

Poetry Series

**Ankita Choudhury**  
**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**

2021

**Publisher:**

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Ankita Choudhury()

# Dear Beloved

To the beloved of mine who incarnated me.  
By the divinely spirit you illumine me,  
With every ounce of trail you lead me,  
To spread my breath in the world you showed me,  
Broken, stumbled but you healed me,  
With the fragrance of holiness you poured me,  
To the beloved of mine who incarnated me.  
A blossom of hued love to you from me.

Ankita Choudhury

# O Love

Being obsessed with the hymns of love,  
O love!  
And driven with the flow of frantic emotions,  
O love!  
Let the beginning of the dusk,  
Mark the melting of the two souls;  
Embracing the harmony of the shrewd movements of the lips  
Of yours over mine.

Shall thou not let me to vanish in your whispers of air? !  
Shall thou not let me to dive into your caressing arms? !  
To build a castle of heaven where you and I are never forgotten;  
To mark the blending of the two souls into one.

Let you be defined by me and me by you,  
Let we be defined by us.  
Undressing the unspoken words to sate the night,  
Soothing the long awaited thirst of the nightly thoughts,  
And letting the stars to witness this unrest night;  
And the moonshine to limn the love of us in the twilit.  
O love!

Ankita Choudhury

# Time Shall Pass Too

Untimely times may drear you,  
Untimely times may despair you.  
But remember,  
This time shall pass too.  
Till then wait for the life's awaited colored hues.  
Shedding the untimely times  
To carve the way through  
And shackling the life with peace.

Ankita Choudhury

# Cryptic Moon

How cryptic the moon is,  
As it can beam bright,  
Bereft of its own light.  
As it accompanies every night owl,  
Without taking a flight with their souls.  
As it absorbs every midnight gazer's woes,  
Without howling a word or clues.  
As it unites two lovers,  
Without engendering a bridge between the two souls;  
Truly, how cryptic the moon is!

Ankita Choudhury

# Scars

Over the blended scars on my soul,  
Nonetheless healing stings furiously;  
Sets forth to the departed past.

The past where the uncanny roses,  
Seemingly sparges the hidden satire,  
Of the unspoken and unrealistic love,  
Over the blended scars on my soul.

The sterile hopes, the sterile dreams of incarnating  
Stands still, stands dill.

Ankita Choudhury