

Poetry Series

sehdev sharma
- poems -

Publication Date:
2019

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

sehdev sharma(04 Mar 1972)

I am retired from Indian Air Force. Presently, I am an working as a Founding Director for my own educational venture. Though I am post graduate in History and Management as well as graduate in law, I have immense passion for writing. I like to write stories, poems and articles in Punjabi, Hindi and English. That's all about me friends.

A Poet Is Born

A poet is Born
My mind surprised me today.
I could not find words for my emotions.
There was ample confusion,
Irrelevant diffusion,
Stress and strain,
Dry mind but emotional rain.
Mind requested every limb,
It wanted to say something,
Finally hands helped me,
Picked up a old dry pen,
Which could not write well,
Though gave impressions,
On a rotten paper,
And at end,
Few emotions I saw,
Crawling on the paper,
I closed my eyes.
This is how,
My first piece of poem,
Finally born.

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A Simple question?

A Simple Question

I feel the pain, about that unknown body,
Disgraced, shattered and scattered,
Finally found in the bushes,
Which is eyeless and legless?
Various glands hanging around,
Scarlet blood oozing out, deep blade cut on throat,
Thousands of ants, piercing the body parts,
Sufficient to illustrate the plight
Of the last dreadful night.
But under the sky, his head is held so high.
It explicit the pride, that a bravo had died.
He was the son of, my great motherland,
Who scarified his present,
For fellow countrymen future.
Should I remain tranquil? Should I not revenge?
The question is simple, but answer is perplexing.
You need votes, but his family needs justice.
Can you?

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Always Serve Your Best

World is not free,
to appreciate the,
averages of the talents.

Life is so hectic,
every one looks forward,
easy and instant,
stuffs,
to chew,
to digest,
in body,
and comfortably,
be conceived in the mind,
if ideas are served.

We do not have,
second chance,
to correct,
so lets strive,
to serve the,
best,
always.

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Being Famous

It is very tough,
being famous.

It takes away you,
from you.

It earns you laurels,
at a very high price.

You are surrounded by,
the mob,
always,
But inside you,
there is endless,
griefs and solitude.

Being famous is,
tough,
in deed.

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Bird Of A Cage

A free bird,
roar high,
in the sky.

So wild,
So independent.

A day came.
Fortunately or unfortunately.
Bird was chosen by a merchant.
Its price was paid.

It was kept in a Golden Cage.
It was given all and every thing.

For few days,
Bird felt itself so lucky.

The honeymoon period,
culminated,
Bird now realize,
the significance of previous,
wildness and independence.

It vividly ponders,
what is more precious?

Golden cage or unlimited sky?

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Book Is Not Just A Book

Every book,
small or big,
real or fiction,
Irrespective of,
language,
religion,
or geographical boundaries,
have something,
to communicate with us,
whenever we read,
even a single word of it.

It is not just thoughts,
It is not a combination,
black or white,
words,
rather,
it is an opportunity,
to feel,
thoughts and feelings of,
that great writer,
and,
be with him,
mentally,
psychologically,
though not physically.

The world is now,
on a wrong track,
getting away from,
humanity,
humane feelings.
The sole reason being,
we all are,
getting away,
from those precious books,
those have the worth,
to usher or way,
to live a,

human life.

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Clouds

Monsoon season,
numerous clouds,
multifarious sizes,
various colors,
some are flashing,
some are thundering,
some have precipitation,
dome don't,
moves here and there,
direction less.

But all of them,
whatever their nature may be,
vibrates the strings of,
romance and passion,
gives eternal signal,
of afresh life.

Clouds are hope of life,
today,
even forever.

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Democratic Masses..

When,
in any society,
selfishness is at peak,
masses,
never observe,
what is good,
all around them.

They just dance,
like a puppet,
on the tunes of their,
masters,
senselessly.

Really,
mass has,
no mind,
its a simply,
herd of,
directionless sheep.

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Dentists Room...

Only unlucky people,
enter in the dentists room,
with gloomy face,
fear in the mind,
exaggerated rate of heart beats,
with lots of thoughts,
in mind about,
following 10 minutes.

First few seconds,
when lights get on,
near to our face,
The tool try,
coming near to face,
Putting on gloves by doctor,
minor instructions to nurse.

The injection in the root,
of tooth,
said painless,
but a bit painful.

The irritating sound,
of drill machine,
repeated spitting,
rising jaws,
various tastes of medicines,
Who can face all of it,
with opening eyes?
At least,
I am not.

Uff the scene at,
dental room,
is scary.
Have you ever,
experience?

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Do Not Scratch Me

I am the purest form of God; s creation.
You always say that I am the best.
I am the spotless masterpiece.
I give birth to kings and poor too.
I take the monthly pains of my body.

But where ever I go,
In bus,
In restaurant,
In office,
At home,
Why?

You scratch my body,
through your lascivious deeds,
Your lusty looks.

In the evening,
I dont think,
I am master piece.

Of course,
I am the best creation of thy,
But fully scratched,
by the end of,
Day

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Every One Is Diamond

Never under estimate others,
has become an outdated concept,
Never underestimate our self,
is novice and contemporary notion.

God never creates,
unwanted and irrational things.
Everything on Earth,
has its,
unique value.

We all are born with,
talent at par.
Growth in life,
hardly any bar.

We all are,
born diamond.
Some polish themselves,
get sold at high prices.
While others remain,
in the mud,
for years and years,
together.

Lets get up.
Delve our self,
Recognize our potential,

Lets sharpen our personality,
and finally,
place our self,
in the shelf,
of other Diamonds.

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Face Package

Soft silky hairs,
straight forehead,
two curvy eyebrows,
softy softy eyelids,
two wonderful deep eyes,
piously while,
with some black or blue retina,
well triangular nose,
two rosy lips,
two dumpy cheeks,
and a hardy chin,
with a glowing skin,
all over.

Do you think,
our face pack?
No.
Its already a complete,
face package.

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Fashion Is Fashion

The best profession,
perhaps fashion.

They call it creative,
innovation,
out of the box.

If cloth is burned?
it is fashion too.

Fashion is fashion,
everywhere,
inside you,
me,
and every one.

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First Step Is Toughest

Every journey,
starts from zero,
the first step.

To take the first step,
one has to lift his/her feet,
leave the comfortable zone,
get into the risk.
There will be thousands of,
doubts,
apprehensions,
but have a faith.

Every great journey,
starts from the first step,
which is indeed,
the toughest.

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God Belongs To Only...

Hindus say, Krishna is ours,
Christians say, Jesus is ours,
Sikhs say, Guru Nanak is ours,
Muslims say, Prophet Mohammad is ours.

Don't we believe,
we have divided,
the geographies,
cultures,
castes,
religions,
even as God too.

Sun is for all,
Moon is for all,
Air is for all,
Monsoon is for all,
then what the hell,
who we are,
to divide among all,
every thing.

On this wonderful Earth,
every thing,
belongs to all of us.

Even God,
belongs to,
Humanity at large.

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Hatred?

We are,
born tranquil,
lovely,
innocent,
of course cute too.

We hard know,
plus and minus,
of world,
as well as life.

But when we grow,
we grow,
jealousy,
hatred,
and double stranded,
of life.

We play politics,
with others,
our own people,
and some times,
with ourselves too.

We are born,
to love,
care,
and respect,
nature as well as mankind.

By the way?
who taught us hatred?
Have a deep breath,
and ponder for a second.

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Husband And Wife

I convey my gratitude,
to our ancestors,
who created a social institution,
for almost every,
male and female,
to live under a roof,
live and fight,
sail through ups and downs,
together, day and night.

For some, it's merely a physical bonding,
for some, it's compulsion,
for some, safety,
But for some,
it's a bonding of soul,
it's a beautiful journey,
which needs to be covered,
holding the hands of each other,
understanding and compromising with,
each other, for ever.

It all depends on the both,
which objective they have,
in their mind and soul.

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I Am A Fertile Seed

I need environment of love,
I aspire sunshine of care,
I look forward compassionate soil,
I weigh water of emotions.

I am a fertile seed.
I have the potential,
to become a huge tree.
I dream to serve society,
with my priceless shadow,
with my celestial fruits.

All my dreams will come true,
surely come true,
I just need someone,
Who can nurture me,
pave me to a brighter future.

I am indeed,
A fertile seed.....

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I Am A Old Leaf...

I am,
an old leaf.

There was a day,
when I sprouted,
along with my fellow leaves,
on the topmost,
branch of the big tree.

I was small,
I was fragile too,
but I was never scared.

In the long span of a year,
I saw, a summer, monsoon,
winter and autumn too.

I saw hatching of sparrows,
I watched the squerrels,
spriting on narrow braches,
I saw eagles, focusing on their prey.

I watched, cumbulous clouds,
thunderstroms, heavy winds,
chilly winter nights,
light drop of dews,
crawing over my body,
with the first ray of,
dawning Sun.

With the age,
I have to fall,
from the zenith,
to the nadir,
on the flour of Earth.

But I should be happy,
I vacanted a space,
for my successor,

to go through,
the experiences of life.

I am an old leaf,
who shed itself,
to pave path for the,
potential generation.

If possible,
give me,
my due respect,
before I decompose,
for ever,
in the lap of,
mother Earth.

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I Am A Pen..A Slave

I am in your hands,
You think,
I will write,

Good or bad,
Happy or sad,
worse or worst,
common or best,

History witnessed,
many wars,
hues and cries,
because of me.

I can speak for your mind,
I can represent your thoughts,
I can write what ever you want,
I do not have significance,
without you,
and your contemplation.

I am a pen,
I can write,
but I cannot weigh,
I am indeed a slave,
of your thoughts.

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I Am A Road

They appear on my footsteps,
with multiple aspirations,
plethora of dreams,
with little or more,
fire in their minds,
to accomplish,
their unrealistic,
dreams.

They follow me,
utilize my directions,
cover the distances,
as per their destinations,
but how far?
depends on their dreams,
as well passions,
they embodied in.

I remain their,
silent as ever,
stagnant,
guiding and watching,
my users,
reaching their destinations,
sluggishly or promptly.

I am a road,
because,
I am a teacher,
my students are,
my users.

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I Am Just

I am just I am,
I don't listen to any one,
I am arrogant,
I born with a attitude,
I don't speak,
I eject fire,
I cannot sooth any soul,
I am the master of insult,
I don't opt to growth,
I believe in disgrace,
I love to betray,
I am passionate squeezer,
I am not less than animal.

Still you think?
I am a human?
Its your problem,
not mine.

I would never change,
Its your turn,
to change or not.

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I Won't Be Silent

I am mum,
it doesn't mean,
I am coward.

I am a nationalist,
you may call me,
orthodontic guy,
I won't mind.

For me, nothing is above,
my nation, my mother land.

I won't threat,
I won't create chaos,
But let me clear,
one and all,
whenever, whosoever, wherever,
would threat to my nation,
try to bring disgrace,
to my national flag.

I would like to be,
react like a thunder,
blast like a bomb,
pierce the enemy,
like an American knife.

I won't be silent,
spectator.

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Icu

A life,
just lost the hopes of life,
declared as,
dead,
on a sophisticated ICU bed.

The milieu,
almost mourned,
all around.
The relatives sobbed,
siblings cried.

Suddenly a nurse came,
with a long slip in her hand,
in the shape of a bill,
saving the life,
of a life,
which no more a life now.

After watching the,
billing details of ICU,
those who were in life,
became lifeless.

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Lesson From A Tree

It was an evening of monsoon,
I was wandering,
without any objective,
in the fields of,
my ancestral village.

Suddenly,
there was piercing sound of,
cumulonimbus cloud,
a spark of lightening,
generated a sense of fear,
inside my body,
from tongue to toe.

I took shelter under a huge tree,
I could see bunches of mangoes,
ripe and unripe,
hanging on it,
tossing themselves,
to and fro,
with the strong wind.

That great tree,
gave me shelter,
shadow and support,
some fruits,
without any greed,
without any cost.

I realized,
every thing is free in this world,
is for all of us,
there is no cost of any thing,
but its we,
homo sapiens,
linage of our ancestors,
who commercialized,
each and every thing,
of even Mother Nature.

Dont you agree,
its so pity?

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Lets Break The Ice

I know you are unique,
I know I am so distinguished too.

We are two different minds,
We are not a same soul,
Our genes would never match,
Our calibers are personal.

There is no logic,
to keep the same ego,
between our relations.

Lets not keep mum,
lets not fight,
Be happy with each other,
Lets brake the ice.

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Life Is A Bubble

Sitting in the balcony,
I saw a bubble of detergent,
dangling direction less,
moves up and down,
with pace of the,
wind.

I felt it is my life.
I swings like a sea saw,
Like bubble,
it is very light,
have all the colours of rainbow,
changing at substantial speed.

But,
I felt little low too.
Thought the life of,
a bubble is very colorful,
but its very short,
it depends on wind,
how long and how far,
it would sustain,
its existence.

So is my life.

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Listen To Our Soul

Sometimes,
we are in,
poor plight,
a within fight.

It is very tough,
to distinguish between,
what right or wrong?
whats good or bad?
whats to choose or lose?

No need to go to any hill,
just keep chill.

Take a deep breath,
keep a leg on a pillow,
and arm underneath,
try to listen,
thysel heart beat.

Question to our soul,
say our concerns,
and what answer comes first,
follow it,
stick to it.

It worked.
It works.
It will work too.

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Live As Thy Wish

Never try to use,
air conditioner in summer.

Never try to use heater,
In the summer.

Never try to use raincoat,
in a monsoon season.

Never repent of falling leaves,
In the autumn season.

If we want to stay happy,
Lets live as thy wish....

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Love Is Not...

Love is not in,
giving valuable gifts,
giving lots of times,
living together.

Love is a one way traffic,
It only moves its own path,
A path which needs scarifies,
of emotions,
money,
time,
much more,
beyond our imaginations.

Love believes in giving,
not in just taking,
Love is not a love,
if it expects even meagre favors,
Even if, love expects,
its not a love,
its a business,
a barter system.

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Mothers Love

There was a tractor,
in the field,
tilling the mud,
at a greater speed.

The mother lapwing,
which laid the eggs,
in the fields,
not in the nest,
a bit scarred,
as tractor was approaching,
near to it and its eggs.

As the distance,
reduced,
the heart beat of,
lapwing,
rocked up.

The little bird,
was in chaos,
whether to leave eggs,
save its precious life,
or,
counter the tractor,
to save its future generation.

Suddenly,
the driver,
watched the bird,
gave a horn,
but it did not fly.

The humane feelings,
emerged in the mind of driver.
He slowed his tractor,
settled the tillers,
so that bird comes in between.

A lapwing,
cried, yelled, shouted at tractor.
But it did not leave the eggs.

Tractor,
slowly passed,
eggs and bird were between the tillers.

The bird was still,
yelling,
we did not know,
it was,
thanking or cursing?

The scene,
breath taking,
utmost thrilling.
And motherhood won,
fearlessly.

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My Flag My Pride

We all are born, we live,
we die.

But one thing is, immortal,
that is flag, of our nation.

Its not just a piece of cloth,
Its not just few colors.
It carries pride of the nation,
it denotes endless sacrifices,
it represents our national strength,
fraternity and cohesiveness.

Lets be in any corner of world,
lets feel pride in this,
small piece of cloth,
let it flourish,
let it shower endless blessings,
on our fellow citizens,
lets the identity of,
every nation,
be maintained,
respected and accepted.

Lets make our world,
a worth living place,
under the flag of,
our nation.

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My Soul And Me

Sometimes,
we are in,
poor plight,
a within fight.

It is very tough,
to distinguish between,
what right or wrong?
whats good or bad?
whats to choose or lose?

No need to go to any hill,
just keep chill.

Take a deep breath,
keep a leg on a pillow,
and arm underneath,
try to listen,
thysel heart beat.

Question to our soul,
say our concerns,
and what answer comes first,
follow it,
stick to it.

It worked.
It works.
It will work too.

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Never Poke The Mother Nature

Since our evolution,
on this beauty planet,
named as,
The Earth,
we have been exploring,
experimenting,
delving,
developing,
plethora of concepts.

Unknowingly,
but mostly,
knowingly,
we poke mother Nature,
every now and then,
for our own benefits,
or deeds and even curiosity.

The results are,
before us,
utterly catastrophic,
we are in extremedanger,
and our existence is at stake,
seriously.

We may become,
part of the history,
where there is no one,
to understand,
what had happened?
Why it had happened?

Lets love the nature,
be with it,
work for it,
live with it,
without poking it,unnecessarily

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No One Is Winner, No One Is Loser

Life is game,
we play,
every single day.

Day and night,
Dull or bright,
love or fight,
full of belly or diet.

In this game,
no one is loser,
no one is winner.

Some people,
win the game even if they lose,
someone,
Lose the game even if he wins.

Win or loss,
depending on our own,
Attitude and mind setup.

We are never a loser,
unless we accept it,
and,
fail to fight back again.

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O Dear Butcher

I am a wonderful small chicken.
I born as thy wished.
I am living as thy wish.

I can also feel the pain.
I have emotions like you.
I feel joy and sad too.

I never did any harm to you.
I like your kids when play with me.
I run behind them as they run behind me.

I have only question?
What right you have?
To twist my throat,
To tear off my silky wings,
To detach wonderful yellow feet,
To pierce my body,

O my dear Butcher?
What right you have?
Who allowed you to do so?

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Sentiments

They speak to me,
whenever they want.

They hug me,
whenever they desire so.

They scold me,
as per their wish.

They want me,
to dance on their tunes.

They aspire my laughter,
whenever they rejuvenate moments.

They want me to sob too,
whenever they mourn.

I have no grudges,
but have a question for them.

If they are human?
what I am?

A stone,
or puppet?

I have a life,
I have certain sentiments too.

When will they realize,
realize my human hood.....

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Someone Needs To Break The Ice

Life is full of mess,
Every day is new test,
Not easy to breath,
Not easy to live.

Some one,
rightly said,
Dying is easy,
whereas living is the tough.

We are in the webs,
of endless issues,
some solvable and some not.

We are in shackles,
We want to move,
but we cannot sustain,
the weight of these.

But how long,
this plight will prevail?
Who will break the the ice?
Who will usher our path,
from present to future.

No one,
No one,
No one,
except we,
our self.

Lets not wait,
miracles to happen,
Lets strive,
Lets survive,
with our own efforts,
as
to fly high,
bird need its own wings.

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The Best Creation Of God

She smiled, my world smiled,
She cried, I shattered too,

She feared, I frightened too,
She cared, I felt safe.

She was empty belly, I was of full,
She was on wet side, I was on dry.

She gave her womb,
her passion,
her compassion,
suggestions,
values and traditions,

My first love, first teacher.
My first nurse, first servant too.

My eyes get closed,
When I pray,
When I weep,

Mothers are the best,
creation of God,
on this Earth.

Alive or dead,
They always bless.

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The First Drop Of Rain

When there is drought,
the lap of mother Earth is dry,
seeds of weeds almost infertile,
Winds are harsh,
Sunshine is at best,
Mercury is roaring high,
Skins are being tanned.

In this scenario,
Neither the winds,
Nor the clouds are important,
The most important is the,
First drop of rain,
who not only soothes the dryness of Earth,
But raises the hope of life,
Hope to come alive,

Once again,
Only joy no pain,
the music of life is on,
beyond our ecstasy.

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The Last Ball Lesson

Cricket fever was on peak,
the ecstatic movements were on,
two great teams,
hammering their might,
the lift the cup.

My son was on one side of team,
as the last over approached,
his fingers got crossed.

Eyes were closed,
Thy was remembered,
A seldom view before my eyes.

On the last ball,
his team lost the match.
He cried,
He screamed,
He wanted to shatter the TV,
He wanted to put off lights,
He was unable to digest the defeat.

I rolled my hands,
into his sweaty hairs,
counselled him,
Win and Loss is,
not a part of sports,
but our life too.

Win and loss are the outcomes,
but actually matters is,
our efforts,
our genuineness,
our sincerity,
to give our best,
before the results come.

He smiled,
with big of drops of water,

in his childish eyes,
Perhaps understood me,
or not?
But switched off the light,
and slept.

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Today's Mother....

Motherhood is motherhood, I have not intention,
to doubt, on the selfless love,
of mothers of the past,
and mothers of present.

But I can sense, a meagre difference,
of present day mother, and mother of the past.

She would never hesitate, to feed her child,
even children of relatives, for good long years,
without bothering, her own figure,
her own shape.

But today's mother, prefer tinned milk,
for her kids.

Consequently, child looks at tin,
rather than her mother,
when feels hunger.

Old days mothers, would't mind,
clearing the shit, with her own hands,
though she was not, sweeper or maid.

But present motherhood, heavily depends on,
so called diapers, without realizing,
hygiene and plight of, that poor kid,
who his/her self is 2 kg,
and weight of diaper is, perhaps 3 Kg or more.

Now beauty and comforts,
matters for her,
then the close bonding and caring.

You believe or not, Mother hood has changed,
drastically, for the last, half century.

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Tongue..

Boneless,
stays in cage of,
thirty two marvels,
slippery,
salivary,
looks soft,
A tongue,
is the best part of,
human body.

The only means,
to communicate,
with others,
perhaps within ourselves too.

When it is in favor,
it applauds,
sing carols,
bring smile on,
faces of others,
ours too.

But when in divergent mood,
cause chaos,
fights,
battles and wars,
takes full control of,
mind and body.

It is a,
two edged sword,
But it depends on,
the user,
which way to use,
thy or devil?

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We Are Beaten By Our Own People

Sometimes,
I realize,
We are not beaten by,
our luck,
our God,
or our circumstances.

We are often,
beaten by our own people,
who are selfish,
have nefarious deeds,
cannot tolerate our progress,
Hence they get indistress,
and push us,
in similar circumstances,
too.

sehdev sharma

Where Is Tranquility?

Keep the eyes closed,
have a deep breath,
let the nerves of our brain,
sooth for a while,
let the issues of the world,
issues of our personal life,
set aside for few seconds.

Let the soul,
float in the universe,
break the gravity of,
emotions and relations.

We do not need,
million-dollar bed,
spotless bedsheet,
or a perfect ten damsel,
in our arms,
or an extra-large glass of,
a century-old wine,
an airconditioner,
which can fetch the cool breeze,
below 16 degree,
or a 24 carat gold,
to feel the celestial bliss.

We just need few seconds,
to realize,
tranquility,
which is already there,
in our mind and soul,
to recharge our,
mind, emotions and body.

sehdev sharma

Why You Jealous?

I have my own identity,
fortune,
qualification,
mental set up,
varied aspirations,
unmatched dreams.

I find,
not even a single,
rationale reason,
for you,
to jealous of me.

If you still,
cannot avoid it?
It is a guarantee card,
for me,
that,
I am way ahead of you,
and you cannot,
catch and match,
my pace,
of growth and development.

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Wisdom Vs Luck

Wisdom and luck,
two sides of a coin,
banks of a river of life,
parallel railway lines,
who would never,
meet,
but walk together,
take us to known,
untrodden paths,
some time we grab,
our dreams,
sometimes lost on the way.

But when they meet,
life ends.
It's the fag of life,
Never repent,
lets the wisdom and luck,
walk abreast in our life,
let the life going...going and going

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Words..Are Not Just Words..

Every language has,
certain number of words,
some are vowel,
some are consonants,
their combinations are,
widely used,
for multifarious,
purposes.

Words are the thoughts,
comes in our mind,
from the cosmos.

Some people use these,
to spread hatred,
jealous feelings,
malice for one another.

But for some,
words are just,
gift of God,
by which,
we can spread,
humane thoughts,
apathy and compassion,
universal brotherhood.

All depends,
on the user's wisdom,
how to use?
where to use?

We all speak words,
but only few know,
what to speak.

Lets believe,
words are not just words,
these can for trasformed into

eternal thoughts.

sehdev sharma

World Has Changed

While walking in a garden,
I saw a rose,
so big in size,
wooned me instantly.

I stopped near to it.
I touched it,
felt its ultra silky skin,
I closed my eyes,
I was out of world.

I could not resist.
I knelt to have a,
celestial fragrance.

I breath so deep,
inhaled an extra large puff,
again and again,
repeatedly.

How it is possible?
Such a unique rose,
without any fragrance?

I opened my eyes,
went more closer to it,
and asked?
Where is the fragrance?

The rose sobbed.
Said to me with its widened,
empty, dry and emotionless eyes,
" I dont have fragrance,
I dont have dew to,
The world have changed a lot,
and the emotions too".

The startling beep of alarm,
woke me up in wee hours,

My body got occupied,
in daily routine.

But my mind,
could not ignore,
that rose,
its argument that
world has changed.

Literally that dryness,
I felt in every relation,
Every body around me is big rose,
With no fragrance, with no emotion...

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