

My first poems

Nikhil Nehra

My first poems

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Dedication

To my parents

Sh.Balvinder and Smt.Shakuntala

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My father
Sh. Balvinder Nehra

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My mom
Smt. Shakuntala

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About the author

My name is Nikhil Nehra. I'm a student of Jawahar Navodaya vidyalaya Khunga Kothi, Jind, Haryana. I have a great interest in poetry and it's mine first book.

This book is of poems. These poems are written by me and I take a lot of time to made these poems. I'm now at 14 years in tenth grade. I want to thank my all teachers and my parents to motivate me to keep it up.

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Acknowledgement

Thanks to my parents for motivating
me to keep going when I feel tired.

Thanks to Blue Rose Publication for
printing and publishing the book.

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Preface

'My Poems' book is not just a collection of one type or theme of poems . But this book is a collection of different themes. Some have been written thrillers in mind,some are on nature,some on emotions and more things are included.May these things

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**make a source of inspiration
for anyone.**

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Stone

am on the way

Seeing way all the day

at deserted barren way

a stone, heating on sunday,

with hot sun rays.

the stone's life at barren land

anyone play with it,

with their feet,

full of dust and sand

deserted on the street.

now,

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i took pity on it,

So, i take it

and give it a hit

and after some bit,

It is in the pit.

innocent stone on pits sand

that i had made him land

then i took it in hand

and throw it on a stand

the stone ,

is seeing the world's trend

at the end.

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The last leaf

I SAW A DRY TREE.
AT THE END OF AUTUMN SEASON,
SAVES AT LAST LEAF,
THAT MAKES A REASON,
IT GETS ITS LIFE BACK AGAIN
BECAUSE OF GREEN LEAF.

THIS MAKES THE LAST HOPE
FOR LIFE OF TREE,
WHICH AGAIN SEEMS TO BE FREE,
FROM THE LOSSES,
I GET TO SEE IN THE TREE.

AFTER SOME TIME
I NEVER DID MIND
SUDDENLY IN MY GARDEN,
IT MAKES MY DAY.
ROSES MY HEART,
WITH GREENERY IT STARTS.

A LOT OF LIFE,
IT HAD SAVED
BECAUSE OF THE LAST LEAF
AND GET SOME FOOD

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FOR INSECTS,ANTS AND ME,
IT HAD SAVED.

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Invisible Man

IF A MAN WILL INVISIBLE,
FOR ANYONE,
PLAY HIDE AND SEEK WITH HIM,
THE MAN ALWAYS BE WINNER.

THEFT AND ROBBERY,
FOR HIM,
IS AVAILABLE,
FOR POLICE,
THE MAN IS A BIG TROUBLE.

HE IS FAR FROM FEAR,
FREE IN THE WORLD LIKE MARBLE
MORE FAR IN EYES,
FULL OF TEAR.

BUT SUDDENLY, SOMEHOW,
THE MAN BECOMES VISIBLE

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AND, FOR THE MAN,
EVERYTHING CHANGES.

A QUITE FEAR
WITH SUDDEN RAGE,
CAME TO SHOW
ON HIS FACE

A CHANGE OF MOOD,
OF HIS HEART,
LOOKING AT NIGHT STAR,
CRYING BEHIND THE JAIL BARS.

BY THE WAY
AFTER SOME DAYS,
THEFT AND ROBBERY,
IS ON NO WAY!

WE ARE ABLE TO SEE HIM
BEHIND THE TREE,
NO MORE NEED TO FEAR
HE IS NO MORE INVISIBLE MY DEAR.

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Water can kill you

If I ask,
the most important thing
and essential task,
at last of your life,
your answer is to get water in dry.

But,
what if you don't get water,
you will dry.
and get very hot water,
you will fry.

If,
you get water very cold,
you must be frozen.
and get water a lot,
you may sink down, a dozen.

This is,

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the most essential thing
on planet Earth,
to stay alive
With another life.

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The weak branch

last night,
a storm strikes,
I see
a lonely tree,
there, whose looks
are quite fair.

It had a weak branch,
Struggling not to flew away with wind
But
I just had a little mind.

It is malnutrition,

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Out of functions,
But,
I and you know,
Very clear like snow.

It was weak,
As a child's bone,
That's why
It strikes a stone.

At the time,
In the danger zone
In last,
At the end,
It's life had lost
And gone

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Spider web

I heard about a haunted place,
Near the white palace,
I'm not coward,
So, I decided to go,
And, check out the mysterious ward.

I'm in the car,
On the way,
For a full day,
I reach there at night,
The sky was bright.

When I take the entry,
Suddenly, I see something,
Very near to me,
Made a fear.

It's a spider web,
Waiting for prey
Run away!

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My mind says.

In fear, to God,
I started prayer
Till the sunrise.

But to all,
I tell lie that
I don't afraid.

But reality was clear
Like luminous sunlight
That at that night
I am so afraid.

That never again,
I want to
Went on that way.

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Fingers

To make silence
To show anger,
To make patience,
To show danger;

To do work hard,
To control temper,
To perform all these
Necessary things,
Must need fingers.

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Book

Last day,
I went market,
Then, looking
For the most important thing
I had to bring.

It's nothing,
But a book
Not big or small,
Good or bad,
It looks good.

I will gain
Only a single drop
of knowledge
From knowledge rain
To make more intelligent
And train my brain.

A book,
Not with rather good look

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Is better than
Everything in market
Which I get with me
To took.

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Paper

A thing
Which has more patience
Much more than humans,
Which can be use to tell secret,
Is nothing but
A blank paper.

You can tell it
Whatever you want to
You can bring it or
Take it on rent.

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Rose

A child is playing in a garden
And see a Rose
And child like it,
Smells it with his small nose.

Child more and more like it,
But spikes on it
Doesn't let the child
To pluck the flower.

One day,
The child
Cuts the spikes of flower
The rose look lovely
The child thinks.

After some time

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No one mind,
That the child had gone
The rose is no longer alive.

The rose is dead
Because,
No spikes, no life.

Whatever you get
Whatever is happening
Is for your good
That is morel you get

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Words

Some tells us path
Some talks about journey
Some makes bonds
Some break promises.

Some are hopes,
Some are companions
Some form barriers
Between relationship.

Some tell lie
Some build relationships
Some terror
Some chase away depression.

Some build beliefs
Some form foundation
Some gives joy
Some gives satisfaction.

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Some fuels our needs
Some gives aspirations
Some points out mistakes
And some imperfections.

Some forms memory
Some forms perception
all these need
'Some' thing
We called it
Mighty words.

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Incredible things

Have you seen the widest forest?
Have you seen a unicorn?
Have you seen the largest
mountain?
Have you gone to deepest ocean?

Have you seen the brightest gold?
Have you seen the bravest
soldiers?
Have you went to future or past?
Have you seen the largest row of
plants?

In the world,
Don't you think,
There are a lot
Left to see
Some incredible things.

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At the end of

If you have a magical fire 🔥,
What and which,
Things you must burn
In this mysterious pyre.

Your hates, your sin
Your reasons, your broken
promises,
Your bad thought, your bad
action,
Or your intentions.

Every thing you burn
Must make fire height
Twice it was
The things you bring.

It make the fire
Twice bright it was

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If you hide
all the things

At the end
All thing burns
And in ashes
The fire will turn.

At the end of
All the ashes
You have a blackened heart
That reveal your vices.

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Forest

Full of trees
With insects, rodents and ants,
Animal and birds are free
And butterflies
On flower with petals three.

You find thousands spices
Of all at once
This place is best at all
This is forest.

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Faces

To tell expression,
To tell lie
To hid your actions,
You do
To show your intentions
You have.

To make bond
To show expression
To make promises
You need false faces

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Mom

She always be kind
She always be loving
She always be positive
She always be disciplined Charmy

She instils trust and security
She always Laughing and playing
with all
She often show affection
She is a teacher

She always be sensitive
She provides a safe living
environment
She have no limits of love she
gives to a child
She teach a child social skills

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She is world's best chef
she is household nurse
She is financial controller

Socially, emotionally, physically,
cognitively, independence in all
aspects she is our gider.

To do all the works
We have only one person
Our mom.

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Father

He is provider ,
He is protector,
He is leader,
He is teacher.

He is helper,
He is encourager,
He is friend,
He is motivator.

For me he do all the works
For me he let me the things all I
want in second.

He is best in all things
He is my father.
Thanks for all

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You do for me.