

I WAS BORN
HUMAN



**STHITAPRGYAN
MOHANTY**

I Was Born Human

Sthitapragyan Mohanty



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Written by: **STHITAPRGYAN MOHANTY**

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Care of : *Dr. GyanendraKumarMohanty*

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***First be a human, then decide
to play characters.***

Hello, Humans!

In this immortal world, we have witnessed people of various kinds, and experiences. We have seen engineers, doctors, lawyers, entrepreneurs, writers, artists and others. But we hardly see humans.

A Human is somewhere pushed behind the mask of all these characters. We fail to love, care, help and understand being a human.

Humans were known for their creativity and humanity. In today's world, we succeed in living a life killing the human inside us which led to chaos, depression, hate and downfall.

When the whole world is going through a transition phase and extinction of humanity, it's time to revive them and make them fall in love with the human inside them.

This book is a token of love for humans.

Contents

Religious, Spiritual and Truth

Happy Hours	12
Christmas Eve	14
Days	16
The Song	19
To Be Continued	22
Countless For A Few	24

Religious, Spiritual and Truth

Rock	28
Paper	30
Maa	32
Nature Show	35
Steps	37
Greetings of Life	39
Road is Enigmatic	42
On and On	44
Talking Trees	46
Heart or Brain?	49
At the End of April	51
All the Way!	53
Close	55

Love, Romance and Bond

You Were in My Dreams	59
They miss out	61
Christmas Star	63
Invisible Love	65
Flames	67

Contents

She Is A Poem	69
Love Is Second	71
Stranger	74
Head-On Shoulder	76
Freedom	78
Madness	80
Distance Matters	83
Gift of Love	85
All My Eyes	87
Umbrella	89
Moon to Sun	91
Doll	93

Struggle, Heartbreak and Pain

Vase	97
Note	99
Forgiveness	101
Reason	105
Once Again	107
I See	109
Soul says so	111
Lost Phone	113
Can't You Spare Me?	115
Another Side of The Door	117
Hope	119
I Know Right	121
Flew Away	124
Wish	126
Bus	128
A New Day	130

Contents

Social, Economical and Political

Regardless	133
Justice Is Raped	136
Respect	139
The World Is Burning	141
Raise	143
Laughs	145
Two Bodies	147
Swept Away	149
It Is Hard	151
Take Us Back	153
Diary of Anne Frank	155
The War	157
Unfathomed	159
Dear Parents	161
The Lockdown	163

Inspiration, Motivation and Wisdom

Now I Understood	167
Too Young	169
Better Than Today	171
Failure	173
Not Always	175
One Life	178
Be Yourself	180
Wave	182
Habit	184
Stand Up	186
You Will Change	188

Contents

Family, Friend and Self

Poem for Myself	191
Moon	194
Star of Kites	196
Best Friends	198
Daughter	201
Dear Friend	204
I Fell for It	207
Message of God	209
Thank You	211

Religious, Spiritual and Truth



*Nothing is wasted, everything
is earned and served*



Happy Hours

Hours of cold winter,
With a glass of beer,
Eyes looking for tears.

Hours of loud chores,
'Let me love you',
Though I hate Bieber.

Hours of magic moves,
Don't let me down grooves,
And hymn for the weekend.

Because the bar says it loud,
It's Happy hours till eight,
We need to be fully tight.



*How far we drive,
everyone needs a ride.*



Christmas Eve

On Christmas Eve,
It's cold and raining,
Dark clouds all over the country.

Everything seems so stiff,
Friendship is on stake,
And love is an ingredient of it.

Awful ordeals,
That lagged behind the concern,
Of sacrificing our own comrades.

As soon as the rain stopped,
The concern breathes ago,
And blows out some awful.

The coldness swelled excess,
Comrades leave a message,
Merely like Santa in the late twilight.



*The beauty of being a
human, we often change.*



Days

There are Sundays,
Days with a lot of suns?
No, a day with a lot of fun.

There are Mondays,
Days with a lot of buns?
No, a day with a lot of runs.

There are Tuesdays,
Days with a lot of food?
No, a day with a lot of fasts.

There are Wednesdays.
Days with a lot of weds?
No, a day with a lot of sheds.

There are Thursdays,
Days with a lot of luck?
No, a day with a lot of rocks.

There are Fridays,
Days with a lot of fries?
No, a day with a lot of lies.

There are Saturdays,
Days with a lot of news?
No, a day with a lot of boozes

There are days,
Days with a lot of days?
No, a day with a lot of ways.



*Laugh as if life is a joke,
smile as it cracked.*



The Song

The song reminds of you,
And the feelings,
Which I can't even express,
With words and words.

Wish I could close,
My eyes and feel it,
Again, and again.

And I did it,
So many things around us,
All I can see you.

Wish I could hug you,
And Live forever,
In your arms.

The song reminds of you,
And the separations,
Which I can never forget,
With words and words.

Wish I could close,
My hands and say it,
Again, and again.

And I did it,
So many mistakes surround us,
All I can see is myself.

Wish I could tell you,
And ask forever,
For your love.



*Good things, when
short, are long-lived.*



To Be Continued

A lot of stories found,
Some of them were romantic,
And some horror.

Some with a great start,
And some failed to quit.

Many of them were funny,
But few were painful.

There was just one,
Short and incomplete,
To be finished.

And the story ends,
To be continued.



*Hard to think but
easy to live.*



Countless For A Few

It might be a year for many,
Countless for a few.

Some cloudy days,
With the desire for the droplets.

Some cloudy nights,
With the hunger for the stars.

The endless breaths,
Exists for a motive.

It will exist for the next year,
Countless for a few.



*Independent minds
lead to victory.*



*Religious, Spiritual
and Truth*



*Celebrate little things,
life would be big.*



Rock

It was never one rock,
That hits you hard.

Several rocks from all directions,
Hits you at one time.

Some you can catch,
Some hurt your thoughts.

Some you can move aside,
Some hurt your core.

Not a big deal for you,
Stand there and look for it.

Collect all of them,
Make it one big solid rock.

Now it's up to you,
Hold it or throw it back.



*Hope sounds good,
takes a lot.*



Paper

Warm flood dripping under toes,
Eyes could read the old statues,
Unspoken and unheard for many years.

Dead inside but the presence sparks,
Pulled so many to worship them,
Babies, adults, and oldies.

Doors are open for everyone,
Yet unlocked for some individuals,
They just speak and wear differently.

Now the war zone of the worshippers,
A fight to reach the idols of life,
Don't worry even here paper works.

If you have your God-given earnings,
You can reach them clean and clear,
If not, you will struggle for the glimpses.

Prayers, offerings, exchanging and fighting,
Basic ways of life to be in the front,
With a piece of paper to decide fate.



*Telling the truth has no
right time,
it costs with every wink.*



Maa

The blistering heat of the sun,
Burning toes, and shoes around,
Scripted stepping stones,
Fascinating stones precisely.

Stepping stones lead to,
A peaceful settlement of ringing bells,
Garlands hanging both sides,
Yellow, red, blue and maybe white.

Fell for the sweets and coconut,
But no, her glimpse was terrible,
Closing in on her with folded hands,
I followed like the hope of seekers.

Protected and secured wishes,
Some were talking, some crying,
But she was just whispering,
The ring bells were louder than ever.

The sense of togetherness of agony,
The hope of seekers was firm,
And the belief of her was willful,
This goes on and on.

Her tongue assured the seekers,
Devils and demons will be killed,
With the joy of belief and power,
Maa, may I have the sweets now?



***Live for a second, you
will be addicted to life.***



Nature Show

In the rainy afternoon.
The birds retreat,
Into a nest of warmth.

Hail breaks into chunks,
Melts in the showers,
Deep into the mud.

Rain stops for now,
Hot midday shifts,
To a cold breeze noontime.

Breeze gets high,
Twirling leaves and branches,
The rain calms it down again.

The glory continues,
While everything else pauses,
Nature expresses love.



***Relish the falls in life,
they are the waterfalls.?***



Steps

Baby tiny foot on the first step,
Everyone holds you with a kiss
And fill the void with bliss.

Toddler foot on the second step,
Many around to clap,
With the victory of the first gap.

Child foot on the third step,
A Few around to drive,
Till you get the hang to live.

Teen foot on the fourth step,
Few to keep the flight,
So that you may feel light.

Adult foot on the fifth step,
Only you to survive the rush,
As the walk of life needs the push.

Old foot on the sixth step,
Everyone around to hold the last bed,
Till you turn pale and hot red.



*Nature is so kind, even the
stars don't let us down.*



Greetings of Life

Late at night,
Under a tree,
Besides a small pond.

Eyes glued,
On the surface,
Full moon water.

Pin drop silence,
Irritating voices,
Of bush crickets.

Drove for hours,
No hopes,
No lights.

Eyes unrolled,
Tweeting birds,
In the Clear skies.

The scent of lilies,
Shoals of tiny fish,
In the duck filled pond.

Rays of hope,
Greetings of life,
From the rising sun.



*Breathe for a
while, live a life.*



Road is Enigmatic

Fingers go on writing,
Somewhere down the line,
It stopped and wiped out.

The same road,
The same bus,
And the similar angst.

Once a poet said,
Won't name him,
Famous enough not to.

Two roads,
And he chose the one,
Green and less travelled.

Sprinkle of uniqueness,
Less conversing about,
The fare and voyage.

He was right,
The path is enigmatic,
Everyone has their own.



*Stare at the sky,
it always fascinates.*



On and On

City of crowd and lights,
In a building of life,
A child is born.

The warm welcome,
Innocent tears and joys,
From the world of diagnosis.

With an arithmetic progression,
More tests and diagnosis,
Outcomes of positive and negative.

Negative treats,
Positive celebrates,
And both moves.

Offerings and suggestions,
From the God of life,
It goes on and on.



***Climbing a mountain is fun,
not necessarily at the top.***



Talking Trees

Tall trees in the middle of the woods,
Talking to each other in a soft tone.

Look at these people in the wheels,
With covered color bodies.

So happy to visit us,
But they don't care to see us.

What happened to these people?
They just don't use their eyes.

Instead of a device on their hands,
As if we are so photogenic.

Maybe they don't own a television,
To see us through a different screen.

They are so busy capturing us,
Through a heartless device.

Those days are missed,
When they captured us through their own eyes.

Make us fall in love with bare touch,
And grab us in their arms.

Alas!
That human touch was full of heart.



*Truths are the only
facts of life.*



Heart or Brain?

One earns respect while the other sets records.
One fills emotions while the other buries things.

One sympathizes while the other empathizes.
One gives hope while the other gets away.

One cries while the other wash them up.
One forgives while the other takes back.

One connects while the other detaches.
One holds while the other lets it go.

One feels while the other thinks.
One beats while the other reads.

One stays forever while the other dies out.
And we can't live without one.



*Nature is kinder
than humans.*



At the End of April

Games and series,
Long time pals regain,
On a fresh mission.

Feast and desserts,
Parents open their hearts,
To the beloved children.

Dinner and candles,
Couples move closer,
From the lost romance.

Songs and letters,
Lovers recall memories,
Of the unrequited love.

Rains and blossoms,
Human relations pour down,
At the end of April.



*Miracles exist as the
blessings of God.*



All the Way!

The sunsets, forests, and sunrises
Fulfilling up the wishes,
As if that's all meaning,
All the way! Day and night.

The rains, cascades, and droplets
Tympanic around the ears,
As if that's all missing,
All the way! Day and night.

The animals, birds and undefined bodies
Gouging eyes over the dishes,
As if that's all living,
All the way! Day and night.

The hands, legs, and senses
Walking down the paths,
As if that's all feeling,
All the way! Day and night.



*The world waits
when a friendship starts.*



Close

Close your eyes,
Feel the breeze,
With the rush hours freeze,
Isn't too good to be blind.

Close your ears,
Stare at the sky,
And the clamour turned shy,
Isn't too good to be dumb.

Close your mouth,
Fondle the waves,
With the fragrance craves,
Isn't too good to be quiet.

Close your nose,
Hear the ripples,
Till the joy of water trickles,
Isn't too good to be odorous.



*The secret of wisdom
is to fall in love.*



*Love, Romance
and Bond*



*Love is a matter of seconds,
one second to be in it*



You Were in My Dreams

You were in my dreams,
So I start my day with a grin.

You were in my dreams,
So I lift myself to shine.

You were in my dreams,
So I feed myself with brine.

You were in my dreams,
So I give myself some time.

You were in my dreams,
So I push myself to cross the line.

You were in my dreams,
So I keep trying for a sign.

You were in my dreams,
So I came back home to dine.

You were in my dreams,
So I sleep just fine.



*Love is worth
the loss of thoughts.*



They miss out

People look up to her,
The girl is full of laughs, smiles and food.

But they miss out,
The pains, cries and loves.

They miss out the magic,
Of the spirit of heaven.

She is not just a girl,
But a doll who keeps us alive.



*Once you beg for it,
you lose it forever.*



Christmas Star

Santa Claus is gone,
That was an extraordinary Christmas.

The evening was full of mystery,
More happenings to be arising.

Thought of that child,
Took away to the new year.

Full of enthusiasm and ideas,
The year began on a roll.

Then this beauty emerged,
Who smoothed the world.

With her energy of love,
And understanding of self-love.



*The more we get to know
ourselves,
the more we fall in love.*



Invisible Love

That smile on her face,
Not only the smile, the entire face.

Though the visuals are fictitious,
But it is real.

Whether a bad day,
Or cold weather,
They made for both.

That warmth however exists,
In every then,
In every now.

In every bad,
In every good,
It is warm.

Memories are real,
Experiences are real,
Sensations are likewise.

Only her face is unseen,
Like the cold days,
Remain imagined then.



***There is no bigger victory
than lost in love and a bigger
defeat than lost love.***



Flames

A skin of unfiltered emotions,
Chuckles, moans, and lies,
The grace of her flames.



*Idea and philosophy of love
are deeper than itself.*



She Is A Poem

In the world of imagination filled with
waterfalls, woods and women,
She chose to be a bird,
With open vocals and feathers.

A voice of truth,
As sweet as the nightingale.
Often louder, livelier and energetic.

A fly of wisdom,
As high as the eagle.
Often stronger, sharper and committed.

A word of silence,
As low as the Rhea,
Often matured, calmer and humbled.

In the world of imagination
filled with wounds, works and words,
The poet chose her to be a poem,
With open arms and metaphors.



*We carry freedom of feelings
and respect for each*



Love Is Second

Love is just a matter of seconds,
One second to be in it.

Two seconds to feel in it,
And two seconds more to be still in it.

Those seconds are still seconds,
You rise in it.

Rise with happiness,
Happiness with success,
The success of every second.

You rise with dreams,
Dreams with success,
The success of every second.

You rise with responsibilities,
Responsibilities with success,
The success of every second.

You fall in it too,
Fall is the ultimate success.

You fall in words,
Words full of wisdom,

You fall in action,
Action full of wisdom.

You fall in love,
The ultimate love.

I said,
Love is a matter of seconds,
And you have fallen in love.



*Sharing emotions
is intimate.*



Stranger

Dark cloudy night in the month of July,
My heart urges me to move out and fly.

Gathered bit of myself from the soul rack,
I decided to sense and walk.

Heavy clouds over my head,
As if they are moving to spread.

Headed alone to the main gate,
Rain pours down to be my mate.

Rested under a small roof,
I saw a stranger look aloof.

Don't you feel scared at night,
If there are humans, she feels right.

The rain stopped,
Till then we were roped.



*Life always gives us a
chance to feel and love.*



Head-On Shoulder

My mind rests on sand,
The waves touched the life,
Under the smiles of the sea,
Head-on shoulder.

The sea was violent,
The smiles were silent,
Over the possessiveness of the sand,
Head-on shoulder.

The heart was resilient,
The cries were tough,
Below the anger of road,
Head-on shoulder.

The love was impossible,
The laughs were visible,
Down the loveless of the soul,
Head-on shoulder.



*Romance is the key
to freedom in love.*



Freedom

The scars all over the body,
Cuts oozed out and the hands were bloody.

The voices were merely clean,
Outside it dressed to be fully green.

The cages were no longer a jail,
Far away from the sounds of rail.

The time of the day or night,
Everything seemed to be in a war plight.

The white long ears with a carrot,
Anything for this poor green parrot.

The beautiful angel found it in pieces,
Opened the gates to let it in peace.



*Let your every bit of
emotions flow through the
strings of love.*



Madness

Ha-ha-ha-ha.
That's how she reacts to jokes,
No, that's how she laughs,
People say it's her madness,
The madness of joy.

I am there.
That's how she gives to souls,
No, that's how she cares,
People say it's her madness,
The madness of love.

Ooh, la la la.
That's how she eases your pain,
No, that's how she sings,
People say it's her madness,
The madness of passion.

Have the food.
That's how she feeds the pets,
No, that's how she treats,
People say it's her madness,
The madness of humanity.

You can do it.
That's how she boosts your strengths,
No, that's she motivates,
People say it's her madness,
The madness of work.

I am happy,
That's how she keeps herself strong,
No, that's how she lives,
People say it's her madness,
The madness of the divine.



*Love is the only way
to attain Humanity.*



Distance Matters

One of the distance matters,
Feel her existence in every walk,
However, the moon is too far.



*Either end up finding one or
self, both ways love ha*



Gift of Love

She came, happened, touched and stayed for a while.
Gifted the love which remains ever since.
The love of Valentine's.



*Each rejection gets us
nearer to destiny.*



All My Eyes

Her presence
Meant the world,
All my eyes,
On her.

She left,
I fell in love with the rest,
All my eyes,
On the world.



*A break is a path
to a new fixture.*



Umbrella

Be it the scorching rays
Or the storming drizzle,
Always had her umbrella.



*We exist because
of our mistakes.*



Moon to Sun

Looking at her shining,
My eyes dozed off,
And woke up with her face glowing.



*An illusion is more
dangerous than ignorance*



Doll

Years went by,
To the day of loveliness.

A Doll born,
In a love basket,
From Santa Claus.

A glamorous outlook,
And a rare beauty,
With the bulk of goodness.

A rare soul,
Exists for a reason,
Unknown to her,
Yet known to the beloved.



*The best stills,
still to come.*



*Struggle, Heartbreak
and Pain*



*Start loving failures, they
might run away.*



Vase

A vase full of water,
But no flowers in it.

Painted from outside,
The water smells stagnant.

Listen to the sounds that utter,
Let it flow out of it.

It could smell if its overflow,
And make the floor slippery.

So, it settles down in its place,
Without bothering anyone.

Looked for the sun rays,
Or maybe the summer days.

Dried up in the air,
And move to the world of despair.



*People will leave, you
have to keep on living.*



Note

There he found a note,
Inside the jetted pockets of the coat.

Old school style folded paper,
Fastened papers with a manual stapler.

Gives off sublime vibes and repose,
The sweet, musky smell wafts into the nose.

The mystery still continues at the minute,
Time to unveil and cross the limit.

Limits of angst, fear, and dream,
Gets shallow as you go upstream.

Deeply rooted lines with the blood of ink,
Reading and Observing it every blink.

An intoxicating sense of freedom,
And filled with words of wisdom.

Wherever and whoever comes your way,
Put this note to keep the fear away.



*Lose a bit of thing and
people, you will fly.*



Forgiveness

Ashamed for an explanation,
For the terrible exchanges,
And unpleasant sensations.

Might be in the conscious,
But surely in the intemperance,
Truly from a raw soul.

Civilization was exotic,
Right and wrong were words,
Respect was just action.

Loneliness grasped him then,
There he found a generous soul,
Full of smiles and power.

Power of motivation,
Power of positivity,
Power of energy.

That fixed in his sanity,
With adore and pure,
Without words and wards,

The adamant lad left,
With sinful experiences,
Hurting the glowing soul.

Apologies were sent,
But it fades away,
With repeated occurrences.

Since the soul was charitable,
Always forgives,
Hoping for a change.

Lately, things happened,
Full of assaults and hates,
Unsolved and unanswered.

Every passing day and night,
The child goes through a patch,
Wisdom replaced loneliness.

Whenever looked back,
Those gaffes become scars,
Full of guilt and yells.

Days are taken off,
Errors are done,
All he yearned to learn.

Wherever her face grinned,
He wanted to be released,
As an independent spirit.

If she could understand,
Those missteps of the child,
To free his soul from sins.



*Sometimes the explanation is
too long, silence makes it
short.*



Reason

Kept this paper blank,
To stack with the suspicion of odds.

However long flings and evens,
It wiped out the tides of flaws.

Opened with unusual intuition,
But lack of phrases or distress.

They say time is passing away,
From the sins of innocents.

Reciting the stories of verity,
Is a humiliation for the devoted.

But they ignored a connotation,
And most did in the kingdom of reasoning.

Reason can kill the vital of compassion,
Whereas gut feeling unhides the vice.



*Depression is just like
sex; we all have it in dark.*



Once Again

Running out of expressions,
Running out of dispositions,
Running out of desires.

Bumps strong in a moment,
That took longer to accept.
The fortune kicked once again



*Let it go, life will
surprise more often.*



I See

When I look back,
I see a road full of pebbles.

When I look up,
I see a sky full of clouds.

When I look down,
I see a pond full of fish.

When I look right,
I see a girl full of blood.

When I look left,
I see a man full of rice.

When I look at self,
I see a boy full of words.



*Silence has a lot more
letters than a word.*



Soul says so

How can I fight?
You will be alright.

How can I live my life?
I will be by your side.

How can I hide my pain?
You will soon feel the rain.

How can I motivate myself?
Just love yourself.

How can I feel you?
Just be with you.



*Heartbreak is fun, it
clears our eyes.*



Lost Phone

Woke up in the middle of the morning,
Didn't hear the phone ring.

Looked around the shelf and bed,
But all I could see was myself and my eyes were red.

Figuring out the last memory,
I feel tired and sorry.

Hope I didn't lose anything,
If yes, I will lose everything.

Let me feed myself some water,
And cover me with the sweater.

Calm down and feel the warm,
Pull aside and stay alive in a storm.

Oh, I lost my phone,
Hope the memories are gone.



*Every bad has its
own good.*



Can't You Spare Me?

Can't you spare me to sleep?
Don't even try to peep,
To suck my blood so deep.

Can't you spare me to sleep?
You can hear my beep,
That bite makes me weep.

Can't you spare me to sleep?
The blood is not to reap,
So, there is nothing you can keep.

Can't you spare me to sleep?
I am feeling asleep,
Or else they will think I oversleep.



*We all need a break to
fix something new.*



Another Side of The Door

Another side of the door,
Waves of the breeze peeped through the floor.

Felt it over the face,
Beats of the core followed its pace.

Tickled through the ichor,
Rays of the oculus craved for the door.

Closed down the several yards,
Fingers of the potboiler moved out of the bards.

Knocked on the door,
Laments of the Eros whispered into the ears of the door.

Carried away by the ardours,
Sounds of the Eros raised to overpower.

Unanswered questions of the ages,
Chunks of the book assembled into a few pages.



***Darkness is the gift of time
to rest under a tree.***



Hope

Bubbles of hope,
A pinch of love,
Made up of years.

Busted in an instant,
A pinch of salt,
Lasted through the years.



*Life is boring
without pain.*



I Know Right

Stop.
Wait for a minute,
Maybe a few seconds,
Too long, I know right.

Look.
Turn around,
Maybe a few moments,
Too much, I know right.

Ask.
For an explanation,
Maybe a few questions,
Too many, I know right.

Give.
Some amount of care,
Maybe a few touches,
Too cold, I know right.

Say.
Words of romance,
Maybe a few likes,
Too harsh, I know right.

Hug.
The cute little teddy,
Maybe a few furs,
Too hot, I know right.

Kill.
The worst part straight,
Maybe a few dislikes,
Too bad, I know right.



*Remember days of
struggles, it fulfils.*



Flew Away

The bird flew away,
Leaving no signs,
Of existence.

With an adieu,
she left all the love,
That I have for her.

A whole chunk of love,
Will remain forever,
Within the blood and sweat.



*Let it go gets you
more of it.*



Wish

Wish I could go back,
To the old times besides the lake;
Looked into her eyes and froze.



*Hold on to time, it
might change.*



Bus

Under the street lights,
Two of them sitting,
In a bus stop.

Both of them waiting,
For each other,
To speak and hear out.

But he can't speak,
Afraid of losing,
The bus of love.

Also, she can't hear,
Afraid of losing,
The bus of friendship.

Both remained silent,
For years and so,
And missed the bus.



*Understand more,
judge less.*



A New Day

The last drop of oil,
The Lantern of desire ceases.

The hum of insects,
Eases the gloom.

Leaves of the tree,
Calls for a quick winter.

It could barely resist,
The cold blow of the night.

Soaks up with the cold,
And breathes for a while.

The night ends,
Herewith a new day.



*Don't call it dirty if
you can't clean it.*



***Social, Economical
and Political***



Regardless

Youths are unemployed,
Crashed with the economy;
Jobless.

Girls are raped,
Burned alive in the highway;
Helpless.

Farmers are dying,
Took their life for bad loans;
Hopeless.

People are thrown out,
Deprived of human rights;
Homeless.

Children are illiterate,
Lowered the education;
Clueless.

Armies are losing their life,
Blasted in terror bombs;
Fearless.

Trees are chopped down,
Trimmed in the late night;
Endless.

The nation is protesting,
Torn off by the politicians;
Regardless.



***Imperfection is the biggest art
in humans, feel proud of it***



Justice Is Raped

Every morning we get up with news,
Highlighted in the front page,
Nirbhaya, Asifa, Priyanka.

Beautiful names, aren't they?
We call them daughters,
Some are kids and some babies.

Like every girl, they struggled,
To be a part of this country,
Whose people pray to Goddesses.

Durga, Laxmi, Radha,
They give it to them,
In the name of rituals, prayers.

Nirbhaya was killed,
Raped in a bus.

Asifa was murdered,
An eight-year-old girl.

Priyanka was burnt alive,
In the middle of the road.

We chose to protest and get justice,
Few moments and get washed away.

They didn't ask for justice,
They asked for a change.
Not the system, laws, or actions.

They asked for a change,
In every man in this country.



*Unite saffron, white and
green to spread colours.*



Respect

“Fighting strong to fulfil my dreams”, said the millennial.
I respect you with all my support.

“Draining blood and sweat to raise crops,” said the farmer.
I respect you with all my heart.

“Educating students to be happy,” said the teacher.
I respect you with all my knowledge.

“Enduring pain to bring a smile,” said the artist.
I respect you with all my love.

“Running hard to feed my family,” said the father.
I respect you with all my care.

“Giving the heart to save my country,” said the soldier.
I respect you with all my prayers.

“I am older than you, you ought to touch my feet”, said the loser.
I can’t.



***Fight for humans,
not against humans.***



The World Is Burning

A Human around the lane,
Fired up to put their surname.

A Human down the building,
Charged up to get belonging.

A Human with the power,
Lived up to the borrower.

A Human along the sea,
Messed up for the last pea.

A Human across the border,
Locked up for the murder.

A Human besides the wood,
Burned up as if it's Elwood.

A Human below the earth,
Ripped up to the last breath.



***Religion is a fun part of the
culture, not a weapon to
kill ourselves.***



Raise

Raise your voice,
The shutout against injustice.

Raise it through words,
The words of justice for the innocent.

Raise it through an act,
The act of help for the farmers.

Raise it through a song,
The song of ease for the pieces.

Raise it through love,
The love for the untold heroes.

Raise it through a fight,
The fight against the odd devils.

Raise yourself,
For the sake of the nation.

Raise until you are done,
With the fulfilment of salvation.

The salvation of human justice,
Justice of being human.



*Humanity is above religion,
caste, colour and sex.*



Laughs

When the world is paused,
Families in their home,
A girl chose to be silent.

Usual days,
She filled the world with laughs,
But today she is under the shades.

Shades of memories,
From whom she possessed,
The magic to spread laughs.

All of them around,
Cares for her usual laughs,
But none ask for the reason for it.



*Society evolves for
good, so are we.*



Two Bodies

Last night I saw a dream,
Two bodies,
Sitting in a local park.

In a long bench,
Separately,
By an inch of air.

Out of the worldly affairs.
Emotions;
Exchanging words.

Next morning, I woke up,
Two bodies,
Sitting in a local park.

In a long bench,
Separately,
By an inch of gender;
By an inch of caste;
By an inch of religion;
By an inch of infinite.

I chose to go back,
To my dreams.



***Humanity is the only
rational act in mankind***



Swept Away

A hand full of visions,
Eyes open and lips close,
She clenched her fists.

Turmoil inside the corpse,
Under the scent of lotus,
Flows with the windstorm.

The storm of burden,
Comes from somewhere,
Took her to nowhere.

All they couldn't see,
Agonies and distress,
Draped in long hairs.

Swept away a while ago,
From the world of peddlers,
Letting go of her hands.



***Women are not equal to
men; they are way above us.***



It Is Hard

Humans are incredible actors,
Sometimes play well and often terrible,
And each time it is hard.



*The world is a better
place, without us.*



Take Us Back

Take us back to the period,
Where life starts every second,
Ends with a dream of tomorrow.



***Humans are real
actors.***



Diary of Anne Frank

In the hardship of war,
Grief fumed into the minds.

Bloodbaths of the Jews,
That shook the world.

A gifted diary stood by her,
That made the spirit forever.



*Save one life,
save the world.*



The War

On a dark poetry day,
States are locked down with fear,
With no handshakes of love.

Bullets of the virus,
To shoot against the evils,
Of nature and mankind.

Washing the hands-off,
Greed and sins of more,
The poet joins the war.



*Nothing lasts forever
except nothing.*



Unfathomed

An old man in the lawn,
Empty eyes of the decade.

In his back a hut,
Made up of mud.

Dry twigs above it,
And green leaves over it.

Depth of the well,
Couldn't be measured.

Just like the old man love,
For the land remains unfathomed.



*If it is real, we
can't describe it.*



Dear Parents

Let your children fly,
With open wings.

Let them drink water,
From the flowing streams.

Let them dance,
On the sticky mud.

Let them fall,
From the trunk of a tree.

Let them hear,
The voices of singing birds.

Let them speak,
To the superpowers of movies.

Let them love,
With open arms and heart.

Let them live,
For the purpose of life.



*Patience is the
lesson of time.*



The Lockdown

Twenty-one days of lockdown,
Hush in both up and down the town.

The air miss the tinge of human,
Even the beautiful eyes of women.

Singled out for day and night,
With a hope of getting alright.

Again the love for animals and nature,
Will blossom in the land of glorious creatures.



*Religion is the
construction of fools.*



Inspiration, Motivation and Wisdom



***Just make sure, you learned
a bit more than last night.***



Now I Understood

Upright on the earth,
Carrying the burden of a nest.

Hot summer midday,
Or a cold winter night.

In one place, one posture,
Without any complaints.

They pluck your flower,
Cut your leaves and branches.

In return, all you need,
Water and food to eat.

In this land, all care to take,
Not a single to give your part.

Now I understood why lord showers,
Rains, sun rays and winds.



***Don't look back, you won't
believe how far you have come.***



Too Young

Too young to swim,
Lay down the coast,
A seal propels through the ocean.

Too young to sprint,
Break down the highway,
A leaf falls off trees.

Too young to mount,
Laze around the cliff walls,
A stream erodes the soft rock.

Too young to soar,
Flit about in the branches,
A chick hatches out the egg.

Too young to march,
Settle down to the mud,
A snail drinks from a puddle.

Too young to forever,
Loosen up the nerves and blood,
A mayfly mates in a day.



***Good things come with
criticism, take it for better.***



Better Than Today

The same year, same time,
Travelling on the same bus,
With the same kind of impressions,
The day will be better than today.

Opened the word file,
With a feeling of things need to be said,
Said and done with hope,
The day will be better than today.

It goes on and on,
Hundreds of writings and emotions,
Turned into words of the internal buzzer,
The day will be better than today.

Justified action of the enemy,
The nullified reaction of the friend,
Seems to lose consciousness,
The day will be better than today.

The bus halted in a voiceless place,
Fingers ceased to function,
Notions stood for a stretch,
The day will be better than today.



*A bit of fear is the need for
courage so it lives in us.*



Failure

You stand by me as the only friend,
When the world is against me.

You inspire me as the only teacher,
When the path is invisible.

You guide me as the only mentor,
When things are difficult to perceive.

You hug me as the only lover,
When people fail to accept me.

You hold me as the only parents,
When I often fall in life.

You save me as the only God,
When I lack a sort of miracle.



*When life teaches us, it
snatches a piece of us.*



Not Always

Morning - Bright sun rays,
Not always.
Sometimes,
Waking up from the nightmares.
Horrible nightmare,
Guts and will to believe so.

Morning - Chirping birds,
Not always.
Sometimes,
Waking up to the noises.
Alarming noises,
Calm and quiet to hear so.

Morning - Clear skies,
Not always.
Sometimes,
Waking up to the dark.
Raining dark,
Light and hope to live so.

Morning - Blooming flowers,
Not always.
Sometimes,
Waking up to the rusts.
Smelling rusts,
Iron and still to bear so.

Morning -Greeting friends,
Not always.
Sometimes,
Waking up from the self.
Strong self,
Love and self-love to one so.



*Cost of wisdom is
worth mistakes.*



One Life

You never know,
What are you looking for.

Questions raise in your mind,
That keeps your work blind.

Things change with age,
Situations take their shape.

Interests do change with age,
You grow and your interest.

One life and so many paths around,
Every age you look for a new path.

Some give you money and fame,
And some give respect and name.

You are here to explore every path,
And every beauty of that is yours.

Make sure you have a life,
That gives you a good vibe.



*Failures are the
ingredients of success.*



Be Yourself

Dedication is a strong emotion,
Isn't it?

A strong love for the one,
Whom you look after.

Look after them,
When they are not,
Too high or too low.

You always wanted to be them,
Handle the values,
As if they are controlling yours,
Like our fear.

But at some point,
We don't seem to be them,
Losing hope and energy,
Then respect arrives for them.

We realize good or bad,
Over-analysis tends to call,
If we are bad;
Try to be like them,
If we are good;
Try to be yourself.



***Self-motivation is
to motivate others.***



Wave

A wave of thoughts,
Let's fight

A wave of love,
Let's share.

A wave of mistakes,
Let's accept it.

A wave of rejections,
Let's move on.



***You might lose a race
but surely win life.***



Habit

Make failure as a habit,
Then one day it will turn into success,
It may seem the same to you,
But people will call you humble.



*To be out of the race
is to win the race.*



Stand Up

Many people chose to fly,
But only a few preferred to stand up,
Watching others fly and smile.



*Let the soul win
over you.*



You Will Change

Last few minutes,
Or the next few minutes.

Lights were glowing,
And it will glow.

Leaves were burning,
And it will burn.

Rivers were flowing,
And it will flow.

But the sky is changing,
So you will change.



*Family, Friend
and Self*



*Self-appreciation is the
best gift to yourself.*



Poem for Myself

Looking for a poem,
You won't get it now,
You can still feel it.

A poem with a metaphor,
You won't get it too,
Things are clear now.

No alliteration,
Without repetition,
You can't repeat the same thing.

Expecting an irony,
Idiots look for it,
Just because they can't.

A simile is an illusion,
there is no resemblance,
You are just one piece.

Oxymoron is a myth,
Perfect poem,
Never exists.

Pun was never intended,
It's a straightway arrow,
So don't ask for it.



*The world changes, not
the old school friends.*



Moon

Seen yet unseen I don't remember you,
Blurred images circulate in memories.

Seems you are too close,
Like the wind but not seen.

Bits and pieces of your heart,
Assembled in your six daughters.

They made us realize how you were,
When you taught them to be there.

Your three sons are full of blood and cold,
Just like you; bold and strong enough.

The void still runs in our family,
When we tend to forget life and lessons.

Promises are made to meet and greet,
Your daughters fulfilled that with love.

And yes, I know you are not a star,
But a moon closest to us helps us shine.



*Value every emotion;
Happiness, Love,
Pain are overrated*



Star of Kites

Heavier than the air force,
It moves with the hope of wind,
Hold stiff and absorb the grind.

Marks the end of winter,
Snowfalls and shredded leaves,
With the melting of ice to fulfilled rivers.

Marks the arrival of spring,
Plants grow and the flowers bloom,
And the smell of sandals.

The armies flew it for messages,
Chinese to carry explosives into besieged cities,
And the delivery of munitions.

Sometimes rectangular or tetrahedral,
Gusts, squalls or hurricanes,
Stands still as if it's just a Zephyr.

Up in the air and the eagles,
Attached to the string of roots and cultures,
Without crossing paths, it flies high.



*Pen down, it may go
out as the monk did.*



Best Friends

Saw this beauty while she was shaking her legs.
She was adorable, but I didn't have the guts to beg.

With a miracle, we started to know a bit.
Followed her all the way from home with my kit.

We talked more, I blushed day and night.
Waited for the time to let her know to be right.

Days passed; studies set us apart.
Still, we left each other with a small part.

Struggled with the new world,
And she struggled with her own world.

We exchanged our emotions to fight,
And she thought the time was right.

Failed to know her side,
She was broken by my side.

Days passed; she found me broke,
But She was happy with her new love.

Things were out of control for me,
She let herself help me for free.

And there we both evolved as humans,
Best friends shaking both our hands.

Life, goals, love, partner all different,
We promised to stay together until the end.



*We connect in times of high
and realise in times of low.*



Daughter

The elder sister, or the older one?
I forgot grammar.
Pardon me.

She was my elder sister,
Often the most underestimated one,
She lived with fear.

Fear of society,
Often exists,
Even more in their twenties.

And she lived with the cinema of the twenties,
She grew up watching them,
Idolizing every star.

Days of tolerance were more,
Math and science,
And the computer was hostile.

The score was more important,
Even more than respect,
Self-respect was a dream.

Looks were the beauty,
As if beauty has a meaning,
Inner beauty was a philosophy.

She took it all with her own cry,
Even eyes were tired,
And crying was a crime.

I heard she is now a gem,
Gem of beauty, strength, and score,
She is a star for them.

I laughed a bit,
She is a gem.



*To forgive is to
earn self.*



Dear Friend

It's been a few days,
Wish I could go back.

Wish I could go back,
Bring back those days with him.

His smile has layers,
Layers of pain,
Layers of love,
Layers of life.

Summer days of my college,
Days of uncertainty,
Days of transition,
Days of confusion.

On an official meeting,
He was there,
He was there with us.

Funny, foodie, fulfilled,
Fulfilled with love for me.

Late night chats, food, and friends,
As if he was one of our friends.

Hostel and inmates were filled with laughter,
Dear Friend, we miss you!
And there I wish I could go back.



*Laughs, fights and friends
took us in a never-ending
voyage.*



I Fell for It

Every time I stop myself to write,
The cold weather and the rains tingle me,
And I fell for it again.



*Happiness is when your
entire family is trying to fit
into one bed.*



Message of God

When the world is asleep,
Roads are silent,
Insects snooze for a while.

Thoughts knock-on the doors of the mind.

Resembling the messages,
Of God and superpowers,
To be delivered to the world.



*What happens in the
family stays in the family.*



Thank You

When I look at you,
I feel deeply sad for you,
I know this smile suits others,
But not you.

You were broken,
You were abandoned,
You were lost.

I thank you,
You stood hard for a year,
And now I am better than ever.



Acknowledgement

This book is dedicated to success, failures and humans in our life.

The success of being the performer, owner of people, fame, leader, claps, respect and love that got into my head.

The failure of being the loser, failing in the race, heartbreaks, rejections, fears, struggles and hate that got into my heart.

The human of being the self, parents, siblings, friends, seniors, mentors, well-wishers and lovers that touched my soul.