

Poetry Series

Shruti Kumar
- poems -

Publication Date:
2011

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

Shruti Kumar(March,1998)

Well, I am a 13 year-old, girl who certainly enjoys writing poems with quite strange meanings even at a tender age. I am here, on this website so that I can improve my skills in poetry writing. Poems I have written so far may not be very impressive but I do intend to learn more.

2012,8th Of March (A Birthday Poem)

Around fourteen years ago,
Neither the sun had set nor did the moon glow;
A sweet, little princess came here down,
In this world, when the angels took a blissful bow!

Now it's 2012 and the 8th of March,
The spring is almost on its arch,
And once again the momentous day is here!
A very happy birthday, oh our dear!

May this be a splendid inauguration,
Of a year that is full of cheer and celebration,
And may the almighty shower his blessings,
And in times of anguish, show you the brightness of inspiration!

And may He give you a long life of health, joy and prosperity,
Guide you through the path of truthfulness and honesty.
And at the end I would only say,
Happy birthday to you, once again today!

Shruti Kumar

A Friend So Dear (A Birthday Poem)

15 years ago you were out on a jaunt,
A journey of life, a mission of want.
To change the world a little by little;
Sometimes smooth, sometimes fickle.

Today is a day to forever recall,
In this world so huge; yet so small.
Because a pretty, little girl entered the world,
As sweet as honey, as valued as an emerald.

So these are the moments to cherish, to celebrate,
For, I have a friend so dear, cool and great!
All I pray, is that you are blessed so well,
By love of God and remain happy wherever you dwell.

May He help you succeed in your life,
Be with you in times of struggle and strife,
In simple words, I have a message to convey -
Wish you a very happy, momentous birthday!

Shruti Kumar

A Priceless Year!

It was only a year ago,
When an eventful jaunt started,
A course to learn and grow;
With you and just a septet.

Bethinking it yet again,
The year was brisk and fleet;
Yet, fruitful for reasons twain -
Nothing ever felt feckless, inane or obsolete.

Even for the rounds we lost,
I feel it has rather been our win,
Discerning skills to further accost,
Alleviated by your aid, valued more than a sequin*!

Debating, is without a doubt,
A priceless art to learn.
With patience, mastering to bout;
Opposing yet showing no spurn.

So thank you; for your patience, fortitude,
For your guidance and steer.
Accept this simplest form of sheer gratitude,
Thank you, yet again, for a propitious year.

*Refers to gold coins here

Shruti Kumar

A Truly Incredible Day! (A Birthday Poem)

Hope when you woke up today,
The sunshine showed its way,
Through the darkness of night and sadness,
To enlighten this incredible day with its brightness!

Today is a special day, you see,
He's been a friend to spread all glee!
It's been 13 years now or so,
So many things will come and go...

But, we will be there to wish you forever,
A birthday full of surprises and memories, moreover;
May God fulfil all your dreams and aspirations,
And guide you in the moments of anguish and frustrations.

At the end I would now only say,
A very happy and jovial birthday!

Shruti Kumar

Farewell Is Yet To Come

I wonder how that day will be-
When destiny will separate them and me.
Remember I will, the sound of the ringing bell,
Even after the day of my farewell.

Is this how the story will end-
even when we don't intend?
To my friends, how will I tell?
Closer are the days, to my farewell.

But it is no point to further talk;
For time will run out of clock;
Forget, I wouldn't this sight and smell,
Even after the day of my farewell.

I'm ready to go down on my knees;
But destiny goes again, as it will please.
But to my friends, I will wish them well;
Even after the day of my farewell

All this time I sit and sigh;
I sometimes go numb and begin to cry.
Remain in my heart forever, I foretell.
Before, on and after my farewell.

Will all our promises go in vain?
Are we ever going to meet again?
I wouldn't have anything to say or sell;
On that day of my farewell.

That day, this chapter of life will forever close,
This is what destiny chose,
This turn of life didn't go so well,
Since it had been the day of my farewell...

Shruti Kumar

My Dedicated Mother

You are someone, in front of whom I don't have to pretend;
Your warmness is better than a friend!
You keep me just in line,
whether whilst scolding or stories of bedtime.

Apart from mountains, trees and valleys,
You're a person God has made,
Whenever I am in trouble,
I turn to you and seek your aid.

You're a perfect teacher, mother and wife,
Your lessons will not be forgotten all my life,
I seek your guidance all this way,
where the tomorrow is always different from today.

Shruti Kumar

One Awaited Reply?

Swept off by your smile,
Across your grin, I traced a 'hi'.
Then also I was-
awaiting one - awaited reply.

Forget things, just as we may,
Your nature worked us many a way;
For covered it your undefended lie.
Then too I awaited one - awaited reply.

But now? Lurching around a corner we are,
Wondering how things went so far;
Finally framing a filmy goodbye;
Still awaiting one - awaited reply.

Shruti Kumar

Strange Things Are!

Strange things are;
Neither close, nor too far.
But there resides a time unknown,
Memories of which, secured in a jar.

Seriously strange things are;
Destination reachable, not by foot, not by car.
But there dwells a thing unknown,
Memories of which, twinkles a star.

Memories of which, sweet and sour;
Times are when- blossoms a flower.
Sailing off to discover the unknown,
Because trust me, that's how strange things are!

Shruti Kumar

Time Is The Essence Of Life!

Time is the essence of everything,
Sorrow and happiness, both it will bring,
All you have to do is watch and wait;
For time will open every gate.

Time is the essence of every emotion,
If you're enveloped with grief, slow it will run.
All wounds and agonies it just heals,
With your joy, it makes numerous deals!

Time is the essence of every job,
It makes you laugh, makes you sob,
At times, everything goes for you,
Things unexpected, it makes you do.

Time decides how you should feel,
Life is a cart, time turns its wheel.
All you have to do is struggle and strife;
Don't forget, time is the essence of life!

Shruti Kumar