

Poetry Series

REETESH SABR
- poems -

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REETESH SABR(14TH MAY 1979)

An individual in his 30s with the pursuit of real self, instinctively drew close to poetry and thus turned an amateur writer from an ordinary reader and admirer.

Born to a scholarly father and worldly wise mother, lived a large part of this life of three decades with a happy childhood, a progressive youth, schooling and also seen the thick n thin of life from close quarters in the recent years. As they say, a rough sea makes a good captain. He's living and trying to lead his and his family's life towards a good living.

Recently got married and thus enjoying the bliss of a couple with his beloved wife.

A Big Hand For Life

Even the rings of smoke, evoke...
a feeling to fly always above
and we are down, trapped in the circles
exhaled by us, a part of which is still inside
I pray, it may not be tied
by the breath, instead we have to free
and rise like the fresh air touching
mountains, discarding the death
as it love us and sure is to hug some day,
but on the way
love has its own different name,
humanity has a cause, that life deserves
an applause
Hope we give a big hand for it...

REETESH SABR

A Caution

Nothing succeeds like success,
nothing fails like failure
All you need is a caress,
prevention is better than cure
Even before you yawn,
see whether you have the plan
The sleep like death has flaws,
life shouldn't bear a loss
That leaves you without a gain,
just few tears of frozen pain
World may see you with pity,
but can't help out your necessity
Sometime need can't beget a friend,
as went the sun leaving the dusky sand
All glister ceases without the blaze,
its night where a role moon plays
Whether the cool breeze or roaring tides,
its beauty takes in all the pride
Borrow does it, the reflecting chromes,
the success is ever the biggest syndrome
And the failure can be dread tragedy,
though it gives a sign of remedy

A caution that bless your life to adore
All you need is a caress
prevention is better than cure...

06/07/2002

REETESH SABR

A Love Song

I love you what can I say else
just few words all I know
I don't know how to express
And I can just confess
I love you, I love you

In your arms, I feel warm
that no one can bring me dear
My eyes scream, for your dream
I feel for you are always near

I miss you so, you can't guess
And I can just confess
I love you, I love you

I should not say, get me today
my love is for all my life
What could be else, when this love tells
I smell the sense of this love to ripe

To be with love, I fly all above
True feelings are more, nothing less
And I can just confess
I love you, I love you

I love you what can I say else...

REETESH SABR

A Lovely Remainder, Truly Surrender

Blood on the border and floods of limitless shroud
The sea became a shame; harmony is no more a proud

Civilizations has come to the comprehensive worse
Those arms for the defense have turned into curse

Puzzles neither the motive nor peace is their stand
Communalism thrives worst for their lust is a piece of land

Feeling the hatred is never the solution to difference
What causes peril to us perhaps is forgotten reverence

Death is not the matter that can be asked for love
Barbarism never needed to conceal the red glove

What required to peace is to oneself true surrender
So that not the blood but love on the border be a lovely remainder...

Reetesh Khare 'Sabr'
03/05/2009

REETESH SABR

A Question, An Equation

A question that's been traveling across zillions of minds
across zillions of earth years...

An equation that leaves the ordinary people sit aback
speechless in blood and tears...

are longing to get answered or to get solved,
And the need of the hour is to get resolved.

Else the ordinary people would always be ordinary,
and those butchery cowards will keep assuring the mortuary,
with their deadly weapons and destructive fanaticism,
the time is now to think of the ism gifted to us i.e. humanitism
since time immemorial of the evolution,
till the time awaiting to put to the execution.

(A simple, humble reminiscent and urge of the yet another stain on the ordinary
life; be it an Indian, be it any vulnerable place of the world)

REETESH SABR

A Short Note To R.I.P. Michael Jackson

Will not write just because you r gone
but will write because i can't just mourn
the one whom i never knew much of late
the one whose earth song is actually our fate
MJ now i know your worth when you rest in peace
but for sure your songs would voice what u wanna say atleast...

MJ you will continue to live till the sound waves float across this planet...

REETESH SABR

Assurring To The Self

Love is lost in the depths of sea
where the pearls play with my honey

I 've touched the soul being far to her
Images are fine in heart for is eyes blur

Quintessence for the feeling or the nip of heaven
Love is the nectar I sip in my love's tavern

Fragrances are for me I'm not proven able
To remain with musk, my wind spreads in navel

I love the sole creation of God & His spree
Love is lost in the depths of sea
Yet ity sails on the wings of my honeybee
Solitude is my creation, to clebrate the cheers
Three! ! !

Hip hip hurrah
Hip hip hurrah
Hip hip hurrah

REETESH SABR

Chance To Romance

Never lose a chance, for a beautiful romance
Play with the pains or take joy to the dance

Mistakes and fouls can bear overhauls
A hearty apology and resume the glance

Going away when unwillingly you feel lonely
Just outshine a pearl of your eyes an ounce

To express the love-tales when the moon fails
Build the memoir with impression of radiance

Some forgets the swing moments of living
Let them live happy and sooth yourself sans

True love has one distinction quite often
Every heart is below when true heart get a stance

Reetesh Khare 'Sabr'
03/05/2009

REETESH SABR

Clever Fume

Sorry is of no use

For it can't fill

the void of absence

I don't know why I am

writing this piece of

rotten emotion

For it smells like a

clever fume of innocence.

REETESH SABR

Deed & Luck

Winning I can say may be hard
Situations that favour less be prevail
What is dreamt creeps out as an odd
But feel it's the way soothing success smell

It happens to your feet heavily so tied
That you go along with a pain immense
These are moments when sure you decide
Life will not perish in future from hence

What is unparalleled should be true un-doubt
And the competing is ought to be clear
For the luck follows the way it feels about
But the deed satiates your heart somewhere...

Reetesh Khare 'Sabr'
03/05/2009

REETESH SABR

Earth's Greenery

Greenery is in roots of earth,
outside there is it's dearth.
Rains have ceased to dry,
summers are just passing by.
All the hell that air surrounds,
clouds the sky by leaps and bounds.
Its a bane if not goin to decrease,
threats to melt, our breaths will freeze.
To see this ideal planet of life,
perishing in this human strife
Of ignoring love & soaring hate,
why not believe its never too late.
To pick a positive shade of tryst,
from the nature's love and mist.
Its a hope to raise the blooms,
All the world in greenish rooms.
That prosper to let possible a birth
Greenery is in root of earth!

REETESH SABR

Everyone Gets Theirs

Times to be come seems tough,
Roads are going to be rough.
True may be the chances to fall,
It's a challenge to climb the wall.
When the zeal you find to be low,
The power of will has to flow.
Nobody comes in your tidal affairs,
Everyone gets their own life shares...

REETESH SABR

First Decade Of New Life

Celebrate like the joy of first day of Life

like the rhythm of the first breath felt

like the beat of the first charge from the heart

like the first kiss of existence in the being

like the first melt of happiness from the eyes

like the first sense of bearing a flower in its bud

like anything that crosses your mind without explanation

The first decade deserve all this to step into

another journey of plus years to come...

full of liveliness!

10 Cheers for the 1st Decade of New Life!

REETESH SABR

Har Tyohaar (Hindi)

Har tyohaar yahi paigaam le ke aata hai
sukh-sampatti ho zindagi mein khairiyat ho

Mazhab ho koi bas yahi sikhlaata hai
dil mein pyaar ho nazar mein achchhi niyat ho

Padho namaaz, japo shlok ya maththa teko,
aam ek aadmi si tumhaari khaasiyat ho

Kaam chhota ya badaa aap toh na hoyega,
dhyaan dene ki har ek pal zarurat ho

Dard-o-gam se kaun duniya mein maayus nahin,
tum roton ko hansao toh khushqismat ho

Aadmi jaante huye bhi ulajh jaata hai,
zindagi jab talak khwaab se haqiqat ho

Duaaein imtihaan ki woh ghadi hain 'SABR',
tabhi ummeed bhi hai jab unmein shiddat ho

REETESH SABR

It Happened Itself

Loved I have never,
it happened itself to me ever.
Whether my eyes have something to attract
Whether love has a reason to react
I didn't asked for any favour
it happened itself to me ever.
My wish of none I don't say why
It was the moon stares who from the sky
Wooing I didn't to be clever
it happened itself to me ever.
Love I feel to make someone smile
Long you live and I centuries in a while
Love doesn't cost me a labour
it happened itself to me ever.
Tilt I my way to erase the memoirs
Prized your possession truly he admires
Who gave me love's savour
it happened itself to me ever.

REETESH SABR

It Was Summer

It was summer when we departed,
Hope this winter we shall again meet
And see that how much cold it is,
when two friends will share a warm breath

I penned a song, once back a long
Wish with a sure that preserved you have
The blitz in eyes there are yours
so I can swear that I am suave

As dab you do on heartly pains
nobody can guess what a friend gains

But to win something we have a lot to lose
That's the way that friendship goes...

REETESH SABR

Its Better Than...

Of whose path one should follow,
that doesn't leave you resent.
Truth is bitter of course to swallow,
but its better than you repent

If you mark the way chosen by a saint,
see the worldly pleasures as they've gonna faint.
Life has several paths surely one is yours,
None may earn a penny, one could give you crores.

It can be a big money or some wealthy feelings
You can be heart robber or some stealthy stealings
Or one could be modest not much a a passionate
Who loves like nothing, Nothing like any hate

World is full of nobles, always they were few
I can't be the history, and future I never knew
Right now is yours sorrow, your choice will settle the bent
Go towards a great tomorrow, Life itself is a nice present.

Truth is bitter of course to swallow,
but its better than you repent
Of whose path one should follow,
that doesn't leave you resent....

REETESH SABR

My Mother Vasundhara

Your love gave me birth
You are my mother earth
Now i want to get born again
But you dont bear labour pain
Bless my wife like the same
mother like your earthy name

REETESH SABR

Nature (?????)

Ignoring the treasures of the nature
spread everywhere, I simply walk away
Entangled in the rush of the life cycle, I reject
this wealth, each moment every day.

Drowned in artificial knowledge, drunk with power,
I dwell in illusions and go a stray
If ever I could get few hours I shall spend them with that flower
which has filled the life with so much fragrance

Even though I plucked, used and discarded it at every step yet
untill end it filled me with its eternal scent
If ever I could be really free I shall sit under that endearing tree swinging in
whose shade childhood spent

Ever hurt it by pelting stones and pebbles and still got
the sweet fruits from it as the delightment
If I could be free ever I shall visit that soothing river
whose cool splash has quenched my thirst
In its joyful, playful waves innumerable times it has
tickled and made me laugh with enjoyment

If at all, ever I could break free from the worries of life then
on the bed of greenery filled with dewdrops, yet again
I would sleep calmly with my head resting on the earth full of petrichor

that always calls me with its stretched arms
But foolishly without noticing the world around
Running breathless in the desire to move forward in life
Forgetting this world and getting lost in that world
I walk away far...far away...far ahead...

Translated from..."????" by ????????

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REETESH SABR

Noiseless Meet

Don't want to cause ripples in the lake of silence
Don't want to cause smear in time's quiet innocence
The only longing is a reach to meet
the sweet you in my thoughts
Where you live smiling, rejoicing and
sharing lots and lots and lots...

REETESH SABR

Of Bulls & Goats

Inclination towards astrology with a fear
that the truth may vague of losing the dear

Stars know if you are in my fate
what I asked was love ever never hate

To pain the heart I believe is a sin
see if my voice gets suppressed in a din

Searching away you in some good fortune
deeds my love may come as a boon

Listening is not bad what the parrot speaks
wish humans could know the language of staring teaks

Love remains my beautiful sign on tarots
being far I sometimes think of bulls & goats

For if I may find a path out of this devotion
be ready to come along with me my emotion

Let the planets grace and bliss turn to mentor
and every gem may lead towards my venture

REETESH SABR

On A Feminine Face

It seems familiar the face that is
But what makes a difference the grace that is
The beauty emits out from carefree mind
I paused on the moment and eyes go rewind

REETESH SABR

Own Spirit

Don't just follow
Don't just swallow
Don't make haste
Have the real taste
Think it over
Higher & lower

When you can digest
You will go finest
If you will just imbibe
Its tough to describe
How much it is sad
It's not good it's bad

Sorry, Oh! Poor fellow
No use if you are shallow
Think deep and deeper
Be the faith keeper
Then you can easily solve
By yourself and evolve

In your own spirit
Think over and over it.

REETESH SABR

Playing The Dual

Life is kind
and then life is cruel

It runs no matter how
expensive becomes its fuel

We crib we rejoice
we get shock we get surprise

We are courteous to thank
But at times mind gets blank

Its hard to be resolved
World wants us to be evolved

Uncertain fear keep hovering
But we cheer and keep roaring

That utter confusion bothers
Sinking we feel in troubled waters

Time preys us like crocodile
Or becomes vulture for a while

Amidst equation of sorrow and pain
In the matrix of boon and bane

We shall hang and we shall tick
we shall stand howsoever it prick

Living upto the rest of life
Pursuit in the quest of life

Forward, rewind
and playing the dual

Life is kind
and then life is cruel

Something I Miss

Something I miss that no one can fill,
even me at my own will
Some wishes are just those mercy dreams,
That are worthy for those sleeping streams
When we flow in the waves of the time,
Nights are dark and the winds wild chimes
Hearing to which only can you do is a smile
As they can't be aloud for the sleep is so fragile
Broken if it is, how will dreams would be seen
Fondness would be gathered how long it been
Love we all have this soul that lives in our heart
Wishes for this craze could never be apart
Something this way can be wished to her that don't happens
That never fill in my world of missing heavens
That something doesn't ceases still,
even me at my own will..
Something I miss...

Reetesh Khare 'Sabr'
03/05/2009

REETESH SABR

Spirit

Courage, Determination, SPIRIT
Seen on the night of 31st December 2008
Just an IT.

Jan 3rd 2009

REETESH SABR

Still Colours Wait

Drizzling stays on the wind-wings,
a glimpse is all enough of such things.
A slight show by the GOD rain,
the tiresome sun has gonna all vain.
Many a days and years have past,
no remembrance, when we saw it last.
This evening perhaps my love is divine,
when colours content with dusky shine.
My soul has wished someone to glimpse,
who see so high but never wear wings.
Love is to share some lovely views,
I called upon to break this news.
Too late was it to trace the bow,
but the marks still were stealing the show.
As vanish they but not are sate,
wooing you my love still colours wait...

REETESH SABR

Still I Hope

Just as the sun and the moon reign the sky
Just as the night and the noon daily pass by

This life of mine needs you the similar way
My candid silence is what I intend to say

That love was a word mere up-till we met
And now is a song of life not sung together yet

But still I hope the trust will win since heart composes
Above that adage that man proposes and God disposes...

Reetesh Khare 'Sabr'
03/05/2009

REETESH SABR

Sun's Surprise

Sometimes, to break the ice
words have to be really thought upon
what to utter that may not leave a vacuum
or better a silence may be created
which talks to the soul..

I wish our warmth of relations
will leave no place for the ice
to break when it can be melt hot with the
spring of melodies in the love we share..

And may the stream flow, while we talk
and talk and amazingly,
The sun sees this force
in utter surprise...

REETESH SABR

Taxi Trip...Down The Memory Lane

It was my fault that I asked,
to a turbaned cabbie who was masked
in the skins of a human & habits of a wolf.
Searches for its prey with silent brute,
and sometimes in temptations it groans & hoot.
He believed that he was not bluffing me,
so ignorant was he about his pretension,
no learning, no religiousness yet he do,
the Waahe Guru an apprehension.

Did asked for my identity, for who I am
a Hindu or a Muslim? ?
Had I not been a Hindu, which I told him,
he would have beaten me.
I reminisced, it was the gruesome Godhra
in the backdropp of which
there was lying this air of hatred
and a deadly threat on the innocent people.

By God's mercy, he left me unhurt, by the
side of the Matunga Road station(East)
didn't charge money, I was in utter shock!
But the painstaking agony of the suffering,
standing helpless in the late hour of that
awful night on the first day of my Mumbai arrival,
I kept brooding while walking past with my
handle-less suitcase across the Z bridge...

8th April 2002 

REETESH SABR

The Feel At Random

i feel twinkling in the starry dazzle of your love

i feel pristine in the greenery of your love

i feel lustrous in the priceless gems of your love

i feel unadulterated in the dew drops of your love

i feel freshly born in the bud of your love

i feel spotless in the candid touch of your love

A note of this short poem~

i feel the poetry flowing automatically from me
like an electric current has caught up
its worthy conductor...i am just a medium,
the current is from the supreme soul...

REETESH SABR

The Matter & The Chatter

Sometimes I feel there is not much matter in me
Most of the times only words chatter in me
But life is kind
and it brought a rare find
A girl deep in sense
A woman of substance
who purifies emotions and make feelings better in me
lest I would feel there is not much matter in me...

REETESH SABR

The Privilege

If you can thrill, its your own will,
I can't say whether it pleases me.
Yes, I'm privileged to this city up till,
but, this way ahead lil decreases me.

I'm restless for those things hidden,
that's discovered all aloof.
Wherever, which way, what city I'm in,
something happens a goof.
I feel sometimes brain, barren I till,
and being in the world this life teases me...
Yes, I'm privileged to this city up till,
but, this way ahead lil decreases me.

Bunch of years my life has lived,
risen I have from unknown streets.
Among the crowd why I'm timid,
when tides are hounding all fleets.
I wait for such a living skill,
that courage of death ceases me,
Yes, I'm privileged to this city up till,
but, this way ahead lil decreases me.

29/05/02

REETESH SABR

The Silver Treasure

Blessings have depths but no measure
For the hearts benchmark the Silver Treasure
Gatherings of the life that ages earn
Gather on the head with a silvery turn
Children call'em white & learn they are grey
Sparkles of sunlight have smiles on every ray
Skin is like a bed dwelling in viscous oil
Hair we talk of coir wrapped in a silver foil
Days which they lived are countless wrinkles
Eyes have fog in hopes & hope in them twinkles
Our breaths have such assets backed by these banks
For this silvery treasure, let us pay golden thanks
Thoughts of every new mile without bliss of the old
Is it possible to live without this treasure being told...

REETESH SABR

Times Immemorial

Tributes to the forgotten
with mute songs of the future
That explored is unseen
not storage if our's ignored adventure
Tough are the times
but memories are easy
Reflections are fragile
for the weather would be breezy
What really the matter
is to give the world since long
As the sunlight and the rivers
always sing an endless song
Gulity is not the mad
that has helped to grow
Someone is missed for
its the humid story of eyebrow
Remembering the sweet
moments even the saddest past
Since times immemorial
this fondness will do ever last
The shades of time are
countless but colured the generations
Memoirs assure to sketch
a life where art is artist's imaginations
Hopes of prayng trust of
stones do the memory to nurture
Tributes to the forgotten
with mute songs of the future
That explored is unseen
not storage if our's ignored adventure

REETESH SABR

To My Late Father...

Sending you wishes is a part of my obsession,
which I found in exile
because I couldn't worked out a single smile
For no one but also for me even
and rashes I feel in this season
Of not cold but ofcourse of my passive blood
my tumbling pulse..
out of an unsensed fear, that still am I dear?
To one and all to whom my life owes
My pains are theirs, my comforts are their rose
But, obsession is what love has given me
let's see love has, whether forgiven me...
For the hurts strucked out of my angst
For the heart tucked out of my soul
But being lying alone when time stole
I want my moments to hum loving carols
I think I could, I swear I should...

REETESH SABR

Trafficking Turmoil

Whenever we see some
sufferings around us
An intense gush of emotion
suddenly hound us
Feel sad for a while and then
in our world we live with smile..
while the sufferers are still
in the life called exile: (
and there comes a woman
who dares to walk
that extra mile, to bring out
every suffering daughter of
this world from
the trafficking turmoil!
Hats Off Ma'm!

(Wrote after seeing this courageous, self willed lady Ms. Anuradha Koirala of Nepal, who started a welfare home for the ill fated women who are trapped into flesh business & are trafficked by scoundrels)

REETESH SABR

Violence In The Silence

Listen to the silence which yells,
every storm lefts behind a story that tells.
When the land is so dear to the vibrations,
a fear is shrouded over GOD's creations.
Stones weep for the promise they failed to keep,
Hopes are stolen by some shattering thief.
Eyes are wet in blood to see something humble,
but the sky helplessly witness the brutal crumble.
The nature has lend its hand for man's leisure,
sorrows are the reflection of this man-made nature.
But for the sake of good let's confess for the mistakes,
and make it a point of every thing fertile not earthquakes.
The blood is the cost of the unending sweat,
so we're to replenish to see opportunities not threat...

REETESH SABR

While In Goa!

Coming to you Oh! city of beaches
Ever nice your pleasure when someone reaches

Everyone dreams of the times to visit
A journey off the sun into a cool spirit
Pleasing is your weather which calmness teaches

Coming to you Oh! city of beaches
Ever nice your pleasure when someone reaches

Breeze of the coconut trees within a mile
The sea has an instinct of sudden smile
Healing of the shore offers gathering of riches

Coming to you Oh! city of beaches
Ever nice your pleasure when someone reaches

REETESH SABR

Why I'M Awake?

Its four in the morning and why I'm awake?
Why a healthy sleep I ever refuse to take?
Am I doing something worthy by penning a poem
Or just pretending to think, write and hum
I have no serious topics to dig deep into mind
Just a few rhymings as the God is being kind
Always i felt why to prepare for a poethood
Let it flow into the bay of words as it always should
The talent, the sensibility, the genius would self arrive
If at this hour I believe I should write and strive
Though the play of word may let the issue get volatile
Still this poor chap burning his eyes with a smile
Perhaps now he feels sleepy or is it an excuse to take rest
The day would knock his door to get him up at a behest
Do you think I should give this habit a break
Its four in the morning and why I'm awake?

3rd Jan 2009

REETESH SABR