

Poetry Series

**Ishita Mehta**  
**- poems -**

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# Ishita Mehta()

hii, folks.....well iam a 16 years old from delhi and still studying..and enjoy expressing my feelings in the form of es that i also enjoy doing theatre and dance(only when alone) .....

i know that not all of you would like my poems and my thoughts so please do tell me how do you like my poems honestly and what else i can improve in it.....

# Be A Good Loser

it's a great, great feeling  
each time you win a prize,  
but should you loose to someone  
you are shocked with surprise.

and blame it on the the teacher  
at times judges too,  
'it really shuld have gone to you '  
you smugly say.

'there really was some cheating'  
yes somewhere down the line,  
i can say with confidence  
'that prize was really mine'.

you can't always be a winner,  
in all that you partake  
say, 'there was someone better'  
she deserves it for goodness sake.

be a good looser  
lose with a smile,  
the better person always wins  
you'll agree in a while.

Ishita Mehta

# Beauty Lies In The Eyes Of The Beholder

Beauty lies in the eyes of the beholder

What is beauty? Well, if we go by dictionary it says something that gives you pleasure, but what is more important – pleasure to eyes or pleasure to heart? Kabirji once said 'bada hua toh kya hua jaise pedh khajoor, panchi toh chaya nahi, fall age ati door.

Now, we all know this is an old adage. Through this adage kabirji talks about a date tree which grows so tall and its fruit grows far as well that it is very hard to reach up and get them. It doesn't provide shade so travelers cant even take rest under it. They just look at it and pass by. It just tells us that there is no use to be proud of something of yours until or unless it is able to give others happiness or share their sorrows.

Now you all must be wondering why am I talking about this when I am supposed to speak on beauty and its beholder. Well using this adage I want to talk about what beauty really means? We all know that beauty doesn't need any kind of ornaments. It is a gift from god to human being. A person who is blessed by nature is blessed by precious beauty and we all are. But creator doesn't want any kind of change in his creation. For many people having a fair complexion is a mark of beauty but just having fair complexion is not everything. If we go deep down in detail then there are many ways of considering beauty. There are many ways of interpreting it. It proceeds through time. It creates structures that can be neither seen nor touched. It characteristically creates something highly abstract, something that appears outside the imagination of its beholder. Beauty does lie in the eyes of the beholder. For instance I may think someone is exceptionally beautiful but the other person may not agree. It also means that my eyes may be different than what beauty is to you. For someone a child crying is a noise but for his mother it is music. A man has kept his things, for me it is a man's trash but for you it is another man's treasure. Poets, painters and all other creative artists have always believed that beauty lies in the eyes of the beholder and in the contemplative mind of its observer. For a perceiving eye the inscriptions on the stones of Ajanta and Ellora caves may present a world of beauty and a source of inspiration but for the other person it is a wastage of time and ancient sculptor.

In the end.....

There are so many beauties in this appealing world. There is beauty in child's innocence and in mother's love. There is beauty in flaky snow, graceful rivers, shining night and in a rainy day. There is beauty in me and beauty in you, so many beauties in this spectacular world and its dazzling life.



# Call Of Silence

From cloudy calm sky,  
As raindrops gently fall  
Beyond the hazy horizon,  
I can here someone call.

A call that I had  
So often heard;  
Ringing in my ears  
With chirping of the birds.  
Although like the rustling of leaves  
It always has been low,  
Yet seems to be from a person  
For ages whom I know.

From behind the clouds,  
As out comes the moon  
From the person I bet,  
I will hear again, very soon.

Ishita Mehta

# Dreams

Dreams,  
They are just stories my mind narrates,  
Keeping me entertained,  
As i'm asleep, unconcious  
Still unaware,  
Of what my mind will tell me today.  
Even the best can be the worst  
'Cause they won't last, they'll be lost'.

Maybe, not even remebered,  
Few days along the axis of time.  
Of course, the power is inestimiable,  
Speech of mind is remarkable.  
Sometimes we wonder,  
What did that dream mean? Ponder.  
Signals my own mind is sending my form.  
Attempting to re-coordinate at dawn,  
It's absolute freedom of speech,  
Either entirely personel or somewhat bleak.

Even though most are lies, just lies,  
Attraction rests in indefinite.  
Are'nt some things are just better untold,  
Like private thoughts mind unfolds?

Ishita Mehta

# Feeling While Giving Exam

tick tok  
tick tok  
mind block  
pen stop  
eyes up  
time shok  
jaw drop  
no luck  
time's up  
dumbstruck

Ishita Mehta



# Longing For Freedom

Sitting alone in the dark,  
Longing to see a streak of light  
Waiting to be freed  
To return home

For the morning of my life is finally to arrive  
Waiting in patience  
But how much longer can I survive?  
Trapped within 4 walls  
Hoping that I shall soon revive.

The outside world would seem so unfamiliar now  
A place where I can be as free as a bird  
A one is able to fulfill his desires  
Where the sound of love is always heard

Once again my years long for sweet music  
My eyes for beautiful sights  
Waiting to be freed  
To return home  
For the morning of my life to finally arrive.

Ishita Mehta

# My Innocence

I met a little girl,  
As fragile as could be  
And i don't know somehow,  
She reminded me of me!

In her little eye she saw a dream,  
Of happiness unmatched  
But every time she made it true  
There came a little catch  
And each time a little tear,  
Would fall on her knee  
But again and again she tried  
For she wanted to succeed.

Her innocence was soon broken  
In light of further days,  
For every time she tried to smile,  
Darkness pushed her away.  
And though she broke entirely,  
From within  
Outside, she tried to put a show  
And tried to mingle in.

And she tried to piece together  
Her unhappy shattered heart,  
But inside she was tearing  
Slowly. part by part.

I met a little girl  
As fragile as could be,  
It's hard to believe, I know  
That girl was me.

Ishita Mehta

# Peace Ahoy. Wars Destroy

When life is like heaven,  
And the doves fly,  
To the hatred resulting in wars,  
Is it tedious to bid goodbye?

The children get frightened by the ringing of security alarm,  
All so innocent- have they done any harm?  
Their mothers get hassled, their fathers trying to be brave  
Picking up pickles, marmalades and breads,  
Which over the years they have saved!

The day, so not awaited by people,  
Who are fond of calmness begins  
The creator of wars will surely be punished for this sin,

How many years it will take to abandon conflicts like war  
In our heart and mind  
Who will listen to the peace- lovers, who to unclutter the minds of humans?  
Have constantly tried!

Wars bring tension,  
Wars bring sorrows,  
From mother peace  
We have something to borrow,  
Peace is tranquil and extremely serene,  
So let's help each other to discontinue being mean!

Ishita Mehta

# The Joy You Have To Share

I love the way you take my hand and  
Lead me through the lane,  
It's amazing how you make me laugh  
So don't feel the pain.

A mother's love is the strongest type and  
This you cannot deny,  
Thank you for always being my light  
You are the perfect guide.

I've never thought about much  
'I love you' really means.

You've always found the time to listen  
To my highs, lows and in between  
I'll never really understand how  
You have the energy to care,  
There is no doubt about it I'll always respect  
The joy you have to share.

Ishita Mehta

# What Peace Is Like?

Peace is like a garden,  
    Blooming with flowers  
Peace is like music,  
    Which touches our heart.  
Peace is like a cracker,  
    Giving bright light when burnt.  
Peace is like a story,  
    You enjoy when you learn  
Peace is a dove,  
    Which spreads only dove  
So bring peace and stop wars.

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