



The Flying
Rainbow

POETRY IN RHYME

SHRAVAN KUMAR LINGAMPALLY

VOLUME-1

THE FLYING RAINBOW

Volume - I

SHRAVAN KUMAR LINGAMPALLY

9th Grade

TSWRJC, Bellampally

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Shravan's very first volume, ***The Flying Rainbow*** which is a collection of 100 poems has been a vital experience for me in understanding and witnessing the creative energy that students possess. The readers will be drawn to the art of rhyme and rhythm in poetry and how effortlessly it flows from the hands of the poet, the congruity between word and thought. The expression in Shravan's work goes beyond just the words, as the meaning unfolds very much in the rhyme, which is inseparable from language. Shravan Kumar is currently in 9th Grade, studying at Center of Excellence, TSWRJC, Bellampally.

- *About the Author*

Editor:
Dr. Sandhya Deepthi. K

Editor's Note

I was pleased and honoured when I was introduced to Shravan Kumar Lingampally by Dr. Praveen Mamidala, Joint Secretary, TSWREIS, asking me to mentor the young poet. I must admit that the tremendous writing skills the student displayed left me in awe and admiration. Editing Shravan's very first volume, *The Flying Rainbow* which is a collection of 100 poems has been a vital experience for me in understanding and witnessing the creative energy that students possess. As an editor and reader, I am drawn to the art of rhyme and rhythm in poetry, how effortlessly it flows from the hands of the poet — the congruity between word and thought. The expression in Shravan's work goes beyond just the words, as the meaning unfolds very much in the rhyme, which is inseparable from the language. I have long hoped to bring into limelight the creative potential of students to an expanded audience, to make it available in unreachable places, as well as in obvious ones. In my work at TSWRDC, Nizamabad, I am put into a daily, thrilling contact with a wide array of literary expertise of students. In the coming days, I look forward to more works by our students, who will eventually master various genres in writing, alongside the more experimental. I thank Dr. RS Praveen Kumar, IPS Retd., former Secretary, TSWREIS, for encouraging a meaningful project as this, to discover unparalleled eminence for words in every student.

Sandhya Deepthi .K

Acknowledgement

Offering my sincere thanks to Mr. Gandla Ranjith Kumar, Omkar Concept Creators, Nizamabad for patiently engaging in type setting and designing process and Mr. Ch. Ravi Prasad, RK Digitals, Nizamabad for offering timely help in bringing out the printed version of the book. My deep gratitude to Dr. K. Tabassum, Principal, TSWRDC, Nizamabad for her unflinching encouragement towards all the literary activities we undertake to help students discover their creative potential. I thank Dr. Pavani Ayinampudi, OSD, for extending her support towards the smooth execution of the reading and writing programmes. My sincere thanks to Dr. Praveen Mamidala, Joint Secretary, TSWREIS, for his steadfast encouragement towards literary projects. I am much pleased to thank Sri D. Ronald Rose, Secretary, TSWREIS, as we look forward to create an extensive literary exchange among students. I specially thank Dr. RS Praveen Kumar Sir for initiating and approving the 100 A.M. project and establishing School of Emerging Writers at TSWRDC, Nizamabad; for being a driving force in shaping and building a generation of thinkers.

Dr. Sandhya Deepthi .K
Coordinator,
School of Emerging Writers
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FOREWORD

As we explore ourselves through a creative world

Saidulu Inala

Date: 17.08.2021

The moment a teacher becomes a regular student, the student visits a new world. That is why we are creating such an atmosphere in the premises of our Social Welfare Residential School/Jr.Collage, Bellampalli campus. The consequence is that a whole new set of ideas have been constantly evolving. These poems are a collection of Lingampally Shravan's ideas.

Believing the fact that history is born out of conflicting forces, I started my journey as a teacher in this welfare gurukul and became a principal. Nowhere in my world have I ever stayed away from creativity and tied to the creative ideas of my students in the name of marks and ranks. This is my creative world. I am driven by the thoughts of my students in my world. I believe that "Great People are not born, they are made." I will continue my journey with children like 'Shravan' filling their minds with too many tremendous thoughts. Students like Shravan struggle irrespective of any natural disasters (Like current Covid-19 Pandemic).

In order to be a poet, a writer and, to be a creator, one has to give up selfishness and hatred. One must be able to sympathize, empathize, and have the courage to stop. And one must be able to penetrate into every atom of nature. Only then will the skill of making one's own life his own abound. That is, she/he must die as a human being before he can germinate as a poet. Then honesty appears in every letter he writes. Every heart moves, leading towards development. And it's about perseverance, it must be sempiternal.

Any man who can travel within himself is born with a new voice. It shines in the voice of the poet. It loses its naturalness and becomes socialized. It awakens itself and mobilizes the community around. Living beings will continue to flow with such an ideology as pure as shimmering streams, forever. The poet will be able to record many historical facts while pouring the wealth of the race into the writings. Poetry should be written as poetry, story as story, novel as novel, and drama as drama. A minimum homework for the respective processes must be done.

Occasionally there will be a resurgence of energy in the minds of the people and it keeps recurring. And so, Shravan's journey began and he was blessed with the hope that he would not rest until he builds a new world towards a new quest.

Saidulu Inala

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AUTHOR'S NOTE

The story behind “The Flying Rainbow”

It has been an exemplary journey so far. Thanks a ton for taking this special time to read this book. My Gratitude knows no bounds. I also want to thank my parents, teachers, brothers, sisters and friends for being a huge source of inspiration for me. I never dared to conceal my ideas and keep them aside. Everything starts thriving only when you make them come out from your heart. Every piece of poetry that I penned in this book is something that I wrote through my heart. I couldn't resist my gusto to fathom the issues that seriously took place in the society. Therefore, I made up my mind to make something unique and awe-inspiring. I gathered some stupendous ideas and finally gave an efficacious effort to turn them into a book. I am so blissful about what I did in the last 6 months. I discovered a lot of impeccable ideas and many more astounding things about writing. And let me tell you the reason behind it; yes, it's being so passionate about writing. One should love to do his/her work with boundless alacrity. And it makes them prosper with interminable success. I promise you that this book is going to be a fantabulous read, and it definitely leaves you stunned. I wish to thank Dr. Sandhya Deepthi Madam for her un wavering support and encouragement. I sincerely thank her for being so indefatigable to bring out the best in me.

Shravan Kumar Lingampally

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PROLOGUE

Scene 1

On THE FLYING RAINBOW, September 19 , 2020 Time : 12.00 AM

“Wow ! That’s a stupendous idea! I have been enraptured“ said Shravan being so immersed in his poetry. I always want to share as many as things about his poetry. Yes, he’s a great penchant to add charm to himself. I’ve been telling about him and not yet introduced myself.

I’m Ram ,Shravan’s best friend. And do you know from where were we talking? Could you possibly guess? Or do you just want to keep on cogitating about our conversation ?We were on a rainbow. Wondered to see that it just had started flying. Seemed so grateful to the rainbow about where we were going at this moment. I was wondering to thank Shravan for inviting me to have a brief conversation on this resplendent rainbow. I was so exhilarated. He wants to discuss about his poetry and it seemed much riveting too. He was curious to start off his poetry. But it was me who had been deliberately stopping him.

It was 11.45 PM; September 18. I was thinking of too many ideas that is to wish him a wonderful birthday on September 19. He turns 15. I felt blissful about it too. He seemed a bit disgruntled with my constant interruptions. Yet, I didn’t give up to disrupt him. I asked the time to tick a bit more faster, because the guy with whom I was talking seemed a little furious too. I stopped him until 11.59 AM. And you guys might have a demotic idea that I seem to give him a gift or something. Hey! he doesn’t like the regular gifts. So I decided to give him a unique one. Wow !It’s 12.00 AM. I tightly cuddled Shravan and said “Happy Birth day to the most admirable person of mine.” Soon after that I presented him a poem which I wrote. He was utterly gobsmacked. He just enjoyed every bit of it. He was madly in love with my poem.

He felt very happy for the gift. Yeah , he no longer seemed to accept my stoppages. Yes , I was pretty much delighted to listen to his beautiful poetry. Precipitously , we’d heard a unique voice – The voice which we didn’t listen in our life time. And obviously both of us were spooked by this voice. Staring at each other, smiles outside but a hill of hysteria inside. Again we’d heard the voice , but we noticed a fluctuation this time. It was too euphonious. We both asked “Who are you?” Then we were inevitably astonished by the answer that we got. “Come on , Boys. Come on ”I’m being so enthusiastic about your poetic discussion. Come on. Embark on it, said “ The Flying Rainbow ” Yes! We were astounded and yet again the voice of our flying rainbow added a lot of beauty to our conversation.

The start of the conversation.

The Flying Rainbow



The Empress to Impress.....

O dear people!
Can't you see the agony of our empire?
Everybody should have that fabulous fire
Thou can wish and embellish your abilities
Thine must be a life of humble liabilities

Our exceptional empire must be infallible,
but you people seem so gullible
What has been going so wrong?
You're being like a long sad song

I never believe in the power of sharp swords,
But, I believe in the power of sensational words
Come on! Prettify your soul
We will then surely reach our goal

You must be a bit more audacious
It will utterly make you bodacious
Your courage has to be like a fearless flood
This stupendous thing has to be deep
– seated in your blood

Our enemies are as enraged as honey bees
Don't worry. They won't get any bit of peace
We have to be quite diligent and intelligent
We shouldn't be even a bit belligerent

All they want is to attack
That's why, they are a bit back
Alright, we're on the right track
Oh! It's night, let's hit the sack

Many of their eyes easily show their lies
Of course, it's time to change our lives
anti-clockwise
Time and again, they wish to be pettish
Oh God! We have to be as curious as a fish

Being deferential is quite essential
Let's fight back, up to the potential
I know, it's hard to resist the practice
of being violent
However, insist yourselves to be a
bit more silent

You mustn't shed any drop of your blood
I request you not to see red
Being victorious is not just killing others
O dear people! Before you kill,
remember the pain of their mothers

Teach your enemies a speechless story
My goodness, that's your glory!
This is what, I honestly expected
You beauty! You all are humbly respected.

Whom You Want?

Whom you want?
The one who is quite fastidious
Or the one who is a bit tedious
Whatever, she shouldn't be odious
Of course, she shouldn't make you hideous

Whom you want?
The one who is more elegant than the nature
Or the most beautiful female creature
Hope you can't measure the pleasure
Yes, she hasn't put you under any pressure

Whom you want?
The one who sows gracious seeds
in your heart
Or the one who acts so smart
No! No! She has to be immaculate
Yes, in a courteous state

Whom you want?
The one who makes you fool
Or uses you as a knowledgeable tool
Don't contemplate, ask your mind!
It will give you a fantabulous find.

The Kid-Nap

I was not in my mother's lap,
I've gotten a great sort of gap
Felt I would melt like a candle,
But I'm unsure how to handle

I was flawlessly frowsy
Of course, a bit drowsy
I thought to have some rest
But, during the day that's just a jest

I was utterly beguiled by my eyes,
That's what I always surmise
Tried to be the wise
Lied never so nice!

I was an absolute kid,
But never so tepid
Protesting against my eyes
to control my sleep,
Also, testing my patience so deep

Being a kid, I never had a nap
If I had, I would surely give myself a slap
Also had the courage to clap
Yet, I would kidnap my nap!

The Awfy Coffee of Mine

I had a river of relaxation,
It brought and sought me the sensation
I was tossing and turning in my bed
Also thought about the days I led

I searched for the coffee powder
But the noise was quite louder
I looked and took the glass
Yes, I've learnt this in my class

I prepared an appetizing coffee
But that was concluded as awfy
Yes, I'm not a great chef
If they asked, I would be deaf

I don't understand why my coffee
was awfy!
They were quite laughy,
I think a mistake might be committed
If so sure, it will be omitted

What a shame! What a shame!
That's what they were ready to blame
The milk was completely spilt,
That was a great sort of guilt.

The Barrier for My Warrior.....

*A Guru expresses her exemplary experience
about the failure of her warrior*

O Dear Warrior!

It's unfair to lose an arrow
I know, you couldn't borrow
It certainly left me a sea of sorrow
That's fine, let's think about overmorrow

Making mistakes is obvious
But, don't be so oblivious
Great warriors are never envious
Their uncountable love towards
their country makes them pious

What a powerful piece of war
It's impossible to have no scar
You were born to be a history creator
You would never have any hater

Failure is not a barrier for my warrior
He's neither a senior nor a junior
He's the warrior of willingness
Oh! He lit up the lights in my dark world.

An Entrust for an Unbreakable Trust:

True friendship never requires a session
Love from the veins make it as an obsession
The depth of a true dream couldn't scream
So, the passion towards compassion,
must be like a stream

The moon sent its indomitable light
Our goodness! Our friendship is so bright!
That's a great pleasure to see,
how we loved the silence of the sea

Our happiness danced like the waves
The comfort was within our saves
Gratitude to the gracious God
Thank you! Thank you! My lord

Past hold a lot of memories
We are thrilled to read them as stories
Exuberance bounced from the core
of the heart
Our bond too transformed as an art

We entrust for an unbreakable trust
We purely swear not to rust
Friendship is a must,
Let's wipe off the dust.

The Beautiful Son - The Dutiful Daughter

To the Dutiful Daughter,

Ah! That's a gorgeous look
Hope you haven't learnt anything
from the book
It's time to cook,
do it by hook or crook

Look at the gleaming bowl,
but you mustn't give a scowl
Come on! Take this staggering spoon
My dear, make it much soon

Young Lady! Don't be so hasty
The curry must be tasty
Never make yourself hurried
If not, it will make you worried

Alright! I don't make you whine,
because you're mine.
Interrogate yourself to shine
However, the curry will just be fine!

To the Beautiful Son,

You are shining like a star
But, let me start the war!
Courage must be seen in this age
Or else, I'll put you in a cage

If I ask about the rank
Your face will go blank
Impulse must come from the
Core of your heart
But, why don't you start?

I indubitably love the way you chuckle
Of course, the way you truckle
O my dear, you are my everything!
In this stage,
you are more than all the words
in English language.

Power comes within an hour
Let the knowledge start to shower
Imagine the greatest ocean
Never lose any bit of your emotion.

The Thunder of Thoughts

The stelliferous sky feels a bit shy
It's startling to see the twinkling stars so high
With such thoughts, I gave a try
Felt I would surely curb my cry

An oasis of optimism was seen in my eyes
My thoughts began to rotate as the wise
There was no scarcity for my alacrity,
that immensely edified my integrity

As a writer, I was quite eager
Yes, my thoughts were never so meagre
Things seemed a bit chalk and cheese
Everything made me write with much ease

I deeply believed in the zest
Let it make me the best
My thoughts flew like birds
As I began penning them as words

At some stage, the situation was chaotic
But, I remained purely poetic
It's overwhelming to find
the forest of fabulous feelings
Surely and purely, I felt some
beautiful healings

What a thunder of thoughts!

Was She Upset?

The sun hasn't set yet
But she seems so upset!
Things might have gone wrong,
Yes! Her emotions are so long

She is quite gloomy,
Of course, not so homey
She has to be tenacious
It will surely make her gracious

How could I make her smile?
Could I possibly chase a mile?
Or could I swim across the Nile?
However, let me try in my own style!

She laughed a bit,
I enjoyed every bit of it
She was utterly alright
It made me instantly so bright.

Poetry in the Blood.....

I've seen a spellbinding spark in the dark
Keenly listening to my dog's bark
My dog knows what I always think
It's pretty pleasurable to ink

Well! I fell in love with poetry
Let my love grow as a tremendous tree
My dog has a different point of view
But it determines an incredible value

I have a deep seated desire to write
Alright !Lemme make myself so bright
Like kites, I want my words to fly
greater heights
Yes, with poetry we can overcome
our plights.

I don't wanna complain about my pain,
Yes, some of my efforts went in vain
My pen knows, what exactly goes
in my mind
It is being so kind

I've been awestruck
Thank God! That's my luck
A flood of flickering feelings
have been flowing in my blood
I'll be waiting for the blossom of
my poetry bud.

An Epitome of Sacrifice

With lakes of love,

Women are the symbol of sacrifice
They are quite exuberant to rise
Such a moment never fail to mesmerise
For they too are absolutely wise

Let's appease them with a piece of peace
Let them do things with much ease
With a forest of feelings, I'm here to express
With an ocean of obedience, I'm all agog
to impress

With willingness, they make us victorious
Their oceans of notions are quite glorious
With compassion, they make us meritorious
They don't want to see us so furious

Women too are remarkably sagacious
They are never so pugnacious
Their love is so efficacious
They are fairly sumptuous

The joyful tears are quite tremendous
Yet, nothing is even a little horrendous,
Why don't we make them so stupendous?
Because, doing so is solely momentous.

The Drama without Trauma

Am I fit to hit my goal with the wit of mine?
It's surely a challenge to sit in a contended seat
I wept every day for my undecided future
My parents dreamed all along with tears,
for they want to see me as great as forever
Let me fight to light up many fainting lives
Then, they also might embolden each other,
realising that there's no drama without trauma.

The Tear for the Dear

*A father writes when his adorable son
leaves home and never comes back*

Oh dear!
Where were you all these days?
There were no positive rays
I know what everybody says
But you must know your ways

Oh dear!
Is this fair?
I'm in despair
When will you share?
I kindly want your care

Oh dear!
I'm not joking!
Those days were rocking
But now people are mocking
I'm all set for locking

Oh dear!
Have you ever seen a tear?
I have seen every year
Do you want the same to hear?
However, I wish you to be near.

The Charming Farming.....

*An effort to make you all fathom
the agonizing struggle of our farmers*

It's incredible to feel the beauty of our soil
Yes, we never fail to toil
There was a lot of pain
But everything went in vain

Things were revealed
Our pain is not yet healed
Though we've got a satisfying yield
Still we witnessed the cry of our field

Didn't we shed too many tears?
This has been happening from so many years
We didn't taste the fruit of our struggle
Which is why people started to giggle

Traumatic things were settled in our souls
Though we never quit our goals
The result was pretty pure
But they termed it as crop failure

Our struggle was boundless
But we were penniless
Don't you remember us when you eat?
If you do so, that's gonna be a great feat

Dear people,
Farming is so charming
Make it even more pleasurable
Because our struggle is immeasurable.

Umpteen Ideas from a Teen.....

Narration of a Dream

It was not a nightmare
It seemed too rare
I noticed an astute teen
His ideas were umpteen

He took me to the moon
I perceived him pretty soon
I was little apprehensive
Yes, also a bit pensive

He seemed pretty pragmatic
But his smile was enigmatic
I was utterly static
Yet, he made me ecstatic

He was a peaceful boy
Being with him was an utter joy
Age didn't matter, I learnt a lot from him
Yes, his ideas were too firm

That was a noteworthy night
Relishing with the moon's resplendent light
His ideas were multifarious
Of Course, he was so courageous

I had an enthralling experience
Yes, I was in love with his obedience
I had to ask him a question
Finally he revealed his obsession
That he was in love with poetry.

The Shower of Power

That night was quite thundrous
The spectacle above was so wondrous
Pondering how to write
My pen seemed so bright

I was out of my mind
Walking in darkness as the blind
I learnt to be precisely calm
So my words added a lot of charm

I was not in a hurry
Which is why I didn't worry
I have been much elated
Because something seemed related

Few obstacles were insuperable
But my bond with books was inseparable
It's about being so inimitable,
as it will make you inevitable.

I wished for many memorable hours
But always situations are not ours
I wish my words become beautiful showers
Let's dream big to attain a lot of powers.

Aiming for the shower of power!

The Dilemma

Didn't you feel even a trickle of sweat?
Why things have not been done yet?
Aren't you doing well?
Don't yell! This is the time to tell!

Be a go - getter
Do things pretty better
Enrich your capacity
It will edify your audacity

Never tend to be very tepid
Ask yourself to be so intrepid
No worries if you've been mortified
One day you'll be glorified

Life is an unknown drama
Which is why there lies a little trauma
I hope you have not been thrilled
But slowly things will be fulfilled

Perhaps, it's about self - motivation
It adds to you a lot of sensation
Your face must bubble with excitement
But it depends upon your betterment

Strengthen your brain
Believe in your pain
Don't be in a dilemma of different things
Get ready to fly with your most wanted wings.

The Tree of My Poetry

I've sown a seasoned seed,
which makes you all read.
I'm being so scrupulous
Indeed, not so incredulous

I embraced its beauty
Doing so is my divine duty
My words rise to reach the sky
I set them free to fly so high

The blooming branches struggle
This is what I truly snuggle
It's all about persistence
Sailing in the sea of self - insistence

I am gratified to give shelter to birds
Also, to my staggering words
The roots will endure,
forever they will cure

My ebullient efforts are sufficient
Which is why the result is efficient
Yes, it's my tremendous tree,
The tree of my poetry!

The Adventure of a Back bencher

To the creator of this universe,

I was in class four,
It was an utter bore!
Painting colours of my own notion
I added a bit sensation to my nation

I was in class five,
I thought to thrive
To some extent, I was a wee brilliant
Of Course, so ebullient

I was in class six,
Yes, learning some silly tricks
I loved to tell as many as quips
But I missed some of our school trips

I was in class seven,
I really felt it like a heaven!
I used to stay so calm,
but never remained lukewarm

I was in class eight,
Trying to be a gregarious mate
Haha! There was a change in my height
Undoubtedly, in my studying plight

I was in class nine,
I witnessed numerous ways to shine
But, there was something to whine
Being so hesitant was the manner of mine.

The Creator of this world replies

My dear Brilliant Back Bencher,

You seem so terrific
Don't feel so horrific
My dear, you're so smart,
You lit up something in my heart!

Your impeccable ideas flew into my soul
Let me help you to reach your goal
I venture to do this adventure,
You are my loving back bencher!

The Deepest Depths of Life

Life taught me the virtue of being honest
There are numerous ways to discover our zest
Wasting time might be dangerous than a crime
Believe in your struggle to make yourself sublime

Never be a bit reckless
If so, you'll be feckless
You mustn't be so chinless
Oh God! Make us so dauntless

There lies something special in the mind of a wise
Which is why a wise never fails to rise
Stop grumbling about life
Your abilities must be as sharp as a knife

Sometimes we might feel cold and bitter
But somehow it's better
Life is a huge set of sensational stories
Every story transforms into memories

We might witness a storm of stress
Sometimes we might be in a mess
It's like a body without soul
When you don't have a clear goal.

The Bookworm

My thoughts swam as a duck
But I was out of luck
I had to read
with a pleasing speed

Books are what I adore
I wanna read much more
Each page gives interminable courage
However, I never fail to encourage

I idolise their smell,
as their depth is as deeper as a well
They gimme a bunch of knowledge
It's time to take a pleasurable pledge

Smitten by a prepossessing paragraph
Yes, it doubtlessly made me laugh
Books are one of the indispensable keys
Of Course, they give us a lot of peace

I was not anymore diffident
But seemed even more different
Yes! I'm a bookworm,
who deals everything with much calm.

The Deaf Chef.....

It was absolutely hot
So, I frightened a lot
Cutting vegetables with a knife,
not as prowess as my wife

It was getting late
So, I took out the plate
The food has lost its taste
Sadly, it's thrown as a waste

Well! I heard nothing
But she said something
I gave a glimmering gaze
Yet, she didn't amaze

She tried a lot to make me hear
But I didn't get anything into my ear
Oh dear, your complaints were pointless
Though my love is priceless

I didn't give a try to make her cry
But that was a lion-hearted lie
I owe her an apology for doing this
She's the one whom I never wanna miss

Finally, enchanted with my scrumptious food
She joyously replied "that's very good"
She apprised me that 'am an astonishing chef
Sorry, I was a deaf!

What Do You Say?

What do you say?
Do you wanna be so docile?
Or wanna do things colossal?
Aren't you working hard?
You shouldn't be a laggard

What do you say?
Is it okay to delay?
Or simply opt any other way?
Do you wanna change your plans?
Or wanna get dejected at a glance

What do you say?
Shall we wait a little more?
Or shall we get ready to roar?
Are you quite slow?
Things are not ready to glow

What do you say?
Do you feel so tired?
Or wanna make yourself so inspired?
Is it too ignominious?
If so, try to be so prodigious

What do you say?
How shall we make our lives better?
Or still do you wanna be an upsetter?
It's better not to wait,
because we are already so late!

Expressing Pain in the Rain

It was raining
My injuries were still paining
I was absolutely anguished
That is what I never wished

All birds had been flown
I was adversely alone
Sharing my pain in a depressed tone
Yes, I thought to get up on my own

My situation was in a complete mess
As it added me a lot of stress
I thought for a while
Yet, I didn't lose my smile

I just fell to the ground
Staring all around
I was scared
Also had dared

I would be lifeless
Yet, my courage was priceless
Having hopes seemed pointless
As I was fretfully helpless

My heart had been prayed
So, I didn't get dismayed
God had given me a second chance
Yes, my excitement started to dance.

The Unfathomable Story

Few things were untold
Yet, they glittered like gold
He was never a little goofy
As he doesn't wanna seem awfy

Sometimes, with a desert of depression
But sometimes, with an ecstatic expression
At some stage, the story seemed insipid
This is what he hid

He hadn't tried
So people started to chide
Yes, he didn't settle
Started to show his mettle

His ideas were numerous
Of course, a little humorous
Things broken as a token of his memory
Yes, it was his gallant glory

Finally he was successful
Yet, pretty much mournful
He seemed like a wise
But his story was not too precise

He yearned for a happy end
So, he began to set the trend
He was too imperturbable
A story so unfathomable!

Dear Mom

More than the fullness of trees in the forest,
More than the number of fishes in the ocean,
More than the shimmering stars of the skies,

More than the eminence of the mountain heights,
More than the plethora of life on this earth,
Your love transcends everything that is around me.

You are not someone who is the one in this world,
But, you are someone who is the world for me!
Dear Mom, my love for you is immortal.

Whine Yourself

People focus on attitude
Good people focus on aptitude

Great people focus on fortitude
Bad people focus on turpitude

Failed people focus on altitude
Successful people focus on solitude

But people are people,
Let's show a spark of gratitude.

Life without Love.....

A forest without trees
A body without soul
A sky without stars
A river without fishes
A pen without ink
And a medicine without dose.

The Lugubrious Life

Deaths reached to millions
We truly miss their brilliance
Life has to be quite awesome
But the situation seems so gruesome

There is a rapid increase in the cases
We've witnessed too many mournful faces
Millions have been fighting this Covid
Because they knew what it exactly did

There is a scarcity for oxygen gas
This notorious virus is difficult than maths
It has been emerged in the Chinese region
Now, it has flown into our places like a pigeon

People are under pressure
Let them get a special spark of pleasure
Our courage is greater than this disease
Please God! Let the cases have a quick decrease

It's time to take some rest
I know, it turns to be a tough test
We need to curb our zest
Let's together give our best.

The Depressed People

People have got the blues
Yeah! I have some clues
They might have got rejected
Why is why they seem so dejected

Most people were objurgated
They never seem slightly elated
Majority of them were disenchanted
Oh my Lord! Let them get enchanted

They might have witnessed a lot of tears
No worries! Let them cooperate with their
nears and dears
Didn't they see the spark of success?
I guess, they might be in an absolute mess

They might not have collaborated
Their pain could be much elaborated
People shouldn't be unmindfully cunning
Tell them! It's time to make their life stunning

True happiness can't be bought
But I dare to say that it can be sought
Ask them not to groan
Remember that they are grown.

The Poacher in the House

It was a terrifying night
So, we were too uptight
Deliberately seemed so anxious
Yet, something was a bit obnoxious

We endured a poacher in the house,
whose noises were similar to a mouse
His thirst to embezzle had not been quenched
With anger, his teeth got clenched

Slowly, our things were theft
Yes! Nothing was left
He had an alluring perspective
And it was so introspective

We had a faultless plan
Yes! It made him a scary man
He was an obfuscating pickpocket
Who surrendered as quickly as a rocket

He didn't put an attempt to jeopardize
So, we were pretty eager to monopolise
He found himself in a mess
That is what we love to guess

He was pondering to depart
Yet, acting pretty smart
We asked him to tell the truth
Oh! He was so uncouth

Poor guy! He was gagging to eat
So, we offered him a sweet
He seemed too fascinating
That moment was exhilarating.

A Deaf Mathematician : vs A Young Beautician :

Accidentally these two had met at a place.

Beautician : Hey man! How's my bangle?

Mathematician : Ahhh! Angle! An angle is always beautiful

Beautician : I'm not sure about the beauty of an angle, but so sure about my bangle

Mathematician : What! Triangle; Is that? If so, a triangle is always tremendous

Beautician : No man! You're kidding! I mean my bangle, my beautiful bangle!

Mathematician : I have been working with mathematics from my young age but so far I haven't heard about what you're talking , I'm sorry if I'm mistaken, but however my angle is always beautiful.

Beautician : What.....!

She laughs in a humorous way

The Depressed Plant

O Dear People!

I can't believe
Aren't you ready to live?

I think you made a mistake
Yes, life is not a piece of cake

Oxygen levels are very insufficient
That's why your lives are not much efficient

Don't worry! Trust your God madly
I assure you nothing will go much badly.

A Mountain of Mourn: in the Town:

Envisioning a bustling city
Where people live with much alacrity
Horrible sounds around the clock
Some of them might leave us in a shock

I have a bone of contention
People must have a clear intention
Do they carry a lot of tension?
Oh God! They have to pay attention

It's strange to change someone's smile
Face every situation with a beguiling style
Heart starts throbbing when I am struck in the traffic
As it really seemed so horrific

Missing the chirping of birds
And the way I wrote some happy words
Truly missed the charisma of something
But here there's truly nothing

Here, the fast food might be yummy
But people are not so chummy
I enamour the way I express my views
Yes, they will easily give you blues

Not to see a mountain of mourn in the town
I give a river of respect to this noun
It's a double trouble to live without any aim
Keep on working hard to get a great name.

Morning Speaks

What an impeccable pleasure
There was no pressure
The psithurism of the morning
Wholly made me the king

The moon and the sun had an argument
Thought that was an agreement
O God! That's for our betterment
The motivation too had an improvement

Morning intrigues inspiration
It needs our perspiration
Encouraged by a remarkable person
He is none other than our sun

Morning speaks
Motivation was over the peaks
Never made myself so fade
As I happily laid.

Exploring Love.....

Love gives you tremendous pleasure
I guess, it takes away every iota of pressure

Being truly happy is rather far-sighted
So, it is certainly better to get ignited

Love is like a colourful rainbow
But it's tough not to make one your foe

Unquestionably, love is a beautiful belief
Assuredly, it gives you the wanted relief

It's pretty fine to nurture its zeal
But, prepare numerous times to deal

I never before discovered these things
Now, these are my most trusted wings

I set forth to discover it more
As this love is ready to explore.

The Quality of Equality

Is this an ideal society?
Then, why such a pity?
A radical nation must fight
Let's refurbish our right

Truth makes us courageous
Hold yourself back to grow outrageous
Humanity is all time generous
Generosity must come spontaneous

Many people are indeed naughty
Of course, few are too haughty
A wonder doesn't ask the gender
But it requires no blunder

I see the sea of equality
It has a spectacular speciality
With the wings of willingness, let's fly
As we all are destined to reach high

To the Love of My Life

Dwelling in most contented place
I gazed at my mother's face
She caressed my hair
Her love is as fresh as the air

Theme lady in sound of her bangles,
sing the love of her in all angles
I was eternally adored
Nothing ever felt bored

She gives me an admirable time
Why don't I make her divine?
Her smile has a sublime style
Let me adore it for a little more while

I oftentimes envision her gaze
Her love rises regardless my age
I have been each time thunderstruck
As I realise that she's my only luck

She earns a large place in my heart
I've learnt love is an astounding art
I am cheered enough to express this
My most favourite thing is mother's kiss

A mother's love is perfectly priceless
Her courage and care are simply speechless
Her fostering zeal is utterly ceaseless
Complaining on her love is pointless!

My Country Needs Oxygen

It's really hard to complain against the nature
It's the responsibility of every creature
This horrid virus has spread terrible things
We, the Indians have lost our most wanted wings
Suffering from all ends had rapidly increased
Most of our people have been deceased
India has been so salubrious
Now, the situation seems so lugubrious
We must imbibe team spirit
And prosper again in every bit.

The Beauty of Time.....

The most valued of all is time
I would never waste a dime

Sometimes I could be dejected
It's alright to appear rejected

Rarely might I dare to scream
I only need to fulfil my dream

Achieving is only through toil
I prostate towards the rich soil

Life is a phenomenal test
One must give their best

I am Shravan, lemme do so!

The Divine Purity

I began to paint
The picture of a saint
I want to be an astounding artist
But there lies yet another twist

It was lightening in my dream
As I stepped into the art team
Everything in me moved slow
Yet, my thoughts began to flow

I was relentlessly reckoning
But my teammates were beckoning
I went out with a doubt
So they were ready to shout

I was muttering with my soul
Asking myself to paint as a whole
That was highly complicated
Yes! I couldn't be elated

I was surprised, scared and sad
Seeing my paintings in the backyard
God asked me to stay so pure
So I started off to assure.

The Penchant to Enchant.....

As a writer, I didn't have any vacation
I love to write irrespective of any occasion
My thoughts stream like rivers
They never seemed going reverse

My words are a colourful rainbow
With hues that make life glow
I was in a boundless frame of mind
As I never left my smiles behind

I wanted to endlessly write
Not to see myself on a great height
But to make my words fly like a kite
This is how I made up my mind tonight

I have been grappling to correct
People shouldn't attempt to corrupt
Being liable is something that I need
As literates, we must make them read

I was writing with a glimmer of hope
That is what I brightly deserve to cope
I wish to be an indefatigable writer
To march on as an intransigent fighter.

The Unknown Game of Life

Life is an unknown game
Live for getting a good name
Calm your angry flame
Never tend to blame

You can cogitate as a wise
But need to avoid telling lies
Being honest is pretty nice
Resolve to give too many tries

We are living in a solely land
Let's reach out with open hand
Don't tread upon your abilities
They offer much responsibilities

You must be an honest king
Always strengthening the wing
Bring out the best in you
Believe in your point of view

Everything that is awe-inspiring thing starts from us!

She's the Ink , I'm the Pink.....

(Get enthralled by the love of an old couple)

My happiness waited for a chance to dance
Perchance, I was smitten by her at a glance
Her love was unconditionally true
It had never failed to be a rescue

I was never impressed by none
I was waiting for someone
Thought someone would get things done
Of Course, I missed most of the fun.

Then came my love as a sweet spring
New leaves to my love-tree made me a king
Like the birds, we made our own nest
Our unbreakable bond made us the best

She was neither haughty nor snooty
But her unspoiled love made me naughty
Adding efficacious emotions to my brain
Our spectacular love started to rain

Now I realized...

Her love is the ink
It makes me think
Her loveable ink in my pen is abundant
Honestly, it is never redundant

I felt the essence of her presence
It made a sensational sense
Clear as the magnifying lens
Our memories shine as gems

I believed in her trust
For true love, that's the thrust.

The Symptoms of Love

From the deepest depths of my heart

*Once a teacher asked his student to reflect on love,
then the student comes up with this poem*

A beauteous thing sown in my heart
It was as awesome as an art
Love has a distinctive feature
I find in nowhere but in the nature

I invested and tested my emotions
Her reflections shimmered like the oceans
At some stage, I was too petrified
No worries! With love, she prettified

I sprawled in a chair
My elegant love flew in the air
She lit up the lights in my dark sky
I witness the tremendous love by the eye

My forest of feelings were fearless
Indeed, she made me so speechless
My oceans of emotions were endless
Our magnificent love is limitless.

Some Unforgettable Moments

It started to drizzle
But he didn't give up to grizzle
I had a gob smacking plan
As it really made me a joyous man

I was contended with the house
Yet, he used to grouse
I taught him how to learn
And also how to earn

His little hands were grubby
Cheerful cheeks were chubby
All about him is so adorable
So, his daft games were tolerable

I never failed to care about my son
For me, he was just like the sun
I was a little jumpy
As my child seemed grumpy

I wanted him to be just eloquent
To my surprise, he is grandiloquent
He never sought to mumble
So, I did not need to grumble

Once I guffawed at him
Yet, his love was so firm
It's a pleasure to nuzzle his head
Making more memories ahead.

The Seed of Love

Love is a splendid seed
Sometimes, a weary weed
It will decrease our speed
But, it has the potential to feed

Love makes us proceed
Which is uniquely agreed
There is no need to plead
Love is all we need.

That's an Eye Some Blossom.....

I'm all eyes and all ears
As it took off all my fears
I am a huge lover of it
I'd never dare to quit

It is wholly eye some
My flower is much winsome
The situation is no microcosm
As I wait for its blossom

This is my steadfast flower
Waiting for a phenomenal hour
My excitement is abundant
The world may think it's redundant

I am much exuberant to esteem
As it splendidly flows like a stream
This is what I long cherish
Resolving to be my favourite wish

I'm a huge Stan of flowers
- I shall express it

Does She Need a Nap on My Lap?

*Be captivated with the exceptional love
of two old people*

With abundant love,

I wanted to caress her hair
That's fabulously fair
Her emotions are never a despair
Of Course, I'll be curious to care

My heart was pounding
But something was astounding
She asked me to do an adventure
But I out rightly thought like a back bencher

She wanted to take some rest
I witnessed her priceless zest
I resolved to give her the best
That was a terrific test

Does she need a nap on my lap?
If So, I will be exuberant to clap
If naughty, she would surely give me a slap
However we have gotten a bit of gap

I calmly envision the way stars twinkle
My speechless love wanted to sprinkle
This love transformed into resplendent rain
Every drop of its brilliance relieved my pain

Was she still tepid?
Of Course, she wasn't a kid
Does she need a nap on my lap?
Let's see, how she will come to map

Being with her is my sheer pleasure
The feeling is just beyond the measure
I was blissfully on cloud nine
She was in my lap, all was quite fine.

Towards Struggle.....

I was dumbstruck
This seemed a luck
I swam like a duck,
In her emotions stuck

I was stupefied
But a bit petrified
Unfortunately I lied
So, my hopes had died

I swore to struggle
She started to snuggle
Life is not a cakewalk
It's a memorable talk

I was never reckless
Never so feckless
I have to be relentless
To make her speechless

To the Legend of My Life

This day belongs to my dad
As I just cuddle him as a lad
His love holds me as a huge force
Wish to engage in such favorite course

He tells me all the time,
that life is not as easy as a rhyme
He has afar-fetched intention
Spawning a great attention

Dad, a tremendous possession
I'm his only obsession
I would never leave his finger
Wish to by his side linger

He is an abode of happiness
Takes off every iota of stress
I truly need his care
He never hesitates to share

When I feel cold and bitter
He will make me glitter
His methods are breathtaking
Yet, another hero in the making

He wouldn't dither to ask
Wants me to crack a grueling task
Always a knight, yet too polite
Pushing me in the direction to write

His love is boundless
Shunning my fear groundless
I replicate his way of living
Which taught the essence of giving

It's a pleasure to describe
Between us is a beautiful vibe
His presence would epitomize
Each moment to mesmerize.

Embracing Yoga.....

I began to firmly sit
It felt so truly fit
I straighten my back bone
For the stress to be gone

I was all set to inhale
Promising not to fail
I sense the pure air
Envisaging how I stare

Nothing is far-fetched
As hands were fully stretched
I tightened my muscle
Easier than solving a puzzle

Yoga has a great place in our culture
It shouldn't disappear as a vulture
I am thrilled to give a yoga pose
As I resolve to enrich my daily dose

Yoga is what I truly embrace
As it adds to you much grace
Do it with your zeal
Indeed, this is what I deal.

My Childhood Cricket

I stood at the crease
My friends started off to tease
I had a poor strike rate
Timing the balls so late

I took off my helmet
As I got much wet
That was a difficult ball to play
It seemed to be a disappointing day

I gave a striking grin
As I played against spin
I didn't lose my wicket
I have faith in my cricket

I made an epic comeback
Things were on the right track
The ball hit the boundary rope
As it gave me a glimmer of hope

It was an elegant shot
Crowd enjoyed it a lot
I loved to play a cover drive
I didn't give up to thrive

They missed my catch
I conquered the match
I finished off the game
Certainly, I fulfilled my aim.

Real Life Has Just Begun.....

I believed in my best
Lest it would be a tough test
I seemed much unkempt
As I gave a futile attempt

People just used to act
This was a genuine fact
They didn't juice up
Like a storm in a tea cup

I stood at my board
Found the happiest load
Struggled day and night
To overcome my plight

I didn't want to be a fool
As I obeyed their rule
I wanted to succeed
Had an impulse to read

I sought a self-interview
The idea looked pretty new
Real life has just begun
Let it be a relentless run.

I Can't Miss It Anymore

Beautiful butterflies all around
Made a mellifluous sound

Flowers gave an intense smell
I enjoyed it remarkably well

Clouds were coming together
It was a gratifying weather

There was a resplendent rainbow
It started off to pleasingly glow

I was just spellbound
Something delightful was found

Life seemed too short
To embrace everything a lot

I was convinced to adore
So, I can't miss anymore.

Deserving Love.....

Close your eyes
Cogitate like a wise
Wasn't she so nice?
Hope she didn't fail to rise
You were as cool as an ice
Pretty good to mesmerize
Love never makes you despise
You need give few more tries
I know, you deserve it
Treasure every bit of it.

I Cracked It

I dozed off on my pad
I remembered the gusto of my dad
The exam had begun
I stopped having fun

The invigilator has put her sign
Also cherished the strength of mine
I just hit the nail on the head
As I wish for a great future ahead

I adored my answer sheet
Yes! It was so neat
I've been shell shocked
My goodness, I just rocked

I topped the exam
Though I stayed so calm
One thing I want to mention
As my result took off my tension

I brawled around the clock
So, it was a like a cakewalk
My exams were blithely written
I started playing with my kitten

Yes, I cracked it.

The Priceless Dedication.....

The Diary of an English Teacher

Dear Diary,

It was so rosy
Pupils were much cosy
I made them talk
They didn't fail to rock

Students never stumbled
There was nothing to grumble
We believed in the process
Prospered with happiness

I had a conversation
That's never a nonversation
I was not much secretive
I made them self - assertive

Dictionary is what I referred
Redundant talk is what they preferred
I was being so strict
Preparing an interesting script

I asked my students to brawl
But they began to scrawl
They didn't need the glamour
All they want is grammar

That was sheer fun
They realized to shun
We were a terrific team
Striving to fulfill our dream.

Stepping into Rationalism.....

You need to be rational
Also much inspirational

It is hard to understand
Oh dear! Just give a hand

Be sure of what you choose
Please don't dare to schmooze

Soup up your routine
Try to be so keen

Fly in a new direction
Believe in introspection.

The Story of Kindness

I sat near a seashore
Curious to explore

I was shaking with fury
A guy yelled with an injury

Much blood was bled
My hopes were dead

I heard his heartbeat
God! That was much neat

I took him to medical care
As I esteemed to dare

Doctor was admirable
What I did was inspirable.

Remembering the Revolt of 1857

Voice of an Indian

I didn't have any dominion
I couldn't change their opinion

They were too rude
Thus, I used to brood

There is no better source
My ideas had a greater force

I would sacrifice for my nation
I deeply believe in determination

Oh God! I shouldn't fail
Let this remain a historic tale.

To the Creator of This Universe.....

Under the urgency of something
You made everything swing
My biggest paranoia was known
But you stopped me to moan

Implausible things began to evolve
Thanks for making me resolve
My happiness was so sparse
Yet, you made me twinkle like stars

Expressed my anguish in a letter
Thought you would make it better
You seemed to be the only source
When I am filled with lot of remorse

Fascinated by every thing beyond
I believe in our unbreakable bond
I rid myself in the course of devotion
That was my abiding notion

My gratitude knows no bounds
Let my love make mellifluous sounds
Oh, the creator of this universe!
Let's meet again with a beautiful verse.

Come Closer to My Heart

Immaculate ideas to frame
As my heart whispers your name
Thy love is a superior seed
Thee forevermore solely lead

I ain't made it fragile
Don't stop to think for a while
Sempiternal perseverance in the soul
Shall we attain it as a whole?

I play in the garden of trust
Let my heart bloom for a must
Thy love is an eternal key
To the things those make me sulky

Subdued mind seeks solitude
As I meekly turn to gratitude
Thousands of lines to grovel
Cannot replicate from a romantic novel

Insurmountable barriers are not to quit
I'm cheered and geared to hit
This is a remarkable request
I never wish to anytime detest

To instill a sense of happiness
There's something I want to confess
Come closer to my heart
Let our story tend to restart.

The Fire Was Burning Inside.....

Inspired to become a writer
Yearning to ink a nail biter
Everything I constantly tried
Never ventured to even hide

I didn't mean to falter
So, I kicked off to alter
I believed in self-love
Which I never unlove

Copious thoughts were sown
I was just inking alone
Relieved by a sweet voice
As it was a better choice

Looking here and there
I stopped somewhere
It was a striking sentence
That planted some sense

I moved my eyebrow
As my verse began to glow
I touched my cheek
Asking my heart to speak

The fire was still burning inside.

It's Spring Time

It was a long wait for spring
Birds were awaiting to sing
The world looks all green
Making the minds so clean

Flowers were about to bloom
As I ran out from my room
It also slightly drizzled
Oh! Someone had whistled

Imbibing constructive plans
Prescribing the zeal to dance
The inner world turns serene
As it made me a gifted teen

I began to be benign
Spring had made me shine
I can never miss the season
Much sure about the reason.

I'm Writing for You.....

Come on!

Don't be so late
I wish to celebrate

I wrote your name on the sand
Don't you want to hold my hand?

This belief is priceless
As our ardor is endless

I would make you walk in the air
Oh! Don't you wanna dare?

I'm writing for you
Hope this would be the best clue.

You're Not Alone

The sphere of your loneliness
Strokes my happiness

Please don't moan
We are fully grown

There is no limit
I wish not to trivialize it

You're not alone
Listen to my sweet tone

Come closer to my heart
Let the pain start to depart.

The Secret of Success

Gear up to perspire
It's time to inspire
Tend to be so cautious
And thus be perspicacious

Opportunities are too less
Yet, God is going to bless
Believe in your capacity
As it boosts up your audacity

Just take an oath
Pessimism is to loathe
Let fire inside you burn
To take a scintillating turn

There are no secrets to reveal
Accomplish by your zeal
Don't you want to roar?
Now is the time to explore.

Speechless Love

She was so pretty
My hysteria grows petty
People certainly exasperate
Yet, she didn't separate

I've been pop - eyed
With love, she tried
I couldn't control
The winds got us stroll

She seldom abhorred my tactics
To be one of her loveliest picks
Her fury looked so sham
Just to add even more charm

God venerated this perspective
Leading us to be more perceptive
Her support was massive
As my love was pervasive

She gave a beauteous smile
Our love was pretty fertile
I was steadily dauntless
This story is speechless.

The on and off Hard work, off and on Mistakes.

All has to face the greatest glitch
Either poor or rich
Never switch off your own thought
Oh yes! Don't get overwrought

You must be your self-assistant
Never forget to be persistent
Agony in the past might be vast
Do not stoop low to blast

Make sure to stay so pure
Even if people start to censure
Let the revolution start from you
Let's rejuvenate at least a few

Pluck up the courage
It's time to encourage
The on and off hard work, off and on mistakes
Yeah! There are no more breaks.

The Obsessive Father: – The Possessive Son

Did you remember my piggyback?
Which is where you hit the sack
You were inordinately pragmatic
So I surprisingly turned phlegmatic

I still remember your favorite toy
We just had a lot of joy
But it was just unfortunate
That this bliss is importunate

My love isn't once in a blue moon
You dearly were like a big boon
I never hit you black and blue
Hope my care was a clear clue

You were the most pivotal
So is my love, immortal
There was something peculiar
Your childhood was just jocular

Bemused by your strange approach
I still wish to be your jovial coach
Unbridled emotions made me tickled pink
I excogitated about the way you think

You were sincerely possessive
Turning me deeply obsessive
Miracles don't just happen
I let you believe in the power of pen.

The Tale of a Terrified Guy.....

I squinted at the merciful moon
My heart maffled to festoon
The scene wasn't hypothetical
I never wished to be hypocritical

Craved to amble in the street
Precipitously my dad came to meet
I seemed a little gloomy
But he calmly made me homey

I was not showered with blessings
That taught me too many things
Sometimes I am much inquisitive
Promised to not to seem acquisitive

I never bothered about the age
As I felt as sagacious as a sage
Happiness is what I wish to receive
Thus, determined not to deceive

I was altogether terrified
Yet, I never tried to hide
Thoughts are irreversible
I hope to be indisputable.

Captain Cool

It wasn't a favorable pitch
Which is the only glitch
My captain has the confidence
The support was immense

That's a helicopter shot
Three sixes on the trot
It's the time to defend
Affection is what I send

Dhoni took off his glove
What a moment to love!
Esteeming my super-team
My captain never fails to gleam

That's a confident appeal
But the umpire didn't feel
Dhoni went for the review
Out!!! That's what he knew

Needed to defend 2 runs of 1 ball
I was praying in the hall
What a throw from the captain!
His efforts didn't go in vain.

Believed in Our Captain Cool.

Thanking My Son.....

Gratitude of a Mother:

Indebted to your support
I always adore our rapport

Your benevolence is high
I cherish the way you try

I cannot elucidate
I'm in a jubilant state

I touch your forehead
You never let me see red

How could I thank you?
For making world ever new

I made me a giggle mug
I long to give you hug.

I was in class tenth
Believed in my strength
I took out my long scale
Measured the length of my nail

Triangle are here to construct
Teachers never failed to instruct
I couldn't successfully draw an arc
Doubtlessly, it made me lose a mark

I believed in my tactics
So skillful at statistics
I was asked to draw a graph
It inevitably made them laugh

I was dubious about my score
I didn't take much time to ignore
I finally solved an arduous exercise
And saw a bright spark in my eyes.

The Anxiety of My Heart.....

Where were you all these days?
Didn't you want to chase?
Emboldened by your speech
As you never dared to screech

Bountiful ideas to speak
I taught you not to shriek
You might've had a snag
Hope you didn't wish to nag

Why did you seem pensive?
What made you so offensive?
Were you at stake?
Or was it a piece of cake?

Your mind was somewhere
It is surprisingly too rare
You were quite genuine
In replicating my lovely tune

Everything turned pertinacious
You were still much gracious
I had remained unblemished
This is what you truly wished.

Self – Motivation

Life has too many stages
Unlike your text book pages
Being meticulous is necessary
Yet, don't be in a state of hurry

It depends upon how you prepare
Hope you are still avid to dare
It's better not to pontificate
As one must love to ruminate

It's time to un hesistantly learn
Of course, you will finally earn
Few things are so complex
One musn't seem to perplex

Don't believe in magic
Strengthen your logic
Come on! Just self-motivate
Don't ever wish to be late.

The Smile of a Little Girl.....

A gap-toothed grin
Doubtlessly made me win

I was walking on air
Caressing her curly hair

She was such a sweet
With a heart pretty neat

I couldn't forget her face
She never failed to amaze

I didn't miss her kiss
She was an absolute bliss.

The True Worth of Our Earth

Our Earth is unerringly exquisite
Eradicating the pollution is a requisite
This is the planet of potential thoughts
Let us shun all the nasty spots

People mustn't be so notorious
Need to make everything glorious
Let us make the earth gorgeous
Before it gets much furious

Our Earth too has a soul
Oh dear! Don't make it so foul
Know the true worth of our Earth
Draw a meaningful purpose for our birth

To witness the charming chirping of birds
Pleasures me to write beautiful words
I came across the real beauty of nature,
Found the significance of every creature

It's hard to say no to our loved ones,
Yes! Now is the time to think once.
The sun and the moon emit lustrous light
Making the Earth exquisitely bright

Carry the beauty of the Earth in your heart
But sometimes, people act real smart
Remember that our Earth is utterly gracious
So, don't ignorantly make it grow ferocious.

I knew about my delightful dreams
Let my thoughts flow as clear streams
We haven't done our job yet
I want to be in a spotless planet

The Stress of Our Headmistress

She came with a book in her hand
Thought she would surely reprimand
She taught with great relish
As none of us was a cold fish

She abruptly took a pause
I didn't know the exact cause
Gazed at her phone
As we enjoyed her ring tone

It was a staggering session
And she posed me a question
I gave a quick witted reply
She called me a clever guy

I finally ventured to ask
As it looked like an easy task
Took some time to propitiate
Made up my mind to initiate

She was so sad about a TV Episode
My God! I was in a unique mode
She was in love with her television
As it made me lose my vision.

It's Time to Decide

Sauntering in the street
Everything around wasn't neat

People were about to snigger
As my belly grew much bigger

My friends had something to say
But I wasn't interested to play

A sudden raindrop on my nose
As I turned back to see a rose

I witnessed a dazzling rainbow
As I walked calm and slow

I thought of a unique notion
Clouds were in serene motion

Bewitched with freshness of air
I dreamt of being a billionaire

It was the best time to decide
Let me make sure to sit a side.

Your Absence Made Me Abnormal

Spooked by a terrible night
Ahh! I jumped in fright
No one had come to save
I tried to be so brave

Thou couldn't have guessed
That I was not much blessed
My God! I couldn't dare to move
Pretty much starving to prove

Riveting thoughts to reach
To soon meet you at a beach
Was all this too unknown?
It wouldn't be okay to groan

Things seemed to frighten
There was none to enlighten
Thou should be always there
Not to miss even in the air

I was reckoning at my place
There was something to efface
I wish to come back to normal
Your absence made me abnormal.

The Social Butterfly

I was too eager to expound
As you made me spellbound
I often made you baffle
Yet, you didn't maffle

I found you very vivacious
Also pretty much precious
You were a social butterfly
As you never seemed to mortify

Situations were never so dramatic
Though you were purely pragmatic
I strived to decipher your concept
Couldn't do more except to accept

We were on the same wavelength
Which was the biggest strength
I pray that the sun delay his sunrise
Just to know what makes you feel nice.

The Angel in the House.....

Thanks for making me strive
As I began to invariably thrive
I was never too brave or sure
Yet, you didn't choose to censure

You were the quintessence of purity
I'd always cherish your verity
Is trived to be an ideal son
Indebted ever for what you've done

Life is as english grammar
I did not want to stammer
I dreamt of a world of my own
In which your love would be sown

I used to make a lot of noise
Yet, you gave a kind choice
Being with you was a thrill
Let me wholly attempt to fulfill

I love the way you feed
Your smile was such a feat
I felt your enthralling touch
As I love you so much.

The angel in the house; I'm always
grateful to my mom

Thou Hast Been a Pure Bliss

Thou are in an exultant mood
There is also nothing to brood
Thou hast been a pure bliss
I still remember thy kiss

Thy love is what I need
I owe thee for this lead
Aye! I hast to replicate
Thou always illuminate

Thou art my sunrise
It's fairly a great surprise
I want thee in my routine
Do decipher what I mean

Thy love and affection
Never made an objection
I respect thine each notion
Profound as Pacific ocean

I dreamt of living with you
Thou never made me feel blue
Thine love is beyond price
I would never dare to despise.

The Girl Whom I Loved.....

To travel across the globe
I tightly packed my wardrobe
She fully cherished all travel
Also, tried to do fairly well

This is a generous chance
Love is what I enhance
Bright ideas in her brain
Let our love start to rain

I just flew like a sparrow
Her words as quick as an arrow
Etched her name on my hand
Her love always made me stand.

If I Were a Director

I was doing an interesting scene
Actors were pretty much keen
Tried to finish in a single take
But it wasn't a piece of cake

Roll - Camera - Action
I glued to their reaction
Team esteemed my spirit
There is no fast limit

To fascinate the audience
I provoked their obedience
Keenly looked at the screen
The picture was so clean

It was undeniably hot
Yet, we took a splendid shot
I've been vividly euphoric
Loved this poignant lyric.

Attempting in My Own Style.....

A plethora of ideas to inspire
I was too avid to perspire
I wanted to be a shoo-in
Only to give a full grin

Nothing to disclose
Felt sad for what I chose
I must be effusive
Yet, my ideas were amusive

I just used to eavesdrop
People nagged me to stop
It's time to conclude
Benevolence is what I include

I wore the heart on my sleeve
And I also learnt to give
I aspire to be a bibliophile
Attempting in my own style.

I Was a Colorless Rainbow

Things were so ducky
Yet, I was much unlucky
Life seemed so decisive
One shouldn't be so derisive

Wished to have a change
Much inquisitive to arrange
I didn't want to feel sad
Honesty is what I add

It was time to expedite
I didn't lose my appetite
Waited for a pleasing tip
All considered it as a quip

I began to loathe my signature
Need support from this nature
Willing to have a rapid increase
As I asked myself to appease

I was a colorless rainbow
Hit by an emotional blow
I wish to be calm and pray
Hoping for a beautiful day.

I Need Her Love.....

I dozed off on her shoulder
As she made me much bolder
She was always there to console
Never failed to satisfy my soul

Tears rolled on my cheeks
Problems were over the peaks
She pacified me to answer
But I didn't dare to tell her

I kicked off to shiver
Her questions flow like a river
I cried by her heart beat
And got up from my seat

Made up my mind to say
This is how I wish to stay
I disclosed my agony
We had a chat in our balcony

I didn't need anyone
There were things to shun
I loved to make her ecstatic
As her words were emphatic.

The Betrayed Man

I seemed to spook
My mom started to rebuke
The ideas were markedly good
Yet, they were misunderstood

I strived to become a scientist
But this was an absolute twist
Something wrong was going on
As my joy had already been gone

I didn't follow the sequence
Witnessed this lousy consequence
No matter how hard you brawl
There are people who make you fall

I topped my university
Studied with much alacrity
I began fulfilling my dream
But was fleeced by my team

I didn't cry over the spilt milk
But still they seem to bilk
Everything can't be explained
They could still be attained.

I Fell in Love.....

Spellbinding love was sown
He had done it by his own
Love is what he made me fathom
As I truly wish him a happy home

He flew me to space
Came closer to embrace
Things started to amaze
Joy bubbled on my face

Twinkling stars all around me
My face lit up with glee
I cognized what he hid
Peeped as pretty as a kid

It was an incredible chance
As I danced in advance
He was a gracious boy
Whom I loved with joy

I was blessed with him
Made my love so firm
This lad was so clever
Let me hold his hand forever.

Yes, I fell in love.

Can't Confess It Anymore

I remember the day
So doleful to see this fray
It pained more than anything
I hold nothing but your ring

My eyes have not yet wept
I sent you an apology to accept
I had a lot to say
And some things to delay

Strolled around in the darkness
I lost my spark of happiness
Thought to sit alone
In the darkness; you shone

It was much impossible
But you could make it possible
Please make a comeback
Let's have our favorite snack.

I was mistaken
I confessed it.

Can't confess it anymore.

She Awakens My Heart.....

What a beautiful thing to say!
She gave me a positive ray
Too delighted with the last meal
She also made certain things heal

I was so jammy about my sweetheart
She never looked like a braggart
Enraptured by her sheer beauty
Yes! She was my cutie!

Enjoyed taking a beautiful click
As she sounded too unique
It's nothing but her love
I decided never to un-love

She tried to give her best
I enjoyed it like a fest
So grateful for her grace
She always made me amaze.

The Rain Made Me Play

I took off the curtain
Overjoyed by the rain
I keenly looked at my flower
As I was its huge lover

Nature never was meant to destroy
This was the best moment to enjoy
I adored the pleasant smell
Till someone rang the doorbell

I rushed to open the door
Lost my balance on the floor
There was a little pain
Yet, I got up again

He was a classmate
I got into a different state
I could see his innocence
This is what I always sense

We made a paper boat
Heartily made it float
We also brought some clay
As we enjoyed our play.

The Pain of a Child Labor

It was much difficult to survive
He had none to make him thrive

He never had a comfortable sleep
People always made him sweep

He had been deceived thrice
He never got the deserved price

It's pitiful to see him on the road
Injured by lifting a heavy load

He never ate a delicious food
Landlords ruined his childhood

So embittered by his routine
Misery is what I had seen

Who shall join him in a school?
And help him become super cool

Aren't you a wee bit sensible?
I also wish you to be responsible.

The Awe - Inspiring Doctor

I believed in the stethoscope
It gave me a glimmer of hope

I didn't pay for a single tablet
Yet, he didn't seem any bit upset

I showed my part of cooperation
That was a successful operation

He did not bother about the bill
His support was quite a thrill

He had nothing to conceal
Only delighted in making us heal

Our doctor was so forthright
As we never felt uptight

The treatment was finely done
Slowly, I was able to run.

My Beautiful Butterfly.....

She was so pulchritudinous
Her love waves were multitudinous
I had bountiful love to show
As it never stepped back to grow

I cherished being a little impish
Loved to chortle at her English
That was a fabulous weather
It made us decide to live together

She always loved to share
Her love existed everywhere
I was much fortuitous
We never felt gratuitous

She was my number one
My Lord! Thanks a ton
This is my beautiful butterfly
And I never want her to cry.

So Fretful in the Flight

I was in a flight
Flying at a breathtaking height
I was going abroad
Fortified by my gracious God

Discomfited at my seat
As I just got cold feet
It was a crummy experience
I abominate its ambience

Much unsure about its wings
Tried to catch forty winks
I wasn't going for a vacation
But to pursue my higher education

I seemed so weird
Yes, with my shaggy beard
I wished to have some food
Which is why I stood

I felt a little homesick
Hearkened to a piece of music
No idea about the direction
I wish to strive towards perfection.

The Feelings of an Innocent Girl.....

I longed to cuddle
And wished a warm huddle
Trillions of thoughts welcome
Yet, he hasn't come

My heart is what he stole
Will he help me reach my goal?
I dreamt to stand by him
As I want to do it on a whim

I love his irreproachable behavior
He also looked like a savior
This man had taken off my pain
I was so vehement to explain

He never looked a bit freaky
Of course, never so cheeky
Yes! He didn't seem to scold
His hand is what I want to hold

Love is a pure happiness
As he cleared out my distress
I missed him a lot of times
Memorable as childhood rhymes.

CLIMAX

SCENE - 2

ON THE FLYING RAINBOW

Amazing ! That's indubitably charming. I was wondering to thank Shravan for producing a masterpiece and especially narrating it on his birthday. Such a splendiferous day. His face was bubbling with excitement. Always so energetic, I've never seen him a bit sluggish. He was so exuberant throughout the entire narration, what an alacrity! This is something that makes me idolise him more and even more. It was 2 A.M. and I seemed so drowsy and thought to nod off as soon as possible. But on the other hand the birthday boy had started to ask me not to doze off. This dauntless guy not only energizes me but also my inner kid. This is one of the most beautiful things to elaborate. I was much motivated. Life seemed so riveting that Shravan made me realize that I must have a purpose in life.

"WELL DONE BOYS! Always much proud of you! Truly enjoyed every bit of your narration So sweet! Loved the way you felt in my presence."

Oh yes ! That's a familiar voice and I also mentioned that Shravan was an intrepid guy. Initially, I got spooked but this guy hasn't made any single movement. I think it was our FLYING RAINBOW. It might have been mesmerized by our conversation.

"HELLO BOYS, Am your flying rainbow! I'm much delighted. You guys have done a commendable job and especially the birthday boy. Kudos to both of you. Hope you've enjoyed the trip. I think it would be possible for me to make you come to my dreamland. We are still flying. Yes, Let's fly into my dreamland."

Our flying rainbow asked us to doze off. Yes, I was so eager to do that. Shravan gazed at me in a different mode. No Worries! Moreover, tomorrow we are going to the dreamland of our flying rainbow. I prayed to the creator of this universe and asked him to make us prosper with perpetual happiness and success.

MY LITTLE SUPERSTARS, I will wake you up when we reach our dreamland.

CONTINUES IN VOLUME – 2

With love,
Shravan Kumar Lingampally

Was She Upset?

The sun hasn't set yet
But she seems so upset!
Things might have gone wrong,
Yes! Her emotions are so long

She is quite gloomy,
Of course, not so homey
She has to be tenacious
It will surely make her gracious

How could I make her smile?
Could I possibly chase a mile?
Or could I swim across the Nile?
However, let me try in my own style!

She laughed a bit,
I enjoyed every bit of it
She was utterly alright
It made me instantly so bright.