

Poetry Series

Rishabh Roy
- poems -

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Rishabh Roy(19 February,2000)

A Winter Time

The sun gave off its ray,
The winds breezed my heart.
Singing on a winter's day
The cuckoo held me till last.

Babble from the neighbourhood
And a vendor's cry
Screams of the childhood
On a day, so dry.

I heard the song of river
Watched the dancing leaves.
But as the days passed by
Fled from the scene, these thieves

Rishabh Roy

Anger

You made me disabled
From a soldier so abled
You shed my tears
Which did not even in fears.

You are the biggest killer
All thr preaching's driller
A friend at a time
A foe beyond a line.

You stole my laughter
Not slowly, so faster
You took my peace's misr
And doubtlessly made me a beast

Rishabh Roy

Evil World

The plastics burnt as if they were the king of fire,
For no one knows what to throw and what to hire.
Sun shined behind the trees,
without the former, the latter would freeze.

A beggar in the street,
fought for his life.
Thrown away by sons,
whose hands were cherished by knife.

The nature is killed,
the people are thrilled.
The road is empty,
Once, there was a small shanty

Rishabh Roy

Failure

The pit in my lonely way
A guide on a virtual day.
The outcome of a mistake
The beginner of life after a break.

Frustration in the mind
With preachings brought by wind
Tease of the friends
In the false benevolence

New leaves come after the rain,
It's just a station in the life's train
Not a prevention, rather it's a cure
Nothing else my friends, it is failure.

Rishabh Roy

Flower In The Lap Of Thorns

I want a flower born
Blooming inside the lap of thorns.
Without the fear of the winter wind,
I walked on the ice berg in search of that kind.

I ran on the path of fire
Without ever knowing what I'm going to hire.
I walk this down mountain,
Without the thought of my loss or gain.

With beams of loads on my sack,
I'll never turn in back.
You are my destiny,
No more, I only want to see.

Rishabh Roy

Heart Of Stones

No care, no love, no deed for others
Neither for god, nor for others.
Selfish living
Cruel thinking

Rude is their life
their hands for knife.
Useless power, useless land
like the weapons on a cowards hand

Thousand killed by their guns.
What was the crime of their sons?
For others, who cannot crack their bones.
They are called heart of stones.

Rishabh Roy

I Want A World

I want a world, Where I
Will not say that this thing is mine.
Where no one has a broken dream
And should enjoy a life of peace, not lean.

We will never beat, never bear
that we're more important than any other.
We'll not frown to any other
of the family which is of different colour.

Sun shines along the east
This thing everyone seeks.
But they don't wonder, Why?
it had to set in the west? ? ?

Rishabh Roy

Life Is A Road

Walk through it with beams of load
With ups and downs
And turns and bounds

Make road your heart beat
So that you cannot deviate from it
Don't stop till the road ends
Don't be, afraid if it bends

Reach your destination
Then see god's incarnation
Earn victory,
Move your sweat
Labour hard,
till the sun set

Life is a road
Walk through it with beams of load

Rishabh Roy

Mirror Is Magic

Mirror is of course,
The strange thing of all.
Here the straight rays fall
And then bounce back like a ball.

But mirror itself says 'Me''error'.
Nothing happens in true what we bear.
Where we comb our hair,
this mysterious thing is mirror.

Oh! my lovely readers, don't be in confusion,
because you can find the solution.
There is nothing but reflection.
Let's explore science fiction.

Rishabh Roy

Mother

When I am happy, its for all.
But when I'm sad, only your tears fall.
Like my shadow you walk beside me.
Just as the roots that hold up the tree.

Love, affection, power that I got from you.
There is no need of god even if he is true.
Not caring about yourself, you justified for me.
Your aim, your pain, your needs only for me.

With beams of loads on my sack.
I'll never turn in back.
No more, I only want to see
the incarnation of god.
In the form of mother,
he has given me

Rishabh Roy

Motherland

India is a land
which has sacred sand.
Here the people hate the bland.
Want to explore the grand.

What a beautiful place.
with people of different face.
Each in one trace
yet following different race.

India is very vast
the people are of different caste
Although like mumbai, the country blast
The purity can never last.

Rishabh Roy

Peace

Where can I find the peace?
In the forests or the seas.
In the forests which is full of trees
Or the seas where fishes are saying Please!

Where no one cares about people starving.
Where no one cares about children crying.
Careless! They all are lying.
For the children school going is like flying.

Someday su h place I'll definitely find.
I shall lie and feel the wind.
Where I would completely dissolve in the mankind.
The nature will peacefully grind.

Rishabh Roy

Quotations

great but do not believe yourself great.
The greatness of your work will be decreased.

is a piece of paper
If you store for long, it will wrinkle.

hands are bigger than your height
you have two ears, one mouth
So, do more pride less.
Hear more, speak less.

are the supreme creature 'by god'
Win this world but have faith on him

is the destination,
Money and knowledge are just means.
Your body parts are the ticket of these means.

ve your good work greater than god.
Believe yourself smaller than your work.

Rishabh Roy

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Rishabh Roy