

# Anthology of Navya



Presented by

*My poetic side* 

## Dedication

*Dedicated to my mom who always supported me in my hobbies.*

## summary

Legends of old

Getting You Back

My First Sunrise

Questions And Questions

The Beautiful Creatures of this world!

The Feeling of Getting Lost in a Book

The Window

Usher in the blossoms

World's Perspective

## Legends of old

When little kids ask for stories  
Regale them of our lore and its glories.  
Listening with rapt notice  
Tales of champions and menaces.  
One and all exclaim with awe  
Hearing about our Gods.  
They don't die  
Live within us and fly.  
Burn like a phoenix  
Survive with their tactics.  
Look beyond the veil  
When the fiercest quail.  
Never lose their light  
Even on the darkest of nights.  
With a love so perfect  
They attack and protect.  
For the ones they care  
Their souls laid bare.  
Honor their word with pride  
Till their last glide.  
So hush, my child  
Heed the noble and wild.  
As all princes and peasants  
knelt before our legends.

## Getting You Back

Going down memory lanes,  
Looking through your messages,  
Loving every bit of you,  
Smiling at the jokes you made.  
I wish you were here,  
Wish you weren't gone,  
Wish we were still together,  
Singin' a happy song.  
Not a day went by,  
When I didn't see that smile of yours,  
Days then were made of gold,  
But they didn't last long.  
Rolled in the darkness,  
Unfolding piece by piece,  
forcing us into separation,  
There wasn't a minute of peace.  
Nothing appealed anymore,  
Except burrowing myself,  
In the mountain of my emotions,  
Because even though you're still out there,  
There's not a sliver of hope of getting you back.

## My First Sunrise

*The sun starts to shine,  
Golden wheat catches the light,  
Flowers and buds bloom open,  
To bask in the sunlight.  
Winds blow in from the east,  
Bringin' the scent of tea,  
Oh, the breeze that hits me in the face,  
How fresh it feels.  
I'm running in the field,  
From enemies of my past,  
From those I no longer care for,  
Oh, how it feels to be free.  
For I am hope,  
who shan't be restrained,  
no more no longer,  
I watch my first ever sunrise and smile...*

## Questions And Questions

*What do you think of  
when I'm in front of you?  
Am I annoying?  
Or do I talk too little?  
Do I look pretty?  
Is my attitude in check?  
Don't you think of me as a good friend?  
Do you even care?  
Am I not perfect enough?  
Is she better than me?  
What did I do wrong?  
What's the fault with me?  
Now I begin to wonder  
Does it really matter  
What others think of me  
When I don't think of myself as deserving?  
Because no one will love me  
Until I start loving myself.*

## The Beautiful Creatures of this world!

*Animals love us,  
and we love them,  
So take action to save the same.  
Big cats from the African savanna or  
Orangutans from the Borneo forests,  
the world is full of creatures found only in places rarest.  
Birds also are exotic, Many are found in American woods,  
But I found loads,  
right in my neighborhood.  
Amphibians and reptiles,  
all lay eggs,  
many of them may dare to eat cleggs!  
Ostriches, beavers and caribous,  
drakes, eels and kangaroos,  
quails, seals and camels,  
arboreal animals and mammals.  
Moles, sharks and rhinoceros,  
fawns, parrots and hippopotamus,  
Polliwogs, does and baboons,  
Salamanders, budgies and racoons.  
Animals of every kind and more,  
so go out there and explore!*



## The Feeling of Getting Lost in a Book

*When I read a book,  
I lose sense of what's around,  
with unreal creatures,  
like multicolored baboon and hellhound.  
When I read a book,  
I leave everything behind,  
To enter the story,  
With the Power of my mind.  
Imagining the actions taking place,  
right in front of me,  
through my mind's eye,  
I become what I wish to be.  
In some places its funny,  
and I break into peals of laughter,  
While in some I think,  
There should be a happily ever after.  
I like adventure and mystery best,  
with comedy in the rest.*

## The Window

*Got up this morning,  
To follow the same old routine,  
That never changes anymore,  
But I stop and my breath hitched.  
Through the window, I see...  
A painting made in the sky,  
Hues of brilliant vibrant colours.  
Through the window, I see...  
A painting in the water,  
The ripples dancing across.  
Through the window, I see...  
The world from brand new eyes,  
where strokes tell stories.  
I sit and start painting,  
Pouring my heart out,  
To see,  
A brand new world waiting for me.*

## Usher in the blossoms

Four blossoms fall  
coming to a rest  
on the crest of a wave  
rippling across the fathomless lake.  
Three flowers flowing  
sweet wind blows  
the scent of fresh buns  
in the wake of a glorious sun.  
Two cherry blossoms float  
a streetlight shining upon  
the lone bench embracing the night  
moths pining after the celestial crescent.  
A single bud blooms  
new hope bursts forth  
sparks spring old and young  
blooming into spring.

## World's Perspective

*There once was a child  
questioned everything she did  
her parents admonished her  
for peering into the workings of the world,  
but the child  
poor child  
couldn't possibly understand  
what did she do wrong,  
and the wise old man said to her that  
t'was not her fault  
for 'tis the world  
who should be punished  
for the fault often lies  
not in the doing  
but in the way we see the doing.*