

Poetry Series

Bhupesh Balakrishnan
- poems -

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Bhupesh Balakrishnan()

Blessed to be born a human being on Mother Earth.

A Smiling World

The hands, that work in the field,
are the most powerful, which yields;
The voice, that echoes for the poor,
are the most powerful, which the World hear;

The sickle, that cut the crops,
are the most powerful, when held aloft;
The battle between the rich and the poor,
still continues my dear;

Oh my lord, when will this come to an end,
so that the World lives with peace and joy;
When will i see, no poor and sufferer,
in my World, equality that bring smile and joy;

What can i do to stop the pains,
which can bring my World all good gains;
The day i dream, everyone's pot full of cream,
butter and gold, that runs like a river stream;

Wiping out poor, wiping out fear,
bringing in dear, prosperity and peace,
Let you and me live to see a smiling world,
May Lord bless, let all see a smiling world!

Bhupesh Balakrishnan

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Opposite, No Luck.

She put her bag in the chair next,
And sat in the chair, me opposite,
And, pulled her magazine out,
Started reading, eyes down,
Glass hiding her face,
And, I just sent my mails,
And looked at her, to catch a glimpse of her face,
But, she had other thoughts in mind.

(From Baker st, New Delhi Airport)

Bhupesh Balakrishnan

Poet And A Liar

Truth takes time to reach people
but, people take no time
to make a truth
look a lie;
That's the power of a liar.
so, let it be,
am here not bother'd,
for am a poet,
who pen my thoughts,
for my heart knows,
it's me who is the thinker.

Bhupesh Balakrishnan

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Where Is My Spring Season.

Aplenty to talk together,
aplenty to share together,
aplenty to cry together,
aplenty to laugh together.

Aplenty to walk together,
holding our hands together;
aplenty to watch together,
the Spring season coming.

Aplenty everything aplenty,
not one and two, but three, four,
mobiles, facebook, skype, gmail,
not a soul on the other side.

Aplenty a lot everything,
aplenty a lot to talk,
aplenty a lot to laugh,
but Where is my spring season.

Bhupesh Balakrishnan

With Anger

When I see her toil hard,
helping the cars get parked,
under the hot sun,
selling fruits and vegetables,
under the cold weather,
doing government surveys,
covering distances by foot,
carrying pots of muddy water,
in deserts and villages,
pt Politicians and pt Officers,
Mrs. and Educated for bribing everyone,
With Pride, I say,
that, she is more honest,
than all of Us!

Bhupesh Balakrishnan

With Love

She juggles at home,
manage the kids,
clicks, and clap,
cook and pray,
for all her family-say,
at times, her own smiles
go miles apart;
where are her dreams?
where are her words?
where is her life?
no one to ask,
no one to dream for her!
But, without her,
the World will not be,
what it is,
for her family;
Generation changes,
but still, she remains
the same-She whom I
affectionately call, the Mother!

Bhupesh Balakrishnan

With Pride

Without her,
Men could not have
lived much better,
Society would not have
had achieved so much,
Nations would not have
had progressed so great;
Our dreams to live in Mars,
shall continue to remain a dream,
if we continue to feign
that we are honouring her.
She deserves her honours,
So, lets do it, truly,
With Pride, in our heart!

Bhupesh Balakrishnan