

Poetry Series

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Jaipur India



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Rajendra Prasad Meena Jaipur India()

Rajendra Prasad Meena is an English teacher and a poet, born in Jaipur, India. He has been teaching English in a private school since 2007. With every passing year, his love for words and stories has grown like a quiet river.

He studied at the University of Rajasthan and is now pursuing his M.A. in English from Rajasthan University. Teaching children has taught him how feelings speak in simple ways and how small moments carry deep meaning.

Poetry lives close to his heart. In his poems, he writes about silence, time, love, pain, hope, and the gentle thoughts that rest inside us. His poems are simple, honest, and soft like a child's voice.

For him, poetry is a friend that listens, a mirror of the soul, and a bridge between hearts.



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The Weight Of What Was Never Said

Some words
pause at the edge of the mouth
and choose silence instead,
settling quietly
inside the chest
where they slowly grow heavy.

We promise ourselves
there will be another moment,
a better time,
but time does not wait—
it turns hesitation
into distance.

The feelings left unspoken
press harder than memories,
and apologies never offered
echo louder than voices.

In the stillness of night,
these hidden thoughts
become restless,
asking why courage
arrived too late.

Sometimes silence
is mistaken for wisdom,
but often
it is only fear
learning how to stay.

And so we walk forward,
carrying sentences
we never released,
not knowing that words,
once spoken,
are lighter than regret.

Nocturnal Mnemonics

When the metropolis succumbs to somnolence,
recollections attain sentience.

Those I evaded beneath diurnal pretexts
reconvene within the dominion of obscurity.

The head reclined upon the pillow
transmutes into an unwilling witness
to utterances aborted mid-conception,
to confessions eternally unarticulated.

Within the ashen glass of an extinguished screen,
your appellation phosphoresces—
neither invocation nor communiqué persists,
yet the myocardium furnishes its own reply.

A glacial current trespasses through the casement,
brushing against respirations grown archaic;
fractured laughter, muffled lamentations
dissolve into the viscosity of nocturnal hush.

The night interrogates nothing;
it merely reinstates remembrance—
who was once intrinsic,
and which certainties remained perpetually unfinished.

At dawn, amnesia will be rehearsed as ritual,
yet the verity endures:
nocturnal memories
possess a veracity
the daylight dares not sustain.

By Rajendra Prasad Meena Jaipur India

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When Silence Becomes A Teacher

Silence did not arrive gently—
it stayed,
when words refused to carry
the heaviness inside me.

In rooms where voices echoed loud,
I learned the strength of listening,
how quiet sharpens thought,
and patience shapes the soul.

Silence taught me to observe—
the pause before truth is born,
the weight a single word can hold
when spoken with purpose.

It showed me that not every battle
is meant to be shouted,
some are won in stillness,
with courage growing unseen.

Now when I speak, I do so slowly,
my voice no longer unsure,
for silence trained my heart
before it freed my tongue.

What once felt empty and heavy
became my greatest guide—
for in its quiet lessons,
I found my voice, and learned to stand.

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The Boozer

Every evening begins with the same soft plea,
'Papa, when will you come home to me? '
Small eyes fixed on the doorway,
hope and hunger waiting the same way.

The wife counts hours by the flickering flame,
not the grains of rice, but the weight of his name.
She whispers to shadows along the walls,
asking them to carry her prayers through the halls.

He does not come—
the liquor shop calls him home.
Its neon lights dance like fireflies,
leading him into streets where illusions roam.

Each morning, he folds his hands,
'I'll change today, I understand.'
But near the shop, his courage breaks,
temptation laughs, and his promise shakes.

Friends gather, the glasses glow,
he pours, he drinks, the bottles grow.
Soon the road becomes a river of light,
and the moon bends down to watch his plight.

He sings in drunken, broken tunes,
while shadows twirl beneath the silver moon.
People glance, yet see only smoke,
passing through dreams that he evokes.

In his home, milk boils into clouds,
while liquor waits like guards in shrouds.
Shoes shine like polished mirrors,
books float, whispering forgotten errors.

Drunk he may be, yet he never tires,
but his earnings vanish, life expires.
The wife struggles, children wait,
bearing hunger, fear, and fate.

One man falls in public shame,
but his family carries the blame.
Dogs sniff, drains flow like molten streams,
he slips, he falls into surreal dreams.

People mock or hum a haunting song,
but he drifts where reality feels wrong.
Alcohol kills more than the liver,
it steals worlds, making hearts quiver.

One man lost in the intoxicated blur,
while his family lives the magical horror.
The Boozer sleeps on the public stone,
but grief and love are never alone.

Walls breathe, lamps whisper in the night,
telling tales of sorrow and fractured light.
This is no tale of a nation's truth,
but of one family, trapped by youth.

Where love waits, and hope is tested,
and every day, a strange dream is manifested.

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O Mother Saraswati

O Mother Saraswati, pure and bright,
Fill our minds with gentle light.
Teach us how to think and see,
What is false and what should be.
You teach us truth with loving care,
You teach us how to learn and share.
Science asks and tries to prove,
You show why our hearts should move.
One asks how, one shows why,
Both together help us fly.
Bless our minds, so clean, so free,
With faith and facts in harmony.

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The Right Paths To Choose

Do not go where words are mean,
Where teasing hurts and jokes are rude;
Such places slowly teach the heart
To lose its warmth and forget what's good.

Do not stay where sense is lost,
Where fun turns noisy, wild, and loud;
Bright things there may look like gold,
Yet leave you lonely in a crowd.

Do not trust a smiling face
That hides a plan to trick or cheat;
True friends are honest, kind, and fair,
Their words and actions always meet.

Stay away from greedy ways,
Where only money seems to shine;
Chasing more and more each day
Steals your joy and peace of mind.

Avoid the path where pride is king,
Where boasting sounds both big and strong;
Real strength lives in gentle hearts
That know what's right and shun the wrong.

Choose the road where goodness grows,
Where truth and care light every mile;
The wisest kids walk paths like these
And shape a life worth every smile.

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Exam Time

It is exam time in the hall,
Silence listens to us all.
Some are writing, heads bent low,
Their pens run fast, their thoughts all flow.

They dive deep into what they know,
Remembering lessons they studied so.
Some are not writing, sitting still,
Trying hard to bend their will.

They think and think, their faces tight,
Questions dance before their sight.
Some look calm, some seem disturbed,
By fear and hope together stirred.

Yet every heart is doing its best,
Each mind fighting its own test.
Win or lose, one truth must stay—
Courage matters on exam day.
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A Happy Morning

I wake to see the smiling sun,
It paints the sky with golden light;
The night is gone, the dark is done,
The world feels fresh, the day feels bright.

Birds sing songs in gentle cheer,
Trees wave hello in morning air;
My little fears are nowhere near,
I feel safe, happy, free from care.

I learn each day a brand-new way
To be kind, brave, and always true;
If I fall down, I try to say,
"I will stand up and start anew."

So step by step, I walk with glee—
A hopeful heart is guiding me.
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The Geeta's Teaching On Battlefield

Both armies stood in open sight,
Pandavas left, Kauravas right.
Conches blew, the flags flew high,
Dust rose beneath the burning sky.

Arjuna saw his own and dear—
His teachers, cousins, faces near.
His hands grew weak, his bow slipped low,
His heart was filled with grief and woe.

'How can I fight? ' Arjuna cried,
'When kin and elders stand this side?
This war will only end in pain,
In loss, in tears, in endless stain.'

He dropped his bow, he lost his will,
His mind confused, his courage still.
He turned to Krishna, calm and bright,
Who stood as charioteer of light.

Then Krishna spoke, serene and clear,
Words that the world would forever hear:
'Grieve not, O Arjuna, stand and see—
The soul is deathless, ever free.

Bodies change, but the Self is one,
Unborn, undying—never gone.
Do your duty without fear,
Without desire for gain or tear.

Act, but leave the fruits aside—
This is yoga, ' Krishna replied.
'He who works with steady mind,
To joy and sorrow both resigned,
Who serves through action, pure and true—
Such a soul is dear to Me.'

Arjuna listened, doubt grew less,
His heart was filled with quietness.

The bow rose firm within his hand,
He chose to fight, to rightly stand.

Thus spoke the Gita, deep and wide—
A guide for life, a moral light.
Not just for war or ancient days,
But for all paths, all human ways.

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Krishna And Wicked King

In Mathura town, long long ago,
A wicked king ruled high and low.
His name was Kansa, harsh and cruel,
Fear and anger were his rule.

A voice from sky one silent night said,
"Devaki's son will strike your dread."
Kansa trembled, filled with fear,
He locked Devaki, kept her near.

But then a child so sweet was born,
On a rainy, stormy morn.
Tiny Krishna, bright and mild,
Smiling like a moonlit child.

The prison doors opened wide,
Chains fell off on every side.
Vasudev walked through the rain,
Yamuna made a gentle lane.

To Gokul's home the child was sent,
Where joy and love were heaven-sent.
Little Krishna laughed and played,
While evil plans began to fade.

In time he grew both wise and strong,
And ended Kansa's wicked wrong.
So kids, remember, loud and clear:
Good wins always—never fear!

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Bhishma: The Man Of Promise

Once there lived a prince so kind,
Brave in heart and strong in mind.
His name was Devavrata, pure and true,
He always did what was right to do.

For his father's happiness one day,
He gave his crown and walked away.
He made a promise strong and tight,
'I will serve truth with all my might.'

He did not ask for power or fame,
Duty and truth were his only aim.
He helped the weak, he stood so tall,
He taught us: promise beats all.

In the great war, fierce and long,
Bhishma fought, both wise and strong.
Even in pain, calm was his breath,
He chose the time of his own death.

Children, remember this golden rule:
Keep your promise, be brave, be cool.
Like Bhishma, stand honest and free—
Good deeds make true heroes be.

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Netaji -The Fire Of Freedom

Subhash was born with a fearless flame,
Freedom and courage were his aim,
His words were strong, his heart was bold,
A story of fire must be told.

He spoke to crowds with shining eyes,
"India will live, the empire dies!"
"Give me your blood," he proudly said,
"And I'll give freedom," Netaji pled.

His path was hard, his road was new,
Not peace alone—he fought it through,
While Gandhi chose the truth and plea,
Bose chose strength for liberty.

He crossed the seas, both far and wide,
To seek the help he was denied,
From lands unknown, through storm and sun,
His mission strong—till freedom won.

In eastern lands his dream grew fast,
An army rose from chains of past,
Azad Hind Fauj stood tall and brave,
With marching feet the fearless wave.

From hills and paths of India's gate,
He marched to change the nation's fate,
Through hope, through risk, through darkened skies,
A hero walked, no fear in eyes.

His end is wrapped in secret flame,
The world still whispers Netaji's name,
For those who burn for freedom's cause,
Never fade—they live as laws.

So children learn and hearts ignite,
From Netaji's undying fight,
For freedom needs both mind and soul,
And courage makes the nation whole.

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Mahatma Gandhi

In Porbandar near the quiet sea,
A life began in dignity,
Not born for fame or force or fight,
But born to show the world what's right.

He walked the path of simple days,
With humble words and truthful ways,
He learned far lands, then turned back home,
For India's pain was his alone.

In nineteen fifteen, calm and still,
He came with faith and steady will,
Not to command, not to control,
But wake the strength of India's soul.

In Champaran the farmers stood,
With broken hope and stolen food,
When Gandhi spoke, so firm, so mild,
He stood beside each woman, child.

The rulers said, "You must not stay,"
They took him, pushed him on the way,
But when they tried to chain his hand,
The people rose across the land.

No stones were thrown, no anger shown,
Yet courage like a seed was sown,
And from the crowd, so deep, so true,
A sacred name the people knew Mahatma.

Not given by a crown or throne,
Not carved in books by power alone,
But born that day from hearts that knew
What truth and goodness truly do.

When Jallianwala's silence cried,
And justice fell where fear had died,
He bowed in pain, then clearly chose
To return honors earned by woes.

No gun, no sword, no burning flame,
Yet mighty empires felt his name,
For truth, when held with steady grace,
Can change the fate of time and place.

And when the nation faced its test,
He spoke the words that meant the rest:
"Do or Die"—not death, but vow,
To live by truth, then and now.

So Gandhi lives, not loud or grand,
But in each fair and helping hand,
And every child who learns to be
Kind, brave, and just—walks history.

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Faith And Effort: A Lesson For Learners

Some students leave their books aside
And place their hopes where prayers reside.
They ask the divine to clear each test,
Yet leave unread the chapter's quest.

Faith brings calm to restless mind,
Peace and strength of gentle kind.
But marks are born where effort stays,
In thoughtful nights, in studious days.

God does not write the answers down,
Nor walks the exam hall, pen and gown.
He helps the hands that choose to rise,
To read, to think, to analyze.

First know the theme your lessons teach,
Read every line within your reach.
Reflect, connect, go deep, be slow—
That is the path where knowledge grows.

Understand, then question why,
Let shallow learning pass you by.
When meaning forms within your head,
The right answers come, clearly read.

Temples give peace, not printed grades;
Syllabi yield what effort trades.
This truth, with care, is clearly shown
By Rajendra, with respectful tone.

He teaches faith with balanced sight:
Work is duty; prayer is light.
Stand up, wake up, take control—
True success depends on soul and goal.

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The Cost Of Greed

Some gather wealth with restless mind,
Yet leave their duties far behind.
They save and count, but fail to see
What cost their careful coins may be.

They close their hands, though needs are clear,
Refusing spend from constant fear.
In hoarded gold they trust too much,
But starve the lives they ought to touch.

A child deprived of books and light
Pays for the parent's blinded sight.
When learning waits and wisdom starves,
Greed quietly the future carves.

What use is wealth the heart denies?
What gain when duty slowly dies?
No fortune lasts, no coin remains
To heal neglected mental pains.

True riches grow where care is shown,
Where minds are trained, where seeds are sown.
Spend well, give thought, let purpose lead—
For loss begins with selfish greed.
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When Attention Sleeps

When attention drifts and effort fades,
The mind grows weak in quiet shades.
Lessons heard but not held tight
Fail to sharpen thought or sight.

The hand that writes without due care
Learns no skill, shows no repair.
Handwriting mirrors how we think—
Loose thoughts cause the pen to sink.

A restless mind that does not train
Avoids deep thought, escapes the strain.
Soon it follows, does not lead,
Acts on habit, not on need.

Daily study, calm and slow,
Is how strong minds begin to grow.
Focus builds the power to see,
To reason well, to choose, to be.

Discipline is not a chain,
It frees the thought from mental drain.
The mind well-used, alert, and clear
Finds purpose strong and judgment fair.

So wake attention, day by day,
Let learning shape your inner way.
For those who think, and think with care,
Rise beyond what others dare.

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Marks Are Not You

Do not fear the exam today,
Breathe in deep, you'll find your way.
Marks are numbers, small and few,
They do not define the real you.

Learning grows when stress is gone,
Like morning light after dawn.
Think, explore, and try your best,
Calm your heart and take some rest.

Books are friends, not walls of fear,
Each small step will bring you near.
Do your work with steady mind,
Joy in learning you will find.

Win or lose, stand tall and true,
The greatest score lives inside you.

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Elegy For Kalpana Chawla

The silent dusk moves gently through the sky,
The fading stars grow pale, the winds grow still;
A softer hush replaces every cry,
As night obeys a sorrow deeper still.

From Karnal's soil, where humble hopes were born,
She raised her eyes beyond the mortal plain;
No bound of land her dreaming heart could warn,
No weight of fear could make her dream complain.

Through patient years of study, faith, and care,
She shaped her will like steel, yet calm and kind;
She carried India's honour everywhere,
A nation's trust upon her seeking mind.

She walked the paths where Earth seemed small and blue,
A fragile home beneath the endless dark;
Where few had gone, her fearless spirit flew,
A living flame, a brave, unbroken spark.

Yet fate, unasked, with sudden force did turn,
The trusted wings were lost in searing flame;
The skies stood mute, the watching world did learn
How grief can speak without a voice or name.

But say not loss has sealed her final page,
Nor let this tale in bitter sorrow rest;
For noble souls outlive the grip of age,
And courage blooms where once the heart was pressed.

She lives where children lift their eyes above,
And dare to dream beyond the near and known;
In every mind that learns, in hearts that love,
Her guiding light has gently grown and grown.

So rest, brave soul, among the stars you sought,
Where fear dissolves and earthly bounds are gone;
India remembers all you were and taught—
Her pride, her light, her everlasting shaan.

By Rajendra Prasad Meena Jaipur India

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Chandrayan -Ii

Chandrayaan Second was India's dream,
To touch the Moon with a science team.
Not with swords, not with war or fire,
But books, belief, and a brave desire.

In twenty nineteen, clear and bright,
India prepared for a historic flight.
Scientists worked both day and night,
Eyes full of hope, hearts full of light.

The rocket stood tall like a silver tree,
Ready to fly, wild and free.
With fire and thunder, loud and grand,
It waved goodbye to Mother Land.

Up went the orbiter, strong and wise,
Watching the Moon with careful eyes.
Vikram the lander tried his best,
Pragyan the rover dreamed of rest.

The Moon was quiet, cold, and gray,
Like a desert where shadows stay.
The land was rough, the path unclear,
Still India moved with courage, not fear.

Data was counted, checked again,
By patient minds and thoughtful men.
Numbers talked, computers sang,
Through wires where silent answers rang.

People helped in many ways,
Through taxes, trust, and hopeful praise.
Teachers taught, children prayed,
Engineers worked, plans were made.

Then came a moment heavy and still,
A sudden silence against the will.
Vikram lost contact, voices fell,
A painful truth the screens did tell.

He did not speak, the rover slept,
Some hearts broke, some eyes wept.
But India stood, calm and tall,
Learning is winning — even when we fall.

The orbiter stayed, strong and true,
Sending data, old and new.
Pictures, secrets, Moon's soft light,
Flowed back home both day and night.

Failure spoke in a gentle tone:
'Try again, you are not alone.'
Like a teacher strict but fair,
Pain taught courage, care, and prayer.

The world looked on with open eyes,
At India's truth, not loud, but wise.
No proud lies, no hidden face,
Just honest work and steady grace.

Thank you, ISRO, minds so bright,
Thank you, teams who never quit the fight.
Thank you, people, one and all,
This Moon dream answered every call.

Chandrayaan Second showed the way,
To rise again another day.
From truth and teamwork, strong and true,
A brighter Chandrayaan was born anew.
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Healthy Bodies, Free Minds

Indian children strong and bright,
Known for courage, truth, and light.
But strength is not from words we say,
It comes from food we eat each day.

Nature gives us fruits and grain,
Milk and water, sun and rain.
But when chemicals enter our plate,
Our health becomes weak and late.

Nutrients help our bodies grow,
They make us strong from head to toe.
Vitamins, proteins, minerals too,
Each one has an important role to do.

Vitamin A helps us see,
Bright clear eyes for you and me.
Carrots, mangoes, greens so fair,
Keep our vision strong with care.

Vitamin B gives power and pace,
Helps tired bodies win the race.
Grains and pulses, milk and bread,
Keep our nerves and minds well-fed.

Vitamin C fights germs away,
Keeps cough and cold from here to stay.
Lemons, oranges, fruits so neat,
Make our immune system strong and sweet.

Vitamin D builds bones so strong,
Sunlight helps it all day long.
Milk and eggs and morning sun,
Keep us active, help us run.

Protein builds muscle and might,
Gives our bodies growing light.
Beans and lentils, eggs and soy,
Help each girl and growing boy.

Carbohydrates give us energy,
To work and play happily.
Rice and roti, potatoes too,
In right amounts, they're good for you.

Minerals like iron make blood,
Help us feel active, strong, and good.
Green leafy vegetables every day,
Keep weakness and anemia away.

Some diseases spread from touch and air,
Coughs and fevers come unaware.
Clean hands, safe water, habits right,
Help us win the healthful fight.

Some diseases come from animals too,
From bites, or food we wrongly chew.
Vaccines and care can save each life,
Clean surroundings end the strife.

Some illnesses are passed by birth,
They come with genes from start on Earth.
Checkups, care, and early test,
Help each child to live their best.

Some diseases have medicine and cure,
Doctors help us feel secure.
Some need care, good food, and rest,
Healthy living works the best.

Exercise, sleep, and food so clean,
Build a body fresh and keen.
Truth and health walk hand in hand,
Like Gandhi taught across the land.

Healthy children, nation strong,
This is where we all belong.
Learn this lesson, simple and true,
A better world begins with you.

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King Porus: The First Voice Of Freedom

Long ago, beside a river wide and bright,
There lived a king who loved what was right.
The land was green, the people were free,
And dreams were calm like the open sea.

The river flowed with a gentle song,
Teaching patience as it moved along.
Near its banks, strong and fair,
Stood King Porus with steady care.

He was not proud, he did not boast,
He spoke with truth, not noise or boast.
Like the deep and peaceful sea,
His strength was calm for all to see.

From distant lands across blue seas,
Came travelers with old stories.
Greek writers spoke in careful tone,
Of far-off kings and lands they'd known.

They told of roads and battles past,
Of armies moving strong and fast.
But they also wrote, with honest pen,
Of brave hearts stronger than armed men.

Dark clouds gathered, the rain came down,
The river rose with a silver sound.
Quiet plans were made at night,
But courage still stood in the light.

King Porus stood like a rocky shore,
Where waves may strike but fail once more.
No storm could move his steady stand,
For he stood for people and the land.

Drums rolled low, the ground did shake,
Like ocean storms the winds can make.
The day was long, the test was true,
Yet duty stayed and courage grew.

Though wounded, tired, and worn with pain,
His brave heart did not complain.
Like the sea in wind and rain,
It stays deep, strong, and the same.

Ancient books from lands afar
Spoke of this king like a guiding star.
They did not praise just swords or might,
But dignity and fearless right.

Stories say the hours moved slow,
Like winding rivers that gently flow.
Loss and sorrow touched the day,
Yet hope refused to fade away.

For true leaders think beyond their crown,
They lift their people, not push them down.
They think of homes, of farms, of peace,
Of every child whose dreams increase.

In gentle tales told soft and clear,
The king chose love instead of fear.
Like a leaf upon the flowing stream,
He trusted time, he trusted the dream.

The river moved toward the open sea,
Where all things meet peacefully.
Rivers know, and oceans too,
That brave hearts guide the future through.

Time passed on like tide and sand,
New hands rose to guard the land.
Yet one brave voice did not grow weak,
It lived in stories the wise still speak.

Children, remember this simple truth:
Real strength lives in calm, not brute.
Being brave means standing right,
Even in the darkest night.

You do not need to rule the sea,

To be kind, strong, and truly free.
Stand like the shore, steady and true,
Let storms pass by; they cannot move you.

Some heroes wear no shining crown,
Yet their courage will never drown.
Like the sea—so deep and wide—
Their values stand through every tide.

And so this poem gently ends,
But its lesson always bends:
A land stays safe, a future free,
When hearts stand firm—like the sea.

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Tejaji, The Folk Deity

Across the sands of silent land,
Where faith and duty meet,
There walked a man of spoken truth
With vow beneath his feet.

No throne he sought, no glory's call,
No pride within his name;
His strength was truth, his law a word,
His breath a sacred flame.

To bring his wife, dear Pemal fair,
He crossed the burning way,
Through thorn and dust, through cruel sun,
Through fate that would not sway.

Upon that path of scorched despair,
Where fire had made its nest,
A serpent writhed in living flame,
With grief upon its chest.

Its mate, Sharpini, had burned before,
In vow to die as one;
The fire had claimed her silent life,
The snake was left undone.

Tejaji saw and felt no fear,
Nor turned his eyes away;
He drew the serpent from the fire
And saved its breath that day.

The serpent cried, "Why save my life?
I sought my chosen end!"
Tejaji spoke in gentle truth,
"To save is dharm, my friend."

The serpent hissed, "Then I must strike
And take your life for this!"
Tejaji said, "I will return—
My vow you cannot miss."

I go to bring my wedded wife;
When duty's path is through,
I give my word before the earth—
I shall come back to you."

He walked ahead, his promise firm,
The serpent followed near;
He did not turn, he did not look,
For truth removes all fear.

In Pemal's land, the cows were seized,
The helpless cried in pain;
Tejaji stood though torn and hurt,
And fought till right did reign.

His body broke, his blood ran red,
His breath grew torn and slow;
Yet truth stood tall where flesh fell weak,
And would not bend or bow.

When all was done, he turned again
To where the serpent stayed;
In wounds and blood he calmly came,
His vow fully repaid.

They met upon a silent field
Where truth must face its test;
Where death itself must lower eyes
Before a vow confessed.

"Now strike, " he said, "I have returned,
My word stands pure and whole;
What once I spoke, I now fulfill—
Take body, not my soul.

My tongue alone has never lied,
Nor turned from truth's command;
If poison comes, let it fall there—
So vow may always stand."

The serpent paused, its anger broke,

Its venom bowed in awe;
It bit the tongue of living truth
And honored higher law.

The body fell, but truth arose
Beyond the reach of death;
From vow so pure, from faith so firm,
A god was born of breath.

So Tejaji is not just tale
Of man or mortal clay;
He lives where vows are kept as law
And truth outshines decay.

Rajendra Prasad Meena Jaipur India

Abhimanyu

He entered war too young to know its fear,
Yet bore a flame that age could not come near.
The circling trap that Drona's wisdom made,
He broke alone, while greater warriors stayed.

His arrows flew like truth that does not bend,
And mighty names before that boy did end.
Then fear awoke in hearts that claimed their might,
When one young soul stood firm against their fight.

Together came they—Drona stern and wise,
Karna whose vows once touched the burning skies;
With Duryodhan, and Shakuni dark of mind,
With Dushasan, and Kripa, cold and blind.

They broke his cart, they cut his faithful bow,
They stripped his arms, yet could not break his soul.
No sword remained, no shield was left to hold,
Yet still he stood, more brave than men grown old.

With bare, brave fists he faced their armed deceit,
And made their gathered strength admit defeat.
At last, by force of numbers, not by right,
They struck him down and ended up the fight.

He did not lose—his courage did not fall;
The shame was theirs who feared one child most of all.

Rajendra Prasad Meena Jaipur India

When Family Breaks Apart

This is not made to sound sweet or fine,
This poem speaks when silence hurts the most;
When money makes our own blood cross the line,
And turns a home into a broken post.

A house once lived on trust, not locks or fear,
Where peace was strength, not weakness or escape;
But land and cash made known faces unclear,
And family bonds began to lose their shape.

When stones were raised and law refused to stand,
They chose to leave, not wrong, but calm and wise;
For self-respect weighs more than stolen land,
And peace can live where quiet courage lies.

What force can take, time slowly takes away;
What's built with truth will always find its stay.

Rajendra Prasad Meena Jaipur India



PoemHunter.com

The Peaceful Family

INTRODUCTION

This is not a poem for beauty.
This is a poem for truth.
Not written to decorate pages,
but to shake silent hearts.
This poem is born from pain,
from blood that forgot its own blood,
from a house that stood strong,
and a family that chose peace over war.

THE PEACEFUL FAMILY

There was a family, calm and quiet,
living with simple needs and honest work.
They believed blood is sacred,
stronger than money,
stronger than land.
They trusted family members,
not knowing greed grows fastest
inside familiar faces.

THE GREEDY SIDE

On the other side stood
the children and grandchildren
of three dead old men.
Men were gone,
but greed was alive—
in their sons,
their women,
their hunger.
They wanted comfort without work,
wealth without sweat,
and land without shame.

THE LAND AND THE LIE

The land was in the peaceful family's name.

To keep peace alive,
they gave it away willingly.
Money came,
but it was divided among the greedy ones.
Land was recognised,
but movable property was stolen.
Locks were broken,
houses were entered,
and silence was treated as weakness.

THE NIGHT OF FEAR

One night before leaving,
stones filled the sky.
Sticks, rods, and anger ruled the street.
An old mother cried.
Children screamed.
The crowd was bigger.
The attack was brutal.
The young man wanted to step forward,
but the numbers were against them.
He chose wisdom over bloodshed.
That choice saved lives.

LEAVING HOME

The family left their own house.
Not because they were wrong,
but because peace was their strength.
They carried clothes on their bodies,
a few animals,
one motorcycle,
and a heart full of dignity.
They did not go to police.
They did not chase revenge.
They trusted time.

LAW AT ZERO

Law stayed at zero.
Society watched silently.
No voice spoke for justice.
But silence does not mean defeat.

It means waiting.

AFTER YEARS

Fifteen years passed.
The greedy remained hungry,
never satisfied.
Stolen things brought no peace.
The peaceful family rebuilt everything—
slowly, honestly, strongly.
They are alive.
They stand tall.
They roar like a lion in silence.

QUESTIONS TO THE WORLD

Is money greater than blood?
Can wealth erase family?
Can greed replace humanity?
Today, 'family' is spoken,
but forgotten.

MESSAGE TO THE READER

What is taken by force
will vanish by time.
What is built with dignity
will stand forever.
Choose blood over money.
Choose justice over greed.
Choose peace over violence.
Because the future is watching.

Rajendra Prasad Meena Jaipur India

The Setting Sun

The weary sun sinks low in evening's fire,
And paints the sky with thoughts of fading gold;
He walks his path, obedient to time's desire,
And leaves the day to darkness calm and cold.

Thus hours proceed with steady, silent feet,
They take our youth, yet grant us knowing eyes;
What once seemed firm must bow before defeat,
For nothing born beneath the sun defies.

So too does man ascend with hopeful breath,
In strength, in pride, in dreams that brightly shine;
Yet age reminds him of the truth of death,
That mortal light must yield to grand design.

Let wisdom grow where endings softly start:
The setting sun still warms the thoughtful heart.

By Rajendra Prasad Meena Jaipur India

Rajendra Prasad Meena Jaipur India

Ai, Our Smart Friend

We taught machines to count and learn,
To help us think and help us earn.
They read our words, they hear our voice,
They help us make a better choice.
They solve sums fast, they check our work,
They never rest, they never shirk.
From maps to games, from books to art,
They play a clever, helpful part.
They cannot feel the way we do,
They don't know joy or sadness too.
They learn from data, rules, and code,
They walk the paths that humans showed.
So let us use them kind and wise,
With honest hearts and careful eyes.
For AI helps, but we must see—
A tool it is, not you or me.

By Rajendra Prasad Meena Jaipur India

Rajendra Prasad Meena Jaipur India

Hurry Up At The Thresher

Hurry up now, hands keep moving, thresher running loud and empty,
Rest can wait and shade comes later, water follows work completed.
Grain lies hidden in the harvest, separate the seed from chaff now,
Feed the machine fast and steady, keep the turning cycle flowing.

Hourly costs are counting moments, empty rounds still drain the money,
Jam or pause makes no distinction, running time demands its payment.
Why sit resting under trees now while the measured hours slip by?
Hurry up now, work together— speed today becomes our profit.
By Rajendra Prasad Meena Jaipur India

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Love Beyond Desire

Love is not the hunger of the skin,
Nor the fever that asks to be owned.
Love is a quiet light within,
A flame that learns to stand alone.
It does not beg, it does not bind,
It does not fear loss or gain.
It walks like truth through heart and mind,
Gentle as faith, strong as pain.
Love is not "mine" or "yours" to keep,
It breathes where freedom stays.
Like God, it wakes the soul from sleep
And teaches silence how to pray.
If it stays, it stays as grace;
If it leaves, it leaves as light.
For love is not a face or place—
It is the courage to be right.
By Rajendra Prasad Meena

Rajendra Prasad Meena Jaipur India

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The Measure Of Belief

God is a name that human tongues design,
By faith declared, by proof no clear sign.
No test confirms Him, no strict law defines,
No scale can weigh the hope that thought confines.
Yet restless minds, like rivers fierce and deep,
Grow calm when faith commands the soul to sleep.
A mother's breath, in whispered prayer made still,
Finds ease where truth alone can never heal.
But bread is earned by labour, not by plea,
Nor lamps are lit by faith alone, we see.
Life moves like wheels that turn by daily toil,
Where hands must work and sweat must feed the soil.
Who stare at heaven, scorning earthly ground,
Return with loss where living should be found.
I neither kneel in haste nor God deny,
I trust the truths that tested acts supply.
Let faith give peace where wounded spirits lie,
But work alone makes human futures rise.

By Rajendra Prasad Meena

Rajendra Prasad Meena Jaipur India

Ode To Teachers

In silent rooms with tired eyes,
They work through dark and restless skies.
Pens move fast, hearts stay true,
Preparing lists for me and you.

No applause, no shining fame,
Yet they serve without a claim.
Day and night, with steady will,
Their duty stands forever still.

Guiding democracy's sacred flame,
They honor every citizen's name.
O teachers brave, so strong, so kind,
Your selfless work lights every mind.

We bow in thanks, with hearts so true,
For all the silent work you do.
In every vote, your spirit stays,
A light for our nation's ways.
- Rajendra Prasad Meena

Rajendra Prasad Meena Jaipur India

Ode To Sleep

O gentle Sleep, so calm, so deep,
You come when weary hearts must weep.
When books fall still from tired hands,
And drifting thoughts obey no commands

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The eyes grow warm, the world grows light,
The day dissolves into the night.
Though time may fade beneath your stay,
You give us strength for the coming day.

You ease the mind of anxious care,
You lift the weight we learn to bear.
Where worries crowd and fears repeat,
You bring a hush, so kind, so sweet.

Sometimes dreams are soft and fair,
Sometimes strange beyond compare.
Yet in your arms, so wide, so still,
All restless thoughts obey your will.

Like a mother, warm and near,
You hold us close and calm our fear.
As children rest on gentle knees,
We sleep within your quiet seas.

No bitter pain, no troubled thought,
Can stand where you your silence brought.
The aching head, the burdened soul,
Grow whole again beneath your role.

The strong grow still, the weak find rest,
You serve them all, you soothe them best.
Without a sound, without a name,
You heal the heart, you heal the frame.

O tender Sleep, both soft and wise,
You close the world before our eyes.
In you we lose, in you we keep—
Life's gentle pause, O precious Sleep.

Rajendra prasad meena

Rajendra Prasad Meena Jaipur India

Ode To Winter

O Winter, pale monarch of the silent night,
Thou com'st with frosty breath and iron air;
The moon stands trembling in thy silver light,
While shivering earth lies naked and bare.
The night is cold; time moves with weary feet,
Stars seem sharper in the frozen sky;
Beasts roam hungry through the icy street,
Fighting for life where the weak may die.
Winds clash like swords in the darkened wood,
Owls cry wisdom from leafless trees;
Nature, stern in thy solemn mood,
Commands all hearts to bend their knees.
Yet, O Winter, harsh though thy rule may seem,
In thy silence lies a hidden grace;
Thou teachest strength where fears once dream,
And patience in time's frozen face.
When fires burn low and nights grow long,
Man learns the worth of warmth and care;
Through suffering thou mak'st spirits strong,
And purifiest the earth with chilling prayer.
Stay not forever, austere and cold,
But bless us with thy brief command;
For from thy womb, as poets told,
Spring shall rise with a gentler hand.

- Rajendra Prasad Meena

Rajendra Prasad Meena Jaipur India

Time

Time flows on, both swift and deep,
It holds the dreams we wish to keep.
It never stops, it runs so wide,
Those who work, it lifts with pride.

Each golden moment, don't delay,
Make your mark before it fades away.
Rise with courage, strong and true,
Success will surely come to you.

Let not the hours just drift and flee,
Sail your boat with destiny's key.
For time rewards the hearts that strive,
And keeps their noble dreams alive.

— Rajendra Prasad Meena

Rajendra Prasad Meena Jaipur India



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