

Poetry Series

Vikas Sharma
- poems -

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Vikas Sharma(3rd June 1965)

Born on 3rd June 1965 at Shimla Himachal Pradesh to Mr. a, an engineer in H.P.P.W.D and I Sharma a homemaker I spent my childhood in hill state of Himachal Pradesh.

In a two decade long career of marketing and logistics had the opportunity to travel all over India and interact with people of different cultures, different strata of society. Life gave me fair share of experiences to dwell and think upon.

Most of the feelings inside me were bottled up and thoughts needed some fresh air. Luckily I met a literary lady and a wonderful friend Mrs. Soumi Guha Biswas, an English Teacher by profession on internet. She encouraged me to write and was kind enough to give me much needed encouragement along with editorial advice. The result was my vented feelings started taking shape of words. I am indebted to her for initiating me into writing and continue to cherish her friendship which gives me valuable guidance from time to time.

These words are being presented here for your reading pleasure. I will like to hear your opinion on my writings, words of critics, and words of learned readers like you will help me improve... So please take a few moments to leave your comments

A Beautiful Mind

There will be faces more gorgeous
And women with body more sensuous
But my love, you are one of a kind
For you have a simply beautiful mind

Facial beauty attracts me too like all men
But absence of a lovely heart fails all then
Glittering like gold on the outside
Is a waste when not pure golden inside

Outwardly beauty seems so superficial
When inside one's mind it is so artificial
I fell not for your body but heart and soul
For a perfect soul-mate was my only goal

My Love ... you carry a heart so pious
That everything about you seems so sensuous
If ever in a single line my love for you is defined
It'll be...My Love; I love your beautiful mind

Vikas Sharma

A Mother's Lament (About Newtown School Shooting)

O! How evil must my womb be,
In which I bore thee.
What poison ran from my breast,
On which you fed like a pest
I raised you all wrong
All evil and headstrong
Good that you shot me dead
For a son like you, this mother bred
Why another twenty-six you kill
Sending out waves of horror and chill
Of these twenty were flowers yet to bloom ...
If only I had nipped the evil and saved the doom...
Twenty and more mothers cry tonight
Many more hug their babies in fright
For people all over the world, let it be understood
My son not only killed his mother, but motherhood

Vikas Sharma

A Poet's Morning Walk

My woman, a lady of class and mystique
Literary genius and a fitness freak
First made a poet out of me, a bum
Now wants to see me, lean and handsome
Told me to go for long walk in the mornings
And use the experiences in my writings
So today morning I went for a long walk
As was her wish and of it here I talk
What a sight it was of rising sun and clear skies
Blooming Orchids and Jasmine amid Cuckoo cries
Ripe and yellow mangoes on fruit-laden trees
Dancing peacocks adding to the beauties
Rejuvenated and refreshed, I gave her a call
She fumed as heavens were about to fall
"Which orchids and jasmine bloom in winters? "
"Where did you find ripe mangoes and singing cuckoo in December? "
I told her to cool down and cut short her talk
This happens if you send a poet for a morning walk

Vikas Sharma

Apeksha - A Hindi Poem

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Vikas Sharma

Autopsy Of Love

Ah, love.....

Love that caused countries to go to war
People to commit suicide and murders
Kings to abdicate their throne
Yogis to give up years of penance

A society obsessed with love....

Is it bad?
Are dangers involved?
Is it taken too far?

No idea

Like the people
Who think and have the idea
That they are going to meet someone
That's going to fix everything
That's wrong with their life

Expecting a lot of somebody else
Setting themselves up for disappointment.
Still who'll want to live in a culture
That doesn't place any value on love

Love is really important
and
Love is really exciting.

True love
Is it ideal?
Probably no.
If deceitful,
Then love isn't ideal
in some sense;
It could be stronger,
It could be more devoted,
But not always true

We are Human beings
and our desires are complicated.

We could become less desirable
Without becoming less lovable
We tend to get more lovable
As we get older
Is that the deepening of the relationship?
Or desires begin to fade to bring love to fore?

We're so anxious about that desirability
We equate that with love.
It's an important part of being loved,
But certainly not everything

Love makes us feel good,
And Love makes us happy.
Love also makes us feel really bad
And miserable, too...

In our daily life
We meet people all the time,
And we live in crowds,
But have no connection
With any of these people

Love is a very direct intimate contact
With somebody special in this crowd
And really know who that one person is
And open your heart to this person

That One Person Is Love
And it's very valuable.

Vikas Sharma

Changes

Time to bring in few more changes
Yes! Time to rearrange the pieces
Polishing a few, abandoning others
Adding some and some to churners

With time ridding of the old, starting anew
These changes must come, long before I knew
I have been postponing it since long
Waiting any further will be wrong

Changes are not new, been doing year after year
But it's always painful to let go of old and to new adhere
And then to the new, I start seeking the pleasure
Till it's time again to take stock and for censure

With every change come few approvals
And there are few who lament the removals
Life continues and changes append
Only on death they'll come to an abrupt end

Years ago I learned a lesson valued
And ever after sincerely it I pursued

I cannot change others and it isn't even worth a thought
I can only change myself and only here are changes to be brought

Vikas Sharma

Childhood Fights

Oh, how I miss my childhood fights
No ill-will and free of all spites
No malice or predetermined notions
Just a few simple basic emotions
If I dislike something, I will not play along
If I like it I must have it regardless of who it belong
I'll cry my heart out if I cannot have my ways
But nothing for long in my heart stays
Every time I am beaten and am down on the ground
Will get up, dust my clothes and like a ball rebound
Everything will be forgotten there and then
We'll have a hearty laugh and be friends again
Oh, how I miss my childhood fights
No ill-will and free of all spites

Vikas Sharma

Dealing With Expectations

Dealing with expectations

Expectations

Fairly decent

Not quite high

Expecting good things

For self from other beings

And best of life

Is what for I strife

Then slowly but surely

Things start falling apart

Expectations are no more expectations

But full-fledged demands

Demands which take their toll

Have on its own evolved

I fall short

Of what I wished to be

Situations go astray

As nothing is going my way

People are letting me down

For they fail to live up

To my expectations which

Are in the shape of demands now

What to do and how?

I wallow in self-pity

Anger has its uncertainty

I retaliate

Making worse of bad

Wishing I never had

Expected

Expected too much

Or was it way little

Blame is the game

Hunting for the name

Anger, pity, hatred grow

Inside I feel so low

Screaming and crying inside
I go glum outside
Then came a noble soul
To take me out of the hole

Told me where did my fault lie
Somewhere I never cast my eye
Inside me are twins alright
One enormous other slight

One named 'want' desire more
Other 'content' share more
I fed my wants
And out of it expectations grew
And when did they turn into demands
Little did I knew

Feeding the content
Is harder he told me
For joy of sharing it beget
And pleasure of giving ever experience thee

Vikas Sharma

Desire

Though, it's been just two months that we met
When I was lucky, to find you over the net
Ever since, we chatted for long hours
Pouring out all, from hearts of ours
Initially, I thought my love is platonic
Just a little fun and frolic
As I drew closer to you
I knew I fell for true
For every night after we said 'Good night'
I lay on my bed and nothing seemed right
With each passing night, I yearn for more
And like winged birds, will my desires soar
I wish to hold you in my arms
And get drunk in your charms
I wonder, if you will rise on your toes
To bring yourself, up and close
And when I place my lips on yours
Will we both melt, to our cores?
The time when you'll beside me lie
I wonder how I will admire thy
Will the feelings be awesome?
When I rest my head on your bosom
While I listen to the rhythms of your heart
Will all my fears depart?
And when you run your fingers in my hairs
I think, are you the answer to my prayers
Will you hold me in tight embrace?
When on your body my fingers trace
As our legs entwine, will the sheets rustle
And will you close your eyes or they'll sparkle
Will you passionately thunder?
Or will it be a meek surrender
Will we together ride the waves of ecstasy?
Ah! But this is just a flight of my fantasy
And I alone, lie here on my bed
Holding not you, but my pillow instead.....

Vikas Sharma

Dousing Desires

How many years since I was born how many more to come?
How much more to do in this life how much already done?
How much distance already travelled how many miles more to go?
How much accomplished and what more to quench my ego?
Mindlessly I keep on burning with unfathomable desires,
Tirelessly and aimlessly, I work hard to douse these fires,
My eyes won't stop looking and my ears won't cease hearing,
Neither my tongue will stop talking nor my mind cease thinking,
My thirst will never be quenched nor my hunger ever satiated,
My greed, my lust and my anger will always keep me agitated,
So how do I douse the flames of desires and set myself free,
This is no eternal quest and only futile wanderlust I foresee,
There is no end to material wants and earthly comforts, I apprehend.
Only way is to eliminate my wants and limit my needs, I comprehend.

Vikas Sharma

End Of The Word (In View Of 21st December 2012)

If the world was to end tomorrow
Will it be a joy or a sorrow?
I decided to give it a thought
For none to this my attention brought
If the world were to end, death is sure
In, 'all will be dead', I find my cure
No will squander my wealth ever
Any one speak ill of me, never
With me everything will be razed
All the history will be erased
But what if there are few survivors
Maybe there are few whose luck favors
First and foremost will I be one of them?
I have done a lot good to survive the mayhem
But what if my luck falls short
Or to some unfair means others resort
If I die and someone left behind
God! Neither will it be fair nor kind
Of what good will the whole idea of doomsdays
If people of values and morals of this age stays
They'll bribe and corrupt the New World
Carrying on immoral legacies of this world
Moreover they will usurp our wealth left behind
And they will speak ill of whosoever and none will mind
So partial end of world will go astray
Complete End of World—Welcome Any Day!

Vikas Sharma

Ishq - Razai Ka Aur Mera - A Hindi Poem

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Jaddon ki tithurati subah ne li angdai
Par nahi choddti mujhey meri razai
Kehti hai raat se chhaya hai kohra bahar
Kahan jaoge chorh mera daman mere yaar
Maine jab daftar jaane ki guhar lagayi
Boli aaj chutti le lo Oh harjai
Maine hai sulaya bade pyar se tujhey raat bhar
Ab na ja chorh mujhey akela O mere dilbar
Ansuna kar diya maine uski baat ko
Rakh patthar, daba diya apne zazbaat ko
Par jaise hi maine kadam bahar nikaley
Laga ki kar diya khud ko dard ke hawaale
Kitna sukoon kitni garam joshi thi uss mein
Jo baat usmein thi woh nahi yahan aur kisi mein
Sunn sa hua fir raha hoon ussey bicchud kar

Jaise dil ney bandh kiya ho karna kaam haar kar
Na rago'n mein josh na khoo'n mein garmi hai
Har waqt lagti uski kami hai
Lagta nahi uski muhabbat se azaad ho paunga
Ghar jaatey hi fir uskey aagosh mein girftaar ho jaunga

Vikas Sharma

Jaade Ki Aadhi Raat - A Hindi Poem

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Vikas Sharma

Jhuki Hui Nigahein..... An Urdu Poem

Nigahen jhukti hai pyar mein
Nigahein jhukti hai iqraar mein
Sharam-saar ho kar bhi nigahein jhuk jaati hain
Ya kisi ke intezaar mein bhi palkein bicch jaati hain
Humney dekhi hai izzat mein jhukti nigahein
Sazdon mein bhi sabki jhukti hain aankhein
Wajahaat chahe kuch bhi rahi ho jukhi hui nighaon ki
Jhuki hui nihgaein ilamat hain Aajazi aur Inksari ki
Jhuki hui nigahon ne hamesha kisi ka ehtraam kiya hai
Khud ko jhukaya hai doosre ko buland kiya hai
Phir meri jhuki nighaon par kaisa swaal saqi
Meri ankh main bhi hai aajazi abhi baaki

Vikas Sharma

Kis Or Ja Rahi Hai Humari Muhabbat? - - An Urdu Nazm

Kis or ja rahi hai humari muhabbat
Kuch samay pehle hi to mile they
Ek doosre se anjaan par
Paini nazron se tol rahe they

Phir shuru hua ek doosre ko janney ka silsila
Kuch baatein pasand thi, kuch par etraaz jataya
Ek doosre ko apni mazbooriyan samjhayin
Aur apna simta hua daayra batalaya

Koshish mein jutt gaye doosre ki ummedon par pooora utarne ki
Yun humney ek doosre ke dil mein apni jagah mehfooz ki
Phir shuru hui humari aagey ki kahani
Nayi soch Naya josh Nayi manzilein maqsood ki

Chal to padey nayi manzilon ki or
Thaamey ek doosrey ki bharose ki dor
Par humari mazbooriyan abhi bhi waisi hi hain
Humarey daayre abhi bhi utne hi simtay huein hain

Phir aise mein meri hamsafar yeh to bta
Kis or ja rahi hai humari muhabbat?
Kya pahunchayegi yeh humein apni manzil tak?
Kya youn hi rahegi ehsaas-o murwaat?

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Vikas Sharma

Man Ki Baat - A Hindi Poem

Albela sa main apni masti me rehta
Jo bhi ho mere man mein jhatt se keh deta
Accha lage tumko ya boora mano tum
Hai seedhi mere man ki baat bas itna jano tum

Man ke ghodon par nahi daali kabhi maine nakel
Par man ki baat kehna bhi nahi hai bacchon ka khel
Bacche hote to keh bhi lete seedhi spat baat
Par logon ne toh biccha rakhi hai man mein shatranji bisat

Nahi hota asaan apne man ki bat kehna
Chhod aadambar, saral aur sehaj rehna
Ahm ko hai marna padta baarmbaar
Krodh par bani rehti nazar lagaataar

Vyang, man ki baat kehna mein, hai bahut kaam aata
Hanste hanste baton baton mein sab kuch taal jaata
Kavi ka man hai, jo iss mein aayega so bolega
Laala ki dukan nahi ja har cheez pehle tolega

Accha lagtaa hai mujh ko mast man se rehna
Sam bhav se apne man ki baat kehna
Fir bhi ho jaatey hain kabhi kabhi log mujh se naraaz
Tabhi bola mera man likh de iss par bhi kavita aaj

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Vikas Sharma

Mask

Of various colors and hue,
A mask I wear through,

Superficial but yet true,
It hides my feelings grue,

Different facial expressions I embalm,
Turmoil inside but appear calm,

Akin to luck drawn on my palm,
No conviction either in prayers or psalm,

Inside the darkness prevail,
Guilt, Remorse, Hatred, Jealousy reign,

Yet Happy-Go-Lucky I regale,
As Truth, Love and Honesty feign,

'To be or not to be' pondered Bard,
'To thee as you wish to see' a truth hard,

All that glitters is not the gold,
If gold never glitters it leaves one cold,

If only as I wish be true,
More the remorse brew.. more my dreams flew,

If only the full moon nights and bright days did grew,
Happiness differs from being blue would I have never knew,

Smiles always shine through,
Once in awhile good to be blue,
A mask I wear through,
Of various colors and hue,

Vikas Sharma

Mausoleum By The Road Side

A fairly common sight
By the side of road
A ten feet stone slab
Raised on a platform

Sheets drape stone in green or blue
Belief... here every wish comes true
Grave of faqir unknown
Mausoleum it's now known

As I enter the small compound
Incense sticks burn all around
With wishful thinking pay my obeisance
But certain thing hitting my conscience

Who was He? And what did He bode?
Why was He chosen to be buried by the side of road?
Was He really nine yards in length?

Vikas Sharma

Men Come And Men Go

Men Come and Men Go
I, Me, My Ego
The very ground, that I stand upon
Beneath lie, how many once born?
Some More Rich, Some Less
Some More Wise, Some Less
They too wanted to make a difference marked
Six feet down under are they now parked
They, Them, Their Ego
Men Come and Men Go

Vikas Sharma

Muhabbat- Ek Ehsaas - - An Urdu Nazm

Muhabbat kya hai, ek ehsaas ke siva kuch bhi nahi
Samjho toh sab kuch, na samjho to kuch bhi nahi
Sirf ik zazba hai hai kisi ki chahat ka, chahne ka
Aur ta_umr ka irda ban jaata hai ussey paaney ka
Pa liya, toh uski aadatein aur wajahatein saamne aati hain
Kuch pasand Kuch napasand, aur kuch khwab todne lagti hain
Pareshaan se hum dhoondhtey rehtey hain jiska tasawur kiya tha kabhi
Dekha tha jis insaan ko khwabon ki dhundhli si tasveer mein kabhi
Yeh insaan aznabi hai ya who tasveer thi kisi aur ki
Isi kasmakash mein kaatne lagtey hain zindagi apni baki
Bhool jaatey hain ki haqiqat mein muhabbat faqt karne ka ehsaas hai
Kisi aur ki muhabbat hone ki aarzoo to sirf adhoori pyas hai
Shiddat se muhabbat karna hi hai tere bas ki baat "vikas' aur kuch nahi
Woh lautaye teri muhabbat ya na lautaye iss par tera ikhtiyaar nahi

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Vikas Sharma

Music Of Rain Drops

Rain-drops making music in the wintery night
While in a warm embrace I hold you tight

In the light of glowing embers of fire
I listen to you long sighs of desire

Your cheeks are red and winter skin so fair
I hold you close and play my fingers in your hair

With warmth in each other's eyes we glance
To the music of falling rain drops we dance

Rain drops falling outside my window
Sound like faint distant drums in slow tempo

My heart beats slow and wobbly
Singing a song in melancholy

I long for you and ache in sorrow
Trying to hold back my tears, I cry slow

Falling rain drops strikes the notes of agony and pain
Making on this wintery night a song with sad strain

Vikas Sharma

Nakhlistan - - The Oasis (An Urdu Poem)

Wasee'-O-Areez Sehra Mein Daudte Maghzi Ghode
Ik Tazza Soch Ka Nakhlistan Dhoond Rahein Hain.....

Muhabbaton Ke In Mausamon Mein Bhi
Hum Pyar-o-Khaloos Ki Hawayein Dhoond Rahe Hain.....

Iss Uljhi Si Zindagi Mein Kiskey Hai Fikr-e-Mustaqbil
Hum Toh Abhi Bhi Guzra Zamaana Dhoondh Rahein Hain....

Falsfa-e-Zindagi Se Koi Sarokaar Nahi Hum Se Jahilo'n Ko
Hum Toh Roz Jeeney Ke Naye Bahaney Dhoond Rahein Hain....

Hum To Kareeb Aa Chale Hain Apne Aakhri Muqaam Talak
Woh Jo Humein Abhi Bhi Safar-e-Zindagi Mein Dhoondh Rahein Hain....

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Vikas Sharma

Rejuvenated

Like a leaf on autumn tree,
I hung in silence eerie.
Waiting to dropp any day,
And then to be blown away..
Like a robin you came,
In me ignited the flame,
With the taste of your sweet song,
Now I just wish to live long.

Vikas Sharma

Self-Honesty

I never wanted to learn
the art of deception
yet it came to me
on its own conviction

Deceiving self about reality
Is about rewriting all
As I wanted it to be
Stretching a truth bit too far
Or hiding and twisting motives
So others would think well of me

I deceived myself
About myself
So that I portray a good self
This is how I practiced deception
Until it was beyond correction

Deceiving became my second nature
And I never felt the need for a cure
Then one day it dawned on me
Who am I deceiving if not me?

Honesty was forgotten long ago
In an effort to boost ego
My true self was more humane and kind
Not the ruthless self I now mind
Neither am I what I wanted to be
Nor the original real me

How could I be honest
With others if not with me
And to be honest
Honesty starts with me

I reorganized
But I was like a pile of hay
No idea where to start my day
Doing it daily bit by bit

I started to get honest about it
No one really cared who I am
It was just a pat less or slight slam
But the joy in this was great
For I was honest and straight
Now I could see myself in my eye
And be proud of who am I

Vikas Sharma

Tanqeed Nigaron Se - An Urdu Nazm

Kya shikayat karoon un logon ki
Jo do harfi kitab samajh baithey mujhey
Kya kahoon un tanqeed nigaron se
Jo samjhey ik chalta firta ishetehaar mujhey

Na samjho mujhey koi akhbar ya risala
Jo aaj parhoge kal bhool jaoge mujhey
Ghalib ke diwan ke maanind hoon main
Ik umr bhi kam hai samajhney ko mujhey

Ghazal hoon main nau bait ki
Zara matle se maqte tak to lao tum mujhey
Kavita hoon main nau ras ki
Sabr se lo swaad har ras ka, jubaan par lao tum mujhey

Qaazi ban kar faisla mujh par sunane se pehle
Zirh to karwao kathgharey mein to lao mujhey

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Vikas Sharma

The Four Seasons Of Missing You

Spring:

Smiling and thinking of you
Recalling everything you do
Like a Butterfly you float in my mind
Like a Rose in my heart you enshrined
Your fond thoughts I wear as plume
Their warmth makes my soul bloom

Summer:

Burning in your desire
Blazing in your love's fire
Like to the music of crickets lightening bugs dance
I shimmer and sizzle in your romance
Craving for you, I burn
Oh! My Love, Return

Autumn:

Reminiscing of our times together
Memories strangle and smother
Like migrating geese and rustling leaves
I too wish to hibernate and grieve
Distant clouds and orange skies
Colder heart and heavier sighs

Winter:

Longing for you, am cold and numb
Dismal, dreary and lonesome
Like sitting by a crackling fire on frosty and chilly mornings
Trying to create warm memories out of cold longings
Falling snowflakes on frozen earth
Cold heart and feelings in dearth

Vikas Sharma

The Lighthouse

Beside the sea, Over the cliff
Stood a lighthouse, upright and stiff
Little did it know,
Which way will winds blow,
Neither did it know,
Will the tides be high or low,

Every evening went the sun went down,
It would light up like jewel in the crown,
Every night it threw beams of light,
Towards the sea, though nothing in sight,
Unknown number of ships did it guide,
Rain. summer or winter it did not mind,

All it did was light up and stood there,
Telling the marine world, I am here,
It knew not how many accidents it averted,
To their destination how many it diverted,
Neither it had pride nor remorse,
For everyone will steer its own course,

Throw the beams of light, it did, standing there,
Silently reassuring the marine world, I am here,

-Daksh-

Vikas Sharma

The Lost Lighthouse

Over the cliff, beside the sea,
Stood a ruined tower amidst debris,
While on the sandy beach, I walked,
The tower in ruins on the cliff, I watched,

Strange emotions, the ruined tower, did arouse,
For in my childhood days it was a lighthouse
In awe, I use to watch it at nights,
Wondering, for whom, it was flashing lights,

In the day time it looked imposing,
On the cliff, like a custodian posing,
For months I was afraid to go near,
Somehow the structure instilled fear,

To go closer one day I dared,
All my fears were soon bared,
Over the cliff, the lighthouse stood tall,
Encircled by grass, I recall,

For hours I use to play near it,
And found no reason to fear it,
Through those years I wondered every night,
For whom the lighthouse flashes light,

Later knowledge answered my then curiosity,
But today, there is another reason for my anxiety,
Was the lighthouse no more needed by mariners?
Or was it destroyed by some invaders,

Did it of own fall, cause of its advancing age,
Or was it derelict and damaged because of non-usage,
I know not, why the lighthouse depleted,
Why no more flashes of light it emitted?

To this day, I think and wonder,
Who guides the lone and lost mariner?
I hear, Radars and GPS guide the modern vessels,
Real Time Data, in a computer now nestles,

Yet for the lost and lone mariner, I worry,
Now that 'the lighthouse' is a heap of debris,
Lighthouses reassured us everywhere,
Don't Worry..... I am here!

-Daksh-

Vikas Sharma

The Many Me's

In me live many me.
Some gloomy, others glee
The 'happy' me
The 'angry' me
The 'sad' me
The 'bad' me
The 'noble' me
The 'evil' me
The 'funny' me
The 'brainy' me
Many more such me's
Am really fond of three
The 'Had been' me
The 'Wanna be' me
The 'As I am' me
The Past Present and Future of me
With these 'me' I love to play
As if they are made of clay
Giving them different form
As if on a stage they perform
Different me's for different acts
Some Objectives Some Abstracts
Sometimes I make the curtain-call
At times 'me's' make the curtain fall
New Acts New Play
Every Night Every Day

Vikas Sharma

The Night Of 21st December

Come my love; let's celebrate the longest night,
With a quiet dinner in the candle light,
Then by the fire we dance to music soft and slow
In the glowing embers I'll see you shimmer and glow
No meteors are going to fall tonight
Nor will there be any apocalypse, right
I told you my love will outgrow everything
The Mayan's prediction is just one thing
We will keep on loving forever
You and me in this night, together

Vikas Sharma

The Real Me

The waters are rough in the sea of my mind
On the surface of it I am calm, the solemn kind
At times, deep inside waters are still and calmly
While I am riding high on waves of ecstasy

Why does my outer being defy the inner?
Why I am not inside what actually I appear?
Oh! How could I contradict myself?
And be not me my truer self

When I am disturbed inside, problems I foresee
Worries of unknown and uncertain future clinging me
Fears break the shell covering me,
Exposing the weak and meek me

When the inside of me is free of turmoil, like a child do I play
Worrying not what tomorrow may bring, nothing stops my way
So does the calmness inside embalms me
Bringing to fore the happy and carefree me

Calm inside rough outside, troubled inner somber outer I carry
Do not mistake me from my outer self, look inside on the contrary

Vikas Sharma

Virtues

Love, Respect and Friendship are emotions few
Responses of my heart to other person's virtue
A spiritual payment of my pleasure
Of virtues of another person's character

Had it not been so, I'll be way too cool
Whether I deal with a genius or a fool
Whether I meet a hero or a thug
Or marry an ideal women or a slut

It would have made no difference
If virtue of their character was not the essence
It's a simple equation and even the reverse holds true
Love Respect and Friendship comes with my virtues too

Vikas Sharma

Wanderlust Of Life

In the wanderlust of life
Continue to struggle and strife
Seeking meanings of unknown
Willfully ignoring the known
I travel

Travelling far and wide
Finding a place to hide
My fears look at me like demon
Reminding me of all the wrongs done
I seek.....

Seek retribution for my sins
As in my face death grins
With a meaningless life behind
Screaming at emptiness inside
I search.....

Searching for eternal peace
And giving life a new lease
Freedom from follies of past
Ways to carry on till the last
I wander.....

Wander in search of truth
Giving direction to life uncouth
To lead a meaningful life
Continue to struggle and strife

In the wanderlust of life
Continue to struggle and strife

Vikas Sharma

Wolves (About Delhi Gang Rape & Related Protests)

Ever since the days of Red Riding Hood,
Wolves are on prowl in every neighborhood
By them girls are tormented and assaulted
Women of all age, size and class targeted
Every episode of theirs shakes our soul
And in a protest march or two we enroll
After a day or two, life is back to normal
As if for the cause, we have done the ample
In this very Delhi in '78 Gita Chopra they kill
Along with her brother Sanjay, memories still chill
We meted out justice by hanging the culprits
And instituting awards in the names of victims
Now a girl again faced the torment on a moving bus
The fact they were 6 of them tells how callous and heinous
In between '78 and now many girls and women faced the brunt
And every time we protested and sat disgruntled
We think government ought to do something about it
Maybe bring in tougher laws and hang the rapist
But will that change anything? .. I wonder though
For the victims it's a hell of a lifetime she has to undergo
Hunting the wolves that made the kill
Is no assurance that there are no more, still

Vikas Sharma