

Trees

Shreeang Kumar

Trees,
Some climb,
Some crawl,
Some dance,
Some fall,

Trees,
Each tree has a texture,
Has personality,
Has shape of its own,
An existence of its own,
A reason of its own,

Some are grey and tired,
Some are patient and waiting,
Some are young and daring,
Some are thin and delicate,
Some are stocky and strong,

Trees,
Some curve and twist,
Some shoot into the sky,
Some fall gracefully like a ballet dancer,
Some are weeping willows,
Some are sleepy fellows,
Some box their way into space,
Some dance their way into thin air,

Some are ballerinas,
Some are old practical women
Some are dreamers,
Some are leaners,
Some stand straight,

Trees have character,
Believe it or not,
When you look closely enough,
You realise that they are talking to you,
Just by standing there for you,
Watching you with hidden eyes,
They are signals of the Eternal Being,
They are going to watch the seasons change,
They are going to live longer than you do,
They are old tired wise men,
That will outlive your existence,
That will outgrow your being,
That will care for you,
That will protect you,
Even if you don't.

Trees,
Have character,
They speak in unspoken ways,
They speak through unseen waves of peace they throw,
Into the space around you,
You are comforted,
Cajoled,
And calmed by them,
Even when you are not aware of them
They are like that old seasoned father,
That quietly watches over your existence,
Even when you think,
He is not watching you,
They correct you,
When you need to be corrected,
They shout at you,
When you need to be shouted at,
They love you,
When you need to be loved,
In unseen, unspoken ways,
Trees are always there for you,
Even when you are not there for them,
Trees are the offspring of Mother Earth,
They are outgrowths of the earth's living energy,
So often we cut them,
Destroy them,
Kill them,
But they continue to care for us,
Even when we don't.
Trees are selfless beings,
Trees are eternal beings,
Trees are beautiful beings,
Not beautiful always on the outside,
But always beautiful inside,
If you can admire a tree,
You can admire life,
You cannot admire trees,
You are a dead, selfish being,
You have ceased to be human,
You have ceased to live,
You have ceased to be a participation in God's creation,
You have simply killed your 'Being'.

The Colours of Childhood

Shreeang Kumar

The colors of childhood remind me still...
Of days that felt completely still.
The fresh smell of the crayons,
The fresh colour of the paintbox,
The abundant colours of the Lego box,
And time endless in my hands,
I could sit there for hours,
Amongst my toys,
Smiling up to my mom,
That endless smile,
The innocent twinkle my eyes,

I wish I had that time back,
I wish I had that innocence back,
And still be enchanted by the smell of a fresh crayon,
The glee of the paintbox,
And the smell of the wet leaf,
I wish I had all that back,
So I could feel alive again,
So every moment could be endless,
And could only be mine,
I wish I had that stillness of time,
Of that easy flow of time,
Where every smell was new,
Every colour anew,
When every rain, touched my soul.

The World is a Pen **Shreeang Kumar**

The world is a pen
It writes its own
From here and now
Till the world ends
I shall remain
A Pen.
Writing is my profession
Words are my tools
The maze of the written page my jungle
A forest where I play every night
Till morning arrives
I remain a pen.

The Corridors of the Night/ The Night is a Friend Shreeang Kumar

I love the corridors of the night,
Unpeopled, silent and quiet is the night
It speaks to me more often than people do
I walk by the night
And befriend its silence
That just seems right.
The zig-zag of the shadows,
Of patterns of light and shadow,
Welcome my tread,
The noise within quietens
And the night says, "Hello!"
I walk by the night thus
Every time it comes within my shadows

The night is a friend
Whose promises never seem hollow
The night and me
Walk hand-in-hand
Each night is a journey
A sojourn
A journey into myself.
Untill the night dissipates
And morning awakes
The night is a friend,
Silent and quiet
Unlike people
Who are often noise
The night is a friend I like to follow
The corridors of the night are music to my eyes
I shall visit you again
I say to the night
Everytime we say Goodbye.