

Poetry Series

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- poems -

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swarangi patil(20march)

Ballad Of Skycity

once there was a city
whose name was skycity
everywhere was greenery
so was beautiful the scenery
the city had a lot of fame
people prayed that it remains the same
once the king decided
he'll make a palace he precided
he went and took
a lot of wood
the people said
what about our food?
do not cut the trees
requested the people of skycity
but the king dint listen to them
nor did he have any pity
he made his palace
he cut thousands of trees
the people got angry
and left skycity
gone was all the greenery
so went all the scenery
nowhere was it's name
nor did it have any fame
the king of skycity
remained forever there with guilt.

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Daily Routine Version 1

Today is Sunday
A real fun day
I get up at 10
Because of the hen
I go down to play
And fidget with my clay
I come back at 2
Eat up my food
I finish up my homework
And then do some housework
I eat up my breakfast
And again go to play
And complete my day
I eat up my dinner
And pack my bag
I watch some television
And then go for hibernation
This is my routine
For my Sunday
The real fun day

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Daily Routine Version 2

Today is Monday
A day worst than Sunday
I have to get
Up at six
With so many things
To remember
My brain is with
A real mix
The homework, the class work
And many more things
With the bottle in my hand
And bag on my back
I leave for school
When it is so cool
I meet all my friends
And tell them new trends
And when the teacher enters
A thunder cloud saunters
The room gets dark
And a book comes with wide open mouth
As if it would eat us up
Then came monstrous
Numbers and a scale
Then came a playground
Where we all play
Then came a test tube
And came some specimens
But however everything
Went above our heads
Some made us scare
Some made us merry
Some made us confused
And I came back from school
Then went the day
As for my Sunday
This is my routine
For my Monday
A day worst than Sunday

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Fly

In the eye
of the tiny fly
little things
appear large
a little stick
like a bamboo tree
a bangle like
a wrestling ring
the inside of a bottle
like a deep tunnel
it's cap like
a round funnel
a doll house
like a giant room
if you try to catch it
it will fly away soon.

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Might

If I might be a tree
I would have called the birds
And make them always free
From the beautiful air
Coming from me
But did I ever think about it
That I will look so ugly?
If I might be a flower
I must have invited
The butterflies and the bees
I would have been a rose
The messenger of love
As the love I would have
Been immortal all the life
But did I ever think about it
That I will live only for one year?
But because I am a human
I would always thank the lord
Because if I was not a human
I would not have been thinking
What I might be now

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My Dream

In my sleep
I saw a dream
In which I was
Nearby a stream
I could not imagine
How strange it was
A cat and a dog
I saw playing because
But however the scenery
That I saw
Was as beautiful
As a haw
But suddenly everything
Started shaking
The birds and animals
we're all waiting
To see what has happened
Till I was awakened

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Night

on a dark night
i wish i might
go to the beach
and count the stars each
on a dark night
see the cats and dogs fight
east or west
trying their best
and the moon
smiling at me
like him i always
want to be
on a dark night
i wish i might
no one should enter
as i alone want to saunter
on my special roads
on a dark night
i wish i might

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Only If Mother Earth Could Talk

Only if mother earth could talk
on our house doors she would knock
but the humans would ignore
cause they are engaged all indoor
someone playing games on phone
someone studying all alone
someone is talking on mobile
while father is busy with his file
no one has time for mother earth
in this lonely world
mother earth is sobbing badly
but no one has heard
she is crying because of pollution
she is crying because of us
she is crying because her end is near
she is crying because between our fuss
one day mother earth will die
no one can say it is a lie
but there is one chance of our living
on our doors mother earth is knocking
when she comes in we should promise
that we will save you from your death
on our house doors she would knock
only if mother earth could talk

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Pollution Of Humans

We hear the pollution
Of air, water, soil
But did you ever hear the pollution
Of humans?
For the nature
We are the pollution
And we have to
Find a solution
The trees the flowers
The beautiful powers
The playing the strolling
For so many hours
But what is this was not there?
Will it all be fair?
Yes it will, because
The humans are the creatures
Who are destroying all those features
So let's take a pledge
To save our deaths
And so as we can
Live and let live

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