

Poetry Series

gautam sharma
- poems -

Publication Date:
2008

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

gautam sharma(9 september 1995)

A Utopia

A FANTASY LAND

Yesterday, I saw a dream,
The world I saw was made of cream.
Rivers of chocolate were flowing,
The mountains of chocolate were glowing.
Rainbows were there in the sky,
Everyone was amiable and saying "Hi".
I asked them the name of the place,
They told me that it is fantasyland where no animals and birds are kept in cage.
Happiness was seen on everyone's face,
There was no discrimination on religion and race.
Suddenly, my dream world became cruel and evil came in my mind,
People were no more kind.
I thought what would have the evil done to the fantasyland,
I got my answer as the evil will destroy the city and only leave sand.

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Being A Rag Picker

On the periphery of the city,
After many boundaries,
After many drains,
After many piles of garbage,
Comes my abode.
I curse the day I was born into this world,
Born to add another poor in the BPL list,
Born to do meager jobs,
Born to face the ill times,
And born to survive in this cruel world.
With a sack on my back,
I wander in the streets,
Searching for poly bags and plastic bottles,
To get them valued in the local dumping site,
To earn some pennies.
When I roam in the alleys,
Dogs bark at me,
People put hands on their noses,
Some even cursing,
Is there no one who can help me?
My work begins from the first ray of light,
It goes on in the noon,
Continues in the evening,
Carries on in the night,
And finally another day starts.
Another day of abuses,
Another day of searching junk,
Another day of escaping dogs,
And another brutal day in this evil world.
But who am I?
I am a rag picker,
One of those whom we see in streets,
Homeless, futureless, helpless,
Searching for someone who can listen to my silent screams,
Looking for someone who can soothe my pain,
And finding someone who can take care of me,
Are you the one?

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Believe Me, I Have Been To Mars!

Believe me, I have been to Mars

It was half past ten,
And I was writing a paragraph on Mars with a pen.
My mind had no thoughts,
I was looking at my garden to remember what my teacher had taught.
Suddenly I saw a bright streak of light coming towards my home,
The thing was actually an alien's home.
The thing had actually landed in my garden,
And from my hand slipped my pen.
For a moment, I was for in a shock,
But I recovered from the shock and became as brave as a hawk.
I was alone,
So I went to my garden to protect my home from the new visitors.
Suddenly, the spaceship's door opened and I saw two aliens,
They were very civilized and they shocked me with their brilliance.
They offered me a trip to their home planet,
Which they described me as the Red planet.
I stepped in the UFO,
In the spaceship's screen there was written 'Go'.
After sometime the spaceship stopped after traveling a small distance,
And I was teleported to their home planet.
They told me that its name is Mars,
Where I saw flying cars.
Mars's soil was red,
It had no sea beds.
The red soil was full of iron,
Suddenly there rang a siren.
Then the aliens took me in a flying carnival,
The place we were going was very far.
In the journey I saw runny rivers of black lava,
And saw big craters and mountains.
I even saw the Mars rover,
He also clicked my photos.
Then I went to Mars's South Pole,
To see pink snow.
Then I asked them to take me back,
And in a second I was home back.

Then I went to my room and started writing the paragraph,
And when I read the paragraph in the school, everyone applauded me.
And I was thankful to the Martians,
For an unforgettable experience of my like.

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Earth

The living planet in this Solar System is the Earth,
Whom God has given birth.
Earth has three-fourth water,
And land is only a quarter.
Earth has one moon,
Where Astronauts have gone and said, "We will settle here soon"
Earth doesn't have its own light,
But still it looks bright.
Earth has flora, fauna, precious gems and big empires,
Earth has also bloody vampires.
These vampires are sucking the blood of Mother Earth,
We must help her as she only gave us birth.
Help! Help! Mother Earth is yelling,
Help her otherwise her end is coming.

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Examinations

EXAMINATIONS

Examinations are those things which dare a child's life,
Examination is a butcher which cuts the children with a knife.
When she handed the question paper to me,
I thought if I could get the question paper's key.
I thought I could be Mr. Bean,
Who can simply throw his paper in the dustbin.
English exam was the most fearful,
But science exam was very cheerful.
My English teacher was becoming fussy and difficult after reading my answer
sheet,
After seeing my English teacher's face, I knew that I would get a beat.
Then suddenly she said what a nice paper you have done!
But I didn't know that she had more words to say about my work done.
After a few seconds she said,
You have got A grade.
I went back with smile on my face in the school bus,
Because now in my mind, there was no fuss.

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Ghost

The Harmonium Witch

Once, I with my family went to our paternal farmhouse,
It was full of mouse.
I needed a broom,
To clean my dirty room.
Grave darkness crept over the farm,
The atmosphere was becoming warm.
My parents had already slept,
I was only left.
Suddenly, I heard an eerie sound,
As I went downstairs, I could feel myself bound.
What I saw left me in the world of horror, amazement and disbelief,
There was a piano which showed no relief.
It was working on its own,
And playing very dreary tone.
My parents were lying on the floor with bloodshed,
I cried in vain as they were dead.
I ran and made a deep moan,
But I died on the spot and there was nobody left who can mourn.

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Life

Life

Life is a bed of thorns,
One who comes in this world moans.
Life is a race,
So, always be in a fast pace.
Life is an examination,
Those who fail face annihilation.
Life is a mystery,
Those who solve it become a history.
Life is a brook,
Which can break any rock.
Life is a clock,
Which never stops.
Life is a tree,
Which is free.
Life is a flower,
Which needs care, love and dedication.
Life is a pal,
Those who can't make it a friend have to fall.
Life is a tube light,
Which after shocks shines bright.
Life is magic,
Those who don't believe in it become lethargic.
Life is a seed,
Which germinates because of our good deeds.
Life is a precious jewel,
Which we all have to secure well.
Life is a road,
Which has no sign board.
Life is courage,
Which needs to be encouraged.
Life is an adventure,
Where we face many confrontations.
Life is fun,
From it, never run.
Life is a puppet show,
Where we all face some woe.
Life is spring season,

In which god grants us boons without any reason.
Life is the season of autumn,
Which steals away many people's happiness.
Life is clay,
Which we can mould in our own way.
Life is a train,
Which waits for none.
Life is the color of this world,
Which gets washed away by the power of god.
Life is god's greatest boon,
Which everybody has to return soon.
Life is full of dangers,
Face them and be power rangers.

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Note-These all meanings of life mentioned above are partially true. The universal truth is that don't care about anything & live the life given by god merrily.

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Man V/S Man

MAN V/S MAN

Man is destroying this world which is our home,
This world is as soft as foam.
Man is destroying his loving ones,
By not only using revolvers but using large guns.
The persons who are destroying us are known as terrorists,
"Earth will break in two", says geologists.
The thirst of terrorists will never be quenched,
Till another WTC will be destroyed and the people will be tensed.
Men are fighting a horrific war with each other,
But for the innocent people, no one bothers.
This war will not end,
Till 36 prisoners are not sent.
This war will not end,
Till the money is returned which was lent.
This war will not end,
Till the people's head before their leader bend.
Hiroshima and Nagasaki are destroyed by this terrible war,
The wings of the dove with olive leaves are cut so that it can no soar.
The world which was heaven has now become hell,
The sound of destruction bell can now be heard well.
In this world there is no more harmony and peace,
The people who are black are again teased.
BOOM! BASH! Sound is coming,
The death bell is ringing.
Bye! Mother Earth, its your destruction,
Sorry for we didn't work on you instruction.

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Man V/S Nature

There are two living things on this earth,
Man and Nature whom god has given birth.
Man consists of human beings,
Nature consists of Flora and Fauna which are the King and Queen.
Nature and Man are fighting to receive the title of most powerful,
This conflict is very dreadful.
Earth's destroyers are Man and Nature,
These both have become cruel creatures.
Nature is destroying Man,
And Man is putting on Nature – a ban.
Oh! Almighty take from Man and Nature your good wishes and boon,
Otherwise, they will destroy Earth soon.

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My Country In Peril

Some evils have occupied my country,
And have divided it by a boundary.
My country is entangled in the jaws of corruption,
Which is leading to its destruction.
My country is a land of criminals,
Who are after sometime given bails.
My country is a land of women,
Who are not allowed to use a pen.
My country is a land of masters,
Who with their knowledge are creating disasters.
My country is a land practicing secularism,
But it is also a prey of terrorism.
My country is ruled by superstitions,
Which are leading to its annihilation.
My country is a land of high brains,
Whom quotas give sprains.
A pall of dusk has surrounded over my country,
This darkness stands for illiteracy for which there is no infirmary.
My country is the birthplace of gods,
And people always live in bods.
India is my motherland,
Which has to rise to protect its sand.

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Republic Day

DAY OF PATRIOTS

The planes are zooming,
The sensex is booming.
My motherland is awakening,
The festival of patriotism is approaching.
Republic Day has come,
For the patriotic tune to hum.
Let's get together and celebrate,
Help our country better its fate.
After all, it's our country,
May everyone enjoy his spree.
But spree mustn't be for too long,
So that it does not get too long to sing a song.
Let's take our country to the pinnacle of fame,
May our country be no more lame.
May we be persevere and make our country successful,
Where citizens are not hooligans but Samaritans ecstatic and joyful.
So, this Republic Day, let's help our country head towards power, peace and
harmony,
And find it's niche, may it be in sports, fashion or money.

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The Lost Country

A country which has lost its fame,
A country which has no name.
A country where Gods once resided,
"We will desert this country", Gods decided.
A country whose people were educated and civilized,
A country whose people now are dehumanized.
A country whose basic essence was secularism,
A country which is now laid on communalism.
A country from which all bad elements feared,
A country where terrorism and corruption are now cheered.
A country which was known as 'The Golden Sparrow',
A country where this golden sparrow has been killed by a bow and arrow.
This country referred is India and it is my motherland,
which has to rise to protect its sand.

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The Perfect School

THE PERFECT SCHOOL

A place where a student worships his teacher as a god,
The heads of the children before their teacher nod.
The place is the school where teachers give education,
It's a school where there is afforestation.
A school that has all the beauties,
Is a perfect school whose students have all the qualities.
A school whose students will become president and magic vista,
A school whose students will become Rabindranath Tagore and Mother Teresa.
The Perfect School is a school whose trees will always be uploaded with fruits of
joy, success and happiness,
A school whose students will never have a future of darkness.
That school will conquer the world,
In that school, music will be sung by birds.

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The World

We live here on Earth,
Which has become as hot as hearth.
Trees being cut down at a fast rate,
Man trying to change his own fate.
Terrorism destroying nations,
Al-Qaeda making relations.
Inflation breaking our back,
Controlling recession-we lack.
Who will control all these problems?
Me!
You,
Somebody.

Scenic beauty everywhere to be seen,
But man's still so mean.
The flowers are blooming,
Man will bring the world dooming.
The birds are singing monotonously,
Man planning to conquer Earth contemptuously.
But the good wins over bad,
And makes the man mad.
Who wants to live in this almost happy world?
Me,
You!
Everybody.

We are the caretakers of our home,
Which is as soft as foam.
The forests are shouting,
God's orders-Man openly flouting.
What are we doing now?
Are we as simple as cow?
But complaining will not work,
The duty of bringing a change, we shirk.
Who will bring that change?
Not me!
Not you,
Nobody.

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Who Will Kill That Moron?

The era has come,
For the violent tune to hum.
Terrorism taking a step ahead,
Dove with olive leaves dead.
Mumbai becoming hostage,
Politicians making NSG's hardwork and dedication wastage.
Delhi celebrating festival of lights,
With serial bomb blasts.
Godhra trains still burning,
People still suffering.
Babri masjid demolished,
Ram mandir bombed.
Osama devastating World Trade Center,
Involvement of our men-another factor.
Hooliganism destroying humanity,
The politicians, Phew! Still full of vanity.
Our country has come to an end,
We will die not of hunger or thirst but by terrorism and your hand.

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