

Recent Works

Shikhar Sehgal

The Philosopher

Some fancy paper as their lover,
Some merely use it as buffer
To hide the sorrow behind diamonds and silk covers,
Some just search for more power.

Divas and beauties,
Wool made of cruelties,
Bought by the weight – heaviest with the lightest duties,
Men would go kill for no bounties.

Perhaps to look within the blackness,
Ignore the attractive like a leech in practice,
Yet stay strong for another like a lattice,
Beauty – though wet inside like a cactus, the only one without malice.

The Serenade

Sweet in the cradle,
Sweet on the bed,
The scars of time leave my palms red.

But a wave in the ocean,
A page torn,
A thread that's been woven
On a cloth that's been worn

I walked down the road,
I'd seen all that had faded
And all that had glowed,
But I had to be serenaded:
Thank you for hearing my ode.

Love.

For life or for freedom,
The *pavé* to be taken:

For work and for *mon amour*,
The choice is but for décor.

Lift up the white flag,
I'll take the plea deal from the white hag,
So I'll take the seven rounds around the fire
Or she can walk down the aisle as I fill with ire...

But it'll never mean more than a thing,
Not worth as much as e'en the ring.
I know I'd rather kill and live behind a bar
Than wait 20 years more scared to even visit the bar.

The Koel and the Crow

The same colour, the same eyes
I am a curse, but you are a prize,
I work for my nest,
Give my children the best,
You sing songs and rest.

It's no tranquil life for me either,
Every day I live in fear.
Unable to build a nest,
Always hunted to be a pet.

Well here comes the peacock,
Always looking away and trying to mock!

He thinks he's so good with his green feathers,
But in green we know we would look even better.

Wouldn't we?