

Poetry Series

Susmita Dasgupta
- poems -

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Susmita Dasgupta(29 Nov 1973)

In a confused state of things that I was born, poems give me the tool to understand and explain myself to me. I wonder, and I wonder again at everything that goes on around us with or without touching us or shaking us to believe what is not. Tinted glass is part of living life, wearing it for a life time is a choice of individual. Disrupting the status quo could actually be the fight for existence.

I Am What I Am

I am what I am,
I am Me.

I am the Sun
I am the flower
I am the rainbow
I am its color

I am the bird
I am its wings
I am the monsoon
And the cuckoos in the spring

I am the mountain
I am the snow
I am the seeker
Who seeks no more

I am the desire
I am the lust
I am the saint
I have no past

I am all passion
I am the pain
I am the tear
That melts into the rain

I am the laughter
And I am the joy
I am all happiness
A child's broken piece of toy

I am the mother
I am the child
I am the creator
And I still destroyed

I am the universe

I am the earth
I am its life
I gave its birth

I am infinity
I am the nature
I am the God
And I took care

I am everything that you can
Touch, feel, smell or see
I am but nothing
Man, Woman, Child or HE
I am the dust and
I am the stars in the sky
I am the love
And I am the seasons passing by

I am what I want to be
I am Me
I am You
And I am all that could be.

Susmita Dasgupta

May Be Someday!

I begged, pleaded and cried
Wrenched my heart, emptied my soul
Put my fate in your hand.
And you walked away.

Centuries later when life had stopped for me
And I breathed to keep me alive
At the end of the world, on a deserted land
Did we see each other again?

'How are you?' you had asked.
Though I knew you did not want any answers.
You had stories to tell - of your adventures and lovely ladies.
And to show me your success and victories.

You told me about the misty mountains you had visited,
The lonely beaches and the busy markets,
The beautiful women you courted on the country-sides
And the brilliant dreams you wove for yourself.

I listened, mesmerised, to you.
The grandeur and the royalty of it, that you have.
Slowly tears rolled down my eyes
And a smile touched through my lips.

You looked at me suddenly and stopped for a moment.
'Is everything ok?' you asked looking concerned.
'Nothing. Am happy to see you again'. I said
'Thank God! It looked something had fallen into your eyes'

It was soon time to depart.
To say good bye and take our roads.
We bid farewell and shook our hands.
You promised we will meet again someday, soon.

Days have gone. Nights have stretched longer.
My soul once again stirred somehow.
Questions larking in the darkness of mind

'Was that he who I met? '

It cannot be you though. I know.
It must be a stranger.

Susmita Dasgupta

Restless Me

Restless I am
And that's what you have done to me
Since the time I looked through your eyes
And felt the weakness in my knees.

There was a little touch of our fingers
when our hands brushed by
a wave in my heart
and a drop of a sigh.

To see you I have to wait
The longest I ever did
days seem never to end
and night planting seed -
of my dreams in the future
that lies in your hand
I am ready to plunge again
in the eternal world of love.

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The Journey

It's been an endless journey
It's been since the time I can remember
The journey is to find my destination
And to search for myself

I remember I left some cloud behind,
And some spring flowers on the way
I carry some dust of memories
And some moments stolen away

I see the sun rising every morning
And the darkness moving aside
I see the stars whispering miracles
And the night left behind

The path seems endless, meandering through the hills
The journey never seems to be over and destination reached -
I see my milestones somewhere down the lane,
The milestones fade away and the lane never ends.
The hope, faith and trust that I carried with me so far -
Left me one by one and showed they don't care.
All alone on my way I walk through the mile
The destination is still further away, and the thought made me smile -
'I am the favorite child of the God and He plays a trick on me'
I am but a lost little child of God and 'so, let it be' -
I continue my journey without the destination known -
And, He, holds my hand at last, and yes, I have, won.

Susmita Dasgupta