

Poetry Series

Snehal Bhosale
- poems -

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Snehal Bhosale(05/09/1990)

I am not the kind of an all time y for me is pure pleasure! I am fond of old English literature, that is why majority of my writes contain archaic English. I love to read both home and foreign poets equally well.

I have been writing poems from my early a period of time my poems have gained maturity, rather my mind has done so.I love receiving comments from people, whether praise or constructive criticism, I can appreciate both at par!

I would continue to write through the rest of my life, it is pure passion.

A Mile After Mile

I can't ask thou for help oh God,
I simply can't.
Because, I know thou blesseth only efforts
Where mine art meager?
The answer beholds eternity alone.

My heart is so strong, tough like a rock,
Are dead all its feelings
Are killed all its desires by the start of the clock.

I can't cry out my troubles, nor console my fears;
For there are those, who by my single tear are disheartened,
Or those whose notoriety doth enfeeble my life, and my being,
And whose mirth calls it 'compete'!

A friend that was parted long back,
Whose touch, whose presence seems like a mirage yonder hills,
Beyond the skies.
Floats over eyes, along days and twilights.
But disappear like mist,
As in myths did goddesses or as did dreams
When day lights.

If life is so, what different could death be?
May be that meant rest, may be that meant peace
Peace for now and forever
Peace for thine heart, and for thy kin
A sullen silence that healeth all pain

All's silent, but then just one question thrives.
"Was the purpose of thy life accomplished? " did thy givest joy to those,
Who for thou bear, so many troubles, but each time
They faced you,
They faced you with smile."

A mile after another mile, and just will pass by life,
All in a while,

A mile after mile.....

.....just for that billion dollar smile! ! !

Snehal Bhosale

And The Mountains Echoed..Poetic Review

I ferry a big fat book on my back to read
I read it mostly not..for my eyes can't see
Not that I am blind
but 'coz they steal the light away
God the sun and
the driver the tube light..
When doth my journey to home take flight.

When I doth scarcely read it
i loose myself to it
I turn the pages as though I live by another life
The brother sister intrigues me as mine

I grieve desperately at their loss and
clutch my brother's hand
Lest he too drift away from me
as did pari midst the sand.

I live a dozen lives more
while hoping for pari to meet her abollah
And then my faith sinks
as does pari's wrinkles rise

A question lingers..
Will she remember to remember abduallah
then as a silver lining comes a call
Tells pari the story of her history et al

The oak tree, the swing, the house
the cart, the shadow of a burly canine
a soft fatherly touch eludes her
Canst she fathom how
time has brought to her
the sweet nothings of sentience
She had been living for.

Snehal Bhosale

Can The Dead Never Come Back?

Woven with care, the silken twine,
the bonds of love, of man with man.

The desire to give and desire to thank,
the desire to live every ounce of time
But the ultimate time, desires no life.

The death approaches like a lumberjack,
and saws the bonds of love and like,

My heart pines and my heart cries
my heart weeps and craves for the dead.

Dawns the sun with blissful memories,
and enroaches the night with the knowledge of emptiness.

But the mad love in the heart
often over the seven seas, a ray of hope in kingdom of dark.

A craving heart and a moistened eye
Questions the creator,
'to give thine heart dewdrops of smile,
can the Dead ever come back? '

Snehal Bhosale

God-Thy Friend Forever

Thou art, a true companion;

full of pure love and trust,

So soothing is thy company

so tender thy touch.

Such rejuvenating is the warmth of thy love.

Thy smile, is synonymous to the sunshine,

the laughter to the chirp of birds.

thine presence is light for my heart,

thou art wisdom, for my mind.

The flow of thy love, shalt silence all my doubts,

thou shalt calm the fears of my is a large heart

thou possess a great mind

Thou art a true friend, full of pure love and trust!

None is greater than thou!

For thou art the eternal companion;

of the journey called life...!

Snehal Bhosale

Homeland

Doth skin maketh a poem?
or does content do true.

why do we caress macaws and flamingoes
why not crows and sparrows?

the treacherous ghazni, stole gold long old;
A thirty and four times.....
still little did we realise

A street painter could paint more sense
than did pounds and guineas worth.

what did not do rand or simon
did a bare Gandhi

what couldn't do battalions of forces,
did a mere lathi

Why do the Bible and the others atop the rest?
said a local swami.....
because the Geeta maketh the rest

Snehal Bhosale

Just One More...

As years rolleth into months,
as did days to hours;
as blossoms swirled with the wind
into another world at bay.

Every dying man to his God,
.....just one thing say.

God just one more moment
yet another hour
 a single more breath.
.....give my hand a liltle more heat.

That he may bid adieu
Before disappearing into the blue
The final Good-Bye.
the last glimpse of each eager eye.

The games he played,
the friends he made.

the penny he stole,
the lie he spoke
the lashes he bore.

The subjects he studied,
the notes he copied.
The girls he teased
the one he finally married.

Father to the children he had been,
his own childhood in them he had seen.

The mary of his life, his love, his wife,
For whom he earned, money all his life.

To give her love,
now to her needs serve.

He asks his God
Oh God, just one more.....
.....the last chance
one single time.....

Snehal Bhosale

Let It Rain

I snoozed in my arm chair
I saw a worm struggle
I set it free, to ease its dismay
But then I saw there was nay
'Coz it had wilted away.

All the time I thought
the heavens wept
they were promises kept

Whilst I complained of the mid daylight
'twere the blessings shining bright.

I grieved of walking alone
I knew not he carried me home.

The risk in staying a bud
is far more perilous than becoming a flower.

The worm that struggles
flies its best

For after all, the best thing to do
when 'tis raining
is Let It Rain.

Snehal Bhosale

Life-A Season Of Diwali

Life's nothing...but all a season of diwali
chill at dusk and chill at dawn

All shimmer and quiver adorn the dark
when doth day-start, day-end

The childish twinkles of a sparkler
the explosion of ever-flowing youth
the agile colours of fantasy;

the serene luminiscence of diyas age-old
the message they carry, the truth they behold,

The sweet crisp of relationships
the exchange of love
the bondings that brotherhood cove.

Life's nothing...but all a season of diwali;
comes with grandeur, goes with pomp

Leaves behind sullen silence
reminiscent memories dense.

Snehal Bhosale

Match-Stick

The match-stick of thy life
is indeed very small,
Which hath been ignited by hands of God;
thine match-stick, has to accomplish a lot;
Each small deed, each small thought,
thou have to light the lamp
of love, spread thy light
and contribute many a glorious mite.
You shall burneth, the incense
of deeds, with a sinless heart & humble needs.
Which shall live on forever,
live for kith and for kin,
& also for the lofty low.
the fragrance of thine deeds, shall never disappear,
the light of your love, shall last on forever,
Even if your match-stick hath burneth to ash...!

Snehal Bhosale

Nature Productions Ltd.

The world is a film
God is it's Director

Nature it's producer

wind it's musician....

Red hue of the roses

and of the horizon

arches of the heavenly bridge..

the bounded seven colours!

The very blue sky

the very green woods..! the purple headed

mountain, shall peek from above.

the yellow of the fruits,

be it's make-up.

The peahen and the peacock

The tiger and the tigress

and Hark! the romance begins

A sad cow with its hungry calf

a flower with its wilted branch,

And sympathize the climax begins....

The deers dance

the stars peep

the cuckoo sings

the final practice is complete

God ordains,

'Lights', the lightening creaks

'Camera', the cloud clicks

'Action', thunder roars.

The films' complete

and the box-office hit.....!

Snehal Bhosale

O Mother 'O Mine

Today in the morning upon the shores
I saw women of forties lazily stroll

Holding hands, walking eyes in the skies
They spoke of joy and of cheer

Together they explored fantasies anew
Bid adieu to worry, and goodbye to fears

Then flashed upon my mind
dearest mother 'o mine

How hath she waken when dawn
and hurried until dusk?

Engaged in bread winning and baking
Mother 'o mine
How did thy manage
to bake me so fine?

O' mother hast thou eight hands?
that you go performing dancer like.

Or hast thou a billion hearts
that overflowed with love and compassion.

O' mother 'o mine, in your starlit eyes
do there shine dreams only of children of thine?

Did ever thy look back upon dreams
in the past you nurtured.

In living life, thou livest for thy children
O' mother 'o mine countless of thine sacrifices
suffice in my mind, as in my heart your love thrives.

The bread thou baketh in me
the fruit of thy proficiency
shall sweeten thy life

with honey of pride.

Snehal Bhosale

Pheonix

Give me a reason I want to smile
Give me the hope to tread, yet another mile

Too long has passivity bound me
Too long my life turbulent has been
put my sails on rest, to be peaceful I am keen

Open thine arms and let me fall
Give my tumultuous youth, a passion to think and stop

But for everything my living is a bane.
Give me all sunshine, I want no pain

My heart is frail
give me trail to follow, where love may prevail.

It's been long my eyes have been hollow
since ages they've been made to many a
tears swallow.

Reasons are many, for me to die
Give my existence a meaning
I want to try

Break all Barricades
Give me the sky
Open my wings
and let me fly!

Snehal Bhosale

Stop Talking Start Communicating.....

I saw today two sparrows communicate
they vented sorrow, they let out grief;
They vented all that mutilate relief

They broke all silence
and made way through

Nor through the woods
nay the cannabis

They sounded their hearts
they sounded their souls

They parler love,
they parler trust
they parler sympathy
that neutralize all apathy.

We unlike them,
Relations in silence hem.
We nurture love
we caress mate

What diverge it takes, is that
we don't communicate.

Snehal Bhosale

The Ballad Of My Soul

Oh lord initiator of my life
Oh divine being, king of kings

At thy feet I place my heart,
At thy mercy, I live my life

Thou givest me the means to live,

thou givest me the reason to live,

Thou livest in my heart

May my heart be channel of thy love

Thou, fructify my endeavours
Thou cherish my dreams,

With not abundant, with not meagre,

but with what I deserve

Snehal Bhosale

The Unspoken Truth

Their love unspoken, their hatred unsaid
their lips ain't sealed
their mouth ain't shut.

But canst doth utter, a word that
doth shun all agony, all pain, all sorrow....

That which causeth their heart to well up
with tears and swoon to silence

Their tale told everywhere, heard nowhere
their growl aggressive, their prowling threatening...
their roar, that doth threaten the might of man...
their dare doth flowed into blood

The trigger that rose, to silence the
voice, that never did exist...!

Snehal Bhosale

When I Lie

The smile on my lips is a lie
the blush in my eyes, even bigger a lie
that's the time, hind the pillow
I rush to cry.

The hole in my heart,
the void in my soul
give me back the heart you stole

You are on my mind,
you make me whole
And when you are gone
nothing shall remain but a hole.

The promises of love,
the promise to live forever
The strings of life woven together
And when you bid adieu
does that mean for ever?

Thy promised me
joys worth a lifetime
And when you are gone,
there persists only time sans life

I am living to watch you die
when you drift away
I am already dying inside.
To keep your heart beating
at least for a while.

when i smile
you know tis a lie.

Snehal Bhosale