

Poetry Series

**Shouvik Roy**  
**- poems -**

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## Shouvik Roy(26th january 1992)

Born and brought up in kolkata, I is graduate in advertising from Fergusson college of creative sciences, Pune, cutrently an entrepreneur and director at Wizdumb in Pune.

Shouvik's love for writing had been unconditional since he was eight years h poetry came later he finds to have solace in it.

# A Burning Devil

Burn Devil burn  
Burn like earth and hell,  
Burn  
As I suck your soul  
From your chocolate lips  
And puff it out  
In mists,  
Burn and eat  
My twin pillows and  
Take my time away,  
Avenge me  
Day and night,  
Avenge me  
In my times of need,  
Burn in me red  
Burn in me green  
I need your soul  
To keep me alive  
So burn  
And eat  
Until I die

Shouvik Roy

# A Dark Day

I get up,  
From my withered bed,  
Feel the floor  
With my cold feet  
And know it's a morrow,  
I push the window, but  
The sun is nowhere to see.  
A table shining,  
laughing alone,  
'Sit on me,  
I shall eat your brain,  
There shall be no sun  
For you,  
So sit on me slave,  
Forever'  
I obey him,  
Sheets and ink  
Rest on his sly skin,  
I write and write,  
Like no other day.  
My nerve would say its morn  
But then its eve,  
Miss Time ran away,  
No time for you she would say,  
Now it's dark, and as I see,  
There's the moon up above  
But no glee,  
Just my laughing table and me.  
My withered bed is calling,  
I should go to sleep  
For the wily laughs of a new day  
And tales of running away.

Shouvik Roy

# A Deadly Day

A day awaits me.  
A day so black,  
A dark day,  
A hollow day,  
A day that oaths,  
To bring back the light  
And kill it cruelly  
With the knife sharpened  
By my yesterday's darkness.  
A day so merciless,  
A bloody day,  
A creepy day,  
A day that would pass me by,  
Slowly cutting through my teary veins;  
Slowly, wearily;  
So that I shouldn't know, and still smile like a fool.  
A day so clever,  
A cunning day,  
A deadly day.

Shouvik Roy

# A Dream Girl

A kind of emptiness  
Strolls down the road of my vision,  
But far I see in the crystal prairie,  
A lady singing a love song,  
Her guitar comes from the womb of moon, and  
Her eyes shine like the night.  
Now slowly, the emptiness would fade away;  
For Her voice, like thousand suns killing  
Eternal darkness will echo in my heart;  
Forever

Shouvik Roy

# A Dream So True

Last night  
I dreamt of you,  
A dream so true,  
Where you  
And I  
Are waiting for a bus,  
In a stand  
By the deep blue sea,  
And you  
Will play with your curls,  
Seeing this the sea swirls  
And merrily the wind  
Blows in glee.

Last night  
I dreamt of you,  
A dream so true  
Where you  
And I  
Are sitting on  
The top of a hill,  
Then we  
Will lie on the grass,  
And the clouds amass  
Will pour on us  
The waters of the heavens chilled.

Shouvik Roy

# A Fruit

This isn't my brain,  
But a fruit full of pulp,  
Squash it,  
And Juice shall flow,  
Run down my brows,  
And wet my face  
With its venomous bliss.  
Take a sip from my lips,  
And should you taste hatred,  
Agony; let me know,  
Or let it flow,  
Bitter, sweet;  
Morn, eve  
Flow `til it dries  
And the tang dies.

The spring will bring  
A new fruit  
Full of pulp,  
Mash it,  
Let it flow,  
Take a sip from my lips,  
And should you taste love,  
Wisdom; don't let me know,  
Just let it flow.  
Flow till it flies  
And paints the skies.

Shouvik Roy

# A Momentary Intoxication

For now I am drunk,  
For I have been gulping down  
Shots of happiness  
In a discotheque named agony.  
So, a momentary intoxication  
Governed by happiness is making  
Me dance and dance on the floor of agony,  
I am lost, dancing to the tunes of DJ Love  
And grooving under the lights of beauty,  
I dance, carefree;  
Until they all fade away  
And my feet bleed in pain

Shouvik Roy

# A Request

Let me sit here for a while,  
For I have had enough of this digging.  
Digging hard, digging rough;  
And as I dig,  
A bead of salty sweat  
Drips down my nose  
And drops on the soil I just dug,  
I bend down to gather my breath  
And then fall to right away.  
I am tired,  
Don't you see my worn out hands?  
Old age is not to blame,  
The rough skin of the plough,  
Tainting them since ages long,  
Infecting, killing,  
And now they seek solace,  
In nature's song.  
So let me sit for a while  
By the lake, I shall dip my feet  
In the water, sway them back and forth.  
A fish would swim by and I shouldn't notice,  
Let the wet breeze kiss my head  
And play with my hair forever,  
I shall close my eyes and be lost.  
Don't wake me up, I beg;  
I will dig the rest tomorrow,  
For today I shall rest  
On the grass so green,  
Look at the blue sky  
And remember the good old days,  
And just wish to die,  
One shouldn't ask why.

Shouvik Roy

# A Scent

There is a scent,  
A very strong, poignant scent  
Of our glory days, a scent of  
Your white shiny skin on mine;  
A scent of the laughs and  
The gazes we shared, and the  
Six strings that lie on a corner.

There is a scent,  
A very strong, beguiling scent  
Of your gushing wisdom words  
And of your coy melodies,  
A scent of your gawks for my monkeyshines,  
The rolling wheels and the road beneath  
That would take us to places unseen.

There is a scent,  
A very strong, dismal scent  
Of your ignorant gait, a scent of  
Your silence, the dead quirks  
And the days bereaving me of you.  
There remains nothing but a scent of you.

Shouvik Roy

# A Song

Let me be in the dark son,  
I shall sing a song  
For my beloved bride,  
A song not sung since ages long;  
A love song, a song of pride.

A song was to be sung  
When you were born,  
A song was to be sung  
For her misery bourn,  
But now she is far gone,  
And Forlorn  
Beyond all similes,  
I lie;  
There shall be no light,  
For I shall sing a song,  
A love song,  
A song of pride  
For my lovely bride,

Shouvik Roy

# Aajo

well well well, my first ever (yes you heard that right) bengali poem..hope you like it..

Aajo

Aajo bheshe jae oi ondhokar somudre  
Amar moner jahaj.  
Aajo kothae kothae dhao dhao kore jole othe  
Buker bhethore shei shobuj agun.  
Aajo neel akashe chokh chaile,  
Dekhi shudu kalo dhuar sangsar.  
Aajo mon dube jae ashar gabhir jole,  
Othena aar, roejae mrito  
Chirokaler jonno.

English Translation:

Yet today the ship of my heart  
sails away into the dark sea.  
yet today in between talks,  
ragingly a green fire rises,  
yet today when i look up to the blue sky,  
all i see is a smoky world of blackness.  
Yet today, My heart sinks into the deepest waters of hope,  
Never to rise, Stays dead,  
Forever.

Shouvik Roy

# An Endless Blue Day

I float on an endless sea,  
Tiny waves dancing on my chest  
Tell me it's a day; but  
There is no sign of yesterday  
Or tomorrow, just today waving me away.  
Beyond is nothing, but a scarce vision;  
Oblivion haunts my senses,  
For there is no end of today, it is empty, scary;  
I think I am getting 'today-sick',  
I fear I will die on this blue endless day,  
And no will remember me tomorrow, from yesterday.

Shouvik Roy

# An Epic Confusion

My heart is a hare  
And my mind is a tortoise,  
When she slows down,  
he takes the lead.  
And then follows an epic confusion,  
As I see an animal  
Dancing on my eyes,  
Half hare half tortoise, for  
My mind and heart in me,  
Creates an enigma  
Of perplexed affairs;  
Now he slows down and  
she takes the lead,  
And the circle goes on and on...  
But she should have known,  
That the hare and tortoise are  
Both long dead,  
Breathing is just me,  
Confused I may seem to her,  
With the tortoise and the hare's fur,  
Wish she should have known,  
I wanted to stay confused with her...

Shouvik Roy

# At My Place

I am a bereaved ghost.  
A part of me had died with a lady,  
Of the red hot woods.  
And should you admire the ire  
Of my incandescent rotten soul;  
Arrive at my place.

You're a humble host.  
A bit of you lives within me;  
Ingrained, in the red pumping nit.  
And should you take me as a liar  
But receive me as a whole;  
Arrive at my place.

I will adorn you with my tales  
Of grey and blue  
You will brim with a peccant joy,  
And will shine coy,  
Amid the dirt and mirth  
Of my place.

My place stands alone under the stark sky;  
Without a roof, without walls.  
It accepts the rain with open arms and  
It runs from nerve to nerve,  
Tickling fragments of my cloudy thoughts.  
It is unknown, untouched and it calls for me.  
When I stand up on my legs, and go for it;  
Will you come with me, to my place?

Shouvik Roy

# At St. Vagrant Road

I loved roads,  
A hobby since old times,  
Every road was known  
To me, broad roads, narrow roads,  
Long roads, short roads,  
And the roads without a rhyme.  
But I knew a road, a road hated by me  
For it was too eerie, too loud;  
Cries, screams and shrieks of beggars  
In the air, cruel road, creepy road,  
"St. Vagrant road" I shouted aloud.  
Never should I step on it-  
I thought, but one fine day,  
The good roads were blocked away,  
Blame the new King's hail,  
So I took St. Vagrant road  
And walked on it, like every day.  
Screams, cries, shrieks  
Of beggars lined up by the street,  
Naked, all of them,  
Nearing death,  
"Dear lord have mercy on them".  
Men pass them by, letting them die  
As no one throws a coin,  
"They can't get crueler".  
The screams get louder, the cries get louder,  
Still nobody throws a coin,  
"Bastards, they can't get crueler".  
So with mercy in my heart  
I walked ahead of the bastards.  
Stopping by a naked beggar,  
I smiled, he smiled back;  
Beamed, gleamed his face,  
Then money was sought,  
And with mercy in my heart  
I go for a coin.  
Empty pocket! Empty pocket!  
My heart shouts aloud,  
Louder than the screams,

Louder than the cries.  
A moment of deep thought-  
Bills I have to pay,  
Payments I have to make,  
And so to the beaming beggar I said  
"Sorry my friend, some other day"  
And walked away.

Shouvik Roy

# Ballerina Ethene

Once a walk down the empty street,  
Had me to see,  
A wonderful beauty;  
Ballerina Ethene.  
White her skin,  
She danced to the tune of Zephyrus;  
Graceful her en l'aire and Allegro;  
Incessant, fervent her Adagio  
With the leaves long dead;  
Awestruck, enthralled I asked  
'Oh! Ballerina Ethene,  
What may be the cause for  
Such joyous, alluring deed? '  
Amidst the Adagio,  
Answered Ballerina Ethene,  
'They will take me away,  
I am the Mother's disgrace,  
As now I am free,  
Nothing to carry,  
Act my last is this,  
For now I am free,  
Dancing glee'  
With teary eyes  
I pass her by,  
Never can I see such beauty again,  
But then I got a second thought,  
How could she, dance in glee  
If our Mother would there not be.

Shouvik Roy

# Birds Of Love

My heart is a sanctuary,  
Where a bird of love comes every day, and  
Clinch on the imaginary branches  
By the red hays,  
She 'Kooo Kooo's for a day or two,  
And then 'Phurrrr' she wings away.  
But now, the Koo Koo songs  
Are mixed up with their heirs,  
An inevitable commotion my sanctuary bears,  
And so the branches are rotting and  
the red hays are turning grey,  
Birds of love are flying away, clinching no more,  
No 'Koo Koo's,  
'Phurrr' forever.

Shouvik Roy

# Blood Face

This rage won't go,  
Until I bang my head  
On the wall hard,  
Let blood drip down  
And lick it insane,  
Lie and laugh  
Again and again.  
Blood on my hands,  
Blood in my eyes,  
Teeth will gleam red,  
And I shall paint you  
Twice, with  
Light blood, dark blood  
Laugh again,  
Lie by your red face  
In pain,  
Close my eyes,  
Dead twice.

Shouvik Roy

# Brain Curry

The twin sisters named  
peace and turbulence  
are cooking a curry of my brain,  
with oil made in the factory of hope  
and spices coming from the land of oblivion.  
The pressure mounts up and my brain  
sends signals to my feet to keep stepping on  
the same lanes of oddity again and again.  
But the sisters won't open up the lid yet,  
not until my brain dies down,  
and they think it's ready to be served.  
Till then, I shall walk and watch.

Shouvik Roy

## By The Rocky Bay

Last night, I was sitting by the rocky bay  
Alone below the torching clouds,  
Alone but had loads to say,  
The tales of tomorrow,  
The thoughts of today,  
But as the sea kissed the bay,  
My heart would sway,  
From the calm sea to  
The old calmer days,  
A calmer mind, a calmer heart,  
When nothing had fallen apart,  
So today when I think of the rocky bay,  
All I could see, in a vague imagery,  
I am just a small fish in this grand sea.

Last night, I was sitting by the rocky bay  
Alone below the torching clouds,  
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All I could see, in a vague imagery,  
I am just a small fish in this grand sea.

Shouvik Roy

# Cages

Once I adorned a lady  
With my love,  
A lady whom I knew since my birth,  
But the lady now is gone,  
Trapped in a cage of her own deeds,  
Wretched and forlorn.  
I stand on the other side of the cage,  
And watch her die every day, and  
Our divided worlds would say,  
That cages they are the same,  
For the world that bereaved me of her  
Is no less than one.

Shouvik Roy

# Chair Of Love

I wait for the day  
When I will rock my ache away  
On the chair we will make  
Of our love. But today,  
Back and forth my soul sways,  
For a buried gem miles away  
Keeps calling my name,  
And our distance is to blame,  
So the thousand miles I should mount  
And learn to count,  
The days left for us to meet.  
But our love wouldn't go astray,  
For I will dig her up  
And make her shine all over again,  
Then sharp she will cut the woods  
And I will begin.

Shouvik Roy

# Come And Say It

K diche khocha eto?  
Keno eto odbhut betha boe jae rokto te,  
Tor mukh roe jae ek karon, ei neel aguner  
Jeta jole bhethore ashte, dheere dheere.  
Alo o lage ondhokar, shanti o lage borotkir moto;  
Ki amon holo eshe bole jao, karon ta to bolo;  
Keno erom kilbil kore nore jache behtore  
Kotha amar mone, kotha kalker ar ajker;  
Ekbaar eshe bole jao.

## English Translation

Come and say it

Who pricks me?  
Why an eerie pain flows with my blood?  
Your face might be the sole reason, for the blue fire  
That burns inside me, slowly; insidiously.  
The light seems dark, peace seems chaotic;  
Tell me what happened, come to me and quote the reason;  
Why the words hauntingly tense my brain and heart;  
The words of today and tomorrow;  
Come and say it to me.

Shouvik Roy

# Dekhi Choker Shamne

My second Bengali poem...now i wish my dead granny to be proud of me for being a bong..

Dekhi Chokher Shamne

Dekhi chokher shaamne ek jhapsha alo,  
Bheshe ashe kache, bole kichuna  
Shudu patar pashe nache ek adbhut nach.  
Patao hashe ek buthoniyo hasi, ar sathe nache alor chayaye.  
Mogoj parena bujhe uthte, chae aj rate shute.  
Ashena pata duti moner boshe, jae kede mogoj nijer doshe.  
dher sangraamer sheshe, mogoj jae ondhokare bhese.

English Translation

I see a blurred beam of light floating near my eyes,  
Floats closer keeping mum,  
Dancing by my eyelids eerily.  
The lids laughed horridly, and by the shadows of the beam they would dance.  
The mind fails to comprehend, in a bed of sleep he wants to curl and bend.  
But the lids don't oblige, thus in a guilty misery the mind cries.  
After a groggy dreadful fight, to darkness the mind takes a flight.

Shouvik Roy

# Dissolved In Darkness

You can't touch me now,  
For I am too far  
From your skin,  
Like a ring of smoke from your lips  
I flew away to the night,  
Now you can't reach me,  
I am dissolved in darkness; forever..

Shouvik Roy

# Don'T Call Me Home

I am sorry Maa, I can't be home,  
Not for now, not until I have  
Drunk the waters of the sea  
That bathes the sun bright,  
Until I have known,  
Why the lady blue glues  
The sun to her chest  
For a while,  
Before he gilds her,  
And sinks deep a mile.  
Until I have winged and perched  
On the boughs of the clouds,  
Until I have known why  
The sea ebbs, and  
The sand feels proud.  
Wandering, roving I will find a way  
To the great mount,  
There by the thawed ice, beneath the covert creamy gleam  
I would rinse myself,  
Walk nude on the rude rocks  
where the river roars aloud.

Maa, don't call me home.

Shouvik Roy

# Don'T Cry My Child

Don't cry my child,  
So what if you have lost today,  
And your dream didn't come true as you say,  
Remember always,  
A Dream is forever, like the sky;  
Do you see it?  
Infinite, Immortal, eternal,  
Swimming under the blazing sun  
For a long while,  
So what if the road is molten and burnt,  
Harden it with your will,  
Walk on the fire, for beyond lies  
Glory and smiles,  
So don't cry my child,  
Wipe off those evil drops,  
For they could make you slip  
And fall down the stairs to your dream,  
Stand up  
And wipe them off,  
There shall be only fire,  
Burning, raging in those eyes;  
Showing you the light,  
So what if you have lost today,  
You are still alive,  
Feel your breath,  
Breathe heavy, heavier;  
Look up, walk ahead of your dismays,  
Go,  
Redeem your glory,  
Rise,  
So what if you have lost today,  
Look, there stands tomorrow,  
And it's yours my child  
For all time

Shouvik Roy

# Ek Baar

My third bengali poem....

Ek baar

Ek baar to asho,  
Eshe dekhe jao, obosta ta ki,  
Ekbaar asho, bolao mathae haath,  
Bhule jao kalker kotha, shue poro pashe.  
Boli duto kotha ondhokare alor bepare,  
Boli shomoyer pashe pashe chokh mele,  
Ake oporke ador kore.  
Aj ei raat take mone shajie rakho,  
Kal aar dekhbena amake, jachi je chole,  
Oi kalo somudrored pare, dekhbena amae.  
Tai aj bolena kotha, khure baar koro shobdo,  
Bole phelo, reone chupti kore,  
Aaj ei shesh rate.

English translation

For once, come tome,  
come and see the state i am in,  
come, for once; caress me,  
forget the tales of yesterday, lie beside me.  
lets say a few words in the dark about the light that lay ahead,  
lets say a few words by the passing time, looking into each other's eyes, adoring  
each other.  
Capture this night, in the deepest of your memories,  
i won't be there to see tomorrow,  
sailing away i am to the blackest of seas.  
So, say tonight, dig out the buried words,  
say it, stop not  
tonight, this night of the end.



# Faces

I come everyday to the sea  
From the other end of the town,  
And between the distance, amid the crowd,  
Few Faces shout aloud,  
Faces mirroring mine,  
Faces that no more shine.

May be they too had a molten past,  
Like the year last,  
may be they too long for the sea, and  
Seek solace in her serene beauty.  
But the faces don't frighten me,  
For they wink,  
Like a baby cute  
As I know a simple truth,  
That ages ago, a mother's womb had burst,  
And many like me were scattered all over,  
Names different, faces covered,  
Going somewhere, , walking free  
Bleeding on a predestined destiny  
And so in disguise the mother tells me,  
I am them, they are me.

Shouvik Roy

# Farthest F Sea

Let's move out of the old house,  
And walk bare feet  
On the silver sunshine  
By the forgotten street.  
Let's sing the songs of happiness,  
And roam about  
The broken beach where  
We can shout out aloud.  
Let's sail away to  
The farthest of sea  
Where you could be you  
And I could be me.

Shouvik Roy

# For An Apple's Sake

I remember, once we had gone to the  
Garden of the apple tree,  
For you were hungry,  
A fruit thus you had to eat,  
An apple with your stomach could meet,  
And that's what I thought,  
To the garden of the apple tree for I had us brought.  
But the gardener was stern,  
'If you enter I will have you burned'  
He said with a big scissor in his hand,  
'You should know, lone the tree stands,  
So you shall not pick apples from the tree,  
For they are not there for free,  
It belongs to the king,  
And venomous is his sting'.  
Hearing the gardener's thought,  
Terribly scared I got,  
But yet for the sake of the tree,  
'An apple must be for free? '  
With his scissors towards me he stepped,  
But my courage was utterly inept,  
So I took three steps back  
'I will beat you up like a sack'  
He said with a scorching ire,  
'Jane, Is your hunger so dire? '  
But even before she could nod,  
In fear I said, 'You aren't hungry, I know you are not'  
So the gardener asked us to run away for free,  
And leave behind the apple tree.  
Since then I didn't see you face for once,  
For repent in my heart I had in tons.  
So today with my blue old ink,  
I write on a sheet with a blink,  
Had I asked the gardener the apple's cost,  
Today I wouldn't have you lost.

Shouvik Roy

# Greatest Actor

I can be anything  
You want me to be  
My father,  
My mother,  
My lovely bride.  
I can be your camouflaged son  
With his boots and barrels  
Crawling on the thorny ground  
And forge a victory,  
Or a bird in a cage,  
Showing no rage  
As Mother would ask me to be.  
Or the hero of the world  
My beloved bride,  
Jumping from the cliff,  
Landing on a ship,  
Flying from sea to sea.  
But just look into me,  
Before you drink the tea  
Of my blood,  
I am the son of this earth  
Born free,  
Still, I will be anything  
You want me to be,  
For I am the greatest actor  
In me.

Shouvik Roy

# Heaven And Hell

Long ago,  
When the world embarked  
On its journey to hell,  
There lived a warrior,  
A shield bearer,  
But on heaven and hell  
He would dwell.  
So he went to a saint,  
Named master Zen;  
"Oh master! Is there a heaven?  
Is there a hell? "  
Then asked master Zen  
"Who are you, are you a thief? "  
"No master! To the emperor, I am the samurai chief"  
With a strange grin, said Master Zen  
"With a beggar's face,  
You are the king's disgrace,  
You told a lie,  
You aren't a Samurai"  
With the gall so new  
His sword he drew,  
But with a mind so calm  
Said the master well  
"Here open the gates of hell"  
With his eyes abashed,  
His pride mashed  
The warrior sheathed his sword,  
To the master he bowed,  
And With a similar grin,  
Said Master Zen  
"Here open the gates of heaven"

Shouvik Roy

# Hut Of Love

I don't want to live here anymore,  
No; not in this tyrannical world  
Where my tear ducts are dry  
And drops don't fall anymore,  
But go in and in and flood my heart  
Whilst my mind is in drought.  
Not in this world that clutters  
The arena of my heart, with  
Echoes of ignorance, and  
Shouts of rage.  
Not in this world where mercenaries  
Of hatred are killing and raiding my soul  
Day after day.  
So just let me in,  
Clear some space in your hut of love,  
Take me in for I will just cover a corner  
And never complain, for  
I just want to breathe your scent in, and  
Write you all day long,  
Bathe in your warm pond  
And feed on your love,  
That's enough.

Shouvik Roy

# I Fear

Bhoe kore

Bhoe kore, oi bhanga boeshe roe jabo je aka.  
Bhobishoter agune jole jabo je;  
Harabo je ashantir jongole.  
Ajer kkhobor nai je kono, ek adhbhut neshae j harache mon,  
Khuje pabena keu amake, bole rakhchi aj;  
Mile jabe pata chokher, tai shesh korbo aji kaj.  
Jene rakho, ami ektu adhbhut kintu noi ja kharap,  
Tobuo mon kore jae debe debe ek mishti paap.  
Korte dao, shomoy j nai beshi,  
Jete hobe, tai likhe gelam ei kobita.

English translation

I fear

I fear, In that broken age I will be alone,  
The fire of furture will burn me,  
I will be lost in the forrest of chaos.  
No news of today, an eerie drunkenness binds me,  
No one will find me, Remember.  
The lids of my eyes will match, so let me finish the lost deed;  
Realise it, I am strange but not shrewd,  
Yet the mind boyishly commits a sweet crime.  
Let me, I don't have time,  
I have to go, thus today; my words for you flow.

Shouvik Roy

# I Swam

Today, I walked not  
but swam past wounded fish,  
That crawl on the hard waters of life.  
I swam, nonchalantly carefree; for I was drugged  
with a scent unknown, which had my senses blown,  
Thus I swam, with eyes closed whilst  
millions of wounded fish crawled past me,  
But there was no blood to see.  
Just misery gushing out of their gills.  
Yet nonchalant, I swam,  
breathing in the scent I swam.  
Shoving them aside,  
With a mood light, I swam.  
The harder I swam, the stronger got the scent,  
Then I reached the dead end,  
But the mother of the scent was nowhere to see.  
I smelt myself, the scent was in me.

Shouvik Roy

# If I Die Tonight

If i die tonight,  
blame not the rustle of imaginary leaves  
around my ears that incites nostalgia,  
blame not the dead laughter of friends,  
blame not the disbelief of loved ones,  
blame not the buried courage, nor the epileptic sense of humour.  
If i die tonight, blame none;  
just imagine, I am asleep wearing an eerie smile.

Shouvik Roy

# I'M A Secret Traveller

I am a secret traveler, I travel from soul to soul, Latching on is not my cup of tea. I am a notorious ghost, I haunt sentiments, prick them for awhile, and then whoosh! I am gone, never to be found again.

Shouvik Roy

# In A Room

I am here, all alone  
In a room filled with mannequins  
Laughing at my nakedness,  
Laughing aloud as  
I wolf on the pitch black darkness  
And count my days on my fingers ten.  
No windows, just walls of hopelessness surround me,  
No holes welcoming rays, just thick bricks of uncertainty.  
Big dolls laughing at me,  
Laughing loudly.  
Yet I smile, for only the dead could pity me,  
The living has no idea I exist.  
Thus I smile, and as my counting ends...  
And my vision bends,  
i drown alone in a white well,  
To infinity.

Shouvik Roy

# In My Dreams

In my dreams,  
The world seems more serene.  
My hideous friend is a lovely one,  
And my mother is in good health.  
The streets I walk are even  
And quarrels on them are happily dealt.

In my thoughts,  
Things have their meaning own,  
that shiver in my fighting frowns.  
Neither green grass on i lie  
nor snowfall in i run  
Neither the sky and water all what is blue  
conclude i'm that new to hope few.

So for decades two  
I dreamed and thought  
In a place away from her reach.  
On the barren beach, of the dry sea.  
To a place she shouldn't be, for  
My dreams and thoughts are toxic for her  
For decades they are killing her. But,  
I will care less,  
In the ages to come, and  
I will dream and think,  
Till kingdom come.

Shouvik Rryan Roy

Shouvik Roy

# Innocence - An Autobiography

I don't know when I was born,  
Maybe when humanity didn't exist.  
I was lost, in the senses of the insentient beings;  
Always trying to find something.

Then came the humans, and I found my worth.  
I found my place in the stone man's child  
And the warmth of the fire made,  
Since then I am multiplied.

I am the newborn's cry and the old man's last grin;  
The blue of the ocean, red of the fire;  
Half Bent bough of the golden tree to the ground,  
Yellow no more, I am coloured brown

Once the air smelled of me, and the soil whispered my name;  
I was serenity, I was beauty;  
But for years I was harmed  
And my luster has happened to dim.

And then came the bullets  
With their sharp faces drilling my reality;  
I felt lonely, for no one remembered me,  
Puffed with the grey smoke far I went

Now I doubt myself, have I ever existed?  
But when that sudden qualm would arise  
I would find myself in the smile of a mother  
With her child, I am still alive...

Shouvik Roy

# Insidious Death

I have killed you a thousand times,  
Oh! Yes I have; with my words so rude,  
And voice crude, I stabbed you right in the chest,  
You bled and dropped dead...  
With appalling eyes, and broken ties  
I penetrated your soul,  
Made a hole; for you to fall.

And now your anguished ghost,  
Haunts me with that wound in the chest  
And the grotesque hole,  
Day and night, I fight the hideous sight...  
My death is nigh thus;  
A death insidious.

Shouvik Roy

# Invisible, Indefinite And Hollow

I am invisible,  
The water doesn't reflect me anymore,  
Nor the rains pour on my skin,  
I am hollow,  
The kisses don't arouse my senses,  
Nor the love stops by my heart  
I am indefinite,  
The math doesn't count me  
Nor the history has my name,  
For since long, the walks I had  
On the roads of sweet thorns  
Has turned me into a wounded diabetic,  
Sleeping slowly, weeping slowly, panting  
as the insulin of love turns futile  
and the ice of warmth goes in vain.  
Thus salts of atonement burn my wounds, and  
Turn them into scars, to never fade away.  
So, I am invisible, indefinite and hollow today.

Shouvik Roy

# Just Lie Beside

Bare not,  
Just lie beside,  
For tonight  
I will not pounce  
Nor will I make you stow  
My heart with sensual bliss,  
I have travelled miles  
And shall get some rest  
In your arms and  
Forget about the thorns  
That lanced my flesh once.  
The charm of your touch  
Will fill them up; slowly,  
Your fingers would crawl  
Past my dark strands  
And I will drowse  
And drown  
In your brown eyes  
Forever.

Shouvik Roy

# Land Of Snow

I dreamt of a land, a land so high,  
A land of snow which touches the sky,  
Where the rivers are born, and torn apart  
To wash the sins of many eyes.

On the snowy hill, where the waters chilled,  
Would touch my lips, have my thirst killed,  
I sit and bite on the blowing wind  
And have in me some snow filled.

The dream broke with a sudden blow,  
Oh! An upheavel on the top floor,  
I get off my bed and wet my face,  
And walk on my land of no snow.

Shouvik Roy

# Last Words

May these be my last words;  
I am tired of telling my tales,  
You know not what grows inside;  
A storm of dread and deadly gales

Brooks of words flow every day;  
From deep within for you my love,  
You could have bathed, you could have drunk;  
Or a sprinkle, a bend was enough

The sun denies coming through my window;  
The clouds hide the moon away,  
In the black I write feeling blue;  
And wait for you; every morn, every day

But you are nowhere near them;  
My words and their lonely cries,  
Your absence blackens the sheet white;  
And solitary the ink dries

So now I take a sip of your venom;  
And wait for my heart to fail,  
May these be my last words;  
I am tired of telling my tales

Shouvik Roy

# Lost

I have lost you  
In a dark island  
Of lost hopes  
And dreams,  
Too dark to find you  
As my eyes no more  
Reflect your gleaming Flesh.

You came in autumn  
And made me shed  
The gloomy leaves  
Off my soul,  
They fell  
To merge with  
The beige earth,  
Forever.

In summer I bore fruits  
Of your love  
And grew so tall,  
But winter had to differ,  
You veiled  
Behind the snowy skies  
And succumbed  
To the dark;  
Naked,  
Leaving me  
to shriek for your warmth  
and to dry

But you were gone  
So far,  
I wish the dark was white  
To see you,  
Waving,  
smiling  
Standing afar,  
Vowing to come back.



# Love Seeds

Come clean,  
Wash the mud off my face,  
Dirty deeds done I know,  
So rinse me with  
The waters of your love today,  
Come closer,  
Dig deep,  
Plant your love seed  
And wait.

Love seeds sprout again,  
Save them to sow,  
Sow clean,  
Sow deep in you,  
Let it grow and bloom,  
To grey our past away.

Shouvik Roy

# Lovers Of Vanity Park

Lovers of the vanity park;  
Beware, hunters of the society  
Seek you. Stay hidden, speak not,  
For they have swords of intrusion  
And needles of tyranny seeking your  
polluted blood.  
Stay hidden behind the safe bush.  
Lovers of the vanity park,  
Wish for some other time to blossom,  
Wish for a world serene, and for men good.  
Wish today, in your mind aloud;  
Speak not, stay hidden, drown into each other  
Since there is no time.  
Entwine, curl up, blend in, merge your souls  
And just wish, for eternity.  
For neither swords nor the needles,  
Can kill the truth that is love,  
The soul of life and the source of glee.  
So wish; eternity awaits you.

Shouvik Roy

# Maa, I Can'T Sleep

Maa, I can't sleep.

A pain crawls up my spine, the loneliness shouts aloud  
And the abrupt commotions in my head  
Keep me from closing my eyes,  
Keep me from peace

Maa, I can't sleep,  
The bulb on the wall flickers,  
I turn it off and it's too dark around,  
Fear rides my nerves  
And I am awake all night,  
Remembering my deeds and my sins.

Maa I can't sleep,  
The dark lids of my eyes  
Have imprinted her face; she smiles  
And reminds me of the good old times.  
But I broke her twice, all the way down;  
And so I can't sleep.

Maa, for my lost love and her broken heart  
I can't sleep.

Shouvik Roy

# Marks

Remember? The marks we made  
On the wall from the past,  
We used the red of our trust,  
And blue of our soul  
And made the marks which carry our name...  
But the wall is rotting,  
And you are gone, but the marks stay,  
And slay my heart in pieces two.  
I need them to go away, but they don't  
For the white paint of my agony is not able  
To veil them; thus arises a need of my blood  
To mask our history, forever.

Shouvik Roy

# Mistakes

It was a mistake,  
To lay my eyes on you  
And seek your naughty nod of head,  
You followed and the mistake multiplied.  
The first kiss holding your island waist  
And the exchange of breaths  
Lying together, drowning into eyes for ages and  
Then the sudden hide in my bare chest,  
But now you repel;  
sit up,  
Seek vague motivations  
And dreamy inspirations,  
Not from me, for  
Your gaze is strewed  
And you walk away,  
Leaving me behind,  
Useless,  
Lifeless  
On a thorny bed,  
As I learned,  
I was your mistake.

Shouvik Roy

# My Dream

You are an unknown dream to me,  
But I have seen you for ages long,  
A dream of dreams, a dream in me  
A dream which sang me a love song.

But a dream so scarce, for the days to come,  
So save yourself for I will dream you in some.

Not only in nights, but the days as well,  
A dire need of you in my moments to tell,  
My dream my dream, just live in me,  
Like a godly drug you set me free...

So just stay in me,  
For the years to come,  
Live in me,  
And I will dream you in some...

My dream so pure  
My dream so white  
My dream of dreams  
My dream so bright

So live in me unknown,  
For ages long  
Live as my own;  
Sing me love songs.

Shouvik Roy

# My Feet And I

I don't know where my feet are taking me,  
are they moving on their own  
Or just being pushed by an unknown force? Confused-  
I plan to keep out, for the steep roads are growling at me  
and the lower ones inside vertigo.  
Clueless, helpless, I look at my worn out feet  
and they look back, consoling-  
'Leave it to me, you just hold your head high'  
And so I walk ahead as told, bidding my fears goodbye.

Shouvik Roy

# My Hope

You have given me hope,  
My Hope who was lost  
In the middle of a dark road,  
But run down by a car  
Driven by our rage, she lied  
On the side  
Bleeding, panting;  
We didn't notice;  
For days,  
But now  
Fresh blood flows in her veins,  
You cared, you turned  
And brought her back,  
Her wounds are healed,  
So now she shall stay with me,  
Forever.

Shouvik Roy

# My Night And I

Since long, I am colored yellow;  
Hanging from the sun, I make a girl smile  
And her black eyes remind me of night

For years I have been so busy,  
I have been to places at the same time,  
Here and there, grey and white,  
I think I have lost myself  
In her hope and her celebration

I hate when the Sun shines for long,  
My tired eyes have always looked  
For the lady who shines in black;  
My head aches and I need her shoulder,  
I weep bright  
But yet she is nowhere to see

I have seen bleeding knees and wet eyes  
And leaves going dry  
And so I seek for my night  
To make my sorrows blind

Shouvik Roy

# Only Miles Away

I had built a ship from my soul,  
It will sink along with your tales tonight;  
I will be miles away from your words,  
Castaway to the farthest of lights.

Shouvik Roy

## Partly Said (A Poem On Body Language)

The forehead whines,  
As the index rubs it harsh and tells a tale  
Of a serene ire, a strait so dire  
Down the veins.

The nose laughs,  
When the thumb tickles her curves,  
Making the bashful eyes to look away,  
And amass sources for a well planned lie  
From the fluffy storage above.

The legs shake in a seclusive seduction  
By the arms curling above, feeling tough  
Thinking rough in an erotic edginess.

The graphic makes for a hysterical phenomenon,  
Bearing a eerie version,  
Scaring the other person,  
With pleasure.

Shouvik Roy

# Return

I go out in the morn  
And come back in the eve  
to see,  
There is no one waiting for me..

Shouvik Roy

# Secrets

There are things I haven't told you yet,  
Have I told you?  
That with you, the crowded streets  
Seem alleys of fallen leaves;  
My feet brush against those fallen  
And my arms brush against those falling;  
Slowly, slowly,  
Ochre leaves, sunny leaves;  
No clamor, no noise;  
Only the songs of birds  
And cracks of fallen leaves;  
With you by my side,  
Your hand in mine,  
I walk, carefree

Have I ever told you?  
That with you beside  
My agony days would smile  
And shy away,  
As the warmth of your breath  
Melts my dire past,  
And it runs down my cheeks,  
Slowly, slowly;  
Haunted past, twisted past;  
No joy, no glee;  
Only the din of doubts  
And murky shrieks,  
But with you lying beside  
And your head on my heart,  
I fall and rise, carefree

Shouvik Roy

# Seeking Drops

I stand by the drizzling drops  
Under the shadowy shade  
Of the veiled moon,  
As the earth breathes  
And her pride goes up and down,  
She sought drops so long,  
Thus it rains.  
She breathes heavy, a satisfied sigh;  
Mona Lisa smile on her face,  
Gleeful and gay, and  
As the drops gather brothers  
Her eyes close  
And her arms wide open  
Ready to embrace.  
When the drops are tired  
She would smell of dreams,  
Then I will stand no more,  
With those dreams I will fly,  
In her scent I will drown, till spring.

Shouvik Roy

# Set Me Free

Hungry souls  
With wagging tongues  
Come to me, with  
Uneasy desires,  
Unmet needs, for  
I am the machine of sensual glee.  
Since long my tainted soul,  
Is jumping from boat to boat,  
Love boats floating on the endless sea.  
Leaked boats, dead boats,  
Boats ready to drown me.  
Gasping in the water,  
Far I see the half sunken sun,  
My end, my destiny  
His fire I seek,  
Burn me, burn me white in the morn,  
Burn me red in the eve,  
Set me free  
Set me free

Shouvik Roy

# Since Then

Since morning  
I am intoxicated,  
No, dear alcohol is not to blame;  
But my dear love you are to,  
For since the day you left,  
My senses are hollow, and  
And blood is shallow in my heart,  
Vague seems this world,  
And everything seems slow,  
filled spaces seem empty,  
empty ones seem to blow,  
With recurring ghosts of our love past.  
I am panting, choking;  
And so now slowly,  
I am falling down, on my face, on my heart  
I am falling,  
I am dying.

Shouvik Roy

## Some Time Out

So I take some time out,  
And breathe, for there has been commotion  
In a lot dancing above my head;  
Inevitable- a terrible ache,  
So just needed a break,  
Some time to set my wings and fly away,  
Nothing in my way,  
Not even the heavy rains  
And clouds of uncertainty, just  
Mother and her serene beauty.  
So stay back and let me be lost in her,  
I will brush my cheeks on her green fur,  
And wish to be lost-forever.

Shouvik Roy

# The Darkest Night

Last night was the darkest of all,  
Darker than the night  
When as a child; afraid I was to step out  
and turn on the light.  
Darker than the night  
when the plates seemed black,  
due to food's lack  
in my mother's kitchen  
and my father home.  
For last night there was no light  
reflecting in my eyes,  
For in my bed, my love so bright  
had my love denied.  
She shoved me aside,  
And I fell,  
Falling down and down,  
Deeper into the black hole of a blurry fate,  
More darkness awaits.

Shouvik Roy

# The Grey Memories

I remember in fragments,  
How I would come and sit on your lap  
And you would push me away;  
With your wrinkled hands,  
Subtly, a pretense  
Of tiredness, ache and misery in it;  
That old age brings,  
I was too young to comprehend;  
Even when I asked you,  
Why the fish remain afloat  
And why the pond is colored black,  
You would ignore, give me excuses of time  
And some errands you had to run;  
I remember,  
I tried to hold a strand  
Of your grey hair that seemed white,  
While you dig your head deep  
Into the caged rigid words;  
You would repel, hold my hand tight  
And call my mother's name out loud,  
She would come and take me away,  
A sigh of relief  
And the digging would continue,  
Truly, too young to know

I remember, now well I do,  
How I would put my hand on your shoulder,  
And you care not to even look back,  
You walk away,  
My hand back with me, I stand still,  
Waiting for a sudden turn of the head,  
Which never happened;  
But today, I sit here under the old tree  
And write,  
Thanking you,  
For a gift;  
The first, the last and the best by you,  
Your son, my father;  
A father, greater than you

Shouvik Roy

# The Lost Home

I lost my home,  
A home that was not mine;  
A sweet and lovely home  
A home so bright

The September breeze brought me there,  
From a far distant land;  
It took time to fall in love  
With the home even loved by the ants

The day was her friend and the night was her wine,  
Which I spilled on her womb  
In the blue winter shine;  
And which gave birth to warmth and rhyme

Her tainted, distorted skin showed  
She was not a maiden, on them  
Lovers of the past lay their marks;  
The jealous me roared, 'She must be washed'

So the days passed me by  
As I groomed her white,  
She smiled and embraced me with love;  
Her arms, perfumed and bright

But soon came the summer and I am away  
Lone she was left behind,  
Frantic for her face I come back running,  
But in her arms a new lover I could find

I lost my home  
A home that was never mine.

Shouvik Roy

# The Monster

There stands a monster  
At the end of the road  
With blood shot eyes,  
May be he is waiting to eat me up.  
But that's not enough,  
For I am made of steel and ages he would take  
To break me up,  
I am a hero that he has never seen,  
A hero born rough and tough.  
My mind mind is blank, my fear is gone,  
Come on monster, bring it on

Shouvik Roy

# The Night

I lie with the night,  
In-numerous stars above me,  
Saying hello, waving goodbye,  
For the darkness is ready for the dawn,  
But I still wait, as the hope tells me  
That the magic is yet to begin  
But the night knows better,  
And shuts herself off, without  
Making a passionate love.  
The stars betray and go away,  
And make way for the sun to come,  
When I am asleep,  
When I am dead.

Shouvik Roy

# The Queen

The city is crowded,  
Filled with giant ants  
Walking everyday on the streets  
Saying hello  
To every other ant they meet  
And pass by,

But I

On a sunny day  
Would see a girl,  
Must be the queen,  
No hello  
To anyone she meets,  
She's shy,

But I

Would wear a smile  
Smell her scent  
With the swaying feelers of mine,  
She wears it too  
In the reds and would shine  
Smiling shy,

And I

Would bring her to my hill,  
While brothers are gone  
And Maa's weighing away,  
We gaze at the starry sky  
And till morn she would stay,  
But why

A Goodbye

Would rustle in the drowsy wind  
That blows our tale away,  
the stars are gone

As she shied away  
From my hill and the soiled hay

Shouvik Roy

# The Rabbit

I had a rabbit once,  
Eyes red as ruby,  
Lapin like snow white  
My only friend  
My only light  
But once in a while  
In the midnight  
His eyes  
Would beam  
Like the devil  
Who rose to hail ire,  
In fright,  
I would paint  
His eyes white,  
What a delight,  
Next day the rabbit died.

Shouvik Roy

# The Red Pond

You thump your bare hands  
On the shallow waters,  
Then thump harder for it to be red,  
For there is brick underneath.  
The sun is at its peak, and  
Haunted, terrified  
You sit by your red pond,  
Clueless, crying;  
Closing your eyes.  
So just sit and wait for monsoon to come,  
The dread will be washed  
The red pond will be deepened  
And a swan or two would swim by  
your immersed legs.

Shouvik Roy

# The Red Turn

This ire, yes this fire!  
Where did it come from?  
When did I dig so deep?  
And drew out this lava  
Of spunk  
With my bare hands.  
I must be insane  
And high,  
For I can't keep it  
From flowing  
And flowing,  
So let the red angel  
Gush through  
The spout of my soul  
And run down the hill  
Of my heart,  
Let it flame my  
Will and drive.  
I will burn,  
Blue no more but red,  
Burn,  
And turn the wry  
Into smiles.

Shouvik Roy

# The Unborn

I have so much to say my love,  
But this prolonged protected fornication between  
My mind and my heart is keeping them  
From producing the babies of emotions  
That can be conveyed to you in no time,  
Verbally and orally; but  
I know not what pleasure they get  
In this uncanny act inside me, and  
They know not that the pleasure is not mine,  
For I bear the pain, the fluid loss.  
So keep the moaning down; I beg,  
And allow me to be vulnerable and yourselves as well,  
Let the soul be the judge of our fate,  
Let her be the mother and voice.

Shouvik Roy

# The Veiled Diamond

I saw you never before today,  
And yet I had fallen in love,  
May be I did, in my cluttered vague vision  
You came as halves of crystal bricks,  
Cutting my heart through to my soul,  
Sweetly agonizing, a painless pain.  
But today I do;  
In bright gleaming flesh, you appear and  
Shine on me; cutting no more,  
Your delicate hands pottering me  
Into a mighty vessel of love and freedom, indeed  
A veiled diamond you are to be called, for  
My strongest lady,  
You now make me stronger than I was ever before.

Shouvik Roy

# The Wall

I sit in silence,  
Crossed legs  
Gazing at my lonely wall  
Thinking-  
My love has fallen,  
It bleeds and crawls  
And I stand afar  
Turning my back  
No blood I should see  
Death cured the disease.  
A moment  
Without reason,  
Gaze deeper and I would know  
In the wall lies nothing  
But hollow wires  
And dead concrete,  
Must be stared  
Long by a hollow  
Dead soul  
Like me.

Shouvik Roy

# Time's Paradigm

Do you know?  
I am like the endless time  
On a creepy clock,  
Tick tock tick tock,  
Never stopping,  
Never asleep,  
Wearing off, growing old,  
Just going on and on.  
Witnessed traumas and smiles,  
In my circle walk,  
Walking round and round for years,  
Doing this doing that,  
Making this, breaking that.  
My eyes wide open  
While someone blames me  
For waking her up,  
For wasting her 'time'.  
But I am the time,  
Don't you know?  
About to melt  
About to be  
On an endless journey,  
Beyond me,  
Beyond your 'time',  
For I am  
The time's paradigm.

Shouvik Roy

## Two Worlds

I haven't slept in a long time,  
Have had sleepless days  
And sleepless nights,  
For I had a thought to fight,  
A thought of my dying will and life,  
For I am dead when I am asleep  
And awake when awake,  
No walls between these worlds;  
Thus I am confused,  
Sleeping whilst awake or  
Awake whilst sleeping?  
Enough I say,  
And choose the world in grey,  
Awake be me, for the  
World of color shall bestow upon me later.

Shouvik Roy

# Vexed Shadows

I see you,  
So far from me; walking  
Under posts of distant lights,  
You seem dark, and it's hard to tell whether  
You are coming to me or going away, like  
a silhouette of you created in my vision.  
Perplexed so I stand, hope for a better sign,  
But slowly I see you getting smaller and smaller, and  
The shadows fading away.  
Enough; I say, for  
Now it's time to go and break the dim lights down,  
And with darkness,  
Let you walk away.

Shouvik Roy

# Voices

As I lie on my bed outstretched,  
Gazing at the covered up sky;  
Some voices strange I hear in my head,  
Sizzling, rumbling, laughing by  
My ears left and right; but  
A qualm would arise, is this in my head?  
Or just something outside, unsure I  
Lie, hearing the voices' desire,  
To stop me, to kill me, of not letting me fly;  
But still I lie on my bed outstretched,  
Waiting for the voices to die;  
Stubborn, deadly, cunning voices;  
They want me to fall, with my dreams  
Down the sky so wide,  
That leads to the golden world  
Of laughter and light,  
So I lie on my bed outstretched,  
Looking at the grey tube-light,  
I get off my bed with a whirling dread  
But walk with a wry  
And turn on the light,  
The voices would die,  
I bid them goodbye.

Shouvik Roy

# Warrior To Wife

A storm is coming,  
That may take away the dreams I had,  
Take away the blossoms I prized,  
A storm as men disguised.  
So I stand before you my love  
For I have to save you,  
And the land I love,  
So dress me tough;  
Head to toe, cover me with this shield of honor,  
Cover my chest which carries your name,  
My nakedness now is no shame,  
Let it go away, for pride puffs up wet in my eyes,  
Your love melts me to be strong and wise,  
Look into me; hold your head high, I promise;  
I will come back red, with liberty and love...

Shouvik Roy

# We Both Are Blind

I was walking alone down a dark street,  
And amidst that darkness I saw  
A dark dog  
Trying to cross the road,  
But there wasn't any car rolling up or down,  
Just the dog, his wait and fear;  
I laugh at him, that he could hear;  
Still in fear he waits,  
Then a moment of his wait I share,  
And think-  
May be once he had a past, a dark one,  
He tried to cross the road when it was bright,  
When his life was full of light,  
And without fright he crossed,  
Alas! His brightness was lost.  
Oh! Now I see,  
The rustle of winds,  
Made him think they were cars,  
So all along his world was dark,  
And now I know, that  
We are both blinds;  
In one way or another.

Shouvik Roy

# Winds Of Hope

Edged blood hangs above your head,  
Its tail piercing your nerve  
As you lie on a snowy bed,  
Shut eyes and with  
A silent shriek of subliminal ache,  
You lie  
Like a fallen angel,  
A mask on your face,  
Winds of hope going in  
Coming out,  
Your chest waves like  
The restless sea, but  
The beeps swear,  
You are still there,  
Waiting for the bed to thaw,  
For the end of your pain  
And the end of our despair.

Shouvik Roy

# Without Your Permission

"You are riding on my nerves"  
You say, and push me away  
With your hands so divine,  
But little did you know,  
Those firm hands of yours,  
With the bright yellow sunshine in them  
Was aiding me through the dark  
Without your permission

"I don't need you, go away! "  
You say, and show me the door  
With one of your fingers,  
But little did you know,  
Those dwarf, tiny fingers  
Yet fingers like Aphrodite of yours,  
Was filling the gaps of my aching heart  
Without your permission

Shouvik Roy

# Wonder Tree

I planted a seed  
Years ago,  
And it grew up  
To be a tree,  
A tree of hopes  
And different colours.  
Spring comes  
And it bears fruit,  
Which I don't eat,  
Keep them as mementos  
In my cupboard,  
They rot  
And in an illusion I sit,  
Wait for more,  
But in a second  
Autumn would appear,  
Leaves fall, fruits go away  
Then I go back to my cupboard  
And see,  
Fat worms roving in and around  
My mementos,  
In dismay I cry,  
And wish I had eaten  
Them red.  
I sit and wait for  
Spring to come again,  
But winter is long  
And summer is  
Nowhere to see.

Shouvik Roy

# Young Souls

We were young souls once,  
Roving in a land of crystal grass,  
Lying and sitting up,  
Obsessed with each other's scent of sweat,  
Falling eyes and impulsive nakedness.  
Energetic souls, ready to run miles,  
Plucking flowers of remembrance  
And then throwing them away for nature's sake.  
Then comes a night when I make you mine,  
Forever, we unite digging deep into each other  
And merging like rain and sea...  
Heavy rain silent sea,  
Silent rain violent sea.

Once, but not now, for  
My buttocks lay on a wheelchair and your breasts  
Have fallen prey to gravity,  
We don't run for we can't,  
But we walk, together  
For your wrinkled hands look  
Good on these tainted shoulders of mine...  
You pull me close by pushing me every day,  
Through the murky valleys of the nearing end...  
Still we are young souls, gazing at the mirror  
of adulthood with drowsy eyes,  
walking for a new  
Land of crystal grass that lies beyond.  
Where we can run again,  
Lie again; naked, with love

Shouvik Roy