

Poetry Series

Winnie Angel
- poems -

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Winnie Angel(26/05/1983)

'Life is beautiful,
It is the combination of,
bright and colourful lights,
dont ever darken yourself,
if ever dark clouds seems to pass you,
as it only increases the beauty of life! '

Life is beautiful and live every moment of if it as it is the last moment to be
happy-

A Chase

Whole my life,
I chase a way,
Too long,
To climb a mountain,
To swim across,
The deepest ocean,
To experience,
The finest moment,
Of beauty and grace!

With possibility,
Near to my end,
I feel my hand,
Catching its face,
And feeling its game,
Of Hide and seek,
The same old game,
Yet able to catch its hand,
I feel the chased,
Been always been within my grasp!

Winnie Angel

A Gleaming Smile

She carries,
a gleaming smile,
as she walks by,
Like a candle at night!

She is strong,
she is hope,
she is love,
She is truth!

To whomever she believes in,
To whatever she devotes truly,
She is a being of true light,
She is a star of the night!

She is my dearest Saro!

Winnie Angel

A Hymn To The Human Mind

Wonderful of all things,
is the human mind.
Destiny of man,
is made or destroyed by the human mind.

Mind is beautiful,
mind is strength,
mind is the working tool of all sages,
of all times coming in its way.

So singing a hymn to the human mind
which will bring eternal peace to mankind! ! !

28/12/08

Winnie Angel

A New Life.

The ringing of the bells,
The fluttering in the air,
Brings around,
The sweet thought,
Of being a gem of someone's heart.

The blinding jewels,
The crystal clear stones,
Hang clutching at the heart of gold,
Increasing the beauty,
Of a newly happy blossomed heart.

On the most auspicious day,
The intended was made to feel,
The queen beauty of the day,
With flowers and sweet fragrance,
Twittering all through to her new home.

And the innocent life,
Proceeding in the footsteps,
Of her heart's captor in a trance,
In a dream leaving her childhood home,
With much pain and joy in her heart.

13/07/09

Winnie Angel

A Paradisiacal Evening In Winter

The twilight brings with it the clamour of the night,
The herds in its sturdy tentacles of rope,
Plods slowly in the homeward direction,
As the end of the day marks by the full moon's shine.

The mist and fog slowly covering the horizon,
Spreading all over the valleys and up in the hills.
Remaking a new world of the beautiful night,
With stars in its brightest light shinning in its fullest.

And the family-man with fast steps returning home,
With greenies, eggs, chickens hanging in his one hand,
And the other hand busy in choosing candies and pastries,
For the little ones that awaits him eagerly in his abode of happiness.

The joy in living – where one can be the presenter of hopes,
Being the light in midst of darkness prevailing around us.
Happiness just happens in its juggled little moments in everyone's life
It just need to feel and realise in every breathe we take in our short life.

Winnie Angel

A Strange Dream

Palpitating was I on my bed,
Experiencing a strange deep pain,
Unknown to me before,
A strange feeling of leaving everything!

With the sudden rush of the sweet fragrance of rose,
I remember the day when rose was presented as the heartiest gift,
Still faintly I can hold myself,
As if something superior power is carrying me,
Away from myself and from my dearest world!

My struggle was insignificant,
As the pursuer was stronger than me in all ways,
His demeanor was cold,
Taking me away with an iron mind!

Unable was I made,
To resist Him in his Endeavour,
Gaping on my bed still,
I was trying to escape from His strong hold!

Still struggling and gaping,
A gentle sisterly touch gave a sudden jerk,
The sudden soft touch brought me back,
Back to the world of my dearest beings!

Relieved though,
To be back to my world,
Still was in an stupor,
Realizing how much I held my world to my heart! ! !

Winnie Angel

Always Be My Valentine

Be my Valentine, be with me all time,
don't fear, don't doubt
Always be by my side.
Be my Valentine! !

With the promise of thousand roses,
With the promise of thousand kisses,
Always be by my side.
Be my Valentine! !

Be my Valentine,
You will be winning for a lifetime! !

28/12/08

Winnie Angel

An Earthly Heaven

The serenity of the herds,
the business of the bee,
the quickness of the dog,
the fragrance of the flowers,
the play of blue and white of the clouds,
the twinkling of the morning stars,
the warmth of the first sun rays,
the freshness of morning breeze,
makes this very earth a lovely heaven!

07/12/09

Winnie Angel

An Old House

Scattered are the things,
Of its past inhabitants,
Clubbed with webs and powdered,
With the passing winds and sands.

Mysterious are its gait,
Mysterious its twilight noise,
Walking steps of an old lady,
Is the sound that passed by.

Leaving with the murmuring voice,
Of the winds says,
Come visit me,
I still exist in the unknown world of beings!

Winnie Angel

As Time Pass By!

As time pass by,
Remember the time we spent,
By the river side,
Throwing pebbles in the water.

When the heat of the sun,
Will shower on you,
All the brightness of the world,
Remember the clouds that hang over us.

When we walked uphill,
To reach the tip,
To shout and hear our echo,
Hear the echo in your heart that always exist.

When you will fly high,
In life,
Remember the depth of the ocean,
And the waves of the tide that ripples on.

When people from all the world,
Will be by your side,
Remember the one,
Who always stands by your side.

And as time pass by,
Remember me and my words,
When you will be all alone,
In your own beautiful silent world.

12/02/09
For all my loving close friends and sisters.

Winnie Angel

Away From You.

Saw you treading,

away from me steadily.

Leaving in my heart,

deep anguish and pain.

Moments when we were together,

Started coming in an endless flash.

Taking me away from my present,

to the world of sweet memories.

Once so near and now so far,

It seems a distance of thousand oceans.

Raging so high,

Making things look even more far.

When the moment was drawing near,

I felt for the first time,

That I am going so far from you,

Away from the warm feelings we always had shared.

And I felt,

My love was not enough for you.

I could have love and care you even better,

Than all love I have showered on you from my childhood days.

N.B (for my sister)

25/05/09

Winnie Angel

Baby It Doesn'T Matter

When you fall in life's struggle,
Baby it doesn't matter much,
Coz life will grant you,
Yet another opportunity to rise.

When afflictions makes you cry,
Baby it doesn't matter much,
For life will present you,
With beautiful moments of truth.

And when you do a mistake,
Baby it doesn't matter much,
Coz life will give you,
Chances to correct your mistakes.

Baby you only need to believe,
In yourself truly when you face life,
Coz life always gives you,
More beautiful things than you can expect.
So baby it doesn't matter really.

04/04/09

Winnie Angel

Beautiful Days Together!

Beautiful are the days when we used to be together,
beautiful will be the days again when we will be together,
Every moment, every day which we spent together,
Will be always there as beautiful memories.

Time brings changes, time brings distance,
time is power, time is strength,
time decides where we will be,
Time decides when we will be together again.

Days since childhood,
We have always played, fought, cared for each other.
Days in present we are still the same,
sharing every thought we have and every happiness and pain.

Still the strong bond of sisterhood,
tends to mean more than just sisters or friends.
Many still do find place in my heart,
But none can ever be replace in your place in my heart! ! !

01/01/09

Winnie Angel

Being Dolt

Can't find a word,
To express,
What I feel today.
To say anything,
That pangs my heart,
To think about it,
Even for a single wink.

Thanks for your friendship,
Thanks for all those lies,
All those sad tales,
That got an ear in me,
That you used to narrate.
Just to make me feel,
I was a great and true friend of yours.

Your false pretensions,
Your fallacious concerns,
Your never ending egoistic nature,
Your exquisite way,
Of hiding your real-self.
Which is exceptionally base,
Your skill in presenting yourself as marvelous.

Your every forward step to friendship,
Only germane to your problems,
With listlessness to everyone's predicament,
Living only with your dreams,
Satisfying your hankering,
You make me feel a dolt in your feign-ship.

18/07/09

Winnie Angel

Being So.

As you care for your love,
I too care the same way.
As you feel excited to see your love,
I too feel the same way.
As your heart beat fast,
I too can feel my heart beating.

As you can't imagine a day,
Without your love..
I too can't imagine,
As you feel anguish,
When your love is far.
I too feel the same pain.

As you feel for your love,
I too feel for mine.
As you wish for your love,
I too wish for mine.
As you cry in pain without,
I too do the same.
As you can't imagine a life without,
I too cant imagine the same.

You claim your love to be true,
pure like the morning dew.
Valuing it the most,
Above anything else.
But you are so untrue,
When you say my love to be untrue.

You make faces,
And pass cruel comments
When I say about my love,
You do so not knowing,
That I too feel the same way,
With the same depth and feel in my heart,
As you do for your love.

23/06/09

N.B(About those who are not Straight in sexual orientation and the world they face with it.)

Winnie Angel

Cupid's Mess!

Here comes the valentine day,
The season and time of the year,
When cupid is more busier than ever,
Shooting arrows to young as well as selected old hearts.

Cupid is known to play the game of love,
He with his symbolic bow and arrows,
Is known to ignite love among young hearts,
Creating love confusion is cupid's favorite game.

His most successful moments,
When hearts become fully dipped in love,
And when their hearts act stronger than their mind,
And when the victims are not in their actual disposition.

So great was the joy of Cupid,
His sense of pride in his success,
To see the pain and excitement of people in love,
So Cupid was called by angels as 'Stupid Cupid'!

10/02/09

Valentine Day's special

Winnie Angel

Dream Chaser

As soon as the day break,
With the cuckooing of birds,
My chase after my dream starts.

The chase catches its speed,
With the increase of the movement around,
And the heat and the rush after dreams increases.

As a bee always sucking honey from flowers,
And a tiger always preying after its prey,
I keep chasing my dreams ever day.

05/07/09

Winnie Angel

Ever Since I Have Been Apart.

Ever since I have been apart,
From you,
I grew fonder of you each passing day.

The suppressed laughter,
Which we used to share,
In our everyday funny chat.

I miss you and the mischief,
We used to do together,
The way we get tickled for everything we see.

The tensions we share during exams,
The roaming around the shops for choosing dresses,
Standing red and tan as our reward near the poochka stall.

Hey dear I miss you everyday,
Long to be with in my future life,
Doing the same stuff as we were habituated to.

(Written on the time when i used to be with my younger sister)
11/04/09

Winnie Angel

Fountain Of Love

Love is thy name,
Loving is thy every day's work,
Bounty are you in performing thy work,
Heartily do thy work in god's name! !

Best among are those whom nobody cares,
Best among are those whom nobody wants,
Best are those for you,
Best is thy care and love for those!

Prayer is thy pass time activity,
Praying for the unwanted is thy favorite activity,
Love is that thy show in every deeds of yours,
Mother is thy name that people calls you! ! !

Winnie Angel

From My Heart.

With the birth of the day light,
With the fresh air of the morn,
The twilight of early dawn,
I give my wishes to you.

With the age of the earth,
With the height of the sky,
The depth of the deepest ocean,
I give you my lasting friendship.

With the love of a mother,
With the care of a sister,
The deep regard of a friend,
I give my love to you forever.

05/07/09

Winnie Angel

I Will Be There For You

When you would have crossed,
The threshold of youth and strength,
When your frail body would need a helping hand,
Then you will find me there by your side.

When in the pursuit of happiness,
You will be running a race against time,
Against the world and against yourself,
Then I will be there by your side to soothe you.

When the rush of the world,
And the turn of the tide,
Will make you beleaguered and weary,
Then I will be there to seat by your side.

When everyone walks out,
Leaving hollowness in your life,
When every morning brings you,
With the thought of you being remorse.

I will be there for you,
When nobody will be there for you! ! !

05/02/09

Winnie Angel

If You

If you dream for happiness,
You get happiness overflowing around you.
If you dream of a sweet home,
You get your sweet home as you thought of.
If you dream of your love of life,
You get that love in your arms.
If you dream of success,
You get success coming your way.
And if you dream of none,
You get none in your life!

11/09/09

Winnie Angel

If You Can

Spread your wings and fly away,
From me and my memories if you can!

Live a life of happiness and fullness,
Leaving my love and care if you can!

Collecting nectar from flowers like a bee,
And still be sweet-less if you can!

Be with the imaginary dreams,
And forget to be in the real world if you can!

Stay with the idea of being loved by everyone,
Forgetting all my love if you can!

Speak with all the softness of heaven,
Abandoning the thought of being cold if you can!

Turn away swearing not to respond,
Reach a distance and never turn back if you can!

Be fulfilled and happy in your pursuit,
And still be serene at heart without me if you can!

11/09/09

Winnie Angel

Infectuous Smile.

Beauty is what she exhibits,
In every walk of her life.
Smile is what she possess,
In her every bright face.

Ways she thoughts,
Are reflected in her gait,
A warm and beautiful heart,
Is that She always carries with her.

Ever since I saw her,
I felt within my heart,
Her smile is the most beautiful,
The most infectious one in the world.

Winnie Angel

Inner Inertia

Within the outer image,
There at times exist,
An inner world of self,
Which is in no way appreciable.

Lost in the turmoil,
Of the mind's various thoughts,
That keep rolling on its own,
In a mire of its own creation.

The heart that beats every second,
Pounding with great uneasiness,
To find a way out of the mire,
Relentlessly tries to break the iron world inside.

Breaking the inner unwanted self,
It is not in the least an easy task,
But to put in thoughts and words,
The hardest of all the existing task.

Unable to break the chains,
Unable to change the inner inertia
That binds the world inside,
The other better self cries aloud in sheer pain.

04/03/09

Winnie Angel

It Isn'T

It isnt the way i looked for,
it isnt the dream i dreamt of,
it isnt the happiness i sought for,
it isnt the reality i seek for,
it isnt the beauty i always thought of!

Winnie Angel

It's Strange

I feel at times, it's time for me,
To forget you forever,
I feel it's time to devote myself,
To the supreme goal of my life!

I have always felt great to think,
About the wonderful moments I spent with you,
Great been the feelings of been in love with you,
Truly it let me feel "love was in the air" in and around with you!

But it coming back to life and its reality,
I have always thought I will forget you,
Maybe I am not blessed enough to be in love with you,
To be leisured enough to be in love with you!

But whenever I felt I m truly forgetting you,
To be truly make my life without you,
That very moment, you do coming back to me,
In such a way that you don't and I cant truly forget you! !

18/12/2008

Winnie Angel

Its Beautiful To Be A Skylark

It's a small being that flies high in the sky,
it's a strong being that crosses the oceans and flies high above the mountains,
it's an ambitious being who desires,
to touch the brightest object that gives life to everything that comes beneath it.

Its eternal, ethereal but has physical aspects too,
its determination leads it to achieve its highest desire to meet the sky,
to feel like a king reigning over the sky,
But its true beauty lies in the plane of being a true humane,

Its true beauty in its solidarity it has for its love ones,
who stays in the realms of physical restrictions,
Beautiful to be a skylark,
for it always manage to keep in touch with the true pulse of life ! ! ! ! !

Winnie Angel

Last Moments Of My Life.

Tears in my eyes,
I lay alone on my death bed.
My ears and eyes,
Eagerly waiting for my love ones,
To be by my side.

As death happens to pass by,
Suddenly without any notice,
It is something for which,
I am prepared in the least.
And it happens to sweep everything from my life.

Till now I have taken life so easily,
Never thought of telling anything,
To my dear ones,
Some advice I hold in my heart,
My love and care I hold for them inside.

I want to apologize,
The love of my life,
That even though I held her,
For all the mistakes that others had done,
I hold nothing of that kind in my heart.

Have went through,
All the stages of my life,
The various touching incidents,
And experiences of my life;
I feel happy for everything I had in my life.

Still I don't feel death came,
At an appropriate time in my life,
Coz so much is left,
To be said and done.

And I keep waiting till my dear ones arrive.

16/04/09

Winnie Angel

Let Be This Way.

When the light of the Sun,
Ruling the sky and the earth,
Fails to give hope and faith,
Let your prayer be your rescue.

When everyone fails,
To be your comfort,
Making you feel lonely,
Let your past moments be your rescue.

When all of your dreams,
Starts shattering into pieces,
Come crashing down on all your hope,
Let your belief in your dreams be your rescue.

When there is darkness all-around,
Blurring your world,
Shadowing your view of your life,
Let your belief in yourself be your only rescue.

09/06/09

Winnie Angel

Life's Mire

From the day we had seen light of the world,
we had been thrown in the mad rush of the world,
not knowing where we are heading to,
What is our purpose and what is our desire!

Meaning of desire have contours with ambiguity,
for it has no relevant meaning, it has no known direction,
Our heart started craving for what looks bright to the mad rush of the world,
not knowing where we are landing-

We are following and letting ourselves flow with the mire,
that in times to come will land us to unhappiness, exhaustion,
which will inevitably lead us to the world of
Death, destruction and heartche!

Winnie Angel

Living Death.

Each day I wake up,
With fear in me,
Ruling my every thought,
in every breathe of my life.

Never have seen a day,
Without the hazardous smoke,
Spreading across the sky,
without the colour of death.

Everywhere and everyday I can see,
And feel the death of living god lying unnoticed.
Like discarded useless possessions,
Of the savage intellectual adult world of today.

If ever there is a heaven,
Than I believe it must be a world,
Where child like me can breathe fresh air,
Play with her friends with full-bodied parts.

And the streets walking with smiling faces,
Without a tint of fear in their belly for death in the next moment.

NB: (Based on children who are living in war-torn area of the world today)
29/05/09

Winnie Angel

My Vision Of The World

I see a world tomorrow,
I know its a dream world,
I know its like an utopian dream,
Still I believe that world can exist.

I see everywhere people,
From different races, belief and colour,
Meet and hug without any pretension,
Not drawn together by any profit motive.

I see a world,
Where the beauty of living,
Will be reducing pain,
And spreading universal love and peace.

I see the world in my vision,
And it's a true world that can exist.

05/02/09

Winnie Angel

My World.

I see a world,
A bright and a beautiful one,
Wherein all are placed,
In a pacific way.

Anywhere I turn,
I meet smiling faces,
Everywhere I go,
I encounter beautiful experiences.

I have made my inner world,
I have painted it,
With all the bright colors,
And grab it in a bright wrapper.

For I believe as I paint,
My world will be,
Like the same,
As I have painted in my thought.

15/02/09

Winnie Angel

On This Eve Of Friendship Day.

Let's give a name to each other,
Let's give a hug to each other,
Let's give a kiss to each other,
On this beautiful eve of friendship day!

Let the hurricane of the world come,
Let the ocean waves reach all the shores high,
Let the sun shine down with its blazing heat,
And let our friendship bear it all with a smile!

Let our friendship abridge all pain.
Let our friendship elevate our strength,
Let our friendship always stand eminent,
Let all the charm of our friendship remains forever!

02/08/09

Winnie Angel

Pour Trouver Une Manière

Whirled myself in the shades of self, □
with the various émotions entangled, □
in a étrange odd fashion, □
unable to démêlez myself. □
□
The claims raging haut every passing day, □
make me feel the deep maux in my heart. □
In every respirez of my life, □
I find the sensation acting much stronger. □
□
Now I feel strongly the need to find a manière, □
out of this tourbière of emotional vagues. □

P.S. Few of the words are in French and i have given those words with their English version.

English □	In French.
emotion □	émotions
weird □	étrange
untangle □	démêlez
high □	haut
ache □	maux
breathe □	respirez
feel □	sensation
Way □	manière
mire □	tourbière
waves □	vagues

To Find A Way Pour Trouver Une Manière

24/05/09

Winnie Angel

The Biggest Mistake

With the palyful gait of a chid,
i was playing with my friends,
in the rocky hill and sand,
With all might i was playing the game.

All were busy pushing, pulling, running,
I too was doing the same,
but my attention was driven away from the game,
The sight of a playful goat was alluring me away.

The sight of the shiny black goat,
made me thought to chase and play with it,
But the goat was not ready to do the same,
so i was running fast to chase.

Its unwillingness to play with me,
was making me crazy to play,
So i was running with a frenzy,
to catch it with all my might.

I didnt realise what my chase may lead to,
my mind was filled with the only thought of catching it,
and running away from my mad chase,
It met its death inside a well.

Till date and every date of my life,
I regret and will always do so,
till the end of my life for my mad chase,
My mad chase leading to an innocent death!

Winnie Angel

The Bleeding World

I see the world bleeding, .
Sands of every region is soaked in blood,
Air of every land is filled with smoke,
Everywhere I see the world bleeding.

Differences of opinion,
Differences of ideal,
Differences of belief,
Differences of everything.

I see the world bleeding,
With a bleeding heart,
With no power to stop it,
With no way to stop the bloody game!

23/01/09

Winnie Angel

The Color Red

Color of passion,
color of anger,
color of emotion,
color of rose,
color of blood,
Red is the color of man!

24/11/09

Winnie Angel

The Craze

When we dream,
And in that dream,
Wish for the dreamt,
It seems so true.

When we make a wish,
And that wish turns real,
It makes us feel bright,
For our wishes got fulfilled.

And when your heartiest desire,
Remain still distance and untrue,
It pains and hurt,
Then that dream remain only to be dream.

And when that dream comes to you,
After the craze for it die out,
Than that craze for the dream,
And the dream appears untrue.

22/03/09

Winnie Angel

The Fantasy Tree

Dangling by its sides,
The twigs and leaves,
Keep dancing to and fro
Making the tree swing in air.

Its beautiful bends and curve,
Smiling all the while dangling,
With its branches,
Always busy accommodating the birds.

The most beautiful tree,
With its trunk coming out,
To make a chair for every,
Naughty child to sit in respite.

The very fantasy tree,
Which is every child's,
Most fantasy desire and dream,
To sit on its chair for a while.

31/01/09

Winnie Angel

The Glass Window

Warm yellow beams,
Transcending its way,
Into the inner world,
Of an ancient soul.
Rushing in its core,
Dreamy snail world,
Endeavoring to bring,
Light of the world,
Of the luxuriant,
Youthful enthusiasm.
In the veins,
Of one once with,
Life's glorious song.

08/12/09

Winnie Angel

The Most Blissful Word

One word, one voice most blissful,
Voice that we had listen from day one,
Which is most comforting and known?
Even though we know it cannot be present always.

Whose voice has taught us,
In every step of our life,
What is right and what else are not,
A voice that will always be guiding us.

How old we may have grown,
How intelligent we may become,
We still remain a child to them,
Child still too young to handle life.

Winnie Angel

The Only Thing We Need.

To live a life with liveliness,

To love with the feel of loveliness.

To smile with a gait of exuding warmth.

To shower care with the warmth of a mother,

To guide with the thought of a father,

To play with the gentleness of a child.

To think with the mind of a thinker,

To speaker like an orator,

And to behave like a sage.

To live life peacefully,

Now and forever we need faith in ourselves.

08/06/09

Winnie Angel

The Urgency.

In my sleep yesterday,
You came and stood,
By my side,
You neither talk nor laugh.

In a strange way,
You seems to tell me,
Through your eyes,
I am getting old and weak.

Your expressionless face,
Was indeed expressing,
Your urgency,
To be comforted by my side.

Never before I,
Have seen you in such a way,
Always you will be smiling,
And narrating stories of everyday.

Narrating beautiful tales,
Of old and new,
Your face make me,
Think and feel its now really urgent.

To be your side,
To be your comfort in your aged time.

13/02/09

Winnie Angel

To The Slaughterhouse.

For the joy of others,
I am running a race.

For the profit of my owner,
I am losing my self.

For the riches of others,
I am doing their best.

For lessening burden for others,
I am finally killing myself.

For the appetite of others,
I am decorated on a plate.

I lived my whole life,
On a selfish greedy plan of others.

N: B(Its the miserable plight of a race utilising them on racecourse the owner will send them to the slaughterhouse for meat or heart-rendering part is they will be immediately sent to the doomshouse when they become profitless to their owner) .

I am not an animal activist but the brutality of these sort are completely horses should be atleast allowed to live.

Winnie Angel

Traversing

Whether you know about it,
What it is to feel like,
Driving crazy when on,
With the feel of creating,
And traversing in the world,
Of my own creations.
Feeling high,
Living every moment,
As i have dreamt of,
Full fantasy,
With stars shinning,
Above my head,
The moon giving,
Its warm serene light,
Making my imaginary world,
More than i have pictured in my mind.

06/10/2009

Winnie Angel

Treatise Of Distrust.

The ravaging bullets and bombs,
Came to a stand still.
Life slowly catching back its spirit,
A new morning followed after a dark night.
As the war came to an end now.

Thinkers, intelligent groups, politicians,
Are coming up with ways,
To solve the impasse of misunderstanding,
Created and breed among the nation states,
Distrust in each other the very cause of war.

The cardinal power of fear,
Is killing one and all.
Making unrest and being in constant fear,
Of being ravaged, violated, exploited,
Taking away the very reason of living.

To usher the era of peace again,
Treatise of peace were signed,
Though deep down in every nation's mind,
Following the policy of protectionism,
Trying to protect self at the behest of the world.

So with this mind working beneath,
The treatise of peace merely becomes,
A treatise of distrust and lies,
Paving way to yet another war,
Of death and destruction.

12/08/09

Winnie Angel

Twinkled Eyes.

Enriched with her every smile,
Her face wears a glittering gait,
As the smile comes forth on her face,
The eyes too followed with its twinkle shade.

When words of her choice,
Ever is said and placed,
Her eyes twinkled even more,
Bringing forth in her the liviest being.

So she stands in my mind,
As the girl with beautiful twinkled eyes.

Written on a friend of mine.
04/03/09

Winnie Angel

Under The Blue Sky

Beneath the midnight moon,
The scattered twinkling stars,
The hills, valleys and rivers,
Taking a beautiful hue under the starry sky!

Winnie Angel

Wandering Mind.

It was one of my crucial moments of my life,
Sitting still on a soft cushion,
In the silence of the dark night.

My utmost desire at that point,
Was to persuade my wandering mind,
To put an end to its wandering action.

I found it the most dominant,
Almost impossible to dominate.

28/03/09

Winnie Angel

Where Do I Belong?

I belong to no land,
To no government,
Where I was born,
I happen to lost.
As situation,
Forced me out,
In the heat and rain,
Without warmth and in pain,
Walking on stony roads,
With the weight on my shoulders,
My last treasure hangs.
With every trifle I have,
I carry with me my lost heaven.

Now the hope of a new land,
A new home,
Which I and the people like me,
Can call their own,
A land,
Where there is water to quench thirst,
Heat to prepare food,
Roof to protect from rain,
Clothes to warm,
Dreams to dream,
Ideas to implement,
Friends to play,
And a family to live with happily.

Now to me,
That dream seems to be an impossible one,
Living with your loved ones too demanding,
Asking for fair play too idealistic,
And asking such a land too Utopian.

14/07/09

(About the worsening conditions and bleak emotional support of the more than twenty million refugees of today's world.)

Winnie Angel