

Poetry Series

Baidurya Mukherjee
- poems -

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Baidurya Mukherjee(12/05/1995)

Go to my currently active and side account: <http>

I write poems and stories.I stay in the little city of kolkata in Is to everybody who reads ad comments on my poems

A Burglar

I first posted this poem on my side account - an average poet

As I roamed around the street,
I heard a sound of pain,
I made a pursuit and followed the sound,
As i neared it, I saw a man rolling on the ground....

He was surrounded by angry masses,
They pounded him black and blue,
As he was known as a burglar,
I watched all this from far....

I could see truth in his eyes,
I could hear his heart's cries....
But i didn't go forward.....
Maybe i wasn't cut out to be a hero,
Maybe i was afraid to stand for the defence of that person...

After everything had died down.....
People had dispersed...
I went to him,
Held him in my arms....
He look at me with hopeful eyes,
I was taken aback by surprise....
He slowly held my hand....
'Thank you for trusting me'he said....
Saying so his smile faded....
He was dead! !

Baidurya Mukherjee

Days That Have Gone

As I looked back, its not yet very far
I can still have a prominent glimpse
Days when i used to make paper boats
And used to knit with them lots of dreams

I can still remember those days
When I used to come home mud smeared
Remembered mom's punishment last week
And deep inside heart I feared

Days when I loved to play hide and seek
Cricket with plastic bat and ball
Think, 'When I will go for job?
I will grow big and tall? '

I loved to get drenched in rain
Come home and ask for honey
Some day I wished to eat outside
So I asked from mom, some money

Now as i grew big enough
With lots of health, wealth and fame
I feel, 'Can't I get back those childhood days
Days with papers boat, against this name'

'Can't I become a kid once more
Play and loiter in the street
Fear to get thrashes from mom.
Think what will happen if she comes and hit? '

Baidurya Mukherjee

If I Could Get Organized

There may be nothing wrong with you
The way you live the work you do,
But I can surely plainly see
Exactly what is wrong with me.
With you there may be nothing wrong,
But here's my trouble all along
I do the thing that don't amount
To very much with no account.
It isn't that I'm indolent
or dodging duties quite intent
I work as hard as anyone
And yet I get so little done
I nibble this, I nibble that
but never finish what I'm at.
The morning goes the noon is near
Before I know the night is near.
And all around me I regret
The things I haven't finished yet.
If I could just get organized
I oftentimes may realize
Not all that matters is the man
The man must also have a plan
It really seems important though
I let a lot of matters go
and all around me I neglect
the things I haven't finished yet.
I work as hard as anyone
And yet I get so little done
I'd do so much you'd be surprised
If I could just get organized.

Baidurya Mukherjee

Life In Winter And Monsoon.....

Monsoon comes with a gust of rain,
Making people go insane,
Some farmers shout in joy,
while little houses gets destroyed....

Little slum children gets high fever,
In the damp weather, they violently shiver
No one looks at them,
they slowly suffer in pain....

In the winterland,
Blows specks of dust and sand,
But snow soon covers it all,
Making mounds big and tall...

Poor people die of frost,
while we buy heater at huge costs,
We snuggle in our comfy beds,
While people get frozen to death

Baidurya Mukherjee

Move Along

It's not easy to forget the past,
The instances when you've been wrong,
You never know how die is cast,
So put it behind and move along.

It hard to find the silver lining,
Luck Betrays you once in a while, ,
Your trying hard but not succeeding,
Dosen't mean yo'll never smile.

You may feel life' been hard on you,
Open your eyes and look around,
Start again from the small beginnings,
Use the wisdom you've found.

It's not easy to kill the pain,
You must be steady, you must be strong,
Your will is broken you're going insane
Put it together and move along!

Baidurya Mukherjee

My Brother

My Brother is very bad
He always makes my mother sad
By complaining about me to her
And sometimes to my big fat sir
Never you would suspect him
of doing the smallest bad thing
But as his elder brother I know
How he will be when he grows!
Once He tore my science book
And gave me a wicked look
After I complained to my mother
My cute little brother,
Clasped my mom by her neck
And began to sob, which was(of course) fake
'Come on, now look at his face
He can't do such a thing'she says
This was much a disgrace,
So I ran to hit his face,
But as I tried to beat him, I slipped,
And on the Ground Tripped,
Then Against the floor I bumped my head,
And Opened my eyes in the hospital bed!

Baidurya Mukherjee

My Brother Part -Ii(Read My Brother Part-I Frst)

After I returned from the nursing home,
My Bumped head looked like a dome..
My Brother not giving me a moment of peace,
Started jumping around me like a tease,
How I wished I could beat him then!
But then I remembered my previous happenings again,
The moment I recovered fully,
My brother pinched me and called me a bully!
Suddenly, a plan struck my head!
'Will you play with me? ' to my brother I said
My Brother in reply said'Great! '
And was not a bit afraid!
As he didn't know what I was going to do with him,
He was completely unaware, as to me it seemed.
Then our Great Playing started,
My Brother always dodged me and darted,
Winning the game everytime,
Then I thought of doing my crime!
My plan was to hold him by his knee
And tickle him till he cried, you see,
But with my blasted luck!
I was the Sitting duck,
'cause soon my brother heart his nose
And I was full of remose
I never wanted gom to hurt that way,
But my mom didn't listen to what I had to say,
She thought that I was taking revenge,
And scolded me like a savage,
So you now see what kind of a boy my brother is,
So my request Is stay away from him please!

Baidurya Mukherjee

My Granny...

This poem was first posted on my side account-chom chom

My granny lost her specs today,
And she searched for them in every way,

She searched for it here and there,
She searched for it even under her chair,

But she couldn't find it even after looking under the bed,
Because the specs were on her head!

Baidurya Mukherjee

My Mom.....

After spending years in the city,
I was returning to my village humming a ditty....

It was really good to think of my mom,
Who would be waiting at the doorstep of our home....

I was really feeling good,
To think of tasting my mom's delicious food....

After a journey of 12 hours,
I saw our house surrounded by a layer of flowers...

There at the doorstep I could make out,
A woman standing plump and stout....

I went near and saw that it was my mom,
On her hand was our dear cat Tom.....

I ran to her and hugged her with my might,
And she also hugged me really tight!

Tears of joy flowed down her eyes,
And after that she stuffed me with pies....

I then realised an important thing,
A mother's love is more important than the treasures of kings!

Baidurya Mukherjee

My Result

Who knows what lies in my fate?
'cause tommorow is my result date!
In morn I have to go and get-
My result, which I really hate!

My mother said she would go with me,
Hearing this my brother was full of glee!
'Yeah! ' smiled he
And that was really scary!

'cause I always do bad in my tests
And hide my report card from my parents
Sometimes I hide them in a birds' nest
That over our roof rests.

Earlier I would sneak out quiet!
Not seen by anyone's sight
Then with a little fright
I would ask my sir for my result with all my might,

But this time, damn my mom
She is going to get my report card home,
All i can do is sit and pray,
For my report card to go astray!

Baidurya Mukherjee

Rapunzel(Epic Poetry)

This poem was first posted in my side account-

Rapunzel is a story we all know so well,
Rapunzel is a fairy tale,
But the thing is nobody could say it right,
They got the tid-bits correct but they forgot about the fight.
So let me tell you the story, the one which is true.
You're feeling excited, aren't you?

Well there was a couple who had no child,
Because one was crazy the other was wild,
But one day the wife said'Oh! My tummy-
I think I am going to be a mummy,
But first i need some rapunzel 'cause its yummy, yummy, yummy!

The husband was scared of his fat wife,
And ran to get the rapunzel, for the sake of his life,
He ran to get the rapunzel,
But instead he fell into a well.....

Anyway he went to the garden, but a witch came at once,
Then she cackled a bit and began to dance,
And said'Take all the Rapunzel you want!
But remember i will be your child's aunt-
And the moment she is born i'll take her away,
And you can cry chewing some hay.
Then the witch left, leaving the husband in a fix,
At last he took the Rapunzel and inhaled some vicks,

The wife was greedy and ate it all,
And the daughter was born plump and tall,
But just then the old witch came,
And kicked them so hard that they became lame,
Then she took the child away,
And the husband started to cry, chewing some hay,

The girl grew up fair and beautiful,
And she always sat in an AC room to keep herself super cool,

The witch was kind to her, but locked her in a tower,
And everyday she fed her, corn flour,

The witch was old and had arthritis,
And she lived mainly on rotten fish,
The tower was locked and had a window at the top,
Through which the witch entered and cleaned the room with a mop,
One day a prince came that way,
And vowed to take the girl away,
So he proposed to her,
The girl accepted smiling from the tower, ,
Then the girl whose name was Rapunzel,
Combed her hair and applied some gel,
Then from the tower she jumped,
And into the prince she bumped,
But both were happy and were about to leave,
when the witch arrived, dressed in a sieve,
The witch stood in their way but Rapunzel slapped her,
And she flew away like a rocket, very far!

And so both were wed,
And well-fed,
Now you must admit,
The poem was good, wasn't it?

Baidurya Mukherjee

Sadness

I first posted this poem on my side account- An average poet

Sadness-
We have to face,
Is something,
which makes us
a depressed human being....

Sadness we face,
everyday in the race
of life-
in form of tears and strife...
sometimes its hard to overcome...
sometimes we become...
people with no aim...
just a lame
person-
with a heart full of pain...

Sadness, is hard to forget,
The earth....
is worth..
of only heartless people...
theres no place for the weak,
or cripple...
even though its hard...
and absurd...
what is lost is gone....
can be never withdrawn...
so we must move on...
And on....

Baidurya Mukherjee

Small But Great

Things that start out little
Don't always remain small,
The smallest thing,
Can be the biggest wonder of all,

However dull or small one is,
We should never underestimate,
Who knows maybe one day,
He will turn out to be great!

Baidurya Mukherjee

Television

Day and Night my eyes I strain,
My parents feel you're a pain.
All The Time I squint and cry,
Gazing hard with my bleary eyes.

Mother Yells and father screams,
Everything passes as through a dream!
You Give me a severe headache,
Thanks to you, many medicines I have to take!

You affect my eyes, sight and vision,
You are a culprit, o television!

Baidurya Mukherjee

The Fields I Strolled Upon...

Everyday I strolled through the fields
When My day was done
I went there to have solitude,
After the day's joy, sorrow and fun...

The fields I went to
Was A really great place,
All around, there were trees!
And sweet Breeze blowing against the face.

By The time I reached the spot,
The sun would already set,
And darkness would slowly invade
By every minute late!

I wished I could go there by the morn,
'cause I often wished to see
How the Green lushes of fields,
In morn, would look to me!

But I doubt about that chance yet,
As nobody wants me to go to school late,
So I always have to go there In the evening,
When the blazing sun would set.

Baidurya Mukherjee

The First Time I Met You

first published in my side account-chom chom



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The first time my eyes saw you,
The first time I saw you smile,
I knew you heart was pure and true,
And your eyes were as blue as the Nile,

Your hands, your hair, your face
All seemed so perfect to me,
You were so full of beauty and grace,
With you I felt so free!

No that time has flown away,
Let me tell you, I loved you from the start,
Even though in your mind I might decay,
But you'll hold a special place in my heart!

Baidurya Mukherjee

The Kind Doctor

first posted in my side account-chom chom

As I was passing through the countryside,
I saw a farmhouse very wide,
A small blue pool acquired a little space,
The farm was a lovely place....

In the middle of the farm,
Looking at a house I was charmed,
It was half-Broken Down,
And its colour was Dark-Brown....

I, from inside heard a sound,
And went Inside, and there I found!
An old woman sitting on a bed,
And her husband beside her, blood oozing out of his head.....

Her husband was half-dead,
And the woman was really afraid,
'cause he didn't want him to die,
She sobbed a little and broke into a cry.....

I felt sorry for them both,
And in front of them took an oath,
That I will not let the husband die,
To guide him back from the mouth of hell, I will try.

I being a pauper didn't own much,
But the situation was such,
That I had to save him at any cost,
Otherwise his soul will be lost....

I took out all the money I had,
That I saved up from when I was a lad,
Then I called a doctor there,
And he came as quick as a hare....

He treated him from high to low,

He treated him from eye to toe,
and at last after the treatment was done,
He told me 'Listen Son! '

I know you're selfless and very generous,
And this case was really dangerous,
But the good will always win all the way,
And the old man is out of danger today! ! !

Then I tried to pay him,
The expression on his face was grim,
'I did not do this to get paid,
i did it for everyone's welfare'he said...

Baidurya Mukherjee

The Little Boy

this poem was first published on my side account- chom chom

A poor little boy was going through the streets,
Begging for a little food,
For four days he was starving,
And in the blazing sun he was stewed,

But he did not give up hope,
And went on for his stomach's sake,
At last a little woman,
Gave her a little piece of cake!

As he was about to put it in his mouth,
He saw a beggar with a broken foot,
So he went near him,
And in his hand the cake he put.....

The thanks came out in a mumble,
And with happiness the boy's heart was brim,
For even though he was hungry,
The beggar needed the cake more than him!

Baidurya Mukherjee

