

Poetry Series

Uttra Devi (Vidousha)
Boodan
- poems -

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Uttra Devi (Vidousha) Boodan()

Student at the University of Mauritius (UoM)

The World On Which We Live

Beyond the sky of Florida, beyond the greenery of my Mauritius,
In the lure of Dubai's golden trait, in the panacea of the Chinese technology,
Deep down the perfume of Marseille, deep through the music of Beethoven,
What lies underneath, What lies under our feet?
What is this chemical moisture, what is this scent of culture, ?
What is the taste of delicacies, what is that trait of goodness?
What is the flavour of development, what is the ardour of humanity?
What is the newness of thought, what is the blueness of slaughter?
What is available on earth, what is unreachable on earth?
When should we drown in laughter, when to frown in anger?
Are they our eyeballs, or the world that revolves!
We march, we stop, we kneel down, and take a break,
We set again, we head for the horizon.
We fly away, we fly back, We realise we have aged,
The horizon remains there, we preserve our dreams,
While we still breathe, time seethes
The sky is no more blue but masked,
Our eyeballs roll, they take a toll,
The horizon seems far on spot, but naughty are our eyes at that epoch,
True is the cold, and truth we behold,
We march, we stop, we breathe heavily and we lounge subtly,
We lie down; we remain there and just remain,
The age is no more, the plane is no more but the pathway remains,
Life is it, as a puzzle, tranquil it is at times, at times as a clock in the world that
revolves.
We then watch the next generation walk.
Life is there, the world has evolved.
The world on which we live, the world of which we form part.
The world of duty and discipline, the world of love and dreams,
The world on which we live.

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Wings Of Freedom

With crayons of colours, we shade,
Sketches of simplicity, we shade.
From the womb to this place,
Amid fanatics in a rat race,
Pacifying remorse of growth, we bade,
To bloom into prime, innocence we bade.
The worldly tantrums are all fake.
Minute pleasures we forgo, for whose sake?
Peeling the knees with constant collapse,
Solitude accompany the desolate instance,
But what to say?
With a countenance otherwise,
Smile. Make a name, and a life
Rest among petals this fortnight,
Harness humility, compassion, and be kind
With grace, bewilder the populace
Rare an alternative one has
Yet we have to persuade
Not an object of impression,
Be a soul with passion
Enjoy your existence through wisdom
Open your wings - Wings of freedom

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