

Poetry Series

Srishti Shrivastava
- poems -

Publication Date:
2008

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Srishti Shrivastava(7th august 1991)

Aisa Kyon Hota Hai...

Aisa kyn hota hai....
jab chahun aasmaan par jana...
kale baadal cha jate hain..
jab chahun dhara par sthirta..
dhara bhi dol pardti hai..

aisa kyn hota hai..
jab thamu khushiyon ka daaman..
pareshaniyon k cheete pardte hain..
jab chahun saptrang ki srishti
saptrang bhikarne lagte hain...

jab jab abhilasha k pankh lage hain...
paristhitiyon ne unhe katra hai..
jab jab abhilashit man me pulkit..
hoti sapnon ki dharaa hai..

aisa kyon hota hai...
jab sapnon k pulkit pakshi...
chumte suraj ki kirnon ko..
tab kyon jab main aankhein kholu...
paati visham dharatal ko.....

Srishti Shrivastava

Closed Book

Life is a closed book...
nothing to share...
nothing to say..
i'll live alone..
in my own sombre way...

I'm happy...
alone in my world..
may the outer world sneer
& try to twirl...

I'm alone..
alone with my pleasure...
let the problem persist...
i'll handle it by my own measures

life is a secret
secret of sorrow & gay..
i'll live life in my own way...
nothing to share,
nothing to say..

life is a closed book...
with all the pages intact
with no outer contact...
no outer contact.....

Srishti Shrivastava

Deeds Of Life..

life is not led as it is..
life is made by our deeds..
life is a puzzle of sorrow n gay...
&its our deeds which
decides the way..

all we need is effort to put on..
an endeavour to go on..
our troth & try
can make the future bright..

believe it or not
but its true & right..
adversities are there as a promoter..
which must be handled with concern & care..
they follow the paths to
hope and happiness..
our efforts are added to remove the sadness

believe it or not but its true..
life is not led as it is..
life is made by our deeds.....

Srishti Shrivastava

Destiny Plays A Foul Game

Why its me..
always on the other side of the sea..
facing the tide of trauma..
life being the mirthless aroma..

Why its me..
sledged by the seclusion..
in the sea of emotion..
life being disillusioned..

why its me..
who is always foisted..
feelings lambasted..
&life being flippanted..

Why its me..
drooped by the doom..
languished by the life..
life becoming a gibe..

why its me..
marooned in the melody of melancholy..
life being fiend and folly..
deduced in the world of melancholy..
why its me..
why its me..

Srishti Shrivastava

Ek Talash Jindagi..

Tanha, akela, udaas hai jindagi....
kuch nahi ek talash hai jindagi...
kaale baadalon me chupi..
ek panaah hai jindagi...

bin rangon ki raas hai jindagi...
har dil me chupi ek aawaaz hai jindagi..
tanha, akela, udaas hai jindagi...
kuch nahi ek talash hai jindagi....

Srishti Shrivastava

Har Sapney Ko Uda Nhi Milta

Har sapne ko udaa nhi miltaa....
har udaan ko jahan nhi milta..
kisi ko to milta hai.....
mukammal jahan
to kisi ko do gaj jamin
do gaj aasamaan nhi milta...

har kshti ko kinaara nhi milta..
har majhdaar me sahara nhi milta..
koi to hota hai mukaddar ka sikandar..
to kisi ko muh ka nivala nhi milta.....

Srishti Shrivastava

Human Heart

Human heart fresh as nature
pure as rain

Grows slowly
with sorrow & pain

life accelerates
with ample breaks

Heart once pure & plain
stumbling now
with distress-disdain.

life becomes hell of hollow
heart singing a song of sorrow..

But the rule of life
is to live...
we learn to live
from sorrow & grief

Rising from dismal
to turn life's new leaf
coz the falling step
leads to the rising belief...

life may have fallen on hearth n heath
but we still can try it to heave....
try it to heave.....

Srishti Shrivastava

I Fear...

Don't want to be pride..
don't want to fly high...
let me live in own way..
I fear happiness & gay.....

Have got nothing to lose
nothing to gain...
don't want the zing n zeal...
as i fear losing the same...

I'm living
alone in my lane...
don't make me merry...
as i fear the sadness rain...

The mirth may take me
to sky so high..
life may stride & look too bright..
but i fear falling down...
so let me be on the ground..
i hold so tight..

I don't want to be proud...
& lose the firm ground...
lemme forge slowly..
stable & sound...
as i fear stumbling upon cheer & crowd

Srishti Shrivastava

I Have The World

I've the world lying within...

where i share, where i feel....
where i listen
the words not heard...
the emotions not felt.....
the feelings not shared..

I've the world lying within..
where i share the room..
with the oceans of love.....
tsunami of hatred...
where i debate....
where i vacilliate...
with the thoughts lying within.....

I've the the world lying within..
where i see, where i feel..
the penache of penchant..
the every facet of mine
every emotion & every divine....

I've the world lying within....
where i discover myself.....
in every foist and foil,
I get myself lost..

I've the world lying within..
where its me or mine...
& the world within preen.....

Srishti Shrivastava

I Saw A Man...

I saw a man,
lost in the life's chaos...
cleaved by the emotion...
in trauma & dillusioned

standing in the throng,
i saw a man..
tantalized by the life..
alone he stands...

estranged by the doom,
life like a new moon..
happiness being a goon...
singing a sorrow tune...

i saw a man...
wangling the life...
alone he suffice...
with silence on all sides...
i saw a man.....

Srishti Shrivastava

Jab Dard Is Dil Ko Hota Hai..

Jab dard is dil ko hota hai
waqt kahin tham jata hai..
saas chalti jaati hai.....
waqt ki thokar khati hai..

dil k sapnon k sheeshey
aankhon mein yun chubhte hain..
fir naynon k ashkon k moti
man ki maala ban jate hain.....

jab sapnon k par
satya dharatal par aate hain..
kyn vishamtaon ke dal-dal mein
ye ulajh kar rah jate hain

jivan ke is jangal mein
patjhar ati lamba hai..
isliye shayad roshni ki ye kirnen
chuti nahi dharatal ko..

khushiyon k kiwad me
shayad kahin jang lagi hai..
isliye nahi aa pate hain..
tod saari janjiron ko..

man ho harshit, jivan pulkit..
aisi rahti aashaa hai..
par kyon in vishamtaon ke
aandhi se aati sirf nirasha hai.....
aati sirf nirasha hai.....

Srishti Shrivastava

Janani..

Wo aasha hai, wo abhilasaha..
parivartan ki wo paribhasha..
wo janani, wo shramkarni..
wah bhu, dhara aur dharti hai...
manav jiski kokh se janma..
yah wo dharti wah janani hai...

Wo aashaa hai, wo abhilasha...
jiske parivesh me manav ne rachi..
apne astitva ki paribhasha...
yah wah pustak, wah patri hai..
jiske prishthon par
manav ne ki apni kriti ankit hai...
yah wah dharti wah janani hai..

wah aashaa deep ki jyoti..
manav ki parivartan prerna
sah sangini hai...
wah manav jivan ke satrang
chata ki stotra ki janani hai..

wah dharti wah janani hai..
wo aasha hai wo abhilasha...
parivartan ki wo paribhasha.....

Srishti Shrivastava

Jindagi..

Jindagi gam ka andhera hai...
khushiyon ka yahan na dikhta savera hai

jindagi andheron ki aandhi hai...
khushiyan yahan kabhi na aani hai...

jindagii dukhon ka ek dariya hai...
jahan khushi ka na koi khevaiya hai.....

jindagi pankhudi hai pushpon ki
jin par bhavron ki bhi manahi hai...

jindagi saar hai santoor ki
jinki tarang tabaahi hai....

jindagi aakaash ka wo taara hai...
tutna hi jiska sahara hai...

jindagi baadal ki wo bund hai...
saagar me ghulna hi jiska junoon hai....

Srishti Shrivastava

Let Me Be Alone..

Let me be alone..
in my own world..
Flanked by the wall of loneliness..
In the silence of sorrow..
life like a mirthless moron.....

Let me be alone..
smuggled in my own world..
weired and wild..
where the spirit of darkness suffice..

Let me be alone
in my sombre ambience..
with my punks & problems pertinent..

Let me be alone..
segregated in this sordid world..
life like a menacing wizard..
world like a frivolous fracas..

let me be alone...
in the motley of my murky life...
solaced in the ambit of affliction..
life like a punitive infliction.....

Let me be alone...
in my world.....
where i exist
and tumult of trauma persist.....
let me be alone.....
let me be alone.....

Srishti Shrivastava

Life Has Its Own Way...

We can try, we can plan...
We can think that we can..
but life has its own way..
own curves & own bays...

We just have to walk...
walk to the unknown..
The journey being sordid & alone..

Life moulds & makes u move..
you never know..
what to choose..
Life gives you its own option..
option to lose or gaining muse...

Life is sordid,
glum & dejected...
coz life has its own way to get effected..

you may cry..
cry to your fate..
but its life which decides the death...

life may be a gain
or obscure game..
but you don't have an option..
but to follow the same..

life make you mould,
mould & move..
one is like manakin in its hand to move...

the threads of thought...
rises from life
& the ebb of life..
makes the thoughts die...

life may be tempest or tenurous..
but life has its own ifs & buts..

you've not got an option..
but to live the one..

coz the way of life..
is single & a fray...
just live it alone...
in the lonely way...

Srishti Shrivastava

Life Is Just Life

life is neither a heaven nor a hell.
not a puzzle to get displace.
life is life n only life
which we have to live n survive..

life is not a trauma of tumult..
nor of sporadic spryness or sundry sadness
life is living n to live is life

life is not a season of summer or springs..
or of being at shed or scortching heat
life is what it is l-iving i-t f-ullest e-clatically
is the message it gives..

life is not a sea of sorrow or plethora of pleasure
nothing so special nothin to err
life is living n only living..
& the one who defines it, does it for living

life is not a boon nor a bane
& nthng being so estrange
life is to live n to live is life..
& living life makes us suffice.....

Srishti Shrivastava

Life Is Lost, So Is The Man...

Everybody busy...
everyone occupied...
from body to soul..
everything in busy bee's attire...

Life is so rare...
Nobody has time to spare....
no time to laugh...
no time to despair...

life is caught...
the cobweb of sort.....
feelings & emotions
has come to a nought...

life like traffic.....
in rush & packed..
nobody has time
to pause & look back...

The emotions are lost,
with the cover of success at top..
the cry for content..
is sneered by money's ascent..

Life is lost..
so is the man..
The houses are empty &
the roads jammed..
life is lost..
& so is the man.....

Srishti Shrivastava

Live Life..

Why we find life
bored and tired..
an enigma & satire..
miffed n mire...

life meant for
mirth n gay
is taken away by...
sorrow-dismay...

why we get to the ground...
why we loose...
life is meant for fighting back
& filling the life with happy tunes....

life is not a journey....
pass it away..
it is meant for living
with joy in all the way...

just try to live...
& live up to the life....
life is not meant for...
dismal-decay...
just live life to the fullest...
to touch the zenith away.....

Srishti Shrivastava

Lost

I'm lost...
dont know where....
i'm shouting...
words are lost....
nobody has time to spare...

looking at mirror..
is it me...
lost in despair...
dont know where....

dont know a thing
its all lost...
at the world's cost....

jst living a life....
i may not be living...
jst dnt know..
is it me...
or somebody else alive...

i m lost....
wid no cause....

jst livin a lost life...
wid d loss n satisfied....

Srishti Shrivastava

Morning To Evening..

The dawn breaks,
with sun
rising from the horizon
to touch the zenith..

with the gamut of lightness spreading..
but life is still awaiting..
awaiting for a ray,
a ray of hope,
happiness or pleasure..
but life adopts sombre measure..

as the day proceeds,
with lightness taking all the seats..
but the life,
life is still in the hard composed seeds..

the evening begins..
the sun being back to horizon..
& becomes deceased..
but life is still
sordid & green..

the night showers,
the stars & moon blooms..
but life faces the dark new moon...

Srishti Shrivastava

Nobody..

Nobody understands,
nobody cares,
leave me alone,
alone with my tears..

life frustrates,
& always jeers,
nobody understands &..
nobody is to care...

my pillow wet..
wet with the water..
the water i call tear...
for others its a thing to sneer..

life succumbs..
succumbs to the sordid tears,
its the way life exist..
where sadness cheers...

nobody understand
nobody to care...
life your life in this way..
the sadness declares.....

Srishti Shrivastava

Safalta Awashya Milegi

Dukh dard bhare is jeevan ki..
andhiyari raat fail gyi..
nisha ke is samrajya me..
jivanshaili simat gyi..
intezaar kar rahe wo apni
aakhri saason ka..
hatotsahit bojhil aankhien...
karti intezaar apne kafan ka...

par kahan tak uchit lagta ye sapna
kaal-kavlit hone ka..
kya mana hai jindagi me aas
jagana apne uddipt jeevan ka

mana tumhe aaj niraasha haath lgi hai..
par jindagi me aise kayi
kaale baadal chayenge..
tab ranbhumi chod aap
kahan tak jayenge..
prashn pucho ye apne man me..

kidhar likha hai...
safalta milegi jivan k kan-kan me...
kayarta se abhishapt purush...
jagao adamy utsaah apne man me..
kahin na kahin safalta milegi
kadi parishram lagan me..

jindagime mod kayi aayenge
kabhi na kabhi to
safalta ke parcham hum lahrayenge...
ye utsaah sada rakho apne man me
kabhi na kabhi tab safalta
paaoge jivan ke is tarang me.....

Srishti Shrivastava

Sapney

In sapnon ki udaan to dekho,
chute hain ye jahaan ko,
panchi bhi jahan pahunch naa paye,
paate hain us mukaam ko...

in sapnon ka kya kahna,
ye hain man ke rang-tarang ki chaya..
khayalon k moti chun-chun kar,
banti hai khwabon ki maala...

aasha aur ummeed par dekho,
in sapnon ke prakash jale hain,
manushya k maanas ko dekho,
kaise ye ujjwal karte hain..

ye sapnein hain,
vayu c chanchal,
jahan chale urd jaate hain,
puri duniya apni kar lenge,
pank yun ye failatein hain.....

Srishti Shrivastava

Somebody

life was sorry n

thorn spread bed...

somebody came in..

to lessen the thorn

n support solace...

life was goin in haphazard way..

no way there happy n gay

somebdy came in

tryin to bring zing n zeal

in my life's tray...

life was like a forest

black and bleak

lost in the forest

it was me...

some bdy came in

struggled wid d sun...

to spread some light..

make d life bright...

life may be still

glum n in decay...

but it feels nice

dt smbdy is there

to abel-accolade....

Srishti Shrivastava

Sorry

sorry 4 all d time i hurted,
sorry 4 all d times i made u cry...
sry 4 all d mistakes i made...
sry 4 all d craps i did again n again...
sry 4 all d times i became a fiend 4m frnd...
sry 4 making u move on d dead ends...
sorry 4 meking a swt frnd cry..
bt widout dis frnd life cannot suffice

Srishti Shrivastava

Tanhaayi

Tanhaayi wo oos ki bund hai...
jo taru ke pushp-pattiyon
par ek moti ki bund si achi lagti hai..
par jab pattiyan unme doob jaye..
to ashru si lagti hai...

Tanhaayi wo andhere ki aas hai
jo khud ka ehsaas karati hai..
jab vyathit man gatha sunaye
to chup kar sun jaati hai..

Tanhaayi wo aawaaz hai..
jo bin kahe sab kuch kah jati hai..
tanhaayi wo laaw hai
kabhi jalti hai..
kabhi jalaati hai..

kabhi aansu hai, kabhi paani hai,
kabhi sathi hai, kabhi veeranhi hai..
tanhai saade panno ki kahaani hai..

Tanhaayi wo taar hai tarano ki,
jinse dhun bhi aati hai,
par in tarangon ke path par
rahti rawaani hai..

kabhi aansoo hai, kabhi paani hai..
tanhai ki yahi kahaani hai.....

Srishti Shrivastava

The Crowd Of Loneliness

The silence is killing
with loneliness gapeing
making me feel like a weird person...
i am marooned in this
thronged world.....
in the forest of silence...
the fruits bear no humane....
the world being mechanic..
the deadly hunt for existence...
making the innerself die..
in this plethora of spryness
where is the human...
who loved the life..
in this chaos n chasm
with the human on avalance
where is the human who
loved the life charm.....
the cry of loneliness is lost
with the cover of success lying at the top
with the words of soul
gets no ears & the
outer world sneers.....
with the innerself crying
i m lost
'the silence killing
& the loneliness gapeing'

Srishti Shrivastava

The Rainbow Of Life

As seven colors of rainbow
abloom the sky...
the prism of hardwork..
make the colors of life..
boom & fly..

the spectrum of success
is not easy to build..
it needs the zeal n zing
to accomplish the drill..

life is not so easy..
as it seems..
just like the rainbow colours..
once alone loses the gist..

as seven colors of rainbow
abloom the sky..
there are colors of hardwork n try..
which makes the rainbow of success
enlighten our life..

colors of stride may turn black or white..
but the boosting colors..
makes the way alight..

before the rainbow there is rain
just as our life glows n glums
before we achieve the aim...

the happiness of life
then knows no bound..
its again like rainbow,
whose extent knows no ground

Srishti Shrivastava

Tryst With Try..

A Leaf does'nt fly itself..
babies does'nt walk themselves..
we are not inborn shakespeare & newton..
we all reach the goal...
by trying ourselves.....

our zeal & fervour
can make the way...
no matter if its lurch path ahead.....
roses n thorns are part of the way.....

vanquish the trouble..
with valour & verve..
there will be always someone
to abel-accolade....

help yourself to go ahead
coz god help those who makes their ways.....

god has not promised
to begin the work
but he has promised.....
to be in the end.....

Srishti Shrivastava

Where I Am Leading

Life's way is all criss-cross puzzle...
Don't know where i'm leading....
The germane paths ways to greek destiny....

Its all foul or its all fair..
Not acquainted wid life's affair...
The roads mired with mirth-dispair...

Does'nt know where i'm leading...
Lost in the chaos..
With the world staring....

its all anonymous a puzzle...
a puzzle too broken..
a puzzle too new...
life old like earth or fresh as dew....

discovering the life
i may have stumbled upon....
searching for life in frenzy and fracas...

life like a coin...
with two sides of sadness and gay...
but its all round
with no ends ahead....

where to go...
where to lead...
i'm lost in wordly deeds.....

Srishti Shrivastava

Why Its Like That...

Why its like that..

leaves and flowers green & red...
seems like a thorn spread bed...

Why its like that..

words said with intention pure as dew..
seems false & like inneundo..

why its like that...

life fettered with loneliness..
sordid & glum..
seems other like happiness..
glued with fervour & mirth..

why its like that...

life filled with sorrow & pain..
seems as if there is
no reason of dismal-disdain...

why its like that...

life twitched with bees & bees..
seems others like honey & spree.....

Srishti Shrivastava

Whyyy

Why we see the life
more as a bane...
less as a boon...
more as a problem...
less as a solution....

why we find
other's life a tic-tac-toe...
&our life a monster's toe....

why we think
most precious thing...
more as a problem

why we trow, life is a hell
n heaven a distant trail

why we find much to regret.....
least to celebrate.....
more of sadness.....
least of happiness.....

more occasion to curse..
least to thanks....
much of scortching heat...
less of soothing air...

just change the view...
life's perview...

you'll find more of spring...
less of scortching summer..
more of rains, less of flood..
more a boon, less a bane.....

Srishti Shrivastava

You

Let that white horse of thought
with the wing of idea
run into that void

let those drops of your thoughts
develop into sea of your belief
your thought and you...

let yourself be drenched
with your trow
let yourself be enlightened
with your ideas..
let yourself be complete you..

a 'you' which makes you
different from millions..
being inside the bubble
of your belief.....
indifferent to others, others & all
and every others.....

let yourself flaunt in world...
of your belief, your values
The world that loves you...
& you love yourself...

lets rise, rise up to yourself...
rise for yourself
where you are on the
clouds of your belief...

just shred that mask
covering you
let yourself expose to your...
inner world lying within you...
let yourself acquaint with you.....
where its you, you, &only 'you

You Are There..

When the sun is high
and the mind is low..
you are there to make me flow...
through the forest of life
to make the mind glow.....

When the spirit defies
and the souls stands to cry.
no one on my side.....
you are there to give a ride
to the side of life.....

when the progress retards
And the life without award.....
life like a coward...
you are there for a start.....
and to take the life forward.....

Srishti Shrivastava