

Poetry Series

Swarnadip Chatterjee
- poems -

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Swarnadip Chatterjee(29.3.1991)

Born in Malda, West bengal, India on 29.3.1991 I have an deep love for literature. My first poem is published in The Statesman. I am writing poems, stories now.

Webpage/website:

2[from The Roses]

The unforgettable moment
The singer, the very great singer
Sang his sweetest song
I was sitting, very near to him
He stared at me.
When he sang the greatest musical notes
He stared at me, only, he stared....
I don't know why
But tears role down
Tear? For the man who didn't know the word 'tear'?

Swarnadip Chatterjee

Contrast

I know, I know the wretched man,
You need something to eat.
I know, I know the rickshaw-puller
A lot of money you need.

I know, I know his sorrow is true
I know he is helpless.
I know that I should do a lot
To brighten the shrunken face.

But, oh my critics!
Please tell me now,
This case let you take-
Is my joy, not a truth?
Is it only fake?

Swarnadip Chatterjee

Dr. Faustus

Tonight
A face will peep
And peer from your window-panes.
When the night is coiled, like a serpent
And dreams are thick
It will coo to your ears
On voices of unnumbered crowds-
Touching your eyes
Through its magic-wind and calling you
In names, unheard—'Your days are numbered'

And still,
Motionless you lie. On your ashes
Like Eliot's cigarette
When we call it a day;
You smell of the dizzy kisses
Than once,
For once
Made you immortal,
Dr. Faust

Swarnadip Chatterjee

Ecstasy

Oh! How the leaves of the cocoanut trees shine
After a shower of the previous night,
Oh, the nature! You look lustrous and fine
Thanks a lot for showing such a great sight!

From my window I just stare and stare
I rejoice the smell of the rain soaked earth,
When your breeze comes to care
Me, it removes my mind's dirt.

The leaves of all trees seem greener to me
What I feel, I cannot tell
Oh how I feel when you come to me! !
It casts on me a different spell.

Swarnadip Chatterjee

Feelings

Oh! An endless, vast lea now I see.
The soft summer morn now opened her
Dress, I see the shining star
On it, full of glorious glee.
How the cool breeze touches my skin!
Ah! Soothing softness now I feel,
My withered thoughts with joyance fill,
I see, this earth is quite clean.

I thought the skies are blue no more
All the roses are no more red
But, oh, you! You close the door
Of the way, I was led.

When I see all these again
Heavenly feeling touches me like rain.

Swarnadip Chatterjee

If We Speak Loud

If we speak loud
Let our voice be music. A tone
That rings like heaven, and sings like murmurous
Wintry leaves that lie aloof, hopeless; neither shakes
Nor moves by sprinkling rain. Let our eyes
Stand, unshaken and firmly fixed in the look
Of a dead fish, moving around the globe.
It is meant to touch the arrow of Cupid,
Once shot, and gained, and proved
The worth of goal; not love, nor soul dwells
In such pursuit, so dearly-achieved.

But always, somewhere, some deadly desire winks
And speaks oblique.
Let our practised-love seek for it.
What else remains for us in this mundane multitude
Of eyes, that once faced the sun? And dared to die
In a sort of fit?

Swarnadip Chatterjee

Lost

Let me be lost
In a new world
Where the skies are blue
If I get
I will rush to that
Where love is true.

I see a hazy scene
Of the grass that are green
With a great pleasure I will fly
I will stay until I die.

A musical rainbow
Is seen there
Boring mind
There is rare
Seasons' care, birds care
Teach everyone
"Always dare"

Oh, see!
He calls me
I am touched
By his glee
He loves me and makes me
Sit on his lap
He kisses me and makes me
Weave a peace-cap

Oh, leave me!
I can't stay here
Where true love
Where a human has lost his gem
I won't stay, I won't stay, I won't stay there.

Swarnadip Chatterjee

My Webpage

Swarnadip Chatterjee, a musicians and a writers website is

Swarnadip Chatterjee

To An Unknown Friend

Where you live I dont know.
I never saw your face though
You are in me, I am sure.
You are good, very much pure.

Be you the God or just a boy,
You love to create not to destroy
Anyones mind, anyones thought,
True lesson is what you were taught.

In my mind you are bliss.
On my lips you gave a kiss
Of holy words, of a noble heart
But where are you? I am apart!

You please come, oh my pal
Today, when the roses fall
They seem so good in such a day-
This is the best time for us to pray.

Pray for us and pray for them
Who never got the friendships gem
Be my friend and forget your pain,
This world will be for all again

Swarnadip Chatterjee

To The Moon

Oh, the moon oh the silver moon!
Who made you so grand and good?
Oh the disc of gold! You are boon
Of my god! You are not rude!

The lonely cloud is like a bird
Rushing to you as if to kiss
You, when he gently heard
You call him by the song of bliss!

Dark patches on you, have you must!
With there magic you call us.
You don't cheat, you say, "Trust
All of them who cheat us"

None can judge you by feeble sense
Even I can't too, the master of fools!
You are bliss in my hour of pains
You are above all of rules.

But, oh the moon, oh the silver moon.
Tell me how I can be as you.
It is too hard in a Summer-Afternoon
To be a man in a great world, New.

I am no more, I lost me
My eyes are dry I shed no tear
But when I see you, you soothe me
Hope you are in a true man's sphere.

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To Them

To them,
The sweet flowers are to be sold
The sweetly singing birds to be killed
For they must earn a bit to live
To them, the life is very very cold.

They saw the soft sun in the morn
But day-by-day it turned so hot
Now they must pray, "Oh, the God
Please give me back the kindest dawn"

But, no no! Kind, the earth is not anymore
Tears are always not like pearls
So try to change your painful thoughts,
In a bright world you must explore.

So, please, name 'Joy' to all your pains
Give yourself a very bright look
It is very hard, though I know
I see in vision the soothing rains.

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