

Poetry Series

shushil choubey
- poems -

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A medical post graduate, I have spent my professional life in pharmaceutical industry - managing the medical, scientific and regulatory affairs of drug development and discovery. My core interests have been in medical ethics, legal, drug safety; besides neuroscience and cardiovascular science. My wish is to see a nice green harmonious earth, a clean blue sky, a clean ocean, a free-flowing river; with food, shelter, medicine and care for all.

A Shadow Under You

we are at cross-roads of life
in life's darkness
looking for answers
looking to that someone
for that little help
a little ray of light
a little ray of hope
for listening to our sad songs
to listen to our joy
to rejoice and cry together
that someone that is mine

let me know a place to hide,
i wish to go far away
where there is no sunlight
i like the darkness and silence
stars, rolling clouds and moon
the sun will burn us
it is a glory, but not to us
it is bright and powerful
but still is wish to hide
can you lead me
to a place away from the sun
a shadow under you

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Blossom And A Fairy Tale

It glows bright in morning light
The rays of gentle Sun
On the pink petals
The dew sits tenderly
The soft breeze sways
A soft gentle fragrance
And the tiny bud underneath
Looking up under the tenderly petals
Waiting under the shades – singing
Learning to blossom and a fairy tale
They rejoice close together
A kiss and a gentle touch
Innocent and glowing
Unaware of night nor noon or harsh wind
Singing on on life

Let the Sun not be too bright
The wind gentle like a breeze
And nights lit by moonlight
Standing on the soft green meadow
Looking up at the gentle clouds
They rejoice!

I behold in the garden
Nature, beauty and wonder!
May this last for forever?

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Dot Of Green

I remained silent, there was reason to speak
I wait in shadow of evening;
I wish I could!
May the box of voice open up?
But it will not - tonight
I can't see my dot of green;
It's dull and grey tonight
I prey to Morpheus;
Be kind to me tonight!
The nights are unkind and insane;
I wish tomorrow is a different day
And the night greyer than dark

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I Am In Haste

I am in haste
Please don't come to my kitchen
I know you are hungry
Risking your life
Few crumbs of sugar or milk
You are small and wander
I am in haste
I can't see you in the corner
In my mug or beneath
You are too tiny

My friend this could be your last dinner
I don't want you to die
But you must have your food
And I am sometimes careless
Don't trust my human nature
I may tempt to deceive
But you don't have much choice
And you must eat or die

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I Feel You When The Waves Are Far

I had a desire
Of holding hands
Of remaining silent
At night
On top of the mountain
Or on the sand
Speak nothing, the heart knows
And I don't speak
The white waves crawling, close to the feet
The moon sleeping
No one around, golden silence
And the noise of the ocean
And then I sleep on the sand
I look up
It's empty. Tiny stars and the sky
I feel you when the waves are far
You are still beside me
We wait! No one! eternity
I don't want the sun
I don't want the light
I don't want to see the morning
I love the silence and you

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I Saw Tears

I have heard it
I have believed it
I have not seen it
I was searching for smiles
I saw tears

I had not expected it
But my luck would bring me there
I have failed and many times
To hold a dropp from falling
To hold the gentle smiles forever

Today I saw that sweetness is brief
It followed the setting sun in urban noise
A desolated tyranny
But I dream
Will the eyes sparkle even in the hardest sun?
Or the faintest moon and the urban streets with shaded light?
The street that was desolate today will smile again?

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The House Of Passion

This house is disintegrating
Do I have time?
Before the house disappears
It's been built on dreams of emotion
It's fragile
I can't see it falling
It's a pity!
Give me strength give me time
But who!
Can I salvage my bondage?
To the house of passion
Built carelessly in clouds
Do I have a choice!
But time isn't mine
And I am slowly falling

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Thoughts Of Fancy

I have been flying unaware of my destination
And looked around across the land
Never seen someone to the desire of which exists
To find someone to live for
I am hanging on hopes of dying
But living on hopes of flights of feathers
For they will not exist
Sinking all the time to greater depth
For a moment to pull myself – reassuring
And a reason to live but I see none
I had sought a reason to love
And die for the reason for which I would have lived
The thoughts of fancy
Angles and goodness of life
Meaningless wondering mind
Interwoven dreams like clumsy love
Unheard except to solitude
And then this will pass on
And then there will be none
And there I won't be here
The child is dead and the man must die
The thoughts were just a fancy for the child
Illusion for the man
The existence on chance drifting to the end
And I wait looking for the illusion of existence
And my thoughts of fancy

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