**Poetry Series**

# Gautam Sen

## - poems -

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**Gautam Sen**

A free lance writer.

## A Blast Before I Die

If a swine had a thinking mind
Like it has a pulsating heart,
The ill fortune it has to find
In furnace of a cooking hearth,
Could make it realize battered fate –
'Plattered in a palatable state'.

It would have cursed its meager life
Struggling stiff within the limit,
In a world of inhumane strife;
It snorts at menfolk, "You bandit!
No more I'll stay cool and shy,
'Will blow a blast before I die."

[It was written at the time of outbreak of swine flue in India - just a satirical one.]

Gautam Sen

## A Candle

Think of a feeble flame that flickers while it burns.
With glowing hope of golden hue it never turns
to put you ever in glooms of the starkest dark,
for you it puts forth a vision of life's hallmark.

It enlightens with rays for those who are forlorn;
to enliven the soul, just make its light your own.
All the darkness of gloom does never dare to touch;
feel its good warmth that leaves all shadows in the lurch.

It sheds its tiring tears night long as it smolders,
flicker of flame wanes out, molten wax gets colder.
As the night passes by, your worries get lighter –
glooms gone in candle's light, leave your face to glitter.

Time then comes when its flickering comes to an end,
waning throughout the night, for you message it sends -
'Oh, my dear friend! Did my duty lessen your pain?
From the rising sun henceforth, you should learn to reign! '

Gautam Sen

**A Comeback**

I just pop up out of a brief gap
of self exile for gasping a little,
once deserting me from
the vision of my readers
just to be able to write again
or keying relevant lexis.

To expose my feelings
in a wreath of words
was found somewhere missing.
I found my thoughts
jumbled and mixed up
within the dark suffocating
mine-walls of my mind.

Not keeping up with the pace,
not being in the track of a race,
where creations never stop,
where no one likes to pause
for a moment, I wanted to look back.
I lay aside with no one by my side,
a dream wavers to incite over yonder,
I wish to be placed back
as renewed and realigned.

Some rest renewed my zest and hope,
I crane me up against a slope of steepness
and find good glimpses of my goal,
bit far off yet reachable.
I find you all there busy with work –
sprinkling your minds' voices with words,
thoughts start again showering
on the arid soil of my mind –
muses become rich to incite me
to express again. So I come back.

Gautam Sen

**A Marooned Balloon**

One boy of very tender age
found peddling balloons
of colors of beautiful range -
one idea struck me soon.

The boy himself was to play with it
red, blue, orange or may be pink,
what the hell, all bullshit
forced so early his life to sink?

I sat near the ballooned boy
'Why do you sell balloons?
Don't you need now anymore toy? "
His face then became maroon.

The story now I'll let you know
what he told me shading tears,
will take away your hearts glow
piercing you with deadly smears.

Being an orphan at the age of four
he was taken under his uncle's care –
right from then his life gathered sores;
he was snatched off his life's all flairs.

His so-called kind uncle kept his cool
to project him as one good savior;
soon he was exposed to a messy whirlpool –
too shocked to face his elder's behavior.

That great uncle was a mill worker,
had his wife, daughter and son,
so the boy was made a wayside hawker
and his children kept their studies on.

Some friends of mine were told the boy's lot
they wanted to meet this fate's downfall;
I took all of them to his balloon-selling spot,
but nowhere to find him at that busy mall.

Gautam Sen

**A Memoir**

Something never turns back –
Time is that genre so prime;
getting past often so fast,
makes all run after the vast
meandering path of life
full of bustles, full of strife.

Todays or tomorrows just live
a short while, so fast and active,
The Memories overcastting
minds, find time so short lasting.
Just last year you went past
a shocking loss still lambastes.

Diving in the divine ocean,
for gems of your all sweet passions,
your memoir is written in tears -
as a companion to adhere
to my sand dune of hot blast
like planets deeming to last.

[ Written on the first death anniversary of by wife in October,2005]

Gautam Sen

**A Memorable Moment**

At a nice, cool night end
the sun was yet to yawn;
the most were on the bed
waiting just for a dawn.

I got awake from my slumber
opened my eyes to find
you beside me staring
at my face to find

a place to place a kiss.
Both my open eyes got
you in a touchy mood,
so arms I stretched a lot.

Just to bring you more close
with the smile you gave so sane,
we fixed our lovely dose
letting love alone to sustain.

Gautam Sen

**A Motherless Day**

Do you remember this day on last occasion?
Your Mom being placed just in front of
a big question of survival, poised before her
with feelings of some false somber solace.
Somehow being spirited with her pure soul
could let you feel she still remained your loving
Mom. But being the cantilever of the bridge of
your sweet relation, I wept in silent droplets
not dropping before you, just getting me soggy
inside with woes of a feared, painful loss ahead.

Did you gift her with a cute little present?
Or just your presence delighted her soul,
engulfed and enlightened with the fillings
of your love and dear touch as she always
kept herself proud and wanted her forever
to say 'You my loving priceless possession! '
Recall your Mom smiling at your success,
bring those moments back alive in vision
to transmit your mission of virtue yonder.

Assemble together near her resting image
of smiling stares always aimed at us beneath;
you utter some loving words of your heart
to greet her on the brink of a graceful day.
Place your loving touch on the tomb of
her memories, just allow it to vibrate and
let you celebrate another Mother's Day -
Oh! On such a vacant Motherless Day!

12: 29 AM 5/8/2005
[ It was written on the Mothers' Day in the year 2005, and for my children it was the first motherless day on this great day - she passed away in October,2004.]

Gautam Sen

## A Poet's Appeal

Simple words when put in a simpler way,
Imparting glimpses of mind's thoughtful rays;
Reading becomes then a real life pleasure-
Simplicity then treated as true treasure.

Flamboyant words placed without elegance
May sometimes create an enhanced distance
Between the reader and the dear author,
Ending in a gap of lacking their fervor.

Let me be no great, yet I surely want to make
Written my thoughts within for expression’s sake;
New ideas cropping up, inspiring me on and on
Eradicating long droughts, my flow finds a new dawn.

All esteemed readers! Enjoy my own feelings,
Don’t take me as granted. Here’s a poet yearning
for someone to visit his flowing fountain
singing songs with hopes heading mountain.

Gautam Sen

**A Rainbow**

For a nappy sleep or hunger deep
When a baby doesn’t grin but cries,
Tears rain from sobbing clouds,
Fills the angel's divine eyes.

A mother knows her offspring's need,
Comes she often with her loving feed;
Crying subsides with traces of tears,
A godly face enlightens with cheers.

A paragon of beauty, a precious gift
Far from all small trifling rifts –
For a mother it's of immense worth,
Her heart now sings with humble mirth.

The baby grins with a quenched heart,
Sheen from shines can't be made apart,
With drops of tears in blue deep eyes
The angel's face now has a sunrise.

It's just like sunshine after a short spell of shower;
It's like facing the sun by a blooming sunflower.
A mother with her glee gazes on this glow –
Sometimes like a flower, sometimes a rainbow.

Gautam Sen

**A Rose and A Butterfly**

Songs of roses without a prong,
Thorns forget of tingles;
Roses' melody in nature
Lures my mind to mingle.

Envy the butterfly kissing
Your sweet heart deep within,
Redness blushes of desires-
Color's splendor crafts grin.

Love's perspicuity thus overjoyed
Elates you in great happiness,
Tiny wings of showering hues
keep courting thy love priceless.

Scotching them now I dare no more
Butterflies, humming bees
Roses' fantasy, petal's dream -
A divinity of glee.

Gautam Sen

**A Sacrificing Mother**

Inconsistency when became a part of life,
Compromises restore apparent normalcy;
Smiles of happiness feigned to combat stringy strife,
With broken fatigued mind you nurtured your fancy.
Failed the inculcation of flares of your tastes
Forced into the darkness of a cold stone-walled cave,
Decaying of spirit brought to you a sad waning waste –
Kept the show on with things untouched for which you craved.

Do they know all these stories, did you tell them ev'r?
Things went on as it could have been, but as mother
To stop the ruin, you had to suppress for ever
All that you inherited from your great father.
You were treated in an unfamiliar way
As you entered your new life with dreams of your own,
Struggles entangled you keeping all your dreams at bay.
Something did thrash you then, you got no time to moan.

Weeping within, you kept your cool just carrying on,
Duties came first to you keeping your needs aside –
You missed your life everyday and from night to dawn
But children failed to miss as you were by their side.
Needs of yours which are still alive within your mind
Now they do breathe in exposing out on surface
You are in search of aesthetics you want to find
Face all odds of life and be ready to confess.

Gautam Sen

**A Self Explanatory Note**

An eon slips away
in an excruciating
silence of surrender
to itchy numbness,
mind missing sparkles
hibernates, waiting for
a new dawn of hope.

Lack of inspiration
resulting a huge short-fall
matters little, but if my works
fall short of expectations,
it matters more under the sun,
so I stopped exuding exultations.
Quality and quantity always contradict.

I hold the fire of flair
till hope and urge emerge,
entice intuitions to flare up –
fingers dance on letters
while mind starts juggling
with words of thoughts.
A brainstorm resumes.

Reasons with pros and cons
would open up in true tone
as it would unfurl gradually.
I get pleasure to open them out -
some formless free short-liners,
my poems of accumulated thoughts
to see how they do stand.

Gautam Sen

## A Song of Respite

Amidst the dark tussles of life
my mind is in deep quest of
a melodic song of respite,
I need some fine-tuning once more.
This lone traveler wants some rest
for revival of zeal and zest.
Music deeply inspires my muse
and brings me soulful peace of mind.
It's a joyous meditation
with distinct mark of perfection
yet without any trace of stress;
serenity prevails upon
tranquility to transcend while
darkness surrenders to light.

Songs enter much deeper within,
closing my eyes I reach my mind
where a live recital of life
goes on as melodious harmony -
a wonderful song of respite;
an amazing spell surrounds me.
Rhythms bring me perfect balance
while I find my sound of music.

A song with its sonorous wings
fills me with splendor of solace.
I find my ongoing journey
towards the destiny glorified;
a renewed spirit inundates,
my enlightened soul takes rebirth
with vibes of rejuvenation.

Gautam Sen

**A Special Friend**

There's someone who makes me smile,
And makes my smile worthwhile,
That someone's good, that someone's true,
Can you guess who? Its no one but you!

Our secret talks of a lot of fun,
Sweet memories under the morning sun,
I still remember the good old days,
Happiness enriched in so many ways.

I counted those times we spent together,
But they were endless, which made me wonder...
Do I have my soul cut into two-
One inside me and the other in you?

When you are sad, it makes me frown,
When you are low, I can't help feeling down,
But the moment you smile it gladdens my heart,
We still feel the same though we are miles apart...

People call it 'Friendship', the bond which we share,
Not a vague friendship, but one defined with care,
What we share is sweet, soft and warm,
Its incomparable and brings no harm.

Our friendship is like air, silently there,
Its like the rains, which wash out despair,
Its like the dewdrops, always so pure,
Its one in a million, I'm so sure!

You are very precious, safely locked in my heart,
Its my promise to never let you depart,
We'll remain close and will stay in touch,
So much still left after saying so much! !

Gautam Sen

**A Valentine of Dream**

The sweetness of fragrance evaporated
leaving my soul abandoned;
with your demise
abundance in my life is lost forever,
since then every valentine weeps for you.

Your invisible vista around me
engulfs me in flames of fervor.
An obscure desire grows within
while my wisdom sleeps,
letting me live in a make-believe world
for a sweet come back of my lost love.

I reminisce each golden moment
of your stunning stares,
need your loving whispers
resuscitate me from dying
in a loveless forlorn state;
luring me to meander through
the meadows of the past.

Shower me love for the great day
showing up with its eternal glory,
the love that swells my heart with waves
of many unspoken words in my soul;
let them find the ethereal shore -
there you wait until my Pegasus arrives.
Climb down you must on its back
to fill my vacant valentine.

Let the sweetness of fragrance refill life
with elegance of heavenly glee.
The bliss of our love be reborn to rejoice,
abundance in life be redeemed with luster;
I'm dreaming for a valiant attempt from you –
to be with me this Valentine Day.

Gautam Sen

**A Watchful Argument**

I was in no mood of pushing me out today,
I was in no hurry of being duty bound.
Amazingly I was rewarded with a marvel
of getting one oppressed mind,
opening its voice out against the bonded labor ship.
My tired feelings suited his urge to whine.
I kept mum and showed my veiled indulgence,
thought how great it'd be heeding to his antagonism.

'Ticking-tock – the only talk set for us
while both my hands keep toiling, '
raging wrath flushed –
'Traversing on the same old path
just for a silly reason.'

'Carry on; today I'm having time for you,
and you too are aptly vocal, ' I murmured.
'I'm now tired and don't want to tell you
time, time and again, ' his vexed voice
seemed perfect, 'no more the same job,
It'll be only the count down of your life;
understand? '
'I exactly understood.
You need a company now.' I whispered.
Time has reached its own moment
to ask us: 'Whom am I meant to help?
Actually no one, barring a few -
You've all just exploited me.'
I hanged a tiny lady's wrist watch
just beside my old Grandpa Wall Clock.
One day suddenly both of them stopped running.
I didn’t want to disturb or wind them
to set to motion again.
Let them swim in a pool of emotion,
let it be their grand honeymoon.

Gautam Sen

**ABCDerian Poem**

Trust In God

Almighty's blessings certainly
do effective favour,
gifting honor in jubilation, kindling lamps,
motivating nuance of people.
Questioning rather stops this
unique vision while Xmas yields zero.

==========

Unity In God's Name

All beloved creatures devotionally
entrusted for God's humble intention
just kept latently mused, not openly perceptible;
quiet, responsive souls travel undaunted,
virtuously without xenophobic yowling zest.

[ABCDerian Poem - A poem having words starting with all alphabets in alphabetical order]

Gautam Sen

**Absence Multiplied**

Your withdrawn existence is
Desolately felt once again today
With a renewed intensified grief
While explaining your absence.

Our pretty little daughter
Now got promoted to her next class
And got her admission.
You her mother have got to know
How I felt my heart broken and hurt.

My stifled voice led my head to nod as I was
Asked to fill Mother's Name in the admission form
Prefixing a tragic ''Late'' to your name -
Else it'd lie incomplete, so I had to comply.

So the school got the completed form
With all their formalities nicely done,
But how could I accomplish the vacant space
Lying in despair in my life's own format?

[ This is a poem written on April 12,2005 at the time of formalities being done by me while getting my daughter's admission to Secondary School. Her mother expired in October,2004 - just a few months back; so while filling her name as mother in the admission form, you can well imagine my sad feelings inside and that is what exactly written in the poem.]

Gautam Sen

**Acceptance**

Infatuations overdosed
flinch one back to
the darkness of cavern
full of shyness.

Things fancied for long
when come in vision,
mount confusions.
Facing it face to face
becomes a real problem.

Fancies born in the flames
of desire
nurtured by a dreamy mind,
hardly ever
dare to believe its reality.

The fire of wisdom
flames then up,
helps to burn all impurities -
all false senses of sins,
of which a shy soul screams out.

God has no night to sleep.
He takes you on account
by your reasoning for
every time your action is
based on its purity and sincerity.

Judging all by its merit
and by its Holy Spirit,
response if comes from soul
acceptance in simplicity
is the only answer.

Gautam Sen

**An Incisive Call**

Crying over deep distances,
every moment of mine just stares
keenly well ahead of time and shares
glimpses of your mourning soul
shedding silent tears as shiny dewdrops.

Descend with nice, decent pace
down to our golden rendezvous
missing delicate presence of yours.
My tree of life shed its foliage;
I lost your cool shadows of repose
that my forlorn solitude yearns for.

If hesitations act on you to hold
at the ethereal frontier, fly down
simply with your spirited soul to
guide us with your untold desires.
Let our shadows moving with us
feel your delicate smell and charm,
stop you crying over deep distances.

[ In memory of my departed love, Keya ]

Gautam Sen

**An Ocean above the Ocean**

My ship sailing motionless -
I felt that I'm blessed with a notion
of being placed in a divine place,
an ocean high above the earthly ocean
on which cruising clouds crowded as
hyacinths floating on a windy surface.

Icebergs peaking high, their snowcaps
threatening a tremendous wreck, yet
I found that foamy type froth - smooth
to trade through, palpable and so near
still untouchable, my wishes remained
unquenched. I remained in a motionless ship.

This gateway to the galaxy opened
an ecstatic horizon - dream to reach
that ethereal level, sun grinning, beaming
on floating aquatics, I marveled the wonder
of finding a hovering fantasy so real, so high
above the ocean to find my ocean of clouds;

So near to God, this Godly attire the sky
wore with a floor of heavenly mosaic
on a nautical platform of billows of plumes,
an entity being hidden from the terrain below.
So elated, blissfully engulfed and domain of peace
prevailed upon my engrossed mind and soul apiece.

Enchantment soon was over, back again to my haven
I often take repose; still swim in that oceanic heaven.

Gautam Sen

**Attuned Souls**

I was in search of a company
capable of complying my need -
a shade of support for my lone soul.
Friends were quite busy in vocation,
'Don't loose all your initiatives' -
I said to myself. Search I still kept on.

Frantically I explored for long,
long enough to get myself tired;
my rummage direly called for rest.
Then found a creek through a forest -
a flowing hint for my target.
Weary feet over fallen leaves
caused a strange melody to muse.
I followed the flow of the stream,
hoped for a golden prospect of
meeting some friend somewhere inside.

A tanned tree with sculpted branches
without its foliage stood erect
as plausible companion.
Splashes of stream just saying 'hello! '
to its bystander friend - the tree
could neither join the friendly flow
nor stop this vibrant rivulet.
Felt that I should stop a while
beneath the rusty forsaken tree,
its skinny branches with no birds
to sing on, heaved a sigh of shame
'Who're you bard equally lone? '
a cordial call of welcome for me,
at last I found my quest in tree.
It had its time to share with me.

Gautam Sen

**Befor You Die**

Precision when mixes with cruelty,
crude mentality opens up its claws;
you live till you live a life of uncertainty
but your cowardice forces you
to a slavery of mischievous mind.
You become a devil
in spite of belonging to the same species.

You love to remain a fiend of hate,
refrain yourself from the legion
by leaving brethren  for a false cause,
yet you call it "a call of religion".
You leave your home for a brutal homicide,
you never know whose side you take.
The reason you base upon
for carrying out your mission
with a hallucination of a landmark to achieve,
is sheer baseless – and you delude yourself.
If you've thought or you're taught
that you're deprived, you're exploited
then for sure take it from me –
Yes, you're deprived, you're exploited,
not by the world, not by the society
but by your own mentors in the name of almighty.

I believe this earth has survived
many ordeals and so also the life on it,
this brutality would find its end
in the face of an invincible force
in course of time.
A righteous fight would let you know
that bullets too sometimes boomerang.

I still hope some escaped old soul
in spite of engaging some part of his life
in such act, would find some time of his own.
Please spend some time to eye my lines –
it would work like magic potion
to bring you some emotions back,
some stolen peace that a man needs
before he dies.

Gautam Sen

**Birthday Poem**

It’s a great day for you
This came before in many
But like today a few –
Very bright and sunny.
I find you carrying me
In the core of your heart,
I find you full of glee
With smile, sorrows apart.

All credit goes to you –
You only my dear friend,
We agreed with our views
No one wants the end.
I was welcomed by you
By your wide open heart,
I just responded too –
In you, I found my art.

Our depths gone further deep,
We made our love so warm
That life is no more steep,
Found us in each oth’rs arms.
Our hearts got embedded
To remain eternal,
Happiness unshed
Filled the minds internal.

A very special day,
Today you must enjoy –
Sad that I am at bay
But I can see your joy.
Whenever you need me
Just feel me there in you,
I will sing to please me
Happy Birthday to you.

Gautam Sen

**Christmas Wish**

Send me a songbird this Christmas,
I'll learn her song sung from the heart;
A soul thus soaked with Godly bliss
Will never cause this guest to part.

Falling snowflakes make her flight slow
While her wings need rest for a while;
My caring touch brings back her glow,
For me she smiles a festive smile.

Glints as stars on a Christmas tree,
Shimmers and streamers everything -
She feels so free with lonely me,
Her song mingles with church bell's ring.

Notes of her song be candle's light -
My Merriment in solitude;
I honor her as God sent Sprite
Who brings a changed attitude.

Oh, little bird! My tiny gift!
Your songs are my jubilation,
Anchor me from sailing adrift
On a path of new salvation.

Gauge my glee in a heartfelt way,
Her songs transcend the Eden's song;
Pervades my soul to wade and play
In a pool of mirth carrying along.

Gautam Sen

**Confession**

Facts when stated with things that don’t comply
With the truth, what we state is blatant lie.
When we do things not ethically strong
Often we say- “in it I find nothing wrong.”
To cover up some misdeeds, lies do surge –
Misdeeds block our conscience and moral urge.

Like this all real truths are wrapped up with lies,
Questions are met with concocted replies.
Slowly we get used to hiding the fact
By our cooked up stories without impact.
So things are when managed for the time being,
A fake satisfaction crops up within.

Let’s pay a heed to what truth has to say –
“You can fool many with whom you can play,
But with your own soul how can you gainsay?
You ought to admit and repent one day!
Confess your lies to someone who loves you –
God, the Almighty. Be clear in His view.”

Gautam Sen

**Confession of a Creator**

A man wanted to be a creator.
He started painting
with brushes full of colors
on canvases one after another
with his mind's musings galore.
So he became a painter.

The man wanted to be a creator.
Started singing from his heart
and carried on a sweet trace of melody
with his songs and his compositions.
It brought him name, fame and position.
He became a legend, a noted singer.

The man who wanted to be a creator
focused on stones and bronzes,
with chisels in hand started working,
for a change over to sculpture.
Bubbly and so lovely his artwork was
so he became a dignified sculptor.

So this man of parts
sure he was - but when asked
about the secret of his art,
'Nothing original I found in my work'
was his frank confession,
'Only a meek replication of
every great creation of Lord.
Indebted I'm to His Magnum Opus.
Oh. Lord! You are the supreme creator! '

Gautam Sen

**Confidence of Mine**

Take me deep inside your soul,
let me be plunged into a pool
of your love yielded from the
deepest emotion of purity.
Evidences are in plenty
that my eyes witnessed
from time to time.
Glances I made through
your wishful eyes,
I gathered all the needed
confidence of mine
to say so.

Take me in your arms
of Godly attire woven
out of warmth of love.
Place me on your heart
that still has lot to be
shared, for me you are
my lovely abode of life,
for me you are my
sweet haven of repose.
Glances I made through
Your charming smiles,
I gathered all the needed
confidence of mine
to say so.

Take me to the world of your silence
where you utter love without sound.
Get me to the core of your
mind’s quietude of so many
untold words,
I’ll make all clear with
my lonesome soul
to listen all your
sincere desires.
Glances I made through
your yet unexplored mind,
I gathered all the needed
confidence of mine
to say so.

Gautam Sen

**Cutting Sorry Figure**

Dwarfed little structure
Devoid of any favour,
Humanity's shameful juncture.
While seen as social canker.

Are deployed as stock of humor –
The clowns befitting circus,
Putting service without demur,
Endless woes being kept in focus.

Such vision hurts our mind
This trend bewildering me,
It should shake the mankind
Imparity is fun – has it to be?

Gautam Sen

**Departure**

For a course of leave
with a mood festive
when all were preparing for,
I know you too
were trying...

You longed for life.
and asked about your fate -
we hoped against hope,
tried to pull you up
from the decaying slope.
I never knew
that I was always lying.

You longed for life
for a little long;
so you never failed
to believe the hopeful song -
'You must overcome,
hale and hearty
you will become.
You will overcome.'
Oh no! You were dying.

My hope died, all attempts failed.
Around a bunch of strangers
you scanned for kin of trust,
with many wishes left unuttered
you breathed your last.

Festival was then on
with my love forever gone.
On corpus we shed tears
while your soul
found its heavenly goal -
on earth we stayed to mourn.

Gautam Sen

**Dilapidated House**

Parasites overcast all
glorified age-old prides
with its scattered bushy growth;
bricks spread its time-stained teeth
hard to hide all glamour -
its golden heritage.

The gone by memories
of long back regency
about the huge palace
with its legendary
status still enraptures,
behaves like time machine.

How wheels turn to topple,
high tides alter to ebb –
impossible to dream;
but riches wilt sometimes,
everything faint and fade.

Gautam Sen

**Discovered Delight**

Color my mind with blend
of glee and touch of bliss,
a worn out painful me
in quest of harmony.
It's now totally dark –
it's on a siding track,
the mending who will do?
Come on! Just fetch me light.
I love to live delight
with plights of life in spite;
but tests of life sometimes
hurdle all hymns and rhymes.
I know you want to help,
and you too want to love
but pretexts are so strong
that keeps you concealed long.
If my deep dark band
touches you on the other hand
abreast of my ill fate –
bring me out to expand.

Be set for a forceful thunder
like an incredible wonder
that will strip open your mind
for the conduit of love to find
unspent and unuttered,
Oh! My forceful plunder-
a light ever is shined
to find my life streamlined.

Gautam Sen

**Drought beyond Doubt**

A drought beyond doubt
appeared with a deep void,
walled me at my wits end.
Some ill will of a devil
dispersed you forcibly-
disjointed and disconnected,
from all earthly belongings -
love, attachment, and bindings.

On this day- just a little over
two decades back,
your big blooming eyes
were full of dreams
of a realm of happiness,
with a promise of a nice life ahead.

All were set for you;
lots of love you received,
your reception of life with love
pleased everybody all around.
But the beauty of your soul,
your enviable simplicity,
untiring smile and the spirit of life
just acted against you,
gathered ominous threats
as enemies in disguise
whom you still tackled befittingly.

As a housewife,
You brought life to our house,
as a mother
had immeasurable prides,
yet used your prudence
to control your tide of joys
and tried to hide them every time.

As a host of welcome
you maintained till your end,
so the guests still consider
you as a legend.
You became foe to none,
only remained as a lovable friend.

The whole day
I passed in commemoration,
be there in my memories' oceanic tide
as an oyster-encased shiny pearl
deep down the ocean bed;
let me feel you in a different way
as I dive and dip into
the depth of your emotion.

Gautam Sen

**Endurance**

I consume the venom of life every time,
Expectation of getting some sweet nectar
Being produced always from these spites sublime,
Humbly helps me to lead my life to glitter.

Better I should think not to retaliate
Rather controlling my angers, if I can –
So like this I find very easy to slake
My mind with splendor of a peaceful lifespan.

I know such a steady journey just to tread
Is not a very smooth and simple task,
painful thorns that pinch the soft roses outspread
yet it’s taken as charm of a fragrant mask.

“It’s better to devour and not to escape –
Facing the music is the rule of the game'
I follow it in my life as a major step
For earning peace of mind, if not name or fame.

In my life, adversities I've seen so far,
All are withstood like the great power of sun –
While caged behind clouds, not making any spar,
It Ignores all evils as passing out fun.

Wishing now to consolidate inside me
On rumblings that hurled over in my life,
Believing in strength of a roaring sea
I roll ov’r my journey forgetting all its strife.

Gautam Sen

**Eon of Muses**

Layers of drab indifference
cast pretensions of nonchalance,
slavery of fluctuations
from sumptuous pleasure yet reigns.
Your sporadic visits incite
making my night-doze worth snoozing;
hallucinations if so sweet,
I then don't want to be awake.

My insouciance entrapped in
love-bound heart, my passions do tickle
to search for your hearty company
abruptly withdrawn and erased.
Endearment grafted from my beings-
lamenting over memories
of moments neither suits nor soothes
in spite of renunciation,
disheartening my forlorn heart.

Promise me to frequent my sleep,
in my precious dream not to rush
for dying out of existence.
I would start my night hopefully
for dreamy atmospheric look,
lulling familiarities
that I remember, can narrate,
correlate your silent visit
with my absolute cherishment-
as a blissful eon of muses.

Gautam Sen

**Eternity - The Other Name of Life**

A rotating wheel, in my view,
resembles the life eternal;
time is chameleon's changing hue-
green of grass or silvery dew,
controlling leaves of life's journal-
heavenly once, then infernal.

Like an epic, it's classical
with infinite chapters on war
amongst some genius and few numbskulls,
roles that we play-petite or vital,
are to be well performed, not to scar.
Life is but a lively memoir.

Playing once all predestined roles,
time has to stop one's wheel to rest
tribulations end, freed out souls
for new performers to enroll.
Life streams on with many ebbs and crests,
warm smile keeps winning o'er all unrests.

Our Earth revolves as life reveals
an age-old flow of renewal;
it's somewhat dream full of ordeals
with efforts on for us to feel -
deeds we leave on earth is crucial,
not to be casual, not to take as a deal.

Gautam Sen

**Exhilaration**

Feelings flooded last night
as I filled myself with sights
of unbelievable splendor
planted out of golden seeds
of someone special's love.

I know the wave that hit
my receptor mind and soul,
reactive in all promptness,
arouse me to open the doors
and floors just to let it in.

A light of inspiration incited
within, in a way of gratitude
by a courtly flash of an ardent
call from a star far ahead in the galaxy.
I found my desolate mind
in a total surrender.

My dancing mind made open its cage
to free my soul to take a flight
through that cosmic path of rays –
luminous in a gorgeous way to
a lone paradise where someone waited.

Let you know my ultimate fate
as I swung through the floating gate
on a pool of ethereal water,
where I closed my wings just to swim
with my wading fantasy of adore.

My love splashed with joy
as it discovered you beside me,
pink petals on a green stem
fond our dreams so far utopian
in a blessed on reality.

Gifted with an eerie aura
as I reached my fervent goal,
with a heavenly tune from
the amour's lute casting upon,
I descended with a renewed soul.

Gautam Sen

**Facade of Life**

Our inconsistent life
is full of hassles rife,
with endless struggle-time
earning dollars and dimes.

Pied-piper with his flute
luring us to transmute
into robots with blood
make us run for something dud.
Welcoming modern creeds
We’re paying prices for our deeds,
while life is losing novelty
through plenty yet scanty.

Life is to learn and earn
from wisdom's massive urn;
a hive full of honey
inspiring life's journey,
collecting them feel free,
we have to be busy bees.
Insights thus mounting high
mind splendors has to comply.
Dipping down, reaching soul
life lives on gentle stroll.
As inspired wisdom smiles
vanishes those dark profiles.

Gautam Sen

**Fantasy Interrupted**

That day the hues
of huge crimson
lasted on the sky
for hours together,
every one thought
it was yet another dawn as usual,
yet another
'sunshine on their shoulder'.

It wasn't actually!
Birds' chirping became
a song of perpetuity,
flowers' smiles went long
reaching horizon ~
blossoms' fragrance filled
the air to last as long as
desired by the artistry of the Lord.

One little boy with
his gleeful heart,
grins reflected on his face
sang a morning hymn
taught in his school,
his very melody of the prayer
charmed everybody
and they begged of him
not to stop the song
as they longed for
the miracle of marvels
to be a long lasting one.

No one bothered
to look at the watch
nor the clocks hanging
on the walls did get
any worried attention.
No one feared that
the world outside
may browbeat
the laps of living fantasy
so enjoyed by all,
keeping them engulfed
in a great hypnotic
spell of the universe.

Those colorful magical
moments came up
with a big splash of splendor;
not so realized but relished
and desired by all
for it to stay on the earth
with all its miracles of mirth

at the cost of a dawn
to be missing
in the forthcoming days,
skipping right to the
maturity of the morning -
no dawn needed.

Only one man stood there,
unhappy and feeling odd,
waiting for the sun to set -
the dark night to come.
He found his comforts
in the shadows of dark,
a least inclined
to any artistic serenity
shaped out of dream or fantasy,
knew the need of the mundanity
as a prime necessity,
posed himself
as a vexed interruption
in the midst of
a paradisaical beauty.

Gautam Sen

**Feeling Low**

As I go and
get the flow
someone somehow
I don't know
why takes me back
to make me slack
in blues so dark
feeling low

Egos get blows
block the flows
wishes and whims
often they whine
this world is utopian
says the homo sapien
someday you ought to know
feeling low

misjudge me once
mistrust me thence
some hate me there
hurts all good sense
lessons I thought
with that I fought
and though not wanted
yet changed me a lot
may be a bit slow
feeling low

Gautam Sen

**Flora & Fauna**

The Age old Earth
being asked
a question of query
about life on it
that prevails
in multiplicity -
plants in plenty or
faunas in forests;
whom does it like?

A bright smile of her
covered as a shield
on its flora & fauna
to look them charmed
and reasonably secured,
left me ignoble behind.

Gautam Sen

**Flowers Showering Beauty**

Roses dyed with crimson hue of the rising sun
Spread the honor of beauty on earth,
Suffice enough to signify colors as unique one,
That the nature has as a priceless worth.

Sunflowers at dawn welcome the Godly Sun,
Accept His blessings showered with glee.
While unfurling blond petals of innocence
Grin and perceive the mercy of Thee.

Many wild and nameless flowers
Besides the famous pretty ones
Contributing their dazzling colors
At the advent of  new seasons.

Those splendid blooms of colors
Discern and show gratefulness
To sunshine sprinkled like Holy water
As a cosmic resonance.

Vanguard of Lord's royal chariot
Count this gratitude with concern -
While human world remains bigot,
Lessons in many left to learn.

Blossoms for our visions' delight
Nature has gifted us so abound,
Eyes wide open with deep insights
Make minds filled with peace profound.

Gautam Sen

**Friend, Philosopher & Guide**

I've decided to write
as much as I can
before I leave you all.
I’m sure that I'll gain
through my mistakes;
no heaven will fall.

Thoughts of wisdom
discovered through
the passage of time
are not to be wasted away.
Life is a one-way train
running on its expressway,
this single journey
never brings one back
to those esteemed listeners
who still remain
to keep thinking on;
so visions are vented free
through my words,
don't you find my
urges that always play?

Get my feelings
when I'm hurt,
feel my joys
when I'm blissfully touched.
Touch my sorrows
If I'm sad;

I'll tell you everything
what I want to say,
only thing I need
is your rapt attention.
Life inspires me
throughout my journey
while I find muses
kindling my flair -
I voice not my choices,
but my findings so far gathered
are those lines
which you read here -
a write-up of my life.

Life is my
Friend Philosopher & Guide.

Gautam Sen

**Friendship**

You're a discovery of mine
Or I'm one of yours;
That matters very little
We now feel perfectly fine.

I used to take all cares
Not to nip it in the bud,
We knew not to cross any
Limit that's grossly unfair.

No time it took to grow
A strong and firm root below
The soil of our souls,
And it's gained all its flow.

My friend now confides in me,
I too do gleefully so
We exchange our views,
Roam in a charming lee.

Our thoughts have now a hold
Over a bondage well known,
If we say a little now,
Can sense the rest untold.

Oh, the rest of the world!
Just learn a lesson from us,
If you want a real friendship
Glow as shining as Emerald.

Gautam Sen

**Gateway to Glee**

Every dawn with its crimson brush
wipes out the darkness of the sky;
the sun appears in its scarlet apparel
spreading along my mind's firmament.
A sublime feeling of joy inundates me.

Every morning witnesses new blossoms
making earth a heaven of happiness.
I breathe the breezy softness of
fragrant waves from the blooming buds.
I find myself at the gateway to glee.

Mind gets enriched with visions glorified;
I find days - a threading path
towards eternity. Before I reach there
I owe my happiness and new found joy
to this great painter of versatility.

No more I fear a dreadful night,
darkness is my repose of hope.
Shadows of gloom fight shy of me,
finds me celebrating a rejoicing moment.
My dream repels all blues.

Dawns and dusks filled with colors
are most precious gifts
from my holy mentor.
His palette of dyes never dries up,
so also my hope - it enlivens with life.

Gautam Sen

**God at Dawn**

At the break of a waking dawn
sitting quiet on a verdant lawn,
I was about to face the Lord
In front of me. His sweet accord
Was the crimson splashed all over
The pool of hues made me hover.

The rising sun doing morning rites
Gave me a gleeful glance of sprite.
The chirping of the morning birds
Made whole ambiance so gorgeous
That I was moved by the sweet essence –
The Almighty’s omnipresence.

Gautam Sen

**God's Choice**

Temples in ample
seem to amplify
religious reckoning of the people
where 'God' is placed inside,
in front of its caretakers busy in
taking care.

Care of what?
A huge monetary turnover?

A long beggars-lain thoroughfare
inundated by the flood
of virtue-thirsty pilgrims
with eyes aimed at
the long awaited doors
miles afar,

these fleeting forces
in their pilgrimage
often become blind
with a faith of false
knowledge of visiting
our Lord so closely,
talking to God so near.

But who bothers to know
Where Is He?

Their labor ends
and destiny's reached
by following every ritual
that 'God in stone' even pleased.
Virtues earned as conviction.

We really are blind
not finding our missions
prior to the visions of
high raised temple gates,
before reaching that
stone styled God raised
on altars with flowers
and dampened sogginess.

God, real God
just remains outside
where distress leaves its traces
on the busy lanes
driving the religion-crazes
towards those well maintained idols.

The poor sitting on the way

offered alms when visited,
who cares who are they?

Remember!
Our kindness as protocol
shown to vagrants
is going vain.
God gets nothing
but negligence
in the form of ignorance.

God only smiles
at impudence shown,
false pious feelings
gathered through religious rituals.
He doesn't need any bribery.
Service to the mankind
is his better choice
than the sycophancy.

Gautam Sen

**Graceful Life**

Let sunbeams bring joyous songs for long,
I long for that force in life to make it strong.
Strong health with its sound mind and soul,
Let it be the object of life to be set as a goal.

Goal is not far off beyond achievable reach,
Each of us being so precious and rich.
Richness, the wealth of treasure of a mind –
Mind has to find a way to get its own kind.

Kind is God with His Godly gifts all around –
Round them to blessings of a life so abound,
Bound we are all by His guidance of grace –
Graced progress is thus brought to human race.

Gautam Sen

**Happiness in Disguise**

My despair.....

Life when blossoms,
the Happiness, the Glee
and the Bliss bloom seldom.
I often take care to spot their identity.
These precious flowers appear at random,
and so short-lived that they fly away without any plea.

Mind's cavern yearns for the pleasure
of those sparkling beams of ecstasy,
ardently craves for timeless treasure.
Vanish away these rare floras like fantasy.
All of them disappear beyond measure
without any realization of their natures so fussy.

My Realization.....

Gem of a piece is the peace of mind,
has to be sincerely found within.
Amidst the nifty darkness of a kind
that I call the depth of pious thinking,
my receptive mind no more remains blind.
As all these blissful glees simply flash in.

Like an anticipatory ant
I try to store them - not to starve,
honor I put on this heaven's grant
and gleefully thank Him which He deserves.
My mind like paradise becomes fragrant
with all flowers of happiness. I observe.

My Salvation.....

So I am happy, I have the glee
to find them in my mind's soil
blooming peacefully.
Happiness and bliss now never recoil.
My hungry mind and my barren heart
have become a graceful lea.

Gautam Sen

**Hate War - Love Peace**

Civilization on earth is a great honored deed,
Achieved slowly with the tide of passing time,
Often gets threaten by the satanic seeds;
War is thy name – a dreadful crime.

Why do bullets from shooting guns stun
Holding normalcy at stake every now and then?
Horrible homicides are just going on run
Power plays its might through war-mad men.

Those who are cowards fight with supreme fake,
and their camouflages are for hiding shakiness.
Victory thus jeered at the cost of victims to quake
proves this cruelty as shamefully ruthless.

Peace is stronger arm than those haughty rifles' roar
while bliss of mind-power would dampen all evils,
May warring spirits be extinct, no more to explore.
All peace mongers would now kill dirty war devils.

Let green leas adorn those war fields’ bloody-slate;
Sweet fragrance would fill the stinking air of death.
People of tomorrow would learn that how to hate
The threat of war cry as a bad stifling breath.

Gautam Sen

**Heart's Delight**

Dreams turned so real,
moments for a tragic soul
seem to sing magic!

Looking forward
for a word to muse
ends in a willful stare
deep down to your eyes.

Getting mingled
with soulful songs
perhaps happiness
blooming all over

expressions
sprinkling galore with
elation so predominant,
I leave it open to understand
with a pink of perfection -
my heart's delight.

Gautam Sen

**Hidden Hindrances**

Odium persists in painful brutal weeds,
exciting egos of many obnoxious seeds
breeding into all venomous thorny plants;
envy evolves to fall in dire state of trance.

Lesson we can learn from the rainbow-print.
With diverse hues, nature leaves subtle hints;
having tolerance and sweet acceptance
birds fly and brooks stream- flowers bloom fragrance.

Nature never compares, but sadly enough
we do ridicule us as laughing stuff -
spite in full spate generates detachment,
camaraderie's crashing to fragments.

Friendship gets frenzied beyond expectation,
stifling relationship with shaking vision,
blissful gift of almighty gets torn and clawed
as a deprived heart fails while blood-flow clods.

Simplicity is considered as a foolish pride,
faith and trust tremble with skeptical tide,
doubts kindling fire of conspicuous rift;
dirty prongs be torn, let there be face-lift.

Gautam Sen

**Hurdles**

Turbulence is the desert of life,
worries scratch itches all over our mind
yet facing it is a rule of the game,
if one wants to reach the destination.
Roads meandering underneath
our pacing feet cause threats;
to trot on those, some potholes
appear to give us the jerks of life
what we call our struggle or strife.

I wish I could meet the Almighty
who created this world
and worldly creatures;
I would prefer to pray
for courage to face
being gifted to all of us by Him
before sending us
on this eternal journey on earth.
We search for the strength while in a fix
but its source lies well within our heart
and we ought to know about this
inner treasure – the combating power.

I know that I'm only a humble creature
of this vast nature, we all are
given the same path to travel,
but the seasonal climate of our fate
happens to be different from time to time.
When it's all sunny and shiny,
we love to believe life as soft as petal
but when it's not, it's dark,
as dark as a never ending tunnel.

My friend for certain has got that courage,
hard time is not yours- it dares not to face
the inherent vibes of your inner strength.
I wish you a quick victory over your hurdles.

Gautam Sen

**I Beg Your Mercy**

From a dark soggy hut at the horizon afar,
the journey through the passage of time
that I began long, long back still rolls on.
A crimson touch followed by the variation
of changing colors is spilling over my life
just as the rising sun graciously contributes
to its most dependent entity, an age-old earth.

I've crossed the mid sky of my flight
with plights terrible of many a kind.
Joys and bliss too flushed at times
slight but still of a remarkable height.
I consider my journey still a little left -
as a sprinter taking his last and final lap
keeps running on track deeply focused.

I esteem my knowledge so far gathered
as an advantage for further advancement
in the lane specified for me long, long ago.
Now only thing in my vision forward remains
fixed at length on the stretched long ribbon -
fluttering, flickering before my weary eyes,
where the judges with badges wait for me.

Let there be no fault, no faltering anymore -
let me reach there tired but safe and sound
to earn my God's mercy, His divine favour.
As I finish, trying not to conceal or stifle,
may I bloom brightly like a shiny sunflower?
Hoping for the blissful care from my Father
standing there, welcome or not please be fair.

Gautam Sen

**I’m a Dreamer**

Just fantasy,
please come oh my fancy!
I would leave the reality
to land with you in a place
of utopia.

Fantasy I know
you’ve great light
of yours to enlighten me
in my harder constriction
of loneliness.

A kingdom of my own
I'll raise where you
my companion would
bloom flowers of sweet fragrance
that I always dream.

Be with me.
I've enough strength
to face odds of fate,
but my reality is to be
drenched with your halo.
I am a dreamer
and I want to be.

Gautam Sen

**Immortal Creation**

Life is destined to an obvious end
To perform this journey we set our trend

Some dip in the depth of great creation
In a self styled way without big mention

Some prefer to earn riches' golden hat
Some spend the time idle, enjoying like that

All will have to leave this mundane abode
Journey may be long or short on life's road

Luxury lurks to lure; gorging with greed
Forgetting our goals of ethical creeds

Fear God or not, think at least of your soul
Life without a deed needs to be consoled

We'll leave this place without leaving trace
Earth rolls on for the rest of human race

So put your wisdom in some kind of form
Art or literature enriching life's norm

We live on our deeds even after death
Creative works never breathe the last breath

Gautam Sen

**Impetus**

I gape and gaze now again
After a prolonged gap;
Poems in the offing –
Like a pet on my lap.

With a short new form,
And my latest brainstorm,
I gather guts to word
My poetics to perform.

Gautam Sen

**In The Light of The Night**

Night looking so happy today
commemorates a gleeful past
of a warm amalgamation of
two souls of two different hearts.

Alighting from the twilight cart
with swaying gait it appeared
walking along the adorned avenue
of the welcoming evening.

Tears of joy may blur my vision
but a sight of love with silent sighs
revives those golden hours to fill
my torn out mind with strong desire.

Oh! Darling night stay for long,
tonight in your safe shield of hiding
let me enjoy my feast of joy.

Moments of memories
are transitory I know,
at this happy hour of night
don't remind me of reality –
I'm alone in a lone corner
of my mind’s abode.

Before the night leaves me alone,
just before the sun brings light,
let me rediscover my thread of life
in the light of the night.

Gautam Sen

**Inspiration**

Let the sun shine now once again
with rainbow marking the end of rain,
earth being freed from all its stains
With darkness of mind fading away.

Inside our heart there is a soul
The soil of which should be our goal
For plowing to grow mind control
Bringing our life a great new sway

Good lessons are found in number
To treat all odds that encumber
Not passing any chance in slumber
Life becomes a renewed display

Setting aside all painful plights
An inspired mind with heart's delight
Spreading wings for a blissful flight
Makes soul enriched cutting dismays

Gautam Sen

**Inspired Inventions**

A flying kite inspired man for a flight -
a dragonfly instilled helicopter;
a rainbow aroused a painter's delight,
mountains converted man into sculptor.

A shooting star infused a rocket's flight
with speed of a comet added to it.
As dazzled all o'er with lightning at night -
electricity made dark nights moonlit.

Concepts from myths did never get ignored;
Sun's chariot forced the thought of a deal
into many primitive hearts that soared -
so power of a horse was put to a wheel,

Great Masterminds with deep inner notions
unveiled clues before their intrusive eyes;
with their inventions and innovations
they fetched modern science a smiling sunrise.

Gautam Sen

**Journey Towards Eternity**

Days are the mileage of life -
each one making us
old everyday
yet we all become
an accomplished hiker
day by day.

Youth at the mouth
of a long tunnel
where from
we've started journey,
is a replica
of our yesteryear.

Looking back time and again,
vain attempts often
made for a revisit
would but cause a delay -
hampering
the eternal process of relay.

If you still
feel like going back
to places left behind
inviting humiliation,
dissatisfaction would remain
as the only fate
for you.

Better to accomplish
life's journey forward
to avoid a dreadful stampede
in the final lap
well before reaching eternity -
A destiny for all.

Gautam Sen

**Joy of Youth**

It’s sometimes a spirited life
finds a very lovely springtime;
a jubilant heart fights all strife,
always beats in rhythm and rhyme.

Our hearts sing many happy songs
our minds get joyful days to live;
we become very bold and strong
all our dreams we start to believe.

All the hurdles, we take them easy,
we go forward with our heads held high,
not at all coward, not at all lazy –
with wings of friendship we always fly.

Youth as blessings gifted by God
always helps us to be joyous,
we’re the future seeds out of pod –
wealth for the nation, pure and pious.

Youth is the treasure of life so nice –
helps us to find enormous joy,
in our life it’s a precious spice,
we live with glee and we enjoy.

Gautam Sen

**Life**

Strife is life although;
hurdles emerge not as foe –
it's a boon in disguise.

This one-time journey
with crest and trough of tourney –
just a marathon surprise.

Gautam Sen

**Life as Envisaged**

Life is alive
try to feel it;
life is alive
try to fill it
with all the spices of life.

Life is beautiful
'cause you offer its beauty
at the behest of your honesty.
Each little creation
so contributed
is added to its plenty.

Life is full of life -
treat your mind
as an untarnished knife,
full of perils
but worthy too -
peel the life
to reach the core of it.

Grief set aside,
bloom its every new leaf
to look it green with life.
Open your mind
to find you amidst the life –
a paragon of beauty.

Life is short
but not so much
that a deed-less life
you need to live;
creation never stops
rather rolls on,
with your intuition,
make the best use of it.

What is ugly,
what is distress,
what is failure - all in a life
remain within.
Let them rest at the bottom
to bring the life to the brink;
as fresh as crystal
as sweet as nectar,
bring your lips to drink.

Gautam Sen

**Life in Beats**

Life itself is philosophy,
its so great in volume
that no one dares to print;
but imprints are kept
on our thinking minds.

Life plays with beats
but a bit of it comes
from the core of heart,
it plays till the drama's end -
life reaches its destination.

Gautam Sen

**Life Is A Legacy**

A veteran tourist on the end part of his journey
Call all the young ones who've just started their tour,
Path is patchy with thorns of pains too corny
Yet all have to trade along to the life's deep core.

Passport was granted right on your arrival on earth,
What unknown is that the termination of your visa –
Till then keep your move on to discern the mirth
Of this tourist spot and enjoy the well spread vista.

Discover the wisdom of life's crooked detour,
How hard it may be to sustain hardship that comes.
Get your heart filled with splendor of beauty obscure
Then the lights of life would reflect with full spectrums.

Revere this message from an age-old soul,
Being duty bound to pass on the torch of life
gives place for apt and able buddies to extol
The charismatic grace of the nature so rife.

Gautam Sen

**Lost and Found**

We walked to the park in the corner
with setting sun throwing crimson hue;
we waited long for this day to come -
a serene welcome just for us two.

Once these two lovely buds on a branch
blossomed with blessings of blissful glee,
we kissed our hearts in a windy dance
for which we never needed any plea.

We wanted our desires bloom in flame,
to sculpt an endless legend of love,
but you were stolen out of my reach
by a devil with his drastic shove.

'Oh! My love, now please speak out your mind,
what made you leave me, I want to find.'
She dunked her eyes through mine with wonders,
a silent look – a praying of a kind.

Tears in eyes with a thread of smile,
she spent a couple of simple lines –
'River spares her love far beyond
but cloud rains her first love back to shrine.'

This opened my eyes; I'm her first love –
my blossom's come back, no more apart
maiden love is ageless, shining for ever.
I'll keep this lesson close to my heart.

Gautam Sen

**Love without Its Beauty & Purity**

Love is an inherent beauty
It’s placed deep inside a heart –
It’s so precious and tender,
It’s too delicate to render
Else one could get easily hurt.

Misuse of it is not very rare -
For those who always think them smart,
Playing with love is nev’r unfair
For them, they don’t bother to care,
For those poor fellows love isn’t art.

Apparels as do they oft’n change –
Different colours and different range,
Love and bluff go hands in glove.
Life they lead for them is a revenge –
Betrayal of a kind really so strange.

Game will be ov’r, as the time rolls on,
One day when God will serve summon,
Beauty of love will remain untouched.
As they did use love as a toy,
Purity of love they failed to deploy.

Gautam Sen

**Ludicrous Use**

A newly blossomed
flower, a pretty little girl -
only four years old,
entered in hospital for a surgery
She had an open fracture
in her leg and needed
to stitch the protruding
bone back in place
and set right the structure.

Operation was a minor one,
no one sensed any risk.
She had a life support system on
to gather some data on disk
as doctors' input information.
Just half way through the process
while the surgery was in progress,
like bolt from the blue
the support system stopped
and went dead for no reason to guess.

Believe it or not,
nonsensical use of technology
by someone in vicinity,
who was using mobile of dignity
just outside the operation theater,
its frequency affected
the support system to a halt.

For no fault of her
she had to lose her life;
her sweet innocence
became a victim of cell-hype
in spite of all good efforts.

Rule breaker, nowhere to find,
now please know -
your cell then worked as fire-shell,
she had to succumb to death's blow
instead of being in life's full spell.

Gautam Sen

**Message of God**

Sun has warmth of its own,
On terrain with sparkles thrown,
Life is so lively grown -
It’s a Godly inspiration.

Deprived are not the stones
While drenching soils' hot zones
by dancing rain with hailstones -
They are all blissful creations.

Rendering night comfy,
Vision of top galaxy;
A diamond studded jersey
Moon puts on as beacon.

Reception to be good
Being under His great hood.
Messages I understood
Soothe out life’s all frictions.

Gautam Sen

**Misjudged Simplicity**

Earth is on motion
with sessions of day and night -
is anyone there who dares
to challenge this tiny truth?

Mind often gets into turbulence
with tons of emotions,
then why should all decry?
Why do you feel great
to call me an emotional fool?

Vastness of sky gifting it
an enormous simplicity
attracts clouds to pasture.
Birds die hard to fly around
with their wings of desire -
sun delivering its fire.

All these are
nature's sweet gestures
that we love to feel,
offering our thanks to Almighty -
The supreme creator.

If I love to live simple -
making mind wide open as sky,
I find many...
many... and many
in number come here to fly
with doubtful minds and
some look askance
at my eyes.

Nature teaches me
to nurture my soul
to the fullest,
breaches in any form
or failing any norms
leading humanity
to a total incompleteness
hurts her -
hurts Him in turn as well.

Gautam Sen

**Missing Beauty**

Ever I dream of being drenched
On a sparkling full-moon night,
Like the cool hours of darkness
Douses with silvery moon-light.

I dwell in a city
So never it gets sated.
Landscape on terrain's canvas
Turns all but me elated.

Window panes so small that makes
A dainty vision rare,
My sight bangs on the skyscrapers
Being entrapped in a snare.

High-rises in numbers
Have made the sky more high,
I miss the tide of beauty,
Just left to heave a sigh.

In a trendy era of hi-tech age
Nature moves afar with its treasure.
Blissful, silky moonlit nights
No more bless me with its pleasure.

My mind then stirs up;
I fly with wings of dream
Engulfed by its shiny splendor
Of splashing streams of moonbeam.
Strong will of mine
Shows me the way to find
I get my thirst quenched
With my inspired mind.

Gautam Sen

**My Choice**

Life is a fine tour, some perform it as a tourist
Some but take it as a hurdle-crossing cyclist
Both would reach the end though differently arrived,
One would live in style while other may have to strive.

Efforts of mine never achieved any record,
But I lead the life of my own sweet accord;
Friendly souls – the valued shrines of faith I do visit,
I prefer not to speed, but trotting a smooth transit.

Gautam Sen

**My Funny Lexicon**

Millions of words
crowd a lexicon
consulting in need
do many a simpleton.

One more precise for me
I need to fit my search
for rhymes n rhythm,
to leave me not in lurch.

I put here some samples
pay a caring heed;
as model examples,
may serve you in your need.

Fantasy and Imagination,
Fantagination-  I can term,
a cute combination,
a word of real charm.

Early and Soon
when needed both,
I can  use Earloon;
It's my wishful oath.

Splendor & Beauty
added together as one,
gives birth to Splenduty,
a perfect two-in-one.

Words wait in couples
For this crazy conversion -
now not placed just to baffle
as a changing complexion.

You  laugh out loud
or you may simply smile,
at this funny, so crazy a guy
but words like this
can bring a new style -
my copyright then you'll have to buy!

(ha ha ha...just kidding – appreciate my idea na!)

Gautam Sen

**My Wish**

Who am I and why I am here-
If I say for your laugh n cheer;
I will not feign, not even any lie
Just to say 'Hi' with thoughts that fly.

I try my best to win more friends,
Prose & verse be my life's new trend!
To keep an eye to bliss and joy
I write to feel free, not as ploy.

When friends show back, try to stay away-
I hate to hate them, wait for a clean sway.
The sun with its glaze hides moon's shine
Yet moon shares its glaze as night's lone shrine.

In your midst, my mind finds art of peace
I feel sad if you stop and you cease,
I too, do dream to have a huge heap
Of love from your heart sound & deep.

Thoughts of great themes are like some gold mines;
I appraise its worth that flashes through lines.
I write these treasures, then take a gape to yawn
I love all my readers; they bring me a nice dawn.

Gautam Sen

**Nature Cure**

A depressed mind if needs a place
to rest his soul in search of peace –
sit for a while with a composed mind,
you are sure to find a divine bliss.

Forget all strife that filled your life,
ignore all that brought you a blue –
fill your heart with nature's colour
to find a reason to live so true.

Nature has cure for all its creatures,
it's we who never feel its worth-
why to get tired in a mundane way
while remedies in nature are not dearth?

Gautam Sen

**Nature Needs Nurture**

In a place
I happened to be once.
Only nature reigning over there;
Me, I felt alien out and out,
They ignored me all throughout.
Felt ashamed, still I took the chance.

Very little gap I found
that the mountain
had with the sky;
The streaming river
kissing the lush green pampas
with her frequent impish splash,
carried the majestic mountain trembling,
stamped on her open breast.

So serene it was-
so charmed was the rest,
The virgin nature there
had her sway in full swing.
Every flower that bloomed,
every bird that sang -
all were parts of it;
except me the oldie,
the only human being.

Now let me tell you why
I was feeling guilty
and I was feeling shy.
We know all
that nature got
in a city - our sty.

Needed or not,
we took a lot from her,
never faltered to slaughter.
To exist on the earth
we only squeezed her,
clutched her more and more -
snatched her all simple mirth.

What do we do with you,
Oh Mother Nature?
Crude and brutal,
cruel and fatal,
is thoroughly unfair.
Time is there,
resolute be all of us-
Nature must get its due
Care and only Care!

Gautam Sen

**Nature of Love**

With azure sky flooded above,
Trees look greener with youth -
With butterflies' flying colors
Flowers find beauty's truth.

Rivers flowing with rippling lust
touch both banks so thirsty -
Desires tingle, mingling too fast
With love drenching the dusty.

Peacock's plumage mesmerizes
His sweetheart cute peahen;
Lions win with verb and vigor
In nature's loving den.

I want my love to sit with me
In verdant earth's cradle,
Let these swinging beauties
Add wings to my angel.

Gautam Sen

**Nature Reminds Me**

The first twilight in my life
remained unnoticed
yet I know the darkening
done by the eclipse of your departure;
it is more than any dusk or twilight.

The first shredding of leaves
remained unnoticed,
yet I feel your somber absence
at the fall of your beat in my heart;
it is more vacant than the fall.

The first misty morning in my life
I could not recollect
when you asked me one day
in the midst of a veiling mist.
Now I'm more surrounded by
the mystery of your disappearance
from my world of company;
since then I miss you everyday.

Your pain left your body
to reign in my mind.
Your absence has grown
deep senses in my soul.
I find desolate serenity
in the midst of forlorn nature.

Gautam Sen

**Nature Therapy**

Some of my discoveries I want to let you know,
Would be of some little worth, if you go with flow
Life may not ever go on tracks of golden glow
On reaching dark sometimes seems to be deadly blow.

Looking for something best with mind full of drabness
Someone we then look for to get us out of mess.
Some adages I would place to make you morning fresh,
If you can try them all, you'll find you out of mesh.

The firmament stretched above so vast with shining cast
Awaits your glance a bit to embalm mind’s downcast.
How to feel it you know? Just raise your downward eyes,
Welcoming azure smile would dawn you with sunrise.

Eyes are mind’s windows, so in its depressed state
Open your eyes for vision to reach horizon's gate;
Keeping in mind this line so fine and accurate,
Earth is kissed by the sky lying on a green carpet.

My citation of clues are simple but countless
If said in a nutshell, Nature features calmness
Where we can find solace in a dire depression –
Our Mother Nature offers a great magic potion.

Gautam Sen

**Needless Defamation**

Some confusions smoked, mystified my sky
Once what we're taught now voided, but why?
Planets are splendors so you get involved,
Mastery of Science is an art evolved.

Long before our life they're on motion,
From them we learnt about revolution.
Those prime players are silent on their job
We the real fools willfully hobnob.

Revelation of a great master plan -
A certain glory for earth's wisest clan;
But now what is on is not important
In the name of science you preach your chant.

Look! Our Pluto still revolving with smile
Demotion couldn't change planetary style,
Though I know not so called astronomy,
Dwarfing is still a sad dichotomy.

Graced with the bliss of Sun's divine spectrum
Planets spin so happy in Solar System –
Keeping on task for the large universe
Set on preset tracks destined to traverse.

[On August 24,2006, the International Astronomical Union (IAU) defined the term 'planet' for the first time. This definition excluded Pluto as a planet, and added it as a member of the new category 'dwarf planet' After the reclassification; Pluto was added to the list of minor planets and given the number 134340 A number of scientists continue to hold that Pluto should be classified as a planet. This poem is my reaction on this reclassification of Pluto.]

Gautam Sen

**Never Trim Your Dreams**

Dream matches no standard
in the blunt porch of life -
those who never find time,
leading life full of drive.

Docile way of thinking
is the other name of dream
for them who just run on
like a straw flown upstream.

Dream has a vital part
to play in boosting mind,
visualizing it does
a wonder of its kind.

Fall is the time, a tree
feels of new blooming deal;
bony brown branches
dream of a show to steal.

Clouds in cluster shower
down to earth in monsoon,
shining sun at the back
or dream for glowing moon.

So get a lesson now
from the nature's long stream
to take a certain vow
not to trim our sweet dreams.

Gautam Sen

**Not to loose at any cost**

I don’t know how it worked
I don’t know how it happened
I don’t know how it took shape
But I know something is there.

When I tell you that I’m moved
When I tell you that I’m elated
When I tell you that I’m happy
Do you wear a smile on your face
like one that I do on my face?

Try to keep that smile as long as you can
Try to keep that smile as fresh as you can
Try to keep that smile as happy as you can
‘Cause I will not loose mine at any cost
If at all you loose yours and want to snatch mine.

Gautam Sen

**Nuance of Romance**

Blood-jet darts to inflame desire
overlooking one untold truth;
longings itch for lovers' advent,
resume gulping passion's vermouth.

Eyes stuck, unblinked, sucking nectar
from living lusts in plumaged paint,
love routed to the desire's path
as charismatic enticement.

Passionate luster endures not,
fun excites to extinguish soon,
thought remains for a postmortem-
is it really a curse or boon?

Now if we look at love as art,
a creation out of inner muse
souls unite at each others call
letting amour slowly infuse.

Affections grown in many spells-
caresses of warm soothing pink
transform cravings to feel sacred,
souls find shrines of spirited sync.

The fumes of lust soon get disbursed
slaking body of all its thirsts,
remnants of love made artfully
leave two hearts blissfully immersed.

Gautam Sen

**Om**

Eyes' foremost aim fixed at a point,
Scattered visions consolidate;
Mind in a body while meditates,
Soul heading to a peaceful joint.

Just furl those wings, no more to fly
To feel whole body, enlightened mind
Solace those eyes hitherto blind.
Else how would body and soul comply?

Solemn spiritual moments
Impart a silent ecstasy;
Earth becoming heaven's mercy-
An engulfing Vedic talent.

OM -the very first resonant chant
brings a new spirit to our soul
A feeling within reaches its goal,
This magical spell makes Him extant.

Gautam Sen

**On A Stormy Night**

Windy path with
soft grass beneath,
trees dandled
with wind's fury -
let your mind feel free
to trade along.

Let me trespass
upon your dream;
let me drown deep down
into your fantasy.
I know this stormy night
yields fear to smear
your flight over a dream lit path.

In trance you're asked
'Are you in doubt? '

If you have that urge inside;
don't scream,
just shout aloud with joy –

'My qualms are over,
I'm overjoyed.'

Gautam Sen

**Passionate Red**

Passion blasts with splashing colours -
Crimson of west gifted by the sun,
Scarlet of sparkling vintage wine,
Or blush of a kiss with fervor;
So deep is our lust in color.
Flames of a passionate fire
Kindled by the warmth of desire
Incites burning blood to boil,
Dancing gleefully
On the floors of the inferno.

Hidden yellows of mind
Blown away to ashes
In spiraling wind of the flame,
Leaving places to red-hot glow -
An ardor of highest order
Creates a tickling sense,

This precious moment of pleasure
Enriches red to a royal
And majestic status
Of vigorous vibrancy.
Desires inundating fire
With sparks of yearnings -
An inherent thirst for
The blushing redness of romance.

I honor this hypnotic red
To honor those seeds of yen
Yielding amorous fruits
Which force to dominate
The senses of sensuality,
Infusing dancing blood –
A madness of excitement
For this unique passionate red.

[Red is a royal colour. Just written to honour this colour symbolizing it to love, passion & desire]

Gautam Sen

**Peace in Glow**

Think of birds with flying colors-
find and feel its immense pleasure,
flying not for any earthly bargain
sky pastures peace, hardly any pain.

Eyes catching up thy show,
peace found in subtle glow!

Sun pops out with silent splash,
spilling red of rinsing paintbrush.
The dawn and dusk palette same hue-
peace newborn pays the end its due.

Minds catching up thy show
peace found in subtle glow!

Buds' hinting promise of colours
blooming into splendorous flowers
call us all to the peace divine
just to be attuned and be aligned.

Hearts catching up thy show
peace found in subtle glow!

Visions of innocent beauties -
non ephemeral joys in plenty,
cognizance has to be treasured –
precious gifts beyond any measure.

Souls catching up thy show
peace found in subtle glow!

Gautam Sen

**Pervading Bliss**

Flowers
Spill you fragrant
Shower -

Blue sky
Enchants your eyes
To fly;

Pervade
Your soul, before
They fade.

Gautam Sen

**Poetic Gesture**

Poets imbibe pains, thoughts in-depth are born,
Stored like volcano's lava so forlorn;
May I know poets why do you all write?
Hope you want to say how your minds do fight.

With inherent skills thinkers expressing
Visions captured with new divine blessings.
Knowledge is power known since our childhood
But poets call for something more as good.

Heeding inner calls is that one great art,
Words are in plenty; need to get a start.
Like a sharp radar signal detection,
Incites one's urges in poetic action.

Poets are dreamers long over the ages,
Painting mind's vision with words brushed on pages,
Muses of feelings while heavenly adorned
Creativity wins readers' heart by storm.

Gautam Sen

**Power of Determination**

Fortitude of mind can do any miracle
as a testimony, here's an example.
A lady I know who's full of willpower
proving her wonderfully a match for the hour.
Married a person, a man of numerous worth,
as a housewife in her family, she too gave childbirth.
Notwithstanding this fact, she had some hidden hopes,
to bloom as an erudite, waiting for the scopes.

She felt a need within for developing sense
to make her life to grow with modern relevance;
power of knowledge that she wanted to achieve,
to educate herself, more and more to perceive.
A decade of efforts brought her graduation
with her own daughter taking examination,
with this enviable quality of her mind
she gathered her degrees with the time she could find.

Higher education paved her path to the top,
In her carrier, as a professor she stopped.
Reverences she earned from all she came across
brought her self-made life a pure satiating gloss.
Thus a mother or a wife could prove by own life
with seeds of her sweet will she forced out all big strife.
Her visions and her goals were put to final shape
with great strength of mind. She never tried to escape.

This old lady – a septuagenarian
has proved her worth as a learned companion.
For all her kith and kin she set an example –
her conviction knew hurdles how to dismantle.
She's a proud possession for her grown up offspring –
bringing success within self,  tuning her life's string.
This fighting spirit of her may show others a mean
to fulfill cherished dreams not letting them go unseen.

Gautam Sen

**Pure Joy**

Why do I feel so ease
With you all children?
'Cause you bring me peace,
Bind me and tighten.

Smiles of innocence,
Your laughter so pure;
Sort of safety-sense
for mind, an allure.

Expectation none -
Neither me nor you;
Friendship nicely done
Like shiny morning dew.

Grown ups around us
Surprised by our act;
Counting all bogus,
Meaningless contact.

Trees often get old -
Blossoms live on gloss,
There's no such threshold
Of sheer gain or loss.

Look! The sky enchants
The blushing rainbow,
Butterflies too grant
Its splendors to echo.

A vast and enormous
Mountain entertains
On its land surplus
Tiny grass-domain.

So every greatness
Starts with little things
Of beauties spotless -
Simple bliss it brings.

Lies and feigns darken,
Force to suffocate,
The truth then weakens
Happiness' floodgate.

A child's simple grin –
A priceless gift for us.
So I feel within
Blissfully joyous.

Gautam Sen

**Rain of Hope**

Pouring life on arid land
where stones yearn to quench
their scorching thirst -
where traces of grass lie buried
under rocky soil and sand.
Your pitcher full of water
poses a great picture of prospect,
blooming them over the surface.
With threads of hope
emerging through the cracks,
the rocky ground
rustles at the advent of life.
Holy water decanting a marvel,
miracles result from a conjurer's
chanted sprinkle.

Gravels no more fear
the eventuality of losing
their supremacy of suppression,
with moist heart
they lease open
new leaves of life.
Mosses gather
on them in gratitude -
greenness results as reward.
The blight of barrenness no more
persists, life summoned to curb
an erstwhile impossibility -
a selfish giant's garden reopened
on this beautiful earth to make it
more beautiful.

Gautam Sen

**Rainbow**

Rare vision of Almighty's
Artistic sense of painting
Inscribed on the canvas sky
Notwithstanding its beauty
Beaming ray of joy and hope
Obviates life's all stringency
With a shower of blessings.

Gautam Sen

**Raining Cloud**

Mushroom clouds cluster,
touch the mountain peak-
the heaven and earth
holding their summit.

The earth needing any help
from heavenly source,
resources sent by God
come down to the earth
reinforced.

The frozen aquatic mass
dances to sate
the terrain's thirst,
changes its hue in savior's role.

Rain downpours with
all possible wonders;
thunder storm begins
with the sparkling of a sharp lightning,
just kissing the earth
as another herald from our
Father's Abode.

Gautam Sen

**Rays of Hope**

Love when lost,
agony remains
to leave our life
to be hurt.
A sting of a wasp
is a part of life,
else how could you
feel its strife?
I may moan over
those gone by charm
but please
there be someone
with me till I feel
laughing out loud.

Gautam Sen

**Realms of Beauty**

Poems are realms of beauty,
where mind flashes open,
soul starts dancing
finds the peace of heaven.

Find you soulfully there
with eyes' yearning search,
with arms elongated, calling
for my love to hold my urge.

Nature calming us both
welcomes to feel the place
in our hearts of desire
making a sweet embrace.

One enjoys the grace of splendor
on behalf of the other missing,
when delight lights you further
you feel the other kissing.

Nature and creatures thus
got mingled in ripples of
the loch on flowing canvas,
pay honor to grace so suave.

Gautam Sen

**Rejuvenation of Mind**

Mind at times gets personified,
With utter surprise it wakes up.
With elegant eyes so simplified
Blossoms like beaming buttercups.

I give my eyes then a little rest,
It's then time for a mental quest.

This mind very often starts to fly,
Wings of dreams it keenly spreads
Heading high in knowledge's sky
Like a herald of wisdom ahead.

I feel my yearn for a godly chant
My soul sets out for a treasure hunt.

Fondness of freedom that it owns
Kindles gracefully lights of hope.
Thus mind lays its foundation stone
Of blissful life like the reverent Pope.

I greet all these as precious gifts
Old soul of mine gets a new face-lift.

Gautam Sen

**Relishing Hangover**

Good Night my love!
Eyelids are falling
know not why,
sending my wishes
in wild guesses.

Silence when opted
in a well designed way,
not letting a scope
for coming anymore near –
not getting any chance
to show inherent care
for you at a far away place.

Oceans laughed at me,
distance enlarged In mock;
departing this lone soul
leaves a mild patting knock.

Not to slip in other shoes,
let sleep take over –
sympathy not needed for woes
with relishing hangover.

Gautam Sen

**Remember Me Even if You Hate**

At one point of time I loved to be thoughtful,
to look at things from my own point of vision;
then I discovered you - my kindled flame to
enlighten the lone corner of my deserted soul.
May be I then looked like a man of wisdom with
amicable heart to bear, to accept, to understand.
That was the golden time of my present state of
existence, so rewarding that a fragrant breeze
started blowing in my dilapidated mind and soul.

Soon all my beings get soaring to a height of happiness.
So you gave me a new lease of life, a new sunrise and
a full moon night too. I waded in the sea of joy, I drank
the nectar offered by your openness of classic touch.
It's not possible to show you all what you offered,
it's not possible to measure also. But I'm a fool,
a greedy glutton of sweetness – craving for sweet
to become sweeter, to get it even as sweetest.

All were going fine – we felt all these so very divine,
we found our understanding so strong, so entwined.
But a covetous guy like me couldn't help to show
his teeth of dirty doubts, claws of torture which had
torn your sweet mind into pieces, burst your clouds
of sentiments into tears; Hope I should be now ready
to listen one day – "enough is enough, you my friend,
you are ugly by your outward appearance but that
never bothered me to take you to my heart, your mind
that brought me closer. But now you have torn open
your mask of fancy from your heart and
I find you even ugliest there."
I won't be surprised if I am pierced with your deepest
hate - a bitter yield of your tears forced by me,
as I too have started hating myself to shake such a
well built God gifted relationship – the oasis in my
desert, a garden of your gleeful confidence and love.

Only assurance I give here, I will be there always
So far I was with your showering acceptance, adoration
and henceforth if I'm understood by my unmasked face
then I remain yours for ever with the bitterness of your hate.
But I do remain, I will remain and I will be forever,
as I'm already abandoned by the stroke of misfortune in my life;
don't judge me by my sentimental shortcomings,
judge by my expressions so cruelly uttered,
so drastically pierced into your heart,
I doubt it might have touched the place
where I kept my name embedded and longed to be
there for long – as long as my breath will fill the air.

Gautam Sen

**Renewal of Life**

Each morning releases a new lease of life,
extension of my journey granted for yet another day –
I look at everything afresh as new as a rising sun,
my mind gets musing of a blissful enlightenment.
My tour on earth becomes more meaningful.

My joyous heart tells all its desires –
"It's a beginning of new hope."
All my sparking failures till last night,
vanishes with the dark of the night
at the advent of the dawn's delight.

Lessons I learn from every new day
congregate to confluence a strength
of optimism in me; I find a cause to live,
I find a new zest to cover up the rest
of my journey yet to be trotted.

I owe all my deeds and creeds
that I have to this eternal spirit,
this eventual empowerment of new vision
helps me to move but not to budge
or to drag. At the end of every night
the big bubble of blood rising
at the horizon brings me a renewal of life.

Gautam Sen

**Rest for A While**

Listen, oh my friends all over!
I'll now take some rest;
I've to find some place to hover
In search of knowledge best.

I know that I've enough to give
Of which some already put,
Rest I'll gather as I live
But let me reach the root.

Readers are friends benevolent
To whom I want to reach
With thoughts in full, not in fragments
There shouldn't be any breach.

Thoughts inundate rushing with blow,
Ideas going haywire
Hindering pen's natural flow,
Killing my flair and fire.

Not at all hurt, I love this art -
World of poems and poetry,
Sort of a rest, respite apart
would take me to history.

Just as a scoop, it's here for you -
I want to use my time
Reading and watching others hue,
Sonorous rhythm and rhyme.

Gautam Sen

**Salvation**

Think of your painful woes
crudely towing you
on the crooked path of life -
blues circumscribe your mind
from accompanying soul.
You wear a hapless look
like a verdant meadow
yielding its luster to squelchy snow.
You find no one around
aptly able to transcend you from a ditch-fall;
no one to bring shower to your clouds
that darkened your mind,
that dampened your soul.

Put your trust on me,
I'll take you to a place
where blues disappear
to bless you with bliss of serenity.
Come to me with an open soul,
I'll take you to a placating place
where solace is not crowned
with cocooned words of empathy,
but with a spirit of splendors to soothe.
Excellence of this visual versatility
loves the forlornness in you;
cool comfort of the night
treats you as a guest of honor.
In the midst of this speechless beauty
I unearthed an untold truth -
nature has its own cure
for all her denizens' woes;
drink with eyes to touch your mind
and I find you no more dejected.

Gautam Sen

**Sheer Need**

No offense is hunger but
It's a dreary need to live,
When thousands have it -
Hard and harsh to believe.

When one needs to be clad;
Still finding it too difficult
To be blessed and blissfully glad,
A shame to defame us, not to exult.

Education to be imparted
To the people en masse,
It's ignominious that it remains
Privilege for a society of class.

Still today some die in doom
Out of dire satanic hunger.
The propaganda yet prevails -
'Hunger takes life no longer'.

People still found in numbers
Poorly dressed or scarcely clad,
Yet those eyes remain in slumber
Chics go crazy, fads rowing mad.

Illiterates are not that rare,
Rare only is that sense
Of kindling flames of fire
To cross this flinty fence.

There they gaze in wonder
For the precious mental food;
If they think of going plunder
No sin, if rightly understood.

If shared what we have,
All we gain the glee
Of winning God's grace,
Hope you must agree.

Gautam Sen

**Shockingly Unbelievable**

[A mother lost her daughter when she was only 2 years old. She didn't want to bury her, instead she made her daughter's corpse into a mummy and a doctor helped her in this regard. It is already 80 years or so old. She is older than many of us here.Her name was Rosalia Lombardo.

The Capuchin Catacombs, referred to as the Museum of Death is located in the city of Palermo on the Italian island of Sicily is known as the most interesting, intriguing and gruesome tourist spots in the world.8000 mummified bodies that date back to the 16th century line the wall of the Catacombs, which is located directly underneath the Capuchin Convent. In 1881 the Catacombs were no longer permitted by law to continue this process of mummification, but in 1920 with special permission from the Italian government Rosalia was the last body to be interred. The doctor responsible for embalming her died before anyone could learn of his methods which amazed everyone because of how well preserved her body is.

It is a fact so shocking to provoke me to write few lines on it. Hope you'll be able to get my reaction from this short poem.]

Good smiles abandoned forever,
on earth for such a short  spell
you came to roam and travel
and you left earth with all flavour
of life, so unkind was a fate for
others especially for your mother.

Attracted by the attachment
of simplicity in slumber,
let me jot down here few lines
rippling down my aching spines;
just only two years of being
you had with others still living.

Mom unwilling to leave
while you failed to live,
made her dear to heave alive
free from hassles and strife.
Visiting her mummy child so dear,
her eyes got filled with eternal tears.

Gautam Sen

**Simplicity in Abundance**

Life that encircles us is
hard and tough in a way,
vexes me sometimes.
Gone are those simple days.
where has gone those simple smiles?
How have we abandoned those simple styles?

In some corner of my mind's layer
flashed a spark to strike me then -
'some simplicities, though bit scarce,
still are at hand, come so often.
Be on focus. If you can,
keep your eyes ready to scan.'

The rising Sun in a quiescent backdropp
splashes its treasure on age-old earth.
A little lily blossoms on its stalk atop
to greet the baby dawn with simple mirth.
Seldom has a songbird stopped its songs.
Unaltered remained the splendour of roses,
ignoring all its painful prongs –
Spells of beauty still going strong.

Smiles a little child,
Not rendered by any inborn thought;
and a mother's care is so pure
that simplicity simply reigns in lot.
Try to rejoice before it dries.

Such humble samples in numbers we have ~
no evils so far have dared them to grab.
It's our minds that always find
things in a skeptical way
that makes our visions blind.
Simplicity is not lost,
not crushed by the daily grind.

Gautam Sen

**Smiling Mona Lisa**

The smile You smile
A legendary style
Born out of an urge -
Of a great mastermind.

A brain had a storm
Of ideas in a chain,
Rained out of norm
Creativity's pain.

Fascia of your face
Nothing exceptional,
Gleeful glow of grace
Made you international.

Born beyond our time
With a painter's marvel,
Brushstroke of chime
Made charm not to mumble.

Wearing a smile
Profoundly hypnotic,
In a very high profile
Simply fantastic!

A passionate outcome
Of Vinci's great mind,
Mona Lisa thy name
Our love for you is blind.

Gautam Sen

**Soared Soul**

Soaring sore
roaring high,
if not heeded
in proper degree,
becomes a conflict
of consorted friction.

Conflicts inflict
an itchy feeling
keeping your
solitary soul
in scowling pain
of sultry suffocation.

Wounds of woes
winning your
whims willfully
prank you
a prey of pinches.

Screaming for
consoling comforts
by the soared soul
makes minds screeching.

A fresh gust of wind
eager to extinguish
the ambush of anguish
just waits for
your soared soul
to be in alacrity.
Just allow it to reach
labyrinth layer
with a jostled jolt.

Keeping forlorn mind
in a mental manor
with wide openings,
freshness floods through,
windy gush would rush
your rusted woes
washed away.

Gautam Sen

**Solitude**

Solitude is my own kingdom
Memories give me company,
Some are sweet while the rest are sour.

They crowd my small court at random –
Bloomed and graced by them in many
To make it my remembrance-hour.

Gautam Sen

**Songs of Emptiness**

Songs on top of the strumming strings
with its refulgent splendor,
made reverberations filled with pings
so void and  empty, you wonder-
Where's your mother fonder?

You spend of late more time on strings.
full of traces of melodies
entrance and enthrall air to sing
unsung tragic stories
of her shining glories.

Resounds Don McLean's 'Empty Chairs',
befitting your glum mind
you sing with grief of missing care
a great way to remind -
those memories left behind.

Your voice revived my darkened soul,
you fed my empty mind,
see your mom grinning to extol
tribute of song entwined -
great soiree of a kind.

Thanks to Don & my gifted son
for emotion-stirring song,
I sail through ethereal  ocean
to reach her without throngs,
so let this tune prolong.

[My son used to sing the famous song 'Empty Chair' by Don McLean with his guitar, as it helped him to commemorate the sad demise of his mother quite untimely. I expressed my gratitude to him as it helped me to do so too.]

Gautam Sen

**Sparkling Diamonds**

Age presents a quiet composure-
with time as its base color,
touch of wisdom with exposure
gathering thoughts' flavour.

Passage of time labyrinthine
offering age loaded to our life,
a fulfillment unleashed to shine;
diamond sparkles from strife.

Colorful life absorbing hues
often it's bound to be dark,
reverence if paid to all its dues
an old heart begins to spark.

Pearl of wisdom in soul's oyster,
worth of priceless treasure,
the morrow's need kept in cluster -
source of immense pleasure.

Think of a bird, its melody
is bliss of mind forever;
being oblivious of age proudly
dampens down mood never.

Blues not to mar the aging edge
of our eventful yesteryear,
with a grin-bathed face take a pledge
to live the rest as premier.

Gautam Sen

**Tackling Life**

At start, life's meaning makes no sense,
But follows with significance;
Much better in a weathered life
Time-dust envelops us with strife.

Young hearts enjoy what life does give
And bother not with how to live -
A winding passage, start to end,
Not so simple to fix its bend.

The journey is in a longer way
With destiny at unseen bay,
Uncertainty? Life's other name
While adversity begets the blame.

Let's face it with a rock-strewn strength,
Patience would lead to further length,
Simplicity of ignorance
May sometimes help your tolerance.

The darkness transforms to light again -
Turbulence gone for peace to reign,
With help of hope within the mind
A silver-edged, the greatest find.

Gautam Sen

**The Chemistry of My Creation**

Acceptance inspires mind -insights get incited,
creation crops up with ease of ideas enlightened.
Thoughts find its palette of vision full of colors,
expression words its cute artistry with spruce spur;
till then my sincere urge for creation hibernates.

When you find worth, I find my dearth waning at once,
my mind in a new found land unfurls wings of dream,
dances in amazing attire of gleeful hope -
scopes for self-expression multiply manifold -
I enter into my world of wisdom to write.

Mulling over the things I find round the corner
at every juncture of my journey throughout life,
prompts my expression feel the need to be shared
with you - flow of thoughts sprinkles out my mind's imprint.
I owe you all my efforts when you care to read.

Thoughts occur in fumes of flow, words starts transcending
over blockades before my power of expression;
musing mind in a meaningful manner unfolds,
an enormous visionary outburst takes place -
my creation takes shape reflecting my inner self.

Be it a poem or verse, tiny buds of words
blossom to nourish my inner soul as a bard
of open mind winning all readers' heart with ease -
as I paint my thoughts on canvas of your choice,
enjoyment of yours be there for me to rejoice.

As you roam through a winding path of my visions,
may ripples of my feelings get through your open mind
to find the destination of my aspiration,
to engulf your thoughts with imagery of mine,
to envelop your vision to envisage my dreams.

I hold esteem for you all my fervent readers,
I find good reasons to flow my mind through lines
if someone like you scrolls eyes through my scribbles.
My enduring efforts so find an enriched end -
My creative mind finds a contour of happiness.

Gautam Sen

**The Spices of Life**

One blames the flame of misfortune
that incises life to a concise spot,
while fortune smiles slitting through clouds
oft goes undetected for ignorance.

Abundance jeopardizes sharpness
of mind, sensibility dies with time;
simplicity is evergreen
yet abandoned for the rising opulence
and materialistic views
killing all muses and sparkles of life.

Instances lying in numbers
where we react with facts of ill fate –
If an earthquake or tsunami
hits and hurts life on earth,
is treated as curse,
but how many rainbows in the sky
are acknowledged as a matter of grace?

Clouds gather and rains do shower,
plants grow green yielding flowers of colors,
each kernel of the fruits consumed –
provisions are made enough for life on earth.
So may strife be seen as a thorny path to
roses' sweetness for those who can taste.

Let there be no anguish –
no angst within
for the calamities of life on terrain.
Destiny is never foreseen
yet forcing us to a predestined lane –
strive against all strife else you miss
the spices of life - willful gift of God.

Gautam Sen

**Thoughts Alive Again**

Thunder outside brought
wonder on my flow, but
some sandy dust blown off
the thrust inside.

I had a lot to express
and expand more on it,
reaching just  a moment so grand,
that sandy blast flamed me in heat,
though desperately desired
but disabled to treat
the beauty in front -
my blossoms on the stem,
just so exhilarating,
knew not how to reach the
height of ecstasy.

Blow of the blasted storm
subsiding just as norm,
the verdant field of my dreams
becoming more flooded with verbosity,
got me back to the flow of spontaneity.

Gautam Sen

## Tick-Tack-Toe

Watch those boys playing tick-tack-toe,
one chap keeps winning every blow,
he has some good, clever technique-
in front of him others look bleak.

Playing for them is full of fun
immensely helped me to reckon -
life is always a tick-tack-toe,
fighting, struggling, and wins its show.

It flows smoothly, follows the rule,
never faces troubled whirlpool
of rivalry and enmity
baffled by life's simple beauty.

Hindrances may cast deep shadow,
coronas of life still overflow.
Life's destined for motion en route
combating odds to fight them out.

So let me say aloud again –
we're to sail as skilled oarsmen
to end our journey on life's flow;
to play a game called 'Tick-Tack-Toe'.

Gautam Sen

**Tyranny of Bash**

A father in rage used to beat
his own little son off and on;
son one day, ignoring browbeat
faced dreadful Dad on a grassy lawn.

Must be in mood; he thought it'd be good.
'May I ask you something right now? '
Sought Dad's consent, firmly withstood.
'Come on, my son! Let me allow.'

'Did you get same, like me, treatment?
Or your dad didn't have to beat? '
'Of course, you know! It's too rampant,
I, too, had to have whipping treat.'

Father's reply seemed to comply;
Son smiling, looked a bit amused.
'Same to your Dad? ' cocking cute eyes
at fumbling Dad - pretty confused.

'Why do on earth say, my dear son,
need to know 'bout my Dad? '
Losing his cool, slightly undone,
he spat fiery wrath at his impish lad.

'If your Dad and your Grandpa too
had undergone the same brutal thrash, '
snooping youngster stuck to one clue -
'you espoused a tyranny of bash! '

Gautam Sen

**Undetected Lies**

Lies lay rock-solid seals,
hypocrisy leaves mark on face,
sordidly conspicuous -
but without repentance anyway.
Doubts and distrusts crop up
Simple relations get hindered.

Simplicity no more
treasured for its priceless value,
expectations soon die,
with tolerance touching its bottom,
arguments find pleasure.
Feigning lies sometimes win
to persist as falsified truth.

Better to prefer a change
in an attitudinal way;
rapports' foundations depend
on a strong mutual faith,
respect, liking one another.
Better not to exert, nor to try
for any transformation of those stoned lies.
'Cause after it's applied for some purpose
as a safeguard of getting unmasked,
it becomes a burden for its owner.

Gautam Sen

**Unkind Truth**

Truth is not to be known always
Disclosed once doesn't nicely pay,
More so when it's a different one
From facts stated by loved someone.
But your sixth sense would lead to that
To know about the real fact.
You'll think your thoughts aren't wrong
As long as you can keep you strong.

Truth has a nature very unkind
to flash inside a weakened mind
in an undesirable way,
to take you aback; you can say!
The facts you know that may not match,
Peace of mind it may try to snatch.
But truth is a truth, it dignifies
life as a whole to fight all lies.

Gautam Sen

**Unmasked Hypocrites - A Message**

Livestock of satanic species,
full of sardonic audacities
with sugar coated hypocrisies,
are those who live around us and
my dauntless confession for them
is 'yes! I hate them.'

They create a world of their own
with a false belief of contentment
that they could dominate everything
to their way and could befool many
simple minds with all eases.

But let them learn a basic lesson -
they've not come to survive
a life on this earth for long.
They have to leave a way for
the fresh life to come
and before they depart
let them be hurt to know –
they are already unmasked.

I would cherish to dream
to welcome more and more
simple minds with boldness
to come just to bring a new age
when never ever these hypocrites
would reign in their fools' paradise -
their beings of meanness
would be extinct for ever.
That day our earth would sure
to heave a sigh of relief.

Gautam Sen

**Voice of Amity**

You, coming into my vision,
enthused me with magic potion;
voice of ours flew with lovely wings,
with your tone as sweet strummed strings.

Proximity’s just at the very onset
as a cure for my lone mindset.
I foresee if I'm allowed to,
amity is bound to ensue.

A great rewarding may it be
for both of us ~like you and me,
friendship of worth so scarce and rare,
be nurtured with our dual care.

Gautam Sen

**Vowed Strength**

This carriage waits a happy journey on
To fulfill your joyous trip to the hill,
All cheerful hearts just settle down thereon
For this summer to fill with fun and thrill.

Parents' blissful face with sunbeams of glee
Causing children more euphoric and alive
On the way to a paradise valley.
Let this vacation be holy to thrive.

My heavy heart felt some missing leaves of life,
You my children, how long will you be barred?
Why did you loose your Mom, your Dad his wife?
I'll try; I won't let your life be so marred.

Assembly of merriment now differs.
You feel defaced with an awful mismatch,
One ditch of black in life caused you fluster
I know you're abused by God's deadly snatch.

Let's move out of it with force of pleasure
I'll place you 'midst flora and fauna
Let's shout to claim a jubilant leisure
To fight with the lightning of your trauma.

Gautam Sen

**Warmongers be Aware!**

War is a crude game of created crisis –
protecting oneself under firearms' aegis.
War is a calamity of grooming soldiers
Out of cowards' hidden thirst of power.

Camouflage of greed has reached its tower,
Unmasking its motive is the need of the hour;
Maimed from the lands of war put into a hospice,
Warmongers get prepared for an overdue nemesis.

On earth war lingers keeping all bothered,
Concern for mankind being so often tortured.
Devils by their craven and spineless act
Have ruthlessly brought war on earth in fact.

Promoters of war need some vile sycophants
As clients to ratify war, a bloody vengeance –
Pleas that they argue are just all concocted,
Force of violence keeps weakness shrouded.

Weakness of others considered best by the fools
They achieve their goals exploiting this tool,
Days are not far when hatred would shower
Making you warmongers bankrupt of power.

Gautam Sen

**Whirlpool of Dream**

The composition of my mind,
confused and swirling of a kind -
some are faded while some look dull
some distinct ones, if you can find.

Whirls of my whims shaped into dreams
stirring inside to flow as a stream
turbulent thoughts, rich ores of mine,
enthuse me to inspiring themes.

Time pacing fast, forcing muses away;
before ideas gone, I want to say -
'Heaves of hounding views unspoken
make my golden reveries play.'

Till I express my dreams within,
enjoy my great enchanting spin
of all delicate fantasies.
Again I'll write, again I'll win.

Gautam Sen

**Wings of Wind**

A song of exception
I'd like to sing
before I go away
to sleep.

Wearies bleed me of
all my pep
but I love those feelings
which filled my heart,
on the shore of life
I wait to see the sunset
an echoing splendor
that I've missed
at the dawn
of my sun rise.

I am the wings of wind -
just kissing all you flowers
on the way of a winding journey,
but won't ever stay for long
I know, it won't prolong.

When confidence gets confused,
zest can't find its best
while in a maze,
better to stop one day.

It's not my ranting,
nor it's a sort of
panting gesture,
my inner being vies
with me off and on,
on the issue
of my every action.

Again I'd remind you,
I'm confident enough,
but my confession
is needed to fight
the trivial drama
forced before me
as wastage of life.

Gautam Sen

**Winning Over Woes**

Grieves are gravels of life
that lay a foundation of might,
walking on it appears very tough,
but provides you a stupendous support
during the journey through
the twists and turns of life.
Life taking its own course
never stops, though sorrows
with its force slow down its flow.

Gloom glares within mind,
when hopes turning into despair
with darkness of cloud,
it makes your heart heavy.
Blues force you to surrender
to its suffocating suppression;
providence of strength to the mind
would let this load of loathsome
state go with effortless ease.

Grin with a cleansed new soul
to combat all these obstacles –
for your heart to blossom
with a beaming spirit within.
So not to live in distress
gathered in a life on its way,
lessons learnt rather to be
turned into a driving force for
the remaining course of the journey.

Give your life a new lease,
lessening all your pains
that shadow the sunshine,
that cloud your mind's sky –
reign in your kingdom of wisdom;
the cluster of woes be there
as unyielding seeds of reality,
never to be groomed to doom
the divine flow of your life.

Gautam Sen

**Witness of Love**

A huge tree is now on the wane,
Green leaves no more adorn its branches;
Roots in mesh underneath the plane
Still stream life before it blanches.
An old man visits everyday
As sun mops the darkness of night,
Venerable looks of his gray
Go well with the tree's vintage sight.

Both of them are in talking terms -
They talk about their golden youth,
One reminds, the other affirms.
Age has burdened them with dire truth.
He had left sweet memories here,
Those are all his prized possession;
His life with love grew full of cheers
Beneath this tree's kind impression.

This widower believes in myth
That a soul never leaves off the air,
It hovers o'er to cherish with
An ongoing, sweet love affair.
So he comes near the wisdom tree
To feel her whispered loving call,
Finds love alive as it could be.
Where her lost love lies quiet in pall.

This forlorn and abandoned tree
Guards oldie's love lain underneath,
Welcomes his friend with no life's glee
As the old man shows love with wreath.
On the tomb-stone he drops his tear
To touch her sweet desiring soul,
He bestows heart to premier dear -
Witnessed by the tree a love extolled.

Gautam Sen

**Your Love's Incense**

Like dewdrops shine,
You too in mine
Glint as lovebird -
My heart captured.

My captured mind
Now well aligned
finds a new space -
my joyousness.

My joyous soul,
you played a role
to make it so.
You must know.

So my lovebird
get from this bard
his heartfelt sense -
your love's incense.

Gautam Sen