

Poetry Series

**Ashwini Dey**  
**- poems -**

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## Ashwini Dey(16/10/1993)

I am Ashwini Dey, a student from a small town of India, presently doing BA in 3D Animation And VFX. There's nothing great about me, I am just a normal guy like most of you. The only thing that make me different is that I love to try out everything possible, I want to experience everything..... everything possible in this small life.

I am having lots of interests. The things I love (Rather things I do) are:

- 1: I write- I love to write poems, stories, plays.... and many more.
- 2: I read- I like reading books, blogs and many more readable things whenever I am free.
- 3: I draw- I love to draw and paint whenever possible, and I am quite good at it.
- 4: I sing- I love listening to music, and singing songs.
- 5: I play- I love to play games, any game outdoor or indoor. I love computer games the most.
- 6: Most important thing is I love to make new friends, if you want to be my friend you are welcome.....

# A Place We Can Go...

The deeper part of the dark,  
Is when you cannot hear your heart.  
Step by step you make amends,  
choosing wisely and picking friends.  
Store bought tokens take you plans,  
putting them in machines that make you dance.  
What a country town that drags you down,  
surrounded by people that makes you frown.  
Speaking words that seem profound,  
digging up dirt that should remain underground.  
I am just a simple person that loves to lounge,  
play the guitar and sing out loud.  
But men try to crush me, tear me apart,  
By snatching my tools and thrashing my heart,  
Ditching my ways and putting upthorns.  
Stepping on me they go ahead as if I were dirt or stone.  
I want to roam, I want to sing,  
I want to fly spreading my wings.  
Somewhere beyond life I want to reach,  
A place where all rules I can breach.  
Where I can be me and no one else,  
can dance and sing as my heart tells.  
A place where there is only light and no dark,  
somewhere in this world you can hear your heart.

Ashwini Dey

# A Poem

A poets rhyme that never rhymes,  
a guilt rising after a chain of crimes.  
A thought in mind lurking about,  
a voice in heart craving to come out.  
An un-understandable phrase,  
that drives in a lot of praise.  
A creative play of thoughts,  
that can beautify even moon's blots.  
An unbound flight of words,  
flying high, higher than birds.  
Some kind of unnurtured imagination,  
its a person's emotional creation.  
A voice from inside our soul,  
a direction pointing to our goal.  
A substitute of facial expression,  
a written account of our emotion.  
A justified creation of a crazy mind,  
rarely born and hard to find.  
Some creepy truth that rises fear,  
or incomplete love that brings down tear.  
An expression of the cries unheard,  
a mental speech of a speechless bird.  
A weapon with no explosive,  
but a great damage which can give,  
no bloodshed, just a hallucination,  
which can destroy a whole nation.  
The most powerful creation of a human,  
which can eat up every devil, every demon.  
A tool to make a dead speak,  
it takes your emotions to a peak,  
this is what I say a poem.  
That is why I write 'A Poem'....

Ashwini Dey

# Be A Rebel

Crushed & shattered today we mourn,  
Truthless & lifeless like a stone.  
Kicked & thrown by the passerbyes,  
No one's there to hear our cries.  
We see no day, no light,  
There's night and only night.  
Just a ray we wait to see,  
Ray of hope that one day we will be FREE.  
Unable to bear any more the burden,  
We fight and chains on us harden.  
More powerful than us the dominators have been,  
But we can't quit, nor we are able to win.  
The enemy is strong but all will be vain,  
Coz we have nothing to lose, only can gain.  
We now know that the world is a HELL,  
To survive here we'll have to be a REBEL.

Ashwini Dey

# Beachly Beauty

I stand beneath the sky,  
my hands open wide,  
seeing the gulls flying high,  
the beautiful nature by my side.

The salty waves of the sea,  
wash away my mortal feet,  
algae and moss, down I see,  
wet but warm by the solar heat.

Far away from the town,  
from those noisy streets,  
I sit on the nature's crown,  
where serenity and peace meets.

stones and stars on the beach sand,  
decors my footprints left behind,  
I pick them up by my naked hand,  
saving those moments in my urban mind.

I see that undernurtured nature,  
tortured and pained, for a long time,  
to preserve this beauty in literature,  
Today I write this rhyme....

Ashwini Dey

# Beyond Time

I want something, something I desperately need,  
Something this world must have urge for,  
I want to go somewhere beyond time.  
Where noone says ' Time waits for none'.  
Somewhere, where time can't touch my life,  
A place where it will be in my hand.  
A place where ' Hurry' is nowhere in dictionary.  
Somewhere, I can enjoy without any concern.  
Somewhere beyond time I want to go,  
Where there's no past, no present, no future.  
Some place out of this material world,  
Where wall clocks are only to decor the walls.  
I want to go, to a place where,  
I can close my eyes, and then  
spreading my hands can fly,  
High in air to talk to birds.  
I want to roam about, in a place  
which is still unknown, still hidden  
somewhere between reality and imagination,  
Where someday I believe, I will end up....

Ashwini Dey

# Devil May Cry

Deep inside the dark,  
behind the ominous dog's bark,  
the lonely devil cries,  
after telling numerous lies,  
his string heart feels weak.  
he now wants to be meek,  
coz the world now is more evil,  
bigger and stronger than that devil.  
lonely and corrupted he now feels,  
with burning emotions thah never heels.  
depressed, distressed and demotioned,  
he stands alone mistically stunned.  
The cries from his pained heart,  
is tearing the silence apart.  
love is what he now needs,  
to heal his heart which now bleeds.  
tears from his helpless eyes,  
shows us that a devil too cries....

Ashwini Dey



# Dilemma Of Perception

The unknown dilemma of perception,  
The in-heroic creed of jurisdiction,  
The unpathetic pathetic works,  
Of the inhuman human lurks.  
Creepy darkness of the blinded sense,  
The boiling heat behind the fence,  
The frozen fire in the warrior,  
Guilt-free crime rising the fear.  
The unknown, unwanted human creation,  
Is giving rise to the animated destruction.  
Homo-sapiens busy running the death race,  
With no time to admire the infant face,  
Of the freedom, with the broken heart,  
Stepped upon and torn apart....  
The timeless time running past,  
The heartless heart beating fast,  
Countryside dirt better than townly filth,  
Bewaring our minds of its falling health.  
Something unpleasant crawling to happen,  
So I took out the ink and my pen,  
To warn you of the upcoming calamity,  
Unnatural, but with great surity,  
Which if triggerred will be unstoppable,  
Ones executed, will be unbeatable,  
A creation of human mind,  
To stop it some method we should find.  
The unrespected me in us we should awake,  
And crush the attitude, the show off just a fake,  
Wake up the human, the warrior within,  
A new revolution, we have to begin,  
To change this world, one new message we need to send,  
With this line my rhyme comes to an end....

Ashwini Dey

# Downtrodden - A Creation Of Frustration

Tell me my dear,  
what should I do? ? ?  
Do you think I should,  
hit you, thrash you,  
crush you, or curse you? ? ?  
just tell me,  
what should I do to you? ? ?  
You did all,  
what you should not do,  
to me, to my heart.  
You took away from me,  
everything you want.  
And left for me nothing,  
nothing at all.  
you gave me things,  
you don't need,  
misery, pain and all.  
A robber, a thief,  
thats what you are.  
But you gave me something,  
something I had lost,  
something I needed,  
something I had urge for,  
you gave me the rage,  
the disasterous anger.  
That gave me power,  
power to fight you back.  
so, I am coming,  
to take back my things,  
and to give you back,  
whatever you gave me.  
dipressed, distressed and disgraced,  
today I am enraged,  
burning hot in fury,  
running wild in wrath.  
ready to burn you alive,  
or just stick a knife,  
in you, in your heart.  
Grind you or tear you apart,

tell me, just let me know,  
a reason, why should I leave you alive? ? ?  
For using me more? ? ?  
Or pissing me off? ? ?  
Tell me what to do to you,  
grind you, smash you,  
bury you or burn you? ? ?  
or just let you,  
to stab me on my back,  
or should I go,  
climb to a height,  
and fall back from there,  
and give up blood,  
free up my soul,  
and end up everything.  
Just let me know....

Ashwini Dey

# Fly High

Let your dreams take a flight,  
in the unbound space like a kite.  
Untie them & let them fly high,  
till they reach the infinity above sky....

Release yourself of the mental trauma,  
and stay away from the real life drama.  
Then you'll know the vagues of perception,  
and reality behind your mental creation....

Dreams aren't just dreams, let them fly.  
They are the goals which you should try  
to achieve & proove this creepy world,  
that you aren't a naive who can be knurled....

Raise over the earth and touch the sky,  
open up your mind and fly high.  
Forget about the world and never sigh,  
keep on going and leave your dreams to fly....

Ashwini Dey

# Just Like That....

I want to live,  
I want to die,  
I want to reach above the sky.  
Above the earth,  
I want to fly,  
Though impossible, I want to try.  
I want to jump,  
I want to roll,  
I want to separate my body from my soul.  
I want to crawl,  
I want to run,  
I want to shine brighter than sun.  
I want to love,  
I want to hate,  
I want to win and defeat my fate.  
I want to die,  
and take rebirth,  
as a illusion on a separate earth.  
I want pleasure,  
I want pain,  
I want to run madly in rain.  
I want to smile,  
I want to frown,  
take my bike and hit the town.  
I want to stare,  
I want to blink,  
I want to mind, nothing to think.  
I want to scream,  
I want to shout,  
on a lonely road I want to roam about.  
I want to take,  
I want to give,  
a cheerfull life I want to live.  
I want to laugh,  
I want to cry,  
this poem will make your mind fry.  
I had less,  
but plenty of time,  
So, just like that, I wrote this rhyme....

Ashwini Dey

# Justice Justified

For a justice to be justified,  
your thoughts have to be simplified.  
To make a choice between two obligations,  
truth and lies like dancing animations.  
When your thoughts fight a lot,  
to choose the good or to choose not.  
Then pack up your complex mind,  
and let your heart then find,  
the truth in the truth,  
the lie in the raising youth.  
Only then you can do the justice,  
when the truth you don't miss.  
raise your voice and stand for good,  
do everything, which you could.  
Then the justice will be justified,  
you complex mind now, Simplified....

Ashwini Dey

# Let's Be New

Old things are gone, everything's new.  
Let's shed everything, except memories few.  
Let's try to be a man and not an animal,  
Let's not tease, & help those who are dull.  
There's always something, something new to do.  
Let's lie on grass and dream a few,  
Let's do all that what others can't do,  
Bang the bench and rock the world,  
Show everyone a new type of band.  
Let's rest on dew and bathe with hot sand,  
Let's live the hell and try to be a rebel,  
Let's stretch our hands, enjoy the hell.  
Let's rule the night and suppress the day.  
Let's be new ignoring what the oldies say....

Ashwini Dey



# Love Me

I want to walk with you hand in hand,  
without shoes, barefooted on beach sand.  
I want to embrace you, hug you hard,  
I want the world to pace up and time to retard.  
I wish to live with you always,  
and spend with you nights and days.  
I promise to live for, die for you,  
even to leave you alone if you want me to.  
But please think of me, my beating heart,  
its like a child, and not so smart....  
Without you my heart is freezed& it bleeds,  
you are the one who can fullfill allmy needs.  
You are my love, you are my life,  
but them too you hurt like a blunt knife.  
You are so delicate, but too mean,  
anyone like you I have never seen.  
Why do you always try to ignore me,  
as if you have never known me?  
No reason for this I ever get to see,  
but I believe, that someday you will understand me....

Ashwini Dey

# Luck

Everything's based on the LUCK,  
Many times it gonna SUCK,  
The happiness of your life,  
And it will make you STRIVE.  
Luck will make you cry,  
Till your end untill you DIE.  
Your life is PRECIOUS,  
And you are gracious.  
You will try leading it well,  
Ynd your luck will make it HELL.  
Take luck as a boon,  
And you will feel this soon,  
Luck can be good not always bad,  
It can kill the DIFFICULTIES you had.  
But dont ever RELY on luck,  
Or else it gonna stuck.  
You are your own BOSS,  
So you will never be in loss.  
You should be WISE,  
And your aim should be precise.  
Luck will put HURDLES on your way,  
For this I will only say, That my friend, never SELL your SOUL,  
Just keep your eyes on the GOAL.

Ashwini Dey

# Masterpeice

With a brush in my hand,  
today I stand on the sand.  
forth me is the waving sea,  
flying gulls and the shells so free.

I stand their with a campus blank,  
what to draw, my mind not frank,  
should it be a bird perching free,  
or just the scene in front of me? ? ?

I don't know actually, what to do?  
Noones there whom I ask this to,  
oh great lord, please help me out,  
tell me what I should draw about? ? ?

Apple falling on newton's head,  
or slepping beauty laying on bed? ? ?  
What to draw, I don't know,  
nor anyone's here to tell me so.

Should I draw paris's Eiffel tower,  
or it be mona lisa taking shower? ? ?  
Hell and heaven I can draw,  
or the dreamland that I just saw.

How about Taj Mahal of India? ? ?  
Or a man with some kind of phobia? ? ?  
Something great I want to draw,  
something which the world never saw.

Something better than Leonardo sir,  
better than Mona Lisa, though I admire her.  
It can be as small as the buzzing bees,  
but it should be my MASTERPEICE....

Ashwini Dey

# Maurya - The Warrior Emperor

'I am the man, the warrior,  
whoever be my enemy I don't care,  
disciple of chanakya the great,  
having ability to change my fate.  
The great king of the history,  
my past still a great mystery.  
Whenever I stood up with a sword,  
I became the death lord.  
With flowing blood of a kshatria,  
I rose up the empire maurya.  
The wind tells my tales,  
the emperor who never fails.  
The mountains recite my name,  
giving a boost to my fame.  
I am the man who fought the greeks,  
and won the battle within weeks.  
I am the king of the kings,  
my tales the world sings.'  
This is what Maurya would have said,  
but he sleeping forever on his death bed.

Chandragupta's Teacher - Chanakya(Kautilya)  
So, some time of yours I want to lend,  
to let you know his start to his end....

A child was born in a mauryan clan,  
of khatriyas, to a man,  
with a wife named mora.  
The child was Chandragupta Maurya.  
To a hunter he was sold,  
in history it is told,  
there he met kautilya,  
a teacher from taxila,  
who took him to the school,  
and used him as a tool,  
for rising a great empire,  
which should be like a fire,  
capable of burning down,  
the expanding greek town.

In takshila he became a warrior,  
to his abilities there was no barrier.  
Unbeatable that boy became,  
uncontrolable, impossble to tame.  
A warrior, he was mora's son,

Nanda Dynasty  
shining brightly, brighter than sun.  
From taxila his quest began,  
he became an army of one man,  
then he saw the macednian army of Greeks,  
and studied closely those mind-freaks,  
by becoming a soldier in their camp,  
his teacher Chanakya still his only lamp,  
after driving away the foreigners from his land,  
his conquest began, a target too grand,  
of demolishing the Nanda dynasty....

For this he had to destroy that king,  
who forced his people to sing,  
songs of his greatness, his fake victory,  
just to be immortal, always alive in history,  
Dhananand was his name,  
his character dumb and lame,  
a blinded lover of gold,  
for which he would have sold,  
his motherland, his birthplace,  
just a dark mind behind a fair face.  
Maurya aspired to kill that king,  
to free the people and to bring,  
and bring an end to their miseries endless,  
but he was all alone, lonely and friendless.  
With help of chanakya an army he raised,

Mauryan Dynasty  
burning hot and pathetically raged,  
determined to make that cruel king cry,  
ready to fire up, explode and die.  
On lines of macedonia the grew in number,  
with a aim to turn magadha into a slumber.  
Finally the explosive exploded,  
and the whole magadha got raided.

The elephant had a downfall,  
the peacock made a victory call.  
A great warrior Dhananda had to face,  
his palace became his death place.  
The reign of nandas came to an end,  
and maurya's empire began to ascend.  
But his destiny was still too far....

After killing dhanand, he became the king,  
and got the most beautiful thing,  
The Princess, she was Dhanand's daughter,  
the reward he got after that slaughter,  
love then touched Maurya's life,  
so, Durdhara became his first wife.  
But the warrior in him didn't stop,  
he wanted to be at the top,  
so that his name the whole world sings,  
he wanted to be the king of all kings.

#### Coin Of Mauryan Dynasty

This thirst led him to war,  
and his boundaries extended too far,  
he had an army so large,  
which was now fully ready to charge,  
to conquer the valley of indus river,  
and to make every enemy shiver.  
After owning the valley he took a pause,  
improving the empire structure was the cause.  
His empire had a time of serenity and peace,  
but then Seleucus came to cease,  
the indian possessions of Alexander thd great,  
but that land was not in his fate,  
Chandragupta crushed those selucid greeks,  
in no time, within a few weeks,  
but Seleucus was not a man to loose,  
so war was what Maurya had to choose.  
They fought with courage and no fears,  
so the war went on for two years.  
At last they had to get together,  
and sign a treaty with each other.  
Seleucus gave the most beloved thing of his life,  
to Chandragupta as his wife,

Helen thus became his second queen.  
He became the first emperor India had seen,

Chandragupta's Son - Bindusara  
his empire grew in size very fast,  
the biggest one, with boundaries too vast,  
From himalayas to the narmada river,  
His name made every king shiver.  
After this his quest came to a halt,  
this was not at all his fault,  
his prime minister instructed him to do so,  
said it was now high time to throw,  
light to internal matters of his kingdom,  
and give some example of his wisdom....

He did as his teacher told him to do,  
due to him, Chanakya's dream came true,  
a dream to see Indian landmass united,  
which ultimately he sighted.  
A vast and prosperous empire maurya now had,  
but then winds brought a news, which was quite bad.  
To meet Maurya arrived a sage from jainist sect,  
and told something which had a great effect,  
on peace and calm of Chandragupta's mind,  
what to do he wasn't able to find.  
The sage warned him of a great drought,  
twelve years of misery which would have brought.  
Bhadrabahu was the name of that sage,

Chandragupta's Grandson - Ashoka  
who endured Chandragupta to leave that princely cage.  
Abdicating the throne to his son, he left his kingdom,  
and so left the king, a warrior full of wisdom,  
silently he died by starving himself to death.  
The emperor who fought for people till last breath,  
so died emperor Chandragupta Maurya,  
the first unifier of our motherland India....  
His glory was carried on by Bindusara his son,  
and his kingdom expanded by Ashoka his grandson.  
This is how the legend came to an end,  
a legend who was a saviour for a friend,  
and for a enemy a unbound terror.

For him today I write 'MAURYA - THE WARRIOR EMPEROR'

Ashwini Dey



# Open Your Eyes

Have you ever SEEN,  
The WIND that blows?  
Have you ever felt,  
The cool water of BROOK?  
I know your answer,  
Isn't it no?  
This is bcoz you never went to a VILLAGE,  
Neither you want to go.  
Have you ever compared your life,  
With that of a ORPHAN child?  
Have you ever thought of your MOTHER,  
The mother who gave you life?  
I know your answer,  
Isn't it no?  
This is bcoz you never CARED for others,  
Neither you want to.  
Have you ever felt,  
The immense happiness that you get,  
When you give a loaf of BREAD,  
To a STARVING beggar?  
I know your answer,  
Isn't it no?  
This is bcoz you never HELPED anyone,  
Neither you want to.  
Have you ever felt the JOY,  
After you loose a fight,  
And are teased,  
By the WINNER?  
I know your answer,  
Isn't it no?  
This is bcoz you never made any FRIEND,  
Neither you want to make.  
Have you ever HEARD,  
The CHIRPING of birds?  
Have you ever FELT,  
The freshness of morning DEW?  
I know your answer,  
Isn't it no?  
This is bcoz you never saw the real NATURE,

Neither you want to see.  
You have seen nothing,  
Nothing of this BEAUTIFUL nature.  
You have felt nothing,  
Nothing good in this beautiful LIFE.  
You don't have TIME,  
Time for any beautiful thing.  
My friend, just take out some TIME,  
Open up your SENSES,  
& lie on the green & soft GRASS,  
Then you will EXPERIENCE,  
Experience the eternal BEAUTY of nature,  
& then only you will feel,  
That you have got EVERYTHING in life.

Ashwini Dey

# Roads

Two roads, one to choose....  
Which one I don't know.  
One I take, other I loose....  
I stand there, my head low,  
Thinking hard, which one to take?  
One path so simple, so gay,  
The other one surely can make....  
My journey hell, but it also may  
Lead me to where I want,  
The world where I can enjoy my life,  
Where perhaps, the simple one can't  
take me, or can make me strive....  
At the end where it leads.  
As beautiful is not always good,  
and no one generally pays heed,  
to the ugly one, which they should.  
I am now left with no more time  
to fulfill the purpose for which I am born,  
Taking the simple path will be a crime,  
so I choose the path, the one with thorns....

Ashwini Dey

# Silence

A silence, like death prevails in me.  
The hell approaches to swallow down me,  
Waiting for death I sit in silence.  
Silence, silence everywhere silence.  
Silence today, is DARK & SOUNDLESS,  
Once it was LOUD & ALARMING.  
Everything's dark, nothing I can see,  
Today the silence silences me.  
The world is quiet, no one speaks.  
No bird chirps & no rabbit seeks,  
The shelter dark, the Burrow once it lived.  
HEAVEN now is a word of past,  
HELL's approaching the world too fast.  
No human now lives in the world.  
BEAST & only BEAST I can see,  
The silence everywhere silences me.

Ashwini Dey

# The Devil

A unknown, unwanted aspect of me,  
a pitch dark space as deep as sea,  
the peircing cry of a broken heart,  
creeping down to tear me apart....

Full of aggression, regression,  
the indestructible creation,  
is the shadow raising parallel to me,  
high up in dark, which you cant see....

I feel the pain, and the scrotching heat,  
of the raising flame and the burning sheet,  
anger, jelousy, hatred and all,  
empowers it and makes me fall....

But then too, its a part of me,  
I want it to leave and set me free,  
its a inhuman human, that I see,  
my dark side more powerfull than me....

Ashwini Dey

# The Directionless Direction....

The confusion of vision,  
The thing we say,  
The paranoid illusion,  
Is showing us the way,  
The directionless direction,  
To the profound space,  
Moving swift without motion,  
No more shining face,  
No more awkward fashion,  
Just a directionless direction,  
To the space full of nothing,  
With some traces of emotions,  
A space where nothing fills everything,  
A space within our complex mind,  
With some scraps of naked truth,  
Large, but somehow hard to find,  
Grilled with thought of rising youth,  
The directionless direction,  
To the space causing everything,  
the result of which is this creation,  
Which may mean to you nothing...

Ashwini Dey

# The Stellar Nights

The DAY passes, arrives the beautiful NIGHT.  
Laying on the grass I enjoy the charming sight,  
Of the stars beyond the clouds so high,  
I pass the night gazing at the DOTTED sky.  
Walking BAREFOOTED, on the grass so neat,  
I enjoy the dew drops, KISSING myfeet.  
At every glance changes the TWINKLING stars.  
And excites my urge to FLY that far.  
Enjoying the DEW and the steady cool BREEZE,  
The DANCING flower and the WAVING trees.  
The BLOTTED moon and the stars so bright,  
I use to pass the STELLAR nights,  
When all SLEEP, I ENJOY my life,  
Forget all PAIN inspite of all strife.  
I love the stars, the grass and the trees,  
I wish this night never to CEASE.

Ashwini Dey