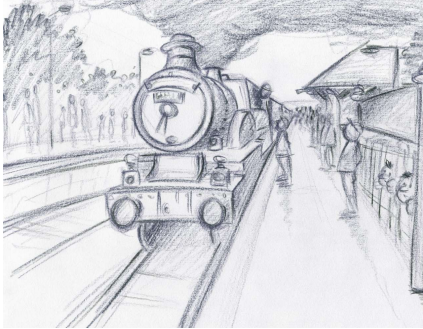




Nishanth

*Hi, I'm Nishanth. I love cats, rain, food, and the good sleep that comes after. I enjoy writing short poems for my friends and my special one. Here are some of my works.
I hope you find pieces of me between these lines and see my world through my words. Thank you.*



1

Restart

The clouds clear up, sun shines BRIGHT,
Chennai wakes up, what a beautiful SIGHT.
Some may whine, some may CRY,
Red alert, but no rain dunno WHY.
Engines hum, my train DEPARTS, my day STARTS,
After my goodbyes with a heavy HEART.
I miss mom's food, my cozy HOME,
Without a care I happily ROAM.
But gotta go to college, got to learn MORE,
I wish I could go back to when I was FOUR...



2

Mah Feline Friends

I used to live with a cute – ahh CAT,
He hits and bites me, a spoiled BRAT.
He's so sly, he'll meow at YOU,
Scratches he gave me aren't FEW.

Let me give you a piece of HIM,
Bro things he's the MC in his FILM.
All he does is drink milk and YAP,
Bro knows my house like a Google MAP.
Bro brings me the prey he CAUGHT,
He's small but likes to yap a LOT.

He says,
"I may be small but my dreams are NOT",
But all he dreams of is sleeping a LOT.
Though we don't see each other NOW,
He's the first guy who I really LOVED.



3 Mah Bois

Life weighs heavy, like a big SACK,
I got some friends who've, got my BACK,
Stuck in a routine, so mundANE,
They're the ones who keep me SANE.

They told me that,
Happiness is in those small THINGS,
In my friend who loses his THINGS,
In his soft voice, he randomly SINGS,
His mom's cooking, daily he BRINGS.

Or that guy, so sad and DEPRESSED,
With that girl, he's so OBSESSED,
"Come on bro, give yourself a REST".
Or that guy who studies his BEST,
He's the reason I pass my TESTS.

Or that guy who's not that LEAN,
But bro works every time I've SEEN,
Teaches kids to gain some GREEN,
Works hard, that's his ROUTINE.

My friends speak straight to my FACE,
"Get up bro, get ready to RACE,
Did you forget? Got dreams to CHASE."

These things are what that help me GO,
Life's hard, gotta take it SLOW.
Living a day at a TIME,
Writing some poems, that just RHYME.
And to wrap it up,
I got some friends who've, got my BACK
And I'm so thankful for THAT.



4 That Day

Where all looked the same in WHITE
Among the crowd her smile shone BRIGHT
Will I gonna fall again for that SIGHT?
I can't control, I just MIGHT...

A green blouse with a charm she WEARS
Her saree's white, like my mom she CARES
With her pleated hair, innocent eyes, She STARES
All my flaws, she patiently BEARS

She asks me to take her PICTURE
Adjusts her hair, my heart's a MIXTURE
Spellbound , I freeze like a FIXTURE
For her words are my holy SCRIPTURE..

Even if she has Medusa's CURSE,
I'd gladly be a rock and spend my YEARS,
Looking at perfection, my eyes full of HER...



5 Her

Same old life, but this feeling's NEW,
The feeling of comfort, when I see YOU.
Many got their homes, expensive are FEW,
But mine's special, coz it travels with YOU.

So hold my hands, till we both grow OLD,
And be by my side, as our stories are TOLD.

Will you be my girl?
Not just for today,
For those days where I CRY,
Not even knowing WHY,
When I overthink a LOT,
My mind clouded with THOUGHTS,
Will you caress my HEAD,
In your arms, tuck me to BED,
Hold me when I SLEEP,
Share your shoulders when I WEEP.

To my 2nd MOM,
Thank you maa