

Poetry Series

**Neeraj Sarang**  
**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**  
2015

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

# Neeraj Sarang(14 July 1994)

I have little knowledge and experience but have tried to write my feelings.

DOB: 14 july 1994'

nkumarsinger@

# At The End Of Time

At the end of time

Zero meets only, so that life may begin again.

Sunsets so that bird may sleep with rest.

Music stops so that new song might be sing with enthusiasm and joy.

Great sadness arrives to fill spirits with love and happiness.

Neeraj Sarang

# Becomes An Artist

The golden part is hidden  
In the flower of love  
Who feels  
Becomes an artist  
He may be the poet  
Or the philosopher also

Neeraj Sarang

# But If I Had Only Been Wanderer

New morning that my blurry eyes  
Suddenly opened on fog filled road  
I tried to look far  
Deserted, unknown distance and appeared shrubs  
But if I had only been wanderer

Ever had mountains came, I crossed it  
Like a bird ever flew in open sky  
Blossoming ever seen edge fields  
Traveler never stand still for selecting them  
Uninvited also lashed huge cloud

How much is my chariot charioteer of proud  
Intensive forest or dense cloud anti pleasure  
For me to sit with him while going Ascendant  
What seemed to him to be stunned by destination  
Always be ready, how many there were sunset

Who was sitting in the shadow edge of path  
Staring eyes of sadness spread and hope  
Thought to stop, I wanted to give birth to her feelings  
Maybe she was sound, not folded, behind not seen  
Thought, nor forgotten somewhere way, not lost care

Neeraj Sarang

# I No Poet

I no poet  
So even listen to my dreamy lyrics  
Even deep feelings in writing  
Two vowel and quantities scattered punished

The seedlings are bursting in my heart songs  
Are pulled in and forced me to write  
They are also longing for light and air swing  
Drops and stream of mercy flows for irrigation of songs  
Perfect love in my song-filled urn  
Pick your pleasure if any of these receipts  
I no poet

Now has arisen only as an innocent plant  
Heart is immersed in the ocean of innumerable songs  
I have painted with sweet affection on every song branches  
But these newly song is just so blind  
Have ever visited in the external environment  
Give it a shape of world alight  
I no poet

In fear of the unknown creatures have other ideas  
Golden bow down to the song, is in doubt  
Which song is heart petal lap wrapped in  
The distinction is to be destroyed in an arrogant creature  
Even before puberty may deadly fume  
Any two of these baby songs emerged bloom  
I no poet

Even soft opposed to the imagination  
God raised enjoying intimate without hearing  
Broken voices proudly take under his seat  
Branches also shattered the flowers are imperfect song  
My limbs tremble with fear before songs  
The remaining songs also takes experience to choose from  
I no poet

I would never humiliate even tears  
Emotions thou bottomless automatically fills in my chest

My heart is blessed by tears bath  
My soul floats in the sky of happy sea  
One song even if you come to the shelter building  
O god! Great poet thou, thy listener I do not even  
I no poet

Neeraj Sarang

# I Sing The Song?

Bird's nest is the only catcher  
It was wedged in fortune line?  
O best farmer!  
You had farm barn, mountain, river, sea,  
Air, light was cultivated  
The creation  
Bird there in their own homes  
It's been caged  
In this world of pleasure great pond  
You was sent for a dip  
Ignorant, darkness, disaster, pang water  
It dissolves  
Sitting in the prison  
I sing the song?  
Devotion, self freedom, contentment, freedom  
For whom I sing the song?  
Death! You are what is salvation?  
I go away  
What will the nest be upset?  
The heart is full of doubt and fear  
Her groan of life and love  
To whom she says?  
O Motherland! O Mother! Leaving you  
Do not want to go away, not wishing

Neeraj Sarang



# Love Is Like A Bird

Love is like a bird  
While in the golden cage  
Looks toward the open sky  
Beauty of the entire world tour after  
In the evening  
The links made from grasses  
Towards their nest  
Goes with flying

Neeraj Sarang

# My Goddess

My goddess is the music  
When she plays the wavy songs of seasons  
Upon the flute of self heart  
The leaves of my soul swing and vibrate  
The space and darkness of spirits  
Is filled from joy and glowing light

Neeraj Sarang

## O Lover! O Lord!

O lover! O lord! Teach me love and knowledge  
Let burn and flow my all hardness and evilness  
The greatest philosophy is the love  
My all knowledge are waste, shower your philosophy of love  
May not difference between in my and your spirits  
Thou write-sing-dance song in my life  
O great philosopher! In the fields of my conscience  
Let born the flower of love and mercy and make them fly

Neeraj Sarang

# Petal Is Always Opened

Heart of sky's flower  
Petal is always opened  
It is on you  
To where you see in it

Neeraj Sarang

# Since Has To Dry And Die A Day

Green leaf dances and sings with silent air  
This cloudy moment as spring is hearty fair  
In sky of life will be huge uninvited storm  
Surely to fly freely far away in unseen air

After that returning to back is never  
Also will wear yellowish clothes ever  
On every, nature has regular rule to work  
That colour of leafs remain same never

Since has to dry and die a day  
At a place, will not more desire stay  
Feeding his soul joyfully, is too well  
Others life may live some more day

Neeraj Sarang

# Sun Going To Sleep Quickly

Getting evening, the days are passing  
Returning birds fly to their nests  
Without having shore of sea back cross  
You will also flock appears in  
I am sitting at home waiting at the door  
From moment to moment, do not delay timer  
Sun going to sleep quickly  
Night delusional, mind breaking wept  
Nobody came, no one are mine  
The entire affair of world is hypocritical  
Oh God! These are what I see?  
The lamp is automatically burned in my house  
Flower was languishing in home's plate  
Seems as someone just brought from the garden  
Even if you did not stir leg sound  
Let me say, 'You came, you came'

Neeraj Sarang

# Take Me To Carry The Weight Of India

Forgotten including my country  
Hanging with winds ignorant faint  
O Lord! Knowledge of the Constitution  
Please make the country a disciple  
Each solution you are going to become

Take me to carry the weight of India  
Fire only giving in feelings of compassion  
Advancement of sin comes from the soul  
Dip the entire country in clearness  
Minutely spirit of rebellion burning

Life-path of the black dust  
Erase, forgive every mistake  
Kitsch born in every heart  
Give wrecked on his fork  
Build your own sky to country

The world created by your own  
Does the same business day thy  
Wandering on the edge of blackness  
Across the signaling gateway now  
The hidden side of your home

Neeraj Sarang

# The Bird Of The Soul Gone

When from the nest of the body  
The bird of the soul gone  
Then that is not the end  
That means it is morning now  
And he just fled to travel  
Toward unknown world

Neeraj Sarang



# The Death And The Love

The fisherman catches the fish  
In his virtual net  
And makes her free  
From her the life and the world  
The fisherman is both  
The death and the love  
But there is one difference only  
If he is the death  
Then the fish will die only once  
And if is the love  
She dies every moment

Neeraj Sarang

# The Death Is That Darkness

The death is that darkness  
Who takes toward  
Light of the salvation

Neeraj Sarang

# Thou Are Creator

If thou have desires the heavenly life  
Then keep open your heart's door and  
And let come the light of love, mercy, wisdom and knowledge into it  
O greatest foolish humans! Awake! Awake!  
You still sleeping deeply in the darkness and doubt  
Learn and listen! Hearty welcome! Accept the hidden universal natural truth!  
Thou are creator of yourselves and society

Neeraj Sarang

# To Sing

To sing the song  
In the cold and white moonlight  
For the bird is natural affection  
But to perceive sadness  
In the dark and silent night  
And to feel herself in severance  
Is her internal thirst and love

Neeraj Sarang

# What Was Effect This Death?

Was a river of blood flowing  
Head minutely were cut  
Monstrous mouth was opening  
What was effect this death?

Whose decision victory not known  
Echo 'hit otherwise not win'  
Horse and elephant was in not count  
The crowd never before  
Heroic crash on the gentle earth  
What was effect this death?

The direction of the antiwar  
Striking sword of automatically  
'You've come to fight heroic battle'  
His patriotic spirit vary from body  
'O valiant! Get the immortal'  
What was effect this death?

Flame of people come on the motherland  
Extinct each reflection in the battlefield  
At the end of the war for humanity  
Aversion emerged in the heart of each  
The gentle light of the ongoing  
What was effect this death?

Bird moves on the earth  
Looked at the color of blood in sky  
Eve dance in mourning weeds  
No voice but tongue stammers  
Drop takes seat on the eyes  
What was effect this death?

Breathing was blowing in mourning  
All were often pledge  
The witness was telling the Sun  
Will not in the future Movie

Written in the age of 13

Neeraj Sarang

# Where Through His Songs

Where through his songs  
Not value taken and not introduction  
After hearing the song in that assembly  
No one play a big hand  
Where in the poets of worldwide  
There is no difference  
Where the emotions flying  
Keep the focus on you  
O my father! In that the world assembly  
Invite me, call me!  
There are my unexpressed songs  
Let me sing proudly, let play on!

Neeraj Sarang

# Wherever I Had To Step

Away from the village, cross the higher hills  
Where the river and the waterfalls not near  
Here is my before their cultivation  
Flowers of fear and doubt in mind bloom

No longer path, only sand the sand  
No sign at all of any post  
Distance to go somewhere after the village  
Is possible to return to same farm?

Path formations in desert automatically  
Wherever I had to step  
Who said I'm going to forget  
Who knows what happened to farming

Versatility in mind, no doubt, will be built  
Ending journey that day, seemed to me  
But I had only been tried  
Where they were staying, I went there too

Neeraj Sarang



# Why She Is So Sad

If water of sea is tears of the earth  
And in her heart there is volcano  
Then I don't know  
Why she is so sad

Neeraj Sarang