

Poetry Series

Manisha Sharma
- poems -

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Manisha Sharma(13/09/1985)

~My life is all about immortal dreams & desires, truth & thought, intutions & imaginations~

Feminity

Here breaks the dawn, and,
The dews bring a smile to the blooms,
Blossom they, when the breeze makes them laugh.
I feel a feminine touch in it.
It feels beautiful being a Woman.

The love of rain,
Enriches the fields,
Mother Earth bores a plant,
Of the sown seeds.
I feel that feminine touch in it.
It feels beautiful being a Woman.

The sparkling stars shine,
In the dark beauty of the night,
And thus, could the moon glow,
In the sensuous sky,
The night has a feminity about it.
It feels beautiful being a Woman!

Manisha Sharma

Love.. For A Friend

All i need is a night,
A night, that could be,
When I would be him, and,
He would be me!

Wandering in these fancy streets,
Comes never, as satisfactory,
Coffee shops are dull,
The Garden of Love...
Without you is symmetry.
I push myself to forget, but,
Those memories keep tracing me.
Its like i wish to get rid of my roots,
And, yet wanting to be the tree!
The tiny little fingers, of my hand,
Keep reminding me, your touch.
A cool breeze brings me your voice,
Like a mystic, I set for yor search.
Love flourished...
And vanished,
When you and I had been We!
And in this solitude I have found,
I Soully Love Thee!

- this is for you AAYUSH... I miss u Sweetheart!

Manisha Sharma

Service

Here I sit alone,
Trying to know,
What really went wrong?
No foes, no friends,
No darkness, nothing bright,
No cultures, no trends,
No colour, no light!
Who will hold me?
Who will shake me?
Who will ruin me?
Or, even, who will make me?
There is no feeling, no pain!
There are no losses and no gain!
Is there anyone who can scold me?
Or, anything that can mould me?
I'm hard like a stone,
Which has no emotions.
I've got no aim,
Nor, do i hold any notions!
When will you, Oh God, grind me,
Between the wheels of time? and,
When will i again,
Turn back into soil?
To be a toy in a child's hand,
Or, a path in a leader's land.
To be a love temple's deity,
Or a mother in the fields of paddy.
A pot to quench a traveller's thirst,
Or, a bed to provide the eternal rest.
God, when will I be a part of Thee
To spread love in your land,
And, bring around cheers,
Spread smile on every face,
And, vanish all thier fears!

Manisha Sharma

Sunshine

The world gives me reasons,
To shout, scream and cry,
But the Sunshine always,
Make my worries go by.

The Sunshine is like an angel,
It touches me through me Soul,
It gives me reason to smile,
Makes me complete on the whole.

The Sunshine is like a sound,
It synchronizes the music in me,
I get great cause to celebrate, as,
It lets my spirit free.

No matter its day or night,
The Sunshine is always there,
Making the shrewd world around,
Look pretty and fair.

My Sunshine is soft and gentle,
Its snug and soothing too,
It snips my sorrows off me,
My Sunshine, dear, its You!

-Composed on 13/05/07..... Special dedication to Aayush and Ankit!
With great Love... Manisha

Manisha Sharma