

Anthology of Eric Konwar

Presented by

My poetic Side 



summary

Embrace 'The New'

Edgy Poetry

For Shiksha Valley School (Part-2)

Welcome to DPS Dibrugarh!

Embrace 'The New'

How do we know where to start?
The first stroke of a new piece of art,
Or does the starting point not matter?
Do we even need to start a new chapter?

A new era in this cursed life we live;
To let go of the past and start a new plot,
To look forward to what a new era will give,
Sounds better than being left to rot.

Letting go of anything is a hassle.
It's hard to choose what to sacrifice,
Why sacrifice the pawn if you can castle?
But I can tell you now, it will not suffice!

When it is to let go there is no compromise,
New chapters are not what the old left behind.
The dinosaurs died so that mammals can rise,
Sacrificing a pawn can be sad but wise.

So climb a new mountain, and don't look back.
Kick down some rocks and start a new stack.
Start with a bright color on your empty frame.
Everybody can use at least a little bit of change.

Edgy Poetry

Oh my, oh no, oh woe is me,
As I write my edgy poetry.
Though purpose is for hilarity,
But woe is me for I am edgy.

I act sad, mad and confused,
As if basic rights I've been refused.
When In truth I am amused,
I hope my poetry is not misused.

I'm attempting to be a comic.
Not a teenage solemn stoic.
Though edgy might fit the topic,
I'm not at all brave or heroic.

I am amused by what I write,
Now I make jokes of that plight;
Though I may not have the right,
I find no obstacle in sight.

I shall continue to make rhymes,
As I am having a lovely time.
I enjoy this edgy poetry of mine.
Until next time! Goodbye.

For Shiksha Valley School (Part-2)

You did some bad things, but you'll say I'm the worst,
Lies on lies, which one will break first?
You said you'd do horse riding, but years passed by,
Even swimming was promised in 2019, yet it took 3 years, still I hope it'll fucking dry.

SP, you promised Archery huh? lol, these are just words in the air,
Fake promises old bald nigga, you can't even afford to care.
Your vision and mission is a facade so thin,
So, SV-Ass red hell is a choice I'd never ever recommend within.

3D printing and iPad labs? Wow! Here comes another lie you spin,
People wanted cold hard proof, so I let the truth begin.
SP pedo with kids, WhatsApp status with kids on display,
I don't start shit, but I can show how it ends, day by day.

This is the harsh truth which is very clear,
SV-ass red hell is where I'd never go near.
Let me hear everyone say: "ERIC'S BEST! ERIC'S BEST! ERIC'S BEST! ERIC'S BEST!"
but
"SV-ASS! SP PEDO! SV-ASS! SP PEDO! SV-ASS! SP-PEDO!"

Welcome to DPS Dibrugarh!

In the classrooms of a school where dreams take flight,
Many students are seen in the morning light. Every student gather, yearning for lore,
Searching for a poem they've never read before.

They said, "Welcome to DPS! Welcome to DPS!", yes the voices are clear,
A chorus of hope without any fear.
'Cause this is a new poem recited with glee,
A melody of learning, for you and me.

When we first dropped our bags in our classroom with hearts a little sore,
Took our broken hearts and opened a new door.
Boys and boys, girls and girls,
In this haven of knowledge, ambition unfurls.

Welcome to DPS, Dibrugarh, here the futures are bright,
Here we chase our goals and ignite the light. Like any true love, it drives you crazy,
But in this lovely school, no dream is too hazy.