

Poetry Series

Menkato Awomi
- poems -

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Menkato Awomi(12/09/1991)

An Institute Of Dream Maker

Down the busy and lovely city,
Stand the institute bound by educational power,
Lovely it stands; and not abandon up till abide.
The pupil aced themselves as long as they stay here;
Accomplish stand in every corner accordingly.
People adduce as the day passes by,
Says, institution is admirable.
Down the amid city it stands,
Called PCC formed in dignity.
Shapes in very ahoy ways;
The alto with every educational source,
Join, with every great courier;
All the alto work discursive as the day goes,
Never say or had a quite rest,
An institute of dream maker, they say!
Stand in amid city since 28th,
Never can change its ideal or its power.
The pupil with pukka in every sphere,
Will go long and long and never can be desiccated.

Down The Valley

Down the lovely and peaceful valley,
set a small and lovely hut surrounds with blooming flowers and trees,
The stars of Nocturnal at night twinkles and shine upon it,
The small fields and blooming garden around it,
Wonder who lives out there?
Believed there live an old couple,
The horse and cows of the ponderous cart,
Gaze in the paddocks under the day sun.
So beautifully they look when they gaze peacefully.
The small river under the wooden bridge,
That flows all the day passing through their lovely hut.
The place is charming with intrepid feelings,
Live with solace like the heavenly mansions.
Happy they are when they live all the days before their souls deliveres.
To almighty, the creature and creator

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Fairy Of The City

Up the city of a country,
Lived a girl whose beauty none can compare.
Angelic smile she holds! !
Her days with an eventful moments,
Cares for loved once, but exacerbate for others.
Lived in the city of a country,
No sign of grouse with anyone.
Spend her days guessing around,
Capable of sepy in every sphere, she does.
Had an impression of esteem.
Lived in city where her passions grow.
Had a humane heart for all she meets! !
Heart of pardon to every extend,
Angelic beauty she hold firmly,
Has Resplendent eyes,
Shone brighter as the days go by.
Up the city she lives,
Touched but kindness which will be startle forever.

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Helpless Tears

I see! ! ! Weeping eyes everywhere,
Somewhere, some how.
By, I see it; everyday, i see it! !
Smiles fades away, at a blink of an eye,
Keeping the eyes with full of mourn,
Killing a routine?
Well! ! I can say YES it is.
Blood for WEALTH A ROUTINE?
of course! ! As USUAL
BRIBE a daily pracrice?
Well! ! I can say WHO they are.
Is it POSSIBLE to end up this?
YES! ! With the join of many hands.
Is there a HOPE?
Of course YES.
Aye! ! People of YOUNG generation?
change the way you live now.
For even a harvest is done by many hands.
UNITY?
A word from the bottom of Weeping Heart.
Well! ! I can see a ray of HOPE.
Can You?

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Hope

A Ray of hope, wishes of sunshine.
Reasons of tears are less, reasons if happiness is vast
We insist to smile, promise to stay happier.
As far as you can go on asking, they prefer to stay happy.
Spreading the magic of happiness and love.
Why should we give incomplete.

A Ray of hope, wishes of sunshine.
Reasons for hatred is less, reasons of unity grows.
We wish to walk together, promise to re-unite.
For the Glory, we wish to work.
Spreading the magic of unity and love,
why should we give incomplete.

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I Don'T Want To Be But I Want To.

I don't want to but I want to be! ! !

I don't want slavery I want freedom.

I don't want analogy I want unique.

I don't want to quit I want to be an erudite man.

I don't want to get censure I want to be impeccable.

I don't want death I want endless.

I don't want to be covert I want itinerary.

I don't want opulence I want quietude.

I don't want to emulate I want my own destiny.

I don't want imbroglio I want to corroborate.

I don't want to look ghastly I want to be kind.

I don't want to be perpetual I want to be perennial.

I don't want an exit I want threshold.

All I don't want is to be queer.

All I want is to be prolific person.

All I don't want but I want!

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I Thought

I thought! ! !

I thought yesterday was final, but today gave me hope for better tomorrow.

I thought I am stuck, but life contains alternate.

I thought I am going attenuate, but hope kept me capable.

I thought I am going to be permanent, but life came as casual.

I thought life was fixed, but continuance was attached to it.

I thought life was like a peal, but learned that it raze.

I thought past was regretful but hope was eventual.

I thought life was waste but it gave me its significance.

I thought I am empty but I found a yolk inside me.

I decry thinking of my life but ability came mendicity and make me raise.

Then I thought of my life was created for something special.

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I Wonder

Life in amid state (Nagaland)

A hope of joy for everyone living out here,
Where money and wealth is its madness
Hard days and easy days life is miserable here,
Wonder, how people will survive in the days to come,
People still fighting for their lives.
A hope they want,
Mankind will stop abusing the nature props.
A hope for them,
If! Only we all could find sincerity,
It would be nice if! Only we could live as one.
When? When will the anger and hate be gone?
When will the fear minded get relaxed?
Neither can hear a word of peace, nor could see goods,
How? How will it survive?
Oh god! I tremble when I think,
The destruction everywhere.
Oh god! I wait for your golden rule,
Over these lives of amid state.
Once upon a time,
State was called to be a dove,
Now, often it change,
I wish that the leaders will bring a sign,
A better place for those who will come after us, in this time.

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If

If there was no yesterday, hope never lived.

If there was no mistakes, life remains callow.

If there was no poor, life would lose its meaning.

If there was no utopia, there is no itinerary.

If there was no criticize, there is no result.

If there was no risk, there is no fortitude.

If there is no knave, there is no honour.

If there is no hapless, life has no goal.

If there is no jeopardy, life is very common.

If there was no God, life was never there.

Each words are formed for a purpose.

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Lonely Girl

Sitting loney all the daylong always she,
Neither can hear her nor can see her smile,
Amazed around all the day long
Writes always Amatory,
Cannot understand what she meant.
A lady who lives in gentle city,
Who deserves a cornet wear,
Beautiful she is, and non can compare,
Always had a small warship alone,
Neither can hear her nor can see her smile.
A beauty inspired by a beauty she is,
Never need a superficial work,
Always alone, never say a word.
Neither can hear her nor can see her smile.

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Oh Mother

My Loving mother, my Mother's day has come.

Waited for long, but have reached now.

Most happiest day to see my mother.

Oh My loving, Love so huge.

Even if i go searching, never will i get one like you.

No fear No Voice of Tender care,

The mighty words remains.

The love of yours and care is so real.

Whatever come, whatever goes.

It is so real.

When i think about your Love, oh mother, it goes beyond.

Your prayer with me, even when i am far.

Day and Night you've wept for me.

Oh! ! Mother its only you.

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One Destiny

Peace is seen nowhere,
Oh! Naga people
we are brothers and sisters from beginning;
We have on destiny,
Though our forefathers may have done violence,
But, now we know forgiveness.
As Christ accepts us as one, he won't choose!
We've a family, a true bond,
where is our Unity! For a proverb never goes wrong,
Of course! We have different cultures;
But, in the body of Christ we are one.
We are his image shape by his design,
where is our humanity?
For the end will not be according to us.
End Tribalism, end blood sucking,
for we are just a traveller on Earth.
Let's hope and rise together;
why hatred? Why killings? Why jealousy?
Let's share today for the betterment of tomorrow,
For we may end in violence,
But, our generation will face the suffering we create.
Why boast?
For our boss is above, let us walk in his will,
Let's end hatred;
So that our deep love behind it, take its place.
Let's end cruelty;
So that something beautiful takes its place.
Let's join our hands together for Christ sake;
And find worth living with him

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One Winter

In a silent night one winter,

When all the earth was quite asleep.

The sound of a crying baby enters the Heaven,

The Angel sang as the sound of Triumph.

Star brighten down the shades where he lay,

All Angel proclaimed Christ is born; yes he is.

He came to save the world,

He came to serve the world,

As the Prophet said long ago.

A king had come, the world is full of joy.

The son of a man came to save the world.

Shout out with joy since He's born one winter.

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Prerogative

Life depends surmises.

What drives the star without making a sound? why don't the crush when they spin around?

What holds me up when the world's upside down?

Who tells the ocean where to stop on the sand?

What keeps the water back from drowning the land?

Who make these rules?

Who shows the bird how to make a good nest?

How can they fly so far without a rest?

Why do bird go south and not west?

Who tell them all these?

What makes a seed so tiny and dry?

How do they burst into green and grow up so high?

How does a spring make a brook? and

How do a brook make a stream?

Who puts salt into water when it gets into the sea?

Who fiat all these?

Queer.

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Single Piece Of Bullet

Bullet! ! ! a small missile,

A fire of single from a gun,

Behind it many lose their near and dear ones.

Brings destructions the time it goes out.

Soldiers uses it for the service for the nation;

but, why others?

Society can exist without a bullet.

Bullet a commotion,

oh people feel it pain when you use it.

Minors losses their future,

why don't you let it be where it was?

No future deals with bullet?

Protect life for it costs worth.

Sound of tears all corners,

Stop it! ! !

For every fall of a tear turns a scary curse.

Make the way for peace.

For universe starts with peace,

Happiness can be found without a single bullet.

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Why

Why? Destruction and violence all around?
Why? There is blab of blood every corner?
Why? No man exit safely through this?
Why? Hope of living is lost, all around?
Why? Marching of soldiers all the time?
Why? Sounds of weeping with marked tears all day?
Why? Every time a myriad of soldiers is killed?
Why? Stop this! ! Stop this! ! Says the broken heart of people.
Why? Sudden destructions of war occur?
Why? Is there no space for reconciliation?
Why? Human lost their way of living and existence?
Why? No obligation moves around?
Why? Run after blood? Although it comes as one.
Why? Oblivious sound every where?
Why? Is there no free space for smiles and laughs?
Why? Why? A call for pardon should exist! ! !
Why? No men surrender its scary willingness today?
A hope for the nation can come out only if our leaders come forward together,
joining hand to hand and show up two fingers gesture.

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Wonderful Gift

When I was a child,

You brought me up gently,

You taught me the roads and all lessons of life;

From my childhood till now I can feel your gentle care.

You would hold my hands and walk,

When I am tired on my ways.

Now, when I recall my days, I can see your smiles;

I cannot forget those smiles.

Voice came floating in my ears,

Sweet gentle words of care,

Then years have gone! ! !

I hear stories from you,

Which I adore till now,

When lightning and thunder grumble,

You would fill me with your strong arms,

When I cry for my needs; you fight the world.

Lord! ! help me to walk on their footsteps,
As they want to be like you and live each day,

Making each day a living sacrifice for me.

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