

Poetry Series

**AKSHAYA KUMAR DAS**  
**- poems -**

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# AKSHAYA KUMAR DAS()

The Poet has a passion for poetry since youth. As on date around 300 poems published in the webpage ourpoetrycorner@. Ten English Poems published in an Anthology of Love Poems &quot; A Divine Madness&quot; Volume I, V & VI published by Arduus Publications, Canada. Two poems published in an Anthology of &quot; Christmas Anthology&quot; . Four Poems published on the eve of Valentines Day in a book &quot; A Bouquet of Verse&quot; published by Arduus Publication in February,2016

# Angel In Dreams

Angel in dreams,  
Soul just screams,

An electrifying wave,  
A mesmerizing move,

The blanket of my soul,  
Wrapping me cool,

As the Angel kisses  
The dream vanishes,

Waking up to reality,  
Beseeching love in infinity,

Oh! Dreams you are so sweet,  
As I pass feel the pulse beating racing fast to sweet,

I just swipe my soul with a wish,  
If dreams could mature to a real finish,

.....

(c) Akshaya Kumar Das

AKSHAYA KUMAR DAS

# Bubbles..

A tiny bubble bursts,  
The value of life lost,

Childhood memories,  
Bubbling treasures,

Bubbles blown to space,  
Fly for a while,  
Mingle into the vast space in a while,

Curious childish mind,  
Repeating the exercise,  
Asking an unanswered question,

Where did the bubble vanish?  
The volatile surface, .  
Flying in numbers, where did they vanish?

The curiosity remains a puzzle,  
Even in adulthood unable to crack,  
Pretending to have understood the myth,

A tiny bubble burst,  
Life's value is lost,

.....

(c) Akshaya Kumar Das

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# Calm Morning

A very calm morning,  
In heart a cool cool feeling,  
Soul traversing through the calmness,  
Life halting at the bay searching the self,  
The self does not start with a single kick,  
Life needs little push & prick,  
To catch up with the pace,  
The soul too needs little space,  
To study the moods of the weather,  
Clouds just hide the true face of nature,  
As if nature feeling lazy today,  
Everyone relishes in leisure at the week end,  
The Sunday taking a nap,  
From the busy week for the day's gap,  
The calmness resides,  
In the harness,  
The vehicle of life needs little warmness,  
To wake up from the long night of darkness,  
Life without breath,  
Can't forget to cultivate the deep faith,

....

(c) Akshaya Kumar Das

AKSHAYA KUMAR DAS

# Catch Me Somewhere

Catch me somewhere,  
Oh! Time,  
Your wonderful timer,  
Reminds me of my age every year,  
For a brief moment I loss my self dear,  
Wishes flood in,  
Inundate to float me afloat,  
I am not down until the celebration takes off,  
With your love & passionate wishes,  
Life breathes a new lease,  
Renewing for another leap,  
The invisible hand of time,  
Rotates round the clock,  
The Non-stop rotation,  
Continues since inception,  
Renewing the cycle of Dusk & Dawn,  
Time is immortal,  
Life mortal,  
Time stores the memoirs,  
In its hidden archives,  
Within the cocoon of its hives,  
Tolerating the seasons of summer,  
Rain, Autumn, winter & spring,  
To catch life with full vibrant energy somewhere,  
Far & near,

.....

(c) Akshaya Kumar Das 10/9/2016

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# Caught In The Wind...

Caught in the wind....

.....

The Tempest had not toned down,  
Another caught up with the wind to frown,

The Dusts just surrendered to the wind,  
Whirling past the atmosphere in sheer unkind,

Whatever came it's way just flew away,  
Everyone ran for shelter on way,

Birds had no option but fly in the current,  
Swinging past miles & miles in moments,

Dark clouds spread their wings of darkness,  
Every one ran for little light in utter blindness,

The Candle lights were flickering for death,  
The wall stood like a monument in protective breathe,

Wind with unseasonal rains sprinkling hope of coolness,  
Summer was hiding beneath the rains in absorbed silence,

Heatwaves evaporating fast onto the skies,  
Rains cooling the temperature from heated fries,

Time & again the unacquainted caught in the rain,  
To be knocked down by the unseasonal thunderstorm in pain,

How long the weather can behave angry?  
How long the weather can behave hungry?

.....

(c) Akshaya Kumar Das

AKSHAYA KUMAR DAS

# Celebrating The Earth Day...

Celebrating the Earth Day..

.....

The cracked earth,  
Without water bath,

Looks devastated,  
Dried & frustrated,

Where did the water go?  
Can Mother Earth survive so,

Flora, fauna, animals to human,  
Suffer the ordeal in summer,

The intolerable heat of summer,  
Hot waves taking a toll on life in the weather,

The Earth day remembered in summer,  
Due to human ambitions the earth suffers,

Parched soil opening it's mouth in awe,  
Unless Nature pours who will fill up the jaw,

Incessant felling of trees,  
Population explosion requiring space for free,

How can Mother Earth face such a load,  
Same earth  
sans water  
sans greenery,  
From where will come the food,

The biosphere in severe turbulence,  
The Himalayas to the Polar Regions in cruel human lens,

The ozone layer too becomes a victim,  
A hole in the layer terrorises human dreams,

The deadliest arsenal of Nuclear weaponry,



Writer havoc for history,

Whether earth will peacefully exist,  
Everyone under fear of war of the anarchist,

Amidst so much of turbulence,  
Still universe celebrates the day in opulence,

Oh! Nature please teach the humanity,  
Persuade them to desist from their insanity,

Invasion of the Mother Earth time & again,  
How can Mother tolerate the madly passion again & again.

Look at sad face of environment,  
No balm to heal the wounds of the wrought on the earth's innocent,

....

(c) Akshaya Kumar Das 03/05/2016

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# Celebration Time

Celebration time,  
Sing a Christmas rhyme,

The festive moods,  
Alighting in the woods,

Mass celebrations,  
Christmas confessions,

Confess your guilt,  
The Lord will forgive by default,

Rich to poor in moody jubilation,  
Christmas brings happiness in illumination,

The Universe dances in ecstasy,  
Euphoria forgets privacy,

Open the door to divination,  
Enjoy the magical oblivion,

Let peace alight in each word,  
Let the prayer alight peace in the world,

Chilling cold winter in the weather,  
Christmas adds a divine flavour,

Laughs the King December,  
With happiness bid farewell to the old year,

Welcome the New Year,  
Let every soul rejoice in absolute cheer,

.....

(c) Akshaya Kumar Das

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# Chants Of Existence

Can't believe my eyes,  
My soul just sighs,

The far away blue sky,  
With patches of clouds floating by,

Nature's supreme creativity,  
Peaceful presentations since infinity,

The red petals with the green offshoot,  
Holding tightly to the mother earth,

The mother earth preaching peace,  
Love & live in absolute silence,

Enjoy the bounty of mother earth,  
Forget the warring mindset,

No ill feelings towards each other,  
No caste, creed, colour & racial feelings in the attire,

Learning to live together,  
The vasudhaive kutumbakam dream of living together,

One world one family be the dream of every citizen,  
Imagine the garden full of flowers in oblivion,

Humans must respect each other,  
The emblem of peace exist for ever,

.....

(c) .Akshaya Kumar Das

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# Crimson Horizon

The shower of rain,  
Beloveds in absolute fun,

Seeking Shelter,  
In the vacant sphere,

Season was heaving,  
Sigh of relief living,

The shower of rain,  
Soaking the loin,

Visible hills,  
Wetness in feels,

Waters trickling down the curls,  
Sighing moments on the rails,

The window view was scenic,  
Crimson horizon behaving maniac,

Catching a glimpse of the beauty,  
Capturing the droplets falling from heaven's infinity,

Pulse beating fast,  
The nerves were blast,

....

(c) Akshaya Kumar Das

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# Depressed Weather

Depressed weather,  
Chilling temperature,  
A blanket is the only assure,  
An umbrella saves from the downpour,

Creatures without shelter,  
The Railway platform shelters the poor,  
shelters the beggar,  
life faces the torture,  
temporary shelters,  
God is the only caretaker,  
Who provides the required care,  
For every creature,  
Thank you creator,

.....

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# Echoes Of Defeating Voice

Echoing our voice,  
Before the hill's face,

Voice of our decibels,  
Recoiling back like bells,

In a state of mesmeic flamboyance,  
When we clutched in deep embrace,

Discovered to find each other,  
Beheld in the pleasant weather,

Lovers swim in a dream world of their own,  
In emotional close ups & encounters often,

The universe is watching them,  
Do not bother who is watching who not,

Always lost in the exalted domes,  
Lips in tight embrace with foams,

The fuming beloved forgot timings,  
When they were locked in singing the rhymes,

The lake was rippling hot,  
Two soul's sailing in one boat,

Echoes of their whispers,  
Digging they were like a hot furnace,

The momentary uThank nion in bliss,  
The soft chicks blossoming pink with kiss after kiss,

.....

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# Fallen Teardrops

Fallen Tear drops...

.....

Falling raindrops,  
We're soaking the earth's soul,

Fallen teardrops,  
we're soaking my soul,

Looking helpless,  
The tears were relentless,

Flowing down on your glistening dimples,  
In the mesmerising gravity of the rainbows,  
My soul was pierced with your arrows,  
I was trying to measure the depth of our sorrows,

Reprimanded for the adolescent fall,  
My humble soul was locked in your jail,

Our Innocent affair,  
Was pure gold in the saffire,

Platonic victims in pawn,  
Pricked by the adolescent thorns,

A rose crystal embraced to the youth,  
Blowing inside an innocent tempest,

My handkerchief was fully wet,  
Soaked tears of love in the bait,

Erecting a monument of the affair,  
We took oath to suffer love at the altar,

Our pain trenched in the depth of the soul,  
Love gives so much pain to share in the jail,

Jailed inside the heart of each other,  
Handcuffed soul manacles for ever,

....

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# False Promisrs

False promises of yours,  
Cause of my tears,  
Waiting for years,  
Languishing hangovers,

Wait with a rose bud,  
The bud died,  
At the end of the day the soul cried,  
The anguish can't be measured,

Still hope does not leave,  
Thoughts of life with you weave,  
But the cruel stand does not behave,  
Time & tide just create a false wave,

Fail to catch hold of in the false wave,  
Holding hope to filter in the sieve,  
In the ripples of wishes building hives,  
Waiting inside the cocoon to weave,

False promises of yours just rhyme,  
Deserting me at sands of time,  
The oasis has no water in the stream,  
Echoes still recoil in the pantomime,

.....

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# Fragrance Of Love

Fragrance of love.....

.....  
celebrations in full swing,  
the jubilations for the being,  
the christmas decor,  
the winter in awesome snowy amber,  
a christmas tree lighted at before door,  
people to countries celebrating with near & dear,  
fragrance of love in air,  
hearts in regalia moods in spirited fair,  
the global celebration in moods of the fiesta,  
church bells ticking the pulse rates for the beautiful siesta,  
Waiting for the 25th December,  
the universe dancing in festive colour,  
the colours of rainbow in fusion,  
singing a rhapsody in moods of the oblivion...

.....  
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# Human Emancipation..

Human Emancipation.

.....

Emancipation,  
Dream of human,

The anchor,  
Dropped at the shore of life,

The shore holds the anchor tight,  
Let there be a tempest in the night,

Still uncertain dreams of life,  
Struggle in strife,

When life understands the true meaning,  
When life transforms itself to learning,

A sage is an eternal dreamer,  
Unravelling the secrets of the salvation in the folder,

The mysteries of life wrapped inside the folder,  
Unless you open, the mysteries elude the dreamer,

Human emancipation,  
A Dream since inception,

Incepting at birth,  
Deceptive by death,

Life is a false faith,  
From birth till death an evasive wreath,

Falsity eluding reality,  
Reality misguided by falsity,

Illusions of dreams in a desert,  
The elusive mirage hunt,

Still hope of the oasis,

Compels the thirsty traveller to chase,

The sight of the Oasis,

Solace in bliss,

(c) Akshaya Kumar Das 29/4/201

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# I Do Not Remember..

Thirty years after,  
I do not remember,

Thy name my flatterer,  
Love died young dear,

Chopped by guillotine,  
Feigning ignominy,

Bleeding wounds written.  
Scars never healing soon,

Till the last breathe,  
The tattoos will breathe,

Whether you remember or not,  
Life will remind you but,

So much of love for you dear,  
Bloating to burst in fear,

The splinters of the relation,  
Lies on the street in sheer abnegation,

As we walk the crossroad,  
We often find each other as loved,

In our silence slit open relation,  
In our silence deadly vows taken,

Promising to languish in silence,  
May love die it's death in absence,

Thirty years after,  
you too do not remember,

Whether we were lovers,  
Who pretend hating each other,

Even hundreds of years later,  
When they dig our remains they will find us their,

Mortal world mortal love,  
Immortal is a word of the dictionary my love.

.....

(c) Akshaya Kumar Das

AKSHAYA KUMAR DAS

# In My Enclosures

In my enclosures...

.....  
caught you writing my name on the sands of time,  
surrendered with apology pleading your innocent rhymes,  
my birthday was just an alibi of the relentless mind,  
carving a niche for me you waited in mute silence to find,  
you never wanted me know the gimmick of your surprises,  
always pricked holes in my tender heart with soulful appraisals,  
the birthday nearing the death day,  
as long as you live leaving one birth day after the other till the last day,  
can you assure me that you will wait there for me till the final day,  
if you can I will go on writing your name on the sands of the time,  
till time lasts the eternal writer will write rhyme after rhyme.  
holding the invisible hands of time,  
your name my hand forming into the symbolic image of love,  
will stand the testimony of time scribbling rhymes of love,  
when you behave like a dove,  
tweeting my names on your beaks trove...  
I forget my own taking your name at the grove..  
let us not wait at the sands of time for love,  
let you in to engrave your name on my hearts' enclosure,  
let you live in eternal dreams of your passions in my enclosure...

.....  
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# In Your Enclosures

In my enclosures...

.....  
caught you writing my name on the sands of time,  
surrendered with apology pleading your innocent rhymes,  
my birthday was just an alibi of the relentless mind,  
carving a niche for me you waited in mute silence to find,  
you never wanted me know the gimmick of your surprises,  
always pricked holes in my tender heart with soulful appraisals,  
the birthday nearing the death day,  
as long as you live leaving one birth day after the other till the last day,  
can you assure me that you will wait there for me till the final day,  
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.....  
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# Knock At The Door

Knock at the door...

.....

Morning knocks at the door.  
Oh! Wake up to sweep your floors,

Morning looking graceful,  
Welcoming everyone to be cool,

Endowed by default,  
Even silence dare assault,

Morning in all seasons,  
Innocent with a great reason,

The creators moods,  
Morning builds the moods,

Pious thoughts in soul,  
Spread the perfume bowl,

The tender flower buds,  
The grassy lawns with drops,

Atmosphere mesmerises,  
The saffron ball just pleases,

Every second feel peace,  
Moods feel the camouflage,

Morning calling me to it's space,  
Come on man! Enjoy the bliss in grace

.....

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# Lightening In The Arcade

Lightening in the arcade..

.....

Night sky covered with clouds,  
Not a single star visible in the round,

Rainy Season gives clouds a free ride,  
The arcade moves towards the waiting bride,

The greenery waiting at the altar,  
Rains visit the earth with drizzles of laughter,

Thunder bursting like the cracker,  
Lightening shining the procession,

Wind joins the groom's arcade,  
Rain soaked arcade breaking the barricade,

The rain water flowing like a brook,  
The season in moods of fiesta with the look,

The frog band playing the auspicious music,  
The rain drops sounding like the tabla beats,

Wind whistling like the bigul,  
Trees shaking their heads dancing in regale,

The marriage of the season,  
Creates an ecstatic fusion,

Lightening in the arcade,  
Thunder breaking the borders of the barricade,

.....

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# Melody Queen

Melody Queen.....

.....

A cuckoo enthralls my dawn,  
Engrossed choir in my garden,  
My search to find the singer,  
looking for a glimpse of the choir,  
Somewhere within the density of leaves,  
The Black Beauty lives,  
A simple wish,  
To have a eye lash,  
She like the New bride hides her self,  
Refusing to exchange direct glances,  
An eye to eye contact,  
May compel the soul to connect,  
Love at first sight,  
Love on the flight,  
Age for love has no bar,  
Even a sage can't miss her,  
Nature pulls the triggers,  
Even in deep meditation a dreamer,  
The Black Bird an eternal rapper,  
Before spring leaves, time for her,  
The last few days of the voice,  
Renditions for nature to rejoice,  
Before the final departure,  
Carve a niche for the melody in the sphere,  
A cuckoo enthralls my dawn,  
Mellifluous notes song by the Melody Queen,

.....

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# Midnight Children

Midnight children,  
Living in the den,

In the den,  
Of passion,

The creation,  
They were born,

Not know their origin,  
Struggling street orphans,

Street Orchids of passion,  
Dropped without reason,

On street they perform,  
Forever carelessly left forlorn,

Meek eyes,  
Forgotten vows,

Shrunken faces,  
Without assuage,

On pavements they live,  
Learn to Love life & die,

Pity at the creator,  
Who abandoned you here?

Who banished you here?  
Who vanished from here?

.....

(c) Akshaya Kumar Das

AKSHAYA KUMAR DAS

# Mightier Than The Sword...

Mightier than the sword...

.....  
Pen is mightier than the sword,  
a great quote such well said,  
etermally mightier,  
the pen of the writer,  
till infinity the pen remains a fighter,  
the pen understands so well the human pain,  
scribbles them into words of emotion for no gain,  
one bullet may be sufficient for one,  
but one word from the pen motivates the millions,  
pen is an eternal friend of society,  
the ink is like blood of the written poetry,  
the poetic words give a human touch & feel,  
the human touch just knows how to heal,  
the gravity of the wound no matter,  
get well soon however,  
when the world bleeds in blood,  
let the ink replace the blood,  
let the words just flood,  
with poetries of love in place of the blood,  
.....

(c) Akshaya Kumar Das 6/12/2015 12: 01 P.M

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# Monuments Of Memories

Awesome memories,  
Roll the treasuries,

The hidden treasure,  
Comes to measure,

The void gets filled,  
Poetry rolled,

On the tarmac,  
The Gardener during the track,

The lawnmower,  
Pruning the grass grower,

Carving a niche for the lovers,  
To give life to the words,

Each word spoken,  
Fulfils the mission,

.....

(c) Akshaya Kumar Das

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# My Mouthpiece

My Mouthpiece..

.....

You are my mouthpiece,  
Through you I invoke peace,

Lovers of my words,  
At times take every word,

Helpless Surrender to the readers choice,  
Rever the demand of the mouthpiece,

Life is a beauty by choice,  
Following the beauty by default is passion in rejoice,

Every bend of life stores magic of surprise,  
From infancy to old age gimmicks as prize,

The faith builds up it's voice,  
The trust breathes life to astonish,

The astonishing momentary clips,  
Pumps energy to live & let live even at the cliffs,

.....

(c) Akshaya Kumar Das

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# Night Getting Late

Night getting late...

.....  
NIGHT getting late,  
correcting the words in haste,  
at middle of the night,  
the neck feels such tight,  
frozen muscles of the shoulder,  
aching in pain for delayed slumber,  
often such delayed nights,  
the privacy of life fighting for its rights,  
slumber not taking names of billing,  
delayed timings keep eyes wailing,  
wailing with pain the frozen muscles,  
bending over the work to finish,  
life taking a toll at times,  
thoughts baffling to create rhymes,  
the mind not in moods of console,  
the betrayed words fail to please the soul,  
at least the midnight,  
in haste gives some thought,  
never know the moods of my lovers,  
whether they feel pleased my readers,  
night says it is too late,  
just go to bed try your fate,  
Not agreeing the feeler sent by brain,  
the ticket booked for the night train,  
leaving without knowing the destination,  
tomorrow will bring lot of impeccable dawn.....

.....  
(c) Akshaya Kumar Das 6/12/2015 00: 38 HRS

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# Oblivion

Oblivion,

...

Fathomless,

Radiance,

The Saffron in splash,

The solar rays dance,

The relentless tides in absolute trance,

Vision taking a nap,

At the awesome map,

The Mirror of reflection,

Creating an awesome fusion,

The relentless tides of happiness,

Spreading it's Amber of divine madness,

Soul takes a deep bath,

Pulse beats just halt,

Life renewing it's breathe,

Dreams of being born on earth,

Accomplished missions of life till death,

Saturated dreams,

Bathing in the oceanic hope in the realm,

Life becomes a film,

Between life & Death a thin film,

Hope never dies,

Hope eternally lives,

Oblivion of the fathomless radiance,

Serenity bathing in the ocean's dawn of transcendence,

Intensive enlightenment,

Behold in the weather of the ambient,

.....

(c) Akshaya Kumar Das

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# Oh! Mother

The child in me always lives,  
But I do not know why it leaves,

Memories of my mom hunt me,  
Her face of serenity catches me,

Love to be in your arms,  
But Destiny snatches you from my arms,

The umbilical connect,  
Never disconnects,

The lullabies you sang to kill me to sleep,  
Still echoes at my way drums when I go to sleep,

Looking at the full moon I recollect your face,  
The awesome serenity of the moonbeams grace,

Calling the moon as my maternal uncle in the top,  
Chasing away the lunatic in the rhyming  
you lull me to sleep,

Soul seeking another flashback of the childhood,  
To repay the debts of your motherhood,

Alas! For a moment of time could flashback,  
Would love to be there in your wombs in the rollback,

Never again would dare to venture out,  
Even your lovely wombs eject me out & out,

.....

(c) Akshaya Kumar Das

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# Poverty Is The Last Word..

Hurling flags of independence,  
Does not end the struggle of the dependant,

The poverty stricken,  
Suffer in absolute pain,

In the hutments resides their freedom,  
Weather casting spells of real doom,

Half the days the burners Do not show flames,  
There is no standard income whom to blame,

Opportuniy eluded life long,  
The road of poverty is too long,

Never ending even before the years end,  
Life struggles to beat with so many turtuous bend, .

As if life only read one word,  
One ironic word that is neither butter not bread,

For a piece of bread love like dogs,  
If the dustbin wastage does not leave the Dog,

Struggle till the end of breath,  
End the story editing death,

Poverty is the last word,  
Endless struggles fought for a piece of bread,

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# Romancing With The Rains...

Romancing with the rains...

.....

Romancing with the rains,  
Let the rains take away human pains,

In the scorching heat of summer,  
An un-seasonal downpour,

Healing the wounds of summer,  
The benevolent nature,

Graceful to the human pains,  
Peace through showers of rains,

Rain accounts the scorching summer,  
The Mother Earth cools it's heels with the downpour,

The soul of earth standing in ovation,  
Oh! Rains heal the mother's hot oven,

Healing touches of yours,  
Filling the thirst of years,

The unprepared lovelorn pairs,  
Waters trickling down like tears,

Love in rain's powerful showers,  
The lovers in deep embrace healing their fears,

Caught by the un-seasonal rains,  
Flora, Fauna to greenery in ecstatic moods of ball dance,

Romancing with the unseasonal rains,  
Soul surrendering to sublime gains,

....

(c) Akshaya Kumar Das

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# Sing For Me

Sing for me....

.....  
every morning she used to sing for me,  
just listened to beautiful rhymes,  
rehearsed time & again innumerable times,  
Within the closed eye lids her voice just in chimes,  
she sang the mellifluous notes,  
melody coming from the awesome quotes,  
the reeds with the beats with absolute trust,  
sang the song with unique faith,  
that night at the podium saw her singing,  
from a distance just kept silently watching,  
the crowd was swelling,  
the song in heart was still echoing  
she never knew my presence there,  
she was no doubt a gifted singer,  
but for whom the bell tolls she fails to remember,  
in sheer anguish run away from there,  
feelings just hovered if it could end there,  
some one consoled me from behind,  
time has not yet come for rewind,  
thoughts like wish kept flying in the wind..

.....  
(c) Akshaya Kumar Das 6/12/2015 1; 20 a.m. MIDNIGHT

AKSHAYA KUMAR DAS

# Struggling For Little Freedom

Struggling for little freedom..

.....

Freedom in question,  
A Flag with the roadside children,

No paternal care,  
Does not understand the hair,

Struggle from childhood,  
Questioning existence of freedom hood,

For very few the freedom turns into celebration,  
For the mass it writes a story of battered pain,

Innocence in freedom of torture,  
Custodians abnegate & abhor, .

If selling flags becomes a child s profession,  
The future is a dark horse racing without a goal in occupation,

How life will score?  
In penury the hangovers,

Poverty till infinity,  
Joking at the milieu of humanity,

....

(c) Akshaya Kumar Das 15/8/2016

AKSHAYA KUMAR DAS

# Summer Hurt

Summer Hurt....

.....

The Heat of Summer giving shocks,  
Blown feels the flora, fauna & humans in dock,

Season's amazing character,  
Blowing heat waves with hottest temper,

The barometer shooting up,  
The mercury at hottest show up,

Temperature hitting the earth to the rudest,  
Plants feeling thirst leaves going dry feeling dead like by the spell cruelest,

Feeling with moisture bleeding through the pores,  
As if a dream engine is on in the weather,

Somewhere dry hot behaving raw,  
Pulverized under the cruel jaws,

The jaws of nature,  
Shows it's teeth in Summer,

The invincible Weather,  
Will you please behave little cooler,

The Earth garden opening it's jaws,  
Until rains tortured to the brim by the inescapable claws,

The Hot Summer season,  
Renews pain & suffering in absolute reason,

Wait thirsty until the rains,  
Waiting like the rain bird to escape the pains,

The pen writes pain,  
Life is an acid test in earth's den,

Bearing your fortitude Oh! Summer;

Forgive me please for my misdemeanour,

.....

(c) Akshaya Kumar Das

AKSHAYA KUMAR DAS



# The Acrylic Lilac

The Acrylic Lilac..

.....

The Artist's vision,  
Painting an wonder in fusion,  
The mix in acrylic,  
Painted the lilac,  
The lilac in bloom,  
Spectacle in plum,  
Feelings of rainbows,  
Spraying colours in natural hues,  
The eternal painter,  
Painting the arc in the heaven's amber,  
Clouds in the background,  
Solar beams radiating on the foreground,  
The momentary magic,  
Creativity feelings of nostalgic,  
Memories on the pasture,  
Painted inside the cerebral corner,  
The pained & the poet,  
Couplets in unique duet,  
The Journey of the brush,  
Imagination in classic trance,

.....

(c) Akshaya Kumar Das

AKSHAYA KUMAR DAS

# The Aftermath

In the aftermath,  
Everything looked so devastated,

The storm had settled down,  
    After the harakiri,  
It wrought,  
    The heart had lost its pace,  
The soul lost its unique space,  
    In a momentary frenzy,  
The storm blew away  
Every small to small particles into dust,

    Pride had lost its esteem,  
Standing in a shameless face down pose,  
The storm stole the show to its side,  
Blowing away every tiny thing in the ride,

    Rolling the dusts into whirlwind,  
        Skyward in to the vast space,  
Into the vast space of time,  
Name plates to take plaques vanished into the volcanic orgy,

    The survivors left to count the horror,  
Horrific saga of the demonic collapse,  
    Poor to rich  
    Black & white,  
All under the rubble of the might,

    Destroyed under the fury,  
        The saga projected the gory,  
Detailing the horrific strike,  
    That dilapidated the monuments to huts,

    No choice,  
    No voice,  
Everyone stood in mute silence,  
To witness the nature's horrific violence,

    Annoyed,

Paranoid,  
Nature was too rude,  
To cause the horror in pride,

Spreading a pal of gloom,  
For humanity to learn,  
Behave,  
There is none,  
Before Nature every one in stun silence,  
Looking at the horror through their magnifying lense,

The heart bleeds,  
In silence pleads,  
Oh! Nature we get you person,  
Sorry for the human actions,  
The massive thunderbolt in reaction,

.....

(c) Akshaya Kumar Das

AKSHAYA KUMAR DAS

# The Altitude Of Silence

At the altitude,  
Resides solitude,

From the height of altitude,  
Till the length of the latitude,  
Reigns solitude,

Waiting to break the silence,  
Hundred silent ways,

Silence is golden,  
Silence is oblivion,  
Silence is resolution,

At the altitude,  
Remains solitude,

.....

(c) Akshaya Kumar Das

AKSHAYA KUMAR DAS

# The Broken Lock...

The Broken lock...

...

She stood their in muted silence,  
Flowing her tear's of innocence,

The palpable feelings of rejection,  
Sentiments on crossroads of abnegation,

Emotions tiding waves over waves,  
Choking the breathe in rippled craves,

Years of the long relationship,  
The anchor less abandoned ship,

Except gloom nothing in atmosphere,  
Gloom stricken beloved's caught in the vacuum of sphere,

Mis spelt words of confusion,  
Breaking open the layers of relation,

Relation in absolute pain,  
Deserts of vaccum in reign,

Even we stood near to each other,  
Distance boiling in the atmosphere,

The bond breaking into splinters,  
Each pouncing on the other like hunters,

Mute silence meant the deadlock,  
The key to relationship lost with the luck,

....

(c) Akshaya Kumar Das 5/5/2016

AKSHAYA KUMAR DAS

# The Captive Horizon

The clouds at the border,  
Radiant rays in the amber,

Animals in the safari,  
Que at the horizon in their Ferrari,

The hill view creating a majestic vision,  
The scenic view in captive moods of the oblivion,

Solitude paying a standing ovation,  
The onlooker leaving the vision to run,

Capture a glimpse of it in the mind's corner,  
Sit calm watch the animals pass like the Solitary Reaper,

.....

(c) Akshaya Kumar Das

AKSHAYA KUMAR DAS

# The Cloudy Horizon

The horizon of clouds,  
Vapours floating in pride,

Kissing the hills,  
In greenness the rainy drills,

Oh! Clouds please do not clash,  
Do not sound thunderous & splash,

Drenching the greenery with rain,  
Rain washed plants feel the fountain,

Dark linings & the smoky layers, .  
Give a ferocious look & fears,

The rain wet feelings of bliss hood,  
Gives the earth feel the rain in the woods,

The jungle dome breathing peace,  
Wonderful feelings in solace,

Soul wishing to take a short nap,  
Get engros  
sed with ambient snap,

.....

(c) Akshaya Kumar Das

AKSHAYA KUMAR DAS

# The Curtain Of Time

Waiting behind the curtain of time,  
For a glimpse of the Maiden to rhyme,

The Maiden for a moment,  
Appeared through the veil to foment,

Through her naughty eye lashes,  
Her naughty moving lips,

Messaged her unrequited love for me,  
Massaged my soul back home,

One night she had temperature,  
She asked me to measue,

Neither I had a thermometer,  
Nor I was a doctor,

In curiosity I said how to measure,  
In sheer anxiety she pulled me towards her,

Asked me now measure,  
The Boiling Temperature,

Her beats echoing like a drum,  
I just rested my head on her bossom,

Her soft tender bossom,  
Tickling Twisting in blossom,

A life time memory to encounter,  
Cherished dreams in the hangover,

The Hangover continues life long,  
Feel at times to clock back for walking with her a mile long,

Waiting since then at the time's corner,  
To catch a glimpse of the treasured memory,

.....



(c) Akshaya Kumar Das

AKSHAYA KUMAR DAS

# The Dew Drops

The Dew Drop,

.....

Night long drops fall,  
Like a rotund eye ball,  
Falling from heaven,  
Atmosphere feels enliven,  
The glistening droplets,  
In imbalanced tilts,  
Tilts the human mind,  
Appreciating the beauty in wind,  
Until the thirsty solar rays flip,  
Nectar Drops for solar beams to sip,  
Until night the drops perish,  
As the night travels deep dews rejoice,  
Sit on the green grass,  
On the green leaves,  
Waiting for dawn to arrive,  
For Sun to arrive,  
Night long incessant fall,  
The earth opens it's spacious hall,  
For the trip to regale,  
Create a passion for onlooker's to feel,

.....

(c) Akshaya Kumar Das

AKSHAYA KUMAR DAS

# The Dream Hood.

The pink petal curls,  
Fragrant joys of pearls,

Wonderstruck soul's,  
Stopping by the awesome petals,

Eyes just capture the moods,  
Soul travels in solitude of the woods,

The full blown flower,  
Gives the garden a prestigious attire,

Insects, butterflies to honeybees,  
Just merge into the wonderful cease,

The golden pollen dusts attraction,  
The butterflies feel the mad union,

The honey bees suck the nectar,  
From the flowers to the hive's store,

The curly Rose Buds,  
Slowly growing to the beautiful hood,

.....

(c) Akshaya Kumar Das

AKSHAYA KUMAR DAS

# The Earth Day

The Earth Day,  
Human's remembering the day,

The Environmentalists,  
Fight a war of preservation,

The Flora, Fauna & the earth,  
Puppets at human hands failing to breathe,

Incessant heating of the earth,  
By sheer human acts of misguided trust,

The Incessant felling of trees,  
The incessant growth of concrete jungles for free,

Human dreams building brick by brick,  
Cementing the bond to harder freaks,

Building sky scrappers,  
Humans exceed the limits of para-gliders,

War Mongers destroying the unified spirit,  
Hegemony & supreme show of power by the pirates,

The Pirates of the Century,  
Digging below & beneath the treasuries,

Fanatic groups formed in clout,  
Ambush from camouflages the touts,

The Universe bleeds with bleeding wounds,  
No one takes the name of healing the wounds,

Power wars toppling the world lopsided,  
The War Mongers only imagining one sided,

To them if the world exists,  
It is solely their warring manifestos,

The tears of the polar regions,  
Melting to devastation,

No one can think beyond,  
The Earth no more remain round,

.....

(c) Akshaya Kumar Das

AKSHAYA KUMAR DAS

# The Eternal Seeking

That was the night,  
I embraced you last,

Seeking the same today,  
Dreams vanishing in the bay,

Wishes vanish,  
Into the fathomless,

Before the ink dried up,  
The vacuum is to be filled up,

The great void,  
The great divide,

The Null & void,  
Touching the dead end,

That was the night,  
Our last battles of life fought,

First love remains etched for ever,  
Winking from the cocoon of time there,

.....

(c) Akshaya Kumar Das

AKSHAYA KUMAR DAS

# The Fighting Twins

Hope & despair,  
Never live together,

While hope is a beacon light,  
In Despair conscience struggles to fight,

At times takes a toll,  
From the cliff despair falls,

Hope ceasing to exist,  
Despair holds the minute,

Hope & Despair the twins,  
One shows light,  
The other leaves you to fight,

Hope never leaves the humanity,  
Despair from time to time shows it's face of brutality,

Human sufferings live with hope,  
Despair plays the negative leaving no scope,

In between hope & despair humanity exists,  
Since time immemorial despair is a cyst,

The cyst is cured by the panacea of hope,  
Without each other life fails to reach the top,

.....

(c) Akshaya Kumar Das

AKSHAYA KUMAR DAS

# The Huge Hive Of Nature..

The Huge Hive,

.....

The Hive of Nectar,  
Created by the tiny creature,

The tiny creature,  
Collecting from Nature,

Move from flower to flower,  
To collect the nectar,

The soft tender flower,  
Attracting the moth to visit the flower,

Eagerly waiting for a sting,  
The tender flowers in the morning,

The creator's invisible plan for everyone,  
The tiny moth has an assigned role even,

Everyone equal before the eyes of the creator,  
Tony or big no matter everone has a bounden duty with nature,

Once created life has an invisible purpose,  
Duty since birth in disguise,

The creator's plan a mystery unknown,  
The mystery eternally eludes the purpose of your creation,

The tiny moth to the giant elephant,  
Every creature does it's duty innocent,

The giant is afraid of tiny moth,  
Even if it sits on it's back for testing truth,

Never know the result of the action,  
The poisonous moth has an incredible contribution,

The honey bee from day one,



Round the clock tourist in the nectar bound journey,

The Huge Hive on the grove,  
It's immortal contribution to prove,

Humans to animals all mad for the nectar,  
What an immortal creativity surprise in store,

The Huge archive of nectar,  
Storing ambrosia in it's cellular store,

The purpose of life is duty,  
In that short journey what a creativity,

The humble creativity,  
An appreciation to Infinity,

....

(c) Akshaya Kumar Das 6/5/2016

AKSHAYA KUMAR DAS

# The Human Rights Day

The World Humans Rights,  
today humans in mad fights,  
fanatics born in between,  
never understand the line,  
one track one way,  
let the world understand or cry,  
Issues of Universe confuse,  
Humanity at the roads of abuse,  
Human rights a big question,  
the civilized society confusing often,  
from ancient to civilization,  
the long journey yet to feel completion,  
Somewhere some void or gap,  
failing to bridge the human gap,  
the world is terror stricken,  
the edifice of terror in muffled pain,  
the cacophony of the shrilled voice,  
whispered messages by default a choice,  
No one dares to speak the truth,  
Even Authors shiver to pen the truth,  
Returning the shields of recognition,  
No choice or alternative except sheer abnegation,  
Abnegation is no solution,  
protest in silent resolution,  
the fearless common man,  
does not understand the difference between man & man,  
screwing the nut too much,  
would loosen the grip as such,  
The World Human Rights Day,  
Raising eyebrows of human Pain & pray....

.....

(c) Akshaya Kumar Das 10/12/2015 on the eve of World Human Rights Day

AKSHAYA KUMAR DAS

# The Invincible Question...

The Invincible Question? ? ?

.....

Nirvana

Is it salvation?

An enigmatic question,  
Before humanity often,

Baffled for ever,  
The Infinity even does not have an answer,

Where life goes after death?  
The body destroys but the soul a mysterious truth,

Since ancient times to unravel the invisible truth,  
Man has been in his journey of the myth,

Lot of bearded monks in history,  
Moving after the mystery,

From divine origin theories,  
To unravel the Nirvana mysteries,

From Lahiri Baba to Annie Besant,  
Theosophists dying to unravel the truth,

Different religions,  
Providing different opinions,

Centuries Gone with time,  
Piles of logics of the sublime,

Nirvana,  
Remains an unanswered question,

Since time immemorial the journey,  
Till infinity the mission,

Ageless Mission,

Facing time's invincible action,

.....

(c) Akshaya Kumar Das 6/5/2016T

AKSHAYA KUMAR DAS

# The Last Burden

The Last Burden on shoulder

.....

A poor man,  
Has no one,  
On his shoulder,  
Carries the corpse,  
of his own woman,  
No option,  
Why to run & pray,  
Who listens now a days,  
The whole of life passed in carrying the load,  
Struggled hard for a piece of bread,  
Now when she is dead,  
Why feel afraid,  
The shoulder was enough to carry the dead,  
Why so much of fake concern in the aftermath?  
Allow her to sleep in peace post death,  
When I do not mind to carry her load,  
Who are you to create a fiasco after she is dead?  
Will you please leave me alone,  
To suffer the bereavement lone,  
I need none,  
None,

...

(c) Akshaya Kumar Das

AKSHAYA KUMAR DAS

# The Majestic Beauty

The Majestic Tunnels...

.....

The Rocks stand in unique pride,  
Scenic ambience touching the human mind,

Thin film of Moss grown on the surface,  
The void between the hills looking marvellous,

Stray Green bush & shrubs behold the beauty,  
The beautiful tunnel erected artefact doing it's duty,

Rock solid fathomless depth in silence,  
The soul sighs in passionate blue isles,

Carving a niche in the mental corner,  
Glimpses of the view a striking wonder,

A standing ovation to the mother nature,  
The altitude of the hillock such mature,

The soul authoring here with the magical pen,  
The wandering philosopher caught by oblivion,

The Rocky surface presenting its vastness,  
Moods in rejoice happily mingling into the vast space,

.....

(c) Akshaya Kumar Das

AKSHAYA KUMAR DAS

# The Momentary Glow...

The Momentary Glow...

.....

What hurt me was your rude manners,  
That day on the dais you sang a song without giving me a look dear,  
How can you ruled my life be so cruel in behaviour,  
Your tantrums & demanding voice I still remember,  
In moments I brought the sky down for your pleasure,  
In moments I sailed you to the moonlit amber,  
What hurt me was your rude manners,  
Life's invincible roads are simply unknown,  
Love pricks rude thorns never known,  
You who promised me to shoulder half the burden of life,  
Forgot halfway the moment you saw me in strife,  
Cheap pleasures, Cheap money abundantly flow,  
Like a storm they come & vanish in momentary glow,  
It was my mistake that I could not understand you fully,  
Falling in love with you was really my folly,

.....

(c) Akshaya Kumar Das

AKSHAYA KUMAR DAS

# The Painful Face Of Humanity

Authoring the pain of universe,  
Only words of remorse,  
Caught in the catapult of verse,  
How to assuage the camouflage?  
The otherday at France,  
Munich to Afganisthan,  
The roots spreading like the ocean's,  
It's an emergency situation,  
The universe must findout a solution,  
How to fight?  
To combat,  
Face the acid test,  
Humanity pawned by the terrorist?  
Victims are children & the innocent,  
Oh! Alight,  
To save the weird humanity,  
Mercy please Oh! Almighty! ! !

....

(c) Akshaya Kumar Das

AKSHAYA KUMAR DAS



# The Painful Separation..

The Painful Separation...

.....

Painful to forget,  
the moment lost,

the moment within,  
the soul behaves like an alien,

Unable to tolerate the torment,  
in broken reeds of the moment,

in the sudden tempest that blew,  
relation whisked away in sheer slew,

the tears rolling down like river,  
promises of seeking your for ever,

flows down with the high tides of the rivers,  
until the highest tides of the ocean turn as saviors,

never imagined the cruel flames just burn,  
the language of assuage not known,

burnt out ashes flown in to times waves,  
time silently eschewing the bitterness,

the night before you in my enclosure,  
surrendering your jewels for my pleasure,

the day that followed sang the death knell,  
the sounds of which heard inside the cell,

the heart beat with the echoes of the decibel,  
the cruel saga ringing with the bell,

.....

(c) Akshaya Kumar Das 13/12/2015 8: 34 A.M.

AKSHAYA KUMAR DAS

# The Pinnacle Of Fusion

The Pinnacle of Fusion..

.....

The Dawn opening with glowing radiance,  
The saffron spray fusion halted stance,  
The vision touching the faraway horizon's distance,  
The Visitor waiting at the shore of distance,

The Early Risers assemble for the wonderful spectacle,  
Passion pulling the strings of the soul,  
The scenic view of oblivion of the saffron ball,  
The soul by default arrested by the sequence beseeching no bail,

A warrant issued by default,  
Soul handcuffed without fault,  
Imprisoned since time immemorial in the nature's assault,  
The Radiant fire ball smiling in the fusion in trance to halt,

Enlightenment seeking assuage in the scenic oblivion,  
Breathing in silence the vision,  
Thoughts of accolade for the horizon,  
Oh! What a lovely vision in your creation,  
Creativity at the pinnacle of fusion,

...

(c) Akshaya Kumar Das

AKSHAYA KUMAR DAS

# The Radiant Horizon

The horizon in radiant fusion,  
The visionary has no option,

Watching the radiant bloom,  
The soul capturing the film,

The viewer behold by the oblivion,  
The awesome scenic presentation,

Nature's magic attraction,  
Carved a niche often,

Bowing with gratitude,  
Expressive human attitude,

The Artistic paint brush,  
Paints the picture with a touch,

If life has a button for admiration,  
A soulful standing ovation,

The visionary engrossed in the fathomless ocean,  
The painted bridge with green fences on the awesome horizon,

.....

(c) Akshaya Kumar Das

AKSHAYA KUMAR DAS

# The Rainy Day

Starts the Rainy Day,  
Held by the weather in fray,

Children are the happiest,  
Sail the paper boats from east to west,

Wet themselves with the rains,  
Quenching the born instincts,

Rain leaves its stamps on the earth,  
Living creatures fill their cool breath,

Caught in the rains,  
The sky unzipping its chains,

Pouring on the grass to bath,  
Crops to forestry breath in oath,

Rainwet planters with their palmleaf umbrellas,  
Plantation in progress with season's blessings,

Crops relishing with their roots,  
Water trickling down their feet,

Beloved's pulled towards each other,  
Rain soaked bodies embraced in tightened colour,

Dreams trickling down the cleavage,  
The last love looking such gracious in helpless assuage,

Surrendering to the demanding beloved,  
Embracing & clutching the slippery youth to be robbed,

In the name of nature,  
Silent surrendered mischievous manners,

....

(c) Akshaya Kumar Das

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# The Rainy Season

The cattle, goat & sheep enjoy the climate,  
Abundant green grass & the cool weather inviting the late,  
The street dogs gives around in couples,  
To consume & copulate to create multiples,  
The universe satiated it's thirstier race,  
Drunken amber with heaven's water in absolute rejoice,  
Umbrellas to palmleaf rain coats,  
Save the pedestrians with him boots,  
Oh! Rains you truly reign,  
The Lord of Rain reign,  
Clouds, thunder, lightening & wind,  
Just join the celebration to unwind,  
The pompous band invites the rain moth,  
Centipdes to caterpillars & frogs to the booth,  
The band playing an unique choir,  
Pleasant chrping voice of the creatures,  
Fullfil the bounded duty of Mother Nature,  
The village lash returns with the pitcher, '  
The Naughty beloved watches in silence,  
Mesmerized at the railway beauty through the soul's lends,  
The trickling droplets in the dimple,  
Shining fresh bud of smile simple,  
....

(c) Akshaya Kumar Das

AKSHAYA KUMAR DAS

# The Reckless Driver

The Reckless Driver,  
Trample humanity in first year,

The Innocent citizens,  
Children & the common man,

Celebrating. The Basil day,  
Little did anyone know about the merciless mayhem,

Trampled under the wheels, .  
Terrorism does the dastardly kills,

The celebration lands in depth of sorrow,  
Scarmarks & blood stains give a severe blow,

The Negative psyche of the sect,  
Put the religious sanctity at stake,

No religion teaches mass murder,  
Fanatics do not change their rude behaviour,

For the dastardly act who can answer,  
Ploughing the innocents is an insane behaviour,

How long humanity will tolerate such behaviour?  
The echoe of the shrilled voice of rolling tears,

Who can assuage the assault,  
Paying a wreath in honour of the lost soul's by default,

May their soul's rest in peace,  
May the Lord Almighty prevail over give them good sense,

.....

(c) Akshaya Kumar Das 16/7/2016

AKSHAYA KUMAR DAS

# The Sand Castles

The Sand Castles...

.....

The sand castles built were washed away,  
The tides swiftly washed them away,  
The under currents pulled them in,  
Under the fathomless bed inside the cocoon,  
Existed the marine creatures,  
The dangerous shark to whales,  
The star fish to red piranhas in groups,  
Live life kingsize under the water roofs,  
Tides for ever swelled,  
Waves for ever sailed,  
The sea serene & calm inside,  
Water spread of the sea outside,  
Middle of the sea looks so graceful,  
Gentler surface denser looks so fearful,  
The sea is a real wonder for humans,  
The rippling tides hypnotizes men & women, ,  
The same castles built time & again,  
Washed away by the visiting tide so often,

.....

(c) Akshaya Kumar Das

AKSHAYA KUMAR DAS



# The Saturday Fever

The Saturday Fever..

.....

Saturday fever,  
Planning in leisure,

The weekend,  
On the serenade,

The Beach roaring with the season,  
Rains lashing flooding with season,

The farmer feels the heaven's boon,  
The plantations relish with the flora, fauna in green,

The Roads are bathed & washed,  
Well cautiously on the slippery Roads,

The atmosphere gasping humid,  
Sweats trickling through in uncomfortable breathe,

Waters inundate creating tiny pools,  
Muddy roads in pulp of soil bowls,

The season threatens the atmosphere,  
Inhabitants scared of the low pressure,

Wind joins the rains creating a seasonal pressure,  
Umbrellas to Palm leaves provide journey of shelter,

The rain wet beloved sighing & blushing,  
The lover madly embracing the soul smiling,

The weekend fever,  
Catches up with the weekend visitor,

Love ripens in the vineyard,  
Dreams of the week in the boulevard,

.....

(c) Akshaya Kumar Das 16/7/2016

AKSHAYA KUMAR DAS

# The Sighing Furnace

The furnace sighing,  
The non-stop beats vying,

Vying for touch of you,  
To feel the warmth of you,

In your palms hides the warmth,  
In your hold lies the breath,

The sighs & hisses,  
The close ups & deep breath kisses,

Hides the intimate moments,  
In your hearts enclosure the sweet torments,

The dirty words spoken in hisses,  
Melting the boilers to depth of memorable embrace,

In the embraces the earth you dig,  
The dimples blush in tremble with the rig,

Love is an eternal drink,  
The more drunk leaves you to sink,

The sinking fathom,  
Excavating the rock bottom,

The earth surrenders to the jolt,  
The hunt is so passionate,

Passionate submissions,  
Memorable holdups pleasant expressions,

Captured captivity,  
The soul's longing is infinity,

The non-stop delicacy,  
The eternal intimacy,

A Dream in the beloved's enclosure,  
Fulfilling dreams in the madness no one is loser,

....

(c) Akshaya Kumar Das

AKSHAYA KUMAR DAS

# The Sub-Zero Creativity

At the feed of the huge ice berge,  
The Penguin Sanctuary emerge,

Suave & gentle mannered birds,  
Reside in flocks with fins in fold,

The Awesome creativity,  
Surprising attire of divinity,

Even in cryogenic atmosphere,  
Nature nurtures it's awesome creatures,

Humans ought to learn manners,  
The symbolic Penguin attires,

Surviving in sub-zero temperatures,  
Mysteries just baffle the universe,

.....

(c) Akshaya Kumar Das

AKSHAYA KUMAR DAS

# The Supreme Versatility

Hats off to your stylish creation,  
Oh! Creator thou superb manifestation,  
....? ....?  
The Superb manifestations,  
Baffle the universe,  
....? ....? ....  
Your versatility,  
Noble creativity,  
....? ....? ..  
Since infinity,  
Baffles my tiny entity,  
.? ..? ..  
Invisible in your appearance,  
In magical bliss our existence,  
....? ....? ..  
Your magnanimity,  
Invisible creativity,  
.....? ...? ..  
Wonder at existence,  
Quality of endowed verse,  
....? ...? ..  
A question mark after every point,  
Whether doing wrong or the right?  
....? ....?  
Baffled human euphoric dreams,  
Be it pain or pleasure the timer of the soul screams, .  
..? ...? ..  
Yelling at the inner peace,  
Conniving with my voice,  
....? ...? ...  
The Supreme Versatility,  
A creative genius since infinity,  
.....  
(c) Akshaya Kumar Das

AKSHAYA KUMAR DAS

# The Surfing Tides

The Surfing Tides...  
The Ocean's pride,

Bravely face the beach,  
The sea just seeks,

The tidal waves,  
One over the other,

The surfing density,  
Rolling in intensity,

The surfers,  
wonderful dreamers,

The Joy of surfing,  
Swimming with the waves for ocean's mapping,

Mapping the depth of the sea,  
The adventurous dare devil act in glee,

Gives a feeling of being with Nature,  
The sea takes away the mind to nurture,

Adventure sporting is a human weakness,  
When the wish completed it's mission of happiness,

....

(c) Akshaya Kumar Das

AKSHAYA KUMAR DAS

# The Sweet Sixteen In Waiting...

The Sweet Sixteen in waiting....

.....  
Chilling weather,  
just three days more,  
the inclement weather,  
with the new year,  
bring volumes of cheer,  
the mind will relish the birth of the New Year,  
the New Year 2016 bring all cheer,  
face is the index reflecting the chilled atmosphere,  
In snow dusts leafs & trees hidden under the Nature's attire,  
the old year paving the way for the New Year,  
Time renewing the face of humanity in full gear,  
the Universe celebrating the eve of the New Year,  
From a child to an adult every one in full humour,  
anxious notes scribbled inside the heart with a sweet memoir,  
from here we march towards the New Year,  
Dreaming of dreams seen to be fulfilled in the great year,  
2016 is like a sweet sixteen in wonderful amber,  
the 21st century in its sixteenth year...  
Adolescence dreams of the century in full gear,  
falling in love with the weather the atmosphere,  
Wishing all a very happy, peaceful & prosperous New Year...

.....  
(c) Akshaya Kumar Das 29/12/2015 8: 40 A.M.

AKSHAYA KUMAR DAS



# The Three Dimensions

Life, love & time,  
Sing an unique rhyme,

The violet lines,  
In the snow white petals,

Present an unique attitude,  
Life believes in the servitude,

The violet buds blooming to radiance,  
Soul in passionate moods of trance,

Life, time & fortune,  
Set the pages to fine tune,

The lullabies often drive,  
Flashing back the nostalgia to arrive,

A glimpse of the mother's lap,  
Memory of the mesmerized nap,

In childhood The Mother,  
In adulthood guidance of the father,

Holding the little finger,  
Walk life throughout without fear,

Reality is different,  
Life facing it innocent,

Rhymes just chime,  
The sweet voice of the pantomime,

.....

(c) Akshaya Kumar Das

AKSHAYA KUMAR DAS

# The Transparent Droplets

The Transparent Droplets..

.....

The droplets on the mesmerized platform,  
Eyes get struck for a moment with soul taking a form,

The awesome radiance,  
Inviting moods to trance,

As if a young lash way laid by the rains,  
Sitting on the beauty to give it a crown,

The petals feeling the blush from within,  
Blissful looks of droplets of the rains,

Feelings of greatness invading the atmosphere,  
Fragrant dreams cooking inside in the attire,

Soul questioning the eyes how do you feel?  
Eyes bath with tear drops to capture & seal,

The radiance of yellow flowers,  
Fulfilling the dreams of the onlooker,

In fathomless solitude,  
The unique servitude,

Service to mankind is service to God,  
Unearthing the mysteries from the woods,

The droplets waiting in their transparent forms,  
Giving space to the beauty to express it's forms,

.....

(c) Akshaya Kumar Das

AKSHAYA KUMAR DAS

# The Unknown Infatuation..

The Unknown Infatuation

.....

The sky's blue amber,  
The Ocean's sky blue pasture,

Mind delves into the deeper fathoms,  
To feel the surprising bottoms,

On the surface the rippling blues,  
Creativity of awesome hues,

Surfing in the ocean's rippling surface,  
The surfer bubbling up & down on the huge terrace,

From the blue sky patches of clouds joining the surfing,  
Reflections beaming with radiance morphing,

The distance between the real,  
Between the virtual,

An immeasurable fathomless depth,  
Wishes trickling in soul to touch the breath,

The fragile breathe,  
Time & again threatening death,

Fearlessly bracing the journey of the uncertain,  
To surpass the boundary beyond the certain,

The sky's eternal carpet,  
Clouds in fusion with the sunset,

The Horizon's radiant spread,  
Before dipping into the world beyond,

Feelings floating with cloud patches,  
Beyond soul's reaches,

Mind in meditation to submerge,

To merge into the sublime assuage,

....

(c) Akshaya Kumar Das

AKSHAYA KUMAR DAS

# The Vanishing Dews..

The Vanishing Dews...

.....

Drops of Dew rain as night falls,  
My Soul waiting for your glistening eye balls,  
I did not know when I fell asleep,  
Dreamt of caressing your long hairs in my deep sleep,  
Accidentally woken from the depth of slumber,  
In my somnabulistic walk I dash against you dear,  
As My slumber breaks there,  
I find no one there,  
Cry at my sorry state of the affair,  
Was asking myself why did you promise dear?  
Caught by the cold weather,  
Cursing my foolish dreams of being with her,  
Many nights pass in between,  
You no longer visit the promised den,  
Languishing in the monotony,  
Facing inside a silent mutiny,  
Drops of the dew vanishing before eyes,  
You do not come as per promise,  
At times I wonder at your behaviour,  
Why make false promises pretending failure,  
Console my self with your sweet words,  
Accepting your failure to arrive in the promised woods,  
The gimmick of the glistening balls,  
Vanishing dreams before the night falls,

.....

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AKSHAYA KUMAR DAS

# The Waiting Bride

The young groom on horse ride,  
To marry the young bride,  
Little did they know,  
To tie the nuptial knot how,

Proposed to a stranger,  
Little did they know each other,  
One short acquaintance things over,  
The groom arrives to take her,

A marriage takes place,  
Some before the fire place,  
Some before the cross,  
Some in between the walls an across,

Introduced to a stranger,  
A strange place for life to adore,  
The beloved the only saviour,  
Life becomes a moron affair,

Ignorant manners,  
Unpredictable behaviour,  
In Between the four walls two strangers,  
Left to deal with life dreaming a future,

The young bride,  
Not knowing how to hide,  
The confused situation inside,  
Suspense & curiosity in height taking side,

.....

(c) Akshaya Kumar Das

AKSHAYA KUMAR DAS

# The Wandering Mind

My wandering mind,  
Travelling faster than wind,

Peeping through the window of life,  
What lies @ the other side is truth or rife,

Don't follow me life,  
I promise I will follow you,

I love you life by default,  
When love sips my self in the assault,

The ignorant moods,  
Forgot to write the correct words,

Following you life long,  
The deserted journey is such long,

Do n't know?  
whether I will reach the destination,  
But still run in all fun,

Know you are waiting there at the point,  
Beyond the horizon's secluded joint,

The saffron & the crimson red,  
Waiting @ the horizon beyond,

I know the day is not far off,  
Mingle into the crimson beyond the horizon,  
When we will be lost in the lap of oblivion,

My wander lost mission,  
In the relaxed moods of the horizon,

.....

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AKSHAYA KUMAR DAS

# The Whip Of Mass Disorder.

The Dastardly Act,  
Brutal killings,  
Slaughtering the throat,  
Spilling blood,  
Cold blooded murder,  
Whip of mass disorder,  
Killing people for fun & plessure,  
Can't change the world order,  
Humanity bleeding with the grievous wounds,  
The whims & fancy of mad psychos,  
Writes the havoc story of pathos,  
The wounds wrought,  
Is a severe jolt,  
Still for no mistake why chose the innocent,  
Your faulty mindset,  
Does not create any cut,  
The wound heals up with time,  
The chilling coldblooded murder recoils in shame,  
What a shameless cowardly act?  
This is no way to write to avenge,  
What a price you pay for the revenge?  
Time will never write your name,  
For barbarity on innocents you wrought is pure shame,  
How could you chose the holy month?  
Those you sacrificed at the altar become martyrs of Divine faith,  
Peace is the only prayer,  
Light a candle in your heart in their honour,

....

(c) Akshaya Kumar Das 5/7/2016

AKSHAYA KUMAR DAS



# The Whispering Voice

The whispering voice,  
By default a choice,

Lest they will hear,  
Talks between the lovers,

Punish them,  
Banish them,

For the secret affair,  
Pay a heavy price dear,

Man is born free,  
But love is not free,

Pay a price,  
Bonded truce,

Even Romeo & Juliet,  
Put to dungeons palet,

The whispering voice,  
In romance,

The Nightingale in romance,  
With the voice,

...

(c) Akshaya Kumar Das

AKSHAYA KUMAR DAS

# The Worst Deluge

The worst deluge,

.....  
the brunt of nature,  
rains inundating ajar,  
the sky's cover is open,  
water logged pain,  
no power,  
run for shelter,  
the water logged ground floor,  
fury of nature,  
lets them to suffer,  
every year,  
the second monsoons' fear,  
hutments under water,  
the marooned Chennai city,  
looking at the Rain God for pity,  
enough of water,  
enough of torture,  
life cut off from main stream,  
the vacant sky echoes the shrilled scream,  
everything gone under the water,  
the fury of the nature could be so costlier,  
the cost of existence,  
comes crying with its stance,  
life to non-life everything sail to safety,  
some sailed to security some no security,  
what a jolt the calamity writes,  
Havoc of deluge in fights,  
All modes of communication,  
blocked air, rail, road traffic of the season,  
the calamity teaches a gory lesson,  
Beware of me my power Oh! Poor Human...  
Kneeling down before the Nature with humble submission..  
Just end the crisis created by Nature,  
Save the marooned with magic re-assure,  
Humble prayers of submission,  
At your feet Oh! Lord for the unaccomplished mission...

.....  
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AKSHAYA KUMAR DAS

# The Young To Old

The young to old...

.....

Life is a huge book,  
Pages of which just hook,

As you throw a look at the backyard,  
Childhood to old age all stand in the yard,

Excepting the mind all limbs numb,  
The mind still works like a bomb,

Roaring like a tiger,  
Ready to click the trigger,

Excepting the self sermonising everyone to behave,  
Everyone carelessly silent & suave,

Murmuring silently at the old man,  
Pity at you old man,

The old man having seen life,  
Cautioning everyone to be careful in love,

Behave with life,  
Else you suffer like me abandoned at one corner in strife,

.....

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AKSHAYA KUMAR DAS

# World Peace..

PEACE,  
Exists in disguise,  
It's all a human wish,  
For some fanatics,  
The universe can't exist,  
Is no man's right,  
If they could harm themselves,  
Let them,  
But why force upon,  
Cyanide for everyone,  
The law of evolution,  
Knows the solution,  
Oh! Fanatics stop worrying,  
Do n't cross the line of the ring,  
The Mother Earth knows,  
How to assuage it's woes,  
Neither blow away yourselves,  
Not blow away innocents,  
Hold patience,  
Mother Nature will nurture your grievance,  
Will give you faith,  
Assurance,  
Breathe peace,  
Love peace,  
Exist,  
Coexist,  
Just Desist,  
If bomb has an answer in the womb,  
Why bomb,  
Drive the truck,  
Amok,  
Let Bliss,  
Fulfil the madman's wish,  
.....  
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