

Poetry Series

Tarun Sharma
- poems -

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I am an Apparel Engineer. Currently teaching at Government Polytechnic College, Hisar. I love to write poems on whatever I feel in this beautiful God's Laboratory i.e. is life. That is why my first poem is dedicated to life- Life is Beautiful. I feel poems and rhymes are the best way to express the almighty with in you. If someone asks me the definition of POEM I'll say SONGS OF GOD, as it comes from soul.

A Lost Sailor

I always wished to be a sailor
to sail miles away in water
I sailed for long to markets
to sell clothes and handicrafts

Sometime it seems very bore
no fun and unknown sea shore
but what I have read in school
unable to find those exciting voyages and other colors of pool

I heard how a sailor dive in to deep blue
to save injured porpoise, first among the crew
I don't remember when I enjoyed the last bath
I didn't get a chance to touch ocean bed on a freezy path

The captain always shout to clean
the deck, the bob and rusted tin
I never saw him enjoying a smile
to his face looks like fox's smile]

Plenty of species what I saw in an aquarium
is hard to find in nature's museum
they cheated me and gave all secrets in my hand
they took away all the fun that I can had

Now I am young and can achieve big things
I don't know where to go to get these things
I will jump in to deep blue
may be I can find some clue

I don't want to die as a lost sailor
Agreed! I am a lost sailor
But I know their is TRUTH
waiting for me like a fruit

I have to dive in to the blue
to unravel the secrets that are still due
and I'll enjoy this like a swimmer
and it will be fantastic, just wonder!

come and swim to your goals
if you want to see the extent of poles
you need to dive in to the life's stature
other wise you'll miss this real nature

Tarun Sharma

A Simple Reason

Friends ask me my well being
Parents wish me everything

I have got all the thing
But sometime it feels like nothing

They always say I am good
I always feel that I could

I dream of a girl every time
and sing for her my rhyme

It never happened that she call
I am waiting till I fall

Some like dollars, some like moon
I like to meet you soon

Every morning I watch you walk
To the road to blossoms in to the park

When you sway your hair in the air
I feel delight and love is in air

Sometime I think
and forget to blink

Then sun dies as usual
and I wish for sun rise as usual

I know that I can't say it to you
I am happy to feel about you

After all it's a simple reason
You have got your own life and decision

I hope I am clear I respect you
and hope the day would grew

One fine sunny day with our hands on hands
I make you sway in to the air above grasslands

Oh yes! it's a simple reason
that I love you....

Tarun Sharma

Ambition

I wanna dive down the strings
I wanna fly free with wings
I wanna love you every moment
I wanna stay with you every second
I just wanna be like that always

I saw thousand flowers dying being unnoticed
I listen thousand diamonds crying in the depths of earth being untouched
I watched millions of emotions getting curbed being uncared
I fight millions of tears blaming me not to stop
I just wanna listen them all

I searched many doors to find it
I looked many eyes to see it
I travelled many steps to touch it
I read many quotes to understand it
I just wanna to decide it for my life

Some live for themselves
Some died for others
Some hide them in dark
Some shine like stars
I just wanna be like anything who know himself

Whatever be my destiny
Whatever be my ambition
no one kin answer
no one kin justify
I just wanna to write it before I start

ambitions are kite
flew by many dreamers
they who never flew a one
can not sing this song
I just wanna sing it for u all... for u all..

Tarun Sharma

An Old Love

i remember
how i hold those tiny fingers in mine palm
and screaming 'walk fast, walk fast'

it's so usual we got late
and cane, our best friend
she cries before her turn and i was always the one ' Please slowly, it hurts'

never mind
all those theorems, the scarry science and the Large history battles
she was there to write it all for me

'she torn it' my shirt? coz i said her nose is little big
mother never believed
and again i am the only one, 'please slowly, it hurts'

those small games, musical rhymes and all fun times
we were together
in all vacations, whether summer or autumn

we grew tall
and we learn a lot
and one day she said 'my father is goin' to city'

she was so happy
i was not
but i don't know what is it all about

since then 10 years were gone
now i realise
it was a lovely bond, between four small toes

i still sing those rhymes
but don't know why they don't seem to be right
may be an old love is missing in the lyrics

an old love of my life
GOD must know how it feel
an old love, have you?

Tarun Sharma

Autumn

Life never goes smooth
neither stops nor run
but you can do them both
either stop or run

Success seems to be a dream
when you loose confidence in you
I am failure you often scream
when you loose confidence in you

People don't understand you
it's all what you think
Even you don't feel you
it's all what you speak

Walking on the fallen leaves
I heard the cracks sound
Look how autumn comes
I feel the surround

Trees sink in autumn
flowers does'nt bloom in
Leaves get dry in autumn
life does'nt breath in

Still I am feeling graceful
Why I have loose it?
I cry autumn and become cheerful
I do face the cold fight

To flourish again in the spring
To hold her hands in mine
No questions, no useless conversations will spring
To crack the problems that grew in to spine

Oh men! autumn in my life
Oh men! autumn in thee life
We will walk together on the sands
and the cracks will sing the song untill it ends.

Have courage to live
as anyone kin die
I love you I feel you are my life
says autumn to the souls that never die

Tarun Sharma

Did You Remember The Smell Of Fresh Air?

Did you see all those cars
splendid makes and fabulous design
they burn petrol and eject smoke
all of 'em

how beautiful are these malls
I wonder to see these beautiful retail chains
they pack all the stuff in PET
it's non biodegradable and will choke earth one day

did you remember the smell of fresh air
and when was you healthy and sound for the last time
we eat drugs to drugs
no fruit is free of cides

rich loves white tusk crafts
leather is choosed by crowd
man kill animals
they died, shrinked, disappeared and become extinct

big rooms, tall buildings
bungalows and more
cut the tree, we need space
they cut all of them

what else you want me to write
each day some thing we kill
the earth is burning
one day you will see the flame, i bet you will see the flame
or say - ' i am wrong! '

Tarun Sharma

Disciples

think
of dark woods somewhere on equator
pupil sitting at the porches of huts
sweating, perspiring
but glittering eyes

roots, beets, tuber
and bulbs
dust laden fruits and
shrubs
placed on the earth

milky light
breaking the silence of the place
through small passages
if leaves allowed to enter
of big teaks and orchids

peace
on every face
one might wonder
to see how tired they are after collecting day's food
but their face glowing like stars in dark woods

suddenly a figure approached
the disciple's mob
equally peaceful face
and raised his arms in air
with full confidence in the eyes

and one should have seen
how the tired souls rise then
and lit the fire in the time
through the devoted moves
they made to their teacher

and drums
and flutes
and some continental instruments

they played
they sang

then comes food in earthen pots
of clay, of sand
they enjoyed the meal
like a decent team
on a lunch

the place in deep dark
seems to be the only alive part
until they went to sleep
same eyes full of energy
same face full of peace

the whole night
that figure stayed unslept
calm and straight
to the next morning
when disciples start again in search of food to explore the music, the omnipotent
in their own passion

Tarun Sharma

Dream

slowly blowin wind
playing with brown leaves
took me to a muddy path
accompanied with blossoms
colored in red, yellow and greens

a faint light emerged
bringing a picture of houses
small, big, of stones, of mud, of wood and bar
a small village
name was castellum

a tall, strong built lad
shook my hand
he welcomed me
and gave a toast
it's true nothing to boast

we plunged deep inside
I saw 'em
dancing, singing, crying, competing
building, farming, eating, sleeping
gossiping, planning, lifting, falling

the lane was flooded
of love, passion, freedom, artisans
c i v i l i s a t i o n they made
Charlie, the gentlemen
revealed the culture then

unbelievable! !
you kin do what you like
you kin eat where you want
you kin speak to whom you thought
no currency need above all

natives marry their love
children learn their passion
youth work for every one

artists grow day and night
elders bless with content and pride

there is only one law
you are free to your life
lit the spirit the way you like
don't worry ladies cook to feed the appetite
to you, to me, to cindy and to catherine

bejamin became doctor
to cure every kith and kin
nancy sings for anyone
to let you come out of dark evil
they speak truth and lie is a word they use in poems

marry draw sketches
of moon and roses
uncle fred kin teach you
how beer is made rich to the taste
we culture everyday before we sleep any place we broke

there 're scientists, geologists and anthropologists
'ier passion is to build, to save and to quest
for benefit of me, of you and every being
they born, they die, but they hardly got sick
they shout, they cry, but in name of art

the only thing we care
is food for every belly
and need of every tissue
we care for each other
doesn't matter who are you

there are church, temples and thought schools
but it's to strengthen all rational views
it's not your home, my bungalow and neighbours crew
but it's all about beautiful wooden longe and that's stone hedge
different styles of house we brew

their are postal orders too
carrying name of the gentleman or woman
I too can be the messenger

it can be you too
but the mail'll reach the destination that is all for we strive through

Live and enjoy
culture your self
tell me if I kin help you
I am a swimmer
come if you like to

I said - ' I am a lost one'
searching myself
kin any one help
'then stay here and dream'
it's the first step to culture yourself

Tarun Sharma

Fall In Love This December: The Start

i don't know, but
like the every year
it's not the same december
like others that passed away

you make it
special, the way
we spend the winter
not like all days, that flew unnoticed

i remember
the every moment,
every movement that occurred
between us, and the thousand words

forgive me but
i love the way, i hold
your hands in mine
and those speechless eyes on eyes

we were sittin'
for the first time, i am sure
all alone, yes the two of us in the home
facing the numerous blossoms at the window

and with the end of this year
i found myself at the world's end
everything was so silent and cold
but how do i know, coz i only remember the warmth of the hug!

bless! the aroma
coming from your moistened hairs
and the music of lubb and dubb
and the only breath to sing for both of us

both of us are looking
yes i am looking for the new sun
of a new brightest year of my life

in your love

since then every thing
that surrounds me, is singing
come fall in love
fall in love this december

Tarun Sharma

Fear

i pressed my knees
against the chest
hard and harder
the hold of my hands

layin' into a corner
in my own house
in my known lane
it is very cold this time they say

they are not planning their vacations
the people
they are desperate to see the next morning
the mob

too cold to sit like that
the fist growing tight
one can count the wrinkles
on my forehead

what happened to my ambition
i forgot when i have stretched my arms last time
i forgot all tastes other than pain
no wonder, is it moving or ceased? don't know!

everything seems dead
even my body shivering with fear
and the mess spread all over
where they said the mob was attacked

i close my eyes
and feel the touch of mother to my palms
when i was a toddler
and her breath, warm, killing all my shiverin'

i took deep breath
last time i wish to stretch my arms, legs
i jumped on my toes, screaming 'NO'
i won't let myself shivering in fear like always

this cold blood can't write the truth
but i will
hold me my mob, my people and i'll hold you
to kill the fear, to kill the fear!

and i was stretched after a long time
huh' a feel of relief!

Tarun Sharma

Hatred

The Life is not so merry as we write
To what we write if with a greed
The heart can not sing a melody
To what we sing is without a belief

The eyes always seek affection and care
The World gives hatred, WHY?
No one can dance with this
to utmost energy and blaze

Millions have gone dead
Millions have frowned
Who cares? , but a few
who Hughed me and you

I praise them who did this
who kill the hatred within
They will raise again from the deads
and dance to the mob once again

Do once again.....

Tarun Sharma

I Am Sad

No bird sing well today
The flowers aren't attracting anymore
No friend to talk about today
The work isn't interesting anymore

I hate every word that reminds me past
No fun left to enjoy the span
I fear of all the talks that remain incomplete since last
No peace I can observe in this zen

I am addicted to failures these days
How success looks I can't remember
I am sad these days
How I'll smile this December!

Tarun Sharma

I Care

so many competitions
success and failures
run, chase that never ends

little ambitions, small missions
hard world and so many suggestions
dream, dream that never ends

relations and friends
ties and breaks
scream, scream that no body cares

silent and dark woods
alone; thou' in groups
fight for light, that never stops

someday it happens
someone hug you and cares
breathe, breathe that is bless

it's not a dream
it's not a dream
it's only you! I care.. I care...

Tarun Sharma

Last Words

I tried to listen them all
red face turning pale
eyes wide open trying to see everything
voice cracking but trying to sing all words at once
hands grabbing me tight to stop me going anywhere
finally a thread of tears tied both of us though he left
these last words of my father I hardly get.. It's life we will met again...

Tarun Sharma

Let Us Try

Mohan got selected in AIIMS
Rama is going to Thames
What about you?
Still alone in the unknown lane!

Charlie proposed Maggi
Jaya is now Mrs. Neggi
What happened to Maitri?
Still waiting for the right time to come!

Father hopped you to be a manager
You are no longer a teenager
What is your aim?
Again changed to what you said last year!

Rahul feels happy when he glides
Sheena loves the adventure in sand and tides
What do you like?
Still tasting every dish to meet your liking!

'I believe in love my friends
I will walk until the dark ends
What do you think am I dead?
Still carry on the spirit I had!

let us try together to serve a cause
it's not about job, love and chase
What is important to a human?
to add a value to the society, I wanna' break the zero!

let us try my friends
to start healthy trends
What is meant by a mob?
Touching the individual zenith! Nay, but to lit the acme.

so that every one can culture in the light
no outdoing and an end of the racial fight!

Life Is Beautiful

Woke up by singing mother
Sitting in the lap of father
Enjoying the warmth in granny's arms
I feel delightful
I believe- life is beautiful

Playing with friends
Getting together hands on hand
Running on grass barefoot
I feel cheerful
Yes! I believe- life is beautiful

Burning midnight oil
Bringing your temper to boil
No games, no play, no fun
I feel fearful
May be- life is beautiful

Results, success, celebrations
And here come the vacations
Gossiping and chatting with friends
I feel cheerful
Wow! - life is beautiful

Sometimes feeling alone
Hoping someone to be there
And waiting and waiting always
I feel lonely
But still I believe- life is beautiful

Here comes the flash
Holding her in my hands
Swinging round the wings
And feeling the warmth of her breath
I believe- life is beautiful

Then comes the time
Your loving ones leave you behind
This is the truth of life

I feel tears
Is it true- life is beautiful?

Then I realize
What are we running for?
Living together is the all we need
Now I feel I am missing someone
But i hope- life is beautiful

Laying down, tired on fallen leaves
Looking the sunshine
Listening to air through the dying ears
I feel my last breath
I believe this and the coming- life is beautiful

No, I'll never give up 'coz I know
Indeed- life is beautiful!

Tarun Sharma

Long Wait To Hug You Oh Sister!

COME OH SISTER!
LET'S PLAY
YOU CAN'T FEEL
HOW LONG I WAIT

I LEARNED
WHAT DESPERATE IS
JUST TO SEE YOUR
FACE

HOW IT WILL
GIVE A FEEL
WHEN I WILL TOUCH YOUR
SMALL FINGERS WITH ZEAL

SHE IS MY SISTER
I WILL SCREAM
AND HUG YOU
AND CLOSE MY EYELIDS

AND WHEN WE
WILL RUN TOGETHER
IN THE FIELDS
WITH HAND IN HANDS

THE WORLD WILL SEE
THE BOND
BETWEEN US
ITS ALL I WISH

LONG WAIT
LONG WAIT TO HOLD YOU OH SISTER!
STILL I WAIT
LONG WAIT TO HOLD YOU SISTER..

Tarun Sharma

Moments

ice melting down the peak
hairs swirling round the cheek
and thy look
feel the touch
feel the moment

dew drops sliding down the leaf
color feathers falling on the roof
and thy eyes
feel the touch
feel the moment

water splashing down the fall
birds chirping as the night fall
and thy talks
feel the music
feel the moment

sun at dusk
moon at night
and thy lap
feel the freshness
feel the moment

watch the flowers in the spring
and those buzzing bees humming
and thy presence
feel the party
feel the moment

tall mountain all alone
chill autumn all alone
and thy departure
feel the cold
cry the moment

twilight of a star
it is so far
and thy smile

feel the gazing
pass the moment

deep breath down my chest
anything I kin do best
and thy hope
feel the pain
live the moment..

Tarun Sharma

Pain

time comes
that you want peace
it happens
you want to run out of these

like
a big bass playing horrible tunes
think
of silence but every where is chaos

you hate
every single thing that want to care
your fate
every single step leaves you there

cry oh friend!
but I know you can not
try my friend!
but you say - no I won't

you want to
stop
time stops for you
you are tired of being flop

you dream with
open eyes
and suddenly you scream with
cold tears

p a i n
yes it is difficult to describe
g a i n
oh yes! it will imbibe

in to
your last efforts
seems to
be the hidden supports

of your friends
mates and home
of your threads
bonds and dome

keep going...
as you want
keep singing
till LIFE grant

Tarun Sharma

Precious

i guess
i don't have enough time
to tame the beautiful springs
round the globe
that says time is precious

i feel
i don't have enough age
to walk the weather
round the globe
that says life is precious

i think
i don't have enough money
to buy all luxuries
invented round the globe
that says money is precious

i know
i don't take chances
to achieve all goals
aimed round the globe
that says ambition is precious

i mean
i kin spend all of 'em
to give you few moments of smile
round your face
that says nothing is precious but you

a number of flowers die before being smelt
a number of diamonds lay hidden for not been findin' out
how kin then they become precious
precious is the one what i have got in my small life
to live with.. to live with..

Tarun Sharma

Random Bars

I daily take a new road
With full zeal as ever told
So many tours that started
Never completed!

Some coz of loosen hope
Some situations I failed to cope
Some were not of my interest in sought
Some were left behind in thought

I never met a goal
I think I never made a goal
Aimless I got caught in dark
Like behind random bars in quest of spark

Time never stops my friend
Don't wast your pitch in this trend
Thousands of youth has lost
For an aimless chore they started in past

It is better to be defeated in a game
rather thinking to start with so many names
A wounded soldier can rise again
But a lost sailor will always be in pain

Tarun Sharma

Small

a hand full of lukewarm water
just strikes my forehead
slowly slowly it splatter
here and there about my forehead

fever is painfull, I know mother
but it's feeble when you care
with the warmth of your hands oh mother!
the water kills it, it won't spare

it's the energy of our small world
just between two of us
it's the bond of my small hand
just to hold both of us

do stay with me oh mama!
and I will play the scene for you
no evil can hurt us mama!
as soon as with me are you

every time I got sick like that
my mother put my small head in her lap
she gives me warmth and long night pat
and I feel fine in her lap

Tarun Sharma

Small Hands

dedicated to the girl (foetus) whom parents kill in India just because she is a girl.

If you have been ever touched
by her small hands
if you have been ever touched
by her tiny chunky smile on face

if you have been ever danced
on her childish prayers
if you have ever listen
to the fluted pronunciation through her lips

if you have been ever seen her in
the tiny skirt just dazzling here and there
if you have been ever watched her
running fast and tumbling on the mud

if you have ever seen
the cute little print of her foot on floor after she washed
if you have ever seen her
falling asleep folding her small hands and fingers touching the palm

if you have ever seen
what i mean to share
please don't kill her
if you wanna see

Tarun Sharma

Sometime

Time pass like sand
you are sitting cross hands
Dreams come in day
about the time that has sway

You recall all your friends
and you say sorry to all the friends
to not calling them
to not remembering them

You cry and shout on walls
echo greets you and recalls
that another beautiful day has gone
you were dreaming and you're still alone

You run to your mother
and to father
You hug them tight
and then comes a light

a light of truth and hope
that you will cope
of all the bad things past
and leave the dreams that lost

Sometime nothing sees
everything becomes mess
but you know it's important
to talk to your heart to wake the ignorant

and then you see the magic
it's taking place and is strategic
You love me I know my friend
I also thought sometime my friend

Sometime my friend
Sometime

The Portrait

At dusk
few miles away
swaying her hands
in the fields of barley
tall enough to be looked at
her swirling black wisps
in the wind
the joy
when she jumped in to the sky

From the window
I can feel the fresh air
she breathe in
the sound of her anklets
jingling with the peers of her smile
Slowly slowly rushing towards me
the red glow of her face
stretching my stem in her energising warmth
I stoop up in my vace

For the last five years
in every dusk
I watch the pretty morning
from my vace
this time smile will bloom out
in to the flowers
and she will bless them
with the ting red blanket
at every dusk every day

Tarun Sharma

The End

I don't know why
but it feel tears
when you finish reading a book
the end page gives you a stare look!

New friends that met you in the course
will sway hands to the end of the course
Some sound always go on in my heart
and i sob can't stop to depart

every time i watch a movie
the horror, sporty or a groovy comedy
I felt desperate to move ahead
the picture reads the end?

I don't know why this happens?
Every time i begin a new talk
The group dance in the zeal
untill they disappear to the end..

Tarun Sharma

The Last Thing I Will Do Is Wish You Birthday

When the leaves get absorb in to the sand
When the butterflies return to their home
When the defeated people put their hands on hand
When the tired sparrows stop chirping and do not roam
I don't care when the world stops
I know the day will come! Special for you

When you will be busy in your goals
When bees were collecting nectar in their hives
When you will be counting the gold rolls
When ants were storing their winter leaves
I don't care when the world is busy
I know the time will come! When baker bakes cake for you

When your opponents lost their temper to you
When painful wings of pelicans break their courage
When their is a broad light of success and only you
When you feel there is something missing in this rage
I don't care when the world is cruel
I know the candles will light, glowing your name

When the life ends as it has to be
When the new saplings will open their eyes to the harsh world
When there will be a strong echo in my bones as it has to be
When the new life starts again to rule the world
I don't care when the cycle is repeated
I know the last thing I will do is wish you birthday!

Tarun Sharma

The Painting

i am not an artist
i am not interested either
but i am painting
since i got senses

i don't have canvasses
neither do oil dipped brushes
i have only my dreams
with open eyes towards this world

i have never seen
what i am painting
the only clue i got
it's her presence that i always felt

like her absence
that i always repent
a different kind of warmth
i have found savin' me in this cold world

don't know why?
it seems to appearing
on a window next lane
yes the one with clear glass pane

baby pink color top
ticked with her blessed smile
and all her hair'
like caring the soothing face from scorch

i painted every mood
on that window
in almost every season
with my dreams, so obvious

it's almost complete now
i just wanna' give a name
what should i call my painting
dream, love, attraction, heart, all looks unreal

i called it breath
cause' i have forgot to breathe
long since i have painted it
tomorrow it is going to gallery for presentation

see! i painted it
and someone will appreciate
and for some dollars
my breath will go.....

Tarun Sharma

The Tree Out My Window

Taller taller
than last year
Greener greener
than last shower
there is a tree out my window

stouter stouter
than previous year
stronger stronger
no wind can steer
the tree is standing out my window

birds, crawlers
vines and creepers
children, farmers
artists and passers
sharing prosperity with this tree out my window

calm, silent
when spring is pleasant
violent, firm
when it's autumn
the tree out my window

varying moods and tone
with season
varying acts and chores
with changing sun
the tree shows out my window

true friend
true bond
mystic impression
full of motivation
the tree out my window

older older
still looking tender
timber timber

for good timber
they cut the tree out my window

vines, creepers
birds, crawlers
artists, passers
children, farmers
forgot the tree out my window

Tarun Sharma

Time

FEW COINS IN MY HAND
EVERY THING FALLING DOWN LIKE SAND
DISTANCE GETTING LARGE BETWEEN US
SILENCE ONLY TO SPEAK BETWEEN US

IT'S A TIME WE CARE
NOW ITS RARE
IT IS THE TRUST BETWEEN US
RUST ONLY TO EAT TRUS

TIME KIN BEAT THOU
TIME HAD BEAT THOU
KILL IT WITH TRUTH
KILL IT WITH FAITH

...IF TIME KIN STOP

Tarun Sharma

Tired

thousands of days past
while walking to the acme
thousands of relations last
for running after the money

days were best
when kids used to sing melody
days gonna past
the only thing left is agony

I am tired of being best
crushing the colleagues for honey
I am tired to become first
living away from others, all lonely

God I never felt that much pain in ma chest
the tears are flowing
God grant me few days more before I left
I wanna hug my friends, they are calling

tired of body can sleep and rest
what to do with desperates oh honey!
tired of soul can never sleep and thrust
all the time in rememberance that are thorny

Tarun Sharma

Tribute

to my father

'will i pass these exams? '
i always used to doubt myself
and don't know what power there was
'Of course! ' and a puff of smoke dwell

"how do you know that? "
"i mean are you sure? "
what a pleasant look that was!
eyes pat me and appeal "I know"

whole night i feared
the failure dream grew like any thing
"Father, i passed, i am first! "
no change in the eyes, same confirmation, "I know"

like that always
in my all fears
i felt your warmth surrounding me
and i used to sleep, coz i know you are there

your eyes
like a spiritual flame of a light house
showing me path to rove
in the world ocean

one day it went down
dark and only dark
i don't know where i am roving
hard to believe that you are gone!

i want to gift you happiness
don't know how do i
time and again mother tells me story
of thy life and glory

i dream day and night
to feel the touch of your pat

the warmth of breath
and peace of the lap

i know you didn't stop at any cost
so do i
i know you miss my needs
so do i
i will sing the song now and again
"i know" we will meet again!

Tarun Sharma

When Camps Will Be There..

When camps will be there
I will find my divine friend
and people will come closer
I will also hold her hand

The puff coming out of tea kettle
will make fresh patterns
I will gonna win the battle
to make you mine oh saturn

gossips, sports, tracking
and parties long night
trees, sky, twilight
and cool breeze whole night

when champs will be there
to sing there wits
I will open my heart and shear
my all feelins

when beautiful girls will be there
to take the day with their long hair
How I will feel them when you are not there
to hold my hand in desparate care

and the moment we bath together
in the chill spring
when I will hug you in shiver
and both of us will get plunge

the scene when you hold
a cup of coffee
and I will lit the fire to sway out cold
to take care of thee

no longer now there left
these camps
when hearts used to get theft
in these camps

I hope
these camps will cherish again and smear
I hope
we will meet when camps will be there

Tarun Sharma

When You Love A Woman

It can happen to you
Suddenly the breeze around becomes new
It can be felt with in you
Suddenly a face come in to view
-When you love a woman

It will make you feel virgin
Every time you think that she is the one
It will gonna make you mad
Everywhere you find her talks with every one
-When you love a woman

Can it happen to her?
And your face turns blue
Can she becomes your?
And everywhere is dew
-When you love a woman

Should you try to convince her?
You know you can't
Should you perceive all pain and not her?
You know there is no way out
-When you love a woman
Does love means to achieve?
It is the most beautiful gift you already have
Do you find that peace?
It is said that true love – a sorrowful end it has
-When you love a woman...truly

Tarun Sharma