

Poetry Series

SATYABRATA SAHOO
- poems -

Publication Date:
2008

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

SATYABRATA SAHOO(02.07.1985)

Cool

COOL!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Cool, don't be tensed friends be cool
Let your mind to have a bath in a swimming pool.
Let the climate be hot, let the disaster to come
But still you have to arrive at your destiny
So my friends don't get tensed be cool.

Let the trees to grow in desert
Let the moon to come during day time
Let the wind to penetrate through mountains
But anyway you have to get your aim.
So don't bother about these my friends be cool.

Let the strangers to come in your path
Let the rainbow to come during night.
But my friends don't get influenced by them.
Keep it in mind, hit the target, and ingest the barriers.
All in your hands, so don't be tensed be cool.
Don't be hurry, otherwise you will be the fool.

You have to take a victory on you.
You have to compress your fear-ness.
You have to chase your weakness.
So cool my dear cool.
Have a journey in Spool.

Written by:
SATYABRATA SAHOO

SATYABRATA SAHOO

Everyday

Every Day

Everyday I die to have a new life in the next morning.
Every time I compromise for not to compromise next time.

Every moment I scarify my feelings to have a good moment next time.
Every minute I am changing myself to have a usual minute next time.

Every next is giving welcome note to the upcoming next.
All the former next are waving goodbye note to the prior next.

Hoping the best.
Still am waiting for the same.

Thanks
Satya

SATYABRATA SAHOO

Looking Through The Loop Hole

LOOKING THROUHG THE LOOP HOLE

Twisting the common path see someone is trying
to target the central core to compel &

to diversify your usual destiny.

For internal, external or statutory audit

it's undertaking the detail scrutiny.

Can u act as an obstacle for it?

Can u act as a complement for it?

Surely u can't act like so, as his act is monopoly

It can modify your economy.

Fluctuating the demand & supply it's going on

No one is there to stop him.

Stop him before changing the infrastructure of others.

As It's trying to strengthen it's anatomy.

Every living & non living will be perished

After a specified period to represent there net worth.

It is totally different neither perishable nor depreciable

That's why it's financial health showing a steady growth.

Sometime it's acting like a broker.

Some time like a shareholder.

Sometime behaving like a trustee.

Sometime as a stranger.

It can act what ever may be the role.

It's staying in the hearts pinhole.

Hey, , , , , My Friends.....Can u tell me about whom I am talking?

Thanks:
Satyabrata Sahoo

SATYABRATA SAHOO

	measured		measured	Capital Acco
unt:			Fixed Assets:	
Personal strength	xxxxxx			confidence and morality
xxxxxx				
Net gain during the year	xxxxxx		xxxxxx	
Current Liabilities:				Current Assets:
Short term commitments				short term commitments
Given by you		xxxxxx		given by others
xxxxxx				
Other liabilities:				other assets:
Long term commitments				Long term commitments
Given by you		xxxxxx		given by others
xxxxxx				
Total		xxxxxx		
xxxxxx				

COOL.....

Written By:
 Satyabrata Sahoo
 SATYABRATA SAHOO

Have a nice day.....

SATYABRATA SAHOO

The Sound From Far End

THE SOUND FROM FAR END

Waving through the air some sounds
Are coming having different pitch.
Out of which one is touching my feelings firmly
Just like the sand & life in the beach.

Kissing the top the growing parts of the crop
It's coming to describe the end part of his life.

Who knows, what's the root cause?

Perhaps.....something secret part of his life
He might to say good bye.....to his wife.

I stepped forward

By the mean time sun was felling sleepy.
Bats & owls were preparing for the battle.
Dogs were trying to say something.
But as I was apprehensive to discover him, I move
Without having a full stop though all are putting so many commas.
By a shuttle I crossed the rest which was really interesting.

I saw in front of a cot, something was there like an inverted pot.
One bend stick was inclined by an angle 30degree
To support the cot or the pot I don't know.
I inspect carefully by setting my ears in all direction.
I saw dusts were rising up while the sound was coming from the pot.

I stepped forward towards the pot.
When I put my hand on its back it's turn his head.
I shocked as it was not a pot, but al old man
Trying to sit on the bed.

His eyes were looking for rest.
In depth of the ocean or far away from the stars which will be the best.

Perhaps his eyes were trying to say something.
But it's closed for ever without expressing anything.

Thanks:

SATYABRATA SAHOO

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