

A Bottle of Water

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Water effortlessly takes the colour, shape and contour of the bottle where it's kept. So is our heart...



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*A bottle of water placed on the table,
It glitters the candle lit,
The water is silent, silver-lined,
With no ripples in it.
The water takes same shape and colour
Like just the bottle looks,
The bottled water shine as to
Shine and bright the nook.
The bottled water could not come out,
Until poured and sipped,
It would remain unknown ever,
If the taste is sweet.
The tiny droplets gathered
By the wall of bottle pet,
It proves to be from the fridge,
Taken out and then kept.
So is emotion when in heart,
Takes the same look â nâ flow,
You keep it in dark, it wonâ t shine,
Give it light to glow.
It remains silent till itâ s touched,
Unsealed of its box,
With the emotions bottled up,
Just waiting for the knock.*

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You give it love, will love you back,

The heart will blush and shy,

You hurt the heart, fight with it,

It will leave you cry.

The heart gathers so many senses,

Emotionâs one of them,

It is how, you to master,

To know and learn to tame.

There are lot of ups and downs,

To put the life in test,

You need to decide on your own,

Whoâs the host and guest.

Thatâs how life proves you with

It is a manifold,

You keep your heart locked forever,

And leave the emotions untold.

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