

Poetry Series

suman lambu
- poems -

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Suman Lambu, an Indian English poet and Research Article writer hailed from vijayapur district Karnataka, India. She born on 3rd July 1992 at Vijayapur. She completed her high-school from r, girls high school Vijayapur. Pre- University education from r college, Vijayapu. Graduation from ARS Inamadar women's degree college and Post graduation degree from Karnataka state women's University Vijayapur. Along with her these degrees, she completed other educational qualifications like- DIBM, PGDCE, PGDTE, TKT, CTE, ntaly she working as unacademy educator at platform, guiding for aspirants who prepare for compitative exams. Simenteniously she works as puc college lecturer at SVM women's puc college at Ilkal, Baglkot. She also published two articles in ISSN AND ISBN journals respectively.

Dream As A Love

Oh! My dear dream
Where you went?
Since from so many days
I am searching for you.
My dream gone away from me.

When you knock the door of my heart
I never looked at you
But, today I'm in search of same dream,
No one is there to knocking the door of my heart.

Knocking the door of dream comes
Only at once!
Dear friends never miss the opportunity to accept
The knocking the door of dream.

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Friendship

Friendship is the fragrance of flowers
And melodious blooming of flower in the
Early morning.

Friends are the smooth petals of the flowers.
The procession makes a strength and
Look good like blooming flower.

Friends and friendship are the
Two parts of the flower, when
Flower lost it's beauty
Than it will be no use

Flower will get new birth
In the morning and soon
It will be end by the day.

When petals are separated,
Then flower lost its beauty.

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Is That True Love?

Is that Love(or)crush
When I looked at you?
Is that Love when I start missing you?
Is that Love when I remember you looking at the stars?

Love, crush and affection are
Glittering stars in the heart.
Is that Love to decide rest of my life with you?

There is no value for true feelings.
World is full of fake promises.
Is that Love, I am thinking of you?
No! It is just a matter of time.

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My Teddy Bear

You are my Teddy bear
Just like you dear
It has smooth hair
With soft like your heart.

It looks like you
Scares like you
Kid with me like you
Jockes with me like you
Quarrel with me like you

But that is only a small
Teddy bear.
Which you gave me on the day
Of my birthday
Just like you dear
You are my teddy bear

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The Literary Dream

The poets made fragile to people
Their intellectual wit and imagination.

They took us in the dream
World of imagination, where
In that literary dream land.
Prose, poetry, novel, fiction are the blessing god
For upcoming writers.

There is zephyre sounds in
The poem of John Gray, Oliver Goldsmith
Sonnet of Shakespeare and nature poet Wordsworth.

Imagination dreamland is so mesmerising
That i met all great writers of English literature.
They blessed me to give good message
To the world like them

suman lambu

You Are My Dream

Hay my dear sweet dream
Where you are?
Since from so many days
I didn't saw my dream.

Hay my dear sweet dream
I can't live without you
But I don't have dare to tell you
I want your happiness.

Every day you knock
The door of my heart
But I never expressed my love.
Today I want to express
But my dream is not knocking the door of my heart.

When I get remembered you
Tears in my eyes
A drop of tear tells
That how much I loved you
My dear sweet dream.

My sweet dream
Waiting for knocking
The door of my heart.

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