

Poetry Series

teal sky
- poems -

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I don't know why i end up writing something at the end of the day when i plan not to.i guess it is to fill that inner void.i write for myself.
i can relate myself to these lines of Francis Duggan-

'An old fashioned rhymer I will be until the reaper take me
though I hope my lust for penning rhyme it never will forsake me
And I don't mind if I am seen as an old fashioned rhymer
A man with a passion for rhyme an out of date old timer. '

that's all i have to say, for now.

.verses Of War.

Man created borders
Scarred the earth with lines
The earth did bleed crimson
But he said its fine
For he believed he lived in freedom
But couldn't see he was confined
In the fences he raised
When he drew those lines.

Blood gushed through his veins
Only to fight
As he was drenched
In malice's delight
Was this how he meant to be?
Or was it his might
That he saw the darkness
But the stars bright.

Now he welcomes his brothers
Not with open but loaded arms
But one day he'll realize
He is doing his own harm.

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~ My Life, Everyday~

Every day, there are things I say
Every night, there are dreams I play
Every dawn, there in silence I pray
Every dusk, there are fears I fray.

Every path that I walked, life threw bricks
I'd to suffer stones, kicks and sticks
I'm wounded I know, but their sticks are broken too
No one creates my fate, only I do.

But from start to the end
No matter what I pretend
I reckon I'm headed the right way
Every time, everyday.

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Death~a Fear Or A Chance To Outlive?

What's the reason I'm here?
In this dreadful world of fear,
Where people close their mind, lest they fall,
Why can't they see those who stand tall?

Why are they behind a life they can never live?
Neither they'll leave a mark, nor they'll give,
Something they ought to, but never will,
But'll give up mountain, if they fail the hill.

What's life to them? Who they want to be?
Why can't they look inside? Why can't they see?
And why do they overlook their original 'me'?
How could they earn pearls, if they fear the sea?

Why do they fear being rebel or misfit?
Why do they walk with crowd, and then knit,
Desires for what others want to meet,
Why can't they feel themselves a bit?

Those who're crazy enough to think
that they can change the world and don't sink.
In the river of fear where others drink
the poison of being always in the pink.

Stand up today, fear not eating dust,
There might be loss, but you must
Know that winning requires a beginning first,
It's your life, and your just.

Coming back from where I started,
Who lives on? And who gets departed?
Want to live in one piece, then fear not getting parted,
One day or another, we'll all get aborted.
But there are some, who manage to live,
because death for them is a chance to outlive...
because death for them is a chance to outlive...

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My Friend, I Should Have Said

He dragged me with him all the way,
and held my hand meticulously to make me stay,
and to appear like he has forgotten that he will never be alone,
but I knew that my place was his house, and his my home.

So much similar, like almost same,
with the difference of just a name,
we played soccer in the alleys as we grew,
the matches we won were less than a few.

Nevertheless, we never played for victory,
for the victories were so queer in our history,
since we helped each other, in sorrow, in pain,
like we wanted to be like this, in havoc or in gain.

But the life wreaked havoc, I cried and paid,
the price of my chum, but the decision was made,
you will have to leave, sooner or late,
so tell your sidekick how much you love him, before he gets checkmate.

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So The Title Of My Poem Is....., Wait!

I like to write poems, like everyone else,
but what should i call it, is the thought which dwells,
in my imbecile inside, who dared to write,
but can't give it a title now, am I a hypocrite?

You can call it anything, someone implied,
don't waste your time on it, everything is bona fide,
but my moron mind was yet not satisfied,
it seeked for a catchy title, not something dull and void.

So O reader, do you have something to say,
what should I call my poem, I 've wasted my whole day,
what? you think this is funny, no way,
it is the problem which never goes away.

So my poem has no title yet, and hence no knuckle,
it just a bone, without any muscle,
Yeah, I am the culprit, and my poem is the bait,
so the title of my poem is....., wait!

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The Deadly Dead Dentifrice A.K.A. Mr. Toothpaste.

Brought from a store brand new
me was inside my packet blue
which someone tore in shreds a few
these man-iacs are savages me knew.

me was then kept in a plastic stand
there was a toothpaste of different brand
his crown was lost, he couldn't withstand
the felony of humans, their fierce hands.

me was then totaled and tortured in pain
they twisted my neck, they emptied my contain
they recklessly trapped my tears they gained
on my deathbed, their brushy cane.

me now void, waiting to die
they all will come, after eating their pie
and when they'll find, my empty inside
i've to confide, i'll be denied.

*as i published this poem, dying paste got furious and left a threatening message
in the poem, what is the message? ? ? ?

hint: __+focus on CAPITALS +__:

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The Inception Of Success

I realized where would watch wade me,
If I believed just saying 'I'll not give up' will make me,
Who am I? I've achieved nothing yet,
But I know God has bigger plans for me to be met.

You know yourself, your flaws, your dreams,
What is success to you? And its means,
If this is your case, then we have a lot in same,
So let's love our life, and be insane
So don't let the zeal of success set,
Because God has bigger plans for you to be met.

If you back down, you will only fail,
Love your life, and one day you will have thousands on your trail,
Remember, potential unused leads to regret,
Your time is now, God has bigger plans for you to be met.

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The Paper Is Not Enough For Me.

I once perceived a girl striding a sidewalk
She was naive, but had a vigor in her walk
For she was in haste, just like running
I don't know how it happened, but she was cunning.

Her pale skin was glittering in twilight
When I thought the God was in his way right
By knowing the best way to adorn her
Was to get her a beholder.

She passed everyday-the same sidewalk-with her eccentric style
And I stopped my talks, and became dazed for a while
I couldn't do anything else, but to fall into gaze
As her face to me, had an unsettled maze.

The dreams are precious, but so was she
I wanted to talk to her, I wanted to see
If she was a delusion, was this a dream?
But now there were no dreams, as there was no sleep.

I remember precisely, the last day I saw her,
It was before spring, but nothing more than a blur.
I didn't know that moment, that it'll be the last time,
When I'll see the stupendous youth in the sunshine.

I never saw her again, it was more strain than I can take,
Or in other words, nothing more I can make,
This piece of paper can't reside the feelings I had at that time,
When I saw that stupendous youth in the sunshine.

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Transition

I do not know what it is
that wants me to go back in past
there are surely some things I miss
and the memories won't forever last.

I never realized how good it was
but that's the only thing now in my thoughts
I yearn to live all that again
that beautiful walk, the beautiful past.

But everything has to change now
and it's better to leave that glassed
I won't dwell on what has gone
even if I can't recreate my past.

I have tonight, I have it all
and it's as beautiful as it was
even though some things are missing
this void won't forever last.

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