

Time of emotions

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Presented by

My poetic side 



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The night sky and stars

THE NIGHT SKY AND STARS

Look at the night sky with stars twinkling at our sight

Pretty large and pretty small with lights like blue ,yellow and white having the same bright

Looks like tiny pieces of stones having pretty bright light

And some sign of love and some sign of brilliant light .

Give the strength someone and feels happy someone ,

Make feels happy and brilliant light with stars twinkling at our sight .

Dark time in life

I am alone in the dark sky , nobody is with me to keep me safe There's heavy air bloom with unsafe sound no body is around me to listen the words .clouds are darker than early before , there's no light at the city below.

I haven't see anybody to come for me save me ,from this dark night to the city bright . I am alone in the dark sky , there's no light at City below my sight .

This night steal the words to say , happy life which can make us prevent to cry, there's no word to say sunlight at the sky because these are covered with monster light . There's no light to prevent us to cry , city walls is covered with haunted sky how can these prevent us to cry.

I am alone in the dark sky there's no light at the city below my sight.

The heavy rain called the shore to fly,this side by the end of the night . there's lighting cover all over the sky ,forcing the clouds collapsed and going down .

I am flying between the clouds , looking for someone to save me from this haunted time .

I am alone in night darker than the light of sun ,leaving behind the flash of daylight.

Why this darker time come in life ,leaving behind happiness to the saddest sky , leaving people's feelings and come in late night scaring them and forcing to feeling alone .

The same thing happens with goals in life making people's stay away from happy time ,forcing them to go on and not any word why I am alone in this long run .

I am alone in this night sky leaving people's love and forcing me to sad for while .

Can someone save me from this dark night,to the city shining bright.

Snapdragons (flower)

Those purple stripes are the face of beauty, the whitish colour petal seems to come from heaven. Those greenish bud looks like queen of flouly. How beautiful design this snapdragons body.

Looks like queen of garden ,of the plantaginacea family environment. Many princes join hands to make it a heaven like fairy land .

Look at those colourful petals ,which attract to the little creation .the dragon shape little fairy how made the garden beauty .

Those greenish stairs ,transfer nutritious sphere ,which make further growth of those beautiful dragons buds .

How beautiful design this snapdragon body ,which make the garden smell lovely .

Class time

Sitting in the corner, i murmured why this day is so much longer
My friend answer "this is school which can make time fool".

Suddenly my heart thump bigger because teacher enter classroom under
I hide myself inside the bench so the teacher can't see my face .

My friend ask why are you hiding i reply "homework was just out of understanding".
He said "complete it now I ask "is teacher not standing before our sight ".

When my teacher come to our bench I stand straight like a statue of Christ.
He said me to show my work I said "yesterday, I was not fine ".

After a while looking through the window standing outside the class remembering old time
This time was the main fun in childhood making excuses to rescue from punishment.

Month of july

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When will mamma come

All the words come back to home, to live with family and feed the babies their own.
It's time for mumma come back to home from the market shining along the road.

The stars are getting ready after the day long , it's time for mumma to come back home .

All the clouds vanished their own ,where they fly or getting higher in the sky.
It's time for moon to shine in sky, making people stress free and giving a relaxed smile.

Everybody prepare to keep them free from all the job they have in day stream.
It's time for children go back to home for they can prepare next day working how much and how long.

I can see all the things beyond me , waiting for mumma to come back to home.

Hours and hours are about to go ,I am sitting alone in my balcony for so long .
Cold air is hitting over my face , playing with my hairs and giving me a peaceful sleep.

Waiting for mumma in balcony alone ,I get the night dream sitting on sofa for so long.

When will mumma come forget about it , I go to my dream with high mountains and peak, this is wonderful when I am child

Hours and hours go without letting me know about it all .

But also in dream I see ,when will mumma come waiting in streets.

The cry of a little child

One thing I wanna to ask you god What was my mistakes thats you give me a horrible life end game.

The day when I first open my eye and see a another happiness in sight of my family.

I was a small child in the lap of my lovely mother, it seems like the whole happiness of the world was at with me and ,

I was crying with a heart full of love and say thanks god for giving me birth .

But that day i didn't know my life is going to a horrible way.

In being spit of my happiness a little pain was in my heart and I was crying but no one could hear me , I also think that this is a normal thing of every child .

But ,that day i didn't know my horrible life end game was began .

After someday I saw my sister and I think I "ll also one day like her a naughty child with a happy life .

But that day i didn't know that my all happiness is gonna to going away.

One moment later when a deep pain began in my heart I was crying because i didn't know this is my last happiest moment in life .

When everyone was crying all around me i didn't understand why there is a sadness around.

But ,it change all after a great stuck in my heart when in the the Last moment I saw my mother crying and holding me tight .

It was my last sight in the lap of my mother with a happiest and the last moment of my life .

I don't know what was my guilt that's God punishes me with a horrible life end game.

This all end with a deep story but at last I still don't know this just was a horrible life end game .

There are many to come

I have a way that I can go with but after a while, they are the ray just passed by side.
I can make a pretty dream but after steps, they are just thinking skill.

There are many to come ,
to give way of fearsome.

When can I get it due to i know only to think. When can I make them true cuz, I know only to dream.
There are many to stand with ,but i have what to live a long while .

Everybody said to make -up just to stay and set -up.
Everybody said to dream just work and get it in reality.
But who knows to work for a while, dreaming only but not make it right .

While thinking a little bit i realise the truth of it .
There are many to come to give a way of fearsome.
But still a way left in our dream ,of our childhood time when looking through the sky and want to make it right.

There are many to come ,to give a way of fearsome.

Now's the time to set up, wake up and make it up.
Cuz,we know there left so many to dream, but there's left a little chance to make it true.

I get the time to think ,making my own way and walk on it .
There's left a chance in my dream to choose a right stream.
Flowing through it and wash up my all habits of changing dream .
Cuz , I know there are so many to come to give a way of fearsome.

Life with friends

This is high to climb a mountain, but with friends it's just to climb a window
It is hard to work alone ,but with friends it is to fun for a while .

Life don't move if we go alone ,the empty path which carry me all alone
This path will also happy when we'll jump with friends doing naughty.

One life to live ,why I not find a friend like you to survive
All the happiness will fall on ground making it heaven like all around.
Everything thing will positive insight,keep away negative and scary sound.

Finding friends all around probably,it is the happiest thing one do in life
Everything will boring if we say only mine but , it'll glory if we share with friends and make a happy
time.

Everybody need somebody ,it is the truth even we are lonely.

It is hard to live alone ,but with friends it'll happy for so long .???????

Inner sound

Seeing through the sky and thinking about does it really happen?

No one sitting beside me with whose I say it it , asking to myself does it really happen?

Looking at the people what they says some says it's hard to do

Some says it's easier ,whom I believe on or whom not ,

Asking to itself does it really happen?

A child with a large dream looking over to fulfill it .

A large one or a small one .

Asking to itself does it really happen?

Conspiracy

Not even a ray I had seen .since decades when I was moving Swift on the ground to find a way , so I could find chance to make my ambition true .

Was i wrong busy in thinking that , a path on which I can ride a slide .

But this has said to find something lose some thing big , I also realise it after decide to do good .

Believe call close people's with each other that's was the same with me and my friend's brother.

At the night when he knock my door without know the truth i invite him inside .

After sometime he ask me to play a game of hide and seek.

I search him in hall because i agree to play

Some noises hit my ear ,I tried to catch him in direction,but i couldn't caught him I get caught.

By the police at my door , i didn't understand what is it ? Until he handcuff and take me with him .

I was shocked to know this ,this was a conspiracy with me .

Now ,thinking this in my room

Am i alone in this black prison filling with darkness all over .

Crashing sound with the walls ,creating a strangest sound I ever heard.

Making the room air tight ,then no information will leak in and out.

Me and my emotions hiding over devotion to the god for a new hope to arise .

No more person I want to believe after this conspiracy due to my good discipline.

Palace of beauty and love (The Taj)

At the entrance huge gate is stand ,for welcome you in a heaven land.

At th way long colonial trees are stand to give you a bouquet of greenish petals .

What's inside it you will amazed ,when you see in your real dream it's image.

Like you see it in your book someday before,or you got a dream of it .

Stand on the bank of yamuna ,this palace is sign of love and beauty.

What a wonderful palace on earth may be it's twin is in the heaven or it is your dream land .

A beautiful place to visit that give you a true love story.

Four beautiful minarets stand like security to protect a queen in centre and add it's beauty .

A beautiful structure your have ever seen remember in your dream and take it's image.

A part of it is in soil

A part of it is in sky

A part of it also beside your eyes

A beautifull palace you have ever seen.

Look like sister of snow white,in this real life.

A great dome of love ,

A great place to visit,

A great architecture style from ancient time ,how beautiful design this marble structure.

Sign of love and beauty, this palace is queen of cuties.

A big dome like queen's crown , a deep long pillar like her throne.

One of the seven wonders of the world ,this marble structure has her own kingdom.

This name known to everybody even small children wish to see luxury.

Stand bravely on the bank of yamuna,how design this beautiful mestrious whit Taj.

Truth of life

Our life is like a moving train which carry all emotion with it ,
when move through high speed all emotions pack their bags for stop it some station far away .
When it stop working for a while , everything positive, negative start coming from mind .
When we are moving we feel it,but we go on ignore this.

They try to find a chance ,to stop us going on our path .
But this need to keep in mind when a river stuck with stone it forms a rapid and go on .
That's same when we stop ,we can controll our emotions,ignore it and jump over.

Everybody has different route ,but to trade we all need to move.
When a bird finds a stuck on it path ,it fly more high and pass it without going down.
But sometimes we go down ,like a eagle through it way ,but this also involve a reason .
He catches it prey and we can find our ambition.
When he get it he can fly more high like a person find it energy divine .

Everything happens for a reason , don't we need to upset when we got a division.
We can add it to our path and can achieve even higher position.

For this we need to try our best so , we can move ahead in every test .

A strange law

It is our dish when it tasty everybody take a lot of bit .
It is our beauty when it glow everybody move around, but
When it hide for sometime, no one ask why don't you try once more and find more glorious skin .

When she says me do more hard ,
it was time when I was out of dark .
When she told me don't do again , it was time when she find one more
drop of rain .

Like here , there so many drops fall everytime ,when it rain on the ground.
People can catch one and two they can make more precious stone ,
out of those two .
But when a more strain come ,
why they forget they have one more for so long ??

Who feels pain of that hail when they throw it out beside the drain .
But the hail find it's glow , when rain wash dust over it face .
Feel free from any scare , who wash it now from dusky sphere .
Everyone finds his /her glow when they feel alone due to people's vote .

She once says me to look forward bring my old memories back and
bind a strong waving flag .
She now tell me to have patience,but for what I didn't understand.
She tell me to wait for someone to go ahead.

What a joke people tell us ??
When we win they agree with and
when we lost they say to never do again this competitive.

It happens with everyone when they smell well flies move around,
When they fall on ground people wash away .

Why this law made by us ??

Is it necessary for everyone to move ahead , after facing a difficulty so strange .

Real life animation

When a non life story loves us, we find find a real life ,but
Why it happens,what was our mistake??
Only the people find us deep mind case.

We know it was imagination,
We know it was animation but,
We know it's true somewhere in the sky blue.
We know it was a story,
We know it was glory ,but
We know it's true somewhere in the dream hiting with scorching truth.

Just a emotion finding people's devotion,
Just a feeling, finding people's real life deep story hearing.

But only the peoples find us deep mind case cuz, we were only watching heart touching story case.

Why it happens,what was our mistake??
Due peoples were finding us a deep mind case.

A little boy with a broken heart, finds a friend who can bind his dramas .
With little magics plays at crafts ,
Makes him happy for all over time .

A robot who comes from unknown time ,but the boy called it future, right !
The colour were unknown but the friendship bind it with blue and white.
Trust me always keep me with you , the heart bind it with a word which was true .

We know whose name was Doremon ,but we called it Nobita's friend robot .
It was just making us more attract to the animation which was heart crack .

But the peoples find us a deep mind case
Why it happens, what was our mistake??

We only gives our childhood put always sprout , to a story that was animated, but true.

Solitary

When we are alone in crowd
That time we feel so harsh .
It is not only a person thought
That make great in his /her work , right !

Everyday new challenges come
In our way , to keep away eye sight .
When our mind find nothing worst ,
That time everything has a advice for us .

When the sky black in colour ,there tiny
stars twinkles for those working hours.
When nobody is around us to talk anymore,
That time our feelings come out rolling from eyes .

Find time so Harsh sometime or
It can be happier than anyone in life .
There is something which make us feel happy,
When there is nobody to gave a fake sake

It is not only a person thought ,
that makes great in his /her work , right!

Shadow

In the night when I wake -up
Turn on the light that was close - up .
Slightly move on the floor
I feel a strange body stand behind me .

So many ideas start rolling in my mind
I scared so much at that time.
Not even courage to look back side ,
What is that ? , By this side .

I start chattering tooth so fast ,
Shivering with a unknown fear that time .
Try to move my feet outwards to door ,
With a little courage inside me.

It seems , it also start chase me
Where I move , it move with me .
I run so fast like ,
When someone win a marathon race.

Come rolling down through stairs ,
In mom room scaring with that fear .
Jump over the bed , beside my mom
Hold her tight with my little hand .

She get -up when i rushes ,
By her side with my chatter tooth .
I told her , a ghost is behind me .
I am not making excuse so I can sleep with you .

I show her , but it was disappeared
In the light towards the stairs .
She calms me down and hug tight ,

Relaxes me and tell a fact .

I came to know it was me ,
When I make shadow covering light beyond me .
What a funny thing I did !?
With my own shadow to make him a ghost.

One life

We have only one life .

What we will in it ?, to feel proud !

A beautifull journey beyond our reach,

Start and end in this one life .

We have only one life.

How we will in it ?, to live our life !

A disciplinary way to enjoy it,

With everyone to make happy and smile .

We have only one life.

What we will make in it ?, to make our sign !

For the people so they can remember us ,

For our did that we did in this one life.

I have you to listen my story ,

You have me to tell your story.

What we'll tell that happened with us ,

What we did in every step?

In this one life .

Dreams

Dreams is important for every living being .
To live his life for what ?, It is a dream .
Not only you and me , animals with four feet also have a dream .

Dreams make one's life purpose.
Fill it with beautiful colours and happiness.
Dreams make one's life style ,
How to live to fulfill it ?

Dreams have ower and strength! ,
To make even a weak man to be strongest .
Dreams are everything for one life .
It's not easy to get a dream , but
Work work until you find your dream .

With a good dream a person change,
With a person a community and a country.
When you get your dream it's seems like ,
Everybody in this world have a dream , and lastly this world ,
Change with a dream .

Inner sound - II (A broken heart)

In the house when nobody around
I took my gesture to what is rolling in my mind .
When everybody left me alone ,
With a broken soul demanding for not to be cruel .
When nobody listen my words ,
I ask my soul should we live alone in our world ?

Is any happiness left in my life ?
To come after sometime.
Is any feeling of love still in my heart ?
When people close to us leave in a world ,
Where we unknown even with our soul !

When a single place is everything for me ,
Is any place other than this , waiting for me ?
When nobody hear my sound ,
Left me alone in this depressed house .
I ask my soul should we live alone in our world ?

Sometime rain not reflect my sound ,
When I cry with a broken voice .
Happiness is a word only for sometime
When I know I am only a crying device .
Is anything left with me ,
To ask how are you ? ,at this time !
When nobody arrives my door
Not a sound of knocking it .
With a heavy heart ,
I ask my soul should we live alone in our world ?

A sad face reflect in the mirror ,
What I found ? , My own reflection.
Is any memory left with me ? ,
To be remind and take a sigh of relief!
When nobody around me to hold my hand ,
Give a shoulder to stand .
Only a lonesome sound come to me ,
What can I do at this time ?

With the passage of time ,
There a voice awake deep inside mine .
Noone care for me ,
Then why i cry who is not for me ?
My own reflection in the mirror ,
Hold my hand and give something to rely .

There's nothing outside in the world ,
With fake peoples stay with us .
There will happiness waiting for me ,
If I'll hold my hand and give me own advice.
There is some sound with my soul !
To be rely on no one around .
There is a path only for me ,
With my own soul standing with me .
No one with a fake advice,
So i don't never again be a crying device.

At last , i take this decision!
Yes , I can live alone in my own world ,
Without any fear .

Old books of previous standard

Who demands old books of previous standard, other than me !
Who remember old books of previous standard, other than me !

Year by year my books change ,
Year by year my toys change ,
Year by year my copies and pens change .
With a new year I change .
But , a thing i don't like , why every year my previous standard books change ?

A new year with a more pages book !
Other than different of my previous year likes .
Why every year these change ? ,
With my old stories and poems !
But , who demand old books of previous standard ?, other than me !

When I got time , away from this std. book ,
There is another happiness in reading
Previous standard book .
I remember a ghost but a thief ,
In my English story .
I remember Virat Kohli and a anaconda fact
In my Gk book .
I remember all those characters
Of my previous standard book .

When a fact about the univers , I got !
I spend all the night looking at the sky .
When a science fact I got to know!
I spend all time plucking leaves and finding, I am a experimental being .
Whenever a fact about anything, I got !
I spend time of wondering, I am the the smartest of all living beings.

With the passage of time , every body forget their old books .

Who demand those old books of previous standard, other than me!

Who remember those old books of previous standard, other than me !

Tears need a way

Tears need a way , for coming out of the gate .
That is locked by the traffic ,so it delay .
No, people says no don't again !
Why this is happening once again?
Emotions is locked , by a big rock
It need a way to lock people's voice but , it is late .

No , once again I don't need to stay
Beside my old story , because it is happening once again .
So many words lock in my mind ,
How I find a way to delete it again ?
Why this is happening once again ? ,
No , people says no don't again !

I try to find a voice ,
That is hidden deep inside in mine .
How to keep my memories back ?
In my old stories, that is hidden this much !
Tears need a way , for coming out of the gate .
That is locked by the traffic, so it delay .

You are you !

You are what ?, Only you !

Who can understand you you well ?, Other than you !

People says what , don't listen this .

Believe in you , focus on you .

You will realise,who are you ?

People break you , don't take the advice.

Listen your words that is inside you .

They will derives you ,when you

will different from other than them .

You can understand,what can you do ?

You can get what you want to do.

When you will realise,

You are what ?, Only you !

Who can understand you well ? ,

Other than you !

People try to change you ,

Don't give up what you like to be .

They try to steal your emotions,

When you will not keep your devotion only in you .

People will worship you ,

When you'll deserve what you try to do .

Remember this , when you are not you

No one can understand you well ,

No one can do your work ,as you do !

Remind yourself,who are you ?

Who can get you well ?,other than you !

You will remember,who are you ?

You are what ?,only you !

Who can deserve you well?other than you !
This happen when you will realise,
Believe in you because you are what ?,
Only you !

Pleasant weather

pleasant weather

weather is just pleasant before me.

Makes all around like a dream.

Air is keep blowing my hairs ,

From one side to another.

This cold air makes a surround ,

Like I'm swimming in a moraine.

It keep blowing over my face ,

Like I'm swimming in a ocean trench.

This fresh wind bite my face;

Like a cold icecream in a summer day.

All this weather is just pleasant before me.

Gives a surround like a dream .

I wish I could be a bird !

So i 'ld enjoy with clouds , so high !

I wish I could be a drain !

So all water collect in me from rain .

I hope someday to be a flower ! ,

So when rain touches me i open my petals.

I hope someday to be a leaf !,

So when wind blow , I flew with him.

This rainy season gives me thought ,

Of all those things with me in the night.

Weather is just pleasant before me .

Makes all around like a dream .

All positive makes a shine mirror ;

To reflect back negativity back in days back

A weather that comes after warm sunshine
Reflect it back with tiny drops of rain.

All the happiness come back in life ;
Even someone has a bad time.
This weather is just now before me ,
which make all around like a dream.

Night

Night ?

Nothing reliable than sit on the top ;
Of the house or balcony side .
Counting those tiny twinkle stars ,
In the light of moon up of clouds.
After counting hundred and half ;
Sleep on the terrace looking at stars .
A calm and a peaceful night ,
Is a time of relax and fresh mind .

With blowing sound of soft wind ,
And fire bees around trees ;
But , with bark of street dogs :
In the street or along the road .
Make all these things like in a dream ,
A haunted one or one in a fairyland .
A calm and a peaceful night ,
Is a time for relax and fresh mind .

After a while , smell of delicious meal ;
Knock mind for a break time .
To ideal time for study and research ;
For everyone on their work .
Or a time ideal for parties :
All these things in one night .
A calm and a peaceful night ,
Is a time for relax and fresh mind .

A peaceful time for lying ,
On the bed after dying ;
Of all those jobs in day hours ;
make people tired and a working tower.

Lie on the sofa , free from stress ,
That come with work dress.
A calm and a peaceful night,
Relaxes people and give a fresh mind .

One's nation

When a child call her mother,
She realise something other:
I have a mother but who is her birth giver ?
When my mother is great , but
She is greater than everyone's mother .

One word that is greater than this ,
One word that is in every one's heart ;
What is her nation ?
One's nation is everything for her people's
It is like a god mother .

Everyone has love for her nation ,
Like a child for her mother .
Everyone has feeling for her nation's people
Like a member of a big family .
It is a nation full of people's and families.

Beside colour of skin or shape of body ,
Everybody respect each other within a country.
May be same language but different dialect
With a country and it's people lyric .
But, love is always great for one's nation and it's peoples .

High rise buildings

All the way humans change the surround,
From mud house to high rise building around.
They change the way they live ,
From a nomad to a buisness deal.

Years to years, centuries and millionaire
The way change from fear to dare.
From a house made of bamboo and grass,
To a building made of shining glass.

All years back, when they made a hut ;
Wondering to the nature and it's high rise.
A small hut on bank of a river ,
That could keep safe from animals and weather

Years after year and centuries ;
Human change the way they live in .
All back when nature was high ,
For all the creatures that live on land.

With the passage of time, want to make a high rise,
Grow in humans for the first time.
That could done with the nature
A little want and a wonder.

All back then a start and fail began
with a villa and tower high as flying plane.
Then start comparison among each other
With construction and marvel structure.

As a result, these high rise buildings.
Build our surrounding and it's industries.
No matter if there is desert or a sea Beach

They stand gracefully like a part of machine.

With great example of engineering,

Or identification of Ambani .

So many types like a ship on top of three buildings

or a seven star hotel in a country.

If It is world tallest PETRONAS tower ,

Or the highest Burj Khalifa;

All these change the way of living

Of humans in these high rise buildings.

Things you should always remember about life

Life is a long run .

Life is a battle field.

Life needs discipline.

Life means focus on you.

Life means your mirror of works.

Life is only one when you are alive.

Life is a ocean of highs and lows .

Life is a way to obtain your dreams.

Life is a car between birth and death.

Life is a test of your patience and calmness.

Life is a tree , carry fruits of happiness and sadness.

Life is a continuous cycle of a plane take off, land and crash .

Life will never stop or end until you force it to stop or give an end.

Your life is all about you , your work , your qualities, your step taken and your reflection.

Enjoy your life , take steps towards your dream , go on , make your own life style and love yourself.

Lost friendship

This friendship.....
when first I see you all ,
Before me , beyond that time .
When you first speak to me
Beside who you were?
And that time was heaven
When you hold my hand and call
me your friend... This moment delight me
So much inside and even touch my heart.

So many days had passed,
But, still i remember that day ;
When first time I sit with you all
And speak those words ,
May I live with you and make
Memories together with fun .
And that time was heaven
When you all hold my hand ,and
Stay with me as friends.

Days and days we spend together,
Even it was a summer holiday .
That time I start my life
With my lovely friends.
Together all the days whether it was grey
Clouds cover with rains .
And that time was heaven
When we together make plans ,
For the school programmes.

Before we spend so much,
Together days as friends,
There's a curse came true

Before us in happy days , when we
Start Separating one by one .
Each day we look at each other in hope
May this moment can stop !
Even for a little time , before
We spend time a little more .

We play ,have fun and some time tease
Like you are a honeybee before
We live some moment more .
This came to be true,we hold off our hands
And move to another way .
Last time when we greet each other and
Say ' bye my friends ' .
That moment hurt me so deep
When we were no longer to meet.

This time when I am writing this story,
By reminding our old memories,
How we spend our days ,
Together as friends.
But , still I hope to meet you again
And greet you and call you my friends ,
Even for a day .
May this lost friendship bind again!
And stay last for decades .

What will beyond today

free time only gives me hobbies,
What I can do to test my old habits? ,
To free myself from those bad hours
That deal with waste without any uses.
Let me remind past in my memories,
Where I can see ,what I did in this summary
But , if there could be a way
To know what will be beyond today.

Wasting yesterday and also today ;
Without having thought of what will it pays
Let me think for sometime
What kind of thought are coming in mind!
No goal in life like a tree surviving without light.
that's same, With me today .
But , if there could a way to let me
know what will it pays after someday!

Have some work at the moment, I think !
But, again get back trap in those words ;
What will be beyond today?
If there could be guide,
To help me when I trap
With those old words .
Then , there will no tension about
What will be my future time ?

Yesterday is past of today ,
Today is future of yesterday ,but
Today will lead to future
With those works , I did today !
So, when I know what leads to tomorrow;
Then, I know what will be beyond today .

With my works , I did at this moment
This can tell me what will tomorrow.

My room's window

If it is early in the morning or
Late at the evening;
I sat on my room's window lonely!
To see the sky covered with clouds or
Watch birds flying next to my house .
If it is raining to see the big colour wheel
Or click a snap of this rainbow.
What a beautiful scene exist!,
Outside my room's window.

Air blow all over my body
And dance with my blond hairs ,
Golden beam of the sun fall
On my feet to give a creamy pic.
At the evening sounds of birds
Call me to tell , it's time to go back.
To see those squirrel chasing each other
And to listen sweet music of nature ;
I sat on my room's window to fill this moment .

Lack of buildings and big houses
Made it possible to see green plantlets.
For the bird a clear sky ,
Give a ground to play , without
Interface Of technical device.
A small pond beneath of this
Is ideal for small fishes swim in it .
All of this is possible to see
Because my room's window exist .

Night before exam's result

This night is getting smaller
Minute by minute as thunder.
Looking at the clock calmly
And sitting in the corner lonely;
Thinking about what will happen?,
When parents'll know my standard

Every hour is like a tower:
One floor end but another come ,
When I'll get to roof ?
And get my study proof .
But praying to the god ,
May this night stay for so long !

If tomorrow come so fast
And my result day'll stay for last ;
I'll lie to my parents
I have headache or stomach pain .
For this lie a reason hide
Only me can understand , you know why !

At this time , remembering all those days
Instead of studying, playing in the park.
And those hour of reading ,
Instead chasing opponent in game .
This is like chilly spice making me cry,
What will happen tomorrow result time ?

Only one night left to scare
Because tomorrow I'll dare;
To run away from parents
Due to what tomorrow will happen!
This one night before result day

Is everything ok for a child to pray.

Not only me but almost all children
Scare the day of result declaration .
For the adult a normal thing
But, for me a scary day .
This is only I'm praying to the god
May this night be last for so long !

The icecream

A friends meeting ,
Having all chatting
And with laughing
A happy ending .

Sometime later sky shed it colour
From orange to dark colour ;
With sound of fireflies
And silence in the street of guys .

Remember parents words
To return home back ;
Before sun goes down
And street got calm .

Reminding all these things
All say bye before going back .
Two of them in the street
Alone walking having some rupees .

One says what we bought ? ,
In this small amount .
The bell ring of ice cream cart
Attracting attention at that side .

Together both friends buy a small one
A icecream cone of orange .
A overwhelming night to say bye
After some moment they speak and hug .

That one icecream in hand
Of one friend ready to get bite ;
But , when wrapper get away

And the ground was slightly away .

The icecream fall on the ground
Before giving her a slice of friend' love .
That one single piece broke the little heart
Of a friend towards her love .

That was just a piece of icecream
But also a taste of friendship;
That fall without giving any flavor
To a friend for to remember.

Land abroad me

places far away me can be small
If i climb a building so high .
For this purpose not only effort
But a excitement in my sandles ;
Need to see all those things
That exists in land abroad me .

I take a long breathe
And get ready my shoes.
To run on the stairs
And to reach on top of terrace.
Carry a camera with me
To take a snap of land abroad me .

Running on the stairs fast
With my two friends, big and one it half.
Leave one floor and another
Finally we reach at top after one hour.
I get ready to click pics
With my friends of land abroad me .

Places are beautiful than i think !
And looks like a movie green screen.
I suggest everyone to come
And take a snap ;
Of those places that is stay
On the land abroad me this day .

Clock

Is this clock beyond me alive ?
Which record everything I have tried;
This question hits me many time
When I look at it , it continue to bite
One by one each number line
Andin last return to where it start.

If someday I happy a lot ,
And do dance or play with crafts ;
It continues to recording me
And try to say , do what you like !
It reminds me of my teacher
Who says to do my work on time .

If someday I sad a lot ,
And cry in corner of the wall
It continues to recording me ,
And try to say , wake up today !
It reminds me of those leaders
Who say bad day is your examination!

Then this question hits me
Is this clock beyond me alive ?

At the night , if I look at it
I remind all my works
Which I did today and
At time where I sat down at rest .
Like a camera, it record me
And my past , continue to present.

All the summary get remind at once
When I look at it at any time .

Then this question hits me
Is this clock beyond me alive ?,
Which record everything I have tried,
Of my past and also my present.

A Winter morning

One morning I open my eyes
And roll over the bed where I was ;
I felt my brother half sleep in dreams :
And a clock ringing 'song of relief ' .

To there , i put my toes on the floor
And it was warm as a shell of yolk,
But my window was still closed
And all the dark houses and roads .

I ran towards the stairs
And reach on the top of roof ;
There i scare of the view
Beyond me of plants covered with dew.

I was holding nothing in my hands ,
To wrap my head or cover my back.
It was still a winter morning
And everything cover with dark fog .

I think to stay some more time there
To see the view of everything bare.
But slightly my toes feel frost
And my fingers start wrinkling in cold.

I couldn't stand there one minute more
Sievering with cold and Frost toes :
I came back in my room
And wrap a thick blanket around me.

This was just a winter morning
And this story go to every family;
Stay warm inside the room

But dark fog outside of the wall.

A letter to my childhood

One letter I wrote today ,
And send it to past in time ;
Where I was a young child
And stay happy all time .

I realised once again
Of all those memories I had with me,
That is different so much from now
And stay as a happy child.

I had interest in those trees,
Where I spend most of my days ;
And look after them, talk and laugh
But now they are just statues at crosswalk.

I was joyful to do new things,
Experiment with those as a scientists.
That is different so much from now,
When I was a happy child.

Oo my childhood if you would alive!
As a baby inside me even now,
I would still happy
And slightly making my memories.

But the condition is not same now
From those in my past time.
I have also change a little bit,
Ignoring this,i am still a human being.

I apologise to you,
For the reason I got distracted,
From my way and my discipline;

And also forget to stay a happy child.

I realised now what is sadness!

And alone and ignorance.

If today i remember those ways!

How to stay happy everyday?

This is what I could do!

To accept my mistakes,

And a forgiveness over me by myself!

So later i can stay happy once again.

Winter arrives

winter arrives in late night,
While people were sleeping warming in light :
In late November after rain
Cold frust wind begun to blow;
Covering trees with dark fog
And small grasses with cold dew:
Making houses appear as blurry
And Street lamps glow in drizzly surrounding.
Hugging green leaves with cold dust ,
Brown stems with snowy cap
Wrapping ground in white blanket ;
And kisses all the yellow,red flowers,
Sleeping for all winter hours.
Winter arrives from North
Making all cold and snowy frost road :
While people were sleeping warming in light clothes.

The Old town road

light off camera,
Hundreds of badmen
Holding their stick on hand;
Running towards me from everywhere.
I got all the tears:
Where do I get stamina in the fear:
Everyone is still running towards me
On the old town road road in a hurry !

Alone boy on the street
Of the old town road standing freeze..
Thou the crowd is little away
But fear holding tight and scream;
Why did I come here ?
Hiding from crowd and drink in fear!
Looking at silence of street ways
And scream of badmen from every ways .

Looking for a voice of myself ,
How can I be a coward ?
To the silence of trouble !
If I have power ,
To fight with my enemy of my double .
I wipe all my tears,
And stand like a hero and on puzzle;
I am alone in hundred of crowd around!

Nothing cross my mind at the time:
Except of running on the street
But,my knees led down on the road ;
Suddenly,a hope appears !
As i saw a aperture in the wall .
I get up and then led down

Towards the opening of my bad time.

It start with fear

But end up screaming in cheers !

I left my bad fate back

And run towards a new land .

Those bad men left on the old town road

And those tears speaking hello,my ghosh !

Last day of the year

It begins to counting as the last day of the year
And people begun waiting for starting a new calendar;
For the masses it'll still a new tomorrow
As everyday arrived after a night full of shadows.
But anyone guess why it is special?
Because it's a new page of a chapter.

As it encounter with everyone's year end
How was your day, good or Fallin in sick .
No one now can flip back it's pages,
As it has long gone before you awake .
People's good faith or bad luck
Has now a voice to speak ,
How did I come to a year end !

For the liers, they'll lie themselves
I did great!,behold myself;
But gentlemen can write it once again
I did it!, or I'll welcome a fast kick!
After all this, it come to an end,
A new begging that start someday.

Happy last day of the year!

An imagination

I can truly make a imagination:
And can be free from all the devotions
Towards people younger and older than me;
For all those wishes I want to do,
And can do what I imagine;
In a imagination of my own
Or a reflection of my dream world.

It would be free from all those things
That distract people's to their goals.
It would be free from all those greed
That make someone opposite of good deed.
If all these can truly happen
In an imagination of my own,
Or a reflection of my dream world.

There'll be people cooperative to each other
And not harass of all those fake salvation.
There 'll be people not like a robot
Who follows what give them real happiness.
So it 'll really like a dream world.
But,I can truly make it an imagination
Or a reflection of my dream world.

Old days in the garden

sometime ago when I was sitting alone
Beneath the old mango tree:
In the garden on green grasses
In front of vase and old plants;
Listening to sweet melodious voice
Of beautiful birds in the sky,
Looking at the swing
Attached to the old mango tree.

These plants grew older, when
I was busy in making my courier.
Those yellow,red birds rest for their life
And their babies replaces them in sky.
Those little plantlets also grew taller
And that big vase also became smaller.
For to rest ,the big mango tree
Spend his days and come to old age.

Time fly by,making moments delight
A beautiful memories in eye sight:
With old beauty of next door garden lie
And replacing it with home for new butterflies.
It comes the moment after a long time
When I sit beneath the old mango tree.
Remembering memories of that time
When I was a child, enjoying my life.

The same memory as of now
But a different touch of the blue sky;
Someday in childhood with friends
Playing with each other and
Catching butterflies in a net.
Several tries to drop a mango

Twinging from the tree ,but
Now these have store like a folk tale.

Memories of childhood in the garden ,
With friends and family members:
Has now became a golden moment
For my whole life that can't never be forgotten.
Old days has now becoming tales
Speaking with friends and laughing out
Loud,how we were naughty children?
Time is passing and making many old days,
Hope you make it better ,for future to tell.

Free time

It is not my first time I felt it,
Lying on the sofa alone all around
And singing with pendulum of the clock.
Watching clock and counting for seconds
Waiting for something unknown to happen:
Holding a mobile or tab for hours
And after in break confuse and
Baking mind without a oven.

Truly nothing happen except holding a pen
With a book and copy in hand;
Painting Whatever pass in mind
Or building a palace of bottles and glass:
But still watching the clock
And waiting for that moment to end .
Free time is not always I want
To shake my mind and break-up with thoughts.

Being poetic

Being poetic is somewhat different,
To the people when you are in sadness.
A reason lies with you to tell why are you crying?
To the unknown friends that you aren't lying!

Writting expressions in different manner
To express the feelings in thunder ;
How lightning come to scare you
Together with rain and stormy day.

Being poetic is somewhat different
To the people when you are in happiness
A reason lies with you to tell why are you smiling?
To the unknown unknown friends that you aren't distracted.

One thing that I can do
When I'm alone in new year ,
Or on my birthday celebrating with friends,
A reason lies with me of being poetic.

But one thing strange to some people,
They only know one way to expressing
All their feelings,all their hobbies
Writting in one piece of poetry.

Being poetic is good
But one should also ensure to look
They are sharing this to their friends and family too ,
Otherwise feelings within them begun to making them emotionally fool!

As a fan

As a fan of your
I have spend my days and night:
Without counting how long it has
And making my every moment delight.

I remember the first day
I read your story online;
And watched your shorts and videos,
On the day I cried or smile .

For the people you are a idol
But, I don't know when
You became a intergal part of my life
And I start staying with you all time .

But the time fly by so fast ;
At the moment it is now you say goodbye:
Only for some years or more
But it becomes hard for me to live.

I got best of all the feelings now
By remembering you old memories
And your smile or
when you cried at backside.

As a fan of your
I have made new dreams :
Irrespective of where am I ?
Or the condition I'm being in .

I know there are so many
Like me your fans :
But, do I need to remind myself ?

Idols are also part of someone's life.

Normal thing people wish to God
A happy family or well establish property;
But may I demand this to god ?
To stay always in our fandom family.

I know it is strange you'll think!
Cause you haven't felt what I have been:
As long as a I was just day dreamer
And counting for the times I scream .

But it open new ways for me
To become a dreamer
And count for the times , I achieve
In my own life full of big dreams .

Now I always want to stay
As a fan of my favourite group
Whether they'll change or disband
But me always in this cheerful dream .

Time will change or maybe i
Or someday I'll lost this grace ,
But now as a young child I want
To save all the memories as a fan .

Subway surfers

I know favourite game of mine
Since my childhood as a young mind:
Playing subway surfers all time .
And still counting winning
All the points and each level ,
With new characters of it sometimes black,
And One fatty and didn't get bored over it .

I know favorite game of mine ,
Since my childhood as a naughty mind :
Running over trains everytime .
And still counting for every second
How many coins do I get ?
Changing the track and fly in sky
And one mistake otherwise lose and cry!

I know favorite game of mine,
Since my childhood as a ignorant mind:
But it teachings I got now!
And it's importance in real life.
Life is a long run with the same track:
And you'll same until the end ;
Whether you lose or gain new score.

I know favourite game of mine,
Since my childhood as a curious mind:
Learning new things everytime.
Life gives us chance to play for ourselves
And our own characters over it;
Learning our mistakes and master over it
And new records everyday.

I know favorite game of mine,

Since my childhood as a brilliant mind:
Making my own path in this world.
If you'll someday high in sky
Remember the rules of how to fly;
Also keep an eye on the ground
Otherwise you'll same as a crying child.

Learning new rules in each world ,
This is the way of survive:
It is same in a game or in real world.
A lesson is free in everything,
Whether it's a game or a school;
This is what I learn !
From the favourite game of mine.

Reset time

If time were about to reset,
And it schedule made again,so me
Not hold any thoughts of ignorance
And the duties grant by my foolishness;
If i would start to hearing my voice
And go to work on what I like
Then I not waste on the usuals,
What other think about is casual.

If i could try the chances once again
Leading to my dreams made by me ,
If i could start thinking about it again;
Forgetting all about what I did!
So yes, it really helps me
To reset time today of past
And go on to the dreams of mine :
Leading to the happiness in my life.

Old vibes

When I sat down down for rest
And remember my memories before the present;
Old vibes start calling me
And give me emotional happiness.

A screen on before my eyes,
Old song start playing on my lips
And sound of friends and family
Start ringing in my ears all around.

I miss old habits of childhood
When I put down my knees on ground;
Those beautiful days of past
Gave my mind a really calm surround.

When I stay calm all alone
With some memories a year old
Old vibes start calling me
And makes my heart soft and sad.

Silence

When you are all alone,
On a place away from home
Or in your room sitting free
Or on a vacation exploring the earth;
Sometimes it feels the best
All gone but silence at rest
Sometimes you find it so relaxing
And a music softly going on
Nothing but silence all around.

When you are so exhausted
And in your room dipressed with something;
Or just dreaming in your thoughts
Or in the night below the twinkling sky;
You will awake and realise it:
Sometime it is best friend of yours
None but silence around you.
It is not wrong to say
Sometimes silence is the best thing you've got.