

Poetry Series

Dhruvikumari Sharma

- poems -



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Threads Of Friendship

To friends so new and friends so true,
I'm grateful for all the things you do.
For meals we share and songs we sing,
For every joy that moments bring.

For shopping sprees and Oreo shakes,
For listening close when my heart aches.
For caring words and laughter bright,
You fill my days with warmth and light.

For silent acts, so kind, so rare,
For giving love beyond compare.
For study notes and heartfelt cheer,
For standing by through every year.

Let's weave a bond both strong and free,
A tapestry of memories.
May friendship's glow forever stay,
And guide us on life's winding way.

Dhruvikumari Sharma

Anonymous Truths

It's thrilling to show the world
What I'd never show those near.
When they don't know me,
I feel no fear.

It's a joy to write,
To hear what people think,
When they don't know me.

It's a relief to pour my rage
Onto a page,
When they don't know me.

The truth is easy to share—
It doesn't scare me,
When they don't know me.

I am unafraid
Of their criticism.
How could they hurt me,
When they don't know me?

But in reality,
Through these words,
They glimpse a truth
Even the closest can't see.

Dhruvikumari Sharma

Gift Of Soul

I want to give you anything and everything,
But the world is not mine to bestow.
I would gift you the stars in the heavens,
But my hands are not that long to go.

I'd love to show you the wonders,
But I've yet to explore them myself.
I want to mine diamonds for you,
But my hands lack the strength, the wealth.

I'd plant flowers in your house, so dear,
But they thrive in their own special place.
I'd hand you all the joy in the world,
But I have no net to embrace such grace.

I wish to take all your sorrows away,
But magic is beyond my reach.
So here I am, with all I have,
My soul is yours to keep.

You need not seek a key,
For the gates of my soul will open wide,
With the gentle touch of your heart,
And your heart alone.

Dhruvikumari Sharma

New Bonds In Curacao

In my room, we gathered tight,
New friends, twins, brought pure delight,
With an old friend, we sat and talked,
Laughter and stories, memories unlocked.

We played card games, the hours flew,
With every hand, our friendship grew,
Through the night, till the morning light,
Sharing moments that felt just right.

Two days later, off we went,
Shopping for sweets, time well spent,
Debating chocolates, sharing our views,
Choosing treats, enjoying the muse.

Then to churros, a tasty spree,
Different variations, pure ecstasy,
Four friends together, savoring the day,
In the sweetest moments, our worries away.

I realized then, amid the fun,
How special these bonds had become,
Each friend unique, yet together we blend,
Cherishing the time, not wanting it to end.

As my departure looms, I'll miss the days,
The laughter, the talks, and our carefree ways,
In Curacao, I found friends so true,
And the memories made, I'll always value.

Dhruvikumari Sharma

Fime: A Legacy In The Making

In the grand halls of the exhibition fair,
With lights that sparkled and people everywhere,
I walked beside my dad with pride,
Seeing a world where his passions reside.

He spoke of implants with a gleam in his eye,
Sharing his knowledge, making spirits fly,
Distributors and doctors gathered around,
Respect in their eyes, admiration profound.

Each handshake firm, each smile sincere,
In every word, his dedication was clear,
His love for his craft shone bright as the sun,
And in that moment, I saw his work as fun.

I watched and learned, in awe of his grace,
Seeing the joy that lit up his face,
Knowing one day, I'd stand by his side,
Helping, learning, filled with pride.

For in those halls, my future I found,
In his footsteps, on this hallowed ground,
To carry his legacy, with honor and might,
With every implant, in the world's light.

Dhruvikumari Sharma

Facing The Fear

In the quiet hours, fear takes its hold,
A whispering shadow, a story untold.
I've walked this path, six years long,
But now I wonder, was I ever strong?

The books are open, pages are bare,
Yet my mind drifts to a distant stare.
Was it the time I lost, or the fear I face?
Or is it just the weight of this endless race?

I've stumbled through years, one by one,
But now it feels like I'm coming undone.
Is it my ADHD pulling me away?
Or is it fear that keeps me at bay?

I'm scared to discover, deep in my heart,
That maybe I wasn't enough from the start—
To be a doctor, to heal, to mend.
What if this dream was doomed in the end?

I'm terrified of the truth I might find,
That the real battle is within my own mind.
If I don't pass, will it be the end?
Or just a bend in the road, a chance to mend?

I fear the world, I fear their gaze,
But most of all, I fear these days—
When doubt creeps in, when hope is thin,
And I wonder if I'll ever win.

But still, I stand on this fragile ground,
With all my fears circling around.
And though I'm scared, though the road is tough,
I'll face the truth, whether I'm enough.

For in the end, it's not just a test,
But the courage to fight, to give it my best.
And if I fall, if I stumble and break,
At least I'll know it's for my own sake.

So here I am, scared but here,
Facing my fear, facing my future.
Whatever comes, whatever may be,
I'll keep going. I'll keep being me.

Dhruvikumari Sharma

Lost In Translation

I don't understand-

How I can weave my pain in poetic bliss,
Line after line, my soul spills free,
Yet face-to-face, I'm chained, not me,
How can I paint worlds in ink so clear,
Yet stumble when it's someone near?

I want to show love, but it twists in my hands,
Turns into anger no one understands.
I feel it deeply- so much it hurts-
But all comes out are broken words.
The good in me feels so small,
When my flaws stand loud and take it all?

I wish I could stop and figure it out,
Why I start with a point but end in doubt.
I'm not saying I'm always right-
But I know it's not all my fight.
Yet still, I apologize at the end,
Not as myself, as a mend.

I mean well- I hope you see,
Even if I'm flawed, even if it's me.
I don't want to be misunderstood.
To have my care misread for good.
I just want to heal, to understand when
My love turns sharp, my words run thin.

So here I am, writing it clear,
Knowing the message won't reach all your ears.
I'm trying to grow, to make it right,
To fight my chaos and find the light.
Because I care, even when I fall apart,
I'm leaning how to care with this tender heart.

Dhruvikumari Sharma

Where Do I Go?

Where do I go
When I feel so alone—
Lost and searching
For the path to happiness?
What do I do
When I'm not quite sad,
Yet far from joyful,
Stuck somewhere in between?

Where do I go
When I want to speak
But can't find the words,
When I want to belong
But not feel caged—
To taste a joy
That doesn't hold me down?

Where do I go
When I'm surrounded,
Yet still feel empty?
Where can I find
A way to feel whole?
What do I say
When silence lingers
And words refuse to come?

Where do I go
To simply be—
To rest in stillness,
To find that something I need,
A thing I cannot name?
Where do I turn
When all I want
Is to feel complete,
Though I don't know what's missing?

Tell me, where do I go
To find myself,
To reach the place

Where all of this
Finally makes sense.

Dhruvikumari Sharma

A Night To Remember

In a car, the two of us did ride,
To a hill where stars abide.
A hidden secret we did find,
A view that stole away our mind.

Curaçao's coast, spread wide and grand,
Cruises docked—a shimmering band.
Streets below waltzed like stars in a row,
Twinkling, swirling—a luminous show.

You let me drive, my nerves in flight,
Yet trusted me, through the night.
Though you acted scared, in jest,
With laughs and jokes, we felt our best.

No need for drinks to lift our mood,
Your humor alone our spirits renewed.
In simple joys, our hearts did find
A night forever etched in mind.

Dhruvikumari Sharma

The Haunted Showers

In water's embrace, I sought to find peace,
To wash away the marks you left on me,
But the streams that flowed could never erase
The touch that lingers, refusing to flee.

In the shower's quiet, my tears would fall,
Hidden by the sound of the running water,
Yet now, the thought of stepping back in
Revives the echoes of long-buried pain.

I scrubbed my skin until it was raw,
Trying to cleanse your memory from my flesh,
But no matter how hard I tried to forget,
The hurt remains, still sharp, still fresh.

I tried to wash away every trace,
Your spit, your touch, your lasting stain,
But showers can't cleanse the soul,
Or ease the ache that still remains.

Dhruvikumari Sharma

Stain Beyond Steel

I kept the car where you broke my will,
Tried to fill it with memories new,
Hoping they'd bury the echoes still,
But the shadows of you always grew.

I went on road trips, and dates so far,
Yet the wreckage of you lingered on,
The trunk held secrets, a lasting scar,
And no journey could make them be gone.

Still, I clung tight, to erase the pain,
To prove that you no longer stayed,
But deep inside, in every lane,
The ghost of you never did fade.

You kept winning, mile by mile,
I thought new memories could mend,
But you haunted me with that vile smile,
And in my head, the nightmare wouldn't end.

So I drove to the place where it all happened,
And scratched the car with a desperate hand,
Hoping to break the grip of you,
But freedom was something I couldn't demand.

Sold the car, and it's gone,
Yet the truth stubbornly remains,
The stain you left, it lingers on,
Not on the metal but in my veins.

In the end, it's clear you won,
For the real scars were never on steel,
They're etched in me, by what you've done,
The stains that no time can heal.

Dhruvikumari Sharma

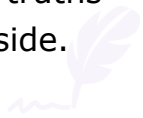
Winter Secrets

In Winter
all the songs
drift above the trees,
while my poems
lie below my pillow.
Each word gathers,
assembling on the page—
while my feelings scatter,
hidden in my heart.

I pen down tears
that reach my eyes
without tracing maps
along my cheeks.
The world sees
the smiles I show,
but my poems know
the quiet truths
I keep inside.

In winter's darkest evenings,
between these quiet walls,
beneath my pillow—
lie the secrets
I've never told.

Dhruvikumari Sharma



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Mind With Many Doors

There's a house inside my head,
With many doors, both green and red.
Behind each one, a thought awaits,
Racing fast, or running late.

One door opens to a buzzing bee,
Another shows the roaring sea.
A thousand windows wide and bright,
Ideas that flicker, flash, take flight.

But just as quick, they slip away,
A sunny thought turns into gray.
I chase one down, then lose the track,
And something new pulls me back.

The world says 'focus, slow it down, '
But I'm too busy spinning 'round.
It's hard to find the quiet key,
To lock the noise and just be free.

Yet in this storm, a spark is found,
A place where my thoughts swirl around.
For though they scatter, fly, and flee,
There's brilliance in the way they see.

One day, I found a door ajar,
And standing there, a guiding star.
He smiled and said, "Your mind's a maze,
But it shines in such a wondrous blaze."

I learned to love my doors of light,
The thoughts that dance both day and night.
For in the chaos, I can see,
The wild, creative side of me.

Dhruvikumari Sharma

Echoes Of What Was

From acing to failing,
From rising to falling,
I'm lost in the swirl
Of where I've ended up.

From the peak of success
To the weight of regret,
From the center of cheers
To feeling silenced instead.

I miss the spotlight,
The thrill of feeling bright.
I miss my friends,
When everything felt right.

What I long for the most
Is the joy in my craft—
To feel the spark again
And be good at it, at last.

Dhruvikumari Sharma

Whisker Wonderland

There was once a man with a beard,
Who says 'i know I look weird! '
In the fuzz lived a cock and a cat,
A hen and a tiny brown rat.

The cat liked to purr and the rat liked to run,
But soon their fighting had begun.
The cock gave a call, the hen felt blue,
The beard was a mess, what could they do?

The man wanted love, a lady so sweet,
But with this wild beard, none he could meet.
The animals squabbled, his chances grew thin,
No lady would ever look in.

Then one day, a girl came near,
She laughed, and said 'no need to fear! '
I love your beard, it's quite the sight
And with creatures inside, it just feels right!

The cat and the rat stopped their fight,
The cock and the hen slept through the night.
The man found love, his beard at peace,
And the ruckus inside finally ceased.

- Dhruvikumari Sharma

Dhruvikumari Sharma

The Storm Without An End

A building stands, immense and bare,
No windows to see, no doors to spare.
Yet winds rush in from skies untamed,
Thunderstorms from realms unnamed.

Each gust, each current, wild and fierce,
Tears through the silence, sharp as spears.
A scarf, caught in the swirling air,
Is tossed, confused, from here to there.

At first, it follows one strong flow,
Pulled by a current it seems to know.
But suddenly, a twist, a gust—
Another storm breaks through the dust.

It shifts, it spins, it loses hold,
The path it followed now runs cold.
New winds scream in, they fight, they tear,
The scarf's caught helpless, unaware.

Round and round it spirals still,
Chasing winds against its will.
It seeks that first, familiar breeze,
But finds no end to storms like these.

In circles now, it drifts, it spins,
No way to tell where it begins.
Caught in the storm, it cannot see—
The place it longed so much to be.

And there it stays, trapped in the air,
A fragile dance, but going nowhere.
Lost in a storm it tried to chase,
The middle holds no forward space.

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