

***THE CLOUDS AND OTHER POEMS***

**By Narinder Bhangu**

Some clouds were in black,  
some, in silvery white,  
some close to mountains,  
some sailed over heads right,  
some traveled and wandered slowly,  
some twisted fast with their might

The white egrets flew  
close to the sea.

And, the eastern winds cooled  
the leafy green tree.

The dancing peacocks spread their wings  
while the swallows flew across.

And, the butterflies perched,  
flower to flower, for nectar drops.

On my roof, I saw

the rays of falling rain.

And, heard the music of the month  
that girls sang from their inner vein,

when those glossy clouds,  
shed their drops, counting billionth.

***THE JOURNEY OF EVENING***

When the sun's journey ends in the west  
And, the amber beam spreads its crust,  
Over the sea, behind the cloudy patches,  
That signals the birds towards their nests  
Then, the silence of evening knocks,  
The hands stop, and the day's light elopes  
I, with a chord of evening's satisfaction,  
Count a day towards my perfection  
Thus evening's journey remains perpetual,  
For, the nature's cycle is not fake, but actual.

***INNOCENT ENCOUNTER***

Rain water dripped from her shaggy locks;  
Her youthfulness reflected through her thin frocks.  
She licked the water balls falling on her lips,  
Careless and unaware of the raunchy jumps,  
Energy of her virginity though shone like moon,

Yet, her sheer beauty was to be debased soon.  
Her full and round contours allured the young eyes,  
Voyeur's lust for dirty pleasure, to take tries.  
Boldly, she neither did permit nor submit,  
The purity of her face that was innocent.

***THE LITTLE BABE***

That night, she would not have slept,  
When her little babe, in her womb, wept,  
Her lap dried, and her full breasts sagged;  
Her nerves pained and blood boiled.  
I wondered, wrote nothing but was perplexed  
Were my words bruised or my pen vexed?

***TWO FROGS***

Two frogs came out in search of insects  
They noticed a boy with many defects.  
His jeans wasn't in place on his waist,  
His eyes swelled, lips desiccated, not moist.  
His fingers bent and belly sunken,  
His face was pale, fully drunken.

First said," what is this wastage of beauty?  
And, how is that he forgot his duty?  
This man better known as super creation,  
Why is he bent upon to bring annihilation?  
Is he, no longer, a son of Almighty God?  
Or, his presence on this planet is a fraud?"  
"No, the sun is the same, so is the moon,  
Earthly people, of course, shall understand soon.  
We shall have our ponds back, bushes for insects,

**Bio**

**Narinder Bhangu** is the Former lecturer (English) and presently based in Canada as health professional. He is the motivational speaker, Resource person and career counselor. He conducts seminars on personality development, communication and soft skills.