

Poetry Series

**Mohit Sharma**  
**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**  
2015

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

## Mohit Sharma(06-06-1985)

Being and feeling unbound itself gives you enough thrust that you can fly without wings in a sky of your own sprouted but passionate dreams...' Though I possess subtle desires but still i am passionate enough to fulfill each. Life for me is a beautiful journey full of unexplored moments and to explore the same i will love to live until death and can die to live even a single one, and thus its a beginning.

## ...Is Missing?

In all the misery, in all the pain  
Beneath each cloud that roared without rain

Within all the virtues, among all the deeds  
In those uncanny demand, within every need

Within all the gestures, within all the smiles  
On a journey of life that abruptly turned into miles,

Something was there that left behind unseen  
Into that blind darkness, where rays of truth has never ever been

It seems that something is left somehow missing  
Around the civilization, somewhere within

Although mankind exist, but humanity seems missing  
So what those bodies respire, but 'life' is something that remained missing within

Sympathy is there, helping hands are missing  
Thoughts grown and piled up, actions still stands missing

Nightmares haunts, day dreaming is missing  
Materialism flaunts, realness is missing

For some food is there, hunger is missing  
For many hunger is there, food is missing

Faith is there, devotion is missing  
Isolation is all around, still 'Peace' is missing

Eyes filled with dreams, passion is missing  
Love is tentative, compassion is missing

Canvas is there, colors are missing  
Surrounding infused with noise, music is missing

"Expressions crave to spur out loud, but they broke as words are missing  
Maybe I subsist somewhere amid mob, but in front of the mirror I found myself  
missing"

Mohit Sharma

# A Boring Meeting!

I am sitting  
with an empty mind  
it seems here,  
nobody is enough kind.

Although they may have  
some informative rockets,  
but I still prefer to sit amid  
keeping my both hands in pocket.

Like me, all are trying to catch  
those endless speeches,  
Suddenly I realized, we all  
certainly belongs to a same species.

Nobody is interested for sure,  
Thus somehow trying to resist  
In order to absorb and digest,  
the insoluble and volatile day's gist.

In this jungle of knowledge  
those approximate lions are roaring,  
and I am like a fearless rat  
feeling sluggish and boring...

-unbound

Mohit Sharma

# A Broken Dream...

Holding firmly the breath, it seems  
Someone, somewhere, somehow lost his naive dream

That silence broken into a mournful shout,  
When that dream turned numb, before it tend to sprout

Neither anyone cried nor even felt sad,  
Living deserted, those emotions around appears dead

Eyes betrayed that shy and innocent tear  
By throwing it out, inspite of that unknown fear

Smile veiled that emotion standing almost undress,  
Nerves paining high, outburst hard to suppress

Silence hindered slowly as the heartbeat is going loud,  
Feeling himself lonely, even within the crowd

Echo within the ears almost went uncontrolled,  
When his innerself remain speechless and stood amid unfold

It says, "Every time a dream broke on earth, someone left dry  
Equally a star falls and lost upon, from that dusky and thoughtful sky"

-unbound mohit

Mohit Sharma

## A Dusky Girl...

On her lips, she always carries  
A joyful gesture, a curvy thing  
She speaks less, listen more  
And veil, a lot more things within

A dusky girl with her eyes awake,  
Looks more real and less fake,  
Sometime lost, well it is true  
Looks as if, she won't have a clue

Girls flaunts their beauty,  
She flaunts her innocence  
Girls seeks for sense of humor  
She presents her humorous sense.

A nice human being  
A friend so worthy,  
A humble girl, who is  
less sensitive and more sturdy.

-unboundmohit

Mohit Sharma

# A Friend In Need...

It was summers,  
When we met  
The time's mould was right,  
Within which our bond could set

It happens quite often,  
Mostly at an unknown place  
When you meet someone at first  
And thus lend your introvert space.

So was happened to me that day  
When you asked me for a favour  
The time was high to sprout our friendship  
Looks like certainly, we'd find a lost flavor

Maybe those ideas,  
Or our transparent minds  
Could let incubate a new relation  
Within our relations pre-defined

Our friendship hailed through  
Letting those sealed hearts, to burn  
It was due to the fact, as if  
Our hearts was left freed, to churn

Within all the truth,  
Among all the lies  
Our friendship stand unbiased  
Unhindered, it flies

May our friendship travel  
across the road where life exist.  
An effortless relation is one,  
that portray true friendship's gist.

This is what I've often heard,  
'A friend in need is a friend indeed'  
Also along, I often think that  
'A friendship in greed, makes its sustainability pleads'.

-unboundmohit ©

Mohit Sharma

# A Hell In Making!

Yet again,  
I've fallen apart  
Crumbled down,  
Like a ruined art

Standing somehow,  
With those scars I've earn  
Offended by humans,  
Now its Nature's turn

My peace is now silent,  
Making not a single noise  
My dreams stand soaked,  
I am losing my poise

All remains is now,  
Screaming dreadful alleys  
Nothing left in me,  
Except that flooded Valley

Days were gone,  
When my magnificence flaunts  
I've been occupied now,  
With dispersing terror that haunts

They often let me down,  
I always lived an unseen curse  
Never unfolded I do exist,  
Like an unending and untold verse

I've lost enough,  
Had gained nothing  
My beauty paid often  
Being unfair within

That dignity is unsound,  
It has never been shaped  
My innocence was mute,  
And is often being raped

Where do I exist?  
Clueless, my existence is shaking  
I shall be named what?  
Heaven still or a Hell in making?

~Dedicated to 'Kashmir', Once upon a time a place called 'Heaven'

Mohit Sharma

# A Pair Made In Heaven

They lived so far, somewhere unknown  
Into their lonely and desperate mould,

Unaware of their lives ahead, unsown  
Unheard is their love, unseen amid untold

Might be those winds have touched both together,  
Maybe that sky has seen apart them, as one.

But no one from both, has ever felt each other  
Till that heavenly moment, since they become one.

They saw each other, they rose in love  
Thus, they got tied into a relation

They seems to be blessed from above,  
As both now folded into, an beautiful obligation

For those love birds, one plus one is always eleven  
Others use to say for them, this is 'A pair made in heaven'

-unboundmohit ©

Mohit Sharma

# A Priceless Relation

Time flew soon, since  
Our happiness was once unfurled  
Like a blessing in disguise, when  
She was born & completed our world

The images on family's canvas  
Although drawn, still looks imperfect  
Until with her subtle gestures, she filled  
Her colors of love, into the act

She is Father's lifeline,  
An extension of mother,  
Unbiased care for siblings,  
A head held high for others

Blessed are those,  
Who own a Girl Child  
As she is the one who define,  
The true sense of love, being mild

Like a wind, she sail emotions  
Bridging psyche gaps, is her ability  
She's a true asset in making  
And not at all an undue liability

As she started growing  
A thought left us terrified  
She will leave all of us, one day  
To embody others & get occupied

Like a riddle, it looks to me  
Maybe a part of God's conspiracy  
She is born & brought-up by us  
Then why is she left for others to oversee?

A fact remains a fact,  
But another fact exist as well  
She will keep on spreading love elsewhere  
Into her new life, after her farewell.

-unbound ©

Dedicated to the Sisterhood

Mohit Sharma

# A Tale Of 9/11

The day was quiet,  
those winds were composed.  
The hatred was irrational,  
to which mankind exposed.

Sprouts of abnormal vengeance  
ended into the ruins of abhorrence.  
When few inhuman assailed,  
the humanity's innocence.

Chaos aroused,  
abnormal panic discharged in a while.  
When 'twin towers' after being stricken,  
turned into a debris pile.

Clouds of disgust exploded,  
hell from above shower.  
Onto an ambitious country of the globe,  
well known for being 'Super Power'.

The day turned dusk before time,  
noise moved in and shout broked.  
When lives forced to fit death's mould  
in the form of cold ruins, blood soaked.

But heroes turned on again  
to save lives of many,  
and slapped the plotter's face,  
to unveil amid and proved it uncanny.

The country rose tall again,  
from it's ugly state of catastrophe.  
Showed world her ability to cope up,  
even from that worst malady.

May those who've fallen short and died,  
rest in peace and lead to heaven.  
On that day of curse to mankind,  
i.e., the black date of nine-eleven...(9/11)

Mohit Sharma

# Acid Rain!

Her father's princess,  
innocent she is  
before turning numb  
letting her innerself freeze

The morning went to dusk  
soon for her, that day  
when she stepped out to move,  
to be an unfortunate prey

Dark clouds of hatred,  
aroused few manly insane  
who on being refused by her,  
attacked her with the 'Acid rain'

A mere 'No' is what,  
She finally paid for  
For the rest of her life, she left  
resisted to regain, her lost adore

Her blue eyes now,  
doesn't hold any vision  
filled with those desperate tears  
due to an obvious reason

Within a blink of an eye  
she lost everything, she possess  
though fighting within  
to get back her social access

'Grow up' is the term  
for all, who still conceive  
that love respect is something  
which can forcibly, be achieved

Neither a law, nor a nation  
can stop such brutality,  
Only a self-awaken reform  
can change that stubborn & impaired mentality.

-unboundmohit ©

Mohit Sharma

# Am I Alive?

On a confused morning, I woke up in a hurry,  
Maybe it was a hangover of that nightmare that sets me on a flurry.  
I saw myself struggling for a laugh or even for a smile,  
My artificial happiness is due to materialism that is standing tall on an undue  
debt pile.

I saw myself struggling to lend my care to a needy.  
I doubt whether am I slowly turning to be an enduring greedy.  
Never forgot to check my virtual social status and conversation,  
Something fake exists for sure, which on me is gaining the domination.

In that blind race, I am nothing but a baffled desperate mind  
Don't know what to achieve still walking in a direction undefined.  
Couldn't recollect the last time when I saw those blinking stars in the sky.  
Those days of childhood were good, when I could set my imagination to fly.

I am sharing my innermost appalling to all, unconditionally and maybe free,  
Don't have enough time to share, the moments of my unforeseen glee.  
Being miser as an appreciator, I am blindly enjoying my role as a critic,  
Not able to listen to that true inner voice, as something went wrong to my  
psyche acoustic.

Turning numb towards the feeling of love so as with its perusal,  
It's even becoming bulky for me to differentiate amid the fake and real.  
Afraid of loosing my phony identity within that virtual world of mine,  
Not able to justify my existence yet living with a hope for my darker side to  
shine.

My happiness is crying for being lost upon, even in the shape of small packets.  
Don't know for what I am waiting, thus to break my life's own claustrophobic  
brackets.

My body is working fine and so is my brain,  
Yet feeling frozen and suffering from an unidentified pain.

I am slowly breaking the hangover to let myself overcome that strife,  
It was not a nightmare but a harsh reflectance of my own day to day life.  
I am carrying myself knowingly to nowhere with a hope to get thrive,  
Lost myself again somewhere, leaving an unrequited question that "Am I alive...?"  
"

-unboundmohit

Mohit Sharma

# Beginning Begins!

&quot;Into a baby's shout,  
Onto a flower's sprout  
Into a field, seed sown  
Through a sunray, first grown  
After a child being adopted,  
Once a noble leader being opted  
Within a democratic nation,  
Into an anti-hatred revolution  
Within the right to education,  
Among some words of motivation  
Behind an effortless humanity,  
Within thy world's prosperity  
Into a strong will to 'change',  
those profane odds, that seems so strange&quot;

Is when a happiness fly,  
deprived of faltering wings.  
These are the moments where,  
a desperate new beginning, begins...

-unboundmohit ©

Mohit Sharma



but not your discriminative minds,  
so what I am colour but for humanity's sake  
its better to be a colourblind.

Mohit Sharma

# Discriminated Hate!

'You better  
equally hate,  
but do not  
discriminate,  
You never  
know  
your fate,  
that can lead  
you into a  
state,  
Where life  
won't  
hesitate,  
to let you  
apart and  
make you forever  
wait,  
In your own  
world of  
hate,  
you found  
yourself  
alone,  
and your  
mingled psyche  
separate.  
So, it's better  
to love  
And not  
to hate.  
'Coz we all  
are equal,  
who possess  
unique trait,  
as we all  
are no one,  
but God's  
own innate'.

-unboundmohit ©

Mohit Sharma

# God Only Knows!

The day was black,  
When that cloud got burst  
Not to nurture humans  
But to quench God's own thirst

A wave arouse from nowhere  
Washed away everything,  
It seems as if it's nothing, but  
A mournful end of a desperate beginning

That wave last for few hours  
But, ensuing ruins will last forever  
Where numb lives are pleading amidst  
Lying together, being attended never

Missing identities narrating devastation  
The valley echoed with cry.  
Chaos dispersed all around  
Waiting amid, for the wave to dry

Massacre shattered the temple through,  
But that deity able to resist  
So what, worship lost for a while  
Thy faith around still exists.

Into the God's valley, nothing left  
Except a blurred ray to show,  
The path of mankind rehabilitation  
Somewhere someday, God only knows!

Mohit Sharma

# Golden Days...

Dedicated to a special stage of life called 'Childhood'

'A recurrent dream broken,

I got awake,

felt disquiet,

figuring difference amid real and fake.

that dream was nothing

but the reflectance of those days,

when worries hold no meaning,

where happiness always embrace.

when thoughts were unbiased,

imaginations were real,

even those ideas were pure

and the virtues ideal.

when winning and losing are

synonymous of smile and tear,

when life carries everything,

except hatred and fear.

neither religion was important  
nor thy caste or creed,  
when notions blew from heart  
as liberated minds remain freed.

where competing with friends  
was just a part of game,  
even on being seriously hurt while playing,  
nobody ought to blame.

where winning even peanuts  
equals conquering the earth,  
where neither 'me' nor 'you'  
but the word 'we' holds the worth.

where innocence and stubbornness  
both plays within a common veil,  
no matter whatever the condition is,  
where truth always prevail.

when smiles were chased  
as the flower by the bugs,  
when life of the sorrow persist  
until the mother hugs.

now how much I miss them  
remain amid unmeasured,  
all I've left with is  
some bunch of moments, treasured.

still wondering how, when  
and what to pay...?  
in order to relive back and grow up,  
with those true Golden Days...'

-unboundmohit ©

Mohit Sharma

# Heartache

'Senses go insane  
When you lost more,  
have nothing to gain.  
A sore feeling arouse within  
it freeze the nerve,  
hold back the grin.  
Those tears laugh,  
smile cries  
Pain grew and  
a gesture dies  
Blood rush fast  
in out through the heart  
still both heart and brain,  
ought to stand apart.

It often happens,  
people follow your happiness  
and left you soon,  
when the same is less  
Likewise other body organs  
also betray, being more prone  
letting thy painful heart,  
to isolate and stand alone.  
The breath goes heavy,  
air felt dry  
whenever a lone heart in pain,  
desperately cry'

-unboundmohit ©

Mohit Sharma

# Helpless...

So what I can soothe you, I can't feel your pain

Maybe, I can quench your thirst but cannot be your rain.

So what I am with you, I can't comprehend your isolation

Maybe I can cherish you for a while, but can't avoid your stubborn frustration.

So what I'd guide your ways, but couldn't destroy those hurdles

Maybe my thoughts had fed you, but cannot unwrap your own thoughtful bundles.

So what I can make you smile, but can't eradicate the barrier to your happiness

Maybe I can improve your future, but couldn't convince upon your past to confess.

So what I can tap your head, but can't pour sleep into your eyes

Explored your inner self many times, yet struggling to unfold those feelings in disguise.

So what I can walk along, but never bring across your lost destiny

Maybe I am there to wipe your tears, but couldn't absorb your dusky agony.

So what I can make you visit to mosque, it's tough to sprout the seeds of faith

Maybe I can spur my love on you; still it's not easy to extract love, out of your hate

So what I say 'Good Night' daily, but can't turn your nightmares into sweet dreams

Maybe I can reduce that noise around you, but couldn't suppress your own conscience scream.

Searching altogether desperately for you, within you

Eagerly waiting amidst for your dark clouds, to turn blue

You are trying hard to hide your emotions that are standing undress,

and I am struggling to incubate new hopes in you, being almost helpless...

-unbound mohit (c)

Mohit Sharma

# Helplessness Is A Situation

Helplessness is a situation, where...

A farmer watching his crop  
Washing away and melting again  
Under an unexpected  
non conventional monsoon rain

A mother crying and waiting,  
holding her heart being shredded  
Over her soldier son's body,  
returned from border beheaded

A hungry poor standing  
on the pavement of a bakery,  
With a hope of getting a bread slice,  
without being fallen into mockery

A lover being beaten  
and forced to witness,  
her girl being raped and killed,  
leaving behind the unending distress

A woman found the fact,  
She is not competent to conceive  
Living with a confused hope amid,  
Whether can she sprout? Yet difficult to perceive

A doctor tried hard  
To save his own daughter's life  
Yet couldn't succeed,  
landing his heart and mind into a confused strife

Helplessness is a situation;  
it's a part of our own very lives.  
Don't you ever confuse it with a troubled mind state,  
As it is far more to realize, from those who really strives.

-unboundmohit ©



# I'LI Be Back One Day

This is a poetic plea of a boyfriend who is on his way to God's house leaving behind his cold body, to her girlfriend for not able to see her face for the last time. The girl waited for him for a long and turned back angrily without even knowing that his boy has just died in an road accident, while he was on his way to meet her...may be for the last time.

'Yet another day fades down in a dusky way,

I am still speechless, I don't know what to say.

I am walking on a path that seems so dry,

though feeling like a numb but will not going to cry.

this endless path is taking me along in such a way,

wondering if I could be back to you on any day.

forgive me love and please don't cry,

may be in any form but I'll be back one day...

Neither feel alone nor feel betrayed,

don't look towards that road, as those footprints will going to fade.

I'll shower myself on you whenever those clouds goes blue,

just feel my inevitable presence, I am always with you.

may be you can't see me, even with your vision's deep,

but I'll appear as a naive dream, whenever you'll going to sleep.

those days were golden, when we got paired,

I'll try to fulfill those promises and dreams, that together we've shared.

my death is not an end, I'll prove it one day,

may be in the form of air you respire, but I'll be back to you one day...'

-unboundmohit (c)

Mohit Sharma

# Into A Wrong Mould

I took birth normally  
In this world of hate,  
Neither I know about myself  
Nor no-one knows my fate

Time passed on,  
I started growing  
Like other normal children  
My dreams too started flowing

My world was moving fine  
Until I know my real role  
I look different than my actions  
As my body is unjustified to my soul

My choices are different,  
So are my thoughts & deed  
But I should be treated as human  
That's what my heart always plead

In this so natural world,  
Unnatural is my existence  
I too want to live free  
Justifying the worth of my presence

Do not deny my identity  
Nor seek my being into veil  
Accept me, as the way I am  
Avoid causing a social fail

Don't treat me as odd,  
I too want my life to unfold  
It's not my fault, if god has  
Casted me into a wrong mould

-unbound ©

Mohit Sharma

# Leaving Home

To begin a beginning,  
desperately new  
I've answered many,  
but still looks few

A quest to stand,  
apart so tall,  
I've strived through  
to resist my fall

To justify my being,  
To honor my existence  
I've lived my dreams through,  
those now appear persistent

To search myself onto,  
that unmapped introvert road  
I've started to disburden,  
my life's own orthodox loads

With a hope to blink,  
someday somewhere  
I am leaving home,  
to engross that dare

Maybe someday,  
I shall find me  
Onto my innerself's diversion,  
my thoughts where, can left to flee

... forever!

-unboundmohit©

Mohit Sharma

## 'Let Me Live, I Don'T Wanna Die...' (A Common Men's Plea To This World, Full Of Sarcasm)

'Maybe i am afraid

but couldn't recognize those fears,

don't know why I often start my day

with those erratic and invisible tears.

though sprouted,

but my dreams are big and aims high,

but before I about to quit...

I convince myself to give, at least a try.

But these winds of hatred are harsh,

they often blow dry,

it seems no one around wants me,

to touch my thoughtful sky.

I feel blue and i feel like cry,

but why should I always beg around, saying...

'let me live, i don't wanna die'

So what, I don't have wings,

I don't know how to fly,

still my inevitable being bears the courage

to stand part and justified.

I know the race is long

and those hurdles high,

but I believe in myself,

though its tough to imply.

Its all about keep moving

and not to stand by,

even this nature teach me to live,

then why shouldn't, I

I hope you understand life,

'coz it's not about 'You', it's not about 'I'

It's for the whole mankind,

who pleads each day with tearless eyes.

It's about cherishing life

and happiness to comply,

It's about letting lived

and not being died...'

-unboundmohit (c)

Mohit Sharma

# Life Within A Life!

Neither a myth nor a lie,  
A human within a human is where,  
The God's magical impression imply

How does it start, where does it end  
Let there those organs accumulate,  
Within thy mother's body, together it forms n mend

Heart comes first, like a dot beating high  
That's how the life begun,  
Into a life, apparently comply.

Within it sprout, within it grew  
the life evolved beautifully,  
By the God's brush, when he ought to drew

The life being finally, forcefully expel  
out from that life bearer's pain,  
As if a pearl forcing desperately out, from a tender shell

Life within a life,  
Is like a magical journey together.  
Where one life travels, being driven by another

-unboundmohit ©

Mohit Sharma

## Lost Within...

A bit separate, but close we are  
Stayed away, still not so far  
Laugh alone, even cried hard  
Being desperate, we stood apart

Some thought we've fallen,  
Into a love of first sight  
We told, we raised either,  
Once when our heart, knocked from right

A dream to spare,  
A gesture to share  
Together with you, I can relive  
My stubborn moments of despair

Thus the moment is caught when we,  
Met lastly on a fine day  
To begin our soulful journey amid,  
To end that despairing delay

Our affectionate souls are melting  
Into the warmth of ecstasy  
My breath rhyming with yours  
Heart beats merging within, being Poesy

Drowning deep within you,  
I am searching down the lost me  
So desperate to pluck the love fruit,  
From our new life's naïve tree

On an unknown road unseen  
I am moving away, deep into blue  
I am sure about, being least afraid  
As my destination is with me, that's you.

Emotions spurring amidst  
Our introvert gaps are turning thin  
Don't know how, when and where  
Certainly into each other, we've lost within!

Mohit Sharma

# Mother...

People talk of god, it may seem true  
But I haven't seen him, even within that nature's hue

When I woke up in this world, which was full of blue  
I saw my own god there...oh 'Mother' it's you.

You passed sleepless nights, to ensure my silent sleep  
You took colossal pains for me, and does not ever weep.

You teach me how to walk, in this world full of snag  
And turned a human out of me, even within that pessimistic drag

I am not worried like others, to meet that invisible god,  
As I'd already met you, while my life's pendulum nod.

Now it's fairly impossible for me, to derive your existence's worth  
thus I pray to that invisible for you, to be my mother even upon my rebirth.

Love you mom...

Mohit Sharma

# My Defy To Me!

A dusky boy, who holds middling, looks  
For his unlike thoughts, he appears to be a crook.

Sky is the limit, he'd never determined  
Till he crossed one, to instigate his unorthodox crime.

People thought, he is good for nothing  
And so would he, till he met himself within.

One night suddenly, he got to see the sky  
What he saw is a bunch of stars, shining arrogantly high.

He got inspired with one of that brightest star,  
Silently hanging alone, away from that bunch so far.

By his actions and thoughts, he managed to stand apart  
From the mob who affirm his deeds, to be a criminal's art.

Thus, He kept on walking alone, on a road self made  
And never allowed his dream prints, to get blurred and fade.

In spite of confession, he continues to commit his misdeed  
To justify his passions amid, to do what all his desperate life need.

An introvert by expression, he rules his imaginative and thoughtful throne  
He is not into following those stubborn rules, but believes in creating his own.

He defies himself through, holding his nerves to blow and fall  
To hold, grow and prove, his own unorthodox ways to be a rebel

Before someone could conspire and let him impound,  
He raised himself up from worldly ruins, to be an unbound.

Mohit Sharma

## Not For Me...

'In the midst of this world, where the others thrive  
I kept on walking alone as a part of my own strives.

Though pricey but often it sold for free,  
Maybe I am overlooked as that happiness doesn't make me glee

My beginnings were fragile, so would be my end  
Why those veiled pains of mine couldn't allowed to be mend

The flamboyant mankind nurtured almost in a form of tree,  
Maybe I'd secluded out as the same is not for me

Those gestures look good when someone falls in love,  
So what you love someone but what matters most is you being loved

Even I wants to be loved atleast to escape that flee,  
As only able being adored thus the same is not for me

The desperate journey of mine seems so long, maybe I'll manage  
To justify my own virtues within that haunted disable cage

All I want now is, neither being discriminated nor thy sympathy,  
So what I am disabled but my thoughts n dreams remains free  
I want to be with everyone and envisage everyone's with me..."

Mohit Sharma

# Road To Nowhere...An Autobiography Of A Terrorist.

On a pile of debts I took a premature birth,  
They left me soon and gone somewhere far from this earth,  
I grew up alone in that shady alley with less than ordinary worth.

On a verge of this globe that is full of hatred,  
My soaring dreams hatched with that utmost urge to get fade,  
Within the hands of many, my existence often got preyed.

On the streets of my childhood, I began learning in misery  
They offered me haunted teachings, full of unknown faith free  
And roots of my notion began to flourish, to hold my chaotic hatred tree.

And the day came when I first met with those innocent eyes,  
Emotions erupted and expressed within that moment disguise,  
Those days were astonishing, when with no wings I can dare to fly.

Amid the beginning and end, it was end who dominate  
My love deceived me and lost abruptly in dark to get fade,  
At last I've left with the word 'Love' as a synonym of 'Hate'.

My life's road was long and destination undefined,  
Those chilly nights were cruel and my dusky days blind,  
Into me when they incubated seeds of 'Jihad', the divine.

They tortured me up till those limits, where humanity ought to fade  
To train me how to liberate terror for which I suppose to get paid,  
It was the moment I first realized that, "Devils are not born they are made".

On that untoward dusky evening, amidst a crowded track,  
I killed myself through, with thousand others in a suicide attack  
On that road to God's place, the mournful soul of mine never looked back.

I always desired to set myself free but not at all in this way,  
Where my soul left with guilt and debt of those innocent lives to pay,  
"The true meaning of Jihad is within your innerself", is what thy holy Quran say.

Now those blood soaked cold ruins of mine are lying here and there,  
With that obvious guilt, agony, insolence and abysmal care,  
Thus, my life concluded in the midst of that deserted road to nowhere...

-unbound mohit

Mohit Sharma

# Speechless

'When I couldn't see you,  
my world goes blue  
a silent sound is all I hear  
within that dusk, that's true.

I wonder sometime,  
if I could ever complete you,  
As somewhere deep within me,  
your picture lying undrew.

You promised to be mine  
till that last breath,  
Still, you faded away in this way  
for me, its like adopting a living death.

My eyes looked for you  
within those haunting spaces,  
At last I found none,  
except those dreadful faces.

I remember those words  
which were your last,  
Want to relive our memoirs again  
before the same stands past.

Within that abnormal silence,  
I am tracing your laughing echo  
Although my winds of patience gone dry,  
still sometimes, somehow they dares to blow.

Now my soul is burning  
and emotion stands undress  
falling short of words amidst,  
thus turning numb and speechless...

-unboundmohit (c)

Mohit Sharma

## Suicide Note...

Neither he was afraid of being diluted, nor was he a shy  
Amid his desperate space of words, his untainted imaginations tend to fly.

He was good at literature, but no-one tried to determine  
Before he gets rid of that prejudice shadows, his thoughts lost the shine.

He do not like his studies, neither able to handle its pressure,  
Every time he score less, he justify himself with his owing literary treasure.

But the people around wants him to swim, against his own thoughtful flow  
And that unseen competitive stress around him, urging his naïve mind to blow.

He only loved his ragged notebook and nothing else ever amused him to thrill,  
He dreamt of being a 'Poet', with his more than ordinary and unorthodox writing  
skills.

A part of world around him was deaf and a part of it is blind,  
As neither they able to hear his music of words, nor his works being able to get a  
'find'

He managed to sail his literary ocean, with the help of his imaginative oar's  
thrust  
But he was always criticized and let separated, with that undue and abnormal  
disgust.

He sometimes felt lost but not at all defeated,  
Mostly his stubborn thoughts found to stand naked and emotionally untreated.

That conditional gap to fill was wide, but for others it appears to be thin  
For him, it's almost like separating himself from his confused and restless  
innerself within.

Pressure to prove himself started building into his shriveled nerves and brain,  
But he somehow convinced himself not to give up and not let out his thoughts to  
drain.

Thus, one day he decided to capture them all on a clean piece of paper  
But the traumatic fear of ensuing failure, couldn't allow his thoughts to let spur.

That evening was dreadfully silent, with no signs of any air breeze  
and his face looks confusingly steady, as if he'll going to let himself freeze.

&quot;Leave me alone...&quot; is finally something, what he helplessly able to  
wrote

On the half torn, last page of his poetry notebook, as a noiseless Suicide Note!

-unbound mohit

Mohit Sharma

# That's All I Need ...!

We born similar as human being  
Amid this world, being desperately keen

Some blamed for color, some for owing distortion  
Some hated parent's status, due to their own mental abortion

Some looking for opulence, some demanding even more  
Some struggling to die, as that pain is unable to endure

Some looks stubborn being almost hypocritical  
Some are fighting blindly for issues that seems so illogical

Some went inhuman, busy negotiating the cost of an innocent life  
Some are sleeping calmly as if that country is out of any strife

Some are busy in converting a religion into a religion  
While rest of them are into creating gaps and divisions

Those clouds of disgust look dark but can be separated  
Similarly the mankind looks diseased but can be inoculated

Try to be human, leave beside that abnormal greed  
Make this world a better place to live, that's what all I need.

-unboundmohit

Mohit Sharma

# The Life!

Life is beautiful, how to know  
Let's see here, what makes it so...  
&quot;The moments we relish,  
The gestures we cherish  
The thoughts we create,  
The happiness we liberate  
The help we extend,  
The relations we mend  
The smiles so seen,  
The tears we clean  
The mercy we show,  
The care we throw  
The more we give,  
The enemies we forgive  
The less we expect,  
The innocence we attract  
The commitments we pursue,  
The ego we sue  
The devotion we put in,  
The morality we bring in  
The real we represent,  
The fake being absent  
The liberty we feel,  
The hatred we seal  
The pain we undergo,  
The joy we overflow  
The more we giggle,  
The less we cripple  
The love we spread  
The bonding we thread  
The character we behave  
The lives we save&quot;  
-unbound ©

Mohit Sharma

# Till I Die

'Heard this quite often but never ever tried,

'life is too short, just go n live it high.'

almost fallible that urged to be rectified,

wish to live life being unlike, till I die...

imagination to be freed, ideas to let fly,

dreams to be ignited and passions to diversify.

egos to stand buried, sorrows to be dried,

wish to quench life's thirst wholly, till I die...

the past has gone, the future stands fade

on the canvas of life, my existence is yet to be laid.

goals to be achieved even before that last try,

wish to comprehend life's gist once, till I die...

the unknown fear of mine needs to be cured,

want to play my music once, to listen that 'galore roar'

wants to cultivate my literary sprouts,  
before those clouds of thought gone dry,  
  
wish to relive those childhood dreams again,  
...before I finally shut my eyes.'

-unboundmohit (c)

Mohit Sharma

# Unfortunate Prey

Away from the mob,  
away from protest.  
A girl is fighting for,  
her unseen life's quest.

What was her mistake?  
what gone wrong?  
Now, this question echoes amid,  
all over since long.

Something is happened to her,  
which is beyond the scope of brutality.  
Yet again ashamed,  
as if humanity has lost its so called morality.

No one could comprehend,  
No one could hear.  
The extent of pain and noise  
The girl had to live with and bear.

But she is strong indeed,  
she has fought alone so far.  
Into that dusky sky of hope,  
She is shining high, being a shooting star.

Is it always required for them?  
to wait for a brutality to happen.  
Before they react and peek into,  
their dusty and dormant innerself within.

May her strength and courage sustain,  
to fight for a cause, being an unfortunate prey.  
May she return to her own world soon,  
That's all I can pray.

-unboundmohit ©

Mohit Sharma

# Unknown...

Who you are who walks along  
Who you are, to whom you belong.

In the rain, in the pain  
In the losses, in the gain

In the rise in the fall  
You remain unafraid, standing amid tall

You make me scared sometimes into my dreadful isolation  
And soothe my defeat also, bestowing courageous motivation

Sometimes you go unheard and sometimes I leave you indifferent  
Maybe due to that noise of greed and my phony existence recurrent

You live somewhere near heart and far from this biased brain  
You sprout those thoughts within and curbs to let them drain

You appear silent when, I am into any chaos or tend to fight  
When rest of the world including me is wrong, you remain right

I've heard, "God is within", maybe you are the one who is synonym  
of God?

It is for sure you'll never leave me alone, till my life's wobbly pendulum nod.

I am into you, You are into me, You are no more unknown  
You remain within the deepest of me, and into my probable clones.

You are no-one but my own positive reflectance,  
You are the 'Innerself', probably my desperate sixth sense.

-unboundmohit (c)

Mohit Sharma

# Where Am I Going...

'On an undefined path

isolated thoughts are growing,

I often ask this question to myself

that...Where am i going?

I do own a bunch of relations,

so do I have friends,

still my heart seeks for those

who dissolve together like true blends.

this odd journey of mine

seems so long,

I don't know how my destiny takes me,

where I belong.

the childhood dreams had gone

I don't know where,

yet trying hard to justify my existence,  
somewhere to be there.

that road is rough and dry,  
all I see is an endless horizon,  
the distance is yet to be covered,  
feeling helpless as this world is soaked in illusion.

My boat is battling amidst waves  
and all that matters now is, how fast am I rowing,  
still wondering is it this a true path  
where I am going...?

-unboundmohit (c)

Mohit Sharma

# Worthy Death...

A poetic dedication to all those who has suffered Euthanasia!

'And the day came silently of your final goodbye,  
still searching for your presence, with those tears dried.

where have you gone, it's impossible to drive an estimation,  
but I am be assure, it's 'Heaven' that's your final destination.

bowing down empty handed with a bag of mixed emotions,  
wondering is it life or death? which has gained here, the domination.

colossal was your pains, and life's hard till that last breath,  
for others, it may be a life lost but for you it is a 'worthy death...'

no one could comprehend, the dimension of your unending pains,  
although now, the swing of your life's pendulum couldn't be regained.

you played well, the role of your life with lots of good deeds  
still it'd terminated in this way, maybe it's due to God's own.. Greed! .

your life was a burden,

still you fought undefeated, till that last breath

for others it may be a life lost, but for you it is truly a 'Worthy Death...! '

-unboundmohit (c)

Mohit Sharma