

Poetry Series

Preethi Richards
- poems -



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Preethi Richards()

A wandering soul??

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THE BIRD

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Good Bye..! !

For the most of part of people on our lives you don't hold them for they rescued you,

For they saved you from drowning in the river but you would hold them tight as they saved you from million other ways of being alone, falling into depths of despair

For they becoming a part of you, You just hold them tight to the bosom and Never let them fall apart.

They become a soothing music to the heart that Reverberates with the heart beats,

A smile to the simple soul

And they just lives in you as simple as a breathe and as important as it is.

Sometimes saying goodbyes are hard.....

~preethi.

Preethi Richards



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Stranger

How it would be if I meet you again as a complete stranger?
I would never talked about LOVE,
I would never indulge you in my feelings
I would rewrite my story just including me,
I would never have you in my dreams, .
The feeling of strangers is good,
No voids and No nulls.

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~preethi.

Preethi Richards



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Am I Not?

Am I not lying that I am happy?

Am I glorifying the demons in my brain?

Am I alone in this loop?

Did this society prepared me in the manner of defaming the appropriate conditions that my mind weighs?

Calling my heart an ocean of sorrows,

With the thumping of waves inside and outside without subsiding,

Am I trained to run a rat race by this society

In the fear of standing out alone from the crowd,

Incase my feelings are heard by my own heart.

~preethi.

Preethi Richards



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Secret Of Life....

The sun which ripens my fruits,
The star which guides my lost ship,
The wind whispers in my ear,
And the earth asks me

"What is the use of the dwelling on acres of land When I am intended to eat only my peck of grain? "

It was a secret like flowers in the backyard,
Yet me,
You,
And
None,
Would understand this....! !

~preethi

Preethi Richards



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