

Poetry Series

**shweta singh**  
**- poems -**

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I know not where have you come from,  
But, your eyes suggest, you've traveled long;  
Your Grey hair testify your wisdom,  
have you come from some other kingdom.

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# A Prayer

You are sea far and wide,  
millions of creatures breathe by your side.

You are deep within,  
hiding treasures unknown and unseen.

What am I, just a shallow pond,  
whose bottom can be touched and found.

How can I dream to be like you,  
And even if I do, I cannot touch you.

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# Abandoned! ! !

I peeped out of the window  
to the sundry path,  
on the sides of which were old fir trees,  
I felt as if from centuries,  
I was devoid of the rays of Sun:  
After those long gloomy after-noons,  
which seemed synonymous to dark nights,  
Today I opened my eyes  
to witness a day, so young.

They say, that every dark night  
is followed by a bright day,  
But what if the sun turns its face,  
and leaves day on its own fate...  
the Sun abandoned Day,  
For her pride had made her arrogant...  
And, while her glory was on peak,  
she forgot the one,  
who brought her to this day.

Sun went out of sight,  
to make her realize,  
How much important was he,  
in her life, for without him,  
She was only next to night...  
With swollen eyes and heavy heart  
Not moved her tongue for a single time;  
She kept longing for him,  
all night and night...

Each passing day seemed like a decade,  
and when hours, days and seasons went past,  
Day decided to bare her heart-  
She cried, she yelled, she said him mean,  
For she was young and drunk in her glory,  
but being so mature, how could he be so cold,  
And, when the rain had drenched the earth,  
when chicks of birds were dying fast,  
Came Sun smiling from the east...

None of them spoke a word,  
But resumed to their work,  
for each of them knew,  
who faltered at what time...

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# After My Funeral Is Through!

I believe, I am dead my dear friend,  
For I can see you roaming around;  
And in spite of my continuous call,  
You neither hear nor sense them at all.

I know you are gonna bury me soon,  
and dispose my belongings in store room;  
May be you will donate one or two of them,  
To the beggar sitting at the corner of lane.

But that old pink pullover of mine,  
And that red scarf with white line;  
Why did you put them in garbage bin?  
I know they are old with holes within.

But, I thought you liked them as you liked me, didn't you?  
And wished to keep them even after my funeral is through.

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# Boat Of Deliverance

In this timeless land  
Solitary wish I had  
To spend fulsome days  
and silent nights.  
I left the banal city life  
In search of the infinite  
Until one day I found you.  
And now,  
I think and ruminant  
To find the reason for your  
impeccable presence.  
Prefer my mind over soul  
to deduce rationale for  
your deliverance.  
Embrace the wind to  
inhale your aromatic soul.  
For my senses have  
refused to conceive  
why did I board  
the last boat  
which left the shore.

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# But, Buddha Is Dead

Wait! I said to the man running ahead  
Looked into his red-bright eyes and said,  
A knife in my pocket, a bomb in his hand,  
I ask him, 'Can you be a little kind? '  
Are you thirsty or these weapons are;  
Why to soak ourselves in blood and war'.  
I try to make out what's in his head.  
He smiles and says, 'But, Buddha is Dead'.  
I reciprocate with smile and start,  
'We lived in peace centuries after that'  
He looked distraught and then snapped,  
'Don't act foolish you pale brat;  
You know how recently he died,  
when they pulled him down at Bamiyan,  
second time, they gave him salvation;  
For if he was alive, would have cried  
I poked, 'we aren't enemies but friends,  
throw your weapons and shake hands'.  
He winked smiled and then laughed aloud  
said without any malice from his side

'I throw my weapon and hug you tight,

but I know you're still hiding a knife'.

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# Extreme Expressions

Good or bad

Like or dislike

Love or hate.

Are these only expressions left?

Friend not enemy,

God not devil,

Right not wrong.

Are expressions only intense and strong?

Black if not white,

Dark if not bright,

Sinister if not dexter.

Cannot they be a little better?

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## Five Rupee Note

Don't fold me,  
Don't crush me,  
Don't leave me in rain.  
Don't tear me,  
Don't burn me,  
Don't throw me in drain.  
What if I am just a five rupee note;  
I can still fetch you a chocolate.

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# Hope

On a cloudy day,  
I sit and play  
with my hands in clay;

muddy hands make a hut;  
hoping  
Sun's bounty in thought.  
In latent light,  
    I dream it bright.  
to make it look  
like a mundane sight.

Clouds are still there,  
    but why fear?  
For I descry a descending ray  
    whispering in ear-  
stick to your resolve,  
horizon will soon be clear'

on this cloudy day,  
    I still sit and play  
    with my hands in clay.

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# Images

In the labyrinth;  
down the memory lane,  
a tripper  
reflects images-  
sweet, sour, salty;  
bad, bitter, bright.  
Faces, known-unknown  
enter exit through  
the open door.  
Shades of  
childhood days,  
makes me confront a  
pipsqueak and her  
wishy-washy tales.  
Furlong smiles;  
infinite miles.  
Timeless thoughts;  
mindless mocks.  
Playing possum to  
miss the school bus;  
laughing at  
little Johny and  
his sugar jokes.  
I dawdle, paddle;  
wait for the  
glimpses of  
wooden cradle.  
Mustering around,  
they vibrate for  
a while;  
But dissolve at  
a distance  
with discreet sound.

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# Of Life

Pales, dries, it falls on the grass,  
A gust of wind opens the door to past;  
As it descends and kisses the ground,  
Aches my heart, with a sigh profound.

Fraction of a second it takes, goes on leave,  
leaving reminiscences behind embraces peace;  
I wonder, is there another sky to see,  
Where, our soul flies on a virgin spree.

What secret oblivion is holding in arms,  
more full of bliss than earthly charms;  
I sense the wet gentle breeze on my dry cheek,  
And, my aching heart, finally finds some ease.

Smiling, I see the leaf pursuing the path paved by wind,  
For there is a beautiful journey unfolding ahead! ! !

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# Oh Life!

Like a river it flows on an unrivalled path,

high and low emotions pass;

Spend lifetime solving thou riddles Oh Life!

or take a turn and let them surpass.

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# One Day

One day when I will meet you  
I will shed all my colours  
That is the vision you perceive  
"Colourless".

Like a dew I will hang  
On the tip of the leaf  
Waiting to evaporate  
to embrace the clouds

Someday when the golden rays kiss the ice  
I will turn into fluid  
That is the form you want  
"Shapeless".

Like a river I'll flow  
On the unruly mountains  
Moving down south  
to merge with the ocean.

Some day when my wishes die  
I will close my eyes in peace  
That is the state you desire  
"Transcendence".  
Unbound I will move  
Around your eyes  
Entering slowly inside  
to be part of your unconquered soul.

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# The Golden Dawn

Standing on the vast sea shore,  
I am longing to see the rising sun.  
The inchoation of a blemish less day.  
when the hitherto world will change.  
Man will be turned to humane.  
I will be you and you will be me.  
With divine thoughts and pious feelings,  
we will crow about the treasure of life.  
The soothing feeling after  
stretching a helpful hand,  
The joy of sharing a piece of bread.  
Dancing on the tune of Cosmopolitan hyme,  
I hope to see a new sunshine.  
Nothing inclement and inane,  
The blood will flow only in vein.  
We all under the same roof,  
In the presence of our Great father.  
We will hop together at each fun.  
I will surely see that shining sun.  
Yellow to orange and then to red,  
I wish to see its every shade,  
Light lavender all around,  
I hope to see the Golden Dawn.

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## Towards Jaisalmer...

Life exists in a variety of forms,  
Nature nurtures it as per its norms;  
Imagine life in the absence of water,  
Without green leaves and spring shower.

Life exists in a lifeless form,  
with barren land, plenty of thorn;  
As far as vision can penetrate,  
Trees are rare and spikes saturate.

Sand dunes rising high and falling low,  
Sterile rocky mountains grow;  
Sheep grazing scanty vegetation,  
Yellow flowers question authority of sun.

Houses appearing and disappearing,  
Cloth-clad women with pitchers running;  
Nature plays its games around,  
Man fights for survival all round.

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# Wait!

It's long been since I shared a word with you,  
Seems like ages, as if I forgot to converse through;  
I peep deep inside my soul to get a glimpse of you,  
And play with words to write a poem as true.

This Spring when you come to see my place  
I blend your spirit with mine to make it one;  
Will follow your shadow to keep your trace  
and lock your gaze to limit it's flow to none.

The emerald you gave when you visited last  
Still touches my bosom and enchants the spirit;  
Cascading thoughts leave myriad impressions  
of the corners of my heart that you often visit.

I am a chalice that spilled over none but you,  
For I know you even contain the drops that are few.

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# Wish

You are a song, untouched by singer's tongue,  
I will not hum unless you want me to sing.

You are a book, unread to the myriad readers,  
I will not peruse unless you want me to read.

You are a tale, no one has ever told or heard,  
I will not spell a word unless you want me to narrate.

You are a gift, that is still untouched,  
I will not bare unless you want me to unwrap.

You are a mystery, that exists unresolved,  
I will not persuade unless you want me to resort.

You will always be embraced by me for what you are my friend,  
I would not seek answers unless you want me to comprehend.

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# You Are Beautiful! ! !

When I see you,  
I wish to see you again,  
For in my mind you leave  
an impression that lasts long,  
And even when you are not around,  
your face surfaces in my mind,  
And my heart denies to possess any limit,  
For it craves to get a glimpse of you  
like an innocent child,  
Whose eyes are longing  
to see his mother come,  
For he thinks,  
there is no other bliss  
than being in the arms of his mother...  
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