

Poetry 1

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Let's Create Our Wonderland

Let's all strive to create our 'Wonderland'

That destroying all evils could bravely stand

The land that's no pangs, worries or stress at all

Where everybody responds to their Almighty's call

Where men do live with their heads held high

Where there isn't any place for hatred or lie

Where women have the freedom to fulfil their wishes

Where we don't have restrictions on eating any dishes

Where the animals are safe and aren't killed for pleasure

Where human beings never hanker after treasure

Where the children are delighted playing in a maze

Where the elders find pleasure in numerous ways

Where the truth comes out from the depths of hearts

Where the soul gets enchanted and blissfully departs

Where the darkness never overwhelms its shadows

Where freshness oozes from the vibrant meadows

Where success of one is the success of everyone

Where people pass their time in mirth and fun
Where none gets poorer for want of resources
Where none gets richer by the dint of forces
Where we don't have divisions of castes or creeds
Where everyone focuses on the noblest deeds
Where we do have sympathy and compassion for all
Where people get backings whenever they fall
Where God is not divided in the name of religions
Where no clashes found between science and traditions
We pray to God for succeeding in our mission
But to achieve our goals, we need broadest of vision

Poetry 2

Restoration of the Lost Innocence

When I was young like a happy bird
With deep innocence I soared upward
Like the birds in joy, I fluttered my wings
And felt myself like the king of kings
Nature to me then was a source of joy
I played with it like I played with a toy

But a thought just then permeated my mind
I wanted to leave my impression behind
For this I reflected on gaining experience

I wanted to shed my inborn innocence
But little did I know, that would be my nemesis
As I entangled myself into a severe crisis

I gained the experience I desperately sought
But this I received at the highest cost
My dearest possession just did not remain
Shedding my innocence what did I gain?
My mistake is such that is repeated by all
But we keep ignoring our Creator's call

When experience is gained and innocence lost
Our lives do struggle with hails and frosts
The higher we go with experience acquired
The more we realize how innocence is required
Mere experience can't bring peace and glory
With innocence we weave a heart-rending story

Innocence is a bird and experience a sky
But without our wings, could we ever fly?
The sky is our ground for upward flight
But without innocence, we lack our light
When innocence and experience get combined
Our lives get values of the utmost kind