

Poetry Series

Tanvi Rattan
- poems -

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Tanvi Rattan(21st march 2000)

Beyond The Sky

Beyond the sky
there is more sky
beyond people
there are others as well

they can be good
they can be kind
they can be nice
and make us wise

once I met someone like that
she was nice and wise
and gave good advise

she had a sweet voice
and a good choice
I was filled with gratitude
when I saw her attitude

I will tell you someone special
yes, its my teacher
the special creature

Tanvi Rattan

Child Labour

The ##### of an eye,
The tears that cry,
The black hands that pain,
Helping evil in vain.

They never know,
That soon they might go,
And be crushed by flames,
While we enjoy their games.

Plastic metal goes in their eyes,
But who will listen to their cries?

Child labour is truly bad
And I know it feels sad

Then lets put a stop to it
And don't let it go far a bit
No more eyes will cry
No more children will die

Let's help the helpless
And help them live in happiness

Tanvi Rattan

God Has Given

God has given
Eyes to see,
To see things as tiny
As a bee

He gave hands
To help every one
He gave legs
To walk and run.

So why don't we
Walk and run
Rather than
Steal a gun?

And then we use
That gun to shoot
After taking away the loot

Why not use
These hands to shake
And help people
In earthquakes?

Why not use
These legs to run
And walk with friends
To have fun

My dear friends
Please understand this thought
And learn from the lesson
We all have got

Lets all promise today
In every way
We'll make people smile
Every while

Hunger

A child dies
a mother cries
but the world just laughs
oh take a look
there dies another calf

The rich got too much too waste
and the poor got nothing
just ask yourself today can we do anything?

The milk crumbles
and is thrown away
the stomach grumbles
but one can't throw it away

Hunger makes one mad
I know it's sad
but just reading this everyday
I am sure it's not the way

One says poor behave mad
they feel so very sad
just answer this
if hunger cannot be eradicated;
how can they stay sophisticated?

Tanvi Rattan

I Was Flying High

I was flying high,
Up in the blue sky,
With my hand waving by
Silently saying hi!

I flew over the hills
And above the windmills
Even over the farmer's crops
Where hard work never stops

Rumble, Rumble went the rocks
in the long river down
making a mighty sound

and above me
was the big airplane
flying majestically
on his lane

and what a lovely kite
and oh so bright

and how can I forget the sun
which looks like a golden bun!

then suddenly I hurt my head
ah, I was dreaming in my bed!

Tanvi Rattan

If I Could Be...

If, I could be a baker
I shall cook many cookies
I may bake a cake
Without much ease.

If, I could be a teacher
As lenient as one can be
I shall be a friend of my students
I am a strange girl you see

If I could be painter
I shall paint all walls
I won't much care
That it's the dining room or hall

I If could be an author
And could write many books
It shall be full of great stories
Not of famous machines or cooks

If I could be a doctor
I shall try to find a cure
To a many diseases
It shall be tough I am sure

But I will be a poet
And write poems you see
And work in my small cabin
And shall be as happy as one can be!

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Tanvi Rattan

Tanvi Rattan

Money Makes The World Go Round.

Honesty becomes corruption
Loyalty is near its extinction
Though peculiar it may sound
Money makes the world go round.

People's happiness is now money
Truthfulness seems a joke so funny
Many examples you'll find around
Money makes the world go round.

Now jobs depend totally on salaries
Artistic halls are now empty galleries
Many witnesses can be found
Money makes the world go round.

Money! Money! Leads to crimes
Happy moments turn to sorrowful times
But bad deeds are bound to rebound
Money makes the world go round.

Hard work leads to true success
Hardworking never face this silly mess
Here LOYALTY and TRUTHFULNESS is found
Money makes the world go round.

-Tanvi Rattan

Tanvi Rattan

Nature

Mother earth gave us gift
Of nature
It gave us flowers, trees
And other features.

And lots of natural wonders
And it gave us friends called trees
They gave us many gifts
But took not a single fee

Don't forget the
Beauty of flowers
In colors of
Yellow, violet and red
We pluck them often
But, a word, they never said

We are cruel
As we trample
The beauty of flowers
And cut away our faithful friends
And soon forget what they lend

We never understood their pain
But with greedy hands
We wait for gifts
As they shower us with them

And while they pour
they never know
that soon they will have to go

Poaching, hunting, comes in this
They lie dead
Losing their wits
We say that they roar at us
But actually they cry in pain
When they understand
What will they gain

So now if you understand
Their pains and thoughts
And saw what they got
After doing good deeds
We never understood
What they plead

They have a different body
But the heart is same
We have alike thoughts
But always we got..got..got

Be kind and start to give
Not much but just a thanks
To these friends and the nature
Who have a great worth
As both have come to live
On the beautiful planet earth

Tanvi Rattan
Class—IV A,
Amity International School Saket

Tanvi Rattan

Precious Blood

Once a man questioned god
Listen, oh! Our great lord
You only, order and give
And teach man how to live

I heard oh pious one!
Not just me but the moon and sun
I realize your need to gain
Something that shall not go vain

Lord, give me a fraction of your power
So that I help a man in his difficult hours

You ask too much! man
But there is something you can
Blood flows in all veins
And derive man from his pains
There is a life flowing in you
Which you can share with others too

Oh pious one when your blood flows
In the veins of a mother of a new born
Blessed is the young mild child
To see her mother with her first yawn

This blood of yours can bring smiles
On the lips of those
To save father travelled miles

A grandpa shall be so grateful
To see his grandson playful
He may thank you through and through
Cause he watches the world because of you

Who share their blood?
Honored are those
To save mankind
This path they chose
Once a man questioned god

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Unnamed

"Where is he? " They asked
The men who were masked
"Where is he? " They asked again
Giving her a lot of pain.

She didn't spoke though in pain
Thinking her efforts shall not go vain
"You dare remain silent? "
Their anger growing violent

"Find him! He has seen our faces
He ran so fast he left no traces
He has left us in this mess
Hope that he doesn't confess"

"I won't tell you and I dare
He is my son and I care
The old lady was shot
To save her son that's what she got"

Sirens could now be heard
Police was the one they feared
"Run! " they shouted in vain
Listened the little boy sitting beside a drain

But the crooks were caught
Though hard they fought
The photographer took a picture
Thinking, "what else could he feature? "

But the little boy was left in sorrow
That filled his yesterday, today and tomorrow
He didn't know, who should be blamed,
Thus this incident is left unnamed.

-Tanvi Rattan

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