

Poetry Series

Amitabho Sengupta
- poems -

Publication Date:

2018

Publisher:

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Amitabho Sengupta(20.10.1973)

A Beauty With A Smile

That distant lady now so nearby my heart,
familiar to me to hurt.

Somehow, she seems so near and in my breath,
clears my thought path.

Look! Look at HER! !
behold her face.

purity.

Look! Look at her lips!
myriad men's minds,
touchy of all kinds.

Now, look at her heart!
heart-throbs of us,
mind as such.

Then, look at her eyes!

ripples in the hearts of others;
to one who bothers.

See, it is, as if, I can see!

Once she was not at all

Sometimes, the lady's smile

Every young man, please

She is a den of beauty,
A waterfall of freshness and

She has rosy lips to attract

They are so vibrant and

Her covered breasts are the

Her open throat attracts each

They are so nice! !
They make penetrating

They are of divine demands

of me and others.

beauty like hers.

She is the source of love and inspiration;

affections and admiration!

Amitabho Sengupta

She is a nymph to take care

To take care of all who love

She is the purity with

Ode To Clouds

Oh Clouds!
Do shower on my soul;
'Cause I desire to be drenched with lol-
Being engrossed in my happy dale of vital role.

Oh Clouds!
Do shower on my heart
To remove toxic and filthy dirt,
To cut the sham shows off me apart.

Oh Clouds!
Me thought thy flash enlightening the zeneath,
As well as my nest on earth underneath,
As thy kinetics cares us betwixt.

Oh Clouds!
Do lead my winged soul to a terra incognita,
To paint anew novel avenues in my visual vista.

Amitabho Sengupta

To My Deity

Alone thou sat before me with tears in eyes bright,
At the dead silence of the forlorn night in lunar light.
Softly casting thy magic spell un beholden thou were,
With thy bare finger and almost dishevelled hair.
Fathoming the amount of affections for thee that night,
Thy own coral lips were very close to my chin just right.

I did feel all my nerves unnerved with touches of thy spells,
There's a thin cloth upon thy swallowed breasts of gales.
That increased spontaneously my number of breaths,
Then softly said I, ' Thou softly sow the seeds,
Of unprofaned love in me with lots of sweet sad tales,
With myriad flowers and fruits in thy divine dales.'

Then I entreated thee, ' Make me now thy heart e'er mine.'
Due impromptu was thy voice, ' Mine is always thine.'
And that deliberately thou unclothed thy heart
As if to make me realize it was nev'r a flirt.
I began to feel in my soul thy fire finely divine,
I burnt into nothing to shine time and again.

Remarks(Self) : The poetic piece is written in Iambic Hexameter with the rhyme scheme: aabbaa ccddcc eeffee.

Amitabho Sengupta