

Poetry Series

**Shery Vincent**  
**- poems -**

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# Shery Vincent(25/05/1970)

I love poems....to read and write..

# Forgive Me

Oh Almighty,  
You called me by my name,  
I was busy in my happiness,  
But I called you in despair,  
When tears filled my eyes,  
You gently wiped it away,  
Forgive me my Lord.

Oh Almighty,  
You told me to respect parents,  
I believed it is their duty to care,  
When I became a parent only,  
I understood what you told me,  
But was late to complete my duties,  
Forgive me my Lord.

Oh Almighty,  
You said me to love my neighbours,  
I prejudiced them in preferences,  
Who were not there in my difficulties,  
But you sent 'the good samaritan',  
To help me on my necessity,  
Forgive me my Lord.

Oh Almighty,  
You taught me through 'parables'  
And I heard it like 'fables',  
Never bothered about its morals,  
But you made the parables true,  
To save me from the fires of hell,  
Forgive me my Lord.

Oh Almighty,  
You prayed always for me,  
When you were on cross also,  
Like the cruel thief, I insulted you,  
But you were very generous,  
By raising your hand to heal me,  
Forgive me my Lord.

Shery Vincent

# Lost Love

'How can I forget you? '  
Always you repeat.  
snowdrops on those days,  
But steam my heart now.

'Your eyes are shining stars'  
'And I see my dreams in it'  
Why told me to close my eyes?  
To keep your dreams hide?

'And you say, ..'Please don't stop'  
'I will hear you for years'  
Are you turning face?  
To shut my mouth for ever?

'Not hungry if you are near'  
'you are bread of my life'  
Now too hungry to leave me  
Burning my love with a spark.

'Heaven, in your simple touch'  
'Never mind, if I die now itself'  
Why you loose my hand from you?  
To live long by saying bye, ...

Seeing stars in 'another' eyes?  
Hearing 'another' for long hours?  
Hungry for a 'new' slice bread?  
Heaven in 'new' simple touch?

My eyes are sleepy,  
My lips are sticky,  
You and Heaven are far from me,  
Still you distrub in my dreams.

How can I say you are mine?  
Who belongs to whom?  
My love only belongs to me,  
I'll keep it like a pearl.

Shery Vincent

# Modern Husband

He was a modern husband,  
And she was a modest wife.  
His dream was a consummate girl,  
To lighten his life more prosper.

His Mum find out his honey,  
From the heart of the village,  
Where streams kiss the meadows,  
And hills greet the rising sun.

Covering in silk and yellow ornaments,  
She remebered him an Indian Goddess,  
Breaking his deep silence in life,  
She entered with laughing anklets,

He was not confused to bring her,  
To his city where day and night alike,  
He was sure he can change her,  
With the magic of a beauty parlour.

What a perfect woman was she,  
Yes, his second wife which he made,  
Short cut silky hair, full costumed beauty  
Thin body fit in stretch jeans and top.

She was very smart and social,  
Her affection and devotion for her job,  
And the way she handling customers,  
Kept him away, far away from her.

Now he is dreaming his consummate woman,  
Covered in silk and yellow ornaments,  
Jasmine garland in her long hair,  
Laughing anklets to break his deep silence.

Shery Vincent

# My Son Asks

My ten year old son,  
Will ask doubts always,  
When he watch TV news,  
I feel proud of him,  
But sometimes in dilemma.

'What these terrorists do mum? '  
I scratch my head and say,  
'kill as much as innocents'  
Like we kill the chicken to eat,  
They kill us to beat.

'Mum my friend asked me  
Is Pakistan our enemy? '  
I smile and say,  
'No my son, they are our brothers'  
You remember, our Grandpa,  
Who divided our property,  
Equal among uncles and aunts,  
You saw how they quarrelled between,  
To get a major share,  
Death of Grandpa reunited us,  
But shedding his own blood also,  
Our 'Great Grandpa' failed,  
To fulfil his vision.

'What problem between Israel and Palestine? '  
Our priest told Israel is 'God's own People'.  
Oh, that is simple dear,  
An old story,  
Of dislodge and misfeasance,  
Forget and forgive is divine my son,  
What human can do,  
Only revenge and repress,  
Hope 'He' will be back,  
To save 'His' kingdom again,  
From its nasty sins.

'No more questions my son',

You simply switch off TV,  
And go to bed with dreams and hope.  
All footsteps lead to,  
The same path,  
That is Love..Love...only Love...  
My son,  
Try to love...all,  
Everything....  
Nature and creature....  
To emerge...  
A new society..of universal brotherhood.

Shery Vincent