

Poetry Series

**Saptarshi Bagchi**  
**- poems -**

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# Saptarshi Bagchi(17th October,1985)

[See my poems](#)

# Amar Bhalobasa..

Amar Bhalobasa...

khali raasta  
fanka ghar  
buker maajhe othe jhor

eka ami  
badhdho ghar  
mone amar andhokar

kothay gelo  
seshob bolo  
dingulo ja chhilo bhalo

gaitam gaan  
prem er sur  
ekhon tumi bohudur

britha chesta  
dhore rakhar  
premhin hridoy jar

kori prarthana  
swapno jemon  
jibon jeno hoy emon

nil akash  
sabuj maathh  
tomay pabo akosmat

-PaschimJibon

Saptarshi Bagchi

# Come As You Are

Dont praise me

Dont be special

Just be the same old dusty road I take everyday,

Just be the sun rays that every inch of my skin knows

Just be the old room smell I grew up with...

Come as you are

Saptarshi Bagchi

# Come As You Are...

Come as you are...

Come as you are...

dont praise me,

dont be special,

just be the same old dusty road I take everyday,

just be the sun rays that every inch of my skin knows,

just be the old room smell i grew up with...

Come as you are...

Come as you are...

dont sympathy me,

dont be an admirer,

just be the chilled water of pond I miss everyday,

just be the aged banyan tree branches I knew,

just be the clumsy field with fox holes where i played...

Saptarshi Bagchi

# Human Self

I am, an angel, I fell from the heaven  
I, that rainy day, brought revolution

I knew, in my mind, I had a purpose  
I was alone, yet a complete universe

I am no one if alone, everyone when I pray  
I keep quite, yet the world honour my say

I am rigid like stone, like breeze I flow  
I am here forever, but everyday I cry to go

I want if, can limit the undefined infinity  
I, but just opposite, I lower my own dignity

I close my eyes little more, the more I see  
I make others cry, to see them smile for me

I judge the sins, alas! myself get punished  
I surprise everyone, I am the most astonished

I love to hate & hate to love, them whom I worth  
I am always the damn liar, but I spread the truth

I play like sweet child, I fight without my head  
I am killed everyday, I am born in every breadth

I know what to do, but tremble every step  
I have a figure, but you cant see the shape

I may be legend, may be neighbour next door  
I rip my heart apart and then mend its sore

I pain for my love, I love to pain my love  
I am just the dirty dust, or the holy dove

I know what I am saying, yet miss every word  
I search myself, so I try to reach the lord

I am a human, one kind of precious creature  
I am a gift, not thrown, by, of, for the nature.

Saptarshi Bagchi

# Just When You Lost

When the road has eroded and lost in grim  
When the song has broken the last string  
When the wind has dried like a sand storm  
Only Then I will come to keep your heart warm

When the thought has frozen on time's end  
When the loneliness seems to be a friend  
When the endless seems to be an opening  
Only Then I will rescue you from demons within

Saptarshi Bagchi

# Samoy Sudhu Jaane... Bhalobasar Maane

Samoy sudhu jaane... Bhalobasar maane

samay, sudhu kicchu samay  
jante kakhono parbo na...  
ei bhalobasa miththe noy.

raate tomar chhobi bhase  
jege uthi ekla ghore...  
tumi neito amar pashe.

tumi mor mone dile asha  
tumi dile amay maane  
tomar ki sotti bhalobasa?

samay, sudhu kicchu samay  
sudhu jodi ekbar bolte  
ei bhalobasa miththe noy.

-Parasya er Jubaraj

Saptarshi Bagchi

## Still Left...

The last door slammed in the darkness,  
The night was darker than blood,  
Last glow was put off in the coldness,  
The moon got brighter but sad.

Silver salver wasn't it though;  
Still some nights were left...

A horse yelled, a man cried,  
Halfway the arrow had stopped,  
Painful path to face death later,  
Pure but defeated blood hopped

Death wasn't kind and pleasant;  
Still some life was left...

A palace unknown, dark and heaven,  
An angel had forgotten its flight,  
There she sat, trembling in tears,  
Diamonds glittered in neck, tight

She was no more a blissful girl;  
Still some eye drops were left...

The hero rode swift, or the horse?  
His mind, the happiest on earth,  
Not cause he escaped the battle  
To get to his sweetie he had dearth.

He didn't break incongruous promise;  
Still some time was left...

Alas! The passion was unknown,  
Her skin turned pale, flightless dove!  
God took her life with joy  
To preserve the moments of love.

Tireless sand didn't halt from falling;  
Still some veracity was left

The stallion did not dare to stop,  
Some grasses got wet and warm,  
The rider fell with gasp of air,  
His eyes wide shut and calm.

The destination seemed no near;  
Still some distance was left...

Thus, night ended, sun came up,  
Unborn flowers did bloom,  
Animal reached the palace doorstep  
Ignorant of last night's Doom.

This old, untold story have no end,  
Still some love is left...

Saptarshi Bagchi

# Tribute To Teacher

I still remember, once you had told  
'Give me your hand, let me hold';  
I ignored your call, lost was I-  
Amid darkness, time passed by...  
With a soft touch, I opened my eyes,  
I heard your voice, you by my side;  
'Its just a mistake' and you smiled,  
I grabbed thy hand, my soul shined.  
Time turned older, I learned many things  
But... you are still there, still smiling.

Saptarshi Bagchi

# Tumi Amar Shob

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Saptarshi Bagchi

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