

Poetry Series

**nupur singhal**  
**- poems -**

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# A Long Time Ago...

when i switched off the PC today,  
and moved to the destined vehicle...  
to return me back,  
to the game i usually play...

the mood a little low at that hour,  
something's been bothering me..  
i knew somewhere,  
a pain, hidden to blow today..

everyday with fellow comapnions,  
i would join in the merry hour,  
i sat next to the window seat alone,  
loneliness, as i was seeking today..

the drizzling coming through..  
wetting my eyelids..  
felt cozy, though numb..  
shattered dreams now plump..

and as the vehicle hustled-tussled ahead,  
a distant face erupts in the head..  
(been years) it was a long time ago when,  
you were a rose and i was your love struck man,

life brings forth this amazing craziness,  
love once's, how now a stranger?  
things they just dont seem to settle,  
a new life, a new story intermingled with the ol' ones'.

i hear voices at the backseat,  
fellows notice my melancholy mood,  
i nod, though ironically disapprove,  
their game, hit-the-target..

how would i explain?  
How colud i explain?  
love's a suffering...  
though was astonishing..

(a long, long time ago...)

nupur singhal

# Coming Back To Life...

forgive me my mistakes,  
i know not wat made them do..  
forgive wat possesses me..  
mindless pursuit, certain greivances...

no equilibrium i shadow,  
life's all topsy turvy..  
quit i would, if could..  
this life, all worthless...

nothing merry i forsee,  
all vague, unclear, opaque..  
certain goals though known,  
meeting them how, yet unknown..

i flew the mighty skies then,  
to me, no objections would hold..  
on a certain day, this face..  
all hell since then,  
(dilema, complications, all i was told...)

things frighten me now,  
then the bold boy, now so old..  
tired, waiting, quiet..  
as life's mysteries untold, now unfold...

i wanted to know the story..  
of the riches in health n wealth..  
of the dreamy boy, of the kingdom unknown..  
it ends up so dreary, so confused(im weary) ..

yet that bird rose from ashes,  
i rise, rise then fall..  
hold i would till the day comes,  
till the dawn would break,  
till the dusk would fall...

life is rough though beauty,  
love is stone, still mercy..

n so i love love,  
the sound that reverberates this soul.

though lost, maybe im found,  
the sky is not far, though im on ground..  
the fruit not sweet, yet ripe..  
as slowly n steadily, im coming back to life.

nupur singhal

## Comlicated...

THE MOMENTS FADE AWAY SOMEWHERE...  
SOME DELIGHT HE SEEKS....  
WILT HE FIND IT...  
NONE...THE WAVES NEVER DOTTH REACH THE SKY,

LAUGHS HE, THAT ONE FACADE HE CARRIES..  
THEY BELIVE HIS SHOWCASE IS TRUE,  
IS IT? HE CAN'T EVEN BREATHE..  
LIVETH HE STILL, EXPECTING NONE, GIVETH ALL...

ALL THAT HE POSSESED, IF EVER HE DID?  
CRYSTAL SHONE, IN THOSE MOONLIT DARK HOURS..  
THOSE NIGHTS? LOVE WHAT ELSE...  
THOSE SHALT NOT RETURN, FALLEN GLORY...

YET HE RISES EACH DAY ALONGER THE SUN,  
TO FIGHT NOT THE REVOLUTION ALONG, THIS WORLD...  
FOR HIS OWN WILL, NOT TO SURRENDER,  
LIFE THE PUNISHER, PAIN THE HAPPINESS TODAY...

THE SAINTS TOLD HIM, SHE WOULD RETURN..  
DOES HE WANT HER NOW? DOES HE BLAME HER?  
NO! ! WHENCE DID HE BELIEVE THE SAINTS..  
HE BELIEVES ONLY IN HIS POSSESSION OF LOVE...

RETURN SHE DID, ONE DAY..  
THE SKY MET THE EARTH THENCE,  
HOW AUSPICIOUS IT WAS?  
HE RETRURNS HER BACK, THE BATTLE...  
WHO ELSE WOULD PREVENT...

DONT KNOW WHAT I WRITE NOW,  
HOW STUPID THE POEM MIGHT SOUND?  
JUST WROTE WHAT WAS STORED HEREIN,  
IN THIS BIZZARE, LONELY TOWN....

'SORRY', THE WORD CILCHE...  
DOES WONDER IF MEANT, WHEN BENT DOWN..  
LIFE TWISTING, TURNING..

HOPE THE ONLY LEFT, HEART WHEN LYING BROKEN DOWN...

nupur singhal



## Deep..

seems like a cliched reptition of thoughts,  
being penned down to reiterate..  
the depth of your solitary self,  
unexpressed through the most expressive eyes.

the world has no meaning,  
life, just an unexplained word.  
what was felt then, comparable to the oceans might.  
it was when i looked in ur eyes.

the beauty and the innocence,  
mammoth, exceeding nature's plight..  
absconding, i am since the time,  
as said, i looked in ur eyes...

solitariness and pain are so close to me now,  
let me just, for once, look in those eyes..  
let me sense the goodness,  
that misses now, in this worldly sight...

pain, i'm ready to bear,  
troubles, well, i don't care..  
just let me look in ur eyes,  
feel the beauty that they hide...

things might be as destined,  
good or bad, im no one to decide..  
those eyes of ur's can beat what's destined,  
let them come and justify...

urself so twined and entangled,  
in this worldly show,  
free urself from this bondage,  
let ur eyes, finish this period, so low...

i might not be the rightfull judge,  
but ur eyes can not be misunderstood...  
what with right or wrong judgements,  
do they really need any?

i question all i meet my treaded path,  
am i linked to the worldly u or ur heart..  
answers may be differnt, that i get...  
but the fact remains, that i really miss ur heart..

inspiring ur eyes have been,  
made me a stronger person than what uv seen,  
can i not look in those eyes forever,  
im greedy, can't help, im in love with u...  
forever and ever...

nupur singhal

# Departed....

remember, the games!  
the retarded i'd enact,  
ur sweet laughter,  
filling in the void thereafter.

the touch of ur fingers,  
gently lifted my spirits..  
amazing the world would seem,  
that look in ur eyes, plundering my soul..

i'd lay down my heart in front of u,  
a good listener, u'd be..  
sorrow, the brightest gift ironically,  
i'd give u, my history, my unknown tommorow..

u'd calm me down, sweetly..  
tears wiped, waves create ripples in the sea...  
no remorse in life,  
the lesson u'd give me..(remember, do u?)

my companion, my darling..  
life's beauty, u a gift, my duty..  
for love's a great thing,  
turns the hiedious to an angel, they say..

i must have been a saint last birth,  
then done the most unforgiving deed..  
for having u first, then loosing..  
finally pain being my destiny...

today, as i look at the sky,  
when the breeze kisses my cheeks...  
a twinkling, shimmering star above,  
marks ur presence..(is this love?)

u an angel,  
could not take the evil, this world bestows...  
why did u departed?  
i question Him, i really miss u, heart..

nupur singhal

# Existence....

When i remember you,  
which i always do,  
some drops shine like pearls,  
wait maybe worthless here,  
but love is worth the pain.....

if not now,  
then some day will sure be...  
and not this birth,  
then the next, im sure ud pay heed...

transitions every now n then i face,  
one thing that sticks to me,  
is u, ur self, n thatz all i claim..  
stood my ground, ud told me to,  
n now when i return victorious,  
i have all, but not u...

still with tears, n blood, n sweat, id fight on,  
till the judgement day comes,  
till the light dies down...  
n then ull have to come,  
come forever n ever,  
let wat flacies be,  
well sure find a way out...

my words fall short,  
i cannot explain,  
the pain, love's agony...  
i write this down,  
me, hmmm, my poetic disposition,  
our love would shine,  
shine and move many a million light years away...  
till then i wait, quiet n patient,  
love's agony all my way...

u take care, care not of my wherabouts,  
i exist today, will exist tmrw,  
hoping today, will liveth tmrw,

when the dew would fall,  
n u wuld step,  
to wipe these tears away...

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# Heroes...

mysterious path they tread...  
they are the invincible.  
they leave no corners untouched,  
leading the banner of hope.

mystery seekers they are,  
who would dare meet their eyes.  
they evade all captivities,  
victory is their birthright.

godsend they are, gifted overtly,  
save the world, they would.  
they are the epitome of liberty,  
born to trace the victory of truth.

sacrifices they make,  
burning in pain.  
yet they fight on,  
they would surely win the game.

troubles be boundless,  
no fear, no halting will they show.  
fighting for the prosperity of the planet,  
they are the heroes of the mother earth.

nupur singhal

## Missing U....

All my days, n all my nights,  
are lonely without u my heart.  
only thou art can come and soothe,  
this always so throbbing and cribbing article..

darkness doesn seem to subside,  
if only u could be by my side.  
wat falacies and betrayals, look in my eyes,  
my love for u will shove them aside.

itz too long a wait,  
my eyes are too tired now,  
only if u could give them rest,  
come and kiss away the pain.

this restless soul, looks for u,  
hither, then thither.  
oh! do not punish me so.  
look a poet u have created besides.

countless places have i wandered,  
friends n foe, all seem alike.  
the world doth seek vengenance,  
n i simply look, standing aside.

the feel is blue, though not new,  
whence did i care for someone so.  
let our song recieve its reward,  
this solitary soul, at thy mercy.

scorned i have been, dejected more so.  
yet hope doth give me false solace.  
our love rises over the complications that shows,  
upon this earth, as it revolutes.

must i know wat comes that shows us as aparts,  
the solution lies in this heart, herein.  
countless more pleading wilt i do,  
thysel is all that i have ever to ask.



the birds are not singing,  
they hide in their nests.  
the flowers have stooped blooming,  
the fragrance all lost.

nature doth pleads u,  
it ogres ur smell.  
it seems to question me,  
whence wilt thou be back.

i stand in this desert, alone,  
come forth and take me away.  
away to the lands of mighty love,  
where only love would be resident.

this heart is an ocean of love,  
take thy part away.  
let the pain vanish in thin air,  
and thus make our life's preprepared.

see this recital of emotions,  
has wandered to wreckage.  
it started with magnificiance,  
and is lost to trance.

it has meandered from top to bottom,  
personifying the mountains and lowly lands.  
trance i say, as it means absurd now,  
but speaks in terms of love still.

this story would reiterate,  
all my ages along.  
maybe thou shall fell the exuberance,  
in this birth or thy next.

ending this feels so rotten,  
feelings betray me to do so.  
but absurdly i end this recital here,  
signifying the story which broke apart.

nupur singhal

# My Country India..

with the stroke of the midnight,  
a new life, a new stride..  
a nation was born tender..  
a dawn, an awakening to lead, my country INDIA...

the tricolour fluttering,  
the winds favourable now seemed..  
the struggle of those who bled,  
tears of pain and grief...

a new promise was taken,  
the demise of the last one when done..  
to free our mother INDIA,  
an oath, a pledge then and again taken..

let nothing bond her,  
let all heavenly reside..  
with all new inspirations,  
let the people decide..

sixty years, a long time spent..  
the new INDIA, is it better than the best?  
a lot lost, than achieved..  
yet the mother, carresses it's children,  
whether good or beast like..

and when the clock would struck tonight,  
i would wait, as we pass into the midnight..  
and salute the nation this mother of mine..  
to whom we should always oblige..

my INDIA, our INDIA..  
a nation no one understood..  
of intermingling creed,  
of love's tender sweep..

considered, lot has to change,  
yet, we live, with fears aside..  
lets rise above all,

and show the mighty..

of INDIA, our BHARAT,  
the mother,  
its love blows with the wind,  
i salute u mother, JAI HIND...

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## Past Can Be No Stranger...

yeh kiska saya chaaya hai aaj, fariston ka nishan hi nahin..duba hain kis nashe  
main insaan, key parvanon ka koi jahaan kyon nahin?  
kis patjhad ke phool hain yeh? jo girte hain to gire hi hain, kyon rangeeniyan  
hokar bhi? paiye sabni doori hai...  
kiska nishan hai yeh jo..mitakar mitta nahin...pyaar karna chahkar bhi..nafraton  
ka ghada bharta nahin...  
kiski yaad aayi hai aaj? kya pyar ka saya hai yeh? ansoon to beh jaatein hai, to  
kyon nahin beh jata yeh pyar?  
us pyar ka matlab hi kya..jo pyar jise haasil na ho..jeevan ka matlab hi kya? jab  
jeena ek saza hi ho? ?

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# The Cows..

with the sweet groaning of the mammoth bodies,  
morning began its pleasurable phase..  
the sun out, from its hideout,  
beyond the arid mountains there...

all sleepy heads, pick up their buckets,  
and gather around those, that were of different hues...  
commotion filling the shed,  
all boys milking them to their best..

those eyes of the utmost innocense,  
the holy mother, their devotion...  
gathered, stacks of hay,  
chunks of the dung lying astray..

milking done, supplies taken care of,  
it's time in the heat, to take them on the way..  
lying in the stagnant waters,  
life, alike peacefull, let's pray...

the cooling done, the helpers fed,  
they are gathered and moved to their shed..  
the dung collected, on the concierge'z call..  
and stuck a ninety on the rickety wall..

the evening comes, the sun takes a turn,  
it's time for it to return, and the horizon starts to burn...  
the boys set the shed,  
its the bodies' time to rest...

the bodies dream, dreaming unknown,  
the atmosphere all calm, the simplicity shown..  
unknown of the complicated worldly vows,  
they are our motherly cows...

nupur singhal

# The Dreams Of An Insomnic...

he looked out of the ever insomnic eyes...  
the one'z who were betrayed by dreams...  
maybe reality would be halucination some day,  
possible, seemingly untrue..

if all went well, would the world exist?  
he would question the perplexed soul..  
the answer would not be evident though,  
was the soul dead? he wondered..

(consider though..)  
if he had, what'z demanded by desires..  
would the soul arise?  
the phoenix rising from ashes, a myth...  
the answer is, he didn think so...

giving such reasoning, he decided...  
what difference if the world is so made..  
grievances he would all drop,  
and take life with a new encouraged state.

let the life come in, all at once,  
let all reasons, be lost in the worldly maze...  
instead of the sterile,  
he would take it step by step...

so he begins a new phase,  
things seeming to be far better..  
without considerations he moved on,  
a new link, breaking the old chain....

as the days shove past,  
new discoveries take his heart..  
then all seemed to go fairly well,  
when one day, the lost link comes out of its shell...

the familiar path he tread,  
seemed so dismal, somewhat like hell...  
felt like running away from everything,

the dreams of an insomnic come to the helm.

things so unpleasant, so inhumane,  
creeping in from all nooks, all's hell...  
all commitments lost,  
all faith pushed below the bottom..

as he walked on the road,  
the roaring clouds, make him cry..  
the breeze playing with his flaxes,  
unaware of the pain hidden inside..

the rain starts falling,  
the clouds could hold no more..  
the eyes give away,  
tears had ogred their fall..

nature following his plight,  
the rain falls, the pain erupts,  
and in that dismal way,  
(all that was left were..)  
tears in the rain.

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# The Revenge..

silently motioned himself,  
amidst the fluttering wilderness..  
the moonlight shone..  
flooding light, killing darkness..

deep breaths, his companion,  
the will to kill, his only remedy..  
excruciating pain, embracing, engulfing..  
thoughts of the submerged, risen..

sweat decorating his brow,  
alike inward pain killing his soul..  
thoughts, a little hand..  
touching his mammoth abode..

a body, that covered his love filled soul..  
now all tired, avengefull, no sweet home..  
what wrongs did he commit?  
none! to get so cruelly punished..

the little angel, returning..  
to the heavenly home..  
a wife, the companion,  
he loved more than him, gone..

silent life he led, peace..  
why did the rascal sin against him then?  
justice all facade had borne..  
power had taken, all he shone..

a fit of fury rises within,  
when he hallucinates, his child..  
struggling to win..  
the live, taken away..  
(oh! why this sin?)

and waits he patiently, the rascal awhile,  
he takes out quietly, the imprint aside, ..  
the paper that bore, the hand of his child..

he took it, when love was by his side..

a tear finds its place, out of his eyes,  
n places itself, his wrinkled parchment..  
slowly he folds it, n places..  
the last touch, near his heart..

then took out the gun,  
all set to kill,  
the revenge would meet,  
the end of sin..

admidst the howling winds,  
footsteps he hears,  
prepares himself,  
with a silent prayer..

God! he would say,  
pardon me, the sin i would do,  
to punish a sinner,  
a crime, i would do..

the sinner arrives,  
the avenger, closes his eyes..  
thoughts of love flash by,  
he opens his eyes, takes the aim, his aide..

the sinner passes by,  
his hand, in a little hand,  
cluthed in the sinner's,  
FATHER! FATHER! the sound echoes high..

the avenger sees his little daughter,  
in the girl, as she passes by..  
would he! could he!  
was all he asked himself..

a sinner sinned against him,  
would he do the story again,  
he lost his daughter,  
how could he take away a father then!

n slowly he closes his eyes,  
remembers the laughter of his lost child,  
he picks up the gun, puts it up,  
shoots..  
n finds himself, next to his daughter,  
in the wonderfull sky..

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# The Smoker's Paradise...

they'd ask him, what's in a smoke?  
burning light, why the pleasure arise?  
the answer, unsatisfactory, he'd give..  
for what's unanswerable, is unquestionable.

flickering of the ash, what does it symbolize?  
well, to the smoker, it's his paradise.  
the fumes arise, what do they take?  
they defy the gravity, presumably take away the pain.

the burning sensation, kills..  
is there any reason to live...  
for what's in a smoke, they'd ask..  
the spectrum to life, undefined.

the charred remains of each day's living,  
fall with each flickering, it appears..  
reality different from appearance,  
the laws of nature, do we abide?

then why question what's not justified,  
the smoker knows not, what's mystified.  
unable to comprehend, the answers..  
then let it away, with fumes, as they arise..

things not justified, things that are mystified,  
life has innumerable queries,  
who'd go in search of them,  
the smoker, or him who tries to rectify..

no one knows the answer,  
the day the mystery solves...  
all would be hopping, jeering,  
in the smoker's paradise...

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# The Sound Of Silence....

it speaks no words,  
yet they fall on the soul..  
quietly falls on the heart so heavy,  
pain wrapped, the words of silence....

filth and grime,  
pure and honest,  
the words do a medley of sorts,  
ever felt the sound of silence..

the world pulls down,  
the dust seems sticking,  
tears entrapped in the soul,  
commotion in the worldly shows.

what's life? regret, remorse..  
the dull light always burning,  
resonating from inside,  
try listening, the sound of silence...

the voice screams,  
it brings the truth,  
momentarily, the pain halts,  
with the tasting of the salt.

ironical the world is,  
contradiction filled...  
sounds stupid, but true,  
the sound of silence...

befriend silence,  
redemption u find...  
the lost answers,  
u will find.

sound, so enthralling,  
sound, so enigmatic..  
yet so healing, , ,  
the sound of silence..

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# The Winner....

he stood on the rock, with the winds...  
whispering the authorities he had gathered.  
he was the winner, the king today,  
the numerous struggles that had surmounted day by day.  
mother's face glimmering in front of his face.  
what hope she had always dripping from her eyes..  
calculations n miscalculations more so,  
stood by him, all through, as he sauntered for today.  
rock solid was the faith that steered his ship..  
to the height that seemed a million leagues away.  
accolades showered, blessed soul, the winner...  
he closes his eyes, tongue sensing the salt,  
and moved to the days that were known as yesterdays.  
he was yet another marionette on stage,  
no detour, no false takes..  
and finally he was the winner, winning a million hearts away.  
'the winner', 'the winner'....echoed in his mind,  
all melancholy rose and shook the world in a way.  
the path was all rough, no deterring did he display..  
and now he remembered the harsh days gone by..  
all's well that ends well..was all the winner could say...

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## Their Love...

a touch of her hand,  
his heart would give away..  
a smile on her face..  
the world was a beautiful place..

those words of innocence,  
they mingled with her persona..  
it created a place...filled with love..  
that gentle look, his sweet, he would say..

now that he stands alone,  
this place, so lonely, so old...  
darkness took all he had,  
hoping, her brightness would slowly unfold..

some things are never meant to be,  
a price for love, he had paid..  
with her when the calming breeze would blow,  
caressing her hair, embracing her silk..

that breeze so cruel now appears,  
her toy, her love, lost in the crowd,  
whenever that name is heard somewhere,  
the pain retreats, no smile he bears...

patiently he waits, her return,  
forgive him the falsies, not done..  
n maybe she understands, the judgement day..  
his cruelly cruel innocence, was all to blame..

his love stands beyond,  
all the admirers she queues..  
love stands lonesome,  
price for beauty too paid..

here he wanders, a vagabond life...  
there she strolls, true love hard to find..  
a veil covers both their worlds,  
he cannot see there, she cannot his world..



yet hope pirouttes this world,  
pray, they find..  
lost love, painfull strides..  
let them meet, the mists let rise...

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# Today...

yesterday when i thought,  
things would be so much sweet today.  
destiny proved all false,  
the quest that i had set forth, just about yesterday.

today seems so vague, so unclear,  
this is not what was wanted for today, in the spent yesterday.  
who went wrong, or what was it?  
no one can justify the way we're living today.

were all the promises, so weak, so dismal,  
they could not sustain the injuries cast for today.  
yet, life drags along,  
pain creeps in day by day.

reasoning fails me now,  
as i discover that it never was reason enough for today.  
what achievements? what loss we suffered?  
no account gives a brighter prospect for today.

blame fired hither, thither,  
no one to blame, all are to blame.  
yesterday was hence the winner,  
in comparisons to today.

yesterday there was hope, no remorse,  
today they have turned just the other way.  
would life subside the insurmountable agony,  
maybe we should stop the blame game today.

now i discover, love and peace are difficult to find,  
no matter where seeked, it has lots of places to hide.  
yet i look on, remorse struck,  
that maybe if not today, tommorrow would be a better day.

in a moment i meet glory,  
just the next a questionable sorry.  
would it move this sluggish,  
burning fire within, eroding the spectrum of life.

life twists itself from yesterday, today to tomorrow,  
all trying to push aside the sorrow.  
yet it creeps in, from some nook,  
when will u come back, happiness seems so damn far away.

wishes are the enemies,  
only if they could be shoved aside.  
who'z satan? i cannot decide,  
maybe it lies within me, how ironical? with love alongside.

life is weaved with ironies all around,  
contradictions, maybe are a part of life.  
sometimes u seem right, sometimes myself.  
distance has thus made everything a burning hell.

why is today so cruel? i do not know,  
i question therefore, why did yesterday have to go?  
i accept the cruelties that i have to face,  
devastated myself, i would thus, take to the grave.

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## We The Living.....

growing desires, days falling short,  
destructured peace, unblemished soul..  
we, we are the living...  
liveth a satanically erupted life..  
undying spirits lead us on..  
the goal envisioned,  
in the far, yet falsely evident near..  
brewing dangers, merciless authority,  
leading us on..  
liveth we, on the thorns so scattered,  
scattered they are, pricking every now n then..  
who shalt redeem the pain,  
unknown friend or the friendly foe...  
speed past we shalt,  
this all so cruelly kind zeal..  
giving vent here, then there..  
no ultimate peace shall we obtain..  
no matter what we do? where we reach..  
the hill-top still being untouched..  
who did reach there? how? more so...  
are we looking for the height,  
attainable, we shall presume so..  
we, we are the living...  
contemplate, again n again..  
the mud being the abhorred destiny...  
where shalt we run...  
are there places to hide?  
the meaning so vast, so mammoth in virtualism..  
discovery n impossible seem to be analogous..  
yet we will and we shall,  
be part of the unending quest..  
this is the game, n we are the marionettes,  
being pirouted by Him..  
yes, we are the living, living today..  
gone ng behing yet another race,  
to play the unending game,  
da sobriquet, we the living...

nupur singhal

# Who Am I?

he that rules the world,  
knows not the timid, tired world,  
he who was betrayed by love,  
knows not vengenance, nor remorse...

what thing, this world,  
the pain, no love..  
oh! ! ! how i wander about..  
patience killed, patience no more..

a subtle emptiness settles around..  
as i lay on this ghostly ground,  
n let those false dreams pass me by,  
no love, all lame, i cry, i cry...

i cry, till the dawn arrives,  
i cry till the dusk settles besides,  
till when would i be the carrier alone,  
this burden kills me,  
i can't take it anymore..

love'z a killer,  
it hurts in here,  
a dark place,  
no light near...

if i ask Him who looks upon,  
i'd ask Him the only curious,  
Oh Lord! ! how ironical the world u made,  
Love lost, to love alone..  
A master u be, i understand,  
then y me, to know the pain..  
they take my love away,  
who know not ur lovely world..

n when i all sullen faced get ahead,  
they pull me down n say,  
u fit here therez no love for u,  
they know not what they do! !

i forgive them master,  
i know u see it..  
plzzz forgive me master,  
if love was ever a sin...

but as this pain u bless me with,  
i come to know ur heavenly wit,  
u make a man out of me,  
what if my love is not next to me! ! !

nupur singhal