Poetry Series

Piew Dutta - poems -

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Piew Dutta(31/05/1992)

I want to be a poet

Alas Love

Alas love!

You are gone

You are gone into oblivion

Till the last hour of the dooms day's night

You are gone along with the tree

Planted once by the river of my soul.

Love of a child

As foolish as a dog.

By Jove love was an elysian craddle

With thorny roses nomore

As if every nook and cranny of my life was bristled with

Scorpion's baneful tail.

I cnt tell when the alp of our dreamland craved the path towards hell.

Romance has been burned down and covers the sky

With ashes of hatred.

It makes me feel so ashamed to live a life of a lovelorn damsel.

To befool the inner soul

With the vow of a virgin maiden.

A lover of only yours, my minstrel.

So it wd be undubiously better

If I let you be invisible in the air

As the last dark smoke of night vapours

Through the sunny misty layer.

Oh lord!

Notwithstanding I can see nothing.

Nothing anymore behind the closed eyes.

Nothing except the motionless black

As dead as the polar icy cliffs.

In the reign of those comatose nights.

Barren future is the only neonate.

I hve gained a lost myself

Who resembles the youngest me.

At the beckoning of the unknown.

I set out to lose myself

Ignoring the crying of the bambino imprisoned within my soul.

So many days I havent looked at my mother's face
With the ardor of her angelface
So many nights I kept trembling of being alone
Forgetting my mother's breast.
Yet at last my drowsy soul has learned to love herself
In a much better way.
I dnt lie.
I really feel free as the morning solitary quial
Flying in the mackeral sky.

So it wd be undubiously better
If I let you be invisible in the air
As the last dark smoke of night vpours
Through the sunny misty layer.

Behind The Shadow

Yet the grasshoppers are predicted
To laugh at the burdened heart Of a cloud
When the other sky hopes to have dinner
With a deer and
A sleeping greyhound.

Evanescence

Sometimes reality leaves me as numb as a tree
Beckoning to me mother Nature embraces so deeply
Lying on her grassy lap I burst into tears swiftly
But today all of a sudden
Being startled I stare at the tree; behold
Palpitating shadows of fronds on leaves
Are floating as a bunch of fish
In a sunny lagoon.

As if the children celestial Playing with the drops of sun Wearing as diamond crowns And throwing in the air Being tired fall asleep On the greeny-brown leaves Wrapped in warmth On a wintry noon.

But tricky naughty rolling clouds
Made them prisoner all at once
Although made them evanescent
Not for much longer.
Having been conquered all of their strains
They appeared once again
Shining the heaven of the heart core
As long as sullen.

In every nook and corner of this earthly world Occure everywhile such mystical games.

Angels and demons prefer to be disguised And they wish to be looked as well So subtle and so plain.

In case of our lives we call this Fleeting joy and pain.

Inevitable?

Pebbles of the twiligh's fate
Are scattered everywhere around me
Where I found myself awake
By the ocean of winter.
I cannot separate the raven
From the sleep of the cloudy dawn
Before the bufferzone of life
Even the fire is nothing but a
Remote controlled toy
A mollusc is happier than a merchant
Still the shameless dream of the water
Is prying into my darkling heart
To fly.

Journey To Betterment

Landscape of the Monsoon dawn Through the windowpane Looks so calm and pensive And probably a bit panic stricken.

As if a callow oil painting
Is waiting for the next quirk
Being under the creative spell
The Almighty must destroy again his work.

Landscape of the Monsoon dawn
Burn out all your sorrow
You know you will find yourself anew
At dawn of a tomorrow.

As life beat me even sometimes
So much unreasonably
I also became as morose as you
I wished to get lost forever truly.

Then one day Nature awoke And told me life is a mystery. If I could rescue the secret key I would gain the complete me.

Landscape of the Monsoon dawn Like the cloud let your soul billow Let me wish you one day A really good morrow.

The Unconquerable Love

You sailed to the deepest core of my soul You opened every closed door of my mind With an angel's pride. Like a morning singing bird You awakened my somnolent heart By Cupid's dream, so bright!

How can I contrive to hide myself Behind an eerie veil? As isolated as the nymph Of the blue mountain Dwell throughout the spring Beneath a wintry spell.

My love!
You found the path
Towards the obscure valley of my heart
So easily!
Every dumb cell of my body
Achieved a language of love.

Whenever I endeavour to solve The mystery of your eyes, I can feel you breathe and rise Within my soul. I felt your love all of a sudden In a dreamy obsession.

What more to say?
As if I have been nurturing you
Within myself.
As if we are getting closer day by day
In the realm of an imaginative mind
Along with the fear of your going away.

My man! Why did you pick up the blossom? If you were not ready to love her a rissom. I cannot even live If you will not be mine.

As the blue of the sky has to die Except sunshine.

How many sleepless nights I have spent alone Dreaming about my beloved,
The dark nights told the glistening stars
The trees came to know
As the wind so much whispers
Clouds told the playing angels
But the lord remained silent.

Like the most common folk tale
If we could have stayed so well
As does a solitary quail.
I am still sitting on your vessel
Until the earth comes to an end
I might wait wait and wait again.

Three Women

If such were a night Lightning of lilies Would burn our enchanted flight.

If my embrace were so much warm Your wrath would burst into tears In a hidden mother's lap. And

If I were left with a heart Full of bees

Waterfall of ponnies whispering to the children Would bite the dog Sleeping by the ocean Of my womb.

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