

Poetry Series

Mary Roshma
- poems -

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Mary Roshma()

Friendship

Grains make up a complete dish;
An ocean is never complete without a fish;
A road is never complete without a bend;
Life is never complete without a friend!

Success makes worth one's strife;
A friend makes worth one's life!
A friend is not just a partner to play with;
She removes from the heart each and every filth!

Friendship starts off with soothing smiles,
Friends stay connected even when they're far by miles
They show each other extra-ordinary are;
Heart to heart, everything they share!

They share laughter as well as tears,
At dark times, with each other they exchange cheers!
Their eyes remain a bridge to their spirits;
Together they fly as cage-free parrots!

At times, they cry for a moment and start to laugh in the next,
That is what friendship is and it cannot be written as text!
Friendship contains within memories of laughter and tears,
And not to forget, the now and then doubts and fears! !

-Mary Roshma

Mary Roshma

I Know There's Someone

I often wonder how did it happen,
That I live in this world as a human;
Never would it have happened automatically,
There's someone behind everything who tackles things technically!
I know there's someone always beside me,
Showing me care and making me what I should be;
I know there's someone helping me make the hardest moves,
And guiding me through life's narrowest grooves!
I know there's someone, helping me to always smile,
Keeping my heart as joyful and happy as a child!
I know there's someone, whom I can cast all my cares on;
Who helps me be and make others happy, for which I was born!
This someone is none other than God, my Lord,
Who is with me even at times that are hard;
He grants me eternal mercy and shows a never-failing love
He dwells in me making me a peaceful dove! !

- Mary Roshma

Mary Roshma

I'M Sorry, Mom!

You bore me in you for nine months,
You trained me among all blunts!
You were my first teacher,
You became my kind preacher!

You were strict at times, and sharp to me,
You helped me become what I should be!
I used to hate the way you were strict,
And to various limitations you used to restrict!

I never took an attempt to realize,
What in me, you wanted to visualize!
I now understand your love and care,
All that you give me and all you bear!

I've decided to take up all you words,
Because they help me fly high as birds!
I love you and I'm very sorry,
Because I know I made you sad and weary! !

Mary Roshma

Learn To Appreciate

Everyone wants to mark their footprints on the sands of time they walk:
The lame also have the desire to have theirs on stock!
Never can he walk on his own, without trying;
But certainly with people's wrong-eye, he would end up crying!
But if people can encourage and appreciate him,
He'd be the fastest to add light to his life which was dim!
If only you can make a difference in one's life through your words and attitude,
He would never forget to offer you his appreciation and gratitude.
All that we send into the lives of others, comes back into our own,
We reap the harvest of the seeds which in others we have sown!
Our appreciation doesn't get diminished when it is divided or shared,
We get the happiness that because of us someone is cared!
We are never blessed when we depreciate; So we should learn to appreciate!
- Mary Roshma

Mary Roshma

Mother - 'An Angel Sent By God'

God loved me so much that He didn't want me to be alone,
He didn't want me to suffer in this world all on my own;
He wanted someone who helped me in my darkest times,
So He sent an angel who protected me from all crimes!

This patient Angel guided me with pace,
And helped me to have a smile on my face;
Within her hands I felt safe and cozy,
She liberated me from peer pressure whenever I was busy!

She is always ready to suffer all kinds of pain,
She never expects any sort of gain;
Holding my hands, she taught me to walk,
In a gentle way she taught me to talk!

She bore all worries and pain with pleasure;
She sacrificed all the merry she got from her leisure!
Her love for me shall never decrease;
Nor shall mine for her ever cease!

Even when she is the most disappointed, she keeps calm;
Who can this angel be other than my selfless mom?
I met so many people on this earth but she's totally odd;
I can simply describe her as an angel sent by God! !

-Mary Roshma

Mary Roshma

Save Earth Save Yourselfes

I remember it, I remember that moment;
When I walked through the winter-woods of heavenly scent.
It was dusk, that, for sure I can tell,
When the well-known route deceived me and I fell,
'Cause I've been through the woods for years now-
And every other route in the wood I know!
But when I tripped and moved further I found,
Not the majestic woods, but rubbish filled ground!
Tears rolled down my eyes and before I could realize,
What had happened or what mystery behind it lies!
The only thought running throughout my mind-
What would I do without these trees or animals in the years behind?
I then knew I had to take a pause:
And understand what was this hell-like moments cause:
I realized there was talk of a company coming there
So were they destroying my paradise showing no car!
All that I can do was cast on them a curse,
And take a look of my photo with the trees in my purse.
They cut down the whole place of the wood,
They'll one day realize what they did. They should!
The place which was once adorned by the trees of the Edens,
Now became the home of huge cement-buildings!
The sun faded away; the moon and the stars grew dark,
As it was snatched by deadly people just giving a spark!
Soon darkness occupied the whole city-
Trees were cut down and big buildings grew.
Turning heavens of joy into sorrow lands,
Green cakes with red and yellow cherries turned into plain new brands!
They certainly had an awaiting punishment
For all their ill-ways of treatment!
The time had come and they had to wait no longer,
Their careless attitude made their punishment stronger!
No rains! No Water! And only drought;
Just for few drops of water, with each other they fought!
Not only fought, but died! So be careful!
You might be one of those deadly, evil people! !
So, if you love life and desire to see many good days,
Keep your ways from evil and hands from killing lives!
Remember your Creator and save the Earth as much as you aspire,

Or you might be one of those deadly vampires! ! !
SO SAVE EARTH AND SAVE YOURSELVES! ! !

Mary Roshma

Space - The Mystery Of Mysteries

What can be called a perfect mystery?
Could it be a piece of untold history?
Nothing on this earth could ever be worth it;
Whether it is the death of a prince or a spooky bit!
Can there be a mystery other than the space,
It keeps digging human brain with pace!
No human can ever predict what is out there,
It gives super-intelligent ideas human brains can't bear!
We'd never know whether there are alien mates,
Or world-like fights and quarrels between the states?
What kind of mystery could this be?
Towards it, it keeps attracting me!
Space is certainly the mystery of mysteries,
It has addresses we'd never find in all directories!
Each time I see the star-filled night sky,
It invites me to come over and fly!
It's a mysterious place haunted with alien ghosts,
I wish I was a guest to these ghost-hosts!
This vast sky peppered with stars
Is the finest gown of the word 'mystery' it garbs! !
-Mary Roshma

Mary Roshma

Teenage!

The age full of fun;
Joys and sorrows get balanced along the run!
We get deeper into friendship and friends,
To all kinds of limits we bring disastrous ends!

Emotions never leave us alone;
We understand life's beautiful tone!
Once it passes, it never returns,
It's best to enjoy it thoroughly before it burns!

It's a difficult phase, where, hard decisions we take,
We mould ourselves and new policies we make!
But still, immaturity shows up a bit;
Fights and quarrels occur keeping friendship fit!

As all the fun and laughter flows out,
In a deep ocean of merry a teen's spirit moves about!
The best phase of life is teenage,
In my book of sweet memories, it's an everlasting page! !

- Mary Roshma

Mary Roshma

The Power Of A Prayer!

It was the darkest day of my life,
The sorrow stabbed my heart like a knife.
I felt alone and far away from this world,
Into the deepest pits of sorrow I was whirled!

I felt being abandoned by my parents,
And that I was withdrawn of all my talents;
I was forsaken by my friends,
I was brought to life's hardest ends!

My only company was God; I didn't see Him but felt Him,
He has always lighted my times that were dim;
I spoke to Him through prayer
Because I knew He'd relieve me from the most complicated snare!

He indeed relieved me and I was back again,
From the deepest oceans, the depths of pain!
I understood my parents and my friends made a return,
There I understood that prayer was the strongest weapon!

Mary Roshma

Violence - Darkness

Violence - Darkness

Violence? I think I've heard this name,
You are the one who snatches away our fame;
Ours, the young with deep, hot, red blood!
You don't allow the sun to rise nor the night to fade away,
You occupy everything we think and everything we say!
You want us to follow none but you!
You think you are everything we know of,
You throw us in the dark even when we are as innocent as a calf!
You take away our light, because you hail in darkness;
Don't you know that it's only the light,
That shines into colours so fine and bright?
But don't you forget that it is in the Darkness that light shines,
With all its glorious and magnificent rays!
You may be successful in your deadly darkness these days,
But even a spark of light can kill all your darkness!
Don't dream much, as we are strong in our hope,
That you will soon be chased out of our hearts!
You don't realize you are always cumbersome to be carried around!
We have an immovable hope,
This is the only thing you can't destroy!
You can reign now but will soon be ruined!
I'm sure you'd find no place to sit
In our young minds, which will turn strong and fit.
You are glorious now; it's our darkest hour,
But yours is not long away or far!
People would soon forget you and your might,
The sun will lit up the day and the moon will lit up the night;
And we the young, who have targeted will lit up every dark moment!
You violence will be crushed and trampled under our feet;
If you ever dare to target at us anymore,
You would have to suffer a deadly death!
You cause so many deaths and if there has to be anymore,
It certainly has to be yours!
You better run away to a world you can never picture;
Never take an attempt to turn this way!
If only you tempt our minds anymore,
We'd see that there are no signs of you violence!

- Mary Roshma

Mary Roshma

Wear A Smile

You cannot be happy always
For sure, you will be distressed in many ways!
But that doesn't mean you should wear a frown on your face;
Be cheerful all the time, a smile says!
Even if you have the most dreadful mystery within,
Let it fly away to its hell awaitin'!
Never keep it locked in your heart's cage,
It would shake you tremendously with hot rage!
Calm it down with ice-cool cheers,
Never keep it hot, which would bring in tears!
Whatever it might be, wear a smile,
Never build up your worrying-pile!
When some hurts you, give `em a smile;
That would spread the joy even to a mile!
Let people find no sorrow time,
Even when they dig to the deepest of your mind-mine!
Keep your mind free of any harm,
When it returns, chase it off; it's an alarm!
So, wear a smile in your hardest time,
It's then that your solid life into free air, shall sublime! !

- Mary Roshma

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