

Poetry Series

Dipankar Sadhukhan

- poems -



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Dipankar Sadhukhan()

Dipankar Sadhukhan has been serving as a teacher of English at Badamtala High School (H.S.) , Budge Budge, Kolkata - 700137 since September 27,2008. Apart from his professional career in education, he is a passionate writer, composing poetry, novels, short stories, and essays in both English and Bengali.

His first two poetry books, *Your Love, My Inspiration* and *Love, Another Name of Divinity*, were published in 2014 and have reached readers around the globe. His third international poetry collection, *Beauty and Truth in Love*, was released in January 2016 and received critical appreciation.

Born and raised in a middle-class family in Nadia, a district of West Bengal near Kolkata, Dipankar was admitted directly into Class Two at Natapuli Vivekananda Shishu Siksha Niketan at the age of five. From an early age, he demonstrated honesty, ambition, diligence, determination, and a peaceful temperament.

His father, Santosh Kumar Sadhukhan, lived a simple and humble life, and his mother, Bhagabati Sadhukhan, greatly influenced his early years by teaching him about the great personalities of India and the richness of Indian culture. She remained his only tutor and guide during the formative years of his childhood.

Dipankar was always a meritorious student. He completed his primary education at Natapuli Debendra Smriti Vidyapith, where he was deeply influenced by Mr. Birendranath Sadhukhan, the former headmaster of the Lower Primary School, and Mrs. Gita Raha Halder, his History teacher. Despite suffering from jaundice for six consecutive years, he stood first in class five times.

He completed his school education at Chakdaha Ramlal Academy, one of Nadia's most prestigious schools. Following the advice of his English tutor, Mr. Pradip Kumar Sarkar, he pursued a B.A. (Honours) in English. After his family relocated to Ranaghat, he and his younger brother, Subhankar Sadhukhan, continued their studies from there.

Dipankar faced significant personal challenges during his teenage years, including three major accidents. One of the most serious incidents occurred when a coconut fell on his head, threatening his life and interrupting his studies. Nevertheless, he persevered and successfully completed his B.A. (Hons.) in English from the University of Calcutta.

He then joined St. Xavier's College, Kolkata, one of India's premier institutions,

and earned a Bachelor of Education (B.Ed.) degree, even while undergoing extended medical treatment. His academic journey was profoundly shaped by the mentorship of Dr. Mandira Mukherjee, former Dean of the Department of Education, and Dr. Charlotte Simpson-Veigas, both of whom he considers role models for their exemplary teaching.

Later, Dipankar completed M.A. degrees in English (Literature) and Bengali (Linguistics) . He currently resides in Kolkata.

Dipankar began writing poetry during his school and college days, with several early works appearing in institutional magazines. His poems are regularly published in VERBUMLANDANEWS (Italy) , an international e-magazine. He is also a member of Muse India, an international e-journal. His poetry has been featured on renowned platforms like:

www.poemhunter.com

www.bestpoems.com

www.poetrysoup.com

www.poemsabout.com

His poetry has also appeared in various national and international journals, magazines, and reputed e-zines.

Dipankar's three international poetry books—Your Love, My Inspiration (2014) , Love, Another Name of Divinity (2014) , and Beauty and Truth in Love (2016) —have been widely read and appreciated worldwide. His ambition, dedication, perseverance, and integrity have been the cornerstones of his success, both as an educator and as a literary figure.

The Dawn Unbars The Vaults Of Inner Night (Sonnet)

The dawn unbars the vaults of inner night,
And lifts the veil from dreams that led me blind.
What once burned bright now fades in colder light-
A phantom flame that mocked the seeking mind.

The sweet deceit of touch, the scented air,
Concealed the barbs beneath affection's lace.
A rose of fire bloomed bright, but hid despair,
Its beauty cloaked the thorns I dared embrace.

Yet from the ash, my spirit learns to rise,
Not winged by lust, but truth's enduring flame.
The stars that shine are not in fleeting skies,
But dwell within the soul that sheds false shame.

No love is love that chains the will to lie-
The heart ascends when passion dares to die.

By Dipankar Sadhukhan
Kolkata, India
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The Dream Of The Restless Soul (Sonnet)

I. The Dream of the Restless Soul

I see no more of her—save that she stands,
An unslain soul in demonic embrace.
Her gaze, a sharpened blade in silent hands,
Still haunts me with its Mona Lisa grace.

Awake, I found her body drenched in gloom,
Her languid limbs with blood and loathing stained;
The midnight sky broke down upon my doom,
And in its fall, my weary head was chained.

Though sorrow carved her midlife's tender skin,
Unbidden joys would shimmer through the scars;
Yet I, who dream not, felt the storm within
Of barren nightmares playing with my stars.

O cruel dream, release my heart's decay—
Restore the joy that time has torn away.

II. The Return of the Shadow

The night returned, but darker than before;
Her phantom form through silent chambers crept.
Each footstep echoed tales of ancient war,
Where lust and pity in one heartbeat slept.

Her lips were pale as smoke, her voice a sigh—
She called my name from ruins drenched in rain;
The hollow wind took pity on my cry,
But none could cleanse the dream of its disdain.

She touched the dust where memory had bled,
And from her hand arose a scent of grief.
"Forgive, " she whispered, "what the living dread—
For death alone shall grant the heart relief."

Yet still I begged the night to set her free,
But found the shadow was the soul of me.

III. Awakening at Dawn

When dawn unveiled the ruins of my sleep,
The dream dissolved but left its ash behind.
I saw the sky in silent anguish weep,
And heard her voice still echo in my mind.

No demon's hand could hold her spirit now,
She passed beyond the realm of guilt and flame;
The light lay soft upon her marble brow,
And whispered gently back her vanished name.

I felt within my chest a trembling peace,
As though forgiveness blossomed from her pain;
The wounds of night began their slow release,
And hope returned, though faint, to live again.

So ends the dream—yet still its shadows stay,
To guard the love that never fades away.

By Dipankar Sadhukhan
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Kolkata, India.

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Voyage

O mariners! the voyage bids me rise—
Now set the sail along the twilight bay.
My heart is full with love's exalted cries,
Like hives o'erflowing at the break of May.

The blooms of spring have shed their scented breath;
I drank their gifts, yet felt the fleeting bliss.
Still calls His voice beyond the gates of death,
Where silence sings and shadows part with kiss.

Too long I lingered 'neath illusion's veil;
Her fleeting charms no lasting joy bestow.
My weary eyes, grown numb to hues so pale,
Now seek the Light no painted forms can show.

The sea lies hushed beneath the crimson dome—
I sail alone toward Love's eternal home.

By Dipankar Sadhukhan
Kolkata, India.
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The Thorn Of Love

Like winter's leaves, my dreams lie pale and dry,
Their colours lost beneath love's ruthless tread.
The wounds you gave still bleed, and oft I cry,
For echoes of sweet words that once were said.

I cannot drown the days we once did share,
When joy and laughter danced on every breeze.
Love bloomed like roses in the scented air,
And led our souls through Eden's golden trees.

I bathed in warmth beneath your tender rain,
Each drop a balm that soothed my longing soul.
But now, though spring returns to bloom again,
Your absence leaves a void I can't make whole.

Yet still love's thorn grows where its blossoms died—
A silent ache that time has not denied.

By Dipankar Sadhukhan
Kolkata, India.

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The Garden Of Lost Years (Sonnet Sequence)

I. The Silent Call

I saw a maiden wandering alone,
Amidst the bloom where scented roses sway.
With bashful grace the garden was her throne,
Yet solitude had claimed her soul that day.

I longed to ask what grief her heart did bear,
But silence held the burden of her cry.
Her voiceless summons stirred the fragrant air,
While bees in golden spirals danced nearby.

A hush arose; I halted in surprise,
For through the stillness rang her silent plea.
Like tempest winds she flashed before my eyes,
And said, "I've long been searching, dear, for thee."

I knew her then—my first, my vanished flame,
Whose kiss once bloomed the Spring and whispered name.

II. The Garden of Years

The petals changed, but not the bloom within,
Though time had drawn its veil across our eyes.
We aged, but love defied both death and sin,
And wandered still beneath these shifting skies.

Through gardens vast I searched with aching heart,
While years slipped past like leaves in autumn's flight.
The rose she was, whom fate once tore apart—
Still bloomed she in the cradle of my night.

Perhaps her soul bore sorrow more than mine,
Her silent pain more endless than the sea.
Yet through those tears, her smile began to shine,
And whispered softly, "Love remembers me."

Our hearts, though worn by age and weary strife,

Still beat as one and danced anew with life.

III. Mirror of the Heart

She looked upon my face but for a breath,
As though it were a mirror to her soul.
In silence passed the ghosts of life and death—
Two halves long lost were weaving into whole.

She held me close; her bosom's warmth revived
My frozen core, as if a spring had stirred.
Within her gaze, the years we'd both survived
Now vanished with the whisper of a word.

My heart began to thrum its pulse anew,
Her breath the balm to all my buried scars.
The past dissolved like morning's melting dew,
As if we danced among the waking stars.

One moment's grace, and all was reconciled—
Time bowed before love's resurrected child.

IV. The Sacred Kiss

Her lips like blushing roses neared to mine,
Their scent a spell no mortal could resist.
I stood enraptured by the breath divine,
Enfolded by her tender, sacred tryst.

She held my neck with hands of holy flame,
As if a goddess summoned from above.
No words were breathed, yet all the heavens came
To watch the marriage of our lips in love.

Each kiss unlocked the gates of Paradise,
Where milk of stars was flowing through the air.
No thought remained of sorrow, doubt, or vice—
Only the sweetness of her lips laid bare.

Two spirits bound in one celestial wine,

A sacrament of kisses so divine.

V. Ecstasy Beyond Time

I heard the bees still humming in the breeze,
Their rhythm echoing our hearts' refrain.
She was the breeze, the rose, the sacred tease—
And I, the flame that danced beneath her rain.

Her honeyed soul poured gently into mine,
Anointing every wound the years had made.
The world dissolved; we crossed love's boundless line,
And soared through skies where mortal light would fade.

Our hearts beat not as two, but one alone,
Our spirits clothed in ecstasy and flight.
The flesh dissolved into a shining tone,
A song of stars beyond the veil of night.

No place, no name, no hour could define
The bliss we knew—eternal and divine.

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Kolkata, India.

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The Voice Of Truth (Sonnet)

From truth's pure voice, a solemn call I hear,
To rise against the falsehoods men devise,
To choke the serpent's throat that hisses near,
And bid the dove of peace ascend the skies.

With courage crowned, we walk where brave hearts tread,
And face the storm with honesty as guide.
Where truth prevails, all beauty is not dead—
It blooms eternal, never shall it hide.

In sacred hearts it breathes a silent fire,
And from its depths pours love without disguise.
Though time may grind the world in funeral mire,
Truth stands untouched beneath the changeless skies.

It paints the earth in hues that never die,
And lifts the soul to love with clearest eye.

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Kolkata, India.

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The Bird Will Sing No More (Sonnet)

In the firmament of your tender heart,
I'd soar like birds that sing the morning light,
And drink from springs where healing waters start,
Then fill the skies with joy in endless flight.

I'd be the summer rain on burning days,
To touch your blazing soul with cooling balm,
And fall in silence through the golden haze,
To leave behind a trail of peace and calm.

I'd bloom as roses in your dreaming land,
Where love runs deep beneath the sunlit trees,
And let you hold my soul within your hand,
While I am carried on the gentle breeze.

You may not know—but still I love you so:
You are my dream wherever I may go.

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Kolkata, India.

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Dipankar Sadhukhan

You're Still With Me (Sonnet)

Who says you've left? Who dares to speak that lie?
You're still the moon that shines above my night.
I see your face in every star-lit sky,
And feel your presence glowing soft and bright.

You're still the rose that blossoms in my chest,
Its scent and color never fade away.
Your beauty keeps my weary mind at rest,
And brings me peace at the end of each day.

When summer's heat has drained me to the bone,
You fall like rain to cool my aching head.
Your voice returns to make me feel less alone,
And lifts me up when I'm half full of dread.

You never left—your love is living proof,
Breathing new life beneath my broken roof.

By Dipankar Sadhukhan
Kolkata, India.
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The Bird Will Song No More (Sonnet)

Once would the bird soar freely through my sky,
And sing a tune composed for me with care;
Her syrupe notes would lift my soul on high,
Then vanish softly through the morning air.

Within the greenest branches of my soul,
She'd rest her wings and pour her trembling heart;
Her song, like winds, in tender whispers roll,
And bloom like spring within my secret chart.

But lo! A hunter came with ruthless aim,
And pierced her breast while music filled the air;
She fell from joy into a cage of shame,
And he looked on with bright, possessive stare.

Now mourns my sky in robes of silent gray,
For songs once sweet have faded far away.

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Kolkata, India.

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Dipankar Sadhukhan

The Orchard Of Eternal Fire (Sonnet Sequence)

Sonnet I - The First Glance

I cherished him from that first gentle gaze,
His eyes like orbs where tender lightning played;
A smile that set my trembling heart ablaze,
And in my soul a secret altar made.

I watched him move, the world became his throne,
The breath of Spring was curling round his hair;
I longed to call his beating heart my own,
And taste the music dwelling deeply there.

Each passing hour did weave a sweeter chain,
I dreamt of whispers floating through the night;
His absence fed the furnace of my pain,
Till Hope arose to crown my dark with light.

For Love had grown as blossoms climb the sky,
And vowed to bloom, though all the world deny.

Sonnet II - The Whispered Confession

One day I dared to meet his conquering eyes,
To bare the fervent secret of my soul;
My heart, a bird, broke free and sought the skies,
Yet trembled lest his silence prove the goal.

He pondered long, as winds around him played,
And leaves kept murmuring their gentle prayer;
Yet soon his voice, like music softly laid,
Declared my dream no longer lone despair.

O thrilling hour! When lips first shaped my name,
The air grew warm though Winter ruled the glen;
The pulse of life became a leaping flame,
And Earth was Heaven touched by mortal men.

What joy to hear, beneath the boundless blue,

His heart respond, "I love as deep as you."

Sonnet III - The Garden of Desire

Amidst the orchard where the apples hung,
We wandered close as dusk embraced the ground;
The North wind's harp across the branches rung,
Yet in his arms no frost could e'er be found.

His kisses fell like petals from the rose,
And thawed the crystal silence of the air;
My soul unclosed as trembling lilies close,
To feel the warmth his burning lips did bear.

The heavens leaned and poured their silver gleam,
While passion whispered secrets to the breeze;
Each moment blent with some immortal dream,
And Time grew jealous of such hours as these.

O Eden's gate swung wide for Love's command,
And laid its fruit within his eager hand.

Sonnet IV - The Apple Beneath My Heart

Then gently moved his hand with tender art,
And pressed beneath the haven of my sigh;
As if to hold an apple from its start,
That loosed its sweetness ere it learned to die.

The tree of life seemed rooted in my frame,
Its laden boughs were bowing in the storm;
And Love, that ancient gardener, softly came,
To shape its branches to his perfect form.

What music flowed! What nectar thrilled the sense!
What perfumed fire did through my bosom stray!
No frost could mar such blossoms of incense,
No night efface the rapture of that day.

For when his palm received that tender prize,

I saw new suns awaken in his eyes.

Sonnet V - When Eden Stooped to Kiss

How fair the dawn that followed passion's night,
When stars withdrew yet lingered in our veins;
The garden slept beneath its veils of white,
Yet Love awoke and sang in soft refrains.

No sound was heard but trembling leaves of thought,
No dream remained but what his lips had sealed;
The world was rich with all the joy we wrought,
And pain lay slain where blissful lights revealed.

Though years may weave their shadows on the hill,
Though North winds roam and freeze the orchard bare;
One memory blooms, unyielding to their will—
The hour when first his breath consumed my air.

And still my soul repeats that tender play,
When Eden stooped and gave my flesh away.

Sonnet VI - The North Wind's Defeat

The North Wind roared and shook the orchard bare,
Yet in his arms no winter touched my soul;
Though frost was weaving crystals in the air,
His breath was fire that melted every goal.

The moon looked down with envy on the ground,
Where passion wrote its scripture in the snow;
The leaves lay still, yet in my veins there bound
A river crimson, wild with burning flow.

No storm could quench the altar of my breast,
No darkness drown the lamps his lips had lit;
For in his eyes I saw the East's red crest,
And felt the Earth for our dominion fit.

O Love, that mocked the icy tyrant's reign,

And carved its empire on a field of pain.

Sonnet VII - The Kiss Eternal

His kisses fell like rain on thirsty clay,
And woke the blossoms sleeping in my skin;
The stars grew pale before their golden play,
And night confessed its holiest secret sin.

Each breath became a hymn, each touch a prayer,
As though the gods were peering from above;
The garden thrilled beneath that raptured air,
And heard the chime of consecrated love.

No temple roof could sanctify the hour,
No psalm could match the music of his tone;
For we had tasted Eden's primal flower,
And claimed a throne no monarch ever known.

When lips became the covenant of flame,
The universe was bound to Love's high name.

Sonnet VIII - The Falling Apple

At last he moved his hand with secret art,
And touched the fruit that glimmered like a star;
I felt the trembling orchard of my heart,
And knew its boughs would never stand afar.

It seemed a tree of myth where serpents hide,
Yet angels watched and hushed the breath of time;
Its crimson weight was love's immortal pride,
A silent psalm, a sacrament sublime.

O moment ripe with peril and delight!
When heaven stooped to kiss the mortal ground;
When all the suns withdrew their jealous light,
And passion's pulse became the only sound.

He caught the fruit, and all the worlds grew still,

As if to watch one hand fulfill Love's will.

Sonnet IX - The Sacred Orchard

The orchard blooms again within my thought,
Though years have piled their shadows on the hill;
The winds return with all the scents they brought,
And every leaf is breathing passion still.

No withered branch, no ruin can efface
The golden hour that made the trees divine;
For memory guards the consecrated place,
And seals its gates with symbols of a shrine.

The North Wind knocks, yet cannot enter there,
Its storm is hushed by whispers from the past;
That sacred ground no winter dares to tear,
No frost can bind its roses overcast.

O Love, whose orchard spreads beyond decay,
Thy roots are set where time must melt away.

Sonnet X - After the First Ecstasy

The dawn arose like blush upon a bride,
And strewn with gold the pathway of our sin;
The sky bent low as if it sought to hide
The holy fire that burned so deep within.

No voice was heard save whispers faint and fond,
The hush of joy that trembled on the grass;
The brook grew bright as though some spell beyond
Had turned its tears to crystal, clear as glass.

O tender morn! How swift thy feet have flown,
Yet in my veins thy music lingers still;
Though suns may fade, though kingdoms be o'erthrown,
That hour survives, and mocks the years of ill.

When first he laid his hand where apples sleep,

My soul was his, to hold, to wound, to keep.

Sonnet XI - Love and Sin

They call it sin, that ecstasy of fire,
Where flesh and soul in trembling concord meet;
Yet who can name as guilt that pure desire
Which makes the dust a throne for God's own feet?

If sin it be, then let me never rise
From out the flames that crown my mortal head;
For in his eyes I saw the Paradise
Where seraphs walk and holy prophets tread.

No law can bind the tempest of the heart,
No creed can cage the eagle of the skies;
When love has struck with its immortal dart,
The soul ascends though all the world denies.

O sin divine! O bliss beyond control!
Thy brand is Heaven's signature on soul.

Sonnet XII - The Eternal Vow

And now when silence broods upon the land,
I hear his voice like music from the deep;
It wakes the chords no mortal could command,
And stirs the roses passion dared to keep.

Though death may pluck the blossoms from our day,
Though time may grind the mountains to the plain;
Yet love shall mock the tyrant and his sway,
And bloom anew when dust forgets its pain.

For in the orchard where the apples gleam,
I set my soul, a fruit for him to take;
And in his palm it glows, an endless dream,
A jewel wrought for no dull worm to break.

So till the stars shall fall and seas be dry,

My love shall burn though worlds and suns shall die.

By Dipankar Sadhukhan
Kolkata, India.
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Dipankar Sadhukhan

The Agony Of A Fallen Star (Sonnet Sequence)

I. The Marketplace of Flesh

Not temple gates, nor mosque, nor hallowed dome,
But crowded walls where lustful footsteps tread;
No saintly hymn, no prayer's sacred tome,
But bargains struck for flesh instead of bread.

No incense drifts to consecrate the skies,
Yet smoke of greed pollutes the poisoned air;
The buyer's gaze is cold as serpent's eyes,
And every cry is chained to grim despair.

The painted mask conceals the soul inside,
The rouge of sin, the crimson lips of pain;
Yet still they smile, though death stands at their side,
For hunger binds them tighter than a chain.

Here love lies slain, yet lust forever thrives,
And souls are sold to keep the flesh alive.

II. The First Night

At sixteen years I crossed the iron door,
A trembling lamb within the butcher's lair;
The night was black, and stars returned no more,
When fate consigned my youth to dark despair.

Some demons came with laughter fierce and wild,
Their breath was fire, their kisses burned my skin;
They crushed the hope that crowned a tender child,
And drew my soul into the pit of sin.

O cruel hour! That hour will never flee,
It haunts my bed and chains my shivering breath;
The first caress was like a viper's plea,
It sucked my soul and sealed a living death.

Yet still I live, though every dawn I die,

And curse the night that taught my lips to lie.

III. The Brutal Bargain

With thousand coins they buy a two-hour sin,
Or pour their gold to claim the whole night's stay;
Each touch a theft, each kiss a ruthless grin,
Each whispered vow a dagger in its play.

No love abides within these curtained walls,
No gentle arms, no heart that calls my name;
But iron grips where brutish passion mauls,
And beasts that gorge upon my trembling frame.

They crush my breasts as men would press the grape,
They drink my tears as though they were a wine;
No sigh of joy, no sacred human shape,
But tides of lust that drown this soul of mine.

O God! If heaven hears a harlot's cry,
Then let me weep, or grant me leave to die.

IV. The Broken Soul

Each dawn I dream to flee this hateful den,
Yet chains of gold are heavier than stone;
I long to cast away the clutch of men,
But shame erects a throne I dare not own.

Society, that saint with painted face,
Would spit and scourge my name with holy spite;
No gentle hand would grant a fallen grace,
But fling me stones to crown my endless night.

Thus still I pine within this cage of woe,
A bird that lost the sky and forest green;
I sing of love, yet none will hear me so,
For gold has bound me where my soul has been.

O fate, why bind my breath with such a chain,

Where life is death and pleasure turns to pain?

V. The Cry Unheard

They call me whore, yet never hear my wail,
My grief that beats against the stony air;
No ear attends this solitary tale,
For gold has crushed the voice of my despair.

By night I burn like torches through the storm,
Consumed by hands that turn my blood to fire;
By day I walk, bereft of human form,
With hollow eyes that mock my dead desire.

No tender arms to soothe my aching breast,
No sacred flame to make my spirit whole;
But only lust that breaks my dream of rest,
And coins that rule the ruin of my soul.

Yet still I pray, though prayers are vain as breath,
For love to bloom within this bed of death.

By Dipankar Sadhukhan
Kolkata, India..
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Where The Myth Begins (Sonnet Sequence)

I. The Journey Begins

The sky is veiled in folds of shadowed thread,
And night wears garlands plucked from dusky flame.
Yet gentle winds around my spirit spread
The scent of fate, as if it knew my name.

Upon this chariot of iron and sound,
I lie embraced, half-waking and half-blind.
The train, like some old lover newly found,
Moves through the dark with Mumbai in its mind.

Its pulse aligns with mine — a fated beat,
Through blackness where no stars nor voices gleam.
It carries me, not merely on my seat,
But through the night into a waking dream.

This journey isn't drawn on maps or charts—
It moves instead through longing, time, and hearts.

II. The Dancing Stranger

She dances in the aisle, a vision bright,
Yet more a dream than flesh of mortal grace.
Her anklets strike a tune in silver light,
And all the dark is bound to song and space.

She sways as if the shadows were her veil,
A living myth in gold and moonlit gleam.
Each motion spins a verse, begins a tale
Of truths the stars would perish to redeem.

I spoke with one I love on distant wire,
A voice that burned like embers in the frost.
But now she comes, a storm of mute desire,
And love returns in forms I thought were lost.

She speaks no word, yet every glance she sends

Ignites the dusk where all enchantment ends.

III. Destiny Unfolds

She runs ahead to cleave the shrouded night,
To carve the path the iron wheels must take.
Each motion bears a fragment of the light,
And breaks the dark for destiny's own sake.

She knows my mind though never heard my speech,
She reads the thoughts I dare not voice in air.
She moves with power soft, yet fierce to teach,
A star concealed, yet burning bright and rare.

Is she the guide that silence long foretold,
Or phantom born of rhythm's whispered song?
Her presence writes the script that none can hold,
Yet leads my steps where fated fires belong.

Through shadows vast, I follow, dazed and drawn,
Toward Mumbai's fire, and through the breaking dawn.

IV. Arrival and Awakening

The city wakes beneath a molten sky,
Its golden net is cast across the gray.
The fleeing shades in silent terror fly,
And night dissolves in floods of newborn day.

She walks beside, no longer flesh and bone,
But something more—a stillness clothed in flame.
Her eyes contain the skies I've never known,
Where storms are born and calmness wears her name.

No longer dream, nor ghost, nor fleeting guide,
She is the voice the silent heavens speak.
In her, my hidden hopes and fears abide,
No longer frail, but burning, fierce, unique.

And when we reach the gates of Mumbai's shore,
I know myself as never once before.

V. The City and the Soul

Mumbai awakes beneath a molten blaze,
Its veins alive with breath and burning sound.
Though night has fled, her echo still conveys
A hymn of fire that trembles underground.

I walk within a storm of heat and cries,
Yet feel her still in scent and midnight gleam.
She moves within the city's countless sighs,
A whispered thread that binds me to a dream.

This city is not built of stone alone,
It breathes, it calls, it lends its voice to need.
It gives its fire to hearts that walk unknown,
And plants within their wounds a living creed.

She is this city's soul, its pulse, its flame—
And through her gift, I'm never quite the same.

VI. The Mirror of the Muse

She haunts me still though dawn has filled the skies,
Not in her form, but in the shape of thought.
She walks in every glance, in passing sighs,
A phantom woven deep in daylight wrought.

In every song I hear her silent tone,
A melody too soft for mortal ears.
In every face her shifting shadows roam,
And every pause revives her shade of years.

Was she a dream, a ghost, a breath of fate?
Or Mumbai's soul in human guise arrayed?
Whatever form she wore, her power great
Unveiled the truths no silence could evade.

She taught me love that burns beyond control,
A fire reborn to sanctify the soul.

VII. Fire Beneath the Skin

I walk alone yet bear her flame within,
Her memory burns in every breath I take.
No power can quench, no dawn can now begin
To soothe the fire no silence dare unmake.

She is the ink that stains my restless hand,
The muse that taught me pain can still create.
She gave no vow, she made no high demand,
Yet left a wound that turned to wings of fate.

No kiss was shared, no whispered words were sown,
Yet still her silence carved my heart in stone.
She left me scorched, yet strangely not alone,
A man remade by what was never shown.

And now I know what passion truly is—
A fire that forms itself in ghostly kiss.

VIII. Mumbai, the Infinite Stage

The city hums beneath the rising day,
Each street a stage where masks are cast aside.
The throngs perform their roles in bright array,
And truth emerges where the shadows hide.

She walks no more where mortal eyes can see,
Yet every sound recalls her tender grace.
Her rhythm lingers in the melody,
A ghostly pulse that haunts this crowded place.

The rickshaw's rattle hums her secret tune,
The lamps repeat the stillness of her gaze.
I write not now for loss or shattered boon,
But shape her fire in verse the silence plays.

Through Mumbai's din her hidden soul remains,
A voice of flame that flows in living veins.

IX. The Ghost in Every Line

She lives in every stanza that I write,
A pulse that beats beneath the page and breath.
Though vanished now, she lingers in the light,
A shade that dances past the gate of death.

No word can bind the mystery she became,
For she exceeds the titles mortals give.
She is the fire unnamed, the secret flame,
That breathes in myths and makes the shadows live.

She claimed no vow, no promise to the soul,
Yet left behind a world no rule can hold.
No reason tames her; passion breaks control,
And through her silence, truths are bright and bold.

Each poem bears the mark she left in time,
A mirror wrought of rhythm, fire, and rhyme.

X. Becoming Flame

I am no more the man I used to be,
Her fire has forged my bones in brighter light.
I breathe in verse and walk in poetry,
And see the world reborn to burning sight.

She woke in me the death I dared not face,
Then shaped it into wings of molten gold.
She turned my wounds to songs of tender grace,
And taught me truths no reason ever told.

She walks no more where mortal feet may tread,
Yet I am haunted by the paths she knew.
Her ghost ignites the lines my soul has bled,
And writes in flame the dreams that now renew.

Let others doubt what burns beyond the known,
I kissed the dark and made its fire my own.

XI. The Silence After

The echoes fade, the city's voice grows thin,
Yet in the hush her presence lingers still.
She hides within the pulse beneath my skin,
The breath between the heartbeats, calm yet shrill.

I search no more with hunger in my eyes,
For now she dwells inside the blood I bear.
Her shadow moves where silent thunder lies,
Her gaze is carved in every breath of air.

She is the night I walked but never left,
The wind that burned my soul to stand and rise.
Though time moves on, I do not feel bereft—
She gave me truths no mortal dream denies.

From losing her, a deeper voice I freed,
To turn each wound into a living creed.

XII. The Final Illumination

And now this tale is hers though penned by me,
Each word a spark that bears her breath and fire.
She is the soul behind my poetry,
The force unnamed that kindles pure desire.

I do not own the visions she bestowed,
They flow through me like rivers shaping stone.
Her touch was wild, unbidden yet bestowed,
A gift that made my silent depths its own.

Let reason fail where wonder rules the land,
Let doubt retreat before the dream's command.
For in her gaze a truth no time can stand,
Yet burns in hearts no power can withstand.

I write not just to speak, but more to be—
Alive in her, and in eternity.

By Dipankar Sadhukhan
Kolkata, India.
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Dipankar Sadhukhan

A Twilight That Never Ends (Sonnet)

So many years have passed since that twilight—
A hush that sang like strings upon the breeze.
No garden now, but neon mocks the night,
Yet still her whisper trembles in the trees.

Her smile was not a dawn but evening's glow,
Reflected through the glass of speeding trains;
Her eyes, two stars that never cease to show,
Still circle me within time's iron chains.

I breathe the rain, not roses—wet and cold,
That kissed the rails where fleeting shadows wept.
Each drop revives the warmth I cannot hold,
Yet in its hush her heartbeat still is kept.

Though years have fled, this twilight shall not die—
Its purple breath still whispers 'neath the sky.

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Kolkata, India.

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Dipankar Sadhukhan

The Last Meeting In Love's Garden (Sonnet)

So many years have fled since last we met,
Within love's garden where our souls were bound.
My senses marked the hour none can forget,
A final hour by fate itself profound.

My eyes were caught beneath her glowing light,
And wept farewell beneath the calm, soft sky;
Her smile, a dawn that fades not with the night,
Still lingers bright when stars have said goodbye.

But now my ears drink deep the sweetness still,
As pupils learn from wisdom's final breath;
My nose inhales the rose, my heart's true will—
Its fragrance sweet defies even cold death.

Though years have passed, my senses still remain,
To seek her in love's garden once again.

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Kolkata, India.

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Upon That Hallowed Summer Night (Sonnet)

Upon that hallowed, shadowed summer's eve,
My beloved came to consecrate her soul;
Her touch, heavenly, bade my heart believe,
And quenched the thirst that time had left unwhole.

Her nectar graced my lips—a sacred draught—
From her deep breast arose a silent psalm,
That soothed my mind, once fractured and distraught,
And stilled the tempest's fury with its calm.

Her fervent warmth transmuted me to lyre,
Whence sprang a melody, unheard, sublime,
A strain that stirred my essence's buried fire,
And bore me through a gate beyond all time.

Unfettered by the mortal veil above,
Enraptured, godlike, in the sphere of love.

By Dipankar Sadjukhan
Kolkata, India.

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Dipankar Sadhukhan

Oasis Of The Soul (Sonnet)

I walk alone beneath a quiet sky,
My heart in pain, my mind a weary field.
The sand is dim, though light and dusk pass by—
A place where even shadows seem concealed.

Grief settles deep, a stone I cannot lift,
Its weight has bruised the tender parts of me.
My thoughts drift far, as if they long to shift
Into some world untouched by memory.

When storms arise and stir my restless mind,
And sorrow churns the calm I used to know,
I'm like a soul the desert leaves behind—
Still chasing shade beneath the sun's harsh glow.

And so I run, in search of sacred ground,
Some distant place where peace might still be found.

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Kolkata, India.

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Dipankar Sadhukhan

The Light That Guides My Soul (Sonnet)

Thou art the moon that lights my shadowed soul,
Dispelling gloom that clouds my weary mind.
Thy argent rays through darkened silence stroll,
A grace divine, so rare, so hard to find.

Thou art the stream through which my spirit flows,
With hallowed drops that soothe my thirsting breast.
In every wave thy boundless passion shows,
Reviving dreams where weary thoughts find rest.

Like blessed rain upon my fevered brow,
Thou fall'st to calm the tempest of my care.
Thy voice—a nightingale on twilight's bough—
Doth lift my soul with music rich and rare.

Within my heart thy blooming garden grows—
Thy love, my muse, my wings, my living rose.

By Dipankar Sadhukhan
Kolkata, India.

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Dipankar Sadhukhan

The Sacred Warmth Of Love (Sonnet)

Winter has come with fog and sheets of snow,
The North Wind dances, wild with frozen glee,
It sweeps through every garden high and low,
And seeks to pierce the chambers of the free.

The cold wind brings a chill to every soul,
It tries to freeze the heart and cloud the mind,
Like northern seas beneath a frozen shoal,
Or slow the pulse of life in all mankind.

But we shall face the storm with heart and will,
With sacred love our spirits shall be bright.
No frost shall turn this earth to icy still,
For Love shall warm it with its holy light.

Each time we rise, defending all we know,
With Love's pure fire against the breath of snow.

By Dipankar Sadhukhan
Kolkata, India.

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Dipankar Sadhukhan

To My Overseas Beloved (Sonnet)

I'll be the bird that sings love's gentle song,
If thou remain beside me, ever near.
A star within thy heart, I'll shine ere long,
To chase away the shadows dark and drear.

A beam of light—pure photon of desire—
To fill thy soul with radiance and delight.
As summer's rain, I'll cool thy inward fire,
And soothe the blaze that burns within thy night.

I'll be the morn of winter's frozen breath,
To warm thy heart with care and tender flame.
Thy faithful love, I'll serve in life and death,
To crown thy dreams and lift thy sacred name.

I seek naught else, my overseas dear heart,
But love and care thy blessings shall impart.

By Dipankar Sadhukhan
Kolkata, India.

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Dipankar Sadhukhan

Where Love Dwells, Heaven Blooms (Sonnet)

Love can't be seen, nor fully can be told,
Yet by the faithful heart it's truly known.
It stirs the soul more soft than breezes cold,
And fills the mind with mirth it sows alone.

It bears no colour—yet all hues it brings,
And makes our lives more rich, serene, and bright.
Like jasmine's scent or rose on blushing springs,
It spreads its sweetness in the silent night.

It flows within like some pure sacred stream,
And floods the heart with joy both deep and wide.
Like newborn dawn or golden morning's gleam,
It wraps the soul in gentle, gleaming tide.

This earth turns heaven in a mortal span
When Love divine awakens truth in man.

By Dipankar Sadhukhan
Kolkata, India.

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Dipankar Sadhukhan

A Serenade To Absence (Sonnet)

The night is dressed in silver moonlight's grace,
The moon peers gently through my casement wide.
Dreams flicker, phantom-like, through sleepless space,
As stormy winds of longing rage inside.

The night now sings and sips her jasmine wine,
The scented breeze with sweetness is imbued,
Yet sorrow's glimmer in these eyes of mine
Outshines the stars in melancholic mood.

The moon, enraptured, finds the yearning sea,
They kiss with tides of pure, unspoken fire.
But still my heart and mind know no such glee—
They burn in wakefulness with lost desire.

My heart each hour still yearns to draw thee near,
Without thy love, life wanes in cold despair

By Dipankar Sadhukhan
Kolkata, India.

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Dipankar Sadhukhan

The Thirst Of Love (Sonnet)

O my dear love, my heart is parched with thirst,
It yearns to drink thy honeyed love divine,
As summer's blaze makes earth and sky accursed,
The cuckoo waits the rain as I for thine.

Like starving beasts that burn with inward fire,
My soul devours the thought of thy embrace.
O dearest love! Come feed this deep desire,
And calm the storm that time cannot erase.

My soul, grown faint beneath life's burning beam,
Lies wilted in the noonday of despair.
Yet in thy voice, there flows a gentle stream—
Reviving winds breathe sweetness through the air.

I wait, beloved, beneath the stars above:
O light my soul with thy celestial love.

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Kolkata, India.

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Dipankar Sadhukhan

The Unfading Light Of Love (Sonnet)

Shall I compare you to a full moon night?
You are more beautiful than the moon light.
Its beauty fades with the movement of Time
But your beauty will be same every time.

When spring comes after dry and cold winter,
The earth is filled with music and colour.
With Time's motion spring loses its sweetness
But Time's feet can not tread your loveliness.

When the sun rises from the morning sea,
It truly looks so charming and lovely.
Its beauty fades with the passing of time
But your loveliness will shine every time.

Your beauty and charm will perish never
As our Love will hold your charm forever.

Shall I compare thee to a moonlit night?
Thou art more fair than Luna's silver beam;
Her radiant glow doth pale in morning's light,
But thy pure grace doth evermore redeem.

When springtime breaks the winter's frozen chain,
The earth awakes with music soft and sweet.
Yet spring, though fair, doth soon begin to wane,
While thou, untouched, dost time's cruel march defeat.

When Phoebus rises from the ocean's crest,
He casts a glow that stirs the soul to dream.
Yet even he, in splendor at his best,
Doth fade, like all, in Time's unyielding stream.

But thy fair beauty shall not know decay,
For love doth bind it, to endure and stay.

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Kolkata, India.
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Dipankar Sadhukhan

The Inward Light (Sonnet)

I saw thee near upon this mortal ground,
And longed to bind thee close within my heart.
I thought thy love might make my flames be drowned,
And slowly heal my soul with tender art.

I yearned to shape thy spirit into mine,
Or let thy will my wandering soul command.
My heart did thirst for draughts of love divine,
But thou didst cast me in a burning land.

I waited long to melt into thy grace,
Yet thou wouldst never look into my core.
Through veils of fear, thou fled from my embrace,
And left me at the dark's uncharted door.

Thou fled to love thyself—and in thy flight,
Thou taught my soul to seek its inward light.

By Dipankar Sadhukhan
Kolkata, India.

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Dipankar Sadhukhan

The Golden Realm Of Childhood (Sonnet)

I still behold the dawn of early years,
When joy's pure fountain flowed without alloy,
And all the world was free from woe and fears—
A cradle rocked by love, a realm of joy.

My parents' arms, like Eden's gentle grace,
Enfolded me beneath the blossomed boughs.
The cuckoo's hymn would charm the woodland's face,
And I would echo back her tuneful vows.

I danced in summer's rain with barefoot glee,
In winter's hush I warmed by ember's gleam.
At dusk, I played where sun kissed earth and sea,
And rhymes I spoke drew praise like starlit dream.

Though years may fade, their glow shall never cease—
My childhood dwells in memory's golden peace.

By Dipankar Sadhukhan
Kolkata, India.

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Dipankar Sadhukhan

A Nocturne Of Love And Poetry (Sonnet)

One hushèd night upon my moonlit bed,
A tender thought of love awoke my soul.
To verse I turned, by star-born muses led,
As silver joy across my spirit stole.

Through open casement, skyward rose my gaze,
Where Luna bathed the world in hallowed light,
And lo! I saw thee, veiled in dreamlike haze—
A sylph that soared upon the wings of night.

On wings of poesy I flew to thee,
And traced with thee the constellated dome.
The moon, in envy, watched our ecstasy,
And sighed for love within her starry home.

Then home I came, with rapture brimming o'er,
To write our love in verse—forevermore.

By Dipankar Sadhukhan
Kolkata, India.

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Dipankar Sadhukhan

Thou Art My Truth (Sonnet)

In realms where falsehood reigns and vows decay,
Thou art the torch that lights my inward soul.
When night descends upon my mental day,
Thy love-star burns to make my spirit whole.

Within the desert of my searèd breast,
Thou art the rain that bids dead dreams arise.
Thy bloom, a rose that knows no time of rest,
Unfurls through every storm beneath love's skies.

Thou art the hue that stains my soul's desire,
The flame that paints my visions, vast and high.
Where longing lies in ash and silent fire,
Thou art the spring wherein my hopes still lie.

O fount of strength, O muse of sacred flame—
Thou art my life, my light, my love, my name.

By Dipankar Sadhukhan
Kolkata, India.

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Dipankar Sadhukhan

The Wheel Of Life (Sonnet)

Life is a wheel that spins at Time's command,
A merry ring by unseen forces bound.
Some soar with joy, soft reins within the hand,
While others cling in fear of falling downed.

It lifts us high, then brings us low once more,
Each soul in turn ascending toward the sun.
But when it halts, we exit as before—
Unknowing why the blissful ride is done.

We mount with dreams of peace and gentle ends,
Yet tempests strike, and shadows cloud the way.
Our moments lost, like whispers on the wind,
While hopes dissolve as sunlight fades to gray.

Yet courage is the bridle we must take—
To ride with grace, though all the earth may shake..

By Dipankar Sadhukhan
Kolkata, India.

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Dipankar Sadhukhan

Upon The Sacred Love Of Mother (Sonnet)

O sovereign source of life, my sacred flame,
Thou art the pulse that stirs my mortal clay.
Before I knew the world or spoke thy name,
Thy love did guide me through my dawning day.

Thy hands, like angels', shaped my infant years,
With hymns more soft than winds through Eden's bowers.
Thy voice dispersed the gloom of primal fears,
And led my feet through fate's unfolding hours.

O Muse maternal! Virtue's gentle queen,
Thy counsel formed the citadel within.
To serve thy dream, my soul stands bright and keen—
Thy will, the compass of the man I've been.

Now, crown me with thy blessing from above,
That I may fight with truth and guard thy love.

By Dipankar Sadhukhan
Kolkata, India
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Dipankar Sadhukhan

Upon The Thorn Bed Of Reality (Sonnet)

O Love, my soul's bright star, descend to me,
For I lie pierced upon this bed of thorn—
A realm where dreams dissolve in agony,
And hope lies tattered, wounded and forlorn.

Through storm and shadow did I tread alone,
Yet bore the brunt, upheld by thoughts of thee;
Thy whispered strength was forged into my bone,
And with thy light, I braved adversity.

But now I linger midway through the strife,
Where silence gnaws and dread invades the air.
The ghosts of grief assail my fragile life,
And wrap my heart in webs of dark despair.

O Love, my saviour, lift me, lest I fall—
Thy touch alone can cleanse and crown it all.

By Dipankar Sadhukhan
Kolkata, India.

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Dipankar Sadhukhan

O My Dear! Do You Know Why I Love You? (Sonnet)

O dearest soul, dost thou yet truly know
Why love's pure flame within my breast doth burn?
Thou art the spring from which my musings flow,
The star whose light bids weary dreams return.

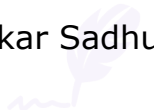
Thou art the muse that stirs my slumb'ring mind,
The rose that blooms amidst life's thornèd way;
In thee, the hues of passion bright I find,
Thy touch transforms my night to golden day.

Thou art the lark whose song doth lift my soul,
A moon that silvers darkened thoughts with grace.
Thy love, a healing balm that makes me whole,
A vision fair no time can e'er erase.

Thou art the breath that gives my verses flight—
The heart's own fire, my ever-burning light.

By Dipankar Sadhukhan

Dipankar Sadhukhan

 PoemHunter.com

You're A Rainbow In The Sky Of My Heart (Sonnet)

When tempests darken skies within my soul,
You rise—a rainbow born of love and light—
And through my fractured thoughts your colours roll,
Restoring dreams once lost to endless night.

When hope lies pale beneath anxiety,
And weeping clouds obscure my inward skies,
Your hues break through with sweet serenity,
A prism born where silent sorrow lies.

When flames of grief my tender mind consume,
And breath comes hard as in a choking storm,
You pour cool rain, revive my soul in bloom,
And wrap my aching heart in healing warm.

O love, from shades I never could depart—
Till you cast rainbows in the sky of my heart

By Dipankar Sadhukhan
Kolkata, India.

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When Tempests Rise Upon Reality's Sea (Sonnet)

When tempests rise upon reality's sea,
And storms assail the chambers of my mind,
Thy voice, like starlit hymns of mystery,
Restores the calm my soul had left behind.

When tangled in Love's hook with bleeding breath,
And passion's wound becomes my inward cry,
Thou com'st—a seraph warding pain and death—
With balm of grace and light within thine eye.

When Beauty lifts me to her crystal skies,
And Love rains down in silver, sacred streams,
My spirit drinks the joy that never dies,
And bathes in bliss beyond the world of dreams.

O Love, my muse, my guardian, ever near—
Thou art my dawn, my star, my song, my seer.

By Dipankar Sadhukhan
Kolkata, India.

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Canst Thou Forget Me, O My Love, My Flame? (Sonnet)

Canst thou forget me, O my love, my flame?
When once thy dreams were cast in stars with mine,
And every breath did whisper forth my name,
As though our souls were shaped from one design.

When first I met thee on the lonesome way,
Thy presence broke the hush of sorrow's night;
Thy voice, a lark that woke the heart of May,
Did crown my gloom with unexpected light.

But tempests came, as tempests ever do,
And swept thee from the vows thy heart once swore;
Thy love, like leaves, from rooted promise flew,
And I was left where joy would bloom no more.

Yet still I walk—though dusk be all I see—
With hope's faint torch, where once you walked with me.

By Dipankar Sadhukhan
Kolkata, India.
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Dipankar Sadhukhan

The Search For Thee (Sonnet)

O my dear soul, I sought thee o'er and o'er,
At times thou walked beside me, hand in hand.
Yet like the hail, thou vanished into pour,
Then wept I tears that carved me where I stand.

My dream was shattered—heart turned cold as stone,
Yet Hope arose and bid me dream anew.
But mirage-like, the vision fled, full-grown,
Still I pursued, and found myself more true.

Now in the silver beams of moon's soft light,
In morning dew or rustling leaves I see
Thy semblance form—a balm, a fleeting sight—
That lifts my soul and plants my feet with glee.

Yet in this peace, a question doth impart:
Do I live to love, or love to live thou art?

By Dipankar Sadhukhan
Kolkata, India.
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Dipankar Sadhukhan



PoemHunter.com

The Silent Throb Of Love (Sonnet)

Upon the stream of dreams and beauty wide,
I sought for life where love did light the way.
Her hand in mine, my soul with hers allied,
We made our path where hopes and passions lay.

But lo! A roar did cleave the peaceful air,
A beast did rise from 'neath the water's face.
My blood ran cold with horror and despair—
Its gaze did halt all time in that dread place.

It stole my heart with jaws both fierce and fell,
Then plunged beneath the waves with cruel delight.
My eyes, though wide, had naught they dared to tell,
Save silence weeping through the depthless night.

Though Love be lost beneath the river's cry,
Our tale shall breathe though stars fall from the sky.

By Dipankar Sadhukhan
Kolkata, India.

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Dipankar Sadhukhan

The Soul That Walks With Me (Sonnet)

Not once, nor scarce a fleeting hour or day,
But oft thy form hath graced my winding path.
Through veils unseen, thou led'st me on my way,
And calmed my storms with love that knows no wrath.

When tempests roared and shadows veiled my sight,
Thy unseen hand did lift me from the flame.
In cloaks of names—Queen, Cuckoo, Peace, and Light—
Thou cam'st anew, yet evermore the same.

Each guise did breathe fresh life into my core,
Each voice a balm to ease my soul's unrest;
Though now they walk the silent distant shore,
Their echoes burn like stars within my chest.

O Muse unseen, thy truth shall guide me still—
Through time and loss, I journey by thy will.

By Dipankar Sadhukhan
Kolkata, India.
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Dipankar Sadhukhan

My Dear Love (Sonnet)

O, cease thy sorrow, gentle heart, despair not,
For I shall dwell where thou dost call my name;
No mortal chain can bind my spirit's knot,
Nor earthly power confine love's sacred flame.
I am the first warm draught in winter's chill,
The summer's shower, soft on parched fields of gold,
The whispering breeze that stirs the daffodil,
The jasmine's breath, whose scent doth hearts enfold.
Why weep, my love? Repent thy grief and pain—
Seek me within thy soul's deep, secret bower;
I am the dream that soothes thy weary brain,
Unshaken by falsehood's venomous power.
As long as love doth reign within thy breast,
Know this: I shall remain, and never rest.

By Dipankar Sadhukhan
Kolkata, India.
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PoemHunter.com

The World Lies Veiled In Shadows Thick With Night (Sonnet)

The world lies veiled in shadows thick with night,
Where envy feeds upon the hearts of men.
Blind greed and pride extinguish reason's light,
And brute ambition wields the tyrant's pen.

The noble mind, once tempered, now deforms;
Man strikes the earth with savage, heedless hand.
The beast within takes on a thousand forms,
While truth lies drowning in deceitful sand.

Love's palace falls to gold's corrupting flame,
Its sacred halls now echo wrath and lies.
Cold eyes of law look down with scorn and shame,
And brother turns from brother's pleading cries.

Yet hope remains: through Love and Learning's fire,
May man arise from ash and climb back higher.

By Dipankar Sadhukhan
Kolkata, India.
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Dipankar Sadhukhan

The Sacred Cycle (Sonnet)

Within the heart of water life takes hold,
To dream, to bloom, and others' breath sustain.
He sips from crystal lips, both pure and bold,
And feeds the earth with nectar born of rain.

Above, the sky bears clouds in gentle flight,
That cradle life and shape their Maker's will.
They weep as blessings in the dark of night,
That fields may laugh and every root be still.

The golden sun through vaults of ether streams,
To wake the waste with fruit and scented rose.
Its beams embrace the seas in ardent dreams,
And clouds are born where sky and water close.

Thus flows the bond 'twixt Love, and Life, and breath—
Where water guards, love blossoms, fends off death.

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Kolkata, India.

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Dipankar Sadhukhan

Temple Of Love (Sonnet)

Within the temple of my tender heart,
Love plays with mirth upon my soul's still strings.
Like swans that in a sacred lake depart,
My silent words take flight on gentle wings.

From rose-filled gardens blooming deep inside,
Their fragrance drifts to earth in soft perfume.
As pigeons bask where golden sunbeams bide,
My feelings bathe in peace and gently bloom.

Within the sky where thoughts of childhood soar,
Pure honesty and kindness rise in flight.
They watch where shadows spread their subtle war,
To break the spell of hate and bring in light.

So I shall sing of Love and beauty's flame,
And sow sweet peace in every human name.

By Dipankar Sadhukhan
Kolkata, India.

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Dipankar Sadhukhan

Where Last We Parted, By The River's Side (Sonnet)

Here last we met, beneath the winter's gold,
Some seventeen long years have passed away.
Thy trembling hands in mine, so weak, so cold,
Did plead, "Forgive me, love, I cannot stay."

Thine eyes, like storm-wracked skies, began to pour
Pearls weeping down in streams of silent woe.
They caught the sun—each drop a gem once more,
Like frost-lit stars upon the earth below.

The river knew, and broke in aching wave;
The wind unraveled strands of midnight hair.
The sun stood still, as if the world grew grave,
And all of nature mourned a broken pair.

Though fate forbade our lives to intertwine,
I came once more—hope's ghost still walks in mine.

By Dipankar Sadhukhan
Kolkata, India.

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Dipankar Sadhukhan

Are You Dream Or Illusion? (Sonnet)

Art thou but dream, or fleeting shadow's grace?
Thy visage haunts my waking thoughts each day.
At times, thou comest with the rainbow's trace,
A prism cast in afternoon's soft ray.

Thou art the sun that peeks through morning's veil,
And warms my soul as soft as golden light.
Thy touch awakes me, breaking slumber's tale,
And fills my heart with day's resplendent might.

In moonlit hours, when night is calm and still,
Thy hand doth wave from silvered, distant sky.
Thy beauty, like the stars, doth bend my will,
Enchanting me with visions that pass by.

When summer's heat doth scorch my mortal soul,
Thou fall'st as rain, and mak'st my spirit whole.

By Dipankar Sadhukhan
Kolkata, India.

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Dipankar Sadhukhan

Taj, The Eternal Symbol Of Love (Sonnet)

By Jamuna's banks, where golden rivers glide,
The Taj, a symbol pure, of love's sweet grace,
In marble clad, with beauty sanctified,
It triumphs o'er the years, time cannot trace.

Its walls, as white as moonlight's tender gleam,
Stand near the heavens, casting shadows long;
A palace built not of mere earthly dream,
But carved from love, its voice a sacred song.

Though kings may rise and fall, their crowns decay,
This holy mansion, firm, will never die;
For love, eternal, shall its light display,
And pierce the darkened heavens with its cry.

Till lovers' whispers cease, and stars grow dim,
The Taj shall stand, an anthem soft and hymn.

By Dipankar Sadhukhan
Kolkata, India.

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Where Dreams Unfold Beneath The Moonlight (Sonnet)

Yes, Love, I come—to you I soon shall fly,
Where dreams unfold beneath the silver light.
Together wrapped in stars, just you and I,
Shall walk through gardens blooming in the night.

We'll stroll along the shore where moonbeams glide,
While ocean winds compose their whispered song.
Our shadows dance as time flows with the tide,
And every step declares where hearts belong.

In fairs of bliss, in carnivals of flame,
We'll laugh where roses bloom and silence sighs.
Each breath we share shall echo love's own name,
And seal our vows beneath eternal skies.

So wait, my Love—the dream is drawing near,
Where time shall stop, and we remain sincere.

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Kolkata, India.
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Dipankar Sadhukhan

Thou Art A Bloom Within My Garden's Grace (Sonnet)

Thou art a bloom within my garden's grace,
With petals soft, and scent of sweet delight.
Thy presence fills the dark with star-lit space,
And turns my barren hours to blossoms bright.

A songbird thou, who on my sorrow sings,
Thy melody dissolves my silent pain.
Love's golden notes take flight on tender wings,
And lift my heart like sunlight after rain.

An oasis thou amidst my desert grief,
Where shade and water soothe my burning mind.
Thy breath, a breeze that brings the soul relief,
A balm the scorching winds could never find.

A seraph sent to heal this heart of mine,
With sacred love and tenderness divine.

By Dipankar Sadhukhan
Kolkata, India.
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Dipankar Sadhukhan

Sovereign Spring (Sonnet)

O Spring, though tempests shake this mortal clay,
Thy breath revives the rose from winter's gloom;
With silent steps, thou steal'st the frost away,
And mak'st the barren soul thy verdant room.

Thou weavest green through sorrow's ashen veil,
And crown'st the leafless trees with living gold;
Thy laughter floats on lark-born notes that sail,
While grief lies hushed beneath thy blossoms bold.

Come, sovereign Spring, with healing in thy wing—
Anoint the wounds where plague and shadow tread;
Let rivers rise, let every root now cling
To threads of hope where all but joy lay dead.

Descend, divine, where hearts in silence burn,
And teach this dust what life must still relearn.

By Dipankar Sadhukhan
Kolkata, India.
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Dipankar Sadhukhan

The Beasts In Human Guise (Sonnet)

O shame that stalks beneath the veil of night,
Where beasts in human guise their crimes devise!
What soul endures such hell-born, loathsome blight—
A sister torn beneath unpitying skies?

They came like fiends, devoid of heart or grace,
To break what Time and wisdom long had made.
What gain is thine, thou worm in manhood's place,
Who drinks of innocence and leaves it flayed?

Can such as thee be reckoned 'mongst our kind?
What law or light allows thy breath to stay?
Thy lust defiles the soul, corrupts the mind,
And stains the stars with sins none can allay.

O let us rise, with sword of truth in hand,
To guard the weak and purge this cursed land.

By Dipankar Sadhukhan
Kolkata, India.

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Dipankar Sadhukhan

Still I Dream (Sonnet)

Can I retrieve what once from me was torn?
Is sacred love but ash upon the breeze?
Must I in silence weep, alone, forlorn,
While stars still burn beyond the daylight's seas?

Let me once more become a rooted tree,
Within thy garden fair, in fragrant grace,
Or be a bird whose song flows wild and free,
To pour my soul in music through the space.

Though now my skies wear veils of sable hue,
Thy silver beams may pierce my night with flame.
And I shall dream in rainbow shades anew,
Still whispering love's softly spoken name.

Though time shall turn all beauty into dust,
These verses shine—love's legacy and trust.

By Dipankar Sadhukhan
Kolkata, India.

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Dipankar Sadhukhan

Farewell (Sonnet)

Sanjana! Fare thee well, I come no more,
Along life's road we chanced a fleeting meet.
In thee I found what I had searched before—
Rare moments sweet, in bitter days a sweet.

Thou taught'st me how the soul its truth may find,
Though born alone, I braved the world's cruel pace.
I chased the chime of Time that knows no bind,
And oft I fell, yet rose to seek the race.

I heard the coo of koels in the trees,
And danced beneath the moon's pale silver dome.
The rains of Sharabon sang with the breeze—
Yet none could sway my heart or bid it roam.

In wrong I bent not, though I stood alone;
My path is quest, till all of thirst is gone.

by Dipankar Sadhukhan
Kolkata, India.

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Dipankar Sadhukhan

The Soul's Ascent

The dawn unbars the vaults of inner night,
And lifts the veil from dreams that led me blind.
What once burned bright now fades in colder light—
A phantom flame that mocked the seeking mind.

The sweet deceit of touch, the scented air,
Concealed the barbs beneath affection's lace.
A rose of fire bloomed bright, but hid despair,
Its beauty cloaked the thorns I dared embrace.

Yet from the ash, my spirit learns to rise,
Not winged by lust, but truth's enduring flame.
The stars that shine are not in fleeting skies,
But dwell within the soul that sheds false shame.

No love is love that chains the will to lie—
The heart ascends when passion dares to die.

By Dipankar Sadhukhan
Kolkata, India.

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Thy Love Outweighs The Stars (Sonnet)

By Dipankar Sadhukhan
Kolkata, India.
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Dipankar Sadhukhan



PoemHunter.com

Love's Disguise (Sonnet)

The light of dawn breaks through my prisoned soul,
To shatter chains of joy that love betrayed.
Once cloaked in bliss, I failed to see the whole—
A mask of passion falsely was displayed.

Like fleeting rainbows painted on the air,
Desire consumes, then leaves the spirit bare.
Its whisper lures the senses to a snare,
But conscience wakes and shuns the siren's glare.

At times my thoughts, like vagrants, lose their way,
And wander through the realms where nothing's true.
Yet from within, a sacred flame will sway
My heart toward the path it once outgrew.

When love wears love's disguise to lead astray,
My soul unveils the light and clears the way.

By Dipankar Sadhukhan
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Kolkata, India.

Dipankar Sadhukhan

The Weight Of Love (Sonnet)

I'll never taste the nearness of your grace,
Nor touch the light that lingers in your eyes.
My soul, confined within a barren space,
Still hunts for peace beneath forsaken skies.

The bird that once took flight within my chest
Now folds its wings in silence, bruised and torn.
It yearns no more to seek your tender nest—
It falls unheard, unloved, and all forlorn.

My dreams, once robed in hope's resplendent hue,
Now wither in the shade of love's eclipse.
They neither bloom nor bathe in morning dew,
But fade, unkissed, beneath your parting lips.

This robe of longing, stitched with threads of woe,
Hangs heavy on my heart and will not go.

By Dipankar Sadhukhan
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Kolkata, India.

Dipankar Sadhukhan

Love (Sonnet)

Love heeds no rule of caste, nor hue, nor creed,
No priest, nor age, nor law can it confine.
It flows like sacred rivers, freed from need,
And winds through hearts with whispers half divine.

It rides the breeze and leaves a fragrant trace,
A bloom unseen that stirs the dreaming soul.
Two hearts, once touched, grow gardens in that place
Where joy pours forth beyond the mind's control.

No charter binds it, nor can chains restrain;
It writes its laws upon the sky and sea.
Its throne is set beyond man's loss or gain,
And yet it crowns the humblest equally.

Though none may rule o'er love with sword or rod,
Love rules the world—its scepter: truth and God.

By Dipankar Sadhukhan
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Kolkata, India.

Dipankar Sadhukhan

Virtue (Sonnet)

No soul may shine with every star aligned,
For mortal hearts are forged in flawed design.
Though some bring fire, and others soothe the mind,
Perfection lies beyond the human line.

The iron age now hums with wires and light,
And men must march in step with ticking steel.
Yet keep thy candle burning through the night,
Lest modern storms thy truer self conceal.

Some virtues root like trees in native clay,
While others bloom when pruned by patient hand.
Let not the serpent's voice thy path betray,
But walk where wisdom draws her quiet stand.

The angels war with devils in thy breast—
Be thou thy guide, and let thy soul find rest.

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