

Poetry Series

Chitra Bisht

- poems -



PoemHunter.com

Publication Date:
2024

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

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Chitra Bisht

Blameless Love

Confusing the minds
Of lovers, oh so blind
Confining them to dark coves
No one blames love

Binding them to one
Bonding with none
Becoming ignorant doves
No one blames love

Messing their lives
And of others
Blaming it on Almighty above
No one blames love

Passions take over
Ditching everything else
Nothing is ever enough
No one blames love

If love's so great
Why FALL in love
Lovers, have some nerve
No one blames love

Feel not for just one
But learn to love every soul
Love all, make it an utsav
So that no one ever blames love

Chitra Bisht

Chitra Bisht

Night Monster

Piercing through the dark
Rapidly emerged a monster
Towering over everything
Reaching out to the stars

It moved rapidly
Like a dancing white whale
Opening its mouth towards the sky
One could actually hear it wail

The wilderness, the nightlife
Watching in silence
Scared to make any sound
Motionless in utter compliance

Chitra Bisht

Chitra Bisht



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Remembering Gandhi

In this world engrossed in wars
Gandhi's ideology is need of the hour

To uphold and cherish non violence
To respect member of every race

Embrace humanity, shun the lust for power
Gandhi's ideology is need of the hour

Chitra Bisht

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Bittersweet Revenge

I feel like dancing tonight
On a stage that is lit bright

Dressed in my best attire
Singing the song of ice and fire

Tapping my feet
To the musical beat

A jump and a squat
A this and A that

Tis moment to celebrate
So here I dance and gyrate

My soulmate had been cheating on me
Today, came to know of his treachery

No tears, no sadness for this moron
I have decided to move on

Didn't deserve me, tis God's will
So dance my way to happiness and chill

Chitra Bisht

Living In The Moment

feel like dancing tonight
On a stage that is lit bright

Dressed in my best attire
Singing the song of ice and fire

Tapping my feet
To the musical beat

A jump and a squat
A this and A that

Tis moment to celebrate
So here I dance and gyrate

My soulmate had been cheating on me
Today, came to know of his treachery

No tears, no sadness for this moron
I have decided to move on

Didn't deserve me, tis God's will
So dance my way to happiness and chill

Chitra

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Playing Is Fun

Let us play
Out in the sun
Such fresh air
So much fun

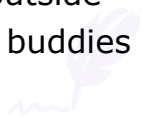
Jumping, skipping, running
Rolling on grass
Riding, cycling, skating
Watch twinkling stars

Exercise your muscles
And grow strong
Make new friends
Sing new songs

Don't be homebody
It feels lonely
Go play outside
Find new buddies

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The Real One

Girl, dear girl, come on wake up
Dab on some powder and make up.

The show is about to begin
N you'll be centre stage for the event.

Smiling, waiting on the rest,
Don't forget the pout, be at your best.

Here a mom, there a wife and a daughter-in-law,
For the boss... of the house N blah, blah, blah.....

Sweet adorable girl, you are special, coz you do and look so,
Don't forget the blush, it makes you glow.

Care for all....now and then, to and fro,
Crease's for you gown, not for your brow.

Wipe that stubborn tear; don't smudge your kohl,
Empty the trash cans, laundry bags...dare not bare your soul.

Your are a diva, a woman of substance
Who cares? ? If shattered to your elements.

People do bother...
For your
looks, culinary skills..different facets! ! !
Can't share the pain or complain
Not your best assets.....

So move on, for the world, bring out the best stuff
As for yourself...
Save a tear or so sans make up.

Chitra Bisht

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Only You

My heart beats
Just for you
Trapped in my body
But belongs to you
Your thoughts and desires
your gentle caress
Is all it yearns to possess

Chitra Bisht



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The Lost Relation

Dear wife
It's been 25

Seems like yesterday
When we met
Tender talks, infatuation
Soon, all was set

Life has been
a roller coaster ride
Sometimes bumpy
Sometimes, a smooth glide

You stood by me
Through thick and thin
We were always enough
Harmonized, synchronized, akin

Of late, started taking
you for granted
You becoming grumpier
Coldness augmented

You seemed to be
Slowly drifting apart
Missing smiles, vanishing warmth
And a frozen heart

Did not bother about how you felt
See what it did to us
Could not see, was so blind
Soon it was a mess

You are no longer with me
Long before, gone
I live with your shadow
Miss you and mourn

The Knowledgeable Lot

Knowledgeable people have a complex
Of knowing everything on this planet

The moment you say something, 'I know'
The minute you correct them, 'No, no'

Tis confidence or prejudice, hard to say
Either way, they always have their way

Not generalising, not all are alike
But mostly, poke them, will have your head on a pike

They don't let you start or sometimes end
Have a say on every topic, consider themselves omnipotent

Is this the trait of a know all?
I don't think that's true at all

They are merely barrels filled with words
A man with real learning is wise

Being wise is not a vice
Unlike others, whose words never suffice

Better learn to filter real from cloned
Since all that glitters is not gold

Chitra Bisht

A Romantic Movie

They say you don't remember me
Why should I pay attention to ye?
Same voices discouraged me
At the beginning of our love story

It was love at first sight
You too, were smitten, though slight

'I could be anyone you want' I said
'You're good', said you, taking it as a jest

It was pure passion and youthful love
We fought, then made up

Only to fight again
Bit of crazy, totally insane

And then you left, far far away
I wrote you letters for 365 days

Hoping against hope, to see you one day
Built your dreamhouse with porch and chimney

The house brought you back,
But you were no longer sure of us
Gradually things unwinded
Love blossomed again, God bless

We had a fulfilling life, it was divine
Till dementia slowly crept in your mind

They say you don't remember me
They still don't know, still can't see

I read the story of our life
To you every single day

And witness the miracle
Of you falling in love with me again

Love is magic, love is pure
You were for me, I was for you

We had a fulfilling life, my love
Death will only make it eternal

Chitra Bisht

The Mysterious Count Dracula

Wandering alone at nights
Is my daily ritual
Days I lie in my coffin,
food for thought, my food is people

Not flesh and bones
not skin and entrails
I drink human blood
Rendering them pale

The jugular spot, is my favourite
To cut and drink the red wine
Sometimes I drain my victims to die
Something I leave them alive

A noble count by birth
Born in Transylvania
A regular royal, a normal individual
Till I was transformed by Caligula

From then, it was drink, drink, drink
Totally possessed by a frenzy
Labourers mysteriously disappearing
Villagers gradually vanishing

My secret finally out, I had to go
Leaving behind my land and my castle
From town to town, in carriages or ferry
In search of places where I could dwell

For 300 years, I roamed the earth
Like a dark night, lived like a shadow
But everything ends or so they say
Immortals like me also have to go

Pursued recklessly by Van Helsing
I believe my days are numbered
Trust me, it will be a valiant death
A good last fight, no surrender

In death I shall live forever
My name etched in history
My stories will fascinate generations
A Count or a vampire what will it be?

Chitra Bisht

Online Shopping/

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Chitra Bisht

My Daddy' Favourite Food

Daddy is a foodie
Has a penchant for dishes

But the thing that tops his list
Would definitely be 'Indian Curries'

Packed with chillies green and red
He always has it before going to bed

'More chillies please', tells his wife
Who angrily retorts, 'Add some spice to your life.'

Chitra Bisht



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The Bond Of Love

I was once giving a motivational speech
On how to overcome challenges and difficulties

Suddenly I saw this lady arrive
Making her way towards the dais

Hardly in her thirties she looked ill and frail
Dragging herself with help, looking very pale

'I don't have much time left, have no regrets, just this one.
How do I break it to my son? He's just seven'

I patted her hand to offer comfort
Said, 'Don't wait. You are already late'

Evening she called her son, 'Dear, I have something to say, pray don't cry'
'Oh mother, is this when you tell me that you are dying? '

Both cried endlessly and hugged each other
The boy then brought something to her

An old rusty box with a letter inside
'Dear Mom, rest in peace, I'll always be by your side.'

She died after a few days, friends and family arrived
Buried in her casket, beneath the earth
The box and the letter by her side.

Chitra Bisht

A Tragedy

The celebration
turned into disaster.
Moments of happiness
overthrown by unwanted bitterness.
Sitting in darkness,
wondering why.

Chitra Bisht



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Candle Flame

I come in different shapes and sizes
Different colors, occasionally with fragrances

Shrouded in wax from all sides
I am commonly known as candle light

The burning of wick makes me glow
Brightly with a beautiful halo

The wax ramparts melting in submission
Emitting gentle fragrance filling with passion

I witness the lovers professing their love
Brighten hearts by eliminating darkness

A part of meditation, reverence to God
A symbol of peace, bear witness to departed

So what if life is short, mine is shorter
Live it to the fullest, this is all that matters.

Chitra Bisht

The Crimes Of War

Wars happen when powerful people decide
For which innocents pay the price

Armed conflicts between societies
Causing shift in people's priorities

Countless lives are lost in the fight
Lesser fortunate ones maimed or paralysed

Fuel intense hatred for the people on other side
Become victims or puppets for those who decide

Countless civilians brutally murdered
Even the hostages and those who surrendered

Plundering of property, enslavement happen
Medics and journalists also becoming victims

Treaties and conventions don't matter to them
Unethical things happen, causing mayhem

War is ambitious people planning
War is innocent ones falling

Chitra Bisht

Grief

Real pain
Is not professed by tears
Or by writhing in agony
No temper tantrums
No creating a scene

It gnaws at your bones
Giving gaping wounds
Drains all blood from heart
A thousand blades piercing

On the surface
Everything is fine
Peace prevails
Expressions sublime

Inside torment reverberates
Hurt, betrayal, anger gyrate
Echoes of hopelessness seeping
A deafening silence screaming

Chitra Bisht

Lost And Found

Submissive life
Control of mind
Was barely alive

Once was accidentally lost
Scared, ran from pillar to post
Matured, finally learned to live life

Chitra Bisht



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Magical Mysteries

Magical mysteries are my favourite
Where witches fly and fairies gyrate

A prince, a dragon and a damsel in distress
Walking trees, talking bees and a huge fortress

Everyone happy everyone cool
Even the ogre looks beautiful

All is well in paradise
Till some minor conflicts arise

The prince fights the giant
After all, he is brave and valiant

The princess rescued
Once again peace restored

Voices heard of fun and laughter
They all live happily ever after

No real life struggles that don't have an end date
Yes, magical mysteries are my favourite

Chitra Bisht

Heavy Lies The Burden...

Heavy lies the burden of.
Cheating on your beloved who adores you.
Persistent guilt consuming you slowly.

Chitra Bisht



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Essence Of Life

To sum up
life's essence..
Something that truly gives
meaning to our existence,
Brings everyone happiness
and makes living blissful

Chitra Bisht



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The Saga Of Severus Snape

Dear Harry

You are Lily's boy
And you have her eyes
Reasons enough for me
To help save your life

When Lily was murdered
I too, felt the pain
My love was lost
Held her, cried, all in vain

Part of her was alive in you
Tried my best to watch over you
Felt her presence everywhere
Everyday, when I saw you

Quiddich, snake and much more
You proved to be a heavy responsibility
Arrogance in you was from James' side
A trait which I totally despised

I loved you always secretly
My love for Lily was also hidden
She was my soulmate even after she was gone
Could never share how much I was smitten

Never revealed my real emotions,
My harshness was my veil
A spy, a teacher, a lover
Trying to save my pupil

In death, I finally found
A way to reveal what is true
Never hated you, was just trying to protect you
ALWAYS loved Lily, always loved you

Chitra Bisht

I Wish, I Hadn't Thrown It Away

I wish I hadn't thrown
My collection of poems
Written over the years
My visions and opinions

Sharing was never easy for me
Nor was giving a befitting reply
Writing down was the perfect anodyne
For keeping me peaceful and alive

One moment of rage
And everything was gone
And oh so meticulously destroyed
Something preserved since long

It began with tearing out
Every single page
Then bit by bit shredding
Lines in a rectangular shape

Piled up neatly
on the side of bed
Then thrown into fire
Till the words were all dead

What harm could the fire do
The burning anger was to blame
Years of unspoken words
Surrendered to the flame

Wish it all could be undone
My musings all gone and lost
Your presence supported me
So sorry, ditched you for a lost cause

Chitra Bisht

The Urge

KLEPTOMANIACS can't resist
The urge to steal
A rare disorder that's
hard to deal with

Too tough an ordeal
Most things stolen
are of little value
Except of course
The thief's virtue

Chitra Bisht



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Naked Soul

Nothing can be more painful
Than to be shunned and discarded
Like a piece of human trash
To be rejected and avoided

Over and over again
till you crash
Nothing matters
when you're in tatters

So is it him or you
Who is at fault
One who sidelines you
Or you who allows it to go on

Chitra Bisht



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The Rotting Carcass

Buried deep under the earth
Draped in layers of soil
There lies a rotting carcass
Free from life's turmoil

Once consuming for sustenance
From land, water and air
Now going back to elements
As is understandably fair

Decaying flesh
Covered with maggots
Creating sockets and gaps
Where once were pretty spots

Not a welcome sight I know
But nature should take its course
Therein lies 'it' that once was 'he'
That's what we all are to be

Chitra Bisht

The Best People Come Last

Caring and loving all qualities they possess
In return, last to receive, last to access

They are best coz they are ever giving
Opening their hearts, moving on, forgiving

But end up losing so much, getting pain
Efforts unacknowledged, poor bargain

Guess it is a cruel world, aggression is worshipped
Kindness is thankless, treated as a blip

The only reward they get is peace of mind, I guess
Motivation enough to keep doing what they know best

Chitra Bisht



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The Story Of My Life

A female born after a miscarried son, wasn't a welcome sight.
For many, barring granny and dad who were filled with delight.

Reading and chatting were a way of life,
Found it hard to express inner feelings.

Always stayed out of the limelight, always tried to avoid the bullies.

For years, cried instead of fighting back.
Never had the nerve, was a nervous wreck.

Years of grooming was hard to ignore.
Till my inner voice said, 'No more'.

'Your life, you decide', the message was loud and clear.
I turned a new leaf, changed myself, life never felt better.

Chitra Bisht



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The Things I Want

I am in the mood to dissolve the sky
Melt the mountains, make rivers fly

Change the directions of sun and moon
Make animals joke, let trees swoon

Fishes running on land, birds hiding in sand
Humans crawling on fours, snakes having hands

Nature is eternal, but let's reverse roles for once
Add spice to life, why should creator have all the fun?

Chitra Bisht



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I Have Known You Forever

I Have Known You Forever
As long as I can remember

From a toddler taking baby steps
To a teenager taking a misstep

You were always there for me
My dearest friend, my buddy

Warm, tender eyes filled with love
Caring temperament gifted from heaven above

Protecting me, worrying over my behaviour
My dear buddy, my knight in shining armour

Till you were mercilessly taken away by fate
Left alone, I cursed and cried, too late

Understand now, what you did for me
Try to live life the way it should be

Chitra Bisht

The Missing Women

Living in a big joint family
Blessed with brothers and daddy
Still no affection from anybody
Woman, where art thee?

Big metropolitan city, nuclear family
Good job, education, dresses with dignity
Still not recognized for her abilities
Woman, where art thee?

Remote, primitive village
A life of hardships, a challenge
Surrendering to patriarchy,
Woman, where art thee?

Times have changed, so has history
Doing countless jobs, that don't count
Thou still seems like a nonentity
Woman, where art thee?

Will this neglect ever change
Isn't this indifference, strange
Stand up for yourself, shun all pity
Woman, create your own legacy

Chitra Bisht

The Pain Of Betrayal

The piercing gaze of accusal
penetrating deep into the soul

Reflecting the pain and anguish
and love that has gradually perished

Tormented by betrayal, cursing you to hell
And for eternity, this is where you shall dwell.

Chitra Bisht



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The Special One

You are God's special gift
Exquisite and rare

Not disabled but differently abled
Working twice as hard than your normal buddies

Face endless challenges that fail to deter you
Embracing positivity, that, my friend is you

Painting a vivid rainbow of dreams
Don't need eyes to appreciate colors of nature

When not heard, the sounds are felt
Smile on your face, priceless than any word spelt

Lacking in physical gifts, possess a stronger mind
Sharper sixth sense, closer to divine

Chitra Bisht



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The Morning After

The perfect night spent with you so close
Lights from the candles floated as you smile bore a soft glow

My heart filled with love, you from heaven came
Surrendering to your charm, like a moth to a flame

A perfect moment filled with passion, could I have ask for more
The morning after no trace of you, reality or illusion can't say for sure

Chitra Bisht



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Letter To My Younger Self

Dearest Me

Congratulations on being thirteen

No longer a child, not yet an adult

Rapidly growing limbs, brain muddled

Life seems so challenging and scary

Tis just a part of growing up, don't worry

You are so smart for your age

Dealing with issues, not giving in to rage

Temperamental adults or gender discrimination

You hold your ground with steely determination

Dealing with molesters strongly but quietly

Getting the last of the morsel, accepting politely

You are always so sorted, are you?

You never do publicly cry, why so?

Good at hiding emotions, don't do it

Good at waiting for others, don't go for it

Coz slowly but surely, it will take a toll

Younger you making sacrifices, elder you will surely fall

Thinking just for others will turn you into a non entity

You will be a no one, have no identity

Love yourself, for you are God's masterpiece

Be that one special person, filled with charm and grace

Chitra Bisht

Love Of My Life

You define my life like no one does
A gift from God, the heaven above

Can't imagine myself without you
Can't say it enough, I love you

Not your beauty that has me smitten
Your doe eyes, long hair or supple skin

Not your smartness that outwits all
Your being multitalented, multilingual

Fact is you are all these and more
Fact is I am addicted to the core

The thing about you that's insane
Your ability to smile through all that pain

While going through blood transfusions
Bruised by those painful contusions

You manage to retain that beautiful smile
Glow on your face, while body becomes fragile

Never ever known anyone so pure
My love is for you now and when you are no more

Fare thee well, for now tis goodbye
Will meet you soon, where the earth touches the sky

Chitra Bisht

Being Different

They say love is God's gift
Then why have they created a rift
Boy and girl in love, a happy couple
Boys or girls in love, why dreadful?

To the extent of being judged
Socially, ethically and morally
Time again being told not to err
Or being reprimanded for being silly

Since when are emotions customised
Why are such feelings chastized
God gave us all life, gave feelings too
Who are we to judge, punish or rebuke

Picture their state of mind
Did they chose to be like this
Lacking in support, wanting in
Stuck in the intricacies of a Mr or Miss

Sadly some hide their feelings
Live a life of anonymity
Decades of deception
Even from loved ones, pity

For once open your hearts
Ditch prejudices, make fresh start
Treat them equal, they too are alive
For once embrace the diversity of life

Chitra Bisht

A Purpose Driven Life

When life appears to be
Much dreary to you

When worst outcomes
Bring sadness unto you

Make sure that calm minded you remain
And start your life all over once again

Ponder up honestly upon the follies you made
Always have faith in good deeds not fate

Remember that failures are pillars to success
And like all others, you too have access

Purpose of life is to live and let live
Spread happiness for tis the reason to exist

Chitra Bisht



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The Fatigue Of Monotony

Waking up and running
Picking, tidying, cleaning

Throwing trash out of doors
Running errands, rushing to stores

Day passes doing petty things
As it ends, fatigue sets in

Night brings an ominous threat
Work still pending, break a sweat

Bedtimes are spent wondering
Done so soon, surely forgetting

Ringing alarm makes me edgy
Again the same, again fatigue

Tis not the work leading to burden
Tis not the tasks, in case you wonder

But the monotony of life itself
Makes you cringe and ask for help

Weary with exhaustion
I long for a change

Let this day be different
Let this day not be the same

Filled with zest, I wanna live life
Take new challenges, not just survive

Help, do something, make me feel alive
Don't wanna be dead long before I die

Chitra Bisht

Forever Role Playing

Girl, dear girl, come on wake up
Dab on some powder and make up.,

The show is about to begin
And you will be centerstage for the event.

Smiling, waiting on the rest,
Don't forget the pout, be at your best.

Here a mom, there a wife and a daughter-in-law,
For the boss, of the house, blah, blah, blah.

Sweet adorable girl, you are special coz you do and look so,
Don't forget the blush, it makes you glow.

Care for all...now and then, to and fro,
Crease's for your gown, not you brow.

Wipe that stubborn tear, don't smudge your kohl,
Empty the trash cans, laundry bags, dare not bare your soul.

You are a diva, woman of substance
Who cares? ? If shattered to your elements.

People do bother. for your looks, culinary skills, different facets! ! !
Can't show pain or complain, not your best assets.

So, move on for the world, bring out the best stuff,
As for yourself, save a tear or so sans make up.

Chitra Bisht

Torment

The plight of a sorrowful life
filled with torment.
Thank God this miserable existence
will finally come to an end.

Chitra Bisht



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Streetlights

Standing tall near the borough
One by one in a neatly filed row

Tender streetlights, pale and warm
A reminder of yesteryear's charm

Dispelling darkness, bringing light
Blending with the trees' canopy on side

Chitra Bisht



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The Eternal Tug Of War

Dear wifey

As always you are right

Just by your standards

And these, are your words

You claim to know everything

And yet falter during every inning

Tis time stop trying to be strong

Coz if you were so, why always wrong

I might have erred now and then

But that was more like prank for fun

You took it seriously, your fault

Chill, take a deep breath and move on

To win or to lose is part of the game

If you are in, your fate will be same

You are my sun, moon and star

But for now, I win this tug of war

Chitra Bisht

The Plight Of Being A Woman

Tis you who begets life
But they dictate the lines

Of howz and whyz
Of tribulations and trials

Trapping you
with endless rules
Baiting you
with societal norms

Menstruation is taboo
Isolate till you're pure
Abortion is evil
Avoid, even if fatal

Bearing girls
so unfortunate
Not bearing kids
curse to mate

A victim of rape
Must have seduced
Seeking divorce
Pervert, a whore

Your body
why their rules?
Why always treated
like dumb mules

Patriarchy demands
total subservience
Complete dominance
on every sense

Never did women
chose to bleed
to be dominated

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or to breed

Tis time all you girls, raise voice
Your body, your choice

Chitra Bisht

The Elusive Happiness

Happiness is sought by one and all
The myth of happiness always stands tall

An abstract entity relentlessly searched
Giving hope to million souls on earth

To cope up with difficulties everyday
To keep them afloat, come what may

Soon things will be better
This too shall go away

Reality is, true happiness exists
in small blissful moments

In holding hands, comforting others
Being there for your friends

Don't wait for a miracle
Coz they happen every day

Seize the moment, grab the occasion
Be a happy soul in the truest way

Chitra Bisht

Treasures Of Ageing

I hate wrinkles and greys
Surely so do you
But there's a lot more to ageing
Than these two

Back when I was young
Twas all about how soon, how often
The pace has now, of course changed
Coz these are not the most important

Making up and breaking relations
was a regular thing
Now more of pondering
Much more to think

Emotions created havoc
Tears flew freely
Not anymore
There's soul searching before giving in

I welcome challenges
just like I welcome greys
The treasure of wisdom
has taught me to amend ways

Rivalry and competition
no longer bother me
There's a place for everyone
in this beautiful world of Almighty

Slowing of body and
of mind
Suggests to pause and
appreciate things before tis time

Treasures of wisdom are endless
You are closer to people and God
Letting go becomes easy
You possess a better heart

Today And Everyday

A bad, bad day
That buried life and soul
Endless rounds of verbal onslaught
As always, faced them alone

Whyz and howz didn't bring respite
As always, told to take things in stride

As night grew darker, did soul searching
Maybe moving on is the right thing

Is it?
Coz the next day and the day after
Things won't change, improve or alter

Come morrow, I'll still be a punching bag
Belittled, downsized and yelled at

Coz again I'll be told to suck it up
Act mature, be considerate, grow up

The night has grown dark, darker will be morrow
None to make things better or to lessen sorrow

With morning, the predators will begin
the tirade of punching and yelling

Forever tis has been this way
Like this, today and everyday

Chitra Bisht

Dark Silver

The darkness
suddenly grew,
Out from the horizon
That I once knew.

Covering everything
And engulfing me,
A terrifying black veil
Leaving nothing to see.

Blurring vision, obscuring
everything in sight,
Not a single soul, to rescue
from this plight.

Had been growing
Quietly since long,
Matured completely at silver
Became visibly strong.

Overwhelming darkness
brought to light,
A glaring truth
That was lost in sight.

That it had
Always been so
Couldn't notice earlier
Had been slow.

Finally it dawned
Painfully on me,
Darkness is my legacy
For now and eternity.

Chitra Bisht