

Poetry Series

Sharmila Dhar
- poems -

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Sharmila Dhar(November 12)

A casual twenty five years ago and just returned to the arena, by the encouragement of an old friend.

Feels a lot for the right and wrong in life-unable to voice it openly I hope to do so via my poems.

Putting my feelings down on paper is a catharsis of me immensely as an me up and sorts out quite a lot of confusion that was part of my emotional me feel strong and ready to take on life.

Hope to get encouraged in the process and keep at my first love-poetry.

Being Free

Being free,
What would it mean

To you and me?

Being free,
Could mean
Walking under
A free sky
For someone imprisoned
For life
A reprieve, a prayer answered,
A blessing sent down.

Being free,
Could mean, to a ten year-old,
Playing hopscotch, tag,
Instead of wading through
A pile of dirty dishes, somebody's laundry
A responsibility thrust upon her young shoulders
Unwittingly.

Being free,
Could mean no targets, no deadlines,
Just pristine pure sand,
The waves lulling you to sleep
Dream easy

Being free,
For a housewife and mother,
Would be a day at the spa,
A day out, ladies only!
Those moments of freedom would be savored

And finally,
Being free
When ridden with diseases,
Tubes everywhere, the all-pervading smell of medicines,
A visit finally

By the Grim Reaper,
The last of life, leaving the body, a final gasp
That would be deemed ultimate freedom
Nothing would come close to that.

Sharmila Dhar

Finding Me

A part of me is dead
Hoping to rekindle it

It happened unknown to me
I was young, chirpy and happy
Years rolled by
Time took its toll

Hours spent alone
Eroding my friendships
My associations
With the outside world

The only light
At the end of the tunnel
An offspring, a blessing
Thanked for, every single day

That interaction alone would not do
Age needs age of its own kind
To feel alive and wanted

I searched, I found.
I thought I was wrong
I was right in being wrong

At last a piece of blank paper
Beckoned to me one fine day
I searched again
In the depths of my emptying mind
Reached within and scooped out
A flurry of words that
Lay unused, rusty

I made up my mind
Not to let the loneliness
Get to me, pull me down
With its weight

I am afloat now
My words picked me up
Put me in a world
Re-introduced me
I found myself

I'm happy, I'm content
This is the real me

This is what I'd been missing
This is the way I want my life to be
My way! !

Sharmila Dhar

I Wish.....

I wish a million things,

I wish the world were a nicer place,

I wish people preferred daughters to sons,

I wish the lonely never felt so,

I wish children always understood adults,

I wish adults always respected children,

I wish those who were successful also found time to enjoy their success,

I wish the rich also used their wealth to better the world,

I wish that all children were loved equally,

I wish our loved ones were never taken away from us,

I wish people lived without regrets,

I wish everyone thought of giving back,
wish people bore no grudges,

I wish no one ever got hurt,

I wish no one took anyone for granted,

I wish people did not get attached to each other,

I wish even the smallest of deeds never went unnoticed,

I wish everyone always kept the big picture in mind,

I wish life was fair to one and all,

I wish the selfish never almost always got away,

I wish some people were not born too emotional

I wish, on the other hand, some people wouldn't bottle up their emotions,

I wish only like-minded people ended up living together,

I wish relationships would always stand the test of time,

I wish people would not take each other for granted in a relationship,

I wish people learnt as they grew and aged,

I wish people would remain the same despite their circumstances,

I wish there were no secrets kept,

I wish people were more grateful for what they had,

And I finally wish I had not started to wish in the first place.

Sharmila Dhar

Shadows

A play of light
Fascinates a child just as much
As it would an artist
Both would call it a shadow

Life has its varied hues
Shadows form a part of life too
There comes a burst of sunshine
From behind the shadows of sorrow
Illuminating all the happy moments
Banishing the darkness

Even the human being
Is of various shades
Characters vary
There are the transparent, innocent ones
And to counterbalance we have the shadowy ones
A mix and match makes up the universe

Then there are the seasons
Summer's burst is vivid and glaring
Winter comes with its days of gloom
Shadows appear in it too

As long as there is light
There shall be darkness
And as long as these co-exist
So shall shadows

(May16,2009, Bangalore, India)

Sharmila Dhar

The Reunion

Friends who parted ways
Met after oh-so many days.

The planning began
On a rather leisurely pace,
But then it struck
The 'first' three minds that
This simply HAD to work out.

Messages flew fast and furiously
Between only the three initially
And surely enough
The three multiplied
And spread to many like-minded ones.

A date was set,
A hunt for the venue commenced.

The planning picked up momentum
Soon the day grew closer
Some lost sleep
Not in fear
But with sheer excitement at the outcome.

A few of us
Had to travel the distance
But it hardly mattered
For what lay at the end of
The tunnel seemed attractive enough.

Soon many smiling faces converged,
Warm embraces and high-pitched
Voices merged
Laughter thronged the air.

It felt absolutley right
To let down one's hair
Notes were exchanged
About how all our lives

Had chopped and changed.

Despite the long years spent apart
One sensed a common thread
Still wove and held the fabric of friendship
Strong and resilient.

Time flew by
And sadly enough it was
Time to say goodbye
But not before
A date was set
For the next reunion

Thinking back upon
That perfect day
Brings a smile to one's lips
And comfort to the heart.

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