

Poetry Series

Suvasree Basu

- poems -

Publication Date:

November 2009

Publisher:

PoemHunter.Com - The World's Poetry Archive

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Suvasree Basu

A software engineer with a thing for words..

Nameless

Soundless in desperation are the voices of fury,
Absent in the carefree betrayal of friendship,
Unheeded by the frivolous crowd,
I sit and write the story of my grief.

The days move on, like rows of ants upon a white paper,
Leaving footprints on the blank canvas of my youth,
A leaf i am, torn from a book called life,
Lost in the wilderness of earth.

Suvasree Basu

Once More..

One last hope, let me keep,
To hold you close, once more,
One last smile on your lips,
Sing one last song for you.

One last time, let me feel,
One look at your dreamy eyes,
One kiss, one smile, one moment,
Of us holding hands.

One last poem, let me write,
One last farewell to you,
One last chance, let me have,
To say how much I love you.

One last chance, is what I ask,
One more night, let me dream,
One time, just one more time,
To love and lose, once more.

Suvasree Basu

Set your Heart Free

Let the blue skies color your mind,
Let the mellow trees lift your mood,
Let the spirit of life nourish you,
Go, set your soul free.

Let the gurgling waters cleanse your mind,
Let the winter breeze warm your heart,
Let the songs of spring make you smile,
Go, set your mind free.

Let the morning sun melt your heart,
Let the wintry sky freeze your pain,
Let the happiest songs clear your smile,
Go, set your thoughts free.

Let the sunny smile adorn your lips,
Let the twinkling stars smile at you,
Let the miracle of love cleanse all hurt,
Go, set your heart free.

Suvasree Basu

Similar Lines

I've been writing about similar things,
Similar minds, similar faces,
Similar tastes, similar thoughts,
Similar in the way they make me feel.

I've been moaning all through these pages,
Ruing the loss of countless loves,
Similar tears, similar sorrows,
Similar in what they used to be.

I've been trying to figure out,
If I'm addicted to sorrow or if sorrow's in love with me,
Similar loves, similar betrayals,
Similar endings to fruitless exertions.

I've been missing out on being happy,
Being free of the shackles in my life,
Similar faiths, similar superstitions,
Similar frustrations in a lackluster life.

I've been forever trying to figure out,
What my sabbatical from happiness means,
Similar clouds, similar linings,
Similar blessings counted from a familiar life.

Suvasree Basu

Still a Man

A small little flame of hope still alive,
A shared joke - ah, so he still can smile,
A wisp of tenderness framing an iron heart,
Not a robot yet, still a man.

A flicker of amusement in those tired eyes,
An honest pause - is what I'm doing right,
An involuntary prayer, a silent thanksgiving,
Not a robot yet, still a man.

A chance moment of togetherness,
An unexplained tug - the heart's still alive,
An unsolicited act of kindness,
Not a robot yet, still a man.

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