

Poetry Series

**Manohar Bhatia**  
**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**  
2019

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

# Manohar Bhatia(12 - 01 - 1945)

Manohar Bhatia \_\_\_\_\_ Profile.

I am an avid observer for all that the world has to offer \_\_\_\_\_ Nature, Humanity, Animal Kingdom, birds, insects, worms, TV, games. I am a passionate writer and often delve deep into my thinking of what I see. I am very honest in my thinking and I can score almost 100% of what I observe and write. I don't believe in plagiarizing even as close to 0.0005% in my write-ups; in fact, I detest copied literature of any type.

I am a rebel and an original thinker, reporting only those facts that I find interesting and make the reader say: : : : "wow" This compels me to write essays, stories, fiction, in all original content; mind you all my works will be 100% original and not even 99%.

Deep inside me there is my conscience and this conscience influences me to write. I am aware that this conscience is like God and the content will be pure like God. My primary genre is fiction and ideas are rapidly formed once my vivid imagination starts functioning. I can write in other genres too\_\_\_\_ like biography, poetry, murder, crime, suspense, traveling, plays, etc.

I am a writer with a capital "D", meaning different. I put a lot of emotions, description into the character and dry humor, so that the reader can have a chuckle. For the villain, I may be sometimes compelled to use a dirty language to highlight his personality.

In short, many of my friends/colleagues have called me signature writer, meaning one can smell a particular style in my manuscripts or poetry, book after book. My main strength as a writer is to pen creative fiction, all in original content. I am not even a 1% shadow of the other writers in terms of plot, ideas, story line etc. Its "I", "ME", and "MYSELF" all the way in my essays, stories, fiction or poetry.

If I write anything about my weakness, readers might run away from reading my books. The main weakness is that I cannot write very highly complicated words of English in my writings; in short, I am not a snobbish English writer of the Elizabethan or Victorian era, where there was an elitism and classism, popularly known as Queen's Language. I am a very simple writer with simple English, that can be read even by school children.

Once I was invited on a poetry forum, caferatti; the moderators were Peter Griffin, Manisha Lakhe and Suniti Joshi.I learnt the basics of poetry writing here and I thank the moderators for correcting my poems, when read out in fron of a group of invited poets. On another occasion, ekphrastic poet, Jack Huber of Wichita (Kansas) /USA taught me many F.O.R.M.S. of poetry on WPWU (Westmeisters Poets & Writers Unite) site, managed by Diane Tagerdon of California (USA)

My brand image is [Originality]

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

# { A Jungle Outing } : : : : : F.O.R.M. Sestina.

["A Jungle Outing"]

[' Lions, tigers, snakes roam in the wild  
as we prepare to go hunting  
for their beautiful priceless skins,  
Me and my team of greedy friends  
drive in open jeep for an outing  
bravely facing danger to lives.] 1-2-3-4-5-6

[Group of daredevils don't care for lives  
as they are born fearless and wild  
ready to go for an outing  
risking everything for a hunting  
to merge as a cartel of friends  
all greedy to possess their skins.'] 6-1-5-2-4-3

[Of what use are these animal skins  
when facing a ban in our lives  
as well as for our deadly friends  
their thinking so stupid and wild  
instead finding job to hunting  
Surprise, all rushing for an outing.] 3-6-4-1-2-5

[None thinks of a difficult outing  
where roaming harms our delicate skins  
to walk in the sun and go hunting  
endangering our delicate lives  
and skip our best thoughts in the wild  
for us as well as for our friends] 5-3-2-6-1-4

[Who are these bunch of dirty friends  
without rational thinking for an outing  
little realizing all going wild  
instead of saving full their skins  
and bring stability to their lives  
and refrain from stupid hunting] 4-5-1-3-6-2

[It was task to find a job in hunting  
most difficult for my mad friends

by putting a stake on their lives  
to go in the jungle for an outing  
instead of protecting their skins  
and hard to return from the wild.] 2-4-6-5-3-1

[I do find hunting and outing  
in the wild with friends  
exciting but for our skins and lives! ] 2,5 1,4 3,6

\_\_The End\_\_

Manohar Bhatia

## { A Short Poem On::::: Love }

[As I sit on the edge of Nariman Point  
A cool wind engulfs me at the point  
With the setting sun casting its golden rays  
The Chaiwallas and Channawalas hawking their eats,  
With the people roaming carefree enjoying the point

Now, the day has ended  
And the night has fallen  
And the birds have spread their feathers,  
Some have found pebbles and stones  
Others have found pearls and rubies

But of what use are pearls and rubies  
When a people know not the real value,  
Real value is to be found in the heart,  
Where love resides mysteriously,

Oh Man! Wake up and unlock that mystery  
And find the most precious gift of Nature  
Because, love is a many splendored thing  
Blessed is the man who has experienced it  
Pity the man who has lost it  
And curse the man who has denounced it.

Manohar Bhatia

## { Bandra Worli Sea Link }

This raised structure  
is a quick exit for cars  
melting into a traffic  
called a czar!

A Bridge to end the  
suffering of a motorist,  
And begin a journey of  
hope, attitude, happiness  
to turn him into a humorist!

A Bridge that went through  
many trials, tribulations, oppositions,  
where politicians, concerned  
environmentalists, destitute fisher folks,  
all colluded for its vested interests!

This beautiful Bridge designed  
like a musical instrument,  
where its cable ropes,  
fixed like strings of  
a violin looks for a compliment!

Watch the cars passing under  
it, acting like fingers,  
pulling the strings to  
play a buzzing musical  
like a singer!

Now, the rush is unmanageable,  
Thousands of cars one behind the  
other steadily creep,  
So, little babies in  
the laps of their mothers  
go to sleep!

A Bridge where poor  
downtrodden and super-rich,  
ride bumper to bumper

in antique and ry cars,  
enjoying a journey of Heaven  
with whistling wind hitting  
the occupants header to header!

Oh! How silly of us to  
fight by calling this Bridge  
many names,  
Because, the Bridge is also human,  
it gets 'hurt' by the weight of  
criticism, showing wear and tear  
by these games!

Let's keep this ICON  
in a healthy state,  
so that more maintenance,  
abundant coats of paint,  
regular check of overhead cables,  
Can keep the toll authorities  
always in a wealthy state!

- The End-

Manohar Bhatia

# { Beyond The Mountain Wall }

[Beyond the mountain wall  
at the end of valley  
is beautiful plateau  
with a cluster of huts  
all same like a ghetto!

Beyond the mountain wall  
is a breathtaking scene  
the air, so crisp, clean, mild  
for colored flowers to bloom  
and bees buzzing in wild!

Beyond the mountain wall  
is nature's paradise  
with gentle flowing stream  
and small pebbles buried  
on either banks in green!

Beyond the mountain wall  
stands lovely Gothic Church  
its tower bell ringing  
a soothing soft sound  
with people praying, singing! ]

- The End-

Manohar Bhatia



## { It Takes Two To Tango & Tonga }

[It takes two to Tango & Tonga  
Ultimately becoming one for bingo!  
A beautiful dance taking poetic form  
Where grace & style are the norm.

Tango was born in working city halls,  
by passionate dancers, Carlos Gardel  
in alive cities of Buenos Aires, Montevideo  
in South American city of Argentina.

Tango can accelerate your well-being  
bringing elixir of life to a new high  
of excitement, health, joy, happiness,  
for you to experience again and again.

Dance steps are hectic, fast, furious  
leaving the onlookers in a rush  
of emotions, romantic passions, faster heart-beats  
in all sexy movements of their bodies.

Tango is a single dance form  
where two dancers move to horn,  
Man and Woman, merging, fusing, melting  
into a Tonga-driven single horse-carriage! ]

- The End-

Manohar Bhatia

# { Nature Calling }

\_\_\_\_\_ ['Nature Calling'] \_\_\_\_\_

[Overflowing skies with multitude of clouds  
floating endlessly against the blue  
with cool gentle wind, caressing our noses/cheeks /eyes.

Colorful flowers like a rainbow  
dot the landscape of happy earth  
inviting the visitors for merging, melting.

Wet grass caused by morning dew  
brings thrill to your delicate feet  
as these take a long walk on green.  
Singing leaves, aided by droplets  
from above  
creating soft music to your ears.  
Dancing fountains are a delight  
to watch from a distance  
With dazzling lights of colored bulbs.

of rain falling/filtering

Nodding trees are talking to you  
like your long lost friend and  
waiting for your re-connect.

Contented smiles with friendly handshakes  
are meeting in joyful gardens of laughter clubs  
for peace, solitude, happiness or otherworldliness!  
Nature is calling.....  
Yes man, go, go & go.

- The End-

Manohar Bhatia

## { Random Thoughts On Poetry }

[Some poets write sonnets to die for  
Other poets write haikus to live for  
Some poets write gimmicks for fun  
Other poets write lyrics for a Sun  
Some poets like to rhyme and dine off  
Other poets like to hymn and sign off  
But all poets have one goal,  
To write one thing and meaning another,  
And, this is ironically permissible in poetry.

Poets come from diverse fields.....

### [ON CLOTHES]

Poetry can be worn on a sock  
as well as on a frock  
Poetry hides in a hanky  
as well as in a panty  
Poetry can be written on a wall  
as well as written in a hall  
Poetry can climb a maxi  
as well as lower itself in a mini  
Poetry can be worn on a coat  
as well as on an overcoat  
Poetry is in a bra of a woman  
as well as deep in her tavern.

### [ON MEN]

Poetry doctors a Physician  
As well as is hidden in medicines.  
Poetry buries itself in a Funeral Director  
As well as exposed in a Dead  
Poetry can flower in a Garden  
As well as in a Gardner  
Poetry cuts in a Tailor  
As well as in a Sailor  
Poetry can fly in a Pivot  
As well as in a Pilot

Poetry can set sail on a Captain  
As well as on a Ship  
Poetry can happen in a Train  
As well as in a train driver.  
Poetry paints a lonely Painter  
As well as in his exquisite canvas.  
Poetry is born in an alcoholics  
As well as in the alcohol.  
Poetry is in a smoker  
As well as present in the cigarette.

[ON FEELINGS]

Poetry can happen when in Love  
As well as when in Hate  
Poetry creeps into an Emotion  
As well as while in Motion  
Poetry is in an Attire  
As well as on a Satire  
Poetry happens when you are Happy  
As well as when you are Sad  
Poetry rushes in when you are sympathetic  
As well as when you are Empathetic.

[ON THINGS]

Poetry can be written on Money  
As well as on Honey  
Poetry can be on a Currency Note  
As well as on a Fake Note  
Poetry can be written in a book  
As well as on a Page  
Poetry can be hung on a Hat  
As well as written on a Mat  
Poetry can be built on Furniture  
As well as on an Architecture  
Poetry has time to sleep on a Bed  
As well as on a Bed sheet.  
Poetry can sit on legless chair  
As well as eat breakfast on topless table

Alas! True poetry will always

come out of a Dreamer!  
Because, Poetry is just about Anything!

- The End—

Manohar Bhatia

## { This City Is In Siege }

This city is in siege  
The city in the range  
Is as dangerous a place  
As a badge on his shirt  
The Sheriff is doing his duty  
To wipe out bad guys from ghost town.

Mid-night calm is  
As sinister as a dawn  
All looking quiet  
Except the barks of sick dogs.

High noon on the near-by river  
Looks suicidal in a summer  
For youngsters wanting to swim  
Invited by the still water river grim.

A spring evening  
Looks full of promise  
Honey-bees collect pollens  
Buzzing to fertilize in stems.

In the bar after office-hours  
The suspense is scary  
No soul in sight  
Only a bartender for a cigarette  
To light up for a brave soul.

The dusty road  
Is nostalgic for me  
Where me and my beloved  
Were there with passionate love.

Dons in this fearsome city  
Are happy-go-lucky  
As a child of innocence  
Giving an endearing smile.

Alas! The Sheriff looks helpless!

- The End—

Manohar Bhatia

# { Trip To Hell } : : : : : : : : : : F.O.R.M. Blitz.

["Trip To Hell"]

[Trip in giant wheel  
trip of death  
death personified  
death visited  
visited by many  
visited by daring  
daring youngsters  
daring children  
children thrilled  
children excited  
excited going to hell  
excited to get killed  
killed a bird on way  
killed the ego  
ego is dangerous  
ego is bad  
bad is good  
bad is infectious  
infectious influences  
infectious for everything  
everything is going right  
everything is for everyone  
everyone is shouting  
everyone is red-faced  
red-faced monkey  
red-faced owl  
owl flied in air  
owl gets caught in tree  
caught in the net  
caught in the act  
act and go  
act and blow  
blow in wind  
blow in seat  
seat of power  
seat of individuality  
individuality dangerous

individuality also supreme  
supreme moments  
supreme feelings  
feelings of death  
feelings of fear  
fear of fall  
fear of sadness  
sadness moving in  
sadness hits hell  
hell and earth  
hell to heaven  
heaven.....  
earth... ]

- The End-

Manohar Bhatia

## { Whence Gonneth Those Days? }

When we were young, energetic, full of life,  
On Saturday mornings, we were at Colaba  
At our granny's house, with uncles, aunts, nieces,  
Stretching ourselves at the beaches,  
Swimming in the Back bay waters,  
Eating mangoes, basking in the sun,  
Playing with shells, stones, pebbles, gun.  
Sometimes, burying ourselves in the sand,  
Remaining there for a long time,  
With only our heads popping out for fun!

Noon time, there were afternoon siestas,  
Dead tired after watching on telly fiestas,  
Now, when clock strikes 5.p.m,  
We have hot cups of coffee  
With spicy cutlets, crispy nuggets  
To pamper our greedy pallets.

By evenings, we get ready  
To trot to Eros Theatre steady,  
Screening Marx Bros., Laurel and Hardy,  
Or slapstick comedy of Dean/Martin, Jerry/Lewis,  
A laugh riot of our times gone by,  
Till tears fall off our eyes!

At nightfall's, we had wooden cots,  
Laid out under Papal Trees and flower pots,  
With the cool evening breeze blowing  
Hearing fairy tales from granny at bed time  
And falling asleep like a log!

Oh! Those were the days gone by,  
Waking up one fine morning,  
From a soft bed into a luminous sunlight,  
Feeling warm, well fed, well loved,  
Well cared for a hug and longing,  
Peace, silence, stillness, bliss,  
Will those nostalgic days ever commeth?

\_\_The End\_\_

Manohar Bhatia

# { Why Switch Off Lights? }

[Why Switch Off Lights? ]

[Why switch off lights today?  
because greed for 'power' is growing  
to cater to man's insatiable thirst  
for progress in building new apartments  
but succeeding in only in creating unbalanced society  
where poor, downtrodden, suffer to eat food  
left by novae rich, Celebes, others  
Remember, its an Earth Hour to-day!

Why switch off lights to-day?  
So that all gambling dens close  
that may lead to rape, murder, extortion,  
where the honest get caught  
in cross-fire between 'A' & 'B' company  
to be accidentally bumped off in this encounter  
for their kith & kin to mourns their deaths  
Remember, its an Earth Hour to-day!

Why switch off lights to-day?  
so that drinking bars have a dry day  
alerting regular drinkers to face a test  
and compulsive drinkers a forced rest  
Also, lady tipplers a moment to ponder  
to set their houses & children in order  
and release them from this deadly habit  
Remember, its an Earth Hour to-day!

Why switch off lights to-day?  
so that we save enough power  
for the have nots to see a ray of light  
in their dwellings not seen for decades  
and make them to feel humans too  
to seek their trust, blessings, smiles,  
which they have never experienced before.  
Remember, its an Earth Hour to-day!

Why switch off lights to-day?

so that peace prevails in one hour  
for everyone to enjoy some unforgetful moments  
of hearing birds humming in the trees,  
honey-bees merrily buzzing amongst flowers,  
the pleasant sound of cool wind whistling,  
allowing tiny waves splash delicately on beach front,  
Remember, its an Earth Hour to-day! ]

- The End-

Manohar Bhatia

## {a Short Poem On Told::::: ' Not To'}

[Why did my naughty son  
tie a string of fire-crackers  
on a dog's tail  
When he was told 'Not To'  
tie a string of fire-crackers  
on a dog's tail?

Why did they  
let loose the bull  
in a china shop  
When they were told 'Not To'  
let loose a bull  
in a china shop?

Why did the Hare  
run too fast in a race  
with a tortoise  
When he was told 'Not To'  
run too fast in a race  
with a tortoise?

Why did Laurel slap Hardy  
three times in a shot  
When he was told by the  
Director, 'Not To' slap Hardy  
three times but only two times?

Why did the children  
play with plastic bags  
covering their faces  
When they were told 'Not To'  
play with plastic bags  
covering their faces?

Why did people  
fiddle with man-hole  
covers during the rains  
When they were told 'Not To'  
fiddle with man-hole covers

during the rains?

Why do you  
stand & stare aimlessly  
at the raw nakedness  
When you are told 'Not To'  
stand & stare aimlessly  
at the raw nakedness?

- - The End- -

Manohar Bhatia

## {India \_\_\_\_ A Country Of Contrasts? }

[India is a country  
where everything happens  
The good turns into bad,  
The bad turns into good,  
Or the bad turns into worse,  
The worse turns into ugly.

Where an outstation train  
reaches Mumbai on time, one day  
Only to be told  
that it was yesterday's  
train the next day!

Where heroes are worshipped  
with rose garlands one day,  
And garlanded with footwear  
the next day!

Where a slum dog becomes  
a millionaire to-day,  
And millionaire becomes  
a pauper on the morrow.

Where friendships are  
made every minute  
And enmities are  
planned every second.

Where deadly bombs go off  
without warning at some places,  
And fire-crackers are set off  
for mundane celebrations at other places.

Where commercial love  
is found in sex dens, sea-fronts,  
pubs, malls one day,  
And a love wired through  
the net is born next day.

Where straights indulge  
in sex one day,  
And gays, pimps, sedomists,  
run riot the next day!

Where logic and reason  
turn into confusion, one day  
A mess is solved in a second,  
by a wizard, next day!

Where, dogs are taken  
by a car ride, one day  
And killed and kicked  
about the other day.

Where persons are talking  
for the sake of talking  
one day,  
And deaf and dumb exchange  
mutual hand signs, the next day.

Where man encircles  
the space, some times,  
On another day,  
Man struggles to reach  
his house safely.

Where, there is joy in  
every sunrise, one day,  
And sadness in  
every sunset the next day.

Where music is loud and lewd  
one day,  
And soft and spiritual  
next day!

Is India a mad country  
to-day,  
And a sound country  
to-morrow?  
You answer!

- The End-

Manohar Bhatia

# {palm Of Blessings \_\_\_\_\_ Sonnet}

{F.O.R.M Poem \_\_ English Sonnet}

{Palm Of Blessings}

{ I saw your blessings flow  
from the palm of your hand  
palm that is touched slow,  
brought back life to dead man.  
You are full of benedictions in light,  
Through the palm of your hand,  
That restores blind man's sight  
Who was walking aimlessly on sand.  
You are my Lord with spiritual power,  
Working with palm of your hand,  
Men come up to your tower,  
with leprosy, you cure his band.

You were born for long a gaze,  
turning dry valley into fruits, & maize.}

Hail Thee Jesus!

\_\_ The End \_\_

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Manohar Bhatia

# {short Poem On: : : : : : : : Sms }

[Short Poem On: : : : "SMS"]

[What is SMS?

Is it short messaging service reminder  
or a small memory system rejoinder?  
Where 'are you' becomes 'r', 'u'  
or 'homework' converts into 'hw'  
where English Language  
takes a short beating  
for a bigger assault  
in terms of grammar, pronunciation.  
punctuation, poetry, prose!  
Ouch! that aches my heart.

Is SMS a boon for man  
or a bane for the brain?  
where its overactive radio  
waves may harm our wonderful  
cells, causing cancer, unknown  
diseases, to permanently paralyze  
men into submission, dependency, helplessness,  
by this monster toy, unfortunately nicknamed 'cell'

Is SMS a bust for a driver  
or a boost for him to make  
an accident on the way?  
injuring himself and its  
many occupants in his car,  
apart from twisting his  
car beyond repairs to be  
towed away to scrap-yard!

Is SMS a booty?  
for a carnival of operators  
where they keep sending you  
a marketing package of  
filthy garbage of hello tunes,  
for you to accidentally press a button  
to charge a sum you are

never aware of or interested in?

Is SMS a short cut to everything  
putting the famous hare/tortoise story  
into oblivion for ever?

when hare will win the race  
and tortoise will follow  
in his footsteps to shame!

Beware the SMS!

it may twist your language

it may harm your health

it may lighten your wallet

it may quicken your death.

Handle your cell adroitly

to keep all dangers at bay

and come out a winner! ]

- The End-

Manohar Bhatia

# {this Rainfall Is Blinding }:::: F.O.R.M. Monchielle

["This Rainfall is Blinding  
as the dark clouds are seen  
preparing for a clash  
for thunder and lightning  
creating deadly flash!

This Rainfall is Blinding  
as motorists zip past  
with wipers left and right  
on the deserted land  
where no life is in sight!

This Rainfall is Blinding  
as I drive my mobike  
through pot-holed road surface  
struggling for right balance  
for a beautiful grace!

This Rainfall is Blinding  
where wild winds uproot trees  
throwing life out of gear  
blocking all the traffic  
painting the scene to fear! "]

\_\_The End\_\_

Manohar Bhatia