

SIMPER OF A FLOWER AND OTHER POEMS

By Shamsheer Singh

Springing from the beautiful earth
With the song of the glorious sun
Serenity of the calm sweet moon
Under the shades of the spangled sky
My heart was all set to dance
To the chorus of the smooth breeze
Listening to the tunes of sprinkling of rains
With the grandiose roar of the dark clouds
Overwhelmed with warmth of joy and beauty
My unborn unbeaten heart took a beep
With some deep thoughts pondered
And with tranquility in thought
Aware of the effervesce of life
I decided to live in the moments, by the moments
And the pain of the transitions faded
As though if Sparkled by a drunkard euphoria
Who was to meet the lost love
And the flower silently counted the blessings
As was plucked to the love for the love
Either as ornamental for the beloved's hair
Or to find the place at the lord's feet at the temple
It scented itself with her own fragrance
With the spirit of love to the love for the love
Wiping all the pain and sacrifice
Holding the beauty and fragrance within
Where lies the mysterious secret of life
Of which the story remains unfolded as it gets lost

In the weaving of dreams and pursuit of love
it teaches to pour out the sweet divine nectar of life
But! Nothing except with the sweet simper
It dies to live forever and ever...

“MOON WILL YOU BE MINE??”

Will you be mine???
Oh! my beloved moon
When the world slumbers
In the knee of darkness
I keep myself awake
With the freezing breeze
I gaze of your presence
To get showered with the holy bath
My unblinking eyes
Tries to have the glimpse of that simper
Which you bestow upon me thou ! secretly
Like a white phoenix i ride through the Himalaya's
To embrace you in my arms forever
And to pacify the forlorn spirit
I submerge self into the surreal union of dusk and dawn
As a bystander at the bank of kanyakumari
Where the pebble's sketches our love story though covertly
I took that pebble softly as though holding your hand
For the world wants to see the second Taj Mahal
Where my grave will hold the pebble as a pendant
For my breaths to beat in resonance with the swirl of waves
Taking me to the green valley of Kashmir

Where the splendor were in resentment of your beauty
And I with a vow went from Kashmir to Kerala
To find the answer in the God's own country
Of the incalculable question "Moon, will you be mine???" "
To halcyon the conspiracy
I am on a nomadic voyage
As a drunken euphoric
Of Cinderella's story
hurling with its own destiny
to write the riveting story
of the Lord of sins
I die with every breathing breath
to be born again and again
so that I can whisper at my beloved's ear
or to boom as supernova
Saying" Moon will you be mine"

MY SOUL'S RESONANCE

Oh! the dramatic unison and dissection of my soul
i know its just the secret of resonance
Wavering me to highs and lows of love and hatred
i can't be menial to ignore anyone as that's me
how beautifully you play the game
hiding and seeking with me of my own presence
yes you do resonates in forms really unknown
but never denying you make me accept every realm of yours
in different forms, facets, ways, faces unknown
it all curds my grey and stem cells

that i really gave up to follow your phenomenal resonance
but yet i know that each resonance is my own soul
in other ways that i start seeking longing for them

Oh! the dramatic unison and dissection of my soul
Answer me of you bifurcation
as i now know I am a part of integrated supreme soul
as i know your game of resonance
it neither infuses nor gives me a zeal
I am lost finding myself everywhere like a mirage
as if haunting me of my own instability
Now i want to seek the true love, the true longings
Union of my soul with all its bifragments
embracing and holding the fusions of myself with you
To be a part of integrated divine supreme soul
that never parts and lives in unison forever and ever...

Bio

Shamsher singh is a Technocrat whose passion for teaching made him to choose Teaching as a career. He ardently believes Teachers as the Harbinger of light and knowledge. He is vigorously active at mentoring students for IIT-JEE. At present, he is associated with The Mahabodhi Tree, Bodhgaya as a Maths Faculty. He loves writing and believes it to be highly cathartic. His poems, reviews and stories have appeared in many online journals, portals etc. He was also the recipient of ICOP: ROLL OF HONOUR at Destinypoets,UK .

