

Poetry Series

Soma Mukherjee

- poems -

Publication Date:

September 2011

Publisher:

PoemHunter.Com - The World's Poetry Archive

Poems are the property of their respective owners. This e-book was created by Soma Mukherjee on www.poemhunter.com. For the procedures of publishing, duplicating, distributing and listing of the poems published on PoemHunter.Com in any other media, US copyright laws, international copyright agreements and other relevant legislation are applicable. Such procedures may require the permission of the individuals holding the legal publishing rights of the poems.

Soma Mukherjee

My life is a garden,
where the poetries and proses,
which flow in my veins mingle
and spread happiness and hopefully inspiration.
Here in my courtyard
you will find humour, satire,
inspiring thought provoking poems
and short rhyming stories.

You will find me in all my poetries,
for I live in them
every poem big or small,
free verse or rhyme
has come from a warm heart
which wishes you a happy reading,
may you find solace in every thing you read
and may every thing that you read
fill your soul with joy and wonderment.

Works:

My blogs
[http: //somkryta.wordpress.com/](http://somkryta.wordpress.com/)
[http: //www.scribd.com/somam_4](http://www.scribd.com/somam_4)

' of Chimes and a Gong

Life, a journey, a saga, and all the fuss
Of spotlight hogger's and the anonymous
Masters and puppets, tortoises and rabbits
People driven by wants and habits

Sweet thorns and dangerous flowers
The agonizingly slow seconds and fast paced hours

Unbelievable adventurous path
Few taking the walk, living it
Others spending time doing all the math

Some will's some wont's
Arguing the do's and dont's
Shying away when times call
All but speculating rise and fall

To say nothing exists without its opposite
Good and bad, traditional or fad
Have you taken a dip in tranquil pool
Are you sane enough to call others mad

Destiny, fate, chance or choice
Listening or ignoring the inner voice

Careless whispers, raves and rants
The hidden agendas, a knowing glance
A friends betrayal, a foe's dance

Crayons, tree houses, kite flying and puddles
Reminiscing blissful past, entangled in present hurdles
Amazing paradoxes, shifting paradigms of thoughts,
Parallel truths, and the lucrative lies bought

While most will forever be solving
All the how's, what's and when's
The ebb and flow of life will go on
With all its odds and even's

A path, a dance, an eternal hum or song
Will you be lost in the past or
There in the moments, in the chimes of life
Contented when the death rings its final Gong

Soma Mukherjee

A Dead Man Is Always Wrong

When asked about the recent death of a poor farmer, the minister frowned
He had just returned from a trip abroad and he didn't like this sound

"I think it is politically motivated", said the minister
"I smell conspiracy, this looks suspiciously sinister

Our state has been suffering from drought and I wanted to bring in some cheer
That's the reason I went abroad to find out about some good kind of beer."

The journalist was confused and asked how could alcohol help in drought, no one ever
died from not having it
"That's what you think", said the minister, "no one has died so far because it has been
cheap, and well supplied,

And moreover, his reason of death is still unknown
Let the autopsy report come then we will discuss", minister added with a groan

"Sir he died of hunger", said someone in the room
"What! How dare he, wasn't he a farmer?" said the minister bursting with fume

"But sir", said a journalist, "he didn't have anything to eat,
And he also had a big family to feed,

When he could not control hunger any more he drank a lot alcohol and ate some wild
grass
He fell sick but could not be taken to the hospital in time due to VIP movement and
road blockage on the orders of top brass"

The surprised minister replied, "See I told you alcohol is cheaper than medicine and
food but why would someone eat grass with alcohol, how silly is that
And he was not only a bad farmer but it was animal food he was eating, he was
nothing but a rat

And if you had a choice tell me whom would you save
A VIP who was going to inaugurate a shop or a farmer so eager to dig his own grave"

How profound said someone sarcastically
"What do you mean by found I was never lost", said the minister quite dramatically

Someone-"No sir I said profound"
Minister-"That's what I am asking I was never lost to be found"

"No sir" said the minister's aide, "if you consult thesaurus..."
"Why should I", interrupted minister, "I don't know anyone named thesaurus"

Minister's aide-"No sir according to thesaurus ..."
Minister- "I don't care what Mr Thesaurus says"

Minister's aide asked everyone to take a break and took him to a room and said, "Sir,
Thesaurus is a dictionary"

Minister-"Oh so now they operate under this name and playing their dirty games"

Minister's Aide- "Who sir, who plays dirty games? "

Minister- "The dictionaries working with these poor people and helping them some education, health and god knows what"

Minister's aide- "Sir they are not dictionaries they are missionaries"

Minister- "Its same, missionaries are dictionaries headed by thesaurus to sabotage out government,

Soon I will set up a committee to investigate their work and movement,

But before all this, that dead farmer will be punished for stealing animal food; call PETA, it's a case of animal cruelty,
And for that his family will have to pay a heavy penalty."

Minister's Aide- "But sir they don't have anything they really are poor"

Minister- "Why what about the land they have, seize it and teach lesson to others that's the only cure"

Minister's aide- " Sir we can't call the PETA members, the black bucks you killed last month has already caused lot of uproar"

Minister- "what! You mean to say that a prominent member of society like me can't even hunt for some deer's and tigers, what's next, wild boars? "

Minister's Aide-"Please sir it will only bring in bad press, What if we provide them some seed and money to start farming?"

Minister-"Well that can be arranged but the way these poor farmers are dying is quite alarming,

First I need to find someone who can be blamed for this death,
You are right Elections are near I can't afford to lose the people's faith."

Ministers aide- "Sir let us leave the family and blame the one who is gone"

"You mean the dead farmer, asked the Minister, "explain how that will be done."

Minister's aide- Sir let's put the entire blame on him that he didn't wait for monsoon and left his family in dire state

And to top it up he tried to bring bad name to the party even after his death

We provided seed and power at a very minimal cost
That he could not get it timely was not our fault"

The whole controversy died and the minister was applauded when he compensated the farmer's family with money, land and seeds

And in return the farmer's family took back the case supported ministers claim that the culprit was farmer and his greed.

Soma Mukherjee

A Doubt

Often has been said that our body is a temple
That a real devout would keep it clean in and out
And save it from spiritual drought.
Are we religious enough?

That is my only doubt.

Soma Mukherjee

A Rose For The Rose

A rose for The rose
For being so prominent in poetry and prose
For no other flower has adorned with so much zest
Lover's tresses or a martyr's wreath
For a single flower to epitomize love and hate
Cherished From classic to modern, blessed by choice and fate
For all the romance and all the tragedies it has seen
In the tears of pathos and in the pearls of glee
For the petals and thorns and the richness of their harmony
To be in ease with its beauty calling for awe and envy
For the delicate vulnerability of petals and strong character of thorn
To be everywhere and yet so exclusive, has there ever been a human such born?

Soma Mukherjee

A seasoned weather

Oh! to be cool, a bit like winter
be chilled out and calm
but not let them rob me of my warmth and leave me cold

Oh! to be warm, a little like summer
spread comfort and shade
but not let them sweat on me

Oh! to be all flowery and fun, a lot like spring
spread happiness and laughter
but not let them make fun of me

Oh! to be rejuvenating, as much as early rain
let others soak and quench thirst
but not let them sponge me dry

If I can be all of these
and yet let no one affect my share of breeze
If I can be the fire spreading warmth and light
and not get burnt and manage to be bright

What a bliss this life will be..

Soma Mukherjee

A very sad letter

Dear mirror on the wall,

It's with a heavy heart
I today write you this letter,
I would have stalled this if I had any hope
that things would get better.

I still remember the day I bought you here,
you were sparkling and just fine.
Ofcourse I would have loved to have a little more
but I thought you would improve like wine.

Sadly though that was not to be and
you had nothing more to offer.
Not that you made any false promises but I thought
I can persuade you, being a good goffer

Agreed age has not being on my side and
times have been cruel too,
But to show me in bad light, all fat and wrinkled
is that what partners do?

They say we are as old as
our partners make us feel,
And all you have done is to highlight my flaws
rather than conceal.

So I am switching to a new sparkling mirror
which has some amazing additional features,
This new one makes automatic changes
and doesn't nag me, you know how much I hate preachers.

We have been together for years now
do not think I will leave you all alone,
I have found some new homes ready to take you in
will give you details over the phone.

And call me sensitive and emotional
I could not bring my self to see your sad face,
I will how ever wish you the best and hope
all legal matters be resolved at a fast pace.

Thanking you
Yours....
Mr. Knight in shining armour

P.S- Please sign the papers attached and send it to me by tomorrow,
There is no need to prolonge this matter for it will only bring more sorrow.

Soma Mukherjee

All in Your Faith

God doesn't Advertise
if you don't believe
she is not there,
But to not have faith
and still ask for favours
Is that fair?

Soma Mukherjee

An Awakening

The Hauntings
of the small things ignored
in broad daylight
are far more dangerous
than the unknown
spirits of the dark.

Let us not let go
of the sparks
however small
while we await
for a fire
yet to be born

let us welcome
each day as it comes
and embrace it
as we would
a special day
Yet to come

Let us start
our work for
the smaller causes
for it may
one day become
a mountain of issues
as is today the big cause
You are waiting to work for

Let us give respect to
Every dropp of water
And every little voice coming from within

Let us cherish
Every small deed of goodness
And every moment of life on this earth.

Let us give every sprout a chance
To Breath, To Sing, To Dance

Soma Mukherjee

An Expensive Dream

Under the Rainbow sky
You and I shall meet
And sing the songs
Of the greens all around
And dance to the
Whispers of the breeze
And in this wilderness
Where the meander flirts with the valley
And the zebras and the lions play
We shall join them in gay abandon
Away from the worldly ways

Where the dreamers
Are welcomed with open arms
There you and I will meet.
Someday.....

Soma Mukherjee

An Unnecessary Interruption

Mrs. Sharma smiled when she saw a beautiful sunny day outside,
Today her two kids will perform in front of a large crowd, she thought with pride.
It was an international event, people, media have already flocked in from far and wide,
Whole city was buzzing with activities and being decorated like a bride.

Two blocks away Mr. Ram was also feeling elated,
Whether to wear a formal suit or a casual attire, he debated.
He was to deliver a speech about economy and art, of which he was considered a
connoisseur.
And every where he spoke he created quite a stir.

Suddenly there was commotion on streets and police sirens being heard,
Every one became curious and silently prayed for all the ills to be deferred.
But that was not to be and the city was in for rude shock,
Some nutcase had decided to use the day to kill himself, someone said with a mock!

The police were trying to calm the man down and reason with him
The man still insisted they file an F.I.R or he will self immolate, what a dim!
The chief minister had just declared the city crime free
There was no way the police could have filed an F.I.R, even if some one was on a crime
spree.

Organisers were getting impatient and anxious, they had very little time in hand,
There was lot to be done even without all this drama and time was slipping away like
sand.
So he was assured of an F.I.R, if, the crime was big and grime,
'Ok, 'said the man without moving and declared he had committed murder several
times!

Oh man! the police would have thrashed him badly, had it being any other day,
Crushed his rights in full public view and taught him to obey.
And the people would have kept mum and carried on decorating the streets,
Just like they have reacted in the past to any mistreats.

But today with media present, things were heating up pretty fast.
The man had to be calmed and reasoned with or else god knows how long it would last.
Someone from a T.V channel asked the man if he could elaborate what his problems
were,
He replied the human apathy has created so much stench that he alone can not deter.

The police were worried sick, for someone will have to report this matter to the top,
And they all knew whoever went will be blamed and chances of promotion and
increments will drop.
No sir, with this low a salary no one can let the small increments go a miss,
Someone new and inexperienced will have to go to face all the barking and hiss.

When probed further by media, the man said he has killed himself many a times,
Ignoring others pleas of help, let anarchy rule, keeping mum were his crimes,
False government promises, farmer suicides, child labour rampant
Women harassed, people looted, humanity has become scant.

'I am dead', he said, 'I killed my self.'

'so are you all who let it happen.
yesterday an old couple died on the road and no one gave a dime
no came forward to help all because it was rush hour and office time'

'How long', he said, 'are we going to live this spiritless, soul less life?
We all have become living deads and victims of self created ugly strifes,
No, I will not let this heartless spirit less city host any event,
till it mends it ways behave like humans and repent.'

'But all this can't happen in one day? ', said a reporter.
'No it won't and all I wanted was to shake the living deads and wake up the humans
Somewhere some day we have to start why not today here in this city
After all that I have said and done people are still thinking out the funtion, what a pity,

Meanwhile the minister, who under the pressure from media, had finally reached spot,
Was amazed and angry with all the attention the man had got,
If I could ever get this big a crowd he thought,
He found the man's 'antics' disgusting and called him a snot.

'With lakhs of people born every day and every one wanting dignity
equal rights, child rights, women rights, all the R.T.I's its all messy and gritty
Poepole like these, the man in the stadium create unnecessary fuss',
'He knew, the minister whispered, 'about the important event and is trying to cash in
the buzz'

'Sir kindly come with me, lets discuss your grievances, 'said the minister loudly,
I assure you in front of all these people that we will make ue of your expert stances.'
Finally the man let go and work resumed at a fast pace,
People were happy with the minister for saving the city from disgrace.

The function was a huge hit, from lavish spreads to pompous displays,
Ministers, convoys, media all sang its praise.
Oh and the man, well, he vanished into the same oblivion he came from.
As for the people, nothing changed when it came to standing up, voicing out, they kept
mum.

Soma Mukherjee

August Arch

Rhombus Rain
Travellers pain
Foxy Breeze
Cloaking sneeze
Fungal Dotes
Smelly clothes
Cold and damp
The August Tramp

Soma Mukherjee

Autism Child - From The Same God

Custom made perfect kids
Were never in God's plan
Just in case you thought
Why me?
Why my kid?
It was us being unrealistic
Forgot the rules of the world
Forgot how every butterfly is different
Forgot how no two things are same in nature
And still there is acceptance for all

While all kids are Gods paintings,
Kids with special needs are his modern art
While all kids are Gods poems
Kids with special needs are his free verses
While all kids are Gods songs
Kids with special needs are born when he raps
Oh yes God raps and tap dances too
But you have to have an open mind for that

So next time you think why me
And go in denial for long
You blame the god for this and that
And think he has been wrong

First thank him for a child born
For that is a gift in itself
Thank him for the uniqueness
For that is God's way of showing
He still has faith in us

More time you will take in accepting
Precious time you will waste
And while God may forgive you
For Your ignorance and delay
Time my dear will not

If there is any doubt
About you kids behavior
That you are having today
Get some help
As soon as you can
Meet a special educator
And chart out an action plan

It is Ok to feel sad sometimes
But don't get stuck up for too long
And look at you kids when in doubt
It has not being easy for them
So pull up yourselves and be ready
You have to make your kid independent and strong

Your kid accepts you for what you are
They love you in spite your shortcomings or faults
Show them the way
You will be surprised
How much in this process you will also learn

Embrace your child with all your heart
Support them, be part of their life
Understand what they say and when they don't
And see the wonders of love.

Soma Mukherjee

Autism is....

Once I met a lady in a store who looked at my daughter and asked me what was wrong with her why was she behaving this way
I saw my daughter and told her nothing she is just dancing to her favourite song and this is also one of the ways she plays

She looked confused so I explained and told her she is autistic
For which the lady congratulated me as for she had heard artistic

She may have not heard it properly but she was right wasn't she?
Both the words had so much in common if only world could see

Autistic is artistic cos they look at the world very differently from us
They paint or write or sing what they feel and create a beautiful buzz

An autistic's perception of world is so different so unique
And most of these artists prefer to let their work speak

Most autistics/artists are still looking for the medium they want to express their feelings in, what makes them comfortable
Or maybe what they are doing right now is their art, their stroke, their poetry, whether or not we find that agreeable

Are we mature enough to understand their art?
Are we talented enough to polish their skills?

Don't ruin it for them by moulding them into something they are not.
You will lose them for ever, for they won't be the same without their art

Guide them through this life, make them as independent as you would any other child but give them space and time
Don't rush them into this life, for every child autistic or not, is a caterpillar in cocoon, and will only emerge when nature chimes

You won't get a butterfly by breaking the cocoon, or else they will neither be a caterpillar nor a butterfly
Give them time, nourish them make them feel loved and see how your beautiful butterfly flies

Do we have patience to give them that time?
Do we not know what broken dreams feel like?

Guide them give them the proper tools to move and grow
How to overcome obstacles that you have to show

Don't overload them with your expectations or pampering's,
For every child autistic or not is like a seed, and overloading will be very hampering

Always remember too much spoils and too little leaves impoverished
They need just the right amount of everything you can offer and oh the places these

kids go when they feel loved and cherished

Care for them, they are part of you, involve them in your life and participate in theirs
with all your Arden
And see how they bloom into the most beautiful flower in your garden

Have you learnt and polished your skills to be good gardener?
Have you taken training to be a good coach?

I have a child with autism and I have had my share of taunts, staring, worthless
advices and criticisms,
But I never let those rule my life; for it would have been insult to all those angels I met
in this journey of autism

This is a long journey and we will fall and fail, a lot, I know that
But I will learn, get up and make corrections and move ahead and not worry about the
stat

I will get up every time and help my daughter get up too, I promise to my child and
myself
We keep moving whether life offers us an empty or a well-stocked shelf

When I see my child I see
-A budding artist,
- A butterfly emerging from a cocoon,
-A beautiful sprouting seed.

Yes I will give her all that she needs and enjoy the process.

Soma Mukherjee

Beat The Heat

To keep your positivity intact
And save your spirit from depressing dents,
You owe it to your mind, body and soul
Some creative vents.

Soma Mukherjee

Beneath All That Cobweb

Grandmother's chest in the attic,
Waiting for someone to come near her
Ears strained to hear the known footsteps
Vision blurred with cobwebs, but her spirit is not
May be there is something for you in there may be not,
But how will you know if you don't reach out to it?

A quilt and some handkerchiefs
A world of soft cotton and lace
Hope and warmth embroidered in each one
May be you will find solace in them may be not
But how will you know if you don't embrace them?

Some old wrinkled and some neatly packed clothes
They have more deals and tales
Than any book or shop
The soothing whiff of love, comforting whispers
Maybe you will find them enlightening may be not
But how will you know if you don't let them express?

At the corner of the chest are some old memories
Some letters gone yellow; some brown
Some old pictures; of a naughty little girl on a swing
Of a free spirited woman before and after her marriage
Oh! the beautiful carefree past and their echoes
Maybe you will find some mantra in them maybe not
But how will you know if you don't ask?

Hope, love, warmth, inspiration and some surprises in store
The old neglected chest can be full all this and more
An old set of dentures desperate to share her story
An old eye glass full of wisdom
This may be your lucky day may be not
You may find something valuable, may be not
But how will you know....

Soma Mukherjee

Best News Channel In The World

The news is just in, and this is really very big,
So sit back and relax as we broadcast our biggest gig.

This is what we love to call, 'Breaking News',
Some self-created, some ahead of time; and full of juice.

It's our absolute pleasure to deliver the news first to you,
Kindly note that it's only on our channel you get this news to view.

There is no way others can compete or show you what we will right now,
Only we took all the risk, spent thousands, to ensure we get all the connections to meow.

Yes this is a big day for all of us here, as we are going to broadcast this live,
We here are ecstatic as we bring you this absolutely scandalous piece of jive.

So here we go, let's go and ask our reporter, who has been on this case like a fly on sweet,
Hey you what, when and how did this happen and what's the new tweet?

Hello you, hello I can't hear you, describe a little loudly all the between the lines and of the unspoken,
Oh damn! just when she was about to reveal, anyways we will soon get back to her, I think the line is broken.

Let's now shift to our second best and mind you this is also breaking news,
Where no one spoke out clearly and it's full of interesting clues.

And our third and fourth and rest including the weather report everything is breaking,
And wait till you see the ad break, the daily commercials on our channel look so refreshing.

Soma Mukherjee

Case 001- Humpty Dumpty

When Humpty Dumpty sat on the wall
Was it summer, winter or fall?
Was it a weekday or a weekend?
Wish they were someplace else with a friend.

Was it a murder or a suicide?
I am yet to investigate and decide
And in case of later was there someone
in whom they did confide?

Someone told me yesterday that
Humpty-Dumpty were not two people but one
But no one knows for sure how many they were
And if it all was staged just for fun

Some say they had no reason to be unhappy
As they had planned a double date
Miss Muffet with Humpty and Jill with Dumpty
But look at their ill fate

Miss Muffet was scared by a spider during her lunch
This was a set-up, I have a hunch
Plus Jill who definitely has a history with falling
Remember her ex jack who broke his crown
Lost his memory, but says there definitely was some hauling

So many mysteries surrounding this case
Like why would an egg sit on a wall in first place
and a rumour troubling me the most
that the kings men had them scrambled with toast!

Soma Mukherjee

Crystal Clear Dreams

There is a room in my house
a very special room
with a big window
it lets in fresh air
and filters the junk
not for myopic thoughts
but the window is kind and some say
they too have seen some sparkles
the window has a view to die for
a beautiful sunlit sky
cool breeze of contentment
fresh blossoming thoughts
and each colour of rainbow
spreading messages of love and harmony
the woods and her allies
are such great pals
invite me to every single birth
leaving me humbled every time
for I realise how small
yet important each entity is
the greens, the browns
I know them all by name
and the winged soul uncaged
floats in this world
I never ask for more
I never settle for less
I guess all my dreams
They taught me well...

Soma Mukherjee

Daddy Longlegs

Daddy Longlegs was sitting on his net and browsing through his past
He wanted to do something which would make him big pretty fast
He looked around and saw a fly buzzing around
Suddenly his brain was shaken by ideas around

Hi said Daddy long legs, it's nice to see you miss fly
Do come to my web and give it a try
I am well aware of my ill reputation
That is why am sending you an open invitation

Bring in some media if you still have some doubts
I hope it will douse your fears if you have them as scouts
Hesitant at first the fly still agreed to meet
She never knew a spider can be so generous and sweet

Fly was warned of spider's ill intentions and of the agendas hidden
But isn't there a charm in exploring the forbidden!
I will bring in some reporters said the confident fly
That should take care of the spider's greed and make him shy

In front of a huge crowd fly stepped in on the web
Daddy long legs grabbed the fly before she could ebb
Crunch munch he ate the fly in front of the crowd so huge
People were shocked but still stood like a stooge

Daddy long legs was arrested later and sent to a jail
Where he wrote a book on life in prison and law being frail
The book generated lot of interest and became a best seller
It got lot of publicity as it was written by a spider so Heller

Daddy got pardoned as fly knowing all willingly fell in his trap
Hence it was declared a suicide and the case against him was scrapped
I guess dark is alluring as Daddy's website has become quite a hit
But there are people who throng the site just for the silken threads and their steely grit.

Soma Mukherjee

Diary of a perfect man

Date: -18th May,2011

Dear diary,

Must say, as ridiculous as it is talking to a diary,
At least will not have deal with 'what's she thinking? '

I hate mornings, all the worries which I buried last night come gushing back.

I am sure everyone around had already erred a thousand times by now to irritate me,
all eager to receive my flack!

I fail to understand why people around me are so foolish, careless and such a pain,
With an inspiring person like me around, eager to share knowledge they have so much
to gain (if only they had a brain) .

Got to go, tea and newspaper time see you later.

Date: 21st May,2011

There is this man who comes out to water his plants every day the same time I am
outside trying to read the newspaper,

I think he envies my popularity and is trying to dampen my mood by showing off his
little garden, to me living on second floor of a sky scraper.

I have to get ready; it's time to hit the road, better start early to avoid the rush hour
(madness) and huge traffic jams.

With all the incompetent drivers and lousy parkers on the road, even the widest road in
the country gets all crammed (the person who gave them the licence should be shot) .

See you soon

Date: 22nd may,2011

Yesterday I had to wait ten minutes for the lift, waste of time, whole building becomes
active just when it's my time to go.

They all know my work is way more important than all theirs combined and its one of
those things they do to add to my woes.

And in the parking lot, both the cars parked on either side of mine, one is so small it
should be in a children's park and the other one, it looks like it's driven by some giant!

My beautiful car got a dent yesterday by some moron who claimed to be on right side,
how dare he not see me and then call me a defiant?

I don't take these matters lightly, gave him a lecture on road rules and how to drive a
car.

Didn't care about the jam I created or the honking cars as I had to expose his flaws
and emerged out of the mess like a shining star.

Impressed!

Date: 24th May,2011

I am quite an inspiration I have to admit, can debate anytime with anyone on work
ethics, rules and laws.

Have never missed any opportunity to teach all these and more and people respect me
for that and look at me in awe.

Shopkeepers, vendors, and men in uniform, (good for nothing) people of call centres,
doctors, airhostesses, you name them and I have educated them all.

And I will not stop offering my valuable advice, so what if it creates a little (a lot)

brawl.

My knowledge and brilliance has made a lot of people very jealous of me in my office and my bosses see me as a threat,
I have leadership skills, foresight, am a great problem solver, no wonder they are so upset
(Don't give a damn; the truth is they have no idea how to deal with an intelligent compassionate human being as me)
Till next time.

Soma Mukherjee

Dry Spell

Just when I thought monsoons have finally arrived
To soak my parched soul with hope and love
It was all gone with the wind
Oh she is such a tease, the cloud
All her dark promises of heaven
All her soothing whispers
All the anticipation of thirst quenching showers
All blown away at the first caress of breeze
While the breeze and the cloud sway to the music
And flash their passion so candidly
I am left to sweat it out all alone
In my hot and humid shack
And While I thank God for all the free sauna
It wouldn't hurt to have an occasional mud pack.

Soma Mukherjee

En Passant

The king and the queen
And a few bleeding pawns
Fractured souls and bodies
The victors and the defeaters
Standing all alone
Wails deafening the cheers
Oh the game of chess
When played by Rooks*
What a mess.

*rooks-chariot, indicating war

Soma Mukherjee

Fly Fly - Fly Away

A fly in his
Short life
Grew up, fell in love
And found a good wife

Flying, buzzing around
Flaunting their six legs
Proud parents of
250 eggs

Theirs was a life
You would think so
But wait till you listen
To their unending woes

All the fuss
About their buzz
Their lifestyle
Declared vile

And if that was not enough
To make their life tough
They were even called self-invited bore
And were detested therefore

And every time they tried
To go near a batter
They were stalked
By humans with a swatter!

Where ever they went
People were so curt
But I guess that happens when you
Live in so much dirt

Soma Mukherjee

Freedom

Freedom
Freedom
Free your soul
Free it from the disturbing negative thoughts

For it blocks the flow of Om
Take a deep breath
Feel the fresh air,
Ask for peace with all you have
And go with its Flow.

Soma Mukherjee

Frogga

Long long ago
In a faraway land
Lived a frog named
Mr. Stikitung Grand

Near a meander
In his little mud house
In rain you could hear him Croak,
Looking for a spouse

Rains came and went
But he never got a single mate
He tried every trick a frog could
Still no one fell for his bait

He would keep
Harnessing his vocals
Polishing his webbed digits and
Perfecting his focal

While his efforts were appreciated
And some found it cute
The girls still went out
With the true frogs, the slimy smooth

With Mr. Grand being so different
All warts and moles
Others wondered how
He would ever father tadpoles

Mr. Grand with his huge eyes
And big mouth could do very little
All these hurdles made Him
Too depressed and shittle

While there were uncertainties
Looming large on his life
Fellow amphibians were betting
On his chances of getting a wife

For termites said the caecilians
Calling others to join the hoot
For worms said salamander and
For cricket said the newt.

On the fateful day Mr. Grand got fed up
And was waiting to call it a night
When he heard a hiss
Loud enough to give him a fright

Hello said the snake why are you
In such a spiritual gloom

Come let us find out someone
Who can help you groom

Frog was surprised at snake's kindness
And overwhelmed at his warmth
While his kinds were busy ridiculing him
Snakes words soothed him like a balm

At first he was cautious and
Kept a safe distance from the snake
But the snake kept saying he was hurt
That Mr. Grand still took his efforts as fake

I have nothing to lose thought Mr. Grand
And reached out for the help
Yum thought the snake and gulped Mr. Grand
Before he could think or yelp

Salamanders, newts, all of his fellow beings
Saw this but not a single tear was shed
Guess this comes with living a life
So cold blooded

There was a crocodile, who saw it all
Hidden behind a pier
Some say he was the only one who
Did shed some tears.

Soma Mukherjee

From Jail

Dear family and friends please read the mail,
For I am writing this letter from a jail.

I have tried to explain everything, even why I am here,
Although when I will be out, is not very clear.

On a hot summer afternoon just when I thought of taking a nap,
Some one rang the bell like a maniac, enough for me to snap.

'Who is it? '

'Ha ha madam, its also what is it'

'Ok smart ass what and who and when is it'

'No no madam, no donkey, no when, only who and what on a bike'

'Right.. do not disturb take a hike!

'Hike! where madam, on this floor!

'No not on..., are you going to tell what you want or shall I close the door? '

'Madam it's not what I want, it's what you may though'

'Oh my, this is going to be long, fine tell me fast and then off you go! '

'No no madam not long only oval shape.I want to sell you some new soap.'

'Soap! no I dont want any, sorry to crush your hope'

'Oh wow! no soap how do you cope'

'Excuse me! ! cope with what you dope? '

'With all the dirt and bad body odour and sweat'

'I meant, I have soap and dont want it from you, so no need to fret'

'Oh thank god I thought...'

'Well keep your thoughts to yourself and piss off'

'Piss here Madam! in front of your door! '

'Argh! no not here go some where else and do it you bore'

'But how do you know madam? '

'Know what? '

'That I need to take a piss'

'Are you kidding me? I meant get lost before I call in the police.'

'Lost! Police! ...why madam I am my parents only son, their only hope selling some soap'

'Oh man what will you take to go Mr. hope? '

'Oh no no no Madam, I dont charge to go, only for soap...why did someone charge you for going? '

'What you 'bug' you 'pest' get out before I grab things start throwing'

'Wow madam I dont know, but did you just insult me? '

'Yes Yes Yes, I insulted you, now go before I can count to three '

'Ok madam, but why three mam usually five.....oh my! Mam is that a gun.....'

And this is why my friends I am in a jail,
waiting for some help and a bail.

Soma Mukherjee

god@aboveall.omni

Dear god,
I know you know everything
And you are omnipresent and above all
But while you are all that and more
Let me point out some weather issues too sore

Summers have become hot, humid and unbearable
Winters too dry, harsh cold, it's terrible
Monsoons are mystery no one knows it will rain or not
As for autumn and spring,
they hardly make their presence felt in their time slot

Please do something about it;
I am sure there still are some miracles in your vault
I know you will say the global warming
and deforestation and it's our entire fault

To blame others is not very god like
so please help us in this matter
This is really serious problem
please overlook my smatter,

Also there is no easy way of reaching
to you, no website,
Ever thought of a blog or
account in any of the social networking sites!

Consider the above ASAP please,
so that we get a place to vent out our woes
And while you do can you please add me
to your friend list so that I know

Of course you know my mail id you
can mail me too
If you can take care of the above,
it will be really kind of you
Thanking you
Yours...
You know my name

Dear
'you know my name'
Read your interesting mail
It's sad indeed that the earth has become so frail

Have forwarded it to the weather and climate department
They have been working on 'scan and rectify it'
and trying to restore earth's alignment

As for the website and social networking thing,
well I did try, but my name was already taken
And my only choices were 'god_200' or

`the real.god' and `god forsaken'!

Anyways you can always mail me at
god@aboveall.omni

Take care
Till then
Yours
You know my name too

Soma Mukherjee

I (My Tribute To Sufi Poets)

In a world ruled by religions, caste, nationalities,
Where there is a constant fight on whose god is better
I am an atheist
For me my work,
My faith in all things good
And understanding for what I don't follow is
My religion, my caste and my nationality

In this world where you are what your job is
Where you are worshipped and followed for the money you have
I am a free soul
For me my working for causes,
Spreading awareness about socially relevant issues
Keeping the spark of humanity alive is
My job, my money, my investment

In this world where humans are known by the labels they wear
Where your pedigree is more important than your work
I am anonymous
For me my labels are smile, compassion, warmth of my heart and an indomitable spirit

In a world where chaos over a place of worship is more important than a missing child
Where a woman being abused is a daily event
I am the odd one out
Yes you heard it right
For I would prefer to build a school, an orphanage or a hospital over any place of
worship any day
For I would rather go and do something about human rights because everything else is
inane

Yes I am a misfit
Not of this world
But I am
And since I am I will do what I can
And till my body and soul are one
I will keep on thinking, inspiring,
Enjoying the silly
Play with words and laugh and cry with them
Pamper my mind with good reads
Pamper my body with good health
Pamper my soul with good work
And live this wonderfully amazing life spreading all the happiness I can.

Soma Mukherjee

I see today

Today is such a beautiful day
Well actually it's hot and humid
But hey it here right now for me to enjoy or crib
Don't know what tomorrow will bring or will it be here or not
This, today, this is mine and is all I have got
So all my hopes, aspirations, dreams, fight's, grudges,
Smiles and frowns will have to adjust
And give each other space for I am going to live it fully
As there will never be a today like today

This day is full of promises although I don't know
What is in store the next second?
Past may seem blissful and tomorrow may seem a better day
But believe me, today- it's a force to be reckoned with
I will be ready, for every here and now and shake off the dust
For if I don't do it now, some promises will die or rust
No, today is a great opportunity which I can't let go

Today- I owe it to you to stand up and speak my mind
To not let myself get lost in daily grind
Every second is a portal to a new world of new possibilities and hopes
How can I not be this charged and learn the ropes
Hello today, thanks for being in my life
Am going to march in your honour to the playing drums and fife

Soma Mukherjee

If You Can, Then You Must

I could have been this and I could have been that,
but there were too many hurdles and the plans fell flat.

I could have been like her, a very big star,
But my bad luck, opportunities were few and far.

I had the grace, I could have been a dancer,
but there were too many objections with no solutions or answers.

I had a sweet voice, I could have been a singer,
but I was sole earner of family, and it sponged me dry like a wringer.

I played so well with colours, I could have been a painter,
But the paints were costly and with no one to guide, dreams became fainter.

I had skills, I could have been anything I wanted,
All I needed was a spirit which would have saved me from being daunted.

Is it too late to start again?
Pick up the brush or the pen and let my dreams be my swain?

Just let go of all resentments and start!
And not let the past tear my present and future apart!

It has been so tiring, carrying disappointments and resentments for so long,
let me start fresh as if I was born today, fire the passion and let it grow strong.

Yes, that's what I will do, I owe it to myself and this god gifted life,
I will not cry over what I didn't get, instead use gift and opportunities which today are
rife.

Yes, that's the way to go, I will give my best shot to my dreams and what I always
wanted to be,
For if the world ends tomorrow I will be contented and proud to have taken that dip
and rescued me.

Soma Mukherjee

In Pursuit of Bliss

Looking for a little girl
Has anyone seen her?
A beautiful soul, indomitable spirit
Are you sure you haven't seen those eyes
Full of warmth, mischief, innocence
Those ever smiling lips full of
Poetry and stories and some really tall tales

The girl who just had to climb small trees because they were there
The girl who would climb a wall fence because the boys were doing so
The girl who would soak her body and soul in that first rain every year
The girl who loved to Jump in puddles and play with pebbles and sand
The girl who bought in a cat, a dog and then some more cos they were out in the sun
or in rain

The girl who would pretend to be a teacher, give an 'A' to all her friends and 'z' to the
ones who made fun of her and then laugh imagining how they would react

Never seen such a soul, really?
Let me try again

The girl who would share her most precious belongings with someone she liked, but
won't give even a small useless piece of pencil to people she didn't

The girl who would love you with her life but touch her belongings without asking and
she would put highest note of opera to shame

The girl whom every one called a rebel
The girl who was not so girl like
The girl whom every one tried to teach some manners
A girl with lot of half read books, a box full of broken toys,
Some pebbles and feathers in a box kept away from knowing eyes,
An imaginary companion right by her side all the time

Please tell her a woman is looking for her
Tell her the woman wishes the girl was here
Like the sun, like the moon, like the seasons
Like the shadow

That the woman regrets not having spent enough time with the girl
That she gave up on her too soon, and betrayed and traded the bliss and laughter for
something so inane
To be someone she doesn't know
To be someone she doesn't understand
Tell her.....

I miss you little girl and I am going to get you back.

Soma Mukherjee

In The Magical Land of Library

Hey kid let's do something different
Let's save a library
What do you think?
Will you like to Go and
Spend some time there?

Books love kids, did you know that?
And the kids who read all kinds of books
Are loved the most

And the kids who share stories with their friends
And take them to library are rewarded the most
For nothing absolutely nothing
Can replace a book

Have you ever smelled a book?
Which one smells better, a new book or an old book?

Did you know that if you keep your favourite book,
Near your pillow at the night
All those who live in the books come alive,
Just to guard you and protect you!

Books are portals to magical world
They can sing, they can dance, and even talk to us,
But to see all that you
really really really have to believe in magic.

No computer or Television can bring a book down
For a book has a much stronger crown

A library is a garden of books
And only our love for books can save it from the doom
And who knows in which shelf of the library
You will meet that magical book,
That will tell you all about,
The king and his men,
and their battle against the giant spiders

And the fairies who fought
With demons and saved the child
And the evil witch with her cauldron full of spells
Bubble trouble bubble double and boom!

And the mountain rock and the mile stone
And why they could never be friends
And have you not heard of the story of Cinderella,
Do you know she loves kids who read about her in books!

And the story of an elephant and a monkey
And a snake who became the best of friends
This goes to prove any one can be your friend

If you really want them to be
And welcome them with open arms

And the pirates of the red sea
Who found a big treasure trove in a faraway land?
And they had to fight with the big snake with a dozen heads

(HEY WHO DO YOU THINK IS A DOZEN?
ELEVEN'S ELDER SISTER, OR FOUR'S DISTANT COUSIN?)

But the pirates could not take it with them
As the sea was rough,
Hidden under a tree is the map to that island
And if you plant enough trees
One day they will tell you where

And of course who doesn't know the story of the horse that ran so fast that he revolved
around the sun in just 260 days!
How much time do you think the earth takes?

And do you know what the little pony said when he coughed
Did he say he was a little horse or hoarse?

But before you go to the book of knowledge section
Check your hands
They really do not want anyone to touch them
With hands full of germs
But then every book loves clean hand
I know so because once poodle doodle noodle doo
Scolded me for eating while reading them

And do you know in the last shelf somewhere is a very dangerous book
Do not open or read it without help of the wise
In it lives a demon in an angels disguise
I forgot the name but you can go there ask
For the books on demons (in a hush hush tone)
For you never know how many of the demons spies
Are in the books around

Do you not hear the books from the libraries calling you?
They want to be your friend,
Will you?

Soma Mukherjee

In The Sunset Sky

The sunset sky dazzling with the golden hues,
Taking bow in brilliant sparkle of experience
Is it not a climax, of the story so far, that was today?
Or is it building anticipation of the night yet to come.
Watch the days go, some proud of their accomplishments
Some leaving sighs of disappointments,
Leaving all in awe of its Amaranthine twists and turns
And the fortunate get to see the moon trying to steal the show from setting sun,
Oh she is such a show off, isn't she, basking in reflected glory
Its magical, the sunset sky, Puzzling, sometimes just like a riddle,
Leaving the nature stunned and amazed
For it has been filling the canvas whole day with colours
And now the sunset threatens to hide them all
And in dark all the colours will be same
A cue to be taken by the wise.
Sunset sky has so much to offer, is she not a fine example of how uncertain a life can
be
Often reminding no matter what you planned, there will be some unexpected returns
For End has its own brain, its own script
Charting its own course
So why just the beginning, every moment of the life be grand, meted with equal
passion and fervor
She has been so clever; the sunset sky
Leaving Twinkling cryptic messages for the night sky
For even the dark has sparkle and hope if you keep your head up,
A constant reminder that exuberance is an attitude of deep, rich, warm hearts
I want my sunset sky to be grand, magical, and full of stories of my life that has been
And its memories to linger on in this world, in the tomorrow and a few more years to
come

Soma Mukherjee

In This And That Of Life

In the happy and sad of life
Ask for peace
In the thick and thin of life
Stick to your roots
In the length and breadth of life
Never leave grace
In the black and white of life
Be a warm cheerful shade
In the hard and soft of life
Know the when
In the lines and circles of life
Don't lose focus
In the near and far of life
Keep in touch
In the flat and heels of life
Be light on your feet
In the light and heavy of life
Guard your spine
In the hot and cold of life
Calm your nerves
In the sweet and sour of life
Explore
In traditional and modern of life
Be original
In the cocktails and mocktails of life
Don't pet carbs
In the silk and cotton of life
Please your skin
In the mornings and evenings of life
Never skip breakfast
In the love and betrayals of life
Chose health
In the fast and slow of life
Patience dear
In the wide and narrow of life
Be cautious
In the vacations and jobs of life
Enjoy both
In the tranquil and chaos of life
Meditate
In the hearts and minds of life
Pamper your soul
In the darkness and brightness of your life
Don't get lost in either

Soma Mukherjee

It's not your time to go

I got up in the morning oh what a gloomy day
Nothing to look forward to, just more bad news pouring my way
Yesterday I was officially declared bankrupt
With no money, future looking bleak, don't be surprised if my talk seems a little abrupt
People are calling trying to reach me, most to vent their anger and some to give me hope
Lot of pent up frustrations, this feeling of absolute failure, how will I cope?
I want to end my life.....
(No wait I won't end my life, not like this, not without giving a fight and make sure there was never any hope
If there was my loved one in my place would I have taken a step back and let him lose this battle and reach for the fire, track or rope?
No I would have helped him; given him hope, told him to pick up whatever is left start fresh
Told him in spite all the humiliations and taunts that promising tomorrow will come and not to give up on something so precious
Asked him what he would like to be remembered as –a man who gave up too soon
Or someone who bounced back every time life threw him down, for he was a fighter not a loon)

I had the worst possible night of my life; I was coming back from a club
Some perverts attacked me and robbed me of everything and let me to die in a dense shrub
Some people took me to the hospital
Where I was told how lucky I was, to not have injuries too fatal,
The police asked me to describe in detail the entire ordeal
While my body will recuperate, my soul will never get over this; don't think it will ever heal
Some people are enraged over what happened to me, some are trying to give me hope
But I just want to be alone, can't bear this crowd, If only I could elope
I want to end my life.....
(No wait I won't end my life, not like this, not without giving a fight and make sure there was never any hope
If there was my loved one in my place would I have taken a step back and let her lose this battle and reach for the fire, track or rope?
No I would have helped her; given her hope told her to start fresh
Told her that what the perverts did was to rob her of material beings and hurt her flesh
And for that pain and hurt she will have to stand up against them and speak out
But if she chooses to end her life today she will be the one to let down and leave her soul in a spiritual drought
I would have reminded her of all her dreams, aspirations and goals and the fights so far
There was no way one bad incident was going to ruin her promising life and leave a permanent scar)

I am waiting for the news eagerly; my exams results are going to be out
I have not done so well, and I don't think I will flunk but I do have my doubts
Please god let me be the first one to see my results before anyone else can
I don't want to be scolded or chided in front of the entire clan
Oh no, I don't like the look on my father's face I think I have failed, again

I will be scolded, mocked, ridiculed, oh god spare me the pain
No one ever understood me; my problems were never of their concern
All their wishes were to be my command with no respect to what I wanted to learn
I want to end my life.....
(No wait I won't end my life, not like this, not without giving a fight and make sure
there was never any hope
If there was my loved one in my place would I have taken a step back and let him lose
this battle and reach for the fire, track or rope?
No if it had been my younger brother or sister I would have told them to try again
And this time to fight with all they had, focus on their goals and not bother about the
inane
And if they wanted to be taken seriously I would tell them to prove themselves with
their hard work and abilities
If they were feeling ignored or not being listened to, I would suggest they speak out
and learn to share responsibilities)

As long as there is life there will be thorns and roses,
You may Rise and fall, have profits and loses
What you do with your life will always be in your hand
One life so precious, learn, absorb all that you can and let your skill expand
So what if there were hardships, so what if you met too many obstacles?
Yes you have been hurt and cheated but don't let it touch your spirit don't let them be
your shackles.
Every time you have been wronged, every time someone violates your rights
That is when you need to pull yourself, be just and brace you self for the fights
Every time you have failed to achieve what you set out to, or caused a huge loss
Remember you are not the only one hurt, pick up and start and work for the cause

**STAND UP, SPEAK OUT, FIGHT WITH ALL YOU HAVE, HANG ON AND BE BRAVE
GET ALL THE HELP YOU CAN, WORK HARD AND START A NEW INSPIRING WAVE**

Soma Mukherjee

League of Extraordinary Humans

Dear Mom and Dad,
As I started writing this letter
All the beautiful memories started rushing back
How beautiful and magical my childhood has been
Those picnics in forests, the festivals, the summer vacations
Mom's story telling sessions, our morning walks
Summer specials she used to make for us

In my mom I saw
Depth of ocean
Sweetness of honey
Freshness of spring
Cool Comforting shade in hot scorching summer
Laughter of child
Wisdom of sages
Peace of dove
Calmness of pink
Patience personified
As protective as a mamma bear
As loving and selfless and nature
Thanks MOM for showing me how,
For you taught me greatness of a person was not in his degrees
Or pedigrees but what they did with it the rest of their life
You taught me the power of humility,
To be Thankful to those who showered me with their friendships
You showed me how blessed we all were in all the things we had small or big

In my dad I saw,
Strength of a mountain,
Power of sun
Happiness of spring
Warmth of early summer
Majesty of ocean
Generosity of nature
Comfort of warm blanket in winter
Wisdom of ages
Vibrancy of rainbow
Vision of eagle
Eloquence of Einstein
Comic timing of Charlie Chaplin
Wit and humour of Oscar Wilde
Thank you DAD, for showing me how....
And If I can be even half of what you are and have been,
I will consider myself lucky
You taught me the importance of every word I said
For a wrong or hurtful word, you said, did more harm than a sword ever could
Warm comforting words straight out of heart were all that people needed most of the
times you said

Both of you taught me every one was born special,
Treated the same by nature, in rewards or in catastrophe
And that life is same for everyone,

But those who get up and work hard can make it extra ordinary

Trying to be in your league, mom and dad
THE LEAGUE OF EXTRAORDINARY HUMANS...
Love you.....

Soma Mukherjee

Merciless mirror

I hate my mirror; it shows me ugly things, which I dread
Reflections of ghosts, vampires, ghouls and of the living dead
Yes it does, every time I look in the mirror it hurts my soul
For it invariably, fearlessly shows me reflection of all my fouls

Some days it just a ghost that I see
A person refusing to move on, that's me
Crying, cribbing but not let go of the past
Hurting but still enjoying it like an enthusiast
Holding on to the grudges, let them re run
Ignoring the pleas and cries of the near ones
Killing their love, chopping all ties like a butcher
Living in the past dead to the present and the future
Yes I am that ghost

Some days it's just a vampire I see
A person living on others like a parasite, that's me
Cheating and swindling which is today quite rife
Using others till I have sucked every dropp of their life
Cries and pleas of others can't reach me
I stay away from light as it can reform the leech in me
Fear me, curse me, loathe or ire
I will keep biting and sucking life to build my empire
Yes I am that vampire

Some days it's just a ghoul I see
Feeding on others miseries, yes that's me
Have robbed people, even the dead haven't been spared
Looted hotels, shops, homes, left people scarred and scared
Stolen identities, hacked systems, left people in despair
I am here to earn too, so what if I don't play fair
The way I see it it's just threshing a grain
The weaker being eaten up by the stronger, isn't it the food chain
Yes I am that ghoul

And then some days it's just a living dead I see
If breathing, eating and moving is being alive then yes that's me
I chose to ignore all the cries of help
I see all the mistreats and do not yelp
There is no way you can get me involved in others mess
That's the work of the help groups, government and the press
I keep my senses, mind, and heart close to all that is wrong or unfair
I have my own set of problems why then should I listen to yours or care
Yes I am that living dead

I have to stop looking in the mirror and listen to my soul
It will only curse me, show the real me, more I scroll.
I have survived so far living this way, haven't I?
Then why take the pain to get up, wake up and open my eye.

Soma Mukherjee

Milestone and a Mountain rock

Once a milestone met a mountain rock on a social networking site
We have so much in common thought the milestone and sent the rock an invite

The mountain rock was shocked and disgusted at the very thought
That a low class milestone could even think they were same left him quite distraught

Any other day he would not had replied or even considered the request
But he had a plan, to teach the likes of milestone their place in society and teach a lesson to these pests

So he sent milestone a message and asked why he wanted to be a mountain rocks friend
What he saw was common between the two and where the milestone thought their interests or thoughts will blend

Milestone sensed a little anger in the tone but he replied back giving it another try
He told the rock his intentions were honourable and assured him he was not an opportunist small fry

Milestone wrote how excited he was to meet someone who was from the same family of rocky mountain
And that they were both on either side on the same highway and he was the one near the huge fountain

He reminded rock of the incidences that they both have witnessed in the past
And of the rains, summers and winters that served them both the same despite they been living in contrast

He said he knew he will never be able to find place in the big mountain which is rocks home
But despite all the differences he could not resist sending invite to someone with whom he shared the same biome

Rock was eagerly waiting for the reply; he read the letter and groaned
He started drafting a befitting reply to be given to milestone

So the rock replied agreed we both live in the same locality but does that mean I have to pals with everyone who does
We look at the same high way but while you only get to see the wheels and legs and I the better view of all the buzz

I am at such a height that I get to see the world from a far better perspective and feel the fresh air like you never will
I have thousands of admirers all eager to climb me and see the world from my eyes, standing on the hill

Sun kisses me first every morning and glorifies my being
Stories and songs are written on my heights and I am quite a popular for sight seeing

I pity you and your tribe living in all dust and grime, and neglect
You have been helping giving direction to people for so long but it is me who has earned all their respect

Of course you will want to be my friend and try and get a taste of my privileged life style
You know nothing about our life but still want to be friends with which just makes me riled

Even if we do become friend it will always be beneficial to only you
While I will never have anything to gain from you, you will get more than your share of due.

Milestone read the message and took back his request from the rock
He could never be friends with anyone who would always look down upon him and mock

Milestone was hurt a bit but he had seen far worse to be sad or annoyed
He just sent a message one last time to the rock making it clear when it came to voicing opinion he was anything but coy

You are arrogant no doubt, and I won't say you are all wrong.
May be till now people you met, wanted to be your friends, cos you are famous, rich and strong.

But isn't it callous and foolish to let past rule you and how you take calls
You are so intoxicated by your riches that you didn't even bother to find about me at all

For a rock with a better view your views sure seem narrow and constricted
I hope you play well in future considering your past or arrogance has your moves so restricted

May be I could have contributed to your life or bring some positivity, may be not
But all you saw in that offer was the losses and gains and your possible shots

While there will never be dearth of good souls there will also be people who will try and put one down
But if one is sincere in work and takes pride in whatever they do, no one can belittle their crown

I sent you an invite and you rejected, let us just leave it at that
I really wanted to be your friend so I will not drag it anymore or indulge in ugly spat

Take care rock, harsh weathers are ahead may god bless us both and save us from natures wrath
And since you will be facing the harsh storm more up there I hope you have enough warmth and strength to survive that

Needless to say, they never exchanged any mail again
I may be wrong but I am happy for both cos whenever there is doubt and lack of trust in any relationship I don't think either side gains

I don't know if they had become friends' how far it would have gone or whose loss or gain it would have been

But before you accept someone in your life or send an invite, it's better to check whether or not they are worth it or else you may end up feeling chagrin.

Soma Mukherjee

More Exams Please

I am super crazy about the school exams
For I think they don't let my grey cells jam
And what makes me sad is that they are few and far
The new board rule of a few exams is so bizarre
Everything we do should be evaluated and tested
If fact there should be a test on sleeping too
So that I enjoy the task and don't feel depreciated
What fun tests are, all the weekly, monthly, bi yearly, yearly and of course the surprise tests!
My life is full of tests in the school, in the tuition cases, and the tests in judo and guitar classes just adds to the fests.
What more can a child ask for but, evaluated every second of their life for everything they do
Hey how about exam on breathing, eating and even smiling
Can't wait can you?
And since we are on the topic of education can someone increase the load of homework too?

Soma Mukherjee

Mr. Page

I now present to you the talk of the town Mr. Page
He looks are deceptive, please don't be fooled by his age
He lives alone in a house near to his office in front of a park
He has far too many enemies for he is a loan shark

Before I tell you more let me put a disclaimer
Now days anyone can sue you, even a lamer
So if there is any resemblance with anyone dead or alive
Its a mere coincidence, have checked all archive

Mr. Page as you read this, is now in a court
Facing a trial bravely and holding on to his fort
Lawyer asked him if he would promise not to lie
Mr. page told, truth it shall be, till he would die

Not only was he a loan shark whose guts every one hated
He spoke in rhymes, even when he debated
All he did was to threaten people all the time
He made them sound ridiculous adding punches and rhymes

When the lawyer asked, 'Mr. page can you show us how you rhyme.'
He replied, ' no sir this is neither the place nor the time.'
'Besides I am not carrying any dictionary or copy of rhymezone'
'Watch what you say Mr. page' said the lawyer, 'I dont like your tone'.

'Order order', said the judge, 'I dont want any rhyming in my court.'
'I can see my lawyers have started rhyming too', he added with a snort
'Do you see Mr. page what a bad precedence you have set?'
'why my lord how could I corrupt the court, ' said Mr. page, ' we have just met'

'There you go rhyming again even when I told not to'
'Sir why are you so againt rhyming I have absolutely no clue'
'Mr. page please stop..'
'Sorry sir I will try to drop.'
'Mr page I warn you.'
'I am trying, I am trying, it's very hard! phew'
'A phew! ! did you have to add that'
'Sir please its all part of a chat'
'Mr page you are not helping'
'Please my lord stop yelping'
'What! how dare you! handcuff him and put him in jail,
No books, No net, No friends and No bail.'

So you see this how Mr Page landed up in prison
And for what, rhyming, which was certainly no treason
funny laws, funny punishments, this certainly was a funny case
But the people were happy as long as they didnt see Mr Page's face.

Soma Mukherjee

Murder in the Valley

There has been a murder in the valley, in a hotel next to the gym on the 12th alley.

But the people are super excited, for one, something happened in their otherwise boring little place, plus who wouldn't like to see some live action, hunt and chase.

As for the police, they have promised a fast action and not let the case go cold, a stance which has been applauded by one and all who had never seen them so brave and bold.

A budding actor, a builder, a small restaurant owner and all those who thought a little exposure could do wonder, their time has come and they can shine if they tread cautiously and don't blunder.

In a bid to appear generous, the mayor offered money and house to the family members of the deceased and for that he has been praised, but that no one has come forward so far to claim it has caused a lot of confusion and a lot of eyebrows raised.

(Some important questions- where is the body, where are the family members of the deceased? And who is this Jon doe and why has his profile not been released?)
The media has arrived and now will begin the real show, let's see how the interviews and investigations go.

Reporter 1: As you can see we have arrived in this small valley where the high profile murder has been committed.
We will be providing a live coverage, asking all the right questions and see to it that nothing gets omitted.

Reporter 2: Good evening everyone, we are here standing inside the hotel where the unfortunate incident took place,
Any time now the press conference will start and the police will update us with the new developments in the case.

Reporter 1: Hello sir, please tell our viewers what you do and what you know about this case?

Man: Well I am a model and an actor, surely you recognise my face!

Reporter 1: Sorry to interfere but let's please focus on the murder.

Man: Yes sure, I knew the deceased very well and was close to him and the way he was killed just makes me shudder.

Reporter 1: Really! How was he killed?

Man: I wish I could tell you more, but the case is under investigation so will just tell you, it had been done by someone very skilled.

Reporter 1: The breaking news, someone very skilled has murdered a man brutally.
And now we will talk to a man in the CSI team and try and understand the case forensically.

Reporter 1: Yes sir where do you work and what information can you give at this point.
CSI Man: Well I work part time with the police here and do forensics related job and all we can tell at this point, looking at the foot prints found, is that someone in that room had a problem in his left foot joint.

Reporter 1: The breaking news, we just got the information which takes us closer to

the killer,

We now have a skilled maniac with what looks like a limp in his left foot in this thriller.

Reporter 1: Let's now interview the chamber maid of the hotel who was apparently the first one on the crime scene.

Miss Urmakup Izmine, we already know what you told the police, but can you tell us a bit more about what you have seen?

Miss Izmine: Well what can I say; it was just another day when I started, But when no one opened the room, even after several knocks I force opened the room of the departed.

Oh what a horrible scene, have never seen anything like that in my entire career, All I can reveal is there was a lot of blood, half eaten burgers, French fries and lot of empty cans of beer.

Reporter 1: The breaking news, you all will be shocked with the information we have here,

The killer was skilled, limping in his left foot and big fan of burgers, fries and beer.

Reporter 1: We now have the bellboy, Mr Gimme Tip; yes tell us what happened that night?

Mr Tip: I wish I could tell you madam but there were these kids in the lobby who caused a lot of commotion and a fight.

Reporter 1: The breaking news, there was a huge commotion the same night caused by some kids who fought like hell, and whether this fight led to the murder or not only time will tell.

Reporter 1: We now have with us Mr Crackinwall Glu

He is a builder and says he has some valuable piece of information too!

Mr Glu: Yes I have this building, unoccupied and ready to move in, right in front of the hotel, with a small road in between,

And had people listened to me and been living in that building they would have got unrestricted view of the valley and of the crime scene.

Reporter 1: (puzzled)

Let's now move on to the next person who owns a restaurant in the outskirts of the valley, yes sir you wanted to say something,

Owner of the restaurant: Why yes Mam, this restaurant was built by my grandfather, we serve almost everything and the view from there is very soul soothing

Reporter 1: (another silent/puzzled moment)

Ok there is this lady, who for last hour or so has been screaming for some attention

Lady: Yes, I am a school teacher and want to report about some mischievous kids who have run away to avoid punishment and detention.

Reporter 1: Mam you do understand this has nothing to do with the case?

Lady: I don't know that, I just want the kids back to their base.

Reporter 1: (sighs) I think people here have nothing more to contribute

Let's go to Reporter 2 and find out about the press conference and if the police and the forensics have solved the case or got someone to impute

Reporter 2: Yes the conference is over and I suggest we better pack our bags and

leave!

Reporter 1: why what happened? And why do you sound so peeved!

Reporter 2: listen we are already on our way to get you, it's a long journey back and we will get enough time to catch up,
All that I can say for now it's a silly case involving some kids on run, a hotel room, burger, fries, beer and lots of ketchup.

(Think you pretty much got the gist and what must have happened, quite disappointing isn't it with so much drama and no one dead!

The builder sold his one and only property at a cheap price.

The budding actor who had claimed to have known the 'deceased' was butt of all jokes for a very long time, but got offers in many reality TV shows.

The restaurant and the hotel did get some visitors curious to know more about the case.

As for the reporters they claimed they knew everything from the beginning and all this was aired just for fun!

The kids returned and their parents apologised to the people and paid the hotel for all the damage their kids had caused,

And Oh yes the forensics' guy was right, one of the kids was limping in his left foot, got hurt when he was in the hotel and got involved in the fight)

Soma Mukherjee

Oh! Winter

Oh! winter I request thee please come back
To err is human cut me some slack
For what happened between us started as a lover's spat
And I was more than willing to work on that.
Then you became too cold and I almost froze
I needed warmth hence spring I chose.

Spring and me was this one time thing
It meant nothing, it was a stupid little fling
I was thinking about you the whole time I swear
Your absence is killing me, the grief is too much to bear.

You were fantastic, marvelous and cool
Still I went for spring I was a fool
It lured me with its flowery tranquil gait
But now I know its tricks, albeit a bit too late.

Spring left me high and dry to sulk in this summer
Its horrible and sweaty and life is a bummer
My world is barren no poetry or prose in soul
Angels left with spring and the devil summer is taking its toll

Soma Mukherjee

On a Killing Spree

The cockroaches, spiders, mosquitoes, flies and ants,
Monsters! there is very little that they can't.
I have seen them in the kitchen, toilet, bedroom and hall,
Strolling, dancing, trecking on the floor and the wall.

They dont seem to be ever ashamed of their deeds,
Have warned and threatened but they dont seem to pay any heed.
Finally I gave up and called in pest control,
Killing these dare devils seemed to be their goal.

So when I go to the toilet tonight, won't be welcomed by any of these on the seat,
No self invited bugs in the kitchen, no, not even those who put up with the heat.

For once I will put my feet up and soak up the sun,
Lets these men in jumpers take over and see the fun.
Ah bliss, oh the weather, see that tiny little hole,
Nope, no surprises going to come out to torture my soul.

I am ruthless today, playing terminator to the hilt,
Am determined to get rid of these crawlers, who have no guilt.
For years they have invaded and rampaged my house like goons,
Finally their time is up, whether they shout or croon.

This will be a massacre not a small kill,
And for this I will gladly pay the bill.

Soma Mukherjee

One Cuppa Life

As I take a sip of the fresh brew
Its aroma hits my senses
What is it about a hot cuppa?
That relaxes you and shakes your grey cells,
Both at the same time
And I look at the warmth of the cup and wonder
This tea certainly has a strong character
And a sweet soul
Will I be able to do justice to it?
Will I be able to utilize its strength to the fullest?
Will its sweetness keep my bitter memories at bay?
Have I been fair to it so far?
What if in the last few sips it loses its taste,
Becomes bland and cold?
Will it be the teas fault or mine?
For I let it sit idle, same age old mistake of not jiving with time
There were other invites, full of warmth and promises
And I chose this one
It demands certain pace and respect for the all things hot
When I finish, will the cup be clean and empty, may be a small dropp left
Or will the cream of what I could have had be in the cup still?

Soma Mukherjee

Still Alive

A river
a beautiful mirror
once a free spirited clear sparkle
now a stagnant green and blue
gullible and naive she was
smiling warmth back at every leer
and sheltering all
the odds and evens
abused and left
look at her lust for life
for she still hopes for some
footsteps of love and care
to kiss life in her
and resurrect her dreams
the torn body still with
a soul alive
oh how hard she tried
to keep her wounds hidden
from the smirking eyes
but sometimes even the pride refuses
to hide the pain any more
and the breeze
she never makes any promises
she can't be customised
spreads tranquility and stench with equal
fervor
some old 'loyal' followers
still talk about her
often reminiscing the beauty she was
but then there are the things as should and could
often overpowering the done
hope the sun shines before
she closes her eyes

Soma Mukherjee

Tale of Two Towns

This is a story of a girl named Gossip and the boy named Spy.
They both lived in a small town named Me and I.

Gossip was all about going out and having fun,
All she did was making people victim of her malicious pun.

And then our little angel named Spy who was used to having blast,
He too had fun scaring people by digging out and exposing their past.

People of both towns were so sick and tired of them,
But were scared of the parents who were bullies and thought their kids were gem.

One day both the towns decided they have tolerated the nuisance enough,
For both Gossip and Spy had created a lot of heartburn and cough.

Gossip had pulled leg of a loner and teased a young girl entire day,
It was time people stood up for themselves and made her pay.

Spy was not to be left behind and this time his victim was the mayor,
And people were sure no one could save him, no not even his parent's prayer.

So both the towns decided to have a joint trial in the town hall,
A fair hearing to all the affected parties and then take the call.

Just when it looked like both the kids have been well trapped,
Spy said I want to say something before you decide and have the case wrapped.

Tell me why are you people so angry with us?
It is fun when victim are others but when it's you, it's a cuss.

If none of the esteemed panel and others enjoyed what we did,
Why did they then enjoy when we brought out what others hid.

Every person I know likes to hear what others secrets are,
Why did the same people who are complaining today let us go this far?

Follow what you preach is all I have to say,
For we will follow you by what you do, more than ayes and nay.

Every adult in the town hall that day was ashamed and took an oath,
That they will behave and lead with example and let go Gossip and Spy both.

Oh! before I forget, the towns were renamed Spring and Dew,
And the kids, oh they loved their new names, Pink and Blue.

Soma Mukherjee

the burden of being a bridal gown

Once a bridal gown met a suit to be worn by dead man,
No one knows how they ended up in the same van.

Did someone set them up or was it a part of higher purpose or plan?
And people agreed because these two had to travel together only for a short span.

Anyways, so the bridal gown was obviously shocked and traumatised and feeling kind
of sick looking at the suit,

The suit however had no such problems as he knew his journey would end with the
wearer, so why sweat or fret? How astute!

To overcome the uneasiness the bridal gown thought of making fun and mocking the
suit as her wearer would have done had she been in this situation.
She taunted the suit for trying to fake calmness, laughed at such a short life for he was
going to be buried as soon as he was born, and that he and his kinds were cursed to
eternal damnation.

The suit initially seemed amused by all that the bridal gown was saying and refused to
take the bait,
He knew there was going to be no outcome if ever they engage in a debate.

But at some point I guess, he just got bored and decided that he has had enough,
The bridal gown was now irritating with baseless talking and prodding and now the
journey was becoming torturous and tough.

So he said very calmly, "Dear I feel sorry for you, a long lonely life with very little to do
in future, which you must be aware of or so I hope,
May I ask if you have all the support you need or else how will you manage and cope?

You are going to have a tough day today saving yourself from all the wine, grease and
food stains

You have to, or else won't be forgiven by people who made and wore you, taking so
much trouble and pains.

Once you have been worn today, you will be packed and kept in a trunk or a chest,
And the next time you will be out will be when your owner's daughter or someone that
close decides to wear you, that too if you are still in your best.

And god forbid if during this time fashion changes drastically and you can't be altered
and worn,
Or maybe the tradition of wearing bridal gowns is completely out and gone!

Plus have you ever thought what if you were not kept properly after you have been
used,
With All the oil, air and insect attack, you will end up shredded and abused.

Pardon me if I had been too calm or looking a bit recluse,
But it was because I knew, I am going where I came from, soil will always be my last
refuge.

I don't know if I had a long life how I would have spent it,
But I know my life is short and the choices are, enjoy every moment or crib and resent it.

Yes you will have a long life and I, a very short one, but how will it help if in this big life, all you do is wait for it to end!
Short or big life, wouldn't it be better if we all do the maximum we can and cherish all the god send? "

The bridal gown really hadn't expected the funeral suit to reply back and he just confirmed her worst fears,
She sat stunned and shocked for the rest of the journey, and tried to quell her tears.

I wish I had something more to tell but their journey together had come to an end,
The bridal gown was received with a lot of relief and cheer and in the next stop the suit had a funeral to attend.

Soma Mukherjee

The Net Angels

Yes, there are angels in the net,
I can prove it and I am ready to bet.

They send me mails every day offering me money,
From Nigeria to London, all set to make my days sunny.

All they want from me is to open an account and deposit few thousand bucks,
And all this at an assurance, that I will have millions in my hands, what a luck!

People jealous of me say, whole thing is a lie and a scam,
And that I should mark them and put them in a spam.

There is no way I am going to pay heed and put these offers in trash,
Am not going to ignore, in the fear that my computer can be hacked or it will crash.

Why will Mrs Langers, whose dying husband left me a lot of money, lie?
And the Sheikh! , who sees a lot of potential in me, is all from Dubai.

An online lottery just declared I won millions without buying the ticket,
I deserve all the money of his kingdom, says Mr.Fickett.

This is it I will deposit all the money I have in their account right now,
And since I will be very rich, so I am naming this, as Project Cash Cow.

Soma Mukherjee

The Ravaged Canvases

Indifferent, Intolerant, greedy humans,
Suffocating this beautiful world
She has been abused for so long
Crying rivers, moaning forests,
Drooping shoulders of mountains
Do you not hear their silent screams, they are deafening
Days and nights filled with pain and agony
Animals caged, hunted, decorated on wall
Is that what you do to everything you love?
The swirls of butterflies, the hymns of nature
Almost gone, it is a world haunted by their existence that was
Global warming, tsunamis, earthquakes
Are you not scared of the nature's wrath?
She wants to feel safe again
Refuge from this long ongoing slaughter
She has been leaving cues and requests
For the wise to see and act
She misses the joys of rain; she wants her spring back,
And she wants Inspiration, love and humour
Humility, harmony, playgrounds
She wants the chirping of birds
And the chase and play of wildlife in their
Homes, the forests....
She wants some free verses and rhymes in her rivers and streams
She wants Proses and poetries to heal the cracks on earth
Some tall tales and lots of songs on the trees
She wants someone to fill their ravaged canvases with beautiful greens
She needs us,
You and me in unison with Nature

Soma Mukherjee

The Reaper Is Out Of Coverage Area

This is a stolen transcript of a conversation,
That took place between Grim reaper and Mr.Objection.

Ever since Mr. Objection had returned from the very door of death,
Every one had been speculating and curious about how he got back his breath.

So here is what actually conspired between the two,
And it was way more than anything Reaper ever had to chew.

Reaper came and told Mr. objection, 'come on bro its time to go.'
Mr.objection true to his name objected to the timing and him being called a bro.

Reaper was not surprised at Mr. Objections efforts to stall his death
Oh humans and their tricks some have even tried to get Reaper on high dose of meth

So Reaper said, 'ok what ever your name, its time lets move.'
Mr. objection was now furious, 'you mannerless strange guy, your ways, I completely disapprove.'

'Ok', said Reaper, 'Mr. Ob...jec..tion, wow what a name, come man I have five more people to take.'
'Ya fine now', said Mr Objection, 'but give me a few minutes to say goodbye for the creators sake.'

'Listen pal', said the Reaper, 'I mean Mr. objection, first you tell me who gave you this name? '
Mr.Objection smiled for he now knew how to win this game.

Said Mr.Objection, 'Why I am present in every country of this sphere
Leaders of this world call us when they need to object and sneer

Reaper could'nt help but ask the entire how's and when's and what's for objections.
'Wow', said Mr. Objection, ' for a man in so much hurry you sure do have a lot of questions!

Reaper was way too curious to even bother about time or place or pending work.
Mr.Objection too was in no hurry to die, so he began describing his job with a smirk.

'Well we are a strong community of millions who are devoted to the cause,
Objecting for religious and political gains and if necessary breaking laws.

Our job is to keep the caste and class divide intact plus the woman to be subdued,
We are aggressive, violent people, comes with the job, we have to be crass and rude.'

Reaper was stunned, for once he didnt know what to say,
he had no idea there were so many 'dedicated' people in this dirty power play.

'Can you elaborate? ', was the only thing Reaper could utter.
No wonder he thought the world was so messy and every where he looked was huge clutter.

Mr.Objection explained, 'whenever the people try to fight or stand up for their rights

We create dictractions in name of religion or honour and cause huge fights.'

'Its very easy and effective way to stop any progress,
politicians and religious leaders are hand in gloves to create all the stress.

So we accuse or beat up people who go to other states for job hunt.
And young people trying to break the caste barrier always bear the brunt.

We object to women trying to break the shackles that have been there for ages,
Nothing is worse then women power and we like them behind the cages.'

The reaper fled the scene as fast as he could, stating the planet was full of trash.
Humans were viruses, he declared, who could cause hell and heaven to crash.

From then till now no one has died of old age or any natural causes,
every thing is man made now, all the death, destructions and losses.

Soma Mukherjee

Two of Each

A soap for my body and a soap for my soul
to cleanse me of every dirt when mere survival takes its toll

A song for my lips and a song for my soul
to keep the eternal hymn alive when most humans live like dholes

A smile for my eyes and a smile for my soul
to make the warmth feel welcomed and let it moist the kohl

A fire in my heart and a fire in my soul
to strive for more to fight for right and have hope in a black hole

A battle in my brain and a battle in my soul
to keep the gray cells tickled and protect them like a mole

A hunger in my belly and a hunger in my soul
to want more to, give more and warm up everything like a soup bowl

A sprint in my legs and a sprint in my soul
to keep the blood warm and running like a foal

A spring in my spirit and a spring in my soul
to cherish the wonders of life and it's heavenly strolls

Soma Mukherjee

Urban Birds

On the concrete trees,
Blessed are the free
 Painful it must be for the avian souls
 When the breeze is caged
 And its screams go unheard
 When the sunset howls
 For the blue dreams blurred
When the greens are slaughtered
And their sweet songs interred.

Soma Mukherjee