

Poetry Series

Niharica Bhardwaj
- poems -

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Niharica Bhardwaj(20-2-1992)

I Love My Country! ! ! ! !

thats what i know for sure till now about myself! ! ! ! !

A Song

See those yellow grasses,
and those green trees;
See those pink flowers,
and those golden bees.

Above the sea,
below the moon,
We are here in the noon;
Without us there's no land,
Without water there's no sand.

Sky is for olive trees,
never will the bond freeze;
Land is for ocean blue,
this is a relation true.

Softer than cotton group,
Stronger than stone loop;
On the earth
and on the moon,
Love is the greatest boon.

See those yellow grasses,
and those green trees;
See those pink flowers,
and those golden bees.

Niharica Bhardwaj

Don'T Give Me Success! !

O Lord! don't give me success,
If it takes away my freedom;
Don't give me success,
If it pulls me in the ditch of pride;

O Lord! don't give me success,
If it makes me alone;
If it takes away my friends,
If it makes me deaf to hear the forest;

O Lord! don't give me such a success,
If it takes me away from thy beauty;
Don't give me success, O Lord!
If it takes me away from You!

Niharica Bhardwaj

I Shouldn'T Believe You God! !

I shouldn't believe you God,
sugars have turned rancid,
lemons have curdled
water's turned acid.

Burning oil pouring on land,
stones have sweat,
no greens on tree hand,
flowers have ashes of heat.

Sun's glory is trembling,
breeze is still like rock,
chirps feel like bee sting,
black shadows stalk.

But I still believe you, O, ever placid,
for not all sugars will turn rancid.

Niharica Bhardwaj

I Still Have A Twig In My Hair.....

The sun was swallowed
the gale reappeared,
The light narrowed
deliriously disappeared.

Hopes down sank
existed there,
no fame no rank
none had different share.

I still have a twig
in my hair,
A grain in my eyelet
still's there.

No mercy left
by the creator,
No buoyancy weft
by the maker.

But we have to win the state
with our sunken hopes,
Trusting our fate
we can still find saviour ropes.

I still have twig
in my hair,
A grain in my eyelet
still's there....

Niharica Bhardwaj

Life Is...

Life is a lake
with ripples of happiness;
that make the mortal fake
beautiful and ageless.

Life is a silk thread
facing testing tribulations,
is tough made
for life's own abominations.

Life is snake's hypnosis
showing many colours of charm;
with few joys like oasis
and doleful swarm.

Life is a poetry
well versed not with demotions;
not even with victory
only with emotions.

Niharica Bhardwaj

Minute For Midnight! !

The mothhour has died,
The wind is blowing mild,
The lawns are washed white,
and the leaves look bright.
The wanderers of sky bright,
have just begun their flight
with power and might.
It's just a minute for midnight.

the wanderers are dark as soot,
are not seeing, are mute,
are crowding the light,
It's the beginning of a cruel sight,
The scenario changes to plight,
killing each other they kill the light.
Think, it's time, do what's right,
isn't it just a minute for midnight...

(this poetry is about today's nuclear world that is just on the verge of
destruction)

Niharica Bhardwaj

My Very Normal Life!

I led a very normal life,
Luck did have no strife,
The sunlight streams,
the garden creams,
made me gay all day,
I led all very cheerful days,
Life was never a maze,
The moonlit graceful wavy sea,
The birds always on chirping spree,
my colourful, musical day.
The days are crushed,
my peace is hushed,
killing me are my fateful days,
I know, I know I was destined,
I feel the longing,
I feel so lost,
I knew I wanted all this life,
It hurts, but all this, now,
for I had, led very normal life!

Niharica Bhardwaj

Nature Unwinds.....

Nature unwinds its,
eternal beauty,
to manifest its
most beautiful booty,
The bubbles rise and
burst around,
for providence made it time-bound.

Just flakes of nature,
on the palm of God,
That rise and wither and decay,
in the pod.
But make an impression,
in the short-lived span,
That is the wonderful creation,
called 'man'

Niharica Bhardwaj

Reality

They sleep on gold,
but their souls are sold;
no sugar on their tongue,
yet their glories are sung!
their dreams are contented,
yet not satisfied,
They have the best thread,
not the happiness they once eyed.

While under the humble straw,
lies his brother,
whose eyes never saw,
the sister of his mother;
Whose only light is oil,
Whose only work is toil,
yet a happy nap,
remains ready for him to wrap.

But he toils to get the money,
to sleep on gold with not just a penny.

Niharica Bhardwaj

So Many.....

So many minds
treading the land,
So many leaves
dance the sky,
So many ripples
in the blue sand,
So many flames
born and die.

Many chirps
kill the silence,
Many storms
run on the leaves,
My soul sought
a peaceful haven,
In the untrespassed
serenity of peace.

Niharica Bhardwaj

That Night! !

That night I was in bed,
That night I can never forget;
That night I heard a strange noise;
That night a peculiar voice
was as though calling me in the backyard,
and then came the strangest part.

I stood up from my bed,
and followed the voice where it led;
I could hear my heart beating loudly,
I could feel a hand reaching near me coldly;
There is no need to say that I was scared,
It seemed as though even the calm moon flared.

I walked and walked until I saw,
a very strange spaceship and marks of paw;
I screamed and screeched till,
my voice started trembling, until;
a hand reached my shoulder,
I turned as a folder.

I saw an alien and ran for my life,
as though an assassin was behind me with a knife;
but what was this, a familiar voice,
but it was harsh, not nice,
then I realised that it was my dad,
but instead of being happy I was sad;
My eyes I did not want to open,
'cause my strangest 'dream' was broken.

(written by me when I was in fifth standard)

Niharica Bhardwaj