

Poetry Series

Bhaarat Kurda
- poems -

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Bhaarat Kurda()

I love writing.

You love reading.

We are made for each other.

A Birthday Note!

A year you have become old,
And old means wise,
Don't worry about the wrinkles,
Believe me your beauty is more than suffice.

A woman you have become,
And woman means strength,
Be as enlightened as you can be,
You gotta go for your dream, no matter the length.

No more you are a little girl,
But don't let that stop you,
You can still skip and have braids,
Don't let that grown up crop you.

I have been meaning to say,
Today I got a chance,
You are not alone in your battles,
Your family and friends are your clan.

Many people out there will try to steal your chance,
They will never miss an opportunity to disgrace you with their glance,
In this Male chauvinist society you will constantly be undermined,
But never stop and lose faith and fight unless you are defined.

Bhaarat Kurda

A Trip Inside.

Took a trip inside,
Inside my mind,
Eyes closed all silence,
Journey started from the dark.

Slowly things unravel,
As I begin to travel,
Many mysteries, lots of histories,
And I started to unravel.

A mind so full,
A mind so burdened,
A mind so strong,
A mind so hurdled.

It lost its beauty,
And the serene touch,
It was so damaged,
It was so butchered.

It was losing its power,
The place so in fear,
As I was feeding it weakness,
It seems beyond repair.

I continued my journey,
Started walking further,
I stopped before a room,
It was labelled as Treasure.

The door was rusted,
It opened with a creak,
As I moved in,
I found what I seek.

There was a lamp burning in the corner,
It was the light of hope I was looking to garner,
The light so bright it lit up my mind palace,
For my mind once resentful, it worked as a solace.

I saw wonderful things on my journey back,
The places looked wonderful, that were covered in dark,
This mind is sacred, free it of all shackles,
Its mighty, its magnificent and capable of great miracles.

Bhaarat Kurda

Catching Old!

He fell asleep on his chair,
In the living room in the cold,
When I brought a blanket to cover him,
That's when I saw my father is getting old.

Wrinkles dangling on his face,
His hair turning white,
His youth has bade him goodbye,
So does his weak eye sight.

Now he doesn't stand up in one try,
His face shows pain while doing so,
His legs are not reliable as they were once,
His walk is also getting slow.

The shoulders that carried me around the block once,
The hands he used to beat me with in arm wrestling,
They now get tired with the weight of a grocery bag,
We are not so strong now, is what they are suggesting.

In winter he covers himself with more clothes,
The summer makes him dehydrate often,
During rains he focus on not getting slipped,
Rather than enjoying, the seasons have filled him with caution.

After all these years we spent together,
We saw each other growing in different molds,
He watched me growing a young man,
And I am watching my father getting old.

Bhaarat Kurda

Childhood Memoir

Got into reminiscence, the memories of childhood,
As long as I remember, and far as I can see,
The time so magical, the time so cherished,
The moments of happiness and a long mischievous spree.

The playgrounds, the gardens, the farms we invade,
With friends we travel and go on magical crusade,
The fights, the beatings, the bruises, the marks,
The complaints from the neighbours and hour long harps.

The wins and loses, the mockery and chuckles,
The punishment from the teachers, and together we snicker,
The meadows we roam under sun blazing hot,
The trees we climbed, and hunt berries with slingshot.

For ice creams and candies we used to skip meals,
With last bell of the school our cheerfull and relaxed squeals,
The money when needed Grandma used to provide,
She was a saviour, a protector and perfect place to hide.

Counting the stars while lying under the moon,
A shooting star that always made us whisper a wish soon,
In a swish the time has changed and entire childhood is lost,
If there is a deal I can make, I'll buy it whatever the cost.

Bhaarat Kurda

Father Of The Bride.

It is happening, hapenning so fast,
My daughter is a bride today,
But for me you still are my little baby,
And I am afraid to let you go away.

As I look at you in your wedding dress,
I think of the first time I saw you,
So small & fragile, I took you in my arms,
I am crashing now as I see you.

I am not sad, but I am scared,
You'll be soon gone,
This house that you made home,
Will never be the same anymore.

As I place your hand on your groom's,
Some part of my heart breaks,
A flower I grew & looked after for years,
Some stranger came and away he takes.

When your car started moving out,
I wanted to stop you from going,
My little baby, whom they call a woman,
From the moment I saw you, you never started growing.

Bhaarat Kurda

Fathers And Daughters.

The day you were born I was outside the room,
Waiting for your cries in my ears to bloom,
The first time I saw your face I smiled and cried,
You were in my arms and I was a bit surprised.

You made me a father and the happiest man,
I was scared by the responsibilities came to me in clan,
That didn't stop me but from loving you my baby,
Because you were a blessing from the Gods given to this needy.

Soon you spoke your first words and they weren't for me,
I was a quite jealous yet very happy,
I know I missed a lot when you were growing up,
Never dropped you school and hardly picked you up.

I know I was away and busy doing things,
Oh darling but I loved you more than anything,
I gazed you for hours after you went to sleep,
And locked your smile inside of my heart very deep.

Now you have grown young not a baby anymore,
Ready to start a family of your own for sure,
You my little princess there is a prince waiting for you,
He'll love you more than anyone and make your dreams come true.

There'll come a time when I'd be gone,
My baby you dont worry I'll always be along,
Because no matter what how hard destiny try,
Fathers and Daughters never say goodbye.

Bhaarat Kurda

Lost.

Something is lost,
It does not feel right,
The air is not fresh,
The sun isn't so bright.

Something is lost,
I see people but no human,
I see love is mere attraction,
Connections are lost.

Words have not same meaning,
Promises are torn at seamings,
Honor is lost,
Trust is lost.

Literacy is increasing,
Understanding does not,
Prayers are rising,
Faith is not.

Governments are strong,
Administration is not,
Ammunitions are being manufactured,
Relations are not.

Animals we pet,
No loyalty we learn,
Rich and materialistic,
Yet amity we yearn.

Something is lost,
It has to be found,
Its deficiency is a threat,
Else generations it will hound.

Bhaarat Kurda

Not Only A Soldier!

I am a soldier,
In service to my nation,
It's an honour I am blessed with,
Which comes with a harsh realisation.

I am away from my family,
To protect the others,
I am not complaining about it,
But sometimes their memories smother.

On phone, when I talk to my mother,
Who always ask about my return,
'Soon', the only answer I can provide,
The same lies seated on my tongue.

My father, looking after the family,
Only ask about my well-being,
He never says but I know,
He needs a hand to help him.

My throat choke as I talk to my wife,
Her voice fill my heart with remorse,
Its a feeling no man should learn,
Being away from her is a vicious curse.

I have a son and a daughter,
They both are very small,
I am afraid if they will recognise me,
When their father return home.

We are here awake many nights,
To protect the border lines,
But its not only us fighting the wars,
Our families too are fighting battles in their minds.

Bhaarat Kurda

Perceptions.

Somewhere in my heart resides a song,
It plays, I sing when we are all alone,
Its a tune that all day repeats,
For me its a melody while people call them beats

Somewhere in my eyes there is a rainbow,
It shines, I look when I close my eyes,
I count its colors as they gleam,
For me its a road I walk, while people call it a dream.

There is a circus running in my mind,
I am a ring master there fulltime,
When audience see the clown they laugh,
For people its just a fantasy but I call it my craft.

Sometimes I talk to myself when no one is around,
The things that are forbidden to talk among crowd,
It helps me when life gets hazy,
To me it works as a therapy though people think its crazy.

Its very hard to live among the people,
They like everything very straight and simple,
Its suppose to bring them harmony,
They call it reality, to me its monotony.

Bhaarat Kurda

Set Out!

Lets explore the world today,
Lets fly against the wind,
Lets drink from the deep oceans,
Lets have the sun in a pint.

Aimlessly wander the streets,
Roam the dark forests,
Dive into the deepest seas,
Just climb the highest crests.

Spit the fear out and reveal the horrors,
Explore the remnants of World Wars,
Take a flight to the extreme of the poles,
And thrive for the farthest of the stars.

The world is full of antiques and you are one of them,
Go out and meet the other ones because everyone is nt the same,
When the calling comes you don't hold back,
The stage is set for your act and its time to act.

What is stopping you, there is nothing that can bind,
Wear off the walls that has imprisoned your mind
You are a sailor and your voyage is to the horizon,
Take a look inside you and be your own beacon.

Bhaarat Kurda

Surrender.

On a crossroad-standing still,
Struggling to choose,
The path is uncertain,
Need strength and a will.

Past has brought me to this,
Something that I never wished,
The sins, found their way back,
They haunt me now.

The mind has shackled me,
Making decisions it seems fit,
I am a puppet pulled by the strings,
Dancing to devil tunes.

Silhouettes I see,
The punishments are coming,
I seek salvation,
Yet consequences I can't evade.

Here it comes, terrifying me,
Time to conclude my sins,
I bow down as a sinner,
I stand up with deliverance.

Bhaarat Kurda

The Girl.

Walking, in the darkest of the street,
Thinking, there's nothing can be done,
Laughing, made a joke of myself,
Crying, as there is no one to help.

Something, hurts me deep inside,
Everything, is falling apart,
Living, have no strength anymore,
Dying, is what I am craving to explore.

I am in this world all alone,
Finding someone to take me in,
I am waiting and there is no love,
Want someone to stop my heart from burning.

And then there come a girl with a golden heart,
To fix my world that was falling apart,
She took my hand and pulled me out of my blues,
She was the answer when there were no clues.

Suddenly she hacked everything once belonged to me,
She visited my dark places and filled them with glee,
The hope and love were newly found,
The bond we shared was new but felt profound.

She made me a new man with her love and affection,
A knight in shining armour who save me from affliction,
I look at me now and see a man whom she preserved,
It amaze me how I got someone I never deserved.

Bhaarat Kurda

The Touch Of Awakening.

A new way, a new light,
Some new ideas are shining bright,
A new hope, a new faith,
The heart is beating in a different gait.

The mornings more beautiful,
The sun warms my dreams,
The air smells more lively,
This all feels so serene.

Sometimes life touches you,
In a way that awakes you,
Sometimes life reaches out,
To help you when you are knocked down.

When we are most lost, wandering in distraught,
When hopes are all down, faith is almost renounced,
It touches you, touch your heart where it aches the most,
And that touch was all you needed you know.

You see everything with new eyes,
Your sight shows you what is yet to arrive,
You live everyday so gracefully,
Its the way that was until deprived.

Bhaarat Kurda

Three.

Three things I wish to do,
Before regret catch up to me,
Three things I have chosen,
From a large desire heap.

First is I want to breathe,
Breathe the fresh morning air,
For all my life I lived,
Breathing is the least I cared.

Sleep would be the second,
For years it evaded my eyes,
Now a deep one is all I need,
Cause its tyme for my dreams to thrive.

Prayer is what I desire the most,
Its my final wish and a new foray,
For all I have been given by Thee,
In gratitude all I can do is pray.

Bhaarat Kurda

Will You?

We met through social media,
With a click our journey started,
We accepted each other,
And were never parted.

A friend I got,
A wonderful being in disguise,
I must have done something exceptional,
To have earned this prize.

A girl full of life,
That inspires me every moment,
No malice can be found,
You are a total wonderment.

A smile like a sunshine,
A voice that caress the heart,
A human so genuine,
You've been perfect from the start.

You make me grow,
Every second I spend with you,
You are the friend I most admire,
How grateful I am you have no clue.

You understand me in a way,
No one ever did,
You are a vitamin,
I will always need.

So it is a proposal,
If you accept,
Will you be my friend,
Untill my last breath?

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