

Poetry Series

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- poems -

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sania bashir()

SANIA has done her schooling from KSA and higher education from NEW DELHI...presently doing bachelor's in BIOTECHNOLOGY from NEW DELHI
I was always found of writing poems, , , at any instances when i fell like expressing my feeling to the world, then there is just me with my thoughts pen down on papers...

my younger sister inspire me more to write as we shares the same intrests ;)

apart of poetry i love singing, sports, and photgraphy..

According to her view poetry is a reflection of your image to others...the real secrets which your mind even dont know reflects in your words...

"poetry is a song of your's sung by others"

A Mishap

The day i was six, met a mishap unknown,
with a drizzling passage of pattern to be known!

a car which have a family of five.....
me, my parents and the two the sisters on side

Everything have changed within in a blink of an eye,
the hustle-bustle of the family of five

A disastorous accident we met within a while
and so were the seats above, the wheels seems to be very high...

The car with rolling-falling of two three jerks,
A small hand down the whole car, with the other harsh wound on the head apart!

The locale was misery for all of us! ! !
A nine bean rows and a pittly lurch

Swiftly aroses the hands of help swing,
Everyone seems to be now and then a kith & kin!

Then acry and weep knotted atlast of a littel girl,
Who has her head chiseld of shape 'L'....

Hurried down the ma'mma tp the hospital without any shoes,
Undergoes the girl with the stiches of 22

Alas! was the beginning of life blessed by the God
The mishap was not so acute, to be forgotten at all....: '(

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Haiku: My Soul

Beneath, the land

my soul is in sleep

deep, calm and free...

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Haiku: What's Life Upto?

what's life upto?
joy, sorrow, zeal
cuz 'm familiar with these deals!

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Haiku: Winter Break

Winter of today is frozen.

chilling, thrilling, pinching

then why the snow in my hand is melting...

I cleaned up the jammed street.

straw, twix, leaves

yet, they smell so green.

Blow of the breez.

here, there, everywhere

but why the poor in one ware

For some it's winter break!

warm coffe and cake.

others called it AC for sake

The speech even gives smoke

blind in aroad with fog.

And I thought the mirror was hazy!

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It's The Time To Beware

The day you loose your truffel around
And things seems to be going down and down
Then don't hold and sit around just fair
Because it's the time to beware!

The people keep on saying every now and then
Do you want to be a loser or breaker chain
The destiny of your is only here and here
So, it's the time to beware!

You take it as a challenge
You break it as a challenge
You shake the world with your talent,
Then, for it be aware, for it beware!

Nothing has gone beyond mind
Never give up to loose your sign
The sign of victory all it were
It's the times to be beware!

Alaways be positive and think high
The worst being those who give up with lie
You will be most appreciated all-were
Then always dare and beware! ! !

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My Mother &3

My day begins with a norm tic..toc..

who else it would be other than my Mom!

she rush me up and she rush me down

Wake up! right away you mischief

Mothers are precious gift INDEED!

A yawn, lull my eyes half a brevity

I'm such a stubborn for my sleep of dignity

sauces are ready, the meal has been served

Don't sit up like mourns, brush teeth before you feast

Mothers are precious gift INDEED!

The dress have been pressed, the shoes have a shine

I'ts your favourite lunch "Alu paratha" have it on time.

A teenager now, yet the feeling is so obscure

when will you be responsible for your discreet?

Mothers are precious gift INDEED!

I should dedicate and increase my inept, I know

earns lot of gold, silver, bronze, as the Olympics glow ^_^

you should restrain your joys you are constrain to!

For others my portrait is about a zeal of a growing seed..

Mothers are precious gift INDEED!

So far, `m growing..she is growing with me too!

I don't smell old, because `m still a little Kid for her she knew..

very few are lucky on earth to have their precious jem

As you can never be old, if you are around them

this is the bestowal, gifts of blessings...because

Mothers are precious gift INDEED!

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My Preference

Of all among the gems of this world, I prefer my MOTHER :)

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