

2018 poems from Budding Authors' Club of Learning Paths School

**My Colourful Dreams, by S.M. (IX C)**

I dream to be... A leading sensation  
I dream to be... A working person

My existence on Earth  
Should be an asset  
But isn't it too ambitious  
For such a little girl?

I make myself think  
Pros and cons of everything  
I wish to make things better  
But isn't it too ambitious?

Thoughts keep brewing  
And dreams keep flourishing  
But my colourful dreams ...  
Aren't they too ambitious?

My "colourful" dreams...  
Which have a beginning  
But no end.  
Will they ever get attention?  
My colourful dreams ...  
Aren't they too ambitious?

Yes, they might be ambitious  
But I ... I can't stop  
My conscientious and my dreams  
God's blessings,  
Teacher's teachings,  
Parent's support  
Will make my colourful dreams  
Touch the sky  
My Colourful dreams...  
Are sure to fly high!

**Nature, by S. G. (VII C)**

With the mighty mountains,  
and the ferocious seas.  
The delicate flowers,  
and the green fields.  
This glorious creation of god,  
is literally heaven on earth!  
The beautiful creations that I see,  
give me the pleasure and peace.  
To sit under the shade of a tree and get the feel,  
of the delicacy of this picturesque scene.  
Then I see the anger flashing,  
and the pelting rain and thunder clashing.  
It shows me the power,  
that can change the world in just an hour!  
Oh! It can show us all its moods,  
whether it is bad or good.  
Nature depicts the humanity,  
that can easily take over vanity.  
Yes! Nature teaches us wonderful things,  
Just try to explore it and see the glory it brings!

**She's a Mother, by S.G. (VII C)**

She is the one who really cares  
When it comes to her child, she literally bears

She is a true and a best friend  
Whose love for us never ends

She looks after her child as well as her duty  
Whatever she does, she never loses her beauty

She is always a helping hand  
For her child she is the only one to stand

She eternally helps us to go further  
Her love is endless

She is a mother!

**The Glory of Nature, by S.K (VII A)**

The sun rising and the night  
turning into day,  
The moon and stars now cannot stay;  
The flowers swaying in the blowing breeze,  
Above them were the buzzing bees.

The wild wind whispers to me,  
How can you take your eyes off  
this flaming sea?  
The winter mist now disappearing,  
The warmth of the day now retrieving.

This view, this moment, is truly remarkable!  
Nature is a wonder, a miracle.