

Poetry Series

**Koushik Poola**  
**- poems -**

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# Koushik Poolla(18th October,1993)

A Wanderer's Muse

# A Flower's Song

I come out to the world,  
at the tips to glitter gold.

I shy to see this nasty world,  
for my shy never goes wrong in this selfish world.

My beauty's my curse,  
with a texture that never goes coarse.

I love to bloom,  
but seconds count upon my bloom.

It's a long struggle for a thing like me,  
But sorry, only few hours to live.

I never trouble you,  
but why you mortals feast my death?

I grow to a bud,  
thanking my nursing golden mud.

You glare at me,  
sweet, colorful assuring a world for me.

Night falls upon before my sentenced day,  
my mind goes confuse whether to sorrow or gay.

My week's struggle gonna fulfill today,  
but my life's gay gonna end today.

I shed the dew drops on my colored cheek,  
but they slip away leaving me at the peak.

Dawn arises, I blossom perfumed,  
you smile at me,  
but why don't you just stare at me?

I cry shedding tears,  
invisible to your deathly mortal eyes.

But the moment comes,  
I try to hide,  
but your eyes falls on me,  
your hand goes up,  
my tiny heart beats fast,  
and it's over! ! ! !

Koushik Poolla

# Bye Bye Friends.....

I'll miss you all for all my life,  
Tiny, tiny joys of life will be gone,  
And i'll be left with none.

Small chitchats, small jokes,  
friendly fights, silly bites,  
joys of 9th, boys of 10th,  
All will be gone.....

Jiggling Jan, Few joys Feb,  
merriful March, April's exams,  
May's gays, marches of August,  
back to sudies September,  
Occasionous October,  
Never ending November,  
Games of December,  
Farewells of Jan,  
Preperations of Feb,  
Exams of March.....

That's it, it's over,  
our schooling is over.  
Unforgetful moments,  
Never missing friendships,  
tearful farewells..  
Admist these we bid adieu,  
for ever and ever.....

Bye Bye Friends,  
Hopefully lets meet again..

Koushik Poolla

# Don'T Go Away.....

The browns that stand tall and still,  
The greens that flourish whatever it sees,  
The hues that blossom coloured and scented,  
Should someday shed bidding adieu?

Mortals epic loud and big,  
"Every beginning has an end".  
My heart always tangles,  
Should my beginning has to end?

Whatever I see, whatever I touch,  
Whatever I feel, whatever I love,  
Can't they live for me forever.....  
Should a call precede an unknown love?

Can't I stand apart from this wheel of life?  
Should I kneel upon the final strife?  
In this world, you know not next.....  
Then why to go when never to come?

All my beginnings have to end.....  
All my loves have to shed.....  
All my life got to bend.....  
Only then should my soul be satiated?

I want all I see to stare,  
I want all my love to live,  
I want all my life to begin,  
On the end of this mortal world.

But a thing still echoes.....,  
"Every beginning has an end".  
So join the ends of your life's thread,  
For a circle that has no end.....

☒bushik.P



# I See A World.....

I see a world,  
that always has a hope to hold..  
Young colt was I in the fields of gold,  
gumping all about with a heart so bold..  
The heavenly chirrupings from the angel's nightingale,  
sweet flowing of crystal into the silvered pole..  
Was it the world I was born to rule? ,  
for it has no sorrows but for me to rule..  
For I just thought, I'm the only mortal,  
Until a beautiful maiden brushed me around....

She was a muslin covered angel's white,  
who stole my heart all in a might..  
Her feet but just kissed the ground, ,  
and flowers blossomed moving round..  
Followed i like a shadow, ,  
for she was gliding as an angel's dove..  
'This is the world! ! ' thought I,  
until we reached the edge so high...  
She gave me hand for jinxed was I,  
until melodies spoke 'Stay with me' said she,  
She fell back! ! ! with tears on my cheeks,  
and I jumped for her from the hill's steep..  
M y hands touched hers,  
and I thought i'm for her..  
For we stayed together even at our end,  
as if we're born for each other's love...

But for last it all happened in a flash,  
and all around me was nothing but ash..  
How was it, if the world for me! !  
Alas! ! it's nothing but a sweet dream...

Koushik Poolla

# I Was A Phoenix.....

I was a phoenix,  
so free that my heart had no mix,  
but once i had a jinx....  
Jinx from a beautiful young maiden,  
whom i thought was my chosen...

But fate made flashes,  
and all i was left was in ashes..

But...., I am born from my ashes..

Ashes....that deserted me on the world's end,  
Ashes....that spread me love on every bend,  
Ashes....that shared my tears for all my blonde..  
Ashes....that stood beside me in my wheel of life, &  
Ashes....tht healed my blood of a blunt knife..

O dear Ashes, ,  
you are my heart's flashes,  
& i'll stay with you as your eye lashes, ,  
for ever and ever....

Koushik Poolla

# I'LI Be Waiting For You.....

My heart was gliding like an young colt,  
and I couldn't be stopped even by the thunder bolt.  
The day I waited for all my life was there,  
and my heart's gonna find it's solemate today.....

The cool breeze from the distant long,  
and the sweet melodies swaying round.  
My feet stepped deep into the crystal sand,  
and the silent waves hovered about into the waiting land.....

There was nothing more to expect than to stay,  
for the dots above were twinkling at bay.  
I reached the edge with the orbbed white maiden,  
who smiled at me, assuring the world for me.....

The winter's cool only troubled me,  
but my warmful soul didnot concern me.  
I sat at the edge, with my heart swaying round,  
waiting for somrthing that deserted it for long.....

My thoughts were swaying, just like waves,  
hitting the shore with a silent roar.  
I was waiting, the stars were twinkling,  
but the wish wasn't fulfilling.....

The waves went back, the moon was silent,  
and everything around had tears to shed,  
for I was still waiting, waiting, waiting.....

Years passed by but I didn't shook,  
I may be lost, but my soul couldn't,  
every twinkling night it goes and sits,  
hoping with a little hope that it'll return..

But the adieu was kept long, & the hope was  
just hoping to hope a sweet heart....  
Every night, every twinkling night, every year,  
it just sits with a hoping tearful heart....



# Life Is A Painting! !

Coloured hues make up our life,  
A role modelling brush shapes up our life,  
Pure water mix our sorrows with joys,  
A canvas's always there to put on your life,  
A stand will always place you high in life,  
A person is always beside to guide you in life,  
And at last the whole world exists to look at your life....

You first paint your life on a piece of white,  
you strive hard to shape your life,  
but remember you always enjoy the strife you put in your life,  
you first succeed when you sketch your life,  
you then succeed when you paint it right,  
you last succeed when you frame it bright....

Remember a small jurk may spoil your thing,  
bit of misguidance or excess of showing,  
may not seem big when you are doing,  
but finally while looking,  
that makes all the spoiling....

Just it is, your mistakes are not big,  
when you do it,  
but when life gets tougher,  
mistakes look as blunders.  
so strive as hard as you painted as much in life to succeed...

Good Luck! ! Go paint your life..

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## Life's All That....

My coloured day's work  
finally had a worth.  
There in the sunset..  
my life's got an asset.  
The golden coloured waves  
saw i swaying in it's way.  
The sea gulls saw i flew away,  
as if the world's gonna end today.  
Everyday i saw, Everyday i feel,  
Everyday i touch, but not that day.  
Though my day's work's worth,  
it finally went to earth,  
as it'll never return..  
But my heart's adieu cannot earn..  
So let me wait till you,  
Though you cannot, I will not  
but wait for you...  
Waiting for you, with a little hope..  
a tiny heart of KOUSHIK.....

Koushik Poolla

## Never Lose Hope.....

Reached I the hill top, hard bearen,  
Loss struck heart from inner driven...  
But the things quite vanished at my sight,  
Landed a new of heaven's might...  
Twas a jungle painted pitch black,  
With it's eerie high sounded mighty blank...  
Foe there stood still touching heaven,  
Majestic oaks for all their mystery given...  
Wild arose in the mid-night drowse,  
Howling in the still of haven dose...  
Adds to it a chilly cool breeze,  
Taking the objects it glanced to freeze...  
Wandering my way through the woods,  
Found a tusked rail track meandering good...  
The chilly cool breeze carried along with it,  
A lonely baby's cry hardly hit...  
For I thought myself the only mortal,  
Steadied myself in the jungle fatal...  
Shadowed behind the mighty browns,  
Stunned to see an infant's frown...  
Into the careless world was driven,  
For the baby's appeal rang haven...  
He's quite there on the tracks,  
Leading itself into a dungeon's tunnel...  
In the pitch black was pleaded help,  
For I'm nothing except a mere shadow,  
Where trees through me were to bow...  
For I thought to myself am a ghost,  
In the fantasy world which served me host...  
Out in the tunnel saw I a light,  
Feared a train to rush us might...  
Twas growing brighter from the hell,  
Like rushing pagodas from the shell...  
Stunned was I to see the thing,  
Kind bearing angel from heaven's king...  
Eye's aflash, beauty's birth,  
Red stud lips of gentle mirth...  
Bent down gently holding the child,  
Lifted him into the careful mild...

Into my eyes wide ablaze,  
Beautiful two of angel gazed...  
For they vanished into the air,  
Leaving me alone in the care...  
The serene jungle vanished again,  
And there was I on hill again...  
Got the truth of mortal's race,  
Never lose hope at any pace.....

-With love, ,  
Koushik..

Koushik Poolla

# O Memories! ! !

O Memories! thou hast made me live these years,  
guided by a burning desire that stays inner,  
to leave thou last or to stay with thou ever since.....

O Memories! mortals say thou great,  
your first ones are the sweet ones,  
love to see them back in the distant time.....

O Memories! feel not so great,  
your bad ones hit the heart worse,  
leaving it scarred for ever.....

O Memories! my heart tangles,  
whether to stay or leave,  
for thou followst like a shadow.....

O Memories! when time gets distanced,  
we get to know your value,  
for there is never a life with thou.....

O Memories! your embarrassed ones,  
after in the distanced sands of time,  
leave a vague smile at the tips of my lips.....

O Memories! though thou hard or sweet,  
shadows every mortal,  
without whom life cannot colour up.....

For thou O Memories!  
I tribute this poem,  
written in guidance of a humble heart.....

Koushik Poolla

# We Are All Same.., ,

We all are the same,  
Living together but with shame.

We kill our brothers;  
Sisters and many others.  
We also eat them;  
Isn't it a shame?

We, the children of mother earth,  
Torture and beat them for our mirth,  
We also separate them,  
Isn't it a shame?

We, who crown ourselves great,  
Tame them in a slavish state.  
We also curse them,  
Isn't it a shame?

We can only think and write,  
Which they cant except a lot.  
We also isolate them,  
Isn't it a shame?

We have hearts with no feel,  
Which they have for they faithfully kneel.  
We also outnumber them,  
Isn't it a shame?

We snatch their fur, their skin,  
And everything which they feel akin.  
We also merry on them,  
Isn't it a shame?

We forgot our humanity, which they never,  
And named them animals forever.  
We also rule them,  
Isn't it a shame?

Its time to wakeup and realize,

Who are humans and who rule whom.  
But,  
We all are the same,  
Living together but with shame.

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