Shayan Das
- poems -

Publication Date:
2019

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive
Shayan Das (25th August, 2019)

Myself Michael, a teen poet and writer. I had been writing poems and novels since 11 years. I belong to a small state of India and desire to give the best I can to English Literature. I am currently working on two novels entitled, "In the search of mystery" and "Caught by the pirates". Also trying to pen down some of my best poems along with school studies. Trying to complete and publish my first poetry collection entitled, "The initial thoughts". Working hard to accomplish all my desires and aspirations. My inspiration is P.B Shelley and his poem, "Love's philosophy" is my favourite. All I am is because of the blessings and love of my parents.
A Bond Of Love

What force, what powers can ever decline
The lasting bond of my love and care,
For a land so placid with a dazzling shine
Can put yea fire in oceans and air.

And a land so wondrous in her unique ways
With Southern Seas and Northern snow,
And the west with thrones and her golden rays
Does harass the east and her heavenly glow.

And the earth bears nay rocks but gold
With diamonds, rubies and precious gems,
And in air the scents and aromas hold
Some magic that blooms the flowers and stems.

And in the seraphic seas the island lies
Weaving in winds with the threads of dream,
And when South is struck, the Bengal cries
With all the country as a single team.

Oh my land is beautious, huge and vast
And the most ofcourse bears flowers of love,
A part I guess yea slided in past
From beguiling clouds Oh heaven above.

Michael Laureate
15 August,2019

Shayan Das
A Heavenly Sight

Oh I gazed and gazed at her autumn shower
In moors yea woods like a frozen ice,
Oh a star was blushing in that seraphic bower
That viewed no dreams nay, ever with eyes.

And she bloomed like fire yea hot as flame
Burning in ashes Oh heaven and space,
And all the things yea mighty and tame
Was melting in woods with her dazzling grace.

And she blushed and blushed in that silvery fall
Wetting her hairs, her clothes yea parts
And all the things yea mighty and small
Was blooming in red with their passionate hearts.

And she moved as flowers yea ravishing breeze
Soothing all darkness- ashes of fire.
And all the things that cuddle and please
Was burning in pleasures of a single desire.

And she seemed no part yea of beguiling sphere
A beauty so wondrous that cosmic lies.
Oh a star so ravishing- crystal clear
That viewed no dreams, nay ever with eyes
Oh was blessed no lands, nay Lord's paradise.

Michael Laureate
13th August, 2019

Shayan Das
A Letter

Sweet Love,

Never do weep when I die
For all my memories will live with thy.
The sword is my brother and gun my friend,
I have learnt to win just not second.
The weapons my children and prison my school,
I have born to earth to lead and rule.
I work in silence but not in lone,
The entire nation is my own.
And all it's beauty I do love,
The rising sun and moon above.
The fields that promise gold harvest,
Yes, I love my birds, their silver nest.
The rivers and seas and mountains high,
Yes, the beauty of my land I can't deny.
I love this all and you ofcourse,
I have learnt to win with fights and force.
Weave my fames with golden thread,
And please never be gloomy and sad-
The time when I leave this earth,
Feel that I had a golden birth.
And never do weep when I die,
For all my memories will live with thy.

Thy Love(the soldier)

A poem by Michael Laureate

Shayan Das
A Strange World

Oh I can't just see and can't just hear,
My pen has lost its power to rhyme,
And I can't find joys but unknown fears-
Is breaking my soul with passing of time.

Now they whose eyes are blind in greed,
Oh they who yearn for endless glees-
Do break this world for all their need
And rule this earth- Oh they do see!

Now they who hear not screams of pain
And live in bliss and turn deaf-ear,
O they who can't just cease their vain
And rule this earth- to them all hear!

Now they who know not tune of heart,
With shine of gold whose dark turns fair
And scatter all lands, do break and part
And rule this earth- to them all care!

Now they who speak with arrogant pride,
Oh they who in their bad moods stick
And poison lands, from light who hide,
But rule this earth- to them all speak!

Now they who know not taste of sands,
Do live in air with golden luck,
But still have powers to own all lands
And rule this earth- with them all walk!

Now they who live and lead their life
In the most beguiling and tranquil lands,
And fight but live away from strife-
The world does move with their hands!

Michael Laureate
24 October, 2019
Cosmic Romance

There is a tale of cosmic love
Written in earth, the sun and moon,
They have their love in heaven above
Kissing and hugging in romantic tune.

The sun does say to moon my care,
Thou deserve all heat and light,
And ever and ever my glace is there-
I will keep thy in my heart and sight.

And hold thou in my arms at night
And knock thy charming romantic door,
Oh I will kiss and hug and hold so tight
To a lady whom I just simply adore.

The moon does say to sun: my honey,
Never do use thy romantic rhymes
For all I know thou, so so cunny
To love two ladies at two very times.

She follows to thou just all her hour,
Round and round thy hot hot heart,
And thou forget all relations- our,
Written in hearts Oh each smooth part.

And when I simply round that sphere
To see if the sun is kissing her there,
Oh I could see nothing but far and clear-
Thou just knocking my love door here!

Michael Laureate
05 July,2019

Shayan Das
Eden Is Earth

This is what I ask Oh Lord,
If thy land is more tender,
Oh sweeter than all earthly chord,
Soothing as this worldly air.

Prettier than the echoing hills,
Oh brighter than the sun that shines,
Appealing than a song that thrills-
Nature with its lyrical lines.

Greater than the boundless sky,
Blossoming as the spring of earth,
Oh solitary as the mountains high,
Alluring as a river's firth!

Charming as the flowers that blush,
Oh pleasing as the moon of love,
Sweeter than a singing thrush,
Beguiling as the cooing of dove

I never know how great thy land,
How calm and placid thy sweet heaven,
But all I love is just thee and
Thy tender nature that's given.

Michael Laureate
26 May,2019

Shayan Das
Endless Love

With wondrous things in beautious sphere-
The sun, the moon, the blue sapphire,
I have not much but a single desire-
To kiss thy lips, thy woes and tear.

To hold thou in my arms for bliss,
To make thou know I love to thee.
As rivers do love the endless sea-
I love thy lips, thy wondrous kiss.

And I love thou as the flowers do-
Starve to see the buzzing bees
And starve the tender earthly trees
For a touch of rain and a greeny hue.

As sun adores the moon of love,
And moon does love the wondrous earth,
And earth adores new new birth,
And peace does love the cooing of dove.

As birds do love their chirping tune,
And mountains adore the boundless sky,
O, I love thou as the sight loves eye,
And summer adores the month of June.

And I'll love thou till the dark doomsday,
Till this earthly eden will last,
O, till the men will think of past,
And till the spring will remember May.

Michael Laureate
03 June, 2019

Shayan Das
Glorious Spring

Sing the birds; the season has come.
Prettiest look nature does hold.
Rejoices the Earth, her color winsome
Idyllic her beauty, pretty as gold.
Nature does paint her parts in green
Glorious the spring is, calm and serene.

Michael Laureate

Shayan Das
If I Were A Hero

Above huge hills if ever I could rise,
Beyond the gravity as Iron man flies.
Climbing and hanging if towers I could touch,
Dashing as the Spider-man, if fingers were such,
Ever I would be happy and ever I would dance
Falling and rising in heroic romance.

Grasping high hills if ever I could rise,
Huge, tough and rigid, if Hulk were my size.
If ever my sharpened nails were ever so tough,
Judging and fighting as Mr X- Man: rough,
Kiddy would be happy and kiddy would dance,
Loving and singing in heroic romance.

Mighty huge hills if I could win all heights,
Noting all evilness as Mr Batman fights.
Owning all powers if this world I could guide,
Powers like a Power man if Thor were my side,
Quickly I would be happy and quickly I would dance,
Running and flying in heroic romance.

Super like a Superman if super were my punch,
Tough, hard and titanic if evils I could crunch.
Unique like the Avengers if I could have some powers,
Valiant as a mighty king if I could bring just flowers.
Winning like a gallant Prince if I could live in pride,
X-treme in my extreme parts if God were my side
Yes I would be happy and surely take all chance,
Zeal for my pleasures would bloom in heroic dance.

Michael Laureate
30 July,2019

Shayan Das
Imperishable Beauties

Never ever thy glamorous hair
Painted in brown, carrot or gold
Shall ever remain as scents in air
Bearing all hindrance- heat and cold.

And nor any of thy charming eyes,
Thy lips coloured in pink or rose
Shall ever remain as drops in ice,
Bearing all hurdles- poisoned woes.

Oh not any of thou beauty in face
Shall ever remain but fuse with grime,
Oh thy glittering colour in all such case
Will perish ever in sands of time.

But the beauty arises in one's heart
Will never perish in all such room,
Oh will remain forever glories of art
In hearts and minds till ending doom.

And will surely outlive tranquil dust,
Will remain immortal, just sublime,
Oh the heart's created beauties will last
By weathering the storms and waves of time.

Michael Laureate
1st July, 2019

Shayan Das
Law Of Change

Look the world with wondrous shade
Of things so placid, yet some strange,
Oh nothing in sphere just die and fade
But fuse and blend in a law of change.

Flowers do blush just each new day
And leave behind some earthly glace,
Oh a road does end with new new way
For lives to taste some unknown phase.

And fall does change in glorious spring
And clouds do ever fuse with rain,
Oh a tune just fades for tens to sing-
The songs of love, of joys and pain.

And moments of sorrow change with bliss
With tears that fly with winds of thrill,
Oh violence follows the modes of peace
With songs that cure and words that heal.

And forms do ever merge with sand
And turn a part of earth in sphere,
Oh weaks do change in mights that stand
Bearing all hindrance, winning each tear.

And sorrows of parting, moments of sigh
With love does blend and bliss exchange,
Oh nothing in sphere just fade and die
But fuse and blend in a law of change.

Michael Laureate
09 July, 2019

Shayan Das
She cries Oh hear with hopeless heart-
The brooks, the beasts, the anguished stream
That flows with blood in midst of dirt
Was once so gold in world's esteem!

Was once so calm with zillion trees
That shed their leaves in winter cold,
And the beasts did bloom with songs of bees
Moving with glee for aqueous gold!

And the birds did sing in purest tune
Their songs of love in summery days,
And the land did blush in months of June
Hidding in woods from Sun's hot rays!

And the wild flowers blushed, and blushed in red,
In pink and violets, crimson and white,
And the beasts did sleep all like deads
Sleeping for aye in moon's white light!

And the spring did play and autumn bloomed,
Once white birds sang in midst of stream,
And the butterflies played and the dragonflies roamed
In this land of gold in world's esteem!

And now not bees nor white bird sings,
Nor sun does bury his feet in woods,
Nor dragonflies fly nor butterflies' wings
Flows with breeze in blissful moods.

Nor wild flowers grow nor blush in June,
No autumn blooms nor sweet spring comes,
Nor white beasts sleep nor peeps full moon
With love and care and silvery arms.

No fruit plants bloom nor think of past-
Those tranquil days of beguiling years.
And with pains and smoke and dust she sings
With me in love her lines of tears!

Michael Laureate
24 October, 2019

Shayan Das
Lines Written In Seraphic Night

It seemed an angel came to me
In a sweet seraphic silver night,
And I can't believe just how could she
Carry my heart- all poetic sight.

Her glimpse so tender and beauty oh such
No routes had ever seen to rise,
Oh I still do feel her unknown touch
Over my face, my inward eyes.

And still could feel those mingled scents
Of fruits, flowers, her charming hands,
Oh I can't believe in all contents
How she carries all earthly lands.

And how she kisses with golden hairs
The hills, the rivers, mountains high,
Oh tell to me just how she cares
The hearts, the minds from endless sky.

And tell me in that hot romance
With scents, aromas, star that shines,
How could this heart miss that chance
To kiss to her with poetic lines.

To kiss to her with beautiful rhymes,
To hug to her with prettiest words,
Oh I want to feel in all my times
Her touch, her song as chirping birds.

Michael Laureate
28 June, 2019

Shayan Das
Love And Care

Make thy heart a boundless sky
From where love and care will drop like rain,
And help millions low or high
To swiftly bear their woes and pain.

Make thy eyes as bright as star
To make them see things lying apart,
The unseen beauties hidden so far
In sweet and charming golden heart.

Make thy speech as sweet as flower
And all thy words just it's scent,
And win millions without power
Just if thee is a heaven-sent.

Michael Laureate
14-05-2019

Shayan Das
October Lines

With thee Oh take O autumn breeze
The heart in me where soul receives-
No pains, nay tears but zillion glees
Shedding all griefs with falling of leaves.

Who hath not seen thy grace Oh fall,
Thou art that blooms like flowers and glows,
And the moonbeams, birds and the beasts do call:
To save Oh thou from summery blows.

And the trees do sing and worship thy
Till winter cries her sorrowest weep,
And bades their leaves the last good-bye-
To fade for aye in dreamless sleep!

And bury their heads for aye in earth
And fuse with sands to hold their love,
Oh till winter comes and terrorise birth
And covers all lands and tranquil shrubs.

O spirit of green where are thy charms
To live but lead by winter King!
Oh trees, if in case nay autumn comes,
Can thee ever do enjoy Spring?

Michael Laureate
06 October, 2019

Shayan Das
Ode To The Nature

Part I

O thee whose heart of pure serene
Does bloom and blush with joys unseen,
O hear Oh hear, O Goddess of green-
My words, my lines are crystal clean.
Thy beauty works like spells in me-
Carrying and sailing through fairies and birds,
And flowing yea sharp like tides in sea
Through lines and rhymes, Oh streams of words.
And the dreams I bear, Oh dreams I see
Through noons and days and sleepless night
Do bloom like flowers in a glimpse of thee-
By a kiss to dreams of thee so tight!
And I keep to me with things unknown
For the things I know must lie in thee,
And I search thy grace, thy thrones and crown
To find much joys, much thrills for me.
And I bloom and blush with thy sweet touch,
Thy scents, thy charm with thousand dreams,
And in fears and pains to thee I clutch
For all my joys in thee it seems!
O hear Oh hear, O immortal sky,
Oh lands, Oh brooks, Oh beguiling seas,
Hark my call, Oh mountains high,
Oh birds, Oh beasts, Oh immortal trees.
O, the charm I gaze and the dreams I stitch
Through needles of gold and silvery rhymes
Was felt by hearts and seen by each-
Lovers of thine from antique times.
Perhaps the same charm and thy beauty was seen
By kings and queens, Oh rulers of Earth,
Oh was felt by poets thy sweet green-
Colour of bliss with the flowing of mirth!
O, the cities will burn and the mightiest tone
Will perish with time and mingle with sands
But thee won't fade but rule in throne-
Of hearts and souls and beguiling lands.
O hear Oh hear, Oh queen of heart,
Oh beasts, Oh birds, Oh immortal rose,
Bless my lines, Oh bless my art-
To flow through thee- through far and close.

Part II

O, thee whose heart of stone that ruins
Cities and thrones and crowns with heat,
O hear Oh hear, O queen of queens,
I bow my head and kiss thy feet.
They came with swords and menacing spears,
The hearts of whose are warm in pride,
O hotter than thy summery fears
Of winds that bloom like daunting tide.
O, they came with force and molten blades,
The hearts of whose are dark in vain,
O, darker than thy haunted shades-
Of woods that burn in tears of pain.
O, they came like night that won't just hide,
Oh the hearts of whose have lost their sight-
To see more dreams, O, thy dark side
Where powers do fuse with fathomless might.
O, they came like clouds but all unaware
Of thy gray tears that demolish lands,
And flows for death like venomous air,
like ghosts that flee from cremation sands.
O forgive Oh forgive, O, might of mights
O thee whose soul brings vicious storms-
That flows like winds in winter nights
And scatter all lands- Oh ghostly form!
O forgive Oh forgive, Oh arogant power,
Oh thee Oh wild that scatter and wreck,
And shatter all lives that once were flower
In gardens of thine- Oh hear Oh wake.
O, forgive Oh forgive Oh spirit O dark,
O thee whose heart bears molten cracks,
And devastate lands, Oh hear Oh hark-
My voice, my call with shievering breaks.
And hear Oh might, O ruinous fire,
That poison lands, Oh cities and seas,
O remove all clouds and make me ye lyre-
To spread much care, Oh songs of peace.
And forgive Oh forgive, O hark my verse
And scatter thy fire for earthly sake,
And forget all wrath Oh awful curse-
To spread back love- Oh hear Oh wake!

Michael Laureate
03 October, 2019

Shayan Das
Power Of Passion

Immortal he whose passion's power
Can scatter and shatter all earthly force,
Oh he whose cravings in darkest hour
can yield in oceans- sweetest rose.

He who follows his dreams with glee
And holds and bears Oh dream so high;
Oh will perish the thrones, not yea he
Whose passionate yens are boundless sky.

And he who believes his skills and him
Does love and adore his strong desire;
Oh immortal he whose unfurled dream,
Whose wills and cravings do propagate fire.

Oh he who listen his passionate heart
Does rule and reign yea not in few;
Oh immortal he whose passion's art
Can craft and paint any unseen view.

And he who follows this lasting rhyme,
Does win and conquer each large room;
Oh immortal he in glories of time
Whom passion powers till ending doom.

Michael Laureate
4th July, 2019

Shayan Das
Silver Moon

Gaze a little at that moon
And watch its beautious silver light
That simply glitters the flowers of june
And makes the charming silver night.

Oh all the moon has is of sun,
But still she glitters of all's best.
Oh watch the silver dog how run
And sleep the birds in silver nest.

Watch the beautious silver stream
And the blissful silver trees.
Oh watch her charming silver gleam
And in the hive sleep silver bees.

Oh watch the silver roof and door
When all the things had closed their eyes,
And sleeps the cats in silver floor
And play the pleasing silver mice.

Oh watch the silver streets with none
When all the world has slept to rest.
Oh all the moon has is of sun
But still the silver moon is best.

Michael Laureate
26 March, 2019

Shayan Das
Since I have seen thy grace
Oh tranquil flowers,
Thy scent that blooms like stars in night,
And fills my heart with zillion showers
Of bliss and joys in zenith's height,
I search not joys of this maniac Sphere,
Those man-made flowers of faulty smiles
And lasting sorrows of pains and tears-
I often mask with velvet whiles.

Since I have felt thy charm
Oh tender breeze,
Thy art that floats like clouds in sky
And fills my heart with endless seas-
Of joys that take to mountains high,
I search not grace of this mortal Earth,
Those filthy joys of venomous powers,
And pains that hide in man-made mirth
Those ghostly shades that seem like flowers.

Since I have heard thy song
Oh chirping birds,
Thy tune that flows like feathers in air
And fills my heart with undying words
Of joys and love- I each day share,
I search not songs in World of Kings,
Those haunted tunes that terrorise heart,
And flee like ghosts from unseen things
And make to me from thee Oh part!

Our creator doth through natures beauty hone
Our eternal spirit for its heavenly home.

Michael Laureate
11 October,2019

Shayan Das
Soothing Rain

When I slept with woeful thoughts
Deep under a tree with sigh,
Suddenly I was covered with spots
By drops dripping from cloudy-sky.

The wind suddenly changed its speed
Simply swaying my tender hair,
I felt this was what I need-
To simply scatter my thoughts in air.

The trees around me danced in glee
And all around was green and green.
Oh all I was just not in me-
Lost somehow in nature-queen!

And when those drops just touched my flesh,
Each of them just seemed as flower,
And all my heart just turned so fresh
By simply feeling that soothing shower.

I know the rain was nature's game,
Sent from her that lovely shower,
She knows I love her just the same
As she does love me every hour.

Michael Laureate
24 May, 2019

Shayan Das
The Conqueror

Those who conquer ruthlessly land,
Oh those conquering never-ending tears and,
Gaining glorifying victories that momentary stay,
Will exist with detestation in the synonymous way-
In which the funeral ashes comingle with sand.

Oh those culpable for melancholy tears,
And those responsible for prolonged fears,
Oh to those no gallant dare to reproach
Will earn nothing but mutely last,
And exist with hatred in the synonymous approach-
In which the cremation ashes merge with dust.

But those who vanquish solitiously heart
Keeping in mind no abominable thoughts and dirt,
Oh those spreading the art of brotherhood,
And those conquerors who conquer through love,
Will last imperishably in the synonymous mood-
In which the sun and moon lasts perennial above.

Michael Laureate
1st January, 2019

Shayan Das
The Song Of My Life

Oh let this world grow more and more
And I be a tiny feather of rose
But still do fight to find my score
To spread my beauty: far and close.

And flow the best my soul can reach
Through hearts and souls in awful times
But still be smooth to weave and stich:
More beguiling words in seraphic rhymes.

And bloom my best like tender dreams
Through hearts of pains in musing moods
But still be calm like fresh moon-beams
To kiss more dreams in elegant woods.

And blow my best like winds of love
Through passionate hearts with passion's fire
But still be suave and fly like dove
Through seas of blood in darkest hour.

And blush my best till heart's content
With ravishing grace and charming scent
But still be small, oh till I have-
No force nay power but sleep for death,
No might nay brawn but lose my breath....

Michael Laureate
17 September, 2019

Shayan Das
To My Mother

Oh all your heart can give and do,
Has given in drastic just for me,
Oh by hiding your pains, aches and woe,
You try to make me full of glee.

Oh each time I just cry in lone
With none there to be my side,
You simply remove all thorns and stone
And stay a sleepless guard to guide.

Oh each time I just fall in life
And breaks and breaks this gloomy heart,
You stay the healer of all my strife
And glue to me just part by part.

Oh your love and care is that extent
Whose return I can't with earthly thing.
Oh you are a flower with charming scent
When winter surrounds my life in spring.

Oh when darkness surrounds the heart of mine,
And tears do shed from woeful eyes,
You stay the healer, my sunshine,
And make this life a sweet paradise.

Michael Laureate
12-05-2019

Shayan Das
To My Winged Friends

O thee my wing’d feather’d friends
Take my heart with thee-
To the seas of bliss and tranquil lands
And woods that bear all glee!

To the elegant moors and warmer lands
Where thee heart goes in cold
And leaves all woes and merges and blends
With joys that make thy bold!

My heart's winter is scattering more-
Freezing my blood and soul
And giving me pains in deepest core-
I can't just leave in whole!

My heart's winter is blooming more
With cold air flowing with pain
And locking for aye and closing my door
With tears that make insane!

O carry Oh carry, O carry with thee
To the lands of bliss and joyous sky,
Oh before I leave Oh before for glee
I say this world- Good Bye!

Michael Laureate
27 October 2019

Shayan Das
When I Will Die

Will this Earth and its colour Oh deep
Lose its shine and perish and die,
Or lose its possessions just when I
Shall scatter my sorrows in dreamless sleep.

Or the rivers will stop their eternal flow
Or the birds will forget their soothing tune,
Or the flowers will lose their grace in June,
Or the Sun and Moon will lose their glow.

Or the Spring won't harass the month of May
Or the scents will deprive the air and so,
Oh only because I will leave and go
Will birds not chirp in bliss and gay.

Or trees will forget to bloom in rain
Or rivers won't flow from mountains high,
Or will stop the stars from blushing in sky,
Or stars will forget to dance in vain.

Or poets will forget to see more dreams
Weaved in gold and silvery shade,
Or will stop the Sphere or die or fade
When pains dry up my tender streams.

Michael Laureate
06 September,2019

Shayan Das
With What Shall I Compare Thee?

PART- I

With what shall I compare thee, my love-
With lands or seas or moon above?
Or with spring or flowers, their tranquil
scent,
Or a tune of music, how decent!

With soothing breeze or chirping birds,
Or with a tender poem with prettiest words?
Or with shores or waves or a golden sight,
Or with a pleasing charming silver light?

PART- II

With what shall I compare thee, my dear-
With the beguiling days or sweetest year?
Or with rivers or oceans or boundless sky,
Or with the happiest hello or saddest good bye?

With the diamonds or rubies or charm topaz,
Or with classical, pop or rocking jazz?
Or with the rain or snow or twinkling stars,
Or with the ravishing winsome thoughts of ours?

PART- III

With what shall I compare thee, my bliss-
With the pleasurable hugs or golden kiss?
Or with the artistic paintings ever drawn,
Or with the calm and alluring solitary dawn?

With the artefacts, castles or heavenly world,
Or with a new-born rose which has just unfurled?
Or with gardens or valleys or sweet paradise,
Or with the shievering freezing crystal ice?

Michael Laureate
21 May, 2019
Shayan Das