

Poetry Series

chandra kant manas
- poems -

Publication Date:
2013

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

chandra kant manas(08/07/1991)

Beyond Limits

Wind was hot and lonely was day,
walking patiently on my way,
I came by a Patli tree,
staring on me smilingly said he.

"Listen the words which i will tell,
not an epic but a great tale,
it is the story of a bird,
whose will could tremble your heart."

"he is the bird of limitless sky,
to all heads passing by,
his story i will narrate,
the story of vanquishing his fate."

"He was ready to start the flight,
convulsive was weather and formidable was the plight,
hindrances were tough and bold,
still his wings remained unfold."

"soon he was able to touch my tip,
unfortunately this place he couldn't keep,
wind came there like a whirl,
sky-rocketing speed and with increasing curl"

"the tender bird opposed a lot,
but in the wind he was caught,
Wind was up and wind was down,
analogous to hell it was all around"

"the bloody wind was forcing to stop,
but he endeavored to reach the top,
in this combat his wings were torn,
on the condition he mourned and mourned"

"he again challenged the wind,
alas his fate he couldn't triumph,
wind threw him far apart,
but his will he couldn't depart"

"once again he gathered his courage,
marched in the sky to break the cage,
this time the wind got frailed,
his torrential efforts he also hailed"

"Laughing merrily bird kissed the sky,
the essence of victory was in his eyes,
while departing he said few words,
those were the best ever I heard"

"Die if you cant reach,
better do work than preach,
life without dreams are deceased,
so walk until your last breath"

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Death And Dreams

Death, with it, brings silence,
the silence which conceals the voice of life,
the same voice in which dreams revertebrated,
so, with arriving death dreams die.

But, few dreams didn't surrender,
instead they chose to fight,
some fighters were experienced and some were tender,
but struggle for existence was their common plight.

Oh! this battle wasn't for victory, but for existence,
on path of dreams death laid some fences,
the fences of failure, the fences of defeat,
but, in the path of hope few made their exit.

In fences of failure few dreams were caught,
enemy was destiny but will was not,
with power of optimism they tattered the fence,
such a mighty blow even death couldn't defend.

Dreams marched ahead stunning the death,
they vanquished the region which once ablazed,
happy was the sky and soothing became night,
even death hailed dreams for this formidable fight.

Death, being, an end is now a myth,
the men by their dreams will forever exist,
some people died and some will be born,
but legacy of dreams will go on.

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Girl, Silence And Me

Soothing was wind but waves were fast,
I still remember though few days have passed,
a lonely girl who was near the sea,
accompanying her were silence and me,
feeble smile on her face were covering,
the enormous pain she was suffering,
or is it a case i am thinking wrong,
it might be something else but not pain so strong,
Wind! O Wind! how hard is to see
that demanding loneliness are girl, silence and me.

When wind became calm I confronted her eyes,
beautiful, lonesome but yet very mild,
I thought for reason which are still unknown,
this could be love which is yet not shown
or it might be a shattered dream,
which waived her eyes and diminished it's gleam
or it might be words so grating,
to quell them she is still waiting,
Sun! O Sun! stop patting the sea,
bidding for loneliness are girl, silence and me.

though moon came out but i still feel deserted,
in the eddy of reasons which this silence created
in fury of loneliness crumbled were all,
my mind, body and the sacred soul,
in this tide I ceased to be me,
far from that place I wished to flee,
if girl was perturbed so were we
constrained in loneliness are girl, silence and me.

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Stop Not

Someday darkness will conceal the light,
the torrential downfall will confront the bootless fight,
when blows of failures may subjugate your hopes,
then rise from ashes but you, stop not.

Someday devilish silence will overpower your voice,
and this battle will leave you no choice,
other than to surrender all you got,
but assimilated in vigour you, stop not.

Someday dreams will be shattered in fragments,
and all your hopes will collapse within moments,
with fire in your endeavours and thunder in your soul,
redeem your dreams but you, stop not.

Someday the path you choose will be solitary,
failures and frustations will spill out thier fury;
on you and on the optimism you brought,
but negating all this you stop not.

And one day you will encounter death,
then speak out with glory and faith,
how hard was to get everything you got,
though there were hindrances but you stopped not

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