



SUPER 7, INDIA

POETRIES THAT TOUCHED MILLIONS OF HEARTS

Poetry Contest Second Edition
Top 10 Poetries

About

SUPER 7, INDIA HAD organized a National Level Online Poetry Contest in the month of November 2020. This book contains the top 10 poetries (English category) of the contest. All rights of the poems are reserved with Super 7, India.

SUPER7 is a start-up that provides the right platform to recognize and appreciate the talent and skills of our nation's emerging artists. Super7 organizes various online contests and events to provide a platform where people can showcase their talent in front of the nation. From online contests, we ensure that the cause of talent in India is served. Our purpose is to espouse budding artists so that we can create an environment rich in opportunities and creativity. We, at SUPER7, aims to encourage, strengthen and harness the creativity of young minds and thereby realize the full potential of our country. The website conducts monthly and annual competitions for professional, non-professional and students. Our motive is to provide a platform for rising artists to show their work and to create an aura of opportunities and creativity.

ALONG THE WOODS IN COORG

Dr. Deepa Venkatesh

KARNATAKA

*The musical melody when the breeze strolls
In harmonious beats with which the raindrops falls.
The rustling of Wind in chorus with the dry leaves,
This is complete bliss the heart believes.
The resonance of air along the wood sounds
mellifluous as a flute.
Can there be any soul that can refute ?
The dripping of the dew with mesmerizing flowers of
various hue
The thunders and storms are in perfect rhythmic
synchrony is my view
The raindrops chiselling the rocks
With the humming birds that flocks.
Sounds magical like the unplugged golden strings of
Veena
Wow !! The stage is all set into a lovely arena
On the tall mountains besides the serene stream found
an Ocarina
In which unceases the chorus of musical phenomena.
With fragrance from blooming buds and the magical
gleaming light strokes.
Amidst all these the symphony evokes.
Humming bees , dancing butterflies ,chirping birds
Is nothing more than an orchestra of Viola
Am i awestruck as an amateur or
Enjoying like a connoisseur
The melodious musical extravaganza
Nothing less than a bonanza
This is an absolute bliss !! This is an absolute bliss !!*

YOU

ISHIKA DAHIYA

DELHI

-YOU ,JUST LIKE A STAR
SOMETIMES IT TWINKLE
SOMETIME GONE AWAY
SO FAR ...

-YOU,JUST LIKE PIGMENT
OF THAT FLOWER
THAT MAKE IT POROUS AND
PROVIDE IT A BEAUTIFUL SPARK ...

-YOU , NOT SO DULCET
NOR YOU ARE SO DIAPHANOUS
YOU,JUST LIKE A PERSON THAT
IS TO BE DEMURRED..

-YOU,SO FETCHING
EVEN I CAN'T EXPLAIN
YOU, HAVE THAT GLAMOUR
THAT EVEN SUN CAN FADE ...

-YOU, SOMETIME BECOME ERRANT
IT FEEL LIKE CONFUSION OR CHAOTIC
BUT BY RELINQUISHING IT
YOU MAKE ME EUPHORIC ...

-YOU , JUST WHISPER
AS IF TO MESMERIZE ME
IT'S A EXUBERANT FEELING
WHICH IS TO EXHILARATE ME...

-YOU, YOU HAVE SO HEFTY DREAMS
FOR WHICH YOU NEVER WANT TO PLUMMET
BUT STILL YOU ABIDE
AS YOU DON'T WANT TO BE QUEER ..

- YOU, SOMETIME YOU WISH
BUT NEVER TRY IT TO FIX
I JUST THOUGHT ABOUT IT
THAT SOMEHOW YOU MEAN IT ...

-YOU , YOU AND ONLY YOU
FOR WHOM I WANT A REINCARNATION
IT'S MY WILLINGNESS OR DESIRE
AS I WANT TO HOLD YOU ON ANY WAY
THAT YOU ADHERE ...

-TO EXPLAIN THIS 'YOU'
EVEN I HAVE TO OMNISCIENT
I JUST ENDEAVOUR HERE
AS I DID TO UNDERSTAND YOU!!

WHOM WE LOVE AND LIVE FOR !!!

Preeti Pathak

UTTARAKHAND

*Blessed with matchlessly magical Parents,
Their supremely good, serenely happy raising,
design our thought processes.*

*Their loving, comforting, storytelling skills,
leave indelible footprints and heartprints.*

Thankyou God for this Benedictory Love!!!

*Blessed with bombastic Brother,
self-styled natural, perennial itinerant,
Sentinel of sisters life-long.*

*Sentiments flow unabatedly,
for the illustrious, boisterous beloved younger.*

Thankyou God for this Blissful Love!!!

*Blessed with delicate darling Sister,
who wears expressions benignant perpetually.*

Witty, gritty, easy-going habitually.

Evident protected favourite of all surely.

Fondest moments born in her queenly company.

Thankyou God for this Harmonious Love!!!

*Blessed with solicitous Husband,
His silent romanticism, macho protective ways,
smoothen tumultuous paths.*

Terribly correct and sober better half,

Brokers peace, plots life's happiness graph.

Thankyou God for this Angelic Love!!!

Blessed with an endearing Child,

Whose arrival, auspicious, momentous and miraculous.

*Rearing the divine and sublime born,
definitely, a definition for the guardians.*

Our child, our panacea, promise of better tomorrows.

Thankyou God for this Supreme Love!!!

Ode to You

RAFAEL PERNIA

MAHARASHTRA

*Petals of your kisses, balsam on your neck
Not knowing more than it, twanging you so fair
I pray for that again having you on my skin
Anchored to my life being your humble
condemned*

*Incipient silhouette an upswing across ether
Your sensuous hang-glider, delighting seagull
Describe amaze yearn for and also enamor
You bring up to my presence the borealis aurora*

*Darkness and sunset all of them consume
With your candlelight your shadow reveals
Tangent to my navel your nakedness sails
Your attar to the wall curve it unveils*

*Your fragrance skin musk and honeysuckle
Magnificent your locks cinnamon aroma
Smiling and silent and sough epicure
Made of pane kisses mint and mist made*

*You nap laying down of Van Gaugh la siesta
On your skin I die on my skin you wake up
With you there is no more than this beautiful
existence*

Tangent to my navel your nakedness sails

I will build

MUKTI MASIH

*Crush me with your goodness
Walk on the ruins of my sins
Watch me tumble down
From the rumbles again, I will build*

*Shatter me with the weight of your charities
Debase me from the pedestal of your pride
Defeat me with every sound reason
From the pieces of my respect, I will build*

*Mortify me for my truths
Manipulate every ounce of my honesty
Trample me beneath your arrogance
From the dirt of your heel, I will build*

*Accuse me in every court of love
Hold me guilty for untamed feelings
Blame me for not embracing company
From the traces of my esteem, I will build*

*Play with my courtesies, my compassion
Laugh on the tears of my joyful sorrow
Mock my faith, my beliefs
From the throne of your disbelief, I will build*

My Vivacious Self

KUNTALA BHATTACHARYA

WEST BENGAL

*Tiptoed I engulfed you in my inner core
Forever to render with love and care
Your subtle feeling echoes through my heart
Enlivening and uplifting my worldly spirit.
You are my treasure trove
You are my heart throb
Intertwining my soul every moment
Into your lustrous melancholy and delight.
Breathing freshness from thy soothing desire
Dazzling and sparkling into your sumptuous sphere
I love to mesmerize gazing at your precious aura
Encapsulating me with caress into your enigmatic
flora
I yearn to rock in your spacious cuddly cradle
Waiting eagerly to enchant my heart with your caress
and fondle
I treasure the bonding that magnifies exponentially
Never to fall back even in slightest dismay.
Silently I sway in your vast palatial ambience
Dancing in delight soaking into a world of trance
Thy tranquility thy pristine glory hypnotizes me
Transporting into a celestial atmosphere that ravishes
me.
I proudly yet humbly proclaim your prominence in my
life
You are my inner selfless magnanimous beauty
Stern yet benevolent, honest yet compassionate
You are my vivacious considerate inner self.*

When the dusk falls

FATIMA ARIF

UTTAR PRADESH

*When the dusk falls
When the night calls
Do you whisper the same words?
Or do you change ?*

*When the high seems too low
When Truth seems a distant road
Do you stumble on the same path?
Or do you walk another way?*

*When true stories seem too fake
And no tree offers you shade
Do you ignore it all again
Or do you tell a different tale?*

*When the wolves find you all alone,
When you find no place to call home,
Do you still lay within these four walls,
Or do you find a different one to stay.*

*When the sun rises in the early sky
When the lonely moon runs off to hide
Do you still drown in your own despair
Or Do you try to love the day?*

FOR YOU TO NAME IT

Monamy Chatterjee

WEST BENGAL

*Of words, of minds, of what senses speak...
Of joy? Or of pain? Or the iridescent streak...
What moments were those to wield the pen??
A countdown or an ascent... from one to ten... Like the
clawed hands of the beauty in black... Of hideous
smiles in pain... alack...
Like the sharers of secrets?? Of guilt?? Of love??
Passing some moments with a cigar in some county
trove...
What dreams?? What hopes? Of what blinding pain?
And calming vibes that drive us insane...
An appalling beauty... to create and then to break
The nostalgia and inebriation like the ripples of a
lake...
Reflecting dreams and yet shaking them across...
Making one day-dream, then pointing forth the loss...
Stealthily entering the mind in the form of a dream...
To weave the fabric of hope... then shatter... unseam...
Like stories of saints... like heaven and hell... With all
the knowledge one could ever tell... Like the insidious
venom, like the psychedelic cry...
Like contingent imaginings, like a relieved sigh...
To reave and bereave the poet's restless soul... To
make yet mar... and still making him whole...
Revels... yet reveals like time's truthful eye... The
likeness to life... yet making worthy to die...*

Honour Killing

Sreekanth Kopuri

ANDRA PRADESH

*“Honour’s” daughter wedded
“dishonour’s” son,
conceived innocence and
dishonoured “honour”
who buys a crore of revenge
slits the throat of
a young dream that groans with the
premature labour pain
yielding to the primitive strength
of a prejudice’ faithful hatchet
soaked in the pool of a muted
voice on this Good Earth,
the Hindu-Christian cord of which is severed
by the scalpel of a Muslim conspiracy.
The sun sets down the grave darkness
drenched in the dirge
- ashes to ashes - of love’s bleary eye and
the honour’s trickling question’s
some questionable answers in the mutually
pricking communal kingpins
in the nation’s best television debates,
end in smoke of
the endless storm in their
emptied tea cups
that wail Love’s Labour’s Lost –
a mere silence
spilled at the rooted feet of
“the honour’s” green pride.*

WEDDING DAY

Ananya Saigal

ANANYA SAIGAL

*Vigilant eyes open to a figure in the bridechamber.
Alone, left paralyzed by the fear. Vision blurred by her
perspiration,
catastrophizing the eventual worst,
Uncertain of the position she will bear today.
Muscles tensed, the heart pounding out of the chest,
Moving slowly towards the silhouette beside her rusty bed.
A mirror responds,
But that's not her, she's not the same.
Still immobile, the lady stands still.
Sunken eyes, purple cheeks and swollen lips.
A shredded night dress, A burnt up letter stuck to the
bottom of her bare feet.
Reminiscing her past,
Not awaiting the future,
In a state of stable psychosis.
A crowd in shimmering dresses
anticipating her presence, will
she show up?
Fear and uncertainty slowly taking over.
She begins her morning like every other,
Slowly descending into madness.
The however, is unpredictable each new day.
An attempt to speak, for only it's the lips that move,
The silhouette speaks back. Eyes that stare deeper into
hers,
Patiently waiting for a silent scream to emerge.
Holding up the knife, she screams no sound.
The bride bolts forwards, stabbing the very shadow that
stands before her.
The demons in her mind win, For she is
taken by her angel to inevitable bliss,
Heaven.*