

Poetry Series

keshav chauhan
- poems -

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I am writing poems for at least 3 months and now it become my hobby to write.
I like to write on life and sometimes on nature but mostly life.

Dying Sun

I saw a light, and a green
Can't compare, what this mean

A tree with no leaves
Man sitting may be thief

I felt dark, I felt warm
In a place I know about

I saw an ant and a spider
Lying on grass for the feel of peace

Sitting there instead but
Indeed need of some keys

Music around in the air
Dream I saw breathing there

I felt light, I felt green
Without anything has no mean

Bud to flower, flower to fruit
Left a seed, else consumed

Thinking stops end of universe
What's universe is infinity

Is it dark, is it green
Have no comparison, but I feel

Lying on grass in search of peace
Sitting instead for some keys

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The Change

Lying on a bed, a thought scrambled

Thinking of future, haven't move from sight

Feels strange, worlds change

I am standing on the same place

Present calms, past shows pain

Future worries, it never rains

Sees sky from half close eyes

Partly moving from sight to sight

Birds flying high in the sky

Trees around saying all the time

You can also fly that high

Thinking of future, haven't move from sight

Buddies around mine, group I proud

Not be so gentle, not be so loud

Feels stoned all the time

Thinking of future, haven't move from sight

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