

Poetry Series

dipak adhya
- poems -

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dipak adhya()

14th February,2019

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You teach me the lesson of tolerance
I count the number of martyrs
You teach me patience
And our soldiers engage themselves
Defusing bombs
And to ward off attacks
You teach me to be quiet
And I make candles
To light again
To be grieved more!

dipak adhya

1?6

1: 6

She decorates herself
All the year round
She too loves perfumes
That reminds her of the season
In Summer like a lonely maiden
She dries her hair with leafy fragrance
When the rains come
She drenches herself
Even often she remains still
Hours with wet clothes.
When the Autumn
She looks at the skies with open mouth
In Late Autumn evening and morn
I feel she enjoys dew drops
When Spring comes, she wears new clothes
And listens eagerly to the music of nightingale
Then again the summer comes
And in amazement I see her
Not to be grown up rather as young as I'm used to see her.

dipak adhya

A Blissful Magic

No matter. How envious you be
I'll love you. I must say the beautiful words about you
I'll remove all the stains that
You have stuck yourself on your body and heart.

No matter. How cruel you be
I'll love you.
And must not say to love me
But my love will make you like petals
All the flowers will bloom.

No matter. How jealous you be
I'll pray to Christ
To shower all his blessings
And one day, not me
You

dipak adhya

A Cloudy Morning

A cloudy morning
Among the sunny days
Brings a joyful time
And reminds the past.

Expectations grow
For a rainy day.

A rainy day means
Coming back the childhood:
Standing by the window
Watching the rains:
The sound of pattering, paper-boat,
Bubbles, stagnant water
And many more.

dipak adhya

A Day At B-Garden

let us sit by the stream
Water is flowing at her wish
The pleasant wind just touches our hearts
We'll listen to its song
That's never ending.
When the twilight will approach
We'll come back to home
But must bring with us
This joyous togetherness
And We'll ruminare
This time, trees, stream, wind, whispering...
And running of two hearts
From one end to other.

dipak adhya

A Ditty Of Now

It is a fear of existence
It is a fear of identity
It is a fear of honesty

You are mocking at me
You are suspecting me
You are showing me with your index finger

I know the soil well
I know the history of this earth
That has been nurturing me still
I regard myself as her own child

You came with a heinous hatred
You came with a dividable lure
With a lurk you are awaiting still
To destroy the humanity and to make us fool!

dipak adhya

A Love Poem To Her

You are always felt in heart
You are always seen in loneliness
But surprisingly
There I am not alone
And your sublime touch is enjoyed

I know you are in your new life
Have been enjoying
Let you drink the life with heart's content
I'm here
Not alone
And too praying for fulfilment of your
Dreamy desires.

dipak adhya

A Mask Of Beautiful Smile

A mask of beautiful smile

A mask of beautiful smile
Often cheats the flower
She goes forward
And smile engulfs
The innocent flower surrenders
To mask
Unknowingly and in abrupt

After a few days
The colour of the mask fades
When the flower realises that
She finds herself
Dry, frail, worn Out...
Just before her mental death!

dipak adhya

A Social Citizen

When I look at your face
My heart shivers
There in everywhere scatter
Malice, violence and disgust.
In fear, turn my face
There is also darkness
Homicide, murder, slaughter
Whom I leave and to watch?
For the time being
Remain silence- unseen world
And prays: let keep me save
From the heart of cold rage
I want to be a social citizen!

dipak adhya

A Stoic

A stoic

Between coming and going
There is left
The pain, given by you
It brings shower
I keep my face out of window

I watch the sorrow
I breathe the pity
I nibble them bit by bit
And laugh as if a matter of cherishing

Between coming and going
I gradually become weak
I lose myself
And time comes and goes
Evening - night - sleep
And pray for enormous darkness
That ne'er comes and
I again become a pain myself
Now you may call me a stoic!

dipak adhya

Adopted Baby Girl

Adopted baby girl

Goddess is she herself
Love is her reality of living
But if you ask me how
And why has she suffered a lot
Before adaptation
You see, My dear,
God himself was hurt
Jesus had to suffer
And she too...
The smiling baby
The daughter of God
You're lucky enough
To have as her own
And get the opportunity to bring up...

dipak adhya

Adoration

Adoration

When she would sit beside me
I couldn't ventilate all words
It often came to me as mess
And I stumbled towards

When she would stay away
I tried to draw her in mind
But in our presence
Never I tried to find

Today the inevitable separation
Makes me as a harp
Whatever I sing lonely
The tune seems to me adoration!

dipak adhya

After A Little Shower

After a little shower
Your swaying in the mild breeze
Makes you more elegant.
Your deep gray leaves
As if fresh paintings
Enliven my dull times
With new visual splendor.
On the attic where mother worships
There she rings in bells
To awake you in the morning spell
And then I see
Your unbound joy in swaying spree.

dipak adhya

After Long 200 Years Away

After long 200 years away

Truly, I learnt nothing from you
No imitation
No uncompromising
Not even to stick to the truth
Trying to be happy
Materially and only materially

Too dark is my heart only I know
A masked man wanders in front of you
With greedy eyes
And illiterate alphabets

Far in the enlightened society
The darkness is more deep
How can I reach there
How can I touch your eyes
(As) I'm in vain and a blissful hypocrite

Will the sun rise once more
To show the way
Just then one whispers to my ears
To read you
After long 200 years away!

dipak adhya

After Separation

After separation

My two lips are witnessed of so much love
So it will blame you never
My eyes have always noticed
All the qualities of yours
So I shall never go out to find out flaws
Your company I have cherished all the time
Today when you are away
I must not say
This is better than that of colourful day
I have so many things to me
That once belonged to you
And you were mine;
Today I'm the same person
And you too
But between there is a long river
That flows like Luni
Both of us feel that certainly
And feel a unique joy
And unquoted sorrow
That only can feel a separated lover
In the longing of past!

dipak adhya

All Men Are Poet

If I lose myself among the mass
You'll never find me out
If you notice everyone's face
I must be reflected
As you often call me a poet
And you'll try to, I know
And there you'll find
The reflection of a poet on each face
As mine
All men are poet
And their words
Nothing but the words of it!

dipak adhya

An Afternoon In Our Village

An afternoon in our village

Rolling the wheels my cycle goes on
In the afternoon amidst the village
It knows each lane and alley
It knows where to stand
It knows what to see
Only I sit on its seat as a driver
And look what's there

The meadows are green with paddy - leaves
White herons are in search of fish
The sound of wind blows
And goes as far as my eyes
Unto the horizon
The smoke of brick - field
Turns into clouds with a blink
And a sweet smell of
Vaantiful makes everything magical
But,
Evening descends
My cycle returns home
And a heart stays there still
Oh! What a surprise!
The heart looks like me!

dipak adhya

An Elegy For Asifa

Your bright eyes
Your beaming smile
And your name
Have been carved with eternal love and passion

Oh! My little Daughter
Indeed, let you see
Your fragrance has been spread
Like an Asifa flower
In every corner

Oh! Dear! you are unfortunate enough
Your innocence was devoured by greedy insects
In secret

You know Dear
We are really helpless
In our world there a large number of insects
All are roaming with lust
And innocence Asifa(s)
Are leaving us

Now let I pray for your eternal peace
And you too pray for
A heavenly mankind
Without evil insects and crime!

dipak adhya

As Much As

Yes, as much as I want to forget her
I remember her name
As much as I want to forget certain past
I enliven them
And my heart shows as much as abhorrence
A loving heart sees love and passion in them

She was on the past
She is in the present too
She is like a dreamy fragrance
Yet she she is like a void full of pain though
I stoop to that pain
And now derive aching joy
I search for a real love
And sees her beaming laugh

I know that two hearts
One is of course hers
And the other is none but her heart!

dipak adhya

At Mohonpur, Hashnabad (On 23rd April,2018)

Often she decorates herself in such a way
All the words become trifle
Her beauty is changed time to time
Let us glance
And drink nature as a wine

Mohonpur at Hashnabad
Not far away from the District of Basirhat
There too Icchamati
Has stretched her two hands
She herself and Dansha, the rivers
With a deep carve
Have made a confluence
like 'Triveni Sangam'.

It was my first outing there
The roadside jungle was the replica
Of the Sundarbans
The brick fields, fish-hatchary
The lone way
And the setting sun
All were new to my eyes
And filled my thirst
Of beauty of nature.

Dusk was descending quickly
The reflection of the setting sun
Reminds me of your beauty
Before evening everyday -
She puts a tip of Sindur on her forehead
And I look her everytime
With a new look
With a new heart
And with a sublime spirit!

dipak adhya

At Twilight

At twilight

When I woke up after a long midday nap
Evening was descending
Oh! I missed the afternoon
With the twittering of birds
That come to our courtyard

Now in twilight
The night-blooming jasmine
Is putting off its clothes
The fragrance is coming through the casement
A little latter with the stars
The moon will come
Today I'll kiss her forehead
With ever lasting love
I must make the moon
As mine with whom
I'll spend the rest of night
I'll spend the rest of life

dipak adhya

Attack On Pulwama

Attack on Pulwama

You may call it dastardly
You may call it despicable
You may call it cowardly
Or more
One said,
Sacrifices of our brave security personnel
Shall not go in vain
How many have we to give more?
How many jawans?
How many civilians?
And then it will be an eye opener
For Kashmir-centric politicians?

dipak adhya

Beautiful Moments

The beautiful moments are always eternal
You have gone away
But they are still green
Whenever my heart feels you -
Your absence
Your going away
The memories come back
And I eagerly give it to those
My heart then gradually
Becomes joyous
I live and spend the time with you again.

dipak adhya

Before Your Sublime Sunning

Often I think you as joyful
As I `m gaining now
On the lap of yours
In such a blessing dawn.

Often I think you as peaceful
As I'm gaining now
In this calm surroundings
What every heart must be prone

From my innate of conscience
My heart is borne
Your feelings
I'm never devoid
In my earthly obstacles
Gaining your blessings.

Often I feel you when fold my eyes
Your breathing, your touch
Your smelling, your disguise
As you are showing now
Before a sublime sunshine.

dipak adhya

Being Fascinated

Being fascinated by the beauty of your tomb
I entered into your home
I am very glad having seen the replica
There's in everywhere business and business
But my God where are you?
In this showy world are you an incarnation of new
Generation in mosaic tiles and pseudo-air
Is it the only way or a fun mare?
I know not how they can think it
Try to put limitless light into a little kit?

dipak adhya

Beloved

Beloved,
Your unseen presence is still felt
Here in the moonlit night
When I talk to you
And of course, you don't reply,
I compare myself to a sky
Where there the moon is.

Like the moon you too enlighten me
Like you I adore her
And there's a certain surety
Like the moon
We shall meet together.

My beloved,
You may think otherwise
But the moon must not think other.

dipak adhya

Black Clouds

Black clouds

When a true gesture
Is politicized
Humanity is murdered
When a true statesman
Utters the words of peace
The universe laughs in joy
The innocent minds go to sleep
The Spring springs the first flower

Just then,
If one says about the new fear of terrorism
The recruitment of terrorists is heard
Black clouds gather in the sky
Innocence dies
And the pen
Stops writing new poems of hope again!

(Based on a report on TOI,03/03/19)

dipak adhya

Calling

I have been spending time
Like a broken winged bird
Now there's unstoppable leisure
And it is providing also unique pleasure

There is a Chatim-tree beside the window
In every year
It reminds me the the advent of Saradiya
Having laughed it said to me,
Today you have made me presentable
I remember, today I have cut off It's dry leaves and branches
There was a large bush
Of pastoral eglantine
I cut them off in today's morning
And heard, the green leaves of others are whispering
Now It's our time
To be grown up.
With a sigh
The Time flowers said,
Now you must look at us,
When I was coming back
I listened the words of Guava tree on the courtyard,
Look, how many fruits
I have grown to you
And I touched one of them
Just then
A flock of Salik birds
With their chirping words asked,
Now certainly have you remembered?
I realise there in the wind
Is blowing an eternal calling!

dipak adhya

'Choroibeti'

'Choroibeti'

At morning standing by
The river Ichhamati
I often realise
Refreshment of creative urge

The flow of its water
The blow of cold wind
The rising sun from the Eastern sky
The young labourers
The running boats
All seem to me are the symbols
And they stand for a single word
'Choroibeti'

dipak adhya

Consolation

I have been more rigid and quite
Patience awaits me
Mournful tears seem to me unnatural
Rather, if I stumble in time of walking
I don't think myself indifferent
It is the way that is rough and not walkable

I have been more rigid and quite
My thoughts don't stoop to past
My memories don't come and bother
At night when I look at the sky
Don't think your name was the same
No, now I hanker after myself

I myself, having lost myself
Only look for something that was never
Possessed by me and you either
Belief: only this noun of six letters.

dipak adhya

Dark Hour (14th February,2019)

Dark hour (14 February 2019)

Paradise has been shaken again
Consensus and peace are nowhere seen
No doves are found nearby
Rather one or two vultures above flying

The dark hour is still there
The frayed relationship between the two
Who is gaining and much how
Hanging the question among the few

Her tempestuous accession to her
There derailment of Democratic project
Blood stains on Hazratbal
Horror is also seen now and then

When will this problem be resolved?
Oh God! Let you remove this dark hour!

dipak adhya

Death And...

(A tribute to poet Srutidhar Mukhopadhyaya)

Death too gave him
Series of pain
Death too fought
Seizeing him in his den
At last, at last,
Adieu friend
And pray
For a sublime life
With your dearest ones
Who had left you long before
And now,
Let you enjoy a life in real paradise!

dipak adhya

Difference

And they are too living entity
They too whisper, love and even sing
They even decorate themselves
Being spellbound I look at them

Whenever there's a little time
I go out for a day or two
And spend the time with their shade and fragrance

It rejuvenates me
My heart tries to become like them
I feel their sublimity
And crave to be as great as them

When I come back towards home again
By the sawmill by the road
A deep pang pierces me
Not a graveyard did so more

I look at myself
And see I'm surrounded by a few names
Surprisingly all their names are 'Greed'
And they are greedy for boles!

dipak adhya

Different Prayer

I have learnt to be silent from you
I have learnt standing alone
Ere when there is none
Still I feel you gazes on.

Are you really so silent and dumb?
How much they offer is not sum?
All of a sudden in today's morn
I came across a known mammon
To offer you a basket grandeur and pomp
Anxious his face though he told me
He came to you for asking in glee
His stock would have run to northern side
I'm taken aback for his pride
Now I am learned why silent you are
I feel ashamed for such a prayer

dipak adhya

Don't Be So Sad

Don't be so sad

Don't be so sad
That tears lose the way
Sorrow fails to grief
Rather, your moments of sadness
Be cheerful to make the world
Let you sing or seduce
With your broken heart
A joyful tune
That grief and sadness will lose its way
As the waves lose by the Bay.

dipak adhya

Dream

When love goes away
Poems come crawling
And I'm divided into two

The first one
Wearing a mask engages himself in earthly works
The second one
Awakes till at night
Ruminates the past
Draws pictures
And in early morning
He becomes a dream himself

The dreams enliven him
It gives him sustenance to live.

dipak adhya

Dream And

Dream

I never want to let him go
I never want to be awoken earthly
If dream goes away
What remains of me?

I want to cherish my dreamy life
I want to be perfect so
My dream is only my dream
How beautiful you never know.

There is no shyness
There is no want
If the paradise becomes so
I say, I must have that won.

A dream is not a dream
If it can't mould a future life
I want to dream more
To make myself a perfect type.

I never want to let the dream go
It shows me the way of life.

dipak adhya

Dreamer

With eager eyes, sit beside the water of the river Ichhamati
Wave breaks the river side
Water runs forward
Like the remembrance of past
But I feel its poetical touch
First ever touch of you
Was not different than it

Still the river flows
Wave brakes, time brakes
But it keeps signs on the side

Now your presence becomes clearer
And I spend time without your presence
But with you in desolation!

dipak adhya

Dust

My heart often turns into dust
It flies
I myself feel how the little ones as well as you
abhor me

Flying flying flying
Take shelter on the leafy banners
On the walls
On the ceiling
On the ground...
And then on everywhere

Before absorbing moisture
Before turning into mud
I feel sorrow
For blocking the hope of little rays
The tears of earth know it
And I again turn into a hopeful joy!

dipak adhya

Everyday

Having heard the light's coming
I wake up
Prepare myself for the day
Pray in silence
For its warm heat
The dull December evaporates silently And leaves for me
A whole new hope to come

The work begins
Busyness crosses the mile stones
Or not
And I prepare myself
For long to go and to know
Until the evening comes
Still I go
Await the new night to rest
Just then, a whispering tone in mind
Says, look
A new day is coming...

dipak adhya

Feelings

It is a showing act
When my friend invites me
And in spite of knowing me
My penniless state
Proudly shows his treasure
Being dumb I nod my head
And stare at them

No it doesn't instill greedy
No it doesn't feel me trifle
Rather it gives me heavenly joy
When my pen writesthis poem
To eternalize the worth of feelings
That were nowhere
In his earthly domain!

dipak adhya

Fiery Time

The person who writes the words of poem
The time of peace sticks to him-
Having left all evil thinking
I've bathed in the sacred water
Where is the termite
I've welcomed to cover the old
The time of peace
let come to me

My God!
I heard him in the morning
Where is my words
In front of me everyday
not only birds but also blossoms
Are being killed
I've forgotten all the words of poem
Now the time is like fire!

dipak adhya

Foolishness

It is that black rose
I nurture in sly
Oh! How deepblack it is
That reflects me
In leisure

It is the nightmare
That comes in my dream
After a day's hectic schedule
I sleep to dream
And it comes crawling
In the deep dark night

I turn my face
From pleasant moments
And rage, anguish, agony...
All dance together in hatred

My conscience suddenly raises
And laughs at seeing foolishness!

dipak adhya

For The Time Being

For the time being

Never think I regard you
As one who loves me a lot
Never think I regard you
As one whom I feel as mine
Rather I regard you
As if the moon
Who has other acquaintances
Many of men think as their own
And she has own likings too
To hide herself or not to
Now, it is full-moon night
I keep myself in your light
You may not think so
But you never can cease
My love and adoration
For the time being!

dipak adhya

Forgetting

Forgetting is not a matter of joke
As well as remembrance
In my case I often
Forget whatever I don't want

Remembering a lot of incidents
I always feel sorrow
I want to forget them
But Alas! They never keep me away
Or throw...

I left thinking big or trifle
I am not bothered now
But surprisingly
I still forget what I should not
And scratch my head
Not remembering even the name
Of most necessity!

dipak adhya

Friendship

Friendship

On the way my friend stopped
But I pretended to be busy
I didn't walk with him
I didn't listen to him
And we parted

The days passed
Now I'm much wretched

I need my friend
I want he stands by me
Should I tell him this
But how?

Just then, todayat morning
Unexpectedly, unbelieving
He came, having listened about me
Still I'm very scared
To tell him as my friend...

Do I deserve this? i

dipak adhya

From Sealdah To B-Garden

From Sealdah to B-gardn

When the conductor came for fare
I cut two tickets
The conductor looked strangely at my face
But remained silent

All the way I was thinking of you
How much we loved this ride
And the view...
Thousands tidbits were coming to mind
I was laughing ruminating

At the last stoppage he came
And asked a silly question: where is the second one?
I looked at me
But I think all the way I was not alone
Only a smile
I gave him
And sure, he thought me, indeed, a fool one

dipak adhya

Game On Stock Exchange

Game on stock exchange

Having sold out my stock
I await for bear
He is as usual late
And Ifear
As if I have lost my blooming treasure.

An ox is then always visible
Previously I begged for him
But he is very dim
And spends time interim

Never a bear or an ox
Did not give me summer time
You may think I am not a good player
But that's not a hymn
Today I only look at the graph
And see the fountain of sorrow
Akin to Floral!

dipak adhya

God &...

God is not an atheist
He always examines you
Day and night
Science may not admit
But conscience is guided by him
Or other wise
And in the long run
Our craving for Him
And a feeling of grief
Gradually purifies the soul
That's yours & mine!

dipak adhya

God And...

God and...

God may forget something
But I don't
God may think difficult
But I must not

Such words were there
When both of us were in relationship
Now everything is past
But God is the same
His thinking is too

We are still examinee to Him
And the examiner remembers everything!

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God Is Thankful To Us

Now

God is thankful to us
We have pulled his image down and thought
But couldn't do Himself
His omnipotent power has been transformed
By our cleverness, selfishness...
There is no God but He is present

God is thankful to us
We have removed him far away
Now, there is so much greed
There is attractive earthly treat
Why need Him in this catastrophe
No, indeed I don't bear His futurity

God is thankful to us
He is not away us
If we got Him anywhere
We would not make him better than ours!

dipak adhya

Hatred

It is that black rose
I nurture in sly
Oh! How deepblack it is
That reflects me
In leisure

It is the nightmare
That comes in my dream
After a day's hectic schedule
I sleep to dream
And it comes crawling
In the deep dark night

I turn my face
From pleasant moments
And rage, anguish, agony...
All dance together in hatred!

dipak adhya

Having Without Relation

Having without relation

Yet I'm alone and very alone
Like the darkest night of year
Like a prisoned man

A dejected lover thinks different
After separation
Even committing of storm
That can't be solution

But surprisingly
I cherish it now
You are far away and Having without relation
I find in you -in our part
A new apostle of love
Whom I adore as my Goddess
Still now.

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Holi

Even can the moon hides the maculae?

Simply no.

Looking at her as glittering sphere

I forget the pains of her

As I know, mine also.

The Spring comes every year

Holding his hands come

The happiest 'holi'

I too become joyous

As ever

But the past remembrance

The happiest all

The sorrowest all

The unfortunate ones

Come together one by one

And my heart pains

I feel melancholy blows

But when you come with colours

And make me colourful with it

Just then, I forget the maculae -the pains

And shout with you

'Holi Hai'

In a loud chorus!

dipak adhya

Holi Hai!

When the colour touches
Not only body but also mind
I see, it is my holi and yours too.

When palash blooms
Light becomes fiery
Silent love engulfs mind
And she awaits
I see, it is my holi and yours too.

When all the friends together
Shout with coloured face
Hardly know each other
I see, it is my holi and yours too.

Holi Hai!
Lets enjoy it!

dipak adhya

Homage To William Blake

Homage to William Blake

words don't come out from the heart
But it pleases me
And I fall in it
Becomes an easy prey

I come awake next
Look back in grief
And reproach myself
For being a foolish guy

But in darkness
When there was none by me
'Song of Experience' of Blake
Once more becomes an evidential & everlasting!

dipak adhya

Hope

Hope is a silver line
That is far away but so near
Hope is a train of thoughts
That mind absorbs as dear

Hope is eternal green
Forces to give up evil
Hope is like your face
That enlivens me still

dipak adhya

Hyacinth

Hyacinth

Now the water is stagnant
Boats are stood on both sides
From their sleeping
Sand-dunes have risen on the each side
And I'm stood on the other

Dear, you too have gone long days
A stagnant heart doesn't feel
Any wavy excitement
A few hyacinths are floating on river
Though not moving they are
Being an embodiment of beauty
They're gradually drying

I know, I too an unworthy guy
Who is just stood the river by
And similarizes tide and ebb to himself!

dipak adhya

I Always Want To

I always want to keep up the relationship
That I come across on the way
During walking

I always want to keep up the thoughts
That you desire from me
During our togetherness

I always want to make you remember
I'm with you
During our long-distance living

I always want to make you feel
There is a special one
Who thinks of you
And you may think of him
As your dearest one! i

dipak adhya

I Fall In Love

I fall in love
again and again to fall another
wait and wait
then suddenly when time approaches
I find a vast Paradise
in her
and like a jovial heart
I drink the dew of love
with her heartbeat
with her breath
with her fragrance
with her shyness
and murmur to myself
I love my sweetheart!

dipak adhya

I Fear

I fear

Now I fear to touch the old diary
That you gave me on my birthday
The pages of it know
How deep my feeling is
How much adoration
A heart can offer
A vast span like the sky
Our sublime love is spread there
But I fear
To be hurt
And like a deep addicted man
Again ruminates the old
With broken heart

Now I fear to touch the pen
That you gave me on my birthday
It's ink is much familiar to me
It's smoothness is as salty as tears
That flows in remembrance
In conflict of past and now
It reminds a few eternal lines
Full of pain and sorrow
That has been blowing
Like a flute-crying

I don't want the returns of that day
I don't want to read that poem
I don't want to write with that pen
But I never want to leave them
At all, at all, at all.

dipak adhya

I Rise

Though it was not like that
Yet, I think for your indifferences

Do you want me to see work the broken wing?
Craving for you
Longing for you
Otherwise...

Are you jealous me seeing in this state?
But I have a large number of obstacles
You must not see them
I don't want to show that too

Yes my dear
I rise
Still I rise

Without your love, attention, care
I rise and must rise.

dipak adhya

I Too

All dream does not come true
Yet if it comes with joy
Wrapping itself with unbound pleasure
I try to ruminate
And pray for true happening

But the other,
Oh! Time! You come
And let pass quickly

I'm used to forget past
Past always instills fear and sorrow
The happy moments are awaiting to come

I too...

dipak adhya

I Want To Go Out Myself

I want to go out myself
From my eyes, breathe, thoughts...
And want to adjust there
With the untouched folks

I'm certain that there is implicit
Pure love and passion
Adoration for a heart
That does not know wealth and pedigree
Not what in future may be

I want to go out myself
And I must go
If you forbid me
Let say them so:
Not to love from heart
And to be practical...

dipak adhya

If I Were Grilled

If I were grilled

You may defeat me with your power
There gruesome malice lives
With your intention -fierce

You may shut me in doors
The guards may not give me drink
But their heart will know
And stoop for sympathy

I'm forced to be grilled
They are forced to keep me
And as long as you'll keep me inside
My words will ring to their heart
Never an oppressor
Will listen to it

But its sonorous sound
Will awake everyone
And then
I see myself
I'm free
I'm free
I'm free
With my words and deeds

dipak adhya

If Justice Is Delayed

If justice is delayed

'Justice delayed is justice denied'
with trembling heart, with a lot of patience
there remains only days

everyone knows, time is not stagnant
now it is to you
Oh! honourable court
will you start walking with time
or will you lag behind

If justice is delayed
there's an outrage
and if it is done in apt
you will again win heart
of the millions
your order must shower
on each hearts
perennial solace!

dipak adhya

If You Forget Me

If you forget me
I'd not be morbid
If it makes you happy
And less troublesome
If it keeps all others
As they wish
And above all
If you don't feel eerie
Let you forget me
Forget me.

If ever in any circumstances
Something comes in mind
Akin to me or our togetherness
Think then otherwise;
Not about me
Hence, I was not born at all,
It was merely a dream.

dipak adhya

If You Leave This Hand

If you leave this hand
I must not stoop and beg
Rather,
I'll go back to my past
And will see the next day to come.

In between
I'll think of the past
I'll nurture the unfaded memories
I'll talk to myself
And must find you beside.

If you leave this hand
You may not be able to go
My remembrance must cling yo myself
No one will be able to snatch that though.

dipak adhya

I'm A Bad One

I'm a bad one

I know I'm endowed with falsehood
Addiction is in some cases
Greed is up to bottom
Lust is in darkness
An endless list
And you said a single word Bad!

One-day leaving me alone
You went away
Holding the fingers of honesty
Education
Truthfulness
Cooperation
Righteousness...

Unlike me he Is a rich one
I don't know; but my heart craves to know
Does he love you as a bad one?

My tongue wishes to tag you worst
But never I said such word
As I know, I'm a bad one!

dipak adhya

I'm Never Alone

I'm never alone
your unseen shadow
Is overshadowed upon me
Our togetherness never keeps me to be quiet

I'm never alone
The times repeat itself
There's your sublime love
And I converse with myself

The past becomes present
The present becomes alive
My virility once more
Touches your thoughts
That are full of songs of Spring...

dipak adhya

Importance

Importance

To a soldier
Chocolate is more important than ammunition
Likewise,
Peace is more important
Than war
The first kills fear
The latter instills tear
Who wants to die in front?
Who wants to kill other?

As no war can bring Peace
No soldier is eager for life's sacrifice!

dipak adhya

In A Midnight

In a midnight
When the half a world is asleep
I woke up.
From the open window
I could see partial dark world.
I went to the roof
Stood by the railing for long.

Being wondered
I noticed
They all were busy but very quite
The known trees were glad to have me
The nocturnal birds greeted me
The barking of the dogs wished me
Even the glow-worm began to dance
Oh! The stars too came down
To look at me

For long I was there among them
For long I was in the other world
Where there is no greed, no lust, no malice
Love is Perennial in each darkness!

dipak adhya

In A Moonlit Night

she often comes to me
When dark night descends
All the people of house are in deep sleep
The dim light of the night lamp
Makes the room silvery
I look at my daughter's face
She is huddled into her mother's breasts
The nocturnal birds' scratching sound
Only is heard by me
Then she comes.
She comes unobtrusively
Into my room
And I go there slowly.

I enlighten the room
And the canvas gradually
Becomes darkened
Just then I see her, My beloved
In the form of moonlit night
In front of me!

dipak adhya

In Between

In between there can be no words
Where there only lust lasts
No hearts
No feelings
No adoration
In between whatever remains
I abhor heartily
So, I don't want
Any words come
Any clause...
There can never be any purpose
Like a bloomed flower!

dipak adhya

In My Sleeping

In my sleeping often I see a light
In my sleeping often I feel a flight
Of drowsy wind
In my sleeping often I smell
Of beautiful something
Is that all yours?
Is it what I feel to be?
In desolate night when that stars excel
I feel you in that dim light
It is that light what you show to me
But what I know
I want to realize your sublime touch
Through all your earthly discourse.

dipak adhya

In Remembrance Of Her: Payel Khanra

In remembrance of her: Payel Khanra

A bolt from the blue is
Her death
At this early age -only 25

A promising talent
She herself was like a poem
The shedding of such a bud
Is really a tragic matter

She has left us
Yet, she is still alive
In her writing -stories and poems

When I think
When will she come back?
I hear a beaming smile
In her numerous writing
Just then, it is felt
A writer never dies!

dipak adhya

In Spite Of

In spite of

In spite of being a nature-lover
I love to see my own books
Are being sold like hot-cake
And I remain jubilant
Apparently indifferent

In spite of being a zoophilist
I don't like to see the tiger's sleeping
In the cages of the zoo
When I paid for ticket
I'd like to see its growling

In spite of being a rational person
(though someone regards me as intellectual)
I like to comment with deep irony
Of present situation
Our state is...and political system is...
The leaders are only self-centric

Then, Coming back to my cozy room
I try to write poem - scourge, destruction, doom...

Now, it is midnight and feeling sleepy
I don't need to have sleeping pill!

dipak adhya

In The Name Of Development

In the name of development

60 lives will be killed
And a few voices rose
And gradually fades away
In gray coloured words of everyday

I too,
Being shocked wrote a few lines
A few read it and forgot

A few lovers of theirs
Cried and protested
Slogans were raised faintly
Long sighs were heard
And the word 'compulsion'
Showing its teeth started to laugh

Just then
Beside the road from a little window
The chorus of a nursery school children is heard
'Trees are our best friend'
Their voices are being echoed
Spread beyond all barriers

Opening my eyes I see
The trees are crying and shedding their leaves
Not to love and to be loved

dipak adhya

In The Silhouette

Did anybody give me
A piece of picture
That is still stuck on my breast
And haunts me
In my loneliness

Did you give me, or
The person was you
In the silhouette
Whom I see is just like you

You
What are you whispering in my heart
It is not secret
As my heart listens to it
And eyes cherish its fragrance!

dipak adhya

In Time Of Writing About My Father

When I try to write something
About my father
Remembrances come thronged
-Congestion -I lose myself
Only his face, talking, voice, gestures
Become prominent
My past enlivens me -I live in there
And nothing is written
About him.

Blank pages gradually turn into mild breeze.

dipak adhya

In Your Surrounding

In your surrounding

Where I keep my face
There is your presence
Where I keep my hand
There is you Omnipotent
Where I take a glance
There is your fragrance

How can I think you forgot me
How can I think you dislike me

Rather all seem to me
I've been still in your surrounding...

dipak adhya

Indebted

I'm indebted to the man
Who praised me a lot
In a gathering
And I showed him my gratitude

I'm indebted to the man
Who gave me a chance
In a long queue
To stand in front
And I showed him my gratitude

I'm indebted to the man
Who helped me finding my lost purse
In a running train
And I paid him my gratitude

I'm still indebted to you
For spending your valuable time of life
In reading me
But Alas!
I didn't give you 'thanks'
Yet to at least.

dipak adhya

International Mother Tongue Day

International Mother Tongue Day

The martyrs never die
Aspiration lives on ever
Goodwill is always reflected
And their name never
Go to oblivion

Rafique, Salam, Borkot...
Today is not to mourn
The World is owe to all of you
Even Nations

It may be German, Budapest, Philippines...
East or West, North or South
Only your endeavours
Brought it - provided to taste
The sweetness of own language
To speak, write and so on

We, with humbled notion
Observe this -
A day for,
International Mother Tongue Day

dipak adhya

Intimacy

In time of holding your face with my hands
My fingers tremble
That feels shaky because of
The mistake—not a single but numbered
That has been committed and may be again.

In time of holding your face with my hands
My fingers tremble
Then I heartily pray not for your pardon
My heart whispers, give me the strength
Not to repeat mistake again
In the sphere of greed and lust
Let show me light as soon as fast

dipak adhya

Knitting A Shawl

Spending the time - day and night
Knitting a shawl for one
Is not only for his warmth
There is a lot of love
In each knitting and sewing
A bare thread knows
A lone cord knows
The time too

In time of wearing it
He must not wear a
shawl
To prevent cold
If you ever make it for me
I shall wear a warmth love
With your patience and adoration
I shall breathe your heart's joy
I shall wear you also!

dipak adhya

Leaving Me You May Go Far Away

leaving me you may go far away
Your remembrance is prominent to my heart
And It'll remain still
I'll not forget you ever.

leaving me you may go far away
I may not be able walk with you
Side by side
The known ways will be unknown
The trodden paths may ask for coming once more
But I'll not
Our walking and togetherness will remain still
To my heart.

leaving me you may go far away
I must not hold your hands
You may not feel me
But I must
I must touch you all the days and night
As you must not be able to go far away
Leaving my heart.

dipak adhya

Let Me Give The Chance

Let me give the chance to hold that hand
I shall cross this long way
In silence and without being anxious
In this hand there's highest sincerity
That way must be smooth and without stopping
Have been walking since long for you
Let me give the chance to hold that hand.

Don't ask me to stop
There's a long way still to go
Holding your hand
I'll cross the coming night
But I feel in my heart deepest peace
I shall see the sunrise holding your hand
In the spree of coming dawn.

dipak adhya

Lethpora Massacre Or...

lethpora massacre or...

Blood stains
Blown up vehicles
Massacre of 42 troopers
Worst strike in 30 years insurgency
Oh! My brothers!

The scattered words are there
The wind of Lethpora is still carrying
The smell of explosives
Millions & millions' heart all over the world
Are too shocked to crying
I've been thinking those
Who died and it to their dear ones
A deep blow not to go oblivion

Who killed them and who are the evils?
Or is it just a matter of fact, not more than this?
The personnel, died for the country
I've read such words in column
But the conscience of mine
Tells other words in line
Of vindictive politics
Remaining in power, is the sole aim
Here or there
Who wants to end them?
And ever thinks of the kashmiri or jawans?
They are merely puppets of old jackles
(You may read it as politicians)

dipak adhya

Living

Living

Not happiness. Goodness. A light of happiness of morning
It glimpses
Very little
And I draw vogue picture

From that picture subtlesound is arisen
My heart is broken into pieces
Time stands still

There everything is memorable
Unnumbered love
Rare a living

They all come back
This is the best time
I go away to past and sing
Darling! What is love!

dipak adhya

Love-Shaded

There was a light
Its rays were too pierce to look at
But I bore with it
Stood for a long time and watched its playing
People were thronged
Fame gathered
From here and there money was rushing in
Everyone
was amaged
Everyone
was craving to reach near the source
Happiness!Happiness!Happiness!

I looked back to myself
But surprisingly did not feel pity
I'm still stood in a shade
Where your love and blessings are more pleasant
Without any ache!

dipak adhya

Me And The Moon

The moon too becomes morbid
Often in wintery night
She herself wearing a red saari
With crater at its end
Hangs down it to show
So that no one can move eyes
From hers and pray...

She too becomes an enchanted one
She too becomes amorous
But Alas!
There's no one to woo
There's no one beneath the wintery sky
To look the beauty
And drink celestial joy

The night descends
Her make-up becomes fade
She craves for one
Whose eyes will create her
As perennial

Just then I walk out from my room
Unknowingly look at her
And her beaming smile
Makes me lunatic for ever

I know what she wishes me
And I must go there
Where there is only luminous

Now, I know
What love really is!

dipak adhya

Me: A Mask Worn Man

To grin and to lie
To cheat and to make fool
To shade the real and to show the other
A mask is worn on my face
That you never see
That you never feel
But in the deep down of my heart
I feel it -I see it.

Never I want to be second fiddle
Never I want to be trifle
Why should I show you
My shortcomings
Why should Itell you
I'm wretched?

I smile, I grin
Only the God knows
What type of smile it is
Why such a grinning?

Certainly He sees a bloody heart
Which craves to be pure and sublime
But in my eyes there in me
A mask worn man does arise.

dipak adhya

Meghdoot

Listen -listen to me
Let you look at the sky
And see the flying clouds
Bright and blue

Did you keep any words to it
Did you keep any picture to it
Are they saying such secret words
As I feel

Dear, Oh, Dear!
I'll nit call it 'Meghdoot'
Rather my power of Iimagination
Become sharper
And I'll feel you heartily
With sweet memories once more!

dipak adhya

Mind

Mind is a divine origin
A creative cosmic agency is it
It is a perceptive organ

There's a subconscious operation of will
It brings light in us
And at last its prakriti
Creates this material world

Mind is not independent
It is the final for the truth
So, in the Universal existence
A truth-consciousness hails the supermind
And I read in scripture:
Universal principle of life.

dipak adhya

Mother

Mother

You don't ever know
How many dejections are there
Hidden in my heart
You only see me as usual.
It is true,
Your little son is still just the same
But when I see in your eyes
Larger expectations
My heart lingers to perform
I try hard
And when success comes
I know it is yours blessings
That enticed me to do this.

I know what I am,
But you see in me a larger than life personality
And I feel ashamed
My peers may think me snobbish,
I care for none
Just then I take pride in
For being your son
And your loving affection
As if you are a big tree
And under your shade
I'm merely a little sapling!

dipak adhya

Mother-Language

Day for mother-language

Mother - language
Its importance is beyond of measure
No one can think otherwise

When one remembers
About the martyrs for mother-language
Never feels sorrow
Rather takes pride in their vows
Their courage shows
Fulfillment of demand -ultimatum

Rafiq, Salam, Borkot and others
Are real hero to be remembered
All over the world

Now it is true,
We favour other languages too
But when one says in mother tongue
Its sweetness seem to be better
Than all the sounds and words
In the universe!

dipak adhya

My Father

In each sexagenarian
Who is short and fat
I find my father
And his son in me

A very amazing man he was
Austere but without superstitions
Economical but spent a lot to bring up
Rigid but as soft as feathers.
A teacher he was.
Indeed, a teacher was he,
But he never taught me
How to be rich materially.

My father was my Alphabet to me
And whatever I nurture today
I try to carry his words and thoughts.

Now if a blossom ever comes
And says of success
Just then, I feel his presence
And take pride in, being his pupil and being his son.

dipak adhya

My Mother

My mother

A tree often comes in dream
Its branches are golden
Leaves are reddish
The birds that twitter on it
Are as white as milk
The ground is covered with velvet green
The blossoms are multi-coloured
Its voice is so pleasant
And shade is so warm that
I wonder and wonder

Just then, a face comes to my mind
And I see a laughter of my mother!

dipak adhya

My Possession

Don't want to give off anything
Whatever I got
Is precious
I collect from it
A little light
Bit by bit
And often I get
A poetical pleasure
Godly happiness
And above all
Your fragrance.

Is there anything more beautiful
Than all my possession?

dipak adhya

My Rabindranath

In the month of Boisakh
You are remembered more
Than the rest of the hours
When the gulmohor blooms
The light becomes reddish
I too can't turn my face
From you
Your heavenly praises
Come down and teach my heart
Just then
I feel
You taught me to look at
You taught me to love
And in everything
It seems
You too are being manifested
You -My Rabindranath!

dipak adhya

My Valentine Mon

My Valentine, Mon

I love a broken heart
Only to be loved
She knows magic
She has poetic words
I want to make a scenic paradise
With our pen
That may end the pain
In deep
With our all, side by side!

dipak adhya

My Valentine Peu

My valentine Peu

Just a handful of life
I've filled it with adoration
Adoration to you, Peu, my valentine

A little bit of time whenever I get
Your coming makes it joyous
And my remembrance becomes more sensuous

But now you are not merely a remembrance
Now you are a living being
Now I can touch you
Kiss you
Feel you
Embrace, take care even talk
And your leafy banners
Deep Shadows, swaying sounds make me feel
You'll never part me till
I'll live & I'll live long for you -my valentine, Peu!

dipak adhya

Myself

Myself

Now the actual question
About me: Do I know myself?
And I see myself
Only in your eyes
Little known and failure one

My belief stretches its roots to deep
I believe what you see
I see in your eyes
I repeat the old and new words

Then, you, my dear
Showed me your thoughts
Being puzzled I remain quite
And think and think

There's nothing to tell me about
Truly, no success is even at horizon
That I may touch or breathe
And more I never craved for it
Or aimed at

Really, a silly guy am I
Just then I hear a boy
Who recites this verse
And a little wave arise in my heart
And touches my joy.

dipak adhya

Next To God

It hurt Jesus to love us
It hurt Him
The days have not been changed
Men are still the same
And why will you not be hurt
When you are next to God?

No, our ancestor did not teach us
Not to be atheist
Rather in our pedigree
We take pride in
To assault the great in glee
Once they too
When Jesus was crucified.

We are not shameful
To hurt you Sir,
We can't ever judge
Who is God and who is not!

dipak adhya

No Nor'wester

The dazzling sun suddenly turned into blackish
I'm in mid-river with my little heart
Who crossed two April with her biggy eyes.
Suddenly the river became turbulent
The boatman stopped his Vatiyali
And glanced at the bank
His muscles became more active to cross

The storm rose
The waves lashed against the boat
We are still away
My baby hugged my neck tightly
And looked at the water
Enjoying with heart's content
She screamed at me
Look, look, Papa, It is like an ocean
She was the least nervous as there was her man

At once I felt that
And I too tried to imbibe her
Called Him, Oh! my father
Let's give your blessings... and don't forget us ever

The speed of the boat is now quenching
And the boatman is with benign smiling.

dipak adhya

No War Will Be Taken Place

No war will be taken place

No war will be taken place
No revenge is on the card
It is a peace loving country!

Meeting after meeting and then...
In the closed room
In whispering tone
The martyrs' family will be given
More money
Deep consolation
And promise of a job

On the Martyrs' Day
Their name will be uttered with
A gallantry medal

No brother! No war will be
It is a peace loving country
And please you don't utter a word
If any car with full of RDX
Unobtrusively prepares itself
For another carnage
In the dark night
During our sound sleeping!

We'll again walk with a lighted candle a whole eve!

dipak adhya

Not Remembering A Certain Day

The day that I once thought
As unforgettable
Passed without remembering me
I didn't pay heed on that certain day
Yet it is not that
You are a heart to forget
Indeed, you were and are
So close to my mind
That the certain day is trifle.
I have been living with you
And there is no need to remember
A trifle one!

dipak adhya

Now I'm In

Now I'm resting under the shade of remembrance of you
Now I'm in gleeful view
We are by the river Ganges
In Botanical Garden
Sitting under the shade of a huge tree
I'm being fed
What mother cooked only for you.

The meal is being shared
The words are being shared
The dreams are being shared
from heart to heart
Oh! What a splendid time it is
As if we are born to love
To love this sight
And the time to immortalize

dipak adhya

Now You Come

Now you come and jump into my heart
Here a long area is waiting for your come
The green leaves of the trees
Have turned themselves colourful
The old leaves have stretched wrappers on ground
Mild wind is ready to soothe you
The birds are with cacophony
The clouds are with blue coloured covers

Let's see dear,
The time is also stood
The season is not going away
I've stretched my hands
Waiting for your coming
Let jump you
On my breast
In my heart....
Don't wait
Come
Come
Come just now!

dipak adhya

Om!

In a tranquil night you come out
As spontaneous surmise
From the very depth of my heart
I linger to recite
Still the stars are shining
Still the mild breeze is blowing
In the glowing shadow beneath the moon
The very word seems to the boon
And I pray: utter the holy hymnal word
My ears feel its transcending beyond the world!

dipak adhya

On The Day Of Black Valentine

On the day of black Valentine

Mother,
My neighbour has been nurturing snake
Since '47
Its hissing sound
Makes me nervous
Its poison often numbs my limbs
Yet I remain
Quiet
You taught me Mother,
Love wins at last
How long will I bear with Mom
Its poison

Mother, let me go you
I must uproot its teeth
Then I'll sleep the night
And see a dawn new & bright!

dipak adhya

Only The Bridge Knows

In the midnight
When the last train goes by safely
Over the iron bridge with crushing sound
Certainly God also goes to sleep

The iron bars breath again in peace
He too goes to sleep

The bridge is now old
Very old
Every night he dreams shortly
To be rejuvenated
But Alas!

The train everyday carries
The innocent ones
The old iron bars try hard to be fit
And then sighs!

One-day an MP was coming alone
In a special train
Now the whole bridge is
Very thoughtful

Does it think different?
Does it?
Only the bridge knows!

dipak adhya

Peace Loving

350 against 40
Or 40 against 350
Can number bring peace
Can war ends terrorism
Can populist methods shower happiness
If it happens
I'll stand by the warmongers
I'll...

If you think different
If peace doesn't come,
Let talk and talk
If you don't believe in foe's words
You teach them through words
Only words & love have the power
Of everlasting happiness
Peace must follow them

I want to see such leaders
With blissful words
Not to kill or to be killed the peace ever.

dipak adhya

Perpetual

perpetual

How far can you fly
Let you come down
There in the soil and with the grass your past is still stuck
You may forget them
But they didn't forget
They remember you always

Have you ever met the stars
Do you stii think
The sky is your adobe place
Tye they are not perpetual even to you
Know of it

So come down
And live with your old pals
So come down
And live with your innate thoughts
Our relations
Our earthly love
Will remain for ever.+

dipak adhya

Poetry Vs Poem

A train of thoughts -is my poetry
And you read my poem
But when in other eye
I see wearing you the red clothes
At that moment
The words dance
And in tranquil night
When I'm alone on my bed
An unread poem
Comes to me

Am I not still reading it?

dipak adhya

Portrait

you may draw me up
In silent pastel
I must be there
I must be praised by everyone
Your aptness will make me living
Your craftsmanship will be prominent

No, I have nothing to grumble of it
If you may
Just input a heart into it
It must talk to you
As you wish.

dipak adhya

Pray For Her Coming

Pray for her coming

Wife wanted a male child
Husband always craved for a girl

No, there was no deep thought in it
Wife prayed to carry on
A lineage that is only theirs
But the husband
Never thought it so
The wife in a midnight
When the moon was pouring its light
In utmost silence, whispered
Why? Why? Why?
Do you prefer a maid?
The man said,
My dear, can you remember
That rituals
For the first time you came out in crying
Holding my hand
Throwing the grains of rice on your mother's apron.
Just then,
Your father's crying
Also wetted my heart
I saw the two pairs of eyes
Which said 'adieu'
What a fatherly affection indeed
What a daughter's love is...

I'll stand by her
When she'll go to house of in-law
Until she comes to my life
The poem will be only a thought of mine
So, pray for her coming
So, pray for her coming...

dipak adhya

Prayer: To Fulfil The Desire

Being tired I look at myself
Nothing has been done
Yet...
The setting sun is red
The flying birds are on homeward
And here I am
Tired and dejected

After the long night
I may come and engage myself
For newer job and thought
Before all this I pray:
Oh! My God!
Let me give the chance to fulfil the desire!

dipak adhya

Premonition

Premonition

- - - - -

Before facing destiny
Want to meet once more
Yet to be loved and given
You the heartiest enjoyment
Want to keep here my little trace
Into your heart
I must live long as long your soul
My friend! Watch out for the things
Take a little look around
I must be visible in everything
That once I loved and now you do

dipak adhya

Quarreling

The other name of love is quarreling
The other name of affection is quarreling
The other name of remembrance is quarreling
The other name of egotism is quarreling

You may not agree with me
You may counter it loudly
You may say the other words

And then my beaming smile
Must say you other words:
It is you
Who are nearest to my heart
Therefore, such din
In our mind!

dipak adhya

Question To Lord Shiva

Oh! My lord Shiva
Why are you so blind?
When I see the maidens
Who worship you
With their full heart and soul
In spite of thousands adversities

And one in a desolate night
Such an innocent flower loses her virginity
To the demons
Whom you don't discriminate.
In many cases
Being hero they loiter still
Beside your adobe place
Without your punishment!

dipak adhya

Rains

like illegal relationship

Rains started

In the inner heart

Lighting

Clouds.

Your remembrance becomes too vivid

You unobtrusively come and sit down by

Whispering tone of ours

It's stopping

Rains are stopping

Gradually my heart is coming off

I'm being engaged in daily affairs...

dipak adhya

Rat Race

Rat race

My daughter always wants to know
My past
She compares herself with it
When she gets score more than mine
Her joys know no bound

In her seven years
She has defeated me seven hundred times
Yet she wants another win

Another win means another feather
She counts 701,702,703...
I make her remember if she forgets
And then I fear
Of undeniable rat race!

dipak adhya

Reflection

Reflection

On each child's face
My own childhood pierces
To each morning
There lies happy old days

I gape in amazement to the faces of children
Mingling with my lost love
They turn into like petals
In my blinkless eyes
The sunlight comes
It becomes fierce
The soft petals being tired turns into the noon
I look at afternoon in prospect
But evening descends

I see my childhood on each child's face
And prays deeply
When they'll grow up, not I
Only the happy afternoon and success
Reflect them each.

dipak adhya

Religion And Atheism

Religion is a strange invention
Preaches brotherhood
Yet kills humanity
The evils take it on hand
And sages take it with inform
The twos are prone to show
The power and capacity under tone

Only the atheists know
What a heart knows!

dipak adhya

Reminiscent

Reminiscent

If one reminds me
In the wee hour
My joy feels no bound
And spread Wings -no barrier

When you tell me this
Inform me of your reminiscent
I, being a true lover
Kiss on your hand with heroic bent

Truly, I'm not a guy to be remembered
So your reminiscent makes me more humbled!

dipak adhya

Repentance

When I was fully blind
I could get her fragrance
Whenever she would come to me

When I was fully blind
I could get her sublime touch
Whenever I would feel

When I was fully blind
She was all to me
My thoughts were only centred round her
And I would feel myself
Merely like a satellite

But Alas!
Now I'm well sighted
And there's nowhere
Nowhere her fragrance
I'm devoid from all sublimity!

dipak adhya

Self-Banishment

When my opticals becomes hazy
I choose self-banishment
Past comes so nearer
And enlivens all
That were kept in darkness
For long

My dear
Why do you come so often
Believe, I want to forget you
And all that happened

Well, if you come again
I must not stoop to past
Rather, my self-banishment
Turns into a melancholic joy!

dipak adhya

Sharing

Sharing

I can see your despair
But its poignancy
Is yet to realise
I want to listen them now

You share your sorrow
I'll not cry listening to it
But, if a warm sigh of mine
Touches you
It will make you feel my sharing
And that certainly will give you
A friend's touch

I'll share mine
I'll pour all sorrow of past
My friend, please listen to me
And compare

Both sadness are salty
They nibble us unobtrusively
Let me say
And I'll listen yours

This sharing may ruin the grief
Or not
But certainly give us a new breathe to live

dipak adhya

Sin

Sin

There is no sin in sorrow
I feel it
Sorrow comes creeping
Holding the hands of her going away

I look at the wealth what she possesses
And then envy peers
You may see my smiling face
But I see sorrow's glance
And someone whispers
There is also sin
Sin in your prayer
Sin in love, lust, loss

Then I keep my face to the sun
A feeling of Godhood is manifested
The sun, the light, its warmth...
Gradually from mind the evil goes off

dipak adhya

Sorry

I've washed off
A colour called depression
I've broken a phrase 'I can't '
And much used words
'I'll try'
Yes, I've been trying to use
Not to you only
But my readers also
As well as me
Another one -
No, you need not listen to it
'Sorry! '

dipak adhya

State Of Being & State Of Mind

State of being & state of mind
Though they all signify noun
Yet are quite different
From one another

We, the two minds
Are the same
When the first is manifested over you
Certainly you look at me
In the eyes of second
Therefore, I remain quite
And try to learn grammar!

dipak adhya

Still Now

Still feel you are not far away
Still my remembrance are as alive as morning of today
Our times are forever ours
My heart feels not pain of going away

All distances are not same
All cravings are not in vain
As of now I
I still remain along with you
You may think other
What my silent moment can do

There's indeed a true sphere
I'm still in our trodden thoughts
O Dear, My Dear!

dipak adhya

Tell Me No More Of Thy Love

Tell Me No More Of Thy Love

'Tell me no more of thy love'
The earth moves round the Sun
But night comes as usual
And the earth never blames
For her darkness and for her sigh!

'Tell me no more of thy love'
My eyesight is as sharp as wild cat
My feeling is as sensuous as a maiden's first eye
So I know all your passions
As if Dona's dream
I feel it to the brim
Of my heart

'Tell me no more of thy love'
Rather you tell me
How will you spend the night
If the light
Is gone forever
Leaving a heart between you and me
Let me say so
How will I spend the days
And will you without me.

[Inspired by the first line 'Tell me no more of thy love' from the poem 'A love song from the north' by Sarojini Naidu.]

dipak adhya

Terrorism

No Islamophobia
No Hiduphobia
No Christianophobia
But a phobia is still there
It is menacephobia
It is religiousphobia
It is castophobia

And there are malice, hatred and ignorance
Until we are lighted with His light
Full of love, compassion and honesty
The devil will not die
And peace will be merely
A word to utter!

dipak adhya

The Afternoon

Where the afternoon stops coming
Where don't feel anything except own hand
Where the willing sun too awaits for a while more
There my poem dwells

Still when I think of you
The afternoon descends even in the mid-night

Let you stay for a while more
Beneath this Chatim tree is still fervent
Let you keep your head on this breast
The old shirt is perfumed in spring

Today the evening will not come neither the night
Where my poem dwells
Can there ever come
Trifle coldness!

dipak adhya

The Dawn

Let the sweet sun rays
Kiss me
Till I walk in the morning
In the village paths

In this hot Summer
Who prefers you
The crescent moon
In the night is dearer
And I pray for her love
Yet now
Like a sage
His beaming rays
Seem to me a morning joy
For those the earth too prays
Throughout the nigh
For a benign dawn.

dipak adhya

The Deluge

Having wanted to mingle with the moonlight
I am still stood
Under the clear sky
In my mind too...
But she knows
The deluge
In the distract part of my mind
And I am submerged
In that sorrow

dipak adhya

The Farmer

O Dada!

How are you? I asked the man, whom
I had never met before
The man stared at me
Stopping his sowing the saplings a while

Evidently, he couldn't recognise me
And gaped at
Slightly bent his neck
And eyes replied,
so so

I stopped
and noticed his sowing
I know they spend life in fighting
Earn a little
Hardly maintain their life

We have been taught
They, the best friend of us
We know we've no time
For their welfare to blink an eye

It's my country
Sixty percent of land they nurture
More than half are called our friends

Our friends!
How far is it true?
Whenever the little children are taught
A pseudo friendship is brought.

dipak adhya

The Moon And Me

Know, the moon too feels greedy
In the moonlight night
As much as I feel
Peers, looks swiping the clouds
Forces her -keep open the window
In the midnight

She knows well, what is known as convergence
Allures me in the deep of bosom
Detains the time in the chain of patience

Does she also know Hypnotism
As far as my eyes go
I remain dumb
The whole night -the whole night
She also feels very coy
And dawn also breaks to her!

dipak adhya

The Rarest

A rare rose
Is not so rare as a diamond
A diamond is not rarer
Than your laugh
Your laugh is not the rarest
Rather it is your heart
That can be regarded by another heart
That you possess, the rarest entity
And I always love
The rarest feelings by the rarest existence!

dipak adhya

The Spring

The Spring

Spring time has come to me for a walk
Green leaves are much eager to talk
They stood by my village row
Today they all have forgotten the snow

Now I have been living within
Now they seem to play a violin
Let's see the leafy laces
All are bright on their faces

They all have forgotten the bound
They all have been rejuvenated and found
The past has gone away far back
Now they are in oblivion and black

The lives are stood on own feet
They stare at them - the lonely street
Besides me, there are the witness - leave
Everyone is joyous on the spring eve.

dipak adhya

The Tree In My Garden

The tree in my garden

Let us go into the garden
Trees will talk to you
As they talk to mine
They will teach you
How to stay still
Instead of earthly ups & down

Let us go into the garden
The palsy leaves that are still
On the ground, don't sigh for their decaying
Rather, now, they are celebrating
The Spring to spring the flowers
With new twigs in warm winds

Let us go there
And learn how to be a tree!

dipak adhya

The Vaantiful

The vaantiful

A tree bloomed with tiny white
Is a common sight
Beside our village path
But like a dull guy
Often I look at them
With curious eye
For its unparalleled beauty & fragrance

I realise
The Spring is come
And gladness overflows my heart

It is the Vaantiful
You may call it Pastoral Eglantine
But to me it is the hailer
For whom waits to come the Spring!

dipak adhya

The Wind

Suddenly a pleasant wind kissed me
And went away
My body was convulsed
My heart was thrilled
My thought was disrupted
But I enjoyed to the brim all its chilling sway.

That wind also said something
But alas! I was not learned to realize.

The wind came again and went away
I'm still leaning against a railing
Looking and looking at your leafy thriving
Suddenly it appears to me
As if, you are smiling on your way.

dipak adhya

The Winter Is Going Away

The winter is going away slowly
The sun is transformed into a reddish tip
The cloudless sky has stuck it on her forehead
And the little breeze
Is yet to forget its passion for coldness
Does not find on its way

The winter is going away slowly
Having left the naked trees...
Paddy fields have given away all its treasure
To the reapers who are more busy to take home them
Look, Nabanna is approaching joyously

The winter is going away slowly
Like a yellow saaree the mustard fields
Are bloomed and its beauty
Is too spicy to breath for long
The bees are humming
The sparrow and other birds are much busy
And I can't move my eyes
Not to want leave the place of beauty

In our village the mango trees
Are covered woth boulds
The palash will follow her soon
Then I must not keep myself in captivity in doors
I'll go out to enjoy the spring with many more.

dipak adhya

The Women's Day

The Women's Day

Though I often listen the word 'equality'
Though you talk about 'Women's empowerment'
And give ample example
Of the starry women

Yet in the darkness
A fear runs after her
When she is alone
But she feels never lone
Because a fear of lost accompanies her

And in broad daylight
Nation observes
With sound of drums and tomtom
The Women's Day

In time of coming back
We, the men forget all
And a secret lust engulfs gradually...

dipak adhya

The Worst Pain

The worst pain
You are green -
I'm awaiting...
went off
I call on you over
No answer -
I'm still stood with cellphone!

dipak adhya

There's No Conflict

There's no conflict

There's no conflict in this truth
This hectic life is hurt now and then
With sudden gust of wind and its hit
That distract me from my dreamy way

There's no conflict in this truth
Your going away is a boon to me
Otherwise, you came to know my weakness
And it would force me to creep
For compromising an artificial life

There's no conflict in this truth
I would never surrender to earthly want
And that bohemian call would never allow me
To remain calm in your lusty warm

There's no conflict in this truth
I'll come back in each poems written in new forms
To establish my presence among the hearts
That never die or perish
Rather arise en every seasons among the lovers...

dipak adhya

To A Cleaner

To a cleaner

My words stop still
Thinking of you
My head stoops in reverence
And feel you so close to my heart

And yet so far -

Though there is no untouchability
Though there is no hatred
Yet never I embraced you
And never thought you as mine

One day I saw a king
washing your feet
you know it was just a showing -
What a great farce it was!

I've nothing to give you
I've nothing but a few words
With that I show my respects
And as usual regard you as my brother.

dipak adhya

To A Hesitated Thought

To a hesitated thought

I don't want to live leaving you
I don't want to stay under your shade
I don't want to get you only as remembrance

There are so many Noes
And a few Yeses
I decorate them whatever I get
And if I get the chance
I try to transform the Noes into Yeses
Then they laugh with joy
My heart with also dances

I see there is a bridge
Between us
To be amorous
Why will not I avail this
And make you happy and blessed!

dipak adhya

To A Holy Man

I am captivated in earthly sum
I am masked when I come
To you, while living in the dark
Certainly, you are the best fellow at heart
I crave like you to be
Often dart of conscience pierces me
I see your smiling face to every one of
Then my heart cries in joy
I see you never move your face off
Even on myself who is in coy

dipak adhya

To Be Seemed

There is no flower
Beyond of your sight
When your vision falls on it
Heart makes it bloomed

Never I felt your love
Untill its sublimity
Touched my heart
I stooped towards your grace
I breathed the fragrance of that jest
And the flower once again
Peeped Through my craving den

My heart is opened for that love

dipak adhya

To Him -1

Before writing this
I was praying to God
for His sublimity

A few words are here
with the fragrance of incense
I touch its soul
I touch Him as usual

let you read with heart
let you recite the words
yes, you're not reciting the poem
You're hailing the God.

dipak adhya

To Him -2

Before the dawn
I often listen to the birds' singing
Nestling round in their cote
Whom are they talking with?
Whom are they talking about?

Being puzzled I look at them
From the casement
In the subtle yellow light
I see their awaiting

The sun's rays touch the green leaves
The birds fly away
And I realise
They have already received
Your blessings.

dipak adhya

To My Dearest Friend

To my dearest friend

A touch can enliven one
If it comes from the depth of Heart
A touch can enliven one
If it touches into other' heart

I'm like an insane
Is out of control of own heart
One's breathe has been inhaled
And mine to hers...

So, dear never part me
In time of sorrow or joy
Our hearts will live together
In broad daylight, not in coy...

dipak adhya

To My Valentine

To My Valentine

She can blame me as she likes
In her blaming secret love of hers
Always smiles.
Her rosy cheek, petal-lips,
Flying locks, wavy breasts
Mind alluring fragrance -
All are responsible
For this poem that whispers
Let you love me, let you love

Dear, I love you much
But today it is insignificant
To utter the words
As from your heart to dreams
You must know and hear mine
All the time
It is me whose offerings
Is not manly;
You may call you 'madly'
Only for your love
And blame me mockingly not to love.

dipak adhya

To Our Soldiers

Whenever I remember our martyrs
Tears come down
But feel proud of them
And my head bends down
To respect

Whenever I read about
Their courageous activities
Their sacrifice
Their strength
Their discipline...
I take pride in
For being an Indian
And salute them in eloquent silence.
Jai Hind!

dipak adhya

To You

your existence
Is not an interrogative mark to me
Your existence
Is not unprecedented to me
Your sympathy
Is not unheard to me
Your offering
Is not unseen to me
Rather you are more omnipotent
Rather you are larger than thoughts
Yet I wonder
And often disregard you merely an idol

You are a true power
That elevates the mind
Beyond all earthly existence

dipak adhya

To You -3

In silence
When I become eloquent
I try to visualize
your sublimity

But Alas!
There no trace is seen
Only the cloudless sky
Green leafy breeze
Twittering of joyful birds
All seem to me very earthly

Suddenly a light flashes into mind
I see you
Your beaming smile
Is manifested
In each object and living being

dipak adhya

To You -4

We are in each other all along
You may deny that
But I feel it in my heart

We are in each other all along
You may not see that
But I walk along with you
Beyond our limits

In loneliness when I talk to you
Your unseen presence
your unuttered words
Linger in the air
I myself become a joy
I drink myself
I relish you
And a poignant life
illuminates

dipak adhya

To You -5

Never I departed you
Never I want to depart
Yet your presence
I couldn't feel
Your words seem to me a zero
To think you
Valueless
Waste of time...

Yet I believe
You were very much
Within my heart
Beyond my pungent living

Today when in my leisure
I feel
That was like an exam
I cracked that
And now trying to read you
For the larger course

dipak adhya

To You -6

I feel there's a suspicion
About your existence
As if you are my true love
There's all the time
A swaying thinking
Love -is it for mine?
Really do I deserve this?
And when it is manifested
When shades are off
Your unseen presence
Goes into oblivion

In rude reality
You are as far as you were so near

dipak adhya

To You -7

We were walking together
Through the untrodden ways
I felt it was the happiest moment
When you kept my fingers
Into your fist
And pressed them gently

long days passed
Still I feel that moment
Still I feel our walking
And your beaming smile
That transcends me from now to past

I know
You feel as my heart
Love can't be different
When lovers are not

dipak adhya

To You -8

Though I pray to Him
I don't know what is the blessings of God
Even suspicion peers into heart
Has there his real existence

A starved baby was crying bitterly
Buying a sweet-bread I offered her
Having had it she looked at me
unknowingly I read her heart

No - never - I'm neither God nor incarnation
Being a very simple human being
I could feel a subtle pride

God certainly doesn't take pride in Himself!

dipak adhya

Today Is Going Away

Today is going away

Today is going away
Though not unobtrusively
But without your good wishes
In the form of message
That's today's part now.

Today is going away
Without your phone call or greetings
My room has been waiting for
Listening to your voice
You better know this!

Today will go away
Without togetherness
No step will fall on the ground
When a single sound will be heard
But a lover's heart still hopes
For impossible to come
All on a sudden ever and ever!

dipak adhya

Totem

Throughout the night I heard the clouds moan
As if, to the sky and earth alone
It wants to know its presence with monotone.

Throughout the life I feel the poem
As if, nothing but an individual's totem
Where there only is written about freedom.

dipak adhya

Truth

Truth

Does crying ever reach to a terrorist?
Their gruesome act
Often voids families, hearts, dreams...

Do they belong to a certain community?
Do they have any religion?
Evidently 'No'
No community teaches to be a murderer
No religion teaches to commit crime
And in my deep belief
My pen writes,
No nation can it patronize

History never tells the truth
You may write it as you wish
But there's the conscience
That tells me about
Not only the terrorist
But also the fundamentalists
And to hit both of them hard
With light and values!

dipak adhya

Twelve Lines For Her

The crystal moon looks pale
In respect of you
A bunch of red-rose
Of course, is not better than my view
That has witnessed your loving hue

All loving desire
All heavenly notion
Become trifle
Whenever I think of our days
Guess and guess -I'm uttering my dear
You may know her and call her
Peu or Hue or a living drop of dew!

dipak adhya

Two Birds

I have been trying to find out
My lost heart
Since long past.
I have been trying to get back
My lost dream.
I have been trying to ruminate
My whispering words
That once kept your ears twitching
And at last
I felt we were one

Let you come back once more
We'll go back to the old days
And must tell the sun
Not to set out again.

Two beautiful birds will sing forever.

dipak adhya

War And...

War and...

Death is not the foe, we know
There are others whose ego
Or the greed for power
May lead for one war to another

The soldier who was caught yesterday
Not being a martyr now in grey
He knows what the enemy camp gives
That regards him full of vices

We, being the common men, indeed
Have the least power to beat
The warmongers and their evil notion
Like a statesman, chorus with nation

As war is not the solution of peace
I can think everything but this.

dipak adhya

Water-Lilies

I'll think of you
Growing in an abandoned pool
And all of a sudden view
I'll be stunned in wonder,
I'll take deep breath of nature
My heart will be like her beauty
And my desire be like that
Of water-lilies.

It'll be as though time waited
In this desolation alone
It now teaches me
Thinking as her own.

If more beautiful things
Come to mind
It must act as second fiddle
But I know, it will never happen
As nothing more joyous can ever be woven
For the time being.

dipak adhya

Way

When I awake along with poem
The afternoon of spring comes
Wearing the light of setting sun

I prepare myself putting on words
Decorate ornaments with expressions
And in walking on the way of title
All on a sudden stop at the corner of unknown words

Take rest awhile
Bake the unknown way again and again
With the warmth of myself

Again start to walk
On the later decorated way
On the words of meaningful way
On the rhythmic speedy way
On the allured prosodic way

In time of going
I myself become a poet unknowingly
And then mingle with the broad way!

dipak adhya

We Are Not Lovers

We are not lovers

All the time we are together
All the time we live in one another
Yet we are not lovers

We think for oneself
We do just own job
The happy moments we share
But hides the tears

We walk together untill destination
We eat own words
And await one another
From dying of boredom
I can't deny you love mine
Though we are not lovers

If love is to live for one another
We have set up own world million miles afar!

dipak adhya

When I Look At Your Face

When I look at your face
I see your smiling
It tells me a lot
I don't know, do you mean it?
In the darkness I stretch myself
Try to come back with
Just then I enter
Into the oblivion of remembrance
I loss myself & still you smiling
As I smile when I watch
My little girl's first walking
As I smile when I listen
To my little girl's first prattling.

dipak adhya

When I Return After A Long Tour

When I return after a long tour

When I return after a long tour
I look at your eyes
They eagerly wait for new things
Gifts
I must carry.

When I'm far away for a long tour
My eyes crave to see all of you
They eagerly return and want
Heartfelt love
But they are not present there
For material affections.

dipak adhya

Whispering Words Of My Heart 1

There's a subtle alliteration
Between colourful Holy and cuckoo
There is more than that
Between you and me

But you wander in sly and I too
Often put off the dry lips of cunning
Even without informing myself

I still fear the desolate noon
In time of coming, you don't make any sound
On the floor of the pond
I hardly understand
But there is shadow on the water
Which is louder than the sound of alluminum
In the meantime to realise it
Being an enchanter
I'm still roaming in the heart!

dipak adhya

With My Family

Tree is a four letters word to you
But it is like the four faced Vedas to me
Tree is only a noun to you
But it is akin to life to me
Tree is only a living entity to you
But I live for it
Beyond the scientific measures
It comes to me as my own family
My companions await me
All the time
They never think me an exotic
And I become more joyous
And touch them in glee
So, when I talk to them
They too talk to me
You may not listen to it
But I listen to their words in rumbling whispering!

dipak adhya

Yearning For Peace

Peace is the most precious to universe
We all have put it in our sleeve
And mourn for it
No one tries to enliven it
I know,
It means that peace is not dead now
Certainly it is alive
Yes, indeed, but in coma
We fear it most
And pray to God for saving us
But you see
We have the power
To save ourselves
Yet...
It means we can be God
We have the power to be such
But Alas!
We couldn't know ourselves yet!

dipak adhya

You Told Me And

You told me about your happiest time
There was not present one
I myself and felt unhappy

You told me about your togetherness
But there was not I myself
And felt unhappy

You told me about your candle light dinner
Oh! My dear, there too
I was absent and felt unhappy

You told me I'm still in your heart
And believed that
It made me not jealous
And at last I felt happy

dipak adhya

Your Poem

Your poem

Whatever you write
I see it starts from mine
Whatever your words say
I listen it strikes the door of my mind

I know, it maynot be true
But my heart denies
Just like a childish mannerism
It nags being blind
And starts to believe
A new love -means a new day
For roaming the next way...

dipak adhya

You're My Ever

You're my ever

I don't eat love
Rather drink
Without staining or hurt

Dear, I only pray for your goodness
May His blessings shower on you
And the rest of life...

A deep shadow of yours
Is still felt in my leisure
When unobtrusively you come
And with beaming smiles
Sit by me
I become like water
And like a little brook
Flow, overflowing sides
And someone swims there
With everlasting smile

Just then the rippling sounds of water
Seem to me and feel
You're my ever!

dipak adhya

Yours Ever

If you want to forget me
You may
I must not remember the old
If you want to regard
All as cursed
You may
I'll think it a bitter dream to say
Go away! Go away!Go away!

But in your loneliness
When there will be no one
If you remember the last ride together
I must come back
Being the gentle wind or a sweet fragrance
O My dear!
O My dear!
From that very moment
I must be yours ever
I must be yours ever

dipak adhya