

Poetry Series

Sneha R.V
- poems -

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Sneha R.V()

A Letter To Sara Teasdale

Dear Sara Teasdale,
I admire you very much,
I love your poem 'Planets'
And "The dragon alley dutch"

I read a poem in my book,
It's called 'The falling Star',
And I must ask you how you wrote,
About things both near and far.

Your imagery is great,
Which no one else can beat,
Your poems are so wonderful,
Creative and complete.

I thank you once again,
I'm sad that you're now gone,
Your works were just so beautiful,
Just like a summer dawn!

Sneha R.V

Choosing A Hotel

I had a lot of trouble,
In choosing a hotel,
Cause with my expectations,
Nothing went so well: -

There's one right up the cliff,
But it stands up way too tall,
It might just break and tumble,
And what if we all fall?

There's one that's in the ocean,
And it's good, I've heard before,
But what just if the tide comes in,
And washes us to the shore?

I love the one that's high in air,
It's called the 'Cozy den',
But what if we face breathing troubles,
Cause there's no oxygen?

All these places, aren't too good,
They all just leave us dead,
So the thing that's left, to do right now,
Is to stay back home instead.

Sneha R.V

Confessions Of A Habitual Procrastinator

Selectively forgetful,
that's what my mother says
when i'm called to do some work
I escape in funny ways

I'm running short of time now
but i'll tell you all I can,
of all my weird excuses,
perhaps the worst made by man

'Cant hear you' i'll just say
'cause the fan is way too loud'
and then i'll hear the footfall
like a crashing thundercloud

another thing I say is,
'just wait, i'm coming along'
then my dad comes up and says
'what you are doing's wrong'

those two are the most common
see, i'm capable of much much more,
but my storybook's now being snatched out
and thrown through the bedroom door!

Sneha R.V

Distant Thoughts

As she walked slowly,
Towards the woods,
She kept thinking of her old house,
The one so dear to her.

She remembered her friends,
Her school, and her garden,
As she sat on a moss-covered rock,
Almost on the verge of tears.

Book on her lap,
She then, slowly recollected,
Her parents' repeated words -
"Love everything around you."

She looked around for a companion,
Sitting under the tree's shade,
And then gradually started,
To absorb into her surroundings.

Getting out of her pensive mood,
She appreciated the beauty of nature,
And feeling much more free,
Went home to bid goodbye.

Sneha R.V

Froggy The Cow - A Nonsense Verse

This is a Nonsense Verse

He hatched from an egg, Froggy the cow,
He sometimes barked, or purred 'meow'
On May 37, the month of Noctember
He tunnelled inside, and went into slumber

Sneha R.V

I Am A Summer Poet

I am a summer poet,
I cannot write during school,
And just however hard I try
I end up like a fool.

But when vacations start,
Ideas begin to bloom
And then I start to write
Until there is no more room.

I am a summer poet,
I really do not know why,
When I try to think at school,
Million other things come by -

As I start writing a poem,
I make a list to rhyme,
That reminds me of English class
Which is due in just some time

When I want to think of a title,
All that comes to my mind,
Are the names my teacher would call me,
Because my book I could not find.

Even if I am almost ready,
Meddling with my pen to think,
The pen just breaks out open,
Blotting the whole paper with ink.

I am a summer poet,
I cannot write during school,
And just however hard I try
I end up like a fool.

Sneha R.V

Imagination

The trees do look like giant broccolis,
The sky like cushions both of blue and white,
And as I think of this which could be that,
The day is slowly turning into night

Sneha R.V

Princess Of The Sea - Mermaids

Beauty of the ocean,
Mermaids they are,
They belong to the sea,
Have you seen one so far?

With long hair till their feet,
They dive in and out of water,
With smiles upon their faces,
Just like a joyful otter.

They're part fish part woman,
Whose eyes gaze beyond far,
As creatures in search of peace,
They detest a word like 'war'.

Long and colorful fishtails,
On their legs and feet they wear,
They are very less in number,
Hence are spotted very rare.

When sure that no one's around,
They sit up on the shore,
And sing with lovely voices -
Their songs are part of lore.

There might be a few winged mermaids,
Who fly up high in the sky,
Smiling down on the others,
Patiently swimming by.

There are reported sightings,
Of mermaids in olden times,
And there even was a contest,
With reward of 100 thousand dimes.

People say they now don't exist,
And will never come back, too,
But even so, I believe in them,
And always will, won't you?

Sneha R.V

Stars

Bright in the sky,
They twinkle, spark, and shine,
But if you listen carefully,
You can hear their soft whine.

Wondering what made them sad,
I went about listing it,
The star-lighter might not have come,
So some stars might not have lit.

They perhaps lost all their power,
Or maybe started to decay,
Some new stars might have found that,
They had completely lost their way.

Running out of options,
I decided to move on,
And when I saw the moon arriving,
The stars were happy as a fawn.

So walking up and down,
They spread joy by their birth,
But the sun started to rise,
In the midst of their mirth.

Sneha R.V

The Darkness At Noon

Towards the end of late morning,
As noon was approaching
And people went about their usual chores,
A mighty rush of water,
Swept them off their feet.

No one knew what was happening,
Innocent children drowned
Into the depths of the water,
Waves crashed furiously -
The happiness and joys of the morning,
Was now plunged into darkness.

There were enormous cloud bursts
The cause of devastating floods,
Natural landslides,
Gradually spreading like wildfire,
To other peaceful areas.

A great statue that once stood tall,
Was submerged up to the neck,
Some survivors clung to it for support,
Trying to locate their lost families,
Others looking for logs of woods,
For getting themselves to safety -
The happiness and joys of the morning,
Were now plunged into darkness.

Several villages were sunk,
Others were lost forever,
Thousands of creatures died,
Buildings collapsed,
Crashing over vehicles,
Which were destroyed
By the strong currents.

The reason for this disaster,
Which started off at noon,
Is still unclear to us -

Was Mother Nature upset
Because we disrespect her?
Was She shedding tears
To teach humans a lesson?

Note: This is about the disaster that occurred in the Northern part of India in 2013.

Sneha R.V

The Smell That Brought Back Memories

An acquainted scent...
That of soft, wet mud stepped on..
Oh! The good old days!

Sneha R.V

Tit For Tat

I wrote this poem in the meaning of TIT FOR TAT

An old man walked into town at noon,
And met a fat-looking dangerous goon

"Give me all your money", the goon said, brisk
"Or else your life's at a very high risk'.

The old man put on a very frightened look,
Took his wallet, and gave it to the crook.

The thug then exclaimed, "I took you in for fun',
'I hadn't any bullets, empty was my gun'.

To that, the man said 'Your's isn't any worse,
Just take a look inside my purse'

Sneha R.V