

Poetry Series

shalimar mageswary
- poems -

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shalimar mageswary(3.6.1993)

i'm shalimar from malaysia,
malaysia is a lovely
place

God

sometimes god breaks our spirits
to save our soul,
sometimes he breaks our hearts
to make us whole,
sometimes god sends us pain
so we can be stonger,
sometimes he sends us failure
so we can be humble,
sometimes god sends us illness
so that we take better care of ourselves,
AND SOME TIMES HE TAKES EVERYTHING
HE GAVES.

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Life

life is enjoying life
endless life,
do not say blind things
and do not think about bad,
always smile to others
and help the helpless,
motivate to unknown,
what god thinks that he had gives
watever u follow thats life

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Life Is Family

like a bug on a wind shield,
like the sand on my toes,
you my family,
even when i want to be free,
you are still in there.

why wont you let go,
i dont need you,
i can stand on my own
fly away bug,
wash away sand.

but now i feel empty,
no one is beside me,
where did you go? ,
i need u,
i'm sorry.

my family is important
and so is yours,
family is life
and life is family.

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Love

love is patient,
love is kind
and envies no one.
love is never boastful
nor conceited, nor rude,
never selfish,
not quick to take offense.
love keeps no score of wrongs,
does not gloat over another's sins,
but delight in the truth.
there is nothing love cannot face,
there is no limit to its faith,
its hope, and endurance in a word,
there are three things that last forever,
faith, hope, and love,
but the greatest
of them all is
LOVE

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Nature

my luve's like a red rose
thats newly sprung in june,
my luve's like the melodie
thats sweetly played in tune.

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Powerful

a smile and silence are two powerful tools,
a smile can solve
so many problems and
silence can avoid so many problems! ! !

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Song Of An Orphan

the river flows from north to west,
i have come to take rest.

under trees, the grass like bed,
there i lay my weary head.

i sing a song that is of mine,
about a widow who was kind.

she gave an orphan a place to stay,
cared for him day and night.

one day came some wicked men,
who claimed the boy belonged to them.

poor old widow fought alone,
to tell the world that they were wrong.

in the end she won with pride,
little boy sat down and cried.

'fear no evil my little lad,
dry your eyes that are now wet.'

'i will see you be a man,
a wise man always in all lands.'

she is no longer here,
but her words to me are still clear.

wise i have been because of her,
like a mother she was, very dear.

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Success

WHEN WE SAY LIFE IS SUCCESSFUL! ! !

get many?

no.

get economics?

no.

get studies?

no.

get good family?

no.

get married?

no.

ANSWER AS WHEN WE GET GOOD FRIENDS, GOOD HEALTH, GOOD WEALTH
AND ALSO A PEACEFUL MIND THEN ONLY GETS EVERYTHING SUCCESSFUL

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Sweet Night

moon moon please dont be so shiny,
door door please dont make noise,
window window please wave yourself
then only the sweet wind will come inside,
because because because my lovely mother needs to sleep! ! !

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Trees

i think i shall never see
a poem lovely as a tree.....
a tree that looks at god all day,
and lift her leafy arms to pray,
a tree that may in summer wear
a nest of robins in her hair,
upon whose bosom snow has lain,
who intimately lives with rain.
poems are made by fool like me,
but only god can make a tree.

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