

Poetry Series

Soumi Mukhopadhyay
- poems -

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Soumi Mukhopadhyay()

A Cigarette

A cigarette

The story of mine begins with hope,
Then proceed with brood,
The thin leaves of mine rolling in your hand,
May give you pleasure but,
With time your wrinkles will be mine forever!
I am the smoke that ignites agony.
To some it is the astray, to some it is escaping through all.
From the fire of kitchen to the fire to breathe,
I burn myself to soothe people all though.
I am white for peace but red when I am angry,
A scintilla, makes your eyes sparkling!
The story of mine is a rollercoaster ride!
I have seen heartaches to heart fail,
I have seen puff to counter,
I am a failure story overall.
I am long, I am short,
I am royal, I am needy,
I am creepy yet crazy,
I am brown, white, raw or industrialized,
My hands have several blood on it.
From makers to takers,
From child to old,
I am responsible to break the make.
The story of mine was not like this at start,
It was luxury to necessity.
Along the wheel of revolution, I had changed taste;
The brown cigar of aristocracy, the sweet BLACK;
The chilling ICE BRUST, or the MINT flavored!
The CLASSIC to FLAKE Or The Marlboro to Pall Mall,
The high to low, everything wrapped in nicotine and all worries to blow,
With every inch of my burning, along with mine you are also losing your little times.
I was the result of the experiment of your luxurious ancestors,
But you youngsters, don't make me your necessity now! !
I pledge to die for a lifetime, Than to die slowly with each passing minute,
My hands are red, I am getting suffocated day by day.
The beginning may not be good,

But please make my story worthy to die for!
A spark, A puff, A counter, I wish for,
Than to be late but not to be LATE! ! !

Soumi Mukhopadhyay

A Day Like Today!

How bright that day was!
Her eyes could tell that.
She had taken all the colors from mother nature and had stored it there.
The sky was red and the trees were blue.
All colors were upside down in a way back.
That day was long,
But not cold at all!
The chirping bird in her had its own way,
She was jumping and dancing all around.
He was admiring her from a distance.
She and he were strangers rather remain unknown around known.
Around the crowd, they held hands of imagination and gaze far.
It was story or a scar is yet to known for them.
How bright the day was, he thought!
She was around him dancing, laughing and talking all along.
He told her later, he was not willing to let her go.
He told so far, "A day like today, came after many days!"
A day like today, she wondered, what was new!
What made him special that day, ??
Was that her smile, her talking or just a normal day with all the brightness in her eyes?
May be, it is a story to tell, a day to live, a moment to look or just going with thevibes.
How bright the day was, with the brightness in both their eyes! !

Soumi Mukhopadhyay

A Fight Worth For! !

Like the mist in the fog,
Like the murky yet shady ones,
Like the bright yet pale amongst,
When I saw it I took a gaze,
I wondered the thought,
Like the blooming flower in the pond,
Like the lotus in the mess,
Like the slightest twig among the fallen,
Like the spring at the offset of winter,
She was just there in a pile of rag among the leftovers,
I heard the tiny sound of scream,
I took it in my hand,
It was not more than a cotton ball,
I shattered and yet united, touched that tiny hands,
Her eyes were close and quite, as if she got her share of paradise in my lap,
That day humanity cried its worst nightmare,
A daughter lost her childhood and faith forever perhaps,
But those half opened eyes gave me courage,
I sworn that day I will sail my ship thoroughly.

Time has flew,
Like it has wings,
My no name princess now is my world,
But the battle was not enough till now,
Like a mist in a fog and a dust in an eye,
Its still there,
It's worth fight to fought,
It's the sailor sought,
Now she and I are complete,
She is not with left over any more,
Like a friend, companion and two in one we stay,
Like that spring after winter,
Like that slightest twig among the fallen,
She has rose with a name, fame of all her own,
Time will fly as u know,
Like a dusk and dawn we will be there though.
Neither humanity nor childhood have died now,
Like those bold steps towards voyage we took a lot.

A Yellow Rose...

A yellow rose! !

I was in grown in bushes like the unnoticed yet noticed,
Then people cherished it by my vibrancy,
The choices were simple,
But it was tough,
I had a lot in my bag,
Over years, I am the queen of the garden,
There are expressions along with my shades,
From charming blushes to your temperament.

From my home, I came directly to the colourful store,
Along different colours I was placed,
Red, white, pink, violet along all I was waiting though,
They were telling the month of appreciation and expression came along.
What could have been better than us to say it all?
From six to sixty, all came with big smile,
To chose their shades.
From blush to fury all were taken,
I was smilingly left alone.
The colour of sun rays lost it fragrance in front of deep emotions.

Then she came along,
With a charming smile and a confused mind,
She picked me twice without a thought,
Maybe that was a lucky day for me above all.
I was smiling and looking at her with my whole heart,
She was lost in her thoughts.
I expressed my greatest gratitude with my fragrance.
Someone told, "It was rose day after all";.

She wrapped me with utmost care and joy.
To gift to the soul whom she admired.
The color of mine represent warmth and grace.
I was a symbol of exuberance.
Like her old habit, she left me with a blank note.
I was happy to see her gentle eye sparking by the gaze.
She waited, I waited, for him to say or express something at all.
The day turned,

I am still there in that corner of that desk,
Losing my grace my pride and a sorrow in chest.
She saw me but with her ego in her mind,
She didn't took me away nor she smiled.
He was arrogant they said.
He kept things un noticed they warned her.
She was blank but kept me to him with a hope.
I expressed platonic emotions to him.

Now I am waiting,
The day to dry up my petals,
The day I will be thrown to the waste.
The day when I will be really unnoticed.
I was dead the moment, I was ignored with pride.
I lost my charm and shine.
I also wished to be a part of those lost and found in those yellow pages.
But,
I am waiting now to all my tears to dry up

Soumi Mukhopadhyay

Again

It was June...

It is June again...

Years went days spend...

I had lost myself once again...

My past and present are colliding again and again...

It was back two years.. when I last saw him...

I felt him in my arms...

I saw his face smiling looking at me apart....

I saw myself lost..a part of me with him for ever..

Till now it had not returned...

This June again...

I am going to lose a myself again...

To the same city they will belong....

To the city I cant go at all...

I will miss his eyes on mine...

I will fail to see the spark on my eyes when I have him with me...

My endless smile...

My laughters..my cries...

My small...likeness to this city seems to be gone..

I don't know...

Felling the same again...

Two years down the lane...

One trapped in that bus stop..

One in the airport...

two lost soul of mine...

searching for shine...

emptiness in heart lies...

I cant say good bye...

I wish to visit the city of yours someday..

may be that will be June again..

I can feel myself again...

Life goes on...

with a smile on its face...

Soumi Mukhopadhyay

An Ode To Teammates!

Beating the crowd and traffic jam,
Sweating and frustrating as it is,
Within the meetings and deadlines,
We all,
The 9 hour group,
Smile and take care of each other roles.
However, hard the day be it is,
One pat on the shoulder or one concern look,
We smile a little.
Be it our seniors or our client,
From top to bottom we discuss and make fun all.
Every day after our daily small fights,
We still look forward to this hell,
Because of our mates,
I guess!
Be it our hike percentage or client appreciation,
We celebrate our symphony together.
Some days run bad,
Some are good,
There is always someone to handle our bad moods at work.
Let it be potluck or a small tea break or at puff of smoke,
Teammates are always there to see at our worst.
Anxious, scared, sweaty or panicked,
Either they guide us or help us through!
Because of our mates,
We still stay back.
An ode to them,
Who makes workplace tolerable,
Teammates may be another family or friends!
United we all make it work,
A team with our mates!

Soumi Mukhopadhyay

Asche! ! !

Megher bhela halka halka ...
 Bhasche nil akas her buke...
Digonto Bihin sabuj er choya...
 Helie matha duleche sadar choya...
Choto Choto nabin sparsho....
 Bajche Sankho Moner Modhye...
Dourache aj Kishore kishori....
 Mati lege che kathamo te.....
Parai ghurir sei suto ta...
 Kete poreche kon karnis e...
More er pan er dokan e...
 Hindi gaan er sur...
Rastai ekdol purono -bartaman er dol...
 Kuri futeche phool guli te...
Hansche surjo megh ke sorie....

Jhapsa kanch er araale akaash er much...
 Jhor utheche mon er aj kato dukh...
Udas ek bhor bela....
 Ratre er sei chere jawa...
Bristi r sei nauka chara...
Tup tap tar jaltaranga...
Sei chata nie para ghora....
Ma asche janan pawa...
Anek dure..aj..khupchi ghore...
Ganaajantrok er samne bose...
Bhabche mon....kandche amar chelebela....
Sei fele asa kishorebela....
Gunche din aj amra sabai...
Khupchi ghortai...dekhchi aakaash...
Ma asbe ...tai mon ta udas...
Kashful ta aj mather dhare..
Ekla ekla helai matha...
Cycle ta aj o bhabche sei soisab ta...
Notun jama notun juto...sei kenar dhoom..
Nijer taka hath e peye..uthsaho ta kothaoi jano dishehara...
Baba r dewa pujo r ekta jama aj dami khub...
Sei bikel bela...

Ar tirish ta din...

Kete jbe ...

Jhapsa kanch er janla diye....

Aamr ei ganojantrok ta..

Jodi ektu bujhto..anubhuti ta.....

Soumi Mukhopadhyay

Blue's Love

"I love you" he said..
"I love you too" she replied ...
The two are reflections of each other ...
But they can't meet at all ever..
The hues, the cries all they felt together...
For her he was her blue ribbon...
For him she was all blue...
If at all grey covered him all around..
Strings of water sprinkle her around...
They together sang their blue song..
They were lost along the skyline...
Blue was the color of their love..
Long lost found prolonged...
One fine day she tried to touch him once ...
She tried to grab him from behind...
Grasping his back scratching her nails..
She tossed over him to enjoy the moments..
She was all over him everywhere...
Blue became darker with its time ...
The strong arms of his gasped her waist and kissed her navel...
They were both blue in the face, till they end their new beginning of their love
they calls..
On that fine day brown and green became blue...
On that fine day they made the air blue all surround them...
The hues and cries changed their turns..
Now only green and brown suffered..
He was blue eyed with a tint smile..
But this time she was with rainbow all over her around..
That day they made love but separated again...
The chances they took went all in vain..
This is the best story forever will be heard ...
Separated yet touched, mingled yet apart..
The day he and she became we..
All colors faded it seems...
He whispered "I am here watching you every time from a distance"
She winked and replied back "I will take another chance to meet you
again for once"
Blue became brighter..yellow shined..
Green smiled back with brown its side..

The blues has the forever love for them...
White and black smiled them back..
Seeing them together like this..
A blue eyed boy and a girl with red cheeks believed to fall in love..
Holding hand together by the side of the blues...
Smiling with rainbows in their life all along together

Soumi Mukhopadhyay

City...

A city where everyone wants to go...
I was also determined to go...
Two years back I had crossed the station...
The name itself gives me shivers...
I had dreams to visit your part...
I wanted to relive it...
Two years now....
I have got....
The city calls...
But blank all of a sudden....
I visited the graveyard of my memory....
I cried I summoned ...
But nothing was scary...
Than the thoughts and visions I had...
The city I have my old my present ...all...
But none for me sure...
I have heard blank broken calls...
Blaming me judging me...
For all...
I am no one from nowhere sure...
But in your city my pain will not be cure...
Where am I now, I am not happy...
But in your city I will be lone in the crowd...
I want to gaze a view of u in my eyes...
But not with someone in some others eyes...
My story is not complete for sure..
I am alone not lonely I know...
I will laugh cry shout in coming days...
Ur city calls me in my dreams...
I am desperate to sacrifice all but not myself for you..
As u exists in me, only not in life ...
Someday down some time
Your city I will go...
Visit and come back. To forget my woe...
The great decision I had to take...
The new rules I have to set..
Making taking seeking ...
All I can do...
Although I can't be happy

But can't be sad too...
Your city in my heart will always stay...

Soumi Mukhopadhyay

Crowd! !

In Crowd, You are lost! !
Face, a lot of face ...
Some masked, some are not, some seems real, some are less..
Yet we try to hold and stay back with some face! !
A lot of hands approach you..
Some with the tender of love..
Some with the mask of happy ones..
Some teaches you endurance..
Some just holds u back..
A hand teaches everything ...
Tender soft hand are the sign of pamper..while the hardest are the strength..
A hand is like an umbrella to protect us all...
But sometimes the rights can be wrongs..
The wrongs can be rights! !
In Crowd...
We are lost! !
Faces we fought, forgot..
Reflections of past or the gestures of our work! !
All unmasked one by one..
Door opened, all become messy..
Some feelings twisted turned jolted inside..
Hands, faces all resemblance similarity! !
Lost and found! !
You are only responsible,
Why this feeling eats us up! ! !
In Crowd, face, hand..go away all..
Some masked, unmasked..
Failed to silence us,
Trapped by our thoughts! !
All are same..
Some now and some then! !
In Crowd! !
We are lost! !

Soumi Mukhopadhyay

Dida.

I find you often glimpsing through the window pane..
Though I know thinking of you is insane..
I often gaze at the view of the twinkling star..
I cherish my memory with you during the night I spend with you..
I always end up, as I am broken by fragments..
I find you often glimpsing at me..

I often day dream about the stories I heard..
The fairy tales of the princesses and price of distant land..
The faraway places of dust and sand..
The monster, sea lion and those weird devils they called..
Those scary nights, fear fights..
I often think of them...

Your grey hair, and your wrinkled hand..
Your calling my unique nickname brings my sweet memoir..
I suddenly,
Walked along those dusty path,
Those weak feeble hands were blessed me most..
Out of all,
I miss my "Dida" most now! !

Soumi Mukhopadhyay

Everyday With A Difference! !

Like the chirpy bird gives the first call,
The day start always like this,
Every day startswith a sun shine of hope and promises to be meant,
The day proceeds with a slow pace,
Like the normal race,
With hurry furry and deadlines it moves on,
Unlike always he comes along,
maybe it was a moment or an instance,
She waits for it since starting of week along,
White, black or grey,
His smile makes her day,
In between those hectic long hours,
His stiff yet gentle gestures,
His ignore yet smiling adds a little catalyst to her bizarre work experiments,
In between stuck in a situation,
She awaits for the fresh start in odd hours,
Everyday hasa difference of its own to be along ,
It's not a story or a journey,
It's just an everyday tale with no aim,
It's like a bucoliceffect to an endeavor,
It's just Him and She alone.
Like an everyday tale with a smiling effect! !

Soumi Mukhopadhyay

Fear

Throbbing Bouncing dancing all around...
Hitting Bullets through the tunnels it feels..
Dark shadows embarks...
Rumbling clouds like thunders..
When sun lay back...
Triggering shocks it feels...
Dark shallows. Water all around..
Nobody it find its zone...
Suddenly a gush of flood fills it..
Soothing its gone...
Again when the sun was on up..
It roared howled back from its dark cave ...
Nothing was relieving their much...
No time no place it left..
To attack that charming lady...
Closing her ear with hand..
She sat waiting the howl to stop..
Trigger to hold back..
Less she feared was this ...
She sensed a harmony by closing her eyes..
But how long the roar will stop, she questioned?
Is this the way of life she wanted..
She stood back with a sword in hand..
She fought back...
Throbbing roaring howled all vanished..
Hope that fear of her never comes back to her...

Soumi Mukhopadhyay

First Love

Too much I say, less time I have
It beheld me like I was
Those wow feeling
Those swiping memories
Those tinder joy
Those teary eyes
Of some void..

Too much to feel, little I had
Forget to all, I cry back
Haunt or regret now I don't care,
Shadows I left, darkness was never there
Those sparks, Those little magic
Those meetings, those hidings
Had their meanings
Please now leave me
Don't follow...
Too much to say..
I had spent little

I tell you a thousand time
Stop screaming names in my empty lane
Walls echoed like a valley recalls
Empty park with a swing along
Stop searching in those thousands
The face which felt you all
I shout and say you stay back
All my way out
Too much to speak, little I had
Please stay back

Over the hedge, I had taken leaps
Beyond my capacity I had felt
Captivated solely in that world
Little remembrances of that touch
Yours and Mine fingers entangled
Tied with each other without a knot
First felt, heard yours throb
First smelt fragrances of yours

First tasted, twisted buss of ours
All the first was combined
I tell you
My leaps were limitless
You now please leave
I tell

To the first love
All I say
Don't haunt me with all your story
First love never dies, now they say
Those first broken heart will never mend
I tell myself first love is special, now I know
it tells us that handle love with care
First love is special for all
But "Love" never dies for all
To the first love I will say
All first can't be last
But don't haunt me for the past
You were gone with the gust of wind
First love you are a sweet memoir to me

"Love" has no label
Now I know
I was I am in the top of world
When "Love" touch me
I know one thing now for sure
Even if we stop its search
Love will find us
First love with all its memo
Will stay in heart like a pulse in our vein
Running down the mountains of emotions
In one go! !
To the first love
My sayings are there
Just don't leave with a pain dear! ! !

Soumi Mukhopadhyay

First Time

It was raining all day....
Thunders was rumbling...
Sky was dark..
Full of scary images all around the black sky...
It was occasion of the wealthy goddesses honor...
It was the beginning of the new journey...
It was the day of smiles..
It was the day ...
For the first time I heard her cry...

Her cry made me smile..
When I saw her in the rage of cotton...
I felt something inside me has changed...
I was dying to held her in my hand..
She was just sweet cotton ball..
With small marble eyes.. with red small lip..
With her small hand she held my hand..
For the first time I saw her..

Days passed..
My angel grew..
She started walking with her own..
Like a warrior on a mission of its own..
She spoke in her cute voice...
She looked at me making puppy face..
She was driving me crazy..
For the First time she uttered the word 'Sister'...
She smiled an innocent smile with her broken teeth..

For all the first time she has gifted me...
I remember them all time ...
My angel is now a lady...
For all the first time I sensed divine love ...
The love at first sight it is called..
I wonder..

Franjipani

There she stands,
Strong erect, has strength to withstand.
Long, hectic, splendid years must has passed,
There she is, in a lei of faded colours wrapped around the past.
She had the fragrance, she had the beauty,
The cluster of propeller shaped with a tint yellow in mid, it used to stand.
From dusk to dawn,
Her fragrances soothes them all.
There she is,
Challenges to bear it all.
White, yellow, pink, red,
Any colour you chose,
With fleshy, long leather hands in cluster it holds.
She was long, thick, sometimes with a pointed hook may be.
She has witnessed past to present, and future madness in front of it.
There she stands,
Now alone, aged and rugged in worst,
Green to brown,
Her journey is a journal in a whole.
She must have been a beauty with a poisonous milky sap,
She is welcoming yet connected to immortals and spirituality in all.
She had a colour of a frail of a new moon, fragrance that can sooth the soul.
She is found in the lap of god,
She removes darkness with its white colour from the soul.
There she stands,
Witnessing the history,
In between the ruins,
A lonely planet,
With its brown head up high,
She is now a part of history.
Over a century may be,
She is the
Frangipani tree
In the lap of Hampi ruins,
Witnessing the changes.

Soumi Mukhopadhyay

Happy Birthday.... :)

Clad in bluewho is he...
Why is he smiling keeping his bare teeth out...
Specs on his round eyes...
Fair skin...little tanned ...ruined in sun...
Who is he...little tall...yet close to ground...
Eyes at sky...touching stars..
Yet feet at soil...
Who is he...
A man with straight upright...
No force to cease him ...
Always upright..
Who is he...

He is a person of fire...
A man of self-made..
Person who talks with spices..
And made them dance. Alive..
He is someone who cares for all..
Who is the sailor of his life alone...
He is the king of kitchen...
To him playing with fire is not a big game...
Who is he...

He is a person who talks with water...
Swims through like it's of its own...
Making his move in his own way...
Like a fish he floats...
A person with abilities of speed..
Which no one can compete...
Who is he..

He is the king of words..
Rhythm he talks...
Expresses what he feels..
Words he plays..
Like his own children..
His poems reveals ...
What he feels..
Who is he...

He is not one from crowd...
He is ordinary...being extra-ordinary...
He is a great brother...
A great friend..
A great son...
His eyes are full of dreams...
Something void...
Yet filled...
Things empty...
Can't be filled..
Today is his day...
28 springs gone...
Yet uncountable seasons to come...
A hand waiting for another hand...
A shoulder to held someone's head..
Eyes with someone's dream..
Waiting for his girl to come ...
His day today it is...
Let's celebrate and make a wish...
Happiness must remain in u...
Like this...always...

Soumi Mukhopadhyay

Hope

The word of the day I got was "Hope",
For some it is driving force, for some it is the power to cope!
Being positive in negative or smiling in the worst,
You can define it as anything in this world.

In those red to green, many faces come and go,
Some offer flowers, some water, some just lay out their bare wrinkled hands.
Those tiny hands that sell flowers for the people,
Have aspiration to be flower in some garden,
Those wrinkled bare hands begging food,
Wish for a strong hand to hold.
Books and pencils can talk with them someday,
" Hope " this is it, for this world.

In those red and pink lanes,
One can find often them,
Standing with an urge and emptiness in eyes,
Their wardrobe separates them from our civilized world.
Every day they share their story with an unknown,
Their bare bodies lies apart, with an untouched pure soul!
But those unheard cries and hues, and empty eyes still thrives along! !
Someday this world will treat them equal, will accommodate their stories;
"Hope" this is it, for those red lanes along the busy fast moving
shore.

Throughout the newspaper headlines, was the bleeding countries,
The killing of innocence and our world future!
The manhood and brotherhood has lost its words,
The blooming flowers lost while they were bud!
Still, those inquisitive eyes of those charming living dolls!
The light of candle in the dark, the unity in the war;
The peace solace when world is upside down,
That four letter word that thrives allthroughout,
"Hope ", this is it, for the world.

Between those big trees and valleys,
There is an unwinding road,
Which is yet to get discovered or explored!
The chilly ride, the nature's fragrance,

The stream and the water, their story!
The traveler in an workaholic wants to explore!
Those deadlines, those ppt or excel,
Stops every journey before it begins.
Between those desires of explored unexplored,
Known to unknown, a traveler resides all.
" Hope ";, this is it, for those chilly breeze that echoed them in the sun.

Throughout the weekend, she waits for those intoxicated smile at her,
The glances, the stares that she often make at him.
The feeling of getting noticed naturally yet forced,
That aspiration of having one cup of coffee with her charmer,
" Hope "; this is it, for her.

"Hope ";, has many words to shake the world.
Faith, dream, belief, every possible things that exists in the world.
The word of the day I got was " Hope ";,
But for all it has unlimited verses with pros and cons.
The four letter word does not know how much hope all have,
" Hope "; this is it, the faith on one self or the world.
"Hope";, thrives the universe from beginning to last! !

Soumi Mukhopadhyay

I Cant Imagine.....

I am big..I am elder sister..
Always loved my sister...
Always responsible and full of attitude..
Never felt anything I could have else..
Before I met u..
When I met u..I never felt any void in my life..
But as tym grew..I realised my childish nature..
In front of u I dnt hv to big or responsible..
I can be a little child with big eyes..
Though I dnt know u fr so long..
Yet u r close to me enough..
U are my big brother as I said..
But sometimes u confuse me wd ur nature..
U behave like a lost child in a fair..
Trying to fulfil all ur desires holding my hand..
Sometimes so mature that I fear..
Sometimes like a kid with all demand..
Sometimes it seems I am elder than u..
Like a mother I hv to take care of u..
Sometimes like a younger sister I demand to u..
U are like a umbrella in my storm..
Who soaks in rain to keep me safe..
U hv a hundred sister like me I know..
I have also many brother..but no one like u though..
Why do u love me and care fr me so much..
Don't do that..I am not worth much

Soumi Mukhopadhyay

I Choose You

I choose to throw back myself in those memory lanes ...

For they don't haunt me now..

I choose to hold you in my heart..

As no one can took it off..

I choose to embrace you in those dark days..

As light won't take you away.. as you will be in my shadow..

I choose to kiss you in wind..

As they might touch you with no complains..

I choose my relationship with silence..

As no one will compare and judge it..

I choose to cherish you in my mind castle..

As No one will break it as it is not made of glass..

I choose to let you go in the vast sky..

As no one will touch you high there..

I choose my solitude...

That will be my gratitude towards you..

I choose to cage you in my dreams..

So that there will be no end..

I don't choose you to be in my tears..

As they will leave me and flow down those curvy paths..

I choose you in the white bare spark..

As that will never leave my fade..

I choose you over everything I owe to world..

As the mother nature will never ask you back..

I choose you to find myself..

I choose you to again loose me..

I choose you to follow the shooting stars...

I just choose you with a clear heart..

Soumi Mukhopadhyay

Just One Day! ! ! !

The day was raining...
The cloud was less dark..
The mid day was at peak hour..
He was clad in white...
Like the drops of rain in the window pane, he was new of his own..
The tint yet broad shining smile up to his cheeks...
The day was made for her..
He and she hardly exchanged words..
She hardly had stolen glances of him..
Other days her eyes had reverence of him..
As the rain poured inside her inside too..
That day that smile has something to say may be..
He was clad in white..
She was watching rain away from the soil..
That day the green was greener, her cheeks were tired...
That day..
Passed...
Reverence is back...
That smile is now a routine..
That day was a one day...
Just one day...

Soumi Mukhopadhyay

Life! !

Life is a queer with its twist and turns..
We all don't know if tomorrow the sun shines or not..
The dark day with a gloomy hat it has worn..
Twisted, learned all over..
The touch had crossed all threshold..
Endure, move all it hear..
The journey is a way divided all..
Questions, emotions, with flaws..
The pool of water along the river bed..
Distributes salty yet weak flows..
How their eyes will meet their pools..
The question asked. Mirror broke..
Silly glasses pricked it..little pool of red to swam..
Life is a pool of all that flows..
Frown rude yet it glows..
Standing by its side life asks..
Never ever it will chase it swear..
It will move on along with it..
The broken pieces torned ripped thoughts..
All moves back..
Life is a turmoil, a voyage in sea..
Sail it across..
Mud will be on it when a puddle is thrown..
Life is a queer with its puzzles..
Some solved, some incomplete..
Some just stays it all! !

Soumi Mukhopadhyay

Life! ! Cross Road

Once a girl met a boy...
It was a story with two cross paths...
That day was neither sunny nor wet...
But a new dimension was set...
It was not sudden not planned..
The stormy wind, the dust, the light...
The walks, the small talks...
Once a girl met a boy...
It is not a story of love...
It's the moments that they exchanged...
It's the glanced that the girl took away from him..
The fallen leaves, changed colour...
Once a girl met a boy...
The girl was experiencing a different journey...
It is not a story at all..
It is one of the cross roads that we face everyday..
Its a one person all in one..
Once a girl met a boy...
The girl was lost in those magical eyes...
The mirror, the blue sky, the sea beach witnessed her madness...
It was the story of the sand that the girl wanted to grasp..
But it fell off through the finger gaps...
It was the journey of a long lost....
Never found..lost in maze..
Once a girl met a boy....
It is the story of notion that she had for him...
It is the emotions that she felt...only she felt for him...
Once a girl met a boy...
It is the thought of bringing back herself again into life...
It is the realisation that some feelings can become scar..
Once a girl met a boy....
That was not is a four crossroad...
It is the story of the decision that changed nothing and everything...
Once a girl never met a boy...
A found amidst joy, happiness, smiles...
Once a girl never met a boy! ! ! ! ! !

Soumi Mukhopadhyay

Love

For her love meant everything...from Sharukh khan's DDLJ to Leo nardo's Titanic. Yes she had just celebrated her eighteenth birthday and was preying to God for some handsome hunks in her new college.: p

She is Namrata. A girl who is lifeline of her family, her mothers darling, her sisters angel and obviously her fathers sweetheart, she is 'Nami' to her friends. Her friends Mona Lisa is her school buddy, and both are SRK, s fan, With eyes full of dream for their new life.

Before coming to present scenario...let me give a brief intro of Nami's life.]

Like any other teenage girl Nami and her friend Mona are movie buffs, day dreamer, full of life. They have completed their schooling with flying colors and now they are headed for Engineering college. They are excited for their new beginning as they are moving to Delhi from their home town Panth Nagar.

Present Day: (Girls hostel)

They had taken admission. Their parents were are left alone in their hostel. They were excited about their college. Nami was much friendlier and she can mix with people easily. She made quite a good number of friends easily.

Nami: 'Mona, I am excited about my first will meet boys. What happened, u look sad? '

Mona: 'Nami, I am missing home yaaru....but yeah I am excited about the new class. 'and she hugged her and smiled.

Soon, Mona and Nami made their own group of Nami was still in her dream world was searching for her 'The One'.Yes, and that day came soon.

College:

In chemistry lab when Nami, s group was announced, she realized she was the single girl in her group. Other four are guys, she did not even knew. She was

sad. But she didn't know these people will be her lifeline for ever.

Nami was fast in making friends. The guys were 'Soumya', 'Subho', 'Rahul', 'Surya'. Out of the four... Nami's eyes were on his big spectacle she found something that she can't explain. She felt something different. She didn't feel a butterfly in her stomach, neither a violin was playing or wind blew... just something inside her changed. She didn't believe in love at first sight. But what she felt, she felt for his black innocent eyes. His cute sweet smile. His shyness, she fell in love with him in one moment. She rushed to Mona as she was not sure this was real for her. She had deep intention to be friends with her. Slowly, from lab mate they became friends. Exchanged numbers, like good old days they messaged each other. He smiled when she smiles... and then one fine morning..

Subho: 'Nami, I don't know I will ever tell you naally I am very shy with girls. I never had anyone as special as you are in made me comfortable, you make me smile... with your sweet cute puppy face. I don't want you. I need you. I love you Shona'.

Nami was in tears, she was waiting for this day from the very first day when she saw him. And she just cried. Her tears gave the answer to all his questions.

Like any other teenage couple, Soon night call became regular habits, library became their favorite place... as it was empty all the time. Soon days became months... Subho the shy boy. Became the most popular boy of college. He became the topper of the class... his life was around his family, his Shona and studies.

But bad phase came in this perfect story...

4th year:

It was campus time. All MNCs were coming for recruitment. All were sure that Subho will grab the opportunity but destiny played differently this time...

Subho couldn't clear the apti round... and Nami's condition was much worse. She couldn't even sit for few MNCs coz of her less, the perfect story was gone. Subho started drinking, smoking and yelling on her Shona. Nami could understand his condition but more she talk with him. More it turned worse.

Nami's days and night became the same. She hugged her teddy and slept every night crying thinking what have I done wrong? . She prayed to God that if her Subho gets a job she will go and visit Vaisnava Devi in bare feet.

And then slowly Subho stopped talking with her. He was the same Subho who used to call her every night just to say 'I love u'. Subho started flirting with other girls. Nami heard it but she had believed that her Subho can't do this. He was her first love. He was the one with whom she has seen numerous sunsets holding hands, he who hugged her for the first time is her Subho who had shared with her the best moments of their life. Nami couldn't understand what was her . She tried to talk with Subho, but he yelled and left her alone. But she knew deep inside that Her Subho loves her, just he needs a job.

And then the day came....

On 5th April Subho got the job in Tech . His life's best day was that. She didn't get a job but she was the happiest person on the world. Her Subho has finally got his worth. She was dancing like a child in the canteen and shouting 'My Subho has got the job'. She went to Vaisnava Devi the next week to fulfill her promise.

And then Subho changed....Subho again confessed his love to her. But this time Nami was indifferent. She was trying to judge him, his reactions...what was he up to. When time was not with him, she was there but he refused her. And now Subho wants her.

Nami was confused and heart broken. And the situation was worse when Nami's parents came to visit her. Subho didn't turn up, He told he will not meet her parents. He is busy with his friends. Nami was shocked to hear that. Because she had told hundred times to Subho that her mother wants to meet him. And Subho was also willing to meet her. And now he is not meeting her parents and he is busy with his friends.

Nami's heart did something what she regrets now whole life.

She went out with one of her guy friend and she kissed him on cheeks. Why she has done that she doesn't know. Either she was angry on Subho or something was not for love that was sure.

College end day:

Nami wanted Subho to tell the truth but she didn't have the courage to speak.

Nami felt lost. Subho was happy with his new life and least he cared about Nami.

Nami was trying her best to get a job with guilt in her heart.

One fine day Nami confessed the truth to subho over phone.

That was the last time she had heard his voice...it was: 'It's all over'.

Just two words and her world felt like killing herself. She loved her subho and was asking for a second chance. But subho didn't listen. He called her betrayer and broke all contacts.

With each passing day she was losing a little of herself, and she wrote a thousand sorry messages to him. Thousands calls and no reply.

She thought of ending her life. But then she loved him so much that she couldn't do it.

At last she fought her own battle and got a job in MNC.

Two year has passed...

Nami and subho had no contact. Today also Nami visits his fb timeline regularly and sends him a mail saying what she has done all day and still loves her subho and wishes if she has not done that stupid mistake, he might be with her right now in her arms.

Present Day:

Nami came to know her subho is not her anymore. He has got someone special in his life. Nami was in tears after hearing it from Mona. She cried all day and at last she texted him 'Heard that You have really move on, Congratulation, I am happy for you. :)'.(that was the last text she send him)

Nami woke up....It was a bright morning. She smiled and whispered, 'I will love you always my subho no matter what. You are happy, so I am happy'.

She started getting ready for her office. That was the best day of her life.

Love doesn't mean you have to hold on someone. It means giving freedom, respecting someone's happiness. It means smiling by cherishing all your moments. Love is larger beyond saying 'I love You'.

Soumi Mukhopadhyay

Love! !

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Soumi Mukhopadhyay

My New 'u'

I am no one from nowhere...

I was living in past hiding my wounds...

I was smiling hoping to recover soon,

Then suddenly I found u,

I realize what I have for u,

Its not been long time I met u,

but I again started to live...watching u smile...

your smile made me forget my sorrow..

I knew u r not mine...

I don't wish to b yours...

U r my lifeline to life...

U r not everything but u are something for me for sure...

I am in present...looking at u smiling...

Thanks for coming...

U are a light in the darkness...

hope in my lone world...

your smile is my strength...

I will love to fall in love with u again and again...

it doesn't matter whether u r mine or not..

as long u are there...I will never forget to smile....

Soumi Mukhopadhyay

My U

The big round eyes behind his spectacles....said an unknown story....
it was incomplete and full of worry...
I once saw the void and pain
in the name of happiness...
he tried to suppress his pain....
he laughed with his heart out....
I don't know what I heard in that shout...
in the mist of smoke and chemicals....
I found him as my mirror....
day was spend...like that hundred days spend.....
we spoke..we cried...we smiled...we loved...always...
I and u became we...
He became my soul of peace..... I became his smile....
in that stormy night also...he held my hand so tight....
then a gust of wind came.....
all precious moments lost in dreams...
only sadness touched me....
with it came fear and grief...
he was there watching it all along...
I was alone fighting in the storm....
I was there when he needed me...
I never left him...
he never fought his battles alone...
now when the dusk kisses the ground.....sun leaves the sky...
shadows grow long....
I wait for him....with longing eyes and broken heart...
with the hope that he once looks back...
but all is in vain..
he has moved on....he says...
I should also. But he stays...
inside deep me....
that big round magical eyes....are now mine....
with emptiness waiting for it to shine....

Soumi Mukhopadhyay

New Girl

New girl came to new city...

To find her identity..

with just one friend...

with all hope on him..

Just to stay beside him..

With time he moved to different part..

distance created..between heart..

The new girl became alone..

she fought and found new friendships..

Some frndz for lifetime..

In exchange of one frnd..

with time she lost him. That frnd..her only hope..

but now the situation she can cope..

She now truly found someone..

on whom she can rely upon..

for whom distance doesn't matter..

He is also in the same part where her friend was..

but he never made felt that distance..

He taught that girl to smile..

He taught her to fight..

Now the girl is not alone..

She has someone behind her to look upon..

He is not her love. But more than that..

Friendship redefines. He says that..

New girl now loves him..in a different way..

That way she cant say...

New girl now smile often. Loves herself..

and says thanks to her only frnd..

For whom she came to this city...

To find her identity...

New girl in a new city..

now with a different identity...

Soumi Mukhopadhyay

New Year

Day by day it passes..

Night now also goes away..

All it seem was now a dream...

How fast time flies...

Between truth and all lies...

Three sixty five days...a year they say..

New year new resolution it all happens...

what is new in that I asked? ? ?

same day same sun same work! !

No, is it not! !

may be sunshine will be the same

may be the song I sing will be same...

but there will be a change..

one more year..one more added..

to my list..

less time I have to do all the things! !

At the end I knew there will be some end..

Some new beginning...

Some lost me! !

some one I found! !

this three sixty five days..

changed me a lot! !

sun is same with its sunshine..

wind is same with its speed..

now also from my balcony I can see the waves..

but something deep down has changed! !

New year all say..start afresh! !

this year I say..enough of being emotional..

Although...through out..

This year 'those magical eyes' I will never forget..

the questions was answered which I had searched for so long! !

This year gave me a lot, but took away my soul for testify of course..

The year that is coming will nothing be changed..

like another day..

I will hit the dance floor, will dance till

I break the heel..

with a glass of ecstasy, passion and happiness of course..

All I gained I will not lost

This year only emotions I want to mislay some...

all say 'NEW YEAR', new rules of course..

New Year I say any day u chose

I wish to all that crowd..a new set of three sixty five days...

Cheers to our dreams and to all end and beginnings..

Soumi Mukhopadhyay

Nothing Lasts Forever! !

Nothing lasts forever..
As the wind passes, the rain stops..
The bird chirps, the moments caught..
The shooting stars, the heavenly day..
The long wait, the eagerness..
Nothing last forever..

The day I sang a song..
The day I explained the whole experiment..
The day I prepared the speech..
The day had now become THE DAY now..
The day suddenly I remembered..
The day suddenly I got into my mind castle..
The day of my childlessness..
The day, that day..

Like the moments captured in eyes..
Like the rolling tears on cheeks..
Like the gaze of your view..
Like the clock tick tock and move..
Like all the pictures lie in my head..
Like the perfect fairy tale..

Nothing lasts forever..
Every hour is past, like every second does..
Every whisper is now noise..
Every memoir is a chaos..
Everything is nothing at last..
As end always matters..

Nothing last forever..
As they say..
Like a good old day..
I am living it again in my mind castle..
One stone..and it fell apart..
Suddenly, I realized..
Time only passes..
Acceptance stays...
You are like a sea..

Cannot be hold in a small pot..
Whenever I want you..
I can touch you and leave it instead..
Nothing last forever..
Just the time stays fixed..
Like a marathon it passes on to the traveler it gifts! !

Soumi Mukhopadhyay

Oh Sandi Am

Oh sand I am,
The yellowish color of mine glitters in the sun, often you people mistake me as gold.

I am the wheel of change from age old.
With time everything ages, every mountain and pyramid turns to sand;
If you, the people of world can realize the fact!

Oh sand I am,
I have no name, no last port of call, I settle in the course.
I leave and go, wait for none though, be like me, go with the flow.
This color of mine has often been fed with dynasty of blood,
Some for brown, some for green, I only traveled with wind and time.
When we unite, we blew the mightiest off, we have changed the history together.
In the ocean of sand, we often become storm, like life plays with us all! !

Oh sand I am,
You try to hold me tight and I will fall through the gap of your fingers,
You try to squeeze me in your hand I will make a cut,
you try to mingle me in the water and I will be in the residue!
I will make a figure, may be a footprint or a memoir like a lost childhood in adultery,

Oh sand I am,
You try to hold me tight I will fall through the gaps of your finger,
you try to squeeze me in your hand I will make cut,
you try to mingle me in the water I will be the residue!
I will make a figure may be a footprint or a memoir like lost childhood in adultery,
I will slowly be the release of time in the bad phase,
I will rise you high and make you dance in my wave,
and then throw you in the reality of my coast.

Oh sand I am,
It makes castles, the waves breaks it, let me teach you this is life, is it! ! .
I take all the dirt, still I am pure, I filter often, I am fearless, be like me all along
I am porous, to all, absorb all but retain what I want to.
Sediment with emotions, layer by layer, the deepest marks it holds,
I am porous, to all, absorb all but retain what I want to.

Oh sand I am,
An inescapable journey of our brief life it beholds!
I am mightiest, I am breathless, I am the change; the time wheel in all! !

Soumi Mukhopadhyay

Ours Story

Morning bells wake me up...
Mist in the window pane gazes view...
I am on my bed hearing you...
Sun rays touching me...soothing me up...
I am waiting for your voice to wake me up...

My day starts like this....
I find my enthusiasm in you...
Your words rejuvenates me...
Your sound of smile drives me...
I hear you all day ...with your voice in my head...
Your Music plays my rhythm with me...

I wait for the night to come...
To hear your voice again...
The darkness I love...I find light in it...
The stars the open sky and your voice are the best part of my night...
My day starts with you. And ends with u...
I just want to hear you...

Ours is a different love story..
Nor have I seen u smile. I do just hear your smile...
Nor have I exchanged glances with you. I do just hear your bold voice...
I am no one for you...just a part of the whole crowd...

Ours is a different love story...
Every morning I wait for you...
With closed eye...tuning my favorite FM channel....
I start my day with your voice...
Ours is a different love story...

Soumi Mukhopadhyay

Special

For someone close to my heart...

Every day can't be special..
But when I am with you..each moment is awwsum..
Yes now thousands miles apart..
Settled in life busy with others..
That does not mean we are far..
Our hearts are tied with a special bond..
Since from childhood we are together..
We will be together till our hair grows grey..teeth fall..
But nothing between us will change..
Today I received the token of ur love..
A walk to remember in that windy path..
That memory of discussioning maths with each other in the class..
Till the dance in spring fest..
That endless gossips of our dreams.
That stupidity of our crushes..
All are golden era of my life..
Without u all are vain..
Years went..I grew with u..
My age increased..
But same craziness we still have..
Still when we meet..
It seems we met yesterday..
We start from where we left..
We never end..
We know each other's deepest crush..
We are each other's mirror..
When I am with u..
I dnt speak..u can read it all alone..
The greatest gift that God has given me..
U r my heartstring..
Fourteen years and still counting..
Cheers to u and our bonding...

Soumi Mukhopadhyay

Th City! !

The City! !

Like old wine in a new bottle,
I am witnessing the old city with a new perspective,
Like the good old days I am seeing the change,
The city with an old flavor..
With its new taste, new shine..
I started the journey long back..
Since then this city was a mile stone,
Now I am back with a good old stock again though..
This city of malls and show off has a door of opportunity al total..
The city mesmerized me with a tint smile of its own..
The buzzy never ending queue..
The red to green struggle is the most remarkable war might be here..
The city speaks of inspiration, struggle and all..
The city of its own tale..
But it was never mien at all..
The city I had left behind was my decision..
The city with sea..the city which I really love..
Like old wine in a new bottle it taste old..
It taste with a tint of old touch! !

Soumi Mukhopadhyay

That Kiss In Sunset

" Forever is for ever ";....is it! !
She kept looking at the greenery outside and thinking for a while.
That moment, precisely captured in her canvas of thoughts.
She tries to repaint it again with the ink on the white in all.
The wind was cold, breezy like a wild life,
It was free from captivation after all.
Shivering and trembling half, she grabbed his hand and slowed down her pace.
They were walking on the coaster walk, it called.
Her hair was messy, eyes were with spark,
His hand was cold yet cosy with hand in her.
She was speaking about her wishes, the wind and the mountains.
He was getting drowned drop by drop into her.

Paused for a moment...

The sky was painted with red orange and tint of yellow,
The colours wrapped them into one,
It was the union of the darkness and the light,
The sun was hiding behind their sight, the moon was up.
As if the sun, moon entire universe witnessed their love,
He grasped and slowly placed a peck,
They got drowned slowly into the colours of rainbow,
The taste of their soul, the nature conspired for more.
Yet again, their lips got entangled into one,
Under the sun, the moon, the wind, the stars, the mountains..,
They witnessed love.
That was a kiss of eternity,
When sun kissed back the sky and left for the day.
She can't pen down all to words.
All she can do is to repaint it with words.
In that one moment in sunset, forever happened!

Soumi Mukhopadhyay

That One Kiss! !

Dark cloud, murky black.
Cold breeze, little shiver, with a lot of smile.
They were there for a while.
The leaves are dancing on their rhythm.
The little drizzle, the drops on the flower like a dazzling diamond in the black.
The soothing music in the back,
She was leaning from her porch.
The day is same, but!
She decides to travel on the less taken path.
On this same day like this,
she remembers sharing her first kiss.
She was trembling like a leaf,
The storm has touched her outside too.
Her inner silence was making chaos,
The breeze was shaking her inside out.
She still remember the touch of bliss,
The soothing warmth of wrapped strong arms.
His endless efforts to console her storm.
Her eyes were moist, her lips were dry.
She was weeping or morning, none could differ.
She still feels,
he dragged her close enough to let the wind not pass.
He leaned, forward
She was drowned in emotion!
He placed a peck on her forehead and draped her close.
That was her first kiss, she remembers!
Seasons changed,
Lips became moist, cheeks became red.
But a peck on forehead was priceless.
Hands had crossed threshold many times,
But that one moment keeps her alive.
Cloud is dark, murky black,
Cold breeze, she decides to return from less traveled road.
The agony of pain,
It's no fail no gain,
It's not empathy not sympathy!
That kiss, stole all!

The Girl With The Book

Every day, after my late night sleep,
I reach office little late than usual,
Every day when I pass that Coffee shop,
I see her.
With a big spectacle adjust in between big eyes,
Dressed in simple trouser and tee,
Drowned completely in the pages of black in white.

The crowd around her rushing around the clock.
She seems to be an epitome of knowledge and lost.
Among those hustle bustle, I feel peace standing next to her.
With a big fat tome and a tint of smile, she seems to be new every day.
Every day, at same hour, I see her beside the seats.
She steals some hours from the rush to be with her own perhaps!

With her, I also read the story day by day.
In a day or two the volume changes,
But the peace prevails.
Her story is mired in quotidian details.
With every occurrence, new character evolves and plays.

I see her.
I read her story.
Every day, at same hour, she also has become a part of my story.
The girl with the book, I have named her.
In those morning stretches,
She gives me the power to conquer the whole day.
She, the girl with the book, an essence of tranquility, a way to retreat.

Soumi Mukhopadhyay

The Journey

"Tring, Tring! ! "...the cell rang..
It is the most beautiful music in the world..
He felt now..
A month back...
The morning alarm irritated him..
With passing time, solitude was his best friend..
He ran those tracks round and round...
He laughed and shouted aloud..
He smiled every morning to all the faces in the train..
The vendor was his companion along the journey yet..
In this long journey many colors changed...
From black to dark grey. from yellow to red..
From gloomy to smile. from frown to anger..
He survived it all alone..
No, he was not scared. not wanted anyone..
He was just too tired, exhausted to fight back...
A month after..
The void was half filled.
His eyes dreams were regained..
Not that he was living earlier..
But now he is alive again..
"Tring, Tring". the sweetest ringtone..
Her giggles were the sweetest songs..
Her touch made him look upon again..
He felt for the first time falling again...
He was not lost still needed a hand..
She was a candle..in the dark..
She was the lone pillar in the secluded lane..
He and she became "Us"...
He was not weak yet strong..
She was the hard case inside out..
They made their story..
Now complete..
Waiting for the fire to rise..
Waiting for the vermilion to shine..
Till that day..
They knew one thing was clear..
Time has come for them..
To return home..

As "We"...
Just months some...
seasons waiting for their unity..
Nature is waiting to bless them in diversity..
Complete "them"..
Till then. "tring , tring"...
Let the phone call to ring and wait! ! !

Soumi Mukhopadhyay

The Path

Harsh yet strong...
Dusty yet bend..
Black or grey or red...
The narrow the flat the small the big..
The footsteps created way..
How far is it? ?
What it is! !
The path, the road..
Whatever u call..
It has seen all..
The new journey of those vermilion clad girl..
The blood soaked crashed hands..
The new old mingle...
The goodbye the new hello..
The old pages with new chapter s..
The history the following...
It has its own experience...
Learn teaches to go on...
The way made some new ways..
The way ended few..
At night during rain...
At crowd less middle of the dark..
It beats..It cries..It laughs..
It prepares like us for a new sun to rise..
A dusk dawn journey...
Repeats yet never tired...
Like life! ! !
Each road has its story to share..
Keep your ear and heart open...
It speaks..It shares..
A travelling travellers diary...
A never ending road...
An unpredictable unprecedented...
An endaveaour to gasp! ! !

Soumi Mukhopadhyay

The Story Of An Unknown Land

This is story of the land of forts and palaces more.
This is the journey which was remain untold..
This is the template of the hues and roar..
The blues and yellow were their milestone..
Far away from the land of honor..
From the land of color..
There was an unsaid tale behind the doors..
This is the story of the land of royals..

Far away in some small corner..
There was theirs land..
It was yellow and more sand..
Black was their color..
Not their skin but they wore..
When land away in some royal house..
The lord of the house had gone..
Near their doorstep they hears footstep to roar..
They wore their emotions as their sword...
They were called to mourn for gone...
Black color they wore that's all..
This is the subaltern tale of an unknown land..
This is a journey of bewail..

In the hustle bustle of colorful life..
Their tears were their ways to stomach..
Wearing black in those yellow sand..
They mourned, their huge hues..
They shouted, they rued..
The black saree waved back with hands beating her chest..
With mourn in breeze, with tears and shout aloud..
The more the tears are loud..
Their half-filled stomach will be full..
Far away from their land, yes there is another land..
When they lose their soul..
There were hardly any qualm left in them..
Eyes remained dries when they lose their own..
Because tears were paid by the aristocrats...
They owe them for all..

This is the story of grief and sad..
Sorrow and tears..
Which are sold and hired..
This is the unsaid journey of so called 'Rudali'..
Professional weepers as they called..
This is the tale of our known land of yellow..
This is the journey without destination..
Story of black and grey..
Story of backdoor of al palaces..
This is the story of a far land away from all..
Colors fade, tears dried, empty eyes..
Still emotions without smile! !

Soumi Mukhopadhyay

The Voice With A Face

From Monday to Friday, each weekday.
Till waking upto writing code, each hour
A voice, a tune runs in my mind.
Different words, different lyrics with rhythms summed up in one go!
Morning turns party mode, having dancing myself in head.
The monotonous traffic, the journey to drag our self to work,
Gets a few hiccups and pass with flying colors because of you people perhaps!

With a coffee in hand, ear plugged in ears and we all are running against time,
Trying to complete a whole lot in the scheduled time.
In those tea breaks, in those long office bus journey, with you people on air,
Little bit relaxes us, and give us a 'US' or just 'ME' time.
Sometimes just a rhythm plays in our heart,
Or just you wanted to dance,
Or just some advice or just a desire to listen to someone's advice.
A voice we hear,
It's a way to cheer,
The world of creativeness and imagination perhaps,
Till now it was a voice without a face.

Today was the day of the revelation.
That morning vibes, my morning coffee companion,
Was a human library in all.
From 7 to 12 on air,
The radio jokey or RJ was live in our work premise for an hour.
A voice now has a face,
A speech now had expressions.
An action now had reaction.
The voice spoke without rancor,
I sojourned for those thirty minutes in captivity.
With a coffee in my hand,
Again tomorrow I will be waiting for the voice with a face now to take me to a
journey of unknown content in whole.

Soumi Mukhopadhyay

Traveller And You! ! !

How many times have I said.
To myself though..
Raindrops, sunshine, wind all are here..
A void, not so much! but still there..
Call me selfish, Name me anything..
But I want to visit your land just for you..

The path bends ...to its own destination..
The highway flowers love the road..
Many stories many traveler left some aspect..
Be it your kind or mine..
Like road traveler is necessary..
For me like that I adore you..

Destination differs..journey matters..
The Road has its own say..
Let's make it our way..
To the wind, to its land..
I travel so far ...just for you..
Oh my dear! !

Let's fly ...spreading wings. To our path..
Together yet separate..touched yet not..
Oh my road! ! Where u go! !
Do u wish to take me though! ..
Miles and miles I want to vagrant..
Someday I will visit your terrain...

Till date! ! ...I am a traveler of my own! !
You are like a senate..where I will stop! !
Wait, enjoy, and again ...go with the road! !

Soumi Mukhopadhyay

Waiting....Missing! ! !

Away from the hustle bustle...
Tram roaring.. Tea stall calling..
Rain drops pouring on my roof shade...
Music soothing my heart....
Yellow and black taxi....red mini buses...
Giant bridge. River calling...
Huge mansions....bargains....
Ethnic to modern..cultured to trendy all..
From tea to hard drinks....
I miss all..
Book fair...its flavor....its smell...
Smell of its cover...
Says all....
That huge bus stand. With lots of memories...
Bus conductors asking for change...
That lemon water stall at rupees five...
That night show...that band performance at huge auditorium...
My language songs, my culture ...
I miss it all....
Somewhere between Kolkata and Kharagpur I am stuck....
My friends....that school...
That huge boys girls fight..
That silly jokes which I had loved ...that late night studies...
Study was it called? ? ?
To discuss about crushes...laugh at our backs...
My long back crush....
I suddenly miss it all....
My long cycle ride...
Our tuition, our song...
The three musketeers...
Our dreams....our get together...
Suddenly appeared my thoughts...
Then my love ...
My college days....that small walk...
That small talks...
That innocence. That smile...
My four years ...
I miss it all....
Miles away I am

Want to go back and grab them all...
My sweet home....
Fighting caring sweet sister...
My mom's food and her smile....
Like the bright sunshine...
I feel it through phone...
I now want to see it for real...
My strong father...never said anything...
But his smile and proud conveyed all....
It's been eight monthsI miss my family....so all...
My best friends smile...with her endless gossip in nights...
Fight that occur less might...
Suddenly something crumbled me from inside ...
One more month to go...
Sweet home coming all along..
Sitting in front my desk on a Friday evening...
I say to myself ...consoling that ...
I am a big girl...strong enough to stay like that..
But deep down...
Waiting for the calendar to turn..
Time machine to come...
Durga Ma will come...Ur daughter will come...
Just hold your desires for that long...
Kolkata calling ...Kharagpur too...
Above all heart wishes to go..
To feel the smell...to see the beauty..
To cherish it all...
Home calling...waiting for long....
To be a small girl...like a child..
Looking at the window pane for the sun to smile...
Wandering soul...travel so long...
Time will fly...
Memories haunt...
Wait Wait....there are more to come...
I am just waiting for the clock to struck....
Home is where heart stays...
Love and bonding remains...
My city my home ...
My eyes are waiting.....

Soumi Mukhopadhyay

Why They Say "Monday Blues"? ?

Why they say "Monday blues"? ?

Have you wonder, I wonder and wander too.

Mondays can be purple or red or bright yellow,

blues often refer hues or wrinkles,

Mondays are never mundane!

They have their own tune with rhythm!

The Monday says often, "Start with a shoot and boom".

"I am not dull as referred often".

After the bright Sunday white, mix little green and red,

Purple Monday will come with a soothing and smoothness.

Monday always says to me, "people should welcome me by smiling",

They treat me as I am unwanted, Mondays also feels bad! !

Hey all, around the road,

Let the week have colors,

Blue is not for Monday though.

Let's make the week rainbow with a cheerful Monday and a beautiful Sunday evening! !

Tuesday may sometime take the blame of being azure little,

Wednesday let's be yellow all around,

Thursday is like a little green with a tint of smile,

Friday is black, white and grey and extremes throughout.

Saturday and Sunday is a seven and all fourteen shades of rainbow in the blue sky.

The week is now smiling at you, the people at the road!

Why they say "Monday blues"? ?

Now Monday is happy, smiling all throughout! !

The road is painted rainbow with no difference in a weekday and weekend colorfully! !

Soumi Mukhopadhyay

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Soumi Mukhopadhyay