

Poetry Series

S JYOTI RANJAN
- poems -



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S JYOTI RANJAN(11 April)

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Beneath The Skies Of Freedom's Dawn!

Beneath the skies of freedom's dawn, so wide,
Where whispers of thy valor still abide,
Netaji's voice, a clarion call,
For Bharat's honor, he gave his all.

Bhagat Singh's flame, a light divine,
In iron chains, his soul did shine.
With every breath, they braved the night,
To usher in the dawn's pure light.

O martyrs brave, in sacred soil you rest,
Yet in our hearts, thy dreams are blessed.
Thy sacrifice, a hymn sublime,
Guides our steps through the sands of time.

This day we rise, with hearts true,
To renew the vows made unto you.
By mountain high and ocean grand,
We pledge to guard our motherland.

Dr. Ambedkar, with wisdom bright,
Did craft our path with laws of right.
In every verse, in every line,
He etched a future, pure and fine.

Sardar Patel, with iron will,
Did bind this land, our hopes fulfill.
With strength and love, he held us fast,
In bonds of unity, sure to last.

So on this Independence day, with reverence deep,
Thy vision clear, we vow to keep.
With patriot's fire within our breast,
We'll raise this nation to heights blessed.

In every field, in every song,
Thy legacy shall linger long.
Forever true, we guard the flame,
In thy memory, we make our name.

Across the plains, through night's embrace,
We march as one, in steadfast grace.
For Bharat's glory, we shall strive,
In thy memory, we keep alive.

With unity's torch held high above,
We tread thy path with endless love.
For every tear, for every fight,
We vow to keep thy dreams in sight.

This song we sing, in tones so bold,
Of heroes' tales that must be told.
For in their courage, we find our way,
To golden dawns and a brighter day.

S JYOTI RANJAN

Henna

That must adorn her hands someday,
Or is it today?
But whenever it will,
It shall play with her feelings,
Simmering the warmth of love in her beloved's heart,
Those delicate Lilies and vines;
And before its dawn,
An almost dark forest of those lush leaves,
shall sprout from her elbows,
They shall spiral up till her fingertips;
and bloom into a fully grown garden,
More beautiful than real,
As dark as her beloved's love blood,
The script of the love song,
sketched along the lines, □
Sketched with Henna,
but etched with the colour of her beloved's heart,
And the fragrance of the origin,
the origin of all,
Be it the love, the friction of the souls,
and the warmth that comes forth,
The blooming of another soul,
with blood, bone, muscle, skin and love.....

S JYOTI RANJAN

A Sweet-End To My Pain And Exasperation

Peeping out of the car window,
As I gazed deep into the dark and cloudy sky,
As I was unmindful and engrossed in the vague exercise of counting the beads
descending from the sky,
Suddenly you appeared in between the tangible ambience and the intangible
thoughts,
Quite beyond the notes of my cognitive ability,
I don't know when I started to ruminate about those many things,
From the nothingness of my life to the sense of fulfilment that is 'you',
Quite languid as I turned through the chapters of struggle in life,
You came as a sweet-end to my pain and exasperation.

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Resolving To Live

Agony of failing kidneys,
Rise of creatinine and the hope to make it fall,
Hypertension, and the hope to make it balanced,
Tastelessness of renal diabetic diet,
Moments of hypoglycemia and hyperglycemia
and the unwanted perspiration,
Eccentric and inquisitive to know about
the longevity of those taking dialysis,
Perforation of jugular vein,
Hoping against hope every moment that,
the failure gets reversed and not
needing one hemodialysis machine,
Knowing people and celebrities who
have lived with contentment beyond
two decades with dialysis,
And the silver lining, understanding
the value of life and getting determined for
a fulfilling and qualitative life,
Understanding that miracles can happen,
Herbs can still do wonders,
And the sudden enlightenment, making one
quite sure and obstinate that,
if I desire to live long and healthy the
universe shall conspire to deliver it to me,
Resolving to live, just live and forever 'live'.

(Dedicated to my father on his first day of dialysis.
Love you bapa. You shall get well soon.)

S JYOTI RANJAN

May You So Be Mine In This Life And Beyond

You are the envy of the moon,
Nature has perhaps sketched you with a
penchant for beauty and perfection,
This may sound platitudinous though,
Deep inside my being,
I trust it to be true.

As you shimmer like a sunbrushed Magnolia,
And as your hairs in curls flow down kissing your cheeks,
Oh! my beloved,
I get hopeful with contentment when I see you like this.

Reasons always fail to comprehend as
what makes me love you so much,
My soul's obsession for you may have
disturbed you on many occasions, I know,
But this equally have flabbergasted me,
Superstitious I may sound, but this has
intrigued me enough, to do a past life regression,
I want to believe my fantasies,
that the technique shall bring out,
'you' to be my 'only-love' in all previous births.

Death after life and life before death,
It has bracketed one thing, that is the craving for you,
And the yearning for your love,
Everytime as I see my reflection in the mirror,
As I listen to my inner voice in the
deafening silence of mid-night,
I only wish,
may you so be mine in this life and beyond.

S JYOTI RANJAN

She Refused To Hold My Soul

Where shall I go? For I am made roofless by time,
She refused to hold my soul,
Naked, and meek as my soul shivers out in the celestial cold,
Traversing accross galaxies for the elixir of her love,
Many births I spent, many deaths I witnessed, for I am the time-less soul,
But who is she? Is she the root of life?
Does she carry underneath her breasts the love of mother?
Is she my biological friend, my 'sister'?
Is she, the closest among my friends?
Is she my soulmate? Is she all of this?
Ah! I can see my soul deep inside her eyes,
I can see me, I can feel her within me,
There are relationships, beyond human contemplation,
Yes, there are few of such, which stand for love,
and the courage to stand by death and
wrath of time to protect the other, and mine is the one.

She is perhaps the one who epitomises all of that a woman can be,
she is my hope, my inspiration, she is the God who created us,
She is my worship, my spirituality, she is the oneness of our duality.

But she disowned me, she has forgotten her trueself,
She has forgotten who I am, She has forgotten, 'SHE' is 'ME',
She has forgotten, we are beyond the narrow lanes of a man and woman
relationship,
She needs to unlearn the fallacies taught by society,
She should now look beyond the lenses and deep into my eyes,
to see the innocence of my purpose and the truth called 'ME'.
I refuse to live by the chartered norms, for I am pure,
I am fire, I keep courage to burn for her,
And I refuse to live without her,
but certainly I can die for her, not once, but many times,
Yet, as my soul shivers naked out in the celestial cold, I refuse the warm clothes
offered with sympathy,
I shall better die than accept those,
I need her love to wrap me up and keep me warm,
Or else let her lay wreath on me as I lie down dead and life-less,
again for another life after death in search of her,
in search of everything that stands for her love,

But I shall wait till eternity.

S JYOTI RANJAN

Little More Than You Love Me

Little more than you love me, I love you,
Little more than you hate me, I hate you,
Little more than you need me, I need you,
For, these 'little mores', make you, 'the you' and
make me, 'the me'.
For, these 'little mores', make me 'the insane' and
you, 'the profane'.

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My Eyes Shall Wait

My eyes shall wait, so shall me,
Little more than they could actually,
Hoping against hope for you to come,
Darling, but without much aplomb,
And they say, hey handsome,
as the passing breeze flirts with me.

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Alone, All Alone

Alone, all alone as you are treated with cosmetic courtesy in love,
Alone, all alone as you are spoiling your thoughts taking turns through the
phases of night,
Alone, all alone as you have sold your soul to an apparently nonchalant being,
Alone, all alone as you are refused to be understood,
Alone, all alone as you yearn for true gesture of love,
Alone, all alone as misconception broods over truth,
Alone, all alone as dreams elude you far from reality,
Alone, all alone as the 'convivial you' seek refuge in solitude,
Alone, all alone as the venus twinkles over her hamlet but reminds only 'not to
cross the threshold of her dwelling',
Alone, all alone as you seek answers from self,
Alone, all alone as every opulence fails to entertain you,
Alone, all alone as you scribble emotions in a coffee shop,
Alone, all alone as nothing other than her can salvage your soul from your gusty
thoughts,
Alone, all alone as your jugular vein betrays you and you turn blue,
Alone, all alone as beauty means 'she the enchantress',
Alone, all alone as love is banished to the brink of non-acceptance with disgust
and distrust,
Alone, all alone as God fails to intervene,
Alone, all alone but not the end of the road, for it is a spiritual sojourn, as you
seek her truth, as you love, as you burn, as you live the inexcusable moments,
as you are faithful, you reach salvation,
Alone, all alone, as it is better to be so, as it is the 'complete you', far from
treachery and painful expectation,
Alone, all alone as time is the only witness of justice, as you wait to have a
rendezvous with her in heaven, so live and do it quite meaningfully.

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Love, I Yearn For You.

In the solitude,
in the deafening silence of mid-night,
yearn for you.

In the middle of crowd, in celebration,
yet lonely, yearn for you.

In the woods,
in the lap of mother nature,
through the music of flowing cascade,
yearn for you.

For nothing can substitute,
the melody of your presence,
the unfathomable depth of your loving eyes,
the infectious grin on your lips,
So, 'LOVE', I yearn for you.

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What You Are, To Me

Is it a rhapsody, or a melancholy in your absence,
You were always there,
the capacious trait of life accommodated many events,
but dormant was the essence of your presence.

It is life that shows its resilience,
for it is knitted to show it,
may be that's why, quite meaningfully we met,
the capricious nature of our fate.

In between you and me,
it is not defined by the legacy and source of how we are related,
The unknown, partly obnoxious, partly elating,
vagaries of life, may be you sailed through to reach me,
being elevated.

Seek you, your presence,
may be with time's concurrence,
For, cannot express with the vocabularies learnt,
the profound need of you in my life, and you for me,
as a love's quintessence.

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Lost Souls

Men left behind, world is so unkind,
For those who come for you are long gone,
For no search, no beaming torch, no one seeking a find.

Men left behind, you are forgotten in cores of their mind,
For human memory is feeble, even love's not stable, long lost camaraderie,
Indifferent is their wits otherwise so nimble,
For days long, but lives shorter, for butterflies so beautiful but hold and they die,
For flowers so beautiful but pluck and they won't last, memories are beautiful and
everlasting, but moments shorter,
For, that is the trend since the days of yore, men are wired of that kind.

Men left behind, hope not a find, for no one left of that kind,
For, birds of a feather flock together, is the rhyme my grandfather recited to my
father,
You walk safe, walk together, harsh is the wind,
For, you are lost and no one shall find, the world is not kind.

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