Poetry Series

Sanjibsaha Aniketa - poems -

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Sanjibsaha Aniketa()

Sanjibsaha Aniketa is a renowned Bengali poet, novelist, writer & academician. He wrote many illustrious books such as Basbhume parabas -Exile within living First part of a novel-Trilogy-Based upon Psychological development of an innocent child during the post partition period, Ei ghar sei ghar-step towards steps second part of trilogy-novel-Based upon Human relationship during the genocide of Bangladesh freedom movement, Dinjapner shiddhanta-Decision for surviving the days Third part of trilogy -novel-Based upon the search of roots within selves of displaced persons. Jibaner janye ekdin-Day for a life A novel based upon philosophy of life of two young rape victims during sinking, Kuwor byang-Dark insight collection of experimental short stories, Protham sahid Ismail- Ismail: The first martyr short story collection, Surya o nari-Sun & the lady collection of poems, Samprodayikatar Biruddhe, -Against the communal hatred collection of poems, Tir o Tarabari - Arrow & sword Collection of poems , Antardweeper sabdachinha-The sign of sound within the inner island Collection of poems, Pran, prokriti o Protibesh -life, nature & surroundings collection of essays on science & philosophy etc , Janajibane jibanu Pathogens among population. He is a regular contributor to various magazines, journals & websites. At present, Sanjibsaha Aniketa is an Associate professor.

Anaemic Sight

Surrounding me Faces are moving

Anaemic sight.

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Bangla Chhotokabita Kobita1

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Bangla Poem- 3

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Bangla-2

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Beautiful

I am walking, Your song touches me

I know your beauty.

Beauty

Integrate the sun & light, light integrates gross grass green, Green is the color of beauty-Beauty beautifies the earth & offspring.

[This is a new form of poem, named -' SANKETA '. 'Sanketa ' means sign of imagery. This new form of poem, is first written & developed by Sanjibsaha Aniketa in India].

Beauty Of Love

This is the
Teen girl! I have ever
Seen her.
Do you entrust me long,
I will cover you up,
With the mountain herbs
And kindle the beauty,
Beauty of love.

Beauty Of Love.

This is the
Teen girl! I have ever
Seen her.
Do you entrust me long,
I will cover you up,
With the mountain herbs
And kindle the beauty,
Beauty of love.

Bengali Kobita Swapna

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Bengali Kobita Prosroy

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Bird Flies

Sunday morning A bird flies away It's crying!

Birth

You are here
I am at the
Beauty of you
You, my sense
My nature
My love
My defined eye
I obviously glow
With your impressions
You, my mother
My inherent soul.

I am at the honest Birth Birth of the beauty.

Bleeding

I was weeping Weeping in the morning A beam of light Pierce the veil of my heart Nobody looks after me It was bleeding In the memory Her wishes Told me about The Ultimate beauty Beauty of generation I covered my face A droplet of tear Soaked by the soil Soaked by the soul The colour of light Touched the love Love of mankind Still I beg Beg to offsprings -You are my destiny You should prolong The life, The living earth.

Blooming New

No matter You are going-

Blooming new.

Bright & Blue

Fly the bird
The wind is bright& blue
The eyes are watering
Please wash your cry.

Brightened

Rise the head Light penetrates soul

Bright the life.

Caging

Keep a bird in your heart, Heart is bounded by cage. She is flying within you -You are moving around you.

(A Sanketa)

City Of Joy

Don't count the ribs of the figure. It's the image of hunger. The darkness of the eye Sometimes you may not believe, At least, you don't have to face The intellectual poverty. A fresh blood should contain Some clean water, To us, cleanliness is next to god. But my stomach is full of Impure water— Bacteria and virus. The diseases you serve us Nothing but malnutrition, Deficiency of food, Why are you asking for a cake! A single grain is precious to soul. A king might be naked for his fashion, But what else to them-Nakedness is the constraint to people. The people who born, brought up, Want to inhale the beauty of nature, Want Love like the city of joy.

Climbing

We are climbing the mountain
Top of the mountain
From morning to night
Dusk to dawn.

Baby is crying
We have to do something
People step forward
We are at the bottom of dark.

Colourful

Sky is young To a delightful eye-

Colours mingle heart.

Conscience

As your heart tremble,
My eyes were flowing,
For an affection
For an inductive wave.
The wave of the moment,
Moment of the moment;
A moment from the
Past to present
Present to future.

I believe in heart,
Is full of love Love or hatred!
But blood being red,
Red for the
Uneven sky of the self.

As you are afraid of Odd living, Odd love, But no one can survive Without you – You, the kissing corner of conscience.

Crying

The moving siren strikes the heart, Heart is bleeding for you, You are extracting the cry— Cry never steps toward dark.

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[This is a new form of poem, named -" SANKETA ". 'Sanketa' means sign of imagery. This new form of poem, is first written & developed by Sanjibsaha Aniketa in India].

Day & Night

Days are unfolding the night Night obscures the images of You. We are loitering the unending space -Space antagonizes the sense of selfness.

[A Sanketa]

Day For A Life

Days are moving. The earth looks with a trembling heart. Greenery is his own wealth. Light is its energy. The humid soil is the source of life. Just for the wave of life the earth survive, it never sleep.

But alas! What a faded world! Where is the sound of life—where is the transparency of life! Where is the wave of joy of new colour! Where is the intensity of sound propagated due to the falling of droplets of water on the soil! Whether the separated colours of rainbow forming through the dewdrops remain as such emerging from the sunshine!

The drops of blood percolating through grassroots of the field, put the anger emanating from the surface of eyeball. So it reflects the nature dispersed. The firing smoke of gun evaporates and hit the wings of bird. This black vapo days. It might be more. It elapsed months or days or years or moments to the limitless time.

As if the earth is moving towards different way leaving its all images. Who cares it? The d ur touches the eyes of Sareefa.

How far the days prolonged! Forgets all the calculation. It might be ten or twelve arkness engulfs the eyesight of Sareefa. So the immersed eyes within the shadow of infinite period whether touches the nature. It might be or may not be. Gradually few words, few memoirs float feebly as the microwaves on the weak eyelids of Sareefa even in the process of deep immersion.

Deep In The Light

They are going to the End of the image.
Image on the Moving surface of water The river, the ocean, I want to move towards the Deep in the light.

May I meet Him.

Delightful

Coloured petals Shedding the wings -

Delighted dreams.

Design

I do believe on life in earth Earth is beautiful in nature We are tending towards infinite Infinite life moves on ultimate design.

Destination

I know nothing
The time—spirit
And monstrous touch.
Do you know me
I want to move to the
Delightful destination,
Do I – you the relation
Made me happy.
I am unable to
Forget all those,
Even I look
I know nothing
Forgive me for the generation

Embracing

I keep her in the city, City blocks all the periphery. People moves towards the sun & soil -Soil embraces life.

[This is a new form of poem, named -" SANKETA ". 'Sanketa' means sign of imagery. This new form of poem, is first written & developed by Sanjibsaha Aniketa in India].

Enchanting

Keep me alone I am in the memory-

Enchanting love.

Endangered Road

You are my droplets of eye, Eye is washed with hope. I never encircled you you are my endangered road.

[This is a new form of poem, named -" SANKETA ". 'Sanketa' means sign of imagery. This new form of poem, is first written & developed by Sanjibsaha Aniketa in India].

Enlightened

Please see the light Destiny will be enlightened

Generation moves forward.

Enlightened Life

Sprinkle the dust,
The dust of the destiny.
Who will go through the crossEverybody wants
An enlightened life.

Essence Of Love

With an uninterrupted Blow of bluish wind, Enhance a balance Of a new surroundings I inhale a turbulent wave Touch the dream Of my mother's womb, The wild perfume Emanate from the Core of bright petal Of the essence of love I recognize the image, Image of the generation I love the Engaging hope And the canvas of the Artistic future.

Eternal Dream

Enhanced my dream of the green growth,
Growth of the soul is the shaded beauty of life.
Everybody moves on the highway with an essence of eternityEternity is the invisible destination of mingled life & death.

[This is a new form of poem, named -' SANKETA '. 'Sanketa ' means sign of imagery. This new form of poem, is first written & developed by Sanjibsaha Aniketa in India].

Existence

Surface the emotions, Storm the soul of people.

Who will exist now!

Extincton

She is growing, Growing within a hope. Natural belief extincts -Who will take care of you.

(A Sanketa)

Fiancé To Fame

I am going to the pillar
Hang my unusual wishes
Do you know
The radical faces
I never recognize them
Everybody move from
Fiancé to fame
The range become more wide
From field to future
The color of the vision
Should not be pale
Bright stars emanates light
That will change the view.

Flying In The Sky Above The Shoot Tip

As I know bread is more than fig,
I have little hope of sky.
My mother told me not to make a
Unilateral want.
A green leaf never trembles without wind,
And collective efforts never ends in a die.
I shall walk into deep dark
With a beam of light in my heart.

Please move to the space.

An unlimited step

Makes us constructing a dream,

I bind myself into a cordoned

Heart of nature.

Filled the colour of image,

Which shape the perfect

Flying in the sky above the shoot top.

For You

It's the fading light,
Still there is time now.
Fly the hope in eye,
It is waiting for you,
As you, as your sacred face,
Colour never ends in the sky.

There is a little hope,
That belongs to the
Entrance of vast energy.
I might be sleepy enough,
Even I have that much of courage
Within my ring of shadow,
Within my hope that high.

Who will take care of you,
He or I, or that beam of light
Which can encircle you
With a wave of pendulous wind.
Breath – breath for life,
End is never be an ending,
I am always for you,
Meet you again—

Never mind the darkened life.

For You - 2

I can survive for thousand years
For that face,
Keep my lip with the extended thirst.
Just leaping out the happiness
From that smile.
For that face I can bet the life,
The moments of life all.

I can not sleep all the night
With a drowsy eye,
All the noises of April- May
Glow and hit the heart,
There is a mad shower in the soul,
Sound of water falls,
I pull the cloud with the tension,
I can spread all my entity
With the uprooting song.

I can survive for you, For your face, For thousand years.

Forgetting

No goal yet Running day and night

Forgetting flower.

Forgive Me

She's touching, Touching the feet.

The toes are clicking
The birthing tip,
The apex of soft shining shadow.
The long stride
Cross the river
Of whispering heart.

She's touching,
Touching the feet.
The toes are melting,
The dew drop's encircling
The grass green.

Who will take care of you!

I am in the foremost submersion Within the soul, Within the beauty of her, Only for her.

She is still in the dawn.
Touching the wind
With her shining bright
With her soft soothing kiss
Spearheading the essence
Of the scented sigh,
The moan of trilling heart.

I am still on the wandering Twinkling space, I am sitting on the eyelash, On the nipple of her breast-

Oh god! why are you serving me?

Forgive me!

Give me the mightiness To serve the life, The Universe.

You are touching the earth With your greatest love.

Forgiveness

You are flowing in the river, River is engulfing your surrounding. A baby is getting its birth -Birth will forgive the earth.

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Freedom

I am going to the surface
Of the people,
The people who die and live.
A drowning person may get
A flower to make him surface
From the submerging society;
But that be so! – probably,
The country, you believe,
You love,
Should touch you,
Every cry hammers the
Sense of heart.

I believe you – You the people, Without barrier, So that a bird can sing, And fly freely.

Sanjibsaha Aniketa

Frightened

Young leaves Tremble the green

Frightened me.

Future

My eyes are trembling Heart is throbbing You know - know even this The minute rhythm Can upbeat the beating Beating of windows of the heart, Valves of the sadist mind. I was astonished, Splendid enough To see the nature, The natural views, I am expanding my chest -With full of life, Living beings never Be stand still, I am trembling, Trembling for the Fantasy of the future, Uncertainty of the future.

Future Fantasy

My eyes are trembling Hearts are throbbing You know - know everything The minute rhythm Can upbeat the beating Beating the windows of the heart Valves of the sadist mind I was astonished Splendid enough To see the nature The natural views I am expanding my chest With full of life Living being never Be stand still I am trembling for the Fantasy of the future Uncertainty of the future.

-Sanijbsaha Aniketa

Generation

I beg the words Words of the generation May I forget all these, Will die forever.

Generations

The wind blows

Generation moves on-

Birds fly further.

Gift

Do you feel alone, loneliness is the gift of era. I am within myself -I never surround you.

(A Sanketa)

Golden Wishes

Change the dark mind Change the colour of light With the florals petals With the golden wishes.

I want a family A family with The life of sense The life we sense.

I am looking forward Trying to achieve the best The heart is bleeding With love, with full of love.

Good Sense

Good sense Beautify earth

Brighter love.

Haiku Bengali

Heart Of Happiness

She is delighted to the murmured love, Love kindles the heart of happiness. Happiness is not bound within circle -Circle bursts into the soul & space.

[This is a new form of poem, named -" SANKETA ". 'Sanketa' means sign of imagery. This new form of poem, is first written & developed by Sanjibsaha Aniketa in India].

I Am Here

I am here, In the new domain of flapping dreams. The sky is gradually coming close to, gradually encircling me.

My hands are extended.

I am flying, Flying forever, Flying moment after moments.

To whom I want to surrender my self! Self is the transparent soul, Light can only bright it.

I am here-Not for here.

Its an incredible touch, Depicting love for Soil and sun!

I Am On The Verge Of Crying

I am on the verge
of my cryI would go for
A pretty look,
A body always reflects a shadow!
Mind is never belong to the
Tear of home coming,
The earth - the heaven
Have no distinction;
The hungry people
always cry for a
remarkable sky.

Do you follow a Sudden change-The flower blossoms, The river flows, Who are you! Who i am!

I never touched a soul, Soul of the sanctity, The whole world on the the trouble-Trouble of you, Trouble of myself.

He is going through a
Battle fieldThe field
of the green life:
Dies.
The dark is encroaching
The boundary of heart,
How do i live!

I Know Her

I know her-She is the face of the future. A flow of water purify her, She is the uneven wave of sin.

The plant is moving
Moving towards Soil
I know her-her everything,
Her face and her beautiful offspring.

I Know Him

I know Him, He is the great in light. light always encircles Him-He erases dark in life.

[This is a new form of poem, named -' SANKETA '. 'Sanketa ' means sign of imagery. This new form of poem, is first written & developed by Sanjibsaha Aniketa in India]

I Know You

I know you -You, the beauty of nature.

Thousand candles kindle
The love – the human, the humanity.
You move with thousand faces,
Always undulate with the waves of
Breathing wind.

May I break the distance of you!
You became a conspicuous mystery.
I know, I know that
You have seen a delightful light?
That enlightens all the living beings
That makes a powerful sky.

I Saw An Image

I saw an image
Moving towards the empty afternoon.
The whole world is quite.
The birds stopped the wings,
The loving sense of green leaves
Tried to enter into the evening.

The tall shadow crossed the road From light to dark.

Image Of Self

A beautiful face
Encircled me,
My moments and mask;
Whoever tried to touch
The portrait,
It turned back,
Child to adolescent,
Adolescent to youth,
Now, I never put my
Red eye to the
Novice face –
The generation to generation.

My grandma moved
From the dry land
To wavy life of grassland,
She tried to search
The face of her love,
The face of her life,
In the sky,
Within the image of self,
I have seen her tear
In the eye,
But she never crossed her shadow
In her life – within the generation.

Image Of Uncertainty

Do not cry for your own-You are an image of uncertainty.

We are tending toward zero;
The infinite sound is hammering
Constantly,
Who will be an entityThe bird, beast or breathing beauty.

Do not cry for a while, You are an image of humanity.

Immortality

Its wheel on the road,
Moves round to round
At the top of the mountain;
Should you be cautious,
No more;
Would you like the challenge,
The challenge of morning, day and night;
Have an intention to touch
The glory of the sun,
The soft beauty of life,
The tide of the ocean,
Movement of the flapping wings.

Its wheel on the road,
That engraves the love
On the soft soil,
Touch the roots of the herbs,
Touch the cheek of the kid,
Hand of the fiancée,
Eye of the cute birds,
Clouds of the sky
And the Colour of the dawn;
The full of life That never die.

- Sanjibsaha Aniketa

In The Morning

In the morning
I am on the toe
Of my duty.
The flavour
Of tea
Untouched sleepy night.

I am in the running city,
Do you like a shady tree!
Raining forest
Invites me,
Music of Murty
Induces me always.
Mountain- the sanctity
Of heart.,
Move apart from the city;
Do you like it much,
In this earth.

I am running All The day.

Inconspicuous

Who told you that
I am here,
I am at the edge of sharp shadow.

The evening rolls itself
On the surface of my
Chanting chest,
I breath times to time,
Nobody observed itThe pain, the pain of moment,
Moments after moment.

I never told you,
I can see you
In the dark,
In the dark nothing is conspicuous.

Its Not Envy: The Memoirs

It brings the silent shadow Bloody memoirs, Are Memoirs envious! Just so? It may be, May time be parallel, Searching the rhythm, Preserve the water, Fluid in the soul.

Sanjibsaha Aniketa

Journey

My jeep is running,
Running fast
From the New Mal Junction.
It's far view
Of the dooars,
The cloudy tips
Of the mountain range
The Himalaya –
Is calling me.

Now at the beginning of
December,
Cool breeze made me happy,
I am on the road
To lataguri.
The deep forest invites me,
I want to be wild.
The sense I belong toFrom the origin
To the core of my life.

Judhhwakshetra

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Kichhu Katha -2

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Kichhu Katha -3

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Kichhu Katha -4

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Killer Of Origin

I beg to inform you, You are the power of sky, Sky never ended -Ending is the killer of origin.

(A Sanketa)

Life

They are shouting
Shouting for life,
I want to offer the life Life is nothing but destiny of chance.

[This is a new form of poem, named -" SANKETA". Sanketa means sign of new form of poem, is first written & developed by Sanjibsaha Aniketa in India].

Lifting

From odd to even From dark to light From soil to sun I am elaborating I am in the Moving space.

Yes, the ultimate light
The golden light
The following life
Lift the generation from
Dark to shining beauty.

Light

How do i believe on you, You are the beam of darkened light. Your eyes' entrance me delighted again-Again I'm gonna the uneven height.

[A sanketa]

Light Of Eternity

Touching the river,
I am sitting,
Sitting as a person of
Normal one.
I touched the waves,
Waves of the seashore
In the first light of the day.

Bathing in the sunshine,
And living by touching
My own heartbeat,
I Live in the light of happiness;
And mixing in the tune
of the morning self,
I live in the earthWith the attraction of
Nightingale and nature,
Fading the unusual darkness.

Light Of Life

Oh God! I am in your cognizance & eye, Eye is the ultimate rest of self. I am wandering into the soul -Soul never darkened the light of life.

[A Sanketa]

Lighting The Face

The eyes are unfolding, The smooth waves Transcend silently, The first bird Breaks the dark, I am awaking A sharp light Lighting the face, I am with Deep breath I clean the wind Touching the ocean, Activate the blood fresh, I beg a life To the fine petals A lotus Of the goddess, The dawn is Swinging throughout The age of the world, As I am.

-Sanjibsaha Aniketa

Living

Beautiful petals Colours reflect life

You stand now.

Living Concept

Even a lungful blow of life Moves from leaf to leaves, A trembling wish always Pushes a person from soil to sun, Birds never stop singing To fly from fire to fog, Who makes a shadow— On its own, Without a beam of bright light; You! the poet, look forward, Walk for peace and love, With a sense of betterment of mankind, But never think the thousand petals Spread on the floor, I know the thrust of your heart, You are free for the ocean, And never close the pleasing door.

***-Sanjibsaha Aniketa

Love

Even the pale love
Extends its wings
To the bluish hope,
It never ends the dream.
The words come back
In the thunder and lightning,
Pierce the encapsulating heart.

The moments move to and fro; Sitting in the dark A soul wipes out the self.

Sanjibsaha Aniketa

Love

There is a place,
Place in the oscillating heart,
You are my love Love is the unearthing imagery for you.

(A Sanketa)

Love Is Heavier Than Life

A single step can uphold
The beauty of your smileThe smile of the green moment.
The lighted spirit
Touches the nerve—
The nervous system;
You can just open,
Open your drowsy eye.
Sleepy morning becomes
Widened with your presence
In the unending sky,
I understand-understand the moment,
The moment of life,
The moment of love—
It becomes true,

Love is heavier than life.

--

Love Me Alone

Love me alone.
Let me give an epoch,
Era of sunshine,
I intend to kindle
An enhanced singing,
My heart is moving,
Moving the sensation.
I want to write a poemWho will dedicate me
The mother,
Mother of sunshine

Love Tree -2

A hope that I conceived,
A dream that I procured,
Were a lie to me.
I was crying,
Crying within my cells,
Within the molecules & atoms.
I never contrived
How a life does proceed
I always wanted to make a love tree.

A Love tree! a prodigious love tree!
It can spread its branches
Throughout the world.
Each branch blossoms
The flowers of delighted colours,
The soft senses of human beings.
The wobbling leaves become
Green and greener with kidding life;
It can reflect the sparkling light
To the universe with a touch of loveThe shadow of the branches engulf
The hatred of mankind:

The sword become blunt.

I never move from dream to dream. I don't want to make a lie.

Just I can cry for you

You- the prana and maya.

-Sanjibsaha Aniketa

Prana: The complete life within.

Maya: The inseparable attraction with love & affection

Love You

Extreme words Iam on my toe You still rise.

Mankind

It is raining,
Raining is not the future.
You are the mankindMankind killed a creature.

[This is a new form of poem, named -" SANKETA ". 'Sanketa' means sign of imagery. This new form of poem, is first written & developed by Sanjibsaha Aniketa in India].

Marching

Slogans of the crowd Surrounding the morning-

Ocean moves for food.

Memory Forever

Yes, you are on the line, line is gradually becoming universal. It is my pain to the memory-Memory delighted my living for ever.

Mimicry

Who will take care of you, You are nowhere in this existence. A Life is nothing but a mimicry-Mimicry of an image of poetic past.

[This is a new form of poem, named -' SANKETA '. 'Sanketa ' means sign of imagery. This new form of poem, is first written & developed by Sanjibsaha Aniketa in India].

Moaner

Would you like to aggrandize your moan, Moan is the venting of odious sigh. A cry never ends its blinking aggression, Aggression is the beating heart of ethnic eye.

[A Sanketa]

Musical Time

I am in the journey A musical time prevails-

I am delighted.

My Image

Still the mind
Remains in secret
The string is ringing
The heart flied
Within the sunshine
I want a home
Home in the crowd
Path is dwindling
I step forward within
The water
The water of the waving soul
I want you
You—my love
My image.

My Kolkata

I am on the body of you, You are grueling, my love. Conceive the time & blood-Blood is oozing out from you (my kolkata) .

[This is a new form of poem, named -" SANKETA ". 'Sanketa' means sign of imagery. This new form of poem, is first written & developed by Sanjibsaha Aniketa in India].

My Love-My Image

Still the mind
Remains in secret
The string is ringing
The heart flied
Within the sunshine
I want a home
Home in the crowd
Path is dwindling
I step forward within
The water
The water of the waving soul
I want you
You—my love
My image.

-Sanjibsaha Aniketa

My Sense

I saw the old lady.
she was walking,
walking in the evening.
a stick supports her
in the dark.
dark never touched her.
her weak steps
made me unhappy.

i am entering into the days, days of my future. the opaque eyes never dreams a high hope. the stick of the lone lady wanted to show the path. she is alone, she is making me alone.

Mystery Of Life

Though I move to the
Beautiful sunset,
I always put my hand
On the vibrant colours,
A lightless darkness—
Never makes an astonishing sky,
Without star twinkling.
I know –I know,
All the wings reach the nest.
So, I echo always the singing sound;
The night I pass,
That's the mystery of life,
Green leaves always tremble the heart,
As they move for love.

Sanjibsaha Aniketa

Natural

Tremendous dream,
I was on the verge of tears-

It's full of love.

Nobody In Heart

I have the intention, Intention of heart. Everybody wants a tear-Tear is no more in Heart.

[This is a new form of poem, named -" SANKETA ". 'Sanketa' means sign of imagery. This new form of poem, is first written & developed by Sanjibsaha Aniketa in India].

Nostalgic

Surrounding me Flowering nostalgic lives-

It's beautiful!

Not A Cry

Here is a limit
Limit that we made
But I have a desire
Desire to touch
A smiling sky – not a cry.

Not A Picture

I have a landscape within, Within me and my soul. Who will wake up in this evening-Evening is fading out, out of picture.

Nothing For The High Heaven

Whatever you want, Nothing can be for your own shake. Now you want a cupful tea Hot or cold; Never you believe your own image. There is a boundary surrounding The self, affection, love, and hope, Even we put forward steps From noon to afternoon, Light always moves obliquely From growing joy to happiness. No one wants to be a brown, Brown to yellowing, As a leaf falls from tree. Still we enchant the verse of High holiness, Believe or not, Man and matter never end, Murmur the beauty of nature, Nothing could be stored Within heart for high heaven.

Sanjibsaha Aniketa

Offspring

With dreamful golden rays,
I walk in the field Field of motion and emotion,
May I be a deciduous plant,
Shade all of my coverings,
The maya* – the greedy eye,
To the offspring of the self.

May I lay myself with the open chest, I sweat, become humid in the heart. Open sky touches the sense of sigh, Even in the rebirth of earth, I feel-We can not die—the man and mankind.

Maya— the mixed emotion of love, affection and attraction to human relations and nature.

Oh Girl!

Elapsing the greed in Baisak, *
Touch your head
To the root of sapling.
Pull the Orna **
And Open the love.

Kiss her several times, Make the transparency To the love and youth.

Oh girl! You are the nature, Nature of infinite limitation!

*Baisak - The first month of Bengali calendar.

** Orna - Folded piece of silky cloth cover the breast of young girl.

- Sanjibsaha Aniketa

Oh Girl-2

If you want to go, - go. But I need you - oh girl!

Memoirs are the perfect sword For you and me.

Do not keep you upon my eye,
I have that much of shadow;
Do not touch the forest with your sigh.

Sanjibsaha Aniketa

Origin Of Life

How long do i believe you, you are my ending point. I do believe in lightening, lightening is the origin of life.

[A sanketa]

Overflow

Its a terrible shock.
A person moves toward a ferry.

The waves of the Sound pierce the heart.

Nobody bothers-The touch of the dew drops, The smoke of the evening cry.

It encircles the city.

We the people want a crossroad. The river and the rivulets overflow.

A small lady asked- 'what a strange! You are trying to cross the river. But it is overflowing you.'

Pale Offspring

Days elapsed You are bleeding Pale offspring

Percolating

I am touching the mountain river, River is sounding me. Who will perceive the sense -Sense is percolating within me.

[This is a new form of poem, named -" SANKETA ". 'Sanketa' means sign of imagery. This new form of poem, is first written & developed by Sanjibsaha Aniketa in India].

Plant - A Life

I love a plant, Plant is full of life. Touch the Tree and branches -Branches spread the humanity in heart.

[This is a new form of poem, named -' SANKETA '. 'Sanketa ' means sign of imagery. This new form of poem, is first written & developed by Sanjibsaha Aniketa in India].

Pleasing Sight

What a pleasing sight
Sight enrolled within me.
I provide a step towards humanity Humanity is the gift of god.

(A Sanketa)

Primitive Crying

Made a hole in the heartA primitive crying
Flashes in the twilight.
Tremble the moments;
Flock of birds encircles
The deep lake,
Submerged in the calm water.

Do I so senior,
Senior as the falling sing!
Someone call in the dark
With noble voice,
From the far bank;
I twist myself
To the core of the star.
Touches the primitive crying
To my entity.

__sanjibsaha Aniketa

Pulsating Tone

Thousand birds fly,
With the possible painTouch the world as far as high.

Never push the person in the dark. Covering the color of the eye. You need, need to make a life, Far from that we move, move to die.

__sanjibsaha Aniketa

Raindrops

A ball is dropping on the soil, Soil absorbs all the dancing drops. Drops of rain percolate the hope & imagination -Imagination is the living concept of mankind.

[This is a new form of poem, named -" SANKETA ". 'Sanketa' means sign of imagery. This new form of poem, is first written & developed by Sanjibsaha Aniketa in India].

Raining

Do I agree your lip, lip never turn down trilling heart. What a beautiful day it is! Is it raining the sunshine of the heart?

Ranaghat

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Reflections

A plant grows Flower blooms inside Reflecting images.

Refreshing

Sound the forest With a blowing wind-

Refresh yourselves.

Replica

Who is your sudden replica.

The earth moves round the sun the sun is within me.

Who is your image on the floating eye, the sun burns all the energy for you.

For your smooth sense the whole world becomes unbalanced.

Do you think, it is the only ocean, only river, where you can cover a mind; a soul of eternal beauty.

Whether he is your own replica or not.

Sacred Love

As long as, I am here,
The wind will touch your breathing,
The flowing water sounds
Within the bloodstream,
It is a sacred love,
That will encircle the whole worldThe life and the blooming entity.

Self

you are growing document,
Document beats the heart of universe,
Universe is the part of your selfYou cannot be departed from self.

[This is a new form of poem, named -" SANKETA ". 'Sanketa' means sign of imagery. This new form of poem, is first written & developed by Sanjibsaha Aniketa in India].

Senescence

A fist of golden dust

Emits the sparkling light Within the self, May I step forward for A decaying future or not? I know - there is nothing To be decay - as all The memoirs always Touches the waves of Life being With a humble sight, We work - fly from the Fire to the wings, I wake up from generations To the offspring, Yellowing to the full of prana, What always we expect from Senescence to the sense of eternity.

-sanjibsaha Aniketa

Sense

I wander on her face, Her face turned blue in the cold. Do you touch her sense -Sense never ends to the nature.

[This is a new form of poem, named -" SANKETA ". 'Sanketa' means sign of imagery. This new form of poem, is first written & developed by Sanjibsaha Aniketa in India].

Shades Of Colours

The days are moving from eyes to eye, intermingling shades of colours broke the light, light cannot be broken, everybody knows.

The sinking person immersed its wishes throughout the day., the green leaves flow with their fluid soul within a tiny hope, the dead matter never ends to the bed of love, . you -the processed death hits the embroiled heart.

Everybody goes form dark to dusk, the periphery becomes widened from hands to hand, soil to sound.

Water makes flood in the river of unearthed life, one to any thousands to many faces swirled love, you and i go from hell to heaven heaven to hell.

Green grass only bears the tomb of the whole world within a tiny heart, within a breathing wind.

The sky echoes its sound, within the heartbeat

of a beautiful lady, whom you know, i also.

Shattering

Shedding leaves... Plant begs her beauty-

Dewdrops shattered.

She

I know her-She is the face of the future. A flow of water purify her, She is the uneven wave of sin.

The plant is moving
Moving towards Soil
I know her-her everything,
Her face and her beautiful offspring.

She Is Flying Her Kiss

She is flying her kissIt makes a wave
In the evening forest.
They are whispering,
Don't want to break
A calm night.
The deep dark face
Always oscillates
From lone to love

She Is My Source

She is my source of life, Life never ends in birth. I want to take a birth again-Again and again within my love.

[This is a new form of poem, named -" SANKETA ". 'Sanketa' means sign of imagery. This new form of poem, is first written & developed by Sanjibsaha Aniketa in India]

She Is Walking

Walking towards the deep dark forest. Its obscure -inconspicuous,
The face, the beauty
The transparent love,
Her eyes are tearing,
Glowing like a fire.

She wants to melt all hard hearts,
Her smile in the sky transmits,
Transmits from life to life.
She is walking,
Walking towards the deep dark forest.

The sound of the steps
On the dry brittle leaves
Swirls the sound of my heartThe forest, the hanging moon,
The natural and unnatural pictures,
The landscape of the earth.

My heart is bleeding for her,
But beyond my touch,
Beyond my sense of love,
She is walking
Walking towards the deep dark forest.

Its evening,
The moments are stretching itself,
I am always searching myselfWithin the forest,
Within the image of my love,
Within her smile,
Within her eyelids,
She is walking,
Walking beyond my stretching hands.

I am trying to embrace her, From dusk to dawn-Moments after moments, Eras after era, From origin to origin.

But she is walking, Walking towards the deep dark forest.

Sign Of The City

I found a crying baby on the road, Road is black in night, Kolkata embraces the poor-Poor is not the sign & sense of the city.

[This is a new form of poem, named -" SANKETA ". 'Sanketa' means sign of imagery. This new form of poem, is first written & developed by Sanjibsaha Aniketa in India].

Singing

A light is moving As soon as your eyes blink

You can sing now.

Sound Of Creation

So as to beat in heart,
Heart is the site of sensation.
I don't feel the new soundsound is forever of all creation.

[This is a new form of poem, named -' SANKETA '. 'Sanketa ' means sign of imagery. This new form of poem, is first written & developed by Sanjibsaha Aniketa in india].

Sound Of Sanctity

Nothing is possible
If I do not uptake
The increasing sound of sanctity.
Whoever you are,
I must be mingle with the dance
Of leaflets of sesbania.

-Sanjibsaha Aniketa

Struggle

Dancing leaflets
May vibrate the sound of wind.
The wind may move,
The dark of the dusk
In this world
Surrounds the dreams.
Extinct the portrait
Of the sensitive cultureYou may step forward with your
Encapsulating mind!

The broken love
Never ensures
The sharpness of knife.
A religion never says,
You will be killedYou must adjust yourself,
That can enhance the
Survival of the man,
Through the struggle for existence.

Sanjibsaha Aniketa

Tearing

Inside me A ball leaps-

Tearing moon!

The Bending Bones

The time is moving towards the sign

Where do you want to commingle yourself

The sound, you intermingle with your heart

The vibration that you made within you

I know that's nothing other than you

And your creation

In the stepping move

Towards the soul of this world

The time that shield surrounding

Will never move apart

You will dig

Within the quivering ocean

Within the sagacious passage of bluish sky

Within the swarthy of limitless sea

Even you know all the souls

All the bending bones-vertebral column

Touches your face

Environ you

Always you

I know -never know

All these conundrums

With my feelings

With my sights

A vision that makes no vision

How do I predict

What is time

Who am I

How do I born

Where do I move after death

Everything that touches time

Becoming gradually obscure

Within my eye

Within my sense

Within the life

Within Green grasses

Within the waves of air

I know the limit of nothing

I sense the limit of nothing

I see the limit of nothing

I touch the limit of nothing That made me The full of everything.

The Blooming Breast

You never call the face,
Face with wrinkles.
But brighter eye
That could never
See you – your presence
In the surroundings,
In the blooming breast,
Of the new sky.

I always walk,
Walk in the field,
Field of the Green land,
Field of the narrow heart;
As you know,
As you ever
See the dark,
The light of the inert blue,
But never see you
From the unusual path-

The path of uninterrupted beauty.

-Sanjibsaha Aniketa.

The Boundary Of Heart

I am on the verge
of my cryI would go for
A pretty look,
A body always reflects a shadow!
Mind is never belong to the
Tear of home coming,
The earth - the heaven
Have no distinction;
The hungry people
always cry for a
remarkable sky.

Do you follow a Sudden change-The flower blossoms, The river flows, Who are you! Who i am!

I never touched a soul, Soul of the sanctity, The whole world on the the trouble-Trouble of you, Trouble of myself.

He is going through a
Battle fieldThe field
of the green life:
Dies.
The dark is encroaching
The boundary of heart,
How do I live!

The Destiny

Who will go
Go to the destination
I know nothing
The dignity and destiny.
Even I want to cross
The moment
Moment of the day

The Door Is Opening

The door is opening
In front of my heart,
I bloom the eyes;
What a surprising morning!
Wide morning
May I fly
A fist of sunshine
Crossing the ganga
It broke my youth
My breathing was reflected
Far from my childhood
Through the light.
I elapsed a thousand faces
Touching the colours
Of that light

The Dream

I don't know

Whether a flower will bloom or not

I don't know

Whether a dew dropp will wash the sin of a face

I don't know

Whether the bird will fly with full of hope in its heart

I don't know

Whether the blue sky will keep smiling on playing with cloud.

I don't know

Whether love will ring in the heart of you

I don't know

Whether a little smile will enforce your nerve to be happy

I don't know

Whether a plant will flow the life to the earth

I don't know

Whether a light will scan the poverty

I don't know

Whether a child will cry or not for the mankind.

I don't know

Whether the whole ocean will be inverted or not

I don't know

Whether the north pole will take place to the south pole

I don't know

Whether the whole world will be transformed to be a Hiroshima or not.

But I can dream

Dream a future only -

A bright and clear sky

A fresh air

A dropp of drinking water

A transparent heart of a man

For you and your love

For the mankind

For your own world

For future only.

The Entity

Everything is immortal, nothing is immortal

Do you believe!

Believe or not – who cares?

" I believe on earth, not on love" – you said.

I closed my eyes,

Those days move one by one,

Red cheek trembles in my heart,

I found, that laugh & that love,

Green leaves fall on the soil—

Within the life of soil,

Blue sky makes no face,

Only showers tear

From limit to limitless—

That was the universe, my universe.

I know, I know nothing,
Believe or not,
Everything is immortal, nothing is immortal....!
I walk dawn to dusk
Day by day searching myself
I want to touch my sanctity,
But I never touch the moment
Where breathing air flies itself
As my entity.

Sanjibsaha Aniketa

The Flower

The flower blossomed Within you.

Bud originates from heart-

May I sip a cup of tea, You will walk in the light of honesty.

-Sanjibsha Aniketa

The Golden Light

The golden light Touches the greenery-

light is transformed.

The Happy Journey

I am in the
Gorumara national park.
The peacock flaps his wings,
The colour of the feathers mingles
The happy journeyWithin the
Light emanates
Of the morning.

The Hope

It is natural light
I would like to see
The golden age
The age of your offsprings
The love and life
Death of cruelty.

The Hope Of My Life

Inventing the better sense
In your heart,
Nobody step forward you.
I am walking alone
In the dark,
The dark is always with me.
But I see the truth
Within me,
The light – ever I see,
Awake – awakening
In the field of eternity.

The bell rang—
Who will go forward
In the rain,
The raining stream emanates
The delightful light,
In our surroundings,
Through which
Everybody invent Himself;
I shall never close
The hope of my life.

-Sanjibsaha Aniketa

The Image Of Infinity

Still now there is a path.

There is a sitting statue
In front of me.
I put my hand of recapitulation,
And observed a cordial lifeLife of justice and purity!

A sense of irreversible imagine
Undulates the beauty of sky.
See the area of heart
Where you always pierce
With a needle of love,
That is the light of poetry;
That is the field of grass green;
The green childhood, green moment;
Touch of my mom`s hand.

I want to loiter in that garden
Of love, affection and purity.
Under the shade of my mom's face
I want to sing of sense to that area.
Want to walk to the ocean
Of image of infinity.
I don't want to die in this earth,
As I feel the face of beautiful sky
From dawn to dusk.
From colour to more colour,
Which penetrate and intermingle
The Canvas of life
From figure to figures.

-sanjibsaha Aniketa

The Life

No body is on the way of unearthing root, unearthing bluish move to the heaven, who will expecting your emotion your so called beauty of life.

The Life Offspring

The droplets are making sound on your tiny face, the periphery gradually becomes wide to wider.

You hope the next day rainingis it an unusual angel, may it appear in front of you.

The lazy bed sheet
never endsthe love you create
may or may not
fulfill the god,
may or may not fulfill you,
it will be lightening face,
or whispering nature.

Will it make a life - darkened life offspring.

The Light Is Emanating

The light is emanating now.
The whole world
Is awaking
With a smile of tragedy.
I am just for the living
With a treeWith a sound of love.

The Moment - You Glow

The glow of the self
Strikes the point,
The point where you meet
The moment,
The moment you born,
Move from dawn to dark,
Play with the generations,
In the living world.

There the infinite rhythms
Of sense and suhag
Meet the soil and son,
Bluish Ocean;
Swinging within the wide nature—
Whatever it may be,
You are tending to zero,
The infinite—
Integrate self to the nature.

-Sanjibsaha Aniketa

The Moment—you Glow

The glow of the self
Strikes the point,
The point where you meet
The moment,
The moment you born,
Move from dawn to dark,
Play with the generations,
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There the infinite rhythms
Of sense and suhag
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Bluish Ocean;
Swinging within the wide nature—
Whatever it may be,
You are tending to zero,
The infinite—
Integrate self to the nature.

-Sanjibsaha Aniketa

The Musk

I touch the surface of earth, The soul Penetrates the soil, The life! I turn my sense in the Delightful light, I born, I walk. I move from space to space, I want a face, I want to be A picture of humanity; I inspire a lungful air-A rhythm of love, Step by step, I move, I saw a million steps. But I want to search The focus of your eye, A bright face, Not a musk. Thousands of musk, Millions of musk, Encircle me, Surround me, Cover me and My love.

--Sanjibsaha Aniketa

The Nature

Here is you
Your domain
And dominating figure
I am acting fool
I need all these pictures
That we ever trust
You, the whole of the world You the nature.

The Opposite Beats Of Heart

The trembling leaves
Adsorbs all the sweet droplets,
Droplets of tear
Reflect the light of dawn.
Who knows The green melody encircles whom!

The transparent river
Touches the windWhat a pleasant beauty sings within,
within the opposite beats of heart

The Origin

Kept many moments for the beauty

To Someone,

Bear the eternal memories,

Within the soul.

Someone shivers himself,

According to the movements of the leaves

Of the dark forest.

Someone dances touching the life,

The life—as He plays kissing the

Waves of viability.

These waves make the voices of words,

Becoming a blooming poetry.

Many men never sleep

Shielding the life within-

Like the origin of life,

The Entity—within the earth,

Intermingling the self and conscious,

As the waves mix the water within.

-Sanjibsaha Aniketa

The Origin Of Yourself

Blood in the blood, Body in the body, A man can go through.

You –the origin of yourself, Me and myself Can go through-.

The mind in mind
The Heart in the heart
You speak
I know You and yourselves,
Can go through
The Deep depression of the world.

The words on the word move,
Moves in the center
Center of the center.
The earthEarth within earth.

You know -know me.

I walk - walk in

The core of the soul

Soul upon soul -

No differentiation—no separation, Whether believe or not.

-Sanjibsaha Aniketa

The Planet You Know

The whole body swings from light to dark,
What about the soul!
It is raining,
Raining the whole day,
Wetting the night dark.

The dancing tree moves within, Within you and your heart, We are stepping throughout, Throughout the long past From era to era.

How does a person alive
From generation to generation!
The planet you know
That is the blue,
Blue sky never endsObvious for the life & death also.

The Rhythm Of Sunshine

Soft petals move
With pleasure
On all old branches.
Splendid light flashes,
Clean the surroundings
With the innocent
Drops of dew.
May I put my sense
To that brighter momentIt will vibrate the heart
With the full of life,
And full of joy.
Flood water
Overflows a river dry.

Keep your hand
On your tender age,
It will dance
With a clear sky,
Conspicuous eye
Make few words
Even in the submerging waves;
A mild tune germinates
The rhythm of life,
And an entity of beautiful nature.

The Sacred Love

You are the uneven happiness I know your eventful days, .
As long as, I am here,
The wind will touch your breathing,
The flowing water sounds
Within the bloodstream,
It is a sacred love,
That will encircle the whole worldThe life and the blooming entity.

The Spreading Petals

He loves me
In the breaking down,
Shattering the colorsI am sinking.
Sinking within you
I unfold the fist.

The dark dusk. Never shower the dust, I kiss those eyes.

The petals are spreading The love.

I love you Love you very much.

--Sanjibsaha Aniketa

The Toxic Truth

Who will take care of you The man or mankind?
I never dreamt a dreamThe landscape changing,
The leaflets are opening the folds.
The raindrops of dark deep eye
Are washing the black wings of spring.
Who will take care of youThe crescent mother!
The earth!

Now we are exhaling The toxic truth of civilization.

The Ultimate Faith

Enhance a balance
Of new surroundings,
Inhale a turbulent wave,
And touch the dream
Of mother's womb,
You will see life and death,
The ultimate faith.

The Wild Journey

It's the dusk. The rays of colours Make a halo zone In the horizon, The mountain tips are rolling, Touches the face of The red sun. I am looking forward, Looking forward from The wide field Through the skeletal branches, The red sun hangs itself On the branch, The mountain river -Murti made the Sound of pain With a singing wild tone, The water flows, Falls on the boulders, The pain of the dusk I breath, My heart bleeds, I want to make A happy journey-For the nature From sound to soul, In the delightful Mountain range, The tea garden, For the hope of life.

I keep the hands
On the soil,
On the leaf of life.
The waterThis is the journey
Everybody prolongs.

The World Of Happiness

Faces are covering the face,
Thousands and millions.
Look and find,
Lovely faces!
You think
Others are ugly enough;
Who is telling the truth.
Who is notDo you differentiate.

One is making face,
Others are calm.
Man is next to god - you believe,
God is next to man-they know.
Someone is cruel
To his face,
Other is soft and kind
To his eye.

I love you
You hate me.
You want to win a battle
I believe, the battle is unnecessary.
Still I am searching a face,
Face for you,
Where you can reside in soul,
Where you can easily move
From heart to heart.

You can observe
The rhythm of life
On trembling leaves That the happiness,
Happiness of the world.

There Is A Boy

There is a boy,
Boy with two eyes.
He is closing his soulSoul never unusually die.

[This is a new form of poem, named -" SANKETA ". 'Sanketa' means sign of imagery. This new form of poem, is first written & developed by Sanjibsaha Aniketa in India

There Is No Life

There is no life in the world.

Only the moving shadow

Gradually becomes taller from time to time,

The surroundings of the heart

Is not filled with air,

The lungs of earth becoming fragments □

With the glare of thundering light.

No one is there.

Only an image is moving

With its historic footprints

From hell to heaven.

The eyelids cool down.

Closed quietly

From light to dark.

The image is still moving towards Deep dark night.

Time

Go to the tomb, Touch the generation Time starts now.

Time And Tragedy

Behold -Behold the canvas, The greedy eyes of the Indispensable light, Pierce the lady of the canvas. Make a wave On the sky, A turbulent blood Always steps forward to you. You the love, The love of the mankind Touch the surroundings Like a fallen leaf In the heart, I never gaze— The touch of the surroundings— The time and tragedy

Towards A Light

I love the ray of hope, Hope of your uncertain eyes. I am going to the boundary -Boundary will be crossed by all.

[This is a new form of poem, named -" SANKETA ". 'Sanketa' means sign of imagery. This new form of poem, is first written & developed by Sanjibsaha Aniketa in India].

Uncertainty

Green leaves are trembling, Trembling is the sign of life. Life is always uncertain -Uncertain hopes made you man.

[This is a new form of poem, named -" SANKETA ". 'Sanketa' means sign of imagery. This new form of poem, is first written & developed by Sanjibsaha Aniketa in India].

Uneven Sound

Uneven sound shattered the heart, Heart of hope and home. I wanted to kiss my life-Life ends with a blind lane beauty.

[This is a new form of poem, named -' SANKETA '. 'Sanketa ' means sign of imagery. This new form of poem, is first written & developed by Sanjibsaha Aniketa in India]

Uneven Touch

So as to your eye blinks,
I am here;
your heart burns,
body perhaps wonders
within a living grassland,
your passing steps
wear an unusual covering,
that's an incomplete breathing
breathing of worldly life.

I am here
for your blinking eye,
for your burning heart
for your living grassland
for your unusual covering
for your breathing of worldly life-

I am here only for you, and your uneven touch.

Unforgettable

I have seen her past She was teen
In her age,
Just integrate herself
With the youth of
Green garden
In his hilly surroundings;
I was also
On the age of love.

I love you dear, The deep dark forest Never forget me.

Unforgettable -3

I am on the
Kissing tone
The future forever
I should be
On your love—
You the nature
Queen of the beauty
That I never forget.

Unforgettable-2

Nobody moves against
The greenery,
Droplets of dew
Wet me mind,
The tea garden
Embraced the last light,
The yellowish shine,
The Light - the beat of the heart,
Everybody immerse himself
Within soundless breathing.

Our journey always Integrates ourselves With the happy valley—

We must not forget All these.

Universal

Go to the tomb, Touch the generation Time starts now.

Walking

He was walking walking from soil to sin, the body encircling the sign sign of love and light. he was walking all the doors never knock the heart of image image turned smiling with a life he is still walking...

Wash Your Cry

Fly the bird
The wind is bright & blue
The eyes are watering
Please wash your cry

Wave Of Infinity

She is walking in the field, Field is full of love, Who will cry for it-It is the wave of infinity.

(A Sanketa)

We Are In The Journey

We are in the journey, The cloud, the apical horizon Encircling the sense. The steering of the jeep Rotates with the desire Of happiness, The bright teeth Of the girls fly, The wings of bright orna, Hoisted in the air. They are singing Singing in the vast tea garden. The beauty we Engulf, We sheath the eyes With the moments of nature, We are touching The leaves of the forest, The trees - the shadows Are submerging inside The first cold breeze. We are submerging Within the Chapramari wild life sanctuary, May we root inside The glory of heart, The pleasing journey In the earth -I never forget, Never forget, Never forget all These beautiful Light and shades.

Whatever You Want

I want a child, Child of the beauty. She is moving on the earth-Earth will be full of fair lives.

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Window

I feel lone.
Oh my light in the sky!
Its your
High hope,
High rise.

The leaves of the plant
Touching my
Window—
I am here,
Always here
In your heart.

-Sanjibsaha Aniketa.

Wings Of Wishes

They are going to the
Flying spirit—
I perceive the dark green shadow
Moves towards the
Heaven of the wings of wishes.
Nobody cry for a dark.
Would you like to
Touch the feather
Of the crown of civilization.

Winter

Falling leaves
You are on the road
Wind rolls the wishes.

You & Your Eye

I know the beauty of your eye, Eye is the reflection of mind. You are the leaf of my life life generates the dream of nature.

[A sanketa]

You And Me

New to the new of your eye,
I am on the sign of your love.
It is the breaking beauty of the day
I don't know why I am!

The pleading game of light—
On the beautiful thirst of
Of your cheek—
The bloody lip;
Engrave my emotion,
May I have sip of love.

On the tip of your breast I keep –I touch softly My face, my sense. It is not your circle-I enter into the circle Of mine.

-Sanjibsaha Aniketa

You Are

You are the impalpable high of my love you are the destiny of the time. you are the implacable wish of my life even i can rise and stand behind you.

what an evening i believe what a morning that shine your glaring eyes are always with my shadow do i believe, you are on the bank of my heart.

Zero

This is my air, water, soil, Soil is the source of soul. We are tending to zero zero is the ultimate point of birth.

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