

Poetry Series

**Sambidhan Acharya**  
**- poems -**

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## **Sambidhan Acharya(1986-12-21)**

Recently been featured in few poem anthologies and is writing regularly for national daily.

# A Faux Pas

When she came near and said me, 'I love you.'  
I disposed her proposal laughing,  
She walked away and then left me,  
I knew she was my best of friend,  
But I never thought about her so.

After she left, I realized her importance,  
Her encouragement when I was at my lows,  
Her consolation when I was in sorrow,  
And her support at my needy times,  
It was then I realized actually I loved her.

I was deliberate to see her and confess my feeling,  
Few years later she came to meet me,  
I looked at her charming and ever beautiful  
But, then I saw her with her charm husband  
Then I realized that was my biggest a faux pas.

Sambidhan Acharya

# After Your Departure

When you were present,  
Your advice pinched me like thorns,  
Every question for misdeeds  
Meant like you were being over possessive,  
All those guidance you gave me,  
I followed nil,  
My ego came in front when you hold my hand,  
Even I embarrassed you when you guided me to safety.

I realized how big fool was I,  
You walked in razor edge,  
Making me walk in bed of roses,  
Why every fault is realized after committed,  
I miss your words,  
And is nowadays in tears,  
Please come back I pray to god.  
But, once one goes from life no one comes back.

Sambidhan Acharya

# Am I A Mannequin?

When, I was young but, useless,  
I use to look at those mannequins in the market,  
Standing still and posing the clothes that its masters make it wear,  
Then, I would see myself,  
And see that I even haven't learned to stand in my legs,  
So, I am wearing the clothes that I am bought to wear,  
Then, I would look mannequin and me  
And gaze both wondering who is who?

I am a chairman today, in a big company,  
Again I go to the shop,  
I could see those mannequins in different place,  
It changes its position as per masters will,  
Family, friends and my other relatives are using my power,  
I am being commanded by them,  
Today again I find I am the same,  
And stare at mannequin and me and think who is who?

Sambidhan Acharya

# Am I Dead?

I could not feel the touch,  
I could not feel the lust,  
I could not feel the fear,  
And also the charm.

I am in air,  
Flying above all,  
I can only see the sobs in my home,  
But, I was surprised at them when I see them cry.

I wandering bout what had happened looked above,  
A pleasant looking face smiled at me,  
Telling to come near him,  
Then, I pinched my self and then I knew I was dead.

Sambidhan Acharya

# Black

BLACK, was my life when your father left  
When his corpse was handed to me I was pale yellow,  
I remembered my wedding days when I was blushing red,  
But, now all the life was blank and white for me

I was alive to see you my son grow dark brown young and energetic,  
I then send you the army, thinking you will bring  
The joyous green in our house again,  
When I got the message that you too are martyred again I went purple with fear

Today, yet again I have lost the redness which once you had tried to bring,  
I am painted yellow in my face due to tears,  
I am fed up with this life yet again which has left me blank white,  
Once again, your departure has left my living journey vacant  
And turned it to BLACK.

Sambidhan Acharya

# Can I Help That Village?

Once upon a time I went on the country side,  
I wanted to ride a rickshaw,  
He took me sweating all over,  
Rode me to my guest house for few pennies.

I was aghast by his deep smile which urged for the money,  
I wanted to pay him all I had but, he refused to take it.  
I thought it's his loyalty towards his work,  
Then, sighed and went to my living place.

Then, the day after I decided to roam the village,  
I could see the naked boys and girls running from the street,  
I could just bear the scene for sake of bearing,  
I felt same f myself as I could do nothing to console their cold.

I returned home holding the pain,  
And thinking that the knowledge that I had acquired is all waste,  
I knew the knowledge should help others,  
But, could do nothing from my knowledge; except staring at them.

Then, I was asked at home about my village,  
I was left with tears of the villagers' trouble,  
I said yes, I liked the village,  
But, can I not help them?

Sambidhan Acharya

# Crisis

People are killing each other for few pennies,  
Hunger has caused it so,  
Life has been as cheap as a stone lying by,  
The cause is crisis,  
Crisis has been that disease which no one can escape.

Women are selling their body at dinner's rate,  
Value of them as an idol has gone,  
Now they are known by the name prostitute,  
The cause is crisis,  
Crisis has been that fear from which no women can escape.

Young aspiring people are engaged in drugs,  
Those who are not in drugs are swimming in the pond of alcohol,  
Frustration is clearly seen on their face,  
The cause is crisis,  
Crisis has been the cause due to unemployment.

Crisis has affected everyone, and is everywhere,  
The world is going inhuman due to it,  
Will there be day when it might get over,  
And all the people will be free from fighting it.

If God, gives me the right to use his mightiness for a day,  
I will certainly remove the word crisis, which human's fear.

Sambidhan Acharya

# Day Of Love

I can see light and light every where,  
Every where, everywhere  
I cannot say a place which remains damp,  
Say, Say me or not you love me,  
But I have been infected by this bug,  
Collision, collision of affair what  
I can say you, it's the fact for me,  
For, me its the universal truth,  
You believe me or not its the day of love.

Sambidhan Acharya

# Does War Bring Peace

I had learned power increases, when we preserve,  
But, I see each are showing their strength  
I had learned powerful never shows it  
But, I see each are showing their strength as exhibition.

I had asked once to my father why is power being used,  
He replied me it's for peace by the country to rebellion  
I wondered how a peace is brought by guns  
I thought peace is dropping of guns

Now, I have got new knowledge for peace  
It's the path of blood, which brings blood  
And ends where only in saying, place is coming  
But when will it come only the killers know

Yes, terrorism is about to end coz each human will be dead  
Due to one determination of people that blood shed will bring peace to bed.

Sambidhan Acharya

# Facts

Fact is just two either yes or no  
Nothing is practically called average,  
Either it should be right or all bad  
Thinking of average is just consoling mind.

There are just two facts to share:  
Life and death  
Play it happy and get it secure or  
Play it foul and get the death.

There are two facts of people,  
Good and bad  
Who are of great manner falls on the good?  
And those who cheat are the bad ones.

Facts are very true very hard to digest,  
So, people deviate the fact with consoling with fair,  
But they fail here the thing they think have consoled one's mind,  
Will in future torture their own mind.

That's why telling fact matters,  
So, that one can be good to better and best,  
One can improve his badness,  
One can embrace life and death,  
And try be punctual not be an average.

Sambidhan Acharya

# For My Love

These three lines for you,  
I have one dream that is you,  
love is the only thing i worship,  
you are my only choice,  
Yes, i love you.

Sambidhan Acharya

# Glimpse

I am as thirsty as a deer in sand,  
Thirst for your one sight,  
I am as hungry as the malnourished tiger,  
Hungry for your one view,  
You always have been my idol,  
But, unfortunate me haven't seen you,  
How unfortunate I might be,  
From years you have been helping me unseen,  
Few of the times has been those,  
Where you appeared but I didn't recognize,  
Please give me one chance to thank you,  
Can't I have your single glimpse?

Sambidhan Acharya

# Godfather's Swansong

Dusk is near,  
Sun is in its setting position,  
Darkness is knocking the world's door  
I am heading to the death's world.

Now I remember my deeds  
My mischief in which my mother had hit  
That time I left the home  
So, today I am crawling to reach the final dome.

My negligence to study has paid off  
My interest on the bad deed has paid off,  
I had given how many penalty I cannot count,  
Yes I can say my death is among them I can shout.

I see all my so called friends lined up  
Gazing at me waiting for my death so they can claim my place,  
I can see those enemy who in my adolescence, had scolded in my misdeeds  
But now I realize them they are my real friends.

I want to be good,  
But my best friend bullet has made me a prey,  
I want to request almighty please give me a chance  
But it's is just staring me and asking the same question that I have asked him.

Darkness, black, damp that what I see,  
Strikes, thunder, these all are punishing me at once,  
I now have realized my responsibility,  
But now it's for vain.

Oh! dear I can see no longer I can no longer stand bold  
I want to live but the bullet is compelling me to die,  
I am gone now but stand with the promise,  
If there is another life after death, I will be a good man not godman

Sambidhan Acharya

# Happy New Year To You

Had the last year been sorrow to you?  
Don't worry this year will bring breeze of joys,  
Had the last year smashed your dreams?  
Don't worry this year will bring all your dreams come true.

All the aims that you have set will be fulfilled,  
All the heights you want to reach will be reached,  
All those glory that you admire will be yours,  
And all those to whom you love will be yours.

Some of you cried last year,  
So, as to enjoy this year,  
Some of you were departed,  
So that your company will accompany you this year.

May all your resolution comes true,  
A sincere Happy New Year from me to you.

Sambidhan Acharya

# I Could Not Become A Human.

Aiming to clinch the world,  
Thinking to touch the Everest summit.

I wanted to be the most powerful person,  
Who can rule the entire world?

I clinched the world at last also climbed the Everest,  
I also became the most powerful person,  
But, after I felt it's all vain,  
Although, my son tried to stop me,  
Then, I worked for my power to elaborate.

I didn't cared of him,  
And one day due to my unfulfilling aim killed him.

Then, I realized I had turned to be an animal,  
I became every thing I wanted but, could not be the human being.

Sambidhan Acharya

# I The Assasinor

Today, too I am loaded with gun,  
To kiss the person to the dusk of his life,  
I always get worried when the trigger starts telling me,  
'Come on, press me shoot the man.'  
And, I have to press, as it's my job.  
It's my work to make living fresh flesh to motionless corpse,  
Else I cannot make my living,  
Nor can I feed my family,  
Today again I pulled the trigger,  
Shed tears after making a body motionless,  
No, its not crocodile's tears which means victory,  
But, the tear is of sympathy,  
Sympathy not for the dead man,  
But for myself because due to his death my family is fed.

Sambidhan Acharya

# I Want To Be Free

Those tension responsibilities, I don't want to take,  
Study being serious at every point of life I cannot be,  
The pressure I am within I don't want to be in,  
I want to be free.

The mounting liability I have to perform,  
Those rising pain I am going through,  
I extremely hate it,  
That's why I want to be free.

I am going through razor edge of life,  
Chaos, is what piercing me all the time,  
I want to escape from it,  
I want to be free.

Have I thought the other end?  
If I take all the responsibilities,  
Dealt with it and solve it,  
Then I might be free.

If I can perform all the liability that is given to me,  
All those pain I change to happiness,  
Then all the worry will come to an end,  
Then I would be free.

If I can go through the razor edge and make it blunt,  
All those chaos if I will change to harmony,  
Then, I will not have escape from it,  
Then I would be free.

Thinking of these factors, I will welcome,  
Turmoil, tension, chaos which had troubled me,  
So that I will sort them out and solve them,  
And, I would be free.

Sambidhan Acharya

# If There Is Life Beyond Death Then..

If there is life beyond death then,  
I wanna be stars which twinkle at night  
It makes me feel proud and is the uncross able limit for all,  
Stars are the smallest seen in the sky

I wanna be stars which twinkle at night  
I wanna be it which brings smile in everyone's face.

I wanna be moon, which brightens the night  
It makes us feel the evening has come and its time for us to go home,  
Moon is the biggest seen at night  
I wanna to be moon, which brightens the night  
I wanna to be it which brings romanticism in life.

I wanna be sun, which shines in the day  
It makes us know the morning has arrived and gives the alarm to wake up to  
start the day,  
Sun is the only thing seen in the day  
I wanna be sun, which shines in the day  
I wanna be it which brings activeness in everyone's physique

I wanna be earth which bears all the creatures either living or dead  
It makes us feel grateful that it has hold us,  
Earth is the mother of all  
I wanna be earth which bears all the creatures either living or dead  
I wanna be it which is home for all.

I wanna be nature which has embraced earth  
It makes us feel the fact why we are alive,  
Nature is the most beautiful of all  
I wanna be nature which has embraced earth  
I wanna be it which balances the phenomena of ecosystem as a whole.

I wanna be rain, which enriches the crops  
It makes us feel the season is changing, from summer to winter and vice versa,  
Rain is the finest gift that the nature gives,  
I wanna be rain, which enriches the crops  
I wanna be it which brings excitement in everyone's life.

What I don't want is to be born as human again,  
I don't wanna get betrayed again,  
I don't wanna change myself for the system again,  
I don't wanna get used for nonsense pleasure again,  
I don't wanna be compared by wealth again,  
That is why I don't wanna be human again.

If there is other life beyond death then,  
I would like to be sun, stars, moon, nature, earth, or rain, which can be helpful,  
Not human again this is busy for searching individuality  
Helps none and tries to take something from all,  
I wanna be them which knows also to give,  
Not like human which knows only to take.

Sambidhan Acharya

# Immortal

One day I asked my mother  
"Can anyone be immortal? "  
Mother laughed at me and said  
"Child it's only god who is immortal."  
"Why only god? " when I asked  
Mother said. "He creates".

Then I was determined,  
To create something one day and be immortal,  
But, I hadn't made my identity  
So, I started first making my identity.

The day, I made my identity  
The greed of immortality evolved again  
I started working for my creativity then  
Worked, worked and worked all day and nights.

My struggle started yet again,  
Then came the day when my songs for identity were not sold  
At last the day of laughter came,  
My song was recorded and was big hit at once.

Then came the day my dream came true  
I realized the greed of immortality on me had been fulfilled,  
My song was forever until the existence of human race is there.

Sambidhan Acharya

## Is My Love Blind?

Her eyes, lips, legs and arm I had seen all  
Aphrodite's beauty seemed fade in front of her  
Even Helen's grace had to compare with her  
And, that clear face is even clearer than moon

Must I complete formality before loving?  
Should I need to ask what has background?  
And also the aim she has taken to succeed  
But, I had asked nothing at this case

Does that mean I had infatuation with her?  
I was taken by her conduct not by beauty  
Her, words that should show how practical she was  
I became Adonis due to her truth in speech

Has these things got no suspense then question  
If it's yes then my love is undoubtedly blind

Sambidhan Acharya

## Is She A Sun?

She glowed my life with colours of rainbow,  
She stood behind me, like an idol of support,  
Whenever, I move towards the darkness of life,  
She held my hand and showed the bright path.

Like the sun, her hand shows me the brightness,  
She glows dazzling, sending message of success,  
To me she has given strength to start again,  
She guides away from difficulty and hardness.

I have bloomed like the darling buds of May,  
Due to her, my features is bright as gold,  
Her eternity as sun, has left me glow,  
And her support has taken me to heights of stars.

So, I say, she is the brightest thing I have got,  
So, I compare her and say is she a sun?

Sambidhan Acharya

# Life

Life's all about spending,  
Spend it well it feeds backs you in its products,  
Spend it dull it has no feed back  
Spend it recklessly then you have to pay for it.

Life's all nothing but a game,  
Play it consciously you make life worth it,  
Play it dull it makes you not worth it,  
Play it foul it snatches the life from you.

Life's all about cooking,  
Cook it fulfilling all recipe it will be fruitful,  
Cook it without seeing the menu it's useless,  
Cook it till it gets burned it will ruin you.

The theme in life is,  
It's the idol of sincerity, carefulness and punctuality,  
Yes that's life which fulfils the above points  
You will feel it is worth it.

Sambidhan Acharya

## Life Ii

Life is like whisky in the glass,  
First sip you take your mouth go smack,  
Second sip take you start enjoying,  
When the glass starts to get emptied you ask for more,  
Life is the same; first few years of hard work you don't enjoy it,  
Few years when the hard work at your youthful days,  
You are unstoppable,  
And, as the sun of your life starts to set  
You ask for extending and refilling your life,  
But, the only thing that the glass of whisky has not in common,  
You can ask to refill the whisky once emptied but,  
Life once finished cannot be resurrected.

Sambidhan Acharya

# Mother

I asked God, "Do you respect someone",  
He nodded his head and yes, it's with you was his reply,  
I asked even the devils, "Do they fear from some one",  
He too nodded his head and said, yes, it's with you was his reply.

I went further, and asked to a murderer,  
Do you have faith on someone?  
Do you speak truth to someone?  
He said yes, it's with you was his reply.

I asked to myself that how the thing that every one respects is with me,  
I thought for a while and thought about anyone who have protected me so far,  
Only the one who can create and has habit to give,  
I got an answer from the inner core of heart, mother is her name

She is the only creator even the creator of god too,  
She is the one with who even the devil fear,  
Even the most treacherous in the world speaks truth to her,  
She has only one habit it is to protect if other external tries to affect her child.

She is the only one who makes her son to play life safely,  
She knows only to give not to take,  
She is also with me with you and everyone around,  
She is a word which describes her feature,  
She is a mother.

Sambidhan Acharya

# Museum Of Culture

Preserving the culture has been like the tusk of mastodons,  
This is only suitable for preserving in the billiard balls,  
Sustaining the culture has been like the extinct saber truth,  
That is only suitable for experimental use.

Other customs are influencing on the real ones,  
Like Mongols of east, east culture is ruling west,  
And, as barbarians of west, west cultures have come to east,  
So, preserving it has been a museum's job.

In the show case of museum our tradition is seeing the change,  
Youth are busy copying other's tradition,  
All are getting puzzled in culture,  
Can't we once again retain our own ethnicity?  
The clear answer I hear is 'no'.  
Thanks to Museum of culture which is doing it.

Sambidhan Acharya

# My Love

At the time of trouble who will help me,  
Not only giving pennies, but also using words of sympathy.  
At the time of laughter who will laugh more than me,  
Not only sharing laughable word but by also encouraging my happiness.

At the time of sorrow who will console me,  
Not only by giving words but also actively involving in it.  
At the time of cherish moment who will share cheer with me,  
Not only by showing teeth but also teaching not to over do anything in cheer.

At the time of misguidance who will guide me to brightness,  
Not only using inspiring words but also pulling out from misdeeds,  
At the time of my great heights that will say 'Don't get away with it.'  
Not only saying it but also sees I don't misuse it.

At the time of my death who will be holding my hands and consoling,  
Not only shading tears but also leading my family after my demise,  
At the time of my family's upbringing that will show them lightening path,  
Not only by showing the right path but also guiding me to safety.

That person will be my real supporter, who is my dearest.  
And that is the one to whom, I love.

Sambidhan Acharya

# Obituary

When you were there, all the fantasies were mine  
All those stars seemed fetchable,  
Even those heavens, I didn't cared for it,  
But from the moment you passed away  
All those retrievable facts became unbelievable grief  
That grief from which I am still not out.

I remember those days, when you taught me how to walk  
Those days, when you taught me my first letter  
The days, where you fed me by your hand  
And also taught me stand still in my legs  
You were the most familiar to me  
After your absence that thing rally misses me

Today I can see you presence in the frame  
You left without giving chance to share the feeling  
I too loved you as much you cared me  
Only letter in the newspaper are left now to say  
But those letter can be tore and thrown  
But my love towards you will never fade

I am very annoyed with you  
After your demise  
You left all the debtors to hurt my eyes  
And also those people who want my freshness  
Hate them all  
But sake of you has to company them

Everything has been changed since you are dead  
All those childish in me has gone is vain  
I am talking like a hoarse man  
Connecting the files to respond me well  
As if you did in the past  
But papa I miss there as well

Your ash has so far not got watered  
But, your so called friends have consulted me for their matter  
Same old money they say all the time  
And also for they don't have words to file

I am waiting for that day again  
When I will pay them all and stand for a day in sun

You left me with changing my feelings  
You left me to know this world how it is  
You left me with now changed firm mother  
You left me to know who real friends are  
You left me to know the struggle for existence  
But these things you could has taught me at your life  
No need was there to leave me  
Still I love you the same as before  
And pay a sincere obituary to you my father

Sambidhan Acharya

# Search For Pleasure

I went to the Everest summit,  
I went down to the bottom of the sea,  
I went even to the extreme end of the Earth,  
But could not find the pleasure I desired.

I worked at the administrator in vain,  
Working as a slave too went to vain,  
Even sailor job didn't paid me,  
I thought of carpenter's one that too didn't helped me.

I decided to be gone to extreme cruelty,  
But could find no pleasure there too,  
I worked for the charity too,  
But could not my search pleasure there too.

I went to great persons and also to god,  
No one could satisfy me what I was looking for,  
Now I have come to you for the same thing,  
Will I get pleasure in your home too.

Sambidhan Acharya

# She Became Idol Of Delight

She was fast and unthinking  
When I saw her, the first sight  
She was restless, aimless and silences ness  
When I knew her for first time  
She was like free floating fish, ready to go anywhere  
When I made her friend for the first time  
She was like a deer, free aiming, ready to break all barriers  
When I first liked her

She was in track, trying to fix herself  
When I loved her  
She was targeting aim  
When I proposed her  
She succeeded with my support  
When I married her  
She became brilliant, worthy, patience  
When she gave me a child

She became my guide now  
When I had started to be misguided  
She then made me to lead my life  
When I started being restless, aimless and silence ness  
She then brought me to the track and changed my goal  
When I got bankrupt  
She was my idol, respective  
When I lifted up my life once again

That was my friend, then best friend  
Then, became by girlfriend, then wife  
Again became my son's mother and then my guide  
She was idol if delight for me

Sambidhan Acharya

# She Rules Me In Dreams

As the night falls,  
And my eyes close,  
Giving music from her bangles,  
She comes and touches my hand.

Giving charismatic smile,  
And consoling my tension,  
She kisses me in forehead,  
And I forget all my sorrow.

Her beauty is more than the Aphrodite,  
Her dazzling eyes make me flatten,  
The speech she delivers is like soothing wind,  
And her smile makes me feel in heaven.

As the sun tries to shine,  
She leaves my hand,  
And also kisses farewell to my forehead,  
And with musical bangles she leaves.

When I wake up,  
I only have her feelings,  
The lady with white gown,  
Pleasant smile, consoling goddess,  
Beautiful angel, and great supporter,  
She is the one who rules me in dreams.

Sambidhan Acharya

# Solitary Reaper

I was passing by the hills,  
Suddenly, I saw a reaper sing,  
He was humbling a tone,  
Anyone who could pass by.

I stopped in a lane to listen what he song,  
I could hear a gentle voice with a folk tone,  
Reaping and harvesting the crop he sang,  
A note that could be clearly we can understand.

I then concentrated on his song,  
The pain, the sorrow and cheer all of them could be clearly found,  
As his sickle was bending while cutting crops,  
His notes grew deeper and deeper in my heart.

My horse gave a hint to move and go,  
But, instead I decided to listen all that his voice delivered,  
I decided to hear the remaining notes too,  
Which was as clear as the skylark's tone?

As the end notes came near, I pulled my horse and stared,  
His piercing numbers were breaking the silence of the wind,  
He was singing the song pure than the water,  
He was telling the truth clear than from where the glass could be seen.

What I thought was the end of the song,  
Was actually the beginning and he went on,  
His folk were heard even more clearly,  
But, I could not wait more, so, decided to move silently.

Few days later, I landed there again,  
I wanted to hear his remaining note,  
But could not find him nearby,  
Still his songs were going through my ears when I passed by.

Sambidhan Acharya

# Struggle Checkmate

There were two person playing chess  
Chess of life I mean to say  
First the black seemed very powerful  
It got the white bishop pawn and right  
But the white only was looking helplessly revolves  
He knew nothing to do  
Then few checks come in  
But the white eluded to met  
Then black got mistake it left its queen open  
The brightness was showing to engulf the queen  
The white started to quest the game  
One after another it started to grab the pieces  
But another then both bishop and queen were gone  
Once again black over took the game  
White flattered once again  
But it had powers to move it moved and reached the end  
Got all the power back  
Tricking, Tackling all the stages  
It finally gave a single check  
That was mate  
There lies black player vanishes and goes  
to play with other people's fate  
So today I have mate the struggle  
Now its your turn to mate it.

Sambidhan Acharya

# Teacher

You dream,  
I fulfill.  
Your thought,  
is my command.  
My duty is to live up to your expectation,  
My life is devoted for your expectation.

Sambidhan Acharya

# Tears

It's the charisma of nature given to us,  
One dropping from one eyes the other dropping for the other eye,  
Might be any situation which comes by it falls like a rain droplets  
This is the thing common for all tear is its name.

It falls in sorrow or in happiness  
In also in grief and in cheer  
It falls in depression too or falls also in success,  
Also falls in remembrance to someone who is no more or in defeat.

Tears are the third fact after life and death.  
It is not artificial coz it comes by nature,  
So, why not, shed it is all occasional  
Be it in happiness or in fear.

Now, today it's coming in my eyes too,  
Because my exam result is fair,  
Then, why do we not shed it thinking others are looking at us,  
Be fair in it coz its natural so shed it in all expressions because it's only tears.

Sambidhan Acharya

# The Casino

Casino is the place when one is robbed the other celebrates,  
Money and money is seen everywhere,  
Cards smoke and alcohol can be named casino,  
Which is lightened everyday.

Is it like life?

One day we are also happy the other day gloominess surrounds us,  
We are also running after money, same as casino,  
Betrayal, deceive is what life nowadays is named,  
Due to which no light is left.

But, the truth remains the same,  
Like in casino, the owner, the creator never loses they always win.

Sambidhan Acharya

# The Flowers Of May

How dare the bee touch you?  
How dare the air make you shake?  
How can anyone pluck you?  
And make you cry through droplets.  
I fight all the month for them, who touch, pluck and shake you,  
The different colours you possess is greater than any rainbow,  
Your fragrance is billions time sweeter than the perfume of Arabia,  
Even the ambrosia cannot be sweeter than the droplets of water from your petal.  
Rose, Lily, Jasmine, Lotus all are so darling name,  
Special name than any girls I see around,  
The quality in you can be never compared,  
Even that life less wind is your slave.  
You are so sincere that after you germinate full,  
I can woo a girl giving you as token,  
After you come in bunch it's a great wedding gift,  
You come as garland to welcome and forbid,  
This is not only the quality in you,  
You are even medicine for many diseases,  
The city is seemed beautiful due to you,  
Even the nature laughs to its full when it finds you,  
So far all have known you and have lot of respect for you,  
But for me you are the darlings which glow in May, "The Flowers of May."

Sambidhan Acharya

# The Last Kiss

Love is what I want at the end,  
It's my only want at this nearing end,  
I want at least some one love me for a moment now,  
So, I can die peacefully.

Once a girl said me, she loves me,  
I slept her a night and threw her out,  
Then I was never loved by anyone else,  
From that day the thirst of love have come in my way.

I had heard that she gave birth to my girl,  
But never did I met her in my short verve,  
Once in a life time, I want to be kissed purely,  
That's my last wish which I yearn for.

A small girl came to me today from nowhere,  
I could see the resemble of me in her face,  
She hugged me kissed in pure sense,

Sambidhan Acharya

# The Reality To Understand

Have you ever thought of the moth which go for light and get trapped by heat in the bulbs,  
Have you ever thought of the proud eagle die at last being a carcass,  
Have you ever thought for the mighty lions that at last fall prey of the scavengers,  
Have you ever thought of scorpions that die of their own poison,  
Think about it and ask for the reason.

The day you don't get it come to me I will explain you all,  
Moth has greed for the light so it dies,  
Eagle is proud of its flight so its fate is shocking,  
Lions are the mightiest of all so it preys on all so at last it also learns that it too one days has to get fed for.

What these facts signal does this signal that being mighty, wanting more and being proud result in fatal end,  
No the focus of this fact is no one should be in highs thinking the one is powerful, rich and talent because the mightiest created even by nature have fatal end then who are we?

Sambidhan Acharya

## The Westerners 2

Gone are days when you use to catch horses from gaucho,  
Gone are the days when all the westerners meant gun followers,  
Gone are those days when you had only denim to wear,  
And gone are those days when your house was mere stables.

Today, your description has been changed,  
You are symbol of hardworking individuals,  
All the guns are dumped and technology are being hugged,  
And, all those stables have been transformed into arm chair well equipped office.

But, still the profession your ancestor landed the farming is being embraced by  
you,  
Still those plains are grazed by horses, cows and sheep,  
Still the Appalachian and Andes does not miss you,  
Still you are the source of style for the commons.

Yes, you still farm raising cattle and horses,  
But the change has been you have used well the resources available,  
The grazing lands are well maintained so that all can graze without being  
watched,  
All the cows are still fed but the style has been machinery.

All those crops are still cultivated and reaped,  
But the difference is it's done by flying saucer discovered by man,  
You have started working in offices instead of working in stables,  
The rage inside you has given the hardworking people to the country.

In the past people wanted to be you due to elegant style,  
The way they see driving horses and carrying gaucho in hand,  
But even today you have gone through modernization,  
All of us want you to be the person like you as per your, pleasant change in  
behaviour,  
The way you have made use of the modern techniques,  
Yes, even today all the children want to be westerns.

Sambidhan Acharya

# They Are Westerners

Have you seen else where a denim man with gaucho in hand,  
Handling a huge horse with just a star in the shoe,  
Boot that commands the land, hand that hints a man is coming,  
Eyes that is deep as the Appalachian Mountains.

Whenever I look at them  
With their eyes floating like rivers to all sides,  
Guns the only thing to protect them from wild,  
And their wind talker horse who guide them to the safety.

Those rolled tobacco in their mouth and few dollars to pay for all,  
The puff when it rolls and the sea of alcohol it gets enforce,  
Those shabby jackets, lands in a seat and the shirt collars which kisses the heat,  
Dusts are coming from their body which shows how much work they are meant  
for.

They do not know what the fear is,  
They even do not know what begging is,  
They know only to work and earn,  
Field their land with stables and graze all the horses and buffaloes.

They are stronger than a Spanish bull,  
So they enjoy commanding horse and bull,  
Their style is the venture for,  
These are the man to whom every one looks up and say westerners.

Sambidhan Acharya

# Those Bare Forests

When I was young, I had gone to this forest,  
It was dark, deep and wild,  
Like my youth it was full of resources,  
I had spent few days there and had learned how the forest life is?  
Forest life means survival of the fittest,  
I could not find difference between city and forest,  
In city too only the fittest can survive else the human who have wore the leather  
of lethal animal will not let the herbivore animal like us to live.

After twenty years struggling in the city and being tortured by children,  
I returned back to the same forest to see its growth,  
I could see it was bare, cut by poacher, deforesters,  
It had not followed its own rule and the trees which it holds were all ageing like  
me,  
We both were thrown out of the society it was thrown by cutting and I by my  
own sons.  
I and it had the same fate bare with few more ageing hair and trees to be  
removed.

Sambidhan Acharya

# Tiger

I want to understand why those paws snatches life,  
I want to read those fiery eyes,  
And the pain that you have no friends,

Every one screams by your name,  
That striped body makes all scream,  
Tiger! Tiger! They say and run away.

I know you can feel others pain,  
That's why you let go the wounded name,  
You are the king so you do not kill the injured prey.

Has anyone thought about your importance in nature?  
Do all know how much you have helped to balance the eco?  
All only know to kill for your body saying they fear you.  
But the fact remains that you are the priceless so killed,  
You fear no one so all fear you,  
That's why you are the king of jungle who has the quality to snatch life.

Sambidhan Acharya

# Travel

I like to go in such a place  
Where all the flower bloom  
Where no flower withers  
And no tree is left fruitless

I would love that place  
Where the sunshine all day  
Where all the cuckoo sings  
And no carnivores lives

I want to travel there  
Where nightingale show the way  
Where golden apples grow  
And no city vehicles are there

I want to place myself there  
Where no people kill each other  
Where no one is seen hunger  
And no pain would seen to all

I want to go to all that states  
Where all will live happily  
And I can sleep well  
And all the religion will live in harmony

Sambidhan Acharya

# Tricky Love

I trow in truth ness,  
But ye scolded me,  
I confessed, it to ye,  
But ye scolded me.

I contemplated had I told something wrong,  
I just jotted ye, that he flirted thy ye,  
But, she in moan, scolded me.  
I asked in dilemma what was it she was irate with me,  
O'er and o'er again I asked in confusion, 'Have I said u wrong? '

Demur, decline, irate whatever does ye,  
I remain in my words constant,  
But why ye irate with me?  
I inquired her, she in scorn said me, that she knew it.  
But not wanted to hear from me,  
I asked why?  
Ye again got angry and said ye loved me,  
I declined her words; she slapped me,  
Once again I realized that girls never make mistake in love,  
Once she knew that the fellow flirted her,  
And now she knows thy loves her.

Sambidhan Acharya

# Triumph Or Moment Of Glory

This is the first for me,  
This is the first for my country,  
This is not only a gold medal but honour to my country,  
This is the triumph that has eluded so long.

My hands are flailing,  
O'er to kiss the sky my head are aloft,  
My body is jerking like triumph horse,  
I am obliged like a martyr for which i have finally done for the country.

Today, i can glee at those who had teased for my dreams,  
I can tell my father to raise his head as i am a hero now,  
I can show my mother why she quarreled i was best,  
And also to young one's for which i can be called inspiration.

One micro second has what made the difference,  
It has come after running millions of metres from morning to evening in field,  
I am happy that i am triumphant,  
Not only because i beat the contestant but also for those who have believed me  
so long.

Sambidhan Acharya

# We The Commons

From, the time of tyranny we have lived,  
We were the one, who chose you to develop us,  
But we are only being abused not heard,  
Why is it so when we ask?  
Then you say the answer will be got in the speech of next election.

We made the domination resign,  
Not for the profit of few leaders who cheat,  
But for us the commons so that we can have developed country,  
You thing you can cheat in all the faculty,  
But very mistaken you are as we know all.

This is the only time we are using words,  
Forgot the revolution then remember it again,  
Before being corrupted think for your end,  
I request all of you to guide the country well,  
Else be ready to face the new revolution of the commons.

Sambidhan Acharya

## What Shall I Call Her?

She is rose glown in autumn, which has blown me,  
She is phantom which has filled me with delight,  
Her eyes are as deers that show truthness of life,  
Praising about her means tip of iceberg for her eternal beauty,  
Not speaking about her means questioning my existance,  
I adore her for giving shelter to my life,  
I worship her, for her encouraging voice,  
She has given me all I need to be called complete,  
But, I learned only to take from her instead.

What shall I say her, goddess of my life?  
Should I say her my living inspiration?  
Or, the deity which has guts to transform me,  
Who taught me to think from my tender heart,  
Shall I call her the life journey partner, my love?

Sambidhan Acharya

## What Should I Call Her?

She is rose glown at autumn, which has shown me,  
She is phantom which has filled the delight  
Her eyes are as deer's that show the truth of life  
Praising her means, refining her internal beauty  
Speaking about her means and questioning my existence  
I adore for giving shelter to my life,  
I worship her for encouraging voice  
She has given me all I need to be complete  
But I learned only to take from her instead

What shall I call her goddess of my life?  
Should I say her, my living inspiration?  
On the deity which has guts to transform  
Who taught me to think from my tender heart?  
Shall I call her the life journey partner, my life?

Sambidhan Acharya

# What Those Marriage Worth, I Am Already Yours

What those marriage worth, I am already yours  
We have marriage by heart not by rituals.  
Our marriage is pious then those done by priests  
And those other who are eyeing are big fool

Those who tell that I have no right on you  
Don't know that we are lovers by heart  
Our children have already started to play  
Not those physical children but our love has passed third anniversary.

Is physical marriage bigger then natural?  
Even god believes in original heart marriage  
Who dare to discard my say can anyone tells me?  
If not then why dismay in her physical marriage

I am already husband of yours and you my wife  
That crimson in your head, necklace in your neck has not value.

Sambidhan Acharya

# What Would I Do Living In This World?

Flattering tongue, greasy speeches,  
Showy life, running after wealth,  
Fading one's quality, following what other's do,  
What would I do living in this world?

No one cares of one's essence,  
Only money speaks here,  
Words of heart can only be graved in books,  
What would I do living in this world?

Gold, diamond, platinum,  
Everyone runs after them.  
Cars, dollars, luxury,  
Everyone hunts for them.  
Playing cards, drinking and using oily language,  
Everyone says its enjoyment.  
Love, care, affection now is only hearable feelings,  
Practice is done for materialistic wants.  
What would I do living in this world?

Sambidhan Acharya

# When I Met A Widow Mother

I met with a widow mother,  
Her eyes was searching for some one,  
I feared whether it was her son, to whom I shot,  
But shooting was the only order I followed,  
I didn't knew who was he,  
If I would know my single bullet could kill four,  
Than I would never obey the order,  
Four! Don't get surprised its he, his mother, wife and daughter.

Can I get out of this sin I asked to myself in vain,  
Coz' I knew it's the only thing I was taught,  
But, I could serve them, throughout my life,  
But, halted my feet because I too have family waiting in the grounds.  
Weep was heard when I posed near,  
Tears from eyes could be seen as my bonus of the order I had followed.

I slowly handed his mother her son's corpse,  
She in trembling voice inquired me,  
'Is my son a terrorist? '  
I could see the answer she wanted to hear,  
So, risking my post I uttered  
'No, madam, he was a great hero of the country.'

Sambidhan Acharya

# When You Depart With Me For A Day

Just we departed to respective home,  
But, still I feel the departure for a long time,  
I don't know why the flower withered  
And the cloud are blocking the sun to raise

Even I can see the moon clear in day time  
Has the system changed due to thinking you?  
Has the nature been annoyed not seeing you?  
Might because it's sending warm air to me

I feel tons of iron has poured to me  
Like all the sorrow has landed to my lap  
And all the stars angry with your departure  
Does it mean you're princess of my heart?

Yes, I will be a king without the queen  
As, when she leaves I become lifeless

Sambidhan Acharya

# Who Will Do It?

When I was young  
And use to quarrel for petty things  
My mother use to solve my problem  
If mother was absent then my father was there to solve

When I became adult  
And see my parents quarreling  
I used to make them go for settlement  
When they refuse, then, I being mediator  
Use to make them get to an end of quarrel  
That was it and we were happy forever

Today I see my country situation  
Each big parties are quarreling with other  
Every political power are colliding with each other  
Can they not come to an agreement?  
Can't anyone solve our problem?  
Like I had done for my parents  
Someone might do it let us hope  
Hope is only there remaining  
So I am still hoping for some ray of hope  
But I don't know who will do it

Sambidhan Acharya

# You Are Like Months Of The Year

In April, when rose was glown, in the eternity garden  
I felt you took me to the Christ's world  
As, if soothing breeze at May hit me  
And, coverage sun eluded to devour me

Why you just tried to escape from me,  
December was even bitter than cold in it,  
January and February's snow poured my drained heart,  
Even March seemed gloomy days without you.

Now again you appeared in June's monsoon  
The rain has brought delight of love effect on me,  
Pious July's drizzle was like a boon then,  
And then our meet brought even Shakespeare love in trouble.

Does this mean I am dying hard for you?  
Might because life is desert you leave in December.

Sambidhan Acharya