

Poetry Series

BHUPENDRA SWARNAKAR
- poems -

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BHUPENDRA SWARNAKAR(02/10/1995)

26/11 Terror Attacks

On the 26/11 night
When Mumbai was full of light
Hotel Taj had an awful sight
Friend do you feel was it right

When terrorists attack hotel Oberoi
It was not at all a flash of joy
Police and terrorists had a horrible fight
Friends do you feel was it right?

When Nariman Point was full of terror
The story became a little horror
The commandos jumped from a height
Friends do you think was it right?

So friends lets get united and fight
To stop terrorism and light
The world with joy and little bit competition
To make it a place of wonderful exhibition

-By little poet

BHUPENDRA SWARNAKAR

Childish Dream

My dream was to fly
Into the air
My dream was to migrate
Into the fair
My dream was to love you
All with utmost care
My dream was to with you
All always share
My dream was to take
A magical cloth to wear
But about my dream I am not sure
Because I am crazy & have yet been not cure

-By little poet

BHUPENDRA SWARNAKAR

Colour

Black colour splashed into our hairs
white colour jumped into the nails we care
Blue colour jump from sky to sea
But green is the colour loved by me

Red is glimpsed in love and conflict
Brown was the colour of the chair on which I sit.
Orange is a shade of red and white
Yellow is the colour of sunlight

The floor was roofed with the mud which was brown
And as silver was busy so gold made the crown
Pink is a colour which is so beautiful
That makes one look awesome and wonderful

Colour truly craft a mind blowing sight
Imagine what will happen if they fight
All big colours will fly with arms and wing
But according to me black will be the king

-By little poet

BHUPENDRA SWARNAKAR

Death

EVERYONE HAS TO DIE ONE DAY
YOU DIE FIRST AND THEN I MAY
ONE DAY WHEN THE LITTLE CHICK WAS BORN
MAMA HEN HAD TO HIM WORN
THAT NO ONE CAN ESCAPE ALIVE
IN THIS LARGE PLANET FIVE

DEATH IS A BIG, HUGE WALL
ONE DAY IT'LL DEFINATELY FALL
IT IS ON US HOW DO WE SEE IT
WITH FAITH OR FEARFUL KIT

-By little poet

BHUPENDRA SWARNAKAR

Floods

Water-water everywhere but not a dropp to drink,
Disastrous situation here and there but no time to think,
No phones, no net so no chance for people to link,
So tell how they will save the one who're going to sink.
In this huge big mess no one has time to stop and see,
Boats, tubes and rafts are there but in the huge big sea,
Some with blood in water while others with cup of tea,
All went underwater houses and even the crops in the lea.
Some are roofless and some under their waterproof dome,
Some are wearing floats while rest're styling their hairs with comb,
So I just have this message in my gigantic personal tome,
That please don't ever in heavy rains dare to leave your home.

-By little poet

BHUPENDRA SWARNAKAR

Free Birds

Mom! ! Now exams are all over

Stress has collapsed from our tower

Friends are all waiting out

So let we free birds shout

The mid night lamp has no oil to get

And we free birds have today got wet

Because joys have filled our wings with sweat

And the time has a long time to set

Till then before time we have no reason to bend

Till then the competition has partially end

Till then we have freedom on words

Till then we are free birds! ! ! ! ! ! ! !

-By little poet

BHUPENDRA SWARNAKAR

Happy Birthday

The bells do ring and the birds do sing.

In heaven like king, you fly with wing.

The time is near, so I wish you with cheer,

'Happy Birthday' dear, may all your stress get clear.

May you reach that height and get all that light,

That brightens your night & takes you to your dream sight.

May your each day be best, with ample of rest.

So many happy returns of the day my special guest.

So where are the cakes and mittens, for us all to sweeten

Your mouth & of your kittens, don't forget the b'day bombs beaten.

May all your tensions get flew & all your wishes come true,

I pray you live forever & keep becoming wise and clever.

-By little poet

BHUPENDRA SWARNAKAR

I Am Sure Now I Won'T Fall

Stars are twinkling and blinking incredibly high
I think now I have absolutely touched the sky
They don't seem far away as am rising tall
And I am awfully sure now, I won't fall

From infant, child and adolescent now I am teenager
I have actually turned into a superior self manager
Responsibilities are mounting constantly in my shawl
But I am very much sure now, I won't fall

Depending on luck is not what I have learned
Fame through hard work is what I have earned
I won't end now even If I've to cross the strongest wall
Because I am extremely sure now I won't fall

There are yet million challenges standing before me
But they will all freeze up when my guts they see
I've to now open each and every shop of my dream mall
And believe I am tremendously sure now I won't fall

-By little poet

BHUPENDRA SWARNAKAR

I Saw Heaven

I saw a heaven of grass and trees
From the top fall red leaves
I saw a heaven with waterfall
Falling from the artichoke stall
I saw a heaven with opera like rocks
There lived dog like fox
I saw a heaven covered with ice
Jumping from the bottom a plenty of mice
I saw a heaven with no dead end
Messages never reached were they were send
So in short I saw a heaven
But I don't exactly remember when

-By little poet

BHUPENDRA SWARNAKAR

King

A man with a magnificent heart like oceans on earth
For whom everyone on the planet is of utmost worth
Who does it and show and just not wish and hope
Whose golden words are mentioned in every tobe.
A noble with a many thousands lives in his single town,
A monarch with dozens of blessings in his small crown,
An angel with a spiritual, heavenly, hefty white wing,
In the kingdom of the blind he is the one-eyed king.
That King is no one else expect from among you and me,
Just what you need is a supersonic high 3d vision to see.
So do it when you get a time which is atrociously free,
And spot if you're the king of your empire i.e. the root of a tree.

-By little poet

BHUPENDRA SWARNAKAR

Laughter

When your income is low
When your heart beats become slow
When your boat is unable to flow
Then laughter lets your life go

When your brain recovers a sin
When you think as narrow as a pin
When you can't put efforts like a goldfish's fin
Laughter gives you the spirit to go and win

When your heart breaks with load and pain
When you cry as if one has beaten you with cane
When your will power began to wane
Laughter takes you back to your lane

When you stop making hay
When you forget your way
When suicide is what your mind says
Then trust me laughter forces you to stay

-By little poet

BHUPENDRA SWARNAKAR

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His passions grew, emotions increased

Then with his brush he got them released

His eyes were stuck on the white sheet

And his body got flat on his feet

His soul came out & he uttered its need

Slowly but steadily his brush caught speed

Then dark in dawn came all what was inside

This is the fact which led to his great pride.

Still he's flying with his paintings in plenty of hearts,

Although he's no more alive to paint his arts.

If I was a painter he would be my lord,

But I hope in heaven he's happy with his God.

-By little poet

BHUPENDRA SWARNAKAR

Man

Man is a creature of Mr. God
He is the one next to a lord
Who is intelligence as also smart?
But still rides a car and not a cart

He says that earth is going to be no last
But still he spoils this world so fast
By terror or corruption or bomb blast
And destroys this world which is so vast

So my request to a man
Is don't spoil road by throwing can
Don't use ac and very oddly use fan
And protect mother earth if you can

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Please do save earth and save environment! ! !

-By little poet

BHUPENDRA SWARNAKAR

Moon

Everyone likes your shade white
Everyone likes your artificial light
Everyone likes to stare at you
Because you like to care for those few

You are a sign and symbol of romance
You are a place under which one will like to dance
You are a charming prince not duck
That keeps shining by sunlight due to luck

You are so far, that not even a car,
Can come closer to you, to properly view
The creatures created on you
Those are actually very few.

Very very high, above the sky,
I don't know why, you just fly and fly.
Your shape and size, sometimes rise
And at times falls so can u not erect a stable wall

I just want to hop into your park of cream
As you are a monument of my dream
You are a thing people dream to touch
You are a thing that I love very much

-By little poet

BHUPENDRA SWARNAKAR

Mother

A relation which even god can't break
Is the relation what the mothers make.
When ever you are surrounded by danger
You call your mother and not a manager

When so ever we get little wounded
She picks the world on her hand
And when ever we get a little dehydrated
She picks up the oceans from the land

She always teach us to sail our ships
So they can in no way draw
She makes us aware of all mankind tips
That we can use to follow her law.

That's why people say
Our blood and her blood may
Be a cable of connection
That makes her aware of our every action

So friends we say mom oh mom
You always be with me
I am born from your womb
So you can never leave me

-By little poet

BHUPENDRA SWARNAKAR

My Father

My father is so cute
That he got me a flute
My father is so sweet
That I like to touch his feet

My father is so nice
And also too much wise
My father is so good
That he always ask me food

My father kicks me twice
Whenever I tell lice
My father is so healthy
And also much wealthy

My father is so bold
That he has never suffered cold
My father is so strong
That he can go against wrong

My father's hands are so long
That they never let me sing a song
My father dries my tears at a touch
That is why I love him so much

-By little poet

BHUPENDRA SWARNAKAR

Nature

With the seas, that transact breeze
And with the birds that fly,
It is the nature, with thousands of creature
That is covered with domes of sky.

With the oceans, that affects the motions
Of the planetary winds that flow
It is the nature with Marina trench
The point of world which is too low

With the mountains, with ample of fountains
Containing lava that spreads when leak
It is the nature with mountain Everest
That is well know as world's highest peak

With the flowers and huge big towers
And the very sweet natural song
It is the nature with flower raflessia
That is very popular for being 1 meter long

So my siblings lets do good things
And come together and shake our hands
To stop all the fellow human beings
And protect this natural gifted lands

-By little poet

BHUPENDRA SWARNAKAR

New Year

Hurdles come and hurdles go.
What can we do when the life is so?
But we don't sit and rain out tears
Instead we fight out all our fears
Till that comes a new year

It is the time full of snow
At this time the temperature too is very low
But we don't wait for snow to get clear
Instead we keep our face with a smile and cheer
this is actually what we call a new year

It is the earth that turns and turns
And hence the thing that I always learn
Is to let opportunities come near
And put our hands forward without fear
To wish u all 'a very happy new year'

-By little poet

BHUPENDRA SWARNAKAR

Patriotism

It is the esteem of one's own motherland
It grant you the guts to die on your own sand
It is the noblest quality of mankind
Which feature is it can you find?

It is the quality that all freedom fighters had
It is the value that craft you as a picture of loyal fad
It is the power that generates daring in your mind
Which attribute is it can you find?

It is a feeling that is even clad by your soul
It is a sense that compel you to give your whole
It is a quality that can uproot terrorism
It is the quality of blazing patriotism

-By little poet

BHUPENDRA SWARNAKAR

Pen

My given name is pen
My price is Rupees ten
I in reality don't know when
And how I am utilized by men
My cap is my pillow
Its colour is whitish yellow
My nip is my brain
That lets my ink wane

My heart is my refill
That lets me stand still
My blood is my ink
That flows only when you think

My job is to write
On books, paper and kite
When I actually do so
My ink level keeps becoming low

I can scepter some ones life
And let some one leave their wife
I was given birth by man
So he can use me as he can

-By little poet

BHUPENDRA SWARNAKAR

Road Chaos

Vow! I have an excellent ride ahead
This is what the super cyclist.
There is a signal over his helmet's head
Showed the colour yellow then red

Shits! -said the cyclist- It'll take time
Breaking the signal for me is not a crime
Why shall not try a slim, sharp shortcut?
When on the highway, he was if and but.

Now what can i do? the super cyclist cried
In the mess to take left or right his nut got fried.
Then on the super ninja bike came the duos
Who hit the crazy cyclist and made 'ROAD CHAOS'

-By little poet

BHUPENDRA SWARNAKAR

Sun

Sun is the main source of energy on earth
Which is absolutely and has no worth
Sun from earth is 15,00,000 km away
And its heat is sturdy in Asia in months of May

Solar system is formed by sun's magnetic field
And with belts of fire and unsafe rays it is sealed
In solar system Mr. Sun is the monarch king
This supplies heat and light to all human being

Ozone layer guard earth from sun's harmful ray
This is the thing what teachers and scientists say
Sun wakes up daily us early in the morning
And by melting the glaciers it gives us a warning

Sun can be described in thousands of ways
Even though no one has touched its surface
So in short sun is just a heavenly body
Made of protons and neutrons clashing horde

-By little poet

BHUPENDRA SWARNAKAR

Sunday-A Fun Day

Still on bed, with no one to eat head

It's already 9 o'clock, so today no morning walk

It's for me to sleep as much I can, not because I am a man

But because 6 days later it re-arrived 'the Sunday-a fun day'

Today I'll sing and dance, with enjoyment at glance

I'll run, hop, play as I used to do in my childish day

When I'd also yak for long hours, with my ally about super cars

On this very special day 'the Sunday-a fun day'

Give me this day again if you can lend, this lovely weekend

Where my hopes are high on peak at this first day of week

May all days be like it, where with work I can relax and sit

Lastly to my friends, family and foes I wish 'this Sunday-a fun day'

-By little poet

BHUPENDRA SWARNAKAR

Vacation

Vacations are a part of life
And liberty from books that are nonstop strife
Vacations are meant to spend all days
In enjoying and planning our future ways

This is one of the best saying
That vacations are not only for playing
One should relax in the beauty of nature
And profit themselves as well as other creature

Between the academic years they are all gaps
That can be best describe as a centre between two laps
Where you can tighten your screw and tyre
To spread your excellence like the blazing fire

-By little poet

BHUPENDRA SWARNAKAR

Water

Water covers $\frac{3}{4}$ portion of the earth
It is in which million creatures take birth
Water is the second name of life
Water is use to wash utensils and knife

Water is also found as vapour and ice
Water is crucial for growth of crop like rice
Water is also used by pest like mice
Water is used by us to bath twice

Water is a liquid you all must know
It sleeps on the earth in the form of snow
In the figure of gust it blow and blow
Till at last it rains and as a river it flow

It turn into dry ice once at -57 degrees it freeze
It is a compound that fills lakes and seas
It the factor for which you also pay fees
It flows here and there in the form of breeze

It is a body that covers oceans and bay
When it is there you keep making hay
If you get lost in a forest it offer you a way
But always remember without it we can't stay

-By little poet

BHUPENDRA SWARNAKAR

Yet Universe Is Waiting For Us.

In the huge big skies of heavenly domes.

We have just grabbed a bee from millions of honey combs.

There is yet lot for us to discover and dig.

Like the few charming stars that twinkle and fig.

Until now we have seen only a grain of sand.

Even now we have to walk many miles of land.

Yet many Romeos and Juliet have to book their moon.

And I believe that their wish will come true very soon.

Oh! It's good to see those outstanding great people,

Who have worked very hard and got tripled,

The science of the universe that is left before,

And yet we are on the crust but want to reach core.

No matter how hard it is but we'll do,

One great day will buckle the universe in our shoe.

We kids the future next of this gigantic hay,

Promise that will definitely do what we say.

So all the celestial bodies and heavenly lords,

Get ready for our venture to your way.

As for wonders we are created by our god

We'll fight till the end come what may.

-By little poet

BHUPENDRA SWARNAKAR