

Poetry Series

Vishal Singh

- poems -

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Vishal Singh is working as Project Manager with Nielsen India Pvt. Ltd. He has a creative bent for writing as he takes creative writing as a tool to satisfy the emotional and spiritual needs.

Dev

Oh Son! My Sun!
My champ your birth, gave me unbounded mirth.
With you, Papa and Mamma are devoid of any dearth.
My boy, you're such a joy,
Prior to you, I used Braille, for the 'E' of enjoy.
My baby your sublime succulence,
Gives me alpine opulence.
My tiny toy, you're so soft and supple,
Dad is always left, musing in ample.
My child, at your slightest smile, erupts every follicle,
Quenching the thirst, of my every atom and particle.
My love, at your faintest sobbing,
Daddy's auricles and ventricles explode of throbbing.
My seraph, you're my Shakespearean sonnet,
Dad goes crazy, seeing you in that cute little bonnet.
My boy, your lovely squiggles,
Are Scriptures, engraved in elegant scribbles.
My child, when you hit a tune, a bit too jazzy,
Your Papa drools, to be your avid paparazzi.
Cometh the Day, when thou wilt be Chaucer,
Thy father will, love to be thy chauffeur.
Oh Son! My Sun!

Vishal Singh

Mr. Willy Will

Stout and haughty Mr. Willy Will,
Erroneously thought he had the Supreme Will,
For, time and again he had defied, 'His' Will.

Carrying on his bloated shoulders the head of a Devil,
He mistook his ephemeral successes as the fruition of his skill,
Often being disdainful of 'His' Will.

Charged and laden with his fluke will,
Willy promised his generations a mammoth will,
And set out on a voyage up the hill.

Up the hill, he decided of setting a cotton mill,
Having decided, Willy went for the kill,
And hired the pitiable hill-men to do the till.

The honest hill-men toiled, as subjected to a military drill,
Ploughing the rough terrain, braving the winter chill,
And when the plants bore the best harvest, the hill-men demanded their fill.

But the devil he was, he denied them of their fill,
Leaving them embittered and in abject peril,
For, of money, he gave them nil.

He mocked them and robbed them of their skill,
Willy said, "You silly creatures, if it hadn't been for my will,
This piece of Earth would forever have been a forlorn hill."

He added, "But since the bales are in the mill,
Each of you can have a shroud from the yarn of the mill,
But that too, not without paying the bill."

All this was noticed by someone over and above the hill,
He finally thought, it's time to teach Mr. Will,
Who's the one with the Supreme Will.

Soon Willy fell mysteriously ill,
He tried and tested each and every pill,
But couldn't find an end to his ill.

He sold off his dearly cotton mill,
Spent every penny of his mammoth will,
But couldn't put an end to his ill.

The pauper he had become, in overpowering the Supreme Will,
He couldn't afford a shroud, from his own cotton mill,
For he had to pay the bill
But of money, he had nil.
Still, the honest hill-men buried him on their hill,
Guarded his grave with a beautiful little grill,
And engraved an epitaph which read, "Poor Mr. Willy Will,
Who thought, he possessed the Supreme Will! "

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Time

Your sweet slumber in the womb is broken,
Your little world of comfort is shaken,

You hear from the voice above, 'Come out chap, its Time! '

Days, months and 'a' year pass,
Wishes, gifts are poured amass,

You light the candle, for the first Time!

Eating, jumping, playing, dancing,
This is what you do since morning,

But now and then Mamma says, 'Stop baby, it's sleeping Time! '

Books, bag, pen and pencils,
Take the place of toys and utensils,

Every morning Mamma says, 'Get up baby, its school Time! '

Days, months and years pass,
Homework, assignments are poured amass,

You learn to read, you learn to write,
Working hard to shine bright,

Just to make your parents hear, 'Your boy's the best every Time! '

You learn the laws; you mug up the theory,
Putting an end to the boards story,

Just to hear your parents say, 'You didn't do well this Time! '

Days, months and years pass,
Friends, relations are poured amass,

You learn to flirt, you learn to ride,
Flaunting yourself with élan and pride,

Just to hear your father say, 'What's this nonsense all the Time? '

You fix your mate; you fix your future,
Promising both a sound nurture,

Just to make yourself hear, 'Ah! It's my Time! '

Days, months and years pass,
Worries, troubles are poured amass,

You run for life, you run for wife,
You toil hard coping grief and strife,

Just to hear the dear ones say, 'Can't you spend some quality Time? '

When you feel it's time to enjoy and relax,
You suddenly realize your career draws towards climax,

Just to make you listen your voice, 'No-no I'm short of Time! '

Days, months and years pass,
Weakness, ailments are poured amass,

Your voice is feeble; your limbs are weak,
You invite your offspring's to spend a week,

Just to hear from them, 'No dad we don't have Time! '

You lie in shabbiness fighting the flies,
You take a gasp and close your eyes,

Just to hear from somebody, 'Poor fellow, he doesn't have much Time! '

Your scanty sleep is soon broken,
The big world of discomforts is shaken,
You know, you're out of Time!

Still,
You yearn for your children; crave for your wife,
Wish to live an immortal's life,

Holding the candle you raise your hands above, 'One last Time? '

Just to hear from the voice above, 'NO CHAP, ITS TIME! '

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