

Poetry Series

Nivedita Dutta
- poems -

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Nivedita Dutta(02/11/1996)

Nivedita Dutta was born during the year 1996. She did her early schooling in Mathura then moved to Kanpur in the year 2003 where she got the chance to realize her true self. The poem 'When I set out for Lyonesse' by Thomas Hardy inspired her and made her write a poem on her own. From that very day she started taking verse as a hobby which turned into passion one day. Other than poetry she is deeply interested in reading books, playing games and travelling. She loves enjoying with her dear ones who encouraged her to overcome every hurdle of life.

A Child Forever

I own a million dollar company
Still i owe a great deal
To the child who lead me here
I wish i can give him back
His lovable childhood years
But life is not like that forever
I have tried to tell him so
Every time i go for that
He doesn't try to know
His reluctance can't do any good
Won't bring back his childhood
I have told a million times
He is somewhere treasured in my heart
I wish he is there always
Who doesn't want to go

Nivedita Dutta

A Flower Once Was

Don't cry if you ever fall in the mud
For every flower once was a bud
It would've taken time for a tree to reach its peak
Woodpecker too at first would have failed to use his beak
A swimmer at first would've almost drowned
A footballer might've fainted while taking a round
Anyone can fall while climbing the hill at first
What you learn from the fall is to be remembered must
Don't be in grief if despair hovers over you
Just keep faith and your dream will surely come true
Remember that before dawn the darkness is severe
After going through many halts finally comes the New Year
And you realize it's not the end
Seeing yourself as a legend

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A Village

Rising along with the sun
Having enmity with none
Feeding animals in the shed
With some fodder and bread
Farmers going to the field
Irrigating the crops for some good yield
Sitting under the trees
Making oneself happy with the cool breeze
Sometimes under them dozing off
Celebrating after harvesting the crop
Recalling the story grandma told
By fulfilling the wish of every young and old

Nivedita Dutta

Abandoned Hopefully

The least i can associate

My nurturing with

Doodling aimlessly

Still letting go a part of your life

For that worthy images

That you'd formed

Before I set foot

To ruin your world

Though i hadn't intended

But my fate

Cursed me for not being there

Being what i am

Oblivious of what you think of me

Had my heart pined for

Your lap

Fate would've followed me

My loneliness attributed to

Entertaining the whim

Of your love

Unlike the crevices

That seldom let the flow

Mine are wide open

To let in

The endless hope of getting

Loved as a GIRL....

Nivedita Dutta

An Imprisoned Convict

I am not alone but lonely
In This moment of life only
An imprisoned convict
What conflicts lead me to is
The cause of worst of wars
Are they to me
Let it be battlefield
Or a family
Too short to be unhappy
Is what you've been cherished with
Feels like abducted in remote woods
Among wonders of nature
An unpleasant state of irony
Is what conflicts lead me to is
Is this the worth of mine
Or i itself
I've lost it at a shrine
Don't let yours go so soon

Nivedita Dutta

Art Of Life

Do what you want
Think before saying I can't
Reveal what is in your heart
Life is lifeless without an art
Feel the joy of love
Before saying I hate
Say what is in your mind
Before it is too late

Nivedita Dutta

Beauty Defined

Worthy of being written

doesn't mean it can be

If it can't, doesn't mean

it's devoid of beauty

beauty is something

that words can't explain

words not worthy enough

to describe something as heavenly

That can be summarised

in a few lines

Is worthy of being written

but not beauty

Nivedita Dutta

Beyond The Ocean

To know what was beyond sea was their craze
The craze made them start their voyage
Thinking that this voyage might be their last
They carried with them the memories of the past
They had no fear of being engulfed by the ocean
Everyone in town went against their notion
Thousands of questions everyone raised
But worthless they seemed when they were praised
If they would have dropped the notion
We never would have known
Other than our own
There existed a world beyond the ocean

Nivedita Dutta

Blind Or Lonely

May be one day the curtain will rise
Gone will be the darkness from my eyes
Does i want someone to die?
So that he can lend me his eye
People say i am going the wrong way
Though they fail to tell how should i
Distinguish between night and day
It is easier for them to say don't cry
Unknown of how is it to be without an eye
Those see wrong and never protest
Inspite of this they deserve the beSt
And i a poor innocent fellow
Deprived of even a hello
Depressed and lonely
Even an abuse would do good
To someone who is like me
Who doesn't have the ability to see
Let alone fight

Nivedita Dutta

Father's Luck My Fortune

Hand as big as yours

Could ever break me down

Evil of me to imagine

Nowhere but in your palm

Lies my fortune

Never in the scorching heat

Did you melt down

But my swollen eyes

Set ablaze

That no rain can extinguish

Considerate I'd picked

To giggle

But no mask can conceal my face

Resting in your arms

I'd learnt

Darkest hour of the night

Can lull me to sleep forever

If devoid of your graceful ways

Days would've been a bit longer

To sustain

Had your place been void

God; mercy enough to grant

Me to rest on your lap

Till the last beat

I hope, hence living

Nivedita Dutta

For Its Only You

If you're in gloom
Doesn't mean that the sun's brightness has faded
Your days have lengthened
And time as fast as light now seems to crawl
The stars have lost their lustre
But have'nt forget shining at all
Why grieve when lost can't be retrieved
The way fallen tears can't flow back
Your life will never be the same again
You are fortunate enough to be left behind
To fulfill the dreams of the begone
Make yourself feel like
It's not your life that he envies

Nivedita Dutta

If We Were Strangers

Considering each other as members of this universe
I wonder how it would have been if we were strangers
How lonely i would have felt without you
I wouldn't have stopped laughing then, i know myself
A happier life you too would have lead
I feel lucky that i didn't miss being your friend
I had laughed a lot but out of joy
You made me see what happiness is
If we were strangers
I had been deprived of thing called life
Which i learnt from you
Seeing you in tears i too wanted to cry
It was your love that made me unlock the deeps
Of the ocean called heart
If you weren't there to share
My pain would have been mine alone
My school days would have been a great hardship
If you weren't there with your friendship

Nivedita Dutta

Magic In You

One will be amazed
To see the magic in you
If you have really chased
The thoughts which are true
Thoughts that your teacher taught
You long ago
Will guide you day by day
To go in the right way
Thoughts that came
During the spring of your life
Will not remain the same
Till the winter
They will refresh your heart and soul
One day you will reach to your goal
You will find something new
It will be the magic in you

Nivedita Dutta

Master Of Mischief

She comes to the house
For some milk and food
Runs every mouse
In a scary mood
She chatters and chatters
Like a human being
It does not matter
If someone is seeing
I wonder who taught
To chase the mice
Making mouth their chariot
And jerk them thrice
Her teeth having his tail in between
Makes everything dirty nothing clean
But she leaves them free
Then she goes to sit in tree
She feeds her kitten
With love and care
Eats what is given
Leaves nothing spare

Nivedita Dutta

Mighty Presence

When you are no more to say no
Why am i still afraid to do so
There is no possibility of getting caught
Still my heart is saying do not
In your presence it could have been fear
But why am i obliged not to do it even when you're not near
The piano we fought over day and night
Has turned meaningless and of no delight
Maybe i enjoyed your shouting at me
Rather than those musical nights
I wish you were there to fight
For who will have the last bite
Of the biscuits whose taste has gone with your magical presence
Which stops me from doing everything which i never had done

Nivedita Dutta

My Poem, My Life

The poem is not about you
Though it carries with itself
The first letter in your name
Is the point of its origin
Having your name embraced in it
None stop you from calling it yours
It's from where i 've been
That is a poem that tells of you
You are a poem and i am from you
Who Gives my poem a name
Other than the title, is only you
Somewhere embedded in your name
Is my poem's ending too
Somewhere in a poem that tells of you
To the heart it's always you
You are a poem and i am from you

Nivedita Dutta

Ode To Mom

I won't throw that cutlery away
That had slashed your finger
Mercilessly
Souvenir it stands
Of the time when we
Had learnt to give up pity
Indebted to sorrow
For giving you tears
I'd learnt to wipe them off
Hadn't it been you
Crying in pain
I won't have overcome fatigue
Owe you a life
For being so harsh
When I'd longed for love
What so special to owe
For the scars
That you had given yourself
learnt to make amends with anger
When you behaved stupidly
In everything unpleasant
I could sense the good
In me
Owe to god for Giving me the eyes
And you for giving me
The vision
Being an adult
I crave for the child
That cuddled in your arms
Endlessly

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Once Was A Poor Student

For being slow I have paid the price
I know how your heart throbs when it cries
Why the seats are vacant I know
For I was no good at it only slow
How is it to learn something you loathe
When you were at the initial years of growth

Nivedita Dutta

She Wanted To Live

Summers are growing more hotter
In spite of rains there is no water
Waiting for the ocean to get filled
A bird has passed away, her wish unfulfilled
Nevertheless she wanted to live
Fly over the ocean uninterrupted
But returning back never, she never would have accepted
Her heart had suffered twice
First when she herself was shot
About her nest she might have thought
And about him with whom she would have shared life
If she had been alive
Unfortunately she was killed
Fought a lot before turned still
She wasn't a girl but a martyr
Who instilled in us a fire
She had a lot to cry for
Still she wanted to live more
Her dear ones stand at the door
And look at the sky
In vain hope that their daughter might come
As a bird as she wanted to fly
Shattered by the belief
That dead never comes back they shut back the door
It would get her tribute
Only if every tree gets a fruit
And there is no father standing at the door
Waiting for someone who will never come back

Nivedita Dutta

Solitude

Birds chanting in his garden
Having rhythm of their own
Work no longer a burden
Mild is his tone
When the day breaks
He awakes
Serving his plants
Nourishing as he wants
He works to learn than to earn
Works till twilight
With his best
Arrives his abode of delight
For some rest
Stories of hope and joy
Make him enjoy
Going deep in imagination
For him is a source of recreation
He laughs, cries and screams
In his world of dreams

Nivedita Dutta

Teacher: The Replica Of God

Like an oasis in a desert
They are scarce in this earth
Puts a scar in my heart
My longing for their presence
Their canings might disturb
But their virtue becomes my verb
Their actions sometimes might go wrong
But their heart is not that cruel
They are the lord of lords
For they tells us who is god

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The Eternal Soul

The day when my present will have no significance over my past
I would be remembered for what I was
No time would be left to repent for my flaws
Would be the day when my soul will cease it's fast
Through this piece of art I would always be with you
It will make you feel as if I am still somewhere inside you
And this rhyme has been written just a second before
By someone special who is now no more
Being a part of everything you do
I would never die but merge somewhere inside you

Nivedita Dutta

The Immortal Love

You might not be able to see him
Hope to do so might have died
Tears have marred the beauty of your eyes
Before giving up you should have tried
To listen to your heart's advice
What you are thinking he has caught
For he knew you loved him a lot
Try to listen what he says
Then you will feel
Not that lonesome are the days
As a man he might have died
But the soul of his is still alive
Seeing you cry he might have sighed
A smile of yours will fill him with pride
Remember that the hope in your eyes
Makes him jump with happiness and surprise
No one can go against nature's rule
So keep yourself calm and cool
Man may come and man may go
But love never dies as we all know

Nivedita Dutta

The Loser

A gift of god I was never blessed with
You are lucky enough to have
Experienced it till adolescence
Which I lost at a tender age
I wish you live it to the lees
And not be bereft as I was
I don't want you to realize its value
For its only possible for those who never had

Nivedita Dutta

To Be What You Are

Let that not be in my notice
That for the last time i am doing this
So that i can live it in ease
Let it be a mystery that it would cease
Reading a book would do no good
If it's known it's the last which i could
Let that not be in my notice
I would not be getting what i wish
I would die a second later rather
Than knowing i have only a year to live
May everything come unexpected accidentally
Without having us prepared mentally
Let that not be in my notice
When would be written my last poetry piece
If that's the one which i had just written
It's good that i had known it just now
I would not have written what i know
Had it been known a year ago
It tells what i had left till now
Than what is left of me
Let everything come unexpectedly accidentally
So that i am what i ought to be

Nivedita Dutta

Victims Of Time

I could've strolled much longer

Lingered my departure

Had the time been crawling

I could've made it stronger

Seldom it does seem

But wounds me

With your absence

Dissappointment i get caught in

When At the bliss of your

Prolonged presence it flies

Every good memory gets

Eclipsed before my eyes

Lest time halts

I fancy my withdrawal

From the cage of time

Leaving behind those

Unfulfilled Commitments

That burden my soul

That too made to you

Is what makes me hold

In spite of pain

I've hoarded our treasured relation

Lest the evil erodes

And I'm left with none

To call my mentor, my own

Nivedita Dutta

You Stole My Heart

Let the universe bestow
My 'self' won't be sold
Be in dreams it flourish
Let it fed by hope
A ' self ' that your love intakes
Shall not starve but strive
Bids adiu the sold ones
Stolen one replies
Sweat yours cleanses thirst
Your lap it's edge defines
Bounds extend by embrace
Your tears IT empty renders
Eye your separate be
Thief be none but you
I would stolen remain
Yearning for your shade
None then matters more
Nightmares occur injured
Caged though I remain
Confinement finds it's skies.....

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