

Poetry Series

HARVENDRA SINGH

- poems -



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Silent Devotion

Neither wakeful nor fully asleep that night,
I slumbered, weary, in my bed's soft light.
She came in silence, with tender care,
And gently fixed the net around the air.

The clinking of her bangles and anklets sweet,
Were like soft music to my drowsy retreat.
First at the head, then by my feet,
With gentle hands, she made my bed complete.

Meanwhile, our daughter whispered low,
'It seems to me that father sleeps below.'
She hushed her gently, urging peace,
'Let him rest; don't disturb his ease.'

For I was worn from the toil of day,
She had her burdens, her thoughts to say.
But she neither stirred nor spoke a word,
Her own heart's ache, she let go unheard.

She subdued her needs, her heart so kind,
Concealing her will, for the sake of mine.
This quiet service, so rare, so true,
A testament of love in all she'd do.

HARVENDRA SINGH

The Soul: The Vibration Of The Source Energy

The soul, the vibration of the source energy
Of this infinite universe,
Came across this beautiful earth stage
And was drawn to play its role
In this drama of the world,
To weave a thread of light into its darkness
And do something for Its betterment.

It adopted this apparatus of five senses,
But lo, the soul forgot its true existence,
The source from which it came,
Took this body as its being,
And the veils of illusion covered its sight.
The purpose blurred, the vision lost,
And the role it wished to play—forgotten.

In this wilderness of mind, it wandered
Chasing shadows, believing them real,
Mistaking the fleeting for the eternal,
Until the whisper of its essence arose,
A gentle breeze stirring the silence:
'Remember, you are not the body,
Nor the name or form you wear,
You are the light, the spark divine,
An essence beyond space and time.'

With each breath, the soul returns to the center,
Seeking the Source that calls it back,
To reclaim the thought once held close,
And fulfill the role it was destined to play,
Becoming a beacon to the world once again.

HARVENDRA SINGH

Shimmering Globules

Like the focus of an electronic torch,
Your rays bathe me in a steady glow,
Bringing globules of health, happiness, prosperity—
Love, success, and power flow.

When I seek in my imagination
The source of this radiant focus,
I'm left amazed by what I see:
An unfathomable ocean of shimmering globules,
Waves of energy, sparkling bright,
Like diamonds, opals, and moonstones' light,
Pearls, sapphires, aquamarines gleam,
All casting a celestial dream.

At the center, a dazzling beam of Light,
Forever recharges my weary soul,
Filling it with endless might.
And as this vision strikes my mind,
A gentle smile spreads across my face,
Like the soft curve on a sleeping baby's lips.

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HARVENDRA SINGH

Some Twenty Birds

In a bushy tree, there, some twenty birds nested,
Where each of the couple birds comfortably rested.
The he birds were so engrossed to their duties,
That they never left their workplaces before 4: 30s.
4 pm, an indication to make the evening food ready,
Turned the she birds to the kitchens and made them heady.
5 pm, to welcome their he birds, kept them busy.
Next day, while seeing the he birds off, they felt uneasy.
The he birds, for their jobs, flew away gladly.
And the she birds turned again to their works sadly.
As soon as, they could dispose their household jobs,
The she birds did and returned to the neighbouring hobnobs.
Full noon, they would sing, dance, laugh and crack jokes.
And even they indulged in clumsy and rough-talks.
Sometimes much friendly to their neighbouring birds,
And sometimes they became rival to their canards.
At times they would make such a furious noise,
As they had completely lost their mental poise.
Again at their husbands' arrival and to their sweet callins,
They feigned to be very busy, yet preened their wings.
Their husbands took them to be laborious wives,
For, they found them with tongs, rollers and knives,
So some poor husbands had to help in the kitchens,
And some, to get their food ready, had to lull their kittens.

HARVENDRA SINGH

Lived In A Village

In my childhood I lived in a village.
Where, most of the villagers were illiterate.

My simple mother was illiterate too.
But whenever I misused any drinkable water,
She said that God will take the account
For each drop of wasted water.

My father was poorly read too.
But whenever it rained first in the rainy season,
He planted many kinds of plants.
He planted pakar, neem, jamun and aam.

My neighbours were less worldly too.
But whenever they celebrated any ceremony,
They sat their kith and kin in a queue
And feast them in the pots made of clay.

Now I live in an educated society.
Most of my neighbours are well educated.

My neighbour, Mr. Sharma, is also well educated.
But whenever his car needs washing,
He switches his submersible on
And washes his car at least for half an hour.

I find myself well educated too.
But when it falls the World Environment Day,
I plant and share many kinds of plants,
In social media applications, but not in soil.

Mr. Verma, my friend, is well educated too.
But when it comes the chance of celebration,
He serves delicious meals to his friends too,
In pots made of synthetic fibers, but not in clay-pots.

(I am confused and unable to make out.)

Whether the villagers were illiterate or we are,

Whether we are educated or the villagers were.
Were their deeds eco-friendly or are ours?
Are our deeds life-saving or were theirs?

HARVENDRA SINGH

Z Come And Sit Beside Me

Come And Sit Beside Me

Come and sit beside me
If you want to learn the politics,
I* am a teacher, I am a preacher,
I am the speaker of the present.

The present, past and the future,
Nothing is out of my power to scan.
For, you know? I'm a modern man
With a phone and with a data plan.

You call yourself a leader
Knowing that I am ignorant,
And assume yourself a politician
To lead the common consent.

Perhaps, you forget the fact
I have the power to man
To man the earth, the blue and the sea
The society, the economy and the politics.

I'm both a student and a teacher,
I am a patient and a doctor,
I am the soil and the tiller
Who give you food and the chance

You are only a politician
I, the people, am the policy
The handler, and the governor,
Who can teach you well the politics.

HARVENDRA SINGH

Thoughts Unseen: A Fantasy

I'm always cautious about my thoughts unseen
Our offspring will be sapient and very keen.
Might they make research and download from skies
The signals of our thoughts, ancient and wise
They might ransack and endeavor to decode
Their forefathers' minds, If they apply that mode.
The real findings will make them sad and sulk
For the negativity will be found in bulk
Our thought pictures will be put on their screen
Our dirty ideas will be stripped and seen
What your faces' picture you want to show
Think accordingly, to be their friend or foe
Flow the thoughts of purity, love, and hope
Spontaneous as the Ganga's endless scope
So that we could nurture their heart and soul
And shape their minds according to their goal
Although mothers' thinking will get eminence
Fathers should also claim their prominence
Each one will choose role models from their clan
They'll follow their ancestors for their life span
Thus we're to sow the seeds of futurity
If our virtues exist; will exist humanity

-Harvendra Singh

HARVENDRA SINGH

We Would Share

We would share full-punnet of flour to our needy neighbours
Although we ourselves left nothing for the morrow
We used to offer all the little milk we had
To the poor baby who had been hungry
Sometimes we would ransack our earthen containers
And find one or two handful of rice
To give to the begger standing at our gate
And in exchange we would get a flicker of smile
The fruits from our guava trees
Were distributed among all our neighbours
We would give one out of two buttered pieces of bread
To the tiller working in the neighbouring fields
We pulled water buckets from the wells
Still we would offer that water into the pot of an elderly man or a woman or a child
We seldom missed a chance to offer our bicycle carrier to the pedestrian
Who was plodding towards his village in the evening
Although our hands, pockets, bags and granaries were empty,
How rich our hearts had been!
We had bags full of helps, smiles, laughters, guffaws and blessings.
Now we are becoming poorer day by day
For, we have no room in our AC cars, rooms and bungalows
For guests, and sometimes, even for our own parents
Actually, no room is left in our shallow hearts.

HARVENDRA SINGH

Love Has Different Eyes

Love has different eyes
Which it watches with
From different angles,
The different qualities
In the different organs
Of the body of its beloved—
Her eyes are dark....;
His hair is curly....;
Her smile is soft....;
His dance is frenetic....;
Her stature slim....;
His muscles are strong.....
—But the glasses used by Love
Are only one coloured,
That can watch nothing
But beauty, beauty, beauty.....

HARVENDRA SINGH



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If You Are Feeling Negative

If you are feeling negative
You can keep yourself positive by playing 'Negative'
In a single second of life
There are thousands ways to play 'Negative'
You can think of the present government,
The government's plannings
Your spouse' ways,
Your children's talkings
Your health, your fate, your results
Your colleagues, your friends
Your surroundings, your good
All either be worst or the cheaters.
If these things reason less
You can open your mobile
You can check WhatsApp status
Or scroll the Facebook pages
These will suffice the material for the game
And you can play 'Negative' to make yourself positive.

HARVENDRA SINGH

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Towards The North-East

Towards the north-east, in the dark of night,
With a sudden flash, came a shaft of light.
From the eastern corner upto the southern side,
Into a shape of screen, some rays scatter'd wide.
Later the screen, over the chest of space,
Began to form a big square interface,
Kilometers of length and miles of height.
Over it some news headlines caught my sight.
The headlines were from different nations,
With different themes and different animations.
Later the screen went to the western side
Then to the south and to the northern wide.
And finally, to broadcast it's latest news
The interface flashed with multiple hews.
I was amazed and overjoyed to watch
Our scientific progress and the mode of it's dispatch.
But the last news that was played over screen
Alarm'd and aroused me from my dreamy scene.
—'We are going to have a nuclear war.
No broadcasting will remain viable after this jar.'
Thus the science was going to destroy science
And the world was going to sleep in nescience.
Would that we had never any science at all
Or; my dream should neither be true nor befall!

-Harvendra Singh

HARVENDRA SINGH

One Day It Rained

One Day It Rained

One day it rain'd, it rain'd ov'r roofs,
Ov'r tops of trees, in open yards,
On wiseman's head, on nincompoops,
Ov'r fields of crops, in each of wards.

Out of my room, I came in yard.
It rain'd on me, and made me damp.
I found one cloud, when look'd upward.
I asked it, 'Where is your camp?

What is your name? Why you do so?
Why do you not, make some difference? '
In this country, in this pueblo,
Is not one who makes not difference.

It smil'd and spoke, with soft gesture,
'My work is like the just teacher
Who teaches all and makes them wise.
With love he treats and makes them arise.

With care he weeds his pupils' garth.
No rich, no poor, no low, no high,
No caste, no creed, no gend'r, no dye
Is uneven to a teacher's eye.'

Harvendra Singh

HARVENDRA SINGH

The Sky Is Changing

The sky is changing,
The earth is changing
The heaven's changing,
Our life is changing.
But only one thing,
That is not changing
Is the human nature.

If we start changing,
If we start thinking
Of the sky, of the earth
Of the heaven, of the mirth
Of the next generation.
The changing will stop
The destruction will stop

The universe will be saved
The humanity will be saved
If we don't get changing
Time will surely change
Our nature and thinking
And to think of the change
Will be much horrifying.
- Harvendra Singh

HARVENDRA SINGH

The Key, Old, And Forgotten

The Key, Old, and Forgotten

The key, hangs on the nog,
Old, forgotten and alone,
Once opened a lock,
Unlocks my old memories now.

The key is left alone.
The lock has gone....
And my maternal grandfather, too,
Who kept it tied to his sacred thread,
He wore around his chest.

Its companions are now no more...
The sacred thread,
The lock and the set of doors, dilapidated,
Which guard a small fenced garden,
Where we played,
My siblings, cousins, friends and I,

Where stood guava trees and a plum,
To which a swing was hung,
The Sawan songs were sung.
Our innocent laughter echoed,
In the garden's lovely shade.

The key revives my old relations
And speak of my toys and joys,
Of my innocent whims
And the tender moments,
We shared together.

It, a symbol of memories past,
Reminds the love that will forever last.
Though my grandparents may be gone,
Their legacy, the key, lives on.

-Harvendra

In Gardens Of Innocence

In gardens of innocence, she blooms
A delicate flower, with a tender perfume
Her laughter echoes, like a gentle stream
But shadows creep, with a sinister scheme

Her petals unfold, like a work of art
A masterpiece, straight from the heart
But hands of greed, with a wicked intent
Seek to bruise, her delicate bent

Let us shield her, like a fortress strong
From winds of malice, that seek to do wrong
Let us nurture, her radiant glow
And keep her safe, as the sun keeps the snow

For she is a gem, beyond compare
A treasure trove, of love and care
Her safety is, our collective creed
A promise to keep, her heart in good deed

Let us stand guard, like sentinels true
And safeguard her, with a love anew
For a girl's safety, is our holy duty
And protecting her, is a sacred beauty.

HARVENDRA SINGH

A Whirlpool

A whirlpool
And the spinning of the dead leaf,

For a moment, ecstasy, warmth;
Then, helplessness, hopelessness,
A desire to get respiration,
To come out, to float over.

In the vortex,
The unfruitful attempt
To get a chance
To rise,
To begin anew,
To ride the whirlpool,
To dance with the tide,
To find solace, in the ebb and flow,

But, swept down,
Lost in the vortex,
Drowning in the depths of desires,
Greed, hatred, lust and longings,
The fragile leaf; its life,
With fleeting dreams,
Crushed by the torrents,
Is extinguished by its own fires.

-Harvendra Singh

HARVENDRA SINGH

A Prayer In Darkness

A Prayer in Darkness

In this world of uncertainty,
In this darkness, stark and impenetrable,
I'm standing here, alone, helpless,
Searching a path to my destination,
Unknown to its potholes, depths and obstacles
And the surroundings shrouded in mystery.
A single misstep, careless and abrupt,
May lead me down to the abyss.
In my despair, complete hopelessness,
Who else should I call but You.
Give me Your guiding hand,
I pray to send me a ray,
Like a beacon in the darkness
To pierce my utter gloom,
To illuminate the night of uncertainty,
Your gentle touch to lead me up,
Through the shadows to the place of bliss
Show me the beauty of life.
Again I pray, in my humble way
For Your kind embrace;
For Your guiding presence
Which provides solace, peace, and refuge
May I find solace, in your eternal embrace.

HARVENDRA SINGH

My Mother

She is the shade of a tree cold and profound,
She is every herb to my aching wound.
She dabs my forehead, putting in her lap
And her lap's warmth gives me a cozy nap.

The seventh heaven, in her feet divine,
A miraculous cure, from her stroking fine,
Her soothing fingers, passing through my hair
Energize my nerves and spirit fair.

She is the solid ground under my feeble feet
Over my head, like the sky broad and neat,
An exorcist to a bad omen or an evil eye,
She is like a goddess from the mountains high.

My heartbeat's rhythm and a unique nurse,
My mother is my comfort and my universe.
-Harvendra Singh

HARVENDRA SINGH



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Bereft Of My Pillow

Bereft of My Pillow

O Luna, glowing orb of white,
The world sleeps but I am here,
Bereft of my pillow.
For ages, you have guided wayfarers,
Wanderers, sages, and hermits.
You have led lovers through the darkness.
Let me dive into the depths of my deep sleep,
While your silvery rays guide my dreams,
Transporting my metaphysical self
To the place where my love dwells
Among unfamiliar faces..
Let my impalpable being converse
With her unconscious thoughts,
And let me mark if she has retained
Any flicker of memories past,
Or she has buried them altogether—
The happy moments we shared together.
But she should remain
Unaware of my conversation
Lest her guilt should pierce her
And hurt her feelings.
I, too, want to be awoken oblivious to my dream,
Or I'll bear the weight of my own unfaithfulness,
The weight of having discourse
With her unconscious mind.
Since, I know, her innocence must be innocent,
O Luna, impeccable and fair,
Should I surrender to this guilt?

-Harvendra Singh

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