

Poetry Series

Suvro Bhattacharya
- poems -

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Suvro Bhattacharya(23-12-1965)

FREELANCE WRITER. POET. BLOGGER.

A Simple Kiss

Few drops of your love
sticking under your lips!
With my everyday pain
for life runs under the stream of lies!

None of us are beyond this dark side of our skin!

Yey we try to mask
the pain with the fabrication of simple kiss!

Suvro Bhattacharya

After The End!

Sex lies and intercourse!
Day and right after!

Sky is always blue
but not like in..
in our bedrooms!

Joy we lost! For lust
incur costs.
Costs of love.

love! strange!
And we remain strange all the time!
Your portions of soft target! Mine hardened!

Except our touch and go,
we hardly know!
The touch, the warmth, the abode sex provide with glow

All we spent, greed and pride lust best provide!
Not that touch warmth love and our blue sky! Yet we log out from us without
purpose!

Suvro Bhattacharya

Allergy And The Symptom.

In the beginning it was fire.
In the end it was fire.

Suvro Bhattacharya

Alone With Loneliness.

During the periods of stipulated flashbacks
Memories may not always be smooth or soothing
The pages of the wary calendars
Under the color of my melancholy ink
May not forget nor forgive the pain
Yet I would love to be alone again.

My heart will never burst into laughter
Nor will cry in rain
Flashbacks of the scenes may not survive
With all the clocks in my hand, for they are the silent warriors
Dead, fought in vain.

The next day is always so crucial
Fighting against all the odds
Yet the motion seldom walks along
With our dreams or feel at home in accord.

If you think you win or a loss for me,
All the days are numb, crying silently
Morning brings nothing but wary nights
Passions grow old from everyday fights,
Let me put it straight for ages to come;
Not time but moments may matter to some.

Suvro Bhattacharya

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Suvro Bhattacharya

An Ode To Mother: Dec The 23rd!

She was on the edge of her emotion!
No; not in the well of a void!
But in the abyss of
the truth,
the love to creat
one!

There was always
an eternal yearning
like the bud
to flower on!
Like the seed
to spread her green!

Her eyes were in dream like every poet
with an ardent pen!
She lay etherized on the table
in labour!
In delivery pain!

Women are always
a puzzle in broken
pieces!

How you sustained
such a pain!
As i cried out
for the first oxygen?

Suvro Bhattacharya

Anonymous Pride

This road lurking along our
Blemished pride like the troops
Marching forward to invade
Sunny days moonlit nights.

Amorous figures with part time
Assignments, perfectly shaped-
With precise timing yet dubious
Methods, never look back.

Shadows around the forlorn
Pages of distant words and
Forgotten lines always try to
Put their protests straight....

Inside our empty signatures
Inside our empty utterances
Inside our empty embryos
We never lament, never look back.

This road lurking towards
Echoes of all epics. And our
Empty reflections in reverse
Order look alike in all directions.

Suvro Bhattacharya

Back To The Essencials

Back to the days of the first encounters,
Back to the pictures with the zoom effects in full.
Back to first names hanging from those innocent lips.
Back when the earth was singing with the fool moon.

With each glances under the whispers of hearts.
With each letters of innocent beliefs like the dawn.
With each stroke of dreams under the stars of the Milky Way.
With all the blessings of the purest hearts around, from down memory lane.

We promised to keep the track clean
Like the heaven installed in the heart.
Keeping the flame inflamed in humility.
Even everything becomes dark.

But when everything was waiting for our touch.
The sky to color in blue.
Water to overcome the thirst.
Breeze to fly with oxygen.

Light to overpower the dark.
Dawn to nurse the night.
Peace to settle the wars.
Truth to start the fight.

Words were fallen from the hope.
Promises died out of doubts.
Dreams were shadowed by experiences,
For wisdom prevails at last.

No more sentences for dreams.
No more words to count.
No more promises to keep,
Between you and me.

Suvro Bhattacharya

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Suvro Bhattacharya

Before The Battle.

In between mirage and oasis hypocrisy looms large!
Everything is symmetric with respect to deceptions of power!
Let's put our voices into the past as well!
Keeping silence in our present time!
It would be prudent to keep our ear to the ground.
Watch out the secrets of the confusing lines
In between promises and desires.
For the liars are the perpetual celebrities.

Of the day and the night
Morning and evening
For each birth and each death through the finite space
Within the infinite dream;
Meanwhile let's compose the truth
Weaving our facts of eternity!

Suvro Bhattacharya

Belly Dancer

Here under the night sky

every thing puts the belly down. Life is not marvel at all. Yet dance is on.

Suvro Bhattacharya

Beyond Nothingness

The only poem i
try to write
night after night
in the name of sanctity

serene words of dew
like the music of
autumn

forlorn rivulet
down memory lane

feelings that were
unfulfilled

yet no remorse
yet with your hope
of reunion!

If it were pure enough
to recall as a poem

if the dance is there
music of blood
running down the
beliefs

even amid all the
self-deceptions
clouding the minds

with time burning
in our hands

flowering the eyes
in love still!

YES!

Butterfly

Butterfly oh yes!
she feels the pain agony the sorrow
for yesterday today and tomorrow!
she conceives all all the sin
our deeds and the dream
and blooms in colors yet!
painting the heart on her tiny wings
for hours
still we are stillborn stubborn in our goal
lust for power not the flower..

Suvro Bhattacharya

Chance

In this world! Man!
I need space; a little
peace a little grace!

Yes i know chance is slim!
Life is here ever
grim!

Still i crop hope for dream;
life will dance down
the stream.

All i need day and night
you & others along side

Though i know chance
is slim;
Let's fight MAN!
we are a team! !

Suvro Bhattacharya

Chronicle Of Love

She had been suffering,
The broken relationships under the cracked memoirs
Bones almost plundered
With the fearful hopes, anxious, doubtful all the way

So I slowed down a little bit,
With fragments of kisses
With delicate touches of makeover trials
With the letters denote something like love or etc.

Smell of nights, music of movements
Written poems underneath
Like few lonely stars and cupboard stories of heavenly bodies,
Not so useful yet essential for the time being.

So she lifted her hurting eyes
Like men on wary lands, painful yet with some remote dreams
With folded arms and keeping space between;
Not for me, but to remember her story still.

Suvro Bhattacharya

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Suvro Bhattacharya

Clueless.

Guilty or not, yet it hurts to break the rhythm.
I thought I had got the right clue.
No never, I was wrong.
I always hear them in their witness box.
Not to tell the truth, but to fabricate one.
Pieces of misinformation vow to make us wise.
Right or wrong, pleasant or irked, it remains all the same.
So I scream all day long, along with the running foot falls.
Along with all our ancestors dead or forgotten.
Alone in my hole, with fried dreams and drinking stale hopes.
Somewhere between the lines lies false prides to sing along.
Voice and the texture of history ever remain the same.
To crack a joke besides our witness box.
Sometimes the rhythm sinks,
Or sometimes we feel badly beaten.
Guilty or not, yet it hurts or break the rhythm.
Rhythm you believe makes you noble.
Gives you the key to unlock the heaven.
Guilty or not, it pays no dividend.

Suvro Bhattacharya

Color Of The Skin

when silence enters
keep your heart open!
make the drizzle
sing; tuning with the cold wind on your skin.
whoever try to undo your words
keep your track open
for a fresh touch!
the skin will sing along
your dream
paving your pain in love.
every closed door
has an opening
beyond!
keep the color alive!

Suvro Bhattacharya

Corridors Of Sufferings

HAPPINESS ALONE.

According to the scriptures. According to the Nature. According to the legacy of war and treaty.

Sometimes and somewhere. Somehow and somehow. Someone is lying and all the others are trying to digest. Someone is beaten and someone else is harvesting the fruit.

Someone is weeping and someone is trading the sorrow.

Bitter words never travels alone. Through the dark corridors of conspiracy history may celebrate the winner.

But not all the corners of happiness are spotless.

Success often threatens humanity alone. Bitter words bring the silence pleading guilty.

For happiness alone knows the price of success.

Suvro Bhattacharya

Death Of The Dead

Death in memories
death in dream
death of cherrished
plans
death of desired
stream
death along the fine tuned songs
death along the deeds of our wrongs

Slowly bends our
time
from the morning rhyme
to the bedtime slippers!
and the sleeping pills
of the success drills!

With all the lights
gone off
into the evergreen night!
The dark shades
of our humanity
looms large in spite!

Still dawn sparkles
in a childish smile!
Along the hope of infinite mile.....

Suvro Bhattacharya

Entropy

Who are you?
She pushed me
beyond doubt....
Who is she!
my everything
without doubt!

Life rolls on
on the summer winter comes; rain dries out
she steps about
beyond the frame!
Love and life
in a strife
whom to blame!
Comes problem
makes us lame.
Yes; so; at the end
she put me there
in the frame!

Suvro Bhattacharya

Fame And Nightmare

YES!

Still i'm not considering the final
countdown.

The death!

Oh! no!

Leaves are still to fall

Winter far off!

River slowing down!

But not desert song!

It is breathing time!

Bored with joy

toying with success

skying the limit!

Overdose of sleeping pills responsible for
late night dream!

Even then i'm acutely aware of my suffering for the lies
i pose! EVERYDAY!

All along!

If you fear boredom

out of the fame

rather be afraid

of success

than going down

with your name!

Suvro Bhattacharya

Flashbacks Of The Scene.

It was not the midnight drill,
Nor any dream necked in blue.
People may cover their own defense,
When night becomes true.

Not all the vulgar words are obscene,
Nor any love indecent in color.
People may rewrite the history,
When time becomes bipolar.

Words can draw us fool,
Or make us wise, in mind.
But only for the flashbacks
We remain prophets, not blind.

(27-04-2014)

Suvro Bhattacharya

From The High Altitude

Yes let's not forget our rhythm darling!
Last night you were too stiff to ride.
I think of it with wonder all along my life
Why stillness often engulf us?

Locked in some wayward dreams
May sometime defuses our rhythm
May sometimes reduces us into just a theory
May sometimes defines us as a habitual trait.

Time is here always striking new seconds
Always paving new minutes
For welcoming the new hour to blink a new day.
Come on darling let's paint our day with new shades, new colours.

Last night you were too stiff to ride darling.
Our altitude was too high to rhythm in the right tune
Our altitudel was too high to fathom deep inside your womb
Our altitude was too high to waltz in union.

Last night we lost the way darling
Last night we forgot to see in our eyes
Last night we was locked in darkness, in our blind belief
Sex is just an organism, but sex requires souls to feel.

From our high altitude we often feel
Everything should follow us
Follow our whims. But life talks along the history of the universe
For our soul to perform always. In union with love.

Suvro Bhattacharya

I And My Death

We were wandering desolate in front of time eternity.
Everyday every night to witness the dead poets in the labor rooms
Crying for the first word to breath anew.
Life may laugh at us life may sing our elegy,
We can shake our hands in union, in disagreement, in mutual understanding,
But not in disbelieve!
People with white teeth, People with pants on,
People with secrete codes may try to deny us, may try to resist,
May try to switch off the bad dreams but we prevail.
Again if you draw new lines to erase our outlines
Again if you sing false notes to set new truths
Again if you try to outsmart us,
Not a single leaf will turn alive from their yellow grief.
Not a single day rest awhile.
Not a single grave will write a new poem
From eternity.
I and my death will stand alone under debris.
Time may wash out, but we prevail.

Suvro Bhattacharya

In A Full Circle.

Water above your tears
like thirst above your breast.
Always melting between our dreams and desires.
Always walking between the dark corridors of crude nights and shameless days.
Yet the wings above our forthcoming plans.
The whimper above our
exposed whims.
May declare white flags
with the exchange of few occupied lands in between.
For both the diverse banks of life need the river flowing of human touch
underneath all our stupidity.
Underneath calculated blunders we can put in place,
for...
Water above your tears.
Thirst above your breast.
May melt between our desires and dreams.

Suvro Bhattacharya

In Between Our Lips

It's a story of simple truth.
It's a story of simple lie.
The dark inside our desires
The dark inside our oath
Crawls along the time.
Time which we call human world.
Time which we show as our belief.
All along our dubious signature of history we strive for a better resolution of our
desires and conspiracies.

Yet she pokes her kisses in between these lies and deceptions.
All so smoothly and in such a manner like a gentle breeze
None can doubt her tell.
It's a story of midnight.
It's a story of a couple.
Days and nights all along our kisses
Our touches in between,
Our clothes crumpled underneath!
LIPS and kisses all along the lies and deceptions
Down the ages all along
Down memory lane
The story continues.....

Suvro Bhattacharya

In Love In Angst.

Whoever wants to die before his time
is not in love. How can it be so true
For someone who has seen

both sides of the coin from the same distance!
War and peace, no matter -
You can't afford to be slipped over.

So much to feel within, so much to feel
for, so much to feel genuine. Yet you
look for the end in itself?

Deep intimate theories invading
the nights for passion and longing-
never switch over to nothingness.

Yet you realized few voids in between the lines,
not for any specific purpose
but as the inherent norms!

So much to rejoice, so much to prove,
so much to fulfil. Around every single
moments of time and dream.

The letters of love may collapse one day.
May even change every connotation-
We achieved so far, still I'll be their

Waiting for the touch, even from the
one who wants to put the final break
before his time. In angst.

Suvro Bhattacharya

Its No Secret!

By now it is no secret
i've took her away from her man!
It's a question of love and flirt!
It was nearly sex at first sight!
2.30 AM. Early in the morning!
Heigh on the air^
Alitude up^
Altitude down!
We ditched her man:
And we are the fate of women!

Suvro Bhattacharya

Love Is A Means Of Transport

In the meantime; with few chopped arid sorrows and worries
If you put me in the frying pan
On the stove

Good gracious Lady you'll find my love bare and naked in size!

Brimming in joy
All the burned red shifted love
Fried naked and bare;
Will serve you:
Your appetite dear!

Sonner you taste it!
Sonner the flavour will take you back to normal.
As the stars twinkle:
Moon light dances in the Niagra night:
Every wombs cryies out with new borns!

Meanwhile with the onset of our mutual trust:
All those fried crisp love will start Reshaping the world
With a new dawn.

Suvro Bhattacharya

Love And Sex

'LOVE THY SEX!
SEX YOUR LOVE!

WHERE IS THE CHOICE!

NOWWHERE ELSE
BUT IN THE MIND! '

Every time the child borns
every time nature
praises!

Every time you make
love
every time the bed
raises!

With every kisses
love initiates life into sex?
Or sex inspires love to make sense in life?

Who bothers to probe!
who bothers to
find!

When the time cones
we become blind!

Sex or no sex!
Love or no love!

Child, the citizen of woumb will laugh in the first cry!

SEX OR LOVE?

Suvro Bhattacharya

Love On The Wings Of Deception

and still those bulletins eating the sunday leisure
blessed with marvelous lines and hope....
design and promise.....
tears and terror.....
prearranged in cabinet meetings,
shapes my days for histories.

beyond the good time and bad times,
beyond the success and failures,
beyond the war and peace,
we march on our high hopes....
we listen with our patience,
we believe with our eyes blind folded.

the presence invisible of power and greed.
the presence invisible of
threat and fear.
the presence invisible of
blood and death.

keeps us inside the trap.
keeps us alive to witness the story.
keeps us within the range of manipulation.

oh sweet heart let me hold your hand
time is breaking down in between you and me
everywhere.
for we want to touch each others belief
to believe them planning inside the wealth of power to set the trap for us.
for us.
for us.

Suvro Bhattacharya

Middle Age Time

In this middle age
night
illusive sleep
with or without dream!
And the clock remains dumb!
Yet we move on and on
smiling face silver and gold
under the sleeping bones! The lighted
mirrors
fading bright!
With all our promise
every night!
Still we run for our
home
sweet roof! Standing floor!
Still we crawl for our
living even on
wrong time!
For the wrong cause
With the wrong ones!
This middle age time
makes us such!
Sailing smooth
under the sun
every night!
Illusive sleep!

Suvro Bhattacharya

Midnight Dream.

The bed is ready to open the
New story to unfold.
To retold.
Today no moon is there to welcome.
Only the age old shame of our mutual understanding.
All the dark residual of our ancestors
With the memories of past infatuations
And the forgone experiences of
Midnight dreams.
Unforgettable with the touches of the night skins
In every single story of the midnight bed.
I know you may seek asylum in my gravity.
I know you may extend your believes ablaze
In every directions of my sphere to rebuild
The space of midnight dream.
I can assure you one prime time experience
Of a story to be unfold,
Not the dream but the absolute midnight itself.

Suvro Bhattacharya

Mirage And Oasis

Love is an ancient listener,
revealing the true identity!
Waves after waves day and night
before the centuries
and after!
Beyond the big bang and within!
Neither in mirage nor in oasis!
Even in both: love is there if i feel you only in love!

Only you and the others down memory
lanes can see me!
Nor the wind or water,
nor sky or land!
But the green touch
and radiant glow can feel me within!

Because i love!
Because i love!
Because i love!

Nor the mirage
nor the oasis
only for love!

Suvro Bhattacharya

Mocking Bed

Searchlight is on!
Bed is ready!
Night is in full swing!
Earth was waiting!
Light! Sound!
Ever ready!
But our topic goes never around the bed!
It sings heart in passion; in glory;
in human salvation!
Yet women time is coming in full
for their men!
Production will start
tonight!
Tomorrow will come!

Suvro Bhattacharya

No Space For Memory

Here in this earthly mode
Yes I update my version.
For a better understanding.
Last night when we were locked together
During our private mode
Some one told some thing.
Something sounds like love.

All the lights with obscure reflelctions
Tried to fathomed deep inside us.
When we thought we were alone!
When we thought we achieved our love
This voice entered!

A different way of thinking
I believe, a different way of uttering nonsense.
Yet how do you define love man?
How best can one explain the pain?
Real and simple!
Not all the nights can sing.
Not all the beds can dance.
Not all the curtains unfolds the story.
True and naked!

Yet I had changed my mode.
Updated my version.
For a better understanding
Of the bedside lamp.
The reflected obscure beam of the projected light.

Now it is time for you to define
Those voice, underneeth our private mode.
For a better understanding of an updated version of truth.
And let the love flow in it's own way.
Even if we lost all space for our memory.

Suvro Bhattacharya

On The Wings Of A Broken Heart!

IF love could be GOD

Dream and aspiration
see success in deeds

All clouds rain harvest

Mirage cultivates
OASIS

I console you dear
again in fervent
burning KISS!

Suvro Bhattacharya

On The Wings Of Broken Heart!

If love could be
GOD!
Dream and aspiration
see success in deeds!

All clouds rain in
HARVEST!
Mirage cultivates
OASIS

I consol you again
in fervent burning KISS!

Suvro Bhattacharya

Purple And Black!

I want to draw you
with the color of my eyes!
Want to warm you up
with all my favourite love!

These were from my
own pictures when i was innocent like purple!

Now the morning comes
with the purpose,
not with the canvas
for color
but like the most important cheque!
For a signature with due amount!

Again you've also
grown wise and cynical with fear
for a bouncing cheque!

And i know why love
is not there any more!
We had no love within!

Black descends!
Heart sinks.....

Suvro Bhattacharya

Silence Of Wound

The wound the mutual
hatred,
the quivering silence- lean time of mutual
separation
under the bed lamp.
To breath the sensation
they burn tomorrows!
Fire of hatred
independent of love
gathers all around
the beds
besides the night lamps!

Fight is on!
The eyes locked!
Sending out beams!
Rages of anguish!
Underneath, love
dumps all memories.
Cold shivers in blood!
Blood boils down
the throat.....

Sound utters SILENCE at last!

Out of debris of love!

Suvro Bhattacharya

Songs Of Poetry

Poetry is the wave
drenching the sea-shore!
Sea-gull hovering overhead!
Poetry is lilack
Poetry is lily
Poetry is rose
Poetry is cherry!

Poetry tears down the cheek
liquidated in joy!
liquidated in grief!
Poetry consoles the soul!
As glass of sherry!

Poetry draws the out-line
....the cosmos forms!
Poetry paints the blue
....the sky performs!

Poetry waves the desire
...love sings along!
Poetry paves the way
....makes us strong!
Poetry dreams and cry
....erases wrong!

Suvro Bhattacharya

Stroke!

The rain sunshine
moonlight
everyday's fight
between you and me

Life goes unnoticed
between the schedule
ray of hopes delude
making us fool

Try it hard, keep the plan briefcase full
time will cease the moment, time will rule

You'll see the mirror before the sleep
wrinkles laugh
you sigh deep!

Human world making
brave!
yet we always digging grave!

Pride is there for you and me! greed will propel us
we will see

AND! sun burns
those days
Let us fight for
We lost our face!

Suvro Bhattacharya

The Autobiography

I've walked through
many loves
some; my friend's
some; my own

When i look behind
some of them gone
some are there still
some i can't feel!

Who are you for me
some of them ask.
Be only my own
few put forward this task.

Yet i know who am i
for whom i wait
life is a dream
drawn by a poet:

Suvro Bhattacharya

The Birth

I am the only one, all alone
With none to be substituted.
I am the solace of the sufferers
Everywhere around everything.

I know the secret numbers
To unlock the mind.
I know the dark chamber
Of the soul in eternity.

I overwhelmed the waves of
Our history, surviving along
The time scale of nuisance
Standing erect over the debris

Of beliefs from the time past
To the time future.
Circling Around all the lost hopes.
For I alone know the secret.

Beneath the surface reality
And above the virtual designs
Of hopes and aspirations.
Of anguish and humiliation.

I'm awake from the beginning-
Of the story to the never ending
Rituals of Eternity, day in and
Day out. All around the inside.

Stars will fade out.
Time will Pass.
Life will stop crying for-
The first breath of the fresh- Dawn. Yet I will be there.

For you, for you alone in this
Lonely world of peace and trust.
For the poetry of love-
Just in two eyes. For my birth!

Suvro Bhattacharya

The Burnt Memoir

When the ni8 falls
it falls on her bed
The cover is there
she gone instead!

When dawn breaks
it touched her cheek
Now dawn is pale
she left a hell!

These are the tale
without the end
History runs circle
at every bend!

Yet my Rose bloom
in heart not in room
Only her thorn still
burns skin I feel!

Suvro Bhattacharya

The Dark Passages

Sleepless nights and the
Monsoon rain, drops after drops
Sharing little secrets besides
Greenwood trees. All alone!

I, like the other homosapiens
Behind the closed doors with
Abandoned theories of truth
In conversation with myself.

Under all the hidden floors
History with frozen steps
May start its own story
Hushed and covered up!

The obvious is not difficult to fathom!
But the heroes had
Different mosaics in their
Minutes of lies. All along!

All the dark secrets with
Their rhymes and rhythms
Had tried to wipe out the truths
Yet sleepless nights prevail.

I, along with the passage of time
Besides the Greenwood trees
Try to fathom this human race
Like the primordial truth!

Suvro Bhattacharya

The Deep Secret

she was talking in undertone
like the old hermits of the
Buddhist Monastery

not to prove any algorithm
or to put forward hypothesis
of social revolution

she was there with her
gentle smile and her bare arms
moving like gentle breeze

not like the smiling bureaucrats
shaking the cold hands
before the secret deals

she was looking around
along the time scale of eternity
like the twinkling stars

from the distant galaxies
around the summer nights;
serene, poised like the Pacific

her looks were quite different
from the performers
playing with the power

behind the closed doors
after the success of
summit meetings here and there

she was there engrossed in
deep collaboration with
the forthcoming embryos

like the painter over her canvas
playing with all the colours
to make one of her own

one without any blood spot
one without any inflicted pain
one without any human grief

Suvro Bhattacharya

The Dream

If the heart were pure enough
if the eyes were
clear

If the mind were
true
if only you were my
dear! !

If the deeds were more human
if the money were
white

If the power were
less evil
if our love were
more bright!

What would have happened
if everyone could depend on truth!

Can you promise
along the history!
life will run
forever smooth?

Suvro Bhattacharya

The Final Moment

The night is all around us!
Cloths are not a reality any more!
Its happening!
With the passing wind!
With the tiny movements of the clock!
Within her in house
with her opened door!
And the little master with all his whims and touch making the inroads open for a
warm human flood!

Suvro Bhattacharya

The Imitators

No not about the ignorance!
or the deliberate lie!
Something in between!
You with your mind
and i.

Nor even the question
not the answeres
from all our history books!
But you look!
Upon your own back!
it is the original
it is the real
it is the true face
that we lack!

Suvro Bhattacharya

The Intellect

The man with
intellect
looks forward!

The man seems to possess all
the answers!
The man knows where to stand
alone!

The man gives
when it is expected only!
He is the intellectual!
The product of the system!

He is that man
with whom society
feels proud!

He is that man
with whom you feel
discomfort!

Intellect makes us proud
Intellect makes us
envy
Intellect makes us
fools

We are not soul but intellectual tools!

Suvro Bhattacharya

The Morning Dew

Sometimes i paint my love with your color!
Sometimes i draw hopes in your style!
Sometimes i try to built a square of mutual trust!

Sometimes the wind
blows it down!
Still i live a lover's life
with or without you!

The day of lovemaking
preaches us
love is like morning dew!

Suvro Bhattacharya

The Nonbelievers

Poet you told once
it is a sin to believe
none

History smiles back
everyday, the deed
undone!

In my heart of hearts
when i sing your
song

None but i listen me
others remain deaf
where they all belong!

Poet you know, today
makebelieve is the
catch

It is always the clever
who win the
match!

But the world around
doesn't know where
to go!

Believe or not to
believe! we dance
in between! to & fro!

Suvro Bhattacharya

The Rays Of Hope!

My last light will seek you!
Into the roads through the blind alleies, for the reflections of life:
for the fractions of seconds within the realm of eternity!

Not all the afternoon windows drink
champagne for hope!
The ageing sun will fade on in time!
For you to alight the night!
And you'll see me there; within your ageing sight!

Those people who will want to paint love!
May find us in time!
may praise us, our worth!
May ditch us! Our rhyme!

But for us i'll seek you in time!

Suvro Bhattacharya

The Stuffed Air

dissolving air
corrupting the breath
IMPERIAL rules
brain locked tight
in credit cards
in project wealth
against the revolt of
fresh air

the stuffed air prevails

revolving night revolves
around casting the votes;
not for changes
not for love
not for life

but the stuffed air
prevails.
all around

Suvro Bhattacharya

The Sufferers

I don't know
what you wanted to hear
I wasn't sure
about myself!
blue sky or
the blue ocean!
....words or
lines!
circles or squares!

fractured with disbelieves
with greed and pride
the blue collopses
dissolving all hopes!

Love grew mute
timidity paved freight!
we stand still where we stood!

Suvro Bhattacharya

The Triangle Of Pubic Hair

no more offer of midnight dreams.
no more share of open kisses.
no more hypothetical land of human rhythm.
underneath your beloved clothes
all my believes lost its way during the journey in the woods.
will you find them deep inside?
will you keep them intact?
will you give them due honor?
everything may not find its way.
only your scent can guide them according.....

Suvro Bhattacharya

The Words

in the end everything seemed
to be superfluous,
our whims, our worries,
our everyday words
whirling in between
the four corners of any statutory affairs

in the end everything was
so predictable like the unfolding
of any well rehearsed drama
that our words became silent
like the tired desert
after the longest day of the year

in the end everything pushed
us to the edge of the words,
we exchanged in between our debates,
our secret plans,
our lies along the history
of war and peace unfolding the time

Suvro Bhattacharya

To Live Is An Art!

What is art my poet?
Why you poems your
time!
Can't you live without!
And live with
the life sublime!
To live is art
yes you would say!
To live in full
merry and gay!
But my poet
life you know!
A vicious battle!
Under the sun,
on snow!

So your art!
How you save?
From the woumb
into the grave!

And your poem!
With love profound!
Can it help the world
with human sound?

If not so!
With all the words
high and low,
all your lines
may not flow
for your art
not good so!

Suvro Bhattacharya

Touch Me.

Touch me babe touch me not.
Who cares when none to believe.
Someone may carry our love one day
Even if not
Who cares babe?
It is same all the time
Touch me babe touch me not!
None to believe
None to love!

Suvro Bhattacharya

Waiting For The Last Ritual.

The rain with its cosmic eyes
Keeps knocking at the windowpane
Trembling with each steps
With all her secrets in every drop, one by one.

The evening was waiting for the
Magical rituals....like secret manuscripts
For her readers. It was dark like prison cells.
Waiting in a row for the final sentence.

The room was empty with the silence
Of the graveyard, except for the legacy of my
Ancestral breath. Bit by bit.
Again and Again. Like the experienced leopards,

Before the final hunt.
Our time, Past Present and the Future aspirants,
Like the prodigal epics of beliefs
Is waiting for the last ritual.

Suvro Bhattacharya

Walking Through Loves

I have walked through
many loves!
Some were pretty!
Naughty as though!
Few told open
love me or leave!
Some tried to keep
me under the sleeve!

Dancing pleasure in
their eyes!
Greed and pride
in their cries!
Some came often
offering time!
I was riding in my
prime!

World is full of rose and cherry!
When we go round
in joy and merry!

When the time
is not with you.....
Love will leave
like morning dew!

Walking through many
loves
now i feel life is tough!

Suvro Bhattacharya

War And Error

Love and pride
greed and need
will see you and me taking opposite side!

We the people although know
war is wrong
still we show

We are right
you are wrong
we are strong
so we fight!

But the people
never know
to live more life
where to go!

Though we say
never mind
we'll grind
let them pay!

Suvro Bhattacharya

When She Came

After the breath
after the violence
after the peace

SHE CAME!

Before you die
before you lie
before you try

SHE CAME!

With the wind
with the storm
with the sun

SHE CAME!

Against the war
against the tear
against the fear

SHE CAME!

For the river
for the spring
for the fever

SHE CAME!

When you forget
when you disbelieve
when you cry

SHE CAME!

Suvro Bhattacharya

When We Dance Together

During the monsoon, all my raindrops drag me
Towards the fast lane of memories.
Taking all the skies and the stretched blues.
Feeling not like the dead warriors
But the first saint under the young sun.
One day when we were dancing together
Hovering on the untold secrets of the battle fields
All the dead pawns of world history
From the past to the present
Mimicked us under the tone.

I have seen the first smile of the antithesis of God.
Not only the everyday hypothesis lies
But all the dead philosophies under the religious cult
Fooled us every time we thought
We have found Him.

Talking about the story of love all my raindrops
One day came to me.
We were so proud of each other
Touching the pride of faith;
Yet all the dead souls of cathedrals
Mimicked us underneath.

And then I have seen the first smile
Of the whispering secretes of life
Drawing the first sketch of the antithesis of God,
During our everyday monsoon.

27-04-2014

Suvro Bhattacharya

When We Dance Together.

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Suvro Bhattacharya

When We Met!

We met in dark!
The darkest chamber
of our life!
Even though
i had
never known you!
Or you saw me before!
I was with myself!
You with yours!
Dumped in our own
thought!
In greed and pride
and all the blank spot!
Not that i was one of your desire!
Nor even you my dream!
Yet words were busy
Yes a lot!

Suvro Bhattacharya

When You Strip The Truth.

Here we go. When you strip the truth naked and bare.
When sunlight beams on our lies and provokations rude and nude.
When ripples of downpore drenches our stupidity of high altitude.
When wind blows gentle and calm making us sit face to face in the dark.
People of the movement with the tide of the trends
May laugh at us.
May corner us with all their slogans.
May discard us from their way.
Yet when you strip the truth naked and bare
Life will take us in her stride
Like the morning embracing the night with a new fresh day.

Suvro Bhattacharya

Whispers & Whimpers

That was a long time ago.
Something I didn't fathom.
And failed to comprehend.
Shadows with slow motions!
Whispers in dark.
Running in desperate circles.
Clutching all tensions in whims!
No wind no clouds no waves for the breathing space.
All the whispers yet alone!
Whimpering within the self.

Life trains all the time along!
On the stipulated track although!
Passing from 9am to 6pm with all the midnight dreams,
Scented in durable condoms:
Through the fading negligee!
Bubbling in right proportion of blank notes!
Through the the mask of democracy!
Whimpering all the time!
All the time! ! !

Suvro Bhattacharya

Who Is There?

I am the shadow
of my dream!

Reflections!
Mirror the effects
of love!

Determined to paint
PEACE.

Transition of greed for power into sanctity of compassion!
The changes will come!

But how!
Alone with myself?
Living in my cubicle?

Who is there?
My bitter experience
Or the INNOCENCE!

Suvro Bhattacharya

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Suvro Bhattacharya