

Poetry Series

shivashish patil
- poems -

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shivashish patil(8 dec 1992)

.....Maybe Tommorow!

Early morning today I woke.
To my heart with hope I spoke,
'Today shall be the day, I swear! '
Soon the afternoon broke.
From heavens came no lucky stroke.
My eyes filled with hope, heart fear!

The evening passed, came Twilight.
But my eyes still filled with light.
'May be now....the moment must be near!
But nothing came except the night.
My heart with me began to fight.
'She didn't come, ' it said as fell a tear!

I calmed it down
'Dear feel no sorrow
If not today
May be tommorow.'

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A Debt For Love

For no crime I was punished.
Buried alive all dreams I had cherished.

For no fault, me you blamed.
My hopes and smiles together you flamed.

For your love, a debt I paid.
'Look your life is hell, 'me God said.

Oh my love, for you I'll rise.
Of this hell then I'll make a paradise.

Oh my love again I'll stand,
And fetch you back from fate's hand.

'Oh God, 'then I'll say, 'Look I win.
Compared to my life even heavens a bin.
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A Love Poem - You And Only You

In your dreams I spend every night
Nothing but your face in sight.

In your thoughts passes all day
Nothing but your name to say.

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Filled with disgrace my mind
Nothing but darkness front and behind.

Filled with pain and sorrows my heart
Nothing but cries from every part.

Why my love you left me alone
To fight with my fate - firm like stone.

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Perished In Your Love

If your beginning shall need my end
To you my every breath I'll lend.

If your happiness shall need me in sorrow
Every pain there is I'll borrow.

If your life shall need me perished
I shall forget every dream I cherished.

If for you it shall bring pain
Even my love I shall slain.

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Small Love Poem

My every feeling starts
With you ends at you.
Every thought for moments
With you which though few
Rule my heart and cause
Each and every tear new

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Valentine Day

Happy Valentine Day.....buddy.....

'The story of Valentine's Day begins in the third century with an oppressive Roman emperor and a humble Christian Martyr. The emperor was Claudius II. The Christian was Valentinus.

Claudius had ordered all Romans to worship twelve gods, and had made it a crime punishable by death to associate with Christians. But Valentinus was dedicated to the ideals of Christ; not even the threat of death could keep him from practicing his beliefs. He was arrested and imprisoned.

During the last weeks of Valentinus's life a remarkable thing happened. Seeing that he was a man of learning, the jailer asked whether his daughter, Julia, might be brought to Valentinus for lessons. She had been blind since birth. Julia was a pretty young girl with a quick mind. Valentinus read stories of Rome's history to her. He described the world of nature to her. He taught her arithmetic and told her about God. She saw the world through his eyes, trusted his wisdom

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