

Poetry Series

Abhinav Mangla
- poems -

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Abhinav Mangla(11.01.2000)

Corruption

We are independent, an independent India
Not under China, England or Kenya.
Ten why this corruption spell
Is hanging all over India like a jewel!

All corrupt ministers are free
On doing wrong deeds, they don't need to flee.
They just bribe the police
And are out of jail in a few minutes!

In today's world, everyone has gone corrupt
No one wants to do his work without a shortcut.
Money is what for everyone bothers
Even if to get it, they have to do a hundred murders!

On what answer are you now dependant
Yes/No, is India really independent?

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Cricket Match

The stadium is full with crowd,
Everyone watches as the howls go loud.
At last the match starts,
The audience concentrates and forgets about eating jam tarts!

Zaheer Khan bowls the first over,
The English run rate gets slower.
And all of a sudden Strauss gets bowled,
Whole of the England team gets cold!

Then came Ian Bell, he hit a six,
Everyone started thinking that the match was a fix.
Then England's wickets started falling,
They couldn't stand before India's bowling!

Last over, whole stadium was at the nets,
Everybody is thinking what will happen next.
Then fell the last wicket, India had won,
A lot of recreation to me, the cricket match had done!

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Examinations

We are nearing our examination,
For this no one wants a heartiest congratulation.
Now what everyone just needs,
Is a way to get new cheats!

Half yearly or matriculation.
No one wants to have tension.
We just want a free life,
Not our notebooks having a sharp knife!

Children are burdened,
They play in the park, very seldom.
Children now go to parties very rare,
The exams have put children in a scare!

I want this examination to soon be over,
Cause I want to see Zaheer Khan's bowling over.
I am not able to watch any cricket match,
Because if I fail I don't know what I will snatch!

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Monsoon

Yeh hey! The monsoon begins
Songs of rain the peacock sings.
It gives relief from the scorching heat☐
No one wants a shaded seat!

In this season there are many frogs
The air is filled with lots of croaks.
There is greenery every where
Who's fallen in the puddle no one cares!

Pitter-patter raindrops everyone enjoys
No one plays with indoor toys.
Everyone is carrying a raincoat
Small children have paper boats.

Everyone is waiting for tea and pakoras
Nobody wants chilled sodas.
All throughout the year I wish the monsoon comes
From seasons like summer I want a turn!

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My Dream School

My kind of school,
Needs to be very cool.
It should be the one
That people don't make fun.

Classrooms should have ACs,
So that children can sit with ease.
There should be no wooden chairs,
But sofas with soft hairs.

The students must have laptops,
So that every child concentrates and tops.
There should be no study burdens,
No tests, no difficult examinations.

I hope this happens soon,
Cause I want to be granted a boon.
I believe this will not happen before the 2050s,
But let's see if we can get all the facilities!

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Nature

Our world is very small, just like a miniature
And this world was decorated by Lord with nature!
He gave us this beauty, this great environment
He gave us this lively world, full of amusement!
Great mountains, blue rivers and mighty seas
And how can we forget the huge green trees.
A sandy coast by the sea, a great landscape
Is the best way to find a sadness escape!
God presented his greatest gift to us
With utmost faith and lots if trust.
Thinking that we would protect it from danger
God gave us this life saving, beautiful nature!
But this question again pops out
Are we worth this gift, I doubt.
Cause we are destroying it for own benefit
So please, from this human torture, save it!

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Power Cuts

Power cuts and power cuts,
Defeat the people even with guts.
No one can live peacefully,
If power cuts are in our house sparingly!

Everything goes black,
It seems as if we are in a sack.
Nobody can watch football or cricket match,
Even if it's a goal or a catch!

TVs, lights, refrigerators are out,
Because of power generators, there is a blackout.
Te streets are without light, dark and lonely,
The street dogs keep barking mourningly!

Computer games are what everyone wants to play,
Because of power cuts, they have to play with clay.
Power cuts in the city have made our lives terrible,
No one wants these moments to be cherish able

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