

Poetry Series

Dibya Ranjan Giri

- poems -

Publication Date:
2021

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

Dibya Ranjan Giri()

Early life & Family

Dibya Ranjan Giri was born on 19th of June,2005. His father being Chandra Sekhar Giri and mother being Puspanjali Giri. He is the first of two children the second being his younger sister Sagarika Giri.

Notable works

Dibya Ranjan Giri is an English author known for romantic fiction. His notable works can be seen as, 'An Exile Soul', 'The Angel' and lot more, collected from his book 'Hug of my Dreams' comprising of romantic poems. He has recently published, 'Wish We Had Never Met' an international romance bestselling novel, based on the loving memory of a girl whom he loved, touching a million hearts.

Awards and recognitions

He has been recognised as 'The Poem Writing Bee' by and has been awarded with The Pulitzer Prize for Fiction.

I Wonder.

I wonder where the green grass went,
All buried under the new cement.

I wonder where the birds have flown,
They have gone to find another home.

I wonder where the footpath's gone,
Right underneath your car, my son.

I wonder where the old folks go,
The nursing homes GB surely know.

What grows so fast before my eyes?
A garbage dump, a million flies.

Is this the place you celebrate?
In prose you made it sound so great!

It was before I knew it was fate.
Stay safe. Stay lucky and stay in love with nature.

Dibya Ranjan Giri

Silence Is Golden

It is not your conversation
That keeps me entertained
But rather the way you look at me
That makes me feel sustained
It's the curve of your lips
And the curl of your hair
Tis all of the little things
That make me stop and stare

It is not your intelligence
That drew me close to you
It is not your sense of humour
That has thrown me all askew
It's the touch of your hand
And the thoughts in your head
Tis all of the little things
The things that don't get said

It's not your vivid history
That's made me fall in love
It's not your comprehension
Of the world or what's above
It is your soft temperament
And the way you smile at me
Tis all of the little things
That make me want to see

It's not when we are talking
That I want to know some more
It is not whilst you teach me
I learn what I'm looking for
It is the time we spend alone
And the time in utter silence
Tis all of the little things
That form a strong alliance

It's not the job you work so hard
That shows your true commitment
It's not your crazy habits

That give me great fulfilment
It is the way you use your hands
And the way I have been chosen
T's all of the little things
Why I know silence is golden

Dibya Ranjan Giri