Poetry Series

Vivek Tiwari - poems -

Publication Date: 2024

Publisher:

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Vivek Tiwari(23 July 1985)

A leader in learning, a poet at heart, In love with letters, with verse my art. My pen, a spark to kindle change, For all that is good, though times be strange.

Though trials rise and burdens weigh, My faith stands firm, come what may. For in devotion's steady light, Dedication turns all trials bright.



Awakening To The True Spirit Of Diwali

As Diwali nears, we recall the ancient light, A festival of wisdom, good over blight. Yet slowly it shifts, from pure to profane, Where smoke clouds the stars, where we worship in vain.

Lord Rama walked, in nature's embrace, With Jatayu, with Hanuman, with bears he'd face The darkness. The creatures of land and sky Stood with him in unity; no fear, no lie.

But here, in our hands, we hold flame and roar— A million firecrackers claiming the night's floor. What does it serve, this haze in the air? When Delhi chokes, when animals stare In terror, birds lost in a flash of fright, Is this our tribute to the festival of light?

PM2.5 swells to perilous heights, Respiratory struggles, asthma's long nights, Feathered ones flee, and creatures are torn By chaos, by din, in homes they are worn.

Decorations blaze, brightening the street, Electricity wasted, in excess we greet A world warmed further,1.2 degrees climbed, Earth aches for respect, but we act unkind.

Lord Rama, protector, divine in his grace, Would he delight in this fevered chase? In harming creation, do we dare pretend That this waste of light is what he would defend?

The essence of Diwali calls for respect, A love, a gentleness, a quiet reflect. Clay lamps cast warmth, simplicity's glow, To welcome him purely, with all creatures in tow.

Let's gather in prayer, with family near, Choosing paths that honor earth's tear. It's time to protect, to hold and to tend The planet we borrow, the world we befriend.

So let not the haze taint Diwali's gleam— May this festival shine as a quiet dream. For in care and wisdom, we'll find the way To celebrate life, the true Diwali way.

-Vivek Tiwari

Morning Prayer

Dear God, Thank you for this wonderful day! To You I offer my Prayer To You I pledge my ultimate devotion! Make my mind an abode of harmony Fill my heart with compassion and empathy! Bless me courage to speak the truth And strength to follow the path of righteousness Protect me against vice and malice And direct my path towards Goodness! O God! Let my day's actions cost no pain, no tear and no fear! As I start this day, I pray for your guidance and protection. Please hold my hand and lead me From ignorance to knowledge From darkness to light!

Women: The Beauty And The Power

The surge of passion The touch of compassion The heart that bears tender emotions O women thou art that wonderful creation! Women thou art that wonderful creation!

Happiness that in a home doth dwell Peace that in a home prevail Culture that in a society doth grow O women thou bear that in thy hands! Thou bear that in thy hands!

O women thou art the greatness of a nation Women thou help flourish great civilization Women thou art the glory of the world Women thou art God's unique creation Thou art God's unique creation!

Thou art Love Thou art Beauty Thou art the power that borns Futurity!

Let Thy Mercy Be Kept On Hold

Dear God I pray Thee from the very core of my Heart-Thou art merciful, 'tis very well wrought But Thy silence of Forgiveness and Mercy No longer seems to work but in vain; Threatened is Your loving creation Animals and Birds and Plants and Trees; Cruelty, avarice, envy and vice Playing hard 'gainst Kindness Divine, Mercy's Art is trampled flattened Compassionate Hearts are poorly threatened; Conspiracy, betrayal and foul deceit Plot together to wreck the compassionate fleet-To do a great right do a little wrong 'Tis now time Let your hardest punishment loose For those who device 'gainst goodly cruise, Let the Revenge be bettered in service Blood for a Tear, Lasting Misery for a moment of Pain; Every dreg of sorrow That an innocence is conspired to suffer Be echoed aloud for years and more! Let Thy Mercy for Misery be kept on hold Let Thy instruments of Justice be Fair and Bold! I pray Thee look down at the Devil That dwells in human heart And use Thy hardest weapons To cleanse Thy world of vicious' dirt. Dance upon the hoods of horror Do Thy TANDAV of immense terror; To save Thy loving creation Hold Thy Mercy for a while Let loose the sole destruction; Pray Thee no more Mercy for a single offender.... No more Mercy for a single offender! Let Thy JUDGEMENT pass anon Let every undone fairly redone! !

Silence Is Better Than Worse To Voice

A weird denial is better than a vile acceptance A bitter truth is better than a sweet lie; Silence is better than worse to voice, Meek acceptance encourages the plots of vice!



If Love Were A Plant

If love were a plant I would have gardened my heart To the soils best, With utmost care For every leaf With passion of soul's delight; And could wait for the wonderest flower With patience upto eternity!





Live Through The Doom's Day (Poem Of Solace During Covid-19)

Turning and turning in the widening gyre Doom's dominion opens wide- deadening and dire; Fear and fright celebrate throughout Feasting on panic, pain and pyre.

Death dances frenzied on the drums of disaster Dreadens Hades in his realm of horror; Everywhere deafens the gong of knell Calling the live in the legion of dead.

People too less to funeral their dearest Time too short to count the tolls of death Earth too small to tomb the deceased Life stands lamenting at her helpless being!

Master remains no more than a fragile mortal Weaker than a puppet facing the fatal His vaulting ambition to suck Her (Nature's) dainty Succumbs to the lack of her breathing plenty.

Fear goes deep into blood and veins While the deadliest monster travels unseen More people do die dreadened Than do die diseased.

Though it's a phase of Darkness and Devil Truth of some horrific story But night can never be dark enough To withhold the Morning Glory!

Let's connect through our hearts In blessings and prayer- letting our grudges aside-For those diseased, deceased and bereaved, And join in deeds of human pride.

Let Love not lose nor faith doth betray Hold unto Hope to live through the Doom's Day!

Enjoy For Free

Enjoy the dawn that bids you welcome, Enjoy the day that blesses you with life, Enjoy the Sun that brightens your day with glory, And the evening that comforts you after tiring toils done, Enjoy the Night that lulls you asleep To refresh your soul for tomorrow's streak, Enjoy them all to the fullest with glee, For Nature has bestowed them all for free!



Go Vegan

Keep your diet cruelty-free Without staining your plate with sin, Keep you knife and fork harmless Without a killing or chop of flesh, And cause no threat to a thing of life To fill your tummy and gladden your taste!

Cause no harm to a thing that lives With feeling, love and emotion, And cause no sin by means of brutality To any of Divine Creation, Nor hurt mother Nature by any means To meet your food or fashion!

Do never threaten the Nature's law Nor imperil motherly relations By snatching babies off mother's wombs And killing them, killing emotions!

Don't involve in 'Devil's Delight' In killing and slain and slaughter!

Pigs are not your bacon to eat Cows are not your beefsteak Hens and goats are no delicacies Slaughter houses no food factories!

They all have equal rights to live Just like we, the human beings For the earth has no human-copyright, It belongs equally to all earthlings!

If you glutton not your meal with sin You'll have a peaceful conscience Pride shall ever grace you with honour And your pillow will bless you with a sleep of ease, Your heart will surely in harmony sing For your day's diet didn't cost a slain!

As long as innocence is slain To meet the avarice of man, There won't be peace on the face of earth If our plates have blood-stains!

Do generate a kindlier feeling For compassion is the noblest attribute of man.

If you stuff your plate with sin Of animal slaughter and brutalised skin, Call not yourself a 'lover of nature', Call not yourself a 'man of compassion'

You cannot be truly all those things If you are truly not a 'VEGAN'!

If you think it's hard being Vegan Then try being slaughtered for no reason Or see your kin subjected to brutality And try listening your cry of young one, And all that for no other reason But for living in harmony with lifey compassion!

If you still rest unmoved Then stay prepared for deathly diseases And brutal waves of pandemics and flu Shall ever for you their blessings release!

By-

Vivek Tiwari & Nidhi Tiwari

To My Dearest Soulmate

'Tis years we journeyed together 'Tis more I feel for you The aroma that fragrances my world of being Is ever my heaven of You!

Every moment I live with you Is like a life lived lively And I feel myself, with you, A much more and better of me!

I love you the best of me Above everything in the world For the world I seek to live Begins and ends with you!

Ask me not what I love you for 'Cause I know no reason Than the simplest pleasure of mine Of loving you with all my passion!

'Tis your love that awakens my soul And makes me feel of me And kindles the joy of heavenly kind And brings utmost peace in me!

I just want my darling It be known to you That when I picture myself happy It's always with you!

I want to grow old together The best thing, ever I dream 'Tis my utmost dream to be With you until the world's end...!

Forever may be longer a time But with you hand in hand Would I love to live together And walk together beyond! ! My yesterdays are turned a blessing Since I met with you My today with you is ever the best My tomorrows I pray be blessed with you!

Let's keep writing together A story of a wonderful kind Every moment a new charm added For true love stories do never end!

Love you ever my dearest soulmate, My strength, my life my emotion Let's keep our hands held tightly Walking with loveliest passion!

Children's Day

As freshly flowers blossom At break of the day 'N' golden beams burst Merrily all the way May all your wishes flourish May grandeur gladden your way I send my hearty wishes Happy Children's Day!

May you gain the glory May you get the fame May joy and happiness profound Greet you ever and again! May unbound delight Keep brightening you way Wishing you, my budding stars Happy Children's Day!

I wish Success and Fame Keep standing for thee With ribbons and wreaths At the door of futurity!

Overmuch

Love overmuch will get you trapped, Trust overmuch will get you stabbed, Your soulmates when use your affection Beloved ones when prey your emotion And you witnesses, dumbstruck, own puppet-show Seeing miserly how you let yourself go! Is it painful? Who cares for a discarded show! Do you feel dying? Who cares for a man letting-go! The world so full of flop-shows One more ends- one more gets abandoned's award! So slowly comes the mighty misery, So slowly gets your glory defamed! So slowly consumes you the immense pain But so long it becomes to bear that pain!

Good Bye Dear Children

I'm glad I was your teacher And you are special I want you to know Our journey together has been amazing But it's sad to seeing you go.

I've watched you blossom and flourish Changing from day to day And hope the way we journeyed together Has helped you in some fruitful way.

Although our journey ends here Our bonds and smiles will never fade We won't forget the handprints left On memories we have made.

Though you'll ever remain my kids And I would ever love to see you grow... You still have lots to learn Yet one thing I want you should know....

The thing that makes you wonderful And will ever shine through all you do Is just remain to be YOURSELF And be proud that you are YOU!

Remember all the fun we had And all the things we did But most of all ever remember You are my very special kid....!!!

Life

Life is the other name of Fun That honours duty And mocks at idledom.

To ride on the golden wings of life Just you need to meet few dealings-Exercise pure love And passionate feelings And build a structure Of supportive ceilings.



I Saw Humanity Burning In The Blazing Hades

May I know the reason Why that harmless died Pining by the busy roadside?

People passing to and fro Ignoring the misery as usual show Letting the life of poor ox go..!

You stony veterinarian What made your heart so hard To make that Pity's call discard!

And you, so called doctor Proclaiming and pretending so pitiful and kind! Didn't care to have a look; was your comfort zone so close behind?

And you all residing close by Do you humans literally mind What is mean by merciful and kind?

Or have ye humans ever thought Why has God made you so powerful and wise? That you poison the harmless and disdain him while he dies?

My heart bled, as the soul fled Leaving this disdainful world behind And I stood helpless, ashamed of this world unkind!

I'm sorry, I proved so worthless Letting you die, and my dear ones cry All humanity I saw burning in the fire of Hades blazing high!

Morning Song

A Virgin from the far East Clad in golden bright Riding the wings of freshly Breeze Awakens the dawn of light.

Frenzied fun sprinkles around The hills and rivers and lawns As beauteous Virgin walks stately Fluttering her lustrous gown.

Chorus sings its sweetest rhyme Wind rhythms its song And radiant glory gladly awakens The darkened souls to dawn.

Awake! Awake thou sleepers Shake off Slumber's yawn Join the welcome of beauteous Virgin Join the mirth of morn!

Happy Children's Day 2018

As freshly flowers blossom At break of the day 'N' golden beams spray Merrily all the way We (are)sending our wishes Happy Children's Day! Happy Children's Day!

May you gain the glory May you gain the fame May joy and mirth themselves Greet you ever (and)again May happiness meet you The way to celebrate Wishing our bidding stars Happy Children's Day! Happy Children's Day!

Happy Children's Day! Happy Children's Day! Happy Children's Day! Happy Children's Day!

????? ????? ????



Who Hath The Time?

Spring wrote poems To the horizon's core But who hath the time To admire her lore?

Rain laboured hard To decorate the sky But who hath the time To put there an eye?

Holding one's hands Is love's formality But who hath the time To love whole hearty?

Happiness knocking The doors at random But who hath the time To greet her in welcome?

Silent Scream

I though, inclined To have a record, but nothing serious. My friends agreed. As our machine displayed On its mysterious screen Two and twenty weeks of unborn life Playful in the safest chamber (Though the keeper played unsafe) . All so well-Beats normal, Good health of cheer, Mouthed thumb beautifully seen As our machine displayed On its mysterious screen.

But as the deathly instrument Touched the walls of safest chamber -Like the Death that burglars the Life-And the cheer turned to fear. Beats felt increased, Unthumbed mouth But still opened And we listened some Silent Scream As our machine displayed On its mysterious screen.

She presumed As her heart-I think-did tell There some fatal attack she felt At the doors of safest chamber. So it did..... Her fright lifted to heights, Her heartbeat over-increased We could listen louder the Silent Scream As our machine displayed On its mysterious screen.

The fatal tool played then deathly Chopping the limbs as salad pieces Legs, hands and body frame..... But the Devil stopped not yet Though the heights of the scream turned fainting As the Death reached her head.... Smashing it into nothingness (As some small loaves of mud As a lifeless thing did end) In to pieces, countless parts To pass through the suction-tube. The thing was then thrown to garbage And then all Silence of Silent Scream. Our machine then displayed Nothing On its mysterious screen.

My First Looking....

Sounding cataracts Crystal bright With delicate thunders Like the image of some Beauty Comes alive from the picture To smoothen the heart Curing of its darkened rust. Hills with the heads heavenwards Pray of their Love Clouds Whose prayers listened Fine responded Embraced by bewitching Beauty Heart to Heart Soul to Soul.... Occasion rhythmed in chorus By the colourful band of innocent singers... Spring ever-lingering as The best Hostess of youthful Beauty...! Should I seek another reason To rejoice the occasion When all availed in single view On first looking of bewitching Splendor...!!!

? ???? ???? ????? ????? ??

? ???? ???? ????? ????? ?? ?????? ?? ???? ?? ????? ?? ??? ????? ?? ??? ????? ?? ?? ? ???? ???? ! ! 777 7777 77 7777 777 77-777 ?? ??? ??? ??? ?? ??? ???? ?? 7777 77777 777 77 777 777 77 ??? ???? ?? ???? ????? ?? ???? ???? ?? ??? ?? ???? ??? ?? 77777 777 7777 77 777777 77 77 ???? ???? ?? ?? ?? ??? ?????? 777 77 777 77777 777 777 7777 777 77 77 77 777777777 ????????? ?? ????? ?? ?????? ??! ? ???? ???? ????? ????? ?? 7777 7777 777 777-7777777 ? ???? ????.. ???????????????????????!!! ????? ??????

???? ??? ?? ?? ?? ??? ?? ???? ???

?????? ??????

Revolution At Hand

Turning and turning in the Anarchy's gyre Goodness is drowned deep in its mire, Cheat, deceit, betrayal and flirt Are ingredients of Monarchy's heart. Men in power lack moral dignities Oppression and Malice are honoured duties, Honest hands are broken violent Goodly voices are suppressed silent. Toys of delicacy are gone off the fairs Cruelty and brutality are sold at thoroughfare, Those that humble are thoroughly cheated Fraudulent and deceptive are warmly greeted. Endless anarchy is the Demon's sole aim Common motives are subject to disdain.

But patient Patience` patience is broken Impatience' fury is giving its token-Surely a great Revolution is at hand Surely a great Transition is at hand. Surely the courageous hearts are willed To way the Revolt, passion filled, Surely they arouse the rise of a wave To hunt the Demons off their caves!

The Child Beggar

'For the sake of God Babu Ji Help me with 2 rupees', Cries a child beggar, 'And live blessed for centuries! '

'You are too small', I said `Should attend the school to learn instead.' The child kept lingering by me insisted To win the heart he well persuaded.

'How these wounds of burn on face, And how your plight so poor and distress? Tell me the name who did so with you', As I guessed he was made an earning instrument in the case.

A long silence and about a burst of tide in eyes Spoke more to guess and more to realize But the burdened silence still haunting Calling for passionate love to wipe his tears and his fear to paralyze.

So did I with the words humbler to melt The heart-hidden secrets to outburst, 'Be sure my child', with a fifty rupee note in hand, 'I'll give you this and more and help you out from this world misery-built.'

Still silence but almost the burst of tide, I patted on his back and made him sit by my side To take him in my close confidence And to know that threatening secret he was still trying to hide.

'Be quite out of fear my dear Tell me the name of that cruel beer Whosoever that devil be Will sure be brought to the claws of law and an end to his crime-sphere.'

'I am hit for begging less With a burning log that wounds my face But thanks and keep with you your cash How can I help imprisoned my father! ' bursting so he ran back.
??? ???? ?? ???????

?? ??? ???? ?? ??????.....

An Invocation To Mother Kali

O mother Kali! Once more do that fierce dance Your fury born that fierce dance; All things ready, All needed ingredients, All situations favour Your return All our prayers do welcome Your come. So many vicious heads ready for You to weave in wreath To wear Your neck the skulls` wreath; And skull`s bowl to bowl the blood That need prevented dropping on Earth When blood Your dagger`s blade doth spray To stop been born those `blood-drop-borns`.

Once more listen our chocking prayers Yours faith-born our chocking prayers; Consent your come to our hearty invocation To bless us with your Maternal affection: Come O Mother! Dancing upon your thundering sound With your dagger and sharp stance Thundering upon your fierce dance Your fury born that fierce dance.

Prem (????)

Vivek Tiwari

oemHunter.com

Journey Of Stones

'Let's start our journey of fate',
Proposed a stone to his mate,
We shall have a race to run
High or low, rough or plain,
Let us see how fate is cast;
For,
Nothing to gain hanging this cliff
So high on top, so crag and vast.'

Both the stones agreeing thus parted With a splash! They darted Off the high mountain And rushed speed thro` fussy fountain. Had round and round Zig and zag, Brushing smoother their skinn`d rag.

Through the Spring and splashing around They were to reach as fate them bound; Duty provoked and Karma built fate They were to stand at Different State.

Had many leaps and many tossing With many a wounds, scratches of rushing. But zest inspired and designed mind To yield them fate, Will determined Are the ones who earn them Great With Duty`s harness carrying back Face the flaws and build their fate.

But Tiredness had her spells to show And weary souls had their races to slow. Next they had now roaring stream At mountain verge and water scream.

The former had his loosening desire No more heart, no sparkle of fire, Uttered the words of self-shamed soldier, `I can`t do for `tis too hard for `tis too terrible, Rest up here, give up the chase Fate is ever as is drawn Neither to change nor to erase.` `No this is but cowards` excuse`, Later made a positive refuse. Once yourself proposed then why you deny Warm yourself: your body, your brain Face the flaws and cherish the gain.`

`All I said me worths me credits
I can`t do but myself unbid (unspeak) .
I`ll rest and comfort me here
The like you do to serve you better.`

`No, I`ll keep my race arun`,
With quite this saying parted the one.

Now in some sacred sects of Kashi Lived there a Holy Majesty A heart devotee of Shiva`s worship Fain he wished a grand temple of Shiva`s ecstasy.

Many a labourers, many a masons Many architects from renown`d stations Were called there all for Majestic order To design to final the grand construction.

Bricks and stones small and massive Brought about to build holy castle. Days` and nights` hardest labour Restless weeks then gave a favour.

Shilpshastras` architectural design Gave the temple a heavenly shine, Lofty structure sighted grandly Of mere stones set unique and oddly. ****

On Mahashivratri's holy occasion The decision of Linga installation taken. King comes following some Vedic scholars Stands at the temple's heart With innumberable devotees around All happy and all faith-bound. The first Adhivaas, the dwelling ritual With twenty items and Mantras of Mangal `Om Namah Shivay` and panchamrit abhisheka Then thrice round the circle Concluding day`s Rudrabhisheka, With flowers, fruits, curd and milk And high pitched Jaykara The beautiful Stone-Shivlinga Installed with Pran-Pratishtha. Becomes a DeIty of worship and faith To protect the faith of Karma.

The sun sets, the crowd of devotees withdraws Silence of the falling night itself there draws. But as there appears twinkling glare Sounds a voice from below the stairs, `O you my friend, I recognised We two friends that journey designed O your fate was thus worship-bound Mine to be trample underfoot.`

No, my friend, fate is always drawn with Karma
Your self subject to change of erase.
You stopped your journey amid
Let not your beauty of Worship shown
I ran, I ran, I suffered the pain
And at last I have had this Gain.
Life is ever just the way yourself you flowed
Keeping ugly as hell or beauty as God.

The Treasure Tree

'Grandpa as ye told Once there was a time When this tree was blessed with greenery Lustrous of its prime. [1]

Sheltering nothing but joy and pleasure Sweetest fruits hanging Beautiest flowers ever blooming Golden birds singing. [2]

Then how now trunk so weak and rugged And roots withered and dried? Why mere gnarled branches bending Flowers and leaves deprived? [3]

Are the roots not so deep Where to strength and nourishment find, Or the soul missed thoroughly The health this tree doth bind? ' [4]

'Yes my child, I stick to the point Once it was a time When this tree was blessed with glory Lustrous of its prime. [5]

Sheltering nothing but joy and pleasure And sweetest fruits hanging, Beautiest flowers ever blooming Golden birds singing. [6]

And it was so strength bound That many and many storms it bore And still stood quite unmoved Among many quakes and disastrous roar. [7]

But all was for well cared and looked By unconditional arborists' duty With soil and water their sweat did pour To enhance its lustrous beauty. [8] But about some centuries ago A western foxy wind did blow (Unlike that richening western) Of fake comforts and luxuries' show. [9]

Cheated the souls and diseased the hearts Quite detached (the people) with love and care Poison affected the memory's corner To forget the joy beneath they share'. [10]

It shook and shook the neglected tree Stole all fruits and shed all leaves, Caged away those golden birds And chocked the happy lives. [11]

So this tree looks weak and rugged And roots withered and dried Therefore look these branches gnarled Beauty and colour deprived. [12]

But neither the roots are dried dead Nor the soil health deprived But all that's there is care devoid And water of faith is lacking wide. [13]

Roots are deepened to the thousand centuries But soil has missed the smoothness softy That needs all but turning out the soil To enrich its fertility. [14]

That brings strength to the weakening trunk To be blessed with muscular might, Needs removed unwanted creepers (Strangling the tree so tight) [15]

To give our Future the Renowned Shelter To live, to grow pleasure abide Brightening the Halo with Golden Glory That crowns Ancestral Pride.' [16]

Now It's Time To Prove Ourselves

Passed silently One more year of mere thoughts Now it's time to prove ourselves Now it's time to prove ourselves.

There was a lot-A lot buried in the ruins of Past, Yet still there's a lot Hidden in the Future's Lot Hidden in the Future's Lot.

Stumbled a lot, Pined a lot, Yet, learnt a lot Yet, found a lot.

Something drawn in life's sketch, Something sketched in Fate's portrait Yet there's a lot Still chained, Still chained in Time's shackle.

These ruins and these mountains, These lakes and these valleys, These deep rivers and all these barriers Shan't prevent our path more while.

Now the day will break Now the day will break The earth will give way All the doors will break.

The sky itself will be glorious lit The light shall spread Till the edge of horizon shall alit-All brightened, Quite brightened And all our frozen bones will rid All our frozen bones will rid. The body itself will be filled with zeal Heart hardened and will steel.

On this changing phase of throne Let our dreams be coronated And be blessed with reality's Crown Our dreams be blessed with reality's Crown.

Too far I wandered, Too far I sighted, Riding on my Faith chariot, Riding on my Faith chariot-

Just beyond these darkened ruins A glorious castle temple like Visible lofty, greatly and grandly Calling with a flag of Victory Calling with a flag of Victory.

Though the narrow, rough pavement All pebbled, all uneven Yet beyond it vital wind Just inhaling castle's canopy Blowing there vital wind Blowing there vital wind.

Now it's time to learn from wounds And move ahead and move untamed: Now it's time to change ourselves, Now it's time to prove ourselves.

Close Your Ethics Of Ego And Proud

Close your ethics of ego and proud And read the lasting sign of time.

A drop I am and ocean's quite expanse are you I know though well each and every ups and downs you go, And I know well the secret of shine Of Illusion's glorious crown you wear.

So many pages of requests are pending But you haven't time beyond self tending. Still there's world beyond those lines To the which you cling circling every time.

Life is not just self expression It's also and easy and smooth conversation.

The self-pleasing smile that floats and blossoms upon your bosom Hides within its depth a vicious poison.

Though you bloom in hearts like a flower of honour But be gentle and not wild to shake off that flower.

Why 'tis dilemma of self realising Though you be complete but others have also livings.

Yet 'tis yours self perception, rest others' quite rejection So be ready for self-shame end to welcome your chariot Returning from defeated vision.

To My Sweet Wife Nidhi

365 dawns rose the sun With morning glory, and golden evenings Rode away fanning comfort on the back of bright noon And reigned her realm of starlit sky Every night the empress moon.

Sprouting the seeds, and watering the plants And helping them bloom and scatter fragrant Four beautiful seasons their races did run And blessed us stand here at this point With a year's span-United One.

Blessed with joy of every morning Warmth of every bright noon Peace supplied with every evening And sharing dinner at every night With love beyond all worrying.

You came into my life like Nature's dearest Darling The Mistress Season, to form the life of Nature a new Beginning with Winter's planning root And handling her task rest to Autumn To pass it to Spring's blitherest function And Summer to bless with bright perfection.

Holding your hands my Sweetheart Darling I feel my heart so overwhelming With love you blow, you spray, you shower Maddening with fragrance my overall being.

How can I share my heart For the treasure that lacks the words For words are not worth to share All the pleasure heart doth bear!

Birds V/S Human Beings

An egg of some unknown kind A pair of sparrows did find Over the pile of hay At the retiring hour of day While they returned from their flight Enjoying the pleasure of day's delight-

'Let us see', she said 'and find This egg is of what kind....' 'Tis not ours you know my dear Why should we bother and fear! Both our eggs are safe in the nest Let us retire for night and rest.'

'Tis not ours' makes not our worth Better with us in our nest than gets destroyed on this earth. How can we leave it for preying birds Or for wild beasts while we have hearts! '

'Oh, a silly notion of crazy emotion! We arenot to help all creation! It's the duty of its parents They didn't care so let them repent.'

'You heartless soul and selfish thing You've lost your kind instincts, Come and bless it the love of our wings Fie for shame! No more talks like human beings.'

Options Of Life

Life is full of innumerable Options Some full of difficulties and hardships Some full of luxuries and comforts-Now it depends on Selection of Option, You opt the toughest way of Stones Or Easiest way of sands to go But all that makes a massive difference is-'Your history written on the stones lasts for ever While for Sands A gust of wind is enough to destroy......'



Prayer

O Lord give me the potence and power To do my duty with dauntless faith That no instruments of evil and vice May ever sicken my heart with fright; Instill with dare to battle `gainst vice To overcome evil for Good`s upright An ambitious soldier`s heart of devotion A righteous king`s love for Nation; Devoid of hatrd, jealous and greed Riding bravely on Truth`s steed.



Happy Teacher's Day

Teacher! My Teacher! You teach me to know, Teacher! My Teacher! You guide me to go.

Teacher! My Teacher! You guide my way, Like the Sun that lights the day.

Teacher! My teacher! You are my friend, You build me up to help me stand.

You teach me to write, you help me to read You help me ever in my need.

Teacher! My Teacher! Please be my guide, Show me the way which is right.

Teacher! My Teacher! Don't leave me ever, I need your affectionate help for ever.



Happy Independence Day: Hoist The Flag Of Freedom And Victory

Time riding on the mighty wings of cloud Floods the world with hails and pours Some centuries are swept to ocean Some rise with the rise of New Era's sun; After the voyage of centuries done All the hurdles overcome The Fairy is awake shaking off her slavery's slumber Standing again in beauteous form, Again the mother's conscience awakened The fright of heart is dropped and shaken, Fanning again the fond wings of maternity For a grand advance of glorious futurity. Golden birds, though no more nesting On every branches of golden cresting, The mighty marching of days and years Giving her wings the power's cheers, Brightening the shine of her sacred halo crown Of greatness-love and peace profound. She has her wings building strong Flapping for the flight far and long, Laying her hands on her children's sturdy shoulders To stand and leap for far-fetched flight. The passing years are healing her wounds Some worthy sons greet her march on drumming sounds, The lamps of souls of dedicated lives Burn brightly to give her light.

Let no her men again burgle her wall Of Faith to give her stroke to stumble and fall, To break her heart fatally again Compelling her efforts to the slavery again; Let no betrayal should chain her freedom No more treason should pierce her bosom.

Let your devotion should mighten her power Your truest service should patriotism shower. Broken are shackles of centuries slavery So hoist the flag of freedom and victory. Sing the anthem of nation's dignity For all her grandeur, her sole serenity.

Between Self And Slavery

A demon dancing upon the sounds of frenzied knell-That rings-but beguiling Like all welcoming morning-bell; Castles of grandeurstand beautiful and vast With sweet-spoken agents, Whose heart's constructions are viciously aghast.

Like the beguiling agents of Evil, Who please with fake welcome and greet Lure by offering what you long As an open-armed token of meet.

As soon as you're lured to the bait Accept the offer and sign the Fate-The bond that asks for devotion and duty Is a contract of your SELF that you sold for upto sixty.

You've to follow then, The ferocious voice Have to serve with sole devotion As then, there is no other choice.

Terms & conditions applied so strictly Within the folds of unknown mystery (Till you're left with fate to accept Too late to follow the Self's percept)

Sacrifying your freedom to the Demon's decorum And all that sucks you At the under-termed demand of Forum; Feeds you enough-Enough for your blood and energy To suck you daily, To suck your blood and drain you dry.

Pining and wailing like an imprisoned ape Your soul cries aloud 'Escape! Escape! '

To make your soul sing leisurely

Like a Happy Laurel Despise the bait, be self satisfied And enjoy the flourishing floral.

At The Request Of My Students While Teaching Wordsworth's Daffodils

You asked me To write for you- for all of you Something joyous as dancing Daffodils....! When I'm abed or all at rest My eyelids closed I see a crowd over my inward screen, Though not 'ten thousands at a glance' But in counted numbers-A crowd of my sweet students-With golden glitters On your foreheads-A sign of glory- far more a beauty Than of dancing Daffodils; So many daffodils bloom As I see in your innocence-More blither I feel than Daffodils' joyance. That wait for Spring To get that Glory that's momentary. But you make by your own So many Springs daily. So many daffodils bloom within my bosom When I see- Upto the far-fetched horizon of Futurity. Then nothing I see but this golden blossom The more golden blossom to glow forever Than these sprinkled flowers-These short-existing Daffodils.

Composed on 26 Feb 2009

Song Of Happiness

Where Innocence of Delight gets nourished in the Sun, Where Spring sprays the stuff of Fun, Where Waterfalls kindle the dying Streams, And Valleys profound in chorus rhyme, Where heart of Nature gladdens the bosom, And Flowers of Love throughout blossom, Into that exuberance of vital Plenty Let my Happiness learn the Nature's gentry.



Guru

O where has lost the word so bright So tremendous and so glorified? The storm of modernism- full tide Swallowed our cultural depths to hide! Depth to the bottom where all malice is made Of all our creeds and sacred deeds!

The word 'teacher' may I apply? Does this word (teacher) really tells that's (Guru) worth?

Oh no! Not a bit in commercial greed.....! Still more words are there to apply The preacher, the the preceptor or again the teacher I say 'Pay the money and buy one', they say.

Whether a 'Guru' costs in coins? Spending your riches can you buy one fine?

No respect, no honour, no seat Use till needed, ignore when done is deed! Oh no! Same it! Hell it aghast! I dare not insult the post No other word His state does worth No match, no comparison can stand to deserve.

Animals Are Not Ours To Eat

Look into an animal's eyes See not just an animal feature See a friend- A living creature.

They are not ours to eat, They are not ours to wear, Are not ours to experiment Are not ours for entertainments.

They aren't ours to be served in dishes To stuff ourselves, chopped in pieces, They aren't ours to wear as clothes, In shoes, feathers and leathern robes. They aren't ours to test In hospitals or in medical labs.

They are the truest beings of Nature, Never wagging wars destructive, Nor defile the earth and air With use of bombs and fire weapons.

They are the truest to the world they live Truest to the earth and ecosystem, The most faithful and never betraying The love and affection shown to them!

Up up my friends and change your looks To look all creatures as friendly beings, Be a heart to touch their feelings To feel their love, their truest beings.

Money Makes Man Mad

Money makes man mad Power makes man proud Post makes man master Of authorized crimes.

Adversity is a teacher A preacher, a priest To teach good lessons Gospels and sermons

Experience of life Of sweet and of sour discard Experience to settle The things at accord,

A journey throu' the roughest route To expertise patience- sacred essence With an Angel of Goodness For a guide of unseen presence.

Money, power and post With a slight loosening of hold Guided by Evil's powerful agent Empowered to Evil's smoothed routes,

Experienced schooling of malice smile Heart's detach of descent virtues Mastery in exploitation and deceit From roots to summit in conspired issues.

What Men Live By

Men live by the deeds they do Men live by the Passion their Self they screw. Men live by the Success they achieve Men live by the Honour they receive.

Men live by the Name they take Men live by the Fame they make. Men live by the Achievements they count Men live by the Heights they mount.

Men live by the Love they give and take Men live by the Affection they interact. Men live by the Emotions of mutual bond Men live by the Compassion they feel and respond.



The Wall

I`m the strength and protection of homes I`m the unity and division of homes I bear the shelter upon my head For ages and ages to give you shed. When it rains, storms or thunders I`m bold, stout and standard.

When your ancesters old and feeble Rest comforted to rid the dwindle I feel very happy I feel my heart a better contented.

When many in numbers your kids infant Play hide and seek, laugh and cheer I feel the glad of estacy`s charm When feels my heart their soothing warmth.

I'm the ears of serious secret Serious to rise a serious havoc But I'm quiet, series most Muted lips for peace' sake. I'm comforter, your trusted fellow To sooth your heart of bursted emotions. (you can burst out your emotions to me to feel soothing comfort of light heart.)

When you fight your blood `gainst blood When you fight to serious break I feel deep down I feel heart heart-wrek.

The greater strength me favour you do The better a safety I yield to you. The more you care to look me beauty The more faithfully I perform my duty.

Your mansions, forts, castles and doms Your all those temples, mosques and churches All your monuments and buildings grand Are all me powered, me powered stand.

Kings` and emperors` sense of safety My strength comforted, my strength protected Vast empires fenced large and wide Bless`d with victory shared my pride.

I`m the strength of your lofty roofs

I`m the strength of your lofty mansions

I`m the strength of your safety

I`m THE WALL- your through out protection.

Honour To Women

You plea the women For great civilization You plea the women For great nation Why you don`t avail them safety Why you let not enjoy their liberty?

They don't crave your help nor support They just need their Self and freedom.

Since you're born Cared and grown Since your childhood You played accompanied Since your youth, adult and more Got love unconditional And lasting company For ever and ever counted beloved All those passions All those emotions All the love and intent affection Never are forced nor compelled aroused They are burst of fathomless heart.

They`ve power-Daring and great But passionate compassion And loving emotions Over all their daring notions prevail.

It's not their fear Nor your so-thought terror That they are humble, quite and soft They've virtue divine gifted In their sacred corner of heart.

We`ve great civilization and nation All after women, their truest devotion. They`re not the beggars of mercy They are not the caged dove They pour for you their sacred love The same they want They want your love.

Their love doesn't deserve the malice The brutal cruelty, molestation and ravish. Feel their love Respect their being Respect their devotion- a priceless thing. Make a world safe for women Make a world happy for women. To love your mother Empower the women To love your sister Empower the women To love your beloved Empower the women And let it begin from your home.

Suicide

Why are they so fond To embrace the agoniest death Against the leisurely life?

When the convenient being of life Is overpowered by intense pain When the pain of death is more convenient Against the going on of life To escape the intense agonies They embrace the intense pain of death.

When nothing in life seem more worthwhile Than the broken of throwing it aside When all of life Is covered under the seer darkness One is compell`d to commit suicide.

When no spark of light Is there to light the darken`d path Heart is crammed with sole depression One finally embraces the eternal Dark.

A Call For Revolution

Be brave, be valiant, be all violent Prided heads and chest broadened O brothers! O youths! O worthy sons! O sisters! O daughters! O wives of nation! O saints! O monks! o religion profound! Hold the swords and wield them around Hold the weapons deathly and terrible All firearms, all bombs and cannons. [1]

Turn them all to the heart of Anarchy And let them burst and blast at might To rid this nation from bleeding afflictions To rid her from her ulcerous plight. [2]

The faith, the peace you brag so proud The preachings, the gospels you deliver about All shall be a waste cacophony When monsters shall have their absolute ceremony. [3]

Don't be dumb driven slave of brutality No sin to crush the Devil's cruelty-That like the Satan betrays good hearts Filling goodly minds with hatred 'gainst God. [4]

If gods of peace don't listen your voice To set at accord virtue and vice Be yourself devoid all prayers Put all these wasteful ceremonies to fire. [5]

Let you`echo of thundering sound Be heard as sound of Change Profound Let your fury speak your weapons Crackling guns and blasting bombs. [6]

Put to death, to the heap of slain To those dare tame your mighty march. You daughters! You sisters! You wives of nation! Be Durga, be Kali to bring revolution. [7] Fight against your sole degradation Fight against your plight 'n' violation Stand against the ravishing stride Revolt in wrath against malice` molestation. [8]

Monsters young or monsters old Shall be monsters So put them early to the edge of sword. Their growth shall ever but monsters breed That shall endanger the human gentry As by and by they flourish their creed. [9]

Goodly convictions are falling apart Centre is playing the devilish part Thrones and crowns the worst do hold The best are crushed as things of discard. [10]

Cheat, deceit, betrayal and flirt Rape, seduction and malice molestation Are so well uprising, so well surviving, Flourishing and blooming under sole protection. [11]

Rise straight and hold upright Move dare dominant, trampling the fright From the slumber of slavery awake From bonds be free, be not afraid. [12]

Stand for Self, For your sons and daughters' sake Against all oppressions Stand in the battle like Yama`s image Untamed amid the Devil`s numbers In the kindling of dire revolution Like in true mutineer`s rage. [13]

To set all things goodly at accord To help stand and walk the trodden and discard To welcome the dawn of new transition Of Peace, of Pride of Safe-Region. [14]

Do Something New

Keep on doing Always something new To rejoice thyself With benefits two-It will keep thee busy with duty, A success with pleasure Shall worth thy beauty.


Let Us Sit And Wait

Why the relation are put to test So in rules, So in regulations, So strict up to evaluations That lives are even put to risk? (1)

Though `tis oft` a substance of thought (For pride and credit, for social values Or for all in the sense of so called liberty? Self-pomp, avarice, and self-dignity) To put the relations `bove lives` task Or wear the black face a white mask.(2)

If dignity consists in the risk of lives, If tomb of house shall bear the gong The gong of credit of sacred values Challenging the liberty of innocent hearts Like the God in the battle to Devil; Let us then just sit and wait-Wait to find what`s dignity What`s the honour newly defined; And wait and see How the lives are supposed to flourish! How the hangings shall control the population! And how the black-hearts shall shine bright Washing themselves in the showers of blood! Let us sit and wait............!

Song Of Hope

Let us write some songs and poems On the remaining pages of Hope Ere the dusty storm of anarchy Blows them away to rubbish heap.

Arranging the words of sole motivation Resounding like the frenzied drum Calling for absolute transition Filling the hearers with burning fire Fire-

Kindling hot patriotic inspiration.

Drains of heart are devoid of feelings They are chilled in frosty cold. No accesses and passes of emotions Are there to soften the human ailings. (human qualities are no longer seen to exist.)

We have heard the Might of Words So let us now try their worth-Coining them on pages of Hope-Of sole motivation on the remaining pages of Hope.

Songs of Hope for a bright tomorrow When warmth of Sun is soothing the veins. When the Sun is more a bright Bearing the wrath to burn Deceit.

When the anarchy is over-rooted And Horror and Fear are hanged to death. Hearts and brains and entrails of rapists Are chopped to feed the hungry hounds.

When mothers and sisters and wives and daughters Are safe and sound and quite protected When all evils and vices dehooded And Lust and Molestation brutaly dethroated.

When happiness welcomes the dawns of joy

Dawns of joy for bettering Hope Let's write the songs and poems On the remaining pages of Hope.

Blossom Of Happiness

Let's be festive to drink the cheer Breaking the bondages of grivance and fear Be exulted full in mirth Happiness is all our lives to worth.

Find one by one from misery and gloom Treat them friendly to gift them bloom-Bloomed as blossoms in Spring blither With pleasant touch of fragrance' feather.



Wrong Verification!

Trouble and trouble and trouble all times Whenever I try to appreciate the lines-

Lines from my friends' creations To add my feelings of appreciation.

They don't let me add my praises When I wanna enjoy their pages.

Nor they let me value their creation Comes interruption of 'Wrong Verification'

While I know I'm right As I'm guided by sense and sight.

Yet it says try again Repeated efforts are all in vain.

Disturbs even Hata 500 a bit Again problem in clicking to submit.

My heart yet thanks you share your lines And let me enjoy your rhythm and rhymes.

Happy Republic Day

Hoist the flag of Triumph and Victory To shine India's glorious beauty.

We are Republicans we have liberty We are crowned with largest democracy.

With informant of grand constitution We are prided sovereign nation.

This is the day to blow the trumpet Of absolute freedom and self-reliance.

Hoist the flag of absolute sovereignty For peace, for pride and sole prosperity.

Be exulted and offer your hymns Hoist the flag and sing the anthems.

Sing for nation's crowned dignity For all her men, her sole serenity.

What Is Love?

What is Love? Neither sorrow nor joy, Every joy suffers a sorrow Every sorrow has a sense of joy.

Neither pleasure of obtaining Nor any grievance for the loss,

Neither time to shed the tears Nor the time to flash a laugh.

What is Love? Neither smile nor tear, Each tear bears a smile And each smile hides a tear.

Neither matter what is gained Nor the care for what's spent.

The sight of Love Is quite a Deity And all the heart-whelm praise of Love Is Love's satiety Is Love's quite a true identity.

Wait

Wait is the most troublesome duty For it kills the heart of liberty.

Impatience and restless irritation Are the terms to define its notion.

Its the burdened creeping of Time To the lovers between ring and Hymen's rhyme-

A sigh upon the midnight pillow, A pleasure hidden to keep the glow.

For it has ever a resulted beauty For sweet are the uses of adversity.

It is ever a lotus in mud Or a poisonous snake with a jewel on head.

It is a system to read the right All is well at proper stride.

Vivek Nidhi Tiwari

Nepenthe Of Respite

She was frightening While I, her name frightened fled Now while I wishest her soothing company She hurls me live in secluded agony! 'Tis what regard and reward of love To make the love his love unlove'? 'Tis what decree on a lover's side To keep the love his bliss denied?

Love oft-times begins in quarrels Grows in feelings and blooms in florals!

When mere her name had me fright and fear I fled as far beyond her sphere, Seeking vainly helps to live me grow Wandered frightened to and fro.

But life is full of pains and piercings And all its agonies are soul crushing;

Though I know-

Ere gain thy love has pain intense That sickens the valiants with fright immense, That feared the gods to seek protection, And threatens the devils to escape collaption! Scared the glimmers of charmed blessed eyes And perished to dust the prided lives. But what be worse when all is worst Extremest agonies have no more hurt! When dreadening heart-fits have extremest heights Thou are remembered to end the plight.

Thou art nepenthe of sole respite For the sickening festering frigh When the frame is frail to stir Bearing the age crushing the might When nightmares dost seem appear Haunting the heart with lasting fear Lasting long to endless heights Thou art nepenthe of sole respite!

17/01/2013

Faith Betrayed: The Sale Of Love

Jimmy calmed my heart in deep depression A balm or physic for sorrow's ceasation While I was alone With all my hopes in deep despair My world has all my mother's care Father and brothers All climbed early on death's stairs! Jimmy's affection so deeply touched me I couldn'd but fall in love with him! He too confessed and promised his love My pleasure to him flew as a dove!

Devoted to him My being love bound He was my angel My hope profound! He wished with me To dine a day Enjoying a hotel or a distant cafe.

How could I deny his longings A pleasure such as soul's wedding!

I put my labour and leisure away To cheer my love-My love a day. All my way my love he fired His sparkling eyes me blushed and inspired Brought me far-far away from there In a large hotel and grand; We sat together in a lonely room Together we sat hand in hand. His cheeks looked worm And dried lips I kissed them soft To meet his bliss Eyes sportive as playing some trick! Right them appeared a stranger And maliciousily uttered 'well have you done Good piece choosen of many diamonds Now take your price full fifty thousands! ` I was knocked in the bed in fright To be ravished for demons' delight. Jimmy parted with malice smile Said, 'Darling thanks, well paid' And bade a betraying 'good bye'!

Death Can Not Frighten Me

O Death! Cruel Death! You can never object my path! The fierce fury upon thy face Can't a least afright my race!

Thou art shadow of fright and horror, Thou art frantic falcon of fear, Fluttering over my head and around, Aiming at me your beak violent.

Oh I see thee frantically wander Placing thy hands upon my right shoulder! But thy furious rage-That upon you always pride-Can never frighten nor stop me stride!

I remind you devote me rather Coz always you serve my Father My Father-whose love I'm blessed And my Mother-Under whose affectionate fonds I rest!

O thou fool! Thou bewildered fellow! The object thou wishest to prey upon Is a shadow, A beguiling fancy, That thou waste thy labour upon!

I was, I am, And I shall be! Till sun shall shine, Till earth shall live, Till stars and comets are free I was, I am and I shall be!

I Crave To Die

Damned this life! Damned this life! Damned this life of pain and pine! Better is Death a hundred times Than this endless groan and whine!

I fumbled for a fragment of pleasure To keep my relation-a faith bound treasure Sacrified my being My self-pleasing notion Devoted my heart to faith profound Felt and valued each emotion. But all I sought is mounted sorrow Haunting the heart every eve and morrow! Laughing to scorn my faith profound Rebuking my genius aching bound!

Sorrow is mounted at the heights When close relation your feeling denies But better silence than howl to sky When ears are deaf to piercing cry!

'Tis better to turn To the faithful companion Who cures all pain A Supreme physician! Her pain of friction is still kind Than endless aching fits of mind.

I welcome those pangs and pines That bring to end all groans and whine! I crave She might untie me of teather That makes my heart ever pain and shiver! I could lie on the beds of bier She consume my pains in flaming pyre!

Quotation 1

Every idea that guides the world to the proper way is knowledge.



Planting The Saplings

These saplings that I plant Shall grow in youthful lusty bloom With beautiful hues and sweet fragrance In My Garden before my door.

Among the plants with laden flowers Shall I sit serenity blessed Easing in cot or swing or chair Viewing the beauty wide expressed.

I shall glance and glare and sing To all its heart exulting scenes Its ecstasy of melodious musing Of wasps murmuring and humming bees; Singing birds and cuckoos' rhyming Shall teach my heart a divine ease.

I shall be me young again Bubbling heart of warm enthusiasm To follow the flies To hold their tails To sing with Nature her throated romance.

Till the veins are tired to sweep And the heart is lulled to sleep Serenity's serene my brain doth feel To reward my soul with grandest peace.

Tu Aaja Mere Dilwar (?? ????????)

Vivek Tiwari

PoemHunter.com

Damned Society!

Society! Society! Society! Its obstacle to all liberty! Eat if the society allows! Wear if the society allows! Shelter if the society allows! And live even if society allows!

Does it cure starvation and poverty? Does it fill degradation with beauty? It reins upon with 'Might is right' Down with weak and pomp upright!

Helps you till you have enough to spend Quits you a rotten meat When your crowns to spend is scant.

You yield, you devote, you die for its sake The resulted reality is a blunder fake. Keep on feeding its bottomless belly To deserve its praise, its dammed strategy.

Doth it ever act in reward To common, to poor, to Destiny discard? No rule, no rod to power and pomp All frame is formed for feeble folk.

It preys the meek in tiger's jaws Tearing the flesh with merciless claws.

Stand alone, valiant and brave To fight against this vice domain Rules for freedom should be freely dispersed Difference of rank, difference of creed Difference of position should all be cursed.

To bring the change Be the change Then there is the right Then there is Change. Don't be the driven cattle in fight Be the hero in the strife.

The Immortal Soul

Be this conch can be confined within great grotesque gate But the soul that's free fresh fine and part divine Can't be snared in a snarer's snares nor can burn in flaming shine Nor can be weighted about by the affection's weight. Its always a phonex rare winding in angelic state Soothing and surging itself to its very fanny fins fine Vitaling the very start of life festing the frame a living shrine Pushes the pulses and forcing the feelings to rear or retreat. Neither inevitable end nor ashes is ever designed its goal Tis all liberty unrestrained freshness-filled a seenless sight That fills this frame of flesh and bone with senses humble and meek And proves the life neither beginning nor end nor any waste of toil But to ever hail with all enthusiasm the gurdon bearing fight Letting the fools to play in vain the game of hide and seek.

29-9/01-10-2007

A Father's Remorseful Lament

They are slain for none their sins, But of mine-For Mine very sins, Their sin was just being my kids; Who died before birth: Pining, suffocating in the mother's womb. He was lonely or they were twins Mine complexion, Or their mother's kind notion; Slain is their mild smile, Infant innocence of wild emotions.

Their mother even did share their pine, Their endless pain brought them alone To the Death's black shine. Their pleasures ended without the term (pleasure) known, Their wild ecstasy has never been shown. If ever those foreheads-These lips shall kiss? If ever this heart-Can have their companying bliss? Oh no! Vain are these longings, Impossible is the bliss.

No love no care, No nourishing ever known When parental cruelty was all to be done. She (their mother) might have her suppressed sorrows I couldn't feel those white hues.

Happy New Year 2013

As the fragrance of the morning glory Mingles with the air As birds break into songs Sweet, pleasant and fair As petals unfold into fragrant blossoms And scents of Nature soothens the bosoms And as the sun with his glorious reflection Fills the world with sweet sensations And as the waves dancing frenzy Upon the banks wild in ecstasy So this new year may bring you achievements glory crowned With the meet of your hopes profound Nature bestow you charm and serenity With gracious essence of wholesome beauty She fill your life with her charm and scents And vital your life with her five elements. And may He bless you a wise spirit To honour her Being of mother-deity.

Pardon Me My Love

Pardon me my sweet love I couldn't understand thy heart, Thy smoothness, Thy compassionate emotions, Thy feelings all have a merciful notion: That enthrall my heart like rivults' ecstasy, Born of innocence and smooth humanity; Thy feelings fathomless full sympathized: Have all the beauty divine purified. I couldn't fathom thy Innocence my Love, Pardon me my sweet-sweet love. Vivek Tiwari

What The Plants Say

O Lo! See what the Plants Say When the winds blow Waving their heads to each to each Their embrace is a beautiful teach 'Walk together Together on a way With the meet of hearts Jolly and gay.'



An Yearn For Youth

Innocence hath lost Now youth withdraws, And rude and hoarse maturity Loosing its spell of sensible fog;

Come on-O thou warm-hearted fellow I crave, I yearn for thy frenzy romance; O Youth! O Youth! O Youth! I see thee still But `tis thy back-Thy all withdrawing frenzy.

Come on-O my sweetheart beloved fellow I call thee back, I long thee back I earnestly yearn thy blessing company I cry for thee, I crave for thee I call for thee from my heart's intense purity.

O my friends! My youth companions! Lo! Look inside and feel thy heart O this maturity! `Tis what monotony! Own-ness crubles, friendship decays And mean gravity-Streaching its claws To prey upon our youthful frenzy, To feast upon our joys and freedom. And thy earnest and haughty person Leads steadily to the deserted horizon.

I Want To Turn The Pages Of History

I long to turn the pages of history Of sound-sound shining days Behind the measuring span of time Where the vision of Miracle shone Not miracle-But as the moderns say (The world of miracle Where divine majesty played) That made the nation shine bright With bright halo round her head.

Today-Too closely to my heart Too brightly to my eyes Too sweet musing to my ears And too enthusiastic to my soul Snatches me swift to that region That the screens of memory uninherited The pages of history all ravished Still-Still my heart is bending To one miracle more Miracle- that might transport my heart To that span Where I could see the Majestic sights And talk to Majestic lips.

Gold

Once a friend proposed `Gold is pleasure, gold is joy`. I wished earnestly Had I gold I were happy And pleasures of life I could enjoy.

I met a chance My lot seemed to appeared Passing my way I found a gold coin I remembered my friend I felt happy and gay. Now I could be glad and jovial But Alas! My prompted pleasure was not sought real.....

Ahead the furlongs some two or three Some bloody armed robbers followed at me I rushed I cried I screamed for help But none was to help me To save my treasure With a sudden stumble I fell on the ground They surrounded me all around In their clutches of terrible grasp I felt terrified, I felt fear bound.

They roared at me and demanded the coin I being soul-afraid Gave them the coin. Getting the gold they set me rerlaxed. I felt comforted I felt very glad I felt really happy without the gold.

Life Is But A Roaring Stream

Life is but a roaring stream Where upon this boat is to swim This boat of carporal frame Now the boatman has to hail is To swim and gain the holiest bank Where the Light welcomes the voyage And the Mightest Sun sparkles the rays.

If his (boatman) hands solec and weaken He shall sink in black streams For no life, no breathing around Far-fetching darkness, suffocation surrounds.



Nature: A Faithful Company

Live within the walls of home and office Cant ever fill with joy and happiness-Except the company of misery and gloom That all fills with anguish and pain-Expect about the soul-freshening blessings Is to expect a never-meeting blessing.

Luxurious joy that seems to appear Is just a a cheat fleeting forever To think a hold by its shoulders Is a dare to tame a floodind river.

Go into the lap of motherly Nature And you shall find Pleasure over sorrow Merry over misery Sooth over pain And over all depressions Freshening joyous rain And everything to cheer you up To cheer your soul with gladdening delight To turn your heart gloom Into a bright, broad and everlasting Light.

Worship and serve the motherly Nature And She shall heal the wounds of life For She is a faithful company of delight.

Let Me Live Like A Man

Let me live like a man A man worthy to the land and soil I am born, I am grown Let me live like a man.

A man whose love is pure and real To all those helped me stand and walk With duty`s harness upon my back Till dancing stops and race is run Let me live like a man.

Ever deserving mother's affection Father's love And family relations Brother's care helping me grow Sister's teasing and making fun Let me live like a man.

Neither for glory nor pomp I crave Of superior heights nor madly craze All but human Nothing superman Let me live like a man.

I Long To Write You A Letter

I long to write you a letter A letter of the kind-Where on its decent pink sheet You may read a song A song full charmful Full charmful a love song Where too far.... to its very horizon Too far away..... Starry twinkles and moonlit shines Beautiful lawns fringed all around Sweet incensing fragrant-fringed lawns.

Where over the petals of blooming roses Sweet humming of love-loring wasps Hovering, fluttering and sporting Intoxicated, love-blither wasps In whose beats You may listen You may listen a song My love's solitary song That you might murmur Murmur heart-bloomed Murmur from your quiet tongue My love's solitary song.

I long to write you a letter A letter of the kind That even reluctant heart You might sweep Softly...... With your soft love-shaken palms A letter That hath only ingratitude To kiss your lips To kiss your dewy, soft, coral lips.

I`ll Put The Plough Of Labour

The seeds of fragrance That I sow`d In the barren fields of life Hath not yet germ`d For the soil was not yet rich. But-I`ll reput the plough of labour And re-sow the seeds of duty I shall plough and I shall labour Untill it graces the crop of Beauty. For my soul ever longs to wander In the blooming, flourishing, self-nourished greenery. But I need thy gentle showers For no stream does pass ever Does pass never this land deserted dreary.

Vivek Tiwari

Baby Thou Sleeping Yet!

Birds do pour their charm and beauty In their sweetest tone`s estacy And gleams do spark on pearly velvet Baby thou sleeping yet!

Wind that wanders in blitheriest gown In deck`d golden heaven`s shine And stirs to bloom its prettiest pet(flowers) Baby thou sleeping yet!

Flow thy mat-lock, smile thy lips Blink thy lids and rose thy cheeks Lo! thy mate-morn welcomes thy nest(home) Baby thou sleeping yet!



I Long To Live In The Eden Garden Of Nature

I long to live And live forever To live in Nature's Eden-garden-Broad and wide And walled to horizon Walled with unfenced endless surroundings. That region of Autumn and Spring Deck'd in Welkin's vital ring Welkin's blue, bright and silky canopy Where my dearest Darling dwells Among gladdening priceless precious treasures-That heart's never satiating possessions.

I long to live And live forever In the ever prevailing soothing peace Where the honey bees sing and hive Sing hiving honey-sweet songs Among the deep-deep happy valleys Ever fragrant with Spring's release. Where enchanting melodious choirs And blithering sweep of incense breez Hails the dawn and night's retiring With heartiest welcome and real adieus, Where ceaseless dancing waves Upon the virgin breast of rivults That floats among the flat-land cheerily And cream-grey mountains brim. Where the real mistress of love-Loveliest, beautiest and prettiest ever-Roams pleasantly with love inspired And kindle my heart with truest love Love whose hue is everlasting.

I want to live And live forever In the Eden-garden of the Nature Where my dearest Darling dwells Among rejoicing precious treasures.

????? ??????

Love At The Dagger's End

You live a widow Yet I [your huby] do live. Your guish is therefore to tell As you might have opined in mind That I must not live That I must die.

You have no Suhagan's sign No vermillon, no bangals. no marriage bands. You broke and threw all things of relations Broke them all and crumbled to pieces That cracked Like innumberable happy worlds did crack.

Yet from the Heights No voice did break. Devil whether his works did play Or You yourself were inclined so? Inclined to trample and tread upon To trample merciless a Temple of Love? I dont know Nothing do I know I do just see You live a widow Though I live You live a widow.

I saw my feelings My world of love On high piled pyres That you yourself were putting to fire Your hands I saw didnt tremble a least While you let the flames Crackling feed my shire To consume my heart My love-lored-lyre.

My heart has achings of numbness pains

All bewildered pining bound My heart and mind strife confound For should I welcome the gifted pains Or let the Soul-bird fly anon!

Heart has its broken emotions Staked so tight to love and affection. And mind appeals Your potential freedom-That my love, whose bonds you shattered-With all your desires you must be greeted.

Oh! I dont know What is neigh Yet all do I feel My heart stunned. My heart stunned To see my Love at dagger`s end.

Vivek Tiwari 22-12-2012

Let Your Heart Be Loving And Large

Each seconds, minutes and hours That with us we pass about Are dominant factors-good or bad-To the which our future is cast about.

Positive, smooth and pure thought-spheres Influence our being with lasting cheers.

Let your thoughts be lofty and high And your influence be lifted to sky.

Generate then selfless and lovings emotions And you shall have a renown`d station.

But malicious thoughts and self indulgences Impure mind`s vice-veining-functions Chill your grace at final reckoning And all you to recall is heart straining.

Let your heart be loving and large To float soundly in nigh's barge. Sow the seeds of avarice and vice And sleepless nights shall pinings release.

Don'T Expect A Blossom's Day

No sun, no moon, No sky is seen Under high-peaked towers Life (Nature) doth pine for healthy breath.

Life is tamed, Life's works restricted Or for her shame She entertains generation (modern city mongers) .

Fields in fragments, Under the roofs, Within vase-limitations Life chokes and stoops.

All nasty and bleak surrounding Doth give a breath of dying Spring.

Sun stranger-Sunshine a guest, Moon banished-Sky in a mist. PoemHunter.com

No eastern, no western wind No breeze of Nature's gay. Woods are wood, Lawns are hay Don't expect a Blossom's day.

Dance Upon The Hoods Of Horror

When the anarchy is loosed everywhere Blood dimmed tide strengthens its sphere;

Death's agents do dance around At Destruction's menacing sound;

Even the Devil sickens at deeds Every hour do slaughterings breeds;

Blood-shed, slayings and all violence Hovers around and tramples innocence;

Nature- wrathful, angrily frowned Clamouring at Disaster`s sounds;

Damned laughter of the Doom To every ears doth echo and loom;

And makes the oceans quiver in fear To swallow all navigation's cheer;

All over violence broils violent Horror`s ceremony fiercely extends;

Whole fertility earth do hides Upon the storm, Calamity strides;

You rise, You rise, You open thy eyes Shake thy slumber off thy eyes,

Trample underfoot the being of Fear March ahead like dauntless Mutineer,

Daggers, swords, that ever been weield' Can never stand against thy shield,

Thou hath furious Rudra's wrath Indra's powers do add thy worth, Thou hast just thy being to know Thou hast just thy powers to show,

Stand gallantly against all vice Mountains shall give way, difficulties shall perish;

Dance upon the hoods of Horror And let him know a Mutineer`s terror;

The earth shall mighten thy bodily power Water shall give a reviving shower;

Fire shall kindle and blaze thy rage Sky shall add boldness and courage;

Wind shall give a breathing vital Against those that stand fearsome and fatal;

Let thy powers be wielded rightly With Him within That immortals thee.

Naam (???)

????? ?????? (????)



????? ??????



Jindagi Ka Safar (??????????)

????? ??????



Let The Sun Be Thy Guide

Sun is the best one You can find in thy run Who can teach you Brightly all in one.

Who cant keep the bookish stores But who enlights the cores Is really yours.

This very Lighting Spirit of Day That lightens all dark spirits Along with man Heartily fain.

But alas! This Brilliantly Gifted Spirit Hath no spirit to know himself Hath no spirit to chasten himself.

All the wisdom so called crammed Yet hath no wisdom to cleanse himself.

Tum Prachand Ho (??? ?????????)

Samaj Ke Deemak (???? ?? ????)

?? ? ?? ??? ???? ???? ???? ?? ?? ???? ?? ?????? ?????? ?? ??????? ?? ????? ?? ????? ??? ???? ??? ?????; ?????? ?? ????? ????? ???????? ?? ?? ????? ??? ?? ???-????? ?????? ?? ???????? ?? ???-????? 77 777777 77 777 7777 ????? ?? ????? ???? ??? ?????? ??? ???? ???????? ?? ??? ???? ??? ?????? ?? ?? ??? ???? ?? 77777 77 77777 7777 7777 ??????? ??? ?? ???? ???? ??? ???? ???? 77777 77 777 777 777 ????? ???? ?? ?? 777 77 7777 7777 777 ????? ??? ??? ??? 7 77771 777 777777 77 ??? ????? ??? ????? ???? ????! ?? ??? ?????? ?? ????? 7777 7777 777 7777 7777 7777

?????? ?? ????

????? ??????

MAA (???)

PoemHunter.com

????? ??????

Come And Collect The Silvers

Come and collect the silvers Over the ground they are delivered,

Over the lawns and over the hays At the breaking of the days,

When the rays of Sun do come They shine in their best forms;

Come and quickly pick up them Otherwise they shall waste in vain.



Tu Jivan Hai (?? ???? ??)

???? ????, ???? ??????, ???? ?????? ?? ??????? ?? ???

????? ??????

Race Of Life Out Of Track

Sky is so hard Clouds are so heavy Soul is caged And zeal confined.

Childhood seized Youth imprisoned And Nature is thrown without the range.

Moon is a strange thing Stars are aliens Sun is closed behind the walls Day is but a busy postman Passes a blank letter and is gone by.

Rivers hath no quenching thirst Flowers no longer things of beauty.

Mind is doctor Mind is engineer Mind is all scientist.

But

ientist.

Twinkle of stars And fragrance of breeze And pleasure of the Spring Are but the things of all monotony And are counted a wasteful ceremony.

Relations too busy Love all devoid Nature is wrathful Gods all annoyed; Knowledge of the time is but a cheat That devils the mind And ruins all that's ceremonious and divine! Heart hurries in the heat of wasteful cacophony And is made to stand against all peace and harmony.

The Divine Light

Eyes grow dim Darkness prevail Aghast lightening may dazzle the eyes, Whole surrounding be gloomy and dark 'Gentle Eye of Day' be blind. Still be patient Still be kind-To know thyself and keep in mind No light is ever brighter No light is more shining Than the One thou hast within The Light Within, the Light Divine That will tear and crumble to pieces The gloomy clouds and dark mountains. Know thyself Open thy eyes-The eyes of Faith The eyes of Mind And look your surroundings All brightened All brightened with Brightest Sun. Thousands of candles Thousands of lanterns Thousands of torches can't make up a sum-The Light of Soul The Light of Self The Light of joy-The Divine wholesome.

My Dreamland Of Freedom

When the real immense of the day, Floats and flourishes on the land of freedom; Where the liberty sways throughout, No barriers to check or tame; All the thoughts are let loose free, The empire of freedom is built anew And service is made by glory or fame. The enemity defeated and with mortal wounds Dread himself is frightened And drowned in the ocean of fears; How beautiful is the world new created Happy, cheerly, merry Only boss of my empire: Such is the sweet region of mine Broad and wide my land of dreams.

Vivek Tiwari Composed on 31-07-2012

PoemHunter.com

True Love

When heart beats arise sweet pain Eyes become thirsty for a dear one Love grows there and brings merry rain Love becomes young at that moment. Grows then more and places to heights Never to fade shines ever bright. Love is a worship rather any God And a true love never it wastes. This is the Sangam of two hearts Wherein to sink in soul's escort. By and by it grows to more Love of hearts is a Divine Love sure.

Vivek Tiwari



Our Love Has Got The Prize

O my Love My sweet sweet Love Our long awaited days are over And our Love has got the prize.

By the Fire and all Divinity By the rites all sanctioned Our minds and hearts and souls Into His inseperable state stationed. Like two waves Full of passion Embrace each to each And get into a life of sweet proportion.

My heart is thine Thou heart is mine In the bond of love and divinity Our souls are combined For ever are combined Upto our living And even after dying.

Mother-The Eternal Goddess

None can take the place of Mom That loving and fond hands That very soothing and that very calm, That very love of feeding That very care full of charm, She knows your heart She knows your feelings She reads your emotions And all mutual dealing. She is the Goddess The sole Eternal A shade of comfort Is the love matrnal; When you've a bruished heart She is the doctor She is the balm When you have a pining brain She is the peace She is the calm: PoemHunter.com She holds your fingers To help you walk She keeps you quiding And helps you stand upon the rock; I love you mom I miss you a lot Mom keep your fond hands Upon my head Give me comfort Mom Of your soothing lap Keep me forever Close to your heart Love you mom I love you a lot! I miss you Mom I miss you a lot! Vivek Tiwari

23/11/2012

To My Students

As the golden beams burst at break of day I feel gaily showers of your intellects' spray, Not mere drops incense still Like sweetening breeze of Spring's thrill. Now I see you acquire the fire that blazes to glow Your child-like thoughts consuming the bright maturity flow. The innocent twinkle of starlit shy Getting bright sparkle of golden sky. Your faith profound of truth and religion Floats so sportive in the glittening region. I see the Glory waiting for thee With ribbons and wreaths at the gate of futurity. What joyance do I feel within my bossom! My heart btithers, my soul bloosoms!

Vivek Tiwari



She Shall Come - The Divine Daughter

She shall come-'The Divine Daughter' And wait for me in her welcoming laughter She shall present her virgin charm And fan by me the coolness and calm When her chariot of Love will alight She and I shall begin our flight. I shall have comfort upon her bossom Listen her beats and feel her affection. Her mat-lock of shining black Shall fill me with an endless solace. Now, she and I for never to depart Shall travel on and on thro' peaceful path. Neither tide nor storm nor any noise Shall ever interrupt our heartiest rejoice. No betrayal, no pain, no tormenting commotion Shall ever harm my feelings and emotions!

Love Money!

Love money! Love wealth! Love property and all her riches! Love money For she competes her lovers! Love money For she has lovers in most! Love money For she-as seems-is quite virgin! Love money For she will make you quite mad Like a true love She'll make you feel all sad! You shall be all sleep devoid Nor have rest at day nor night. She'll steal you from your company She'll make you feel all lonely, She'll demand you devote her solely And shall make you think her only. Love money And be a crazy notion To guit all bonds of love and relation. She has a tongue of enthralling voice That reigns your being So well and wise. She'll win your heart, your love She'll give you-You will see-her being in 'turn. Her being-for a bed of roses Her breast-for a pillow For all luxuries. Now you are hers Hers in all, Now she'll stand you In a unique state of notion With hands blood-stained Bloodshed of relations. She'll serve you a meal in unique Your flesh for food

Your blood for drink. Now you have your eyes bloodshot Your heart all mettled Your hands all daggered You and you and you all alone A reward for all your devotion For your love For all your beloved Relation!

Vivek Tiwari 18/11/2012

Happy Children's Day

As the Nature stirs in joy At the break of day Breeze of the Nature's breath Fragance of the bloosoms Smell the earth And freshens the whole surrounding So You- my children-Shall scatter all around The best essence Of all that's Fresh, Fair and True And dignify the world By giving it all that it needs.

Vivek Tiwari 14 Nov 2012



My Love My Sole Inspiration

My Love My Sole Inspiration

When I think Of what I was I think of You The Love you taught. And I think of what I am I think of you All overwhelm. My life-That had a limited range You broadened and broadened To a gladening change. That is not all that I owe You stepped into my being And inspired me as my soul And made me feel You and I as a whole. That now I hope The distance of Hights Not too far To tire my flights. I shall never feel despair Nor shall ever be failure my share While You My Love Shadow me ever Like my sole being my sole care. With you my heart Feels rejoice As if success Gives me voice. My heart is thine Thou heart is mine Comeon along Let our souls combine. Let our souls combine Forever to combine Upto our living And even after dying.

Vivek Tiwari 07 Nov 2012

If Ever I Be A Teacher

If ever in my life I'll be able To be a teacher On behalf my worth Behalf mine own talents That's my first liking My best amusement I shall try To find it out The heartly emotions The brain-wave motions Of students As what they like To be in their life What's their own desire What's their liking shire I'll try my best affair To shape them well To their long'd sphere. Now, how shalt I build my fortune Depends upon mine own adventures. Yet I, forever, my best shall play Their best Fortune To clasp day by day. For everywhere-Mine eyes do witness The disappointed ones With burden'd thoughts They look before and after To have a breath In the sphere of freedom But all is to bear What they cant Beliwered, doubtful and all confused By the end at final reckoning They come across

But what is Nothing.

09/11/2005

Keep The Fights

Self enslaved? Soul devoid? Break the Bonds Keep the Fight. Untill your Heart feels rejoice And the Self gives you voice. Though the Tide be too tough To swim aside Sink not, loose not Keep the Fight. Immense Dark be broad and wide There be no hope or a ray of Light Though feel fighting a losing battle Keep the Fight Do keep the Fight. Brave men are Those who fight Whom tough times can never affright For the fate favours the Brave For the death is a wreath to Martyrs. So don't ever quit the Battle Keep the Fight Do keep the Fight.

Vivek Tiwari

Composed on Sep 27 2012

My Experience

MY EXPERIENCE

My City-My Native Region-'Tis twenty and seven I passed here around-Gave me things many to bound A name for Teacher That I'm renowned. Many cheerly, beautiful and cute Many-many bright, happy and sweet-Like many a morning flower-CHILDREN-To whom I feel My heart delight With gladdening thoughts Of warmth and affection And pleasure in some abundant showers As standing in some shady bower Sensing around the sweetening showers.

But some cursed, scornsome faces That the society and environment prompt That like the hounds hound around (Hell of those that make them rouse Hush! for things of good cant forever accord; Moreover the things without remedy Should be the things witbout regard) A man (I) ever, not divine! Yet I wish them all All pleasure and peace. May the time soothen all All that tangles all things Good.

EXPERIENCE-I hoarded Both bitter and sweet How the Hight plays with the Low How the steps are plotted around How the Prosperity robs the Need Exploitation from Post and Position Incurred after Wealth and Greed Too much! Too much! Beyond all calculations! Needy are used beyond the ranges Like the things of exchange.

FRIENDSHIP-For years lasting More peaceful Little exhausting.

LOVE-For peace And life lasting For true happiness And for all That is ever sweetely tasting.

People are Sweet But wealth outdoes the people in common Poor to poverty and riches to growth.

Mine thoughts are bound With this town around 'Tis twenty and seven I passed around.

Vivek Tiwari Composed on In this very afternoon of 01 November 2012.