

Poetry Series

**Kumar**  
**- poems -**

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# Kumar()

I have been writing poems and short stories since 1984 by name umar. My real name is poets like William Wordsworth, John Keats, Rabindranath Tagore, etc had been great inspiration to me. I should say that their works inspired me to try my hand at poetry.

# A Journey By Train

Note: - Please note I have written a short story by the same title. If you like to read it then send me ur email id to 'gsvasu2006@'. I will send the same to you.

I like to travel by train,  
It doesn't matter when  
Irrespective of hot sun  
Or even when it may rain.  
I just want to travel  
And have some fun.

Like a kid I too wonder,  
Whether the train  
Is on the move,  
Or the bridges, houses,  
Hedges and ditches  
Are on the run.  
As the train rushes  
Faster and forward  
Perhaps, even beats  
The faster wind,  
Leaving everything behind.

The distant hills,  
The plain grass lands  
Where the cattle and  
Horses graze.  
Everything is only  
For a wink of an eye,  
Even the birds that fly,  
High in the blue sky.

The friends that I make,  
In my carriage.  
We speak as though,  
We know each other  
For many years.

Oh, look on that tree,  
At the confused monkey.

Those wonderful green  
Crops fields.  
The washer man near  
The river and his donkey.

The farmer on his  
Bullock cart,  
The child playing with  
His precious toy  
In the front of the hut.

So many pretty sights,  
The lens of my eyes  
Try to capture,  
And store them in  
The memory files  
of my beautiful mind.

The vendors and their  
Routine song,  
I wish this journey  
Could be a little long.

Those crowded and  
Colourful stations  
That come by,  
Before my station  
Does arrive.

Kumar

# A Walk In Life

When the world drenched  
my soul with sadness  
and pain,  
You sang the song of joy,  
which brought down the  
Droplets of rain,  
That washed all my  
Sufferings away.  
When my eyes saw  
what it didn't like  
To see,  
You made me to close  
my eyes and feel  
the rainbow with  
my heart.  
In your eyes I can see  
the pulse of the stars  
shining over the bank  
of a river.  
Your laughter has  
Brought out the fountain  
of love from my heart.  
You have filled my life  
with a cart load of  
Memories,  
Each one like a shinning  
Red apple; tempting  
me for another bite.  
Let me clasp your hand  
and walk in the path  
of life till it's end  
and beyond.

Kumar

# Aborted

I wonder why  
You didn't  
Want me.  
It's a pity that  
You didn't even  
Give me a chance  
To call you, 'Mother'.  
Should I thank you,  
For not bringing  
Me into this  
Cruel world.  
Or should I  
Hate you for  
Getting me  
Killed brutally  
In your womb.  
I wish even  
I could've  
Been someone,  
Yes, someone  
If you had  
Given me  
A chance,  
A chance to  
Live just  
Like you in  
This world.

Kumar

# Admire

I admire someone,  
Who respects others,  
Who keeps up his word,  
Who stands by in sorrow,  
Who is honest to the chore,  
Who brings dreams ashore,  
Who loves the person in you,  
Whose wants are few.

Kumar

# Anger

In anger, you can break a flower  
vase or something precious,  
Just think, can you get it back  
After it moves on to another brain?  
Anger is the devil that  
blows the glow of the mind,  
You do something drastic  
leaving your sense behind.  
Later, you will repent for  
what you have done,  
While the devil happily  
dances for having won.  
So next time you get anger,  
Just think what had happened  
last time,  
And what you had achieved or  
rather lost by it.  
Then you will realise the true  
worth of your anger.  
If you can ignore and leave  
it behind,  
It will become an unwelcome  
guest in your mind.

Kumar



# Autumn Leaves

Let it rain memories,  
Of autumn leaves,  
Of the dead, but not  
Forgotten past.  
It is these memories  
That makes up this life,  
Which no one can predict  
How long it would last.  
Sometimes it brings  
Smiles to the lips,  
Sometimes tears  
to the eyes,  
Reminding us the events  
of the foregone past.  
People who had come  
to stay,  
While those who walked  
Away.  
Like autumn leaves that  
One sweeps,  
But the wind brings  
them back.  
Memories are in our heart,  
not mind,  
They follow us like  
our Shadow Behind.

Kumar

# Destination

When I'm tired of walking,  
Sometimes running,  
Sweating,  
Breathless,  
Almost exhausted,  
In a hot sunny day.  
I take some rest,  
By the side of the road,  
Under a shady tree.  
Bowing my head down,  
I take in some breath.  
When I rise my head again,  
I look at the road  
Ahead of me,  
I know the journey  
Could still be long,  
As I don't know where  
My destination is?  
In this uncertain  
Journey of life.

Kumar

# Don'T Give Up!

Sorrows, pain and failure  
give us a painful  
pinch,  
Let's stand tall and fight  
and they'll vanish  
inch by inch.  
Let us wake up with this  
new determination  
every dawn;  
Let's not worry about  
things that is past  
now and have gone.  
Like every gloominess  
of the gray,  
Certainly has the dawn  
of the brightest day.  
Hard work is the grain  
that grows in the  
life's field,  
Success is its fruit  
which yields.  
Let us not give up  
in this moment  
and rest,  
Let us try one more  
time with our  
effort of the best,  
As life is throwing  
in new challenges  
at us to test.  
It is courage and  
determination we need  
to cross this,  
Huddle in life, and  
God is surely there  
for us to bless.

Kumar

# Don'T Go Too Far

Don't leave me and go too far  
When I wish to be near  
Don't be as far as  
A distant shining star

My days waiting for you  
Is like being stranded  
In a bus stand with  
No buses to catch

Don't leave me and go too far  
I will be waiting for you  
Like the leaves for the  
Dew drops

Don't leave me even for  
An hour  
My eyelids would flutter  
And then close to dream  
About you as though  
You are near

Don't leave me even for  
A second  
I would like to share  
My world with you  
Till my time would  
Come to an end

Kumar

# Drown

I know that  
I shouldn't go  
and play with water,  
For it may drown me.  
But what shall I do  
If the water itself  
comes searching  
to drown me?

Kumar

# Dust

Be not proud, my dear man,  
Of what you are,  
Or for what you possess.  
As everything is an illusion,  
Nothing is real,  
Nothing is certain.  
The creator created you,  
From nothing but dust.  
A day will surely come,  
When you'll be nothing,  
More than Ashes and Dust.  
The winds of time will wipe,  
Out even the traces of,  
These Ashes and Dust.

Kumar

# Frost

Stubborn frost  
Thinks he can rule  
Over everything.  
Making the flowing  
River, crystal.  
The beautiful trees are  
Now, sadly ice-bound.  
The friendly breeze's  
Gentle sound,  
Has become a ghostly  
Cry.  
The green grass that  
Plays with the naughty  
Dew too has to die.  
It makes the windows  
And the roof tops  
To wear it's ghostly  
White cloak.  
Makes even the smelly  
Socks to catch cold  
And cry.  
In this long battle,  
Someone has to win  
And someone to loose.  
The sun finally strikes  
With it's longest sword  
Called, 'Ray'.  
Stripping his arrogance  
And striking him  
Real dead,  
And making his  
Hard white clotted  
Blood to finally melt.

Kumar

# Grief

In my little heart  
I've so much grief,  
Which keeps over  
flowing like the  
waves of the sea.  
I've tried hard to  
forget it and  
get some relief.  
How long can  
I wait,  
Days and nights,  
turn like the pages,  
And tumble down  
like autumn leaves.  
Whatever joy  
comes it is only  
in brief.

Kumar



# Have Faith

Have Faith  
A Poem

Have faith firm  
In your heart,  
As the day will  
Surely come.  
Sleep peacefully  
Like a bud,  
Expecting to open  
Its heart to the  
First ray of dawn.  
Your sufferings are  
Like the dark clouds  
In the sky,  
But the rays of light  
Will surely pierce  
Through it and  
Light the gloomy  
Path.  
Now, silence is  
Preparing for the  
Voice of joy.  
Have faith,  
It'll surely happen  
Like the seed  
In the deep soil,  
Which will surely  
Sprout,  
Become a plant  
And then a tree.

: - umar

Kumar

# Joy Dies...

Joy gives up fight too soon,  
And dies every moment,  
Giving an easy victory  
To the painful Sorrow.

Kumar

# Last Word

When will the last word  
Slip through the lips.  
What it shall be,  
When so much has  
Already been said.  
Will it be something  
Unsaid,  
Or will it be a painful  
groan,  
Or some long untold  
secret.  
Will it reach the ears,  
Or be last forever  
In the noise behind.

Kumar

# Luck

Something that is so strange,  
Yet it is so dear to so many.  
It doesn't have a mind to think,  
Who is the one who really  
deserves to win.  
Sometimes it kicks someone  
So hard,  
That he succeeds without  
much effort,  
And is praised for his  
effortless effort.  
Sometimes those who work hard,  
And when their effort  
meets with success,  
Luck steals the show  
and their effort too.  
I wonder how luck  
really works,  
Today it may land  
on your shoulders,  
And tomorrow on mine perhaps.

Kumar

# My Voyage

I've been the traveler,  
In this voyage of Life.  
I've seen everything,  
From the sun to the  
Moon and the stars.  
Those colourful  
Flowers that blossom  
and dry,  
Reminds me like them  
I'm also growing to die.  
Life has given me  
Some lasting relationships,  
Which the sword of death  
Has begin to cut  
from the below.  
I'm in a dilemma whether  
To love life more,  
That has given me a  
Wonderful dream,  
Or death that would wake  
And take me to where  
I truly belong.

Kumar

# No More

There comes a time,  
When the wind blows no more.  
The leaves rustle no more,  
Birds sing no more,  
Day or night dosen't  
make much difference,  
As the clock on wall  
ticks no more,  
Though everything remains  
as it is,  
But I would be no more.

Kumar

# Pain

My name is Pain,  
My best friends are  
tension, stress  
and strain.  
I fight with man,  
in the conquest  
to remain.  
Even if I lose  
I go away, only,  
to come back again.  
You can't get rid  
of me forever,  
If you challenge me,  
I'll prove you wrong  
again and again.  
My best enemies are,  
Success and gain.  
I come in different  
packages,  
and try my best  
to remain.  
Some men give up  
the fight in vain,  
while some fight  
hard to send me  
back again.  
No matter what  
happens  
I will remain  
as long as  
the mankind  
will remain.

Kumar

# Patience

It's like you build a building,  
Brick by brick.  
You build your life too,  
with patience day by day.  
It's like the speed breaker,  
That comes between the  
Speed of your car,  
It makes you to slow down,  
For your own safety and to go far.  
It comes between anything,  
Which you want to do in hurry.  
And even frustrates you.  
It's purpose is not to make  
You to completely halt.  
But to slow down  
and make you to think.  
Like say anger that attacks  
and takes over your mind  
atleast for a while,  
For your patience can  
even slow down your anger.  
Sometimes it makes you  
not to give up,  
Even when you get the  
feeling that everything  
is over,  
But still you continue  
with your purpose,  
Even the stubborn wall  
may turn it's back,  
And you'll find yourself  
on the other side,  
No longer facing the wall.

Kumar



# Remembrance

I wonder whether  
remembrance is  
a gift or a curse?  
As it pierces like  
a sharp needle  
in my heart.  
Someone who'd  
dwelled in my heart,  
Had walked  
far-far away.  
My eyes unaccustomed  
to tears,  
Shed a dropp or two.  
In the pain of  
having lost them  
forever,  
In the fading  
winter mist.  
While I still  
remember those  
who'd gone far  
away,  
And who would've  
even forgotten  
me by this time.

Kumar

# Sacrifice

He went out of his way,  
To make someone else's day.  
He sacrificed what he wanted to do,  
For he knew men like him were few.  
He could've done his own thing,  
More success his efforts would surely bring.  
But he toiled for others gain,  
He put in more effort and strain.  
He got ingratitude for his selflessness,  
They said he did it for his own selfishness.

Kumar

# Separation

It takes you away,  
From loved ones  
When the end comes  
As unexpectedly,  
And snaps the string  
Of life, death embraces.  
You wish to stay back  
With your loved ones  
But fate or destiny  
Whatever you may  
Call doesn't listen  
To your reasons  
or emotions  
or even understand  
the pang of separation,  
that has always  
ruled this materialistic  
world.

Every second,  
Every minute,  
Every day,  
Every night,  
Someone or the  
Other is separated  
From someone close.  
The leaves rustle,  
The grass bends,  
The wind blows  
In gentle breeze  
Touches you  
Gently and softly.  
Who knows,  
It could be the  
loving touch of  
your loved one,  
Who is trying to  
Reach you  
Desperately.

Kumar

# Somebody

Somebody did a golden deed,  
Somebody proved a friend in need,  
Somebody sang a beautiful song,  
Somebody smiled the whole day long,  
Somebody stood for someone's sorrow,  
Somebody waited for a better tomorrow,  
Somebody said: - "I'm going to give."  
Somebody thought: - "It's sweet to live."  
Somebody fought a valiant fight,  
Somebody lived to shield the right,  
Was that 'Somebody' you?

Kumar

# Someone Stole My Heart

I wonder what had happened to  
That wonderful little heart of mine,  
Which was with me only,  
Until a while ago is now somewhere lost.  
Where can I go in search of it,  
Will someone please tell me.  
For I had only one glance,  
At the person who had stolen it from me.  
She was so stunningly beautiful that,  
I lost my very breadth,  
I felt my little heart,  
Beat fast, faster and fastest,  
then vanish with her, without a trace.  
Instead of living a boring life,  
Without her by my side,  
I would rather die a million times,  
To unite in her love once.  
Her wonderful and infectious smile,  
Still dancing in front of my eyes,  
Her sweet fragrance,  
Hunting my little nose.  
I can't bring down the  
Shinning moon for her,  
Nor can I pluck some of the,  
Twinkling little stars from the blue sky,  
And put them on her lap.  
But, I can tell her how much,  
I love and care for her,  
From the bottom of my stolen little heart

Kumar

# Sunlight

Light,  
Sunlight,  
Pierces through,  
The blue sky.  
Painting with colours,  
The butterflies,  
That fly.

Light,  
Sunlight,  
Pierces through,  
The dancing wind.  
Kisses through the eyes,  
The beautiful mind.

Light,  
Sunlight,  
Gives beautiful,  
Colours to the rainbow.  
Come, pierce with joy,  
Into my heart filled with sorrow.

Light,  
Sunlight,  
Makes the birds,  
To spread their wings.  
Also wakes up,  
The lazy cuckoo, that sings.

Light,  
Sunlight,  
Pierces through,  
The passing water.  
Brings brightness,  
To all the things that matter.

Kumar

# Teddy Bear

I'm Soft and tender,  
Like to be hugged  
and cuddled.  
I attract your attention,  
Even from the corner  
of the shop.  
I wish you could take  
me to your home,  
Make me your friend.  
And when you feel  
You need me no longer,  
Then pass me on  
to your child,  
And later to  
your grand child,  
As I wish to stay  
with your loving family,  
A bit too longer.

Kumar



# The Purpose Of Life

People come,  
And people go.  
Just like arrival  
and departure  
in a railway station.

Just the way,  
you number the  
days of your vacation.  
God too has numbered  
your days on  
this planet; earth.

People come,  
And people go.  
I wonder is there  
really re-birth?

Why are some,  
destined to live  
only a few days  
or weeks?  
I wonder why  
Man comes here  
and what he seeks?

Is it to experience,  
Joy,  
Sorrow.  
Triumph,  
Defeat.  
Love,  
Hatred.  
And who really knows?

It doesn't matter  
whether some one  
lives only a few  
days or a century.

When it is the  
purpose that  
really matters,  
and not longevity.

But still,  
I ponder over  
the purpose of  
this life,  
God alone knows  
the reason  
unless we try  
and unmask it.

Kumar

# The Sounds I Like

The dripping of the rain  
drops from the leaves,  
The rustling of the  
dry leaves under the feet.  
The whistle of the old train,  
From some distant station.  
The sound of the wind,  
That sways the branches  
of some tree,  
The buzzing sound of  
the bumble bee,  
The flapping of the  
Bird's wings startled  
from their little nests  
to the blue sky.  
The crackling sound  
of the falling branches  
of a tree,  
The patter of the squirrels,  
As they run on the  
green grass.  
The sound of the thundering  
Lightening,  
The sound of applause,  
When something done well.  
The sound of the music,  
In the air.  
The ringing of the  
Church or Temple bell,  
The ringing of the  
grazing cow's bell.  
The pattering of nuts,  
falling from a tree.  
The sound of the cuckoo,  
Singing it's song,  
from some distant tree.  
The sound of the silence,  
When the noise goes to  
it's long sleep.

Kumar

# The Unspoken Tree

I would like you to see,  
My tree of life.  
Which has grown so big  
So broad, you see.  
Would you like to have  
Some fruits, my friend.  
Let me tell you some  
Of them are sour,  
And they remind my  
Sorrows and pain.  
Some of my fruits  
Are sweet too,  
Reminding my cheer  
And happiness.  
The green leaves remind  
The days of my life.  
The fallen leaves  
Are my memories.  
I would go the day  
The last leaf breaks.  
I'd stood tall on  
My roots and achieved  
Things in this limited  
Space provided to me.  
Every tree has some  
Story to tell,  
But unfortunately  
We are destined to be  
Unspoken, you see.

Kumar

# The World May End

The world may end tonight  
It might be for others  
Or for just you or me.  
Watch the beautiful sunset  
As though this is the  
Last time you shall see.  
Treat everyone you meet  
With kindness and care,  
As though you may never  
Meet them like this again.  
Life may just end tonight,  
When the darkness descends  
On the things of bright.  
Do everything you really  
Want today or tonight.  
Eat well as though it  
Will be your last meal,  
Who knows, when the fate  
Shall send the death for  
This life to seal.  
Learn as much as you can,  
As though you're learning  
The last lessons of your life.  
Smile, laugh and make others  
To join you,  
As though you may never  
Get a chance to smile or  
Laugh again.  
Don't live as though you're  
Going to grow old and die,  
But live as though today  
Or tonight you may die.  
Always remember that  
Time is ticking and  
Every moment could  
Be the last.  
Make the best of each  
And every moment,  
Thus death may feel sorry

As well as proud of you,  
When your time finally  
Comes to leave.

Kumar

# Vision

It is seeing something,  
Clearly which isn't  
Present there.  
It is dreaming something,  
Which can materialise.  
It is being there in  
The near future,  
The way you visualize  
In the present.

Kumar



# When I Cease To Be

I wish I've nothing  
more to write,  
When the day I cease  
to be.

Let me not have any  
ideas of bright;  
Which the world may  
never see.

The writing that  
brought me glory,  
May perhaps remain  
to tell my story.

If not, they may too  
vanish without  
a trace,

And no one will ever  
remember my face.

Kumar

# Where Did The Boat Go?

Oh, did you see that? did you?  
That little boat just disappeared.  
Where did the boat go?  
Did the river felt hungry  
And eat that little boat?  
Thank God, I was not,  
On that little boat.  
If not, even I too  
Would've been sollowed  
By that greedy river,  
Along with that little boat.

Kumar

# Will Power

It's determination to  
Achieve something,  
Even if it is impossible  
In the eyes of others.  
Even if many obstacles  
Come in the way.  
Even if failure grins  
And seems to stay.  
It's like climbing  
A steep mountain,  
The fear of falling  
Is always there in mind,  
As the strong wind  
Is pushing you behind.  
Also the rope to which  
You are holding  
Begins to break.  
It's the will power  
That gives strength  
To the weak,  
And who knows,  
You may even  
Reach the peak.

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