

Poetry Series

Indranil Bit
- poems -

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Indranil Bit(02/08/1988)

Hi

I am born and brought up in my hometown, pursue my BTech in information technology and currently employed by Infosys Ltd and posted at Chennai. Writing is recently taken up and I am enjoying a lot after every piece of art. I have tried to bring in limelight, Odes and will continue persuading this form of writing in future also if I can get enough support from my readers. I am no great a swimmer in the sea of literature and so every criticism is welcomed as they will help me learn more and also will encourage me.

A Desperate Sacrifice

My little lass
Like a dream
A small virgin
Flies around me
She winks all way
She crosses me

Then turns around
A hot wild look
Come embrace me
None to refrain
Am I lured at!
Can't I keep back!

I accept her kisses
Not enjoying a bit
Love of a stranger
The black beauty
She is expecting
The little ones' need

All abandon her
None wants her
Her birth is cursed
And all we frowned
All are oblivious
She is expecting

Heart of a mother
Only a mom knows
Love for her child
Ready for a sacrifice
May it be a human!
May it, a mosquito!

Indranil Bit

A To Z For You

A for an APPLE
Let B for BALL;
C will CALL you
My sweet little DOLL;
E for your ELEGANCE
Drive FANCY so tall;
G for your GLAMOUR
A stand in HEAVEN'S fall;
I am there, blessed
Will witness your JOY!
KINGDOMS perish with time
Their LONGING must shall not!
So you are my MAGIC
A chosen gift of NATURE,
The ONLY heart in the mist
Whom a PUNY tale to confess:
Amidst the QUIET of love you gave,
Amidst the ROAR of life you gave,
Amidst the SOUR in parting you gave,
The TRUTH in TEARS shall stand so tall!
UNDERNEATH shall succumb all dummy festoons.
Thy VOICE, thou love shall echo out!
Will break all WALLS of wrath and rage.
No more falling soul, yellow pages of X
It is YOU who make me trust in love
Neither prophets, nor ZODIAC destines.

Indranil Bit

A Tribal Woman

I am born in a different land altogether;
Here people wrap their institution firmly.
I do not know whether they all are right;
But they all pray to a tribal girl instead!

"An embodiment of prosperity and power"
Is what they regard her as! In midst of chaos.
An ordinary attire, a dusky skin, untamed hair,
Does Power embodies so cheaply? I ask.

I am born in a different land altogether;
Here people bind religion in every aspect!
If religion speaks in language of history;
There are innumerable stories of heroism.

I do not know whether they all are right;
But my land do idolize an ordinary girl;
"She will protect us in whatsoever form"
They all do say so and enjoy to believe in it.

I am born in a different land altogether;
Here people sing folklore unbelievable!
"She will rise from the ashes of the cosmos!
To shield away my son of all that is cruel! "

I do not know whether they all are right;
But my mom and my sis and my daughter,
They all are perhaps an incarnate of her!
Today I do say so and enjoy to believe in it.

Indranil Bit

Alone

Sitting all alone and talking to herself!
Two long days have passed since then.
Waiting! A really long waiting it appears,
Longing for what? Oh! she is yet to figure.

And there is a fear couching slowly,
Crawling at her to gasp her down.
The fear to change, to be a change,
An unknown game of known phase!

'Oh! I hate this game' whispers she,
'A game too cruel to be played'
' Oh! I just had a dream last night'
'A dream too vicious to be real'

Sitting all alone and talking to herself!
With none! None to surrender herself,
Aloof lands, yet more far aloof dwellers,
Dwellers! Few once so close to heart!

A fear to stand an eye to her past,
A fear to roll in a present of lust,
A fear to get lost in a crowd so vast,
A fear to lose in a known game so fast.

Sitting alone, she stopped talking to herself!
A prolonged monologue of fear thus ends!
Her eyes slowly closes as she yield to sleep!
Creek and freak and sneak and frantic trick.

Indranil Bit

Amp_Rodite

At the bend of the road,
In the corner of the floor,
In the middle of the roar,
Drenching herself in the pour!
She was there standing mum.
Her eyes froze on you n none.

For you, its simple as it always is.
And she is mad to dream for this.
'Why at all do you stir a hiss?
Why you cry hard when you miss'
'I am blind to the world' she says
'My eyes are only n only on your face'

She is a fool and fools are good!
She can not lie when she should!
When her drunken eyes fall on you!
She can not lie and why she should?
She pour it out and all of it
Her love in flow and agony in it!

She pours her love with her drunken eyes.
She remains mum, she speak through eyes.
Alas! Is her love deaf in your eyes?
To ignore her sobs as a fruitless cry?
I witness you both, i witness it all!
A paint of love and I paint it all.

Indranil Bit

Bed Tea In Rain Drops

A monotonous ring wakes me up this morning.
It's still misty outside, curtains are out wide,
I can hardly recollect arrangements last night!
Dressings are jumbled and an ornamental pile!
Dismantled room! Scratched pillow! Feather vine!
A monster hungry and freaky danced all night!
A monster! Is it not a hard punch describing self?
A monster of love-night, a true gentle morning self!

It's still misty outside, curtains are out wide,
And I miss your presence on my divan side,
I smell sweat and wet and chocolate and grape,
When a whistle n phew comes from kitchen hide,
A monstres must have couched somewhere in fide,
Floating hair! Bare front! Tickle tooth! Long stride!
Careless gown! Hand-drawn eyes! Nails long n tide!
Has the night ended or is it to? In the Fancy bide!

I smell sweat and wet and a monstres flesh!
Night falls over! Yet I mock at morning fresh!
It's now drizzle outside, curtains are out wide,
Bed tea, brew, shining cup, bare skin, lust eyes,
A sudden flow, a falling cup, a careless cuddle,
A flying sheet, two locking mouths, a crackle,
The night is yet to end n it is so? In the Fancy bide!
A true gentle morning self! Someone mocks at fide!

Indranil Bit

BiblioJohn

The earth is ready to wake;
The dawn is ready to break;
The black is ready to fade;
The dew is ready to shed;
What is John doing now?
Is he still in his bed!

When mist canopies the trees;
When flakes canopies the ravine;
When leaves canopies the lawn;
When hues canopies the slopes;
What is John doing then?
Is he still in his dream!

As wheels get tired to rattle;
As birds get tired to sing;
As lives get tired to stroll;
As harps get tired to string;
What is John thinking now?
Is he still in his mind!

When birds take flight on way back;
When rays take slants on hillock cap;
When young take play on brainy sack;
When tombs take pray on belief's lap;
What is John struggling now?
Is he still in his canvas!

Likewise the silent overpowers all;
Likewise the shadow grows tall;
Likewise the clock gives dozen call;
Likewise the wood has freezing fall;
What is John doing then?
Is he still in his shell!

Beauty is in flow, not in still;
The day bid bye, no way to fill;
An opium tinge, not to chill;
Time is to live, not to steal;

What is John doing now?
Is he still in his hymn!

Indranil Bit

Born!

The morning glory with tulip fresh
The fogs are yet to recede and fade
The roaring sound of a whelming sea
The sizzling flow of a chilling breeze
All join hands to ballet as to wake 'em up
The beauties and braves of the isle bound.

It's Sunday morning and the bell rings seven
The bell of the church in a fanatical way
All loitering round, start merging fast
All fresh like dew on an aromatic bloom
They all are adorned in Sunday cloaks
The best they can as affordability speaks.

Among the congress that headed the church
There's a young boy with enthusiastic heart
Questioning himself in a murmuring monologue
Am I born and blessed to be only driven by?
I shall bow before the Son of God
But only after He lends me his Gems.

A prophet born of isle soil
Pure at heart, veils by a golden mind
Has vigor to unfurl and not to follow
Has courage to exclaim, to break rules
Son of God smiles at the thought
Will entrust my Gem, boy! Thrive and root.

Indranil Bit

Conscience

Flowers all round that aromates me
Lights all round that dazzles me
Charps all round that wings me
Hymns all round that upholds me
Heros all round that encourages me
Where are they all gone
Who is there to enlighten me?

It is when I discover the secret
All lies none but within me
All this years they were illusions
And I was in a whimsical frenzy
Now all lies within in sleeping me
Praying to the omni to rise me

I was so fool to be in a dream
Now time is ripe for me to wake
To retro my heart and my soul
Since I have believe in me
It is never late to stand firm
To capture it all what I can

Thou shall vow to the almighty
No more to cry over the spilt
But to rejoice at the thought
It does spurs before it spilt

This is a call to all the lone
To join hands and rebel them all
For quest for truth can take you on
After you hoist on the highest peak
The nature will stand and proclaim
This is a man, this is my son
And all beauties bow before him

Indranil Bit

Dawn Of Twenty-Fifth

What is there in Today's night?
So beautiful and so bright!
The stars are all in a glimpsing twink;
All flies of fire to decor with.

The creeping chill from northern end;
Carries forth Dukes' messages send;
So cold a note, yet to spare;
Else to row and face the spear.

The three headed narrates the note.
Amass all logs, channel our fort.
Trophy the bust, rich up the road,
Form order to greet, clatter the sword.

A jangle is heard from lands far
Rattling gently through the woods;
Then came a glimpse of antler n fur
The mist gave way, uncloak His boots.

He is here! He is back!
All swords clatter! All mouths chuck!
What medals He wore! What fills His bosom!
What light He carries! What binder He vows!

A new sun will greet morrow's sky;
Command all omen to bid n fly;
Burn earthly bounds n free the tie;
Bath down thy sins n kill the lie.

Indranil Bit

Devine Touch

In the extreme of all you expect,
In the midst of all you think,
In the nooks of all you hope,
In the flood of all you perceive,
You shall find Him;
 That's what He is.

When things turn bare When you are near,
When love does glare When you are near,
When dream doesn't pair When you are near,
When thrust doesn't care When you are near,
You shall quest Him;
 There's where He is.

Indranil Bit

Hail To The Lord Of The Hour

Join your hands.....Lift them up
Join your feetTap them down
Join the woodsLit them up
Join the hips.....Round it up.

Hold the voice.....Cheers it up
Hold the clock.....Tick it down
Hold the neck..... Free it up
Hold the breath.....Count it up.

Tick tick tick..... Brings a new day
Tick tick tickBrings a fresh hope
Tick tick tickFestoons the life
Tick tick tickRejoice a new you.

Let the sun.....Shines on you
Let the moon.....Shy's on you
Let the beauty.....Garlands on you
Let the mighty.....Hymns on you.

Precious it is.....Preserve it
Sparkle it doesVeils it
Glory it is.....Upholds it
Birth it is.....Ballet it

Indranil Bit

Heart Not To Brittle

And there may not be Sun today;
And it's snowy throughout the day;
And the bite of cold may overwhelm;
And none but cries may echo the frame.

So all things on earth is made in soil;
So all in thou heart is a craft in soil;
So all the wounds you gave in toil;
So all may sizzle and direct in boil.

All that stands high tend to be brittle;
All that stands strong ought to be brittle;
All butterfly wings wither out to be brittle;
All cotton balls never meant to be brittle.

O' almighty, give heart strength to fly high in air;
O' almighty, give heart strength to flow with wind;
O' almighty, give heart strength to incarnate beauty;
O' almighty, give heart strength to be like a cotton ball.

May the Sun proudly kiss tomorrow's earth;
May thou heart not direct to spill over n boil;
May almighty give strength to withstand scars;
May love define hate, let whatever vile cry from far.

Indranil Bit

Her Magic Eyes

I saw her again today,
In the middle of the ever hungry crowd!
A hundred face crowd,
She stood bright, distinguishingly proud!
Oh! those eyes of her,
 Gifted by an angel from far high heaven!
The magic laden eyes,
 They hypnotize me, oblivion my being!

I have travelled a lot,
 Met a hundred lovely face each diurnal!
All collective in bosom,
 Yet none can defy magic in those eyes!
How does they look?
 Emerald? Brown deep? Green lambent?
Ah! I give up figuring,
 I lose my memory when in overwhelm joy!

A joy for the glance!
 Like a gentle strike on the new moon night!
That fades into dark!
 With a longing hope trailing the stolen sight!
Mystic flowing eyes!
 An alchemist will lurk for from the dungeon!
I wish to have nine!
 Nine lives to fall in love with her magic eyes!

Indranil Bit

Hymn Of The Dawn

The dawn is yet to break free□
The dark is yet to bid bye
The lotus is yet to bloom red
The grasses are still a shining blade
Before the birds can welcome you
My hymns will hail a new day.

I crouch over the rugged hillock
My naked feet bruised with thorns
The wild flowers on bushy herbs
Adjunct to my shadow all along
I reach the top and still my eyes
I realize Her and Her unfurl ties.

I spread my sight as far off as I can
And my heart spreads further than
The whelming blue of the roaring sea
Echoes its' hue on the stretching sky
Smearing and painting with floating white
White of the cloud and of the froth.

I am none but an organized earth
I boost for all that is not mine
I am the free soul speaking to the AI
I am the toad of the well, free me off
Like the sea, like the sky that you espouse
I fancy to be smeared like a froth on you.

I murmured my hymn time and again
Uphold my soul above earthly beings
I pray to my soul to believe in truth
This all earthly ties are but illusions
Rip it all that tie you back, let me fly
The heaven of honor is waiting for thy.

Indranil Bit

Just 1

The false fame that i imagine
All these days in mind cradle
Are none today to define me
That i finally woke up broad!

Today i feel to look down upon
A soul wasted in sketching scrap
A time wasted in cradling false
An imagination wasted in fume!

So i open my book today to read
Read loud the part that are darkest
Roaring truth that all day i hid behind
Behind a decorative carcass of false!

You may hear me today if you want
But believe me that all light do cast
Cast a shadow darker than ever
On just where it proudly stands!

Indranil Bit

Just 10

Today I didn't write a letter!
I never felt to pen one down!
I was happy today, VERY HAPPY!

So words never formed an order!
They just DIDN'T FLOW or gush!
To smoothen my racing heart down!

People around me wonder in awe!
Why do I pen my sorrows down!
Simple. SORROWS sing BITTER songs!

A WET paper does cry much DEEPER!
It echoes in all hidden hearts!
A SONG so CLOSE n so KNOWN to ALL!

Indranil Bit

Just 11

I was on a casual evening walk
 yesterday at an odd hour..
when the rain came gushing at me
 to drench me down like paper..
and as you must know a wet paper
 it cannot fly in the breeze..
nevertheless, I do not have wings
 So I strolled haplessly down..
down the childhood memory lanes
 drenching was so fun then..
Now I just simply fear, Stupid I am!
 but I danced that night alone..
to the fullest till I tired myself so much
 that I sat on a wet bench..
my tiring eyes stilled on an electric road-lamp
 Give me your yellow and warmth..
hope it could listen my pray at least for a while
 Now I am longing for such rainy nights.

Indranil Bit

Just 12

There is a way I believe!
in every sort of misalignment of thoughts.

Yet amidst all slogging!
my eyes remain still on your heavenly adore.

Tis thus define love!
I suppose in your Godly language woven wool.

I fancy it a pride of mine!
you n me n an architecture of glass-door heaven.

Indranil Bit

Just 13

A lone walk and I find you, ..you are a stranger to me.
My heart enthusiastic enough, ..As if you are a hidden treasure.

I sew a conversation with you, ..an effort to get acclimatized.
Till the time I get bored of you, ..I simply threw you with your memories.

Tis happens everyday to me, ..I think you are a story, I the storyteller!
Till I get horribly disappointed, ..You are just another passerby stranger!

So my thirsty story still waits, ..To bloom afresh in light of day.
With all words drawn closer, ..to make a phrase shine better.

Indranil Bit

Just 14

Two small figures jumping around,
My little untamed garden haze.
On new moon night and not a light,
They are out to fear the fright.
A howling is heard from distant par,
A creepy congress of untamed fear.
I silently wrap a bedsheet white,
And crawl on the garden floor.
Catch them both like a prey,
And levy their cry in fear n shy.
They were out to defy the ghosts,
And a ghost bigger catch them both.

Indranil Bit

Just 15

Just a long time since,
we met each other and wished n hugged.

You are busy n happy,
me too on the other end of this window.

Humans get bored easily,
so I am waiting to meet you on that day.

No chat on technical apps,
just you and me eye to eye, silence! dream!

One day it will come for sure
And I am living now in the dream of this!

Indranil Bit

Just 16

The day ends with an endless cry;
Pain is reluctant to wither;
The only thing I hear that night;
Is the helpless voice of her.

There is no time to relax yourself;
No time spare to let tire out.
'Try and Push' shouted the nurse;
Then only you can feel n hear.

Hear the sweetest sound of your life;
Sweeter than the music of Heaven.
And you can hold up in your own hand;
The softest ball of tallow and Love.

Indranil Bit

Just 17

A ball of cotton flying carelessly,
Encages my sight and my mind.
I totally forget my troubles foggy,
In admiration of the simplest fantasy.

I will also accompany you, cotton ball,
"Do wait for me to come along"

The ball smiles and gently denies,
"Fly alone, make your way"
I sink and shy and oblige to!
"Will meet again someday if I fly".

Indranil Bit

Just 18

A young way to crave in old views
Is an idea disliked by the most!
Yet an untamed heart of mine, restless,
To acclaim my own thought hues.

Cradles there out of the ashes,
A dream to adore, a promise to self.

Perhaps this day I will pen you down,
Let the present mock, future will praise.

Indranil Bit

Just 19

You teach me everything in love,
But I am a dumb learner perhaps!
So every time you remind me well
When oblivion eats away your lesson.

I fear it happens only to me
Before I meet you and you and the rest
Now I know love exist in row
After the greatest fight reckon

But I love the way you teach me love,
I am blessed to be a bad learner perhaps.

Indranil Bit

Just 2

I am surviving with a notion that all of you are same!
Just a change of name, just a presentation of fame!
All characters old! Dust ridden books! No new portray!
All monotonous string play! No unheard song to claim!

It is just then when you cross my way! A careful toddler!
Outfitting in jolted carelessness! A heart stealing bagpiper!
None of you are fascinating, yet your aroma haunts me down!
For the first time I am feeling! A sense of a deep-deep fall!

I was wrong! All these years I spent in a conception of you!
'my man for whom I will fall be blessed with all world's grace! '
You come to me in the imprecision of a momentary charisma!
And your aroma haunts me down, I suffer a deep-deep fall!

Indranil Bit

Just 20

The sky once told to the grass,
"Lend me your green, I want to roll on you"
The grass smiled and gave way her green.

The sky now wore the green like a robe on a king!
Days passed in a dancing, rolling joy!

Till it started turning yellow and red,
Red turned brown, brown yielded to black.

The sky in fear now rushed back to the grass,
"It's a curse, take it off me, my beauty sheds"
The grass smiled and exclaimed "All beauty sheds! "

Indranil Bit

Just 21

That afternoon I boarded a train,
A crowded evening train with her.
Calmly looking outside and sitting silently,
She appeared to me more adorable than ever.

A thousand blinks I have seen her!
But her calm face amidst the ever-noisy crowd,
Her soft eyes amidst the racing window scenes,
Her melting voice asked me something, not sure!

I could only feel warm tears rolling down,
A confused flow of a sudden emotion!

Indranil Bit

Just 22 (Fall)

Call for the wind
at northern flow
chill the leaf up
let it free to fly
swaying happily
falling to death
nay! you are wrong

The fall destiny
is carefree love
free et al duties
embrace an earth
painting a glory
in mosaic beauty
and a story begun

Indranil Bit

Just 23 (Tortoise)

A simple tortoise
To move its hands in free air
Dozy at me always

Simple it does look
With a green coat on its back
And a swinging neck

Always nodding head
A mesmerizing pair of eyes
A short sway-sway tail

A small gift sometimes
Rise above all feelings of joy
Dancing clay tortoise

Of all it has have
The cutest is the small tail
Dance in own sweet glory

Every morning it feels
My heart with an immense joy
With swinging little tail

Indranil Bit

Just 3

All day i search for a begining
I hope this time i will begin
Right from the scratch
And everything will be just perfect.

But i fail! It never happens
Something dismay my urge
Something change it's course
And then it all ends as usual.

I realize perfection brings no fun
Let it be the way it's destined
May the word exist only in theory
And nothing absolute to measure.

Indranil Bit

Just 4

The open sea allures me at times
An unknown voyage on unknown waters
No special colour, no special plan
Just a flow to the unbound

I do not know where it starts
Unleashed somewhere deep down my mind
I do not think of where it should end
A dance on mind till it lasts

I am perhaps waiting for a magic
In a land with no miracle a spot
Or am i a kid to recognize
The magic allures me here at this time

This time is magical to sail forth
Be mind at rest and all waters are known.

Indranil Bit

Just 5

A marooned corner is in decor
On one side of sn isolated cliff
Damp and shady with gigantic rocks
Hymn in monotone of a beetel fleet.

I will not call this as romantic
Yet i cal always make one of it
Be you at my side, closed eyes
Be my thumb on your temple.

Here light n dark plays hide n seek
Wind gushes in n clinches a cliff
You n me be fireflies with wind
A careless fly, hand in hand

Let the rock n the wind witness love
Roll n flow to carry my love far!

Indranil Bit

Just 6

Suddenly on a dusty road, we meet again,
Meeting you is a blessed accident,
Time has craved you more beautiful,
You are no more a familiar girl whom I know,

'Do you still love me' her question is short.
Her chin droops, her eyes moistens,
I taps her chin up, admires her eyes,
I gather my words and then slowly speaks.

'To love is a habit' I pause and replies,
'A habit that doesn't fade away with time'
'The more I love, the more I grow'
'The more I learn to thrive a love show'.

A pause comes, few motionless moment follows,
We greet goodbye and start walking our way,
Perhaps in a decade time, we will meet again,
Hope then your question change to admiration.

Indranil Bit

Just 7

"Then there is nothing as I said
It is only you who insist upon
You will never listen to me
It's all you and you these days!
Nagging n dragging in dreams."

Such like an epilogue ends
Bark scars deadlier than bites
Nothing can be done to way up
A better knowing! A fresh start!
Truly said! 'Nagging in dreams'!

Sitting alone by the river bank
If luxury feels mind to forget all
Then only water bites hard on rocks
A scar deadly to decay them, clinches.
Forget? No! dreams always nagged.

Indranil Bit

Just 8

Dauntless stand on priceless land,
Sweep-away clad of tomorrow.

Restlessness to endeavor what-so,
Caressed peace in protective fists.

Fraudulent chime on nailed crime,
Gritted-away clinches of furrow.

Swinging curls on hair-flown wind,
Reluctant eyes to leave free fire-flies.

Pest-mate to drive-away solitude,
Rose-thorns n bitter vines in sentry.

When eve sun slit through the sky,
A portray of my Charlotte is read.

Indranil Bit

Just 9

Today I hold my pen with a heavy heart,
With little intension to sew down words,
One of those misty mornings I presume,
When we woke up and think all messy.

So I simply brew a cup for a change.
And cling myself to the open window.
To see crowd pouring and flowing all over
Unknown faces, unknown destinations.

Then I start wondering a bit carelessly
The purpose of me in this act of the play,
When there are so many faces to accomplish
The better actor in a perfect scene of play.

I grasp a handful of words with a pleasant smile,
I throw them on a bit of an articulated paper,
I chant a song from my favorite note of melodies,
I see my words dancing and rowing up to beautify.

"You n me lend an ear, we hear the tone of Gods;
No time for us to tear, we feel the love of Gods;
Have no motive to fear, we sense the trust of Gods;
Let's work n dance all way, we build the scent of Gods. "

I am needed in the play, I know this note to make words dance,
I am needed as a bagpiper of words, I am needed to sew up love,
Myself and my words will build the essence fit for the Gods,
Scenes are messy, a play is never complete without the epilogue.

Indranil Bit

Last Lane

Years have passed on the same lane;
Travelling together has been so easy!

Now time calls upon to part! My dear;
A new road, A new journey perhaps;

You lead all over our part we travel,
Today a fresh lane awaits to gravel.

We are blessed with loads of memoirs;
To shape us good! To make us poise.

This, all of it, and none more to tell,
A vow to be bounded, none be frail.

Indranil Bit

My 'bright Eyed Lady'

I was there as a shattered man,
After the darkest storm were gone;
A stone with lips and nothing more,
Was what the ruins of a catastrophe.
Whom should I love so dear is qualm!
Folly mortals of destined truth!

You were there standing in mist,
The bright eyed lady of ecstasy;
One eye gleamed to worldly things;
The other eye for none but me n me;
Whom should I love so dear is qualm!
Mighty Gods, alas! Yet in forty winks.

Mortals are to err, Gods to doze;
Let them be in the path they chose;
A stone with lips shall no more be numb;
A qualm gives way to a world of fantasy.

Indranil Bit

Ode On ' A Little You'

I remember the day you were born;
The creeping shadows on the lawn.
The vermilion glow on western snow;
The snow of clouds on monsoon flow.
The dancing breeze on old palm trees;
Took moment a lease to welcome a bliss.
When Man seems busy in items cheesy;
When God seems dizzy in items easy;
Then Evening star sails and drift;
From Life's far to unleash a gift.

I remember the day you witnessed Sun;
A moment cared with no borrowed fun.
The day when you first open your eyes;
A glimpse of colours that surrounds you, flies.
The spell that can stop Time to flow;
To adorn your world with heavenly glow.
Those spray of dew on aromated hue;
Let form a crew to glorify you.
The trumpets blow, a journey begins;
A humble show, all clatter serine.

I remember the day you first sing;
Your heart reveals of all your being.
The trembling throat, your creepy voice;
Envied a nightingale, leaves no choice.
Of all the winds that whistles in harmony;
Of all the maestros that blows in symphony;
The greatest of kings whose courtyards are lurked;
The finest of strings whose notes are defied;
Your melody shall rise to out throw them all!
Your tune shall devote to mesmerize them all.

I remember the day you learn to dream;
Your shining eyes rolling to welcome a win.
The day you realize the irony of a game;
The day you bow down to accept a shame;
The day you smile to bring showers of gem; □
The day you sobs to learn grief to tame;

The day you first strangle yourself in love;
The day you bear heaviness that trails in a part;
Ticking clocks of every sort, I witness your rise and fall;
This song of life, thy harp of path, shall play on and on.

I remember the day you close your eyes;
Or is it open wide to deceive all eyes!
The flow of time sloths to stop on you;
The hymn of glory fails to unravel any new!
Slowly the warmth of your body disappears into void;
What is left behind is still as mundane soil.
The truth you hug is as green as the woods;
But truth is bitter that adorns like a noose.
Tomorrow morning, another Sun will shine in some nooks;
Someone else will lament this verse of Life and Truth.

Indranil Bit

Ode On A Puppet

Round and round past the lawn
Wandering past the garden trees
She jumped straight into the mud
Soiling her embroidered skirt
Snatching grits off the soil
Throwing as far as she can
She seemed to have drowned
In all her mind like a dancing fairy
Orchard plants are all alert
To get a thrash or a whip.

Charlotte- the voice echoes
The voice she fears the most
It is her mom in a raging mood
How many times have I to clean?
Shaken, the captain retreats
Leaving behind martyr orchard
Charlotte strolls silently in
Like a puss that is so bonny
Waving the brown of her hair
Greased and smeared with earth.

Mom, Charlotte is here as you said
But mom, it is ideal time to play
I miss my roses and my vines
All are alone, waiting and crying
Mother hugs her nagging child
A warm kiss on her glooming cheek
I promise you a new puppet
Like a mermaid in a fairy tale!
A loving friend to my little doll
to accompany her all alone.

Now I do call upon all the bright
To close your eyes and think of her.
Are you still searching for Charlotte?
She is nowhere but within you
Think again of what have you done
In all these years you have subsided

You will discover every character here
The martyr, the mother and a promise
A promise of a loving to accompany us
That is too festooned to be real

Charlotte will grow and she will live
Orchards will grow but none will whip
Charlotte will be blessed with her new gift
But a puppet in no way can keep her words
To accompany little Charlotte all along
You and me who live or thrive all day
Will be busy in our fantasy play
The mongers will continue fascinating us
Till the time Charlotte becomes cold
But the cycle carries on and on!

Indranil Bit

Ode On A Reminiscence

The day seemed perfectly moulded for me
Not even an issue succeed to shaken me
It appeared to me as if in a wonderland
With no troubles to shoot back at me
I was flying with the words of my mind
Little did I realize what awaited for me.
That night I went early to bed
And hold me up in my prayers
Admiring the stars out my window
I was still in twilight of my sleep.

It all began as the clock struck nine
With half a city still much in life
The honking of cars were yet to fade
The rattling of trains seemed never to end
The grumbling of fans, the whistling of pests
All mingled buzz were not new to me
All of a sudden it struck in my mind
I recalled something and heavens are so kind
Untouched assets waiting long to unfold
May it be a small box, but from my grandpa.

I crawled down with stretching hands
Beneath my cot in a restless way
Until I felt to have touched the cold
The cold of a metal, the box! the box!
A silky smile ran through my face
My cheeks went red, my ears burned
That moment seemed seven lifes to me
My dancing heart was beyond spellbound
Last when my heart had overflowed
A kiss on wrinkled cheek of my grandpa.

Slowly with care I hugged my treasure
Slowly did I open the lid, green and white
To my surprise and beyond my imagination
It's a reverie to have had discovered this!
Neitrrer riches nor letters were lying inside
A pebble wrapped in a red silk embroidery

Cared as if it had been the best gift ever
Received by my dear in all his life
Tears rolled down to flood my cheeks
priceless it is to both me and grandpa

You all may think the narrator is mad
To have loved a pebble, that is so abundant
But when it bears reminiscence so dear
It claims to become a shrine of honour.
On a golden day, in a whimsical me
I gifted it to him, collecting from the lawn
As a token of pleasure for planting my rose
He accepted it with both his hands
And tossed my hair as if to bless
Now I know what a gem I had!

Indranil Bit

Ode On A Traveller

In a slanting glory, the yellow rays
Streams in like an affectionate lass
To give a hug and a warm kiss
On the snowy cheeks of the rugged path
The coarse pebbles will no more be cold
Is it a wave off for a glooming day!
The droplets cold on hay less fields
That paints the path on both its side
With season bosoms in a riot of colour
Are all vows to make it a promising day?

Spring! Spring! Spring! Has she come?
Wearing a fancy, red and blue!
Embroidered all over green and gold
With patches of white bear sparky shine
Yielding away creepily to welcome life.
You can spot the fairies out
Flapping their canvas so as to lure
In their eyes, flashes dreams of Hybla
In their heart, cradles a rebellion
Can they make it all an exquisite?

The pebbled path makes all its way
Through the fantasy of this place
It clinches up and rolls down
A silk thread on a chest of pearl!
A clattering whisper is heard from far
A wooden cart juggles and trots
All its way down the cliff
On its back, carries a stranger
Reluctant to make even a single move
His eyes are still, his heart is cold.

Is he a vagabond or a stranger?
Has he lost his way in the mist?
It hardly matters what you name
To any traveler through this paradise
Such is the magic of its serenity
No one will ever and ever ask

Where his journey begins and is blessed
Where is it destined to be at rest!
Someday you will look up to see
The traveler in you on this very way.

Rush and rush all your way
Grab it all what you can
Praise, honor, fame that upholds you
To garland your name and your soul
Can you carry them all this way?
The rattling of a cart on and on!
To make your path through these pebbles
The fluttering of fairies with adorned wings
Alas my son, are all quest in vain!
Or is it the epitome of a beginning!

Indranil Bit

Ode On A Wreck!

Festoons in white of the heaven
Robes in blue of the king
Oars in gold of the majesty
Shapes in spline of the pisces
Adorns in grace of the empire
Splendors in pinnacle of the feminine
Wings in grace of the masculine
Decks in court of the royale
Banquet in dream of the fantasy
Sails forth thy ship of honor.

Standing in front of the naked deck
Searching in vain, not knowing what!
I murmured monologue at my own face
'Thy ship of honor' is now wrecked
Thy tiring eyes got aged with times
Thy hope of glory, all seems to fly!
Carcasses are good, they can grow bosoms!
Why am I born and where will I sail?
In utter despair do I close my eyes
GOD of Honor come commands at me.

Everyday that breaks the dawn
Everyday that wakes the flowers
Everyday that glisters on the sea
Everyday that allure thou festoon
Everyday that brings a new hope
Everyday is that the same Sun?
We the king's men; name us brave
Every night when the sun veils
We never fear, be it the last day
But portraits in life? Still call me Brave!

It's a common say since the olden days
Wherever you may sail, your fate follows
To obey the stars or not to be
The irony fate bears, will not let you go!
Promises and hopes are all you have
To thrive in the mist, to sail in the dust

The mirage of the sea will deceive you
But will sign upon, the land is near!
A captain is born to sail through odds
Be brave at heart and all will fall.

Angry, are you? or feeling down
Blaming someone or cursing all way!
What is it that trembles you?
Is it the epitome of the Mother?
All your way through ruthless seas
Remember Her, thank for her bliss.
Nature never shuts all doors at same
It's upon you to quest for the best
But alas! fool, you are again deceived
As you never know which way to Rome!

Indranil Bit

Red

I am talking of a beginning, when nothing is there;

A red glowing ball rolls through paths of eternity:

It moulds the shape of new life, upheld a bliss;

Still you conspire to name Red the color of violence!

I am talking of a revolution, when no justice is made;

A red flow stumbles on uncountable horrors of past;

It brings the promise of a new order, glorify humane;

Still you conspire to name Red the colour of violence!

I am talking of a celebration, where no agony is induced;

A red vermillion flies to mist round the air, exaggerate beauty;

It drives out the gloomy moron monotone, re-discover you;

Still you conspire to name Red the colour of violence!

Red is blood, it sheds for a better cause, perhaps a better order!

Red is fire, it burns to yield a better life, a better part of satire!

Red is also love, love binds you and me with none for none!

Will you still conspire to name Red a colour of violence!

Ring" For Ring

Twice it rings,
The stupid phone;
As it sings,
Its monotonic tone;
Who is it?
At this odd hour!
Breaking peace!
Of the silent tower!
[The phone rings in the afternoon breaking the silence of the room]

Rattling down
The whirling stair,
Bearing frown
And with no flair;
She came down,
In a white gown;
She hitched it,
In a raging fit!
[The lady came down to receive the call. She was upset and that quite reflect in her delicacy]

'Who is this?
To stir a hiss!
Is it to tease?
When none to miss!
Is your brain at lease?
Or it's resting at peace!
Try not to appease!
As I am not your sis'.
[The upset and broken-down lady scolds the caller for disturbing her at a wrong time of the day. She did it without recognizing the caller]

'Charlotte', a voice come,
Breaking the noon mum.
As husky like pebble rough
Rbling down the wired cuff.
A voice so close to heart,
Yet it is so far from sight!
Half a decade she waited,

Amidst all odds and fight.

[A man finally spoke. A chore voice. She recognized it. It's the voice of her man, whose heart she had stolen and incidents parted them 5 years back.]

'O my dear Charlotte!

My bird of spring;

Melody from vines!

Playing on a string;

Mermaid of dreams!

Floating in the spring;

Give back my heart!

And do give it filled'.

[When love prevails, it loosens all restriction in expressing. Some compassion. Some agony. Veiled with unbound emotions.]

None quoted Charlotte!

None for a long time!

Then the silence breaks!

To yield, yet not a line!

Sobs and sobs and sobs!

The answer came fine!

Drops worth a million!

They speak a hundred line.

[Charlotte couldn't speak, couldn't make a sound. She cried silently. Her tears could have been blessed with a tongue.]

'Rock bed on a shore,

Are always slimy and green

So serene to the eyes!

Yet who dares to step on n in?

Lest the frog of marsh,

The king for its' kin;

He dares to nobly owe

The sweet princess's lips'

[He describes himself as the frog of marsh of the frog and the princess story, portraying his Love to Charlotte]

'Tears dried' quoted Charlotte;

'They had dried for a long time'

'But today' murmured Charlotte;

'I wish none but cry n cry n cry'

'I donnot know' mumbled Charlotte;

'What feeling flow can express mine'

'Is heaven so kind! ' babbled Charlotte;

'Or am I still dreaming for a far cry! '

[Charlotte broke her mum, she broke into emotions. She felt like crying, shouting. She seemed confused. Her words mumbled.]

'The water that whirls in flood,

Graveled over calmly with time,

I am the promise made by a tree

On the offset of the winter time'

'Come, embrace me' pleaded he,

'Come, throne thy the queen of my life'

'Truly not a dream, yet is it not!

The dream we canvas with open eyes'.

[All rows between us has settled with time just like a flood water does. I am the tree that sheds all leaves in winter with a promise to re-jubilate with Spring', he said. He then proposes her to accept him as her life partner.]

'Every eve when the sun crawls

The vermilion sphere kisses dust

I am there beneath the pine

Gazing a shadow growing in line

Longer it grows, the better it feels

I imagine it of both you and mine

When it fades into dark of the night

0' as if our love has spilled all sight! '

[Charlotte told how she used to spend every dusk imagining him in the long shadow of her, cast by the setting Sun. And when twilight welcomes darkness, it seemed her as their love become omnipresent.]

'All these years are spent in vain!

The journey I begun in wrong lane!

I chased a dream of riches to gain!

Slowly riches molded me to tame! '

'No more chase' cried he in shame!

'To grow in riches is only a game!

To dress you well, yet in false fame!

Uncloak you only to prove you a lame! '

[He explains Charlotte how he chased money all these years, only to recognize the hard truth of the money game]

'We will build an abode in the pine

From there to welcome every shine
We both will play the harp so fine
As we sing to the smell of turpentine'
"The ring of gold" both sung in tune;
"Is the ring of hope" both sighs in tune!
"Will show us the light" exclaim both;
"Will make us so bright" sung out both.
[They both sung the song of hope and sunk in imagination to lead their life
beneath the pines.]

Indranil Bit

Saltmate Love

Oh I visit you finally;
After a long time wait.
Ten seasons of prolonged wait,
And I met you finally!

You have not changed a bit,
Since the last time we met.
Your lips bruised in sand
Glittering sand like diamond set.

Many use to come and meet,
Yet none to you are special.
Yet I am your longing visitor,
Whom you hug every time I meet.

You first kiss my nails,
And then wrap my hip,
You then notch my belly,
Finally toss me in your arms.

I can't resist myself,
I then close my eyes!
I fail to lock my jaws,
As I gasp with open mouth.

It's turning me cold,
Yet you are so hot.
I may not sound so bold,
As you add on me all salt.

I am still in your arms,
When you finally kiss my lips.
Oh! I do remember this taste;
So do my pillow on sleepless nights.

No more nostalgia now!
As I want to sweep them away,
Let you and me and none more!
When you cuddle me and sway.

Every night when the earth sleeps,
Few old pages flashes my mind.
None but a puppet duck witness me,
As I learn sleeping with open eyes.

None of mine are unknown to you,
Still you roar back when I purr!
Why not you take nostalgia out?
Cast them away, way too far!

I have tasted your bruised lips,
More salty than my tears!
I know you are crying for me,
Frantic love or overwhelmed fears!

Let the world sleep, let my duck sleep,
Let this moment stay, let others be gray,
Let your bosom be, let my brackish cheek be,
Let salt define love, briny fairy unbound Love.

Indranil Bit

Silk-Wrapped Wishes

Three days what merely is;
Before the new year begins,
Everywhere is painted new!
And the air flutes still spring.

Décor with the best one on!
Leave no stone hide in moss;
Laden the air with hue so dear;
Up n here, Let's welcome an year.

How lovely more can you welcome!
A new life perhaps, a charm-filled lass?
So God sends you as the feather in décor.
Lit a tallow taper, Trophy up a new you.

Indranil Bit

Sonnet On 'a Promise To Care'

Every day when you start in the morning,
I silently crawl to follow your shadow,
Till the bend of the road you took,
Where we bid bye with a smiling face!
We part each other with a promise made,
A promise not to miss each other at bay!

Time grows old, days even older!
What does bind back our shoulder!

Every day when I start in the morning,
Your shadow silently crawls to follow me!
Till the bend of every road I took!
Where I imagine you with a smiling face.
You parted me with a promise made
You be my shadow till we fall at bay!

Indranil Bit

Sonnet On A 'companion'

When I start, I feel alone;
Then I found you walking along;
Through dusky path alongside hive;
That forms a maze and splits to five;
With falling light crawls a fear;
To get lost when home is near.

A maze of hive decors my way!
Still I fear to praise and sway!

Yet how I forget you walking along!
The proudest possession that I belong!
Still why fear crawls? I feel alone!
Oblivion! Dismay is what I belong!
Someday world will forget, days not long!
But before that, I will find you smiling along.

Indranil Bit

Sonnet On A 'corruption N Me'

Whenever there is a cry heard from far;
All hearts unite, a sandstorm is stir;
We think of the other end so far;
We imagine ourselves to the world at par;
How many times do we recognize of it?
We ourselves have moved out a bit!

A war brings down a state, a countable loss is incurred;
A corruption brings down humanity, An atomic seed is incurred!

You and me play the blame game on us!
No shout is heard! None gives a fuss!
We cradle a snake! Back on us, it huss!
Corruption brings agony! spoil an eternal lotus!
What is it? I know not how you define!
To me, supporting you is also at line!

Indranil Bit

Sonnet On A 'longing For Love'

She is sitting silently by the broken pane,
Her usual place at this hour of the day,
Neither a complain, nor makes a sound!
Her eyes in search and with no frown!
Days past by like beads on a string,
No one do endure such loss of a being!

Five long years flow aloof to the sea!
She is still sitting with a hope to see!

That evening he came with emerald eyes;
His world seemed kind and the heavens nice.
When she was gasped tight round the hip;
Her cheek turned cherry and a trembling lip!
What she felt that day is answered never,
Yet she is still sitting and waiting at this hour.

Indranil Bit

Sonnet On A 'moist Eyes'

Sometime I try to forget your moist eyes;
Sometime I make myself busy to feel nice;
Sometime I try to throw my luck on dice;
Sometime I sit silent and ignore all vice;
Sometime, yet only sometime, not always nice!

I close my eyes and I sit in the dark;
Not to think twice and introspect my heart.

What I quest for is not in treasure!
What I opt for is not in pleasure!
I just try to forget your moist eyes!
I just try to ignore whatsoever vice!
I just try, just try to make things nice!

Now with wide open eyes, I am sitting in the light;
Still phantom chases; I remember your moist eyes.

Indranil Bit

Sonnet On A 'puny Protector'

Beneath the broken branches of the old banyan,
Lives a little sparrow with her family and her clan.
Days are bright, love and fruits are loads in ample.
Until a fear crawls in, a love abode to abandon!
An old, wicked cobra hisses in, homing the banyan!

Little sparrow, all day she thought n come with a plan,
To accomplish a risk, be an idol, a savior for her clan.

The royal lass with beauty bounds has come for a wash;
The grand lace with silk n pearl awaits stealing with a fuss;
She took n flew n drop the pearls in bark-holes of banyan;
Men with arms follow the pearl; uncover a lace and the hiss;
A brutality follows, a hapless kill, peace embraces the banyan.

A lesson taught; a clever plan can lift you to the top of the world!
All clans to remember you, little sparrow; till the end of the world.

Indranil Bit

Sonnet On A 'simple Love'

A simple word, a thousand way to define,
A simple act, a thousand way to enact,
A simple smile, a thousand way to interpret,
A simple hug, a thousand qualm to give way,
A simple it is, to be happy till we fall at bay.

True! I know you more than anyone else can ever,
And so your heart rest to trust unknown as a fever.

A simple word, to shapeless an unbound love,
A simple act, a gentle kiss laden with vow n care,
A simple smile, a candid dancing pair of heart,
A simple hug, a losing together in a dreamland,
A simple it is, to be in love till we both fall at bay.

True! I can hear your silence roaring amid a crowd,
Still I rest to trust an unknown hand to care my dear.

Indranil Bit

Sonnet On A 'city Of Lights'

Upper Neath stands a gala grand city;
Busy mornings flows to brighter nights.

Underneath crawls a gloomy gutter tunnel;
Walking shadows dances to stinking cries.

Upper Neath boogying a crowd, fresh and new;
Adore the sketch like road in bright and hue.

Underneath a man who does befriend his sweat
Adore the dull snapped tunnel off a clogging fate.

Upper Neath few money flies, all people lies;
Driving shadows with light, a hilarious fight!

Underneath a song tunes, scarce phosphate fumes;
Whirling waters in dark, fanatic venomous peace!

Upper Neath stands proud is a city of light!
Underneath an angel works to make life bright!

Indranil Bit

Sonnet On A 'flowing'

The golden sand flows through your fingers,
It flies with wind traversing a million miles,
Before it settles on a wet bed ravine rock,
Where water carries it through whirling falls,
Beaten and crushed, it flows with the flow,
Finally rests destiny on a riverine sweet spread,
This is also a journey, a flow with wind and rain!

The golden sting flows through your fingers,
It carries the festooned kite high near the clouds,
Before it settles to kiss the blue of eternity,
Where wind gasp to flow, kite clinch to fly,
Ragged and torn, it flies looking up, stings on ground,
Finally rests destiny on an unknown stage of dreamy clouds,
This is yet another journey, a flow on a different note!

Indranil Bit

Sonnet On 'a Little Shaheen'

The grandeur of a Desert land,
The hottest ground of your imagination.
There life struggles with thorns,
Lifeless thorns do path out to summon.

The sky there is a tinge bluer,
A Shaheen has spread her wings to span.
She can capture the sky n land,
Her sanguinary dreams on lifeless lands.

In a remarkable speed n will,
Up from the heaven, she come gushing.
In a blink of a crackle of time,
Her claws are bleeding with my blood.

Here I bid, I stand defeated!
She has my dreams n my bones to feast.

Indranil Bit

Sonnet On A 'lost Love'

The very first time I saw you, You bring in me, all of new!
I never know your name, Nor do I quest for the same.
Those magic bestowed eye May let a hundred hearts fly!
It didn't shoo my heart to fly! It did encage thy heart to cry,
The tear I shed in love for thee Tear that embrace but no lie.

Our eyes yellowed with decree, Our thoughts ripened with time,
Our heart! O it didn't introspect! We didn't know where we drive!
No whirl can plunge your thoughts So we just parted n drifted a while
Only to dawn how much we miss The small glories to décor thou life.
Is this how you adorn as love? Or is this none but a mirage on ice?

Now I am here sitting alone, straight! Everything drooped by my side;
Never mind, it may the other way round; Its true by your sunken slog stride;
Let my son and his sons not repeat it, Let the story remain untold to thee;

The very first time I saw you! I must have made an epitome of love to thee!

Indranil Bit

Sonnet On A 'new Year Changes'

All cries it new, all welcomes new.
Yet you are an old book grabber.
Sitting alongside the slanting rays!
Your back is turned to the world of praise.
To you, it's flying another leaf of calendar,
Torn n withered with dwindling loads of age.

'Accept a change, flag a new' the world cries!
Your ears are shut, unmoved, nameless flavor.
Dusting an old note, quoting an old phrase!
Your back is turned to the world of change.
To you, it's chirping annoying song of quell,
Un-chorded rough with dwindling loads of age.

'I am the change, can you hear me change'
Hope you speak this loud, mocking loads of age!

Indranil Bit

Sonnet On A 'plough Puller'

Each day of the year he trolls back!
Back from the field of golden corn,
Tired n aching with uncertain eyes,
Only to chew a loaf n dream no hope!

One day he looked up while coming back,
A pair of sparkling eyes amidst the crowd,
A crowd of un-named stars in the decor,
Only to make the moon dream to hope!

Each day of the year since its enacted,
There's a gala retreat from the golden fields,
No more omen can haunt him in thoughts,
Days turn bright, sky cuddles blue to hope!

Tis' lies the crowning of a plough-puller story,
Kingship only a fuss, a quest for the unbound.

Indranil Bit

Sonnet On A 'sanguinary Fist'

The basin of sand
By a claw of drips;
Such pungent its'
To crawl the dead.
All defied n void;
The red clot flow.

Cruel as tis' look;
Lament it a bliss.

No brave can deny
The bliss in show.
On dance of Shiva,
On crumb calm kis',
Womb the phoenix
A new era is begun.

Indranil Bit

Sonnet On A 'small Crowd'

There's a small crowd gathering slowly,
At the corner of the Trafalgar Square,
I can count an increasing heads,
I can feel all enthusiastic face,
Dressed in morning colors fresh,
The crowd defy a painted bouquet!

I ain't strong enough to hide my keen,
Slowly do I stroll to find what fuss it is,
Pushing myself through the crowd,
When I reach finally to steal a glimpse,
I am awestruck to endeavor beauty,
A little girl of seven dancing in whimsy!

Her effortless exertion do conceive a crowd,
And she is not lost! She does make us proud.

Indranil Bit

Sonnet On 'a Small Fish'

A small yellow fish, lifeless she is,
Of course, she is made of clay.
The red tail, the red fins, ahha!
They just suit on her so much!

She swim n float all day, no food!
She don't feel hungry altogether.
She only live, sorry lifeless she is,
She just entertain me all day.

Lifeless, yet so lively the fish is!
She brings a smile to me each day.
She doesn't want my love in return,
She just wants to see me happy.

Lifeless she is. Lifelessness is a bliss.
I now believe to smile, yet not at lease.

Indranil Bit

Sonnet On A Traveler's Stage

O thy, the vagabond of the isle;

Sailing thou caravan through unbound lands.

Ways long n endless, will isn't feeble;

meeting thou desire through unbound bands.

Days are long n tiring, nights are creepy;

Thou harp is old, thou voice strong and flappy.

Different land espouse different band;

Masking hand or the dazzling bangles of sand.

A traveler's heart, more lands to unearth!

A vagabond's heart, more bands to unfurl!

A traveler singing at the top of his voice!

A vagabond is in search of nooks n noise!

A traveler, a vagabond, pray who art thou?

A stage is set, may it be today, may it now.

Indranil Bit

Sonnet On An 'untold Lips'

Once there lived a little stupid lass,
Sleeping at noon-fall for a day dream,
Crying hard, yet act on hiding her face,
Melancholy was her friend! A secret mate,
Surrendering to desert roars, a mist of dust,
Blaming herself for depleting foes, Alas!
She was once so as I said. Once she was so!

Today, a new day of year, she stands strong,
Beauty herself incarnates to shape her form,
An exotic lady carrying along memento so rich,
To fight back self-wooning emotions that breach,
Neither storm nor whirls can sunk her today.
She weaves nostalgia out, cast them away too deep,
She is now like what I says. Dear hearer, now she is so!

Indranil Bit

Sonnet On An 'artlessness! '

Today after a long time of dilution, I am holding a pen!

No more imaginary works along,

I am to jot down my own story,

It may not have an interesting tinge,

We all are books, some read out loud,

My story may entrust a growing child,

choked dreamy lane!

in simple and plain!

yet unfurl no shame!

have I such a claim!

in simple and plain!

'The purest of love brings me here,

The greatest creed hugs me knowledge,

I am grown in light and rain so as you,

All day is spent in weaving memories,

Till the day when the realization dawns,

I gasp to unlock the door of dreamy lane,

vows me not to leave!

wellness is to believe!

hearing morning hymn!

wool of sparkling time!

artlessness is a crime!

I pen my own first line! '

Today you recognize me as a word-weaver,

Come join me, unlock your own door of creation,

word as evergreen pine!

as artlessness is a crime!

Indranil Bit

Sonnet On An 'evening Cry'

Evening is a stage to some, their act in life's melodrama,
Evening is a rush to some, a thoughtful rat! rat! rattle race,
Evening veils a curse to some, dark clouds of melancholy,
Evening appears lazy to some, chit chatting old! old! stories,
Evening whirls in to all, shy not for bubbling up memoirs dear!
Evening presents good or ugly! truth or lies! Served bare or lovely!

Bly me a painter, imagine a marooned street, fallen leaves dispersed!
Bly a flickering lamp or two, a gentle breeze, a distinct sound of cry!

No! Not another story that depicts a cry for a loss, a warfare brings in;
And not another lore that upheld a cry for the sake of justice and honor!
Definitely not a ghostly cry to scare a child, from his grandma's story books!
Surely not a cry from break of a lover's heart! Cry that is only felt; never heard!
How often do you cry that knows not, that needs not to wrap an elucidation!
Why!
Bly a painter, live an evening in a painting, hear a cry, leave all reasons in
exclamation.

Indranil Bit

Sonnet On An 'untold Love Chain'

Eight and half months he waited,
For her, it was just the perfect,

still a month too early it seems;
both event and place it feels;

For him, that evening was cloudy,
For her, a sun-tanned noon tiring,

a crimson sky covers the gloom;
melting roads, half dried bloom;

He has the tarai of the Himalayas,
She has her land of splashing rocks,

here sun n clouds plays in whimsy;
here froth n salt juggles in symphony;

Twenty years passed like a flashing,
A painter must have sleepless nights,

he grows strong n curvy in sun n rain;
her beauty is now an irresistible frame;

That evening there were stars bright,
desire;
No trues can weave a truth better,
fire;

when both grasp tight in untamed

when both cuddles to define Love n

An unfriendly crowd sucks in both,
The shadow forms the padlock chain,

all shuffles to form an order of game;
dragged by neck, both in untold shame;

Give them both a vanquished name!
claim;

all shouted n hooted together as if to

Aphrodite weeps in vain!
game!

No! none to refrain!

Be Love only a blood

Indranil Bit

Sonnet On 'my Ant'

In the middle of the lush-green woods,
covered soil in black and gray leaves,
there lies a small admirable ant-hill.

Here every ant is so adorable,
all beautiful in their way.
they have everything! they know everything!
except the one very own lesson!

no one do teach them that lesson, alas!
and it is 'HOW TO GRIEF'.
so they always smile, always happy,
insane they are to exhibit so!

One among those ants are you,
hope you carry this 'LESSONLESSNESS' wherever you go.
let your new chapter dignify you.

Indranil Bit

Sonnet On The 'black Rose'

A tempest growing stronger silently
In the middle of the unexplored deep blue sea,
A dilemma drawing power silently
In the middle of my unexploited deep aimless flee,
A red love rose to tribute you silently
In the middle of an indomitable roar of plea,
These are all scattered pebbles bearing my past.

A saint resting on a serene cap silently
In the middle of all unknown fears couching by,
My love that bears within all season silently
in the middle of my ever young heart of feelings,
The rose petals are turning dark silently
In the middle of an ever ending quest to beautify you,
These are none but shining gems uplifting my present.

Indranil Bit

The Bridge Of Lima

Strong stands Lima like a brave man does.
As pride of Peru and all that it bears;
It opens the gate to the mud-wrap church;
Winding rafts through fascinating arch;

All men in sin struggling through life
Wish hard to lift in decree and drive;
They stroll em' up through mud locks;
In seek of peace through serine talks;

Church of Peru is a listener of thoughts;
None is known to return vague and lost;
All hymn in glory of the mud-wrap church;
If thou a seeker of peace, come here n search;

Then comes a day in the month of July;
A day so nice and so promising to deny;
Still fate has plans designed in her whimsy;
To turn turtle flow and prove them clumsy;

It is twelfth of the month when it broke;
The finest bridge, all of Peru has known;
The bridge of Lima, The pride of Peru!
All thrown in gulf, all thrown into void!

All of five crossing the bridge this hour,
Are thrown down like drops on shower,
Who are these five? The chosen ones;
To gift Lima a fate in twisting turns;

Hundreds are known to cross each day!
Amidst all thunderbolts or storm at bay;
Yet that day is too calm to give way;
To break free the bridge! Is beyond say!

Why those five and why none else?
To meet a fate, to meet an end!
Are they the chosen ones as I say?
Or we are too young to conclude play!

Indranil Bit

The Chase

The last time in the woods;
Beneath the hazy pine maze;
Wearing a white gown in silk;
And a gray robe, a flying lace;
A scalpel sizzles from a distance;
And all hunter bow throngs at;
The hazy pine is now dismantled!
The indigenous chase is begun!

A pack of savages on later half;
Who deceive themselves superior!
A sole fighter! Is he on former half!
Who deceive a scary cat nightmare!
A chase, a game, what chase! What gain!
Define a horror, defy better morrow!
The hazy world is now dismantled!
The indigenous chase is begun!

The white gown, the gray robe,
The red tinge, the blank roar,
Two emerald stones, a deep fall,
A scalpel sizzles, all savages tall,
The game that perceive the gain,
Conclude horror, conceive morrow!
The hazy life is now dismantled!
The indigenous chase is begun!

Indranil Bit

The Green Haze

The tall green haze
 At the bend of the road;
The road that wove
 Round the hillock court.
Some are thorny
To taste your blood;
Some are painted
In magenta glass.

Amidst the riot
 Is standing someone;
A little girl
 With a bonny heart.
The afternoon Sun
 Still slants and crawl;
Yet her shine of charm
 Veils it all.

Is she lost in the
Tall green haze?
Or dancing around
In Capricious maze!
Who despairs so much
to have an answer?
Who wants to quest
 Be it all in vein!

Daughter of the soil
 That's what her name;
The possessor of freedom
 Not unworthy fame.
A hundred words
 Still no silence breaks,
A call from heart
 For all hearts' sake.

The cheering breeze,
 The flying kites,
The buzzing bees,

The twinkling flies,
The throne of soil,
The queen of vines
The quirky dream,
Sweet hearts' delight!

The accounting clouds,
The heartless clash;
The dungeon dark,
The fade-oar crash;
The redrum flow,
The charred patios;
All lift a toast
On agony's triumph.

The bend of roads
Amidst tall green haze;
Welcomes you
To uncloak grace;
Daughter of the soil
The tamer of emotion;
Welcomes you
To hug her vision.

Indranil Bit

Thirst

A bird so small, that's what I am;
Name me puny, that's all I have;
My feeble wings are all in all;
To encourage me at every fall.

Perching atop the casuarinas tall;
My heart listens the wood's call;
Festooned lands with whelming fall;
I am born to conquer `em all.

Reverie of thought swims my mind;
I will carry but reminiscence so kind;
The land to espouse me as a child;
Time calls upon me to part and quest.

Smell of maple from distant land;
Streams in like phantom sand;
Mary's Ville allures me in;
Lutheran confessions rule my dreams.

Name me puny, that's all I have;
But adorned dreams are all I have;
After the leap in Mary's lap
Will shake all leaves of maple cap.

Indranil Bit

Three To Thee

The light is creeping near;
O my dear, is it to fear?
You can't touch, nor can hear;
But the feel will let you cheer.

Where three Gods can create an earth;
Where three truth can create a life;
Where three words can create a kin;
There the Three can create a light.

It is what we all quest to search;
It is that you have from your birth;
Upheld thy self and shine above all;
Give a tinge, reveal life untold.

Indranil Bit

Untold Story 1 (Brick Lay Ward)

A thin layer of smoke white,
Wrings over carcasses of light!
Red misty dust surrounds the site,
Smoke fights to exist, exists to fight!

A collection of weed n dry stems
Tries to keep up the smoky flame;
Overneath is a tumbler of raw rice,
A food of hope, of uncountable price.

Near it sits a child of tomorrow,
Naked brother in arms, ball of tallow,
A slanting sun, The red dust, A furrow!
Brick and clay, baked in hope and sorrow!

A pair of eyes brighter than the Sun;
Yet darker than the shiny clay bun;
veils in black, an incarnate humane;
sitting calmly by the smoky flame.

Her eyes have no dream, O' none!
She looks content, no borrowed charm!
Life isn't a curse at least to some!
She trophies smoke and rice on all term!

And she isn't all alone in the yard,
The untold story of the brick lay-yard!
Here war is life, trophy is food,
Sun is luxury, freedom is nude.

An hour, a day, a hundred years!
Time stumbles n flows, portrait doesn't!
The child of tomorrow will grow one day!
To fascinate herself by the smoky flame bay!

Their sky is big, dreams are small,
Their rise is none, so no fear to fall,
Their sleep is sound, like an earthen doll,
Their mind in peace, hear eternal call.

This land that cradles the child of morrow,
This land that espouses blocks of a nation,
This land where Sun fights against the red dust,
This land, here hope mould in clay, bake in Sun.

Indranil Bit

Untold Story 10 (Nothing Lasts Forever)

Nothing lasts forever.. truly said are the words..
Yet a cycle goes on n on.. duly moving at it's pace..

Like the crimson cycle I rode.. in my good old childhood days..
'tring tring' on lazy lanes.. the after sun n a chubby face..

Unframed diaries cherished.. life was so simple! Is it not..
Chalo! Let's go back there.. 'tring tring' on lazy lanes..

Nothing lasts forever.. so what? We don't care..
Joining me? Come soon.. fizzing popping on lazy lanes..

Indranil Bit

Untold Story 11 (Sky N Leaf)

The morning of the summer and a tinge of yellow,
Amidst the sheds of patchy white,
Is the color of mine, what color do you hold poor leaf?
She smiled and opened her eyes,
A vintage green contrast yours! Sky.

Brown and black are not so dark,
When I robe it passionately on a monsoon eve.
Come thrashing on you! Poor leaf, speak.
I douse myself patiently, my friend,
In the deepest green you have ever seen.

The white and blue, I cherish in joy!
Where are you leaf? Prepare to fall?
The brightest yellow like the pious Sun!
On every branch do I stand firm!
There I am, sky before I fall!

Sky is the limit, pure in its form,
And not a tinge at the hinge to dirt my robe,
When winter snails in, where were you? Poor leaf!
Red n yellow n purple n brown- name a color, sky
Who has seen such a riot before? Look down sky!

Crimson in the brightest glowing shade
Have you ever seen me in autumn? Poor leaf.
Beware sky! The forest fire blooms on full moon,
And I will welcome you in the slimy green carpet,
Where my meadows can sway in wind!

The sky and the leaf
Thus they fight, thus the shy, thus they adore,
Not only blue, not really green, no mundanely hue,
A limitless color where the sky is limit
A simplicity of green brings new in you.

Indranil Bit

Untold Story 12 (Rose Day)

A whole library of books
On that corner table shelf of mine
Mocks at me at times

They may bear a lot
In the bosom of old wore pages
To educate the world around

An untrue self esteem
May be for a vibrant book lover
Not my cup of tea

Buried within the 23rd page
Of a thin copy of 'Arms and the man'
Is a withered bundle of petals

A red rose from him
My 'CHOCOLATE MAN' of the dream
Rest all be a fantasy

Someone has robbed the smell
The freshness is gone with time
But the RED stays back

The petals are now papery
Hope there written my secret love story
Just missed to be chanted

Indranil Bit

Untold Story 2 (A Life Dream)

I'm writing a story that you heard before;
Still heart rests to speak of it more;
All willing to hear, all willing to know!
Ask me, I know how life cradles to flow!
All young years and I'm counting moments,
Everything stood by my side, everything stales!

I'm speaking in the middle, I get interrupted;
Pamphlet of stories flies and I'm orated;
All willing to hear, bits n pieces of fliers;
Ask me, pamphlets are born to fly with wind!
Forty two years and I'm counting moments,
I stood by everything's side, everything stales.

I'm framing a play; time for a little satire,
I feed my story with the galloping fire!
All willing to console, all confused cries!
Ask me, all great sorrows are not mortal;
Fifty two years and I'm noting cries!
Everything stood by none's side, everything stales.

Same old newspaper, same old story,
Each day, every day, twenty years,
All willing to read, all think it new,
Ask me, I know true stories are only few!
Sixty two years and I'm counting dates;
Everything drooped by my side, everything stales.

Same old routine, same old mornings,
Each morning, sugary tea, unknown fears,
All willing to help, all think I'm weak,
Ask me, I know what feeble means in truth,
Seventy two years and I'm still mapping ticks;
I drooped by everything's side, everything stales.

Same old day, a voice, same old hymn;
Each time it says 'We will be near! '
All willing to create, a new story perhaps!
Ask me, I know, the wrapper changes to newer;

Eighty two years, still counting my fears;
None drooped by none's side, everything stales.

A new day finally, an all-new prayer,
Each time it says 'Amen my dear'
All willing to hug, a last warmth perhaps!
Ask me, I know, what cold covers!
Ninety two years and a counting ends;
Drooping is only a theory and none stales.

Indranil Bit

Untold Story 3 (A Journey)

The whole forest is now on fire;
Fire with hue, not with smoke!
The collective glow put up a show,
I am there amidst the fire,
Stealing up a show, the red-red glow!

[The red blossom let appear the whole forest on fire]

I fly down with a gentle frown;
Resting on earth, dreaming for a ride;

[A flower falls from the branch and resting on earth waiting for a journey]

A broken temple houses some idol;
An Idol of faith unbound to all;
An ornamental glow put up a show,
I am there amidst the decor,
Piling up the show, my red-red glow!

[The flower is carried to a temple and decors the idol crown]

I fly down from décor of a crown;
Resting on idol-feet, dreaming for a ride;

[It falls from the crown and waiting for the next journey]

A young woman, how harsh she is!
Dry me in Sun! Grind me for fun!
Scratching her forehead with my dust;
I am there amidst her faith,
Levyng her show; pious red-red glow!

[A young lady prepares fresh vermilion out of the flower]

I fly down her faith-laden crown;
Resting! Dispersed on soil! No more dreams;

[Vermilion flies from lady's forehead and lie dispersed on ground]

And old banyan on my dispersed grave!
I climb up her root to the tallest crave!
This time in a new form, am not dead!
I am there living in my own faith,

Scripting my show; my red-red glow!

[The flower comes back, this time I different form though]

I fly up, now I know the truth;

My ride is never-ending, let me be in dreams.

[The cycle glows on, a journey is blessed to be never-ending]

Indranil Bit

Untold Story 4 (Me And You)

The earth may break on your head!
But before that, remember;
It tore an umbrella, me!
Like an avalanche crushing down an innocent piece of rock.

The earth may bury you down, deep!
But before that, remember;
It flowers the last garland, me!
Like a smashing down on my untrodden grave of thoughts.

The earth may uphold your senses!
But before that, remember;
It glorifies the last bosom, me!
Like a rain tree does with unbound care of non-qualm senses.

The earth may praise your beauty!
But before that, remember;
It roots deep an essence, me!
Like an unnamed grave builds a porch of unconditional love.

The earth may bow down your grace!
But before that, remember;
There stands a protector, me!
Like a beaten wrought iron engulfing all harshness in that fire.

The earth today sings you a song sweet!
But before that, remember;
I compose a beauty for you!
Like a nature stands up composing a note to dedicate a nightingale.

The earth and you stand face to face!
But before that, remember;
I handcraft a mirror for you!
Like you are none but a mere reflection of my well fascinated senses.

The earth may bury you in your creation!
But before that, remember;
You ought to be a devotion to me!
Like a Solomon devotes her life swimming in search of a salt less whirl.

This earth, one day may surrender!
But before that, remember;
I am in the middle of every warfare!
Like a chocolate soldier in his quest to conquer dauntless Austrian love.

This earth today may preach you a doctrine!
But before that, remember;
I am the doctrine of you, my love!
Like an entire jury bending down to welcome what is yours and to none.

Indranil Bit

Untold Story 5 (A Different Holi)

A full moon night in the middle of the Spring,
The night so special and so cherished by teen,
That night when colors fly to paint the wind,
To paint all lies and to shade all wounds,
Young and old congress to dance and sing,
Song and hue décor the eve of the Spring.

Aloof the entire world, I am walking in solitude,
The song! Heavy; The wind! Laden; A broken flute!

She is standing alone by the way, A sweet smile on her curvy lips;
A purple cheek on her right cheek, An appealing pair of eyelashes;
An emotional drift! my fingers touches her cheek; a whimsicality;
The purple hue sprinkles, my cheeks are red now, hers are milky pink;
Solitude! Phew! I am no more alone now; She is in my eyes, I am in hers;
O my dear wind! why do you carry Love on this full-moon night of the spring!

Indranil Bit

Untold Story 6

I wish to re-write your book,
Every book that educates me,
May every know-how at place,
Only I, just another bad reader!

Why I do over-read the conclusion!
I just intentionally skipped stanzas!
I just want to re-write your book,
Fear lingering stanzas, toothed words.

One day I will for sure! Laden my words,
Entangle them, sew them, make them feary,
Paint them with teeth n claws n wrinkled face,
Send them, eat your stanzas up in sanguinary way!

Indranil Bit

Untold Story 7 (Sonnet On A Day-Dream)

Travelling all alone, I just dozed off;
Dozed so peacefully as never before.
The noon heat became adorable now.
The dry -hot air seemed a breeze.
I dreamt a small hill top, lush green!

It's good to dream at times you know?
They motivate you, they give you wings!

A magic land! Here none bites back!
All problem are solvable, all bids right!
Everyone is happy, everyone is jolly!
All fights friendly, all rows are lovely!
A sudden brake, I lost my fancy dream.

Or do I? Only I don't think the different way!
There's no magic land n all lands are magical!

Indranil Bit

Untold Story 8 (A Nightmare)

No moon came out that night, No clouds, yet the sky was dusky,
The broken fence in the backyard, Lead to the
deserted vine heap.

It housed a wild cat and no squirrels, Few
hanging branches, dried, lifeless,
The wind was chilled, a tinge of cold, It whistled
past the dwindling leaves.

Not a sound from a mortal was heard, Crack-
crackling of presumed dryness.

The little puppy had disappeared into, I did follow
her inside the creepy vine.

With no light, I could trust only senses, So I started
crawling on leafy-soft floors.

When I did spot a candle stand faintly lit, A strolling
gown, a headless creature.

'Mamaa' I shouted and closed my eyes, The thing
disappeared like camphor fumes.

A deep shy ran through bumping heart, I assured
myself safe and began my search.

Now I heard her, barking and quenching, Dragged
helplessly to some darkest nooks.

I cried out loud but of no help, amused, It seems her
last day, I felt pity, couldn't act.

She licked my nose, scratched my chest, The cold of
her nose smoothed my cheek,

I bumped out n hugged her, little puppy, A dreamy
nightmare to lose her had just ended.

Indranil Bit

Untold Story 9 (The Lion)

"Every morning I dig the soil, I make it loose,
I am working with all sweat to make ends meet,
Only the king is sitting idle! " complains the Hare.

"Every morning I carry the seeds, make it sow,
My tiring wings are never paid better, none bother,
Only the king is sitting idle! " complains the sparrow.

"Every morning I dance on flowers, my legs tired,
I make sure they grow into beautiful fruits to cater,
Only the king is sitting idle! " complains the butterfly.

"Every morning I make the meadows sweet n green,
Fit for a royal welcome to an advancing imperial guest,
Only the king is sitting idle! " complains the antelope.

Such and so all complains one by one, their grievances,
All seems happily living yet unhappily pondering their duty,
"The king is idle" they all do say so and enjoy to believe in it.

"You don't step out even for a fresh catch" complains the lioness,
"it is me who has to feed you each diurnal! Tiring it is at times"
"They all are correct", she droops her head and console herself.

That morning few alien two legged creature came carrying spear,
He stepped out, roared, attacked, got wounded, a drama followed,
Finally, a retreat marks a glory in the jungle, aliens are driven out.

"I am the king, I am meant for this, I am not made to cater you! "
Roars He breaking the silence, "to keep peace is my soul duty"
"You can tolerate a week hungry, never a week in a lost state! "

All now gather around him, a formidable way to keep their chin up,
"we believe in you, do forgive us for the audacity shown against you"
They plead, He believes, peace returns, a caressed moment follows.

Indranil Bit

Wait!

Every night, it seems bright;
In my bed, in drops shed;
It allures me, seems upheld me;
Dreams of mind, of every kind.

Hours past and all day I fast;
O my peer, is night so dear!
Let light shower my thought tower;
Form a ravine, dreams of mine.

Who is so kind? Whom I can find;
Reveal it all, the secret call;
Who is so bold? Entrust stories untold;
Let dreams you mould, before it's cold.

Indranil Bit