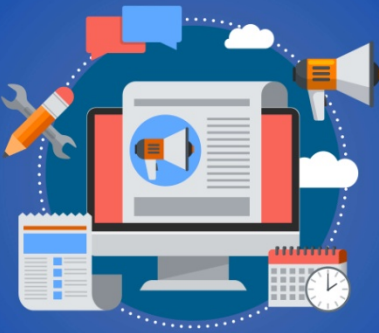


ISSN 0976 - 8165



THE CRITERION


AN INTERNATIONAL JOURNAL IN ENGLISH

11th Year of Open Access


**Bi-Monthly Refereed and Peer-Reviewed
Open Access e-Journal**

Vol. XI, Issue-2 (April 2020)

Editor-In-Chief : Dr. Vishwanath Bite
Managing Editor : Dr. Madhuri Bite



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ISSN 2278-9529
Galaxy: International Multidisciplinary Research Journal
www.galaxyimrj.com

Here Lies a Poet Dead

Pushkar Bisht

Here lies a poet dead,
After going through deep melancholy of life
In the bed of death
Sorrow doesn't engulf the poet any more,
And silence takes him in its core,

The poet does not cry now,
The world mourns to lose a shining star,
Which always shined in all dark.....
Who will come again to love? The sad world ponders
But I must come in the other form again to love
And compose beautiful poems
For my beautiful world that has shed its tears in my memory.....

A man of thoughts,
No more poetry he pens down
But he sleeps peacefully
In his grave,
And the grass grows green, the dew fallen upon
What a beautiful morning
To a poet,
We wakes up with the Mother Nature
The sun shines bright upon that,
And the poet smiles to feel all this
Over his grave
The birds sing their song
In the early morning
And the poet rests at peace for long

The stars like the little drops of rain twinkle,
In the sky.....
With a poet they all mingle
And the night hugs him tight
In its sweet dreams.....

I miss all the creatures,
As they gather near my grave to make a prayer
Their crying makes me sad,
But I can't touch them
As I know that my soul is touching them.....