

Poetry Series

**Tanvi Nagar**  
**- poems -**

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## Tanvi Nagar(22/08/04)

I am a young writer and am passionate about speaking about topics that can affect the world. I represent Haryana, for playing Badminton and I contribute to various forums like magazines and websites. I have attended various courses to polish my writing skills. I write poetry about general topics. I write regularly and I have published three books in the past, namely, " A Treasure Trove of Poetic Wonderland", "My Book of Short Stories and Poems" and "A Bountiful of Rhythmic Stories". I would like you to read my musings and leave your valuable feedback. Your feedback can help me develop as a writer, in all spheres. Thank you for your valuable time!

# Dear Love

Dear love, I have always wanted to understand you more,  
But first of all, you must know you are the one who I most adore.  
Dear love, will you stand by me through the most rugged journeys of all?  
Dear love, as years pass by will you be there still standing strong?  
When there's solitude that surrounds like the charcoal darkness of night,  
Will you be there, like a solid rock strong by my side?  
When gloom envelopes me, when pain is only what I feel,  
Will a single touch of yours make my wounds and scars heal?  
Dear love, when my life is nothing but a misty, smoky mirror,  
Will you be the sunlight and beat life's grey weather?  
Dear love, when the sprinkler of affection waters our gardens of destiny,  
Will you be treading upon this path with me as zestfully?  
Dear love, when distaste is the only thing that binds us,  
Will in our relationship arise a sense of distrust?  
Dear love, life will put forward tests, how many would you beat?  
Would circumstances change, would they be bleak?  
Without words would only my silence be enough to communicate?  
Would we know what destiny stores for us, our fate?  
Dear love, when I'm absorbed in the deepest of darkness,  
Will you still love and not consider me wicked and heartless?  
Dear love, when we are separated by the barriers of cold war,  
With all your heart and soul, will I be the one who you adore?  
When my glass hopes and dreams are shattered and I bleed at heart,  
Remember life and death can not tear us apart,  
Once soul mates, we will always have a single heart,  
Having a single soul, we'll live together, together we'll depart,  
Our souls are united forever, regardless of storms or thunder,  
Our's is just an ordinary story of two extraordinary lovers.

Tanvi Nagar

# Dear North Star

Dear pole star, I dedicate this to you,  
Because in my mind lies a question, why do you not twinkle like other stars do?  
Do you like to be there in the sky all alone?  
Do you want to rest, after the way to weary travellers you have shown?  
Do you observe what the humans do?  
Do you feel bad because there aren't many like you?  
Do you feel yourself to be a lesser star?  
Do you not twinkle to indicate how cross you are?

With people who are just the same, but divided by the holy place they pray?  
Do you not twinkle because you are the witness to troubles of every day?  
When you know that some choose a church while other's a shrine,  
But the Divine remains the Divine.  
When you watch from there, up in the sky,  
You may have wondered why,  
Why, humans quarrel over a little less or more melanin?  
In each other's skin,  
You might be cross about how indifferent people are?  
Do you not twinkle because you feel yourself to be a lesser star?

Dear north star, do you observe too,  
That unknown to truth of life there seem to be a few,  
Yet, unlike the symphony of mountains and rivers,  
They discriminate that one who differs,  
Running after money, humans have built towers,  
You know the eternal truth that all would occupy the same space once they  
become stars,  
Do you not twinkle because you consider yourself a lesser star?  
Even though you know differences take one far?

Dear north star do you not twinkle because you want to show,  
That even if a star doesn't glow,  
There's a chance God gives to stay up there, with ones who twinkle?  
Just a bit of your magic to sprinkle.  
There's a place for those who are not like the rest,  
For those in whom lies a desire to explore with great zest,  
Because there's oneness, there's humanity still existing on Earth,  
Lingering long enough not to create a dearth.

Some rivers have water shades bluer,  
But did God convey that any of them was a wrongdoer?  
Some mountains are green others are brown,  
But did God give any one of them a crown?  
Some stones are gold, emerald and silver,  
But God never said that they were even shades better,  
Than pebbles, because without pebbles we would never have known the value of  
gold,  
Even our existence is a story that no one has told,  
There's uniqueness in the world for people to recognise,  
It's time to realise,  
O' north star,  
You're perfect as you are.

Tanvi Nagar

# Motherhood-A Special Bond

I dissolve into deep bliss,  
As I plant on your cheek a sweet kiss,  
In those silent moments of love we share,  
We slide our hands into each others as I gently care,  
You teach me lessons that I never thought you would,  
Those small efforts of yours look so good,  
You fall at times but I know that will be your rise,  
A thousand words are spoken by your mysterious eyes,  
When your eyes are closed and you dream of the moon,  
I rock your cradle and I hope you reach even above the stars soon,  
When a single tear you shed, sorrow gathers above me like a cloud,  
I will always hold your finger, alone or in a crowd,  
Like gifts, these, beautiful memories I will treasure when you grow,  
Seasons of emotions and this special bond is something only a mother can know.

Tanvi Nagar

# Waiting For The Rain

Past dragged me into it's venomous tracks, I couldn't escape,  
Those days felt like they had been recorded on a tape,  
So crystal clear they are,  
I drifted into that world that is away from this one, very far,  
That world is full of black, grey and blue,  
Slowly my vision blurred, my thoughts too.

Amid the puddles, pools and the hawker's cries,  
Those who took cover or were just passersby,  
We sung to the melody of each rain droplet,  
I saw the shelter seekers down our tree, curse the rain or just fret,  
Some smiled, perhaps, to their own tune,  
Those last moments on the Banyan were just a granted boon.

Tears seemed to be the only language I knew,  
The gloom encircled me, guilt only grew,  
How many tears should I shed?  
To wake him from the world of the dead?  
The world seemed black, full of despair, mystic, just a lie,  
I knew he wasn't far, I would find him, I would try,  
I searched far and wide, in vain,  
Until I knew I would find him, up the tree, still waiting for the rain.

Tanvi Nagar

## Wanderlust-A Heart's Longing

My heart aches for another breeze to brush by me gently,  
My road of life is shaped by the curvaceous path of destiny,  
My dwelling is in every creek, in every cave by the mountain side,  
I don't have a solitary who keeps my secrets, in whom I confide,  
I am not garlanded by pearls, I am adorned by the solar systems's star dust,  
I keep one foot after the other, inspired by my soul's own wanderlust.

My heart aches for the dingy forests and scent of the fresh roses,  
I do not regret over the roads in life I have left behind, unchosen,  
I am enchanted by this stupendous world, by every blue river and stream,  
I seek pleasure in the untruthfulness of my illusionistic dreams,  
I do not wish to bear the weight of the finest of silk nor purest gold,  
I only yearn that mysteries of this world, with my wanderlust, I can unfold.

When my heart aches for the magic of nature, the brilliant shades of rainbows,  
I am not bound to choose the grassy road neither the one with snow,  
I do not reside in the lavish houses in the country,  
The lap of nature is enough to soothe my weary body,  
My pockets are filled with emptiness like the core of my longing heart,  
This immortal longing of mine, is satisfied by nature's exquisite art.

My aching heart, desires to see all of life's zillion hues,  
For my soul's lust for adventure, the earth is it's muse,  
With nothing more than an ignited desire of adventure,  
I have no tales to tell of heroism, cowardice or valour,  
Yet, wander lust takes upon my soul in a thousand different ways,  
It is this unusual desire that shapes my destiny, the world says.

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