

Poetry Series

Hemant Arora
- poems -

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Hemant Arora()

I am unpredictable, truthful, not very patient, creative, 'dream during the day' type person.

All Those Days

All those days when
We laughed and giggled,
That walk on marine drive,
together we jiggled,

You waited for me,
outside the classes,
That night in the Lounge,
we cheered with glasses,
The full moon night,
the thoughts were bright,
That walk on the lonely road,
with the beautiful sight,
I dropped you home,
before you gone,
We kissed,
the feeling being bliss,
we were so close,
i could feel your sigh,
And then you left,
you said good bye,
I could still feel your smell,
and your piluses on my eyes.

And then came the day,
We both tied the knot,
The most beautiful day,
of both ours' life,
you were looking amazing,
just like sunshine,
How can I forget,
our first night,
You shied first time,
Two hearts were jocund and sublime,
And then that rain,
ignited our flames,
we were on a rollercoaster,
else everything became lame,

I wish if everything,
could remain as it was,
There was no reason for God,
to break into our quad,
With tears in my eyes,
I still go to marine drive,
Missing each moment,
seeking the answer of all the whys'..

All those days when
We laughed and giggled,
That walk on marine drive,
together we jiggled.

Hemant Arora

Dawn I Still Await - Rhyming On A Gangster! !

Motherless I was,
Had never seen my father;
Illegitimate, I was called,
A life, no one seems to bother;

Toys, Housey, Cartoon were aliens to me,
my childhood would wander for a meal;
Hatred was the only emotion,
Adulthood triggered sex, crimes, fearlessness & money;

The first murder, made me feel guilty,
Second was relatively easy;
Killed twenty three people on a row,
Blood, in my thoughts, in my dreams, on my hands,
I felt as if I was on a path to set myself free;

Guilt died, Ego was born,
Loved when people begged;
My favorite music, when people mourn,
The top criminal, an award I truly pegged;

I silently observe,
The death of my soul;
The dawn,
I still await.

Hemant Arora

Dawn She Still Awaits! !

Dystopian it was
To stay in such a place
Her dreams on death road
Damnation was the only expression

Dumbfounded she was
Under the burden of debt
Darkness everywhere
Detached from all her loved ones

Dusky life she had
She never wanted to be what she was
A desire to leave her gloomy world
Dawn she still awaits! !

Hemant Arora

Father - An Unsung Hero! !

An unsung Hero
The idol of sacrifice
Never says what's inside
A Daughter's pride
The Father! !

Recalling your rebuff
To whatever I say
Never stopping reprimand
I always felt like a prey

At 16, I saw you as a demon
At 18, you started sounding like a devil
At 20, I recall we fought like cats & dogs
Your presence for me was presence of evil

While I was bunking my college
Having fun with useless friends at MacD
I realize now that you were sweating out on the streets
Worrying about my next semester fee

All that's coming back to me these days
I miss you & your rebuff my father! !
My own son treats me like nothing
The life had now become much more harder
How right you were and how wrong I was
Realization had arrived, and it took a little longer

Expressing my gratitude
This poem seems less
Hope you are reading all
And keeping me blessed

The Father! ! !

Hemant Arora

Happiness Rhyming

Whenever it seemed that the world
is sitting on your shoulder,
The time has come
to play your favorite number.
Enjoy your solitude by going for a walk,
On your way, call an old friend
and have a light talk.
Sit below the old banyan tree
and feel your breathing,
The best medicine for Stress
is having an ice cream.
Open the old album
And watch yourself teen,
Forget your tummy for sometime
Remember the days when
people used to call you thin and lean.
Take a blank sheet and
try drawing your old college dean.
Keep doing all this,
Until you find yourself giggling
with the face like Mr. Bean.

Nothing remains permanent,
this rule applies to stress as well
It's all about how long you take
to ring the happiness bell! ! !

Hemant Arora

I Am Nothing But A Life Driven By Hope! !

In search of the lost rhyme,
I sat down today and wrote few lines.

impossibilities to possibilities
negativities to positivities
Minus to Plus
Being sad to being glad
Pessimism to optimism
unfortunate to being fortunate
disable to enable

seems to be only a game of words,
which is making some sense now,
previously it was sounding absurd.

Loads of common people jump into
the ocean of opportunities
without any life jacket
in search of numerous possibilities,

Among them I see myself
Trying to swim across,
Hands and legs in action
attempting to grab something,
with a question in my mind
Will I get it or not! !

and another question
settling unconsciously in mind
who will get it if I won't! !
That seems to be the irony of life
even if we accept it or not,
Jealousy, Greed, Anger, vindictiveness
Am I sounding too pessimistic! ! !
Trustworthiness, generosity, Calm, kindness
Am I sounding too optimistic! ! !

And a whisper in my ear
I should sound realistic,

I resist to register this wisdom statement
I ask if realism always lead to optimism
Will it always lead to solution
Reply came in negative
Optimism shows you hope
which drives the life, and ensures
the hands and legs remain in action
in the ocean of opportunities

I am nothing but a life driven by hope! !

Hemant Arora

I Kept Walking

The sun was departing from the sky,
I saw birds flying back to their homes;

I kept walking.... I kept walking....

People were leaving their offices,
with a hope to see their family soon,
I spotted on the west the full dull moon,
Clouds were turning into dark blue,
I felt the wind turning a bit chilly and cool.

I kept walking.... I kept walking....

Now the sun got completely, buried into the sky,
And I saw the dark foam like clouds at high;
The artificial lights filled the city in a row,
People were waiting outside the theater for the evening show;

I kept walking.... I kept walking....

Everyone was tooting horns on the traffic signal,
An auto just passed by me, playing Jagjit Singh 'Gajal'*;
Every corner of the road was filled with machines and people,
The wind grew stronger and moved my Jacket's Lapel;

I kept walking.... I kept walking....

The road to home was really full of excitements,
There were too many things happening around me,
but I was so silent;
The home was still two and half kilometer away
when I took the right turn,
I assured myself not to worry as life is full of twists and turns.

I kept walking....I kept walking....

Gajal: A type of song in India

Hemant Arora

I Love You Rhyme! !

Behind the veil
A beautiful face
A doe like walk
Only thrice we talked

Remembering first one
When you asked time
It made me rhyme
The sunny song
It rained along

In the second chance
I knew your name
You knew mine
That wasn't so enough
I tried to bluff
That made you huff
Soon I realized
The blunder I made
Inside I prayed
Our eyes still stayed
Then you smiled
Situation turned mild
& we spoke
Something did click
The next meeting fixed

The third one came
Wait was infinite
You looked so bright
Unforgettable sight
We hesitated, we talked
We shied, we laughed
As if time stopped
And then good bye
We both felt dry

Its been three months
Seeking another confront

Days becoming blue
The words are few
I Love You! ! ! !

Hemant Arora

I Still Remember That Starlit Night

I still remember that starlit night;
When we walk hand in hand holding each other tight.

You did whisper in my ears and said you love me a lot;
I simply looked at you and asked if we can tight a knot.

Those were the beautiful days when things were better;
We simply depend upon each other always looked for one's shelter.

And then you left one day which was not right;
I still wonder the reason for our fight.

I know I am stupid and bothered you a lot;
And now I realized that I was wrong and nothing I got.

I shall pray for you from my heart that your life would be better;
For me the world is YOU and except you nothing does matter.

Hemant Arora

Life Is Not About What We Lose, But What We Attain

Today, I felt an ennui in your eyes,
You made strange faces,
with myriad lies,
we made a sound of laughter,
the smile was dry,
I kept asking myself, why
can't things again electrify! !

We had slew of plans,
but those weren't meant to spring,
We hugged each other,
but the fondness was missing,
Though the weather was awesome,
wind still seemed harmattan,
The journey was long,
I was alone on Catamaran

I am an optimist, you always knew,
You hated my lenses,
I used to see this world through
Now I feel that you proved yourself true,
I want to say so many things today,
but the words are few,
thank you for introducing me with,
the feeling of blaming that all days are blue,
Still wonder what provoked you to walk away,
I hated when you called it an adieu.

I never asked you,
why do you still want to explain,
You only said that day,
it was a deal with no loss, no gain,
Though the feeling of you being around
still remained membrane,
With the hope that good times blossom again,
The day will come when,
This chapter will turn mundane,

Life is not about what we lose, but what we attain....

Hemant Arora

Lost Dreams! !

The loss & gain
Are flavors of life
If one becomes rife
The taste turns stale
The balance is key
If we need to sail!

The journey to north star
May be full of gale
Speed is not the trick
You may crawl like a snail!

Lost dreams
Can be won again
Lost rhymes
Must be found again! !

Hemant Arora

Pursuit Of Happiness! !

In the pursuit of happiness
I purchased a car
Though it was comforting
Entertaining & satisfying experience
I ended up comparing with others
& my heart again got a scar!

In the pursuit of happiness
I bought a flat
Such a wonderful kick it was
A great feeling of owning something
But it just remained a house
It made me sad, I didn't have a mate!

In the pursuit of happiness
I started looking for a mate
It didn't take long to find a lovely girl
With an assumption that I loved her & she loved me
We settled in my flat to make it a home
It was all good until I found I was entrapped with bait!

In the pursuit of happiness
My life was gone
I don't remember when I lost my brawn
Life had become a series of yawn
Unless I found the enlightenment of my own
Happiness is not external
It's an effect of our Internal Dawn! !

Hemant Arora

Rhyming ~ An Old House Telling Story Of Its Master! !

Gone is the time,
When I was healthy and rich;
I still wonder your departure
Was an accident or ditch!
I shone and danced,
In the music of your voice;
Now, I silently glance,
Expressions as cold as ice.

An argument, a drift,
Turned into a disaster;
I wish I could speak,
And stopped you my master.

She shouts, she cries,
And blame herself, my poor mistress;
She's dead with alive body,
Like a statue of distress;
We both share an empty part,
Which once you filled,
Two broken hearts
With the feeling of guilt;

Years have passed,
Our gaze still looks over the hope..
to see you again..
O! ! My Master! ! !

Hemant Arora

Rhyming The Life Of A Daily Wage Worker! !

Today he saw another hurried morning
No, it was not a morning walk
That people do to keep themselves fit
Neither was it a boss who would shout at him
If late he would reach
Rather it was the worried faces of his family
Showing the uncertainty of an evening meal!

A meal that's a luxury if served in time
Becomes the only desire in life that chimes
When day start seeming worst than that of kine
You become biological equipment with uneasy grime
An example of yours is considered the best
To explain the irony of 'Maslow's hierarchy of needs'
You consider yourself as a victim
Of the crony capitalism's greed!

The question of happiness
Overtaken by the answer to survival
Life stands still, dumb & helpless
Awaiting an era of revival! !

Hemant Arora

She Cried Cried...And Cried.....

The cold light of moon was streaming through the window,
and she cried, cried and cried;
she thought if someone would knock the door and give her a shoulder,
or if someone would call her and tell her to be bolder,
nothing happened but she cried, and cried;

she found herself alone with the demons of her own,
she asked herself the worst question why she was born...
she could do nothing but cried, cried..and cried;

The time was passing, night was chilly and getting colder,
God listened to her and sent her a set of shoulder;
Her friends were around her at midnight, she was surprised'
they all made her cheer and take her for a long ride;
her smile was back and she felt satisfied,
that's why God makes friend who are always your side.

Hemant Arora

Solitude - The Best Companion! !

It gives you peace
The best release
Makes you at ease
Better than whiskey
A great companion
Awesome time pass
It prevents everyone
to trespass

Solitude - The best companion! !

Hemant Arora

That Kiss In The Rain! !

A walk to remember
The feeling of ember
The sky turning amber
It was December

Your hands touching mine
The effect of wine
I am all thine
Amusing signs

You came so close
To talk to me
That whisper & sigh
My lips felt dry

Then came clouds thunder
& unseasonal rain
We both did wonder
Was it destiny or fain

Away from mundane
Turning insane
A golden moment
That kiss in the rain

Hemant Arora

Wisdom Words From A Wandering Soul! !

Searched through internet
Read many books
Been to many philosophical schools
Spoken to a number of intellectuals
Squandered limitless
Wandered like a Gipsy
Meditation & Yoga
Pranayaam & healing
Religious text
Spirituals at its best
Peace & happiness
Aren't material
So the medium of attaining
Look through yourself! !

Hemant Arora