

Poetry Series

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**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**

2012

**Publisher:**

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

**shona sengupta(20 august 1997)**

The day of new beginnings :))))))

# A Beautiful Smile

The little girl down the lane,  
As hail rattles on her window pane,  
Comes down the snowy path  
Or walks up to her dilapidated home  
Clad in a beautiful blue,  
She wears her hair in golden locks  
And yet her bold eyes often wet with dew  
Will repress warmth  
That longs to shine through.

Still them heartless people sneer,  
At her stony gaze  
Hers and none others  
Why her name sets their eyes ablaze  
I can only but wonder.

Often I would see her,  
On the busy streets of town  
Carrying a brown basket full of red apples,  
Probably begging for a crown  
She hides her face, brave little girl she is  
Thinking that no one can see,  
Her desperate tears of agony.  
She drifts down the streets.

New that I am to town,  
Not once have I failed to see  
That she too has a heart,  
She wishes all she meets  
Very respectfully.

Why doesn't then god bestow his grace  
And free her from all her troubles?  
Seeing them ignore and sneer,  
My blood simply boils and bubbles.

For I believe I can feel her pain,  
When I see her beautiful hand,  
Hardened with work

Her hair and clothes wet with rain  
Her blue gown soiled in every way possible  
And her golden locks straightened out plain.

However she works  
However she fairs,  
But from her face  
It never fades  
A BEAUTIFUL SMILE!  
Oh! Very worthwhile.

What a sad life!  
What do you think pulls her through?  
A beautiful smile!

Why they despised her  
And why she with it bore,  
This mystery's,  
I can never reach core.  
For, in but a few days  
I shall leave this dismal place.

But one lesson, I have learned for life  
The little girl on the streets,  
Has more reasons than us to grieve.  
If she can pull it through, so can we!  
We have no time to grieve.  
In life walk every mile,  
With nothing, but a beautiful smile.....

shona sengupta

# A Dark And Dreary Night

I, I don't believe in ghosts  
But that dreary night  
I tried with all my might  
Not to believe what I saw.....  
..... a ghost  
My elderly host had tried very hard  
And found a cottage by the coast at last  
But I didn't mind staying there  
Even when stories of ghastly ghosts I heard  
And so well did I boast  
Nothing for dinner so I finally roasted a toast  
But the ghost.....  
I shut the door of my room  
And stepped into the doom  
Who did I see...?  
I saw my very host  
Sweetly accompanied by her I slept peacefully all night  
But... in the morning bright...  
She was not there!  
When I told this to our neighbour,  
She laughed and with a glint of sorrow in her eyes,  
She said, 'Dear you must be dreaming.'  
Beaming at me, she told me that my host no longer lived!  
She died a year ago,  
Was, was it a ghost?  
Right, that was the dark and dreary night.....

- Aparimita Das

shona sengupta

# Awake In The Dark

Trapped by duty  
Wounded by love,  
A soldier stands alone.  
In a battlefield deserted by nature,  
Breathing the air of vengeance,  
Where in the deathly sunshine  
Her fierce eyes shone.  
Holding weapons  
Which fire blood and death  
In small metal bullets,  
And shooting those hurdles to her cause  
Whom she'd never wish dead.  
But as the sun blurs in the horizon,  
On a night without a gun,  
She crawls into bed wide eyed,  
Anticipating her next call  
Or perhaps in hope of a day  
Away from her life  
Maybe death in war  
To escape her misery.  
But she hides those fears in the dark,  
That lies unmasked in her enemies' eyes,  
And in killing them she kills her fears,  
Her fears of the night.  
Companions of the dark,  
Visions in open eyes,  
And nightmares at close.  
Yet her return shall be marked by another battle,  
Fought on homeland  
Without a shield of bullets,  
In nature's field of war,  
With a brave face and determined eyes  
Trapped by love,  
Wounded by duty,  
She will stand alone  
And fear, in the dark.

shona sengupta

# Beautiful

Beautiful is the wind  
That blows within my soul  
And leaves the leaves rustling.  
Beautiful is the mind  
Where kindness grows  
And takes within the heart  
A very firm rooting.  
Vast is the horizon  
Where sets the sun each day  
Only to bring a new morning,  
With bright sunshine along the way.  
Deadly are the seasonal clouds which bring rain  
Flooding the heart with sorrow and grief  
The new day drains it all away  
Where losses meet relief.  
Destructive is the storm  
That blows it all up and over the bars  
We collect and recollect,  
Till at last we know  
What the bad or good things are.  
Turbulent are the seas  
Where our thoughts are soiled  
Lives turned upside down, left in turmoil  
The world seems to be coming to an end  
But when the worst is over,  
Comes a new beginning  
With many a things to mend.

shona sengupta

# Crossroad

Take a ride down the lane  
You once used take a walk by,  
You may not make it at once  
Give life another try.  
The road might take you  
Through a long dark tunnel,  
You might for a moment be lost,  
And difficult it may be to tell  
Where the road ends.  
But walk out of that apartment  
Passed the big inched plasma and sedans,  
Step into the world of fellow-beings  
Give the smaller details a glance.  
Let the birds' music  
Reach your ears before the alarm bell,  
Make a fresh start and come out of that tough shell  
Then you will see  
The world that we share,  
And how to many others it is most unfair.  
Though at first it may many a scary thought bear,  
But that is no excuse to pretend to remain unaware.  
There is a paper beyond glossy magazines,  
Telling you to look beyond those inhuman machines  
At those who need more than wealth,  
A human touch to make them feel  
That not all the cards dealt are to end a happy deal.  
This is the time to wake up  
From the deep slumber of years,  
This is the time to gear up  
And wipeout all the tears.  
Each of every stands on a road  
Leading to chances and opportunities,  
Each of every makes a choice  
It always lies with us to raise a voice  
Or overlook without the slightest noise.  
If on this crossroad of life, we choose to do what is right  
Stand up for others and fight,  
Then the world will smile in harmony  
As all its citizens together make the melody.

shona sengupta

# For The Sake Of The Burning Fire

Amidst the dark and stormy night,  
Inside the fire was alight  
Around the furnace stood a merry bunch  
With the keeper who had a big hunch  
His eyes were so sparkling bright  
It made them all gasp and wonder.  
Roaring through the stormy night  
Was the astounding thunder  
For the sake of the burning fire  
Only the sound of laughter went higher  
The keeper still stood just as still  
Though not very against his will  
Watching the small company  
He smiled though not finding it funny  
Why he smiled was still a mystery  
Each wondered why  
Though the house seemed a part of ancient history  
It was their shelter for the night  
In the middle of the jungle  
It was certainly a comforting sight  
No one knew it was ever there  
That too with a keeper  
But they were lucky enough to find it  
With or without a sweeper  
For the sake of the burning fire  
They settled down for the night  
Cleaned the house and took a bite  
That was more than they could wish for  
The next day the entire storm cleared away  
And they all woke up with bleary eyes  
After the peaceful and sleepy night  
Courtesy demands  
They must thank their keeper  
They got up to search for him  
But he was no where to be found  
Where he went no one knew  
The dog that was to the railing bound  
Disappeared too  
This was indeed odd but could not really be helped

So after getting ready to go to the city  
They finally left  
Excited at their discovery  
About the cottage  
Even though without the keeper  
Would become a lovely tourist hotel  
They gathered some men  
But when they reached  
They left in shock and hurry  
They could not believe  
That after the dreadfully adventurous night  
The cottage could indeed disappear  
Just overnight  
Some grew pale while others grew white  
The others ran for their lives  
The men certainly thought that each must be mad  
But the friends knew a wee bit more  
The keeper who kept them safe and sound through that night  
Could be none other than God  
In disguise  
It could certainly not be otherwise  
They left the place in holy silence  
Only praying that in ' the disappearing house'  
Other lives like theirs will be saved  
For the sake of the burning fire  
That they did not forget till date  
- Aparimita Das

shona sengupta

# Heavenly

How will heaven be?  
As far as I can see  
It will have huge bells  
And will be situated on clouds  
It will have many golden wells  
That will so often swell  
Rain will be abundant  
And the sun will shine all day long  
Angels will play on the harp  
The sweetest summer song  
Music that will touch the heart  
While those beneath will shed drops of sorrow  
Little will they know what will happen on the morrow  
But to them up above  
As plain and clear it will be  
As far as far as I can see  
Yes there will be misty alleys  
And lush green meadows  
Fresh with the fragrant smell of spring  
Winter will never be bitter  
Summer never so hot  
Autumn never so bare  
And resources never so scarce  
Food for all will be relished by all.  
Grateful we'll be as grateful can be  
Mountains high and strong and brown  
Surrounding that hidden land,  
Beautiful and vast seas I see  
There colour as blue as sapphire can be  
And the white waves lashing upon the shore  
Sitting on the flattened grey rocks  
Who would not call it absolutely heavenly?  
However it might actually be,  
But can we still not see  
There will lie behind this scene  
A relieving feeling of bliss  
For where not have we been  
But is this not by all believed  
That after one's decease

This is the land of eternal peace  
Where we all ultimately reach?

shona sengupta

# I Believe In Us

Not even time awaits my approval  
While doubt governs my mind  
And this is my struggle as I surface from my reverie  
Into the reality of a choice like any other  
That shall be censured at my leisure  
When the tide passes me by  
And waves of regret wash my shore  
I don't want wavering faith  
To have hindered my journey towards my goal  
Because despite every whisper  
That bore you ill  
And The past that we buried long since  
Despite every effort of will,  
My weakened heart strengthened my belief  
And now,  
I, believe in us.  
From the moment of dawn  
When The smile mattered more  
Than every passing second,  
When the tear from The eye must dry  
Before it rolled down The cheek,  
When every sorrow  
Must be hidden from The precious notice,  
And every smile passed on with utmost care,  
I shall ensure,  
That the fall not find depth  
And the rise not find height  
Because this must contain all,  
And above all,  
Whispers of faith,  
Music of hope,  
Trust in You  
and belief in us.

shona sengupta

# I'LI Be There

When time closes in on us,  
I'll be there to pull you out  
Hand in hand we will brave  
Every reason and every doubt

When late at night, your eyes well up  
I will wipe your tears away,  
And gather you in my arms  
Until the dawn of a new day

When you're alone and cornered  
And this fast moving world  
Has left you far behind  
I shall walk with you to the end  
Until we step past the finish line

When you feel the least bit let down  
I will show you why you will always be wanted  
Together we shall wait in hope  
And watch fate fall defeated

I'll be there to share every moment  
Shades of happiness and hurt  
Even when life goes on  
And my memories lie buried in dirt

In your smile I will find mine  
And when the sun sets again  
You will find me in your heart  
The last ray of fading sunshine

I'll be there for all it's worth  
For the eyes which reflect my future  
The heart that mirrors my love  
The being that bodies my soul.

shona sengupta

# I'M Waiting

This can't go on

'I'm waiting'

All hope is dead and gone

'I'm waiting'

I don't love one like you

'I'm still waiting'

Even your sweetest words won't do

'I'm waiting'

My life is mine alone

'I'm waiting'

Our future is unknown

'I'm waiting'

Leave me

'I'm waiting'

Why can you not see?

'I'm waiting'

Stop. This isn't necessary.

'I'm waiting'

I'll manage, you needn't worry.

'I'm waiting'

This is all my fault

'I'm waiting'

Our lives won't come to a halt

'I'm waiting'

I need to set this right

'I'm waiting'

So let's end the fight

'I'm waiting'

It's a big world out there

'I'm waiting'

You'll find many with whom to share

'I'm waiting'

I can't see you hurt like this

'I'm waiting'

It isn't entirely my wish

'I'm waiting'

It'll be best to move on

'I'm waiting'

I can't see right from wrong

'I'm waiting'  
In the long run you'll be free  
'I'm waiting'  
You'll stop missing me  
'I'm waiting'  
But I'll miss you always  
'I'm waiting anyway'  
If that be the case,  
Give up your silly chase.  
'I can't. My hands are bound.  
Someday you'll come around.  
No matter what you do  
I'll still be there for you  
I can't change now, You've said enough.'  
I'm sorry. I know it'll be tough,  
Won't you listen to me one last time?  
'No. I'm waiting, it'll be fine.  
True forever to you'  
If that be true, I'll be waiting too.

shona sengupta

# Imagine

I can only imagine.....  
I could lay my hands upon my wand  
I know where it will lead me  
To the tall pine forests  
Where I'll play under the tree with the sun  
I would drench myself in the tears of joy  
How I would run down the distant valley  
The strong wind will lift my hat gently  
I shall follow it in a hurry  
The green earth will be my bed  
And the big leaves of the palm tree will give me shade  
I will wade through the pure waters of the mountains  
The nectar of the flowers will quench my thirst  
I will lie down on the heather  
The pillow full of feather will burst  
The red rose will brush against my hand  
Then my woes I will remember  
That I can only imagine.....  
In reality, The cursed path I tread upon  
The dry leaves that I hear beneath my shoe  
The owls staring unflinchingly down at me  
Hooting in the moonlit night  
Scaring me only further  
I break down beneath the tree  
My lamp is blowing out  
I have now left only with me stick that is stout  
But will it protect me from the ghosts  
Dwelling beneath the trees  
My friends have turned out to be foes  
And here I am  
Pelting stones not Knowing where to go  
But one day I will I am sure leave these memories behind  
I believe in Thee Lord and You will help me my entangled path find.  
That day day it shall not be my imagination that will my thoughts bind  
I will dance down the valley on my legs hind.  
-Aparimita Das

shona sengupta

# It's You

The chirping that breaks into my dreams  
The fresh breeze that gushes past me  
The dew on the early grass  
And the clear blue sky above  
I know it's you  
Alive in the bird, the breeze, the grass and trees  
Alive in day and night and all the shades of time  
In every breath, in every dream  
You aren't far away from me  
The world is but small; anywhere in the universe may you be,  
You still are next to me

The sun that rises high above  
Piercing through the clouds  
The day's hard work drawing my zeal,  
Giving way to the dimly lit sky  
The first drop of rain splatters on my brow  
Refreshing every memory  
The heavy mist, the slight drizzle,  
The lonely walk in the thick of dusk  
While the sound of footsteps sink in the mud behind mine  
It's you, I know it is  
Alive in the Sun, the clouds, the sky and mist  
Alive in every tear and every wish  
In every memory relived  
All the boundaries of all the countries and seas and oceans of every size  
Can do but little to part our ways  
If your heart is as longing as mine

The starry ceiling drop the curtains of darkness  
And the chill of night hurries the homeward bound  
The flame rekindled in the old furnace  
Whispers of nightfall resound  
This ends another day,  
The smile on my face, the tear in my eye,  
The flowers at my doorstep, the unknown passer-by.....  
I know it's you  
Nothing can hide,  
From those that long to behold you.

In knowing lies contentment more than words express  
In hoping for this wait to end  
For that moment when  
It will be You.

shona sengupta

# Just An Answer To Why

Why can we not see beyond the sky?  
Why is our world confined to a planet?  
Why is the planet confined in a universe?  
Why can the poor not see beyond poverty,  
Why can the rich not see beyond wealth?  
Why is it so difficult to let the sun shine a little while longer?  
Why is rain a joy to the houses and sorrow to the streets,  
Why can a mountain not reach beyond heights?  
Why can black not be confused with white?  
Why in the society is there a need of caste, standing and creed?  
Why are most people indifferent to the call of one in need,  
Why do they then preach elsewhere the necessity of good deeds?  
Why does desire always cause sorrow?  
Why is there ever a need to beg and borrow?  
Why does pride always come before a fall?  
Why does it not answer to command or call?  
Why is life not like a coin, the side of which can always be turned,  
Why is evil not like a heap of garbage, that which can always be burnt,  
Why is it so difficult to make life the way we want it to be?  
An answer to why will solve all the problems in a jiffy.

shona sengupta

## Look Over The Mountains.....

Look over the mountains for a better view.....

The fresh breeze and the musical sound made by the heavenly angels,

Make old things look anew.

Spare a moment to listen to the earthly bells.

Stoop a little, help those who fell,

Climb a step, but don't forget who and what got you there.

Things always change,

Whether fair or unfair,

Believe, believe in yourself.

Look over the mountains for a better view.

shona sengupta

# My Letter

I wrote a letter trying to feel better,  
To my father's elder brother.  
I crushed it up and wrote yet another,  
It was an apologetic one  
And it made me feel terribly sorry.  
Nothing really went too wrong,  
And there wasn't much to worry.  
Yet, yet and yet,  
I felt very guilty  
Perhaps I had been  
Just a little bit too naughty.  
I had nothing much to say,  
Though the letter made me feel much better.

shona sengupta

# My Poem

I write not to please another, not for pity; that the thought may die,  
I write not for your pleasure or praise in hope of greatness  
I write not for the critique of a thousand eyes  
Not that words may show my skill in arrangement  
Or reflect my dreams and aspirations  
Or to unveil memory that lies hidden, in the folds of my life.  
It was not worded that it may bullet time,  
That it may fill emptiness and lessen my share  
To express what was within and what I was without  
Was not how I meant it fared  
Not that I may celebrate; the few moments of exhilaration  
And as the happy times pass, sigh upon fleeting life  
Past much deliberation  
Not that I rejoice in God's creation, and recount every shade of every flower  
Not to waste my words on philosophy,  
As comment on every passing hour  
Mistake me not for criticizing the essence of what was long coined  
I merely hope to reveal the true purpose of mine  
The intent of my words, is to play a role  
Dressed in character of little but what is truly felt  
So they might enact my script,  
Of the few that I can mend  
And debate not on the unknown, but what you and I see at present  
Not on the purpose of life and death  
And not on the different aspects we resent  
But what they'd speak of is the difference we can make, you and I,  
Of the lives we can change by and by  
Not to rid our conscience of guilt, of having enjoyed luxuries,  
To some so easily denied  
But to reach out with love and gift with pleasure  
Not with talk and concave thoughts  
But with actions which mean much more  
Let my words change your mind  
And let's together change the world  
Not the past, not the future,  
But right now, this moment, the present.

shona sengupta

# My Window

I open the window and I'm faced by concrete walls and buildings.  
I open the window and see distant hills and valleys.  
I open the window and I feel the warm sunshine and waves lashing the shore.  
I open the window and see melting ice on mountains and glaciers.  
I open the window and see huge sand dunes and camels.  
But I open my window and I see dreams,  
Dreams of equality, dreams of fraternity, of love and life,  
The world is full of diversity,  
What holds us together is the bond of humanity.  
Whichever window god has opened for us,  
We will always hold the key to the opening, of our world of dreams.  
We will always be able to set ourselves free.

shona sengupta

# Recall

Long after those days were gone  
The time dissolving before my eyes  
Those roads yet again walked upon  
Again underneath those starry skies  
Around the next bend past the dilapidated hut  
What was to come designed by fate  
Were all the doors and windows shut  
The lane next, dark and undisturbed by the footsteps of a passer-by  
Was what made me tremble, once bitten twice shy  
But the emptiness within and sentiments without  
Made the weak more bold  
With fast but wavering steps, made haste towards the goal  
The destination of shattered memories, the end to all happiness  
There lie the rumbles of the undetected, what once used to be my home  
The ruins of my childhood all withered and gone  
That reflected the hatred shown  
Entering through what once was a door  
All the memories I failed to face  
A foster home fostering wrath, the chains that bound me there  
But all the pain will not level the burden my heart bore  
The day I broke away from the darkness; I lit it  
Burning human flesh to the core  
Watching in the shadows as I burned down the home  
Soon folk rushed to douse it, a lousy effort with no effect  
Engulfed in flames my past burned away  
And part my worn out conscience  
The last I saw the rumbles alight and this night  
I see it again;  
Not how I imagined, as they counted me dead  
But all done and said  
The prick of remorse will not be further felt  
As what lay ahead was what was burnt  
While towering next to it  
Rose the home and the detested darkness of its shadows  
No flesh burnt and no one hurt, that which was hollow  
Filled with relief and wonder  
I retraced my steps and the guilty walked away.

shona sengupta

# See Me Through

I have often heard about the existence of an immortal soul  
But if so, why is its presence unseen?  
Why has it so aloof been?

But still I will venture to ask, the unknown angel to,  
See me through my times of trouble,  
See me through my times of sorrow,  
See me through my times of injury,  
See me through my times of bliss,  
My times of doubt,  
My times of joy,  
Times when I miss  
Times when I feel I ought to know  
Times, when my morale is utterly low.

Help to fix  
The pieces of my broken heart  
Help to control  
Agony in pain  
Help to calm  
Mind in anger  
Help to measure  
Joy of success and gain  
Help to choose  
Between right or wrong  
Help to know  
Who to trust and who to not.

Pull me back, when I choose the wrong path  
Where nothing is on the incline,  
Pull me up from the bottomless hollow  
Where nothing but darkness prevails,  
Push me forward when I am in doubt  
When I know not what to do.

Provide cover at times of snowstorms and hail  
Provide food when weakness overpowers  
Provide mood when encouragement fails  
Provide courage and will when bravado wavers,

Provide strength to fight and stand up for what I believe,  
Provide also anxiety, so that I might feel relief,  
Provide relief when anxiety casts more than just a shadow,  
A shadow that blocks out all the light.

Make me stand my stead,  
And crush the need to make a plight.  
Make me feel,  
Make me love,  
Make me faithful,  
Make me hear your voice from above.

Take me under your wings  
For I care not what the next moment brings.  
But if you are what they say you are  
Let me feel your presence  
For I am not what they think I am  
I am not always angry and sad,  
I do not always laugh to spite,

They think I know you do not exist  
Yes, I am unsure  
Now it is up to you to clear the blanket of mist  
And make me their spite endure.  
Prove to me that you are there  
So that leaves no doubt,  
Prove to me so that I can persist  
In dreaming those inexplicable dreams,  
Prove to me so that, I know you exist.

shona sengupta

# Someday

Wake up see not the time  
It isn't a race against the clock  
Dress up but don't ponder on the looks of it  
Don't burn bread while packing for the day  
Or spill juice thinking of the delay  
Because some day.....  
Don't tire of the terrible hour  
Like all else it will be over  
Don't hope for the lasting joy of eternity  
You blink and it'll pass over  
Let the tiff not sever the strongest ties  
Nor the strongest ties sever your heart  
Because a new beginning follows the end  
Grieve for loss don't shatter,  
Life goes full circle and in the very end it won't matter  
When you move so far ahead that you lose sight of the past,  
Don't fear it was meant to happen.  
When you can't go back where you started,  
Look ahead and let the purpose guide you to the end.  
It matters not how you start and where you end,  
Whether your goal is reached,  
What matters is how you made it there  
And what it taught you,  
Whether the weight of evolution was burden or built.  
Because some day it'll all be over...  
And then you won't stop to think  
Of the little pieces that made the puzzle,  
The little ties that formed the link  
It's not about the picture or the pieces that make it  
It is about knowing that all of it,  
Every smile, tear, hope, sorrow, every moment time takes away,  
It'll all be over someday.

shona sengupta

# The Luckiest

Luckiest is the man who has nothing to loose  
Luckiest is he who has nothing from which to choose.  
Luckiest is the man who has nobody for whom to care  
Luckiest is the man who has nothing to share.  
Luckiest is the man who is not scared of death  
Luckiest is he who has no care for wealth.  
Luckiest is the man who does not feel,  
Luckiest is he who does not find it necessary,  
To beg, borrow or steal.  
Luckiest is the man who deserves no punishment  
Luckiest is he who has no reason to lament.  
Luckiest is the man who has no friends who can hurt or betray.  
Luckiest is the man who can lead life his own way.  
Luckiest is the man who is always optimistic,  
Luckiest is the man who is never too artistic.  
Luckiest is the man, who has learnt how to speak,  
To himself and for himself.  
Nobody assures one good company,  
And it is too hard to seek.  
But will this really be a happy world?  
Will man and society not become morose?  
How will man correct himself if he makes no mistakes?  
What role will destiny play if everyone led life their own way?  
If man does not feel pride, honour and jealousy,  
Will he not be like machine?  
How will one feel glad on being spared from death?  
If he does not feel scared of it.  
If one does not beg and borrow,  
What will lenders of money and happiness do tomorrow?  
How will man feel real joy if he has never tasted grief?  
What will man do without the friends who hurt and betray,  
But teach a lesson for life.  
What will man do without the friends who lend them joy?  
Be it for hour or minute.  
Will not man be then at the end of his wit?  
What use will optimists be of, if there were no pessimists?  
How will life seem sometimes so dream-like?  
If there were no people who were artistic  
Where would unity be if each spoke for himself?

Why would they not try one hard step  
To reach the ultimate solace of finding good friends?  
Think about where we've been  
Happiness is the highest heaven unseen  
Be happy as you wish  
Who can snatch that away?  
But never loose contact with grief  
One must realize that a man without grief has never known real relief.

shona sengupta

# Think

What does a writer think when he writes?  
What does an ant think when it takes a very tiny bite?  
What does a cat think on finding a rat?  
What does that Lady think on stumbling upon her lost hat?  
What does a fish think before being caught?  
What does the diamond ring think before being bought?  
What does a farmer think after ploughing a seedling?  
What does a little boy think on being spotted meddling?  
What does a snake think before preparing to strike?  
What does a fool think when he knows he's become wise?  
what does a man think on earning his first salary?  
What does an artist think on opening his first gallery?  
What does a dew dropp think before settling on the green grass?  
What does the sparkle think before appearing on brass?  
I don't know the answer to all this  
Alas;  
What will I first think on laying my hands on the keys,  
Which will prove to be  
The answer to all my queries?

shona sengupta

# Through My Eyes

I met you as a stranger  
With disbelief in your existence  
But they say you shall be found in the strangest of places,  
It is so little that words describe  
Too much but not enough  
Enough yet, to see you through my eyes.  
I knew you long before  
You touched the icy core  
Not for who you are  
But for what you seemed to me  
And still,  
Too good for my reality  
It is in your unfailing patience,  
That I measured hope  
And your caring presence  
Felt and belittled  
But not really so,  
Remember this, that not a detail  
Skips the cautious eye  
And not a sound is missed  
By the longing ear  
The pain you hide, may well be hidden,  
But inflicts wounds  
Deeper than you'd wish  
For through my eyes  
The dream I see,  
Of our tiny world, just you and me  
Calls for hope and patience and care.  
The horror of losing that which gave me purpose,  
Exposes me to what I fear  
Because I'd be lost without that moment  
When my eyes held yours  
And I saw you for who you are  
I saw you, through my eyes.

shona sengupta

# Two Flowers

From the very beginning  
As they evolve from seeds  
Growing little by little  
Until finally into seedlings.  
They can't look ahead,  
They enjoy every moment instead.  
Through wind and storm, breezy or norm,  
They stand their stead  
In their own soily bed  
Rooted firmly to the ground.  
Softly grown into pink buds  
With fresh green leaves around them,  
They will bloom someday  
In some way unknown.  
And if you see two flowers,  
Blooming brighter than the sunshine,  
Then they are the two  
Withstanding the test of time  
From centuries unknown and beyond.  
But time closes in on everyone,  
And the rest will wither away.  
But if you see the two flowers again  
Stop, spare a moment,  
Before time shows another day.

shona sengupta

# When The Grass Withers

When I see just a ray of sunlight,  
I shall no longer call it night.  
When in the beam my vision blurs,  
I will not loose sight.

As I watch the hours go by,  
My heart won't sink into the past,  
I shall rise above the fleeting time  
And gather the broken shards...

The shards of my then, my now, my never.  
And move along ahead  
But my story must go on,  
Until I script its end.

When the grass withers in shade  
I shall look to the blooming flower  
When I loose my way in turns  
I shall walk in faith

My fight is not with you  
My war is against Destiny  
I shall not give in, I won't let go,  
My struggle also lies deep within.

When I feel the darkness  
Closing in on me,  
Know, that with every breath  
That, I count my last.....

I shall resist the pain  
That bore my heart down,  
The hardships,  
That turned every cold breath into a sigh.

I shall still look to a future,  
That steals me away from the dark,  
Or I shall steal from the darkness,  
And let my heart ease into a fresh start.

shona sengupta

# Why Can'T I?

Why can't I?  
What has she that I have not?  
What is it that I have not been taught?  
Why is she good at all?  
I try to do something,  
But she does it better,  
And embarrassing it is, eyes turning wetter  
Why am I always compared?  
Why have I never dared to challenge,  
The monotony of her success  
If she can do it all,  
Why can't I?  
Why does expectation always end in a sigh?  
And now since I know for sure,  
That I am best at nothing at all  
There must be something I can do  
That, I will find an answer to  
One, will be to fight  
And fail.  
The other will be to whine or groan  
And constantly wail.  
The third, it is my favourite  
To try and to cry.  
Cry and complain.  
But for that you have to find  
A patient and sympathetic ear  
Who to your words will be kind  
But never give up.  
Don't let the spirit dampen  
There will come a time when  
You will know your cup of tea.  
All you need is perspective and a will to see.  
Try and try again  
Know that everything has an end  
Joy, misery doubt or hope,  
You will some day learn to cope.  
'Nothing is impossible'  
That is a lie.  
But will, can make the impossible, possible

This truth none can defy.

The only answer to 'why can't I', will be 'I can always try'.

shona sengupta