

Poetry Series

Santanu Banerjee

- poems -



PoemHunter.com

Publication Date:
2024

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Santanu Banerjee(28-02-1976)

LIFE AND WORKS OF SANTANU BANERJEE

Besides a professional journalist Santanu Banerjee is a renowned Professor of Mass Communication & Videography. He was regular freelancer of Bengali television and radio news channels. Currently he is the in-charge of department of Mass Communication of Vidyasagar University. He is also acting as Guest Lecturer of M.Sc. Film Studies of West Bengal State University, Barasat. He is also contributing as Resource Person of Sammilani College, Kolkata; Vivekananda College, Behala; & Indira Gandhi Open University.

Banerjee has directed two Documentaries: Panthra – Ekta Prostomoy Itikatha and Asamer Pathe Meghader Deshe. The Second one was screened at Festival section of 10th International social Communication Film Conference held at Nandan.

Banerjee regularly attends seminars and symposiums. He is one of the Member of Studies for Mass Communication & Videography, Vidyasagar University. For last two years he is working as secretary of Kalyani Foundation for Media Science & Community Research, A non government organization working in the field of Visual Culture and Social Upliftment. His poems, Prose and articles are published in different Magazines and journals in Bengali and in English.

A Sonnet For A Santati Lady

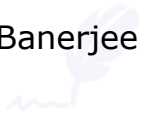
In twilight's glow, her beauty shines so bright,
Her skin, like dusk's soft veil, deep as the night.
With youth's embrace, she dances through the trees,
Her laughter rings like whispers in the breeze.

Amid the woods, where silence wears a crown,
She moves with grace, as if the world slows down.
Her heart, a well of kindness pure and true,
A sacred space where all the wild blooms grew.

Her modest dress is woven from the earth,
A canvas rich with life, of love, and birth.
She carries nature's spirit in her soul,
In every step, a harmony made whole.

O Santati lady, bright as morning sun,
In her sweet presence, hearts unite as one.

Santanu Banerjee



PoemHunter.com

Lines Compound At Benaras

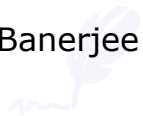
Upon the bank where holy water gleams,
A timeless river speaks in whispered streams,
Its silken flow through golden dusk and dawn,
A cradle where the soul is gently drawn.

Beneath the sky, the lanterns softly glide,
Like stars released from earth's embrace, they bide.
They flicker hope, a prayer cast alight,
To drift upon the darkened waves of night.

Condensed humanity in silence stands,
With clasped devotion, seeking grace's hands.
No caste nor creed can sever this sweet bond,
As chants arise, a ripple swells beyond.

The Ganges hums a hymn both calm and deep,
A soothing stream where all our sorrows seep.

Santanu Banerjee



PoemHunter.com

Sonnet To Pranimandal

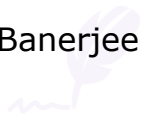
In Pranimandal, where the wetland gleams,
The Arial Bil reflects the golden skies.
Its tranquil waves, like softly whispered dreams,
Sing songs of peace where time in stillness lies.

In Bikrampur, where culture once did bloom,
The hamlet breathed with knowledge, simple grace.
Where Kalachand, in wisdom's quiet room,
Brought forth the light to guide a brighter race.

The lake's soft lap, a lullaby to hear,
Still echoes with the voices of the past.
Though I have never stepped so far, so near,
Its distant call reminds me, memories vast.

May this place, where my ancestors once did roam,
Revive Its glory from time's eternal home.

Santanu Banerjee



PoemHunter.com

The Kanchanjanga

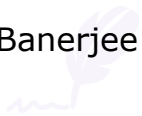
Upon the peaks, where heaven meets the sky,
The morning sun on Kanchanjanga's crest
Casts golden rays that dazzle every eye,
A crown of light upon the mountain's breast.

The snow-clad heights, like mirrors, gleam and shine,
In winter's hush, the world is bathed in grace.
A sight so pure, so endlessly divine,
That stirs the soul and lifts the heart's embrace.

The dawn ignites a symphony of light,
Each beam a blessing on the mind and soul,
And man, who gazes, feels his spirit bright,
Transcending earth, at once both healed and whole.

To see this peak is to be born anew,
In Darjeeling, with heaven in your view.

Santanu Banerjee



PoemHunter.com

Sonnet On The Himalayas

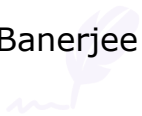
The Himalayas rise with timeless grace,
A fortress vast, where heaven meets the earth.
Their peaks, like sentinels, the skies embrace,
In whispered winds, they hum of nature's birth.

The snow-capped crowns like silver flames aglow,
Reflecting sun, they shimmer in the morn.
Majestic mountains, ancient as they grow,
Their silence speaks, where endless thoughts are born.

Each gust of wind, a gentle sigh divine,
The rivers roar like wisdom's endless stream.
Before such power, man must bow, resign,
And in their presence, life becomes a dream.

They carve the soul, like sculptors in the stone,
And teach the heart that it's not flesh alone.

Santanu Banerjee



PoemHunter.com

Gratitude To My Parents

Gratitude to My Parents

Like steadfast roots beneath a towering tree,
You anchored me through every stormy gale.
Your wisdom, like the moon that lights the sea,
Guided my path when strength began to fail.

With hands as gentle as the morning dew,
You shaped my dreams like sculptors mold the clay.
Through every trial, your love forever true,
A lighthouse shining in the foggy gray.

Your voices, like the songbirds in the spring,
Gave wings to all the hopes within my heart.
In every joy, your care was blossoming,
Like petals soft, you played the perfect part.

So here, in words, I offer thanks to you—
My pillars strong, my sky so wide and blue.

Santanu Banerjee

To My Parents

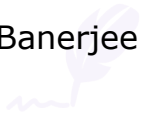
Like roots that hold a tree firm in the ground,
You steadied me against life's stormy winds.
Your words, like gentle rivers, soft and sound,
Carved paths of wisdom deep where love begins.

As stars that light the sky with steady glow,
You shone upon my darkest, doubtful days.
Through tempests, like a lighthouse in the flow,
You led me homeward, safe in loving ways.

Your hands, like tender branches of a vine,
Have shaped my soul, with patience, care, and grace.
And in my heart, your lessons intertwine,
A guiding compass time cannot erase.

So here, with humble thanks, I honor you—
For all I am, I owe to love so true.

Santanu Banerjee



PoemHunter.com

Nonsense Poem (2)

Wibble Wobble Jelly Pie

Wibble wobble jelly pie,
Flying turtles in the sky,
Snail with socks, oh me, oh my,
Danced around a purple tie.

Fizzy pop and bumble bees,
Whiskers growing on the trees,
Sing a song of tickle cheese,
Hop along with bendy knees!

Santanu Banerjee



PoemHunter.com

Nonsense Rhyme (1)

Twinkle Tumble Moon so Bright

Twinkle tumble moon so bright,
Bouncing stars in silver light,
Clouds are dancing, what a sight,
All around the sky at night!

Moon's a pancake, stars are peas,
Flying kites and climbing trees,
Whispers swirl on breezy seas,
Chasing shadows with the breeze!

Santanu Banerjee



PoemHunter.com

Ode To Kalachandi Vidyalkar (2)

O sage of Bengal, in whose noble name,
The weary found their light, their voice, their flame,
Kalachand, to you we lift this song,
For in your heart, the truth of ages strong.

Beneath the banyan's shade, your wisdom spread,
To lift the lowly and the misled,
You broke the chains that caste had tightly bound,
And sowed equality where hate was found.

Your steps upon the earth, so soft, so sure,
Brought peace to those whom scorn could not endure.
You raised the women high, where they belong,
Their voices in your movement loud and long.

In every hut, where ignorance once reigned,
You brought the torch of knowledge, unchained,
To teach the hands that once could only toil,
And free the mind from superstition's soil.

You planted seeds of reason in the heart,
And in each life, you played a vital part.
The downtrodden rose up with heads held high,
Their eyes now gleaming with a clearer sky.

For you, O saint, the poor were rich with worth,
Their souls divine, as sacred as the earth.
You taught the meaning of a life well-lived,
In harmony, with hearts and hands to give.

Vaishnavism's gentle path you tread,
With love and peace where once despair was spread.
In every prayer, your teachings still arise,
And touch the stars beneath Bengal's skies.

You cleansed the body, purified the soul,
With health and hygiene as your noble goal.
You showed the masses how to live with grace,
In every act, the divine they could embrace.

No filth could stay where your clear vision shone,
No mind remained in darkness, all alone.
For through your words, like rivers running wide,
A world of truth and light would now abide.

The world you built with hands of kindness bold,
Still breathes through us, a tale forever told.
You made the lowly rise, the broken mend,
And showed us how our differences can blend.

With songs of Vaishnav purity and love,
You taught us all to seek the stars above,
To find our peace, in harmony divine,
And with each step, the world began to shine.

O Kalachandi, saint of sacred fame,
Your work, your words, forever bear your name.
In Bengal's heart, your legacy shall stay,
A beacon bright to guide us on our way.

For as you walked, the world grew wise and free,
Your soul a mirror of divinity.
We bow to you, O saint of humble birth,
Who taught us how to find our heaven on earth.

With every breath, your teachings still remain,
A whisper in the wind, a drop of rain.
O Lord, may your spirit guide,
And in our hearts, forevermore abide.

Santanu Banerjee

Ode To Kalachand (1)

O Kalachand, saint of boundless grace,
Who walked the fields where suffering hearts did cry,
Your voice, a river flowing through this space,
Brought light to Bengal's darkened, clouded sky.

With hands uplifted, you unchained the soul,
Of women bound by centuries of scorn,
Through you, they found their worth, their sacred role,
And in their hearts, a brighter dawn was born.

Against the weight of caste, you stood alone,
A flame that burned through ancient walls of stone.
To untouchables, you gave a voice to sing,
And crowned their heads with wisdom's golden ring.

You taught the weary hands to write, to read,
And with your words, the shackles broke apart,
No more to bow beneath the weight of creed,
But rise to reason's call, to wisdom's art.

O healer of the flesh and spirit's woe,
You led the path where harmony does grow,
In peace, in love, through Vaishnav's shining light,
You showed the way to vanquish hate and fight.

Your life a prayer, your breath a sacred song,
O Kalachand, guide us still along.

Santanu Banerjee

Sonnet On Bengal (2)

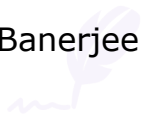
In Bengal's heart, a village sleeps serene,
Where dawn's soft fingers brush the fields with gold,
The river hums a tune, a whispered sheen,
Through verdant groves, where banyan roots grow bold.

The cuckoo's call, a song that fills the sky,
While winds weave whispers through the swaying rice,
The palm trees dance beneath the azure high,
And fragrant flowers blossom in a trice.

The oxen plod, their hooves a steady beat,
Through muddy lanes, where barefoot children play,
The sunset sets the sky in hues complete,
As twilight wraps the earth in soft decay.

Oh Bengal's village, beauty pure, untold,
In every breath, a tale of life unfolds.

Santanu Banerjee



PoemHunter.com

Sonnet On Bengal (3)

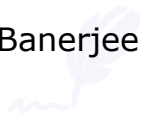
Beneath the mango trees, the village hums,
A river ripples softly 'gainst its shore,
A breeze between the bamboo lightly drums,
And whispers tales of seasons gone before.

The cattle's lowing lingers in the gentle air,
As barefoot children chase through fields of green,
Where jasmine's scent entwines without a care,
And palm leaves rustle soft in silver sheen.

The crimson sun dips slow behind the trees,
While fireflies flicker, painting dusk with light,
The cricket's chirp brings calm upon the breeze,
As stars begin to twinkle through the night.

In Bengal's village, peace and beauty meet,
A haven where the earth and sky compete.

Santanu Banerjee



PoemHunter.com

Rivers Of Bengal

Rivers of Bengal

Beneath the bending banyan tree,
Bubbling waters dance with glee,
Ganga gleams in golden light,
Whispering wishes, swift and bright.

Brahmaputra boldly flows,
Roaring rapids, where the river knows,
"Splash!" goes the fish, in playful cheer,
While ducks dive down, without a fear.

Hoogly hugs the busy shore,
Swirling softly, forevermore,
"Trickle, trickle," sings the stream,
Carrying dreams, like a gentle dream.

In the twilight, the rivers gleam,
Swaying grasses, in a rhythmic theme,
Bengal's rivers, a wondrous sight,
Flowing freely, day and night.

Santanu Banerjee

Flowers Of Bengal

Flowers of Bengal, bright and fair,
Blooming buds dance in the gentle air.
Woodrose and jasmine, fill the garden space,
Lotus pink and lovely, on the river's face.

Marigolds are laughing, yellow as the sun,
Red Rangan and Seuli sweet, oh what fun!
Sunflowers are turning, following the light,
Petals soft and silky, oh, what a sight!

Butterflies are fluttering, buzzing bees in flight,
Every bloom a treasure, such a pure delight.
From the hills to rivers, colors all around,
In the heart of Bengal, beauty can be found!

So let's sing of flowers, share their joyful cheer,
Nature's sweet creations, we hold so dear.
With every little petal, and every vibrant hue,
The flowers of Bengal bring happiness anew!

Santanu Banerjee

Birds Of Bengal

Birds of Bengal

In the sky so blue, where the sun shines bright,
Sing the sweet birds from morning till night.
The koel calls softly, a melodious tune,
While the sun rises high and the day starts to bloom.

Sparrows flit about in a cheerful little band,
Chirping and hopping across the green land.
With tiny brown feathers, they dance and they play,
Bringing joy to the garden, brightening the day.

Majestic peacocks with feathers so grand,
Strut with a flair across the warm, sandy land.
When the rain starts to fall, they spread out their tails,
Painting the air with their shimmering trails.

Cuckoos coo gently in the shady green trees,
Whispering secrets in the soft summer breeze.
Parrots so colorful, with a squawk and a cheer,
Chatting with friends, always drawing near.

The kingfisher dives with a splash in the lake,
Bright blue and orange, oh, what a beautiful break!
As the sun sets low and the sky turns to gold,
The birds of Bengal bring stories untold.

So come, little children, let's watch and delight,
In the wonderful birds, soaring high in their flight.
In the heart of Bengal, where nature sings free,
The magic of birds fills our hearts with glee!

Santanu Banerjee

Insects Of Bengal

Insects of Bengal
Santanu Banerjee

In the lush green fields where the sun shines bright,
Tiny creatures dance in the warm daylight.
Ants march in lines, with a busy parade,
Building their homes in the cool, shady glade.

Buzzing bees hum, with a sweet little song,
Gathering nectar, where the flowers belong.
Fluttering butterflies, in colors so bold,
Paint the blue sky with stories untold.

Ladybugs spotty, with their red, shiny shells,
Climb up the leaves and ring cheerful bells.
Grasshoppers leap with a joyful 'boing, '
Playing in meadows, where the laughter is strong.

Fireflies twinkle as the night starts to fall,
Lighting up the garden like tiny bright balls.
Crickets chirp softly in the evening's embrace,
Creating a symphony in nature's grand space.

Come little children, let's play in the sun,
Discover the insects, let's have lots of fun!
In the heart of Bengal, where nature is sweet,
The world of the insects is a wonderful treat!

Santanu Banerjee

Ode To Bengal

Ode to Bengal
Santanu Banerjee

O Bengal, land of timeless tales,
Where the Ganges whispers, and the monsoon hails,
Your rivers run like veins through history's heart,
Carving the contours where culture imparts.

Majestic mangroves in Sundarbans sway,
Guardians of secrets where the tigers play,
Their rustling leaves sing a lullaby low,
As the tides of tradition ebb and flow.

The lilting laugh of the flute in the night,
Echoes through valleys, a sweet, soft delight,
Each note a memory, a dance of the past,
In your vibrant embrace, legacies cast.

O'er terracotta temples, your stories reside,
Whispering wisdom in every stone's stride,
Each carving a saga, each pillar a song,
Resonating echoes of where we belong.

In the fields of the farmer, with rhythm so pure,
The thud of the plow speaks of labor's allure,
Golden harvests sway in the balmy breeze,
A canvas of colours, a symphony of ease.

The spice-laden air, with its fragrant caress,
Fills the heart with warmth, an eternal bless,
From the sizzle of mustard, to the simmer of stew,
Bengal's rich kitchens, where love brews anew.

O poet's paradise, with ink-stained skies,
Where Tagore's verses take elegant flights,
Your beauty unfolds like a lotus in bloom,
Each petal a promise, dispelling the gloom.

Your festivals burst forth in a riot of sound,

Dhunuchi's dance, where joy knows no bound,
The drumbeats resound, a heartbeat divine,
Binding us all in a rhythm so fine.

O Bengal, your heritage, a tapestry grand,
Woven with passion by nature's own hand,
In every sunset, your glory we see,
A land of resilience, forever wild and free.

Santanu Banerjee

Beauty Of Bengal

Santanu Banerjee

In Bengal's Bosom, where Holy rivers flow,
Whispers of the wind in the orchards grow,
Golden paddy dances in the soft sunlight,
Each yarns a story, a lover's delight.

Lotus blooms blush in the marshy embrace,
A mirror to dreams, in nature's grace.
Coconut palms sway like lovers in trance,
Their fronds entwined in a timeless romance.

The village paths, where shadows play,
Kissed by the dusk, at the close of day.
Fireflies flicker, like stars come down,
Weaving soft magic in the twilight's gown.

The lowing of cows, a lullaby sweet,
Mingles with laughter where the children meet.
The horizon blushes with the setting sun,
Painting the canvas, a love song begun.

In the fields of mustard, gold splashes bright,
Each petal a promise, a heart's pure light.
The sky dons a cloak of twilight's hue,
As crickets serenade the lovers anew.

Rivers caress the banks with gentle sighs,
Reflecting the dreams in the lovers' eyes.
Bengal, a siren, with beauty so vast,
Cradles the heart in the arms of the past.

Under the banyan, where shadows convene,
Old tales of love weave a tapestry green.
Here, in the pulse of the earth's gentle sigh,
The pastoral beauty of Bengal will never die.

Santanu Banerjee

Seize The Day, O Soul

Seize the Day, O Soul

Sri Santidasa

In the dance of time, O soul, awake,
This fleeting breath is not yours to take.
The sun that rises will soon descend,
Why wait for tomorrow? Today, transcend.

Krishna's flute calls softly, clear,
Whispers of love, so close, so near.
The lotus blooms but once in light,
In this moment, embrace the sight.

Maya wraps the world in veil,
Yet truth within will never fail.
Look beyond this transient strife,
To taste the nectar of eternal life.

Each heartbeat echoes a divine song,
In this fleeting now, you belong.
Surrender your fear, let go of the weight—
In timeless joy, let love create.

The past is dust, the future unseen,
All that exists is this golden sheen.
Seize the day, in love's sweet sway,
And merge with the One, in endless play.

Santanu Banerjee

In Mahaprabhu's Light, We Rise

Mahaprabhu's footsteps, pure and bright,
The path of love reveals its light.
Sri Chaitanya's call, both soft and strong,
Unites the soul in divine song.

Kalachand, his disciple true,
Takes up the torch and leads anew.
With hands that serve and hearts that pray,
He spreads the truth, the sacred way.

The world is but a fleeting dream,
Yet through this love, all things redeem.
In Bengal's heart, the gospel flows,
As Chaitanya's love in rivers grows.

O soul, do not wait for tomorrow's dawn,
In this moment, merge and be reborn.
Through love, the veil of Maya falls,
In God's embrace, the spirit calls.

No separation, no divide,
In the devotee, the Lord resides.
Chaitanya's grace, like endless sea,
Washes the soul, and sets it free.

Kalachand speaks with love so pure,
His words, the key, the sacred cure.
In Bengal's land, the seed is sown,
A union with the Divine is known.

Now seize the day, for time won't last,
The moment's here, the die is cast.
In love's sweet dance, you'll find your way,
In Mahaprabhu's light, we rise today.

Santanu Banerjee

Whispers Of The Moonlit Spring

Whispers of the Moonlit Spring
Santanu Banerjee

Beneath the moon's soft silver gaze,
The mountain spring in silence plays.
Its crystal waters, pure and clear,
Sing love's sweet song for hearts to hear.

Like silk, it slips on stone's cool face,
A lover's touch, a warm embrace.
Each ripple hums, a tender sigh,
As starlight dances in the sky.

The breeze, a lover's whispered plea,
Caresses leaves in ecstasy.
The spring's soft murmur, gentle flow,
Speaks of a love the night will know.

In every drop, a dream is born,
A kiss, a vow, till light of morn.
The rocks, the trees, the stars above,
Are silent witnesses of love.

The moon reflects on waters deep,
Like secret passions lovers keep.
In nature's heart, love blossoms bright,
A mountain spring, a kiss of night.

Santanu Banerjee

In Radha's Eyes, The Moment Blooms

In Radha's Eyes, the Moment Blooms

Sri Santidasa

In Radha's eyes, the world unfolds,
A fleeting dream the heart still holds.
Each breath, a whisper of her grace,
The pulse of love in time's embrace.

O soul, why dwell on what is past?
In Radha's love, forever lasts.
The Gopi queen, the essence pure,
Through her, the path to bliss is sure.

Sri Krishna's flute calls forth her name,
Yet it is Radha who lights the flame.
In every glance, in every sigh,
She weaves the stars across the sky.

Maya may bind with shadows deep,
But Radha's love wakes those who sleep.
Her eyes reflect the cosmic play—
In her, O soul, seize this day.

The world dissolves in her sweet smile,
In her love, every step's worthwhile.
She is the force that guides him near,
In her devotion, time is clear.

No past, no future, just this now,
In Radha's love, we humbly bow.
Through her, the Divine we see,
To seize the day is to be free.

Santanu Banerjee

Spring In India

Sonnet No1

By Indranath

When India wakes beneath the touch of Spring,
The mustard fields bloom bright in yellow hues,
The koel's song, upon the breeze, takes wing,
While frangipani whispers soft with dew.

The northern plains, in golden splendor draped,
Sway gently as the southern petals rise,
And cool dawns into sunlit warmth is shaped,
As neem trees dance beneath the brightening skies.

But Spring, beyond its colours and its scent,
Reminds of life that blooms and grows, then fades.
A cycle spun in perfect, calm ascent
As winter's shadow melts, and new life flows.

So in this season's heart, we too are born.
Shedding old sorrows, waiting for the morn.

Santanu Banerjee

Sonnet Composed At Bongaigaon

Sonnet No.2

By Indranath

Upon the banks where rivers meet as one,
The Brahmaputra's might and grace unite,
With Champabati's course beneath the sun,
A sacred sight that fills the heart with light.

Here, where the waters form our nation's shape,
A land reborn within the rivers' flow,
In 'Chapori, ' as gentle currents drape
The earth, in quiet whispers, soft and slow.

A mirror of our country, bold and vast,
Its shores reflect the soul that we embrace,
With each new wave, the present meets the past,
And nature's hand extends her warmest grace.

In this serene and blessed space, I stand,
And feel the spirit of my mother land.

Santanu Banerjee

Wasted Life

The evening tide comes fast
Only to remind and warn,
I have have wasted
All of my precious time...
Have wasted my minutes, hours
and days and useless years...

I have wasted my emotions,
Spent much on wasted devotion
Wasted my Love, my fame
Did my best to get shame
I Lost all my hollow cheers
In vain all my honest tears.

I Wasted the romance finding
butterflies sporting on lilies
Wasted mirth of my youth
In falsely felt faded joy...
Wasted futile efforts
In mending a broken Toy

I Wasted my pious thoughts,
Reliance on truth, faith on thee
get out of my burnt brain!
Wasted Heart sobs in pain.
I wasted all desire, dreams.
My Life is wasted seems.

Santanu Banerjee

Vacation

On vacation wanna go away!
Advancing through an unknown way?
Somewhere beyond the Meadow
A field full of fragrance from flowers
Drowsing under domains of dawn:
Out there! From placid slumber, I rose
On pinnacle of the silent glory –
Reflecting a never ending ecstasy –
How rich the ambiance to feel!
A distance ~ a joy to traverse

Santanu Banerjee



PoemHunter.com

Bapu

We Celebrate and cherish
Our Republic Day and Independence Day
And the Birth Day of the Father of our Nation.
We offer garlands on the Statute of Bapu.

Your silent smile reminds us:
The democracy is yet to achieve its end
You show us the way of non violence
You taught us the language of Love.

We promised to follow thy way
On unimpeded march not to sway
Shall stand united and sing together:
Gospel of non violence; shall never be distorted

Before Thee the World
Never could think of bloodless revolution
How can they forget your selfless contribution!
Our duty ends with offering devotion?

Like a magician you preached non violence
To protests bloodshed we remember
You went on hunger strike. You succeed.
You embraced your foes; You win

What has happened today on your country's scene?
A panorama of brazen politics
The temple of democracy has turned into asylum
For rogues, thieves and money plunderers of shameless kind.

We are facing opposite to what you dreamt to teach
Your idea of independence remained beyond reach
The oppression the class war is still a roar.
The people are fed up with curses of freedom.

Bapu! Be incarnate once more
To teach them lesson to show us the method
How to overcome the waste of opulence and led
Our country through the door of prosperity.

The Forest

The Forest

The sweet creation of the God
The calm forest tends to its daily job;
The purple sun is breaking dawn
The butterfly smiles with fawn.

Within the Forest all is calm
The peepul, old banyan and the palm;
While the Canaries sing their mating songs
Tigress feeds her cubs under the woods.

Waking from a sweet night's sleep
The Dove from its nest peep;
The red cherry blooms vine to vine
While the berries wait for the perfect time.

The wind whistles within the trees
The swans at lake move with breeze;
As the monkeys jumps by the branches
The bee by the wild flowers dances.

As the day ages on:
Cricket sings the parting Song;
Stealthily comes the grey dusk
Covers the wood with her silver musk;

The blue's eye becomes weak and weak
The river water' springs to slow and sleek;
The sleepy sun has bent to west
Now, within the Calm forest all is set.

05-06-10

DumDum.

Santanu Banerjee

Life

LIFE

Life is Hope, Life is Fear
A veiled mystery in every sphere
It is within now and forever it shall stay
Life is the wind blows in Whirling way
Life is the winter and Life is spring
Happiest morn and despair togetherly bring.

Life loves I and myself love Life
I am Life, You are Life, Life We are
Life and I play day and night
Amid the midnight moon
Life and I sing in sprite
Beneath the morning boon.

Life brings me Dew when I ill
Life kisses good night and greets with a smile
Life is sad and is lonely
Life is evil and Life is glee
Life to me is a true friend lies never
I am Life You are Life, Life We are.

06-06-10
Dumdum.

Santanu Banerjee