

Poetry Series

Nikunj Sharma
- poems -

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Nikunj Sharma(12-01-1972)

Alive....I think so.

!!!!!! **Away!**!!!!!!

Packed bags in the trunk
I slip through the city quietly.
The long distances shall now lay shrunk
as the wheels speed on nicely.

Away from the maddening bustle
as I wind the window down.
I hear the tree leaves rustle
I am surely away from town.

Thatched roof and coconut trees;
I sense love in the morning breeze.
Today the sun appears extra pink;
I stare at life and the missing link.

There's a music in the engine's rumble
as a cuckoo's voice echoes in jungle.
The serpentine road and the crawl uphill
I admire the beauty, the time stands still

Someone silently rewinds the clock
as I stand tall on top of a rock.
Arms stretched wide, eyes to the sky
wind on my face, have sun in my eye.

The evening sky stands clear and proud
Huddle of stars and absolutely no cloud.
The mind counts the jewels one by one
This moment is infinite in pleasure and fun.

Windows open where only a wall stays
I dance with trees, my heart sways
The stereo fills the air with a lovely song
I happily sing, " Can I stay here all life long".

Nikunj Sharma

!!!!!! Strings !!!!!!!!

Through the corner of her eye
she catches me, fumbling with
my blackberry's key. Taps on my
shoulder; says, " Pop - I am here".

Caught on wrong foot, I try to
focus on the game again. Numbers
spreadsheet and meetings rule, work
weighs heavy on my choked mind.

Another beep, my attention Diverts.
She throws her hands in air,
Eyes flare, cheeks red with anger;
Again she says, " Pop, I am here".

I am there, yet not there
The daily ritual, I often toggle;
between commerce and my
universe. Both crave for my time.

Time moves, even if hour's hand
doesn't show. Nothing can bring
back the moments of fun. In life
there's no playback option.

I pick up the dice and roll again
She smiles to see me back in the
game. A slice of life on face
of dice, dances in our eyes.

19th November 2009.

Nikunj Sharma

!!!! Swipe!!!!

I remember when promises
were hard to come by, rare
as water in the sahara. One
wait would last a lifetime.

Held within the confines
of meagre paycheck, promises
took time to germinate; sprouts
won't show, for lack of moisture.

One dream lasted many nights.
Money wasn't plastic yet. The
thoughts travelled at same
velocity on wings of desires.

Hard was the word, commonly
heard. A young mind would hold
condolences, of broken dreams
each day, but eyes won't show.

The street corner had only
a pawn shop, not a glistening
ATM, that needs only four
digits to spout Aladin's lamp.

Little eyes can't hide the
tears behind the curls anymore.
With each swipe I neutralise
my forgotten dreams, one by one.

26/11 /09.

Nikunj Sharma

!!!! What A Fool!!!!

His voice loaded with joy
Just bought my fifth car – Boy!
Five!!! I gasp, ask WHY
Wait - he says, then Relays

The story is simple, Money -
cheap as a pimple. My
first one is very special
I use it for office, my pal

The second one for the pretty wife
No office for her, but lavish life
She drives and rides with the friends
While I work hard at this end

Still three more, I said – Man
why you bought them, answer
if you can. You poor little folk
Without an SUV, the life's a joke.

The fourth one, for informal dinners
parked in garage, its face glimmers
The fifth one is for black tie affair
that are indeed rare

I am loosing big time on life
slowly I realize, One job and
no mortgage to pay, am I not
living in a historical day

29th october 2009.

Nikunj Sharma

!!!! Again!!!!

Roll
of dice;
Hiss
of snake
I am dead.
she rolls
it
only to
find ladder;
climbs up higher
smiles, stops, thinks,
Asks me
to
take chance
again. I try
hard
to
hide my
tears.

A waltz wave poem

Nikunj Sharma

!!!! Treasure Hunt!!!!

Seeds

of my

dreams

shine bright,

when sunshine

fills her

eyes.

Lazy

slow morning

reinforces

existence;

harbors

Hopes.

Pink sun

Rises, finds, shines

smiles on

A

treasure

trove

!!! After!!!

One day when the sun shall rise
and the world's short of a pair
of eyes. Someone negotiates
the price of wood in shambles.

The sunshine won't wake me up
The shuttered eyes couldn't be
forced open. On my desk an
abandoned pen shall wait.

An unfinished poem shall attract
only the the words of praise.
Good or bad won't matter. Perhaps
an eye shall pick, an invisible thread.

The incomplete poem shall be
completed, when firm hands
shake the dust off my dreams.
A seed shall crack open.

There one flower shall bloom
on the earth, where my ashes wait.
Blissful roots of a pregnant sky
reach earth to bind the loose sand.

20th November 2009

Nikunj Sharma

!!! Reach!!!

See
her smile;
watch
her think;
chin resting
on palm;
Spark
the flame
in her eye.
The stars tonight
are dwarfed.
I touch,
burn,
hold her;
close to me.
who says;
you
cant touch
stars?

p.s. A waltz wave poem, written under guidance of Ms. Karin Anderson.

Nikunj Sharma

! ! ~~ Merry Xmas ~~! !

The wind carries soft whispers
that winter has preserves for me.
The morning sun opens its eyes,
Rays struggle to see through the fog.

The snow continues to prepare
for the sledge, that shall prick
the heart to deliver the bounty
for the eyes that wait here.

Small eyes begin to shine again;
It's time to hold your dreams
and harbor hopes. The divine courier
is never too busy.

Before opening the wrap, I Shall
ask my questions, if I'm permitted
time. I've Heard the queue is
getting longer by the day.

A lighted tree echoes with smiles
as expectation takes birth. The mind
searches through the stacked
wants and desires.

A beam opens thought into points
where no sunlight reaches.
A thousand splendid suns illuminate
spirit's dark alleys.

14th December 2009

Nikunj Sharma

! Au Revoir!

Grief fills my spirit, liberty waits
behind the door. Anguish rules
my mind, even if I am granted
a peace of sorts.

Something big, unexpected and
lethal, has made me unwell and
it's taken my strength away, sadly
no time to be had, I am on my way.

Your kind words, so skillfully mastered
graced my last few days, like a gentle
stroke on a velvet cheek of a child;
served my evening with sunny rays.

Goodbye is not an easy word, especially
when the pen is dipped in tears, but the
time has come and this is all I have to offer
to a friend, to that unseen someone.

May you too have peace, while you
lead a life full of integrity, May you
draw real close to the god and experience
a perfect serenity.

This poem is a tribute to Monica Monet (Also wrote under names of Tess Fielders
and Elayna Le Sabre) ,
an extremely talented poet who sent me her last email, day before yesterday.
This came as a surprise
because during our interaction she never spoke about her illness. This poem is
in fact almost a replica of her last email. Please join me in offering prayers
for her, may her soul rest in peace. Good bye my unseen friend.

Nikunj Sharma

Singled Out # #

Suspended, aimless thoughts run

Errands in a Cul de sac. Hit

A wall, illuminated with in

Self, iridescent transformation

On account of the repeated rub

Now lends shine, new way is

Shown to a troubled mind.

And the spirit takes off to

Newer heights, beyond self

discovered impositions, Musical

Rainbow, signals the

End of tunnel , where Sun shine

Awaits, dubs the self in light.

Stimulates the fibres

Of a singled out thought

Not sure of the path it

Should take.

Nikunj Sharma

Happy Holi #

Happy Holi

Her eyes capture the orange
that the time's squirter throws,
Her smile's a rainbow today
colorful as her dreams are.

Yellow, blue and green streaks
on your face: mark festivities in
shrunken times, when world ends
where quest for daily bread begins.

The red flies in the air, kisses your
cheeks as a velvety reminder
from an old you
beyond the thin skin you wear.

Her embrace awaits on the
other side, to light up the dark
alleys that you must cross; to
ride life's colorful wings.

Nikunj Sharma

Let Her Not Sacrifice Anymore.....

Branches reaching out for us
Extended arms in embrace
Birds nesting everywhere
She stands tall with grace
She is the tree with deep roots
Feeding us all with her fruits
Forgetting herself in the bargain
Her pleasures forfeited for pain within
She is a woman, she is life
Her blossoms, create seed
Life, in orchard and its creed
Let her leaves shine, let her branches soar
Let her not sacrifice anymore ...

Nikunj Sharma

The Groove

Let me steal the whispers frozen in
the space between the heated skins;
waiting to ride the night's swing that shall
reach the dark skies that hold my stars.

Darkness can't hide the glitter in the
your twin oceans that hold the storms
on a tight leash, till the volcanoes erupt
to devour everything that's tradition.

The night moves on slowly as a dream
trudges along to fruition, kissing every
milestone that comes along the way,
each stride being the destination itself.

The heart wants to change the rules
tonight; basking in the moonlit glory
that's brighter than the summer sun.
Let the mornings wear the night's skin.

Yet the sun shall rise to reflect on the
remains of a starry night, the scented
breeze shall yet again visit the grooves
to start the mystical journey all over again.

Save as bookmark

And check this box if you want to show the text in your
'I recommend you to read' list, Confirm or Close

Nikunj Sharma

#####edge Of A Dream#####

Soft hum dissolves into hypnotised air;
That surrounds the sleeping angel.
Sweetened breaths travel the nasal freeway;
As the hum transforms into silent beats.

A night announces its arrival somewhere;
As the dark is chased away by a divine lamp.
Tender steps begin an unknown journey;
Through the well lit streets of heart.

A fountain breaks free to kiss the air;
Gleaming droplets smile in unseen cradle.
New found thoughts travel up; the heart
begins to dance on rhythm of the beats.

Thoughts cascade, patches of green appear; mind travels faster than light, closed
eyes visualize what life can't bestow. Cracked window frame and creaking bed
await as always.

18th October 2009

Nikunj Sharma

%%% Love Letter %%%

Memories swim back through
the timeless river that touches my
heart. I unleash the streams that
are held within confines of a heightened self.

The heart races as it used to, my
pulse can be felt within the tremble
the moment brings. When did I chose
the shores over the whirlpools?

Once the rosebuds flanked the
imaginative planes, their touch
soft as a silk skirt's rustle. Sun shone
in the glow borrowed from her eyes.

Proud wind carried her scent on its
wings, love left the heart's cocoon,
soared with the breeze that flew
far above the cluttered minds.

Silence spans the beats that denote
life, I carefully open the folds, embrace
the priceless treasure that is preserved
in the love dipped words.

Nikunj Sharma

(1) New Year

The past 's sunken eyes
hold the fortress against
a bright tomorrow
as the decible levels arise.

The coals struggle to vainly climb
when gray ashes are a destiny.
Sozzled walls sway, where
the pulses grow on beaten time.

The night sky framed, return
on the window panes, won't stay.
The stars shall sink into the
spirited sea, one by one

Sparkling eyes await to arrest soon
the new sun tomorrow. Hopes shall
renew as spirits soar and curtains
prepare to fall on a pale moon.

Resolves of past, like coals
of yesterday give in to ashes.
Tomorrow belongs to the wind
it shall light the fire again that plays.

16th december 2009

Nikunj Sharma

*** Dubai Debacle ****

The dentist's voice echoed
from the valley of bicuspid.
Unseen, insignificant roots
that held ground so far,

Vanished in a gory grove.
Now cement shall stay
where senses once prevailed,
capped with a golden crown.

I remember those grains
of sand that shone in the vast
desert, till dunes gave way
to fancy foundations.

Helpless cactus plant, stares at its
reflection in the gleaming glass as
Woeful investors watch indices.
Valuations vanish in a gory grove.

Now senses shall spring where
cement once stayed. Back
home the juice corner introduced
a new flavor, sheikh shake.

Nikunj Sharma

.home Sweet Home

A sea of defunct toys
Canvas of walls smeared
with colors of joy;
patterns of art;
Designs, that god only can understand

Love filled books, can't confine
themselves to shelves, pop
out every now and then,
Rest on pillow.

Clothes say - hey, in that
ugly closet who wants to stay!
slippers not far behind
stay on standby all the time
little princess may need them
anytime.

Love finds itself
sprinkled everywhere
in wet hands on the wall,
in larger than life footprints
on invisible floor.
chocolate stained sofa too
smiles at you.

The pen runs out of ink
every time you need it.
Blank pages of my diary
are history too....

Coins from my wallet, attached
by the piggy bank, that has
mortgaged the doll's house.
Happily the barbie pays back
Installment by installment
Love, that has gone into
making her home up.

Out in the balcony
arm chairs sit alone through
the day, waiting for the next
morning tea; when the lazy love
shall float around them, amidst the
rain sprinkles.

sweet nothings
formless;
yet form foundations.

Nikunj Sharma

@ ## **Beyond** ### @

I often sit alone and think,
brood over and speak to myself.
These small moments lift silence
within the self, do help.I stay.

One moment when stretched
seems infinite, its depth intrigues
charms, amuses, lifts the spirits
instantly, My fingers tap; I hum.

I don't speak; not that I want
to. I hold this moment within
the breath that teeters on
the mind's edge, I observe.

Closed eyes, warm
palms on my face
disturbed. beats now dance
with grace, I travel.

Limited, known measures
cant calibrate, the unknown yet
sought after distances.In
dignity, I walk again.

17th November 2009

Nikunj Sharma

@ Realize @

The eyes that spoke one day
are silent now, like a limpid moon
that has lost it's motion
to a dark flying monster.

The hands that waved one day
are pressed to the sides now;
Like a soldier created out of
clay, allowed only one stance.

Confinement changes hands as
my answers fail to hold ground.
My conscience rotten like driftwood
washed ashore, useless and irrelevant.

Hands must move if bridges
have to be built, for distances are the
Essence of a fruitful journey.
I happily pick an unfinished one.

Nikunj Sharma

@@@@@ Whispers @@@@

I see it rise everyday, like a tiny dot
that climbs up in your morning eyes
to become a spark. The night's curls
melt in a soft surrender to your pink.

I touch the luck line that's engraved
in my palm, to make sure that the
days smiles beyond the sunset too
like an eternal promise of tomorrow.

Your sweet breath travels deep
in me, it tinkles the love chime
that echoes my heartbeat as
the sunbeam kisses a mote's cheek.

The timeless silence whispers
eternity to me, mind sifts through
the memories stacked neat in
history's illumianted shelves.

Save as bookmark

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Nikunj Sharma

+sole Soul+

I have a soul and I
Know it, my shoe told me
About it; one day while
in transit; from the greener pastures
to an arid one; though other way round
Would have been fun. Sole sole
in my shoe; sole soul in me too.
Can't be separated from
the self; if separated; won't be of help
For both the shoe and me; without
Soul is available free. So keep it in;
Deep inside; on its sole you may glide
And take the rough with smooth
in your stride.

Nikunj Sharma

10/10

A crumpled paper lies in the waste bin
Words fading on to
to be swept away, as the night
fades to make way for the rising sun.

The headlines demand attention;
The pictures hold a meaning.
I eagerly open the folded layers;
to read through the fresh newspaper.

Someone up there is busy drafting a
question paper, I need to pass with
flying colors, Each moment is
the bridge between waste bin and pen.

On answer sheet as I carefully record
my answers with the ink of sweat, belief
becomes the pen, Examiner smiles
and gives me ten out of ten.

14th December 2009

Nikunj Sharma

A

A magic here, I am gonna share;
The presence of an alphabet dear.
That we know as "A"
Doesn't appear in the spellings of
1 to 999 they say.

A thousand is the first number,
That holds in it an A.
I wonder how it is possible.
Would you know? Hey!

I found none
To 999 from one
But after that, it won't go away
The alphabet A, shall always stay
As I count thousand onwards
I found it everywhere
Inwards and outwards

The journey of 1 to 999
Is the lesson that we all must learn
If some wisdom, we should earn
A SUCCESS, comes after we travel
Some distance on road of gravel
After the toil and the pain
Awaits A bounty of gain

Nikunj Sharma

A Conversation With You

You are the breath I take;
You are the brain I rake.
You live afresh in my beat;
Your presence is soul's treat.

You are the mote that;
Dances in the sunbeam,
You are the ray that;
Makes whole world gleam.

You are wave that crashes on rock;
You are force that turns the clock.
You are the sigma of the whole;
You are the derivative;
That shows the goal.

You the sky and the bird;
You are alone yet the herd.
You are the mirror
And the reflection;
You are the action and reaction.

You are the ink that flows in my pen;
You are the fear that lives in den.
You are the sun, the ray and the shine;
You are the real, unreal and divine.

Let me bow my head for once;
Me a heady soul.
You are the mirage I chase
You are my goal.....

Nikunj Sharma

A Geometric Dog

A geometric dog stares at me;
From the heights of creativity.
Eyes closed or open;
A matter of relativity.

Neck and front legs a straight line;
Flat belly unlike mine.
Tail elevated at 45 degree;
A hypothesis in trigonometry.

Ears pointed to the sky
Do something they signify?
A presence of mind;
An eye for details;
Or passion for drawing

The colors blurred, out of line;
With her it's just as fine.
She paints them with tremendous spirit;
The little painting depicting it.

The little dog shall never bark
It cant guard or bite anyone
But in its shape and features
It's second to none....

Nikunj Sharma

A New Meaning

What a poem should be?
Hand picked words, precisely lined up
As if in an act of peace
To reflect, introspectively

And to discover a new meaning.

Passions conceive the poem
On the bed filled with verbiage
Enchant the fibres of heart
Melodious to the ears; where it

Stimulates the senses
Hedonistic with in itself, each line
Oscillates beyond the obvious;
Undoes the woeful knots
Liberates the jaded mind
Dances on its musical measure

Braces up for a new pair of eyes
Eager to allow another's mind to listen.

An acrostic, What - a - poem - should - be.

Nikunj Sharma

A Poem

In the heart of a musical beat
Along length of a short breath
In womb of a moment discreet
And deafening silence of death.

In the swirling spin of a top
In the rolling flow of the river
And the mystical plop of a drop
In the timeless gleam and glimmer

In the words buried within; unspoken
In the dreams unthought, unseen
In the heart shattered smashed and broken
In smoke behind the blinding screen

In the expanse of the precipice edge
in speeding minute and fugitive run
In thoughts by the window ledge
in the frozen gaze at the horizon

In shades of spring and fallen leaves
In everything and nothingness
In smiling flowers and buzzing bees
One can find a poem, nothing less.

Nikunj Sharma

Alone With A Stone

Alone with a stone

As a child, at times
I was alone with a stone
Playing their god;
Selecting and discarding
Deciding on their role
The shapes and size;
Determining their goal.

Flat ones would travel and bounce;
Along the rivers' face.
The sharp ones drew lines;
On the wall's face.
There were one's that made;
A screeching sound;
When forced hard
against the craggy ground.

And there was one
That the child used as weapon
To guard against the beast's canine
And the one I can't forget
That had hit my head divine.

Alone with the stone
I never thought
That they could be worshipped too
In temples they could find a place
To make your wishes come true

I never wondered
What made them skim?
On the rivers face
What made them stand?
As god, with heavenly grace.

A belief is all that takes

To make a god out of stone
Just think about it next time
When you are alone with a stone...

Nikunj Sharma

An Investor

I used to be patient
I am no more
Ever since I invested in stocks
My heart asks for more

Not for me the long term hauls
I just want to play the CALLS
I shall get in for only a month, not a day more
I used to be patient
I am no more

UP is the way, I always thought
Until in a jam, I was caught
Greed took over my bullock's reign
The other side was always green
Once full of charts
The slate is now absolutely clean
On a bouncy pitch
How does one score
I used to be patient
I am no more

Street got blood, my pocket a hole
My head's revolving, my feet got cold
There are no free lunches
I am being told
Peace replaced by silent gore
I used to be patient
I am no more

My patience is back, it costed me a loss
No longer a rolling stone, I gather some moss
I got my lesson, loud and clear
Tortoise won the race, not the hare
With all my colors, I shall someday
Paint a rainbow for sure
I am now patient goes out the lore

An Ode For Rain

Buried under the earth
They need you, to give birth
To new seedlings
Natures worthy offerings

They can't eye
The pregnant sky
They can only pray
Unless you come down on earth
Seeds of time shall stay

Slowly as your drops kiss
The heart of heated earth
In her womb, shall germinate
The cause of human mirth

Nikunj Sharma

Angels

Where do the angels stay?
In the large house, across the bay
My morsels come from them

What do the angels say?
Nothing, they keep talking on phone,
To someone at the other end
Ogling someone else.

What do the angels do?
Attend page 3 parties, whole night
Through.

Why god made angels?
I have no time and mood to think
I am hungry sir.

Can you be an angel too?
Every one is, only some are richer.

Nikunj Sharma

Aspiration

Pleasing as her smile is
Eyes shine evermore
Her hugs tell you a story
She dreams ever more
Can't take defeat as a word
Aims high, flies high a free bird
Not for her the routine, she leads life
In her own scheme, she is the point
That belittles the extreme

Nikunj Sharma

Awaited

Hit on head, She sits firmly in place
Straight as an arrow, smiling
At the soulmate that fixed
her in place, with grace.

Stable, patient, waiting
Standing at one spot as
a lady of the night,
She waits to hook.

Quiet, as a royal guard
on standby, focussed
as a soldier aiming at the enemy.
Determined to see her day.

Rooted, committed to her abode
Coated, determined not to get
Rusted, wasted or torn away
Constant, in a variable world

Hard to avoid her gaze, no matter
How much I roam,
I shall come back to her,
as a portrait, after I am gone.

Nikunj Sharma

Beads

As my eyes trace the words, Distances
disappear between the lines. Spaces melt
into nothingness when each syllable becomes
a divine link between now and beyond.

As my mind absorbs the ink, a prayer
is engraved deep in my heart with a timeless
chisel that is known to have shaped the
most craggy terrains along the path.

Its difficult to stay on ground when the
horizon's superstore announces a sale on
wings. I become the blue cloud that shall
soak the pristine sand on dry shores in life.

Words move from one end to another
like the beads strung on a common thread
waxed with belief. Each musical moment
becomes an orchestra held only for me.

Nikunj Sharma

Being Fool Could Be Tough

The genius came and spoke a lot;
The fool in comparison sounded a flop.
He spoke at length too;
Of things fancy and untrue.

But it was the fool, who bore some dreams
in his heart;
Genius had no dreams;
He knew everything from the start

Genius had limits
But not the fool
He treaded kingdoms
That no one can rule

What we all wanna be?
A genius or a fool?
To stick to the known
or challenge hypotheses and rule
To create a world
With dreams and unthinkable stuff
To ride the smooth and cut the rough
Being genius is tradition;
Being fool could be tough

22-Jun-09

Nikunj Sharma

Bookmark

Buried in the pages, I struggle
to breathe; Sticking my neck out
half dead; From my grave
a chapter half read

As a forgotten friend I carry
memories under the patterns of dust.
pressed as leaf under a boulder
crying out; for someone
who moved on

Retrace your steps
Open the page, that you
closed in ns
never lose their meaning

The Underlined words
are caged birds
let them fly, unleash
the future, waiting on
my other side.

Nikunj Sharma

Bulls, Bears And Pigs

They make a bunch
Having different hunch
Bulls, bears and Pigs...
One goes long and other short
The third one goes only snort
They make a bunch ...

One sees high, the other low
The third one doesn't know
Where to go
They make a bunch

The first one always thinks to lead
The other's happy when the markets bleed
The last struggles with fear and greed
They make a bunch

The bull has the pull
The bear the drag
For pigs there is only brag
They make a bunch

Life of a bull is bull's life
The bear wants only strife
The pig only knows to oscillate
Between the moods his life sways
They make a bunch....

So be a bull
Or a bear
But never be a pig
O my dear
They make a bunch

Bulls make money
And bears too
But the pigs get slaughtered
That is true...

So chose your skin
And jump in fray
Make your dreams
See the light of day
Dreams of wealth
Dreams of praise
Let bears see your back;
When they chase.
The pigs shall be busy
Playing in dirt;
Trying to stain your shirt.
But walk on ...walk on you
As you need to be a bull
To make your dreams come true
As you need to be a bull
To make your dreams come true

Nikunj Sharma

Call Girls

call girls...my teacher said
they are playing outside in play ground
its high time to study....

Nikunj Sharma

Can I Be A Poet Too

Can I be a poet too
Simple phrases sounding true
Metaphors, simlies and expressions
Crossing by and passing through
Can I be a poet too

Can I weave some patterns blue
On horizon with imaginative glue
Can I create a world new
In my poems meant for you
Can I be a poet too

Can I dub with colors of joy
The fabric of our life
can I walk at same pace
On the sand of joys and strife
can I withstand the shifting sands
Yet leave my footprints too
Can I be a poet too....

Nikunj Sharma

Can I Be?

Can I be the soil on which thousands of flowers bloom?

Can I be the. Sunshine which fills ur morning room?

Can I be the rain, that ends the heat?

Can I be the point where both ends meet?

Can I be the wind that softly touches ur hair?

Can I be the vibe that good friends share?

Can I be the path, which I have travelled so far?

Can I be the night sky, holding a shining star?

Can I be the river that flows through the mountain's heart?

Can I be the canvas for god's finest art?

Can be the question that answers itself?

Can I be the reflection of my truest self.

Nikunj Sharma

Candles On My Cake

Shining, smiling, cheerful and gay
You stand on my cake
Slowly burning away.
Hey! The candles on my cake
Can you stay put?
Forever with me can you stay?

You continue to burn
But don't speak
what is that makes you tick
Is it Blazing glowing and smiling wick?

The blazing spirit to symbolize
Depleting strength;
Still spreading light
Melting self, but standing firm
You present life to me
Wrapped firm ...

Can I burn like a candle too?
After all I have been, to become YOU
Fire within and fire through
Melting skin, burning soul
spreading light;
My worthy goal...
Bathed in my glow here I stand
On cake of life,
Flame flickering through thick of strives....
Struggling, stifling trying to glow
Ducking at times, taking a bow
Melting cake, underneath
Still spreading light
Till I breathe

Nikunj Sharma

Chicken Soup For Investor's Soul

I wondered why;
Promoters create wealth.
While down the drain goes;
My stock's health.
Doesn't he own the same stock?
Which, I crib on round the clock.

I wonder why, they couldn't build
Rome in a single day;
Why couldn't I be a graduate?
On my first Birthday.
Just as Rome, the businesses too;
Can't be created overnight.
They take time to flourish and grow
Through the times, dark and bright.

Stocks and life have a lot in common
Both reward the ones who hold on
The ones who change their view everyday
Are deprived forever of hay

The road's bumpy and full of jerks
The joys of stocks and the greed rife
Aren't too different from life
One needs to take them in stride
Put the seat belts on
To enjoy the ride.

Patience is the key
to you financial goal
this - my son is
The chicken soup for investor's soul

Nikunj Sharma

Colors

Colors and colors around
Colors I see, colors surround
Colors speak a colorful sound
The breath they take are colorful too
My life seems colorfully true

Colors in my home, colors on the way
Colors in the sky and colors in the bay
A colorful sun changing shades
A colorful moon too, in cloudy escapades
Colors of wind, not to be seen
Only a colorful blip on your mental screen

So many colors and colors true
I got painted through and through
Colors flying and cutting loose
Around my neck a colorful noose
choked to death unable to breathe,
I lay on a colorful mat, under a colorful wreath.

Nikunj Sharma

Cup Of Life

Here it is, the cup of life
Some see joys, others see strife
But it holds in it, a lot my boy
The hopes the dreams and lot of Joy
A sip when Hot, a sip when cold
And you shall make it big
A sage once told.....

Nikunj Sharma

Empires Of Future

Empires of future

When u find no space on earth;
The board says, "House full' - no berth.
Look at the edge, it has some space
For you and for everyone
Who wants to lead;
A life number one.

When the ladder has been raised up;
Opportunity missed - says every soul.
You got to jump;
and move towards your goal.
Break from the crowd;
Yourself free.
There's enough space on roof;
You shall see

Keep moving forward;
And don't look behind
Many open spaces you shall find;
Stronger the castles, harder the grind.
Remember
The empires of future;
Are first built in the mind.

26-Jun-09

Nikunj Sharma

Enigma Of Stocks

Enigma of stocks
Gives me shocks
The one that I sold
Is now worth tons of gold
Sir, it was a silly mistake
My broker told

The one that I bought
Is worth a naught
In a vicious circle
Now that I am caught
The broker's remark
Land on me, as a punch...
Sir, it was your hunch....

I wish I were smart
And learnt this art
Of buying gold and
Keeping good stocks on hold...
And of selling short
All those worthless naughts..

The moment's spur
Did me in;
Bought this one
Referred by a kin...
The greed ruled
When fear ought to have
Now hopes accompany me
That no money I have....

Now I am a man of fears
Lost all my money
Earned over the years
My kin so happy
Cheerful is my broker too
For me please solve this enigma of stocks
Will you? Will you

Now hopes reside
Deep inside
Travelling from breath 2 breath
The birth of a hope and the
Stocks death...
And you wish there's someone
Who says to you...
Don't worry man
This day shall pass too.

Nikunj Sharma

Epitaph

Shall I ever have a grave?
After the journey to me you gave
Shall I enter heaven's gate
Or see the sign -ITS TOO LATE! !
Shall someone ask for an autograph?
Shall I have an epitaph?

What shall be written on it?
Shall my grave be ever lit?
Shall I get my share of mirth?
Sleeping below under the earth?

Through the paper and the ink;
I created many a link.
Blooming life and the Brink;
Creating a world in whatever I think.

Time to egress, says writing on the wall;
That I have done and seen it all
To forget the point and look at the graph
Its time to choose my EPITAPH.

Nikunj Sharma

Father Of My Ambition

I was once father
Of my ambition(s)
They seem to have outgrown
Thanks to my own passion

Nikunj Sharma

Freedom

Let's sing the freedom song
Along the road of dogma littered dust
Footsteps cracking traditional crust
Steel emerging from the rust

Let's blow the freedom whistle
With the air that's free of smoke
A spirit that grows with every stroke of the clock

Let's lead a life that breaks free
Like a leaf leaving throes of tree
Cliches, practices and old thoughts
Beyond what we seek and what we sought

Let's breathe freedom on this day
New sunshine and a sunny day
New foundations, new castles
Dreams meant for only a few
Wish Happy independence day to you

Nikunj Sharma

Glass Of Milk

A glass of milk, in his hands
He had,
Be careful son
Said his dad.
Take a SIP
And please go slow
If it's hot, give it a blow...

Young he was,
Couldn't go slow
Gulped it hot
Forgot to blow
Burnt his tongue
With his hurrying plunge....

Aren't we all like this?
Child small....
Impatient to drink
And drink it all,
All at once, forgetting to blow
Drinking it hot, refusing to slow.
Burning it all in the end
The tongue, the finge, the heart
And hand...

World of investments
Is like that glass
Holding hot stuff till the last
Hot, boiling, tempting to core
Urging us children
To go for more

A SIP is what we need to take
The maze of fear n greed
If we should break
Bit by Bit, consuming it
Savoring the taste
Benefiting from avoiding the haste

A SIP when hot, a sip when cold
U shall gain in strength
A sage once told

A SIP when up
A SIP when down
And you could wear
The wealth's crown.....

(SIP, stands for systematic Investment Plan in Mutual Funds)

Nikunj Sharma

Good Morning

A dew soaked morning walks
the misty road to reach to me.
Heart's doorbell rings in silence
to celebrate a new dawn.

My mind captures an echo
as I touch her eyelids, she turns
to the other side, her body revolts
against all known routines.

In few minutes the calm shall be
as strange as dewdrops to the Sahara;
the morning shall be consumed
in the giggles that fill my heart.

Outside the morning bird tweets
to celebrate the new twig that spring
has sent her way, The rising sun squats
on its beak in a ceremonial splendor.

An unsung song finds its way to
my lips as her cheeks embrace the
pink. A lazy glint lurks at her eye's
edge, "Good Morning" she says.

Nikunj Sharma

Happy Birthday Deborah Cromer

You were born years before On this day
being wished happiness every year
the same way

This year seems to be different
You are matured and content
Happiness your way of life
Boat cruising along peaceful current

Here you are, galloping for more
Here I am, wishing you to soar
No sooner the cup of joy empties itself
Destiny to pour, some more, some more

An aging self but renewed spirit
Melting exterior but inside well lit
Spreading glow everywhere you go
Despite passing years you never grow

The age they say; Lies in deed
May that forever be your creed.
Celebrate here on each second,
each moment
So that each day is well spent

As you walk along the way
On the board of night and day
Be the story everyone tells
Till the darkness rings its bells.

No bouquet and no present
From my side on this day
May your joys multiply Every moment.....
That's what I pray today
And wish you a HAPPY BIRTHDAY.....

Nikunj Sharma

Happy Diwali

When you light a candle this year
Capture the spark in your eye
let it twinkle through the life
like a star pasted in the sky

When you light a candle this year
let the glow travel inwards too
through a thick yet warm air
To make you gleam and shine through

When you light a candle this year
look in the eyes of the matchstick
see it smile through the flare
see it live in the candle's wick

When you light a candle this year
learn to burn a candle's way
Glowing self, melting exterior
till the last breath is snatched away.

Nikunj Sharma

Hold A Mirror

He came one night, in a drifting dream;
Setting a unsettling thought.
Like a poor cricketer
On wrong foot I was caught

I always dreamed of happy days
Selfish and full of taste
Little thought spent over
My weltanschauung
That seemed a complete waste

I didn't lend a helping hand
To someone in need
Nor anything worthy
To someone desolate indeed

A life of hopes and aspiration
For myself and only me
I never held myself a mirror
Reflecting a real me...

Time's slipping in a manner grand
Like dust particles out of my hand
Life's frittered away in unequal installments
The remorse of a guilty soul
Came to me as a whole

I woke up, not to sleep again
My righteous self with me to remain
All my life

To walk the talk and walk till end
An opportunity godsend
To do some good before death
To breathe at last a benevolent breath

Here I am, in desert's sand
Fire above and fire below
May help an inside glow
An unseen mirror to refract

In me what's been intact

Hold that mirror in my heart
Till the day I finally depart
A head held high
No bend at waist
Shall live my life to his taste

Nikunj Sharma

Hunger's Hold

Bubbles surface to disrupt the calm
Mind can't find, the key to
The heart's vault, where tempests
of desires echo.

A cold morning ray bounces off
The gleaming bonnet, acids climb up
high on litmus of cushions
stay far, elusive as a fading horizon

A lonely dropp may be a prelude
to rich harvest, but the time is
Now, the day is today, fingers
desperate to snap, to grab.

Color blinded eyes, blood stained
Gold pulled out, a leaf separated
from tree of life, Cold stone stands
on dark fossilized dreams.

Joys grab at quick roads, that
lead to doors of nothingness.

24th October 2009

Nikunj Sharma

Hunger's Hold

Bubbles surface; disrupt the calm
The mind can't find, the key to
the heart's vault, where desires
tempests echo.

A cold morning ray bounces off
the gleaming edge, acids climb up
high on litmus of cushions
stay far, elusive as a foggy horizon

A lonely dropp may be a prelude
to a rich harvest, but the time is
now, the day is today, fingers
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Color blind eyes, blood stained
gold pulled out, a leaf separated
from tree of life. Cold stone stands
on dark fossilized dreams.

Joys grab at quick roads, that
lead to doors of nothingness.

Nikunj Sharma

I Am

I create and destroy
I am the wheel sunk in the mud
I am the path and the clouded dust
I am you

I am the star, and that twinkle
inside the eye
I am the cotton that fleets through the sky
I am that I am.

I am the lust, the desire and the evil
I am the greed and the reason behind it
I am the thrill and the boredom
I am the fruition

I am the flow, word, music and the meter
I am simile and the metaphor
I am the moment and the spur
The poem is reflection of me

I am the past that couldn't last
I am the present
That I only sent
I am the unknown future
I am the yesterday, today and the tomorrow.

I am the station, the passenger and the journey
I am departure and the destination
I am the milestone
I am the wait

I am the beaten sound, and the drum
I am the celebration of birth and cause of death
I am the night and the cold dark

I am the wild child
I am the moody youth
I am the sunrise and the sunset
I am the age of stars

I am the zero, and the infinite
I am the dividend and the divider
I am the remainder
I am.....

Nikunj Sharma

I Am The Bridge

Ocean of my memory
Turbulent and violent
I bob at its surface
Feeling a force buoyant

The thread, the strands
The beginning the ends
The moments, the spur
Clarity and the blur
The ecstasy the fun
The limp the run
The vacuum that once
Filled the urn

Endless debates
To be or not
To do or to leave
The tasks those were rough
The decisions that seemed tough
So much to be done
For life, you never know
May not offer a chance
Another one

So I took them all
And finished
To the end
Straightened the road
With my tools
Wherever I saw a silly bend
Larger than life uncertainty
Then morphed into
A well planned destiny

Then one day down the street
I saw her smiling, at me
Bringing in oodles,

Much awaited glee...
Radiance of her face
Unmistakable grace
Lady luck, a date with her
My actions had struck

I am the destiny
I am the fun
I am the decision and indecision
The exasperation and coercion
I am the bridge between them

Nikunj Sharma

I Can Die

I can die
for the shine in your eye
For the beat of your heart
For that giggle smart
For the dream that you dream
For the hopes that you bear
Deep down your heart
I can die

For the moments you give
The joys to live
The pain you take
To correct my mistake
The concern you show
Generous wealth you blow
I can die

For a moment of relief
For you and your belief
To alleviate a grain of pain
To walk a step with you everyday
I can die, I must say....

11th july 200c

Nikunj Sharma

I Long Stopped Rolling

I am not a wizard,
But there is magic in my words.
I don't fly high
Still I have the vision of a birds.

I don't dream big,
Yet my castles are magnificent.
My steps are small
But they cover all quadrants

I don't read between the lines
Yet I understand the meaning
I don't gather moss
But I long stopped rolling

Nikunj Sharma

I Will

Strong current of river wild
Always troubled; me the child
Holding the oars, rowing uphill
Cursing the distance;
Between
WILL I to I WILL.

Years of cruise and rowing still
The task seemed quite uphill
I only saw unending miles
From WILL I to I will....

Till I met a lady wise
Who taught me to handle the river wild,
To turn into answer; the question itself
That always troubled the innocent child.

She asked me to pause and stand still;
To turn the tables on WILL I;
And say – I will.

Deep inside, a sunrise
The child morphed into a man wise
The distances are only in mind
Little did I realize.

Nikunj Sharma

In The Name Of Religion

Glinting edge of the blade; shone bright
despite the absence of blunt now,
that it has cut many a strings;
In the name of religion.

Eyes don't see and ears fail
to hear, the sound of the hearts
dear. Humanity fallen prey to barbaric
shenanigans.
In the name of religion.

Slain throats, forgotten heartbeats
under the sands of
battleground. Shredded dreams
in the depth of darkness,
In the name of religion.

No reason fathoms in the blade
It cuts through everything
no choices made, yet the eyebrow
doesn't move ...
In the name of religion

Dreams don't have a religion
No religion of smiles too
Hearts beat everywhere
is it not true?

let the edge of blade
not be the residence;
of religious incidence.

Nikunj Sharma

Investments And Mother In Law

Equities are dead
The streets red
She is so sure
Says, equities no more

She used to call me twice;
Everyday
To tell the feats of stocks
She used to play

In the circle of the friends n kitty parties
She was the best,
Which one to pick
Which one to dropp
She would hit the bulls' eye
If ever put to test

When things were good
She was a big fish
AND
Warren Buffet – a Name of a dish...

Flowed the wine in the breeze
She spoke of stocks
With so much ease
Prices on her fingertips
Predictions.... On her lips

It was going great, until one day
All fell like house of cards; they say
Little had she known
They could fall, as easily as they had grown

No calls to me now
No brains to rake
During the parties
No claims to take
Prices are down

Please stay away
Equities! ! She says
Nay Nay Nay....

Not for her the cheap stocks
Not for her the boat that rocks
She wants to ride
With the tide
So that she could
Say with pride
I know em all
Like back of my palm
But not today
As markets are calm
Let them rise once again, u nerd! ! !
She said, I heard
Who minds being
A part of herd?

My mother in law is great
She shall enter again, a bit late
She shall buy when its time to sell
Play with her money again - hell

Often I ask with awe
Why God created markets
And an investing, Mother in Law?

Nikunj Sharma

Its America You Fool

Baby boomers were cool;
Now Ninjas rule.
It's America you fool.

Junk food;
Was cool dude.
Only joys no sorrow;
They consumed as if; no tomorrow.
Sub standard education;
In their social school.
Still; Its America you fool.

Dubya's wars;
Permanent scars.
Russia's gone;
Iraq stumped.
Against tough times;
Their economy bumped.
Its size aint miniscule;
It's America you fool.

Big bangs;
Use of slangs.
Moral falls;
Haughty attitudes.
Roller coaster ride;
Changing vicissitudes.
On the top once;
Now at bottom they drool;
It's America you fool..

No future in sight;

The corner's tight.
Their world's dark;
Ours is bright.
They live on hopes;
Under Obama's rule;
Its America you fool.

Who knows from here;
Where they go?
The world debates the rates;
By which they shall grow.
Once fast; now very slow;
Shall they go.
Swelling debt, soaring crime;
Rest taken care by Subprime.
America aint no longer cool;
Its economics u fool.

Hybernate they shall, as I can see;
As there's no lunch that comes free.
An economy so agile;
Shall stay now low profile.
Till they rise and rise again;
After alleviation of their domestic pain

Hope and hope surely he brings;
After the fall as spring springs.
As he takes on the reigns today;
He knows the challenges that waylay.
New ties and new friends;
Hope with him the hostility ends;
Hope millions of hearts, he does rule;
It's Obama, not bush u fool.

From the lectern;
As he speaks.
The floor under him firmly creaks;
Shake off the dust;

He says.
Expose yourself;
To sun's rays.
To work hard;
To save more;
So that one day;
America may again gleam.
With him he brings;
A new American dream.

Nikunj Sharma

Its Only A Bend

Stocks tumbling, markets mumbling
Bonds lost the sheen too.
Its takes lot of courage to pass through.

Sheets bleeding for the balance investors still sitting on fence...
Catch a breath oh little you,
Its takes lot of courage to pass through.

Bulls are dead, bears rule
Only hopes for the greater fool
A pig got slaughtered, was it u
Its takes lot of courage to pass through.

Earnings deplete, disaster complete
Fishes fly and the credit dry
The bankers don't even listen to.....
Its takes lot of courage to pass through.

Terror strikes, time 2 move 2 bikes
How often do u look at skies...
There's someone up there
But I just forgot.... Who
Its takes lot of courage to pass through.

Times r tuff n the terrain rough
America's got cold with the cuff
We should actually sneeze too
Its takes lot of courage to pass through.

BUT
Valuations are great, P/E close to 8
Time to buy n hold it long
To stand tall and stay strong
My Son-just watch the historical trend.....
Almighty jus called to say....
It's only a bend, not the end.

5th December 2008

(This was written at the peak of subprime crisis and life for a financial services

guy was getting tougher by the microsecond.)

Nikunj Sharma

Karmic Tango

The wind's kiss turns
the ocean into a pilgrim.
See how it bows down
to the sand grains on the shore.

This is when a lone footstep
chooses to go with the flow -
to meet the depths
with instinctive buoyancy.

Within a swirling realm
a blue stream recognises
an old sand grain - that
carries the mountain's breath.

Another traveler readies
to bless the shores as
karma hides the fruits
in an ocean's deep pockets.

Nikunj Sharma

Lets Dream

Let's Dream Big

Let's dream and dream big
To soar to shimmer
To shine to glimmer
To rise above, above the best
To stand a cut above the rest

Let's put our skills
On the tray
And portray ourselves
In a unique way
To the world and to us within
A different self,
A different skin....

Let's leave our failures behind
But carry forward, memories of
The grind

Let's build castles
In lofty air
Proud, magnificent and very rare
For then it's only a matter of will
To put foundations under them still
Foundations that stand the test of time
A proof of energies
Yours and mine

Let's make it count
Everyday
Not to be afraid of risks
That waylay
Let's resolve this now
Right here
And rise above the stratosphere

Life - A Haiku

life is sweet haiku
before death dials your number
do all you can do

Nikunj Sharma

Little Painter

Little painter in my home;
Standing, sitting, thinking alone.
With colors she does create;
Deep thoughts that permeate;
Through the worldly woes.
There she stands and runs again;
There she goes.

Pencil, crayon and water;
Colors of all kind.
She paints a world with these;
A reflection of her mind.

Her world's full of gorgeous light;
Depicted by the colors bright.
A magnetic relativity;
Suggests her creativity.

A geometric dog;
Ready to bark.
A twisted candle;
To dispel the dark.
Symmetric clouds rule the sky;
From these raindrops;
Shall one day fly.

The butterfly and its tender wings;
Slender necks and ear rings.
Its her world, a world apart;
Drawn on paper;
From the heart.
Drawn on paper;
From the heart.....

Long Live The Ice Cream

Restless spirits, fastest fingers;
Dreamy pursuits, even if the world lingers.
Silly games and salty pranks;
Who cares if our investment tanks.
They move ahead full steam;
Long live the Ice Cream

Home work chases, meaningful gazes;
Little glances through the colorful pages.
Lessons we taught, the books we bought;
The houses they made, good byes they bade.
Those little robs on lipsticks and cream.
Long live the Ice cream.

They laugh, they roar;
They sink they soar.
They smile they wink;
They do the wonders;
In the skating rink.
With them, we dream;
Long live the Ice Cream.

Without wings they glide;
Thru the descent on slide.
Their eyes shine like twinkling star;
No matter how small their achievements are.
The hopes that glimmer in every scream;
Long live the ice cream

They grow young, as we grow old;
Shall go away they both, we are told.
Our little angels, our daughters...our dreams
Long live the ice creams.....

Nikunj Sharma

Long Or Short

Long as the guard rail on an expressway
Extending into infinity;
Or the sun parched hay field;
Filling the distance till eternity

Short as a sweet dream that lasts for a moment
Or an ephemeral smile that flashes for a second
Short as the sight of a myopic
Or momentary as sorcerer's trick

Too long to live, too short to lead
Too long to fret, too short to enjoy
What is life, tell me boy ...

I want to study it bit by bit
To understand the long and short of it.

29 June 2009

Nikunj Sharma

Lunar Might

No matter how blinding is your ray,

I too shall have my day.

You being reduced to a minnow;

I shall have my moment to show.

You gave me light;

You gave me life;

And you gave me humiliation too.

I have lived all my life, to live that moment true.

When for a few minutes, I shall overshadow;

Over your surface, I shall grow.

A moment of pride and strength;

when the whole universe shall see through;

Me engulfing you.

Nikunj Sharma

Lunar Might - Ii

Polished eyes mirror your
might Your glow; I come
only, As you go

You, the centre I float
on the circumference From
you I draw my significance

Imported light, poor plight
Belittled in my own eyes
I search

A moment of strength, when millions Change
their point of reference
I overshadow

Your glare, obstructed
Dark world below
Like a magician, I hold the show

In a moment of pride; It's my joyride
Enough to say;
every moon has its day.

(Rewritten with the help and guidance of a Poet Friend, d Peat.)

Nikunj Sharma

Magnets

Wrapped carefully in words, feelings
travel across the miles. Edgy fingers;
wait to kiss the heart of keyboard,
mindful of space bar.

To know more about
each other, They live another day
full of smiles. Praying in their world;
playing the part assigned.

Heartbeats heard, stethoscope
not required, each beat expressive of
its intent. Far yet near
Faint yet clear.

Unseen forces; unknown faces,
Concerns for each other;
Silent reminders of existence
and belief at other end.

Undiscovered magnetism;
they defy the written
laws - likes repel, unlikes attract.

Nikunj Sharma

Marbles

I always saw light through the marbles
rolling on a dusty ground.
Destination a round hole
A tiny palm directed them to
their ultimate goal.

Bright red, yellow and pristine blue;
You smile at them, they smiled at you
A world contained in the grip of hand;
They burst in laughter with a thud on land.

A hit at centre or tangential touch;
Twitched between fingers, they feel the clutch
Lying in pocket
Craving for the sun beam
For freedom even marbles dream.

You left them, some place behind
Being selfish and unkind
They didn't speak
Just exchanged a glance
As if asking for a chance.
You were busy, too busy for thee
Lost in your world completely
The rate race of your lifetime
Made you forget your crime....

You search for them everyday
Expect em to pop up on road
And waylay
Looking for them in your drawers
Waiting for them at the airport
They aren't there in parties
In wine glasses they don't float
They don't fit in your pockets clean
No longer now; their eyes gleam

We all are marbles
In his hand
Alluvial treasures
Buried in sand
He doesn't dropp
But picks up all
Marbles of all sizes
Big and small....

Life goes on

As you move ahead on your way
Hear something
I want to say
Pick your marbles and embrace
They shall bring with them solace
Companions of childhood days
Sunny rays.....

Hold them close and hold them tight
Bring their soul
A much awaited respite
A lease of life a hopeful breath
For they have been a friend
And shall remain
Until death.....

Nikunj Sharma

Markets' Kick

I am gonna invest in the stocks;
Do u hear? My dear mom! ! !
Yes I do, but remember my son;
Investing is serious, It aint no fun.

Don't worry Mom!
I know how to play.
How to get in;
And get out next day.
At times I shall buy;
Without paying full.
U know these OPTIONS? ? ?
Used by a BULL.

I know how to short,
And then cover it up.
Money this way;
Shall fill my cup.

No worries mom,
As nimble footed I am.
Never shall set my morning SUN.
Large caps are boring
Mid caps are now dull too
I have spotted some pennies Mom
For my dreams to Quickly come through..

Then I shall buy a car;
And a dream home too
Mom you just wait;
For this Bull Run to come through.

A big guy is a friend of mine;
Gave me some tips, over the wine.
He pulls the string and makes big buck;
He's the king, who writes his luck, .
In his company, there are only a few
And I am one of them;
That's true.

Mom kept mum, perhaps knew outcome.
Options, trading, tips and fun;
Leads to happiness for none.

The son came back one night bit dull;
The storm destroyed his boat's hull.
The friend was gone and so was gain;
All he was left with, was hope and pain.

No car for now and surely no dream home;
No tours to Paris, no holiday in Rome.
Realized the son, the market rules
In the end.
Its a phenomenon, not a trend.
Unfortunately one doesn't hear its music;
One doesn't learn the trick;
Till he gets from market;
A firm kick.

Nikunj Sharma

Meaning Of Name

I wonder what is the meaning?
Meaning of my name.
What role the name plays?
In the life's game;
Does the name signify life;
Or the life signifies name.
I am puzzled hitherto;
U tell me what's ur name..

My name means a garden;
That I wannabe.
What is that; ur name means?
Please tell me thee...

Nikunj Sharma

Mind's A Parachute - II

Imprisoned, confined in the harness and lines
Unknown strengths, undiscovered virtues a spread parasol
Afraid of heights that lie within, that fear of jump undone
I meet the cherished realm adrenalin pumped

No wings to claim the sky, just a canopy to sail high
Afraid to dash or crash I feel an eternal sigh
This fear of falling brings the feeling of things
getting larger. I crumbled under the tent of my own wings

This flight fights fulfillment, results never thrilled
Till the strings, were jerked with force
To open the firmament azure

Life changed in an instant, a long awaited wish
brings the promise of renewed prosperity
a flight change makes fear estranged
A swift drift and divine drag; to secure an ease into gravity

A parachute is like my mind it works when
It's kept open.
Just pull the string and feel the fun
As you lift above the noise and float on the horizon
It's a different feeling flying so high
In gravity's surrender, to glide in the sky.

(This is a rewrite of my earlier poem, I am grateful to Mr. R H Peat for his
valuable time and guidance. I am putting it up knowing fully well that it is still
not complete)

Nikunj Sharma

Mind's A Parachute

Mind's a parachute, chose your color
Take wings and fly
Towards your dreams;
Across the firmament
You can, if you try.

If you have dreams
We can give them a shape
So, in dreamy pursuits
Your sprit can escape
Across the oceans
Across the sickle moon
We take you far
Away from swoon.

We color your life as such;
With colors of prosperity.
Through the maze;
So that you can stride;
Cutting all uncertainty

We spread our wings;
As you learn to fly,
We do lot of things;
With you we try.
With each step;
Yours and mine;
May your lives always shine.

In the end, it's all in the mind
One can hold, or one can shoot
Can stay on ground or
Enjoy the flight in a colorful
PARACHUTE ...

One can rest or take a leap;
For all of us;
Have promises to keep.
To dream to soar;

To achieve ever more.
There we are;
Your partners in flight,
Making you hold on the reins tight.
With you we blow,
Melodies on the life's flute;
So chose your colors
Mind's a parachute.....

Nikunj Sharma

Moments Of Truth

Moments - of truth; Spoken to self
Have been of Great help.....

To dive deep
In ocean of my discontent,
They have guided me through
Strong undercurrent.

Ephemeral, as are they;
It's hard to extend their stay.
Like the drizzle in the desert,
With me continuously they flirt.

As a bookmark they separate;
A future triumphant
from the past desolate.

All my life I felt
Playing the hand, that I was dealt
Until I saw what they showed.
The soil of incompetence;
That I hadn't ploughed.
The eyes burdened under the wool;
A soul denied admission,
In his school.

At last they made me converse;
To my own forgotten self.
Moments - of truth,
Have been of great help.....

Nikunj Sharma

Morsels On Her Plate

Craggy face by roadside
Hands stretched in anticipation
Faces behind the glasses morph
In an expression of rejection

Dust stained morsels
Resting on her plate
Hardened by the strokes of heat
Just as her physical state

Lady luck nowhere in sight
Passersby pitying on her plight
Eyes full of expectation
Here and there they roam
Earth below and magnificent firmament above
Her palatial home

Windows opened and shut
Clenched fists
Unreleased coins
Hollow sighs
Momentary pain
Is this what with her -
Shall remain

Wrinkles and pain lines
Is what now shines
On what once was a young face...
Dejection abounds

No hint of human grace

An eye on people
Another on morsels
Hanging in balance
Her poor commercial equation
Let the mercy flow

Towards a hapless face
Dusty hair in a public place
Loosen your purse strings
If you may
May the morsels on her plate
Always stay

Nikunj Sharma

Mortgaged

buying dreams was easy for me too
Just signed up a loan
; leveraged and bought all;
Cheap money could buy..

Sold out to a pin striped suit,
gullible as an innocent child,
dreaming a candy rainbow.
A little more every month
could buy a bigger house,
bigger car and everything,
cheap money could buy.

Magic wand of money,
spinned everything
rosy and cozy,
hopes and dreams being lien marked,
human mind oblivious of gravity,
newtons' law forgotten. Around me
Everything cheap money could buy.

Larger than life EMIs,
constant in a variable world,
haunt like a stalker through days and nights.
Depleting bank balance,
creeping worries,
came free with everything,
cheap money could buy.

Nikunj Sharma

My Cold

A box of tissue and dustbin
How good a friend they have been
To help me with my chronic cold
A special place in my heart they hold

Cacophony, as nasal as it can be
Is taken in stride by my colleagues
Can't help though, they got to bear
If not out of concern, then out of fear
(I am boss here)

My cold is old and me an old cold
A sticky story every morning retold
Wonder where all the phlegm
Comes from
Remains a mystery
May my cold, live long
Many are employed by the tissue INDUSTRY.

Nikunj Sharma

My Dream

Long before I was born;
It existed in nascent form.
Supple yet strong;
It stayed with me all along.

It crawled with me on silken floor;
Making my eyes shine evermore.
It rocked with me the wooden horse;
Promising to partner along;
My life's course.

A part of it came from my dad;
Who maybe saw, Pleasure's dearth.
Mom contributed her part too;
Filling it with galore of mirth.

It's changed in form,
Grown in size too;
Thought someday;
It would come true.

A lifetime chase;
Full of vigour and rage.
Its difficult to keep up to its pace;
Now that I have come of age.

When I shall write my will;
An unwritten part shall there be still.
Inherit it shall one day thee;
An unfinished part of me.

Let it stay, if you may;

Offer my dreams light of day.
Let it grow with you my child;
No matter how unruly and wild.
Embrace it as someone yours;
That shall stay in you for years.

Then one day shall you see;
The dream's been yours and not me.
We are not here to chase it down;
Or make it talk of town.

We all need a dream, to carry on;
A capstan to anchor on.
From me to you and onwards;
A treasure to be passed on;
A treasure to be passed on;

Nikunj Sharma

My First Poem

My first words are forgotten
Just as the first step I took years ago
As the tire marks in the rear vision
fail to attract anymore

Block by block as I reconstruct
the castle of my memories
A whiff of fresh air from an old duct
Comes and caresses my cheeks

Gentle reminder of unpaid gratitude
As a creditor knocking at the door
for the want of minimal rectitude
they ask for a little more

Flying on the wings of dead words
The poem stays alive
only when I see the threads
I connect with the hidden life.

Nikunj Sharma

My Wife, My Life

Almond Eyes, Long hair
There she stood, an image
Precious and rare
Not knowing my emotions and feel
Tall she stood on a 3 inch heel

She came, I saw, she conquered
She went, I lost and wondered
Little did I know, apart from her name,
With us as creatures, god would play a game.

We met again, in a dark corridor,
My heart couldn't simply ask for more
Who thought; such a lovely lass
Could be the part of the same class

Innocent face, heavenly grace
In my heart for her, there was a place.
Impatient I grew, little did she knew
She was to me like, morning dew

Endless talks, untiring walks
Sleepless nights, dizzying heights
Our love soared in fancy flights
We fell, we rose, and we came close
We dated and dated 2 years on the trot,
Until the day till we tied the knot.

A dream come true, or fresh beginning,
We could only feel the bells ringing..

The bells still ring today
With the angel around whom I stay
Through night and days, summer and springs
Tons of joy and hope she brings
She's been a pillar, a foundation stone
The best person I could have ever known

Donno without her, where I stood
If she didn't do what she could....

She is a mirror that always shows
Reflection of my joys and her sorrows
I wish the mirror was other way round
Where she grew by leaps and bound....

The day I see fruition of her dream
I shall danceLike a mote in sunbeam

11 December 2008

Nikunj Sharma

My Words Wont Stay

In sands of time yesterday;
I wrote some words;
Now fading away.

Their meanings were deep
But to your heights they couldn't creep;
Can you wish for them?
For them Can u pray?
Make my words always stay...

The rocks I itched with my hand;
Withered away and merged in sand.
The words on them too melted away;
From stone to sand unfortunately;
The traffic goes only one way.

I saw them on sand
And in the water flowing away;
My words cradled on waves heart;
Waved at me and said - hey
I know it was your magic
For if, you didn't pray
My words would have witherd too
Without you, they won't stay...

Nikunj Sharma

One Eyed Mom

One eyed Mom

His one eyed mom wasn't cool;
Did cleaning stuff around his school.
The looks of her made him grim;
For the fear, she may recognize him.

One day she came to meet;
To cheer him up and greet;
The students also saw her;
With disgust and anger.
The one eyed ugly face;
To him she brought big disgrace.

He was mad, mad at her.
For whole life he shall abhor;
Her ugly life and unpleasant face;
As to him she brought disgrace.

Grew up the son, only to go away
To raise a family in sumptuous way
Again she came, to meet them
Stood at his gate one day;
His children screamed
Out of fear,
He hated again, why his mom came near?

Life cruised a long way
Till he visited his school on reunion day
Wanted to see his old house
Where stayed his mom
His eyes searching the vacant house
But there was no one.

A letter handed over to son
By a teacher old
Letters scribbled in his mother's hand
Seemed to be etched in gold

She narrated a story
That was hitherto hidden
The son in his childhood was bedridden
In an accident he had lost an eye
The mother could bear this
For him she donated one eye

I am sorry son! For my ugly face
On numerous occasion I brought you disgrace.
I want you to see, the world in a different light
If you see a one eyed again,
Be kind and concerned about her plight
For me you shall always be a son
I shall pray and watch you
Even from Heaven.

(inspired by an email a friend sent to me)

Nikunj Sharma

Organization Learning

I thought I was learning management through books,
Till I had a broth spoiled by many cooks.

Everything was right;
My team was bright.
Probably the best;
When put to test.

They knew all jargons;
That makes u say;
He is cool guy, hey! ! ! !

The programs were conducted
With fanfare;
After them, we punched the air.
Exchanged emails and regards;
In hope to lead and not be laggards.

Little did we know?
What we ignored.
The ground realities changed;
While we snored.
We knew the books, but not common sense
The organization suffered at our expense.

We focused on only;
What we were good at.
So when pitch was turning;
We couldn't bat.

We hid our weakness
When we should have exposed
We didn't open our minds;
Rather kept them closed

Learning is not a state of being;
Its a state of mind.
You got to move forward;
Yet improve what u left behind.

The learner, the teacher is all the same;
Getting smarter in the game.

Can I? To I can!
From Will I? to I will!
From I Am! ! to Am I? ? ? ? ? (The fallacy)
Can the best, pass the test
That is question? ?

Do I have the courage?
To take the criticism in my stride.
Or do I take it poorly and go into hide.
As a teacher, do I learn;
The things I didn't know
Or I basked in sun rather;
Than trying myself to grow.

Train to learn or learn to train
Should I really rake my brain?
DEPENDS
on how you see things....
To me teacher shall move
only learning shall remain.....

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Nikunj Sharma

Our Daughters

Their tears tear us apart
Their giggles have cheered us
Right from start.

Their victories over us
In the game of words
The flights of their fancy
Beat the birds

The dream filled eyes;
Make us think
While;
An eternity passes;
In their naughty blink

Layers of dreams and
Competitive priorities
Mock fights and feigned adversaries
Blackmails and many an innocent cheat
They know for them
Our hearts beat

Nikunj Sharma

Over The Hill

The old must make way for new;
A rule known to all, understood by few.
Old memories and habits, hard to shed;
As one lives with them, till he is dead.

Old he was, the lion king;
The whole jungle once was his ring.
He ruled every inch till the day;
It was time to make way.

The young one was belligerent;
Soaring, aspiring and recalcitrant.
Ready to challenge and grab the throne;
With his howl he shook old bone.

Reluctant old tried his best
Young aspirations couldn't be put to rest
So he made way, finally
For the new king smilingly

That's the rule, rule of the game;
The old should accept without shame.
You should know you are over the hill;
When your mind makes a promise;
Your body can't fill.

Nikunj Sharma

Page 3

Lust busy; lechery engaged too
On floor of glamour, clamour stiletto
Modesty roams free; under marquee
Long live page 3

Necklines plunge, Hemlines soar
Botoxed faces smile evermore
Sozzled spirits revel in revrie
Long live page 3

The diamond ring caught infection
It changed fingers too often
Pendant enjoys though; premier mid riff show
Ogles toggle; free
Long live page 3

Values valued at the lowest
Treachery held in esteem highest
Honesty waits for its turn
Gets only heartburn
hard on rocks, life on a spinning spree
Long live the page 3.

Nikunj Sharma

Plateau

Streams of thoughts stay within
Loaded pen waiting to pour on paper thin
The words, the prose and the verse
Standstill, my poetic universe

Crumpled papers and the littered floor
Jammed for the time being, my intellect's door
Deliberate attempts don't help the flow
Worries of depletion in my mind grow
No signs of rain or the rainbow
At times, I am
A hapless poet on poetic plateau

Nikunj Sharma

Pleasure And Pain

I see the waves falling and rising
Across the street, in the bay
I see the sun rising above
Turning in gold, the plinth gray.

I feel the breeze flowing by
Urging me to get up and try
I see a flock of seagulls
teaching me, how to fly.

I spot shells lying in sand
I see rock with a tough stand
horizon fading in distance
A metaphor for life,
In nature's setting grand

In the mirror, I see a box
a mind half open, bit orthodox
A pair of eyes and the blur
A struggling spirit and Life's stir

A window opened, then in a flash
Calm taking over a manner rash
Growing worries now decayed
Sweet melodies my heart played

Between the pleasure and pain
There is thin memberane
Easy to pierce, difficult to spot
Once demolished, helps a lot.

Nikunj Sharma

Poem In My Heart

There is poem in my heart
Unsung tunes, unwritten phrases
The moment I write, the world erases
My philosophy
And my idiosyncrasy.
But only the words get deleted
Fertile mind isn't depleted
Anything that can germinate
No force can terminate

The steps I took
Like pages of my book
The footprints and ink
The unbreakable link
The poem and the indelible print
Is here to stay,
In a special way.
so is the poem in my heart.

Nikunj Sharma

Present

Zindagi Migzara* (life goes on)
Through the hills and vales,
No matter how fast you run;
The distance prevails.

Past trying to claw back;
The gains that you made.
Future busy in sharpening;
The edge of the blade.

It's the Present; that offers you
Oodles of sunshine
It takes away the gray of plinth
With its intervention divine

Present is sweet and pleasant
Definitely god sent;
A gift of him, to human beings;
That's why it's called PRESENT

* A phrase from THE KITE RUNNER, a book by Khaled Hosseini

Nikunj Sharma

Promise

I may not be the phenomenon
I want to be.

But I shall try to be the change
That you want to see

I silently made this promise
to almighty.

Nikunj Sharma

Punter

Traces of wisdom;
Were hard to find.
Myopia ruled;
Before he turned blind.

The dust's dotted with his blood;
One who once stood here as stud.
Lies now unclothed and bare;
A Punter died, they say here...

Nikunj Sharma

Self Made Man

I saw a statue, half sculpted;
On top a man, right hand raised;
The bottom undefined, unchiseled.
Wondered what came first?
The rock, or the man.
How fast did the sculptors
imagination ran?

Was it a rock or me?
My eyes saw what my sou
Wanted to see.
We are are sculptors
Hammer in our hand;
Chiseling ourselves
For a future grand.

So raise your hand at yourself,
If you believe
Harder u chisel, more you achieve;
Then someone else shall wonder;
How fast your imagination Ran;
And you shall be a self made man.
A self made man...

Nikunj Sharma

Smiles

May smiles be the link;
Between you and me.
May smiles be the spirit.
That sets us free

May smiles be the dust;
That lies in our way
May smiles be the road;
We take everyday

May smiles be the bridge;
Between our past and now.
May smiles be the reason;
For us to say wow.

May smiles be the tide,
Which happily we ride.
May smiles be the current;
Along which our boats glide

May smiles be smiling
For us all along
May smiles make us see;
Right in every wrong.

May smiles be the tools
In our hand;
May smiles be the means
To a worthy end.

May smiles rest forever on our lips
God just sent these tips
Smile in our heartbeats
Smiles in our breath
May smiles be our companion;
Between life and death.

9th June 2009

Nikunj Sharma

So The Story Goes

Dead men walking
Past silent woman
Just when they saw
The lame guy run
So the story goes
It was a starry cloudy night
When the heat froze.

Funny things happening
Adult children gossiping
About the thunderous silence
They were absolutely unsure
What would happen hence?
So the story goes
It was a starry cloudy night
When the heat froze.

Divine cruelty at its best
Restless spirit put to rest
Naughty children behaved well
Door of heaven led to hell
So the story goes
It was a starry cloudy night
When the heat froze.

Future eating into past
Faceless spirits having blast
Straight story with a bend
Movie beginning with the end.
So the story goes
It was a starry cloudy night
When the heat froze

Nikunj Sharma

Solitude's Whistle

Loneliness to solitude
Spans the kingdom of silence
Its path bathed in the golden hue
Of restrained compliance ...

One end dark;
The other illuminated.
The distance not yet calibrated;
On a measurable scale.
One hinges on myopia;
The other encourages to exhale.

A moment is enough
to enlighten and
To render the self a glow
So take a step towards the worthy end
Solitude's whistle you blow.

30 June 2009

Nikunj Sharma

Some Sights Are Always Pleasant

Train passing through in the distance
Against a faint backdropp
A plane taking off to the clouds
Or landing on a black top
A bullock cart on a lazy road
The clouds carrying rainy load
A rainbow shining in a pregnant sky
With pleasure I watch seagulls fly
Life dubbed with colors different
Some sights are always pleasant....

A boat dancing on oceans' chest
A child sleeping, taking rest
The fluttering wings of a butterfly
The shining dot in the corner of eye
The dancing river that finally bent
Some sights are always pleasant

A gleaming edge reflecting sun
A smiling face, having fun
Lazy ocean hugging the shore
A child on toes, reaching for more
Like a beautiful moment, that god sent
Some sights are always pleasant

Nikunj Sharma

Spark

Tangible as a wish that comes from a heart true;
spirited as a dream that lives to come through; definite as tomorrow's sun;
subtle as friendly fun.
Pleasing as a childish smile staying for a while; ephemeral as a fleeting moment;
lively as a flowing current;
the spark of her eye; to live to stay to roam
Till the cows come home.

Nikunj Sharma

Spoonerism Of My Life

Every morning, the bed wakes up
On me; in the room.
The tooth pastes the brush
Room cleans the broom

Car drives the driver
The road on its top
Its Tank fills the petrol pump
Where do I stop?

My face brightens the face cream
My eyes make the sunshine gleam
Am I giving life back to source?
Is this spoonerism a dream?

Nikunj Sharma

Stocks And Life

I wondered why;
Promoters create wealth.
While down the drain goes;
My stock's health.
Doesn't he own the same stock?
Which, I crib on round the clock.

I wonder why, they couldn't build
Rome in a single day;
Why couldn't I be a graduate?
On my first Birthday.
Just as Rome, the businesses too;
Can't be created overnight.
They take time to flourish and grow
Through the times, dark and bright.

Stocks and life have a lot in common
Both reward the ones who hold on
The ones who change their view everyday
Are deprived forever of hay

The joys of stocks and the greed rife
Aren't too different from life
One needs to take them in stride
AND
Put the seat belts on
To enjoy the ride.

Nikunj Sharma

Success

I chased it hard;
Couldn't catch it man.
The harder I tried,
The faster it ran
Away from me
As a bird just been set free.

I tried shortcuts;
It eluded more
I looked skywards
It showed me floor.

I changed my garb
And changed my style.
To deceive it for once
A little while.
It spat on my face
Lending disgrace
Be urself, it finally said
Don't change the course
Work hard instead...

It seemed like my shadow itself
Running ahead of me evrytime.
With sun on my back
Seemed I was behind time.
I stared in sun
And walked towards light
Now it fell behind me
Chasing me tight.

The choice is ours
To be self or not to be
Follow it or make it follow
And let urself be free.

Nikunj Sharma

The Bridges We Built

They stood there firm
As if to confirm
Their residual strength.
The cause,
The purpose they represent.

Undaunted by corrosion of worldly blows;
Through their foundation the river still flows.
The currents of passion;
The torrents of nature's crime;
They have withstood
The test of time.

Banisters broken, footsteps ashen;
Creaking floor;
Foul odor.
The temperate will
To stand still;
When all else gone
They stayed with us
Saying ...
We will, we will....

They helped us cross
The river wild
Safe and unhurt
When we were a child
To meet a friend
At
The other end

They faced our fire
Emotions, compassion and
The ire

It burnt it hurt
The smoke the dirt
Off went the color
But not the valor

You could burn them all
But not ours
They have been strong
All along

No matter how strong the rivers flow
How wild the winds that blow
They shall stand
Truly grand
Representing our strength, love and
Maybe guilt.....
They are the bridges that
Together we built....

Nikunj Sharma

The Care Can Fly

Strange vibes of warmth and care;
Across the miles they do share.
they can't see, they can't touch;
About each other they don't know much.

They haven't heard the voices too;
Poems carrying their feelings through;
For each other, why do they pray?
One doesn't know! One can't say.

Shall bump in to her, one day he hopes;
In darkness till then he gropes.
She's waiting on the other end;
Magic lamp in her hand.

Seeds of human love, someone had sown;
Seedlings now from them have grown.
Reasons of their growth unknown;
To the common eye.
Across the miles, through the oceans;
The care can fly...

Nikunj Sharma

The Idiot And The Box

It stands between you and life
Claiming time that belongs to your wife
The potato and his couch
Married life says - ouch.

The buttons on the remote
Pressed by guilty fingers
Someday he shall realise
The hope lingers..

Her order of importance hasn't changed
Why can't you restrain
When she has refrained
Is the moot question
Reckless indulgence
Leading to combustion.

Decide, poor potato
And decide today
Chose life or the box
Because if she has her day
She might decide to live with box
And throw the idiot away...

Nikunj Sharma

The Rain Song

The little tear,
the cloud just shed
Gravity placed
On my forehead

The eternal kiss
Stroke of bliss
Feeling of hope and cheer
How could be brought by a tear

Poor soul didn't understand
Love of sky sent to land
A gift, heart sent
A riveting moment
Sky's tear
My crown
Island of relief
In ocean of frown

A tear brought moisterous mirth;
To the heart of mother earth.
Cats and dogs drumming their beat;
For wandering soul, what a treat! !

Nikunj Sharma

Transformed

A grain of sand held ransom
by the faintest whiff of wind;
Launched, the headless doesn't know its destination.

A bird flutters its wings to fly;
It lands to catch a worm
Myopia overrules pleasure, flight remains hidden.
A weed laden garden awaits footsteps.

A kite flies on string in limitless sky;
Hands on the ground release its thread; inch by inch,
till a gust of wind frees it from the clutches of gravity.

Grain rests at the crest of dunes.
The bird eats to fly far,
Weeds vanish, dewdrops attract footsteps.
The kite is freed, it flies beyond reach.

A boundless mind; like a candle
Lights dark alleys inside doubt,
Infinite destinations are suddenly reached,
A journey begins with a new tread.

Nikunj Sharma

Traveller

Been there done that;
Life's been a bit of rhyme.
I have been traveling for sometime.

Born here brought up there;
My mom was busy,
So someone else tended me care.
From childhood to life prime;
I have been traveling 4 sometime.

From rain sprinkle to scorching heat;
From country's capital to dalal street.
From shrill noises to soothing chime;
I have been traveling for sometime.

From meander to know;
As seeds I sow;
From reach to arrive;
From seek to strive;
Tapping my feet on life's rhyme.
I have been traveling for sometime

To blessings from curse;
To bad from worse;
From empty pockets to a loaded purse;
From tap water to bottled lime;
I have been traveling for sometime.

From crawl to walk n walk to run;
Life's actually been a fun.
As I stop to catch a breath;
I feel like traveller;
Between life and death.

Nikunj Sharma

Tree

I am tree,
But not free
My stem is being;
Cut by forces of modernization
Environmental love,
Sacrificed on altar of commercialization

The gardener who was in love with me
Dates a skyscraper now
The builder gave him a terrace flat
His wife said wow.

It seems all my released oxygen
Went to the woodcutter
Who breathed on me, so that one day;
I could be his slaughter

My roots are competing with
The foundation stone of my neighbor
Who shall get more of the mother earth?
Me or the skyscraper

29 June 2009

Nikunj Sharma

Tribute To Readers

I found a friend, in the end.
Who reads my work with patience;
Reads between the lines,
To understand the words, and their sense.

Kind suggestions, made from heart;
With honesty she plays; the readers' part.
Small things a poet may ignore;
She goes right down, to the poem's core.
And with patience, does repair;
All that's amiss, and shows her care.

Readers like her are only a few
Who help you in a manner really true;
There is warmth in their critique;
There is divinity in their mystique.
They are the ones who help you construct
Your imaginative castles grand
They help, they walk; with you they stand.

They are miles away, though;
It's sort of makes me sad.
My poems wouldn't be what they are;
Without the value they add.

(Dedicated to all the readers, who spare time to read, suggest and encourage the word SHE is only coincidental)

Nikunj Sharma

War And Peace

We don't know who created war;
Taking lives, creating scars.
Blazing guns, killing them all;
Men, women and children small.
Fighting within, shredding hope;
Through darkness these young men grope.
Let there be light, the angels say;
Look in my eyes if you may.
Let's spread love and not take lives;
See your souls doing jives.
Then life shall move with so much ease;
Forget the war, let's talk peace.

Nikunj Sharma

Wedding Bells

The stars shall shine little longer
tonight, little brighter as well, for they
need to match the spark of her eyes. The
flowers ' fragrance shall have to live

Longer, for the night is still young.
The Music shall have to fill the air, reach
farther, for the hearts have just begun
to move their feet. The nuptial

dance of destiny waits for the curtain
to be raised. The eyes shall have to
remain awake, for they need to witness
the genesis of a journey, that shall begin

tonight. The wedding ring finds a new
home, It shall enjoy a new freedom out
of the velvet box. The road
needs to convert itself into a runway

for the wishes shall take off and kiss
the clouds with their wings, aiming
for the horizon and nothing less. The
night sky has to create some space

for the eyes are full of stars tonight
The echo of music, shall resonate
till the doors of the dreams open
and welcome the couple in their home.

* For a friend who is getting married today.

Nikunj Sharma

What Shall Remain

What shall remain of a man?
The memories of his laughter or
Things woebegone.

What shall remain of a dream?
The failure to accomplish it or the
urge to go on.

What shall remain of a promise?
A reason to believe or
not to.

What shall remain of a heart?
The quiet meat
Or echo of it beat.

What shall remain of a poet?
The words or musical
Breath.

What shall remain of a wish?
Hopeful heart or
eyes unlit.

What shall remain of a day?
Scorching heat or bright
Sunshine.

What shall remain of anything, anyone?
Silence or the sound
Footsteps or the sand
Time shall tell.

Nikunj Sharma

Wings

I always had wings
Only my soul could see
They took me to worlds above
To new orbits of glory

I always saw those little beads
Transparent like a clean glass
They formed all shapes so beautiful
Unthinkable, in a peerless class
Gleaming glinting by the sea
I always had wings
Only my soul could see

Cascading shapes, infinite lines
Flew my thoughts across times
As a child, at times I bore
A full grown up man in me
I always had wings
Only my soul could see

I wanted to fly beyond flight
Like soaring swirling skinny kite
Closed eyes imagining
Lips stretching in a glee
I always had wings
Only my soul could see

I want to fly once again
Beyond the world beyond its pain
Where life' smudged with happiness stain
I want to fly to my childhood again
Where unfinished dreams still remain
Tasks undone,
Words unspoken
Waiting since long ...
Waiting for me

I always had wings
Only my soul could see.....

Worth

Worth

I was undressed to the core;
Shattered conscience, not confident anymore.
Hopes and dreams, grounded with a screech;
My own heartbeat out of reach.
Motionless pen and decaying cellulose;
On which I wrote many a prose.

One remark was all it took
Cutting through with serrated tooth
Sending humiliation, insult and desperation
Ending an intellectual celebration

But for the desire to bounce back
With a vengeance to take a crack
A realization came quick,
When I was alone and free.
That no stone is thrown;
at a fruitless tree.

Nikunj Sharma

Worth - II

Blown beliefs; Show the doorway
Shattered thoughts litter the floor
Lost confidence.
Motionless my pen drips on faded paper
Words stagnant as leaves
on lake.

A remark, from someone
Far away, makes me rethink
Read again, in a drift
Where the readers would gain

I me?
My thoughts stand still
I walk uphill, against my will

A ripple comes
The pen no longer slips, on each word
It plants a kiss, at the heart of paper

I write again,
Nor for adoration
But for the stone that creates ripples.

Nikunj Sharma

You Are Dancing

When the adrenalin creeps;
And the knees don't creek.
They say you are dancing.

When your heart skips a beat;
And wanna tap your feet.
They say you are dancing.

When the night is young;
And your heart bears;
Some tunes unsung.
They say you are dancing.

It's not a state of being;
But a state of mind.
When you leave all your worries;
Some distance behind.
They say you are dancing.

When the lights go dim;
But not a soul is grim.
When music going down;
Is unable to make you frown.
When you walk in setting sun;
Still having fun.
When the end seems close;
Yet in your nerves;
Blood flows.
They say you are dancing.

When you come back from the brink;
To have another drink;
From the cup of life.
Forgetting all swoon;
Deleting all strife.

When the kite soars high;
In the blue sky;
When you think;
You can.
In yourself see a real man;
They say you are dancing.

Nikunj Sharma

Zeitgeist

A life worth living
A party to enjoy to the hilt
The dams the bridges,
That I built.
To myself a feast
My zeitgeist

Lazy days, starry nights
Small arguments, worthless fights
Paper boats and
Ice cream floats
I do remember, at least
My zeitgeist

Careless ogles;
Sparing none.
The animal spirits
That ruled once.
Freewheeling chats and emotion
Before exam, the commotion
The unprepared answers;
To well set questions.
I do remember, at least
My zeitgeist

Swirling dreams within my cup
Wait for success at doorstep
Ambitions overflowing the brim
Noted down by HIM.
I do remember, at least
My zeitgeist.

The pledge to walk alone
Yearly Renewal of the resolutions
The siege with in,
Revised calculations.
I do, at least
My zeitgeist..

