

Poetry Series

Sabina Sindhu
- poems -

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Bitter Song

Rain stopped at once
bitter songs of wild-plants stopped.

Songs have departed silently
due to winter's unbearable cold
only memories remained.

The strings of guitar stretch,
unfortunately they break
remembrances break.

Dusk does not bring joy
as sounds are not in balance
sounds-purer than departed childhood.

The winter nights evoke memories
of the same singer
of the same song.

A distressed singer
(Smiling is whose religion)
a singer with forgotten sensation and consciousness
a singer with parched mouth
restless as a fawn
whose feet are weary
with agony in its heart.

Again he sings a song
of kindnesses and compassion,
of hopes and desires.

His songs are assessed
where his voices aren't heard
where his worship is not found

Sabina Sindhu

Colour Of Rainbows

Green are forests
Green was my childhood.
I stood on a beach
And realized mother's love.
Blue is my tear
And blue is the sky.
Time, it has spitted
on my lovely face.
The days are gone
Years are passed,
no longer I am a child.
My heart,
It's young and adult.
But still immatured.
Don't have realized,
Colour of rainbows
Colour of Youth
I should now capture the time
So as to make colourful world.

Sabina Sindhu

Empty Ink Bottle

- Sabina 'Sindhu'

The ink bottle, it was empty.
The Pen, it wanted to swallow ink
The ink and the pen
both were empty.

The empty bottle knew nothing
The pen, it was thinking to write
But it thought,
How to write and how to express?

Sabina Sindhu

I Was Lost Somewhere In Fairy Tales

An old woman,
Accommodated nearby,
Her stories I still remember
Gorgeous stories I gormandised
 soilders, guns and cannonades!
She professed her brilliancy,
 an skillful raconteur.

The old woman, my friend
Her extemporaneous fables I salute
Indeed I was a bud
Tending to efflorescence into a rose

Once she sat near me
I procrastinated before being too late
On great ecstasy
My blandishment were for her cheerful voice

Unpremeditated voices tactile on my hearts
Unstinting support on my profundity she got.
That day she talked of peace, agreements
 and treaties.

Lord Buddha stood on my eyes,
On those vivacious voluble spells.
The tales of peace I liked,
me, just a listener!

Fables, stories and fairy tales a
Concatenation of wonderful series
Unsolicited advices, imaginary utopias
Versimilitude as if they were true

The tales, echoing on my mind
 as that of ventriloquism

Today I am an adult,
My shoulders are trammelled by responsibilities
She is no more in this world

But still I like such a tale, tale of peace.
I like such a world, world of peace.

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Poems Are In My Eyes

Although rose is red... or yellow,
my eyes are with tears
No rose blooms on my cheek
And no dropp can quench my thirst
All alone I stand,
in a dropp of tear.
I listen closely,
storms, clouds and winds
I see children singing
songs of thunder and hunger.

Alone! All alone! !
I listen the songs.
Sitting on a green ground,
I see colourful butterflies.
But colours,
Seem to be far from me.
More near are my eyes,
I realize tears more nearer.
I see words in my eye
I see street damp
Lake of tears roaring loud.
I hear thunders and clouds
in a deep heart's core.

And I say,
'Poems are not in rose'
'Poems are in my eyes'

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