmth and joy it is,  
Where everything is truly bliss,  
A season when nature rejoices,  
And the air does not have crises.

Pratheek Praveen Kumar

# A Beautiful Night

Cool and black is night,  
With nothing to cause a fright,  
Where everything silently sleeps,  
And nothing dangerous creeps.

A light wind silently blows,  
When the whole world does doze,  
Peace reigns in the air,  
Violence does despair.

A beautiful night it indeed is,  
Everything is very calm, and it's bliss,  
The whole world is at rest,  
This is the world at its best.

The night is a very pleasant place,  
This everywhere is the case.

Pratheek Praveen Kumar



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# Sunrise

Heralding the start of a beautiful new day,  
Over huge mountains and over many a beautiful bay,  
A fresh start to our exceptionally weary life,  
After which we go back to our wars and strife.

A pleasant sight for young and old,  
That makes us joyous and bold,  
Seeing which our hearts do fill,  
And explode with unseemly thrill.

A heart-rousing sight after the night,  
Which fills us with fears and fright,  
However sunrise does all this dispel,  
And then all goes good and well.

The most beautiful part of the morning,  
When everyone gets up happily yawning,  
They see a sight fit for the greatest of Kings,  
And are transported as if they have wings.

Glorious gold mixed with bright red,  
Makes us with happiness tread,  
And makes our hearts light and gay,  
And ready for another weary day,

With happiness people see the Sun rise,  
With the colour of an egg as it fries,  
And happy we are and glad its morning,  
And got up from one's happy snoring.

Indeed, sunrise in an extremely great thing,  
Which happiness to our weary hearts bring,  
A beautiful thing indeed is a sunrise,  
That awe of nature in us does rise.

Pratheek Praveen Kumar

# It Is A Beauteous Evening

A beauteous evening it is,  
Everything is calm and bliss,  
A red, majestic Sun sets,  
In the golden-yellow west.

Birds fly freely here and there,  
Finding their way to their lair,  
And the trees wave to and fro,  
That it is nightfall they know.

A beautiful time indeed is the twilight,  
It is quite a magnificent sight,  
To see the earth peaceful yet again,  
When nature for rest has lain.

A time of beauty and peace,  
When the Sun again the Earth leaves.

Pratheek Praveen Kumar



PoemHunter.com

# Truth Will Always Prevail

Truth will always prevail,  
It will never ever fail,  
Through good and bad,  
It will always stand.

Proved in the epic Ramayana,  
And in magnificent Mahabharata,  
Cursed are those who fought against truth,  
For those good, truth algate bore fruit.

A power that is never surpassed ever,  
Truth, that anybody let down never,  
This is the power that forever lasts,  
Truth serves those who serves it most.

The dispenser of truth rules the world,  
Even in a world where Satan has hold.

Pratheek Praveen Kumar



PoemHunter.com

# Election

A time where people assert their importance,  
Where they must show their sense,  
And reflect the work of their government,  
And the new or old leaders to power send.

A time of importance for a country,  
Which, is strong and free,  
A symbol of the importance of people,  
From the richest to a cripple.

Something that every free country does,  
Without which it is under a curse,  
The leaders beg for votes,  
And commit actions that may land them in courts.

It is a time for actions for all,  
They should answer their country's call,  
And vote for the leader who they feel is the best,  
And try to bring down the rest.

Illegal activities happen often,  
They are ever-present as the Sun,  
However the spirit is what is important,  
As freedom is something God-sent.

The much awaited people's grand selection,  
What else can it possibly be but election?  
The people who ruled uncertainly do sigh,  
And not to lose election, their best they try.

In election truly in charge are people,  
Their choice does many elevate or cripple,  
The people chosen are the lucky few,  
Their years ahead will be exciting and new.

Rulers are changed or again elected,  
Those who serve all and really good,  
Always come up and march ahead,  
Rise in rank and stand in good stead.

Who for people are truly bad and uncaring,  
Lose all claims for a lawmaker's bearing.

Pratheek Praveen Kumar

# Beauty Is Truth

Beauty is truth, beauty is life,  
Beauty makes a girl quickly a loved wife,  
Though beauty causes oft being loved easily,  
Beauty is not all as everyone can see,  
For Beauty is skin-deep like grapes sans juice,  
Or huge headlines without core news.

Yet, beauty is truth in the truest of true call  
While beauty goes deep and enwraps the whole,  
It gives its owner the greatest of the pleasure,  
So great that the joy goes beyond any measure  
In being in the reach of the ultimate cosmic role  
Of that peace and harmony that constitute all.

Beauty is that end, it is the cosmic soul,  
That created this world and enlivens one and all.

Pratheek Praveen Kumar



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# Peace

Peace is what mankind must master  
To save the future from recurring disasters,  
Wise among men light peace in their hearts,  
While villainous ones fall far short from it,  
Human race survived on the grace of peace,  
And again and again gave itself new lease.

Without peace in heart, million deaths come,  
All the seven billions sigh in discord's harm  
And say, "O God, let soon the strife be over,  
And let peace and harmony hover everywhere",  
Till the prayers go unheard and unmet,  
Man moves on the brink of death's lust.

Let peace rule all over the Earth,  
For, survival itself is its true worth.

Pratheek Praveen Kumar



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# Truth Is Wealth

Truth is power, truth is true wealth,  
Truth is unequalled ultimate strength,  
Truth makes soul its own king  
And makes the angels in heaven sing,  
Truth is joy, truth is sunshine,  
Truth is heart's pristine sheen.

Truth is true friend if we side with it,  
And the deadliest foe while stand against it,  
Truth strikes terror in law-breakers' heart  
And shakes those hearts that go short of it,  
For truth is all, truth is tall,  
No noble soul ever refrains from its call.

Truth is might, truth is true light,  
Truth is the path always is right.

Pratheek Praveen Kumar



PoemHunter.com

# Night

Cool and black is night,  
With nothing to cause a fright,  
Where everything silently sleeps,  
And nothing dangerous creeps.

A light wind silently blows,  
When the whole world does doze,  
Peace reigns in the air,  
Violence does despair.

A beautiful night it indeed is,  
Everything is very calm, and it's bliss,  
The whole world is at rest,  
This is the world at its best.

The night is a very pleasant place,  
This everywhere is the case,  
A time of rest it signifies,  
In everybody's eyes.

A time in which all is calm,  
It attends to us like a balm,  
A time that I look forward to,  
As certainly all do.

Pratheek Praveen Kumar

# Death

The ender of lives,  
Whether husbands or wives,  
He treats kings and beggars alike,  
The gathering of souls he does like.

Everyone in his face is equal,  
Death is but life's sequel,  
Death is the next big journey,  
That is something that we all should see.

He strikes without warning,  
At night or morning,  
Indiscriminately he carries people off,  
Either by smooth ways or rough.

Whatever a person is, death shall come,  
However gracefully go only some,  
He does this every day,  
Without caring for what other people say.

Feared by all is death,  
In his job he is set,  
He triumphs always,  
And has done so for many days.

Pratheek Praveen Kumar

# The Birth Of The Universe

The birth of the universe, how and why, we know naught,  
All indeed began, some say, as a shapeless invisible dot  
Of density for tiny humans like us do unimaginably lot,  
And made of what and how any anywhere knows not,  
Studies in physics, biology, cosmology and chemistry,  
Took up to Planck's barrier and there remained a mystery.

From a timeless naught that is indefinitely vast  
Sprouted all outward in a universal blast  
And carried the cradle of energy and matter  
In the heart of the heat that flared everywhere  
And sprang up the universe out of the naught,  
Its atoms, suns, life, consciousness and light.

The birth of the universe signals the start  
Of the drama of which we all are part.

Pratheek Praveen Kumar



PoemHunter.com

# Devastation Of War

War, the greatest enemy of humankind,  
And its lieutenant the dark death do find,  
Hostilities and factions feast in killing  
And millions hapless wounded and dying,  
Alas, death and grief attack mostly those,  
Who are poor and weak to withstand force.

Innumerable wars devastated the world  
With guns, bombs, bows, spears and swords,  
World wars did see innocent millions dead,  
And millions wounded and wantonly bled,  
Why human race suffer all this loss?  
Why nations against each other cross?

A pledge to end war we all must take,  
And to peace do need all people awake.

Pratheek Praveen Kumar



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# Truth

Truth is the greatest virtue on the Earth,  
In any place it will gladly find a good berth,  
Only the greatest had this virtue in them,  
From their humility this certainly did stem.

The virtue that everyone wants and needs,  
This is not distinguished by castes or creeds,  
No one has got this great virtue these days,  
Everyone is always crooked in his or her ways.

Only a few lucky people have some friends,  
Who do not cheat someone in road's bends,  
People are truly lucky if they have these friends,  
Who do not cheat someone behind his or her backs.

Only the best have this virtue of the greatest of Kings,  
And their good names, always will everyone sing.

Pratheek Praveen Kumar



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# All Are Equal

All are equal deep down the core,  
He be a baker or broker or a beggar,  
A king, a farmer, a soldier or cleaner,  
All are equal deep down the core.

Blessed is one who well-treats every one,  
Cursed is one who ill-treats some one,  
Who scorns the other will suffer in vice,  
While treats as himself, he rejoices in peace.

All are equal, all brethrens in essence,  
Poor or rich makes no difference,  
Nor wise or stupid, nor cruel or kind,  
For, man is man, while comes to the world.

Pratheek Praveen Kumar



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# War And Peace

The curse of Humanity indeed is War,  
From Humanity it must be thrown very far,  
Despicable thing it most certainly is,  
It surely is a thing that we will not miss.

Peace is a thing people truly want and need,  
To a place in heaven it will surely lead,  
Peace is the only thing that can heal this world,  
And perfectly make it to God's mould.

A dreadful thing indeed is war,  
The face of humanity it does mar,  
And throws the life of people away like sand,  
Against it we must make a stand.

A time to grow and prosper,  
Without strife and clutter,  
Peace indeed is needed,  
However it is not heeded.

As different from war as black is from blue,  
Peace is the thing that will take us to our place true,  
A peaceful life is surely needed by all,  
We should now surely heed its call.

Pratheek Praveen Kumar

# Nuclear War

Nuclear War, the terror of the world,  
Enough to destroy all life and world,  
While nuclear war breaks, all terribly die,  
Even the creatures that crawl to the birds those fly.

Nuclear war is the agent of death,  
In its cruel seize, no life ever breathe,  
Once it catches, countries do go dead,  
As in world war, Hiroshima almost did.

It brings loss and terror ever never told,  
To stop it, all people need to be bold,  
And love each other, be it win or loss,  
For, nuclear war means humanity's loss.

Pratheek Praveen Kumar



PoemHunter.com

# Poetry Helps Harmony In Life

Harmony in life, a long sought-after thing,  
Having it within will most certainly bring  
Peace and tranquility all along one's life,  
And no longer is life disrupted by strife.

Harmony is brought of all by one thing,  
By the calls and rhythms of a poetic swing  
Of poetry that steadfast to one's soul cling,  
And builds around modesty's noble ring.

Blessed is one to have harmony in life,  
Joyous and peaceful indeed is his life,  
A boon, a light, an accomplishment,  
That poetry brings life is truly God-sent.

Friends everywhere, everyone for all,  
This is where harmony likes to dwell,  
No discords anywhere, no notes shrill,  
This is the world poetry creates for all.

Peace and friendliness as far as one can see!  
What happier a place ever than this can be?  
What but poetry dawns this on this Earth?  
It's that alone, that magic of gold's worth.

Poetry is true sunshine, poetry is divine,  
Poetry builds bridges to heart and brain,  
Once it starts flowing, it goes on and on,  
Breaches strife all around, thus uniting the world torn.

Pratheek Praveen Kumar

# Flowers

A beautiful creation of God,  
That causes us to smile and nod,  
A beautiful thing in varied styles,  
For which God must have used all His wiles.

A thing that enamors all,  
Whether big or small,  
A thing of beauty and taste,  
Not a single flower must die in waste.

A graceful fragile thing is a flower,  
Seeing it evil things do cower.

Pratheek Praveen Kumar



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# Life

A trial of our endurance and strength,  
Our objective is not money or wealth,  
But to live a life as it must be led,  
To live with honor until we are dead.

It is not an easy thing indeed,  
An honorable life to lead,  
But we should try our best,  
And to God leave the rest.

The thing that every living creature enjoys,  
Everything that has at least got a voice,  
Enjoys this great gift that is given to all,  
God's blessing on who has life does fall.

The most precious thing to any creature it is,  
If not had, it most certainly is completely missed,  
Yet however there are certain valuable things,  
Better than the prospect of being an angel in wings.

Indeed, life is certainly an extremely precious thing,  
Let forever about this thing we joyfully sing,  
This is something that everyone enjoys,  
In which every creature laughs and cries.

Pratheek Praveen Kumar

# Cricket

A game famous all over the world,  
Adored by millions untold,  
A game that in England originated,  
But is now in many places played.

Played by eleven players,  
Who are judged by two umpires,  
It is a game of sublime skill,  
That does everyone with joy fill.

A game that has enraptured the world,  
It does the affection of many people hold,  
It is indeed a very famous game,  
That liked by everyone, all the same.

Played by shepherds in afternoons past,  
A lot of time does this game last,  
Many players have become legends,  
And for the popularity of this sport have become agents.

For a hundred years has this game been played,  
And many great players has this game had,  
But still its popularity is growing more,  
And players are adding to its story and lore.

Cricket is the game played by the King of King's,  
All people to this great game always clings,  
People watch its every ball with ill-concealed excitement,  
To most people, this game is truly God-sent.

As each wicket is taken or a boundary is hit, people rejoice,  
It is indeed something to hear people's voice,  
People always run after cricket with joy on their faces,  
Of people gaining fame easily in cricket have been traces.

Cricketers become big heroes if thy are good in the game,  
For the people then, God and cricketers are one and the same,  
This is the situation of the game, cricket in the world,  
Certainly a lot of lives this game has and will mould.

Where a batsman tries not to lose his wicket,  
What game can it be but one-against-eleven cricket?  
When the ball cuts through and swims in the sky,  
Where else onlookers in joy dance and cry? .

Lo, on charges the bowler like a bull,  
And throws his ball in anger to kill,  
The batsman indeed looks utterly meek,  
Scared to death, uncertain and very weak.

When the ball goes soaring high in the air,  
Fielders watch it and their hair they tear,  
On seeing it speedily falling on the ground,  
Fielders run to catch and gather around.

Cricket is a game of batting and bowling,  
Of joy and delight or anger and growling.

The game of cricket has a very long and star-studded history,  
However, its origins are far lost in the tangle and fog of mystery.

Pratheek Praveen Kumar

# Tiger

Dangerous and untamed,  
Appropriately named,  
Stalks its prey with fury,  
Awesome when it's angry.

The most ferocious among all creatures,  
Awe-inspiring are its features,  
It fills the jungle with fear,  
It is the tiger.

In hunts its prey with cunning,  
Thus almost always winning,  
Awesome in its power and grace,  
A tiger certainly has its own place.

A dangerous but beautiful creature,  
That it has been nature's luck to nurture,  
It strikes fear in all that see it,  
To escape it one needs all one's wit.

Its eyes are filled with fire,  
It has caused many a lyre,  
Dangerous grace its shows,  
When it kills its foes.

Pratheek Praveen Kumar

# The Sun And The Moon

High above in the sky,  
On the earth they spy,  
And laugh at people's deeds,  
And see their desires and needs.

Opposite to each other they are,  
They are separated by far,  
And they are rarely seen close together,  
In any weather.

Shiny and fiery is the Sun,  
By twilight it is gone,  
And then out come the moon,  
It also goes quite soon.

The moon gives out pure light,  
During the night,  
And quietly walks making no noise,  
It shows exquisite poise.

Great and silent they are,  
As they are so far,  
From the world that we know,  
They never their face show.

The Sun, the majesty of the golden brilliance,  
The Moon of the eternal silvery radiance,  
Give the Earth the wealth of day and night,  
And the joy forever of recurring light.

The Sun and the Moon smile on the Earth,  
And bestow life of birth and death,  
They brighten the sky with flaming radiance  
Those enwrap the Earth with perseverance.

The Sun and the Moon brighten hills,  
And plateaus and cities and deepest vales  
Without a favour and without a spite,  
That is why they remain forever bright.

Pratheek Praveen Kumar

# Nature

Green and appeasing nature always and indeed is,  
If not there, it will certainly and always be missed,  
Bliss and cooling and joyful things are certainly there,  
To protect it we must certainly and always swear.

Cools us of and relaxes us always it does,  
Destroying it is certainly a bad curse,  
The most beautiful thing that has been devised,  
It is the greatest thing that is to be surmised.

People's life has often been changed,  
Indeed, extremely far is its range,  
One can only admire at its great beauty,  
To see it itself is a great booty.

Nature, the giver of life and peace,  
With shrubs herbs and bountiful trees,  
Grace and quiet charm in simplicity's hold,  
Gives riches and pleasures never ever told.

Nature, the true home of all features,  
It be big or small never matters,  
And nestles life, force, matter in it's womb,  
And homes everything, it be loud or dumb.

Nature, the mother of all that lives,  
She fondles her off springs with love and care,  
Trust her and save, she repays in droves,  
She is our treasure and hope forever.

It always robs us of our truly awful sorrows,  
And happiness and joyfulness we do borrow.

Pratheek Praveen Kumar

# Full Moon Night

The night is dark, no clouds in the sky,  
The moon peeps out of its hiding-place,  
In one place the moon does not lie,  
And seeks another place to hide its face.

A beautiful night it certainly is,  
All is still except the moon,  
A peaceful night for the bliss,  
And it is not going to change soon.

What people will give for such peace?  
It gives on over selves a new lease,  
Happily a person will give all he has,  
For the quiet this does give.

On goes the haloed beautiful moon,  
Walking the night in her heavenly cocoon,  
Here and there she peers and sees,  
And awakens blossoms to restless bees.

The beautiful moon goes slowly by,  
&quot;Look over there&quot; loudly people cry,  
The majestic moon riding high in the sky  
Casts soft spell `neath knowing not why.

As she completes her long journey,  
In the West in huge heavenly sigh,  
Sees the Sun in the East rising by,  
And prepares herself to quickly die.

Certainly the best thing that can happen to one,  
It is certainly better than sweating in the Sun,  
She will come again in heaven no matter what,  
And lights the world from white glowing plate.

Pratheek Praveen Kumar

# Humility

Humility sets a person apart,  
A class item in an ordinary mart,  
Indeed a virtue to see and admire,  
Among ordinary flames an ethereal fire.

A virtue that shines through like gold,  
A virtue that we must in ourselves mould,  
Rare indeed is the person, who has it,  
High indeed in greatness he does sit.

The King of qualities indeed is Humility,  
Really high indeed is its place in divinity,  
To higher level will one certainly rise,  
To him everyone will be especially nice.

Only great people have this great quality,  
Blessed is he, who has this in huge quantity,  
One may have a mountain-full of great skills,  
But only if there is Humility the mountain fills.

Humility is indeed a great and rare virtue,  
Which to greatness and legend does beckon you,  
Each day, thousands of people live and die,  
But people who have humility are those who fly.

Humility, the greatest attitude known to man,  
Developing it everybody surely can,  
The attitude of everybody who is great,  
Like cream in milk is their divine fate.

The attitude of great Mahatma Gandhi,  
What can it be but utter humility?  
Developing humility for all is must,  
Then only can one gain another's trust.

People are great only through this,  
People are condemned if this they miss,  
Those who have this aplenty are blessed,  
And they will be remembered as the best.

A virtue that signifies greatness,  
Showed only by the best,  
A virtue deserving of admiration,  
It consists of not showing derision.

Only the great have this quality,  
They are characterized by unshaken serenity,  
They are respected by all,  
From their high pedestal they will never fall.

A virtue that all respect is humility,  
It inspires a feeling of fraternity,  
Because a humble person is disliked by none,  
Goodwill in all directions to him does come.

Humility consists of respect and affection,  
Without one's class being taken into consideration,  
Truly and unfortunately hard it indeed is,  
To find a person who has and shows this.

A person with humility will always fly,  
Because strings of class do not him below tie,  
He will forever rise and never fall,  
As his name is written in nature's greatness hall.

Pratheek Praveen Kumar