

Poetry Series

KEERTHANA DINESH 1998
- poems -

Publication Date:
2008

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

KEERTHANA DINESH 1998(13-01-1998)

Keerthana Dinesh is the only daughter of Mr Dinesh Nair a lecturer in English who is a popular poet member.

She is a student of Nalanda Vidya Niketan at Vijayawada. A consistent winner at various literary competitions and an active participant in organisational activities at school, she is the Vice Captain of the Upper Primary Wing. Her works have appeared in the YOUNG WORLD Segment of the HINDU.

She writes poems quite on her own just to make use of her free time and she expects the visitors to the site to pass constructive comments on her poems.

A Train

It goes hooting and hooting
On the iron rods long.
It goes whistling and whistling
Along houses and smiling people.

I sit near the window
I read near the window.
I sleep near the window
But it goes without rest.

My journey ends and I feel sad
But my train goes farther.
Hooting and whistling
Shall I run to my home?

KEERTHANA DINESH 1998

A Wintry Day..

A snowy day on the sides of the Red sea
The city seems to be covered
With dazzling snow sparkles.
The roads feel like to be deserted
With the houses bolted and shut.
The people none roamed in the city
Like it was hit by a disaster
But where do the birds go
On this frozen snowy day?
They are caught in the
Deadly black hands of snow.
But we enjoy the coolness
Very happily and joyfully.
But while we sip the hot tea
Think about the frozen minds of birds

KEERTHANA DINESH 1998

Books

Books are the temples of knowledge
Which invite to a world of their own.
They open a road for us
And make us go into deep thoughts

We have books on different topics
To be active throughout the day.
Books will never be a bore to us
They will be interesting, exciting and like..

When we read a book
We get a feeling in our hearts.
They are our good friends ever
Please, don` t keep them in the shelves.

KEERTHANA DINESH 1998

Flowers

You have a beautiful face
With the blooming petals.
You make our heart
Smell the world of beauty.

The magic from you
Makes me attracted to you.
I love to stand in field of flowers
To get the sweet love from you.

The dew drops on you are a lovely scene
Which gives me freshness when I get up.
In my dream I have a garden
With the blooming flowers all the time.

KEERTHANA DINESH 1998

Holidays

In holidays what will I do?
In holidays what will my teachers do?
No bells, no classes, no lunch break!
In holidays my friends go to their cousins` homes.
My cousins are living far, so I cannot go.
In holidays my teachers may be shout at homes
No body is there to scold them.

In holidays I stay at home
I don`t read much or write much.
In holidays I tell my parents to take me out.
Sometimes we go out sometimes we don`t.
Soon my holidays end fast
My holidays take leave and go.

KEERTHANA DINESH 1998

I Like Mountains

I like mountains high,
Though I can` t climb.
I like the clouds above them
Though I can` t move by them.
Mountains are great-
With height and might.
They stand far from us
With land and valleys in front of them.
Mountains tell the children
'Be like us in your life'.
No earthquake can destroy them,
No flood can touch them.
I like mountains much.

KEERTHANA DINESH 1998

Love A Crow Too

We like no crows
As they are black like a night.
We like doves
As they are white like a day.
We have only black and white vision.

A crow cleans our surroundings
A dove does not,
A crow weep when its friend dies, I have seen,
A dove does not, I think.
We have poor eyesight.

Love a crow too
With a colour vision,
Love a crow too
With a dove around your home.
A black crow is white inside.

KEERTHANA DINESH 1998

My Dream

My dreams have many friends
As my friends too have many dreams.
We have therefore many many dreams.
My dreams have no school and exams
They are free birds.

My dreams have seven dark colours
So seven wonders they are.
I make a kite and make it fly up and up
My dreams and my kite fly together.
They have a vast sky.

My prayer to my fellow men is:
'Please, dream and dream you too,
And fly them in the blue sky brothers and sisters'.
My dreams are your dreams.
So let our dreams flytogether.

KEERTHANA DINESH 1998

My Friends

Friends are the flowers
That bloom in my life.
They have the petals that
Never fall from my life.
Whenever I cry
Their heart of love makes me happy.

Friends are the stars
That shine in my life.
The light from them gives
Me a freshness of love.
Whenever I am in need
They come and help me like a fairy.

KEERTHANA DINESH 1998

Nature

There you are with the blowing trees
And the rising Sun in the sky.
You give a home to us
With the juicy smell of flowers.

Birds fly and fly across you
Because you gave wings to them.
And we go on and go on see you
Because you gave eyes to us.

We are fascinated by seeing
Your endless beauty.
Let us enjoy the nature
Please do not misuse them.

KEERTHANA DINESH 1998

Newspaper

In the shining morning they come
With a bowl of news.
Not only news, entertainment as well
Newspaper gives us.

We know many things from the newspaper
They tell things about world, sports, cinema
Fashion, health and science.
Oh! this much knowledge they give us.

What about entertainment?
There is a separate page for them.
Which makes us active
In this shining morning.

So I tell newspaper
Is a wonderful thing
Which gives us a
Bowl of knowledge.

KEERTHANA DINESH 1998

Oh! Pacific

A blue world of water
It`s a blue friend of the blue sky.
It`s the Pacific of our globe.
The Pacific is deep and it has homes for dolphins,
It`s with many pearls under those waves.

A blue world of storms
It`s a blue enemy of the men and women.
It`s the Pacific of our today.
The Pacific has skies of terror and it is dark,
It`s with many hurricanes and typhoons.

Oh Pacific, shall I love or hate you?

KEERTHANA DINESH 1998

Rivers

Rivers are like the veins in a body.
They carry the blood of a nation.
Rivers are rich during monsoons
They are poor in summer.

I would like to live near a river
Hearing its water give a music sweet.
I would like to sleep on its bank
Dreaming about a day that I am also a river.

If I ever become a river once
I will run across dry lands and see
A sweet smile on the farmers` faces
As they begin to till in the wet field.

Rivers are the great gifts we have
They are our wealth and life.
Rivers are the veins in our body
They carry the blood of a nation.

KEERTHANA DINESH 1998

Summer

Here comes the summer
With the sunlight giving freshness.
My mouth waters for the melting icecreams
To make this summer happy.

Here comes the heat
To make us feel happy
After the season of
Freezing cold which made us shiver.

But now I feel to let off this summer
And to invite the rain with the thundering sound.
Oh! my summer please, go away
And send the raining drops.

All my seasons I never hate any of you.
I am there to love you
Ever and ever.....

KEERTHANA DINESH 1998

The Shadow

Nobody follows you in your sadness
But everybody follows you in your happiness
But there is a person who follows
You in your happiness and sadness
It's none other than the shadow

Shadow makes you know what you do
Shadow follows you wherever you go
Shadow is your closest friend who has no luxuries
Shadow makes you bigger when you become smaller

You can tell lies to anybody
But not to a shadow who is every time back of yours
But we must never reject it
Because it's your friend who follows you until your death

KEERTHANA DINESH 1998

Trees Don` t Die

A seed sprouts and a life is born.
You are a tree, my friend
Stretching your hands to the sky.

A tree has a mind
It has thoughts and pains
Like you and me, friends.

A green friend holding me in the shade
You are my granny..
Sometimes you are my great granny...

Many birds live in you and fly around
Coluds float above you.
You are a tall wonder.

A tree has an enemy
A man coming with an axe.
Who will take away your trunk.

Don` t weep dear friend
Many like me will plant seeds deep
And you will be reborn.

A tree cannot die and just die alone
As our minds are green for it
A tree is our hope....

KEERTHANA DINESH 1998

When The School Reopens

When the school reopens,
We go with a new smile.
When the school opens,
We carry a new bag.

Some have gone to somewhere
But many have come again.
A few teachers have gone somewhere
But the others are back again.

When the school reopens,
We talk a lot and shout a lot
When the school reopens,
A rain comes along with us.

A year will go fast,
A lot we will learn fast,
When the school closes next
A summer comes along with us.

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