

Poetry Series

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**- poems -**

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**vikas chaudhary(14/07/1995)**

Hey everybody, i am a common man as u. Mine intrest is in the nature.

# A Tale Of A Mother

A child was intransigent to his mother for a story.  
'mom plz tell me, no metter it's from future or history'

mother sits beside him, chew a piece of mace.  
Nd put her loving nd caring hand on child's face.

Mother said 'bt promice first u'll sleep after this'  
child innocntly says " ok i'll sleep aftr ur gud nigtkiss.

'HIS MOTHER STARTS THE STORY OF A BLADE EAGLE'

a killer, a good hunter nd stable wing.  
He is the only one, known as bird's king.  
He has confidence, his colour is grey.  
He is more than a devil to his prey.  
Sharp long sight, can see all around  
whether it's a forest or a ground  
unstoppable, dangerous, he is something strange  
his attack can't go waste, if prey is in range.  
He has blade like legs, a good concentration.  
He is perfect nd an evil creation.  
He never forgives, he came from hell  
then to killed by him, it's better to jump into a well.

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## Begining Of Spring (Part-2)

Trees are looking with greedy eyes,  
yellow grass starts burning as sun rise.  
Wind is not showing any movements,  
OH GOD! these r empty moments.  
Mountains turns nacked nd valleys have beauty pain,  
everything comes to it's end, planes r waiting for a rain.  
leaves have fallen down, Plant seems dead,  
butterflies have hidden somewhere and rose is not red.  
Where have lost the birds melody singing,  
But this end isthe begining of spring,  
joys, beauty, nd sweet smell which will it bring.  
Here comes the morning of spring,  
burried seeds have touched the first rain.  
Moving wind is saying loudly"come out u fertilizing grain.  
Hills have clothed and flowers smell is spreading all around.  
Valleys have been filled by birds, plains are now green ground.  
For a pale grass, dew drops acting like a (happiness) tears.  
And drinking the dropp as it is thrusty from many years.  
Everywhere is greenry, life and creature.  
Mix up of these makes a perfect nature.

vikas chaudhary

# Define-Me

I am autumn winds that blow  
I am a rabbit's eye that glow  
I am the shining dropp of snow.  
I'm that exitment occrs on 1st show.  
I am the land of fertilising grain.  
I am the heavy monsoon rain.  
I am the stars that shine at night.  
I am the look of birds in circled flight.  
I am the leaf of a pink rose..  
I am that swt song evr compose.,  
I am the sound of a falling drop.,  
I am the green beauty of a crop.,  
I am the flying desert sand.,  
I am cracks in a barren land.,  
I am the nightangle's voice.,  
I am your first choice,  
If u r kind 2wrds me,  
I have gratitude....  
If it's time 2 show smthng,  
I have aptitude....  
Ya, i knw, i'm dffrnt a little bit, So.  
dn't cmpre 'STYLE' to my 'ATTITUDE'

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# If U Meet Me Again

If u meet me again,  
May we meet in the rain,  
So that u could hide ur tears,  
and i could hide my pain,  
All my hugs, ur love song,  
No more long, no more long,  
You broke me, you left me,  
i beared, i am strong i am enough strong,  
Come back my love  
plz prove me wrong,  
Lonlynss nd tears this is what we gain,  
This is what we gain,  
If u meet me again,  
May we meet in the rain,  
So that u could hide ur tears,  
And i could hide my pain,  
Switchng off the room's light  
i know u too cry in night,  
U too cry in night,  
U r always infrnt of my sight,  
U lft me alone, ddn't do rght,  
Plz forget ur hate,  
Today also I am in ur wait,  
i am in ur wait,  
U r in my heart, in my brain,  
If u meet me again,  
may we meet in the rain,  
so that u could hide ur tears,  
and i could hide my pain.  
It's my heartly lust,  
you wanna come, you must,  
gone out of my lyf in rush,  
baby, my heart has been crush,  
my heart hs been crush,  
i am just particles of dirt,  
you are the cure of my heart,  
i hv falln down, you hv to sustain,  
you hv to sustain,  
if u meet me again,

i wish we meet in the rain,  
so that u could hide ur tears,  
and i could hide my pain.

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# Memories

I luvd u so much nd u knw this.,  
those awsm mnnts i bdly miss.,  
ur wet face and shyngng drops.,  
on the road side, our first kiss.,  
those emotional and funny days.,  
nd ur unncssry cockroach fear.,  
lightngng sounds, whenever u hear.,  
u used to come near nd more near.,  
hold me nd hugd me tightly there.,  
i missd that romance,  
our candle light dance,  
your eyes at me nd mine at u,  
i wish again we get that chance,  
memory always infrent of my eyes.  
You used 2 msg me on sun rise..  
i luvd ur cmmng late excuse,  
ur mysterious qustns without any clews,  
and i used to get confuse,  
the day i will never forget,  
when i heard about breakup news,  
u used me,  
u refused me,  
btwn hm and i  
u didn't choosd me,

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# Rise Up Again

In the turn of life, you have failed badly.  
You are nervous, you seem deadly.

I know, you have broken up and shattered down.  
You have nothing yours, have lost your hope's crown.

You are alone, disabled and no one to encourage you.  
You are guilty and have not enough courage too.

In this situation, even 'yours' have turned their face.  
You are now helpless and have lost the life's race.

But your failure doesn't mean to sit empty and nothing to do.  
Other same questions, your heart is asking to you.

You are not like love, which didn't need to show.  
You are like water, don't know where to go.

You have to learn from water whether it has no direction.  
But it just keep flowing and reach its destination.

Like it you have to keep working without the result's care.  
Do something instead of nothing you have still dare.

You have nothing yours then why you think of loss or gain.  
Be honest towards yourself, it's time to 'RISE UP AGAIN'

vikas chaudhary

# River

Two broken leaves, from their origin r flying with the air.  
Fallen down on river's edge, one to other" do u have anything to share.  
Replied by other " yes my dear! what if i were a river to".  
1st says " so simple then you might have nothing to do".  
Sudden the wind, who was also listening them, interface.  
Blow them with her on the river's surface.  
And told them to flow with river and see.  
What does it do to reach from hills to sea.  
When river starts it's journey beside a hill then first leaf say  
how beautifully river has maked it, s curved way.  
It has cut down the hard rocks with soft water, and has self care.  
Even mountains have to leave it's path after seeing her dare.  
Now the leaves against river, are full of tears  
"we are sorry it's a great work of million years".  
After hills then plains then pleatue, it falls in the great endless sea.  
A leaf said after journey" u have great work u imust be, i must be".

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# Twisttered Ocean

This poem i have written, is a conversation between a ship's captain and his boss. The weather is very bad and his boss wants to start the journey now.

Such a dangerous weather, such a scary atmosphere~  
i have never ever seen BEFORE.  
Perhaps the nature is angry and taking anytype revenge~  
seeming as, a volcano will exploid soon, from earth's CORE.

Even raindrops are helpless against the squally air~  
Like the beach sand against the waves of SEA.  
How can i take my 13 deck cruze to journey~  
The black climate, frighteningnight, can't you SEE.

Sky full of smokey clouds, it's thundering and lighting~  
there's a storm i can see, in the ocean's MIDDLE.  
And these hard rain drops~  
are picking like thousands of NEEDLE.

Metres of high tides, and thisdisturbed nature~  
these cyclonic winds will sink our SHIP  
i can't put all lifes on your wordings "sir"~  
said captain, wait untill it finished, then i'll go for TRIP.

And a lattle forward "sir", there starts atlantic ocean~  
fully covered with ice, and cracks like thrusty LAND.  
If, somehow we kept safe in this twisttered sea~  
then how will we survive in atlantic's death BAND.

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