

CALM REFLECTIONS

ENGLISH POETRY



Born in Bangalore, Pratheek Praveen Kumar is now studying for his ISC examination at Bishop Cotton Boys' School, Bangalore. Brilliant as he is in studies, he uniformly excelled in school performances and was recognized for his oratory skills. He is also a recipient of a prize in the Information Technology Competition in his school. An ardent player of cricket and football, he was honoured by the principal of the school with a special prize in open assembly for his poetry skills.

Stemming from varied facets of his lively far-ranging interests that have impelled him to write on diverse subjects in poetry, these poems make interesting and refreshing reading by their simple themes and simple treatment.

The topics on which he wrote were all topics on which he felt rather strongly about or topics which he felt important. They are his thoughts, impressions and feelings on various events or people or actions. He has written all of these poems with a great deal of care and feeling and hopes that they are enjoyed and appreciated by all those who read them.

He presently lives in Bangalore with his parents.



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PRATHEEK PRAVEEN KUMAR

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KUMAR

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EXCERPTS

One may have a mountain-full of great skills,
But only if there is Humility the mountain fills.

.....
.....

A person with humility will always fly,
Because strings of class do not him below tie,
He will forever rise and never fall,
As his name is written in nature's greatness hall.

- HUMILITY

A trial of our endurance and strength,
Our objective is not money or wealth,
But to live a life as it must be led,
To live with honor until we are dead.

- LIFE

A graceful fragile thing is a flower,
Seeing it evil things do cower.

- FLOWER

Glorious gold mixed with bright red,
Makes us with happiness tread,
And makes our hearts light and gay,
And ready for another weary day.

- SUNRISE

A beautiful night it indeed is,
Everything is very calm, and it's bliss,
The whole world is at rest,
This is the world at its best.

- A BEAUTIFUL NIGHT

A beauteous evening it is,
Everything is calm and bliss,
A red, majestic Sun sets,
In the golden-yellow west.

Birds fly freely here and there,
Finding their way to their lair,
And the trees wave to and fro,
That it is nightfall they know.

- IT IS A BEAUTEOUS EVENING

Colourful flowers bloom,
Happiness does everywhere loom,
After the cold sting of ice,
The warmth of spring is nice.

- SPRING

India, the land of spice and silk,
Of cattle and battle and rice and milk,
.....
.....
India, the land of love and truth,
And people who shone in spiritual path,
.....
.....

India, the home of greats like Ashoka,
Of bhoga and vairagya that blend in Vedic shloka,
Inspired great souls to be models world over
And cleanse human kind with the spiritual fire.

Great people have walked in this great land,
This great land was certainly made from God's hand.

- INDIA

The joy of a job well done,
Is the best of joys under the Sun,

- THE JOY OF ACHIEVEMENT

He fought very fiercely till the end,
The might of several countries did he bend,
But in the end his tyranny came to a suicidal finish,
And thus the world did this twisted genius banish.

- ADOLF HITLER

To happiness it does unfailingly lead,
Beauty is what the world does need,
Beauty is what the world does heed.

- BEAUTY

He wrote with a style hard to reach,
Even now people, his language teach,
The greatest playwright ever was he,
A greater playwright one has never seen.

.....
Fluidity and style in his words lurks,

- SHAKESPEARE

Where a batsman tries not to lose his wicket,
What game can it be but one-against-eleven cricket?
When the ball cuts through and swims in the sky,
Where else onlookers in joy dance and cry?

Lo, on charges the bowler like a bull,
And throws his ball in anger to kill,
The batsman indeed looks utterly meek,
Scared to death, uncertain and very weak.

When the ball goes soaring high in the air,
Fielders watch it and their hair they tear,
On seeing it speedily falling on the ground,
Fielders run to catch and gather around.

- CRICKET

A greater person never did walk this earth,
To a greater person never did India give birth.

- MAHATMA GANDHI

Un-thanked they slog hard and long,
Their lives need a bit of a song.

- POLICE

Only a few more things are more completely bliss,
Than sleep and that we must certainly not miss.

- SLEEP

He treats kings and beggars alike,
The gathering of souls he does like.

Everyone in his face is equal,
.....
.....

He strikes without warning,
At night or morning,
Indiscriminately he carries people off,
Either by smooth ways or rough.

- DEATH

What is life all about,
When all our actions come but to nought,
When we leave the world forever and ever,
And never breathe again, never, never.
.....
.....

If in the end what we do,
Is remembered but by only few.
.....
.....

And in the end one is completely forgotten,
No one cares whether one was good or rotten,
And he sinks to the depths of anonymity,
And none will ever him care or pity.

- WHAT IS LIFE ALL ABOUT?

It is a time for actions for all,
They should answer their country's call,
And vote for the leader who they feel is the best,
And try to bring down the rest.

.....
.....

Who for people are truly bad and uncaring,
Lose all claims for a lawmaker's bearing.

- ELECTION

In hunts its prey with cunning,
Thus almost always winning,
Awesome in its power and grace,
A tiger certainly has its own place.

.....
.....

A dangerous but beautiful creature,
That it has been nature's luck to nurture,
It strikes fear in all that see it,

- TIGER

High above in the sky,
On the earth they spy,
And laugh at people's deeds,
And see their desires and needs.

.....
.....

The Sun, the majesty of the golden brilliance,
The Moon of the eternal silvery radiance,
Give the Earth the wealth of day and night,
And the joy forever of recurring light.

The Sun and the Moon smile on the Earth,
And bestow life of birth and death,
They brighten the sky with flaming radiance
Those enwrap the Earth with perseverance.

The Sun and the Moon brighten hills,
And plateaus and cities and deepest vales
Without a favour and without a spite,
That is why they remain forever bright.

- THE SUN AND THE MOON

The curse of Humanity indeed is War,
From Humanity it must be thrown very far,
Despicable thing it most certainly is,
.....
.....

A dreadful thing indeed is war,
The face of humanity it does mar,
And throws the life of people away like sand,

- WAR AND PEACE

Nature, the true home of all features,
It be big or small never matters,
And nestles life, force, matter in it's womb,
And homes everything, it be loud or dumb.

Nature, the mother of all that lives,
She fondles her off springs with love and care,
Trust her and save, she repays in droves,
She is our treasure and hope forever.

- NATURE

On goes the haloed beautiful moon,
Walking the night in her heavenly cocoon,
Here and there she peers and sees,
And awakens blossoms to restless bees.

The beautiful moon goes slowly by,
"Look over there" loudly people cry,
The majestic moon riding high in the sky
Casts soft spell 'neath knowing not why.

As she completes her long journey,
In the West in huge heavenly sigh,
Sees the Sun in the East rising by,
And prepares herself to quickly die.

- FULLMOON NIGHT

Harm has it always brought,
To all those who it have sought,
Leisure is a poison in excess,
Thus one should enjoy it less.

- LEISURE

Friends everywhere, everyone for all,
This is where harmony likes to dwell,
No discords anywhere, no notes shrill,
This is the world poetry creates for all.

.....
.....
Poetry is true sunshine, poetry is divine,
Poetry builds bridges to heart and brain,

- POETRY HELPS HARMONY IN LIFE

It brings loss and terror ever never told,
To stop it, all people need to be bold,
And love each other, be it win or loss,
For, nuclear war means humanity's loss.

- NUCLEAR WAR

All are equal deep down the core,
He be a baker or broker or a beggar,
A king, a farmer, a soldier or cleaner,
All are equal deep down the core.

.....
.....
All are equal, all brethrens in essence,
Poor or rich makes no difference,
Nor wise or stupid, nor cruel or kind,
For, man is man, while comes to the world.

- ALL ARE EQUAL

War, the greatest enemy of humankind,
And its lieutenant the dark death do find
Hostilities and factions feast in killing
And millions hapless wounded and dying,
Alas, death and grief attack mostly those,
Who are poor and weak to withstand force.

.....
.....
A pledge to end war we all must take,
And to peace do need all people awake.

- DEVASTATION OF WAR

From a timeless naught that is indefinitely vast
Sprouted all outward in a universal blast
And carried the cradle of energy and matter
In the heart of the heat that flared everywhere
And sprang up the universe out of the naught,
Its atoms, suns, life, consciousness and light.

The birth of the universe signals the start
Of the drama of which we all are part.

- THE BIRTH OF THE UNIVERSE

Truth is power, truth is true wealth,
Truth is unequalled ultimate strength,
Truth makes soul its own king
And makes the angels in heaven sing,
Truth is joy, truth is sunshine,
Truth is heart's pristine sheen.

.....
.....

Truth is might, truth is true light,
Truth is the path always right.

- TRUTH IS WEALTH

And say, "O God, let soon the strife be over,
And let peace and harmony hover everywhere",
Till the prayers go unheard and unmet,
Man moves on the brink of death's lust.

Let peace rule all over the Earth,
For, survival itself is its true worth.

- PEACE

While beauty goes deep and enwraps the whole,
It gives its owner the greatest of the pleasure,
So great that the joy goes beyond any measure
In being in the reach of the ultimate cosmic role
Of that peace and harmony that constitute all.

Beauty is that end, it is the cosmic soul,
That created this world and enlivens one and all.

- BEAUTY IS TRUTH

God needs none, no human helping hand,
He is the only religion of all the human kind.

- RELIGION

Will and determination, truly crowning passion,
Built and pulled down crowns and nations,

- WILL AND DETERMINATION

The dispenser of truth rules the world,
Even in a world where Satan has hold.

- TRUTH WILL ALWAYS PREVAIL

The lamb, Oh! What a sweet little thing,
Dumb, yet smart and innocent thing,
When it clings, its soft wool warmth brings,
When it brays, cuckoos join and sing.

The world, a busy nest where all live,
Of heights, people strive, and pools, people dive,
The World is filled with bumps and dents,
With men and women, and Satan and saints.

Rain, oh! What a cool shower,
Pours from heaven, people run for cover,
Rain, oh! How cool you feel,
When it sweeps with thunderous gale!

Mother, an endless spring of love and care,
Who, in her child's distress, willingly share,
Be it in lion, deer, horse, mouse or hare,
Mother is mother, for her little, she dares death's lair.

Up, Up, in the sky,
Birds do try to fly,
They chirp and sing,
And beat their wing.

Life is a road of bumps and humps,
Each bump and hump springs unexpected jump,
Life is beautiful, but full of thorns,
And thorns force life to unexpected turns.

Short, stooping, simple man Gandhi was,
In bare loin cloth and thick wire frame glasses,
He spent hours on spinning wheel, toiled,
And did what battles for centuries failed.

Tick-tock, tick-tock, on goes the clock,
Day and night for years without a block,
Some clocks are big and some are small,
But all in time's hall look equally tall.

A subtle and tender flame is love,
None knows when it flares, and how,
Love makes hearts and souls bond,
And contentedly dance in joy's pond.

Lion! Oh, What a ferocious beast!
Yet how splendid and royal is its gait,
Lion! Oh, What a look of strength,
Its grace and mane, its royal wealth.

A lovely, lithe and dancing bird,
Peacock strides in grace and pride
When clouds gather and rain pours,
Its feather Lord Krishna's crown adores.

Blue, blue, blue everywhere is sea,
Salty and blue wherever we see,
Vast and washed with whales and fishes,
Sea is deep with endless riches.

Birth, the melodious spring of life,
A spark that lights new world of self,
Death, the dark chasm of discord,
Makes to leave the wondrous world.

Trees are everywhere wherever we look,
Their green splendour is wondrous to look,
Their long brown branches support life
And make this world lovely and safe.

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