

Poetry Series

**Amartya Kalapahar**  
**- poems -**

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# Amartya Kalapahar()

I am a student of South Point High School of Kolkata, India. I like poetry very much and I am fond of writing poems very much. I like nature's creations very much.

My Facebook fan page-

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# Evil Days

The days seems at an end,  
Seeing the star-studded night sky  
His mind recollects the reiterated bygones.  
Even the most crucial moments,  
Makes his days dark and gloomy.  
The ugly face in the darkness  
The laughter of the people,  
His desperate soul grew numb  
In the midst of the night.  
He stares at the crowded streets below  
From the high altitude  
Thinking about the nightmares  
Which haunt him day and night  
Where the masqueraders  
Chasing him down  
And making a way for him  
In the depths of hell.  
He also remembers  
How he ruined  
His father's expectations.  
He considered himself,  
To be a measly man.  
Lost everything in the world  
Reduced from the social ladder  
His happiness died  
And sadness ruled his life  
Everyday was challenging for him  
He doesn't hoped for the future anymore  
Sometimes the devil inside  
Appears to come out from him  
And gobble away the denizens  
For whom his carefree childhood  
Once came to an end  
He has not pardoned the people  
For their infernal deed  
His leap from the high  
Then all ended in a while  
All was left was his perfume's scent  
This also vanished in the transparent air.

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# One Thought

Ever in my heart,  
Ever in my thought,  
Blossoms of your face,  
Like the spring's grace.  
Oh! Makes me wonder  
Oh! Makes me fonder.

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# The Funeral

He's now gone forever,  
With his memories scattered wherever,  
Seemed flowing down the river,  
Along the valley of unknown  
Where the hopes were thrown.  
There arrived the people  
There the bells tolled,  
Among the sorrowing crowd  
Below the dark cloud,  
Laid his corpse in the shroud,  
The wind shattering the trees  
The mournful song in the breeze,  
The last dropp of tears  
After the holly prayers  
And his last breathe of air,  
Seemed roaming around the despair  
Without the fear of loosing  
Without the expectation of gaining  
There rested his soul  
Where no one's there to stroll  
The spark of eternal pain  
At last ended with the drops of rain.

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# Their Life

“Roger storm in the front”  
I repeat  
I repeat  
He cried  
They have crossed the bridge  
Faced so many blows  
Passed away enemy waves  
And at last reached their destination  
But relief was not written  
In their fortune  
Far from they caught the sight  
Of a meandering group of intrepid soldiers  
They tried their best  
Exert their full effort  
In spite of that  
Their undying spirits  
At last came to an end  
Death in an unknown destination  
Without a soul to mourn for them  
And breaking every promises  
Of their dear ones  
Their holy spirits took them  
To a path of heaven.  
What was the meaning of life  
For them in a secluded place?  
To bring freedom for their people  
Like a free macaw flying high  
In the boundless blue sky  
Without the interference of anybody  
All in all  
The meaning of life for them  
Was “To fight for freedom  
Till the last dropp of blood  
Oozes out from their vigorous bodies”

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# Time

Running like the shepherds,  
No one can stop him.  
He glides slightly through the high mountains  
Nor does he listen to anybody  
He does his work,  
But we sometimes fail to do our own  
He is the thing  
That never be had again  
But can be remembered as past memories.  
His way is fast  
His notice is not sudden  
He is valuable and by no means  
You can buy him,  
He is no one but time.

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# Waiting For Christmas

Days of sorrow, days of joy,  
Here comes winter  
There goes autumn.  
Old leaves on the graying Earth,  
Shivering moon in the darkened Sky,  
Making the days impatient  
But bringing back the joyfulness.

There in the mid-sky,  
A group of fairies fly,  
Maybe they are the angels  
Singing the song of peace,  
Spreading their charm  
With sparkles of happiness  
And brightening the dark sky  
With colors of merriment.

The beautiful holy day  
At last came on the Friday,  
The melody of happiness  
Lightened the holy land.  
And high above His mortals  
Blessed them the immortal.

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