

Poetry Series

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- poems -

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The Nature's Moves Of Pleasure

The green grass glazed in sunlight
And the leaves seemed yellowish bright
When the dark clouds began to fight
Raindrops were accompanied by thunder and light

When the Peacock spreads its colourful wings
Then my mood blithes when the cuckoo sings
The rain falls with much many drops
And satisfies a million of hopes

The cold wind just soothed my soul
And forced me on the earth to fall
Then there when i opened my eyes
A beautiful rainbow was in the skies

By that time I was completely wet
And it was the time for the sun to set
All those tiny drops of rain
Had washed away all my sorrows and pain

In the night cold, the nature was alive
And the disturbed bees were buzzing in their hive
The clouds had gone and the moon had come
Alongwith the insects had just started their song

It was so peaceful in the dark to listen
Still unknown to the words they sing
These all were due to the blessings of nature
Whose moves gave me intense pleasure
That day was like no day before
What my heart says to pass it once more!

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The Dawn Of Joy

The Sparrows chirping during the dawn
And the light rays were falling from the sun
The way a wind blew on me
I just observed I was under a tree

I felt if I was a part of nature
Wealthier and wealthier than the costliest treasure
I wished I could sit there forever
And stare the crow which is so much clever

A squirell than came near me to sit
And I gave some apricots for to eat
All these things changed the day for me
And gave much pleasure to enjoy being free

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The Smoky Site

The World talks about pollution
But still there is no solution
The world behind is so green
But the fire and smoke make it grim
Oh! there was a beautiful linden
But the hazy smoke made it hidden

Presuming the world will end one day
And there would be no body even to say
The smoke was so much pernicious
Which turned into distress and was serious
'Tis our obligation not to feel ignominy
But to look forward to make the earth greeny

This smoke will make us one day motionless
If we do pollution and remain being careless
Let me warn you it is a slow poison
Even more dangerous than the nuclear fusion! !
At night the fire became so intense
That gave a scene of joy and tense

In pale moonlight it looked so grey
Which was due to the burning of rubbish and hay
The smoke arose and arose so high
That covered the stars in the sky
Oh! God I wish it should go to space
And save some years for the earth to face

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