

Poetry Series

prashant shaurya
- poems -

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prashant shaurya(07/04/1989)

A Call To The World

There is an aim
I vie to achieve
there is a dream
I die to live...

A world free from terror
a world without sobs
a world free from hunger
a world full of jobs...

A planet free from drugs
a planet without crimes
a planet free from thugs
a planet full of rhymes....

An earth free from pollution
an earth without wars
an earth free from racism
an earth full of stars...

Lets get together and work
to make a society just
to create an aura of trust
And yes, its a Must....

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At A Martyr's Birth (Rictameter Poem)

Love poured
And tears trickled
From mother's profound eyes
With thousand prayers wrapped in hugs
And sweet blessings in her angelic smile
She gave him everything she had
The soldier got martyred,
From her proud tears
Love poured.

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Between Despair And Faith

I dream of beauty in my dreams
I wish they come to life
I dream of piety in my life
I wish it dazzles bright.

I see no friends, I see no foes
Everyone's a passer by
Like passengers on board a train
Come closer for a while.

So oft I pray for things I need
More often out of greed
Stifled between despair and faith
Can't judge which road to tread.

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Bleeding Pen-I

The pen rambled across the pad
To write something untrue
Yet mind and heart did seldom see
When the pen hid it's rue.

Mind could think but heart would long, for
Insidious days to part
Yet pen would foster spilling of
Blood from the wounded heart.

Verses written in sparkling red
Couldn't sort the haze around
A poet caught in the vicious fray
Wouldn't want to be home bound.

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Bleeding Pen-Ii

The poet wished to cry out loud
And vent the slithering pain
Yet void in his sinking heart
Won't let him flee this blain.

The pen then oozed in torrid red
To scribe 'bout the hovering gloom
Yet mind feared to find the words
Which would write the poet's doom

If the poet broke his promise
No flower would ever bloom
So pen hid the poet's torment
Within a heap of silken plumes.

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Feeling Divine

I break at times
and sing the rhymes
rhymes that raise
feelings divine....

At times when sad
and in tears clad
clad with the grief
i scribe the pad...

Then i get cheers
to pen my tears
tears that reflect
my joys and fears....

In grief or relief
in trauma or bliss
bliss of poetry
is all I wish...

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I Saw Her Today...

She had the color of dusk
on her bonny bright face
and her voice had a husk
with a sensuous trace....

In a notable style
her hair she wore
and her healing smile
many hearts did cure...

And her naughty eyes
had a lovely lure
as anyone who tries
would be lost for sure....

And I prayed today
GOD make me all hers
and let me stay
within her life's verse...

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Idyllic Whispers (Etheree)

She
Whispers
Rhapsodies
Into my ears
Draped in love and care
The idyllic lyrics
And the mystique of her voice
Soak my soul in a pint of trance
When she blossoms like a lily in
my arms, to fortify my heart with love.

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Inquisitive Love

Will you ever feel
The way I do
Will you ever know
That I love you....

Will you ever come
To my rescue
And tell me that
You love me too...

When I drench myself
Out in the rain
Will you hold my hand
To ease my pain....

When I can't console
My bleeding heart
With your healing love
Will you let it part...

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Knots Of Misery

Oh poor thing! i can see you though
facing the agony that others don't know
with no dream alive in those swollen desperate eyes
except the ailing belly's hope of some inflow...

What rags to others are your precious riches
and that too at times even beyond your reaches
for your restraint defies your tender age
and to the world perseverance it preaches...

And you deify people who never deserve
coz its the only way that makes you preserve
your life from the shackles of a deadly death
and ensures that blood flows in every nerve...

In me i find a lot of you
Ah! never really got what i wanted to
Yet there's a difference between me and you
that i still have hopes but you have lost all through
that i still have hopes but you have lost all through.....! ! !

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Learnt....

He was a bloke, at heart a folk
he saw a girl and fell in love
he liked her for she was like a dove
 so pure and divine
and even her sight made him feel
as if he was on cloud nine...

Days passed by and his feelings grew
his friends were few, but all of them knew
that he was painted in her love
the colors of which resembled the rainbow hue..

this was a pleasant day
and he was so happy and gay
as usual his desires to propose her
were whirling in his hearts bay..

But he was there adamant this time
he stood up collecting all his guts
though his friends were there
showing him all the butts..

 But still, he was a bloke
 At heart a folk....

He went up to her to express his love
but his guts choked in front of the dove
so he ended up saying, will you be my friend
and she said yes without showing a bend
he won her faith with all his care
and became the one with whom
everything she could share..

Days passed by and he grew confident with her
so one day he expressed his passion for her
 but she didn't reply
and he thought she was shy..

She returned next day and revealed
that she was a 'nun'

and knew everything
but still kept mum..

He was left spellbound when he got that blow
but his love for her he could not throw
then she said; 'i love you, hey.!'
but my dear its in the platonic way
So i will become a monk
was all he could say...

And there he was sitting and thinking
with his heart filled with frost
Oh! have i won or lost..

but something was there he got by paying a cost
and it was the lesson he had finally learnt
that their love was true
so pure and divine...!

but then he was a bloke
at heart a folk
surrounded by the past's blue hues
And to no ones surprise
the fairytale saga still continues.....

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Lets Sharpen The Silence...! ! !

Maintain silence
Listen to the breeze
For all it says
is to wipe the grease....

Maintain silence
Listen to its yell
That why as rabbits
do we all dwell...

It howls again
out of disdain
And asks us to rub
the darkest stains....

Let's sharpen the silence
And come out hard
To show the devil
that we won't retard...

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Love Means.....

You have plans for it or not
but it comes your way
you have desires for it or not
but it comes your way

it's love, its love
and you cant stay away...

It may happen at the first sight
it may happen some other day
then you start feeling like heavens
and wish the time does stay

its love, its love
and you cant stay away...

Its there for you when you are born
its there for you when you die
its a feeling that makes us laugh
its an emotion that makes us cry

its love, its love
and you simply cant deny....

Its a force that holds us together
its a bond that diminishes never
it hurts, it soothes
its a devotion, its a boon
it emerges from the passion of heart

its love, its love
and you cant stay apart...

And like the first gentle breeze of spring
with the beautiful diamond engagement ring

when faith and fate create the xing
and wedding bells merrily start to cling
the two souls mingle forever to sing

and love gets a complete meaning
and love gets a complete meaning.....

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One Evening When The Sun Was Low...

One evening when the sun was low
I strolled down the road below
and deep in thoughts that had a flow
tried to recover the golden glow....

As the darkness began to grow
and to its nest got back the crow
I knew I had something to draw
by moving the brush to and fro...

And then I saw an old fellow
shivering with his head bent low
and with all might the wind did blow
making his heart beat even slow....

And to protect him, I did so
gave him my shawl and made him glow
then said, be brave and fight the woe
to put up a brilliant show

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Redefining Chastity

He sauntered by on the road
that took him away from his board
hiding his feelings fathom deep
And ensured time and again
that they did not peep
from his eyes....
just in order to escape the queries
that started with whys.....

And he kept on walking reminiscing the days
when he led his life in the happier ways
with someone with whom he was in love
so deep that it was her intimacy
which he treasured all above...

Then suddenly a smile crossed his face
when he remembered her divine grace
the way she smiled with a dimple on her cheek
the way she watched him with her moistened eyes
And how her lips quivered when she talked to him
and how her cheek rolled when she ran towards him
then he would hold her within his arms so tight
and this thing made them never fight....

And he kept on walking thinking of the time
when in some inn they would together dine
And dance to the music that was there played
then in there bed they laid and played
 the games of love..! !
 the games of love..! !
and engrossed himself in her intimacy
which he treasured all above...

Time moved on and their love proliferated
then something happened which them all the more elated
when the heavens bestowed on them
that budding symbol of their love..
A little fairy had arrived in their life
And the Almighty be praised coz she looked like his wife..! !

he still walked under the blue skies
trying to suppress his distress and grief

Then to stop his tears he closed his eyes
but couldn't forget his tragic past
when his darling breathed her last...

yet something happened that left him satisfied
that he was beside her the moment she died
uttering those very last words of hers

That darling i knew..

i knew you would come

And then forever she kept mum...

He heaved his legs towards the place
where he would put an end to his life
coz it had become meaningless
with the departure of his darling wife
now he would never find her by his side
so he had no way but to commit suicide...

There came a temple on his way
and he entered in it coz he wanted to pray
to ask his last wish from the MOTHER ALMIGHTY
with his hands joined and head bent
he murmured in front of the OMNIPOTENT

Oh Mother! oh saviour..!

grant me her company after my death
coz i cant endure the isolation
that her demise has bequeath..

He came out of the temple only to see
a little girl as tender as she could be
seeking alms from a devotee
This scene evoked a thought in his mind
that what would happen to my beloved child
when i am no more in this world so wild...

Now he turned his steps towards the plaze
where he would his life in the happier ways

enjoying the beauty of that angelic innocence

That tender giggle that charming face
that tender giggle that charming face.....

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River Cascades' (Diminished Hexaverse)

As the river cascades
From Himalayas breast
With all its puissance
And rage, it distills out
Along its way, the grail
Of love, service and faith.

It finds the fondness
That grows, in tandem
With the stretching course
Brimmed with beauty, it
Flows till infinite.

Tunes emanate
At each sojourn
Of cadenced waves
Those quench the earth.

It imparts
On mankind
Life itself

Like a
Caring

Mom

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Shadows.....

In the night
when moon's white
I see creatures
very bright...

And i delve deep
At length to peep
historic shadows
that make me weep....

Shadows that had been
till yesterday seen
in God's glory
yet feared within....

Wish I could fly
Above the sky
And meet the Creator
Who made them die....

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Sleep..

when silence of the seas
imbues the mind's surface
despite all the pains borne
we drown deep in solace...

Reflections then appear
Of the moments bygone
Which take us to places
Either new or well known....

Fairies, Angels, Mermaids
Then come and sing for us
The rhymes that soothe our hearts
And make us quietly gush...

When silence fades away
With the bright beacon's glow
Will beauty of our dreams
In life forever flow.....

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The Chosen Relation

Where are the days
when they were all mine
and i had those toys
at eight or late nine..

Where are the times
when angels of delight
took me in their arms
to make it all right..

where are the moments
when i had those guns
who killed my torments
and healed my burns...

I behold those scenes
in nostalgic dreams
that bring smiles to my face
though my heart, it screams..

can i bring back those times
relive those days
rewrite those rhymes
restage those plays.....! !

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The Guiding Gleam

Within the heart where vibrant waves
rise and fall to ocean's test
Many ships through reflected light
steadily steer till they are blessed....

Ashore their stands a bright light house
like a mountain looming tall
and guides the ships if they are right
or are drifting away at all...

When lost between misleading waves
they try to steer the righteous way
the golden glow then rescues them
as tides change with glistening spray....

When these waves rest in peace
as each ship swiftly sails the sea
with all it's might the gleam of light
haloes the heart's true destiny...

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The Morning Triolet [a Triolet Poem]

Each day when sun rises at dawn
and on their perch the sparrows tweet
heavenly pearls roll down my lawn...
Each day when sun rises at dawn
and rainbows on the sky are drawn
the cuckoo sings some melody sweet...
Each day when sun rises at dawn
and on their perch the sparrows tweet...

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The Perfect Lover's Imperfection [a Sequel To 'I Saw Her Today']

From the scent of roses
that she carries along
I stealthily do whiff
and my heart goes on song
She is a fairy for sure
for her beauty is a cure....

And the sense of her being
convulses my heartbeat
but her smiling hello
provides the needed treat
She's a panacea for sure
for her beauty is a cure...

And from her silent eyes
where many feelings dwell
I can hear the whispers
wishing me to be well
She is an angel for sure
for her heart, it is so pure....

And these days I wonder
of the joys she has brought,
but my love is so real
that means to me a lot
She is all heart, I am sure
the only one who is pure...

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The Pilgrim's Ordeal

When we hold on to a pious thought
And pray from dusk to dawn
Would longing stand the test of time
If we pursue the unknown.

When reverence leads to yearning for
A glimpse of the Mighty Queen
Would She shin down from heaven to earth
To show us the Unseen.

There comes a time which seldom comes
In a pilgrim's ordained path
When at doorstep of the Goddess
He finds not love, but wrath.

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The Potrait Of Vigour

It was the month of october
with piousness in its air
and the weather so humid
when on 12th he was born
who never looked timid..

his parents were rejoicing
for he was their very first child
and they were overwhelmed by this feeling
that was so subtle and mild..

days after day, years after year
he started growing
inculcating values inside him
making himself a man of character
He obeyed his parents and loved his kin
this kept him away from every sin

never touched wine and respected all women
and this made him different from rest of the men
his willpower undeterred and character like a rod
for he was the one who really feared God

Be it happiness, grief or pain
you would find him ever the same
I saw him at his sister's wedding
and watched him when his grannie died
he looked alike in both those feelings
wearing a sense of responsibility
showing no emotions, yet so dignified

I remember the days when his wife was ill
and he had grown weak by paying the doc's bill
he was having a financial crunch
so severe that he couldn't buy the shoes of his son
or even arrange them a proper lunch..

There's a saying that your good deeds pay
when you are facing the worst day

and so did his fortunes change
when he got blessed by an ange

I am lucky and proud to be his son
following his legacy
for he is my icon.....

This one's a tribute to my beloved FATHER..
HE is my hero, the one of the few founding pillars of my life..

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The Tale Of The Archaic River

Millions come and millions go
over the bridge which underneath
that lone river does flow..

No one knows from where comes she
and till where does she go
attention devoid yet full of pride
for all these years her mild waves did glide.

And woods i see as densest be
do drench their roots for glee
and to her left the vast grey plains lie
strewn with her wealth like an enormous pie..

For ages has she quenched every race
by her bosoms milk with such a grace
and like a mother she never discriminates
among whites or blacks or inferiors or greats..

And you cannot find even a trace
of regret on her transparent face
that unrecognized prophet of secularity though
has been deprived of a single bow...
But i pay this ode to you O dear
in lieu of your debt that all races bear....

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The Test Of The Chief

Much before spring
when the dry leaves fall
the bare brown branches
gave me a call....

And filled with pity
when I expressed my grief
they just went on to praise
the test of the CHIEF...

They said, life's like your school
divided into classes
where, who goes by the Teacher
is the one who passes....

And when the springs began
they called me once again
to show me that it's good
to be faithful in pain...

Now I had understood
that GOD is not so rude
but at times HE intends
to test our servitude....

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The Transitional Blight

Do you feel a crisis nowadays
yes, the one I didn't in my age
and at once comes the reply
resources have all gone dry
and I can feel the change indeed
this generation and its greed...

GOD gave them gifts abundant
yet short their needs, redundant
now love's no more the first emotion
as longing challenges the notion
So I condemn the change indeed
this generation and it's greed....

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Trust Or Betrayal

Why did this happen to me
is a question i ask repeatedly
that why do i live in pieces
for the sake of searching the pieces
And why do i live in parts
present yet not in every task....

Oh! why do i look rich and royal
although its a beautiful betrayal
For my confession renders me called a liar
and makes me face some biting satire
so i need someone who could really understand
as why to my words i did not stand...

Now no joy offers me solace
when i look back to those cheerful days
then somehow i breathe in a lot of air
to rise above that painful layer..

And why didn't my girl believe
that i never intended to deceive
And i never knew would come that day
when she would suddenly say
make me yours if you love me, hey!
and i couldn't help but utter a nay...

She got a blow when i said this
for i had snatched away her heartiest wish
and i thought it was practical enough
to take a decision indeed so tough...

I wasn't ready to have a family then
for i wasn't that strong to support you jane
But what i did was something so insane
that it forced you depart back to heaven....

Now life seems ugly, dark and sad
for i have lost someone i always had

so i am coming back to u dear jane
by treading the path that leads to your lane...! ! !

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