

Poetry Series

**Shubham Agnihotri**  
**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**

2020

**Publisher:**

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

# Shubham Agnihotri(01/12/1995)

A civil service aspirant and a part-time poet.

# A Challenging Night

How distant are those semi-dark clouds  
So the white thick clouds on the other end.

I see a bird descending and looking bigger to me,  
Higher it was soaring; it was too small and no dear to me.

Suddenly the moon disappeared and white clouds no more.  
I am sitting by a road that had been busy- moments before,  
Now it is deep silence everywhere,  
My ears hear the hollow sound of moving wind there,  
My mind is trying hard to harmonize my hands all right;  
Harmony between the opisthenar of left  
and the palm of right.

It started raining just before my heart could have rained for you,  
The pitter-patter sound of tiny drops synched with silence,  
I synched my emotions in this sound with you.

Shubham Agnihotri

# A Cold Night

It was cold enough  
To wear winterwear,  
I had put on my sweater.  
Perhaps breeze was gently blowing;  
I watched through my glass window  
That bright yellowish marigold  
Nodding in confirmation out.

I felt like it was calling me,  
But I couldn't feel that breeze.  
I remember something stroke up  
Inside, and I became freeze.  
I was still motionless,  
That flower losing stillness.

Shubham Agnihotri

# A Day In The Library

I heard someone tiptoeing fingers on board,  
Felt as if clock's needles were walking curiously on road.  
Quick I was to have furtive sights,  
My eyeballs waggled like a deer's wise,  
It was a long narrow aisle,  
She was seated like a busy child,  
A seat after a vacant next to me.  
The library was the place for me to stay  
All of my day in those weary days while,  
Herself was lost in an imaginary world  
Like a cow ruminates alone in a herd,  
That moment paused the things  
I felt no light or fan was on,  
But ones in a pair on above her  
Like a spotlight in an opera theater.  
Her absorbed heed made her to frequent chuckles  
I was curious out of my pensive speculation there.  
Was it a problem of mathematics or any  
Convoluting story of romance in mind somewhere?  
Was it a joke or a beautiful memory of past of her?  
I thought, thought and brought my pen on paper  
To capture, to catch and to decipher her nature,  
I knew that I was doing it in a vain,  
Mysteries would be no more mysterious If told in a simple tale,  
I started writing a piece of a short poem,  
I didn't know when I was lost in the room so common,  
I wrote and thought what I should,  
should I ask or not  
What you think, you do, tell me you would?  
My hand was moving sporadic in motion,  
Sudden a moment, someone snapped fingers on my ears in a dim sound,  
I looked at my right and got surprised,  
As I came out of my dream  
Had shrunk my eyes like it was a flash of a beam,  
It was the girl next to me,  
Smiling not curiously, offering a bar of chocolate,  
Like it was a fight and she was willing to placate,  
I took and broke it half, thanked and laughed,  
Scrapped my paper and forgot my poem.

I miss now the paper I wrote that day,  
and scramble to remember the face in a clear way.

Shubham Agnihotri

# A Kid Ready To Fly

Dawn brings newness in everything,  
A bird unfolds its resting wings  
So you open up your eyes with a new dream;  
This sky fills itself with vibrant beams  
The bird stops fledgling and ready to fly  
You start your flight in the beautiful sky.  
In the daytime, clouds might come,  
Thunders may strike, lightning may flash,  
Rain may drench you, gust may shiver,  
You have to move all through this my child.  
You have got the innocence in your heart,  
Don't lose your spirit until the flight reaches far  
At its destination, whether in evening or night.  
Fly, fly and fly making those humming sounds  
Leaving your worries, hopelessness, and stress behind.  
We are always flying somewhere nearby you in the wild blue yonder,  
you know you see straight forward at your aim- a wonder.  
Take a rest when you get to your place,  
Have a party when you know this is your space.

Shubham Agnihotri

# A Kind Heart

Let yourself hover like  
A cloud to cover the land,  
Scorched and barren plains of hearts,  
And pour down your smile  
Like it rains over it, drenched,  
Soaked up in its sweetness,  
Those hearts are atoned.  
They lose their anger,  
They find cracks in stones.  
Cracks to be filled with the love,  
Care and support you often drip freely.  
It will become a channel of many streams,  
Meeting and parting at a point  
Somewhere between the hearts  
A confluence for life;  
A perennial truce among our memories.

Shubham Agnihotri



# A Revival Of A Friendship

I hear that one old song  
I used to sing lyrics everywhen wrong  
It always reminds me of you for so long  
How it sowed a friendship-seed so strong.

Your laugh at that moment and you corrected me  
Raising your eyebrows like a half-stretched coconut tree  
And followed by a sweetening smile like a panda-teddy  
It all flashes when I hear the old song, I know the lyrics NOW but I sing it wrong.

Those days are gone but memories are new  
I penned down my work in your notebooks you knew  
And teasing talks heart-to-heart like we played dart game on the same part  
A brown leather jacket on a slender you; stupefied me like a blend of chocolate  
and Peruvian Lily.

Shubham Agnihotri

# A Star And I

Myriad stars in the sky,  
I am the only one  
Flying in the deserted sky.  
No, A star has the same cry  
In its trembling twinkle  
With a fairy and faint shy-  
A multitude of stars here,  
And far away I'm alone who dies.

Shubham Agnihotri

# A Toy Or A Heart

How long do you think  
I can stretch down?  
My heart is strong enough  
To bear your gusty words,  
Sudden blooming of your Anger,  
But not like THAT TOY-  
Self-positioning toy;  
You hit harder,  
You pull farther  
Yet in the end  
It gets back to normal.

Some day, I afraid,  
My heart deforms,  
And you hit harder  
It never ever comes  
Back to you as the same.

Shubham Agnihotri

# Acquaintance With Silent Going

That tik-tok sound is no more,  
Even my wristwatch works from the core,  
Now the bright side of the moon is to move,  
And I witness the quietude too serene.

Behind the glass of an hourglass  
Sand silently slides, in me inside  
Somewhere signaling the lone spend.

No bell rings, no voice sings,  
Nothing flashes on screen from my pal,  
I keep on the mode on silent for all.

My tongue has been used to summon  
Every messenger of love on time,  
Now it tries to turn over something in the heart  
Like the hourglass slides the sand already known  
Every piece of it twice, thrice and so on.

Shubham Agnihotri

# An Open Book

An open book like an open ocean,  
A blank notebook like a blank sky,  
It has numerous odes, anecdotes, and tales  
Written in a language of love so terrific;  
But the words mean the way esoteric.  
The blank pages glow like gentian in the garden,  
Awaiting for the ink to draw something, someone.

People don't read the pages they should,  
They shuffle the sheets as a child would,  
They don't get its own world and they chide,  
Still, the open book smiles enough wide.  
They try to tear the pages and pull it out to crumble,  
Its heart stretches long enough like elastic and they fumble,  
A gust of wind comes and turns over it, and scribbles.

Indeed, no reader will be called an infidel,  
It has faith in the sole tamed but pure reader,  
In this long binding of the life's papers,  
It has turned and left some beautiful dog-ears.  
'Who' knows it right when it can't be inscribed.  
It leaves some pages with smudges and discolorations,  
To be understood by those who can't read simple letters.

Shubham Agnihotri

# Carry My Bag

I remember when you  
Carry on my bag on your shoulder,  
Whenever we meet in the evening  
Coming back from the weariness of the day,  
Walking and talking along the way.

You just don't spare my burden  
But spare your love with me,  
You bless me with your care  
Like a marigold spares honey with a bee.

I feel relieved in this rush of the world,  
Forgetting the absurdity of this existence,  
Sensing no pain in my bones.  
I collect these memories to fight my miseries.

Shubham Agnihotri

# Don't Be The Nicest

Be nice,  
Don't be the nicest.  
My people  
Whom I think God,  
Are the devils.  
They shattered my heart  
Again and again,  
Turning it into a heap  
Of clay and sand,  
I won't submit,  
I won't quit,  
I will add up my tears  
Of dreamless nights,  
And will mold into big bricks,  
Burnt in the fire of my anger  
And the heat of my pain.  
Bricks are too hard to break,  
I will fortify my heart, though unbent.  
I will be a fort for you, my dear,  
Not a board to play darts.  
I will be nicer,  
Not to you, but yester me.

Shubham Agnihotri

# Don't Cry For Perfection

It will pass on to you,  
From top to bottom  
Better you know.

Like a fall takes  
A fall to the down;  
You collect the fiery  
Water in your heart- a pound.

The gelid night might help in  
To win the heated tears of you.  
The moment you break down,  
The moment you lose the crown.

Know the trifles and hear the sound,  
Collect the petty for perfection around.  
You are the one who roars to the sun-moon,  
From down to sky, and noon to noon.

Shubham Agnihotri



# Doubts! !

For your wall in your mind  
I would make a ladder,  
For your gorge in your heart  
I would build a bridge,  
For your problems  
I would find solutions,  
But for your doubts in love  
I would forego yourself.

Shubham Agnihotri

# Environment Day

If we go this way.  
We all will be old.  
You will talk to me,  
You will talk to them,  
One will say  
It is flooding here,  
One will say  
It is a drought here,  
One will say  
Forest is burning here,  
One will say  
I can't have clean air,  
One will say  
We shall die together.  
We all shall say  
We wish, We wish  
We could have done  
Something that day  
When we were laughing on others  
Who tried to prevent this DOOMSDAY.

Shubham Agnihotri

# Her Love For Black

I wonder the way  
Stars shine in space,  
And in my heart  
The moon finds a face,  
I wonder the way  
Moles become sparkling  
On your magical face.  
The black and white,  
The dark or bright;  
How one would shine  
In day or night,  
If Black has no beauty  
And stars have no light.

I ruminate and dream  
How a Black Rose would seem  
Among the plethora of white orchids,  
Stood alone against wind's twilight;  
Talking to the shadow of own at sight,  
Not a tragedy but love that defies.  
So you prevail in dressed in black,  
Seem to be a queen out of flash,  
All those smiles look  
to be a little jealous  
All those who feign  
We are in the garden of delight.

Shubham Agnihotri

# How You Saw Me

I was never  
Beautiful or ugly,  
Fair or dusky,  
Intelligent or imbecile,  
Traacherous or loyal,  
Rustic or royal,  
Overriding or subjugated,  
Flawed or perfect,  
Tacit or talkative,  
Timely or untimed,  
Rich or poor,  
Indifferent or dear.  
I was always  
How you saw me.

Shubham Agnihotri

# I Know I Can And I Will

I know,

I can,

I will.

Braking hills

My accelerating wills

Shall drill and drill.

I wait,

I persist,

I believe.

Bare feet and naked eyes

Open ears and hand-grip tight

On hill-top I'll be the sole light.

Shubham Agnihotri

# If Were An Animal

If I were an animal,  
I would be a tortoise or a turtle,  
the one that would live for so long,  
who would walk, who could swim,  
A little and slowly but daily;  
the ocean is so deep, the road is so long,  
I'd have lost the mysteries in haste,  
Things have been blurred, sceneries might be filmy,  
without pace, I'd have discovered their true beauty,  
the road is so long, the end would be my end,  
But I'd know the flowers, and see the colors,  
would touch the petals, and feel the redolence,  
I'd penetrate the forests, and witness the wild,  
would realize the freedom, and want to rewild,  
the ocean is so deep, my shell after end would touch the bottom,  
I'd know the fishes, and make some friends,  
would speak to corals, and beg for the shelter,  
I'd explore the trenches, and read some history,  
would get some things, and belong before my time,  
If I were an animal,  
I would be a tortoise or a turtle.

Shubham Agnihotri

# It Is Your Show

Hey you! come on, magnificent is your radiance  
When you blow like the wind in your dreams,  
You blow up some water bubbles trapped in your knocked bottle of heart for  
years,  
You take them along afar in the light of hope,  
That colorful hope witnessed in the iridescence  
Over the surface of those beautiful bubbles  
Flying freely under the sky filled with your own sunshine;  
The sunshine you created when you were a prism,  
It dispersed all the seven colors in the azure,  
To let yourself become pristine and pure.  
It is a seamless rainbow in that unclouded sky,  
Down it is a bottomless bluish enticing sea;  
You know it has illusions like mirages of the desert,  
Once it may call you to dive in by showing Pearl's beauty, or to on broad to surf  
in adisguise of thrill?  
You are in the middle with your magical bubbles,  
You are a seagull flying in the lengths of your dreamscape,  
Far away, there is a point where everything meets,  
You are racing against the time to reach there with your wings,  
The journey is magical and you know the magician's trick.  
Hey you! Come on, now fly with your flesh-flashing like the lightening, become a  
ceaseless thunder.  
All eyes are on you, yet no eyes on you.  
Your eyes are where there matters you know;  
it is a wonder, it is your show.

Shubham Agnihotri

# Kakistocraky

We dance in such a 'cracy',  
Roads are heavily messy,  
Where the majority is mostly wrong,  
Where the minority is rarely right.

Shubham Agnihotri



# My Inspiration

Though you don't blow around us,  
As obviously as the air all the time,  
Yet you breathe in, and breathe in me,  
I have a dream, the only and a little one,  
And I don't know how to paint it in real,  
Brushing randomly without brushing up me,  
Mixing the colors wrongly or disproportionately,  
In such a fixed equation of time,  
But knowing the fact, that you are the inspiration,  
And it will be here, in the unplotted heart of mine,  
Till the breath, not afresh and not refreshed,  
As if I were to be a disciple of yours,  
For the sake of the dream?  
I am unaware of the way, though I claim as being that I am as certain as the  
setting sun,  
That knows the direction of the next rise,  
And I wish you bring the sunny being the Sun, unknowingly and off to worries,  
To let the way be clear, clearing the mist, fog  
And even the Mackerel Sky which vacillates me,  
And I know, you will always be there,  
in the cold weather and cold-blooded nights-  
when the stars cheat on me by teasing,  
causing a moon to shine for me,  
Even in the moonless nights,  
I don't importune and won't ever,  
For me, I have got no voice of such pitch,  
Like the ones- querulous and cloying,  
I am silent, begging silently,  
The silent blessings of yours,  
In your Aura, cover me in,  
For this, I believe in the rays,  
Invisible, what other calls it the telepathy,  
I believe in, you breathe in,

Shubham Agnihotri

# My Sunflower

Why do I wish  
That the Sunflower,  
Which I never sowed  
But watered in every weather  
Should be mellific?

I remember when I sprinkled  
The water drops in affection,  
It looked at me like the thirsty  
Land looks at the clouds,  
Or a baby stares at mother  
To lactate, out of hunger.

Why should it temperate  
Its own beautiful wildness  
To become mild  
For me this winter?

It will wither,  
It will lose the freshness of petals  
And further along  
It will make me fade away too,  
Shedding down all my budding  
Desires and leaves of Love.

Shubham Agnihotri

# Nobody Gets Me The Way I Am

Nobody gets me  
The way I'm;  
I wanna express.  
Words are futile,  
Feelings an infidel,  
Emotions are devil,  
What to foretell?  
I'm losing us  
To you and me.  
I subtract one;  
Two of WE  
Remain one-one.  
No time swell,  
The heart is unwell,  
Isn't that well?

Shubham Agnihotri

# Ode To Smile

Bear and bear to never put off,  
more refulgent amongst all the polishes,

feel timid the gold, the white gold, and every silver line,  
pose It to you, not to wait for the time,  
lambent stretches, not thrifty  
are sparkling in all sides,  
a gift of nature, defeating ornamental beauty of life.

unlike the coldness of hoarfrost at Poles out, has not the warmth of the sunshine.

yet soft, simple, serene and sublime, in the end, all the kings of the sky, feel so  
badly shy, as Kadupul, looks the brightest even in its faintest bright,

Bear and bear to never put off,  
even in the flood of perils, the turncoat of peace, when the monotony of  
existence inside roams, when moment unnerves one's dream, its sudden strike  
becomes a panacean beam, not for the few, not in the limits, It's free and free,  
like mercy, like kindness, lordless vim of time, a signal of love, courage and  
hope.

not just of the rich, or the poor, not just for the youth, or the child dear, Your  
undyed proof of dignity.

ageless, priceless and boundless, smile, Instills spirit, in all of us.

to rein in the state of the mime.

Shubham Agnihotri

# Pretending Disappointment

It feels like I am  
Going through the hell  
I keep on telling myself  
Let it go quite well  
My heart and my hair  
Through every orifice  
Let it blow up and tour  
Inside me until sufficed.  
As the gusty wind  
Hits A wind chimes  
The moment hits me  
But I am hanging fine  
Swinging and a sound  
Pleasing the air around  
Out of deference to the Hell  
I am a ringing tubular Bell.  
I do suffer and suffer  
They think me a buffer  
A place to have a hold on  
To wait; are they poltroon?  
No one of us can escape  
From each one of us  
Yet I do smile as fake  
As I cut a failure cake.

Shubham Agnihotri

# Reconciliation

I know I am bad  
At how to reconcile,  
I know whatever  
I say becomes futile.  
You never see me but  
Calling a witty feline,  
How you ignore the innocence of  
My heart, a piece so ductile.

Shubham Agnihotri

# Saddening Sunday

Would you like to have a visit to my dream-land?  
I will take you along and cicerone my plotted heart.  
How strong I do appear out for you,  
How happy my smile would mean for you,  
There are some dreams of you, you don't know,  
and how brutally the tsunami tears me apart in; unknown you.  
You might not have seen the tears I poured  
I am shedding drops and writing an epicedian.  
What if the almanac calls it the spring,  
My heart knows the fall day by day; long-lasting autumn.  
Will you believe 'the paper' or my mysterious pain?  
I would choose to perish while rebuilding my dream,  
Wise you and say that I should not scream.  
I want to rise, stand up on my feet,  
How many times can you witness my defeat?

Shubham Agnihotri

# Stargazer

I am a Stargazer,  
I do this every night,  
Though there might  
Have some doubts about  
The distance of the stars in space out.  
But I know stars are bright,  
They burn and sparkle to show  
The light in which I wish to glow,  
I don't care about some nights  
The sky is covered with  
Clouds and wind's cries.  
That shall, too, pass in the sleep of plight,  
I am a Stargazer,  
I do this every night.

Shubham Agnihotri



# The City With Paradox

Some dwell sleepy,  
in the city of dreams,  
Some dwell creepy,  
in the city of screams,  
the city is one, but who divides whom?  
One kite flies, not in the least, to height in the cloudless sky,  
There who tugs whom?  
Peace for all but a war freely roams,  
some smile, some cry,  
but no one hugs one form.

Some sense envy,  
in the city with sedition,  
Some sense zeal,  
in the city with volition,  
The Souls are the same, but who defies whom?  
One flag hoists, not in all sides, for a bit of time, in the blowing air,  
There who sucks up whom?  
All of us hate lies, but truth truly burns,  
some exult, some yell,  
But no one shuns away from the bad of the Foam.

Some thrive daily,  
in the city of Veracity,  
Some starve daily,  
in the city of Venality,  
The World is one, but who halts whom?  
All wish utopia, but feigning to rein in,  
Races want races, but dwarfs win at the end,  
Shadows are the same but the light defeats them,  
Some palliate, Some founder,  
but no one accepts the blames.

Shubham Agnihotri

# The Firefly Flies Freely

A flying glow-worm, flying,  
Challenging the face of the darkness,  
Facing the severity of unseasonably cold,  
She flies with courage; how beautiful and bold.

She flies as the wind blows,  
How it comes, how it goes,  
She burns as the lamp glows,  
Nobody can tell, Nobody knows.  
The budding flowers of the plain,  
Deserted of their bees in the night,  
Finding and waiting for her to be the bee to-night,  
They nod, and looking at her nodding and calling,  
But they can not predict her journey and flight.

The firefly guides them in one as they trail,  
When the moon is absent,  
The stars are feeble and frail,  
Go on; move on; not to sleep,  
And not to self-pity.  
Be agile, be crazy; not to weep  
And live you crotchety.

The glowing stops as the dawn begin?  
No, Their eyes cannot shrink.  
But the sun will sink, She will rise,  
She will flash, won't be a surprise?  
She has no fear of the cover of the clouds,  
The more it rains, The higher she flies,  
The more it soaks, The brighter she shines,  
Her fire becomes wilder, uncovers an untamed smile.

Those who say they never see a glow-worm.  
How could they do with slept eyes and open ears?  
All will they get the buzzing sound of creeps.  
Against all the odds, the firefly flies freely,  
Her refulgence from within is a winsome mystery.

Shubham Agnihotri

# The Life Is Unlike A Train Track

Life is not a simple trick,  
Nor a reversible way like a railway line  
You take a train in the morning  
The same can't be taken in the evening,  
Never is it meant to be stationed  
At the one forgotten station,  
Wasting the youth in waiting  
Waiting to get the grey lines,  
Better to run in a wild unknown forest.

It is a route of many conjunctions  
Crossing among the people's junctions  
You go on board a train and travel  
You reach, you deboard and depart  
You don't know where you started  
You won't know where you end  
You meet and converge with people  
You diverge and say a goodbye  
Sometimes with a smile  
Sometimes with tears  
You know you can't brake it  
So can't you honk the horn  
Always to call them to hear,  
You hope and you miss your beloved,  
Sometimes out of love  
Sometimes out of fear.  
You keep on traveling. Oh, Dear! !

Shubham Agnihotri

# The Sunflower

I am a sunflower,  
Standing tall in every weather,  
I see the sunrise,  
Witness the sunset.  
I count all the steps  
My dear Sun takes.

I am a sunflower,  
Shining bright round from within,  
I face the chills and the storms,  
Bear the dust and the fog.  
I never sink my face in shame  
I am a warrior in the time-frame.

I am a sunflower,  
Waking up every night,  
I have an affair with a firefly  
Who relieves my heart when I cry.  
My petals nod to breeze unsourced,  
I discover the beauty of love, of course.

Shubham Agnihotri

# There Is No Love

There is no love milder than the love of this breeze,  
It hits me slowly and my heartbeats de-freeze.

There is no love lovelier than the love of food,  
Cooked by my mother and refreshing my mood.

There is no love jollier than the love of flowers,  
Pleasing my eyes and subduing my thunders.

There is no love more painful than the love of you,  
Mercurial at times when I have no clue.

The only love I want is not to hate you at all,  
I only want to rise whenever I fall.

Shubham Agnihotri

# Those Tea Talks

I never believe in the science of alchemy,  
I am an ardent lover of the tea,  
My tea becomes elixir when you are with me.  
It may feel like It is a thunder surrounding in the evening,  
All those rush of the legs faces that hound,  
You sit in the 'eye' so couldn't get any wound.

The world becomes blurred and filmy around,  
Oblivious my eyes except you when found,  
I wonder if there is anything beautiful to hear  
When floriferous is your voice and its sound,  
Like those chirping in a forest so spring's profound  
It is soothing in nature and I feel to be bound.

You have the tales told to write from your heart,  
I have the pen to ink them indelible enough- all right! !  
How life is quick and slow between those short sips,  
Your smile takes all that flow, siding off the gravity,  
Like breeze touches the heart deeply out of glow,  
It all becomes 'A tale of the tales' you never know.

I don't shy like I used to be a lily-livered,  
You are a wonder with your lambent stretches,  
Like aught with pleasure without any play,  
Don't open your wings everywhen to see the best,  
Your eyes bring the view when you put them at rest,  
Aesthetic my sense gets your love but a tricky test.

Shubham Agnihotri

## Two Flowers

Two flowers are the same but  
The difference is in the garden,  
The difference is in the soil.  
It is a wintry night  
When air is tossing leaves  
That shed earlier this eve.  
The air carries some redolence  
In the same wintry night,  
Two flowers in the moonlight;  
Exchange something via wind,  
One exhales soothing fragrance  
One deeply inhales in a belief.

Shubham Agnihotri



## Two Tales

Two tales are living in a city,  
Two sufferers narrate their pity,  
We know life is hard in sound,  
A tormenting rain of empty emotions is found,  
It is difficult for the heart to speak,  
Or maybe the uttering comes to grief;  
To hide the words we mutually seek,  
We live. Why do we live for?  
If we could not reduce the difficulties  
For each other.  
What if we could together.  
We live. That's the love we live.

Shubham Agnihotri

## Two Tales In A City

Two tales are living in a city,  
Two sufferers narrate their pity,  
We know life is hard in sound,  
A tormenting rain of empty emotions is found.

It is difficult for the heart to speak,  
Or maybe the uttering comes to grief;  
To hide the words we mutually seek,  
We live. Why do we live for?  
If we could not reduce the difficulties  
For each other.  
What if we could together,  
We live. That's the love we live.

Shubham Agnihotri

# Waiting

It wasn't too long  
To quit the waiting,  
It wasn't too early  
To leave for the moment.  
I could not invent  
Any new phrase,  
To ameliorate your  
Anger and your rage.  
I wasn't the culprit  
In those minutes that lapsed,  
I was on the way  
When those minutes lapsed.

Shubham Agnihotri

# When I Was A Child

When I was a child I could speak anything without measuring the words,  
and I could play everything without calculating the time,  
and I could buy candy and toys whatever I loved without considering the risks,  
Now I am young but I cannot do those things in the same way,

When I was a child I could fall asleep at any moment I felt weary,  
And I could read the comics for the whole of the day,  
And I could fight over injustice with my shrieking face and fiery voice,  
Now I am young but I only regret not enjoying the day,

When I was a child I learned how power and discipline linked in a twisted way,  
And I could enjoy festivals as there would be no one like this,  
And I could not think about division yet existed,  
Now I am young but I regret why I ain't a child anymore,

When I was a child I could explore the town with my feet that seemed my own  
country to go,  
And I could not rest while shunning away from the pain of injuries though,  
And I could weep more and laugh more whenever my heart felt that way,  
And I always wished to grow up early,  
Now I am but I, sometimes, desperately want I could be a Child once more,

Shubham Agnihotri

# Why Do I Wish?

Why do I wish  
That the Sunflower,  
Which I never sowed  
But water in every weather,  
Should be mellific?  
How could it temperate  
Its own beautiful wild  
To become mild  
For me this winter?  
It will wither,  
And further along  
It will make me wither,  
Shedding down all my  
Desires and leaves of Love.

Shubham Agnihotri

# Will You Dance?

A bee is boogieing around  
A flower while the spring blooms,  
A peacock will welcome the monsoon  
With a wild unfolding of its plumes.  
They dance when it is good times,  
But will you dance in this phase  
Of time, saddening and gloom?  
Will you dance to breathe out  
A sense of zeal in these pale surroundings?  
I dream you when you  
Move your hands and making roundabout steps,  
It feels like the elastic boughs and trunks of  
A banyan tree swing round  
On the music of a silent breeze,  
And when you stop for a pause,  
It halts everything in and out for a while.  
All those eyes, tired of looking at unknown uncertainty,  
Will be fixed at your sparkling eyes in some hope to be clear.  
Will you dance to bring out  
All the hearts trapped in a dungeon inside?  
Your wiggling movements of hair and hands,  
Your wagging motion of feet and neck  
Will make you an icy angel in this burning sunshine;  
And they will too feel like they would dance,  
And don't care about those who have no ears  
To listen to the music of your heartbeats,  
They are fool to call you, you stumble on the streets.  
Will you dance because  
Your countenance doesn't countenance  
This peril's grief and its menace?  
You engender love when you dance;  
Perfumes the air, your fair  
Delicacy of lip-sync ameliorates the pain of the disease.

Shubham Agnihotri