

Poetry Series

Kumar Dheeraj
- poems -

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Kumar Dheeraj(9-12-1994)

Nothing much to say about me.

I was trying too be something but time and situation has pushed me here.

A Lovely Love.

Standing few yards,
Away from her gate.
In a foggy morning,
Waiting for her wait.

To come and open,
The unfortunate gate,
That prevents me everyday,
To see my soulmate.

I heard a cracking sound,
Perhaps the opening of the gate.
Was going to take place,
After a long pause of wait.

As I stepped ahead,
To make it more clear.
Whether it was some otherone
Or my lovely dear.

I saw her partial face,
Her uttering eyes and curly hairs.
As her lovely lips and dimpled cheeks,
Were covered and looked unclear.

Only our eyes encountered,
And we both made a swear.
To see us completely,
Without any social fear.

I then moved ahead,
Without looking back to rear.
Because we secretly made a promise,
To love eternally forever.

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A New Shirt!

There was a young kid
Used to wear yellowish shirt
Good in studies, yet scared
For his shirt was old and dirt.

He had really no idea
Why he was on target,
Done homework but couldn't
Buy a new shirt from market.

It was actually not his fault
But the child had no answer
When his father is going to give
A new shirt, new book and new colour.

Who do you think responsible then
The school, the teacher, the parents or the kid? ?
Is money everything? ? ?
He asked himself alone in the mid.

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A Student's Desire.

Came here with a dream
To be an IITian,
Later I realised
It is just as Utopian.

The more we study
The less we get,
The world of science
Is truly fake.

At the age of seventeen
I had to look fabulous,
But I was dropped
In the clumsy rules of calculus.

I wanted to study
Literature and it's history,
But was compelled to know
The organics of Chemistry.

Escaping from the world of Science
I have no more faith,
In governing laws of Physics
And concepts of Maths.

The world of Literature
Is so seemingly and true,
So interest towards Literature
I'll ever pursue.

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At The Beach.

Was a frail boy at young age
Unconsciously went to sea,
To know which one is larger
My depressions or the sea.
My possessions tried to make me weak
Saying problems to be greater,
But when I looked at sea waves
Said, they are greatest than the greater.

Looking at the waves that were
Touching every soul of me,
The roaring of sea waves
Was an ointment for me.
The sounds then produced
Was healing one for me,
Don't know how sound really was
But went deep inside me.

The sounds carrying the strength of waves
Went deep and deep and deep in me,
In my constrained blood vessels
And in every vein of me.
I felt that Wavy storm
Flowing in every root of me,
And then started running like waves
Curing every pain of me.

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Changing Time!

Yes I realized everything
Everything is a function of time,
Love, Affair or friendship
Relationships changes with changing time.

Nothing is constant in this world
Things are just revolving around,
Whether You or me or anyone
We all are slaves of changing time.

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Competition Kills!

With the growing pace of life
We all have to face,
The competition to come first
By losing happiness and grace.

I only ask one thing
Why do we want to come first? ?
Is that all our will
Or we are forced to keep trust.

Trust, That is one sided.
Did never say to keep it.
But with the passes of time
We have to read it.

Sit with you and ask yourself
What are you fighting for? ?
Is that yours or really not
For which you're fighting greater than the more.

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Doubts!

Don't doubt your doubts
They will surface someday,
If you'll ignore them
They would laugh at you one-day.

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Envious Girl!

She protected me
From the evils she created,
I thought she cared for me,
What a foolish I was!

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Fearless!

I'm not afraid of me
Then who else
I'll be afraid of?

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Identity!

Truest is my identity
Truest I'm here.
I'll not shy, I'll not pretend
Coz now I don't have any fear.

Fear, That sucked me up
Was a dark black cloud to me ever
Once ruled me as a ruling king
Forced me to be his slaved queen forever.

He thought to possess me
And to leave me never.
Was darkest of all the darkness
Became a Rival lover.

His strength was really promising
Capturing me in my veins
But was actually unaware
Of my psychic powers and brains.

I came to my real I
And they all (fears) became the greatest lie
Me became the truest truth
Evil fears will surely die.

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Inequality!

Appreciate the work
Not the workers.
Anyone could have done it
Who has done it
Doesn't really matter.

Why do we appreciate someone
Only by knowing their names
Because of their few good works
Or may because of their immense popularity
We're rewarding them unfair fames.

If judgement is in our hands
We shouldn't forget the strength of our votes.
Every vote can make big change
Choose the right one, Coz many of them
Are working only for notes.

Come and let's judge work equally
Without considering the standard of workers
No matter rich or poor
No matter established or beginner
Let's create a homogeneous atmosphere.

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Memories!

The scent of nostalgia
Lies in the pressed flowers in books
With mysteries of hidden love.

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On Her Sweetness!

Heard a section of her singing
Carved in the sweetness of beauty.
Melody claims she is sweet...
Shied when she heard my sweetie.

For every melody what I heard
Seems tuneless when I hear you.
You the Goddess of the voice...
And you the sweetness, never doubt you...!!!

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Passion Vs Competition!

Stand not to compete
Stand for your passion
A passion that drives your way
Even if you're unpaid.....! !
Competition has to end up somewhere
With success or failure,
But passion has no end
It is endless, boundless an open sea.

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Perhaps I Love You.

Life grows
Love flows
We are boundless.

Distant apart
Yet close
Possibilities are actually countless.

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Possibility And Certainty!

Certainty said to possibility:

"I'm staves above than you. You're just a possibility existing like that of a mirage.

Possibility laughed at certainty saying:

You might be staves above than me.

But remember, "You were too what I'm today, .

I'm existing with a possibility of infinite certainty of success.

I'm happy being a possibility as

I still have directions,

But you've lost yours.

I can bloom or may get doom,

Depending upon who is working at me,

But no one can change you,

You're fixed like dead.

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Presence In Absence!

I see you in every face
Don't know what is this,
People say it's just my thoughts
And you don't exist.

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Relationships!

When personal relationships
Turns to professional,
It ends up in a great disaster.

When professional relationships
Turns to personal,
It long-lasts forever after.

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Silence Speaks!

When I got tired of explaining
My innocence; With all my
Words; And all my sense.

I have chosen to be silent
As the words of silence
Are more intense.

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This World Is A Big Stage!

This world is a big stage
With viewers and performers.

A viewer always views,
Is scared to perform.
A performer always performs
Is scared to view.

It's just the tendency of our work
Where we are more inclined
A viewer is only viewing
While performer is always trying.

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To My Love!

Searching for love I crossed all boundaries
Perhaps was finding it for social competence,
I searched I searched and then I stopped
As my heart said searching won't give.

That stoppage I still remember
Calm and vibrant both it was,
It speaks the words of silence
Sometimes gets difficult to read.

Now it's just those silences that speak
They go they come they disappear to appear,
I still question often in my nothingness
Do they have any meaning? ? ?

Silently they said, "Be silent!
And let them talk to me,
For they even don't know what do they want
But they love to talk to me.

Finally, I gave what I have
The space that formed me and my silence
There we talk all the time
All the time or whole my life.

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To My Unknown Friends!

To my thousand unknown friends
With whom I never met.
These words are my blessings
May God bless them with every great.

Whenever I feel alone
Seeing nobody sitting physically around me
I feel more than thousand of friends
Are reading, writing poems like me.

When I feel filled with thoughts
Or if get any mood swing,
More than taking I prefer writing
Poems of friendship, hope and spring!

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Victory And Defeat!

Do you believe
People who say,
Life and things
Have ruined their way?

Or those people
Who don't give excuses,
Say, victory and defeat
Both are of uses.

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Winners And Losers!

Winners are real losers
They lose the chance
To win the next win.

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Womanhood!

Women the power, Women the colour
Women the music, Women the dance
Women the lyric, Women the rhythm
Women the art, Women expression
Women the composer, Women the director
Women the butterfly, Women the beauty
Women the river, Women the motion
Women the flow, Women the fire
Women the rain, Women the water.

For they have got the privilege to be, a friend, a girlfriend, a daughter, a sister, a wife and a mother, all the colors of life are derived from them.

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