

Poetry Series

Chandini Jaswal
- poems -

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Chandini Jaswal(5th August 2001)

Greetings!

My name is Chandini Jaswal. I am 18 years old. I hail from India: the land of diversity.

I try putting across the same 'diversity' through my poems by taking up different topics and composing verses on them.

Poetry is my passion and I have been writing poems since I was 7, although I formally wrote a poem only when I was 12.

Dear Readers,

Do read my poems and please help me improve them by giving your views and feedback.

A Limerick On Photography

'Photography',
Can create your very own biography.
Cause it's an art,
Which is quite hard.

Chandini Jaswal

An Orison

Give me courage lord,
And let not my apprehension,
Turn into fearful anticipation.
In thy grove I vow,
To shun vanity, pretense and hostility
In thy grove I bow,
For wisdom, truth and tranquility

Chandini Jaswal

Get Up And Rise

When words fail to explain
And eyes are tear drained
Get up and rise
Don't welcome the looser sighs
As the clock ticks by
I start to cry
Hush! Says the whisper: never let the good thoughts wither
Worrying is not worth a tither

Comfort, slumber, luxury often beckon
"Is that a permanent solution? "I reckon
The whisper shouts now: get up and rise
Defeat is a looser's paradise

Chandini Jaswal

I Am A Beach

The strong beam of light,
Making my crust bright,
My beautiful tides,
Giving the surfers sea rides,
The magnificent sand castles
Gorgeous young people keeping me bustled,
The lofty coconut trees,
The cool breeze,
I am a beach,
Love life to the utmost I teach.

God and Nature's marvel,
Though covered with pebbles,
The pretty shells,
Which ring like bells,
I get thrilled,
When I hear my tides' shrill,
I give life,
And let the marine thrive,
I am a beach,
Love life to the utmost I teach.

Chandini Jaswal

I Remember The Day

I remember the day,
while I was sitting by the bay.

There arrived a van,
and see! All the girls ran.

Then before my sight,
appeared a man who had lots of might.

Startled and surprised; i didn't know why I wanted to sing a song,
As if, I'd known him for long.

As if; this love-story,
which once had no glory,
Suddenly shined!

Now five years have passed,
Thank goodness! He's here at last.

I had lots of complaints and queries,

I don't know why,
I started feeling shy.

And all my queries,
squashed of like berries.

His purity,
His serenity,
is what didn't let me know this tension;
Which I couldn't mention.

Amazed,
He then embraced,

and in his soothing tone,
He said,
'Will you be my wife?

For the rest of the life? '

I felt very merry,
Cause for me he was none;
But my beloved knight..

Chandini Jaswal

My Aim

It's got nothing to do with fame.

Well I would like my readers to give a thought
Don't you think girls have suffered a lot?

Why is it so that the girls have to live in fear?
When the only living planet is here.

Where is it written in the religious books,
that a particular gender,
will always surrender.
That there is a advantage for good looks.

So, my first aim would be that everyone breathes,
not on the basis of cast, gender, creed.

That the girl who has always cried,
Can live with joy and pride.

Chandini Jaswal

My Lord!

My hands trembled
Because my world seemed crumpled
I joined my hands and shouted,
"Your powers I have never doubted;
to elders I have never been Curt,
and feelings of others I have never hurt;
So what wrong have I done to thee? "

In the gentlest of voice said he:
"Your deeds are not normal,
and thus my love for you is not normal.
I am testing you, don't fear;
Because the start of an extra ordinary life is from here! "

Chandini Jaswal

Oh Mother!

A mother, She is hard to describe,
Cause whatever she does is not bribed.
You can observe her care,
When she cooks your food with her hands bare.
She wants it all best;
From your rest to your test,
From your chest to your vest.
Oh mother! Forgive me for all my sins,
Forgive me! For littering the bins.
Oh mother, You are very bold,
And you are worth your weight in gold.

Chandini Jaswal

One More On Siblings

My siblings are funny,
but they are as sweet as honey.

First they show their knuckles,
then they start to chuckle!

Then they give each other a big hug,
Which is as warm as a rug.

My siblings are funny,
but they are as sweet as honey.

Chandini Jaswal

The Furious Teacher And The New Class

I remember when our class was changed,
How we all raged!

The teacher said,
'This class is a 'kids fusion'
With lots of confusion.'

Here we all made an illusion,
That new class must be shabby,
But it happened the opposite,
We all were very happy!

The teacher said,
'I suppose the new class is not a hit? '
We all went red,
and replied, 'But we all perfectly fit.'

There the teacher coughed,
Here we all got puffed!

'If I get any complaint,
then get ready to faint;
cause: you'll have to run,
under the sun.'

Of she walked,
Here, we all hopped!

Some wanted fresh air,
and some kept cribbing, 'This is not fair'

We all tried our best,
Swearing by our chest,
that we won't trouble,
or grumble.

But in the end,
we all felt glad,
Cause, the teacher said we were never bad!

Chandini Jaswal

The Path Of Hatred

I was full of hatred,
Because my goodness with time had faded
But the Almighty bestowed me with an angel.
Her smile and aura had stirred everyone.

My ego overpowered me,
And I never let her sit free.
While I grew hostile,
She accepted everything with a proficient smile
The more my evil grew,
The more her patience did.
I rebuked,
Flogged,
and detested her.
I felt like a lice,
And sometimes my conscience wanted to apologize,
But Alas! Vanity had overpowered me.

One day when I laid in my dead bed
And everyone had turned their back, including him, to whom I was a dutiful wife,

The angel cried and begged for my life.

When I discovered this, there was no end to my misery,
It was because of her, that I had survived the fatal,
But now I had started living miserly.
One day when I was sitting near the worship table,
I asked, 'God, never have I worshipped you,
And goodness I have shown to very few,
Then, why didn't you let me die?

'I gave you my greatest gift,
But you in return drew her into you petty drift,
You hurt the most innocent,
Surely, death is too small a punishment.
You will spend the rest of your days without cheers,
And pay for everything with your tears.'

This was the divine spirit's reply.

Chandini Jaswal

The Stingy Man

Let me tell you a tale,
A story shared by every adult male.

As soon as the salary reaches his pocket,
He would hear his wife,
"You certainly owe something to the one, who has changed your life,
Honey, don't you think it's been ages since you bought me a diamond studded
locket! "

And then calls his little girl,
Dressed in pearl,
"Daddy, Jeremy, my pal, wouldn't call,
Why don't you drive me to the mall? "
Poor daddy senses how his daughter is eager,
To spend his money, and make his salary meager!

Then at work,
His boss would order,
'We have clients coming from the other side of border,
No holidays, now work overtime,
Remember that job is prime! "
How these words would irk!

Tired, as he makes it to home,
His son would shout,
Dad, look what I found on the chrome,
The latest action game is out,
Wouldn't cost you a lot of cash,
I got to have this for my birthday bash! "

All month long,
He goes on spending,
But this doesn't have a happy ending,
Cause, at the end he is greeted with this song,
"Why are you so stingy?
Do you like us to look dingy? "

Chandini Jaswal

The Story Of A Girl

Prison-ed in the four walls of this room,
Waiting for a magical broom.

So that I need not weep,
Or go on sweep.

And tightly hug mom and dad,
And behave like I'm still a lad.

Oh no! The mistress is here,
And I'm in fear.

Here is the duster, there is the rubber,
I need to hurry up or I won't get supper.

Chandini Jaswal

This Is My India And I Am Proud Of Her

From the beautiful mythology,
to the Indian ideology,
This is my India and I am proud of her.

Goddess Parvati had here won her lord,
Mighty king Ashoka had here won the war,
This is my India and I am proud of her.

This is our policy: that while entering the temples, we take off our boots,
This is our policy: that children need to be connected to their roots.
This is my India and I am proud of her

Despite the history,
our country remains secular,
which may seem peculiar;
Because we Indians believe what had happened was a part of our destiny.
We believe, it was written in our fates, that together we will conquer victory.
This is my India and I am proud of her.

It is no where written that a particular gender,
will always surrender.
It is nowhere written in the religious books,
that you'll be favored if you are white or have good looks.
It is actually a myth,
Established by the uneducated filth.

We are respectful and that is why we are quite,
We realize,
that by staying quiet, we act wise.

The world can comment,
but I assure you, they will lament.
Let's together reach new heights,
Let's together, take India to where it actually stands.

When India can stand with us during good and bad,
then why can't we do the same?

Let's play the brain gain,
rather than brain drain.

Let's together walk towards the bright light,
You may feel it is useless,
but in the end, you'll realise that we were right.

Let's feel proud of being an INDIAN

Chandini Jaswal

Voice Of Patience

While thou flogged me,
I beseech'd ye:
'Pity pity and forgive,
Pardon me and let me peacefully live'.

But now I curse thou,
For heavens will know bounds
As I today take a vow,
That I will not be tormented by iniquitous bloodhounds.

My patience
Has costed me my life's essence.

Chandini Jaswal

War Of The Owen Sisters

Let me tell you a story,
Well, neither does it describe a hero's glory,
Nor does it exemplify how the lions roared,
As to new heights the hero soared.

Well this is the story of the Owen's daughters,
And their doings will send you to fits of laughter,
One fine day the Owens were blessed,
And Mr. Owens stressed,
'Thank you god, for such a lovely gift,
Bless my daughters, that to bad path should they never drift.'
Poor Mr. Owens had modelled his daughters as ladies, who are beautiful and coy,

But God had his own plans for the Owen's bliss and joy!

One was named Tessie,
The other was named Michelle.
And oh what the dickens,
They fought like chickens;
Each said she was daddy's girl,
His treasured pearl.
Michelle was mighty and proud,
Tessie loved the attention of the crowd.

Then came the time for the girls to wed,
But that occasion turned out to be the moments the Owens dread,
And what a mess,
Did the girls made, you couldn't guess,
As the girls came out fighting for the same wedding gown,
In a short white bath dress!
The dames frowned,
The Owens stood ashamed,
The girls sat on a side,
Each thinking she was right,
And said, 'this is not my mistake, she is to be blamed.'
The wedding was rushed,
And the guests to each other hushed,
'Holy Mary! In their materialistic race,
These girls have forgotten all elegance and grace.'

Mr. Owens inside wailed,
Because he realized that as a father, he had miserably failed.

He gave both his girls an advice,
Words which were truly wise.
'My dears, at the hands of destiny,
One can conquer only one victory,
That is love and trust,
Try as hard as you must,
And be honest to this marriage.'
With this he bid goodbye,
To his daughters in the carriage.
Each bride tear eyed.

But alas, the words could not create a very deep impact,
As there was hardly a change in the girls' tact,
For now, they were mothers
Their fight had reached one step further,
Forgetting what all they were taught,
They bitterly fought,
On the fact, who had a prettier child,
And which sister had a better sense of child dressing style!

Chandini Jaswal

What Is Wrong With Today's Lass And Lad?

What is wrong with today's lass and lad?
Should they adapt to all the society's fad?

Should they talk with nothing but contempt,
and take all decisions in haste and then repent?

What is wrong with today's lass and lad?
should they to look good, so illy clad?

Should the whole night they party,
and enjoy only with their friends, when they are hearty?

What is wrong with today's lass and lad?
Should they kick their parents out, when they are mad?

Chandini Jaswal