

Anthology of a nought

Sanjay sharma



Presented by

My poetic side 

Dedication

To everything and everyone around me...

Acknowledgement

I recent found my passion for writting. It\'s what I thought was always missing and since I started to write I feel that the void that had been there for such a long time has started to fill. I feel like my feelings and thoughts find expressions through poetry and I am grateful for that....

About the author

A humbled nought trying to give expression to every thought and feeling in simplest way possible. Not a professional writer rather a painter who like to paint his heart out.

summary

World needs you

Nature's fury

Assassin named loneliness

A holy pursuit

The callous hurdle

Whispers of Authority: Unveiling Masks and Mending Ways

World needs you

Rule the hearts and control the time,
Your star has the brightest shine,
You lit the sky and push away the dark,
While we cry and pray someone to hark.
Your presence is delightful and stark,
We wait for you, in skies our eyes we park.
Brighten every heart, rejoice you bring,
Life begins to spark, and the songs it sing.
skies lit blue, but not our souls,
Because its you, who can wish for more.
The tregedy ends, hope thus arise,
All that portends, vanished from sight.
Myriad joys and peace you bring,
To dry grounds, waters and to all the beings.
Time with you and in your presence,
Rife warmth and blazes exuberence,
This feeble world, a worthless nought,
Begins to glow with life gift you brought.
Forever alive under your gleam,
Your absence is an abyss so extreme,
Existence itself will begin to vague,
All the spirit will start to fade,
So one thing only I beseech,
Never leave or this world will freeze.

Nature's fury

Normal course vs a fury so bright,
A common grouse vs display of might.
A hefty reminder or a cry of enough,
But a constant grinder still crushing rough.
Years of abuse, moment of truth,
Tears and dues, foment by ruse.
Vengeance so bad, no stacks could hold,
Torrents wiping all, ever cast and mould.
Breath bestower begins to take
the life it showers and destroying the rake.
Rally of furies, failed to teach,
to halt the hurries and tame the beast.
A ruthless ogre, that never sleeps,
No regards to horror, or crisis deep.
Had eyes kept close, and minds shut,
With no remorse we keep on the strut,
The inevitable shall befall, with end nigh,
None will fathom the fury so tall and ruins so high..

Assassin named loneliness

Your longing so lethal,
This heart so brittle.
Myriad cries, Infinite miles,
tear dries, and desire riles.
If Life slip like hilltop rubble,
Or may be burst like a bubble.
This yearning, so agonizing,
Incessant burning, too tantalizing.
Moments like ages,
This torment rages,
With every age, lesser being remains,
Eyes become stones, fading my name.
Will light ever dawn,
Kill this ache and moan,
Quench this land so dry,
a glimpse that end this cry.
Your sight can pump life back,
Replant life fluid, a corpse lack,
Inject strength, and light amber,
And finally cease this slumber...

A holy pursuit

Thou art deceptively elusive,
Thy nature, extremely delusive,

Thy image creates a fierce pull,
Strong enough to steer me full.

Sans u my instincts were feral,
Misspelt ideals lacking morals.

Even thy pursuit is so fulfilling,
Goads me into sagacious spillings.

Thy picture, a sight so soothing,
Praising thou evokes paeans and hooting.

My mind, soul and body harden,
Sapience and strength, gifts of thy garden.

A journey no one can eulogize,
No equal in its grandeur and size.

My mind and imagination fail me,
Lacking this chase, a lost being clearly,

Be accepted by thee, my utmost desire,
Thy kindered embrace, a need so dire.

Hymns and paeans are always short,
Blood, sweat and patience served hot,

These are the offerings fancy thou,
Thy smile, a mystery as to when and how,

Thy grace showers, devotee is reborn,
Recast as bright and tidy, what was dirty and torn..

The callous hurdle

Your praise mortifies, steals life thy cold stares,
Fons raise defies, dislike under countless layers.
Thou wish ill, no ray of compassion,
Hated your will, sickened by apprehension.
Suppression your way, trampling thy skill,
Compassion has no stay, only envy dwells.
Only effort you make, to pull one back,
You only know to take, humanity thou lack .
Nafarious thy means, midst schism you thrive,
Darkest thy sheen, cist of thorns your hive.
Your beauty a myth, your voice cuts like a sword.
Whenever it unsheath, despair and sadness horde.
A profane presence, and unsettling memory,
Hollow obeience, ever meddling trickery.
But one day, thou shall learn,
The only way, such vile earns.
When time turns, patience had burnt,
Once the prey, begins to hunt,
Strengthened by oppression, hardened by sadism,
Conquors the supression, and kills the demon.
Finally the justice prevails, and order installed,
When evil is impaled, and grace thus recalled...

Whispers of Authority: Unveiling Masks and Mending Ways

When job becomes a favour,
Dues are deemed as sham,
Few begin to savour,
Enjoy the opulence and calm,

Unruly takes the reign,
Bullying and condescending,
Bringing in all the Bane,
Ringing the bells of taunt and ranting.

When none can dare to question,
Sane then appear to be muzzled,
Sham and pomp out of proportion,
Drum of hollow gains, vague puzzles.

Loud claims are then employed,
To hide the folly and misguide,
Cover the talks hollow and voids,
Hover with fake glory, an unholy glide.

But no one is without yoke,
Someone is always at check,
To see if the order is broke,
And bring to light what was kept.

Then to ensure better days,
And Prevent the despotism,
To keep the ruse at the bay,
Widen the sight and chuk the prism,

Men endowed with courage,
Stern, brave and fiecly galant,
Must take the helm and salvage,

The sinking ship and carry the batton....