

Poetry Series

shuvo chakraborty
- poems -

Publication Date:

2017

Publisher:

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

shuvo chakraborty(12.10.1973)

SENIOR ADVOCATE IN INCOME TAX TRIBUNAL, KOLKATA AND LECTURER IN
LAW, BURDWAN UNIVERSITY LAW DEPT.

Autumn Night

Dreaming autumn night is really an
Unspeakable pleasure; he knows it.
Therefore when dusk settles on earth
Inviting blinking stars to showcase
Their tiny births; when coy crickets
Being too cold in seasons first dews,
That drip from the cold cheek of Moon,
As a visitor in darkness at breathless recluse,
He sits on a stone with accompanying comforts.
Then lifts his eyes to Moonshine expanse, that
Veiling the black of heaven with soft light,
Which appears celestial more in condensing mists.
Boundless dark field runs miles over hidden greens,
Springly spotted with intermittent glow of worms
Swelling in numbers; silence invites silence,
Words of noise has fallen in lengthy slumber, and
Not to adieu their grassy beds
Till cock crows and shadow of night is defaced.
He knows all as viewed them in previous night,
Seasons finest hours here to stay,
And busy owls strikes shrills that thrill his drowsy nerves.
He knows that this night has end,
Not of dreams, in seeming obscurity of day.

shuvo chakraborty

City

This is the place, a city average
Where he frequents.
Here lies another memory lurking on
A fairy of delight, lived as a lovely lass.
Now it is his place of work
Where destiny brought him alike
A fading odour of another
Whose absence is more of her presences power.

He knows the limits of the city
And its heart; where jostling
Stories of new woven love give no respite
To him as the same roads and station reverberate
The feelings old, which someone stole.
He resolved not to return again to same city fold,
Leading to a torn portrait, old and worn.

shuvo chakraborty

Conception

Conception, the germination in minds being
Of natural and unnatural thoughts
Which if falls in correct lap
Brings magnanimous creations in various fields.
Thou visage of pedantic light
Glacier of illuminous sprite
Ever dripping of seething articulation
That speed its unending run
To various fields like art, science, philosophy___
Conception, the new born son
Slow, feeble and with crying need of knowledge
Whenever found maternal bliss of comforting inputs,
Laugh away all plighted confusions
And gist the universe in new vasculum,
An interpreter of fathomless discoveries.

shuvo chakraborty

Curious Eyes

Curious eyes in wants,
As if they taunt
The wish to be loved,
Well entrenched on nice looking face, starved.

Deep despairs beautifully curved
Throughout the soften nerves.
A lovely soul sitting on a gracious picture,
Thanking one for asking desire.

shuvo chakraborty

Epic Zone

Morning came and dreams walked out,
A savage life was knocking my door
With harsh iron hands holding an unpalatable casket
Loading grey flowers of troubles having colorful multitudes
Immaterial my blinking desire, my aversion and perturb
It ran in to trouble hours of hearts diction
Occupying several spheres of thoughtful hours
Weaving a curtain of pensive epic of needs, sorrows, whimper of destitution.
I stared at its despired looks, our uneven parley,
A hapless human with nervous ears
Flood gate opened to let the air of miseries.
Oh my wishful paradise, my unseasoned bonhomie,
My erratic romance, my premature fantasy.
All ruptured, all shrank,
Inundating goals, my sinking boat,
Stammering hopes, dreams bloat.

2

In the midway of my life survey
It is my faithful realization
That the roots of all senseless adjudications
Owe all to our prosaic passion.
Meandering faces in name of modern age
Recites too much insipid cantos.
Enveloping darkness circling our cheap existence
Perishing insufficient halo whatever remain
Whatever gathered, whatever inherited.
Drowning hearts mutate greed and hunger
Pushing aside us for eternal slumber,
Our dreamless task for serving fiend
Our rootless visitation for more living.
Languishing sculptures of ATENA and DIANA
Over desolate field of ageless grim,
A presage of coarseness and of woods,
Letting never the musical verse to flow
Never letting it to strain the tune of nerves
In Apollos lyre.

3

We are the summer, we are the rain,
We are the autumn, the spring and winter,
We are heaven or hell.
We are peacocks, we are hen,
We are dull goats, we are snakes.
We are brooks, we are deserts,
We are mountains, we are mounds.
We are butterflies, we are porcupines,
We are grasshoppers, we are glow worms.
We are flowers, we are thorns,
We are seeds, we are leaves.
We are hedge, we are woods,
We are grass, we are fruits.
We are sleeps, we are wakings,
We are dreams, we are brooding.
We are angel, we are devil,
We are divine, we are profane.

4

Twenty first century is looking goat,
Grazing enlightened and being famed
With oversize pendulising beard
Radiating all stupidities, of all vaunting selfishness.
The essence of modernism with all technical marvel
Is doing easy our sorrowful existence.
Buggle our thoughts and soft thinkings,
Tuning our precious being in to ever toiling cadence.
Behold the vast Earthern zone and behold
Our numerous massive souls with drooping heads, with dull eyes
Are feeding their self satiety with blundering grasses.
The field is large, not provided with any shade
Summer sun ruthless of narrow gains and sabby hens
Are their scurvy companies.
But they will graze, they will for obviate end
Until be fodder meat of real course of existence.

5

Dreadful is the cherubim chamber, dreadful is Lucifer night,
Swarming evils engulfing the azure noble.
Timepiece of reverse marching, henious of hearts
Mindless decapacitation of tendering genuine beloved.
We are tumbling, ofcourse we are,
Incendering are rampant, sabotage abounds.

Pilgrimage of canaibilism and ignorance
Are undertaken, obliqueness of dark.
No more we can hide our hideous skeletonic self,
No more, because deceptive flesh of ungreatfullness
Is melting with first pace, evils are exposed.
Wealth is the whistling blow of all sordid games,
Loves, an Achilles hills
Swept and lost in flooding rill of common crest.

6

I wish to see a crane with high looking
May arise its conscious voice, a voice gold,
Philosophying even a simple annal of daily business.....
Call back the simplicity of merry simpleton
Crowding the Earths insufficient pothole
Suffocating the tiny passage of brooding air.
Low contemplation serves earthly needs
Dwarf dreams, dwarf looking, dwarf heroics
Have scant penetrating on mystic kaleidoscope.
Hardly we have zeal or courage to rummage
What is beyond the gospel of our daily living
How deep are we, how much fathomable?
Our family vineyard leads us to nowhere
Save the offering of plenty sour grapes.
Legion of masses around the universe
With no means or little or of heavy farthings
Rush all the same, all the same
With dire need, with undying greed.
We are parachuting for downward lanes since 70s
Downing we are for gainless targets, for starchless millets.
Perhaps this Earth, this universe is turning like CARTHAGE
A burning civilization, gutting conscience.

shuvo chakraborty

Etc

Love let us be face to face
To measure the strength both have gathered.
Love sentinel, a running blood
On night lamped cave
Where lioness flesh on lengthy wait.

Love, cooing doves on transient monument
Enticing one to invisible treasures
That have never belongings
Fizzles out in frowning fire place.

Love, erratic child of a fair being
Blessed with unshaven erotic
Fast pacing with unnatural sitting,
An ageing tempest lying over emptying postures

shuvo chakraborty

Etc1

Imagine you are with her
In close range of passion,
Desire of chill winter dawn
Looking like cactus born
Pressing hundreds thorn
On your fasting flesh.
Her smoky eyes like seething bonfire
Placing both of you on loves ire,
Mesmerising with scathing rise
Baking twin on licking tounge.
Deaf silence with cooling charm
Playing best under trembling rag
Words of erring adolescence
Melting the snow of her beneath.

shuvo chakraborty

Etc2

White pebbles on lonely road
Looking snow with sunny glow,
Roots of tree, earth beneath
Gather strength to withstand blow.
Dry branch of flowering tree
If planted with bare self
Can manifest the lifes spirit
With tender leaves looking like elf.
Love of beloved
Short lived frost in winter morn
Withers on suns starting gleam,
Dissolves fast with her mature form.
Games of childhood with madding passion
Fall after one another like winter leaves,
New games of youth and old with joy and grief
Run apace towards oceanic deaths uncertain cliff.

shuvo chakraborty

Etc3

Her embracing self
Sweeps you away to an unknown river dale
Currents of her whirling posture
Working wonder when together.
Thou unconscious loving solitude showing bursting aptitude
Amusing her tender parts
Before another night is over.
Dews of her canvassing face
Drip in zigzag ways
Ere forming the fountain of mirage
Oozing boundless maidenhood with uncommon smell.
Heaving hills with gracing grapes
Waving shadows partly round shape,
All are gathering under her mystic surroundings
Never bid the conscious spring adieu.

shuvo chakraborty

Etc4

Heart, temper thy wishful hour
With fitting vase of soil life,
Grasses of mediocrity that abounds on thine
In all monotonous hour of earth
Quivers at mild breeze
Or shudders at a faithful glance of lifes daily beatings;
A rootless longevity, a never maturing sapling.

Heart, glowing over average dream table,
Flaunted by all triflings
In middle class temple
With inhospitable care of fairy looks,
Ever melting on bed warming
Drowning all soften sense in feminish bondage.

Heart, thou vasing shape in beloved nest
Enjoying all bunch grapes on nightlong feast
Loosing let younger jests with all fashionable manners.

Heart, a soil vase, how much safe in such tremor hours?
What if starts rolling for downward gains
Fled faraway before her gown set- - -

What wrong dribbling those magic balls
Plenty for another nightlong stratagem.

shuvo chakraborty

Fall Fall O Water Falls

Fall, fall, o water falls
From peeping cliff of mountain walls
Fall, o fall.
Angel of heavy downpour.
Thy careless treading on shapeless stares
Burst out in very next delve
Laying bare the weary water slope.
Lass of joyous birth
Have unblemish heart of whiten mirth
Whistle away ye noisy ride
Over forlorn fairy hills.
Never paused, never stopped
Container of endless girth,
Warming the cold stony bed through profuse kissings
Though lips you have of glacier origin.

2

Stepping huntress with rainbow bow
Setting targets over mountains cluster
Skirting ye whatever real and actual ere us
Avoiding all whatever desiring unlike of human souls.
Friend of vibrant green, foe of morbid stagnation
Wanderer of million years
Beneath the pedestal of watchful frozen peek.
Daughter not of earth born
Never laden with lingering clouds
Of chained passion with tensed patterns
What we mortals often tend to cherish.
Never coy, never ploy, wither not in sorrowful contemplation
Heavenly wise of eternal happiness through philosophic bent.

3

Unknown your concealed cradle
Under forest deep of mountain saddles
Oozing out from frozen womb of snow, thy foster mother and
With paternal care of roaming mists.
Grown up with harping beetles
The Loud legions of Eve breed.
You child of natural growth with hectic run

Ever enriching thy divine education
In distant run with accompanying nature
All to which we are unmindful and indifferent.
Fall, fall, o waterfalls,
Ceaseless dancer of reasoned flow,
Appearing though a mammoth trespasser
But summary of streaming joy, forever.

shuvo chakraborty

Few Rhymes

1 Grieving soul quivering,
Praising hopes blundering,
Expectation belieing,
True sense slumbering.

2 Lengthy love tiring,
Trendy love skidding,
Love when like fire,
All playing spirits expire.

3 Marriage shakes trapping bed,
Stock house wife plays the best,
Other half like manly guest,
Seeks another night of taste.

4 This is, this is the place,
Where I can rest,
Far from human trace,
Till whispering field makes me awake.

5 She went like sapphire,
Gleaming till the last turn and to wither,
Graces of her treading way holds breather,
A gliding hallow frisked, memoirs flying feather.

shuvo chakraborty

Few Scribbles

MEASURE THE LIFE WITH EYES ALL SUBTLETIES
AND FIND TO WHAT DEGREE WORLD HAS CHANGED
SINCE OUR EARLY CHILDHOOD; OUR CELESTIAL BONHOMIE.
HAPPY DAYS DWELT ON US IN CONTINUITY
WE RACED TO ALL PLEASURE FIELD UNDER CAREFUL WATCH OF PARENTS
AND CREDITED JOYS IN LORDS BASKET BY BOISTEROUS CLAMOURS.
SUCH A LIGHT HOURS WE HAD CROSSED
SUCH A HEAVENLY MOMENTS WE HAVE LOST.

NOW AT MIDDLE COURSE OF LIFES STREAM
WHILE STROLLING OVER LONELY HOUSES SPACIOUS ROOF
FINDING SEVERAL MAN STALKING AROUND US,
OUR GROWN UP LIDS FOR TIRED RETIRING
BRINGS THE SPECTER OF FEMINE JOYS.
LIFES HEAVY HOURS WITH ALL OBLIGATIONS AND SPITES
SATURATE THE FREE FLOW OF MIRTHS.

SOMETIMES BEAUTIES OF MARVEL GLOW
WALK WITH US IN FANCY, CLUTCHING OUR FEEBLE HANDS,
INVITING CHILLING FERVOR WITH AMOROUS SETTING
TO PROVE QUITE DISAPPOINTING AT OUR LADIES HUSH DINNER CALLS
ERE COLLAPSING ON OUR DUSTY BEDS WITH ALL STERILE DREAMS.
NEXT DAY BEGINS WITH ANOTHER LIFE NOT ACTUAL
CHILDREN OF YESTERYEARS ARE NOW THE MAN, SONS OF IN ACTUAL

shuvo chakraborty

Few Rhymes

1 King will come, king will go
Overjoying that our souls
Celebrating new hopes
Fades in times pressing folds.

2 Last night I meet a shadow strange
That told me you are worn, you are old,
And I retired to sleepy fold
Where spirits dead horse rode.

3 Encompassing beauty stands here
Ignoring suns breathing fire,
So my baked spirit never feels tired
Fine with nature's attire,
Tuned with cuckoo's song in such leisurely hour.

4 The sad punishing May here to stay
Believing our great expectation of rain
We have grown too much old under its fire
And pensive joy languishes in summer's dome.

shuvo chakraborty

Frail Love

In spite of our mounting sorrows
We let our faces to borrow
A comfortable look in lives ire;
We brave all rushing odds
Like the sea fairer in ocean mid
And plough the arable hopes
To sow the seeds of joys efulgence
In pleasant expectations with easyfull dreams.

Thou unseasoned lovers
Fallen on lives brazen fire and
May it sniff dreams doleful ashes.
Petal loves spread apart
Never bloom but only loom
Like scenting odor,
Always fading, seeking still more.

shuvo chakraborty

God Pricking

Hapless souls still living,
Dumping all shortcomings on clumsy faith.
Gathering ignorences quite strenuous,
Marking uncertain gains on lifes expense
Without precious self, follies unexpectedly streaming brains.
Waste of dying sense builds toll monuments
What we often call civilization in sweet name.
Heaven silent witness with eyes wide open
Of marching desolations.....
Never cured the curse of commoners vision,
Signifying pains inviting unworthy groaningself
And thats all and tall enough.
Blind human fall sort of actual goals,
Circling all inactuals for none.
Thereafter come the endless walks in Moonless night
With spirit tight, plastered might in utter plight,
And calling loud for penance of all evil deeds,
Masterly executed in feminine zeal.
Now their wealing proposals for forgiveness seconded by none.
When will they understand that god has His own motion,
So obvious O human sons, full of lecherous passions.
Thou unfit soldiers for such round as the souls lumber.
Now ye are no more, only rising shadows scanty grown,
Nether lives still more unreal, a sightless affairs, horror fed.

shuvo chakraborty

Happy Birthday

The trees grown before her house in morning forms
Behind which clear sun with mild effulgence
As if wishing my dear beloved HAPPY BIRTHDAY.
The plants from which the same flowering trees encircling odours
Had taken first roots on unknown dates
But the day, the hour she was planted
Was known, the 15th December 1978
Middle in the heart of final month of adieuing year.
It is likely that I had seen her much before
She came in to maturing self
Like the flower of Eden she appeared on distance
Like the planets swam over the winter sky
Throughout the silent night with all whiten forms
That brighten her glories with ecclesiastical charms
Like morning star with her steadfast eyes wide
Showering all sweetest glories of heightened love,
Sometimes with all appearance of a sudden bust
Over a snowy peak blushing red on morn
Created forever by ethereal pleasures of sensing mists
To be adored by all ages as an epitome of virtues.
Waves of adolescence with her pillowing breasts upheaval
Wandering over her sole self in passionate tempest
The little ark of her meandering on unknown sea
Welcoming all loving zeals to be companion of soften memories
Around heaving hearts amorous tumults.
Yet she has a strong overcoming over every raves
And to temper the lifes odd hours with placid sympathy,
Her restrained tears accompany the grievors
Endowing grave understandings of lifes cruel intrigues.
In this manner she has toll the bells of 35 years today
Whom I discovered at lifes nascent hour
Knowing all in MILUS(SUKANYA) name
Much before our eternal journey set on leafy ways of nature
Ignoring the eclipse of MOONS dimming halos.

shuvo chakraborty

He Walks In Fire

He walks in fire,
Fire breathing all hidden passions
In intense fashion,
Moves him like a particle riding on mad waves.
Boiling blood being too humid
Pouring words of moist wants.
Exasperated heart tempering with scenting dewdrops
That cool uncalled summer in cupid's illumined chamber.
He finds his bitten lips
Too tricky in soften grip,
Rising like slow moon with winking lusture,
In hourly pleasure, inking amorous jestures.
He knows his limited destination
Where to travel and to turn,
Dead night offers him dimming stars
To light his metal heart.
He learns about the stiff corners of life and
About all the spangled pearls of curtained world.
Then musing the only name he knows dear,
He enters in to the guarded fold, taming blameless desire.
Heaven bares her before him
Harping all the fierce strings, quite mismerising,
Hence unheard to him in measured life.
He collapses on sighing bed where another part retires.

shuvo chakraborty

Hill Top Evening

October evening besets on topping hill
Dividing the cluster of hilly heads in twin shapes
One in foggy spell another of lighting face with cloudy embrace.
Behind the cloudy veil lies the snowy peaks
Overfacing the chill church spire old and huge.
Limping darkness with shorter day and lengthy night
Strode over hill top from spacious river dale,
Rushing cold from western hills give the taste of snowy dream,
Lonely way leads to yonder pine forest.
Frosty silence embraces each passerby with brooding sense
Everything over roadside appear gloomy
Ere the burking of hill top dogs.
This is the hour, this is special hour
That teaches us how sweet the pensiveness can flower,
Estranged sister of boisterous city wench
Nestling ever on silences rocky cradle.
This is the time, a real and actual time
To feel the snowy presence of condensed icy love
Of earthly pleasures of earthly beloved.
Therefore peck a hole on softer darkling fold
For a fair company of night roving dryards
The peace of hill top particular at twilight care
Like peerless strain of Apollos lyre
Forever entice one to scale this hill top road
Ere clumsy night force a drowsy separation.

shuvo chakraborty

I Can Not

I can not move, so my inane soul
Lumbering on grass bed, wonderfully separated.
Above me the scorching June afternoon
Tearing apart my very self, baking my budding merry golds.
Mine fettered hands with numerous wants
On vain quest of fetching better heart
Are clutching clay with frustrating fingers.
Oh my dear soul, closet of shut up goals
How painfully languishing on rocky cup board
Beside the thirsty river on sand soar.
I know it is lost, lost forever,
Never to be attached on my earth
Or if sowed in my inarable zone
Never to flower any merry gold
Because I am dry, hopelessly dry.

I can not dream in such fine night,
Gentle moon on cautious havenly treading
Although is calling me to vision another world
Because I am old, hopelessly old.
The riverside now almost heaven
Beauty immortal looking crimson gold
Whipping her galloped chariot unbridle
Through the gold plated sandy bed.
Earth is no more appears blazing apostle
Nor the bower trill volcanic sunbeam
But mine self have little effect
Because I am earth, a hopeless rocky self,
A custard with no milky dream
Watching moonlight from prison brink,
Blind prisoner on towering guilt.

I can not, I can not,
Because I am naught, a perpetual not.
Trembling grasses of fresh air of dawn
Are eternal watchmen of my lonely soul
So far from my well kept self
My languishing laid out soul.

I can see how it mirrors all morning dreams
How craftily doling out all vain primroses,
Even glimmering with first sun with dusty finery
Ravishing beloved with passion mounting,
Still I know it is dead, it is dead.
How clever may be, how clever may itself.
Adieu the gentle queen of western descend
Adieu thy midas company, panoramic hours,
They are no use of mine mantled self
Because I am crushing, crushing rocky
To be spread apart on tried river bed,
Water or no water, only to chatter with all murmuring fashion,
An interval face of several births.
Let me the hopeless loser
Of my leftover soul, an useless species
Of all crucial hours of stamp less birth,
It is all going to be sand
It is crushing, tumbling, capsizing over quicksand.
Still I live and is praying let me float let me float
Even in waterless sand bed.
Why water? Why sad inundation?
Why any more temptation of gradual life
With compact ruthless sun and more clever planning?
What differs if mine self sniffing sand zone?
A shameless braggart with greedy bowl,
In fact I am sand, I am sand.

shuvo chakraborty

In Cotemplation

Cats are running around
Besieging all the burrows in sniffing gestures,
Blackened spirits in utter desperation
Seeking quivering mouse on holes.
Mouse that born on conscience depth
Brought up with faint knowledge
To charm the graves of moral saints
Are mulled and torn day by day
Reducing with awesome pace
Ere birth of genuine dawn-
Souls broking ruthless sins
Are abound with ghastly grim
Inviting devils grasshoppers
To herald the spring of crimes
In Lucifers hour convenient.
Poor souls of rhyme and reason
Partly re reflecting eternal light
On bossomless human prism bidding compassions hurried exit.
Squeezing Earth in spaceless cell
Of monster ignorance and deformed hell
Ever cornering the reformed voices
Before making the soften senses roofless and hopeless cloudy.
Cats are merrier with abounding preys
Feeding ignorances blunt satiety,
Merciless paws of greed
Find smooth soil enough to scratch
The tail piece morals heart inane open.
Handful tiny rats swearing morbidity
With blinking sorrows watch their killing zeal- -
A short wait for another new found grave.

shuvo chakraborty

In Rain Washed Night

In rain washed night,
When every thing is out of sight
Because of hazy rainy splash
seething the earth with drenched lash.
Water gushes from lane to lane
As if his filled glass has broken on plain
And trickles on earths soften cheek,
To fill it full for next days sun to lick.
In rain washed night
How beautiful those shaded lights of rain seized hamlets
Hence remained unseen on natures fury,
Now to be companion of all dreamers over lucent wings of fancy.
Dark is the night walls and darkest is the roof,
Sky like scoop containing cloudy troops,
Battling with bitter summer never seduced,
The subdued mortals on natures back patting tributes.
In rain washed night,
An unknown bird takes noisy flight,
Drowsy frogs facing aloud
In praise of rain god.
Everything so rapturous
In denim sweet night.

shuvo chakraborty

Life Spaceless

In his short space less life
Discordant happiness plays foul,
A missed chance heavy price demands.
He sought another that never was for him
As he feared his utter laziness
And never spelt her adored name
Before eastern Sun broke forth.....
Therefore never bore the prized company to home.
Now he is of none,
Life stores nothing save imaginations fatigued
Like some useless rubbles that blunt his radar
Which never begot aim for a tumbling ship,
Where news less captain over looking
Oceanic despairs; he knows that it is
No return for him; glimpsing thorn cares
With nervous look that sits next to him.
Future like dimming stars on clouds light trespass
Heavy his burdened dreams.
No lap of meditating love, selfless,
Visible or waiting in wings.
No nymph of beauty boundless sits on drying branches
Of lifeless trees, planted by him.
A pure sphinx now he, homeless, tasteless,
Statue of abandoned passion, sprouted elsewhere.

shuvo chakraborty

Lonely Planet

Travelling with along, stout dark man
In the burstling city thoroughfare
Talking incessantly about immediate enjoyment
Of unnatural genre was of good old days,
When we found ourselves shopping
Delusion in cramped dimly lit economic pub
Where the roaring music of popular songs
By tender aged girls overwhelmed us in body,
Whole universe was present in short table
Playing all gloomy emotions that we had
With glasses of alcoholic fantasy driving
All the bachelor loneliness towards out door municipal vat.
But it was lately realized
How temporal they were
Both the song and the dark man: all are no more
Vapourised to another planet.
The utter loneliness revived again with obsolete ageold thought
Of secured life in good name of irresistible bondage
Forgetting the dark tall man, forgetting those rosy nights,
Let me embrace the dawning loneliness
In various forms and the patterns gleefully.

2

She sat before you in afternoon class
Being watched bifocally by hungry eyes
That only the worth beauty toasting
The claret of heaven in entire campus.
But with snowy indifference and frown
The lone fairy was daily in contemplation of incestuous relation,
Thousands loneliness in legion undressed with black armed comrades
Swept over the enchanting pupils
Who were in threshold of waylaid future
Where you found the same old reign of frustrating aloofness
Hankering over the boys bereft of pairing beloved.
Hope that ye not yet forget that cursing wish to that
Devil of aloofness god speed you my boy
And laughed away the frown and contempt of said fairy with compromised joys.
But that haunting blush with eternal flush
Withered you forever like a defeated soldier of troy

In vain quest of deceitful Helen.

3

Pacing in the roof top of your two storied house by moonless night
You aired your muttering frustration
Over the crumbling world of knowledge and light
Being swayed by galloping ignorance over your nation
Of consumerism and taste of currency might.
Education is on death bed of great nation
Commanding by blind folded aristotles and ignorant platos
Being mockingly called in sad name of illeteracy
Pouring blasfamous professionals, politicians and men of letters.
Thou lone pathfinder amid deep, dense, sightless forest of evils
Make a helpless grin in vain quest of last laugh
Which was not ever be or will ever be, ye foolish haggard
Dull faced dream merchant, penniless reformer.

4

Ere ye an endless expanse of sea,
Blue, unblemish, water is in surge
Washing your trembling feet with care.
There are no one around you save saline air
Beneath, layer of thick sand, white coloured, encircled by
Dauntless set of jhous whose airy bonhomie
Bring waking call for you
To be forgetful of futile past, sordid present and gaming future
This sea, this sea is only your reliant friend
How much unknown it may be to you.
You are in escaping field of oblivion
Of utter loneliness, hopelessness of deceitful love.
So bid the universe a spirited adieu
Since it is not fit for any necessary correction nor for any immediate resurrection
Therefore be immersed to dependable sea.

5

He is not against god nor a non believer
But against the condensed rituals age old
Far from abstract of divinity.
Whatever are around him do seem

Fairies of ignorances in name of Lord.
Shorter the native country men perseverance to reach to divinity
Quite shorter the way, brief the realization of meaning of god,
Quivering hearts of ignorant bereft of letters
Waiting eagerly for His premium grace which never had been.
What ails humane is the ignorance of the correct way
To seek divinely grace is to seek the true meaning of life
Through apart of philosophy and verse
Which rapid study can only ensure
Beyond the lousy temple of material lure
And an uplooking above daily needs and subhuman passion.
There is no alternative of studying philosophy and high ranked verse
To realize our Lord and His way of works.
So renounce all insipid rituals and seeks the divine blessing
Through the path of aesthetic knowledge. Through pure knowledge
Knowledge of sankara, plato, rousseau, Aristotle and great mill.

shuvo chakraborty

Lonely Planet Part Three

11

There is living after death, there is death before life,
Ordinary living which is in scrambles of destituteness,
Destituteness of idealism, of knowledge meaningful, of utter candidness.
Dull realities of weeds, weeds of rampant ignorance, averment
Of void words, springing of spiteful heart, absolute somersault in name of tender
love.

Arguing mouths over nonest invite mockery of solemn respect
Fragile words serve no one save ignoble moral.
Fatigue soul of hopelessness is only strainfull over kindle expectation.
There is no way out for exploration of meditating symbols,
Vanquising the fancies angel, bosoming the devils squirrels,
Being frank with ruthlessness, expelling all the soft ethos.
Still there is living after death, there is absolute death before living.
How far ye may travel in futile flight
You wont get any light at any cost in this gloomy universe
That I can vouchsafe my dear.
Hence switch off all destineless creative lights
Which poorly flicker over plagiarist grave
In vain name of imagination.

12

How much pain bears the death dead only knows,
Death denies us the sweetness of rainy night, the glimpse of perfumed flower,
The full moon nights charm with beloved, caressing soft hand of her.
It afraids fools and ignorants not the wise,
People hardly imagine the grandeur of diminishing effect of it
On the living with soft treading of departing age.
Who knows when the dead men return to us
Save in the hair raising dreams at dawn
Mocking the poor existence of living.
What differs the dead and living?
Nothing my friends save the bodily existence of dull looking faces.
Who loiter in the speeding earth in shape of human
Who ferries mundane happiness in ugly shaped manner
Deny the deaths righteous place in laughing perseverance.
Till The gravitational force without any remorse
Consumes them against lives all odds,
Poor soul finds ultimate rest in all forgotten dusty picture.

13

Her image haunts ever
Like the fairy mysterious in castle old on midnight bell,
Have lightning effect over cadence of life
Littered the lives spirit
That fly like flakes around the life.
She was snow, an absolute snow
Unblemish, white and spotless,
Beauty's true daughter in all sense
With solemn gorgeousness of high peaked mountain,
Ever radiant with maiden sunlight of deep appreciation,
Ever graceful over unknown mountain flowers
Who enhance her beauty more in lives lower saddle.
She is an appropriate flower to be kept in nature
Where each will grace one another like twin sisters.
The castle of dream stand as it is in airy hue
The midnight bell rung routinely in the dreamers heart,
But her vanishing indifferent image
Lent another bad name to frail dream
Whose mischief are endless, a deceiving elf
In lives tough dry turf.

14

What is god? What's religion?
High philosophy is the god and humanity is religion.
In orient blind faith predominates in name of religion
And irreligiosity in all forms of sins
Finds comfortable excuse in name of god.
Behold my poor nation
Epitome of darkness of dungeon
Where citizens merrily plays with utter ignorance
Berft of all light of true education.
Our colonial master discreetly use only that curriculum
In vain name of education producing slaves and faithful servants
Suitable their needs, not the western great philosophy and verse.
So even after long years of freedom
Utter darkness lording our country men like Dantes Hell.
Our oriental religions are our biggest enemy
Safely preventing the free flow of western air of freedom
Freedom from meaningless rituals, freedom of women
From bondage of marriage and all form of sufferings inhuman from male made

society.

Spanish did great job in their domination by converting their subjects to
chirstianity

Which British could not for narrow interest, left us in perpetual darkness by
giving meaningless freedom,

So we are rotting, so the society and my great nation.

Crimes of deadliest form pollute the blood of my brothers.

15

Whats wrong if I fly in the safe world of fantasy?

Whats wrong if I forever drown myself in the claret of great western poems?

Being hopeless and hapless about my blind co citizens

Who form poor company for my mental state

I renounce all my oriental creeds and pale religious belief

I deplore this male made society, another bad name of cruelty

Over fair sex, over the poor and helpless.

Exploiting politicians, government servants and rich

Have formed an axis of evils looting all wealth of nation.

Ineffective governance, incompetent bureaucracy

And filling of all posts in every educational institutions by counterfeits teachers

Have crippled the nation, only to be taken over by powerful neighbor.

We are on verge of losing our precious freedom

By our own cultivated fallacies.

Situation is so grim

Even good faith is refusing to team up with us.

So it it wise to take a silent flight to a distant forest or high hill

To befriend the reliant solitude in true name of Lord.

Away, away, why am I still dither my final flight

With soft wing of fancy faster to cooling zone.

Adieu my friends, adieu my nation,

Allow me to sneak out from these hars realities

Which my tender poetical sense is too incapable to bear.

shuvo chakraborty

Lonely Planet Part Two

6

Internal darkness, internal pinning strain your very nerve,
Gobbling the tender heart which quivers like autumn grasses
Wherewithal being graced by softest dews of pensive sense
Of parched aloofness in this spiritual barren world.
Rapid wants of near and dear, the murderous enjoyment of terror
On innocents, the hapless deprivation of poor by rulers and rich,
The occult indifference of beloved towards genuine love
Privy to misjudgement and misdemeanour of blind countrymen
To immediate danger, the countless ignorance in and around
Pressing sensitivities to be more internal and reticent.
There are eternal darkness resembling miltons dungeon
Not limited and confined to mysterious nights
Effecting the radiant sun in worse.
Effeminate citizens slighted by commonsense welcome the destroyers.
Poet, lonely soul nowhere to withdraw
Rotten in grave with unsung comrades.

7

What is the force of pyre that engulfed your father
With considerable knowledge of aesthetics
Burnt with crazy smoke within just forty minutes?
What is the indepthness of earthly grave
That ever silenced all the noble poets and Shakespear?
Earth is earth for mere consummation of mutual wants and greeds
Never escorting the genuine heart beyond the rumblings of troubles.
Sorrows innumerable with gracious forgetfulness
Saves us from epic tragedies.
Sleep is our rebirth with clarion call of passing morning birds
Retailing veil warning for another mundane day.
We embrace danger for dangerous sake
With little sense of pains
All our misadventures are daughters of stupidity.

8

What are after death, after our expiration?
Whither our souls loiter oh dear?
When we tabulate countless stars in never ending darkness?

Our silent or noisy departures followed by unnecessary cries of dear
Only haste our treading towards sun less night.
Oblivious soul never quires what are going on earth
Or has she moaned profusely before sun down.
We know owls of nocturnal genre will shrill our absence more and more
The heavenly full moon will never come across our familiar faces
Nor the joys of ordinary clan will ever greet us
We are now of nobody, nowhere to go
Save the darkling forest and vacant place around our home.
No consolation grace us or caressing soft hands of beloved
All are pour forth on eternal pyre of uncanny demonstration
Smoke of oblivion hovers around our dusty pictures.

9

What is true love? What ensure sober silence?
Indifference of beloved germinates pale faced youth numberless
Drive them to desperation of death.
Can it not be asked to our creator
Why the fair sexes are so incomplete and dilapidated?
Those who sail on fantasy and paratrooping peeping hunger
In insipid abode of charmless romantics
Never, never find answer of true meaning of love.
Those who resides fools paradise with bondage of marriage
Falsely imagining better half as a beloved
Which actually are Zeus thunder in guise of softness.
Silence which is another name of godliness
Ever evade its drear company in noisy earth
Is need of hour to all thinkers for creative paradise.
To be alone, forlorn be the heart and soul o sages of all ages.
Where shall we seek this pleasant silence?
In escaping dense forest or in high hill?
Whatever might be to be alone, a wish to be alone
From clamoring million fools be the eternal prayer to Lord.

10

What is study? What is its genuine utility?
To make us engage from utter loneliness on an around.
Black letters of noble origin germinates great thinking
With beaded spirituality and wideth heart.
Behold the commoners bereft of books
So shabby faced look in dark ignorance

Living deads in very shape of human appearance
Slave of all earthly emotion, no spiritual radiation
Run for spiraling greed to grab one which his never belongs.
Fountain of knowledge with philosophical and imaginary umbrage
Be our true companion till to last day.
There is no god without knowledge,
There is nothing spiritual save contemplation deep
Embrace the noble book not of earthly issue
And sail to feast of eternal joys.
Joys what we understand in daily sense are quite temporal and transient
So the beauty of human or other,
What remains only true knowledge that we garner
In our granary on Apollos very name till our departure.
What the unread men takes away with them on final departure?

6

Internal darkness, internal pinning strain your very nerve,
Gobbling the tender heart which quivers like autumn grasses
Wherewithal being graced by softest dews of pensive sense
Of parched aloofness in this spiritual barren world.
Rapid wants of near and dear, the murderous enjoyment of terror
On innocents, the hapless deprivation of poor by rulers and rich,
The occult indifference of beloved towards genuine love
Privy to misjudgement and misdemeanour of blind countrymen
To immediate danger, the countless ignorance in and around
Pressing sensitivities to be more internal and reticent.
There are eternal darkness resembling miltons dungeon
Not limited and confined to mysterious nights
Effecting the radiant sun in worse.
Effeminate citizens slighted by commonsense welcome the destroyers.
Poet, lonely soul nowhere to withdraw
Rotten in grave with unsung comrades.

7

What is the force of pyre that engulfed your father
With considerable knowledge of aesthetics
Burnt with crazy smoke within just forty minutes?
What is the indepthness of earthly grave
That ever silenced all the noble poets and Shakespear?
Earth is earth for mere consummation of mutual wants and greeds

Never escorting the genuine heart beyond the rumblings of troubles.
Sorrows innumerable with gracious forgetfulness
Saves us from epic tragedies.
Sleep is our rebirth with clarion call of passing morning birds
Retailing veil warning for another mundane day.
We embrace danger for dangerous sake
With little sense of pains
All our misadventures are daughters of stupidity.

8

What are after death, after our expiration?
Whither our souls loiter oh dear?
When we tabulate countless stars in never ending darkness?
Our silent or noisy departures followed by unnecessary cries of dear
Only haste our treading towards sun less night.
Oblivious soul never quires what are going on earth
Or has she moaned profusely before sun down.
We know owls of nocturnal genre will shrill our absence more and more
The heavenly full moon will never come across our familiar faces
Nor the joys of ordinary clan will ever greet us
We are now of nobody, nowhere to go
Save the darkling forest and vacant place around our home.
No consolation grace us or caressing soft hands of beloved
All are pour forth on eternal pyre of uncanny demonstration
Smoke of oblivion hovers around our dusty pictures.

9

What is true love? What ensure sober silence?
Indifference of beloved germinates pale faced youth numberless
Drive them to desperation of death.
Can it not be asked to our creator
Why the fair sexes are so incomplete and dilapidated?
Those who sail on fantasy and paratrooping peeping hunger
In insipid abode of charmless romantics
Never, never find answer of true meaning of love.
Those who resides fools paradise with bondage of marriage
Falsely imagining better half as a beloved
Which actually are Zeus thunder in guise of softness.
Silence which is another name of godliness
Ever evade its drear company in noisy earth

Is need of hour to all thinkers for creative paradise.
To be alone, forlorn be the heart and soul o sages of all ages.
Where shall we seek this pleasant silence?
In escaping dense forest or in high hill?
Whatever might be to be alone, a wish to be alone
From clamoring million fools be the eternal prayer to Lord.
10

What is study? What is its genuine utility?
To make us engage from utter loneliness on an around.
Black letters of noble origin germinates great thinking
With beaded spirituality and wideth heart.
Behold the commoners bereft of books
So shabby faced look in dark ignorance
Living deads in very shape of human appearance
Slave of all earthly emotion, no spiritual radiation
Run for spiraling greed to grab one which his never belongs.
Fountain of knowledge with philosophical and imaginary umbrage
Be our true companion till to last day.
There is no god without knowledge,
There is nothing spiritual save contemplation deep
Embrace the noble book not of earthly issue
And sail to feast of eternal joys.
Joys what we understand in daily sense are quite temporal and transient
So the beauty of human or other,
What remains only true knowledge that we garner
In our granary on Apollos very name till our departure.
What the unread men takes away with them on final departure?

6
Internal darkness, internal pinning strain your very nerve,
Gobbling the tender heart which quivers like autumn grasses
Wherewithal being graced by sofest dews of pensive sense
Of parched aloofness in this spiritual barren world.
Rapid wants of near and dear, the murderous enjoyment of terror
On innocents, the hapless deprivation of poor by rulers and rich,
The occult indifference of beloved towards genuine love
Privy to misjudgement and misdemeneavour of blind countrymen
To immediate danger, the countless ignorance in and around

Pressing sensitivities to be more internal and reticent.
There are eternal darkness resembling miltons dungeon
Not limited and confined to mysterious nights
Effecting the radiant sun in worse.
Effeminate citizens slighted by commonsense welcome the destroyers.
Poet, lonely soul nowhere to withdraw
Rotten in grave with unsung comrades.

7

What is the force of pyre that engulfed your father
With considerable knowledge of aesthetics
Burnt with crazy smoke within just forty minutes?
What is the indepthness of earthly grave
That ever silenced all the noble poets and Shakespear?
Earth is earth for mere consummation of mutual wants and greeds
Never escorting the genuine heart beyond the rumblings of troubles.
Sorrows innumerable with gracious forgetfulness
Saves us from epic tragedies.
Sleep is our rebirth with clarion call of passing morning birds
Retailing veil warning for another mundane day.
We embrace danger for dangerous sake
With little sense of pains
All our misadventures are daughters of stupidity.

8

What are after death, after our expiration?
Whither our souls loiter oh dear?
When we tabulate countless stars in never ending darkness?
Our silent or noisy departures followed by unnecessary cries of dear
Only haste our treading towards sun less night.
Oblivious soul never quires what are going on earth
Or has she moaned profusely before sun down.
We know owls of nocturnal genre will shrill our absence more and more
The heavenly full moon will never come across our familiar faces
Nor the joys of ordinary clan will ever greet us
We are now of nobody, nowhere to go
Save the darkling forest and vacant place around our home.
No consolation grace us or caressing soft hands of beloved
All are pour forth on eternal pyre of uncanny demonstration
Smoke of oblivion hovers around our dusty pictures.

What is true love? What ensure sober silence?
 Indifference of beloved germinates pale faced youth numberless
 Drive them to desperation of death.
 Can it not be asked to our creator
 Why the fair sexes are so incomplete and dilapidated?
 Those who sail on fantasy and paratrooping peeping hunger
 In insipid abode of charmless romantics
 Never, never find answer of true meaning of love.
 Those who resides fools paradise with bondage of marriage
 Falsely imagining better half as a beloved
 Which actually are Zeus thunder in guise of softness.
 Silence which is another name of godliness
 Ever evade its drear company in noisy earth
 Is need of hour to all thinkers for creative paradise.
 To be alone, forlorn be the heart and soul o sages of all ages.
 Where shall we seek this pleasant silence?
 In escaping dense forest or in high hill?
 Whatever might be to be alone, a wish to be alone
 From clamoring million fools be the eternal prayer to Lord.
 10

What is study? What is its genuine utility?
 To make us engage from utter loneliness on an around.
 Black letters of noble origin germinates great thinking
 With beaded spirituality and wideth heart.
 Behold the commoners bereft of books
 So shabby faced look in dark ignorance
 Living deads in very shape of human appearance
 Slave of all earthly emotion, no spiritual radiation
 Run for spiraling greed to grab one which his never belongs.
 Fountain of knowledge with philosophical and imaginary umbrage
 Be our true companion till to last day.
 There is no god without knowledge,
 There is nothing spiritual save contemplation deep
 Embrace the noble book not of earthly issue
 And sail to feast of eternal joys.
 Joys what we understand in daily sense are quite temporal and transient
 So the beauty of human or other,
 What remains only true knowledge that we garner
 In our granary on Apollos very name till our departure.

What the unread men takes away with them on final departure?

6

Internal darkness, internal pinning strain your very nerve,
Gobbling the tender heart which quivers like autumn grasses
Wherewithal being graced by softest dews of pensive sense
Of parched aloofness in this spiritual barren world.
Rapid wants of near and dear, the murderous enjoyment of terror
On innocents, the hapless deprivation of poor by rulers and rich,
The occult indifference of beloved towards genuine love
Privy to misjudgement and misdemeanour of blind countrymen
To immediate danger, the countless ignorance in and around
Pressing sensitivities to be more internal and reticent.
There are eternal darkness resembling miltons dungeon
Not limited and confined to mysterious nights
Effecting the radiant sun in worse.
Effeminate citizens slighted by commonsense welcome the destroyers.
Poet, lonely soul nowhere to withdraw
Rotten in grave with unsung comrades.

7

What is the force of pyre that engulfed your father
With considerable knowledge of aesthetics
Burnt with crazy smoke within just forty minutes?
What is the indepthness of earthly grave
That ever silenced all the noble poets and Shakespear?
Earth is earth for mere consummation of mutual wants and greeds
Never escorting the genuine heart beyond the rumblings of troubles.
Sorrows innumerable with gracious forgetfulness
Saves us from epic tragedies.
Sleep is our rebirth with clarion call of passing morning birds
Retailing veil warning for another mundane day.
We embrace danger for dangerous sake
With little sense of pains
All our misadventures are daughters of stupidity.

8

What are after death, after our expiration?
Whither our souls loiter oh dear?
When we tabulate countless stars in never ending darkness?
Our silent or noisy departures followed by unnecessary cries of dear
Only haste our treading towards sun less night.
Oblivious soul never quires what are going on earth
Or has she moaned profusely before sun down.
We know owls of nocturnal genre will shrill our absence more and more
The heavenly full moon will never come across our familiar faces
Nor the joys of ordinary clan will ever greet us
We are now of nobody, nowhere to go
Save the darkling forest and vacant place around our home.
No consolation grace us or caressing soft hands of beloved
All are pour forth on eternal pyre of uncanny demonstration
Smoke of oblivion hovers around our dusty pictures.

9

What is true love? What ensure sober silence?
Indifference of beloved germinates pale faced youth numberless
Drive them to desperation of death.
Can it not be asked to our creator
Why the fair sexes are so incomplete and dilapidated?
Those who sail on fantasy and paratrooping peeping hunger
In insipid abode of charmless romantics
Never, never find answer of true meaning of love.
Those who resides fools paradise with bondage of marriage
Falsely imagining better half as a beloved
Which actually are Zeus thunder in guise of softness.
Silence which is another name of godliness
Ever evade its drear company in noisy earth
Is need of hour to all thinkers for creative paradise.
To be alone, forlorn be the heart and soul o sages of all ages.
Where shall we seek this pleasant silence?
In escaping dense forest or in high hill?
Whatever might be to be alone, a wish to be alone
From clamoring million fools be the eternal prayer to Lord.

10

What is study? What is its genuine utility?
To make us engage from utter loneliness on an around.
Black letters of noble origin germinates great thinking

With beaded spirituality and wideth heart.
Behold the commoners bereft of books
So shabby faced look in dark ignorance
Living deads in very shape of human appearance
Slave of all earthly emotion, no spiritual radiation
Run for spiraling greed to grab one which his never belongs.
Fountain of knowledge with philosophical and imaginary umbrage
Be our true companion till to last day.
There is no god without knowledge,
There is nothing spiritual save contemplation deep
Embrace the noble book not of earthly issue
And sail to feast of eternal joys.
Joys what we understand in daily sense are quite temporal and transient
So the beauty of human or other,
What remains only true knowledge that we garner
In our granary on Apollos very name till our departure.
What the unread men takes away with them on final departure?

6

Internal darkness, internal pinning strain your very nerve,
Gobbling the tender heart which quivers like autumn grasses
Wherewithal being graced by sofest dews of pensive sense
Of parched aloofness in this spiritual barren world.
Rapid wants of near and dear, the murderous enjoyment of terror
On innocents, the hapless deprivation of poor by rulers and rich,
The occult indifference of beloved towards genuine love
Privy to misjudgement and misdemeneavour of blind countrymen
To immediate danger, the countless ignorance in and around
Pressing sensitivities to be more internal and reticent.
There are eternal darkness resembling miltons dungeon
Not limited and confined to mysterious nights
Effecting the radiant sun in worse.
Effeminate citizens slighted by commonsense welcome the destroyers.
Poet, lonely soul nowhere to withdraw
Rotten in grave with unsung comrades.

7

What is the force of pyre that engulfed your father
With considerable knowledge of aesthetics
Burnt with crazy smoke within just forty minutes?
What is the indepthness of earthly grave

That ever silenced all the noble poets and Shakespear?
Earth is earth for mere consummation of mutual wants and greeds
Never escorting the genuine heart beyond the rumblings of troubles.
Sorrows innumerable with gracious forgetfulness
Saves us from epic tragedies.
Sleep is our rebirth with clarion call of passing morning birds
Retailing veil warning for another mundane day.
We embrace danger for dangerous sake
With little sense of pains
All our misadventures are daughters of stupidity.

8

What are after death, after our expiration?
Whither our souls loiter oh dear?
When we tabulate countless stars in never ending darkness?
Our silent or noisy departures followed by unnecessary cries of dear
Only haste our treading towards sun less night.
Oblivious soul never quires what are going on earth
Or has she moaned profusely before sun down.
We know owls of nocturnal genre will shrill our absence more and more
The heavenly full moon will never come across our familiar faces
Nor the joys of ordinary clan will ever greet us
We are now of nobody, nowhere to go
Save the darkling forest and vacant place around our home.
No consolation grace us or caressing soft hands of beloved
All are pour forth on eternal pyre of uncanny demonstration
Smoke of oblivion hovers around our dusty pictures.

9

What is true love? What ensure sober silence?
Indifference of beloved germinates pale faced youth numberless
Drive them to desperation of death.
Can it not be asked to our creator
Why the fair sexes are so incomplete and dilapidated?
Those who sail on fantasy and paratrooping peeping hunger
In insipid abode of charmless romantics
Never, never find answer of true meaning of love.
Those who resides fools paradise with bondage of marriage
Falsely imagining better half as a beloved
Which actually are Zeus thunder in guise of softness.

Silence which is another name of godliness
Ever evade its drear company in noisy earth
Is need of hour to all thinkers for creative paradise.
To be alone, forlorn be the heart and soul o sages of all ages.
Where shall we seek this pleasant silence?
In escaping dense forest or in high hill?
Whatever might be to be alone, a wish to be alone
From clamoring million fools be the eternal prayer to Lord.
10

What is study? What is its genuine utility?
To make us engage from utter loneliness on an around.
Black letters of noble origin germinates great thinking
With beaded spirituality and wideth heart.
Behold the commoners bereft of books
So shabby faced look in dark ignorance
Living deads in very shape of human appearance
Slave of all earthly emotion, no spiritual radiation
Run for spiraling greed to grab one which his never belongs.
Fountain of knowledge with philosophical and imaginary umbrage
Be our true companion till to last day.
There is no god without knowledge,
There is nothing spiritual save contemplation deep
Embrace the noble book not of earthly issue
And sail to feast of eternal joys.
Joys what we understand in daily sense are quite temporal and transient
So the beauty of human or other,
What remains only true knowledge that we garner
In our granary on Apollos very name till our departure.
What the unread men takes away with them on final departure?

6
Internal darkness, internal pinning strain your very nerve,
Gobbling the tender heart which quivers like autumn grasses
Wherewithal being graced by softest dews of pensive sense
Of parched aloofness in this spiritual barren world.
Rapid wants of near and dear, the murderous enjoyment of terror
On innocents, the hapless deprivation of poor by rulers and rich,
The occult indifference of beloved towards genuine love

Privy to misjudgement and misdemeanour of blind countrymen
To immediate danger, the countless ignorance in and around
Pressing sensitivities to be more internal and reticent.
There are eternal darkness resembling miltons dungeon
Not limited and confined to mysterious nights
Effecting the radiant sun in worse.
Effeminate citizens slighted by commonsense welcome the destroyers.
Poet, lonely soul nowhere to withdraw
Rotten in grave with unsung comrades.

7

What is the force of pyre that engulfed your father
With considerable knowledge of aesthetics
Burnt with crazy smoke within just forty minutes?
What is the indepthness of earthly grave
That ever silenced all the noble poets and Shakespear?
Earth is earth for mere consummation of mutual wants and greeds
Never escorting the genuine heart beyond the rumblings of troubles.
Sorrows innumerable with gracious forgetfulness
Saves us from epic tragedies.
Sleep is our rebirth with clarion call of passing morning birds
Retailing veil warning for another mundane day.
We embrace danger for dangerous sake
With little sense of pains
All our misadventures are daughters of stupidity.

8

What are after death, after our expiration?
Whither our souls loiter oh dear?
When we tabulate countless stars in never ending darkness?
Our silent or noisy departures followed by unnecessary cries of dear
Only haste our treading towards sun less night.
Oblivious soul never quires what are going on earth
Or has she moaned profusely before sun down.
We know owls of nocturnal genre will shrill our absence more and more
The heavenly full moon will never come across our familiar faces
Nor the joys of ordinary clan will ever greet us
We are now of nobody, nowhere to go
Save the darkling forest and vacant place around our home.
No consolation grace us or caressing soft hands of beloved
All are pour forth on eternal pyre of uncanny demonstration

Smoke of oblivion hovers around our dusty pictures.

9

What is true love? What ensure sober silence?
Indifference of beloved germinates pale faced youth numberless
Drive them to desperation of death.
Can it not be asked to our creator
Why the fair sexes are so incomplete and dilapidated?
Those who sail on fantasy and paratrooping peeping hunger
In insipid abode of charmless romantics
Never, never find answer of true meaning of love.
Those who resides fools paradise with bondage of marriage
Falsely imagining better half as a beloved
Which actually are Zeus thunder in guise of softness.
Silence which is another name of godliness
Ever evade its drear company in noisy earth
Is need of hour to all thinkers for creative paradise.
To be alone, forlorn be the heart and soul o sages of all ages.
Where shall we seek this pleasant silence?
In escaping dense forest or in high hill?
Whatever might be to be alone, a wish to be alone
From clamoring million fools be the eternal prayer to Lord.
10

What is study? What is its genuine utility?
To make us engage from utter loneliness on an around.
Black letters of noble origin germinates great thinking
With beaded spirituality and wideth heart.
Behold the commoners bereft of books
So shabby faced look in dark ignorance
Living deads in very shape of human appearance
Slave of all earthly emotion, no spiritual radiation
Run for spiraling greed to grab one which his never belongs.
Fountain of knowledge with philosophical and imaginary umbrage
Be our true companion till to last day.
There is no god without knowledge,
There is nothing spiritual save contemplation deep
Embrace the noble book not of earthly issue
And sail to feast of eternal joys.
Joys what we understand in daily sense are quite temporal and transient
So the beauty of human or other,

What remains only true knowledge that we garner
In our granary on Apollos very name till our departure.
What the unread men takes away with them on final departure?

6

Internal darkness, internal pinning strain your very nerve,
Gobbling the tender heart which quivers like autumn grasses
Wherewithal being graced by softest dews of pensive sense
Of parched aloofness in this spiritual barren world.
Rapid wants of near and dear, the murderous enjoyment of terror
On innocents, the hapless deprivation of poor by rulers and rich,
The occult indifference of beloved towards genuine love
Privy to misjudgement and misdemeanour of blind countrymen
To immediate danger, the countless ignorance in and around
Pressing sensitivities to be more internal and reticent.
There are eternal darkness resembling miltons dungeon
Not limited and confined to mysterious nights
Effecting the radiant sun in worse.
Effeminate citizens slighted by commonsense welcome the destroyers.
Poet, lonely soul nowhere to withdraw
Rotten in grave with unsung comrades.

7

What is the force of pyre that engulfed your father
With considerable knowledge of aesthetics
Burnt with crazy smoke within just forty minutes?
What is the indepthness of earthly grave
That ever silenced all the noble poets and Shakespear?
Earth is earth for mere consummation of mutual wants and greeds
Never escorting the genuine heart beyond the rumblings of troubles.
Sorrows innumerable with gracious forgetfulness
Saves us from epic tragedies.
Sleep is our rebirth with clarion call of passing morning birds
Retailing veil warning for another mundane day.
We embrace danger for dangerous sake
With little sense of pains
All our misadventures are daughters of stupidity.

8

What are after death, after our expiration?
Whither our souls loiter oh dear?
When we tabulate countless stars in never ending darkness?
Our silent or noisy departures followed by unnecessary cries of dear
Only haste our treading towards sun less night.
Oblivious soul never quires what are going on earth
Or has she moaned profusely before sun down.
We know owls of nocturnal genre will shrill our absence more and more
The heavenly full moon will never come across our familiar faces
Nor the joys of ordinary clan will ever greet us
We are now of nobody, nowhere to go
Save the darkling forest and vacant place around our home.
No consolation grace us or caressing soft hands of beloved
All are pour forth on eternal pyre of uncanny demonstration
Smoke of oblivion hovers around our dusty pictures.

9

What is true love? What ensure sober silence?
Indifference of beloved germinates pale faced youth numberless
Drive them to desperation of death.
Can it not be asked to our creator
Why the fair sexes are so incomplete and dilapidated?
Those who sail on fantasy and paratrooping peeping hunger
In insipid abode of charmless romantics
Never, never find answer of true meaning of love.
Those who resides fools paradise with bondage of marriage
Falsely imagining better half as a beloved
Which actually are Zeus thunder in guise of softness.
Silence which is another name of godliness
Ever evade its drear company in noisy earth
Is need of hour to all thinkers for creative paradise.
To be alone, forlorn be the heart and soul o sages of all ages.
Where shall we seek this pleasant silence?
In escaping dense forest or in high hill?
Whatever might be to be alone, a wish to be alone
From clamoring million fools be the eternal prayer to Lord.

10

What is study? What is its genuine utility?
To make us engage from utter loneliness on an around.
Black letters of noble origin germinates great thinking

With beaded spirituality and wideth heart.
Behold the commoners bereft of books
So shabby faced look in dark ignorance
Living deads in very shape of human appearance
Slave of all earthly emotion, no spiritual radiation
Run for spiraling greed to grab one which his never belongs.
Fountain of knowledge with philosophical and imaginary umbrage
Be our true companion till to last day.
There is no god without knowledge,
There is nothing spiritual save contemplation deep
Embrace the noble book not of earthly issue
And sail to feast of eternal joys.
Joys what we understand in daily sense are quite temporal and transient
So the beauty of human or other,
What remains only true knowledge that we garner
In our granary on Apollos very name till our departure.
What the unread men takes away with them on final departure?

6

Internal darkness, internal pinning strain your very nerve,
Gobbling the tender heart which quivers like autumn grasses
Wherewithal being graced by sofest dews of pensive sense
Of parched aloofness in this spiritual barren world.
Rapid wants of near and dear, the murderous enjoyment of terror
On innocents, the hapless deprivation of poor by rulers and rich,
The occult indifference of beloved towards genuine love
Privy to misjudgement and misdemenear of blind countrymen
To immediate danger, the countless ignorance in and around
Pressing sensitivities to be more internal and reticent.
There are eternal darkness resembling miltons dungeon
Not limited and confined to mysterious nights
Effecting the radiant sun in worse.
Effeminate citizens slighted by commonsense welcome the destroyers.
Poet, lonely soul nowhere to withdraw
Rotten in grave with unsung comrades.

7

What is the force of pyre that engulfed your father
With considerable knowledge of aesthetics
Burnt with crazy smoke within just forty minutes?

What is the indepthness of earthly grave
That ever silenced all the noble poets and Shakespear?
Earth is earth for mere consummation of mutual wants and greeds
Never escorting the genuine heart beyond the rumblings of troubles.
Sorrows innumerable with gracious forgetfulness
Saves us from epic tragedies.
Sleep is our rebirth with clarion call of passing morning birds
Retailing veil warning for another mundane day.
We embrace danger for dangerous sake
With little sense of pains
All our misadventures are daughters of stupidity.

8

What are after death, after our expiration?
Whither our souls loiter oh dear?
When we tabulate countless stars in never ending darkness?
Our silent or noisy departures followed by unnecessary cries of dear
Only haste our treading towards sun less night.
Oblivious soul never quires what are going on earth
Or has she moaned profusely before sun down.
We know owls of nocturnal genre will shrill our absence more and more
The heavenly full moon will never come across our familiar faces
Nor the joys of ordinary clan will ever greet us
We are now of nobody, nowhere to go
Save the darkling forest and vacant place around our home.
No consolation grace us or caressing soft hands of beloved
All are pour forth on eternal pyre of uncanny demonstration
Smoke of oblivion hovers around our dusty pictures.

9

What is true love? What ensure sober silence?
Indifference of beloved germinates pale faced youth numberless
Drive them to desperation of death.
Can it not be asked to our creator
Why the fair sexes are so incomplete and dilapidated?
Those who sail on fantasy and paratrooping peeping hunger
In insipid abode of charmless romantics
Never, never find answer of true meaning of love.
Those who resides fools paradise with bondage of marriage
Falsely imagining better half as a beloved

Which actually are Zeus thunder in guise of softness.
Silence which is another name of godliness
Ever evade its drear company in noisy earth
Is need of hour to all thinkers for creative paradise.
To be alone, forlorn be the heart and soul o sages of all ages.
Where shall we seek this pleasant silence?
In escaping dense forest or in high hill?
Whatever might be to be alone, a wish to be alone
From clamoring million fools be the eternal prayer to Lord.
10

What is study? What is its genuine utility?
To make us engage from utter loneliness on an around.
Black letters of noble origin germinates great thinking
With beaded spirituality and wideth heart.
Behold the commoners bereft of books
So shabby faced look in dark ignorance
Living deads in very shape of human appearance
Slave of all earthly emotion, no spiritual radiation
Run for spiraling greed to grab one which his never belongs.
Fountain of knowledge with philosophical and imaginary umbrage
Be our true companion till to last day.
There is no god without knowledge,
There is nothing spiritual save contemplation deep
Embrace the noble book not of earthly issue
And sail to feast of eternal joys.
Joys what we understand in daily sense are quite temporal and transient
So the beauty of human or other,
What remains only true knowledge that we garner
In our granary on Apollos very name till our departure.
What the unread men takes away with them on final departure?

6
Internal darkness, internal pinning strain your very nerve,
Gobbling the tender heart which quivers like autumn grasses
Wherewithal being graced by sofest dews of pensive sense
Of parched aloofness in this spiritual barren world.
Rapid wants of near and dear, the murderous enjoyment of terror
On innocents, the hapless deprivation of poor by rulers and rich,
The occult indifference of beloved towards genuine love

Privy to misjudgement and misdemeanour of blind countrymen
To immediate danger, the countless ignorance in and around
Pressing sensitivities to be more internal and reticent.
There are eternal darkness resembling miltons dungeon
Not limited and confined to mysterious nights
Effecting the radiant sun in worse.
Effeminate citizens slighted by commonsense welcome the destroyers.
Poet, lonely soul nowhere to withdraw
Rotten in grave with unsung comrades.

7

What is the force of pyre that engulfed your father
With considerable knowledge of aesthetics
Burnt with crazy smoke within just forty minutes?
What is the indepthness of earthly grave
That ever silenced all the noble poets and Shakespear?
Earth is earth for mere consummation of mutual wants and greeds
Never escorting the genuine heart beyond the rumblings of troubles.
Sorrows innumerable with gracious forgetfulness
Saves us from epic tragedies.
Sleep is our rebirth with clarion call of passing morning birds
Retailing veil warning for another mundane day.
We embrace danger for dangerous sake
With little sense of pains
All our misadventures are daughters of stupidity.

8

What are after death, after our expiration?
Whither our souls loiter oh dear?
When we tabulate countless stars in never ending darkness?
Our silent or noisy departures followed by unnecessary cries of dear
Only haste our treading towards sun less night.
Oblivious soul never quires what are going on earth
Or has she moaned profusely before sun down.
We know owls of nocturnal genre will shrill our absence more and more
The heavenly full moon will never come across our familiar faces
Nor the joys of ordinary clan will ever greet us
We are now of nobody, nowhere to go
Save the darkling forest and vacant place around our home.
No consolation grace us or caressing soft hands of beloved
All are pour forth on eternal pyre of uncanny demonstration

Smoke of oblivion hovers around our dusty pictures.

9

What is true love? What ensure sober silence?
Indifference of beloved germinates pale faced youth numberless
Drive them to desperation of death.
Can it not be asked to our creator
Why the fair sexes are so incomplete and dilapidated?
Those who sail on fantasy and paratrooping peeping hunger
In insipid abode of charmless romantics
Never, never find answer of true meaning of love.
Those who resides fools paradise with bondage of marriage
Falsely imagining better half as a beloved
Which actually are Zeus thunder in guise of softness.
Silence which is another name of godliness
Ever evade its drear company in noisy earth
Is need of hour to all thinkers for creative paradise.
To be alone, forlorn be the heart and soul o sages of all ages.
Where shall we seek this pleasant silence?
In escaping dense forest or in high hill?
Whatever might be to be alone, a wish to be alone
From clamoring million fools be the eternal prayer to Lord.
10

What is study? What is its genuine utility?
To make us engage from utter loneliness on an around.
Black letters of noble origin germinates great thinking
With beaded spirituality and wideth heart.
Behold the commoners bereft of books
So shabby faced look in dark ignorance
Living deads in very shape of human appearance
Slave of all earthly emotion, no spiritual radiation
Run for spiraling greed to grab one which his never belongs.
Fountain of knowledge with philosophical and imaginary umbrage
Be our true companion till to last day.
There is no god without knowledge,
There is nothing spiritual save contemplation deep
Embrace the noble book not of earthly issue
And sail to feast of eternal joys.
Joys what we understand in daily sense are quite temporal and transient
So the beauty of human or other,

What remains only true knowledge that we garner
In our granary on Apollos very name till our departure.
What the unread men takes away with them on final departure?

6

Internal darkness, internal pinning strain your very nerve,
Gobbling the tender heart which quivers like autumn grasses
Wherewithal being graced by softest dews of pensive sense
Of parched aloofness in this spiritual barren world.
Rapid wants of near and dear, the murderous enjoyment of terror
On innocents, the hapless deprivation of poor by rulers and rich,
The occult indifference of beloved towards genuine love
Privy to misjudgement and misdemeanour of blind countrymen
To immediate danger, the countless ignorance in and around
Pressing sensitivities to be more internal and reticent.
There are eternal darkness resembling miltons dungeon
Not limited and confined to mysterious nights
Effecting the radiant sun in worse.
Effeminate citizens slighted by commonsense welcome the destroyers.
Poet, lonely soul nowhere to withdraw
Rotten in grave with unsung comrades.

7

What is the force of pyre that engulfed your father
With considerable knowledge of aesthetics
Burnt with crazy smoke within just forty minutes?
What is the indepthness of earthly grave
That ever silenced all the noble poets and Shakespear?
Earth is earth for mere consummation of mutual wants and greeds
Never escorting the genuine heart beyond the rumblings of troubles.
Sorrows innumerable with gracious forgetfulness
Saves us from epic tragedies.
Sleep is our rebirth with clarion call of passing morning birds
Retailing veil warning for another mundane day.
We embrace danger for dangerous sake
With little sense of pains
All our misadventures are daughters of stupidity.

8

What are after death, after our expiration?

Whither our souls loiter oh dear?
When we tabulate countless stars in never ending darkness?
Our silent or noisy departures followed by unnecessary cries of dear
Only haste our treading towards sun less night.
Oblivious soul never quires what are going on earth
Or has she moaned profusely before sun down.
We know owls of nocturnal genre will shrill our absence more and more
The heavenly full moon will never come across our familiar faces
Nor the joys of ordinary clan will ever greet us
We are now of nobody, nowhere to go
Save the darkling forest and vacant place around our home.
No consolation grace us or caressing soft hands of beloved
All are pour forth on eternal pyre of uncanny demonstration
Smoke of oblivion hovers around our dusty pictures.

9

What is true love? What ensure sober silence?
Indifference of beloved germinates pale faced youth numberless
Drive them to desperation of death.
Can it not be asked to our creator
Why the fair sexes are so incomplete and dilapidated?
Those who sail on fantasy and paratrooping peeping hunger
In insipid abode of charmless romantics
Never, never find answer of true meaning of love.
Those who resides fools paradise with bondage of marriage
Falsely imagining better half as a beloved
Which actually are Zeus thunder in guise of softness.
Silence which is another name of godliness
Ever evade its drear company in noisy earth
Is need of hour to all thinkers for creative paradise.
To be alone, forlorn be the heart and soul o sages of all ages.
Where shall we seek this pleasant silence?
In escaping dense forest or in high hill?
Whatever might be to be alone, a wish to be alone
From clamoring million fools be the eternal prayer to Lord.

10

What is study? What is its genuine utility?
To make us engage from utter loneliness on an around.
Black letters of noble origin germinates great thinking
With beaded spirituality and wideth heart.

Behold the commoners bereft of books
So shabby faced look in dark ignorance
Living dead in very shape of human appearance
Slave of all earthly emotion, no spiritual radiation
Run for spiraling greed to grab one which his never belongs.
Fountain of knowledge with philosophical and imaginary umbrage
Be our true companion till to last day.
There is no god without knowledge,
There is nothing spiritual save contemplation deep
Embrace the noble book not of earthly issue
And sail to feast of eternal joys.
Joys what we understand in daily sense are quite temporal and transient
So the beauty of human or other,
What remains only true knowledge that we garner
In our granary on Apollos very name till our departure.
What the unread men takes away with them on final departure?

6

Internal darkness, internal pinning strain your very nerve,
Gobbling the tender heart which quivers like autumn grasses
Wherewithal being graced by softest dews of pensive sense
Of parched aloofness in this spiritual barren world.
Rapid wants of near and dear, the murderous enjoyment of terror
On innocents, the hapless deprivation of poor by rulers and rich,
The occult indifference of beloved towards genuine love
Privy to misjudgement and misdemeanour of blind countrymen
To immediate danger, the countless ignorance in and around
Pressing sensitivities to be more internal and reticent.
There are eternal darkness resembling miltons dungeon
Not limited and confined to mysterious nights
Effecting the radiant sun in worse.
Effeminate citizens slighted by commonsense welcome the destroyers.
Poet, lonely soul nowhere to withdraw
Rotten in grave with unsung comrades.

7

What is the force of pyre that engulfed your father
With considerable knowledge of aesthetics
Burnt with crazy smoke within just forty minutes?
What is the indepthness of earthly grave
That ever silenced all the noble poets and Shakespear?

Earth is earth for mere consummation of mutual wants and greeds
Never escorting the genuine heart beyond the rumblings of troubles.
Sorrows innumerable with gracious forgetfulness
Saves us from epic tragedies.
Sleep is our rebirth with clarion call of passing morning birds
Retailing veil warning for another mundane day.
We embrace danger for dangerous sake
With little sense of pains
All our misadventures are daughters of stupidity.

8

What are after death, after our expiration?
Whither our souls loiter oh dear?
When we tabulate countless stars in never ending darkness?
Our silent or noisy departures followed by unnecessary cries of dear
Only haste our treading towards sun less night.
Oblivious soul never quires what are going on earth
Or has she moaned profusely before sun down.
We know owls of nocturnal genre will shrill our absence more and more
The heavenly full moon will never come across our familiar faces
Nor the joys of ordinary clan will ever greet us
We are now of nobody, nowhere to go
Save the darkling forest and vacant place around our home.
No consolation grace us or caressing soft hands of beloved
All are pour forth on eternal pyre of uncanny demonstration
Smoke of oblivion hovers around our dusty pictures.

9

What is true love? What ensure sober silence?
Indifference of beloved germinates pale faced youth numberless
Drive them to desperation of death.
Can it not be asked to our creator
Why the fair sexes are so incomplete and dilapidated?
Those who sail on fantasy and paratrooping peeping hunger
In insipid abode of charmless romantics
Never, never find answer of true meaning of love.
Those who resides fools paradise with bondage of marriage
Falsely imagining better half as a beloved
Which actually are Zeus thunder in guise of softness.
Silence which is another name of godliness

Ever evade its drear company in noisy earth
Is need of hour to all thinkers for creative paradise.
To be alone, forlorn be the heart and soul o sages of all ages.
Where shall we seek this pleasant silence?
In escaping dense forest or in high hill?
Whatever might be to be alone, a wish to be alone
From clamoring million fools be the eternal prayer to Lord.
10

What is study? What is its genuine utility?
To make us engage from utter loneliness on an around.
Black letters of noble origin germinates great thinking
With beaded spirituality and wideth heart.
Behold the commoners bereft of books
So shabby faced look in dark ignorance
Living deads in very shape of human appearance
Slave of all earthly emotion, no spiritual radiation
Run for spiraling greed to grab one which his never belongs.
Fountain of knowledge with philosophical and imaginary umbrage
Be our true companion till to last day.
There is no god without knowledge,
There is nothing spiritual save contemplation deep
Embrace the noble book not of earthly issue
And sail to feast of eternal joys.
Joys what we understand in daily sense are quite temporal and transient
So the beauty of human or other,
What remains only true knowledge that we garner
In our granary on Apollos very name till our departure.
What the unread men takes away with them on final departure?

6
Internal darkness, internal pinning strain your very nerve,
Gobbling the tender heart which quivers like autumn grasses
Wherewithal being graced by softest dews of pensive sense
Of parched aloofness in this spiritual barren world.
Rapid wants of near and dear, the murderous enjoyment of terror
On innocents, the hapless deprivation of poor by rulers and rich,
The occult indifference of beloved towards genuine love
Privy to misjudgement and misdemeaneour of blind countrymen
To immediate danger, the countless ignorance in and around
Pressing sensitivities to be more internal and reticent.

There are eternal darkness resembling miltons dungeon
Not limited and confined to mysterious nights
Effecting the radiant sun in worse.
Effeminate citizens slighted by commonsense welcome the destroyers.
Poet, lonely soul nowhere to withdraw
Rotten in grave with unsung comrades.

7

What is the force of pyre that engulfed your father
With considerable knowledge of aesthetics
Burnt with crazy smoke within just forty minutes?
What is the indepthness of earthly grave
That ever silenced all the noble poets and Shakespear?
Earth is earth for mere consummation of mutual wants and greeds
Never escorting the genuine heart beyond the rumblings of troubles.
Sorrows innumerable with gracious forgetfulness
Saves us from epic tragedies.
Sleep is our rebirth with clarion call of passing morning birds
Retailing veil warning for another mundane day.
We embrace danger for dangerous sake
With little sense of pains
All our misadventures are daughters of stupidity.

8

What are after death, after our expiration?
Whither our souls loiter oh dear?
When we tabulate countless stars in never ending darkness?
Our silent or noisy departures followed by unnecessary cries of dear
Only haste our treading towards sun less night.
Oblivious soul never quires what are going on earth
Or has she moaned profusely before sun down.
We know owls of nocturnal genre will shrill our absence more and more
The heavenly full moon will never come across our familiar faces
Nor the joys of ordinary clan will ever greet us
We are now of nobody, nowhere to go
Save the darkling forest and vacant place around our home.
No consolation grace us or caressing soft hands of beloved
All are pour forth on eternal pyre of uncanny demonstration
Smoke of oblivion hovers around our dusty pictures.

9

What is true love? What ensure sober silence?
Indifference of beloved germinates pale faced youth numberless
Drive them to desperation of death.
Can it not be asked to our creator
Why the fair sexes are so incomplete and dilapidated?
Those who sail on fantasy and paratrooping peeping hunger
In insipid abode of charmless romantics
Never, never find answer of true meaning of love.
Those who resides fools paradise with bondage of marriage
Falsely imagining better half as a beloved
Which actually are Zeus thunder in guise of softness.
Silence which is another name of godliness
Ever evade its drear company in noisy earth
Is need of hour to all thinkers for creative paradise.
To be alone, forlorn be the heart and soul o sages of all ages.
Where shall we seek this pleasant silence?
In escaping dense forest or in high hill?
Whatever might be to be alone, a wish to be alone
From clamoring million fools be the eternal prayer to Lord.
10

What is study? What is its genuine utility?
To make us engage from utter loneliness on an around.
Black letters of noble origin germinates great thinking
With beaded spirituality and wideth heart.
Behold the commoners bereft of books
So shabby faced look in dark ignorance
Living deads in very shape of human appearance
Slave of all earthly emotion, no spiritual radiation
Run for spiraling greed to grab one which his never belongs.
Fountain of knowledge with philosophical and imaginary umbrage
Be our true companion till to last day.
There is no god without knowledge,
There is nothing spiritual save contemplation deep
Embrace the noble book not of earthly issue
And sail to feast of eternal joys.
Joys what we understand in daily sense are quite temporal and transient
So the beauty of human or other,
What remains only true knowledge that we garner
In our granary on Apollos very name till our departure.
What the unread men takes away with them on final departure?

6

Internal darkness, internal pinning strain your very nerve,
Gobbling the tender heart which quivers like autumn grasses
Wherewithal being graced by softest dews of pensive sense
Of parched aloofness in this spiritual barren world.
Rapid wants of near and dear, the murderous enjoyment of terror
On innocents, the hapless deprivation of poor by rulers and rich,
The occult indifference of beloved towards genuine love
Privy to misjudgement and misdemeanour of blind countrymen
To immediate danger, the countless ignorance in and around
Pressing sensitivities to be more internal and reticent.
There are eternal darkness resembling miltons dungeon
Not limited and confined to mysterious nights
Effecting the radiant sun in worse.
Effeminate citizens slighted by commonsense welcome the destroyers.
Poet, lonely soul nowhere to withdraw
Rotten in grave with unsung comrades.

7

What is the force of pyre that engulfed your father
With considerable knowledge of aesthetics
Burnt with crazy smoke within just forty minutes?
What is the indepthness of earthly grave
That ever silenced all the noble poets and Shakespear?
Earth is earth for mere consummation of mutual wants and greeds
Never escorting the genuine heart beyond the rumblings of troubles.
Sorrows innumerable with gracious forgetfulness
Saves us from epic tragedies.
Sleep is our rebirth with clarion call of passing morning birds
Retailing veil warning for another mundane day.
We embrace danger for dangerous sake
With little sense of pains
All our misadventures are daughters of stupidity.

8

What are after death, after our expiration?
Whither our souls loiter oh dear?
When we tabulate countless stars in never ending darkness?
Our silent or noisy departures followed by unnecessary cries of dear

Only haste our treading towards sun less night.
Oblivious soul never quires what are going on earth
Or has she moaned profusely before sun down.
We know owls of nocturnal genre will shrill our absence more and more
The heavenly full moon will never come across our familiar faces
Nor the joys of ordinary clan will ever greet us
We are now of nobody, nowhere to go
Save the darkling forest and vacant place around our home.
No consolation grace us or caressing soft hands of beloved
All are pour forth on eternal pyre of uncanny demonstration
Smoke of oblivion hovers around our dusty pictures.

9

What is true love? What ensure sober silence?
Indifference of beloved germinates pale faced youth numberless
Drive them to desperation of death.
Can it not be asked to our creator
Why the fair sexes are so incomplete and dilapidated?
Those who sail on fantasy and paratrooping peeping hunger
In insipid abode of charmless romantics
Never, never find answer of true meaning of love.
Those who resides fools paradise with bondage of marriage
Falsely imagining better half as a beloved
Which actually are Zeus thunder in guise of softness.
Silence which is another name of godliness
Ever evade its drear company in noisy earth
Is need of hour to all thinkers for creative paradise.
To be alone, forlorn be the heart and soul o sages of all ages.
Where shall we seek this pleasant silence?
In escaping dense forest or in high hill?
Whatever might be to be alone, a wish to be alone
From clamoring million fools be the eternal prayer to Lord.

10

What is study? What is its genuine utility?
To make us engage from utter loneliness on an around.
Black letters of noble origin germinates great thinking
With beaded spirituality and wideth heart.
Behold the commoners bereft of books
So shabby faced look in dark ignorance
Living deads in very shape of human appearance

Slave of all earthly emotion, no spiritual radiation
Run for spiraling greed to grab one which his never belongs.
Fountain of knowledge with philosophical and imaginary umbrage
Be our true companion till to last day.
There is no god without knowledge,
There is nothing spiritual save contemplation deep
Embrace the noble book not of earthly issue
And sail to feast of eternal joys.
Joys what we understand in daily sense are quite temporal and transient
So the beauty of human or other,
What remains only true knowledge that we garner
In our granary on Apollos very name till our departure.
What the unread men takes away with them on final departure?

6

Internal darkness, internal pinning strain your very nerve,
Gobbling the tender heart which quivers like autumn grasses
Wherewithal being graced by softest dews of pensive sense
Of parched aloofness in this spiritual barren world.
Rapid wants of near and dear, the murderous enjoyment of terror
On innocents, the hapless deprivation of poor by rulers and rich,
The occult indifference of beloved towards genuine love
Privy to misjudgement and misdemeanour of blind countrymen
To immediate danger, the countless ignorance in and around
Pressing sensitivities to be more internal and reticent.
There are eternal darkness resembling miltons dungeon
Not limited and confined to mysterious nights
Effecting the radiant sun in worse.
Effeminate citizens slighted by commonsense welcome the destroyers.
Poet, lonely soul nowhere to withdraw
Rotten in grave with unsung comrades.

7

What is the force of pyre that engulfed your father
With considerable knowledge of aesthetics
Burnt with crazy smoke within just forty minutes?
What is the indepthness of earthly grave
That ever silenced all the noble poets and Shakespear?
Earth is earth for mere consummation of mutual wants and greeds
Never escorting the genuine heart beyond the rumblings of troubles.
Sorrows innumerable with gracious forgetfulness

Saves us from epic tragedies.
Sleep is our rebirth with clarion call of passing morning birds
Retailing veil warning for another mundane day.
We embrace danger for dangerous sake
With little sense of pains
All our misadventures are daughters of stupidity.

8

What are after death, after our expiration?
Whither our souls loiter oh dear?
When we tabulate countless stars in never ending darkness?
Our silent or noisy departures followed by unnecessary cries of dear
Only haste our treading towards sun less night.
Oblivious soul never quires what are going on earth
Or has she moaned profusely before sun down.
We know owls of nocturnal genre will shrill our absence more and more
The heavenly full moon will never come across our familiar faces
Nor the joys of ordinary clan will ever greet us
We are now of nobody, nowhere to go
Save the darkling forest and vacant place around our home.
No consolation grace us or caressing soft hands of beloved
All are pour forth on eternal pyre of uncanny demonstration
Smoke of oblivion hovers around our dusty pictures.

9

What is true love? What ensure sober silence?
Indifference of beloved germinates pale faced youth numberless
Drive them to desperation of death.
Can it not be asked to our creator
Why the fair sexes are so incomplete and dilapidated?
Those who sail on fantasy and paratrooping peeping hunger
In insipid abode of charmless romantics
Never, never find answer of true meaning of love.
Those who resides fools paradise with bondage of marriage
Falsely imagining better half as a beloved
Which actually are Zeus thunder in guise of softness.
Silence which is another name of godliness
Ever evade its drear company in noisy earth
Is need of hour to all thinkers for creative paradise.
To be alone, forlorn be the heart and soul o sages of all ages.

Where shall we seek this pleasant silence?
In escaping dense forest or in high hill?
Whatever might be to be alone, a wish to be alone
From clamoring million fools be the eternal prayer to Lord.
10

What is study? What is its genuine utility?
To make us engage from utter loneliness on an around.
Black letters of noble origin germinates great thinking
With beaded spirituality and wideth heart.
Behold the commoners bereft of books
So shabby faced look in dark ignorance
Living deads in very shape of human appearance
Slave of all earthly emotion, no spiritual radiation
Run for spiraling greed to grab one which his never belongs.
Fountain of knowledge with philosophical and imaginary umbrage
Be our true companion till to last day.
There is no god without knowledge,
There is nothing spiritual save contemplation deep
Embrace the noble book not of earthly issue
And sail to feast of eternal joys.
Joys what we understand in daily sense are quite temporal and transient
So the beauty of human or other,
What remains only true knowledge that we garner
In our granary on Apollos very name till our departure.
What the unread men takes away with them on final departure?

6
Internal darkness, internal pinning strain your very nerve,
Gobbling the tender heart which quivers like autumn grasses
Wherewithal being graced by softest dews of pensive sense
Of parched aloofness in this spiritual barren world.
Rapid wants of near and dear, the murderous enjoyment of terror
On innocents, the hapless deprivation of poor by rulers and rich,
The occult indifference of beloved towards genuine love
Privy to misjudgement and misdemeaneour of blind countrymen
To immediate danger, the countless ignorance in and around
Pressing sensitivities to be more internal and reticent.
There are eternal darkness resembling miltons dungeon
Not limited and confined to mysterious nights

Effecting the radiant sun in worse.
Effeminate citizens slighted by commonsense welcome the destroyers.
Poet, lonely soul nowhere to withdraw
Rotten in grave with unsung comrades.

7

What is the force of pyre that engulfed your father
With considerable knowledge of aesthetics
Burnt with crazy smoke within just forty minutes?
What is the indepthness of earthly grave
That ever silenced all the noble poets and Shakespear?
Earth is earth for mere consummation of mutual wants and greeds
Never escorting the genuine heart beyond the rumblings of troubles.
Sorrows innumerable with gracious forgetfulness
Saves us from epic tragedies.
Sleep is our rebirth with clarion call of passing morning birds
Retailing veil warning for another mundane day.
We embrace danger for dangerous sake
With little sense of pains
All our misadventures are daughters of stupidity.

8

What are after death, after our expiration?
Whither our souls loiter oh dear?
When we tabulate countless stars in never ending darkness?
Our silent or noisy departures followed by unnecessary cries of dear
Only haste our treading towards sun less night.
Oblivious soul never quires what are going on earth
Or has she moaned profusely before sun down.
We know owls of nocturnal genre will shrill our absence more and more
The heavenly full moon will never come across our familiar faces
Nor the joys of ordinary clan will ever greet us
We are now of nobody, nowhere to go
Save the darkling forest and vacant place around our home.
No consolation grace us or caressing soft hands of beloved
All are pour forth on eternal pyre of uncanny demonstration
Smoke of oblivion hovers around our dusty pictures.

9

What is true love? What ensure sober silence?

Indifference of beloved germinates pale faced youth numberless
Drive them to desperation of death.
Can it not be asked to our creator
Why the fair sexes are so incomplete and dilapidated?
Those who sail on fantasy and paratrooping peeping hunger
In insipid abode of charmless romantics
Never, never find answer of true meaning of love.
Those who resides fools paradise with bondage of marriage
Falsely imagining better half as a beloved
Which actually are Zeus thunder in guise of softness.
Silence which is another name of godliness
Ever evade its drear company in noisy earth
Is need of hour to all thinkers for creative paradise.
To be alone, forlorn be the heart and soul o sages of all ages.
Where shall we seek this pleasant silence?
In escaping dense forest or in high hill?
Whatever might be to be alone, a wish to be alone
From clamoring million fools be the eternal prayer to Lord.
10

What is study? What is its genuine utility?
To make us engage from utter loneliness on an around.
Black letters of noble origin germinates great thinking
With beaded spirituality and wideth heart.
Behold the commoners bereft of books
So shabby faced look in dark ignorance
Living deads in very shape of human appearance
Slave of all earthly emotion, no spiritual radiation
Run for spiraling greed to grab one which his never belongs.
Fountain of knowledge with philosophical and imaginary umbrage
Be our true companion till to last day.
There is no god without knowledge,
There is nothing spiritual save contemplation deep
Embrace the noble book not of earthly issue
And sail to feast of eternal joys.
Joys what we understand in daily sense are quite temporal and transient
So the beauty of human or other,
What remains only true knowledge that we garner
In our granary on Apollos very name till our departure.
What the unread men takes away with them on final departure?

shuvo chakraborty

Love Offers Countless Tears

Love offers countless tears
To bemoaning lovers with grieving affairs,
As it roaring past them in whimsy rides
And fades away to deceiving dale.
Still the men plant the trees
In zone safer
And hope to flower them
In fancied strain of beloved tone,
Nurse them like child maiden
Filling up all branches with
Incense of breathing passion.
That enralls every stroller
Whence passing such displaced Eden.
But Heaven frowns such valiant efforts,
Brings miseries and despairs of his own
Rains them in spirit of strife.
Alas poor gardeners
Watch your own destroy
As the garden looking worn where souls planted,
Countless tears roll
From mourning vale,
Fountains born innumerable
For loves second spell.

shuvo chakraborty

Loves Brief Hour

In loves brief hour,
A new joy is born, quite uncommon,
Spelling rhythms of stepping affair coming up.
Half drawn eyes glowing, full of fineries,
Giving gentle knocks in hesitating heart.
It is the glorious hour, being in passion fever,
Endlessly exhorts for moment pity.
Who knows what runs in another care,
Perhaps sinks in all earthly desires,
Arrows stout refusal with determined shot.
So she is the guest of a palace winding up
Or mysteries curved angel, child of platonic birth,
Poises sleeving laugh, of unnatural genre.
Fledging youth with restless wings glides on fancied flower,
Smelling forbidden fragrance
Sneaking to her bower; parting flight sickens,
Lips bitten, tears rolled; no healing nod
Ever found, lessening tremors, memories rolling
Like ruthless avalanches, thundering,
Giving snowy touch to an occult living.
Dear image embracing, demanding,
Set in panoromic facing, when Earth is too old.

shuvo chakraborty

Marvelling High Hills

Marvelling high hills up my fainting spirit,
And lend a vast lashing greenery to my coffer,
That entice me to sneak the wonderland,
A wanderer in nature thereby.
Lo! Me too already on lakeside,
The same watery hive binds me with splendour,
Mine track finds slide,
Through rocky ride on knightly granites.
This is the month, an ever visiting spirit,
Haunts the greenery, flowers and weeds,
Which rest on lakeside creased by mossy damp,
Where Sun is drear even at noon.
The pine groves with high heads,
On silent offering of prayer to snowy peaks,
Fall in still meditation,
Oblivious of afternoon companion.
The air is hush, but the gathering mists feast on cloudy rides,
And rush towards upland hamlets, and unknown bushes.
The wide breast lake reads this afternoon,
Closets by cold fronts and splendid highlands,
Waiting for starry night to embrace melancholy chill.

shuvo chakraborty

Me

I travel between two worlds
World of imagination, another of daily settings.
I work, I talk, I sleep and eat
And do all things, all for common blessings.
My essential hours guide me
To assume my conscious self
Amid the growing shadow of unconsciousness.
The cooling breezes mantling night gown
Undo all the damages of summer days cauldron,
Unfurl the carpeting way for sweet dreams fancy chariot.
I roam all over the haven and my simultaneous fly for more light
My flight for ultimate.....

Those who undergo such twin divides
Know well how the celestial light comes and goes
Lesser light, lesser indicators, darkness more
As if the demense of moonlit sea shore.
Bereft of any soft decorum and with cleft fancy,
A crumbling façade dably looking with
Mortars of pains, sorrows and of narrow gains
Brimming full the hearts golden vase with driveling woes
Light of heaven hardly compliments such hard existence.
It is really hard to reconcile
Hard really to mutual the two clashing selves.
I have to comprehend what is incomprehensible
I have to negotiate what is not negotiable
Because I am a man and have a numberless births by default.
Itching disturbances hood the light, the light of dawn,
Birds are seen nowhere and the garden cramped
Pathos of daily beatings silence the reeds of pondering flute.
But this world, this hardening universe
Is not the final answer of realisms all metamorphosis.
A poetic being is essential to born of hearts grave soil,
So me, by secondary birth.

shuvo chakraborty

Melting Pot

Me, a melting pot, under scorching realities
Reducing in awesome pace
Without any natures grace,
Carrying a crying soul to be pitied.
No splendor greets my sadden dreams
No valence encompasses my tiny worth,
Everything is bare to tricky folds
Of eternal contriver, hunter of bliss age old.
Wherever mine frail steps advance
In vain quest of solitude and eternal peace
Taking the soft hands of muse in body
I found the palace old subsided,
Revealing without princess gold
In scattered hopes of human mold.
O! the life disappointing among dotting illusions,
Not adored, unattended and tore,
Hopping in gloomy passage of expectations,
In iron hands of scornful destiny
Who dethrones all the petals of life
Like a marauding Hoon on gambling jackpot.
But still I not to leave the world less rhymed,
Not to let my feeble tune to be drowned
Within clamouring millions; rather to curve a spot
In life canvas, before being lost in
Lives blind alleys.

shuvo chakraborty

Memories

Passing memories avoid my dreaming temper,
A fugitive squirrel vanishes among bushes
Or like Vesper fading on suns fury.
Memories sweet mostly of yesteryears,
Lingering for some special one.
Mismiserising, opulent like crystal shaped
Leap and hop in picturesque plots
Taking shapeless forms on minds soft turf.

It is said that they are not fit
For returnth; save leaving a sweet grace
In restless life with mundane look.
No tears assert the inane consolation
patting the delved heart full of vacant hopes.
No miracle of parable descends as Elf
In forsaken palace of darkness
Where empty throne begs for forgiveness.

shuvo chakraborty

Milestone

Drowsy winter loitered on your roof top
Throughout the night hand in hand with chilling silence
The lady of your dream is waiting for another unfriendly morning
Children looking around the smoky day
Till the school bells rouse their sleepy self.
In last night thou heard many cracking sounds
Your concentrated mind started to climb
The stares inspite of many serious books around
But never dare to find why for the noises come?
She said it was the sounds of nocturnal birds
Taking refuge in the coconut tree,
Thou apprehensive body found it in strong clasp
Flying the both to unknown world and you both in body
Littered many passionate words unheard in busy hours,
The mice at middle of the alley are playing the game with
Winter clay,
And are inviting enough warmness for you in craters
The warmness thou find in underground alludes
The first night with her caressing hands.
The chill morning although not guest anew
Sitting like father and son on the roof with wintry sun
That reminds you the brisk eating of drummer father and his little son
On the wide open native lawn,
The happiness of hungry eyes radiated more lights
Much more comforting and warm than sunshine.
You know how in such hour you studied on same place sitting over a sack
The barn next to you smelling dusty corns
Underneath your lazy pet dog was sleeping with legs open.
In afternoon before lunch when the western wind
On mad rushing over the boundless cornfield
When the cracking sounds same as that of last night
Were abound of leafless thorn trees standing
Like ghosts with hands open fold on a little high mound
Which you often imagine as only hill in native land
Over which you still found eternal peace and innumerable fancies
Overseeing the vast field,
Where you flied numerous fantacies with tiny kites
And returned homeward with boundless joys.
The mustard field that had yellow growing

Behind the new grown potato saplings
Matured much before her when she was just six
Embracing dolls behind your dwelling.
The dryness of sun whiten your skin enough
Hide behind the tamarind bower after short afternoon.
Before sun down you ignored your fathers call to return
And carelessly wandered over the vast field
Listening the twitters of tiny birds around bushes
Where you frequented for wild fruits
Till the mysterious dusk broke forth on river side
Overwhelmed your tender mind with instructing hands
For quick withdrawal.

shuvo chakraborty

Milestone2

Quixotic life brings many wonderful thinking
In such wee hour of foggy winter night
Sitting on the spacious balcony with rural setting
Feeling the favour of native care. With drowsy eyes.
It is not uncommon in recent
Thou has started to see the parades of deads
The deceased moments gathering enough dewy strength
Are focussing on your uneasy face.
The daily hours they spent rehearsing with uncanny aptness
The memories of those glorious years befriending thy tender hours,
When you found confined yourself on the sitting room
With handful gatherings of close range
Your friendly ears hearkening all common discussions
Where problems of limited lives decended in most
Inequitable manner speeding the dinner calls with many
Unspent words hovering over platters,
Their early withdrawal for sleep never broke apart
Emptying the bed forever where they gathered.
The temple bells of your family origin
Rending daily calls for another remembering
Of the most enlightened grinning face with a flute silent
With whom you had spoken often in unusual voice
At the time of your choice
Knowing well that he is not of your earth,
Thou had shown enough swiftness to trace his real self in day time
But received unjust disappointment from offering void
When sun was on pleasure run after timid mists of rural clan.
in the brief afternoon standing on lonely cornfield
thou pondered over the difference of the face of childhood beloved
and the diminishing face of a man not in flesh and blood. The steady horizon at
western front
Expanded fast with downing sun
With whom you had unequal run along a tiny canal
Where fishes unseen were making frequent rumblings breaking watery stillness
The full moon appearing autumn blue with asking eyes
To ignore your exam call.
Thy felt thyself a child of another world
Ever mingling with unnatural air
That blown enough over your houses rampart.

At chilling January night you slept unwell
Listing the hue and cry in unison
On riverside which your uncle settled as voices of jackels feeling uncomfortable
On their roofless dens,
The struggling slumber inviting numerous trembling scences
Alike the parades of deads, thy recent witness.
The tea given you at evening was emitting crisscrossed dreams
Some of which are of known surroundings, rest are of
Gentle gatherings overseeing your grand mother
Who was iconic in those golden years.
The unspent words of yesteryears, the incomplete
Frantic calls of your dying father are all playing at ancient field
Which you dreamt often in early dawn with shadow of your second self
Still unborn, which may lumber if born.
That is why your shaking self hides behind the running pages
Of most lofty verses
Avoiding the masters call to decipher the unspent words they left.

shuvo chakraborty

Moon Is On Wane

The full Moon is on wane
Shedding her last attic glory on Earth
And every aspects of Earth being
Scorched too much in blazing Sun,
Enjoying the Moonshine bath like budding spinsters
Drenching in swelling teenage mirth.
The air is merry, blowing on full scale
With mad space subduing all obstacles,
Finds pleasure in mute game
Being played by Queen Cynthia with passing clouds.
Someone standing on high altar of rocky cradle
Watches such wonders with roving eyes,
Nicely greeted by peeping Moon through a palm trees nodding branches,
Playful with rising gale in nursery joy.
The lamps of night with gleaming halos float,
Silence guards the lone watcher.
Of sudden a lonely thought chills his mind
That about the aging beauties of fair mortals
Melting in alarming space on times steer
In same fashion like one above gazing eternal.
He is certain of her diminishing glory,
That not to reflects again on same focus,
Enticing none to fantasy being too ripened,
Save a passive onlooker, may in conjugal wants.
He knows in his heart of hearts
It is no return for her, to eclipse forever
Even after fortnight, unlike the Moon.

shuvo chakraborty

My Daughter Simi

Vacationing child Simi toying leisure
Plays the games with nursery pleasure,
Airing joys trifling numerous,
Till the fairy of sleep appears.

Nothing can fold her wings,
Even her mother Milus rebuke has little doings,
Surely she will flower in full
Before the opening of school.

shuvo chakraborty

Native Land

When you are in your native land
Suddenly meeting an uncertain hour of setting winter eventide in clumsy
manner,
When the determined darkness striding too fast
Mingles with receding rays of days last sun
That downing over crimson void.
You may hug by smoky charm of unknown flowers.
This is the time to litup cow dung in every stable
This is the time to oversee the hazy cornfield
Where visionless night will sit for dewy showers overtime
Everything appear sightless save the
Known village moon lingering over a tall tree
And reshuffling branches often air rumbling jesture.
Turn your head back and be greeted by a tall shadow
Overfacing a distant bower and with squarely look.
Nothing but a moon lit facade of yon native house
Where thousands silence carpeted lawn
With grassy apron welcoming you along
With handful known faces who are
Known or half known or fully unknown
Bracing earthly pleasures and yearnings
Which are of yeasteryears for them.
Perhaps the dimmed end arrives at earliest when the same moon was foggy.
The lonely house with giant shape
Had yet hear any living steps since the last souls sigh.
The weedy legion battle like combating the last memory.
The air is hush, gathering mists lit the pyre of happy hours
With blushing moonshine.
Your memory fails to gather the last happy remembrance
Your ears invoke an uncanny mistrust about hissing voices of a dearone
Whom thou last saw years ago in same haunting balcony.
Is it not hapless wonder for you being prohibited
Guest in silent feast of deaths?
Is it not uncommon for you to feel a gathering
Storm of oozing cries of them on whose lap you grown?
This house has seen many happy minutes
Rimmed with golden joys unbound, of marriages
Fest and voices of hundreds guest.
Struggling memories loosen over dissenting pains

Looking for suitable recluse in dead darkness
A solitary owl shrills its presence in kingdom of weariness,
Rendering the house once so living looking absurd.
Footsteps of lost fairies once
Smothered your heart appears living
And thine ancendants with fatherly halos.
Everything gone. Clock struck nine though the night seems eternal
Thou withdraw from sad compound for another world
So vibrant and steaming.

shuvo chakraborty

Not Poetical

Being not poetical, how pitiful it is,
Sometimes I sit somewhere and watch the
Slew of mass flowing over dusty street
And a strange thought dawns in my mind
How poetical these rushing souls actually are?
Perhaps I know these bundling mass
And their stony minds,
Being hardened enough by concreted realities
Or consciously unmindful of aesthetic flavor,
Which they ignore as blind passersby.
O the rusty souls draped in shining attires
And gorgeous enough, unread and ignore
About lyrical wonders of heavenly tune.
I know that knowledge brought up us with
Nursing sympathy.
How come they exist without rhymes and
Rhythms? How come they sail unfriendly world
With metallic golds, a solid waste of souls.
O running pages of rhymes millions,
Let unfurl and unfold your diamond heart apart,
Before restless souls, lit senses and set their goals.

shuvo chakraborty

O Death!

O death, thou art another name of living,
Visitor on sad hour, an uncourted tempest,
Leaving the mortals hearts shivering.
Ye eternal conspirator, elf of gloom.
Hidden in pains foliage like tigress
To prey; tear us apart, poor beings,
Till silence forever shrouds human face
Bereft of lives trace.
None has seen your loathsome face,
None can ever perceives thy stormy presence,
Shapeless invader with marauding crest
Plunders whatever of our little best.
It is said all are not so stale
Being stolen from lives feast, after
Suffering enough groans in lives little space.
For them ye welcome guest.
Perhaps thy roaming horses with falcon glances
Spare nothing in their inimical strides,
Even the gods gracious souls
Often perished in your dying folds.
Thou lonely citizen with unsparing ethos,
Befriended by none and never lured,
Still thy very name haunts the sages, poets and men alike.
O your passive embrace, cold, forever frowned,
Till a holy light after futility of earthly life
Heavy their tinkering hearts before endearing your misread pages.
All exasperate, all wither in view less fogs
Woven by you,
Save a prayer Heavenly bound, so lovely and mute.

shuvo chakraborty

O Love!

O love, reveal your true state,
Thou who reigns on human souls,
Lording all passions of sublime mold,
Leaving the lovers dreaming to prate.
Thy shapeless presence makes us powerless
To overcome the breathing necessities,
Manoeuvring souls twin in flesh and blood
Overjoying in vanishing paradise with bridal gaiety;
Never be transparent, nor an open page,
Weaving fancies in per heart excellence,
But often eludes, then rage is born,
Driving unfair tempest illicit born, making no sense.
If one travels to your cascading length that
Troubles ever overseeing actual gains,
Found later thousand languishing souls
In wanting strength or in your golden cage
Receiving disappointing pains.
Still the very word adored and propounded
In thy name pious, putting numerous riders valiant
To be tossed in fickle waves,
Whilst passion recedes with tide in beloved hearts.
None can decipher thy high hopes,
Aging acquaintances wither in rusting vase,
Bleeding souls howl at your tall pretence.
But in spite of all our weal and woes,
Thou indebted us lending divine ethos,
Once at least in lives brief tenure.

shuvo chakraborty

Obituary To Innocents (Killed School Children Of Pakistan)

Stalking death, pale faced
Invaded the gods nest
Turning it the valley of deads
In loving company of blind sense.
Nations awake, staring to each other with surprising faces
Smelt the blood of innocents, tiny faced,
Embarking upon tolling frantic bells
Of civilization rootless before counting the murmuring heads.

Turning to their close ranked graves
Hiding the tears of shame,
Place the mourning candles
Over their unaccountable births.
Prevent the blood flowing
Ere the enough polluting to clot our veins,
Shall we ask these innocents
Not to born again realizing our ungrateful debts.

Let our unsettled progresses
Be more and more mocking,
Bones of angels, the dividing selves
between restless peace and strife.
The terror of heartless obtruse
In vain name of human
Will ever be eternal builders
for our insecure epitaphs.

shuvo chakraborty

Pairing Glasses

He stands before a nameless hill
Wearing glasses, looking still.
Visions outpouring like falling meteors,
Coming and going as affairs loving brief tenure.
Viewless charms linger, with hands in hands
Entreat his soul grieving dancing around.
Heart spreads like open page,
Writing too much with stoical gaze.
Temple bells fly around with winged holy verses,
Cutting deep the fancies weeds and grasses.
Night removes his pairing glasses
And house returns, meeting unknown faces.

shuvo chakraborty

Pale Liberty

Pale liberty, never thou art within peoples reach,
Born and brought up in palaces old
Under careful cradles of rulers bold
Whom are we often called bald despots.
Thy brazen presence in statues gold
Where static freedom hidden in feared cold,
Never smelt the flavor of yawning dawn,
Always happy being of despots pawn.
Priceless jewel as often thou art called
And transported on iron hands,
Displayed upon powers eternal spear,
Not among for whom thou art born.
Vigilant masses often caged thy hues.
Burst in joy on your tender name,
Broken the hellish Bastille and put trazist under grave,
Still thou fled on next day through the casement of
Freedoms castle.
Air of free visions, voices of choice free
Never reached to thine flimsy cell,
Rather the true angels of trodden causes
Braced the illicit death in betrayed seizes.
Where thy heart lies? What is your true self?
For whom thine unspent tears roll?
How worthy of taking your soft name?
Where from thou come? To whom you serve?
Pale liberty, blot less blood is your offering,
That spent enough on Histories satires,
No whispering cries of hungry oppressed had
Broken your stony sleep. Thou Freedom indeed.

shuvo chakraborty

Quarter Moon

The quarter moon has arrived on seaside,
The carved bay being limited by sandline
Is quite pleased with saline touch
And is watched carelessly by drowsy moon.
The breathing silence of distant forest,
Fills happy for not being assailed by wavy crest, then
On its endless posture to dry field
Fashions noisy rides on sea air back endearing coastal care.
The land is on sleep, an unfathomable sleep.
No promises appear near nor any dashing guts
To awake these dead sailors,
Save marching ignorance and abyss.
The sea is alive, quite alive even in night!
Filtering the staple ignorance on spare sands, then
Talking with night air about a distant holy light
Rushes back to sleepy vault.
The quarter moon on bay watch,
Accompanied by faint moon beams kissing the rocks,
Leaving the vast lighted land to blind mortals
Who in ever blind wants fall like petals, not immortals.

shuvo chakraborty

Rainbow

It was afternoon hot on summer mid
And the sky was blazing with unspeakable boilings,
But still was graced with pound of clouds
Which bore timid promises to overcome the summer damages.
Then it was coming of rain like an uplooking crane
Blowing the bugle of cooling joy over seasons waste.
When the rain was washing out the earths feet
When some unknown flowers were scenting afternoon joys
And pushed their presences in every door steps,
A heavenly rainbow descended on the sky
With motely hues paying nature its aesthetic dues.
O branches of colours, guests from unknown field
Not perceptible and ethereal of princely built
Strode over vast azure, unchained,
Yet contained with princetine glorious gain
What phoebus ordained in it with cloudy embrace.
Riding on zephyrs pace looking humid face
With stoical indifference to sorrowful human state
Before bidding the sun a rosy farewell.
Wonder is thy birth in Aeolian palace
Nursed by dewy care with angelic bless which
Enamoured us always till the dusk decreed your quite dissolution.

shuvo chakraborty

Rhyme

Sages and poets can never interact well
With noisy human forms,
It is their precious self
Placed on saddle of high heaven,
Being too high to kiss the earthly stales.

Sometimes troubles in deadly forms
Looking dragons devour
All the priceless jewels.
But nigh to feed their impish satiety,
Some powers as divine grace ever guard them in gratitude.

shuvo chakraborty

Rhyme 10

Inattentive marriage painful
Finds nothing gainful.
Bites dusty slavery,
Passing looks of heavy drudgery.
Allows young to wither,
Pre marriage dreams farther.
Gobbles it by assuming available pill,
Carries like free porter as necessary evil.
Keeps the Angel of love at distance safe,
Tastes like showering grape.
Hangs as amorous crystal
Blocks visions, spirits fall.

shuvo chakraborty

Rhyme 9

Beauty in ordinary hand,
Like placing flowers gold on cheap stand.
Never be appreciated with creative look,
Dries prematurely as summer brook.
Always blooms in prosaic heart,
Clasps the dreams of ordinary birth.
Ever unmindful about eternal wealth
Soul touching thoughts hopelessly felt.
Farewell such silent depart,
Daughter of incorrect Earth.

shuvo chakraborty

Rhyme3

Trembling leaves
Mirror on still water seize,
Twittering birds on tiny hover
Sweeten the air, natures treasure.

Circling reflections over framing pond
Tracing their afternoon weedy bond.
Hyacinths on seasons feast
Lay the ivy bed for beloved mist.

shuvo chakraborty

Rhyme4

Stars hide behind spongy clouds,
Soft breasted sky looking proud with
Golden head of night, azure plods,
Beneath, wants amorous appear broad.

Earth, like bundled foul stock,
Everything run in reverse clock,
Love selfless, sounds unreal,
Down with night terrible.

shuvo chakraborty

Rhyme-6

Western clouds set the crimson tent for suns rest,
Lonely eve pulls sighing curtain of losing day,
Foggy stillness steals the last field green
In hasty strides for another lonely night.
Passing owl shrills noisy flap,
Days last bird completes its final round
Before dropping of dews silent fall.
Mine self shooting tremble feelings,
Swoon over Moonlit marvel native.
Silence guards the nights palace, mists built,
That wil dull the trimming visions
Overlooking drowsy hamlets.
Loud dogs, village faithful rend ghostly calls,
To space thristy soul in natures fountain.
Starry lamps glow bright
For all, time for natures prayer has come.

shuvo chakraborty

Rhyme7

His heart is June,
Spirit, like summer afternoon.
Monotony, like married face
Knows not freedoms' bliss.
Poem, on untimely flight,
Entreats grieving light.
Heart waves, stems hesitating flakes,
Fall fancy in futile treks.

shuvo chakraborty

Rhyme-8

Asking eyes smother heart,
Gaming senses, quite bewilder,
And late realisation of his blundering part,
All dreams sqandered.

Time comes looking wiser,
Pleasant feelings like prides gaping wonder,
Nicely concealed and passion miser,
Embraces another, love insincere.

shuvo chakraborty

Rhymes Another Part

Rhymes another part lies in your heart,
Before seeing its noble birth.
Strains beset like cascading blacken hairs long,
Too soft and sense touching strong.
Never let it to assume slumberous maidenhood
And fly fast to some distant wood.
Stories, handful and sparingly grown
Burn like altars candle, dimly shown.
Thoughtful minutes looking old and hammered,
Sing with voices vacant, pitifully stammered.
Words newborn, light and of drowsy brood
Tremble like mine suffering plaintive mood.

shuvo chakraborty

Rhymes5

Pretending love false fires,
Unknown her hearts desire,
Never traces where beauty is sown,
Leaving pensive soul to groan.

Poor heart battles bitter,
Empty hour silent eater.
Days rend end call,
Hopes sink, tears fall.

Illfed hunger,
Mind falls asunder.
Dreams tumbled,
Lives spirits humbled.

shuvo chakraborty

Roses Thornfull

Roses thornfull

Pluck but be careful,
Even they spare not the gardeners,
Bleed the caring hands, often err.

Roses bloom in ones garden,
Grace another heaven, heart sadden,
Never ordain the poor man vase,
Who losses all in life race.

shuvo chakraborty

She

A awakening moon she is in wakeful dream,
A fairy in all true sense gracing your lifes bend.
When you like confused caravan standing before vast
Desert of hearts domain,
In desperate quest for quenching thrust of mind, partly shattered,
When night appeared too long in desolate field,
When scornful needs poorly rebuked by lengthy letters of books,
When stormy love appeared too weak to pinch the subdued flesh
And thou light winged mind gathered deficient petals of soft sense,
The very word LOVE looks mirage in platonic eyes.
Apparition of a caring lass shaking your fragile glass
Swiftly filled your empty casket with all rosy assurances.
Thine heart contained roving sleeky images of her
Meditating in different shapes in fancies high hill wonderland
Then started the endless roaming over soft pastures
Where thousands flowers nestling all honied hours
For yon warmest vision through her breast.
She was not a girl of common crest
Like a star of dawn in your lifes first yawn glowed, too tender and tiny was she.
Then looking at each other in childish manner
Distracted in bouncy lifes way and withered.
The plant shown promising with seasonal flowers
Dried much before winters close call at lovers garden.
She vanished like a tiny bird in vast dale
Or like a dewdrop sucked on maiden rays of scorching twists
With faint hope reappearing before such oblivious dissolution weaving
differences
Year after year for such parting.
Two souls grew in their own fashion setting
Variants patterns in lifes tall frame.
Then on sudden the road they wrongly taken
Was abandoned on faiths happy instruction.
New way of correct visions and blushing decisions
Laid out another plot still unheard even in epic zone.
The plant which once dried in forgetful snow
Appeared living on hopes summer touch.
The caravan guy carried over desert storm
For long hour
Set his journey total to scent the first

Flower of same plant he had seen in childhood.
The garden with stout door opened by a toiling gardener waiting for offering
His only flower
And it was only he, only he, only he and no other.
He stretched his determined hand to receive the
Same which once lost in lifes jesting game.
And put in his caring casket with raining kisses.
The flower for forever, not to dry, never never
Descended with most charming manner
For others honest envies.
He knew the value and called her in very soft name MILU with poetical sense.
Another girl was born with adoring hearts appreciating part,
She is now a butterfly in his garden.

shuvo chakraborty

She Has Arisen Like A Full Moon

She has arisen like a fool moon
In his heaven,
That puts him in ecstasy
Approved by the blinking stars strewn in array.
His heaven comforts her with enough place and pride,
Full of azure deep and spacious heartline in relay
To shape an exquisite canvas spreads like a tray.
Here she lays with her halo,
Graced by alluring face promises lousy tomorrow.
He is shocked with unexpected mirth
And starts chasing the glory soft fit to plunder.
The drowsy moon slips and slips
From yard to yard of the hollow sky,
Alluring him from corner to corner of the gross void,
And he hops through out the night
To grasp her in her deceiving drifts.
The conscious wind passes in hurrying mood,
So the glow worm, night birds and flies unknown,
Who have no taste of her or ever will be.
But he needs to be part of all nocturnal devices,
Learned after love and many waking hours,
Not to lose again in slipshod strides.
Now the night is nearly over,
Tender light of dawn soon to appear,
But his exhausted quest
Hankers for another night of amorous taste
That may not be set again.

shuvo chakraborty

Signature

Sky, draw my starry signature
For a consenting wish to be alone
To be alone, to be alone with my soul
Till the Moon lately shown in all my enabling thoughts.
Pleasant hours dimming glories
Are weaving Earths new stories
With all pleasant force in pleasures vicissitudes.
Lonely hearts treading feet
Dares to transcend cosmic limit
Rolling down a dew soft page on milky way
Penning lovely stories of memories lasting
In lightning stroke of passionate meteor.
Climbing mind with poetic bent
In such fit hour of silence present
Seeks witness of epic aloofness
Even in such heavenly gatherings.
Homely earth drifts away in ponder of mine brain hour
And an explicit desire to renounce
All that are seen and clear
Is giving room for more Majestic affairs,
Move not by tune of flesh and blood
But by cadence of His evangelic lyre
A determined meditation, consolidation of all strains of life diverse,
Of all lost moments how dwarf they are
Of simple jokes and thistle affairs
But being a mute spectator and essentially alone,
Engraving all on memoirs stout foundation
Never to erase, not to worn,
A signatories of self conclusion.

shuvo chakraborty

Sleep, Sleep O Moon

Sleep, O drowsy moon
Laying on garden path
As winter sets in.

Condensing mist
In foaming gist
Plays with chill shadows..

Her abrasive form
Cold as snow
Stiffen all loves.

Why she is awake still
Like a haunted spirit
Brings bad omen to all tender patterns.

How just will it be
If she lays with sleep
Uncovering the moony breast.

Down, down o moon
It is all cold
Terrifying the icy heart.

Howcome reason will glow
If twine thine show
The victory of darkness.

Pallid moon, grumbling look
Like her spectaclad agedself
Never breath warm in all tenderness.

Now night is nearly over
Take thine safe cover
Before being too redundant with dawn.

.

shuvo chakraborty

Sometimes

Sometimes I think; is it pertinent to be minute
About nature's details to breathe her full?
The overjoying soul to an overall vision
Deprecated as naive in God's grand feast.
When the clouds are deep and too black
Enveloping the hills and bowers;
Or floating over lake water in hurry,
Can they be discreet to avoid a clumsy soul?
O common sight on hillside at eventide
Being graced with droning crickets innumerable,
Hidden not in strifes and pale of life.
But in glory of eves and on cradle of leaves.
If a soul lends an ear to such marvel,
If a soul counts the stars till they mingle with morn;
If a soul smells all beauties half hidden,
Then passion be denied of its rightful place?
Grace is the name of countless flowers and weeds,
Unaccounted army of decoration;
Ordaining all the nature readers to unknown pages;
Where death, pain and sorrow fade in pleasures race.

shuvo chakraborty

Song

Let me lost forever before I meeting you
As I am firm on my belief that you may wither
Much before I see you.
For several years my vain expectation
Has adored an unshaped rider on horse back
More beautiful than the beauty itself
Harnessing towards ruthless divination of an upturned soul.
Time ticks my life second
With chasing wave of drudgery,
Hamstrung all the delicious charts of happiness
Sinks in abound penury
In grave want of your soft wealth.
Youth had come in prime and lingered
Sometimes with full ray, sometimes flickered,
Then travelled between ought, or and may
Burying all determinations under your sliding feet.
Now those bygone years
Flying like flies on hopes grave,
Silent, sagacious and experienced,
Yearn for a single lamp on life altar
With assuring light of life better,
Now or later, my life starter.

shuvo chakraborty

Song Of Futility Part 1

In this strange song of lifes sequences
What appears strangest is our birth and growth—
Here lies a babe, perhaps a girl or boy
Being encircled with parental reflecting joys
That dumb speak and rebound childish honk.
Parental joy, joy of a creation heaving memoirs of passion entangles
Like worm in dew drenched flower in autumn.
It is past and paled, no more pastoral encounters
Under moon or in sea shore or in snow clad hill.
Burning creation with heavy self assertion seeks the pie of righteous joys
At bitter cost of the creators, artist of gallow.
Future shifts like froggy spell from parents to child, hopping faggots
Leaving very little room to be Helen or Hercules.
Off spring grows and gaming in own pattern of various designs and decorums
With so many stages, starved thought creators self assign the role of spectators
But differs on muted enslavement till the last breath, like fall of oak.
Posterity commemorates their dull fragility
Perished forever on humming futility of cursed oblivion.
What remains neither wealth or vowels, but their mute presence in dusty
portrait.

shuvo chakraborty

Sweet Dream

A sweet dream is not a dream
As it seems, like a vapor hinges on slopping hill
To evaporate meekly with suns ray
Or to be dispersed by storming gale.
Scatter and fallen over lives misery, thou
Unaccounted jewel ethereal in Gods treasury.
Like ruler of day appear in dawn,
Lure the human souls to play
With hidden wants flourishing ever on infant steed.
Men talk, laugh and unfold their hearts liberty ere thee.
Then your noon comes with slimming sleep
Weakens in fancies trimming wings
Like a caged bird or like a butterfly shedding its untimely hues.
Thy apparitions appear like a blue moon that
Bid us adieu with selfish pace
Leaving us in taller forms unnatural at drowsy state.
Such a power you have though reticent,
Hangs throughout the day like afternoon melancholy
Till another day comes to play laced with common story.
Thou child of wonder, playful and sweet,
Not too known but not fully unknown,
Amaze us utmost even in your brief sojourn
Revealing all feasting roles from yon magic case,
Then fled like truant meteor from midnight sky
Dropping trail of laughters and joys
And valence of sweetened memoirs
Even on doleful heavy hours.

shuvo chakraborty

Sweet Eve

Sweet eve, silence rimmed,
When the Sun no more beamed.
Calling the lovers to flower
Their budding passions under the dewy shower.
Sweet eve, dusk winged,
Sat on the bowers, wind swunged.
Moon broke her sleep
Strayed on heavenly trip.'

shuvo chakraborty

The Road I Had Taken

The road I had taken
Is the road of uncanny hour,
Darkness of gloom behold by lonely church spire
Walks with mine fragile feets in most mystic manner.
Steps that I had started in most casual space
Have no anxiety to overcome the last face
Of orchid showing over hanging rock.
Hills after hills in rousing gatherings braceup for another
Chilling night.
The solitary city church overfacing snowy piks
Shuts its prayer door, garden is closed,
Flowers are alive, silence meditates on gathering fogs.
Wither mineself? Am I too in hurry?
That leaving behind a vast penury
Of wanting earth gasping for few patting breaths
Or toilsome evening hour over city marts
Humming with mildly band played by corporal highlanders
In hectic tune.

Perhaps the central hold of this evening hour
Drawing a flimsy dividing border
Leaving the encircling mountains to
Preside over beatles symphony that gay
The gorge and only river downward in most
Levid manner, whilst another side peepsout
City manner in lighting fashion.
Laughter of girls drips on vales
Overstepping the road fence.
Moon with knightly gaze is too close
To unknown flowers gracing this lonely road
That runs with some simple huts and hazy bowers.
The way appears with no ending
Sheltering innumerable bushes and bends
Can give a sight of peace in such odd hour
Like her lips of desire, return return o pitiable soul
To a fairy fold in still warmness.

shuvo chakraborty

Thought

Age has brought a pensive thought,
Flying like obscure bats at evening hour
And invoking short commemoration of happy years
Coming out one by one like nights parading lights
Removing hearts forlorn glacier.
Then comes brief loitering on shaking earth,
Where dominating thought of sudden demise
Along such indeterminate air brings prayer
For another birth, certainly not on Adams right.
Lofty head looks apart to indifferent sky,
Containing many hidden desires of life
Which never find celestial light
Before growing too unfit in life cauldron.
Still a meek wish pine to dredge the depth
Of avoiding joys looking asphalt,
Building a lengthy way to nowhere.
Bold Moon carries faint hopes; nimble wind disperses them
In silent mode touching the napping soul,
Sleepy in playing hour like nights drowsy flowers,
Forsaken by sweeten ember of love, scentless.
Shapeless sorrows again on wings of dimly owls,
Shuffling woes in shrill pass,
Covering the slighted face with sighs endless,
Heaping cries abounding on self drawn grave.

shuvo chakraborty

Thought 1

Morning is too cold, winter sun with least influence
Flickers with lost glory, the road appears dusty
Leading to vast rural field.
The man in front of you in shabby attire
In hurrying feet to attain his morning calls.
Thou feet in shaking timid manner has passed the native house, now it is left far
behind.
Your posterity in inevitable slumber on morning chill,
Your predecessors, counting the last heads rolling over vast lawn.
The lady you desired, most beautiful in thine estimation
Is on city ride.
The narrow village river whom you know for years
Has narrowed more by insufficient water,
Slit of oblivion finds upper hand.
Everything appears contained with little gatherings
You can not remember when your father and
Your uncle whom you liked and adored
Had walked last in this cornfield last together
Nor the conversation and plans they contrived
To overcome the daily beatings of life
Before being fizzled out to native air.
This air, the same air on whose passing if
Any one lends his ears,
Will hear all the annals of many pitiable souls
Among whom your blood runs too close.
You know that what we call mysterious and
Inexplicable are incorrect and wrong,
The actual riddle lies on changing flavour of time
Which you miss most in advancing years.
The house you had seen in a place and its flourishing garden
Is no more.
The men and women on whose cradle you breathed
Happiness of childhood are legion of memories
Hiding behind dingy pit among neglected lots
A sense of guilt haunts your lifes thrill
An ever question smoulders on your hearts conscience of fire,
How much have ye paid back their selfless company for you?
The evening is waiting for dusk call
Riding towards a vast cornfield with enormous setting is really a pleasure

So you ride on every Sunday evening for watching two sets of things
From five to six downing sun with crimson wings
And vast greenery soothes your tired eyes,
From six onwards distant lights on other side of field gleam with faintest vision,
The shuffling feathers of owls with shrill pass surprises your drowsy nerves.
Clouds of August or July trace their rainy trait
So your eyes full of river because you are in talking mood
With a man most imaginative, most mysterious and selfless,
Whom you had seen in your native riverside often
Loitering over a small river bend where earth was too shaky and subsided.
Behind your back you may find your same father whom you had
Taken as most knowledgeable in early childhood and
Before the distant lights your light built uncle whom you thought most earthly
wise.
It is not unnatural for you being in several places at one time
It is not uncommon to drive your emotative mind
Bristle with unsound anxieties.
The place you are standing in actual is not the land with native scent
The river side where you are visiting at dusk is your very voice of conscience,
The twits of innumerable parrots lording over a pondside bower
Whom you are watching in most meditating manner
Before the lighting of a rainy cloud.
Your body remains in solitary field road closed by blind darkness
Your soul is attaining the city call of your lady sweet
Whom you looked as sister before long years
And her fervent passion for you, so of you
Set the tent among millions family lives forever.
The seasoned glow worms are on night patrol
So the owls and inscrutable bats,
Clouds breaking part moon on the head of village,
Your aunts are setting prayers on incandescent earthen lamps
Which appear full of glories than thousands diamond,
You know why? Your forefathers and all pious souls gather in this house lawn in
every evening and sine,
The blinking red light over city highest tower looks more glorious
You may now with your same sister
Sharing celestial light when outer sky is full of thunders.

shuvo chakraborty

Thought3

The moon is declining on its late night journey
The lady you adored all through out the years
Is returning to daily fold with respectable form,
The October sky is cloudy and moist like your vision,
You have scant sleep in the night
So you know the motion of first train
The lady you started to love after marriage
Is pacing her faithful slumber with limited dreams
The stoic face of chicken shop owner
Although a handsome butcher
Appears like a great teacher drawing
Wafer thin line between life and death.
The hapless birds are waiting for final call
Were reducing in alarming number feeding our hunger.
The compartment you travel all the year
Gives a moment pleasure with all dull jokes and aberrations
The uncanny joys of these hapless daily goers
Allowing their precious births
Dumping over moribund trifles,
May they forever draw you to a chilled feeling
About lack of living with grave wants of beloved kissings.
The news paper man rending hectic calls
Before thrashing unreal news around your house corners
The black letters alike a graveyard of thy nation,
Epitaph was drawn much before the dawn.
The candles lighted by your better half on lighting fest
The effulgence of fire works woven by your little daughter
The blinking lights hanging over house head
The blazing attires of passing girls
Confined between narrow street,
Upper sky remained dark and grey.
The little son of the man of your close blood
Who came for help with crying allusion before your dad
Has broken the odds enough in faultless manner
Before finding the hopes clot.
The burst of joys flying over city rise on year end
Has burnt more easy wealth than the ragpickers earned in last year.
The high speed rail with tracking waves,
Looking mad,

Interest of rulers and riches are well served in freedoms best hour.
The costly food shared by your neighbour
The precious stone displayed by your near sister
In last marriage,
The gold mine washing its face on river water,
The lonely explorer gaming with countless diamonds
Have incurred a strong overcoming over your dusty book self,
Books not of your choice were disposed off.
The woman you liked most is
Making butter toast on servile fire
The friends lost forever, the amorous
Gazes over faces too clever
The final returning from a dreamlike place
The poignant neglect to your angelic face
Are falling like flakes in snow land
The lady sleeping beside you was icy in maidenhood,
Morning manouvers a toiling day
Pictures of fairies on house wall looking clay
Indifferent love dawns lengthy sleever and is stretching healthy breasts,
Kingfisher on daily flight over the pond
Catcalling your drudgery.

shuvo chakraborty

Thought4

Winter fogs are delving over city
Like birds of prey with breathless cold
Each drops moisten your lips
Passing a shivering kisses like beloved.
The last afternoon sun that brought comforting warm
Meekly knocking the door of grey sky,
Her face is looking fresh and green
So the ferns on your houses boundary
The lady sweeten your last night is
Preparing morning tea and may
Offer another warm day before the owls cry.
Your heart looks frozen, vision refreshing,
The city lass hurrying her motion, looking fern.
Last night dreams were obnoxious and shortened
By lack of refreshing air,
The big leaves plant placed indoor
Refused to loose its folds
Complaining the same stuffiness that brought the early slumber
Passion of night slept well before meeting the quite air chill and cold.
The city roads are silent
As if mourning for last winters deaths.....
Morning news breaking the party times
In cosy hotel taken on last night
With so many fairies dancing with clever faces.
Thy daughter is waiting for her school bus
Is closely followed by some hungry dogs whom she offers loaves,
The soft thinking and all tender gatherings of fancies in your heart
Withered with the fretful angry gentleman
Quarlling with a poor fish woman.
At nine you may put your new poem
Staring on gleaming screen of monitor
The dead fishes stared on you
Like the old beggar
Whose nonchalant beard hanging over empty bowels calling for pitying alms.
She sat on your lap, like a placid frame of assuring lover
Paying incisive gaze on the corner of your soul
Memories of childhood with her
Appearing red like roses of autumn bloom.
Self indulgence is the very word you ever paid a thoughtful scorn

When in classroom you saw a lady quite unlettered about eternity
Masquariding all academic will being too indulgent on self looking
The fogs are on full swing over the places of higher learnings
Speeding air of demerits singing pean for unfit Aristotles
The teacher genuine is returning to oblivious recluse
Bidding his painstaking learnings an unnatural farewell
The parrots over the large trees are drumming the death of positive hour.
The lady you saw in last year class room
The lad you saw in the last bench of obscurity
Are all fogs, gliding for unknown world.

shuvo chakraborty

Thought2

The city appears with three folds
The wintry upper sky is quite red
With dim looking sun
The middle level is foggy,
Zero level is full of chill wind.
The man you had seen in last summer on narrow street
Is no more,
The lady newly married but was still growing
Is now heavy laden with cumbersome new branches,
Yet looking happy.
The city is specious and have reasonable expanse.
People look mostly prosperous and well fed
Still the limitation ever drawing its dusty breath
Encircling the vision with mist and ugly laziness.
The countryside looks genuine and living
Endow with multiple flowers and chirping birds.
Bikers in fast mode breaks the silence of
Village road
The five clamouring parrots on daily morning flight
Glide over your modest house retire to same fold
Where you had been few months before with little daughter
Remembering the striking scene of thrashing of corns
Where autumnal glory was sat in most graceful manner.
Your heart was full of pains for just your departed father
And thine curious nose was scenting the trail of said demise.
Young house wife in a highrise kitchen
Flaming for morning tea
And looks through netted window
For love she bubbled for another,
The village woman puffed the coal fire enough
For the last ash of monotonous hour shared with husband in dead night.
The daily morning walkers jostled the city parks
Make the trees and bowers heavier with
Innumerable complaints, sorrows and ruings.
Milk man knocks the door of your neighbours in frantic manner
The house where you have grown up with growing souls
Has been restricted with just four.
The ten rose trees thou planted in last week
Are reduced to just five

The lady to whom your close friend offered the first love
Refused to flower and still is in comfortable zone.
Last night thou slept well in drowsy separation
Desire of middle age was standing in balcony all through night
And caught cold,
Last months travelling to high hills witnesseth many nameless clouds loitering
In pine grove
The evening was cold, afternoon moderate,
The car on which you were riding had passionate bent
The highlanders house wives on afternoon freak
Sitting on roadside houses offered waking glimpses
Behind your back seat your lady is sleeping.
God built earth, human the very civilization,
Man and woman, an union, next generation
The dream and fantasy of early youth
The vigor of river, rain fed
Looking too weak in growing sands
The temple you built for embracing Lord
Capsized on wavy rituals.
The man you saw in last year for last time
Waiting for another call to reborn,
The lady you had seen so young
Yearns another life for another living
The four rose plants withered at once
Were thrown away for new plantation.
The house wife dry with monotonous nights is
Waiting still for rains with timely fall
The house the man built with moderate means
Will never render a gentle knock on homecoming

shuvo chakraborty

To A Trojan Horse

Adieu the happy year,
Run, run the Trojan horse
Towards the servile marriage bed
With all inglorious splendor.
The deadly weeds of unhappy moments
If ever entice you as dew fresh grass,
If the supposed Helen with supposed charms
Riding piggy back over thy supposed adolescence
By unfretter all the jockeying suppressed hunger,
Invigorating each parts to speeding fantasy
Making you an ultimate infirm epicurean.

Look back the slipped decade,
What you was before wedlock days,
What expectations grand saddled on back
For an epic run in epic hours
Marshalling all means at the end of your teetheer
With clapping thunder of joyous send off.
Petals of heightened romances were strewn
Hundred followed ye, innumerable crackers burst with cannon imagination,
Bugle with heroic tune spade the determined legs.
Then came endless run for supposed Troy
To set you as king with your supposed queen in pedestal throne.

Now welcome the plateful Moon
That on rising mood in vast desert
And where you too harnessing a family life with
Stamping aching feet with breaking spirit,
Flies of wants are now miserable nuisances
Making your Trojan look so old and fool.
Cactus of dry summons appear haunting,
Lonely silence render ye forlorn.
Where is your Helen? Where is your supposed throne?
An ancient pet in mistress fold
With ageing winking eyes that still toys a Trojan dream?

shuvo chakraborty

When Moon Will Be Moon

Mid May Moon, rise not now
With such dim face in burnt haven.
Troubling summer with fiery fumes
Has filed the skyey sphere to utter haziness
Making your turf more tired and clay
Sucking all azures from Venus scoop.
The mirror of haven looking so crystal
In late autumn and winter now appears quite broken.
Starry legions are although bright and suave
May not be accompanying candles
For your self glimpse, because mirror is torn.
Thy dewless airy bed will be more harsh and uncomfortable.
Blazing sun with iron face
Has dried all the ponds and river beds,
Rivulets and streams are now extreme slim
With scanty water makes no glasses for alternate viewing.
Then what will ye do in such akward place
Earth is not earth for your heavenly game,
Senses grow drowsy and numb
Perspiring faces of beloved are more grave and dull,
Ink of fancy turns white like bonny hues
Skeleton of warm nights in last winter
Are dancing around through our drawing rooms.
Everything looks blurr and pale
Verses new born are lifeless and lazy.
So bid thy slow pace with twinkling nimble
And make a swift disappearance from charmless haven
Ere setting of another autumn,
Rechristen the nights damaged vase
Piling enough moony faces,
Your homecoming amid their scenting bosoms.

shuvo chakraborty

When Will Winter Bloom

When will winter bloom
Removing summer gloom,
Sounds my asking mind
Whence melting on suns fierce grinds.
Drear comfort not seasonal with prying wind,
Groaning heart licks the icy dreams in ruin,
A hazy prayer comes out from broken earth
To end the summers merry and winters early birth.
Seasoned bones mutter with an uneasy frown,
Humming in lengthy hours for cloudy tents,
Ere weather this mad madrigal tune
Played by witch May in devils annual ball.
Save winter half the world that
With ruptured hairs being uneasy curled.
Mother earth as if with folded hands
Waiting for maiden Autumns dewy wand.

shuvo chakraborty

Where Beauty Goes?

Where beauty goes?
Always timely flows,
Sullen in teenage strength,
Flooding with passion bent.

Winter marriage like, dries the bed,
Growing heads appear like shed.
Moonshine eclipses on butter face,
Losing all in lives mess.

shuvo chakraborty

Winter Praise

O winter comes in lots,
The gory summer has damaged enough
Of soft thoughts; fledging fancied dreams
count their splinters on shabby sod.

Punishing may, the summers lighted pyre
Here to stay; vanishing respite engraves
Her black epitaph on dying field,
Tender greenery withers in blazing vapors.

O dear winter,
Younger of sweet autumn
Pave your passionate memories
In burning afternoon to my frail heart,
That hangs aloft in senseless summer mirth.

If there is any saving grace
Finds gentle path on dried turf,
If there is any scattered cloud
Trespasses the spotless hazy sky,
If I have strength enough
To confront this nature's inimical device,
If there is life enough in plenty sighs of burning soul,
That may awake all beloved senses in soften cold,
Then welcome all my gathering dreams
To give this flying cloud strength enough to
Wash out the plains and hills with
Balm of eternal zeal in rains very name,
That may chariots Autumns advent
Heralding dew sprinkled loving thoughts again.

shuvo chakraborty

Withstand This Gruelling Summer

Withstand this gruelling summer, oh dear
Ere we reach the end of this world.
Seasoned love of us that has been shaping
For twelve years long
Is no more left with hope of fancied ripening
And is turning fast to an anguished fire ball
To burn our cultivated bed.
The face of earth is terribly red
So your temporal face, looking crimson Mercury
Putting the cherry world confound and on shame.
Incremental hot from burning horizon
Is volleying anger with rebounding vengeance
As if to mar our all delicate senses
That tremble like sacrificial lamb before its ill tempered wrath.
The roof top Eden where we woven
So many vows with lips tied pleasure
Under December Moon and left them grow
Are all seeds of discord in genuine hearts.
Trees of our paradise are looking vile
Surrounding our fragile glass globe,
Each moment torments our exchanged glances,
Our earnest embraces are cracking devils laugh.
What will we do then, oh dear
Or what we did in actual at last summer?
Loading our bed with all icy sermons
Or inviting many nocturnal evil postures,
Another set game for hopeless turn
With prayer for hostile comfort, unheard, unborn.

shuvo chakraborty

Yonder Slumbering

Tell me not to rise again,
Yonder slumbering magic hands of futility
Have lulled me to rest in suave peaces grave
And are inviting drowsiness enough to blink.
Thanks thou merchant of senselessness
Trades countless pains in forlorn heart
Till mines self turns to stone
Growing tall, that spoils any second coming.

O sleep, unshaken before any guts,
Lending another name of death
Showcasing thy glorious epitaphs
On moldering heaps of innumerable domes,
Where air of knowledge never blows
Or the celestial light ever glows.
Let these citizens of bygone years
Be comrades in my arms at this ancient place.

No letters of substance ever rouse them,
No treading passion for unknown
Ever exasperated their pitiful hearts,
Never glanced beyond their daily wants,
Shut hapless stars of fate on lives limited spoils
Before putting out all gleams of hope.
Now these meaningless souls are guarding me
From any meaningful ! how happy I am.

shuvo chakraborty