

Poetry Series

**Praveen Gola**  
**- poems -**

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Praveen Gola()

# A Teenager's Wish

I wanna become to grow,  
To stand behind in school prayer row,  
But How can I?  
As Milk Prices are so high.

My teacher in the class,  
Daily taught me to have a Milk glass,  
But How can I?  
As Milk Prices are so high.

Milk is a complete planned food,  
Especially for Kids of New moods,  
But How can I?  
As Milk Prices are so high.

Where is Government?  
Who controls the Prices,  
Then why throw Us...  
In White Revolution crises?

Its better to be an infant,  
At least Cover our Mother' breast end,  
So that We will grow,  
Without hurting any sentiments.

Praveen Gola

# Analysis Of Happiness

Happiness is a perfect Magic,  
where every letter is a logic,  
to make others delight,  
by an enlightening light.

Here H stands for 'Hearty',  
and A stands for 'Admirable',  
PP for 'Point' and 'Perfection',  
and I for 'Intelligent'.

N is for 'New fangled',  
and E is for 'Excelsior',  
S stands for 'Superb',  
and S again for 'Splendid'.

So one word of Happiness means.....  
a great amount of Fun,  
where gladness is at our door,  
and success brings all life best and more.

Praveen Gola

# Brain

Brain.....not a game of Hide and seek,  
Its something that lies on peak,  
where every to and fro exchange,  
within a time range.

It controls the body parts,  
after delivering the commands in carts,  
It can allow us to consider the latest ideas about human behaviour,  
and gives our events greater credibility as a saviour.

Praveen Gola

# Global Warming

Global Warming has reversed the phase,  
And made environment on a critical stage,  
where people are dying,  
for the Sun that continuously shine.

Their Inner Soul has pleased,  
When they felt comfort at ease,  
under the air conditioners,  
that upgrade their chances of health tease.

But still man works,  
to get these comforts,  
as now a days they become,  
their habitual perks.

But this time they realized,  
when the monsoon didn't arrived,  
and then they raised their voice,  
with inner choirs.

They made slogans,  
arranged some camps,  
to stop taking artificial breath,  
and aware their champs.

Soon their hard work converts,  
into a lush-green hush,  
as the clouds blessed them,  
with a rainy bush.

They shouted in a pride,  
after seeing the beautiful sight,  
Welcome the Poor Rain,  
Welcome for our cursed invented brain.

Praveen Gola

# Happiness

I wish to see.....twinkling stars in the night,  
B'coz they gave us the light,  
For a darker path to see,  
When We lost in some sea.

I wish to see.....Green trees all around,  
B'coz they made me bound,  
For a healthy air to breathe,  
So that I may tweet.

I wish to see.....High dark mountains,  
B'coz they are strong,  
And wishes to be live long,  
So that I can sing a happy song.

I wish to see.....Happiness all around,  
And to swing on a merry-go-round,  
B'coz Happiness is the only treasure,  
That makes the Life full of pleasure.

Praveen Gola

# He And I

He and I,  
were gazing a star,  
suddenly His imaginations got wings to fly,  
like a drunkard got in a beer bar.

He hold me tightly,  
and asked me for some fun,  
I got nervous slightly,  
and started from there to run.

But He chased me long,  
and stopped my way somewhere,  
I got entangle wrong,  
where no other way left to beware.

He and I,  
came slowly closer around,  
He made me shy,  
when I heard only His heart beats with sound.

He and I,  
were again starting to gaze a star,  
But His imaginations got real wings to fly,  
as I lie under His muscular arms jar.

Praveen Gola

# I Lost My Game

My nerves got tired,  
When I Hired,  
A quarter for my belly,  
Which seems like a jelly.

Though I know,  
That was a temporary delight,  
But my poor fate,  
That now I known to be an addictive parasite.

My nerves, my brain.....stopped me for the same,  
But now I lost, I lost my game.

Praveen Gola

# Where The Mind Is Free

Where the mind is free,  
One can climb up on a tree,  
To reach at its destiny,  
Where He wants to be.

Where the mind is free,  
One can swim in a sea,  
To reach at the shore ,  
Where He gathers its plea.

Where the mind is free,  
One can fly like a bee,  
To suck the nectar of a flower,  
Which He like to be.

Where the mind is free,  
One can think logically,  
As the logic is the only passion,  
Which make Him sensible to be.

Where the mind is free,  
One can grow happily,  
As growth and nourishment flourishes,  
To answer all His queries satisfactorily.

Praveen Gola