

Poetry Series

**Piyush Dey**  
**- poems -**

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## Piyush Dey()

I love reading, writing and feeling poetry. And as i am born in India-The country of hearts, evanescent loves and friendship, virtues and beliefs, I believe in simplicity and love. I am a great lover of sports and novels.I believe that there is poetry in everything, indeed every little thing! i am an Indian. India is a very beautiful country given it's rich culture and literature. A land of thrusting hills. Terraced hills, wood-covered and windswept. Mountains where the gods speak gently to the lonely heart. Hills of green and grey rock, misty at dawn, hazy at noon, molten at sunset: where fierce fresh torrents rush to the valleys below. A quite land of fields and ponds, shady by ancient trees and ringed with palms, where sacred rivers are touched by temples; where temples are touched by the southern seas. i love this site a lot and post poems in whenever i get time and comment on other's poems as well. I think, life's simple formula is - Be happy and make others happy.

# A Bucket Of Paint

It matters not how far we are,  
O my dear, you have faith in me,  
I have faith in you, so without  
a second thought-  
Take you brush out and start  
coloring the sky with that bucket  
of paint that lies in your heart,  
with your tender hands, O my dear,  
paint the sky, the limitless sky,  
that lie lingering over your head,  
Only then-  
shall i be able to smell your presence,  
for the paint shall serve as your heart  
beats and the distance between us  
shall serve as your breaths,  
when the fragrance of air and the  
sight of the paint may reach my senses,  
I shall come, my dear, floating with the  
midnight moonlight,  
to mingle with the silky paint which  
you painted over the sky,  
and become one with your soul,  
and then- you shall see me, my  
face over the sky, smiling, in the  
midnight.

Piyush Dey

# A Colorful Dawn

A colorful dawn has come, what joys it has brought,  
the heart is filled with joy..

Rays of hope are scattered, waves of excitement are brimming,  
Heart is humming slowly too..

Hey it's a good, new beginning, a blessed moment is here,  
At the doorstep of dreams,

We have to sow the seeds of dreams in this raw land,  
we have to make a string of pearls of hope,  
We have to carry our load together..

Let's dance, get adorned, it's a holy moment,  
It has brought those light twinkling star-like dreams of future..

Yes, Life is fun, it's an intoxication, slowly it will affect you,  
Bless me O Life! Tell me that it'll be all as I wish..

Piyush Dey

# A Divine Touch

Sometimes, I feel your  
divine touch, my lord,  
I can listen to you when you call me in  
my sleep, I can smell you,  
I can hear your silent whispers.

Sometimes, I can feel  
you inside me, my lord  
with your divine touch,  
I wish to forget all  
the work that seeks me  
and sit quietly  
with utter indulgence, listen to your  
holy songs and prayers  
This mere life feels  
nothing to me, until I am  
with you at your place.  
Sitting quietly, I wish to  
stay silent and look into your eyes  
and seek place at your heart.

Sometimes, when you don't look at  
my sinful self, I wish to  
break this silence, and-  
seek pardon for all my sins and  
cry for a moment too,  
I wish to stay in your  
heart, the place where  
the whole universe abides and-  
find a corner and get lost  
into your unknownness.

Piyush Dey

## A Good Start

First of all to do, i know,  
Is to know what i really want to do,  
For that may not be easy, though,  
I spend sleepless nights in thinking so,  
Love to seek care at the same time,  
Hatred do come first some time,  
But, what i want to do?  
Where i want to go?  
I do ask myself every night, every dawn,  
For that may be a good start.

Piyush Dey

# A Poet

I'm a poet only for a second or two;  
My story will be over in a few seconds.  
My laughter is only for a moment or two;  
My youth will be over in a few moments.  
I'm a poet only for a second or two.  
Many poets came before me,  
and after coming, departed;  
Some went filled with sighs,  
and some went singing songs.  
They were only the story of a moment in time;  
I too am only the story of a moment.  
Tomorrow I will be separated from you,  
but for today, I'm a part of you.  
I'm a poet of a moment or two, no more.  
Tomorrow new songs will arrive,  
freshly bloomed blossoms to be plucked.  
There will be better storytellers than me,  
and better listeners than you.  
Tomorrow, someone might remember me;  
but why should anyone remember me?  
For my sake, why should this busy world  
waste its time?  
I'm a poet only for a moment or two.

Piyush Dey

# A Promise Forever

Life is a journey i know,  
Even, a lot of difficulties has come and will come  
and slap me, i know  
But, no damn of it has able and will able to  
make me cry.  
One promise i keep and will always keep within me,  
I will never break down by this small obstacles,  
I will go on and on forever  
But never stop in fear.  
Yes i promise and promise forever...

Piyush Dey



# A Puff Of The Season

It was a puff of the season  
that shook the portrait on the wall  
that hung so listlessly,  
In the days of yore,  
the walls weren't so moist  
Who knows why the moistness crept in  
Don't know why the cracks came  
And the moistness shows  
Like the tears on a face so blank.

Why the breaths of the air are so  
innocent and calm now?

This rain used to sing  
on the rooftops and-  
write on the windowpanes,  
sweet nothings with its tiny fingertips,

Alas! it weeps away behind a cage now  
And the afternoons are so  
Like a chess without the pieces  
There's no one to play, just no one.  
Neither the day breaks,  
nor the night comes  
everything seems still.

Perhaps it was a puff of the season  
That shook the portrait on this wall.

Piyush Dey

# A Secret

Some words that are entangled in  
my heart,  
that keep peering through my eyes,  
sometimes hastily and sometimes  
unintentionally,  
are, my dear, awaiting some voice,  
i know, you are aware of that and  
you keep peeking into my eyes  
every now and then, just for a second,  
so that you can somehow find the  
meaning of the song that my eyes  
play.

Some words are also entangled in  
your heart,  
that keep peering through your eyes,  
sometimes hastily and sometimes  
unintentionally,  
and they keep asking for words,  
you too know that i am aware of that and  
i also keep peeking into your eyes  
every now and then, just for a second,  
so that i can somehow find the  
meaning of the song that your eyes  
play.

Such is our affair, my dear!  
Our only secret that is  
hidden from the curious world.

Piyush Dey

# A Small Leaf

Fresh upon an awkward tree,  
floats a single small leaf on the brow,  
the leaf looks as weak as old and pale,  
but still the tree looks alive with a single lung,  
all above the grief-stricken branches,  
floats a small leaf on the brow,  
fresh upon an awkward tree,  
No matter how much, rain, heat or cold,  
it still laughs and stands as bold,  
as the grief-stricken tree stands on the shore,  
one day with a ferocious wind, a storm came,  
blowing wildly that tender hold of the leaf,  
though the storm prevailed a day long,  
the leaf cried not,  
it still laughed and stood as bold,  
as the grief-stricken tree stood on the shore,  
the same day, a nightingale came,  
sat upon those old branches of dusty glaze,  
and sang, sang for the whole day long, and-  
next day when the crimson sun dawned,  
blossomed a thousand flowers,  
floated a thousand leaves,  
fresh upon that awkward tree...

Piyush Dey

# A Twilight Night

Today, the leaves are singing in a unlyrical tone,  
And the nature is playing a dance with me...  
The road is desolate and alone..  
Horror enough to scare thee.  
Today the flowers are giving a dreary smell,  
Trying to make me unwell,  
The clouds are growing dark,  
The dogs in the street are giving me a bark,  
Today i am remembering my mother's lap,  
Where i, for a moments indulgence, used to take a nap..  
But today this pretty nature giving me slap..  
Why? I don't know.  
But still i find comeliness in the darkness..  
And happiness in this lonely world of beautiful things.  
This mysterious nature is trying to explain me some secret,  
And i adore that..

Piyush Dey

# A Witful Presence Of Life

Just the last day it was raining, and now-  
and now, the sun has arrived at my  
garden with the chirping birds that keep  
peeking into my window.

Just the last night it was raining, and now-  
the fluttering trees where the cuckoos sit  
and sing, are dancing,  
with the young frosty drops toppling down  
from the heavy leaves.

Just the last moment it was raining  
at my courtyard,  
with each drop falling like a cascade  
from the saintly seas,  
And now, and now-  
It seems as though the nature has pulled  
down it's swarthy silhouette,  
and adorned itself with a sheet of joy  
and bliss,  
As if a dead soul had got a new life.

And now, i feel, as i see,  
i may get drowned in its generous beauty  
with a cup of dreams in my hand,  
and keep seeping deeper and deeper in  
my never-ending fantasies.

Piyush Dey

# Absense

Beyond glass doors,  
between thick branches of trees  
in spring,  
the rain falls, quietly.  
There are noises,  
there are people;  
they are talking.

Beyond the noises of their talking,  
somewhere within me,  
on another surface  
falls your absence, quietly,  
very quietly.

Piyush Dey

# After The Riot

The deep silence thus spoke to  
the landscape  
'Listen, destroyed shop  
Smouldering house  
Broken cart  
You are not the only victims here  
There are others too  
who have also been victimized  
We will mourn them as well  
But let us first weep for those  
Who came to plunder  
But were themselves looted  
what was lost  
They have no idea.  
They are shortsighted.  
For they don't even notice  
The ruins of a culture  
centuries old.

Piyush Dey

# An Empty Sea

She had to go back - we knew this even as  
She came -  
Running on the evening-sand rendered crimson  
And swaying, broke into my arms like  
the billowing ocean.

Even knowing that she had to go,  
We kept swearing on the moon,  
night by night,  
That I won't descend into this  
sea of breathlessness  
And she won't come swooping down  
from the stars fastened to my sky.

Oblivious to these vows,  
When the time yawned in between  
telling its eternal tale  
Neither she stopped -  
Nor was I able to make her stay.

No matter how hard we tried to  
keep the moon aflame  
We saw it dying, one phase at a time  
We couldn't pull the sea any  
closer to the shore,  
By dawn, all that there was on the shore  
Was a sea - sunken and empty.

Piyush Dey



# Ancient Remnants

A shattered stone statue,  
some old copper coins,  
strange ornaments of blackened  
silver,  
several broken bronze vessels,  
were unearthed  
in a desert.

And people say that centuries ago  
here where there is only a desert,  
A city was once settled  
And a thought strikes me-  
even today, at a party  
or a gathering,  
when i come face to face with you,  
for one second  
or just for a moment,  
The warmth of body,  
the fleeting chance meeting of  
our eyes,  
the shine of your red  
decoration over your forehead,  
the rustle of your clothes,  
the fragrance of your hair,  
and sometimes, unintentionally,  
a tiny flower of touch,  
and then again, that unending desert,  
that desert where once-  
a city had flourished.

Piyush Dey

# Beloved, Beloved, O My Beloved

Beloved, beloved, o my beloved,  
You are like an angel's wings,  
which flies in my lonely heart  
like the ashes of an uncertain thing.  
You are like heavenly beauty,  
Your eyes so innocently beautiful.  
You are like a fluorescence in a dark night.  
Beloved, beloved, o my beloved,  
The beats of your heart are nothing  
but the breath of my being.  
The fragrance of your hair  
is like the aroma of an eternal tree.  
Beloved, beloved, o my beloved,  
That voice of yours sings  
the song of the right, which  
shivers me every little indelible night.  
The grace of your passion-  
is but the spirit of my young heart.  
The existence of yours is the life  
of mine.  
Beloved, beloved, o my beloved,  
The day my love will die for you-  
Can never come in any history.  
Not in any stupid orbit of the Universe.  
Beloved, beloved, o my beloved,  
You will see me loving you far above my breath.

Piyush Dey

# Books

They peer from beyond  
glasses of locked cupboards,  
They stare longingly  
For months we don't meet  
The evenings once spent in their company  
Now pass at the computer screen.  
They are so restless now, these books-  
They have taken to walking in their sleep  
They stare longingly.

The values they stood for  
whose batteries never died out  
Those values are no more found in homes  
The relationship the spoke of  
Have all come undone today  
A sigh escapes as i turn a page  
The meaning of many words have fallen off  
They appear like shriveled, leafless stumps  
Where meaning will grow no more  
Many traditions lie scattered  
Like the debris of earthen cups  
Made obsolete by glass tumblers  
Each turn of the page  
brought a new flavor to the tongue  
Now a click of a finger  
Floods the screen with images, layer by layer  
That bond with books that once was, is  
severed now  
We used to sometimes lie with them on our chest  
Or hold them in our lap  
Or balance them on our knees  
Bowing our heads as in prayer  
Of course, the world of knowledge still  
lives on,  
But what of  
The pressed flowers and scented missives  
Hidden between their pages,  
And the love forged on the pretext  
Of borrowing, dropping and picking up books together

What of them?

That, perhaps, shall no longer be.

Piyush Dey

# Breeze

This land, a dynamic place,  
Where the flowers grow in different soils,  
Where sun peaks sometimes  
and sometimes the rain,  
Where birds sing in the dawn  
and bats howl in the night,  
Where sometimes a flower blossoms  
and sometimes dies bravely,  
Where gods reside in lovely souls,  
Where love deepens when the heavens cry,  
O breeze, fly, fly, fly...

Piyush Dey

# Can't You Listen

It was just yesterday,  
That I met you.....  
Playing and laughing we were,  
In such a jolly mood.  
Then suddenly your hand slipped away,  
I couldn't get hold of it,  
It just faded away.  
Like stars on sky fade away when the sun kisses the dawn,  
Neither do you know, nor I,  
How a song is sung,  
Just moving like clouds we are,  
Up the sky above and above,  
Like climbing stairs to the listening heaven,  
With our silent footsteps.  
We are going somewhere very far away,  
Opposite of you I am.  
But,  
Where are we going, dear?  
Can't you listen what my heart sings?

Piyush Dey

# Clothes

Among my clothes hang your colorful dress  
I wash it every time at home  
And when it's dry  
I iron it myself  
But i can never iron out it's creases  
Nor wash out the blotches of past  
grievances  
How easy would life have been  
Had relationships had been like clothes  
And we could change them like shirts!

Piyush Dey

# Come, Lets Build A Night

On the marble edifice of silence  
let us swathe ourselves in the sheets of darkness,  
and ignite the twin candles of our bodies...  
When dew arrives on tiptoe,  
let it not discern even the whisper of our breaths

In the silken fragrance of mist,  
entwined let us lie, like fragrance itself —  
Draped in the earthy aroma of our bodies,  
Let us, like spirits, rustle forever...

Piyush Dey



# Come, Let's Sprinkle Love

Out of every this and that,  
there's an unusual magic in love,  
there's a soothing cure in love,

Love is but a magical wand,  
a still sea, an unquenchable bird,  
the phoenix of heaven,

Love is but, the gods sing, the  
cloud of joy, the grass of dew,  
the soil of fragrance,  
Love! o love! my dear friend, sings  
the father,

Don't go far off from those who weep,  
kiss them and they will see,  
the unusual magic in you, the soothing  
cure in you,

Love! O love! my dear friend,  
you are but the sun of hope, the  
rainbow of laughter, the kin of  
mankind,

Let your shadow never dissolve  
in the fog of the night,  
you are but, my friend, my dear friend,  
you are the master of the rain,  
the caress-er of the Universe,  
may you smile forever!

Piyush Dey

# Dear Life! I'M Not Mad At You

Dear Life! I'm not mad at you,  
just a little weary...  
Stumped by the seemingly innocent  
questions you keep throwing at me  
Somehow I never thought that  
I'll have to handle pains in order to live happily  
Never realized that I'll  
have to pay a debt for each smile  
Now every time I smile,  
I am reminded of the debt  
that's weighing on my lips.

Dear Life! But it's not as if  
these pains are without purpose...  
Because each pain makes me aware of  
things I never noticed before...  
It is only in the scorching heat that  
we come to know of the relief a cool shade brings.

So today, if my eyes well up,  
I'll cry as long as I want to  
Because who knows,  
tomorrow I may long for these very tears  
And then, where will I look for this lone tear drop,  
That I had hidden away for so long?

Piyush Dey

# Defeat

Little did my army of dreams realize  
That every story has an end.  
One may prescribe 'victory' on a  
thousand places,  
But 'Defeat' has it's own place too.

Piyush Dey

# Dilemma

I should forget you  
Yes, that is prudent,  
But how can i do that,  
even if i want to?  
You are after all a reality,  
not a mere dream.  
Here, the condition of my  
heart is so unfortunate  
That is has been unable to  
forget the chain of events  
That never took place,  
That one thought  
which was never voiced,  
That one conversation  
i couldn't have with you,  
That one connection  
that we never had,  
I remember everything  
that never happened.

Piyush Dey

# Don'T Go Far Off

O! my precious little soul,  
Don't go far off from the sea,  
for the sea says he is not small only-  
beautiful,  
Deep under the great stretch, with love-  
there stays and swims but truth,  
O! my precious little soul,  
Don't go far off, the seconds are few,  
but the waves are hard- not lucid,  
Let your breath float with the hiccups  
of the flow,  
Let your heart beat only for  
your desire, not for the sake that fools ask,  
the seconds may be few,  
the waves might be harsh,  
O! my precious little soul,  
Don't go far off from the sea,  
for the sea says he is not small only-  
beautiful,  
the oysters are calling you, the shells deep  
are hoping you, the fishes are  
paving a way for you,  
the whole sea is dancing for your arrival, only-  
the waves are hard-not lucid, but-  
Don't go far off from the sea,  
for deep under the great stretch, with love-  
there stays and swims but truth.

Piyush Dey

# Early Dawn Birds

I love you, i love you,  
But the world doesn't know,  
the early dawn birds sing in praise of  
the fluttering trees,  
peacefully and joyously they sing and sing,  
the song of love, the song of joy-  
I love you, i love you,  
But the world doesn't know.  
It says,  
When i sing the pleasant,  
the world do kiss,  
but, oh! when i fail,  
they curse me great deal well,  
I love you, I love you,  
But the world doesn't know.  
my nests that rest upon your  
muscular branches,  
my kids who cry out their first cries,  
the dancing leaves that hang upon your trunks,  
that's all you have, still-  
I love you, I love you,  
But the world doesn't know,  
the thirsty birds sing  
with all their sweat and gratitude,  
I love you, I love you,  
But the world doesn't know.

Piyush Dey

# Father And Son

I am your laughter and you are my heart,  
I am your pain and you are my grief,  
I am your tears and you are my fears,  
I am your blood and you are my existence,  
You may not be knowing this, father,  
That when you cry, I can hear  
you weep, I can feel your pain,  
That when you smile, what pleasure  
fills me with elation,  
You may not be knowing this, father,  
That when you think of me,  
I am reminded of our deep memories,  
That when you have called me in dreams, I  
have answered you with my thoughts  
and emotions,  
All that I am today is but your  
own doing, you may not be knowing  
this, father,  
But I reside in you and you in me.

Piyush Dey

# God

You must have been hurt, God  
When, while praying  
I yawned  
I am tired of this thought embedded in a prayer  
Ever since i could see and hear  
I remember being told  
That day and night are at his mercy  
And in his hands lie everything-  
Pray to him!  
Strange is this notion  
This futile, one-sided dialogue with someone  
Whose face is imagined  
As is the proof of his existence.

Piyush Dey



# I Am Ashamed Of Your Absence

In the night moonlit and the  
the sweet breeze breezing by,  
I take this pen and start to think of you,  
I try to write something but the  
words just don't, my sorrow! , come up  
from my colourful ink, the white paper which  
lays in front of me laughs at me,  
I greet it with my tears and some  
more moments of delay and ponder,  
and at last-  
I get up and leave everything at one  
side, I close my eyes, i feel  
the cool embrace of the wind  
going by and breathe deep and i feel  
that it wasn't the poetry that i was  
missing -it was you and your presence,  
And suddenly, i am reminded of the  
songs which i had for once written for you,  
i try to sing them aloud, but- the words  
just don't come out of my voice,  
the moon and the stars laugh at me and  
i feel ashamed, my dear, maybe-  
It weren't the songs that i was  
missing, -it was you and your presence,  
Do you know, my heart? that-  
I feel ashamed of your absence,  
And i feel shy to call you back,  
maybe someday you shall come back-  
If i am so much ashamed of your  
absence.

Piyush Dey

# I Can Fall Asleep

Each day i see the sun rise  
so quietly,  
Each day i see the stars twinkle  
so artfully,  
Each day i see every joy  
every grief,  
Each day i see every victory  
every defeat,  
Sometimes when there is so  
much of space for myself,  
I can see myself, i  
can search my own self  
in the depths of time.  
I never realized that there  
would be so much of space in  
this corner of life  
that if i keep my head upon  
the arms of this peace,  
i can fall asleep.

Piyush Dey

# I Departed And You Kept Dreaming

When you far sat in that room where  
happiness and pain merges one,  
I came to see you off, for i had to  
go then, i had to move on, and do you  
know? - in that room where you sat with  
your head tilted over the window, lost in  
my thoughts, i had cried long enough to  
have the time even stop for a moment,  
there in one corner, i had waited for you, i  
had waited for you to wake up and embrace me  
one last time in your tender arms and cry  
with me for a moment too, but you kept  
sleeping and i kept watching you; you kept  
thinking of the things that would never happen  
and i kept thinking of the things that  
happened long ago and at sometime i also  
saw a glimmer of smile in your lips, maybe-  
i had been with you at that moment,  
time passed by stealthily taking with it  
some more moments of delay but finally-  
i had to get up and kiss you one last time  
and promise to come back again, now-  
i am among the stars and you still there  
lying and dreaming of the uncertain things,  
i wish you never wake, but keep smiling  
like that forever, and even if you wake up  
i wish you don't cry when you don't find  
me there in that room but you will know  
that i had come there when you were slept  
far abode for i left a tiny flower of  
love upon your lips.

Piyush Dey

# I Have Started Living More Than Before

I have started living more than before,  
I have started dying more for you than before,

I, my heart and you are here,  
Then why are you there with leaning eyelids,  
I have not seen anyone before as beautiful as you,  
Where were you before this,

I have started living more than before,  
I have started dying more for you than before,  
When you come and be with me,

I just want those moments to stop there,  
I want those moments to stop there,  
When you are with me,  
The breathes become faster than before,  
The heart starts stopping more than before,  
My heart finds you when it feels lonely,  
Why does it think of you every moment,  
The heart finds you when it feels lonely,  
It thinks of you every moment,

The hearts have started to meet more than before,  
The love has started to happen more than before.

Piyush Dey

# I Love You

In what a great extent i love you,  
i love you my darling.

Yet, It seems to me it is so little,  
so little.

Why my heart can not go on loving u  
more and more,

I think it all-day long,

My heart sings every every now and then,

I love you, I love you my darling.

Piyush Dey

# I Still Remember

I still remember,  
When i used to sit in the balcony  
On the top of the house,  
I saw such hushed scenes,  
Even More serene than a dream,  
Those magical chirping birds,  
Those dancing clouds,  
That cagey smile of the winsome leaves  
Which was even more splendid than the sun,  
That subtle aroma of the flowers.  
I still remember,  
How they all beamed to make me smile,  
How they tried to repose me,  
O! How great this pretty nature is,  
So why are we bawling all the time of the unhappy past?  
Why are we always regretting?  
Why don't we just take a moment's while  
From the endless work,  
And drink this priceless moment,  
And smile forever.

Piyush Dey

# If

Today, i can sing the beauteous songs,  
now that i have everything i have every  
reason to sing the songs, the melodious  
songs, now that i am complete with joy  
and elation, i can't just stop myself  
humming these flawless ballads even for  
a second, but-

If tomorrow, which no one has ever seen,  
doesn't come in way that i want it to, then  
can i be able to sing these 'beauteous songs'?  
If tomorrow, for some reason or the other, i  
become incomplete with pain and tears, will i  
be able to hum the way i am humming now?  
Or if tomorrow i have no reason to smile, will  
i be able to smile 'even for a second'?

Piyush Dey

# If I Believe

Two pieces of bread and a  
glass of water,  
i think that enough to quench my  
hunger, and in this winter,  
i may have nothing more than  
this, if i believe,  
the road is clear and the  
mountains, the misty mountains  
just above that road are not steep  
and dark,  
if i believe that the snow that  
covers my path with its tinged  
fragrance, is no more devil,  
that's enough, that's enough-  
to keep me walking,  
If i believe, this winter,  
this dusky shadow of the  
moonlight, will soon disappear,  
the spring, of course, will come  
with the shiny sunlight,  
If i believe that in those cliffs  
my dream awaits me and doesn't  
let me sleep even for a second,  
throughout my journey,  
no matter how storm there might  
be-  
i will climb and i will fall off,  
i will start again, but-  
i will reach there- to kiss the  
sun,  
and smile and cry and breath the  
very pleasure of my victory,  
if i believe....

Piyush Dey



# If I Sleep

The night is dark and deep,  
The sleep has arrived at the  
doorstep with a lantern,  
But, i won't sleep.

The dreams may be long and sweet,  
the bed may soft and cozy,  
But, i won't sleep.

The moon may fall,  
The sunshine may call,  
But, i won't sleep.

I know, i'm sweating  
I know, i'm tired  
But, i won't sleep.

The rain is pouring down,  
And pokily might the storm  
lash and go,  
But, i won't sleep.  
For if i sleep,  
Who will wake me up?

Piyush Dey

## If I'D Only Known,

That this is the last time we've met,  
I would have stopped the break of dawn,  
And stopped the sun to set.

If i'd only known,  
That I wouldn't ever see you again,  
I would have a picture of your within,  
To end my suffering, to end the pain.

If i'd only known,  
That this is the last time I sit by your side,  
I would have told you how much i loved you,  
Keeping rest things aside.

If i'd only known,  
That we would never hold hands again,  
I would have held them strong,  
And never let anything go wrong.

If i'd only known,  
That you would stand always by my side,  
I would have fought the world for you,  
Breaking all the wall through.

If i'd only known,  
That your love was true,  
If i'd only known that you would come back soon,  
I would have waited for you to come by.

If i'd only known of this,  
That you were what i breathed for,  
I would have breathed my last for you,  
Seen you enough and bid you adieu.

While all i can do now,  
Is sit here...  
...and wait.



# I'LI Adorn Myself

Gusts of wind got upset with  
the weather today,  
As the bumblebees looted the  
brilliance of flowers  
today the way of life has  
changed a little bit,  
Taking that as an excuse,  
why I too not make my heart  
feel better,  
Why shouldn't I too pamper  
my heart..

The verandas are old,  
but the sunshine I see is new..  
Whose beauty is that is  
knocking at my eyelids..  
The one, who makes mischieves,  
forgetting the veils,  
How do I call her by name?

All these cuckoos have  
become postmen,  
In their cuckooing,  
they read the letters in jokes..  
Tell them not to hide,  
and tell me clearly who has  
written,  
I'll remove the effect of  
evil eye for him..  
I'll adorn myself, and my heart..

Piyush Dey

# In Fearful Nights

In fearful nights,  
I walk fearfully..  
I'll return back for you,  
For you, my love..

I am standing behind the dark moonless night,  
I am stuck in the webs of years since long..  
I am restless to get you.. O my love..

When the days ends, you light a lamp,  
and then call out and invite me..  
I'll come back, for you.. O my love..  
For you, O my companion, my life..

When the shadows of deserted trees walk,  
Darkness bites innocent souls..  
I'm afraid for you..  
O my love..

When nights melt, call out for me..  
lift some corner of sky..  
I'll come back, for you.. O my love..  
For you, O my companion, O my life..

Piyush Dey

# In The Path Of Fire

Even if there be trees,  
Shady and huge,  
For the shade of a single leaf  
Don't ask, Don't ask, Don't ask..  
In the Path of Fire, In the Path of Fire, In the path of fire..

You will never stop,  
You will never halt,  
You will never turn,  
Take this oath, take this oath, take this oath  
In the Path of Fire, In the Path of Fire, In the path of fire..

It's a great scene,  
The man is walking,  
In tears, sweat, and blood,  
Soaked...swathed,  
In the Path of Fire, In the Path of Fire, In the path of fire..

Piyush Dey

## It Is Just 'Hope'- An Illusion

In nights of disappointment and failure,  
where nothing seems to move on,  
as if the whole world have closed it's  
eyes for a drowsy sleep,  
Hope is the bird with wings,  
wings that cry not, wings that weep not, but-  
fly.

In nights of pain and loneliness,  
where dusky stars play with the teary eyes,  
and the cold wind howl with the dogs in  
the street,  
Hope is the cloud that rains,  
rains over the whole dry wasteland,  
in sweet little ways.

In nights of gloomy fear and murky worry,  
where witches chuckle and ghosts hoot,  
Hope is the heaven with angels,  
angels of courage and laughter,  
spirit and power, love and care.

Hope is nothing-O! hope is nothing,  
It is just an illusion, a spark,  
created by an inner voice, a voice  
that eats the dusk,  
And bring a new dawn, a dawn with  
blossomed flowers.

Piyush Dey

# It Matters Not

It matters not  
If there's harsh sun in the sky,  
Or cool comfort in the night,  
Nevertheless, i will work hardest hard.

It matters not,  
How burdensome the circumstances,  
I will break every wall of darkness  
To reach the sun of my ultimate goal.

It matters not,  
You blow me with your power,  
'Cause i know i will never be defeated.

It matters how,  
How arduous and challenging the paths be  
But, my unbending soul never bows in fear.

Yes it matters not,  
How harsh the conditions,  
I will always smile.

Piyush Dey



# Let Me, For Once, Move Alone

The day has bloomed as it had  
promised last night,  
A little hope and a little malice  
has it brought with it upon it's shoulders,  
And i with drowsy reveries  
keep asking for the things, which  
I dare I may never possess,  
Today, the day has bloomed as it had  
promised last night,  
And the sun has dawned upon  
my shoulder and my heart has  
touched your feet, my father,  
I know, my father, as you  
told me years ago when I was more  
younger and innocent, that  
Life is but a journey and we ought  
to move on, But, you may not be  
knowing this, that-  
this sunshine which has just reached  
my home has come today but with a  
purpose, as promised, it has come  
to take her away from me,  
I try to forbid it but-  
I am too poor to forbid, my father,  
You told me years ago  
that life is but a journey,  
But i am fearful, now that  
she shall not be with me, now  
i have to move on, my father,  
alone and disheartened,  
No one is here to console me  
and no one to share  
some tears with me, my father,  
You told me years ago that life  
is but a journey,  
So, my strength, my father, lead me,  
guide me, Oh my father,  
into that vast sea of universe,  
Let me for once feel its lost sweet

touch, plunge me into the deepest  
breathlessness,  
So that, I may never become weak  
and soft-hearted, my father,  
Let me, for once, move alone....

Piyush Dey

# Little Hesitance, Little Sorrow

One last time she had asked me  
when i had to depart,  
'Will you come back again, will you? '  
And i hesitated, i must say,  
I had waited too long for her  
eyes to well up with tears,  
And at last, I said, 'I will....  
my love', fear wrote on my voice,  
'I will, young lady, i will'.  
She didn't answer but ran away,  
damp pearls adorned fer face, she  
went into the far dark woods, into  
the deepest canopies, into the  
green old mountains,  
Ah! How long i had waited for  
her to come back, how long  
I had cried that moonless night,  
Oh God, Oh Father! why didn't you  
come then with your caring arms?  
why didn't she come back?  
'Oh love, Oh lady! I shall come back  
when i am gone, I promise you,  
my little piece of heart, come back',  
I went crying into the woods, but  
she had already went into the  
younger hills, into the snows,  
into the glaciers, into the  
deepest seas, I went crying into  
the woods, 'Come back, my darling,  
my love, my heart', Though-  
I knew i had feared if i would  
ever come back,  
I had feared that she may alone  
die, that i might never come back,  
And now still, to my sorrow,  
'Come back, my love', crying  
I move through the cliffs, the  
youngest cliffs through her  
footsteps, I follow her shadow, but

she is nowhere, I keep walking,  
I find her not, oh god! Where has  
She gone? Is she so hurt that she  
Wouldn't come back? Or-  
Is she giving me the punishment  
For being so hesitant?  
For taking it too long to utter?  
Oh God, O Father! tell me, tell me,  
Where has she gone? Won't she  
Come back? . But-  
Only silence. The moonlight on  
my face. She has vanished into  
the stars.

Piyush Dey

# Loves

Sometimes we love someone very truly,  
But don't show the one.  
Why? We even don't know.  
And sometimes we don't love someone much genuinely,  
But show, we love the one very much.  
What kind of loves these are?

Piyush Dey

# Mistakes

Sometimes,  
It is nothing else,  
But mistakes that make us learn  
a beautiful ballad of life,  
Though this heart laments,  
Perhaps for the time being gone,  
the pain whirls out soon,  
It doesn't stay long.  
And then our heart again waits,  
For a beautiful spring,  
To come out with it's sighs and mummings,  
And a more beautiful ballad of life  
all over again.

Piyush Dey

# Moments Of Togetherness

You know my dear, it won't matter tomorrow  
if we die or depart,  
For we will still remember  
and rejoice those moments of togetherness  
that we spent together.

It won't matter what colours  
the next sunshine will bring,  
Let's hope, my dearest, that-  
It would be new and-  
We would still remember  
the first sunshine when we smiled  
together.

The evening has come up wearing  
the delight of that lovely night,  
And the stars twinkle in shapes  
and sizes that seem known.

Come my dear, walk with me, hand in hand,  
Life is small, i know and you know too,  
But we won't cry, we will write our story  
in this colourless sky that lie sleeping  
over our head,  
with this moment in our embrace, we will  
paint our story today, we may not get  
chance again, we will write our story today.

You know my dear, it won't matter tomorrow  
if we die or depart,  
For we will still remember  
and rejoice those moments of togetherness  
that we spent together.

Piyush Dey

# Moon Asked Me

'Why does the sun shines so bright  
And i don't? '  
Asked the gloomy moon  
in a glum silent whisper,  
When i was slept that good night,  
Said I, 'O Dear! You don't shine so bright  
'Cause you never see the goodness  
with which the sun shines,  
the love it showers.  
O thou of great beauty,  
Love the things you see or seem,  
appreciate the things you think or dream,  
And you will shine brighter than the Sun.'

Piyush Dey



# Mother

When i hug you to make you  
smile, i surely know why  
you have scolded me when I  
was wrong, my mother,  
When i look into your face in  
pain and tears come to my eyes,  
i surely know why in nights of  
my ill health you have cried  
in sorrow,  
When i sleep in the night and  
you caress my hair and bless  
me with your grace,  
I surely know why there is  
water in the sea and joy in  
the waves,  
When i say that i love you and  
you greet me back with a cry  
of laughter,  
I surely know why there is  
such a play of songs in the  
rivers and hills and dales,  
I surely know why you love  
me so much.

Piyush Dey

# My Companion Is God

My companion is like God  
My lover is like God  
Whether I love or worship  
Whether I love or worship  
Both are the same thing  
Nature is always primary  
Nature is always primary  
Why should I go to the temple  
My companion is God  
Why should I go to the mosque  
My companion is God  
I have poems in my breathes  
I sing love songs in each corner  
She is the lake of beauty  
I am old thirst  
I drank with eyes  
the water of that beauty  
I pass my life staring her  
If some other thought comes, I leave that at sudden  
I wore the perfume of love  
And now I have fragrance  
Now only she is smelt  
in me every moment...

Piyush Dey

# Nature, The Heaven

Once upon a day i saw a dream in a deep night sleep,  
The dream was, of course, of the beautiful nature,  
Where i thanked God for creating such a beautiful creation,  
It made me see the heaven of my life,  
Where the tranquil rivers were flowing,  
Whose smile was tinkling and glowing,  
Where sunlight lit the heart of the lovesome flowers,  
Whose hue was sparkling like dancing coloury towers,  
When i was just about to wake,  
the limpid glory of the mountain-mist made some more time for my dream,  
By wining my heart down the gorgeous stream,  
Coming from the top of the mountain,  
Making down a aesthetic lake,  
Saying no need to wake,  
And asked for just 1 more minute  
for the naughty chirping birds,  
Who made a smile on my face,  
Whose wings were flush and glace..  
This beauty of nature made me realise that there's something  
secret in nature,  
Which attracts us by it's prettiness,  
And fills our heart with radiant brightness..  
Oh! Love the nature, the nature will love u, it's soul will love u...  
As Nature is like a heaven....a heaven.....a heaven! ! ! ! !

Piyush Dey

# O The Father Of The Fathers, I Know

If you have made evil people,  
you have also made good ones.

If every morning there was  
sorrow,  
you sowed secret joys for the  
night.

If you made things even worse,  
you also tied a reason with a  
thread of understanding.

If in the worst of any night  
i had tears in my eyes,  
you came as a wind to caress  
my wounds.

And, i know, when i will be  
dying,  
you won't be there for the  
mourning,  
for you would be busy finding  
a new womb for me,  
and awaiting for me at the  
dinning table with the angels  
for a dinner.

I know, My Lord, you would be  
loving as you used to when i  
had been with your people.

Piyush Dey

# Oblivion

I, with each falling leaf of time, forget  
you little by little, as if you would have  
forgotten me already,

Your face has started fading away from my  
heart like the clouds in the sky, as if my face  
then would have been faded away in yours.

With silence, even my footsteps shy  
to step on a hard rock or pebble,

But, i keep on walking with the air,  
the song of theirs is heard no more.

I, with each falling leaf of time, forget  
you little by little,  
Somehow, you face has started fading away  
from my heart like the clouds in the sky.

Piyush Dey

## Oh Heart! Why Do You Cry? -Ii

In the worst of the night,  
When my heart was crying..  
I said my heart, 'Oh heart! Why do you cry? ,  
This lovely life's a stage,  
To win and loose..  
But don't you take it awful hard,  
As i can see the blaze of the sun,  
right in front of me  
That we will kiss together,  
I can smell the will in you  
Oh heart! Why do you cry?  
Yes this life's a deadly race,  
Of touchy pains and heartless pace,  
But don't you make it a soulless toil,  
As i am with you,  
Why do you cry?  
No matter whatever be the fate,  
we won't stop and wince  
in this middle of the race  
nor gloom in this murky night,  
Rather  
Oh my brave heart!  
We will scrum and break this dusk  
Into a thousand burning suns of hope  
To see the dawn together....'

Piyush Dey

# Oh Heart, Why Do You Cry?

Whenever the clouds of pain and sadness loomed,

Whenever tears came till the eyelashes,

Whenever this lonely heart got scared,

I told my heart, Oh heart, why do you cry?

This is what happens in this world...

This deep silence....the world has distributed it to everyone,

Some sadness is a part of everyone's life,

Some sunshine is a part of everyone's life,

Your eyes are wet without any reason,

Every second is a new season,

Why do you let go of such priceless moments?

Oh heart, why do you cry?

Piyush Dey

# Oh How Tears Flow From My Eyes

Eyes

Oh how tears flow from eyes

My lovesick heart, with my lover,  
Sways and sings

The cup of poison went in vain  
Meera drank from it to show  
Love is like Ganga's water, in it  
Poison becomes Amrit-  
the elixir of life.

Love is the flute of Krishna  
Love is Radha's Krishna  
A stream of seven notes  
It gushes and flows forth

Eyes

Oh how tears flow from eyes

Piyush Dey



# Pain Of No Meaning

People waste their time  
In thinking too much,  
They wait for some action to come  
to take their action,  
Foolish people! Ask for leisure,  
Of what use is this rest?  
If they repent at reaction,  
If all at last they just,  
just cry and cry,  
And fill their thirsty heart  
with the river of their tears,  
Tears- which signifies pain of no meaning  
Of no shape,  
Then thousands of questions  
bang their mind!  
Of what shame they cry  
For wasting such time.

Piyush Dey

# Season Of Togetherness

Look deep into my eyes,  
and i will make to you  
all those false promises  
and you can repeat to me those  
falsehoods,  
That everyone wants to hear.

As long as this intimacy lasts,  
it will be an enjoyable game  
And when you have your fill,  
you can tell me  
the season of togetherness  
has passed.

Piyush Dey

# Soils

Not every person comes from the  
same soil of thoughts and beliefs,

Though each believes in his own.

That is the reason soils are  
different across the Universe.

But rich are those which are  
Honest, kind, Genuine.....

But these are loved by only lovely  
people who ought to love rich soils.

Piyush Dey

# Some Things I Still See The Same

Today, when i walk through the streets of life,  
i can see nothing old,  
nothing is old here, everything's gold,  
everything's new,  
The old houses of craft and imagination  
are gone now,  
Those early talks of passion gone too,  
Those blissful cups of love and rain, either.  
Still, lingering through these anger-filled  
streets,  
some things, i still see the same,  
The guidance of grandfather still  
roaming in the fresh streets of compassion,  
Those watchful dawns of victory still won,  
Those lovely cups of sweat and tear,  
still laughing,  
That friendly breeze of sun-born desire,  
still flowing,  
Those vast clouds of leisure by earthly  
hands, still sweeping,  
Those swift races of exquisite excellence,  
still fighting,  
Yes, some things i still see the same,  
some things i still feel the same.

Piyush Dey

# The Colourless Paths And A Colourful You

Don't cry, my dear friend, don't  
lament for the things done long ago,  
I am here with you as just as a  
little acquaintance, as just but for  
a piece of time,  
The remaining races are yours to treasure,  
But, at least i am here with you, even  
if it is for moment,  
So let's just let this heart not go  
mad and fearful  
Of the things that have seeked novelty,  
I am here, dearest, but just for a  
moment or two, the remaining races  
are yours to treasure,  
Don't cry, my dear friend, don't lamemt  
for the things done long ago,  
These summers that we are spending  
together is but only a season, it will  
pass away as the storms did last night,  
as the rattling ofthe windows had  
this morning and the crispness of the  
air had this noon,  
These paths, thses grasses, this  
unevenness, which covers our way to  
the silent listening heaven and  
towards the pending judgement  
are but our friends as those  
butterflies that seeked nectar from  
your garden in the morning freshness,  
as those rains that wrote silent  
messages upon the silhotte of your  
windows, as those joys when gods have  
laughed at your dwelling, my dear-  
I know the air is a little dense now  
and you feel difficult to breathe,  
I know the sins that hacc committed have  
down upon you door to seek their revenge  
and you feel difficult to handle such pains,  
But, remember, my dearest, somewhere

under this great colourless paths  
lies your vanity, your dreams, your  
passions, So-  
Don't lament for the things done long ago.

Piyush Dey

# The Everlasting Love

When i think of thy face,  
I see the moon and see you there,  
Your lovely cheeks of silken glace,  
Smile in the moon clear.

Your eyes filled with such innocent love,  
Your hairs like a river of aroma,  
Come to kiss me when i am slept, the sky above,  
And get embraced in my heart.

Your cute and naughty mischieves,  
Your tender touch of heavenly grace,  
Make me smile even in the worst of my night,  
Even in my endless thoughts.

O love, My dreams only dream for you,  
My soul only lives for you,  
My eyes only search for you,  
My breathes only breath for you.

And now that today i cry,  
For the moon is no more in the sky,  
My heart still bore the love for you,  
Long after it breathed the last for you.

Piyush Dey

# The Forest

When i pass through the forest it  
seems my ancestors are around me  
i feel i am a newborn baby  
and these tribes of trees, old and new,  
are pillowing me in their arms.  
Some play a flower rattle, others  
sprinkle fragrance on my eyes,  
One very old 'Bargad' takes me  
in his lap, surprise write on his  
face,  
And tells me-  
Now you have begun to walk  
But once you too were like us  
With your roots in the ground  
straining with all your might to  
catch the soaring air  
You had just arrived on earth  
And i saw you slithering around,  
on our branches you would climb,  
jump down again, scamper around,  
But once, standing on both legs,  
you could run,  
You didn't return  
You became a part of the rocks,  
of the mountains  
But even so  
The water in your body  
The soil in your being is from us  
You will be seeded again to us  
You will return to us again.

Piyush Dey



# The Heart Has Taken A Flight

Becoming a butterfly, the heart has  
taken a flight.. has flown somewhere far away..  
How are these accidents, unheard,  
As if some light kisses the dark..  
Becoming a butterfly,  
The heart has taken a flight, somewhere far off..  
Should I just tell you, or  
should I write on the sky,  
In your praise -  
Far be the evil eye..

Piyush Dey

# The Journey Of A Man

It was just the last moment  
That i was gifted life,  
By Heaven's caring arms  
I came into the world.  
To smile and play with all a zeal,  
Innocent of the life and  
Unwilling to school,  
I played a many mischief  
Leaving behind unforgettable memories,  
Then all of a sudden,  
I entered the adolescent  
To grow and think and feel and understand  
What actually life is all about,  
Then slowly a more stronger man  
With a puissant mind, trenchant eyes,  
fantabulous grin, and-  
a heart mingled with a thousand chords,  
And then a liable man,  
A little more serious, a little more old,  
A little more understanding,  
A little more hardworking,  
Moving with the fast ballad of life  
To reach a slow age-  
The grand age,  
with wrinkled skin, bespectacled eyes,  
and grey hair,  
A weak self with more stronger  
thoughts,  
Moving joyously...slowly...  
To Close the eyes-  
to see the heaven..  
and vanish into the stars above  
And twinkle for a life all over again.

Piyush Dey

# The Last Chapter

Upon a clean shelf,  
there lied a dusty book,  
and upon it was written-'Life'.  
When the dawn arrived after  
a drowsy slumber with the  
sunlight in tiptoe,  
I opened it and tried  
moving to last chapter,  
the chapter which would say  
my death, so that i could change  
it with a blissful day  
years far away,  
I kept going on, pages by  
pages, but the chapter didn't  
come, as if it didn't exist  
at all,  
Maybe, it got mixed with the  
dust on the book, or  
maybe in the night which i  
left behind.  
Or maybe somewhere where  
no other chapter can reach.

Piyush Dey

# The Last Indulgence

Dusts of pain shall come and go,  
storms of rain shall swing and  
tatter,  
Winters of tears shall smile and  
snuggle,  
But, O trees, may you never fall  
off from the roots that has been  
grown from the womb of your  
mother earth, may the nests that  
rest upon your branches never  
mingle away with the moistness  
in the air,  
weather will never be so calm  
and mum in the coming days,  
you have got to prepare  
yourself before the time play  
it's evil bout, who knows what  
is written next, or if something  
is written or not,  
maybe my dear, this is the last  
day,  
the day when you might be judged,  
so lift your arms full in the sky  
and stretch them so loosely that  
the wind may shy away to brace  
your kind gesture,  
O trees, lovely trees, my dear  
trees, let's indulge ourselves  
in this great sea of pleasure  
like no one else and rustle like  
waves itself forever.

Piyush Dey

# The Lovely Winters

Winters are the one which chills,  
Most often in the snowy beautiful hills,  
Which cherishes millions of desires,  
Makes nights more interesting for studies,  
Kicking all worries,  
Calling lots of teas and coffees in the evening,  
With every sip there is a new hope and understanding,  
No matter it chills,  
But thanks to it for the happiness it fills,  
Winters are beautiful and deep,  
Says goodbye to us with a promise that it keep,  
Whispering to us in a night which is mysterious and black,  
By kissing our heart, saying that it will come back,  
With new hopes which were lack.....  
The winters i love....The winters i love....

Piyush Dey

# The Neverending Path

Today, i am walking in a hot  
scorching road,  
Where the sun is playing  
with the ground,  
My feet swollen with pain  
are rather happy,  
To kiss this path of bliss  
Or rather pain,  
Blood is coming out of my feet  
with proud,  
And i am smiling  
Or rather grateful for this  
Holy moment,  
My sweat is playing its game  
trickling down the cheek,  
No people i can see,  
In this path of pleasure,  
And it feels as though,  
Its only me...and the road  
To rejoice and relish the moment.  
I don't know where this path  
will go or end,  
But,  
There's something tinkling  
down the road,  
Deep in the end,  
Which is calling me,  
And i started running,  
Without caring for my blood.

Piyush Dey

# The Poem Is Entangled In My Heart

The poem is entangled in my heart,  
The lines are stuck on my lips,  
They fly here and there like butterflies,  
Words just don't sit on the paper,  
Since when I'm sitting, o love,  
With your name written on plain paper,

Your name alone is complete,  
What would be a poem better than this..

Piyush Dey

# The Sense Of Distance

Now that you are so far away,  
I am reminded of the pleasure  
when you weren't that far,  
every time when your thought  
comes swimming into my heart  
from the sea of our memories.

I never thought of this moment  
to be so torturous and gruesome,  
Now that you are so far away,  
I crave to think of you even  
more than before,  
i try to smile a little more.

And i want to tell you, in a  
whisper, my dear, that-  
I still find your presence  
somewhere inside me, somewhere  
where your absence doesn't  
reach me,  
i find you sometimes in my  
dreams,  
i find you sometimes when i  
just happen to close my eyes.

Life is a path, my dearest,  
of fire and ice, love and  
hate, and we must be grateful  
to it for the path which it is  
leading us through, although  
we don't know where we are  
moving to, perhaps- we are  
coming closer to each other, or  
we are going a little more far  
away. But my dear,  
This holy nature is trying to  
explain us something and we  
must adore that.





# The Shadow In My Garden

Among  
the daisies of my morning garden,  
and the golden leaves of grass that  
dance untouched when the wind fills  
into their arms, just down the  
eucalyptus trees,

Among  
the butterflies over the rosy nectar,  
and the dew over the tips of the  
old leaves, and somewhere in the  
greenness of the little garden,  
falls your absence,  
which grows more denser with each  
blooming petal of petunia over the  
smallest plant that stands as bold  
and bright beside that old bench  
where for hours, some crows used  
to sit and babble,

Under  
the brown soil and above the green  
grass, falls your absence,  
quietly and unknowingly, which  
gets denser each falling rain that  
falls so loosely and unconditionally.

The cuckoos that used to sing when  
we walked, hand in hand, breath in  
breath, around that small pond of  
lilies and lotuses, don't sing now  
even in the spring days when the  
fragrance of the flowers mingle with  
the cuteness of the air,  
Now, even the pond stands empty-  
with a cup that seeks water  
every time when some dark clouds  
hover over it's body, maybe-  
this greenness, these songs fail

to recognize your absence which  
still falls in my morning garden,  
among the lush greenness that  
keep asking for your presence.

Piyush Dey

# The Song Of A Phoenix

These scary nights, these lovely moments,  
Love thee, o love thee.  
This running time, this flowing love,  
Soothe me, O soothe me.  
This fire, this spirit,  
Don't vanish, O don't vanish.  
These fights, these cries,  
Adieu thee, O adieu thee.  
This height, this depth,  
Go away, I respect thee.  
These memories, these gems,  
Breath me, O breath me.  
This path, this river, this sweat,  
Come here, I will kiss thee.  
O Mentor, O Lord!  
Let this spiritous young heart  
strive for the victory,  
By thou unbending sweetness,  
Let this soul fly again,  
O Mentor, O Mentor!

Piyush Dey

# The Song Of Cuckoo

In the heavenly abode, the morning comes,  
Where,  
One bird i know i hear,  
Who sings in a hush tone,  
Whose voice so lovely so clear,  
Whose calmness starts my day with a kiss of peace,  
In the serene quietude of the dawn,  
Away from the humdrum life,  
Takes the soul away from the body  
To the Zion of solitude.  
Her voice so lucent so mellow,  
That my heart starts singing,  
With a tinge of comfort and utter peace,  
Away from the bustle of life,  
Away from the prosaic of work,  
The Song of Solace....  
The Song of Love.....  
THE Song Of Cuckoo....

Piyush Dey

# The Song Of The Brave

I am the king of the jungle,  
I run like the beams of the sun,  
When I laugh, all trees bow,  
When i roar, dogs rebound their path,  
because, I am the king of the jungle.  
I play with life and death,  
When i fight, thunders scream,  
When i sleep, all butterflies laugh,  
Because, I am the king of the jungle.  
I speak like the bravest soldier,  
When I bow, all clouds cry,  
When I cry, i feel like laughing,  
Because, I am the king of the jungle.  
I glare like the bullet's charm,  
When I play, all flowers dance,  
When I rest, peace kisses the air,  
Because, I am the king of the jungle.  
I am like the fire of heaven,  
When I laugh, all birds lust,  
When I bath, all fishes are gladdened,  
Because, I am the king of the jungle.  
I am the beauteous river over the cliffs,  
When I sing, all mountains shiver,  
When I walk, stars pave my way,  
Because, I am the king of the jungle.  
Jungle is my life and my life is my jungle.  
Because...I am the king of the jungle.

Piyush Dey

# Those Words That I Have Kept For You

Those words that i have kept for you,  
flies like butterflies in my hasty mind,  
But still there's a place in heart,  
where love still remembers those words that i kept for you.  
And perhaps someday,  
I may pick up the sun to say to you-  
Those words that i have kept for you...

Piyush Dey

# To Flavor My Memories

I culled all the seven colors  
in the weave of your dreams  
and arranged them  
on the seven notes of melody.

a few notes of laughter  
a few notes of grief-  
cast-off shadows of your eyes  
I have stolen to flavor my memories.

It is the little things that carve  
a big chunk of memory  
I haven't forgotten even  
a fraction of a second spent with you  
i have been born again and again  
to be with you

I have always populated  
my loneliness with your thoughts  
amused my innocent heart-  
and at times, when i fell asleep  
dreams of you called out to me  
and woke me up.

And when the nights were estranged  
I placated them for you  
and ushered in dulcet mornings-  
even without you, i kept lighting  
lamps along the passage you would  
come by.

Piyush Dey



# Troubles

A crowd of troubles passed me by  
As i with courage waited;  
Said i, 'where do your troubles fly  
When you are thus belated? '  
'We go, 'they said, 'to those who mope,  
Who look on life dejected,  
Who weakly say goodbye to hope-  
We go where we're expected.'

Piyush Dey

# Truth Of Life

Life is a mountain,

And we are climbers

The one who dares to climb  
even when the conditions are rough,

Reaches the peak

To kiss the sun.

BUT

The one who cowardly gives up  
in fear to slip,

Slips to Death.

Piyush Dey

## Truth Of Life II

Sun is nothing,  
But a tearless heaven,  
Of unlimited aroma of light,  
To the people's stupidity,  
they cry for the sun has gone out of their life,  
And can't smell that aroma of light.

Piyush Dey

## Truth Of Life Iii

Life is a great journey,  
With every step,  
We bore a secret in life,  
Lock it with a key of pain  
Deep inside the door of our heart,  
But never allow people to peek inside,  
And die within forever..  
What kind of a secret is it?

Piyush Dey

# Truth Of Life Iv

When there's one has lost,

Two things there are he can always have-

Hope and Determination.

But Of these two things only a few can get favor of-

CLIMBERS not cowards.

Piyush Dey

# Truth Of Life V

We don't remember people,  
For their thousand goodness  
and unselfish love,  
But the only time when-  
They don't help us,  
When they turn their gaze  
And vanish into the clouds to fade away.....

Piyush Dey

# Unconcluded

On a white bed  
lies a body  
dead,  
abandoned,  
a forsaken body  
they forgot to bury.  
They left  
as if death was not  
their business.

I hope they come back,  
look  
and recognize;

bury me  
so I can breathe.

Piyush Dey

# Until I Breath This Life

Your eyes, mischievous and saline,  
Your laugh, an airy insolence,  
Your hair, waves undone and shine.

I will not forget...your memory rife,  
Until i breath this life,  
Until i breath this life.

Your hand slipping away from mine,  
Your shadow turning its gaze,  
Walking away...  
Without turning....into a haze.

I will not forgive...the memory rife,  
Until i breath this life,  
Until i breath this life.

Piyush Dey



# Until I Breath This Life-I

Your eyes, mischievous and saline,  
Your laugh, an airy insolence,  
Your hair, waves undone and shine.

I will not forget...your memory rife,  
Until i breath this life,  
Until i breath this life.

Your hand slipping away from mine,  
Your shadow turning its gaze,  
Walking away...  
Without turning....into a haze.

I will not forgive...the memory rife,  
Until i breath this life,  
Until i breath this life.

Your dancing freely in rains,  
Your getting angry on small things without reason,  
Your small, childish mischieves,

I'll love them all,  
Until i breath this life,  
Until i breath this life.

Your false promises,  
Your burning dreams,  
Your heartless wishes,

I'll hate them all,  
Until i breath this life,  
Until i breath this life.

Piyush Dey

# Until We Reach Somewhere

When the sun says he is done,  
or the moon proposes his love  
to the shimmering stars,  
or when the air stands still  
with no more storm, with no  
more rain,  
let's, my dear, stop everything  
that is ought to happen, that  
is going to happen, now,  
just now for a moment,  
let us let the time even flow  
a little further,  
let us, for a moment, leave  
everything into the hands of  
the unknown,  
let's sit empty-handed, free  
from any thoughts of day and  
night,  
and peek into each others eyes  
and, with utter indulgence, recite  
the happiness of this moment or  
the days that went so joyously,  
come my dear,  
let's sing together the songs of  
the springs when the sun wasn't  
so high or the winters when we  
didn't cry,  
let's make this world into a  
cloud and make us over it and  
forget everything that has passed,  
as if nothing had happened at all,  
and then let's shall move to sea  
and mingle with it's dampness and  
let's shall roll upon it's lap  
each time with laughter and keep  
laughing at the same jokes over  
and over, and keep flowing on  
and on, until we reach somewhere  
whole and happy.

Piyush Dey

# We Shall Keep Moving

I know, yes I know how clearly,  
how fearfully,  
That i would have to leave her  
one day, perhaps-willingly or  
perhaps-unwillingly, but i know,  
yes I know how clearly,  
how fearfully,  
I would have to leave her  
one day,  
Or an hour- an hour so harsh and  
impolite that the hells may  
feel it's pain,  
Or a moment- a moment which  
I shall regret or may even not so,  
Or an instant- instant so cruel  
that it may leave me broken-hearted,  
My heart says she will be mine some  
good day, it says one day she will come,  
one mysterious night, and  
adorn herself inside me-somewhere  
in the depths of my breaths- in the  
depths of my being, But i don't know  
how to say it- she yet being so near  
is so far-so dearly far from me,  
I know my dear, time is a little harsh,  
But these paths aren't, we are  
destined to go somewhere through  
these paths only, maybe-  
these paths will meet somewhere,  
somewhere very far off-But-  
We shall keep moving,  
You know my dearest? -  
loving eah other.

Piyush Dey

# What Is Life?

What is life?

River is flowing against harsh stone and pebbles,

Air is breezing in the comely shine of the sun,

Is this is life?

People are fighting foe excellence,

Ant is running towards its victory,

Clouds are floating in their dreams of dreams,

Trees are shaking a legs with the rains and storms,

Is this is life?

The frolic nature is playing its buoyant part,

In every sulky-sullen, gloomy-glum paths

Of saturnine pleasure,

Is this life?

What is life?

Piyush Dey

# What Is Time?

What is time?  
What is this thing that goes on without pause?  
If it did not pass,  
Then where could it have been?  
It must have been somewhere.  
It has passed.  
So where is it now?  
It must be somewhere.  
Where did it come from? Where did it go?  
Where did the process start? Where will it end?  
What is time?  
These events  
Incidents  
Conflicts

Every grief  
Every joy  
Every torment  
Every pleasure  
Every smile  
Every tear  
Every song  
Every scent,  
It may be the pain of a wound  
Or the magic of a tender touch,  
Or lonely voice or cries around;  
Success and failures assailing the mind;  
The upheavals of care, the tumult of the heart.  
All feelings  
All emotions  
Are like leaves  
Floating on the surface of the water.  
As they swim along  
Now here,  
Now there,  
And now they disappear,  
Gone from site, but  
There must be something

Flowing along.  
What is this river?  
What hills has it come from?  
To what sea is it going?  
What is time?

Sometimes I think  
When I see trees from a moving train,  
It seems  
They go in the opposite way.  
But in reality  
The trees are standing still.  
So can it be  
That all our centuries,  
Row upon row, are standing still?  
Can it be that time is fixed,  
And we alone are in motion?  
Can it be that in this one moment  
All moments,  
All centuries are hidden?  
No future  
No past.  
What has gone by  
Is happening now.  
I think -  
Can it be possible  
That this is true,  
That we are in motion?  
We pass by,  
And what we imagine  
Is moving  
Is really motionless.  
Moving, not moving?  
Whole or divided?  
Is it frozen,  
Or is it melting?  
Who knows?  
Who can guess?  
What is time?

This glorious universe  
It seems  
Even today is not content  
With all its glory.  
At every moment  
It becomes wider and more vast.  
It stretches out its arms  
And with its fingers like galaxies  
Touches other parts of space.  
If this is true,  
Outside the bounds of all we can imagine  
Somewhere there will certainly be a part of space,  
Which  
So far it has not touched  
With its fingers like galaxies,  
Where nothing has happened.  
A part of space,  
Which has not heard the Creator's command,  
'Be! '  
Where God does not yet exist.  
And in that place  
There will be no time  
One day  
This glorious universe will reach  
This untouched part of space.  
And then with its whole existence  
It will cry:  
'Be! '  
Time will be born there also.  
If there is birth, then there is death.  
I think  
It is not true  
That time has no end and no beginning.  
The thread is very long  
But  
Somewhere the thread will have an end.  
Now mankind is confused  
Because it was born in this cage of time.  
It was brought up and raised here.  
But now man has discovered  
That outside the cage of time  
There lies another part of space.



So he thinks,  
He asks,  
What is time?

Piyush Dey

# What It Was That I Was Looking For?

There had been a delay, a great delay,  
Everything skipped me everyday, everyday,  
I wouldn't mind any pain,  
I wouldn't mind slipping any gain,  
For something that i was looking for,  
In the gallant deserts of the sand,  
In the scorching fire of the summer suns,  
And then finally staying up all night,  
I realized what it was that I was looking for,  
There it was in the clear sky.  
laughing, laughing at the same jokes over and over,  
as if each time it heard it for the very first time-  
MY DREAM,  
I wish i had kept on looking up then.

Piyush Dey

## What Kind Of A Secret Is This?

There is a matter that has almost come upto my lips,  
This is evident in my eyes,  
Sometimes from you, sometimes from me,  
They ask for words,  
To take their shape and come to my lips,  
And to be embraced by my voice,  
But this matter,  
Is a feeling...only a feeling,  
Floating in air like fragrance,  
Fragrance which has no voice,  
About which you know  
and i know too,  
It's not hidden from the world,  
What kind of a secret is this?

Piyush Dey

# Where Does The Smile Lie?

When the dusk falls, the sun asks,  
'O dear, where does the smile lie? '  
'Smile lies, I say, where the sky  
rejoice the rain in air,  
smile lies, where the poor bites  
the piece of the day,  
smile lies, where the nightingale  
sings the melody of a new dawn,  
smile lies, where the peacock dances  
by the kiss of the cloudburst,  
smile lies, where the child cries,  
smile lies, where the nations stand for peace,  
smile lies, where the lovers meet and love,  
smile lies, everywhere in the souls of  
better tomorrow,  
smile lies, in the lap of the gallant Universe'

Piyush Dey

# Who Says?

Who says there's no serenity in darkness?

Who says there's no life without race?

Who says there won't be any light without sun?

Who says without 'time' we will stop?

Piyush Dey

# Why No Love There For Others In Thy Hearts?

In this life full of hardness,  
Why thou hath no feeling of affection for others,  
Rather making this life peaceful, making it a place of sorrowness?  
Why thee bad-blood'd ones hat forgotten that we all are like sisters and  
brothers?  
In this world of beautiful things,  
Why no love there for others in thy hearts,  
Just living self-centered ones as kings?  
And throwing at other's hearts, hatred fill'd painful-darts.  
O! Rancor-fill'd ones,  
Why shooting bullets filled with feeling of detestation into other's hearts by thy  
silly guns.  
Thou must be fools to have such a feeling.  
But one day will come, where to thy hurts, there will be none to give thou a  
feeling of healing.  
So do good and be good with a feeling of affection for others.

Piyush Dey

# You Have Got To Smile

In a dark summer night,  
When I was crossing through a  
path embraced by glum eerie trees,  
with a half dejected face,  
trying to console myself, as i said,  
'happens sometimes, don't worry'  
I saw a dot twinkle in the distance  
down in the black grass,  
As i came closer, i saw two, three,  
then four, then ten, then hundreds  
of such little twinkling dots  
twinkle like the million stars on sky,  
suddenly i was covered by thousands  
of those little divine dots,  
thin rays of light came and entered my heart.  
i felt like i was covered by powerful  
rays of wisdom,  
But all of sudden, someone started  
slapping me, again and again,  
then the slaps started reverberating,  
i couldn't see who it was,  
i started crying and found that  
those rays were going little by little,  
i cried louder, the lights dimmed more,  
i cried more louder and it was dark.  
my heart beats started pounding like hell,  
after sometime, as i stopped crying by myself,  
i felt someone rubbing the tears off  
my face, patting my head with its  
gracious arms,  
It felt lighter, my head,  
something whispered around my ears  
with its soft lovely voice,  
'You haven't got to stop and weep,  
rather, you have got to smile', then-  
as i smiled, i saw that same little dot  
flicker in the far dark,  
i spranged towards it, smiling widely,  
then i saw two, three,

then four, then ten, then hundreds  
of such little twinkling dots  
twinkle like the million stars on sky,  
thin rays of light came and entered my heart,  
i felt i felt like i was covered by powerful  
rays of wisdom again.

Piyush Dey



# You've To Live Without Me

Forget me,  
It's a goodbye to you..  
You've to live without me..  
This is your journey, this is your path..  
You've to live without me..

All the fame be yours,  
this is my prayer..  
all the grace be upon you,  
this is my prayer..

You're your own shore,  
you're your own support..  
you're the song of tomorrow..  
you're the story of tomorrow..  
believe in yourself,  
become your own God..

I'm an evening of autumn..  
You're a new morning..  
You've to live without me..  
Where all the springs blossom,  
you'll find me there..  
where our love resides,  
you'll find me there..

I'll meet in such a way, this is my promise..  
I'll be with you always, this is my promise..  
You've to live without me..

Forget me,  
It's a goodbye to you..  
You've to live without me..  
This is your journey, this is your path..  
You've to live without me..

Piyush Dey