

Poetry Series

Santosh Sharma
- poems -

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Santosh Sharma()

A Beautiful Rose

A beautiful Rose

Attended Bud
Blossomed to a flower
Nectar to the bees
Play of Nightingale
Loved by the world
Blow of wind
Brought the end
Shortest is life
Admired and remembered by all

Santosh Sharma

A Child's Heart

O, mom you love me, embrace me and do care me
You cook the dishes which I relish, and never stop me to eat as much I wish,
But tell me why don't you allow me to do what I intend to do as per the will of
my heart

Either you do not understand what I am doing or you are repeating the same as
the Grand Mom might have done to you.

You know my passion watching the birds, following them from tree to tree
Imitating the cacophony, wish to catch them, which never could do, you scold me
when I tried to hit with wood gun, never wanted to kill but to catch them to love
, touch their colorful feathers and understand how do they fly.

Rain make the stream full of water, adds melody to my ears
Playing on it's bank made a beautiful turbine of scraped tin
You always dismantle it and drag me to home,
You never understood the agony to my thought,
I was exploring how this generates power and brightens our house.

Remembering, you always pray to God for rain
I danced, sang and drenched in full mood, enjoyed the thunders and showers
with my friends. Thought, now you shall be happy as your wish has been fulfilled

But again, became a victim of your rage, beaten and warned not to repeat t it
again

Your alternate sentence ends with read, readand read
Number of times I told you I don't wish to do same thing again and again.
I promise you, I will perform well in exams, will not despair you nor will
disappoint
But this is my humble plight, let me do what this tender heart wish to do.
Let the budding feeling bloom and spread the fragrance till its last.
O' Mom you know my childhood will never be so as again.

Santosh Sharma

A Tiny Ant

Smallest creature, wonderful is wisdom
Sensed the warmth, preparing for rain
Searched grains, but far of home
Planned up and down travel, in well defined lanes
Stormed on heap, cordoned all around
Carrying load more than it's weight
Following the route like convoy of a command
Swift are actions like army in war
No rest no respite until store is stuffed
Enough for all the rain days to come
Wonderful a creature, nice of wisdom
Reference of strength, unity, discipline to mankind.

Santosh Sharma

Arrival Of Spring

Arrival of spring

Bidding farewell to the chilling winter, tumultuous heart is filled with enthralling wind

The silence of air is broken with the melodious whispers, the fragrance of roses has taken its wings for the farthest pines are tossing their heads with a wave of resonance, nothing is still, every thing in nature is competing to exhibit its best to welcome the spring.

Nightingale is hopping from garden to garden, messaging every flower for the joyous days ahead, cacophony is echoing in the valley, an awakening call to all from hibernating winter., bees are hemming around the oak grooves waiting every buds to bloom, first ray of sun has fallen in the courtyard, giving warmth to the shivered heart.

Nature has folded its quilt of mist, small clouds have burst its tears, and the sky is spotless blue making a hurdle free journey for the brighter sun. The opposing mild breeze, making the streams to hold its breath; the ripples in the ponds are not stopping to reach its shores. Whole of existence is dressed up in colorful clothes; getting ready to be enjoying the fair of spring.

The bliss of happiness is spilling over from every one's heart, feel like to arrest the spring in our nest, O' mother earth, we all pray to extend your compassion, let every day be a spring around the year, Nightingale will not despair in the solitude autumn nor lotus will have a still face, neither any bird will have a parched feeling. Every one's face will be cheerful as a blossomed flower the lips of beauty will ever sparkle as rose's petals

Santosh Sharma

Autumn Days Of Nightingale

Autumn Days of Nightingale

Active and swift,
Lovable and romantic
Was the nightingale

Flown to the gardens
Wandered in the bye lanes
Bruised the feathers
Injured the wings

Neither could find green leaf
Nor couldn't sense a flower
Disgusted and disappointed
Sitting on the dry bush

Oh nightingale,
This is the way life is
Happiness and sorrows
Pain and pleasure
Are parts of the same coin

Neither to grieve,
Nor to dismay
Patience for few days
Again the spring will spurt
With it's beauty and rhyme

Today craving for one flower
Tomorrow you will have flowers and flowers
All around.

Santosh Sharma

Baby's Fair Day

Baby's Fair Day

It is fair day in the village
It is Mini's day of a year's eagerly wait
Was the first to get up in the morning
Took bath and hour for adorning
Red bangles, small bindi, ribbons on hair
Pink Fawk, matching belle, Small purse Around the neck
Asking every one how do I look
Cheerfulness, enthusiasm was beyond the Imagination,
All was evident on her radiating face
Holding father's finger, talking, laughing all the way
Reached the fair ground before the mid Day,
Gazing all the shops looking the articles of the wish
□ selection was perfect to taste and matching the trend
One neck tie for papa, pearls necklace for Mom
One teddy for the little one
Holding the things returning home,
Her Happiness and contentment was beyond the description
Less are the desires happiness is in abundance
Concern of loved ones adds to existence, beauty and wonder.
□

Santosh Sharma

Beauty Unveiled By Blows Of Wind

Wandering down the lanes of summer Hill
Enjoying scintillating chill blow of wind
Mild, at times wild were the blows
Seems like wind is trying to lift me in its hand
Saw the staggering steps of my beloved
Coming from the other end of the hill
Her pink stole was fluttering like the waves of sea end
Eyes were blinking like the twinkling of stars
hairs were entangled on the face all around
A beautiful scene is embedded in my mind
Enough to rejuvenate the pensive days of Life

Santosh Sharma

Bliss Full Life

Life is moving as per your ordained role
Steps are following the path as directed by your might
But still there are prayers for thou grace
Never awaken us for hatred, jealous, anger and greed
Never there be a day of fight for a piece of land
With my neighbour nor any one of the clan
Never to dwarf any one to raise my hand
Never to be a part of whirlwind
Forced to ignore the smiles of loved one
Empower us with wisdom and strength
Could move on the path of love and co-existence.
Oh lord, bless our life as you have blessed the flower
Admired as a bud, loved when blossomed
Respected till the last petal is dropped on the ground

Santosh Sharma

Dharti Maa Ki Pukar

Dharti Maa ki Pukar

Original Hindi Transliteration

Janani hun main sharni hun main, jan jan ki , kan kan ki
Jivan Sanchalit karti hun main sabka her din her pal
Mujhko itna barbad na kar ki main is bhumandal main rah na paun

Sajati hun main sanwarti hun main, sabko her roz
Nit naya sonderya dati hun main khud ko malin kar
Mujhko itna malin na kar ki main kahni koroop hi na ho jaun

Sabka Poshan karti hun main vayu se jal se an se
Badle main bas itna de de ki main a pratibhtain nibhati jaun
Sadiaon sadiaon tak,

Ye nabh, ye nadian, ye sagar, banaye hain teri kamna or manoranjan ko
Phool taru baag Bagichae lubhatae hain tere hi man ko
Bas itna reham rakhna, ye bagwan leharata rahe yugaon yugaon tak

Tune badhaya hai gyan apna itna
Fod kar bumb jhinjhodah diya hai badan mera
Or bhi pida mat dena ki kahni main viklang he na ho jaun
Aai thi jis Suraj se, us Suraj se phir mil na jaun.

Santosh Sharma

Dutiful & Compassionate Mother Earth

Dutiful & Compassionate – Mother Earth

Beautiful Beyond description
Decorated with millions of jewels
sprawling, ever young
The mother earth.

Spinning around axis
Given day to work and Night to rest
Tirelessly you are working
Without any relief and respite.

Clasping the children, Taking us around
Some times near, some times far from Sun
Luring us with beautiful seasons
Not the children feel stale

Dutiful without fail
Compassionate beyond doubt
It is you, make us celebrate
Festivals, birthdays, new year. And christmas

Completing the journey precision to seconds
following the path as ordained by God
Oh Mother we children, could become
, Dutiful, lovable, and compassionate like you
With out divulging the path.

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Santosh Sharma

Ek Hi Mukam

EK HI MUKAM

Sapano ki unchaeyan chu kar
Kuch apnae hi kadmo main ladkhada kar
Jivan ka safar pura kar ke
Kuch adhuri rahaon se mud kae
Ek din sabhi ate hain isi mukam par

Shan shokat militi hai samudar ki leharon ki tarha
Ek din simit jatti ha apnae hi tal par
Sab kuch bhula kar sab gatii heen ho jatae hain isi mukam par

Sundtrata nikharti hai khiliti hai chandani ki tarha
Phir gum hoo jati hai amavasaya ki andhari raton mein
Ek din usi kafan se lipit kar gujarti hai isi dastak se

Dhan doulat wale, unchain mahalon main rehain wale
Tinakon ke aasiyano main jivan vaytit karnaе walae
Sub khali hath aatae hain isi mukam par.

Jivan ka Suraj dhalatae hi, apnae chod datae hain
Bhigi aankhon se aatae hain nam aankain kar ke chalate jatae hain
Duniya ke rangmunch se chal ke sabhi aatae hain isi mukam par.

(Transliteration from Hindi)

(Transliteration from Hindi)

Santosh Sharma

Empty Nest

Sweat in summer,
Shivered in the winter
Bruised the feathers, endured the pain
Flown to miles to collect the straws

Built a nest
Admired a beautiful life
With chirp of birds
Cacophony all around

Opened their eyes
Embracing close to my heart
Put the grains, opening their mouth
Protected, clasping inside the wings
Taught how to fly and brave the sky

All have grown
Flying with their own wings
Elder had flown, followed the young
Occasional was the appearance
Those days are also over

Now aged is will
No strength in wings
Empty is nest
Silence is all around.

Santosh Sharma

Happiness

Neither a commodity grocer can sell,
Nor a diagnose doctor can prescribe a pill.
Neither a fiefdom rich can command
Nor the enemy, a poor can not possess.
Always hoping moment to moment;
Every one is searching as it is lost.
But a treasure, always lying within your self.
□ A mystery created by of his Might
□ To engage the existence, whole of life.

Santosh Sharma

Integrated Existence

Crow's Crowing, notice arrival of Guest
Unusual crowing warns the mishap
Cock's croaking is our alarm of dawn
Sniffer is our friend since time immemorial
Horse is always faithful to his master
Lion is Guardian of our forest
Birds chirp is melody of life
Trees are our breaths second after second
Oh! Men
why have you picked the axe
Why are you firing the bullets
Never the day come, mankind may have to buy oxygen
Never the day come sky will have only flying machines
Never the day come, generations will see lion in pictures
let us redefine our role
To preserve this beautiful existence

Santosh Sharma

Kyoon Badli Hain Rahain

Kyoon Badli Hain Rahain

□

Original Hindi Transliteration

□

Kyoon uthi hai a Bhishen Jawala Hinsa Ki
Isne Vish Gholi Hai in ankurit Manno Main
Aakrosh Hai kisi Manviye Trasdi Ka
Ya ghrina hai kisi Samajik Aacharn Ki
Kahin Ye hath Vanchit hai, Manvanchhit Karm Se
Ya Gumrah kiya hai Jati or Dharm ke Shatano Nain

Kyoon Uthaya hai Khanjar is abla Nari Ne
Kal jo Pratik Thi, Prem, sewa, tyaag or Tapsaya ki
Kyoon aaj isne apne Hath Range Hain Khoon Ki Holi Se.
Kahin n kahin to Shoshan or Atyachar ki seema todi hogi
Manavata ke sodagar or Jagirdaraon Nain

Aaj ye Navyuvak kyoon khel rahain hain Barud or Golon se
Kyoon inko itni Muhbat hai Bندوق ki Goli Se
Bachpan Biti Hoga Bin Mamta or Khilono Se
Ya Fir Krurta or Nirdayta Rahi Hogi Inke Sahibano Ki

Manvata ko is Avishap se Bachana Hoga
Sabhya Shikshit or Samridh samaj ko age aana hoga
Manvata ko Manviye Mulaon se hi ucharna Hoga
Har Hath Ko, kam, prem, izatt or Samman Dena Hoga
Is sankramak ko phalnae se rokna hoga

Kahin to kal manvata hi manvata ka avishap na ban jaye
Or inhin karano se kalyug ki aayu per antim parda naa pad jae
Phir Dharti Maan Naye yug main manav sarancha se
Bahale hazar bar sochae ya santust rah jaye
Vanspati jagat, amoeba or vanya praniyon se.

Santosh Sharma

Last Plight

Last Plight

I know the days are nearing to say good bye to all
The curtains will be pulled on my eyes and silence will prevail.
Oh lord of all existence your messenger has come in this darkened night
Knocking the door of my soul with lightening thunders and trying to hold my
chords.

Oh master of my life, it had been my prayers and the last plight
Let me see the ever beautiful dawn which had been my inspiration to unravel the
closed path
Let my eyes see the first ray of Sun, guided the voyage of life
I have already accomplished your ordained role and handed over my account.

Let me call to all, who had been my co-passenger during my travel to unknown
lands
Let me say good bye and convey my gratitude to all my friends
And last, still I seek few moments with you to sing my last song, which you
always recited me to sail my onwards I wish to surrender to your might for the
next journey of your cosmic cause.

Santosh Sharma

Last Sights

I shall be terminating the voyage of my life
Lying on the aged bed counting the breaths
Recollecting the days we spent together
Rewinding the images beneath my eyes
Which you joined in the middle of my life

Wonderful was the journey we struggled together
Happiness and sorrows were the order of time
Pain and pleasure we shared together
Wishes and desires, now that game is over
Good bye and the departure are now on the threshold.

You shall be nearest to my sight
Witnessing the trembling hands and stammering voice
Staring eyes with one sight
I will look at you as young the day we unite.
With this wish to close my eyes for ever

You join me till the last rites
You be the last one to put soil on the grave
Could see me till my last.
That will be last of our sight.
Completing the journey of our union
Your soul will be left with a departed heart.

Numerous remembrances are there of our golden days
Which will be enough for the remaining of your life
I have already registered a site as per my will
Your grave will be besides of mine
Again wish to be your companion in next of our life.

Santosh Sharma

Lost School Days Love

You and I joined the school on the same day
It was beginning of journey in half senses of life.
Talking endlessly, building castle for life.
Fun, play and mischief's were as usual as of childhood
Our association grew with the passage of time

Your gleaming face, mystic smile sparked the feeling of love in my heart
The inspiration and concern shown, made me feel, you to be a part of my life.
Without seeing you the days never use to be complete.
Every morning, with some pretension use to be around the school entrance
Your deep sight and blooming face use to enlighten my day
You became the inspiration for my vision
All my actions and achievements use to give more happiness to you than me.

□

Summer holidays were never an appeasement
Not seeing you use to be a disappointment
Excuses were made best to the wisdom
Some were with profound reason and some were with guilt on the face.
Mom's permission use to make me fly like a wind

Ferrying around your house use to be adventure of the day
Your one glimpse use to give thrill for few days
Returning home was never more than snail speed.
Seeing mom's mood, use to enter the house.
Use to open the book, even with out will to read.□

Our school fare well became a departure for life
Left me desheartened and many promises unkept
Now the decades have gone even memories are fading
All your knownness were probed best to my wit
No one could give any clue of your where about.
Still there is wish to see you before you could wrinkle
Your place is still vacant at the bottom of my heart.

Santosh Sharma

Lost School Days Love - II

Lost School Days Love – II

The storm which took you to the unknown shore
At last, a wind brought you in my dreams
Meeting at the desk which we shared decades before
Ruffling my hairs with diligence and care
The same gleam and blossomed face
The spark of your smile resonate my heart
The turmoil of tears took its course
Embraced and clasped till the silver moon
Staring eyes and silence prevailed
Revealed the moments spent in the past
Vanished with a promise to be dream of mine
Will always be your love, till the existence of life.

Santosh Sharma

Lost School Days Love - Iii

Lost School Day's Love- 111 (A Spring Day)

The winds were on it's play

Wet earth had it's fragrance to spray

The roses were tossing their heads

Building one in hand to welcome my day

Eagerly eyes were revealing the Sprouts of heart,

Wider smiles, Holding hands, unforgettable are the days

Whispers of friends, a pair for life

Still are my company in the solitude evenings of my life.

Santosh Sharma

Mahatma Gandhi

Thin and frail, a divine soul in a human frame.
Looked like a saint but was a King
Simplest was the life, unimaginable were the dreams
Won the war without weapons and with unthoughtful means

Awakened the slumbered souls, stormed the feeling
Fought, neither with cannon nor with guns
Neither with saber nor with swords.
Fought with peace but not with violence.

Boycott the laws, disobey the deceitful acts
Boycott the salt, bullet the mind
Thundred the colonial rule, dismantled the empire
Such was the charge delivered by a saint looking men.

An emperor, crowned with peace and non violence
Admired by the world, will be honored by generations
Will be revisited by humanity, before the illusion of materialism could end
To redefine the rules of existence in the centuries to come

Santosh Sharma

Mighty Grain

□ Mighty Grain

Buried in grave
Not with tears and grief
But with pleasure and care
New life in dark
Hope of farmer, Theft of sparrow
Grocer's Occupation, Planning of house wife
Delicacy of Chef, Fuel of Mankind
By thou Grace.

Santosh Sharma

Moving Stones

Smiling faces, hearts are numb
kindness in words as parrots are trained
Love is exhibited , mind is reasoning for gain
Sympathy in demand, goals are well defined
Designed wisest of creation, to beautify the land
All are racing, purpose unknown
The day is not far of, You may wonder
where is my created men
One day will see, only stones and
stones are moving around

Santosh Sharma

Oh, Beauty

Oh, Beauty

Mission of a king, Desire of poor

Passion of some, Inspiration of others

Oh beauty,

Never be too near, never be a distant star

Keep on playing like a moonlight

Some days of shine, some days of dark

Neither will lose grace nor the spirits of beholder

Move parallel, could be admirer whole of my life

Wish to meet at a destination

Left out life could be spent

Reminiscing golden moments of past

Santosh Sharma

Prayers To Thou Might

Prayers To Thou Might

When the truth starts sinking
in the majority of un awakened souls
When the love is made for the
reasons and needs
When the humanity starts strangulating
Of it's own conduct and deeds
Inner self starts looking for seclusion and solitude
Oh, Creator and Director of this drama
Change the Script and role of your puppets
Before the drama could take a tragic course.

Santosh Sharma

Troubled Times

Troubled Times

When the day tires me to the last of my strength
Journey is miles away for the shores to reach
□ sailing boat is in the middle of storms
Tides are beyond my head
Sun is shining in the other part of world
□ Moon is also shrouded by darkened and thundering clouds
Oh God come with thy shine
Show me path to waft my sail
Oh master of my life give me strength
Could reach to the destination,
To accomplish your scripted role
Never leave me in lurch in midway of my life.

Santosh Sharma

Ultimate Destination

Ultimate Destination

Attaining heights of dreams
Some struggle to arrange the means
Completing the cycle of life
Some remain unfortunate to travel all the miles
One day every one terminates the journey at one destination.

Fame and fortune come like sea waves
One day shrink to the shadow of one self
Forgetting the blossomed days of life
All flowers become part of the dust at one destination.

Beauty gleams, shines like moon light
Every day adorns with costumes of choice
Slowly forgotten and eclipse in the day light
One day wrapped with the same coffin
Takes a departure from this threshold

People staying in mansions and palaces,
Holding treasure of wealth
The poor and the loved one's completing life in their huts
All reach with empty hands at one destination.

At the sunset of life, our own leave us
Come with tears, return with wet feeling
and remembrance of our deeds
After completing the drama of life
Every one terminate their voyage at one destination.

Santosh Sharma

Unknown Truth And Innocent Feeling Of A Child

Unknown truth and Innocent feeling of a Child

O mother, my friends fathers go to work and every day return back to home.
You had been always telling that my father has gone too far and every day can
not come

Days, months and many my birthdays have passed, still he has not returned
Has he gone of his own or you have asked him to be away for such a long.

At times I have seen you crying silently, but you never tell me why you do so
I guess you might be feeling lonely and remembering father as I do

Why don't you dress up nicely when your wardrobe is full of beautiful
clothes,

Neither you wear your ornaments as other aunts and my teachers adorn.

Mother, why you had tears when Principal asked the name and occupation of
my Dad You had a long pause and struggling murmured which I could not
understand.

You repeatedly read the letters of father, tell me what did he say.

Show me the lines where he had written love for me..

Every day you pray , tell me what do you say , I will also pray the same to God
for his early return Let we both write a letter and tell him we both remember
you lot,

and always look for your arrival.I will say that your little one is growing and will
become strong and brave as you are.I have kept your toy's in safe and will play
when you will come.

Santosh Sharma

What Is Important - To Whom

What is Important – To whom

Neither the palaces
Nor the heaven
Brawl for twenty five cents
For the tendered sum
Old man carrying a box
on his head that too locked
Who knows
What is important to whom.

Santosh Sharma

Why People Drifted From The Way Of Life

Why flames of violence has erupted all around
Who has poisoned the minds of these budding hearts
Is it anguish of some witnessed inhuman tragedy
or hatred of some society's misconduct
Whether these hands are devoid work of choice
or carried away by the satans of caste, religion and divisive acts.

Why this noble woman has picked weapons for destruction
Till yesterday was an embodiment of love peace and affection
Why today her hands are colored with strains of violent blood
limit of her tolerance might have been broken
By these feudal and the traders of mankind

Why these youths are playing with explosives and hand grenades
Why they are too passionate towards bullets and guns
Childhood might have been devoid of play, toys and love of mother
Left out humanity might have been exploited
By their employers and the crooked masters.

Mankind should be saved from this curse of violence
Elite, civilized and the good governance has to come forward
Every hand has to be engaged with the work of choice
Every heart has to be loved. respected and given the rightful place.

Terrorism and violence may pull the last curtain on the life of kalyug.
God may have to think thousand times,
Considering creation of men before making the new world
Or may remain contented with amoeba, plants and animal kingdom.

Santosh Sharma

Wish Of Mother Earth

Wish of Mother Earth

I am the origin I am the shelter
Smallest of the particle and billions of lives
Nurture the existence, day night and every second
Don't ruin me may not exist in the universe, for your cause

Clean you decorate you and beautify you all
Brings charm and fascination every day in your life
Absorbs your wastes within my self
Don't add more of grime
May become ugly stinking and lose my grace.

Provide food water and air, to run your life
Reciprocate me this much
Could do my duties and obligations all the centuries ahead

Beautiful sky rivers Oceans and mountains
Are for your adventure amusement and recreation
Beautiful flowers trees and gardens
All adds fun play and pleasure in your life
Be this much kind, this beauty remain in abundance
For all the generations to come

You have acquired so much of knowledge
Shaken my limbs by exploding bombs on my surface
Don't add more to my pain
May become handicap and won't be able to move
Again will become hot and may find difficult to keep you survive

(Translation of My Hindi poem Dharti Maa ki Pukar)

Santosh Sharma