

Poetry Series

Wini Jose
- poems -

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Wini Jose(22 sep 1995)

Poetry is the language of the heart and a poet is someone who can understand that language. Poetry was there in my mind from a very young age and I started writing poems when I was just 10.I wouldnt call myself a poet because I am just too young to be a poet! !

A Teacher

What a teacher should be?
Someone who is kind to me.
Who considers all the children the same.
No matter whether blind or lame.
Who accepts ones mistakes and is honest,
Who considers each child as the best.
Who stands by your side when you cry,
Kind enough to ask, 'oh, dear why? '
Who considers money as useless,
Being partial as senseless.
Who laughs along when you are happy,
Whose love is deeper than the sea.
Who is a shoulder for you to cry,
A person to whom you never want to say goodbye,
What a teacher should be?
A person who opens the lock of my dreams with the correct key,
That's what a teacher should be.

Wini Jose

Cartoons

A smile or giggle is sure to appear,
Like a mother's hand wiping away your tear.
The world has not seen anything so funny,
Like a cartoon that makes your day sunny.
From the chase between Jerry and Tom,
Till date for this cartoon there's been reform.
The foolishness of Sylvester and the cuteness of Tweety,
The wonderful creations of Walt Disney.
There's nothing like cartoons that can make a child smile,
And make them happy and agile.
Mickey and Minnie mouse are the cutest of all,
More than Pink Panther standing tall.
Daffy duck and Bugs Bunny,
Makes you laugh till there is an ache in your tummy.
Sometimes you are glued to the TV,
Till late night not feeling sleepy.
Watching cartoons have been a hobby for years,
It's dear to hearts like a delicate souvenir.
How can we forget Popeye the Sailor man?
The power he gets from the spinach in his can.
They are characters who can never fade out from our memory,
They will remain like great people in world history.
So don't you think they deserve it for all that they did?
To make us laugh, and to remove anything sordid.
Yes, they do and so they remain,
Like a gratitude for what they did to remove our pain.

Wini Jose

Construction

From my window, I sometimes do look,
When distracted from my physics note book.
That building they are constructing in front of mine,
Yes it looks gigantic, but it looks fine.
I have been hearing the breaking and cracking and all sorts of sounds,
Enough to shake three hundred towns.
From the very first brick,
The building grew as fast as a magic trick.
Cement mixers and trucks come and go,
The workers doing their job under the sun's bright glow.
For me it was just a fantasy, a wonder,
The building to me is and never will be blunder.
For everyday, I saw it coming slowly to life,
A true result of the workers strife.
It smiles at me through its newly fixed windows and main door,
As if to say shyly, look at me no more.
When the lights come on, oh it is a treat to see,
I wish I could stay there for free.
The building towers above my head,
Like a magnificent elephant, well fed.
For the workers, it is like a dream coming true,
To see their hard work towering high into the blue.
But at last when the workers leave after their duty,
They turn back for one last time to look at that beauty.
Their mere wage is nothing for them to stay there,
Hence they walk on not knowing where.
This world is strange in its paths and ways,
And I believe it will become stranger in the coming days.
So the building stands in front of me,
Like a part in world history.

Wini Jose

Destiny

The mountain is steep,
My pace, I just cannot keep.
A tumbling stone or a hurricane,
Can put me in huge pain.
My heart is aching and I am out of breath,
The only thought in my mind is death.
Dark clouds of sorrow hover over me,
Nobody at this time is ready to hear my plea.
Now I feel my time is up and so rest,
Just for the last moments of my life in a forest.
Looking around, presented me with sights,
Mystical formations at night by the moonlight.
The trees were all so happy,
Dancing with the wind around me.
I saw two buds, one large and one small,
The small one short and the large one tall.
Every day I spent my hours looking at these two,
Looking occasionally at the sun in the blue.
They bloomed to flowers that were very beautiful,
Swaying with the wind looking very bountiful.
Their beautiful scent put me to a sleep,
Filled with magical thoughts that were so deep.
The larger flower scorned at the smaller one,
And said, "There is no use looking at you, there is no fun."
The minor bent her head low,
And looked at the flower and its flow.
Pride was all that some had,
And hurting others made them all the more glad.
I stayed on to see the fate of my companions in my dream,
Standing side by side by a large stream.
Fate has something in store for everyone,
And it will not leave anyone.
The big flower for all her pride,
Arrogance brimming at every stride,
Didn't know that she would be the meal,
Of a mountain goat with hooves strong as steel.
The goat was happy and went on its way,
For he was full for a day.
The small flower still stood with her head bent low,

But grew to a delicious fruit with a special glow.
I woke up from my sleep just to realize,
That my dream was true, clear like the numbers on a dice.
My decision to wait over there and rest,
Has changed my life for the best.
I plucked the fruit and relished it,
Not even wasting a bit.
But this has taught me one thing,
A lesson more important than anything.
Life is different for you and me,
And it is because of destiny.

Wini Jose

Guilt

There is a time when all memories of achievement wash away,
And when you wish that your guilt doesn't stay.
I know what I have done is wrong and should never be done,
And my sin gets added to all the others under the one and only sun.
My doing might have been a pain to another man,
Even though it was done unknowingly, without any plan.
But that action of mine lies deep inside me,
From that guilt I can never be free.
Did my action bring a tear to a living being's eyes,
Or did it end up deep inside in the form of sighs.
I have no idea and guilt surrounds me like the walls of a room,
Taking me down, filling me with gloom.
I feel bad when the world is rude with my soul,
Leaving me depressed as a whole.
But do I feel the same when I hurt another person with a soul like mine,
Or do I run away from it thinking its fine.
A diamond has a million sides to make it shine,
But do I have enough words to convince myself that what I did was fine.
I may debate and argue for a million nights,
But the thing I did is never going to be right.
Why oh why did I do it?
Why is this thing hurting me, this thing called guilt?

Wini Jose

Hope

When the sun rises every day,
There is hope.

When the rivers flow to their destination,
There is hope.

When birds begin their flight to places,
There is hope.

When the moon lights up the night time,
There is hope.

For an explorer, in search of Utopian land,
There is hope.

For each flower that blooms,
There is hope.

For every child born,
There is hope.

Before every battle,
There is hope.

For every drop of rain that falls on earth,
There is hope.

But when I fall down in the steps of life,
Is there any hope?

Is there any hope of getting up and walking again?

Is there any hope I will reach my destination like the rivers?

Is there any hope I will shine bright like the sun?

Is there any hope of me finding the Utopian land?

Is there any hope that I will bloom like a flower?

Is there any hope that I will win the battles of life?

I have no hope.

So I lie quite and still,

So that the world can play with me, the way it wants,

So that I can find this thing called hope sometime, somewhere in my life.

Wini Jose

I Believe

I believe that in everyone deep inside,
There is a beautiful side.
I believe that when all doors close,
One door will be opened by an unknown force.
I believe that war and bloodshed will stop one day,
And that countries will stop fighting one or the other way.
I believe that for every enemy there is a friend,
This world is a mix of good and bad, a complex blend.
I believe that with every fall,
You may rise up to stand tall.
I believe that for every slap,
There will be a friendly tap.
I believe that for every stony pathway,
There is a bed of flowers that bloom in May.
I believe that everyone is something,
No one is born without anything.
I believe that for every terrifying pain,
There will be a soothing gain.
Most of all I believe in me,
The only thought that fills me with glee.
For I believe that I am not a waste of space,
I believe that I can run along with this world in its same pace.
I believe in myself, that's all I can do,
I believe in victory that will come one day for that ought to be true.

Wini Jose

I Dont Know

'I don't know', I always do say,
From the time of my birth to this very day.
Sometimes I really hate the very sound of life,
What is it? Nothing but a big doleful strife.
Walking on this very rough road I am blamed for everything,
And appreciated for nothing.
Why is it that no one understands me?
And presents me with sorrow but no glee.
Why is it that everything I do is a mistake?
And considers my smile, though innocent, as fake.
Why is it that everything I do go wrong?
Everyone says its because I am feeble and not strong.
There are many things that I don't understand,
Why isn't life colourful like every rainbow band?
Theories written in books are often not looked upon,
These are often covered with strangling weeds like in a deserted lawn.
I always think-'Why was I born on earth and no other place? '
Why was I destined to see every scornful face?
Everyone says earth is a replica of heaven,
With great wonders numbering up to seven.
But I see nothing other than hatred and anger on this earth,
And greed is the only thing that everyone has without dearth.
At the back of their minds they think something really nasty,
But show a smiling face to make everybody happy.
Do they have anything called feelings or sympathy,
But when a person is dead they show a lot of fake care and empathy.
I often look at the sky, my only glee,
Open like a rose and vast like the sea.
Sky is the only one I can believe in,
Because he is my closest kin.
The living human beings on earth are so fake in every aspect,
Who think they are really perfect.
So then who is my friend and who is my foe?
My only answer is: I don't know.

Wini Jose

If Animals Could Speak

A koala bear looks blankly at a tractor,
Destroying his home without any shame.
A tigress looks helplessly at a man killing her son for fur,
People do all this just for money and fame.

Birds come back from their search for food,
To find their nests all gone.
People cut trees for their own good.
To make life easy for new humans born.

Why is it that we do all this?

Is it just because animals cannot speak?

But to make our life happy and bliss.

We kill them just because they are weak.

I look at the animals enclosed in cages,
Their eyes speak many things.
Their life is all destroyed like torn pages.
Just to entertain flying monsters without wings.

Their eyes tell me, ' please free us.'

But I am totally helpless.

And they make a lot fuss.

But I cannot free them from this mess.

If only they could really speak,
They would have so many things to tell,
But they are innocent, so bleak,
So they keep quite like a broken bell.

If they could only speak,

They would have made so many complaints,

And the answer to all I do seek.

But I never find the answer from anywhere.

Wini Jose

Imagine Beyond Imagination

Do you think you have ideas for life but feel life can't wait,
Then I think you are in my present state.
I want to discover the difference in life, my journey,
But for that I have to be beyond extraordinary.
I want to know the power of my dreams,
In between my life filled with cries and screams.
You should never stop asking questions ever,
Then you can inspire the next forever.
Life is for those who do,
Not for those who sit as if they have flu.
You have to think that impossible is nothing and just do it,
Achieve brilliance because you are worth it.
To think smart is a better idea,
And never forget to laugh like a maniac.
For you there is no substitute,
Declare your beauty as you are that cute.
Just think, "I am what I am, " and enjoy every step of your life,
Have a break, have a kitkat when you think its a strife.
Keep your mind strong like a rock,
And close it with the biggest lock.
This is the right time for life for you, ,
Because then for you the sky will always remain blue.
You can make a different world easily,
Because beauty meets quality.
You were born to perform
Nothing can deter you, not even a storm
This is the way of life and life's good,
If you are healthy because good life means good food.
But never forget to be fair and balanced unlike any other,
Be kind to everybody and the most to your father and mother.
So let's forget all the gloom,
Let's go zoom, zoom.

(The above poem has been written with the brand slogans of various famous companies. For your convenience, I will be mentioning some of them below,

Ideas for life-Panasonic

Beyond extraordinary-samsung

Zoom, zoom- mazda

Declare your beauty- Lux

Etc.....)

Wini Jose

Life Is Nothing But A Race

Tears roll down my cheeks,
I've been crying for years, months and weeks.
I look at my sad face,
Just to realize that life is nothing but a race.
Money talks everything and everyone needs it,
They don't know the value of human care, not even a bit.
Justice is denied to the poor everywhere,
Who will know their needs, who will care.
When I try to speak their needs,
They pluck me off from there like weeds.
But even if they burn me in the fire of hell,
And even if they leave me hungry deep in a well,
I will always speak for truth and justice,
And my duty to the poor, I shall never miss.
For, I am like a baby deer in the forest,
The lion catches me and leaves the rest.
For I was innocent and stayed there alone,
Not moving a bit, still like a stone.
But when I lost my courage and tried to run and flee,
No one was there to help me.

Wini Jose

Miles Away

Miles away I see a shining star,
But to reach there I need to cross a big war.
That war is my life which I often think about,
And stand in the middle of that battlefield filled with doubt.
Sometimes knives and spears pierce through me,
From that pain I've never been free.
I want to run away from that war and turn around,
Away from the violence and the loud sound.
But when I see that shining star miles away,
The only thing that can make my life bright like the very day.
I stand in between those barbarians with all my might,
Looking at the star my only delight.
Even if a spear goes through my heart,
From that star I can never part.
The soldiers asks me something that I can never do,
But they say I can, I can but I cannot so I remain gloomy and blue.
Oh my gracious God save me from this melancholy,
Because from this battlefield I cannot runaway or flee.
They ask me to change from a flower to a stone and then to vapour,
How is it possible because it is not of any sense or stature.
If I could I would have really tried to fly on the back of a giant butterfly,
Into the home of the stars up above very high.
Wouldn't it be so nice to watch from there,
To look at the streams and rivers without any care.
But on earth I look at these with a fire inside my heart,
Its splendor and beauty it just cannot part.
But forgetting all these I look at that shining star everyday,
Shining brightly miles and miles away.

Wini Jose

My Sister

Sometimes so good, sometimes so bad,
Sometimes with a frown and sometimes really glad.
This is my sister and I really don't know her behavior,
Because sometimes she's Lucifer and sometimes a savior.
Her ways and methods are really strange and weird,
Because she may even recommend a woman to wear a beard.
She thinks her possessions are the greatest of all,
Though I sometimes break them with my rubber ball.
'What does she think of herself? 'I always think in my mind,
Why is it that she's sometimes cruel and sometimes kind?
Oh! Don't ask me what she is?
When she's not around I am usually at bliss.
I have been with her for sixteen long years,
And she has presented me with both laughter and tears.
And though we are different like chalk and cheese,
We talk to each other and make peace.
Silent like a cat but ferocious like a poisonous snake,
Beware when she smiles because its really fake.
But though my sister is like a strange animal in a very strange forest,
I really like her and I just forget the rest!

Wini Jose

Rain

Dark and rumbling heavenly sky,
Man and animals wait with their throats all dry.
Wondering when that crystal clear nectar,
Will trickle down their body and into every sector.
As each second passed by, their eagerness became more and more,
An obvious reaction as they were thirsty to the core.
The parched land lay cracked like a jigsaw puzzle,
So were the living beings, all waiting in the muzzle.
The peacock came with its beautiful feathers to dance,
As the other animals eyed it as if in a trance.
To the god of thunder they all did pray,
To grant another second in their life or another day.
For it was so parched that even the camel was thirsty,
No mountain of gold could make them ever so happy,
Except for a dropp of that heavenly life saving offering,
Which came drizzling from the sky on every swan's wing.
When will it pour down from that gracious blue,
When will the skies show mercy to me and you.
As the animals were looking for an answer for this doubt,
They heard a loud and tremendous shout.
And so the first few drops of that gracious blue's mercy fell on the land,
As if directly from his silver lined hands,
Man and animal alike danced as if mad,
They couldn't hide their happiness, they were so happy, so glad.
But they never forgot to thank the heavenly blue,
Who was so good to them, so true.

Wini Jose

The Butterfly

The story I am going to say is about a little worm,
Who could only crawl and squirm.
He used to crawl on a big mulberry tree,
And used to eat all its leaves for free.
Now the animals of that place hated him for his looks,
But the poor worm took no notice of these crooks.
He ate and ate and ate and became very fat,
And once he even scared away a ferocious bat! !
But the next day he was not to be found,
And the animals looked for him all around.
Curious they asked the old owl,
And he replied very angrily with a scowl,
'Why do you want to know about a person you hate? '
But they were curious to know his fate.
And then they noticed a strange little bell,
It hung from a tree neither in heaven nor in hell.
As days passed by they forgot about it,
And the crowd soon split.
Grazing on the grass, the deer noticed a beautiful creature,
Very perfect in every feature.
With wide colourful wings and every beautiful shade,
So strong that it could never fade.
Who are you my dear friend asked the jealous deer,
Who used to be elected the most beautiful every year.
Oh don't you remember me,
I am that little ugly worm who used to live on that mulberry tree.
The surprised deer ran to tell the entire forest,
As the butterfly sat on a flower for a little nectar and rest.
The animals came running to see this little fellow,
Including the elephant who came running with a loud bellow.
But just within the blink of an eye,
The butterfly flew into the blue of the sky.

Wini Jose

The Chameleon

There sits something on that mango tree,
But suddenly it becomes invisible, I just cannot see.
It crawls to the branch ahead,
To eat a little fly which immediately fled.
Spiky and spiny with his colour changing skin,
I wonder if he has got any close kin.
This poor fellow is always blamed for his colour change,
And some even consider him wierd and strange.
But he does it to hide in the hands of nature,
And doesn't mean any harm, silent like an old man, silent and mature.
In this world I have seen many people from many places,
With different colours and faces.
I know some people who behave like the one mentioned above,
Who existed in the past and some who exist even now.
When the work is done, the person is in the bin,
God, they don't know they are committing a grave sin.
Why should such people be created,
Instead they should be cremated.
For what they do and what they say,
I hope you understand what I mean to convey.
I hope such people, one day will realise,
When they grow old and wise.
That they were doing a mere waste,
Forgetting that they hurt other people in their haste.
To fly to the top on an eagles wing,
But in the end what they got was nothing, nothing and just nothing...

Wini Jose

The Excuse Of A Lazy Kid

The birds are so lucky; they can fly into the blue,
The flowers can bloom, so beautiful, so true.
The rivers can flow the way it wants,
But I cannot even breathe the way I want.
Buried under a pile of books, is crushed my childhood,
My elders ask me to study; it's for your own good.
In between the laws of Newton and Einstein's equation,
I am stuck in a horrible situation.
There is no way I can escape from the benzene ring of organic chemistry,
Conversions for me were always mysteries.
Learning the function of heart,
My own beating heart gets a sudden start.
The way I study is wrong they say,
Love the subjects you learn and everything will come your way.
But how can I love something that I hate,
Something for which I have no taste.
Everyone looks at your grades and not at your personality,
If you are bad at grades, then you face no justice or equality.
You are doomed to hell,
And doomed to live inside a shell.
My dreams are all trapped inside a simple benzene ring,
Trying to fly away from it with a golden wing.
To break the bonds and live my life, my way,
Is my wish and is all I got to say.

Wini Jose

The Journey Of A Seed

On earth lay a fruit all ready and ripe,
With a lot of colour and hype.
Around were birds so hungry, so greedy,
With their cunning eyes, some round and big, some small and beady.
Next day nothing was left out from that juicy fellow,
Except for something round and yellow.
Now no one was there to look at this little thing,
Because it was like a pauper and nothing like a king.
It was carried by a parrot for her hungry offsprings,
Waiting for her with open mouths and wide wings.
Her kids didn't like it at all so they,
Threw it down the tree and were more interested to play.
So it lay there for long but was carried away,
And travelled during night and day.
It saw many wonderful sights,
Sometimes a little sparkling stream or cheetah fights.
So day and night it travelled on a buffalo's back,
Attached to it like a strong little tack.
But at last the seed was laid to rest,
And its strength was put to a test.
So the little seed grew to a big tree, tall and wide,
Strong enough to resist the strongest storm and biggest tide.
So that big tree stands to this day,
As if not to give its secrets away.

Wini Jose

The Lamp Of The Night Sky

Up above in the night sky,
When the foxes are all awake, wicked and sly.
There shimmers a silver light,
So cool and white, and so beautifully bright.
The moon looked at me with a smile,
And I smiled back in my style.
I asked him, 'how are you? '
Why are the stars so few?
He answered with a grin,
Oh I am fine, but the stars have gone for a drink.
He told me stories of all times and ages,
Of kings and queens and of magical birds in cages.
And I listened with all my might,
To his stories about men making flight.
So beautiful were his stories and talks,
He captured my heart and closed it with all kinds of locks.
I asked him why do you always change your face?
'oh', he replied, ' that's the game of your earth and space'.
Like a white flower on a velvet bed,
Like a princess from fairy stories said.
He makes me so jealous with his beauty,
But he stays bright because that's his duty.
He says, ' go for sleep oh my dear child'.
But because of his beautiful stories I had gone wild.
He put me to sleep with his silvery finger,
And I went to sleep without any linger.
I slept tight for a long time,
Dreaming about marshy lands filled with slime.
So next day I woke up,
And drank tea from my pink cup.
To see that he had gone,
And his new friend was born.
With a more beautiful face,
Spreading light brimming with heavenly grace.

Wini Jose

The Life Of A Flower

Under the great bright sun,
Stands a little bud dancing with fun.
The tender petals are all wrapped up,
Like a pink fairy cup.
Everyday each tender petal wakes up from her sleep,
Gazing down the hill which was very steep.
As each day passed by,
Each petal woke up with a sigh.
To breathe the fresh morning air,
And to feel the dew spread everywhere.
At last the bud bloomed into a flower,
Like a gift for happy lovers.
The birds and bees envied her,
For her petals soft as fur.
For seven days and seven nights,
She stood there looking at the beautiful sights.
But on the seventh night, her one petal was sick and dry,
She asked it again and again, ' why oh why'.
But as days passed by, each petal said goodbye.
At last she was a withered flower,
Standing like an expressionless tower.
Then she fell on the dry soil,
Who to her was very loyal.
She looked at the grey November sky,
Asking why oh why, tell me why.
Why I had this terrible fate?
The sky replied to her, 'Everyone born on this planet are in the same state'.
Because the sky had seen generations after generations,
And many reunions and separations.
Oh dear flower! the sky said,
You have withered and so you are dead.
So the flower decayed day by day,
And the people trampled her on their way.
The birds and bees asked, 'where is she? '
A beauty we would like to see.
But now she is hidden in history,
This is life which remains a mystery.

The Lift

When I come walking all tired and lazy,
Feeling all the more crazy.
I see that heavenly door in front of me,
I wait in front of it just to see,
If I can get in and go really high,
Leaving the sun, saying goodbye.
That grey interior may look gloomy to you,
It looks good only to a strange few.
I am one among those few and so I stand and stare,
At the tubelights, at it's silent glare.
My journey from ground to top,
Because of the lift is never a flop.
My daydreaming goes inside the lift,
Which takes me home, quick and swift.
When I listen to that eerie sound,
It makes me go round and round.
It's been fifteen years and this routine goes on and on,
Even if I am weak, even if I am strong.
When the fan is on it's double pleasure,
so big I don't know how to measure.
The door in front of me suddenly opens to the outer corridor,
Somewhere in second floor.
I stop my daydreaming and get outside.
Now I can go to my flat, I need no guide.
When the door closes behind me,
I feel like going back to experience the same journey.

Wini Jose

The Story Of A Stray Cat

Two little ears above her tiny head,
She was thin since she was not very well fed.
Everyday she would come at my doorstep with a seductive mew,
Waiting anxiously for the bones of last night's duck stew.
She would walk around my legs, tickling me with her fluffy tail,
Sometimes scratching a bark with her claws as sharp as a nail.
Her eyes were like two green marbles set in her beautiful white face,
And her whiskers danced in the wind like a shoe lace.
One day she came to my house with a new member,
A brown and white kitten, if I remember.
They were truly a sight to see,
The kitten's playfulness filled me with glee.
I used to offer the kitten with milk,
Occasionally stroking its head soft as silk.
One day while going to school,
I saw something that was really not cool.
My dear little cat and kitten lay lifeless,
Near a garbage mess.
Some speeding motorist had done this in his hurry,
He wasn't bothered, it was cat who would worry.
Each day I saw friends vanishing into thin air,
I cried since it was not fair.
Now no cat comes at my doorstep for milk,
There is no kitten with a head as soft as silk.
There is no playfulness,
Only nothingness.

Wini Jose

The Tree

When I cry I see nothing but an ocean in front of me,
And in middle of that is a magical tree.
Now on this tree is written my fate,
The time of birth and death with the correct time and date.
I cannot cut any of its branches or pluck a single leaf,
Because that tree wants to fill my life with grief.
I don't know whether its fruits are sweet,
Or the song of its leaves, its very beat.
But all I know is that,
Its silent like a sly cat.
In its paths and ways I often fall down,
And in my own tears I do drown.
Only if a single branch would become a helping hand,
This is just a request, not a demand,
I would pour water at its roots,
And relish its sour fruits.
The tears I shed go up into the sky,
And forms a cloud up there so high.
And the same one pours down on the magical tree,
And all around its territory.
My tears are what it needs,
It flows like streams in fields.
I want to know why this tree is so unkind,
Why it wants to torture my mind?
So day and night I dream that the tree will lead me somewhere,
Some place where I can get love and care.
Sometimes I feel like cutting off this tree with an axe,
So that forever I can relax.
But that's not what life needs from me,
I wait to see when life will present me glee,
So I wait and wait,
I don't want to debate.

Wini Jose

This World

I stand by the ocean looking at the sinking sun,
Like a father saying goodbye to his dear son.
I look at the world, what has happened to it,
I look at the faces of the people, none of them happy, not even a bit.
Wherever I look, I see nothing good,
Animals dying, people crying for food.
People say that they have no money,
Some sit like kings laughing at all this, thinking it's all funny.
The trees are now all dead, the animals all homeless.
What has happened to the world, what's all this mess?
It seems as if the world has turned upside down,
Everyone sad and depressed, all with a frown.
Hurricanes, typhoons and floods,
Wherever I look, I see blood.
But there was a time when humans ruled the earth,
Everything available in no dearth.
Then why is everything messed up now,
All I see is hatred, not even a dropp of love.
I always ask to my inner mind,
The answer to all this please do find.
But all I see is nothing but a blank space,
Everything moving in a very fast pace.
To where, I don't know,
Everything upside down like rivers running against their flow.
I ask everyone, where they are heading to,
When the fields are not green, when the skies are not blue.
But they never reply to me,
Nor hear my plea.
Everyone has turned bad and sad,
To me I think the world has gone mad.

Wini Jose

Traffic Jam

The sun has risen, the world is new,
The sky has a new shade of blue.
Under this vast open what do we see?
I am sure it's something that'll make you flee.
Cars over here, cars over there,
Every morning I see the never-ending queue of cars around me,
Trying to fly away, trying to be free.
I look into the cars and the people inside,
Some of them mad with this frustrating ride.
Some cars have old people with their serious looks,
Most of them reading newspaper or books.
And there are those other teenagers around,
Who are angry and impatient with the honking and sound.
I see some small children going to school in uniform,
Dozing off happily, dreaming of Jerry and Tom.
I too wait in this never-ending mess,
Which increases my already high stress.
The new world presents me with this every day,
I bear it because this traffic jam, for hours will stay.

Wini Jose

Why To Compare?

That tree is taller than this one,
The moon is not as bright as the sun.
This flower is better than the one over there,
I wonder why people always compare.
I know my words are simple and innocent,
Like the smile of an infant.
Why this world compares everything, I wonder,
They compare the lightning and the thunder.
If they would not compare then there would be no wars, I bet,
Everything would be peaceful and perfectly set.
I have more, you have less,
Why to have all this mess?
Be content with what you lose and what you gain,
Then you will be away from all pain.
By comparing, my brothers and sisters, what will you gain?
Nothing, but that you will go insane.
The lion is the king of the forest,
But at singing the nightingale is the best.
I may not be as good as you are,
And to you, I may look bizarre.
I am just trying to say that,
A lion is a lion and a cat is a cat.
Everyone is unique in their own way,
And please don't consider my words as a child's play.
They will be what they are and will not change,
And my dear friends, this is not at all strange.
So I ask again, why to compare,
Let everything be balanced and fair.
The world will go its way,
We will go along with it every day.

Wini Jose

You

was treated like a rag doll by you,
You did everything to make me blue.
There was nothing that you did to make me feel good,
I would have told you how you made me feel, if I could.
But you were just so unpredictable and so impossible,
You were just a trouble.
I walked away from all that you did,
I always tried to slither away like a squid.
Why do you make me hate you?
Because to me you were never true.
Now everything is done,
A new type of life, for me, has begun.
I shall never cherish your memories,
You are not even a distant memory.
So I shall get on with my life and go away,
In my heart you shall never stay.
You are such a waste of time,
Knowing you, it is a crime.
So never appear in front of me again,
Because you have been the cause of my greatest pain.
I want to tell you how foolish you were and will always be,
You are my greatest distress and someone I never want to see.

Wini Jose