

Poetry Series

**The Artist**  
**- poems -**

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# The Artist()

# A Night

Once is sat upon a dark and mystical night,  
Watching the moon with total delight,  
The sky with the stars- sparkling and dazzling,  
Evoked in my heart a distraught feeling,  
And the dark brown tint of the gigantic summits,  
And the voice of the nightingale- tune to which my heart beats,  
Were making me breath totally heavy,  
It was a debt which I couldn't levy,  
A debt on nature did I owe,  
Foe having to my eyes this wonderful show,  
And all at once I had a sudden thought,  
Whatever joy from this night, I sought,  
Would wane with the winds of time like sand,  
Would be a mere memory and  
Would remind me how alive I was,  
And to time it would give a pause,  
And make me feel as if I lived like immortal,  
Old lord! Bless this memory enthrall!

The Artist

# An Evening

The sky has turned pastel pink,  
And the glorious sun is about to sink,  
This is the time to feel distraught,  
This feeling in your heart comes seldom not.

The silent breeze seems to kiss the trees,  
And the vital summits have bent to their knees,  
The clouds look fascinating, of which I am mostly fond,  
Are wandering in the sky, Worriless vagabonds!

The fragrance of the watered soil seems so sweet,  
And the wavy grass upon it performs a great feat,  
The fate of the journey of the birds has been destined,  
And now it is the time for them to get dined.

The sky being the greatest art,  
With its contrast, tells us a legendary part,  
A part of life that no man can deny,  
So magical is this wondrous sky.

I am happy because I am living,  
And at the same time  
I have a grief; because I am losing,  
The magic of this noble nature's sublime.

Nature never keeps you solitary,  
It just makes your heart pensive with its glory,  
So let the great dignity of nature never fade,  
So humans; respect it with a higher grade.

The Artist

## At Peace.....

The time is still, but is flowing,  
Like the water in the brooks,  
It seems so calm and still, yet it flows  
Towards the destiny that it took.  
Having a smile on my face,  
And serene and calm eyes,  
Am I breathing right now  
Watching the bird that flies,  
On the endless, limitless sky.  
It is just me, my soul, my spirit,  
And the sunshine, the river bed, the foliage  
Beside, My elation now has reached a summit,  
Never did I feel so earnest,  
Never did I feel so noble,  
Never did I feel so magical,  
Never did I feel so able.  
But this time would reap,  
This moment would wane,  
Like a wave hit the sandy coast,  
Memory would it be, sound and sane.  
But this memory that I had in peace,  
Would put a smile back on my face,  
When I would be lonesome and sad,  
It would bring me back some Jolly grace.

The Artist

# Bread Turns Him Dead.

A Death

Bread turns him dead,  
The final decision of his life has been taken,  
An anonymous voice to his soul said,  
"Thou shalt restest in hell, for thou art abandoned in heaven"  
His body turned pale and weak,  
His eyes wistful and so bleak!

The poor man struggled to get some folly bread,  
And Irony it is, for the thing he craved for killed him ahead,  
Life ended at youth slaying the young man's unfantasized dream,  
He just wanted a drop of water and a ray of sunbeam.

The earth was his coffin and the sky his blanket,  
No men were there on his death to regret,  
No men for him in sorrow wept,  
Alone from his childhood he was kept.

The good shepherd didn't give his sheep some grass,  
He is unjust with his sheep,  
And rakishly just let it pass,  
A thought to be thought so deep.  
The poor man was just one of thousands,  
Thousands living in misery,  
Thousands who in their short meaningless errands  
Called life: fighting solitary!

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# Failure

Try a thousand time to,  
But you would never get through,  
To overcome it is unfeasible,  
A part of life undeniable.

You learn from it, you earn from it,  
Though you consider it as a foe,  
How foolish you are, how obscure you are,  
A grave matter of unending woe.

Blind you are to see the sun set,  
For it rises at another place in its glory,  
And with new warmth and light,  
It tells us a legendary story.

There are two destinations in a person's life,  
One is success and the other is death,  
One is certain and the other uncertain,  
One fills you with air and the other takes away your breath.

An inevitable friend  
Who holds your hand,  
And takes you to the end,  
Where you are destined to stand.

The Artist

# Hamlet

Whenever comes in front of eyes; my dearly Hamlet,  
Far away goes all; from my mind; my instances of regret.  
There in the meander river flows sparkling and gleaming waters,  
My sight wanders like a butterfly, but ceases my chatters!  
Near the banyan tree foliage, is there a Mango Orchard,  
Pleasant shade subsists everywhere; the air sings songs like a bard.  
The green serene yield dances on the black rack of the farm,  
My soul raptures in ecstasy, but my feet take me aback, leaving that charm.  
Handful of a stomach, hath taken me aback from my hamlet,  
But though I always was identified by its name, whenever to someone I met.

The Artist



# He

He who can behold the strength of courage,  
Knowing the price needed to keep it,  
He who can fortify his mind, by all the bad thoughts,  
And whilst infiltrate to others mind, the positivity of values,  
He who can keep steady, Holding the unstable others,  
And keep calm and carry on, even in the toughest,  
He who can rebel, even the most reluctant,  
Not losing even a sign of hope,  
He who can do fair justice,  
Even if it is his own blood,  
He who can accept his own failure,  
And respect whatever he does,  
He who can put his best in his pursuit,  
And think nothing about the outcome,  
He who can have just a little more faith in himself than god,  
And believe in himself wholly and utterly,  
Will rule the world till centuries to come,  
And will triumph over time and space and beyond HUMANISM!

The Artist

# My Prayer

## MY PRAYER

"Salvage me away from painful grieves" I pray not oh god of mine,  
Never shall I get tormented by them,  
Nor do I beg for solace to my smoldered and Razed Soul,  
All I want over sorrows; is my triumphal emblem.  
If I don't get aid, I won't be concerned,  
And even if I am impaired by the world or deceived,  
Though my heart won't consider it a spoil,  
And with fortitude will I always be received!  
"Salvage me" I pray not to thee,  
And I not even pray to lessen my burden,  
For I Ought to walk with it,  
And walk thence forward and forward to pursue Heaven.  
I always will in elation,  
look solemnly into your eyes in gratitude,  
And Even if the world says harsh things for me in grief,  
I won't doubt your exactitude.

The Artist

# Pride And Almighty

When pride subsists almighty doesn't,  
and when almighty subsists there is no pride.  
The vale of love is totally compact,  
No two can live beside.

The Artist

# Rain

Rain fell on my eyes,  
And washed away my memory,  
I felt good for some time,  
But I out looked it was temporary,

Rain fell on my scar,  
And healed it intensely,  
I felt good for some time,  
But I saw it was healed falsely.

Rain fell onto my heart,  
And revived my past,  
I felt good for some time,  
But then I remembered a dark shadow cast.

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# The Waves Of Time

Once whilst walking on the seashore leisurely,  
Did I passed a distraught moment,  
I was taken aback by the scenery,  
My soul tranquil, my heart prudent,  
The sun was at the bay and was descending calm,  
The blue waters still, yet flowing in charm.

It was when I walked a couple of steps ahead,  
My sight was caught by the footprints I left,  
Soft impressions whenever did I tread  
On the golden sands marked by my feet heft,

The sparkling water from the waves strode,  
On the stamps I left on the golden sands,  
And washed them away sweeping the code,  
That I left on the soft and golden land.

And then I wondered just like the sands sublime,  
Does time wash away the scars left behind,  
The sand am I, the waves are time,  
The time of sorrows is thus confined.

The sun was at the bay and was descending calm,  
The blue waters were still, yet flowing in charm.

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# Triumphant

It is unseen by the Worldly eyes,  
but felt by the ones who persevere,  
The worthy ones who against all odds; defies,  
The tumult of destiny That would to them; veer.

Destiny is but just a book,  
In which you write the story of your life,  
It is forthcoming so no one can look,  
Your part of love, success, betrayal and strife.

Think not about your age,  
For it can be your greatest foe,  
All the triumphant men weren't in its cage,  
Of its worry, fret, angst and woe.

The elder man though worldly and wise,  
Regrets over his foolish past,  
Because he Thought in his youth that he wouldn't rise,  
As a naive green and callow mast.

The young one being stalwart and hostile,  
Pays no heed to what he does,  
Or waits until he gets old and docile,  
In sheer vain his persuasion goes.

History Has been The testimony,  
For the one who Persevere always succeed,  
Ability matters not, But can go in tyranny,  
In the dignified and determined deed.

Ability is like a sun of a day,  
It can illuminate darkness with sheer might,  
But would run off, in the need of time away,  
And would darken more the cold night.

Perseverance being a lamp for years,  
Though small, patiently would glow,  
And The lamp which calmly perseveres,  
Would lifetime eradicate sorrow!

## The Artist

# Worthy People Make Worthy Me

Just like worthy weather makes a tranquil rain,  
We may speak of truth,  
The power of the youth,  
But the truth in you is people's ain.

It is the populace on which is acted upon,  
The triumphal scheme of triumphal men; shone  
Into the world inspiring and aspiring,  
The worthy ones, which were thriving,  
The dreary and weary nights alone.

People encourage, they preach, they teach,  
The path to salvation, and do they beseech,  
A hero, created by their own hands,  
Who then therefore deserves to stand,  
And to the world let his valor reach.

Thus doth maketh,  
Worthy people, worthy men,  
We may speak of truth,  
The power of youth,  
But what people maketh; cite they don't taketh.

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