

Poetry Series

Manas Rastogi
- poems -

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A student and a poet from India. I study in Amity International School.

Braids

Maybe it had just been yesterday
20th December or the 8th of May

When we indolently braided each others' mane
Along intertwined cordiality to reign

A murmur here and a rumour there
Nonetheless we didn't care

Together we sailed happily
On the cruise of freindship for all to see

A sob here and a sniffle there
Like wiping tissues we surely bare

Round the clock we wouldn't leave
Till a smile on each others faces wouldn't weave

Time would race, seasons would change
People will move, Revolutions to arrange

But something in the sunshine would still freeze
Our four year old camaraderie singing in the breeze...

Manas Rastogi

Brother And Sister

From where love came,
we cannot see: perhaps,
within us, born and bred,
Or taught to us at parent's knee,
Or instilled by God in heart and head.
Perhaps it sprang from some kind deed,
Which, long forgotten, yet has grown
To dazzling heights from one small seed
In the fertile soil of distress sown.
Respect rises up so far above
The pettiness of separate view
Differences bow before a love
And friendship that is blood-bound, too.
May the bond between us stronger grow,
May I prove the fondness I confess,
Which my hand's service cannot show
Nor my single words ever express.

Manas Rastogi

Complete Nonsense

Said the Table to the Chair,
'You can hardly be aware,
'How I suffer from the heat,
'And from chilblains on my feet!
'If we took a little walk,
'W emight have a little talk!
'Pray let us take the air! '
Said the Table to the Chair.
Said the Chair to the Table,
'Now you know we are not able!
'How foolishly you talk,
'Whan you know we cannot walk! '
Said the Table with a sigh,
'It can do no harm to try,
'I've as many legs as you,
'Why can't we walk on Two? '

Manas Rastogi

Computer

It has brains,
Yet is it not an engineer.
It can sing,
Yet it is not a singer.
It has no life,
Yet it is expensive.
It can predict,
Yet it is not an astrologer.
It is delicate,
Yet it is not a flower.
Then what is 'it'?
It is a computer

Manas Rastogi

Coromandel Fishers

Rise, brothers, rise, the wakening skies
Pray to the morning lights,
The wind lies asleep in the arms of the dawn
Like a child that has cried all night.

Come, let us gather our nets from the shore,
And set our catamarans free,
To capture the leaping wealth of the tide,
For we are the sons of the sea.

No longer delay, let us hasten away
In the track of the seagull's call;
The sea is our mother, the cloud our brother,
The waves are our comrades all.

What thoush we toss at the fall of the sun
Where the hand of the sea-god drives?
He who holds the storm by his hair
Will hide n his breast our lives.

Sweet is the shade of the coconut glade,
And the scent of the mango grove,
And sweet are the sands at the full o' the moon
With the sound of the voices we love.

But sweeter, O brothers, the kiss of the spray,
And the dance of the wild foam's glee:
Row, brothers, row to the blue of the verge,
Where the low sky mates with the sea.

Manas Rastogi

Earth

The earth is lovely
But pollution is making it ugly
Let us take a test
And make our earth the best
Earth is our home
Don't make it plastic foam
We are not free to cut a tree
But we are free to plant new
Earth is in pain
Don't hurt it again
God has given us nature
But we are selfish creatures
We are destroying earth badly
It's dying very sadly

Manas Rastogi

Jokers

The jokers are great,
Work for money,
Entertain,
Or promote something,
Favourite of children,
Found in circus,
Not to many,
Poor people do this,
No one likes to be one of them.

Manas Rastogi

Life Of A Table

A table,
A piece of wood,
Standing on four legs,
Furniture,
Kept for show,
Diferent sizes,
And shapes,
Many types of tables,
Dining, Center tables,
Available in market,
At any price,
Once old,
Useless,
Thrown out,
Taken for recycling,
Can't find anymore.

Manas Rastogi

Life Without Parents

Who will help us?
Who will solve our problems?
Who will say bye after we enter in bus?
Who will fulfil our wishes?
To whom will we say Dad and Mom?
Who will be the most nearest to heart?
Who will be kind to us?
They will be Parents.

Who will travel with us to various places?
Who will play with us?
Who will show us Films?
Who will forgive our mistakes?
They shall be Parents.

Manas Rastogi

Mango's Journey

Born as a unripe mango
growing all the time,
Born in a farm
or in a backyard,
Plucked when fully grown
loved by the owner,
Packed into a box
sent to market,
Sold at the market
at the price of \$0.25,
Buyed by a woman
or a man,
Eaten buy the whole family
cut into pieces,
Chewed softly
tasting it with tongue,
Gulped by them
digested in the stomach,
The Journey ends.

Manas Rastogi

Me

When you feel sad and betrayed
Who can you count on every single day?
When you feel lost and alone...
Who will be there for you in every way?
When you've made wrong decisions
Who can you count on to tell you you're wrong?
When you feel you can't go on...
Who will be there with a feel - better song?

Look into your heart and you will find...
That person you can trust is not far away.
Look deep into yourself, don't give up,
For if you do, it's yourself, you'll betray.
When you're looking for answers
To all your questions and dreams,
There is one person you can count on,
It's impossible, I know, it seems.
But take a few moments to look deeper inside.
Look into your heart and there you will see.
You'll be surprised when you find out
That you've looked at 'ME.'

Manas Rastogi

The Song Of The Brook

I come from haunts of coot and hern,
I make a sudden sally,
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down the valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between ridges,
By twenty thorps, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles,
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling.

And here and there a foamy flake
Upon me, as I travel
With many a silvery waterbreak
Above the gravel.

And draw them all along, and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows;
I make the netted sunbeam dance
Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars
In brambly wildernesses;
I linger by my shingly bars
I loiter round my cresses;

And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

Manas Rastogi

Tree

A tree standing at a place
throughout his life,
A tree giving fruits
throughout his life,
Producing oxygen
throughout his life,
Giving shelter to workers
throughout his life,
Shedding leaves
throughout his life,
Taking water
throughout his life,
But do he get the appreciation for doing so
never in his life.

Manas Rastogi

Who Is A Friend?

A friend is a companion,
who is very friendly.

A friend is a dictionary,
who helps me in difficulty.

A friend is a mirror,
who understands my feeling.

A friend is everything for me,
who teaches me loving.

Manas Rastogi