

Poetry Series

BIBHAKAR DUTTA
- poems -



PoemHunter.com

Publication Date:
2022

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

BIBHAKAR DUTTA(02-04-1987)

Studying English literature. Graphic designer, , social worker and a politician as well.

I am a man of simple lifestyle. I always try to remove poverty and class system from my society because all are equal (poor or rich) . We need equal distribution of wealth in society as we all need fresh air for health, and a good systemic lead for wealth. I am spiritual and always curious to know more about divinity.....
Bibhakar Dutta.



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Winter Days

Oh! Winter days,
Full of imaginations,
The long white poetic page
Will be one and the same.

Oh! Winter days,
The unspoken monologues are so intense,
And silence in oneness,
Try to impress...

Oh! Winter days,
on the dewy dank leaves
Poets try to mark some rapturous
Words for someone to impress.

Days will be observed
Lines are being pitched
Silently, solemnly
Or slowly voiced...Oh, Winter days!

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Beginning Of Winter

At the very beginning of winter,
my silent garden bench
looks so glossy,
now I stand steadily
and sometimes I think and rethink
as it's urgent how to show,
few lines for faithful love
in a long white poetic page to glow....

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Percipience

I am waiting all day long
for the next word
which would be better to adorn
My long poetic page,
And to render
the sweetest tune,
Her jovial attitudes
And her innocent eyes
Always make some catching percipience.
It's a long journey
For the long way,
And two roads often
Meet with each other,
And we smile leaving a little trace,
After all, she has an innocent smiling face...

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Upturn

Upturn of my thoughts
Now turns into a verse,
I often think of my country's
Silent lake, the greenish
Grassy layers of
Playgrounds,
My little obedient canoe,
And silent garden bench,
All are embedded into
This white poetic page.
The clammy winter wind
Touches this heart
Which reminds my beloved's eyes,
Either in afternoon or at night
These Winter days
are blithesome...
just blithesome and bright!

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Strength

Get up from drowsiness,
See the smoothie morning,
The radiance of the daylight
will make you feel the amour.
The way to love
and strength of faith
Will make you more perfect
Like the brightest noon,
Everything is so smooth
If that glint you feel
in thy heart at the countryside's gleam.

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Gladsome Hue

A sudden gladsome hue!
Such a pretty tint,
Oh, I couldn't not wait
To see you my beautiful silent lake.

Wait, wait...
I am just on the way towards
To feel thy joyous mood
With my simple attitude.

And I must see
The day's glint and glee,
To sit beside such poetic upbeat,
Everything is just silent,
Just silence everywhere
and truly romantic.

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The Beautiful Silent Lake

Totter, totter and just totters...,
My beautiful silent lake very perfect
and always inspires.
I am roaming around the every corner,
but my white poetic page
Gets a sudden gait.
Clamy winds, morning's delightful glaze
Are enough to expound
Those romantic presence.
Totter, totter and just totters...

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Grandiloquent

I have come back again
to see the tranquil lake
where my white poetic pages
get bloomed with the essence
of sweet blooming winter,
like the lively the blooming
spring.

I have come to see those new
hosts

Who are nodding their heads
With their soft shiny leaves,
I wish that I could have few
lines more

That will be grandiloquent
for you on the next morrow...

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Poetic Journey

How can I miss
Such sincerity? ?
And such openness
towards that long poetic journey...

Heart longs longly...
I have seen so many variables,
Yet my sweet silent lake
Fruitful for a white poetic page.

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My New Poem

Someone is still waiting for you dear,
Still waiting...,
near this orotund lake holding
His white poetic pen,
Here the exact name
he wants to emblem
In that white Poetic page,
And he, after all, wants to confess!
The meaning of only word,
"Emblaze! just emblaze..."
With such beautiful days,
And in fresh winter afternoon with gaiety,
And I have just one more word-
"Confess...confess yourself unconditionally".

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Chosen

As I have chosen
the way towards that serene land
where my poetic mind wants
to stay appeased with such jovial lines
that bestows love,
just only love;
those selfish men now can't perturb.

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Glares

In this midsummer,
Amidst that dark stormy midnight,
I had glares,
Glared,
At those beautiful radiant eyes,
And this arid heart
Got the hope back again a bit.
Will it still be able
To glorify the page in The Book of Love,
Or it's something
that just wants to remain
In an ordinary path?

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Just To Play

See it, much better during
These toughdays.
No more rambling words, no clumsiness
Just let your strings roll on,
And impress someone
You want to impress....

Someone is sitting on the edge,
And a large amount of tides
Approaching near
Advise not to hesitate,
And just to play to endear...

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To The Shore

And I sail, I sail;
I see such jubilant Midnight's glow
Sitting on my little canoe,
Let my poetic mood
To be enforced some more;
And, I shall yearn for rethink
When I shall be back again to the shore.

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Silent Lake

Dear Lily,
Winter days have gone,
And I am standing still
Beside country's silent lake.

Some of season's dank leaves
Are still lying near my obedient garden bench
Where I stretch my hands
To adorn a new poetic sketch.

Sweet touch of wind tries to persuade
That Which act should I now play,
This arid heart wants to ponder
And ponders all the day....

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Somewhere Again

Somewhere in the middle of the night
I was wandering,
And I was wandering...,
And then I listened the whistle of approaching Spring,

Here the silky touch of soft bold wind
And the softness of untouched grass
Aroused to embrace
This white poetic page.

Beside the silent lake,
Allow them to dazzle in your deeper eyes,
Without hastiness,
Just in a gladsome sense
To give an scrumptious impress

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Ruth

Winter afternoon....

And I have a charming mood,
With her entrancing eyes, it seems
Still..... still! I feel some ruth....

So many days have to be passed yet,
In this beautiful sunshine,
And I invite you all to have some clammy breath,
As so many days have to be passed yet...,

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Silent Again

Night is silent again,
I have been driven out
From a busy day,
You know...it's a lonesome soul,
And I am going to the woods
Near the bay.

Let me find, let me find
Those beautiful leaves
Let me find...,
Where the fresh dews of morn
Has written few lines to adorn
Those esoteric songs
For the next winter day.

Night is silent dear,
Night is silent again,
My little canoe is awaiting near,
Soon we shall set off
For an unknown sail.
Night is silent dear,
Night is silent again...

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My Childhood Days

Oh, Let me be free...,
Like those colorful kites,
Like the nodding head
Of a besotted rose in red.

My childhood just passed,
In this silent wood, the songs
Were sung by the seasons of joy,
Everywhere just those Hoy! !

In those childhood days
Those friendship were
So much intense there;
And those innocent smiles
Being so immaculate,
Makes me a flabbergasted yet!
A flabbergasted yet...

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A Short Winter Poem

A little spark of such a captivating
Sweet face! ,
Arising again a hope in love today,
Seems to be
Like the honey colored frozen lake
When afternoon
Shines with it's colors for the day.
In these winterfests
No burdens are hardening yet,
In such silence,
In this closeness,
My leaves are getting wet
With the her entrancing gait!
Oh, Let me sit, let me sit,
In this wonderful garden bench,
Oh my besotted mind! ! ,
Such my cryptic phrases,
Those proximity can I still find? ?

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She Is My Beautiful Dame

I saw her from that distance
As I'm going towards the lonely beach,
With a curling hairlock
All the beauties are just enwrapped
In that sweet innocent face,
Oh! I don't know how to confess! !

She is my beautiful dame,
Yet, I don't know what is her name,
But I guess it could be the Queen of love,
In this lonely beach that I have guessed,
And I think, finally she just came...

Surely, some lines I'd like to write,
I would...,
But yet...! ! ,
I need to know yet,
Why she has come in this lonely beach?
In this arid bed,
All the desires just
Gather here while a heart gets disheartened,

Yet I shall write, must I....,
My lines are now stained to
Draw the name with the words of faith,
In the leaves of faith.

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A Guitar Addict

Amid the noise of strings,
In such chaos
While the sound becomes
Everyone's beat
and too much romantic....
Really a guitar addict...

Let the days go
As they go...
He will pursue yet,
He can play,
Let him play
The deepest say
It's a verdict
Really a guitar addict

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Just Behold

Just behold it
With so many eyes...,
I'm not an enough one...
To define the deepest tune
Of a brilliant
Spring afternoon.

To the kingdom of desires,
So many travellers
Are coming to mend
So as to comprehend
The meaning, the rhythm
Of the song of desires,
In their long deep poetic page.

Just behold,
Just behold with so many eyes,
Beyond the horizon,
Beyond the ways,
There is a meaning always,
Passing those wonderful moments
In Spring or in Winter days.

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Confessed

My eyes are flashing,
My eyes feel fresh
In such closeness,
I have heard that
She's so beautiful,
She's an innocent,
She's so blessed.
My garden bench,
I know, I know,
Today you're
So much amazed
Because for someone,
Few words I have chosen
And finally I confessed...

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Conscience

Again no hastiness,
Just too good to be
A quiet lover,
Just alluring
To be a lovelorn too much
All the day as such,

I'm just like a weaver
Weaving those fresh
Leaves to bestow you
A big poetic page.

Waiting here
Motivelessly to feel
A new essence
That quivers those lines
With rapturous presence
On the day of conscience.

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Silence

No more hastiness...,
I'm waiting now to hear that
Musing voice emerging
From a long distance,
Because I have chosen to
Walk on a new way
Where I shall become more
Confident and my faith
Will grow up faster day by day
And palp the deepest sense,
Now my garden bench
Is very much quiet
Scattering the placid silence.

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Path

I see...,
Just see her from behind
Standing beneath the
Silent Mango tree.
Do I know her face? ?
Do I...? ?
The Palanquin is ready
To lift you up with all its glory.
You must say,
Now you must say-what
To imbue thy beloved's heart
And what about the faith
When those hands are
Stretched widely as an emblem
To meliorate the wisest path?
As someone is saying from
The deepest part of his heart.

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Profuse

Why the Princess has come
In this dense place
With that purple face?
Why wandering around she's...,
With that deserted heart,
In that abyssal part?
Remorse for love, remorse..., .
I know, I know,
How much selfish he's,
A lavish and lies
Every time as he deserves.

So what else can you glow
That's entangled with false fame?
The poet watches that staying afar,
She had once come to embellish,
To emblem,
That wonderful land.
Such a sick he's,
Was silent at all ignoring
All those engaging desires
Of those innocent eyes,

But the poet will write,
Poet will write...,
Few lines for her,
In these arid leaves,
On this silent garden bench,
Hope you could sing,
You could surmise...,
Now this silent garden bench
Much profuse with divine bless,
Let him muse, let him muse...

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Let Me Write

That night I was wondering,
Just wandering in a wonderful way,
I saw some water hyacinths
Inflating on those shiny waves,
What a wonderful night!
With such captivating sight! ,
To feel free to taste the way
Where lewdness decays,
Doors are opened openly to play,
Frenzied winds, sparkling of waves,
Two souls just want to crave,
Let me write, let me write
To pave the way....

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Engrossed

I'm glad to be engrossed
In this midday of summer,
In this solitude, patience,
And absence of hesitance,

Someday it will be fairer
To grasp the meaning,
To behold with deep eyes.
In this closeness,

My hands are filling with love
To define a traveller's fate,
Standing in front of such
Captivating garden lake,
Leaving the kingdom of boredom
Where everything just fake.

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Gallant

Let's sleep...,
Let's sleep here,
With the pensive mood,
Without any plight -my dear,
In this silent sea side,
Nothing to hamper your voice
A beautiful gallant tune perhaps
Lets you go....
To the kingdom of embrace
To conquer the virulent thirst,
Let's sleep here my dear
In presence of garrulous heart
Nothing to hamper,
Nothing awkward...

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Glimpse

My free verse often too little,
My voice just wants to raise
While I stand still
On these muddy sand,
My childhood days just
Going to be scattered here,
Beneath this silent
Mango tree,
Oh my May days,
Today I am here,
And... very much free! !
Stillness and smiling both
To acclimate,
My May days just going to
Be fanciful and so perfect.
Come, get a glimpse
Of these sweet days
And sit by me please...

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Much More

Hello my poet, my friend
I think so tired you are,
Lonely paths of old ways
Never let you rest in such
Frenzied days.

The inspiring May days
Are there to help you behold
The glimpse of your embellished
Poetic page.

Hello my poet, my friend,
Just be a straight...,
Don't champ and no miff please,
Not to worry...
Your tiresome hands have much more
To express,
Much more yet needed to be impressed...

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Let's Find The Page...

Please find it...,
Yes, let's find the page
In this dank shed,
Joviality will not be faint,
Those rhythmic adjunct words
Will play thoughtlessly
For new oncoming days.
Today I wanna paint,
Few lines in favour of love,
To clarify the meaning
Of such a poetic day,
Here sitting silently on this
Beautiful garden bench,
And...let's dig out the page.

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To Impress

I am here today,
After a long time to see the silence,
To feel you, oh my silent mango tree...!
Afternoon and May maybe
More convenient for the adroitness
That could bring the shower of joy,
The rhythm to refill the vacant mood
And again myheart to employ
With that poetic muse.
My May days might go with a new phrase,
Here I am sitting alone on the garden bench,
And do you have any new words,
Tell me please, oh my boyhood friend,
How to please her beautiful face?
Tell me please how shall I Impress? ?

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Such Limpidity

Ohh the happiness....! !
The songs of joy are
Pouring some sweetness here,
And the essence of some sweet smile
Hither and thither,
Ohh..., all the hastiness just fade away.

And my heart longs
Deeply to be embedded
With the fresh tides of morning.
Listen the entrancing tunes! !
And behold the bed of entrancing
Micaceous sand constantly inciting the tunes.

Oh the flowers of love,
Here I see a dazzling glow of the silent morn,
I grateful to thee, grateful to thee,
Hope such melodious tunes
Would squander themselves in glee.

To be quite honest,
My Liberty Beach is glistening
So amazingly today and my faith
Loves to cuddle the songs of joy,
And I see the sweetness here playing

Around the edges to catch the tides
That partake in such playfulness,
And let me write few more words
Under the shed of serenity,
Such limpidity that always provides.

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Once Again

Again, I am waiting for it,
The simplest thing that would
Help to make a simple tune
Leaving the black kingdom.

No, I have no choice to
Retaliate against them.
See! I own such an amazing chariot,
The Chariot of joy...,

I'm going to the bed of glittering sands
Where some gleeful words
Would play before these open eyes
Everytime I recall those beautiful charming days,
And I have no choice,

I have no choice
To enthrall the color of simple poetic page
In that dark fake kingdom
That just flourishes false praise.

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In The Mid Way

When I feel to fly,
When I wish to open up
The besotted tune,
I just ride upon the chariot of joy
To behold the seaside
Called The Liberty Beach.
No hastiness, no burdens....
Last night was the same.
In the mid way,
I met a fascinating dame,
Her soft innocent smile
Endears me to embellish
Some lines of desires.
I stared, I stayed for a while
To figure out the beauty of her smile.
I want to spend a lot of time
In my own impassioned way.
Oh my dear, what should I bestow
You as a gift of love?
Well, if you remind my verse
In your reminiscence
Whether it's some arrhythmic lines
Or a simple free verse...

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Glistening

Like a fresh dewdrop of morning,
And very similar to the
Realm of sweet desires,
Today I am just enjoying
The day's inspiring song
And my running train at its own way.
Those full bloomed mango trees
Are the lenient and the glint
Of quiet spring morning is
Incredible and very rapturous
For emboldening
My beloved's beautiful face.
Look at this glorious moment,
Look beyond the way,
Nothing is broody today,
Gathering of reminiscence allowing
Put my finger down
To write few more words,
Few more glistening images
In my simple free-verse poetic page.

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Wonderful

I have not seen such a hard
Wonderful meaning before,
I found a poetic leaf
With soft spotless smile
Beneath my old mango tree.
I stared at it very deeply,
Was reading it so loudly,
Some meanings were
Newly embellished,
Were unknown to me,
I was roaming hither and thither,
To find out the exact depth
To get it classy and clear.
Some words were really
Excited very much
But some were prinked
With inverse colors
That made me confused so much.
Why it was enlivening
The mysterious meaning,
Very much amazed I was,
Deeply again I started glaring,
Just glaring...
Later I came to know,
You can't not perceive,
Can't taste the warmness of the day
Until you walk silently
On a thick snowy way! !
You can't perceive
The sweetness! !
The sweetness of the garden of desires
Until you have enjoyed
The beautiful essence
Of an arid desert.
Really it's great!
New story of experience,
Isn't it my dear? ?

Digging

I can speak aloud, can sing ceaselessly,
And thoughtlessly I want to fly,
My days are going to be rhythmic
Little by little.
Digging after digging, here I have
Chosen this silent world,
And still needed much more time walk,
To walk a long way;
A lot of time is needed before to reach
The restlessness is yet to be awaited
For the rest,
I'm just digging and digging,
Way after way, day to day,
Until I shall get the golden glistening days.

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Dances Of Desire

Much have I enjoyed
The mystery of love,
And much more to trace
The essence yet,
Oh the Lord of love,
I am here, here
In this silent midnight
To see the dances of desire.
And the perception? ?
Yes, the songs of joy
Here just plays with its own trait,
And I need to grow up my own faith
Day by day,
Summer after summer.
No hastiness, no burdens....,
Just to decorate, just to smile....,
Sitting on my quiet garden bench
While I am on my way
And to evoke new lines
To print the poetic page.
Oh the Lord of love....

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My Liberty Beach

Where are you now, dear?
I'm here lying thoughtlessly on the shore
With my virulent thirst.
My favorite colors are playing so prettily
Before these very eyes.
Now what will be the story
By which I need to wake up,
To cluster those real thoughts? ?
Hope you have a lot more experience
To define a traveller's fate.
And right now I'm standing at
The edge of silent Liberty Beach
Where my poetic muse always lives
To enliven the colors of joyfulness
And loopy mind just fades away.
Yes this is the favorite place to stay, to trace...,
This is my wonderful Liberty Beach.

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Wondrous

Today the color of sky shows me
The new way to get a new hope.
And here the serene sandy
Beach is glowing amazingly by its own glint.
My love deserves to be engrossed
In the kingdom of desire
Where we shall drink the shower of joy.
Together we shall behold
The decorated crest, the youthful
Glimpse of spring - mountains,
And write few words, few lines of faith
To illuminate my leaves day after day.
And this..., this is the story of my little rhythmic sense,
And...just wait, just wait..., much more to trace,
Here just to watch that sounds silently
To define the core of such wondrous play.

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Serenity

Howling! , howling...!
A howling voice
Amidst this deep dense place,
Maybe my life's desire
Just calling to play
A little rhythmic game.
It's wondrous
To feel the meaning
I have perceived,
But the constraint
Is such hastiness,
Sorry, no hastiness
To come closer
To such closeness,
To define the deepest
Meaning of love,
The songs of joy in the
Ocean of serenity
Is the only way by which
We can meet overthrowing
The black darkest kingdom.
Thank you my dear.

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Somewhere

My days just going through the silence,
And silent is my tune, just everything
Without my mistress's charming eyes,
Seems to be mouldy, without any glim;
Winter winds just touch this arid heart
And the soul again senses the desire.
Oh my beloved, I'm here, right here,
In this very moment I can see, I can feel
The entrancing essence of closeness,
Can feel our proximity,
As if the glow of joyfulness seems to help us
To define the deepest meaning
That may grow up someday somewhere.

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The Dances

A lot more, a lot more to write
About my frenzied days, where no one
Has gotten the chance to behold
The dances of youthful spring.
Afternoons are so much prettier ever
Than that opportunists' smiles.
I'm much happier than you here under
The gleams of such sweet shinny days.
Believe me, much happier am I
Lying on this beautiful beach
Mellowing my breath, smoothening the ways.
Yet it's a lot more to write,a lot more! !

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Brilliant

In the presence of my silent voice
I want to spend times
With my simple rhythmic attitude.
This wandering mind desires
To see-oh my beautiful lady-
Your the newest mood,
Where the stature will ignite
The day's best performance.
Who says that the desire
Always deserves beyond
The songs of experience?
Simply it's wondrous,
It's just beautiful ever,
Like the hugeness,
And like the mildness of the shore,
My love deserves to be
Elaborated a little bit more,
And Wants that brilliant,
Yes, that sounds like the brilliant.

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Silent

Night is silent again,
Dear night is silent again.
My silent heart now filled
With joy, with such stillness,
With a simple poetic touch,
And with a miraculous game! ,
Only my beloved's eyes
Can tame such playfulness.
Let it go..., let...it go,
Dear let's go to behold
The silent shore
Where our passionate
Eyes will feel the aptness
With the songs of desire,
Dear do you feel the same? ?
Now just waiting for the glimpse
That might be so sweet
For the new coming days
To decorate my new pen.
The meaning of the deepest part,
And to feel it being so frenzied
With a poetic emblem,
And much more to trace the ways
Where excellence has
The excellency always.
Night is silent again.
Dear night is silent again.

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Tainless Desire

This is a return, yes...my dear,
A sudden return of a besotted mind,
Not garrulous, or distorted
Or could be destroyed,

A beautiful queen with a soft spot
In her sweet smile, a queenly pose! ,
And how long can her best friend stand
Apart in a hopeless arid desert?

A little flex there is, for those loopy beings;
Sorry for the delay my dear, see, my leaves
Cannot but choose to see your
Such a pure amazing glim,

Life knows everything exactly, you know,
what and how to define the fate of deepest desires,
And to put it down in the book of love,
Let's roll it up, let's... roll it up in a tainless desire or to deserve.

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Entrancing (Part 2)

A sudden west wind enlivened
The leaves holding by me,
They are flying,
Just flying higher, just higher
As much as they desire...,
Oh the west wind let me...,
Let me sit in my little canoe
To elate myself in the garden glow.

Here, A very colorful, a mysterious
Flower has bloomed today in
The garden of love on the eve of dance
Under the blue sky of spring.
Such a sudden amazing gleam! ,
Such a flourish! ,
So many meanings at a single glance,
Very exotic if someone of you wants
The entrancing days to have,
Some entrancing essence of love.

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Any Day

Howling, it is just a howling for the day,
So calmly wind is blowing, just blowing...,
May be serious anytime, nobody knows yet,
Darkness prevails but it's time to evolve,
To evolve in the way of getting so absorbed in,
To be absorbed all the time in the songs of desire
The songs of desire to whom you know
So well, whom you so much deserve.
Furious clouds may exude its tears anytime,
Soon it could be a dark bluish evening.
But...., where I am....! ! Where I am standing still?
Oh, It's sprinkling of spring now, a bright afternoon,
I'm here right now, I'm here lying thoughtlessly
On a grassy field and looking over just...
Just beyond the horizon! , now I want something to say
My dear friends, I want you something to say,
See, my lord has always a smiling face, and I can
Sing the hymns always, at anytime and any day,
May be it's an afternoon of sparkling spring
Or may be it a dark bluish and cloudy rainy day.

BIBHAKAR DUTTA

To Give An Impress

I am here! , I am here,
Just the beginning of the night,
Holding my poetic leaves,
A few days later.
The wintery winds already have desiccated
The whole day's platter,
Nothing is soggy,
Grassy fields no longer are dank;
I am here, just I am here
Standing on the way of a staid street.
That's a beautiful dame I see
In her fancy room wandering around
The decorated glassy palace.
Oh, like those warm desert island
Once I have seen!
And with them now I compare, I just....compare,
Not it's the very moment I saw her traces,
Often I Have glared at her prominent face
And fix myself sometimes to stay
Before such precious immaculate place.
Will she allow me to enter in? Will she...?
A very frenzied lover wants
To sit silently for some while,
May I be granted to give an impress
That could be so sweet for both of us and to sublime? ?
After all she is a beautiful dame,
I think she's my dame.

BIBHAKAR DUTTA

Someday

What could you say more...,
About a golden glittering heart,
The songs of sympathy resides there always,
And a sweetest smile of course.

But, what could you get more
In the kingdom of virulent thirst? ?
Nobody wills there
To destine the way of a besotted pair.

And what could you take more...,
Where fallacies rules the entire! ! ,
Nobody cares what you mean,
Like watching merely someone
To argue with a stupendous spur.

If you have some blank poetic leaves
For defining the deepest meaning,
Don't worry, wait a while,
Someday you may hear someone go to the core
Sounding that secret feeling.

BIBHAKAR DUTTA

Entrancing

See, the amazing moments are going
Slowly, delightfully and with some friendly verses,
And with some silent words gleaming
By the glint of quiet winter days,
Maybe it's tilted a little by the mob of my city street.
Yet..., I can feel yet, can feel the entrancing
Essence of a silent remote countryside of a winter day
While I am standing still
Right here just being an observer,
An observer of these bleary lives;
I want to spend times with my poetic pen
Leaving such a distractful day.
You know, why I don't want to lose that anymore?
To hold my poetic days deeply
As I have told you before
That I can't repress my silent voice.
Flavours of the huge grassy field there
Waiting for to give me a favour so that I could spread
Widely my leaves to exsult my beloved's face.

BIBHAKAR DUTTA

Today (Part 2)

Today I have engrossed myself
Under the lights of winter-day,
Oh Winter, the Quietness!
Would my favorite days become
So much amused soon?
I'm just looking around, just looking...
everywhere, hither and thither,
All the day....,
And nobody has smiled still,
Look! Look at those dank leaves
Trembling, shivering, but smiling so nicely yet.
Today, my sparkling sandy beach
is inviting me to visit for a while atleast,
For few hours to sail upon the aglow tides,
And I must go to the shore, must go...,
Leaving these hasty days.
Nobody has the right to give me the terms
As no one has smiled yet.

BIBHAKAR DUTTA

PoemHunter.com

Liberty Beach (Part 8)

Today I am free, so much glad I am today,
The light of the sky shows
Me a new hope,
For me a new hope among the trills of life.
See my face feels so good, as usual
Like every other day.
Tides beside my sandy bed
Playing all the time,
My boyhood days seem to be alike,
Just like them...,
What a joyful dancing!
I needn't to care for those
Who just drink fake desires all the time.

An unknown frenetic beautiful mind once saw
That lovable eyes- she felt,
She felt it with her compassionate heart,
Their souls once so deeply
Mingled in each others praise, so deeply
They often looked at their eyes,
So skillfully painted was her chest
With the colors of her beloved's name,
But next day it could be dim! scanty!
So uncommon!

May be dropped out from the sea of Glee.
Now, it could merely a symbol, a frenzied emblem,
A symbol that she had once truly deserved.
Hope their smiles always remain the same,
May those sinless hearts become melted
In the soft bed of garden of love.
And don't demolish it please.
Well, Come, and just see
The dances in my Liberty Beach,
And sense its wondrous smell!
Pure, beyond of craze,
Delightfulness here never faints,
And thank you my dear friends.

Liberty Beach (Part 7)

After walking thousands of miles
I'm now here sitting at an edge of Liberty Beach,
Weariness couldn't dim my soul yet,
Life is itself a long journey, you know,
I haven't completely completed yet
The duty of the day.
Still some vacant leaves are needed to
Ink..., yes, they are needed to be inked.
You know, very soft, spotless are those fresh bloomed leaves,
Come here, just see my beautiful Liberty Beach,
Quietness in glee one can feel here
Like..., like some the romantic solitary nights!
Just sit here, maybe you have just walked
In some disarranged ways,
Maybe..., maybe!
Or may it be a little thoughtless disposition,
Well, needn't worry about it,
Just leave it, and think in my way...,
Harshness can't deploy here,
In the middle of glittering micaceous sand.
To whom you have loved, you have embraced so deeply
By your simple heart must be yours,
Her sweet glistening smile you always deserve.
In my Liberty Beach you can bring it back,
Such an endearing mind you be able to bring
The songs of desires stuck in the ocean of serenity
And those ones always want to deserve.
Come here, and sit, there is ample time to enjoy the rest
In my silent Liberty Beach.

BIBHAKAR DUTTA

Boundless Space

Just before the eventide,
Maybe the tides constantly play yet
At the edge of my Liberty Beach.
And I'm now watching those birds flying
Hither and thither thoughtlessly,
With their wobbly minds.
I'm here...., I'm standing now
Right here, in front of the northern door
Of the office.
An as usual visit, you know.
Today something I want to interrogate.
Who is the ruler...tell me,
Who is the ruler of this state?
Such an autocratic state!
If you can stand all alone before the gate
Of the eternal faith, I will abide your ways
Or if you are merely a normal being,
A fellow seated on that chair
For a certain period of time,
Little sharper, the experienced one.
Take a back seat please!
Don't absorb my rights that I ever deserve,
Like those evening birds.
Let me try,
Let me adorn my wings to have a place
In this boundless space.

BIBHAKAR DUTTA

Everyday (2)

He might have been dropped out from the heaven
Because of some reason,
He will be punished all day long, till last breath...,
He is still seeking his beloved's eyes,
Looking hither and thither
As if a wanderer has been so much bemused losing his way.
He is pulled out against his wishes everyday
And put him in front of everyone of you for the lash,
From the lash that has been made of grim wishes and fake smiles,
He needs to be well prepared for that always.
Sometimes he has to get ready to be thrown himself
Into the kingdom of virulent thirst,
He has been given the right to taste the fruits there,
But insufficient it is to quench the deepest desire.
He is merely a player,
A player who can't even have a little warm touch
From his beloved's decorated hands,
Can't wait to see her in the colors of fascinating state.
When night spreads its wings, he just lies on the ground of grasses,
May hold him in her motherly chest for some peace untill dawn arrives.
He is allowed here, in this grassy bed to stay as long as he needs.
And only he has right to sound for the prayers, prayers to please his Lord;
He just wants always to pray before his Lord's smiling face everyday.

BIBHAKAR DUTTA

Ambiguity Will Be Faint

Darkness prevails dear, darkness prevails,
Darkness of desires becomes
Much stronger in the kingdom of glee, my dear,
No one can stay free here, no one can flee.
See the black bar stands here symbolizing
An aiguille of victory.
Someone had made it before going to the bed,
Yes, the bed...,
Once there was an enough time-my dear-
To define its meaning, the excellence, the magnificence.
Today, we just see merely a long huge pilar
Do we still need some patience?
We need...? ?
Darkness prevails dear, darkness just prevails...,
Let's be honest to each other,
My dear, let's the eyes allow to be paired,
Like the peer,
So that the voices can be heard truly.
Though darkness already has settled, you see,
But that glistening eyes should not fluttered,
Should be glittered everyday and forever.
May help us live in glee, just stay my dear,
Please stay...,
Ambiguity will be faint, can be absorbed by such way,
And delights ours will never decay.

BIBHAKAR DUTTA

Solitude

My dear, in this idling state,
Only one thing that
Bears that reminiscence,
It's my wandering mind,
A faithful journey,
A long journey of truth
Towards the destined fate.
Nothing else can participate
With this solitude and
In this desolate peregrination,
Only the reminiscence....,
The reminiscence gathered
By our passionate eyes will stay forever,
Lullabies will be sung before
Leaving this stage, my dear.
Let's be honest,
And accept the destined fate,
Oh, my dear,
Someday again, we may meet
In such a lonesome state by the wish of fate.

BIBHAKAR DUTTA

That Sweet Smile

Oh! a sharp shooter shooted,
A sharp shooter shooted me,
Very perfect was that guess,
And knew how to perforate this chest,
A sharp shooter shooted me
With her sweet glistening eyes,
I'm now no longer in my state,
Just lying in this grassy field
Whole day without any wit,
Just lying in this grassy bed
Oh! she knows so well how to perforate.
Beside me, there is a little lake,
Reflections there can easily strike
In your open eyes.
Flowers of autumn dancing beneath the sky.
Clouds flying thoughtlessly
Exchanging their gaits,
I am just lying here without any fiat.
A little spoke sounding a tune,
Speaking in its own way,
May be a message from an unknown state
It's here as a witness of my besotted mind,
Tell me my little friend where to find?
That sweet smile where to find...

BIBHAKAR DUTTA

Rewinding

While rewinding the reflection of my past,
That playfulness at the twelve-year-olds,
To chase after the flying kites;
Those used to fly higher and higher
Thoughtlessly and vanished suddenly
Often before these open eyes
Was an winsome percipience.
much excited it was,
Much better than these thoughtful days.
No fuzziness, no hastiness
Could dare to threaten these eyes.
Just squealing in delight, squealing in delight...,
Where those flying kites would go often
Is still unknown..., to me it's still unknown.
May be to an unknown kingdom,
For some unknown inexpressible delights.
Still seeking I am those charming breezes
Not like such days wheting faintness,
Full of boredom,
And the cause of awarkerdness,
Too much! Now, it's too much.
At the age of eighteen, those beautiful eyes
Were glistening everyday,
And always before my eyes.
Used to spend most of time to seek
That mesmeric smile as if whole the day
Was going to be a little rhythmic.
In this way, in this way -
I just wrote an unrhymed tune,
Lying thoughtlessly on a sand dune.

BIBHAKAR DUTTA

A Blank Day

Today, a blank day, a day of gaiety,
I'm here to witness the beauties,
Those beauties dispersing tranquility.....,
Which bear magnanimously
Some gleeful high-pitched voices.
I'm now to start their traces.

First, I went to my nearest lake -a green lake! ,
Standing here, right now before its gate,
I see so many purple faces of water hyacinths
Coming towards me to give me a warm welcome,
Oh, what a joyful state it is,
And they greet me with their silent tunes
To demolish the state of boredom.
And floating.....,
Just silently they are floating with a rhythmic mood,
Oh, that's an amazing state! ,
Bestowing the sweet flavors of peace,
And for those vacant hearts to make them smooth,

Now, I am sitting on a garden bench,
Before my eyes a bunch of red roses are smiling
And nodding heads theirs,
Some of them are lying
On this grassy field,
Entangled so deeply with one another like a pair
As if a besotted couple catches each other's chest
And have some lovelike impresses
Luring with the deep embrace and so many kisses,
After spending a romantic night.

Hey! Have you ever seen the rainbow roses?
In this misty morning, I'm just astonished
Seeing such wondrous appearance standing in rows
The multicoloured faces are just looking at me
With their brilliant eyes,
For me a, it's a great surprise! ,
So charming! So amazing!
Joyfulness seems cross the lines

As my eyes can feel much more than I could say.
In this way, I have just spent all the day.
Can you feel it, can you surmise,
A mystic journey of such an amazing spring day?

BIBHAKAR DUTTA

Love-Buds

Why? Why....such arrogant eyes, dear? !
He just asks, "Will you always keep it on such height
To be burned into its own flame? "
What an emblem! What an emblem! ,
For him, it's a new surprise everyday
Like a dancing flower regains
Its strength after a stormy day
And ready again
Amidst the love garden
With its charming face to nod and to play.
Such a gloom! such a gloom...! ,
As if someone had been urged to set
For a journey to save the dwellers of devastated fate,
To defeat the black throne,
Leaving his beloved's beautiful bridal face
On her wedding day.
Oh, such a gloom! , such a gloom!
When will he be back, unknown...,
Unknown yet...
May be after a journey decadelong...,
To come back in her glamorous kingdom.
Oh! she has still a gorgeous face!
"Wait dear, wait...
Let me trace, let me trace,
The love-buds are yet to bloom,
Our songs will be written soon, " he said.

BIBHAKAR DUTTA

Grace

I can feel,
Can smell the essence
Of a sweet winter flower
You can't, my dear?
I am now sitting on a grassy field
To spend an hour.
Today sky is clear, winds are fresh,
Soon night will spread its wings,
Will hold us in her breast,
So kind to us,
To protect her children's black hairs.
What a grace! , what a grace!
My dear...
But what will be the next?
What will be our fate,
In such an autocratic state?

BIBHAKAR DUTTA



PoemHunter.com

Liberty Beach (Part 6)

What a sweet twittering!
What a sweet voice!
A little spoke In this silent beach,
The parky winds of summer
And before these very eyes
Her such alluring face!
And blazing so brightly
The afternoon is,
Today should I need more
Delightfulness to trace? ?
Look! Look! - something there is...,
Like a crest,
Wait! Wait!
Oh! the dancing ship appearing slowly
With its frenetic mast.
Frantic the day! , frantic its search...
Oh! the beautiful little bird,
It can be heard, can be heard...,
Sing...just sing in your way,
No one will perturb.
I can feel, yes I feel
your sweet tingle voice.
Just alluring everything here....!
Should I need much more to trace?
Should I...? !

BIBHAKAR DUTTA

To Be A Romantic

They could say, they could...
"that's not very easy
To define the words of wisdom real
And the real state of serenity ";
Yes, may be, it may be...
But when you glare with your inner eyes at the mid,
Very easier could be as Keats had defined,

Truly wondrous it is
to feel the deepness of romantic realms,
Just behold... Behold it through your inner eyes,
Being apart from the world of fake games.
One can be a true romantic
Standing alone on a silent beach of Atlantic,
And to behold the acme of an arriving ship
Hiding slightly all the pains.

BIBHAKAR DUTTA



PoemHunter.com

The Herald

Today I shall share a story of a poet,
He once picked up the sweetest flower
From the garden of love and started
Staring at it very deeply with startled eyes
Being a thoughtless, a surprised,
He enjoyed those days in glee
And being an adept, the poet often tried
To smear it with the hue of autumn's dew.
But wasn't he aware about
The dwellers of pettifogging state
Chasing from back
Since the day that golden flower he had plucked.
But his fate had such a mystic strength
that his straves defeated all the enemies.
One day while he was wandering
Near his favourite beach with his poetic leaves,
The herald suddenly had arrived before his eyes
And said, "Oh the man of strength,
Now return to our reign- start a new journey,
Endearment will never lose its sense
And those colors will never become faint."
He bent down his knees
And surrendered himself in bliss.
And went. Behold everyone, he went.

BIBHAKAR DUTTA

Love Roses

How long could behold he
His lover's lovely eyes?
Oh! the frenzied lover...
Ah! such madness in love,
Can he able to behold it gleaming bright
Till the day before his last night?
Even though the story will be
Going to be ended up soon,
Yet will he be able to hold that breath?
Will the wishes just stand lonely
Beyond the garden where
Love-roses are becoming full blown?
Or he is just a guest for his forties only?
And garlands might glisten on his faded chest
To adorn as the last emblem of faith.
Who will be able to anticipate?
Can you tell please or needed to wait?
This is the story from a country poet.

BIBHAKAR DUTTA

 PoemHunter.com

Liberty Beach (Part 5)

Today, I'm anxious a bit, quite unfit to sing;
In this solitude I am here, merely a player,
Standing right in the middle of Liberty Beach
Tuning my violin's thinnest string,

The gleams of full moon,
The night's true mate
Acting as a conjugate between the sky
And this glittering sandy plate.

Oh the Lord of love, accept my prayers,
I'm just a little kid
The very words of love to explore,
Crawling little by little until I reach at your door,

Today my heart longs to write in silence,
Something very deep that bears faith,
Some new phrases of closeness glaring at the quiet stream
To adorn my blank leaflet.

Look dear, look, behold the moon,
Today has come down
Being a herald of divine bless
To extenuate our gloomy days.

BIBHAKAR DUTTA

Liberty Beach (Part 4)

Look! Look at those thin layers
Of cloudy girdles appearing in the golden sky,
Such magnificent is it
To glare at from my Liberty Beach.
Such a wonderful day, today!
I am ready to leave with my little canoe
Leaving the world of distress.
Now, I'm to follow the twine,
Little flex there is,
Amidst the heart of sea
Yet I must have to reach,
The most curious part to see.

There something wondrous may be
Glittering from the very distance,
The front door of Heaven
It could be...
Oh the supreme Lord!
See what I have brought,
Some blank poetic leaves.
The songs of joy, the lines of empathy
Are needed very much as an ease
To emend the gait of Human Fate.
Oh Lord, I bow my head.
Please help me to embellish my poetic page.

BIBHAKAR DUTTA

My Peasant Friend

Look at the days of restlessness,
Look at the days of very hard labour,
Look at those vehemence,
Hello! my peasant friend,
I am waiting for your leisure.
What a wonderful weekend
You have just spent!

Youth yours are spending
In spinning those fields
Look, the days are changing
Too fast in its way,
We are beholding something new,
A modernized view,
Day by day.

No matter how splendid are they,
But my friend, the roll up of your skilled hands,
That to keep us feel the joy of the day,
And favours to be ecstatic always,
Will never decay.
Yes my friend,
Such profoundness can't decay.
My friend, the best man of sapience you are
For the day.

Here, viewing the moments to thrive the clays
and such very endeavours
Much better are,
Than beholding the dinky Eiffel Tower.
Keep going on my friend,
Keep going on,
How shall we pay such debts
That makes us laugh,
that helps to survive everyday?
My peasant friend, so great you are,
The man of the day.

Liberty Beach (Part 3)

I can behold that gladness!
Today I am happy so much, today I am free...,
No hastiness, no burdens
Can hold me now in the realm of spoof.

I can see, my beautiful lady
Standing right before at the entrance of beach,
Waiting to give me a soft sweet kiss.
I can now embellish her beautiful thin waist,
With such a cincture that partakes
Every time to evolve a romantic impress.

Oh, how nice today my silent beach!
The songs of desire wants to be mesmeric
More and more, by the glint of sands entangled
To the tides of bay;
My heart longs deeply to be attached more and more
With such ecstasy of Liberty Beach day by day.

The winds of spring cleanses all my grives
With its gentle touch, becalms this heart,
And helps to pull out from the dryness of an arid desert,
Oh how wonderful is my Liberty Beach!

BIBHAKAR DUTTA

Endearing

Oh, How many lines shall I write dear
In your name?
How many songs shall I be able to pen dear
In the book of fame?
Tell me, how to prohibit words
Of the book of love becoming pale.
Let me write,
Just let me write...

Oh how engrossing
And such beautiful eyes yours!
Such amazing smile! ,
The rosy lips,
Such alluring steps! ,
Urge me everyday and every time
To decorate the parlance of love
With a simple poetic way.

Here, in front of my little hovel,
Truly a soft marvellous grassy field there is
To assist this deserted heart to be eased.
The beauty of shiny days
Placates my soul, and helps to decorate
Some sweet rhymical tunes in your praise.
Like a beautiful flower encircled
By its endearing leaves,
Smile yours too gives me strength
All my pains to release.

A little faintness of missing those
Frenzied days always there may be,
But I have got some space
To charmingly embellish a page,
Spring is coming at pace.
My dear, please come and stay,
Help me innovate a lovely poetic phrase,
I am here with my beautiful days.

A Beautiful Queen

I saw a green eyed woman
With a mesmeric smile.
Her beautiful eyes still betoken me.
Everyday I wake up and I just see
That charming face,
That makes me very curious to find her trace.
She looks like a beauty queen
Much as I admire her beauty
Is insufficient before her fascinating eyes;
It's so perfect and keen,
Oh what a beautiful beau I have seen!

Look! She's coming towards me,
Let me ask her today.
"I am your queen.
An angel of your dream, .
Be absorbed just in my glazing green eyes
It's like an ocean of peace,
When you touch the layers of wave,
My glimmering glances
Like a pair of dancing honeybee
You can see,
My dear, Just drown in my beautiful eyes
You will just find the gardens of glee, " ;
She replied me.
Oh what an amazing sweetheart I have seen!

BIBHAKAR DUTTA

Liberty Beach (Part 2)

Today I have almost reached
The prettiest corner of the bay.
Here-the of realm of eighteenth century
Where I see, so many musicians to play
The evocative tunes to demolish
The misery emerging from rampant desires,
They are singing the songs of joy,
Pepperberries, chrysanthemums, orchids,
And the skies of autumn,
Daffodils, bluebells and
So many full- blown flowers of spring,
And their stories here are inspiring.
They are the dwellers
Of an well decorated village singing
The myths of love everyday,
Whom nobody urges to employ,
No one here wishes to stay
In the kingdom of virulent thirst and of misty desires.
Here I see a perfect pair loving each other
In silence, so passionate they are...!
Despair can't hinder their way
As It's an age of innocence,
Yes the age of innocence...
Truthfulness never fades away.
Let me lay here forever...,
Upon the peaceful grassy field
Of approaching romantic winter.
Grandeur, please don't not depart from my spring days,
The songs of eighteenth century
Has its own essence.
When there will be time
To go back to the Liberty Beach,
I must carry some gleeful words of eighteenth century
To embellish the book of love to be more enriched.

BIBHAKAR DUTTA

Liberty Beach

Right now I am standing here,
The richest beach of this summer,
I'm now standing at the Liberty Beach,
I can see with my radiant eyes;
So many innovators, so many menders,
Are inspiring my leaves from the
Acmes of ocean's layers. One of them,
By whom had the crown of sixteenth century
Been gorgeously stained
With the help of mesmerizing tunes of deepest desires,
And without any fewness and without any penury.
Those full-blown flowers are
Still playing happily in the garden of love, let me go,
Let me reach to bring
Some lines to sort the sweetest phrase
To enlighten my leaves of love,
With my little canoe.
Can you feel some glee in this Liberty Beach?
I think, I can feel better,
Let the verses of the plays all the day glitter.
The people of war having not such a desire
Hankering for a vague wistful day,
Let them war, just war...
I just sit by this beach to renew my desires enrich.

BIBHAKAR DUTTA

In Glee

I feel glad to hear-a poet was trespassing
Through someone else's woods
And he was worried a little bit,
But excited too...
And the winter evening was so much charming.

Now, I wish to have a mystic journey at this midnight
Of parky winter with a poetic mood,
And holding my pen to embellish
With some views of the beautiful night
In my poetic leaves.

First I look at a Camillia tree,
Something really amazing there,
Like a herald of the season is welcoming us cordially
At the midnight of winter.

You can easily be frenzied by the rosy paint,
And amour can easily faint your arid heart
With the girdles of glee;
My first few lines now, I think,
Will get some ease.

Now my legs proceed a bit,
I see a misty frozen lake,
It seems loneliness often a pay visit
Or the lake could be its temporal shelter;

The reminiscence of my early days entangled
With my everyday life, I just perceived.
My pen is very silent at this moment,
Some lines feel the haziness as for an unknown desire.

I am wandering this time
Around the winter's paddy fields
The golden grass are glittering in glee
And my leaves wants to dance now incessantly.

" Miles to go";, " Miles to go";

Said he,
Now I have to walk a long way
To look for something very colorful, very glistening
All the night and all the day.

BIBHAKAR DUTTA

Riverside

I often sit near the riverside
My heart becomes to fill
With cheerfulness and joy every time
I glare at something new here,
Before my very eyes.
Yes, I come,
I stay to see something new here...
Today I look at a newly married pair
Betokening each other here,
By some silent intensified words of love,
With their glamorous eyes.

Their smiles are very much alike
The full-blown flowers appearing
In the garden of love;
Their ambitions would be so high,
I can guess...
Hope, their story will be very impassioned
And full of praise,
Keeping all the vague banter of life aside,
Just keep smiling,
Should keep always a smiling face,
Faded false desires
Shouldn't fade your ways.

And, tomorrow I may see something new
Standing alone with my poetic pen,
This riverside can be my best place
As a prefecture to bestow my words
A new poetic emblem.

BIBHAKAR DUTTA

Today

Today I'm just a wanderer
Of an unknown way
Holding some leaflets
Of love, her to render.

Here, I pay a visit often,
In the field of joyfulness and glee
to convey my humbleness,
And to say, I am now pretty much free.

Today, I'm a lonely one
Hiding myself in a reminiscence
Of the playful past. It will be my pleasure
To engrave it in the book of love.

Oh my beloved! ...
I must engrave the essence
Of our entangled intimacy
In the book of love.

BIBHAKAR DUTTA

A Beautiful Necklace

.A Beautiful Necklace

His days are just going in glee;
Nights are the trailblazers
Of his aspiring thoughts
That make his way,
In the kingdom of virulent thirst,
To be free.
He thinks of his own past
Where humbleness was an inextricable part
Amid an entangled intimacy.

Today, something here is missing her to please,
Lack of amuse,
Yet love resides in this heart ever,
By no means, I can tolerate her suffer in haziness,
To see her in weeping-eyes.
May loneliness sit beside me,
But, dear I have kept something with me,
See! it's yours,
A beautiful necklace.

My blunt desires are faded away
With my consistent glare,
A pleasure, there is, playing all the time,
A beautifully embossed something
In the name of love,
Something there is embedded with her name
To pacify this vacant heart.

BIBHAKAR DUTTA

Imprint

Such beautiful eyes! , a long hair
With dark brownish imprint
She must be a queen appearing
From the garden of love.
What an Impress!
Would she let me glare at her face all the day
So long as I want to
And my book of love would completely hold
The meaning in pure ecstasy?
Oh what a beautiful, so charming is her face!

Today flowers are so much smiling
The clouds are in an unknown delight
Leaving some Impressings of whitish remark.
You know, they will never return back
Like someone's last embrace
from his beloved's heart.

Oh the beautiful queen! ...
To whom shall I compare thee? ...
Do you have the wish to spend this time
Like a forlorn?
Like the Queen Elizabeth?

Return dear, please return,
To the kingdom of love
Someone may be waiting there so long
To destine his fate with you and in your love,
May want to be your handsomest beloved.

BIBHAKAR DUTTA

Camellia Tree

I just look beyond my blurred window.
I look at the winter tree
Blooming with many pinkish flowers,
An emblem of winter love it must be.

Compassion stirs this heart
My room is so warm and fascinating,
She's standing still being a bleary
Like as me drowning in weariness in this misty morning.

A friend says she is a very old Camellia tree,
Must have an aptness there in her waiting;
Much better she's than this vacant heart
That always walks with loneliness in an arid desert.

It's like a reward that she betows everytime
With such loving flowers to help winter mornings become bright.
World is embellished with such great grantors,
And I just want to be engrossed in love all the time.

BIBHAKAR DUTTA

Of Approaching Winter

Today above my head,
Above this beautiful world,
I'm beholding the sky fairer.
So much bright, so much dazzling and clear,

I haven't seen before
such an wondrous glitter.
Oh Wordsworth!
Today you could feel the aptness better.

I am silently walking
On a busy street of a busy day
Smelling the essence of wind
Before arrival of winter.

My love is silent today
I'm just walking;
It lessons me how to walk
On the rest of my life's way.

Dear, yet I never forget your sweet face,
I try every time to write your name
as much as I can with my poetic pen;
I need glister to spend my days of approaching winter.

BIBHAKAR DUTTA

Embrasser

Here is a morose
Sitting lonely under the shed of desire;
The bored one,
Give me a hug,
Help me to embellish
My page with some unknown
Winsome words.

I got it, I got!
"Embrasser",
That's so sweet,
Makes me the besotted one,
To amour with very beautiful-
My special someone.
Let it touch her heart,
Be my page's eminent voice
Now I'm longer depressed
This faded mind can be gladdened
Now by her brilliant eyes
Her glittering smile,
Hope my beloved would like it more
That I have done.

BIBHAKAR DUTTA

Just Dance

I'm the skilled one to choose
The brightest flower from my garden.
I don't want to win and I don't want anyone to lose,
I just want to love and to have it more in return.
Just want to see my flower smeared
With new color everyday
and smiling untiringly in glee all the day,
And always beckoning me
to look at her in a fascinating way.
How pleasing it would be
To adorn her with my passionate hands!
Just wish her see so lovely
Before my eyes delighting me with her fabulous dance.
Just dance, dear just dance in bliss,
Dance in your own way...
I'm here to behold this
To embarrass myself,
In such closeness, the gladness dear how to define...,
So deeply I want you to embrace
And on your prominent chin a sweet kiss of mine.

BIBHAKAR DUTTA

She

Who is she?

Why is she roaming in my garden?

What is she looking for with her compassionate eyes?

Must be a queen!

A queen of desire...

Owner of such captivating eyes,

Has come to demand it before ruin.

Me, a vacant hearted man,

Just sitting all the day in an arid desert;

Holding just a poetic pen to simplify some complex sense,

And love has told me just to smile in silence.

Will you look at me dear

And let me to hold your decorated hands?

Will you let me to give an embrace?

Will you come back here again?

Please don't go to the realm of fake desires

Everything is there uncertain, just a crafty game.

BIBHAKAR DUTTA



PoemHunter.com

A Very Colorful Place

I have died so many times in this life,
Sometimes in love, sometimes in disgrace,
Sometimes in dusty desires and being a hopeless,
And sometimes in the sludge of jest,
Yet my world is a very colorful place.
Yes, it's a very colorful place.

Today I have drunk heaven's sweet shower
That strengthens my heart
To hold some poetic sense.
Oh the flowers love! please help me to embellish
So that I can embrace my beloved very deeply
With some simple rhythmic essence.

Today the colors of my garden
Are so bright, why are they too much dazzling?
Why the flowers are smiling today?
Is there something betokening
Me to become so amorous again?
Oh my beloved, see today my garden,
I am here holding my poetic pen
To bestow my love a new emblem.

BIBHAKAR DUTTA

Hello! Fiddlerman

Hello! fiddlerman,
Play something very charming,
Play for this vacant heart,
Play to give some rhythmic essence
in this arid desert,
For this deserted heart.

Hello! Fiddlerman,
Start up the besotted tune,
The darkness of desires
Will try to seize the day's beauty soon,
Don't let it vex this solitude.
Start up a very mesmeric tune.

Hello! my beloved,
My dear,
Come here, let's sit.
See, the silky shiny clouds are flying
for an unknown destination,
I can feel their glee-
Like them let's become engrossed
And forget the destiny.
Here the fiddlerman will play
A beautiful tune to shatter all the misery.

BIBHAKAR DUTTA

To Come Back Again

Her sparkling eyes urge me
to come back again
In the garden of love.
I need to choose a silent side
Beside those fresh blooming rose trees
To look on myself in solitude again.
And I need my personal pen,
And give me a fiddle,
I want to decorate her name again
In my heart and wish to adorn my page
with a deep poetic emblem.
Look dear-I have come, I am sitting here,
In the garden of love;
I have come again driven by a desire
And myself I could not tame.
Look! Look at me dear.
Today I am a wanderer, I have to go.
Look at me dear, I need to go...

BIBHAKAR DUTTA

PoemHunter.com

Flowers Of Love

Oh the flowers of love,
Blooming everyday
And teasing him everynight
In the garden of desire,
Do you have no fright
That someday his faith could become so gray?

Here love wishes to stay,
Here love always wants to play.
See the perfect pair
Weaning like an infant aged just one year,
Pertaining the fame filled
With a poetic spear,
And with a strong breath,
can easily strike heard
In the heart of a garrulous faith.

Oh the flowers of love,
Do you feel the joy
For which you always acclaim?
Can you easily tame
A thoughtless wanderer's way?
Will he be besotted in rapture
With your fascinating fragrance?
In that arid heart love can play?

Look, may he be a thoughtless man,
May he be a wanderer travelled a long way,
But he is wide-awake yet,
Poetic mood sometimes might be embellished;
Love pours some gleeful sense in that vacant heart
While he walks through a warm desert.
Love will rule his heart and will always stay!
Says that the flowers of love.

BIBHAKAR DUTTA

Her Beautiful Smile

I feel everyday like a new day with an unknown delight,
I feel every morning like a new imagine,
It's like a fresh air refreshing an addle mind,
Here before my open eyes someone is smiling.
May be my desire here
Wishing me with her newly decorated curly hair.
Just dance, just dance, In pure bliss,
Here everything is so embellished.
But why? do you know...?
Because today her amazing smile is going to appease
All my gloomy days.

She may walk away from me.
But I will write her name in the
book of love and smear it with the colors of joy
That will never disappear;
Every day it will be fairer,
More and more brilliant and well decorated.
Someday I may have a call to walk for a long way,
But my book will be endowed with her name,
Where a quiet smile will strengthen my love.
She's innocent, she is great. She is only my beloved.
I don't need a fame.
Don't need any emblem as her beautiful smile I always obtain.

BIBHAKAR DUTTA

To Amuse

Here he is himself to amuse
smiling silently-his heart today wants grant
To write so many solitary songs.His ill fate can't
reduce the way approach towards immortality.

Oh what a beautiful day, my window here sitting upon
A time machine that bears the duty of the day
Wisdom and faith, his two intimate friends,
Are sitting here to put his out all dismay.
Beside the track, she sits upon a stack
Suddenly his eyes got stuck
In that innocent face I can trace
Some freeness, and the leisure of the day,
no burdens are yet get her heart to palpitate.

He'll not see her face again
As the train is at its own way, my life is just going
On like the wheels of fortune's chair
Today I am here, silently musing about
The tomorrow morning, may I wake up early
Or may be I too much far from them
Once again he may come back standing here in solitude
To define the deepest meaning
of such bright frenzy day and to give an emblem.

BIBHAKAR DUTTA

My Silent Beach

O spring!

I have plucked a flower from the garden of joy,

Now I have chosen it to place

In the heart of my silent beach,

And want myself to employ;

Where the grace and faith together will enrich

The story of my love forever.

Here the wind of seaside and wind of the season

Seem to be awaited too long to embrace

Each other so deeply, so eagerly like a newly married pair.

O spring!

Why don't we play all the day,

All the night before arriving of doomsday?

My unforgettable memories here comes again and again;

Hope I could have pertained something inspiring to stain,

to show them a way -so I can play thoughtlessly all the day.

Here I have declared myself to stay

With those gleam of restless tides, with those micaceous sands,

With those bluffy stones standing like a messenger of the bay.

O spring, everything here is amazing, here I want to stay...

BIBHAKAR DUTTA

Besotted

O spring afternoon please stay
In this silent seashore, being a restless wanderer
I just want to engross
Myself deeply into my beloved's eyes all the day.

O spring afternoon, here I see
The perfectness of smile when I see my beloved's face.
May the house of fame be well colored and embellished,
But freedom here spurs me everyday to live in glee.

O spring afternoon, please stay...
The glittering of sands here inspires me
To rewrite my songful play-
Like a fiddle maestro, being besotted in her beauty,
Here I just want to play all the day.
O spring afternoon please stay, please stay.

BIBHAKAR DUTTA



PoemHunter.com

Tides Of Bay

Right now, standing on this beautiful beach
I can see, I can feel the hugeness of this world;
The restless tides here constantly play
Giving us a hope to become enriched.
Love seems to sit silently being a herald
And listening some dulcet tunes all the day.
From here, this silent beach to world's door,
Only the pertaining of deepest choirs will be our lore.
Here love declares herself to be immersed in whole day.

Here no sadness, no burdens, no hastiness,
nothing to pursue for a false desire,
Here just madness in love-only love
Jumbling itself with the tides of bay.
Come with your some wondrous instruments being a player
And here just thoughtlessly play.
Here I want to stay forever, yes forever...
May not my letters of love be wiped out in clays,
May not be bleached in greyness of days.

BIBHAKAR DUTTA

Everyday

There is a pleasure
Constantly to watch those lustrous eyes,
Hiding slightly myself from her trace
Standing by a lamp-post of my city corner.
Here, I wake up everyday with a new hope
And with some self-centred youthful thoughts
To be my desire.
Here to come means to become a wanderer,
A hankering demands some freedom,
Demands to fly,
Leaving the kingdom of boredom
With a deep sigh.
Hope I could sing the songs of joy
And to become the player of a romantic play,
If her trusty mind could have quenched my youth's thrust,
And allowing me before those beautiful eyes forever to stay,
I would have enjoyed here spring afternoons immersing all the day.
I, till now here, just pretended to be a lover,
But today I can't stay!
I can't but love her today,
Yes, I can't but love her,
Because of a smart queenly look
Alluring me every time, everyday, everywhere...

BIBHAKAR DUTTA

We Just Play

I am now far away from her,
Too much far...
Here closeness pertaining
An unknown, misty and inexpressible desire
Despite this farness is so amazing-
Amalgamated with no insipid meaning.
Here love being stuck with her true believers
and commanding them to play,
Here, the players are eagerly
Awaiting for an order of the charming day,
That when and where to play
With some politefull sprinkling
of gleeful words before arriving the May;
Seeking a new step to get into the deepest meaning
of her inexplicable say,
They'll have to play.
Yes, here we just play
admiring the glitter of the roses
That intensifies the beauty in the garden of love.
Here, we just write, we just play everyday
Until the arrival of doomsday.
Come here, and see,
Here's always an uplift,
No deceit.

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BIBHAKAR DUTTA

In This Silent Day

I see the face after a long day,
A longbeard man with a long curled hair,
I see him in a staid state
Looking at something very deeply.
Very thoughtful, simply poetic,
Here's a poetic mind...and it's fair.
I saw few samples of tune
defining the fate of a wanderer's way
with his skilled hand without any craze.
By all means, these all impressions
Are undoubtedly clear
That he is a scholar.
A scholar, though pertaining an undesired name,
But the pains in love, emptiness of heart
He can easily tame
With his modest unselfish look
And with those beautiful melodious lines
Holding in his brilliant book;
Here stillness wants something to say.
May he be a scholar who can skillfully portray
The lines to define the traveller's fate
Standing still in this silent day.

BIBHAKAR DUTTA

Being So Crazy

Being so crazy,
You want to cross the sphere,
Noone has right to perturb.
Your love is much stronger than our love,
You are just true in your faith,
We need rush in to your door
For the meaning to clear.
Well, you are so blessed,
You know how to stare
At the rules of desire,
If he looks for your craze,
Don't know, he may be dropped
into the kingdom of virulent thirst
To destroy his ordinary pale piteous image
Like an unskillful player;
As he says the world's merely a drama stage.
Here's a pain for gain, here's a pain for gain...
The meaning is very fair.

BIBHAKAR DUTTA

 PoemHunter.com

In Silence

In this darkness, in this silence of the world,
In this rainy night,
A violin with a very special cord to tune,
I want her touch without any plight.
Yes without any plight.
She, with her great fortune,
Beautifying my violin's tune,
In her bright eyes I see the days of delight.
In this closeness to feel something
She deserves always and wants to say,
In this night she in a mesmeric face,
with the girdle of waist with brilliant glaze
Where beauty always wants to play.
I want to win her unsophisticated heart with joy;
Here I am still, here I want to confess,
Harshness can't deploy.
Just to watch her in a princess like dress,
With a soft spotless smile,
Hope she wouldn't roll up a mess;
Deeply want I now to stare at the prominent face.
Just my wish to spend with this solitude for a while,
The songs of desire will depict the deep faith
Like the color of rose stays always in its breast
Just sit in front of me dear with a fabulous smile,
Be close with a deep breath
to enjoy the night's jovial state.
Oh dear, in this silent night
I need you, I need you without any plight.

BIBHAKAR DUTTA

To Stay

I stay at a corner of this huge garden of joy,
Me an unknown, a person of ceaseless desires,
Here, I have chosen myself to employ
and silently I stay
As a guest of viewing the moments of dance
with her players
like as to watch the back and forth of tides
before beach of a staid bay
that partakes to bring the joy of some gleeful past
of their many innocent lovers.
Here the beautiful fresh flowers happily play,
With their wondrous smell they must have cast
To drive the way that their fate wouldn't become gray.
Oh see, here is a pleasure
to write a sweet simple song
for which I have waited a long.
For the pleasure of my ongoing days
Here just I want to stay, you see
What a wonderful gift to me
My Lord has blessed.
I need to stay, I need to stay...

BIBHAKAR DUTTA

Desires

Her glare of eyes,
Like the fire of an excited vulcan,
Are full of desires
And can easily appease
the heart of a daedal man.
Me, the luckiest one
Here holding the page to describe,
Have been drowned in bewilderment,
Tell me how to define its excellence I spent
In my unforgettable past.

Well, if you remind the silent Dover Beach
Where Arnold addressed her beloved
To be faithful and not to be perished
in the glory of Darkness
where all happiness will be seized.
Oh my dear, thy smile is so fair.
Let me enrich with the wish,
so that I can extol,
Where a selfish mind can't be a player
To mesmerize an innocent soul.

BIBHAKAR DUTTA

Sweetness

I see the sweetness of joy in her face
and the beauty of her eyes always I trace
Keeps me abstained from the days of burdens.
My dear will we be able to become single bodied
To taste the nectar of heaven's grace?
Oh your Beautiful face just beautifies the deepest book
Filled with a rambling poetic mood.
Can I embellish thee?
See, I am silently ruminating the past I've left out.
Oh dear! can you behold me with thy beautiful eyes?
Here I am now sitting in an unknown nook.
No one has right here to shout.
My pages will be ruled with melodies of gain,
Oh the songs of sympathy, thou decorates the words
defining solemnness and intimacy
let my words allow to adorn my deepest pain.

BIBHAKAR DUTTA



PoemHunter.com

Lenient

Hello my love!
Don't you ask me what I obtain?
Thy glimpse of sweet smile
Rules the velocity of this heart everyday,
Where I can renew myself
and gleam of my own desires will always play.
The way of life and my walking towards the destined bay,
You know, are certain
And the praising of our innocent intimacy
I only pertain.
See the herald of heaven
will soon bring the shower of joy,
Secretly we shall drink it together
Our vehement souls will not be indulged to employ
In busyness of this world.

I once saw a youthful face
And how it goes through the days of summer.
Now only have a pertaining fame
That just belongs in this world of game.

Oh my lord, You are only my strength,
Thy beautiful lotus feets are the lenient
shelter of this wretched soul,
Please send the pursuivant of love
To fulfill I deserve
And with my pen I can pertain
to serve those starved ones
Suffering in incessant pain.
Oh my Lord, bless me.
Oh my Lord accept me
And my prayer.

BIBHAKAR DUTTA

My Beautiful Flower Vase

Here is a pleasure to glare at my beautiful flower vase,
My fancy and desires, for a while, clung to its sleek shiny face,
There I see the radiant eyes of an unselfish heart.
She looks very innocent while shyly smiles,
I want my flower vase very decorated
and adorned with some of your jubilant lines.
The tuneful songs everyday play in this little hut
You can't say I just drive away the importance of time
Walking in a hopeless way like as to rest in a droughty desert.
Here, in is this world of leisure
I can see a vicinity fulfilling my inmost desire.
My flower vase is not just a flower vase
It's a wondrous thing holding the prowess
to make my lines amorous and fair.

BIBHAKAR DUTTA



PoemHunter.com

Intimacy

Many of you have written
the deepest part of your intimacy
And drawn your beloved's face in ecstasy
And where the ocean of love
Meets the world of leisure.
I stay in this silky shiny beach
Like the choppy pendulum taking no time to sit.
Here just plays the dancing game
Holding the blessed pen
That turns later into their only sweet anthem.
Here love pertaining world's deepest complacence
Is not just a love!
It will be utered every day in your reminiscence.
Come and see...
All your bitterness will be salted,
Even the mildness will be melted!
What a joyful beach!
Let me enrich.
Oh, let me enrich...

BIBHAKAR DUTTA

Persistence

Sometimes I make mistake for my flexible mood.
Me, an idel traveller choosing different colors of the sky
shows my changing attitude.
Will forgiveness forgive my innocent desires?
Love stuck in this vehement soul
Will allow me be free forever?
Are you in glee, oh my dear?
See, I am here,
Me need rectify the deepest sense
leaving the days of boredom,
So the colors could draw in those eyes an amazing scene,
And the book of fame would become
filled with her beloved's drastic persistence.

BIBHAKAR DUTTA



PoemHunter.com

Oh What A Beautiful Fate!

Two blooming buds
Nodding their heads in the garden of joy,
No burdens them aren't yet to employ
Here only my busy days
Never let me go behold
That amazing amaze,
Where love wants to assimilate
and the color of souls
Imbue the hearts of desire.
I know their story will be great,
And yet much more to be foretold.
Here those beautiful blooming buds
are enough to increase my desire,
When, suavity can easilly be perceived,
Those beautiful eyes you only glare.
Penury exists in the kingdom of fallacy and hate.
Oh what a beautiful fate!
I seek, I just seek...

BIBHAKAR DUTTA

 PoemHunter.com

Hope 3

These drops of tears
Can pull all my sorrows down?
Can I be able to live in disillusionment?
Seasons of glee come and go,
Hope just sits by me to guide
for the rules that will act tomorrow.
They could glare at this soul
That needs the deepest prayer to console
As the blooming days of love
now adorned in face of my beloved
Will leave for the next morrow.
Yet, hope will exist,
In this heart you will stay,
will be my words I want magnamomiously to convey.
Though you may go far
My words will persist.
Hope does exist...

BIBHAKAR DUTTA



PoemHunter.com

In The Garden Of Paradise

My life goes through a circle.
Seasons come and show their enrichment.
This wandering soul is desirous to hold her arms,
And love wants to assimilate in the color of purple.

Summer is so warm but not warmer than this awaiting heart.
Where everyday the longing to eye of beloved's eyes
can ease her man's thirst before depart.
Yes, before I depart...

When rain will shed the nectar of heaven's bliss,
My poem will be gifted to revive the forsaken past
Where her nearness could appease
these vacant days and the soul's lust.

Her beautiful soft hands and gorgeous smile
Could have eroded the pain of winter,
But, alas! I did too late to write her name
In the book of fame being just a vile.

Spring is coming!
The soul can sense the pleasures of percept amazing.
Now in my pages, I will pen few words
In praise of her name.
Hope my friends someday would summarise,
Shall I be granted to have a beautiful bed in the garden of Paradise?

BIBHAKAR DUTTA

Thoughtlessly

In this greeny field and the shedding of rain
Like I am lying thoughtlessly
In the ground of heaven,
Some unknown inexpressible
beauty is filling my heart
and me, now out of worldly pain.
Twisting my words and keep me abstain
From the sorrow of the deepest part of my vein.

Here is pleasure to write few words
About my unforgettable past.
Mourning is just like a childlike lust
I know, so I will write few songful words
gleaming gladness in this heart.
Who knows something have to pay
For an another day.
This greeny field is not just a field.
Here I see the souls of dancing buds
Their playfulness never would decay.

BIBHAKAR DUTTA

Greatest Gift

Thou rule in everything and everywhere.
Thou rule my beloved's face
Yet I fail to trace
Thy gracious existence.
It's wondrous to feel the meaning
And why love is thy greatest gift?
I am not able to describe yet
thy glory and the greatness,
That I can only pray to thee from the deepest
core of this heart,
and will follow thy rules always
in every state before depart.
May they not know being absorbed
In material need,
Let be intensified my prayer
by my own creed.
Thy rules will rule...
Here surrender of this soul begs
To reside Inextricably with Heavenly existence.

BIBHAKAR DUTTA

In Your Bless

Oh God what shall I do?
Where shall I go?
Just holding my poetic sense
That survives just in your bless
and by a graceful fate you always bestow.

Oh God where are you?
these eyes want to see your face.
This wandering life just wants to trace
The sign of the gracious soul
that's worshipped always by a longing poet.

May wisdom of heaven jerk my hand,
And would all my poetic sense be Thy Garland?

BIBHAKAR DUTTA



PoemHunter.com

In The Book Of Love

Her lips smiles when
I hold her arms with my poetic sense
Her Beautiful waist
demands a brilliant chain
And always should be embossed in
my page with this pen.

I am so much busy these days
That I can't write of her praise every day
Hope I would decorate
Her name in my book of fame
like an impassioned play.

Her face is so fascinating
In the sky of endless joy
The merriment will come
When our destination will employ
In the book of love.

BIBHAKAR DUTTA

 PoemHunter.com

To Decorate

I didn't taste the nectar of life yet,
The flowers of joy are delaying to emboss my bed.
You may say the life is not perfect yet.
Alas, the heaven stays just in heaven.
But I will never forget the face,

This life is just a gift of her grace.
One life not enough for her,
May destination go afar,
Yet I will not forget her face.

Seeing the dance of two pink heads,
May be the petals shed from heaven's bed
My fortunate eyes how happy are
To see thy glare.

My silent heart can't remain silent.
The god of love gives wisdom to this age,
Every time that I need to decorate in my page.

BIBHAKAR DUTTA

Oh My Love

Oh my love,
Where are you?
How are you?
See, I have come
Just to feel
the soft touch of your palm
Oh my love where are you?
See a sweet tune appearing
in the sky of blue.

Just pray to my god,
Can I Feel thee?
Can we be in oneness
To sing the song?
The song will be rich
The song will be a beautiful lyric
And the story of our sinless love
Will not perturb.

Oh my beloved...
See, I have come
Now, see my face.
Don't want to be engrossed in ecstasy?

BIBHAKAR DUTTA

Oh My Beloved

Her beautiful lips
Waiting for my kiss,
Her Beautiful waist
Increases my quest.

Her soft innocent smile
so mesmerizing is,
And glaring in the glim of shyness
can easily appease
My inmost dryness.
Oh what a beautiful
Is my mistress!

I am just a liar
Made a sin.
See, nothing is forbidden,
Alas! I can't taste the necter
Of my beloved
that god has given.

Oh my beloved...
Come, see
Without you the poet
how can I be?

Now I can't hide
the feeling of my lasting love,
Just to hold it firmly,
I'll not let you perish,
Oh how beautiful my mistress is!

BIBHAKAR DUTTA

Truly Pure

Oh the sweet tune softening
my heart slowly,
Long time I didn't heard it
being man a busy.

Now my soul is pure
Oh my love.
Where are you?
Everything happened
between us
just a misty past
Oh my love...
what to do?
What to do?

On the shore of amusing beach
I always enrich your name
With the sand of abiding fame
That will never die
Oh my love,
Oh my beloved.....
The beauty always I admire your
Truly pure...

Oh my love,
I'm leaving my busy day,
It's so amazing to live in your dream
In my soul love wants to play.
Oh my love.....
Oh my love.....

BIBHAKAR DUTTA

In The Book Of Fame

I've drunk the heaven's sweet shower,
now I write the book of love
And I bestow the essence of proximity to my beloved.
My lord has told me to decorate her name,
To put an emblem in the garden of joy
That will intensify the meaning
In the book of fame.
I've drunk the heaven's sweet shower,
Now I am drowsy holding my pen
Though I'll write her name
where the stature will ignite.
Now I've come back to the earth,
Need to show you the beautiful melodious path.
Then I need go there
to rest under that mango tree
Where my poetic muse always lives in glee.
Where is the tree? ?
I've come!

BIBHAKAR DUTTA



PoemHunter.com

Unfolding

My soul longs for you.
Your rosy lips can be the first word of my page,
My heart is now filled with poetic sense,
What shall I write about thee?
One pain may fail to raise the praise
That's full of purity.
But I don't want to lose such fate
Where I can soak up my messy state.

Beholding your eyes of
I just want to engross me
Into your beautiful eyes
Oh dear, I'm unfolding my poetic state.
You are the desire of saints.
How lucky I could be!
How lucky I could be...

BIBHAKAR DUTTA



PoemHunter.com

Closeness

Out of sight,
Out of mind,
A hearsay some kind,
I'm yours
you're mine.
In this closeness
Our hearts melt sweetly,
Eyes reflect brightly,
And like a pair of humming bees
We seek the sweet
Glaring lovelike flowers
In the ocean of peace,
Under the shed of serenity
As love ever wants sublime.
I'm yours,
You're mine...
Let's be still
And stay in oneness
That always we could feel.

BIBHAKAR DUTTA

Beholden Heart

Who I am...

To write your name
And to emblem
The words of closeness
between you and me.

Who I am...

To destine your name,
To adorn your fame
In the hall of applause;

Love can't live In fury,
tragic though the story is,
Yet love lives
ever and earnestly
in this beholden heart,
No one can defy! ...

BIBHAKAR DUTTA



PoemHunter.com

Just Poetic

Just to be in poetic mood,
And to put few songful lines
In white pleats is my attitude.
Like the sheet
That relieves the straits
Of winter-street,
This uneasy mind
Gets some cease
by some stirring poetic taste
And wondering me
With a sweet blissful essence...
Words here aren't
yet enough to define
Let me think for the best line.

BIBHAKAR DUTTA



PoemHunter.com

In Faith

Just to be in faith
In my love
That I can't defy
Though being apart
From her proximity .
The song of grief,
That bears the reminiscence
of an innocent intimacy
Pure, blessed, adorable
Should be the essence
of every line written in deep,
And bestows a poetic sense.

BIBHAKAR DUTTA



PoemHunter.com

A Mango Tree

There's a mango tree
That stands singly
At my village's end,
Here's some stretch
of paddy field,
Probably its friend
Of a sapless day.
I often sit and sigh
To ease my poetic mind;
So plentiful to sit beneath
Thy shadowy shed
And to enjoy the colors of sky.
Sometimes keeping my head on its knee
I feel myself here very much free
From the haziness of life and worries,
Just let me engross in myself
Today's sweet breeze.

BIBHAKAR DUTTA



PoemHunter.com

My God's Grace

Bewildering thoughts
With my poetic mood,
I only survive by my
God's grace.

Oh the supreme soul!
I bend my head
and express thee
my deeply gratitude.

The core of meaning,
That I simply verse
with my simple attitude,
just useless and absurd
Without Thy blessing.
Yes, my God is very kind
And always mercy,
How to repay
Thy grace? ...

How to worship Thee!
Oh the supreme soul!
Tell me.

How to worship Thee? ...
Just all my poetic sense
Just be my prayers...
That I wish to bestow
with purity.

Just to live in glee,
I want to be free...
Just alluring to be in Thee! ...
Oh The Supreme Soul!
How I worship Thee? ! ...

BIBHAKAR DUTTA

Not Like An Another Busy Day

Just to drive out of
Beautiful thoughts
Doesn't mean to play
For a lively day...,

This beautiful world,
The painty sky,
The silky grass,
Flowers of embracing
essence,
Oh, the charming wind!
Renewing my sense
And strafe the busy day.

My beautiful day
with my songful soul
Eagerly endearing
To be a verse
of a tuneful play,
Not like an another busy day.

BIBHAKAR DUTTA

It's My Life

It's my life
Like the tide
that never wants
To be slow.
It's my pride
To sit and sigh
Beneath the
borderless sky
And to muse my
hectic destiny.

It's my life
And I'm sitting
on the shore of sea
With an expanse
For someone like
an appearing acme
Of an ark.
Just alluring!
And that's the life's
ecstasy...

BIBHAKAR DUTTA

I'll Not Sing The Song Of Woe

I'll not sing
the song of woe
Because my love
Can't be faint,
Pain in my heart
Being the part
of my graph
That always wants
to glow,
And though
I'll not sing
the Song of woe.
Sinking, for my beloved,
Yet unable to trace,
in the ocean of love;
Just looking for a hope
That's to betide tomorrow,
Or may be delayed so,
But I'll never sing
the song of woe...

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BIBHAKAR DUTTA

You Are Beautiful

You're mine
And I'm yours,
You're beautiful,
Yes, I always endorse.

You're mine,
I'm yours,
You're so fortunate
And you're so cute
That I praise
In all the lines and every page
Of my little rhythmic pamplate.

You are so amazing,
And your destiny is bright
Happiness emits
from Your eyes
and the smile
Just the queenly
and full of praising.

Yes, I am yours,
And you're mine,
My pen just unstoppable
Like a running tide
Just to write and write
For my princess's pride.

BIBHAKAR DUTTA

Beautiful Eyes

A thoughtful mind
Becoming blind
In your fascinating eyes,
Tell me, how to find

Where to go
For a joyous day,
That's full of light,
For a lost soul
For the day
of delight
And your beautiful eyes...

A wise man's pride,
Becoming fade
Like the husky petals
Under winter's shed,

Tell me
Where to go
How to find,
Oh, your beautiful eyes!

BIBHAKAR DUTTA



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I Am My Life...

I am my life,
Without you little confused
May be,
but I am still stiff and steady.

You are amazing
Like a fresh bloom
Of Spring,
like a fresh dew
of morning,
Like the honey bees charming,

No it can't be,
It can't be....

Mouldy, unripe, tiring
That my heart
Didn't guess your
innocent feeling.

PoemHunter.com

I am graceful yet,
Rustic music now
Being played
Under the shed of
Our old palm tree,

I pray the player
For a plaintive song
To the memory of thy,
Those days were amazing
Everyday now I'm missing.

I am my life
Yes, it's my life...

BIBHAKAR DUTTA

In The Ocean Of Love

In the ocean of love
There's no hurry
to be engrossed
With your beloved,

Just wait and stare
God is seeing and
the blessing comes with
Heavenly shower.

In the ocean of love
No need to be perplexed
Hearts Will melt by
The sweetness and faith.

In the ocean of love,
Life is very far
From the shed of sorrow
Only virtuous one can stay
And compassion becomes mellow.

BIBHAKAR DUTTA

Life Is Beautiful (Part 2)

Life is Beautiful
without a destiny,
Life knows nothing,
always to be a mystery
Life means peace,
yet why so moody!
You know why....?

Because your Love
says you goodbye....
You are martyred,
Being a pure, alas!
you're betrayed,
Well, you're a lucky man yet,

You Shouldn't mourn
Which gift should be adorn...,
Because your destiny
now comes true,
Life is Beautiful.

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BIBHAKAR DUTTA

Life Is Beautiful

Life is Beautiful without a destiny,
Life knows nothing, always to be a mystery
Life wants peace, yet why so moody!
You know why....?

Because your Love says you goodbye....
You are martyred,
Being a pure yet betrayed
You are a lucky man,

You Shouldn't mourn
Because your destiny
now comes true,
Life is Beautiful.

BIBHAKAR DUTTA



PoemHunter.com

More Than One

To define love is very hard,
Yes, very hard...
Someone very frank,
Someone doesn't confess...
To too much friends
Someone helps
Someone never accepts...
Someone has more than one
Someone never tries to cross the
Maxim and norm;
Yet love is love...
More than one,
you've accepted,
You want to imbue
You want to facinate...
After all, the world is colorful
Pleasant and polite enough
to attract your sense.
Remember everything is fine
And has its own meaning,
appraisement and endearment
Must be kept up in mind
As a big hearted kind
and like a true man.
Beloveds are just very much beloved
After all love is so amazing,
Very hard to define its meaning...

BIBHAKAR DUTTA

Again

A new day, a new life
New inspiration, a new moment
New love, a new hope,
New world and a new kingdom,
But you want to forget
Your past seldom,
Though you rule yourself atop
The pain and blame;
And you will be the same again.
A new day, a new aim...

BIBHAKAR DUTTA



PoemHunter.com

Stead

I never distort
The stories of history,
The fact is how much
You've conceived,
And how the perceptions,
So far, has been received.
Don't disturb the souls
Of two lovers,
Whose love for us
Is still a stead! ! ...
Don't blame them,
just emblem.

(to be continued.....)

BIBHAKAR DUTTA



PoemHunter.com

My New Poem 2

I am betrayed ...
Too much pain in my heart...
You think-I am not a perfect...
But still I am strong and straight,

My lines are made
by the words of faith,
though dependence is not the sign...
paths are followed by the time...

I betoken the words
Those are very simple and full of stain,
Powerful yet,
And this is all about my new poem.

BIBHAKAR DUTTA



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Life Is Wonderful

Just starting life with the verse of
New day's light,
Just want to start a new flow of
Life with my new emotions
Without any fright,
And amid the new clarifications of
My thoughts;
Nothing is painful and it' can't be! !
Life is just wonderful,
You just choose what you want to see.

Life is wonderful,
No claim, no blame,
There are so many useful thoughts.
Who you are! !
And just decide-
What will you do for them? ? ...

They are your friends,
You just make a way,
They are detached,
The thread has been torn off.
You just pray...
You should pray...

BIBHAKAR DUTTA

Those Days

Those days were fine,
Those days were mine,
The flying kites often
Vanished from the sight,
Yet we often chased,
But my gladness never was fallen.
Friends confessed the friendship,
Those days were mine,
Those days were really fine.
Now life is just a plight,
Making no sense of complacency,
Lack of delightedness,
Just to chase after false easement,
And no permanency;
But those days was fine.

BIBHAKAR DUTTA



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Puzzle

You write something very puzzling
To embarrass your lover,
And that's very inquisitive for her
To get at the real meaning.

You are an intelligent
At defining your every perplexing word,
But finally it becomes a pure and silent
Ballad of memorizing old

Anecdote of an unconditional
Affection for his beloved.
You always write something very interesting,
Those are so emotional

and commendable By your readers because
only a poet knows the very meaning
of intense feeling and able
to write few lines engrossing.

BIBHAKAR DUTTA

Faith

In the world where
The names are not written,
They work too much hard, they're
Just walking miles and miles
In search of the hidden
pathway of intelligence;
They are very wise.
Oh! they need no name,
They are happy enough
To prolong the existence
Of peace, weal and friendship
Faith is their friend,
Sincerity is their strength.
They need no name....! !

BIBHAKAR DUTTA



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My Lord (Part 2)

Some words are hidden into my heart,
Sometimes I'm not able to bring them in front of the page,
getting stuck
in the mouth, I often fail to write them.

My Lord is very kind to me,
I bow my head in front of Him,
He is only my friend
Who always sets me free from such puzzles.

Now, What a joy! ,
Beyond my words,
That I feel by His grace;
And my Lord has always a smiling face

BIBHAKAR DUTTA



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They're Waiting

Your turn, you've now become,
Well, well, congratulations!
But must follow the term,
They expect a lot-

They are waiting,
Don't break their heart,
Must obey the path.
They're expecting,

They're waiting to glorify your name,
To define your fame,
To sing too many songs-
And the dynasty will not be forgotten.

BIBHAKAR DUTTA



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Oh! God Bless Me.

It's raining slowly and silently
and the night is silent (too) .
I am trying to invigorate
My poetic feelings at this moment.
But my words lose the exact meaning,
They can not touch my inmost sense.
They are failing to commemorate.
The words are not coming out.
But it's an exact time to send a holy message.
Oh! God help me please.
Only you can give me a consecrate
and a meaningful substance.
I think the rain will not stop
as this is your desire.
You are almighty
We do not know your intense.
So, my Lord please bless me.
Give me a sweet sense.
I am ready to wait
because it's very hard to become a good poet.
Oh! God bless me.

BIBHAKAR DUTTA

Any Day, Any Time

Any day, any time,
The sincerity happens
to catenate communities.
Who are riches, and who are impecunious,
aren't judged by you.

We can't confine their freedom,
The beautiful summer doesn't await
for your money and futile fame.
you shouldn't dare to intervene
their fortune, you can't resist

to sound their tune-
God gives the strength,
Faith is the true mate,
To bestow sympathy always makes a man great.
Just Faith...

Just in faith, the king
will be forever their king-
strength never loses,
Community will sing
the song of win.

BIBHAKAR DUTTA

The Man Of Delight

The man of delight
Never faces a plight,
Destiny frequently tells
To be warned about the straits-

But the man of delight,
As being a devotee to his God,
Can wear down the fright.
To tremble in an imminence

Is merely a foolish sense,
He learns from his Lord:
Love is a fabulous trait
To jumble it with destiny and fate.

BIBHAKAR DUTTA



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Hello Shakespeare! !

Hello Shakespeare! !

Who was your ugly lady?
Your boundless love made
You delirious for that lady,
Who already was a smart,
intelligent and nifty.

What it could be guessed?
Gladness can be grasped
Through the lines of praise,
And the poet's page
should be full of sincerity.
Tell me, why she was your bad lady?

Love was turned into an intention to intensify! ! ,
You could stay strong and straight
Even, she would have declared you a brave
if you had carved her name as a loyal mate.

BIBHAKAR DUTTA

 PoemHunter.com

Praiseful (Russian)

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BIBHAKAR DUTTA



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Praiseful

If I try to make you gleeful,
you should endure my emotions too-
if I understand your feelings,
you could confess thy distress
relying on this friendship, and with your delightful
eyes, - you could leave a mark
that would be praiseful,
condensed and stirring; don't get dusky-
our friendship can never dim,
but full of praise and esteem.

BIBHAKAR DUTTA



PoemHunter.com

The Book Of Love (In Russian)

????????, ?????? ????
???????? ? ????? ????,
?? ?????? ???? faint- ?????? ????
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??? ?? ?????????? ?????????????????? ? eager-
????? ?????????, ?? ?????????? ?????????????? ??? ??????????, ?????????????? ? ??????????.

BIBHAKAR DUTTA



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The Book Of Love

The name, that will be
written in the book of love,
shouldn't be faint- should be
full of charm, meaningful and uttered fairly.

The name must be eminent
earning her lover's fame, and the
book will win the compliment,
and a gift of sympathy.

No...! the book of love
can't be vacant or weepy;
we all always are inquisitive and eager-
so, we should conserve its essence, plainness and purity.

BIBHAKAR DUTTA



PoemHunter.com

For A Lonely Poet..

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BIBHAKAR DUTTA



PoemHunter.com

For A Lonely Poet

Loneliness sometimes becomes
a friend of a lonely poet,
it's a kind of mediation,
between you and your sensation.

You, of course, explain-
words will remain unspoken
but will be meaningful.
Just write, and write...,
those are silent and painful;
Do suffer, and sustain.

Each page will be in the name of your beloved,
each line will make a tune,
you are now a restless man walking on hot sand dunes;
you have chosen such a wearied path.

BIBHAKAR DUTTA



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Yes, It's Your Love.

The dawn will ask me where is your love? ! !

I could say, it has left me,
but soon will come back.

Life goes on....

though love will be the same,
through the memories and fame.

The day will shine bright,
my destiny will again take a start;
and that, another sense
will take a place in this heart,
is your love.

Yes, it's your love.

BIBHAKAR DUTTA



PoemHunter.com

Please Come

Please come, stay
and claim your place,
where is the sense love with out you? ?
Oh! your absence becomes so painful
but our love must be true.
I wish, I could stain each word
in the name of my beloved;
please come, stay...
and give me a clue;
The story is merely vague without you.
Let's bind a bond
that could belaud our love to be true.

BIBHAKAR DUTTA



PoemHunter.com

Luck

Oh, what a lucky man I am!
the tune emerging from eternity,
would cherish the mankind
assimilating everything-earthy or unearthly.

The song and the meaning
glistering a lover's heart,
light up a way and is forgiving
everything and fulling the path.

It's blessed, the voice is God -gifted,
let it expose to bring a motion in everyone's heart;
and the heaven would approach to observe
and bestow our luck that we all eagerly deserve.

BIBHAKAR DUTTA



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Reward

I want a reward,
A reward that makes me feel
every day and night,
I want an award that will help me to overstay this life (only for you) .

I want to have your sweet senses
those would stay in this earth overlong.
This reward of rewards is nothing but your love-
oh! just be my beloved.

You will be my praise and all
if the affinity continues lifelong;
a visit is enough and will make worthy my effort,
just feel the strength-the firmness of love, but don't distort.

The reward that can spell the chapter of love,
and explain the heartiness of beloved.
There is no call for an equipotential challenge,
just be my beloved, oh..! ! my beloved...

BIBHAKAR DUTTA

My Lord

My Lord has a smiling face
and the world is His trace;
whenever I stand in front of Him
I see His face smiling.

I usually forget what I crave
seeing His charming face;
What would I want...?
He already has bestowed,

and fixed my fate
as every time I confess - He just smiles
and advises me to anticipate-
Oh my Lord is great! !

BIBHAKAR DUTTA



PoemHunter.com

Pain

Pain and pain...
Blame and blame...
You never want to be a fain?
you capture my veins
blocking the sense
but do stay in core...
then- why always you blame?
don't make it vain,
So much pains
I've gathered in my heart;
oh..what kind of strain! !
pulling my veins,
You does exist-
I can't retreat,
and, of course, bear our fame.
Oh what a virulent pain! !
You made me cry,
yes, I do try,
I do shed to refresh
my heart with that absolute experience.
Just pain and pain....
I need, I need
do exist with that strain,
but don't blame.
Is It a game? ?

BIBHAKAR DUTTA

Shape

Everyday my love gets a shape,
it's pure and, of course, faultless,
each day ends with an expect
but might be confused!

she feels lack, betrayed
and fails to expect.
No, love will emanate,
the soul can't deny;

and you shouldn't defy,
just look at me-
it's gleaming into our eyes
and trying to give a shape.

BIBHAKAR DUTTA



PoemHunter.com

Spring's Shed

My heart gets a shake,
oh, my love comes back! !
and wants to spread,
under spring's shed.
To get back the earlier sense,
I need to be mingled with its fragrance,
yes, the fragrance! ! ...
by that, I shall have its influence,
and my love will stand sharply
in front of eyes of my mistress,
but not a further pretense.
Standing at the edge of city street,
I am to perceive her sweet percept;
still splendid is her face!
let it grow under spring's shed.

BIBHAKAR DUTTA



PoemHunter.com

The Kites

There was nothing
for what I would mourn,
those days were excellent-
not like now.
I didn't know,
where I was going....
just ran after the kites;
sometimes I stopped,
and chased even faster than before,
but the kites seemed to be away,
didn't want to stay for the world
of sorrow.

They are free, out of gloom,
just like my childhood days;
today, everything is shapeless;
I'm delighted staying with my earlier remembrance,
those days were really amazing! !
now, I am missing.

BIBHAKAR DUTTA

 PoemHunter.com

The Crown

Where dynasty follows welfare,
the people gather
and bestow there ultimate sensibility;
and the crown feels mercy
addressing his followers:
'This is my democracy-
God is merciful towards my kingdom,
I've been allowed
to bring up His desire
by accelerating the power of a good democracy.'
The crown stands for humanity and for the commonwealth,
there is no place to adorn false pride;
he knows, his Lord is against of vanity.
People, hither, pray for their master's breath,
but never pay a debt.
Everyone says, ' Our king is perfect,
oh, what a great state! ,
what a blessed dynasty! ...'.
At the time of events, they pertain its gains,
and gather when the celebration
comes to be a perfect.
Oh, what a beautiful state!
They inquire of their king's wit
as the king wants to attach the kinship,
people never forget to offer their cakes-
the king, they expect, is a God-gifted.
What a blissful state! !
They will raise their hands
declaring their fate,
for the crown's sake.
They have got a prestige-
after all, their king is a true humanist-
oh! what a wonderful state...!

BIBHAKAR DUTTA

Hope Does Exist

Hope leaves
and my vehement desires go in vain-
love has left this life
gifting so much pain.

Indolent life of meaningless passion,
bestowing vague promises
decreases the impression
and the world of admonition.

In that mid day, a strong man came;
He had a smiling face and said, 'Oh, my little son
those days were clumsy-
hope does exist, and now it's your turn.'

I thought a lot-
is he the owner who owns the heaven, and rules the hell?
Well, I have stayed in both;
and now, it's time to follow his glory
He wants something,
and I am ready to sacrifice and sustain.

BIBHAKAR DUTTA

Stillness

Stillness and love-
I think, they are friends,
love improves in silence;
love is deepened in stillness.

The room is now silent,
and my heart is friendless;
my love for my beloved
gradually emanates.

So, I give you my consent-
It's very pleasant
to feel you in such sense,
I will allow no one instead of my loneliness.

BIBHAKAR DUTTA



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Motionless

Oh, my love!
this world is not enough
to confer the intensity,
that touches the heart of my beloved.

So much pains...! ! ,
sometimes I fail to sustain,
but you still palp this soul;
my love can't be turned back.

Each day and each night,
end with different accomplishments,
but noiseless, soundless that stays
impatient, is a suffering of this heart.

Without you, the expectation lacks,
without you, the destiny sticks.
being a heedless fellow, I've become a motionless;
only you can shape me an embellished.

BIBHAKAR DUTTA

Oh Love...

Oh love!
let me free from this cruel world-
nothing is pure here,
penury shrinks my soul,
and absurdity befalls vehemently everywhere.

Today, my journey towards unknown destination,
makes me expectant,
and it's a little bit strange.
Tears shedding down from my eyes,
need to mingle with the waves of sea.

It's too hard to say you- Goodbye! ,
but my love - my tears can mingle easily
in this huge deep sea.
Oh, love! !
let me be alone,
and make me free.....

I am on the verge of the boat,
the reminiscence of past
lengthens my thrust;
But these waves are enough
to set back the emptiness.
Oh love! ! ...

BIBHAKAR DUTTA

Indivisibility

Why do you fear, my beloved?
You are charming,
You are excellent,
I am lucky to have you
as my beloved.
But there is a fright,
the fright is to pass you
out of my sight,
the first day of visit
made us for each other,
and, now, I am afraid of
losing you out of my sight.
Yes, I have a fright! ,
Everyday is bright
as I still feel your brilliant eyes,
and blithesome smile;
You are my love,
we have to breathe for each other.
Let the world live in its tactful sense,
but we shall build the oneness,
our love will be an instance of indivisibility.
Love seeks sacrifice,
there is no space for incongruity.

BIBHAKAR DUTTA

Winter Afternoon

Standing at the mid of city street,
I bethought myself as a king of my own kingdom
forgetting sorrows of daily life
That seizes my freedom.
I was lost in an another world
standing by the footpath,
you may call it a harborage of mobs,
or a busy park.

Now, I took a step towards my home,
but I enjoyed the walk perceiving
a different mood in that warm winter afternoon.
So, I say, 'You may have tried many times your luck,
sometimes you've got a lot, or sometimes you lose,
but do pass a moment that refreshes your breath,
and makes you a smart'.

I am still standing at mid of city street,
Here is a silent winter afternoon
Demanding an artist's melodious tune.
I feel it, I can feel it...

BIBHAKAR DUTTA

Truth

The truth is waiting behind you,
love was only the hope;
but you have thrown it on sty.
Now, I think, how can I heal?
I am your beloved, not a spy.
The truth was once our life,
the truth was our pride,
but today It is a sentiment
as for our detachment.
I don't know, who is right,
or what makes it wrong?
The truth tells about our love,
and I get something more than worldly covenant.
The past has passed
though my love still lives in stillness;
our love exceeds the bond,
that's why, I will love you forever.
Now, I am so much proud
as I am to make my love eternal,
exceeding bouts.

BIBHAKAR DUTTA

Hope (Part-2)

I have sentiments,
I am careful before
to make any statement.
everyday a new hope
is come out, and that starts the day;
but all wishes are not pure,
God fixes those we deeply pray.
Sometimes a hope,
that slops to bind up our detachments,
doesn't want to flop.
Oh, how amazing you are!
Everyday we have a new hope,
God guides us how to attach
our destinations through a hope.

BIBHAKAR DUTTA



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Winter

The day is beautiful,
windy and parky,
winter has arrived;
stillness starts to absorb our mind.

Soul becomes frisky,
and full of thoughts,
it's very mellifluous
to sit by warmth.

Winter gives the chance
to flourish our reflection
musing all the day,
and for a sweet inception.

BIBHAKAR DUTTA



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The Day Of Delight (Part-2)

This is my life,
and I am watching the sky
sitting on in this earth
beside a lake,
with a vacant mood;
I think it's the best time
to feel the blessedness of this earth.
A busy one can't have sense
of importance of this moment,
and will not acquire the completeness
ignoring such fantastical sight.
Big lake, bright light,
layers of pearly water,
everything is bloomed and bright.
Oh God,
what a charming day of delight!
Don't miss the day,
come, don't be a moody and sit by me,
and let's enjoy the day of delight.
Dear friends, come,
don't delay;
leave your busy day.

BIBHAKAR DUTTA

The Loneliness

This loneliness is a gift for me,
the stillness enhances my emotion,
my heart is staved;
yet your affection compensates my all folly.

The loneliness strikes my heart very much,
but our attachment spreads over this tort
calming my soul, and I get everyday a new step,
my love is like a fulgent bright light.

Loneliness gives me a pain every time,
and I am always ready to face and clasp.
I know it just gives me shock,
but my love is untamed and undefeated,
thereby I will love you much and much...
Oh, my beloved! ! !

BIBHAKAR DUTTA



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Your Love Is Enough...

Your love is perfect, full of incitement
and insets a perpetual affection.
Though it stayed for a while,
but it's enough to feel your sincerity.
I have got that attachment
by my heart,
and I already told you,
This is enough for me
to place it in my heart permanently.
In this busy world,
everything takes a new shape continuously,
Yet, your sweet face sweetens
my soul ceaselessly.
I am still of little sense,
but sparing to conserve my past,
I doesn't want to tautologize;
yes, your love is enough....
Oh my beloved! ! !

BIBHAKAR DUTTA

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Melancholia

Darkness detects in your face,
have you done anything wrong?
is there anything faulty in your love?
now, you are drowning slowly into a desert.

Look at the sky,
I sometimes surrender my ruthless past,
and feel the blooming, sweet,
and youthful nature.

Please don't allow the overwhelming grief,
don't faint in sorrows,
just a little moment of joy
scrapes such bloomer a lot.

Let the past live in its past,
just allow the ruth to come in your soul.
Say good bye to melancholia,
go and please don't come again you, the past, the harmful melancholia.

BIBHAKAR DUTTA

Love Is Fabulous

I know, you have a broken heart.
Yes, you have a broken heart!
no one understands your feeling,
but I know, silently you are so much crying.

Today you can't forget your pleasing past,
Alas! your beloved has thrown dust
in your pure love.
Oh, what a disloyalty in today's love!

But a hope still stays in your heart,
it (yet) pardons your beloved.
Love is fabulous,
nobody knows, when we shall have a true match.

Just to wait and wait,
we feel astounded about the past
which once blossomed our love.
So, I still wait for my beloved.

BIBHAKAR DUTTA

To Love

Past was mournful,
Out of delight,
Lack of jollity,
My mind was feeling an absence
And was almost blank.

Now, a new moment,
Fresh sense,
Exciting experiences
Are fulfilling the want;
And my heart is waiting
for the second love.

All will be lost,
Your dearest one may
Refuse the promises,
But love remains the same.
It doesn't have any past
Love just knows much to love.

BIBHAKAR DUTTA

The Day Of Delight

Today is conjunction of two seasons,
winter likely wants to enter
in the state of autumn.

I am walking in the street
and sensing the presence of winter.

Faded field, dry wind
just make the day mopish a little bit,
but there is an quiescence in air
which stirs my mind,
and the afternoon is bright.

An unknown and strange sense
I can guess,
changing of feeling and a restive emotion
want to assimilate before Its arrival.
Today is the day of delight.

BIBHAKAR DUTTA



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The Bed

He is lying like a dead
on his bed,
the bed is mossy, flowery and greeny
where he contemplates his past,
and looks for eternity.
He didn't forget his lost love yet,
he was snatched by a false emotion.
He is lying like a dead
without any notion,
just the bed is his true mate
which leads his soul into motion.
The bed is long stretched,
and the blue sky is smiling above his head.
The bed is his true mate...

BIBHAKAR DUTTA



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Tragic Melody

What can I do?
nothing, just to surrender
myself to my love as
I am a helpless before the tragic melody..
Oh! it's too strong,
and absorbs gloominess by its intensity.
Oh! the tragic melody...

Love, dejection, faithlessness
I know all these trifle
inside a broken heart;
but we also have a lesson,
please listen
the melody immersing from an innamorato heart.
Oh! tragic melody...

BIBHAKAR DUTTA



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My Love (Part-3)

My love develops day after day,
my love recalls the past,
guides the present,
and dooms the future.
My love grows gradually and day after day.

My love steps slowly and silently,
it just needs your sympathy
to be lengthy.
My love will convey the utmost dignity
if you stay lifelong with me.

My love will show its instance
if our affections become deep and intense,
it will release the illness;
and the barriers of misguidance.
So, please let it come into your sense.

BIBHAKAR DUTTA



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Love

Everyday I write new lines,
everyday I write few lines of love;
but words still remains too short
to define the this eternal word.
It's not enough to scribe meaning of love.

Every time I select a new sense,
but it turns into another intent.
Yes, so hard to destine the word,
my hand still seeks the true meaning of love;
my dictionary is still a kid to define the word.

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I've Got A New Word...

In my life, I've just got a new word called love,
It's very sweet as well as very hard to have.
I need to be very bold
as everyone says, 'it causes pain, and I should firmly hold '.

It may judge my soul
throwing it into a deep brunt,
yet I am ready to be a hurt.
You know, It's called love!

If it stays still and perfectly,
It will be my fate.
but if it goes away without a certainty,
It will make me worsened and unlucky.

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Will My Love Make Me Free?

Will my love make me free?
Does it strike me mentally?
Does it maintain ideality?
A true love does it...

So, my dear please hurt me;
just give me pain,
and I will be perfect again and again.
Just give me the pain...

Yes, my soul will get strain,
and my blood will pull the pain.
(again and again)
So, my dear love me
and do hurt me...

If your love makes me pure,
I will be someday free.
But you should always be in glee
as you love me, and I am very much sure.

BIBHAKAR DUTTA

Tending Towards Eternity

My heart, my soul
my sorrows, my luck
stay in a state of deep faith,
It will not leave me
as every time I breath
under a true sense of divinity.
If my fate betrays me, however,
I am so excited and eager
to cultivate the sweetness sense of infinity.
(The part of divinity)
Nowadays, my soul is going to uplift
towards a stage or you may call it-
'tending towards eternity'.

BIBHAKAR DUTTA



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Oh Doctor

Oh, doctor! ! !
Why are you trying to curtail the mankind?
I was suffered from agony;
I was once sunk into the misery.
Now I am cured fully
by your labour and sympathy.
But, you see, doctor-
you are the blessed one
whose proficiency can challenge the mortality.
Hello, doctor!
you are truly a blessed one,
your perceptions are governed by the heaven;
and someone, thus, see this world again.
you are one of my best friends,
and don't estrange it, my dear doctor.
Don't be a professional please,
you are the protector;
we are grateful
as you appease our disease(s) .
We know, we are too emotional,
but you are sensitive,
and your hands are very tentative!
Then, why are you trying to curtail the mankind?
Why does you need a bribe? ? ? ...
We need you very much dear doctor...

BIBHAKAR DUTTA

Rainy Season

The rain spreading its hands
to enwrap the river
are shedding rainy shower.
The river seems frenzy
blended by rainy water.

Clouds, lightning and spark,
look so exhilarated
for their visit to earth.
I am standing at the bank of river
searching for the holy water
to make my soul consecrate by heavenly shower.

It's truly great-
you are, the rainy season,
just emanate your holy shower
to create a soothing joy like the heaven.
Yes, you are great, rainy season...

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My Love (Part-2)

My love is like a rose blooming everyday
with a perfect shape
or you may call,
It has got the Fullness.
My love never loses its step,
My love has the depth,
It knows the deepness,
It has got my faith;
My love never fades.
My love knows to convey respect,
It always tends to be exact and perfect.

But my love doesn't allow any tact,
It's very simple in fact.
It doesn't deserve a false praise,
and never tries you to impress.
My love will melt
if your heart bends;
and makes my love its friend.

BIBHAKAR DUTTA

Love Me Please...

love me please,
I am lost,
I am hurt;
I need a true love.
I am drowned in a dark
kingdom of bad luck.
I need to swim out of there
by your holy love.
My heart has become foul,
I can't tender my love
as it's full of dust.
Only you can make me proud
by your love which is very soft,
pure and bloomed.
Be my love dear-
don't hesitate,
just feel and deem;
I always value your esteem.
You will be my fortune
if you accept my tune.
Love is just like a shadow
if I wait till tomorrow...
I need it just
now to meet you on second-life
to finish the sorrow.

BIBHAKAR DUTTA

Our Love Can'T Die

You are like the glittering spunk
of white sands full of exhilaration
and too proud in love.

You are like the clouds approaching
incessantly to conjugate each other
as to make a shape and to be bigger-
like my love, they are very similar.

Your love can not fail
to store unforgettable moments
as we, like the tides,
can come back soon to seaside.
Love will guide our fate,
and flash out every time
to reflect in our eyes.

Our love can't die,
our love can't be lost;
as the surrender always sustains,
our love will defeat the tort.
Even you go up to the heaven,
and I go towards hell,
our love will still be the same.

BIBHAKAR DUTTA

Tomorrow

Who knows the tomorrow?
may be fair, out of fear,
Vision would be perfect and clear.
We could expect our dears closer-
Consciousness may rule to dissolve our sorrow(s) .
so, who knows the tomorrow? ?

But please, don't come disaster
to ruin our future,
to destroy our dreams,
and don't come to sink us in fear.
Please go back to hell
as the tomorrow will sit beside the heaven.

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Perfect

Who says, life is not the best?
life is great,
even much sweeter
than to be a great!
Your love is generous,
It holds your sense
to deploy the honor
and my patience.
So, this life, somehow, has become great.
I am not upset yet-
I need to enlarge my emotion
to fulfill my esteem
and to make you eminent.
So, life is great...
My dream was great,
but my love denied
to be a perfect...
No, I don't lament,
I don't cry as I am not too sick
to seek my lost love,
Once used to be perfect.
Though my love was not enough,
but my each breath is still comforting-
and it consoles me, says, ' No, it's still perfect.'

BIBHAKAR DUTTA

Wounds

Wounds fulfill to expect me (again)
that memory of love dethroned by misfortune.
Though I do not lament every time,
but sometimes it's too hard
to console this heart.
I spent, I enjoyed,
and I was overjoyed
by the sweetness of love.
I smiled as love is blind,
now I fail to define- who I am?
Now my love says, 'I am lost'.
My heart says, 'You are of no cost'.
Alas! no way to leave my past,
Sometimes it glitters,
Sometimes it allows me to suffer.

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I Don'T Want To Expect

What would I expect
in exchange of percept?
fame? a name?
or weeny esteems...? ?
I am as the same,
know no fame.

Fate though remains
an unfortunate,
I still sense sweetness.
My love and my attachment
never fade
as my Lord always directs.

What would I expect
in exchange?
No glory, no fame
no name, no blame
and nothing is to be left
to become an ashamed.

I know, to expect
means to reject
the real subject
which only remains
and increases our knowledge(s) .
It's not yours, and not mine,
It's only my Lord's grace.
I don't expect-only I need that You always bless.

BIBHAKAR DUTTA

Shed Of Divinity

Wise, greatness have their way(s) ,
As I am here, I must pay
world's gratefulness.

Oh god!

Help me to depart from this tough surface-
I need hide in the shed of divinity.

No fury, no fury-

Just restful moments will play
in my heart to fulfill my story.

but I must pay, believe me.

I need pass through this way
where I want my Lord to stay
with me.

No false pride, no glory-

I just want my Lord to stay
beside me.

Yes, I need His grace;

My fate is waiting to be blessed

Staying under divine shed.

Wise, pride, glory have their own way(s) .

BIBHAKAR DUTTA

The Way Of My Life

The way of my earlier life
Left behind my past,
Was enough
To confer my love.
My love is now haggish,
And I am an ungracious.

Pride, emotion, affection
Are formless without very perfection.
To mold my love again
May become shameful and vain.
Time is indomitable,
But I've been given;
I've been dignified with so many opportunities.
I am just a failure to control my fate, my love, and its necessities.

I just want to express
my regard to you, oh! beloved-
I need to extend the time
to solve the repugnance
chapter of this life.
Believe me, end will become blissful and destroy the grief.

BIBHAKAR DUTTA

Oh Peace!

No, I can't see you.
I can feel the absence,
And the absence is dark.
Now, you aren't addressed.
Love calls the souls,
But loses your appearance.
You are blurred.
You now desert.

Heart, mind, soul-
They are out of control.
Where your images reside;
I stay, I follow
And I feel the stillness.
Oh the peace!
Isn't it a poor sacrifice?

Where? ? ...
Where you are, my dear?
No, I need no sign, my dear.
It doesn't become pale.
I will never make it stale.
You may turn,
But I feel peace.

It's hard to appease
The heart made for love.
Oh the peace!
Come and stay by this soul.
Please calm it and wash its foul.
Please come, please come,
Oh peace!

BIBHAKAR DUTTA

To Moan

To stick into your eyes
means to get my love back-

Well, I glance it,

But I lost that at once.

Why? ?

Sometimes I ask myself.

Love should be perceived through its real essence

And longed by a deepest heart

Which I used to feel once.

Now, I realize, why didn't it extend in my life?

I shadowed you behind

my pride.

I failed to adjudge our love.

We couldn't become same

And two didn't change into the ONE...

To moan and only the spleenful songs have to be sung

Sitting beside my love.

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The Room

Let the wind come in the room to clean up trashes.
Full of delusion, out of freshness,
Lack of frenzy
Dismiss the room.
Soothing air should fill up its emptiness
And remove the dullness.

Like the way,
My heart and my soul
Should be freshened up by my self-control.
Let the love come, and go in my heart
To clam my sense
And to save it become a desert.

They both are my part.
The room is the little hut
Full of my curious sense(s) and cognizance.
Love restores my heart,
And reclaims my mind
To become a desert.

BIBHAKAR DUTTA

Life

No pleasure, no peace,

I like to live in grief.

Life is like the mist-

It cares nothing,

and always makes me a selfish.

Life is so speedy.

It fails to erect my inner sense.

Life is so busy...

I am lost,

and I am drowned into senseless emotion.

I almost forget to bestow my passion.

life may be

flowered with love for you or for others,

but this soul is full of insensibility.

So, where is THE LIFE?

Get it to me.

Love!

How many kinds of love we embellish?

Love makes life or life gets love

It's very hard to believe a beloved.

May be sometimes it suitable,

but does life give its solution?

To love and to hurt,

or to hurt after love are the material perception.

An injured soul seeks repletion.

can life give it?

or only consoles to forget it....

An empathetic soul never follows the optimistic speeches.

It always try to find the exact norm.

It needs strength and the great wisdom.

But life just knows to hurt.

Life can award only an ungraceful spark!

How many times I beg to my life?

I make imploration

Yet, mind full of frustration.

Are these all illusion?

Illusions for love, for passion, for intimacy.....are those sins?

If yes, then I made those hundred times

(mistake)

for love and for my life's shake.

yes, I did such mistake-

yet life could give me a last chance,

though I am not the great sinner;

I could revive my thoughts out of any suspect.

BIBHAKAR DUTTA

Love Vs Almighty

There is no place for lament
as your love has refused to be with you.
there is no one to share your feelings
as your love has rejected you.
Now, those days have become wasteful and extravagant.

Each drop shedding from your eyes
wants you to soothe.
But the orphan love always cries.
Now, there is nothing beside you,
to make strong your mood.

So, you should call up your God.
Let Him come inside your soul.
He will redress again your sense,
and you will never be injured (again) .
He is the almighty after all.

BIBHAKAR DUTTA



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Straight

I am happy
because I like to stain my each vain
with Tragedy.
I need pains.
More pains
mean more achievements....
But I have to stand straight.
God is watching me.
He will give me a gift
if I pass through this tragic street (of life) .
So, I have to stand straight.
Yes, straight.....

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The Beggar

I am not a beggar
as you think.
I have no thrust
for your love.
I do not want to flatter (you) .
I have no intention to bluff.

In these days, I have learnt to scatter
the poesy style to sound better.
So, I pray to you, my God-
it's your wish
that I've got
to adorn my poetic plot.
I am a beggar.
Oh! my God.
Yes, I am...
I want to attach with the heavenly thoughts,
and I know a rich
can never reach PoemHunter.com
in the area of eminence
that only you holds;
and maintains its progress.
Please my God help me.
Help this beggar....

BIBHAKAR DUTTA

I Am Going Towards Hell

Good bye dear,
Good bye my love,
Wish you be the same
as i am leaving this fantastic world
and my destiny is to go towards hell
not heaven.

Hell is horrible.
Hell is cruel.
But I am not afraid-
God already has made me strong and straight.

Though I am anxious a little bit,
but god is with me;
and he will help me
and always keep me fit.

so, i am going to hell.
god has sent me an order to stay there
and to make it peaceful and well.
Oh! think - if there is peace in the hell,
Then what will be the shape of the heaven.
it is beyond my words- hell will be the heaven.

BIBHAKAR DUTTA

Our Eyes

Eyes sometimes want to say
if our mind can't dare to say.
Only one word
That makes a pair
of two souls; and
the relationship will be a remarkable,
and they will stay.
So, this is an extraordinary function of our eyes.
Our eyes know
What our heart wants to bestow
and wants to pay.
(to their closest one)
We should respect.
We should not forget.
Our eyes are awesome
as they are God Gifted.

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I Am Free

We made a joyous moment
and, it was our last visit.
'You left because I escaped',
you said.
But it's not the Real.
I left because you escaped from my heart
Leaving an agreement.
I will enjoy myself
as I am now free -
But do not look at me
with your jealous eyes.
I am now free.
we would be the same
if you accepted me heartily (then) .
But now I am free.
Yes, I am free...
Only I need a good poetic sense
Which can make me happy.

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