

Poetry Series

**Puskar Sikdar**  
**- poems -**



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# Puskar Sikdar()

Hello, myself Puskar Sikdar. Born in a small village of district Howrah of West Bengal state, Jagatballavpur, India. 'Namaste' to everyone.

It has been a cool journey through which I am going on till now. A couple of ups and down, but considering those adversity there the patience of mind always helps me to find the right path of my life. As a student, through the exploration of book world, thoughts, thesis etc. It teaches me as well as us, a lot and for the struggle of our life, it teaches us to fight back. Remind this thought again and again, sometimes it creates the question on my mind—What it mean to be a human? And that's why I don't want to stop write and do as well as in my academic. Through the poems of literature and upto the theories or thesis of mathematics it's teaches me a lot of life's value.

As a student, a curious seeker of Mathematics, it feels like I am going through in an another world. To explore the beautiful world of science as well as maths, it gives an immense joy and happiness, and I want to continue my journey in this world to explore the soothing pleasant of Literature and Science.

A seeker of words, a dreamer of verses—my journey began with the whispers of poetry, where emotions found solace in ink. Born with an insatiable love for literature, I embraced both the scientific and poetic realms, balancing logic with lyrical musings.

Writing, for me, is not just an art but a reflection of life's fleeting moments, a way to leave behind traces of thought and feeling. Bengali poetry has been my heart's language, but now, I step forward to bring my those words to the world in English, weaving my essence into verses that transcend boundaries. I'll try to publish my Bengali poems in English by translating them with the maintainance of rhythm and meaning. Please forgive me if there are any mistakes in my poems.

Through my poetry, I strive to capture the depths of emotions, the beauty of simplicity, and the echoes of unspoken thoughts. If my words resonate with you, join me on this journey—where each poem is a step toward eternity.

# My Golden Sonnet

Behind those pages of diary-  
I imagined those words.  
Flowing out and popped up like-  
Jump of twisting popcorn.

Lines of fourteen express my virtue;  
As-  
Sweats with blue ink burst out,  
Racemic mixture of heart.  
A blank page of muted suicide-  
Bows down to lovely magma;  
To be loved.

Puskar Sikdar



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# Let Us Fall In Love Again?

Let us fall in love again?

Like those days spent in Italy, hold no pain.

Your smile is as bright as summer's sun,

Nor, let those memories fade away- when we have fun!

Anger couldn't come down like how sweats popped up,

Saltiness among your emotions when heart is made of pulp!

Wandering to make you happy by strumming rusty guitar chords,

Now, those notes move violently, looking for situation to afford.

The sun even hides on those featherly shades,

Those familiar bees of ruthless dreams- looking for invade!

Saving me, you hold my hands when a citrus smell arrived;

Even thunderstorms failed to lighten us from where we derived.

As long as these verses can sing or you remember me,

As long we can fall in love again and again, that's what we plea.

Puskar Sikdar



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# The Unsent Letter

Oh, Father! Oh, Father!  
What has happened to you?  
Are you weary or lost in sorrow?  
I am here, forever true.

Oh, Father! Oh, Father!  
Why do you stay so still?  
I relive those cherished moments,  
Thinking you've left against your will.

Oh, Father! Oh, Father!  
Why didn't you send the letter?  
I would have replied with love,  
And a picture of your sweet granddaughter.

Oh, Father! Oh, Father!  
Have you truly left this world?  
You could have told me once more—  
I'd have cared for your flesh and blood unfurled.

Oh, Father! Oh, Father!  
Please forgive me, I plead,  
I cannot find peace within  
Until you grant a chance to me.

Puskar Sikdar

# Sitting At The Tulip Garden

Unknown invitation letter—  
Receiving, reached the place.  
A garden of tulips;  
There's a girl sitting.

Puskar Sikdar



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# Hidden Memories

In a corner of the heart, brimming with unsaid emotions,  
Unknowingly, parallel thoughts seek silent expressions.  
In the farewell ache of a chapter marked "Pause, &quot;  
The soul revels in the warmth that words softly cause.

In the enchanted haze of an unfamiliar rhyme,  
An emptiness paints the heart in a rose-tinted line.  
With a vile, guilty childlike inquiry of shame,  
This fragile tangle of feelings hides under no name.

A yearning for freedom gently stirs within,  
The collected joys now blush in quiet chagrin.  
In winds drunk with gloom, the naïve heart sighs,  
Its healing song fades in the daylight's rise.

Without company, unspoken sparks arise,  
The unknown surrounds—yet the heart never tries.  
Counting the days in the echo of self-reflection,  
Strange is this magic: silence more than confession.

Within the flesh and bone, the soul's shimmer glows,  
In plastic identities, the canvas of mind now flows.  
The flames of hidden memories light a vanishing track—  
Let this lonely self just go... that's all I ask back.

Puskar Sikdar

# Scary Grasshopper

Hey! The symbol of lazy insect  
Are you really sleepy? Or,  
Peeking from the window pane?  
Being a nightmare, don't you become  
'Tired'.

Jumping like a kangaroo spring,  
You almost give me a heartattack!  
Yet, staying all the night on the corner  
Didn't you feel, we're just become  
'Friends'.

You always be a nightmare of my life  
Yet, from today you're now my friend;  
When I threw the bottle, thank god!  
It didn't hit you, my dear grasshopper.

The ray of new hope reflects from you  
Those little dark small eyes burning;  
Gives you the curving path to stay far  
Not to give me fear from your presence.  
'Thanks'.

You knew, I'm kind of little weak hearted  
Suppressing the nerves want you to be free;  
Yet, you chose to stay inside my room—  
To make me feel familiar with you!  
'Friends'.

Puskar Sikdar

# The Pause

Behind the veil of a thoughtless, weightless mind,  
In shattered dreams' unyielding bind;  
Even yesterday,  
Along memory's fragile, meandering stream,  
Let desires drench in patience's blazing dream.

In the strange twilight of changing days,  
An unknown conscience softly sways;  
Submerged in the daze of alluring might,  
Lonely hours slip away from sight.

The cruel gaze of reality's stealthy wall  
Ignites a spark at awareness's call;  
Even today,  
In tales of feelings uncontrolled and raw,  
Bears disgrace beneath truth's very law.

In life's playground of words and light,  
Loyal followers of form hold meaning tight.  
Yet on shores of failure, speechless and worn,  
Silence seeks comfort where words were torn.

Bound by time's fast-moving decree,  
The heart still longs to paint in poetry;  
Even tomorrow,  
In trance-like moods and captive prose,  
My mind may flee chasing a fragrant pause.

Now the ink in my soul softly slows,  
Even words refuse to fully compose.  
Why shout my pride through echoes wide?  
Let me just say—it's time to step aside.

Puskar Sikdar

# The Journalist

When did I last hear the voice of honest revelation?  
These days, only exaggerations float in narration.  
Eyes, now weary, forget the paper's lines,  
While behind the digital screens, laughter shines.

No day, no night, no fixed hour to claim,  
The city runs restless, chasing news in vain.  
Truth lost in the maze, bound by a gilded cage,  
Why do they now guard only TRP with rage?

Senseless panic stirred by tech-savvy plays,  
Breaking news sprints in a flawless display.  
They too cry out for the respect they deserve,  
But fake news turns the masses with a swerve.

This news, that news—so many to explore,  
Countless waves that leave the mind sore.  
They too work hard through every trying hour,  
Yet under pressure, slip into public uproar.

With life at stake and cameramen near,  
Through storms and chaos, they persevere.  
Bearing the weight of threats and blame,  
Let honesty keep your journalistic flame.

Awaken with a pure and selfless heart,  
Be the people's voice, that's where you start.  
Pick up your pen for the silenced and weak,  
Let unity rise, that day we all seek.

Puskar Sikdar

# Hallabol

The scent entices, yet half the plate remains,  
Without food, tell me, who sustains?  
A barren tongue, a silent pain,  
Eyes restless, hunger reigns.

Breaking through the speechless haze,  
An empty stomach dangles, unfazed;  
Spices, oils, and tangy craze,  
A single miss, and chaos blazes.

Native, foreign—flavors parade,  
Tempted eyes, a trap well laid;  
Don't let your tongue be swayed,  
Keep your mind from hunger's blade.

To crave is not a sinful crime,  
Yet taste is rare, a fleeting chime;  
A dip in thoughts of grand design,  
Health must never fall behind.

Tangled in control's weary chains,  
Twisted thoughts and endless pains;  
Adulteration spreads its stains—  
Did you ever think what remains?

The tender touch of quiet lips,  
A restless tide within flesh drips;  
The body's rhythm, a trader's tricks,  
Only strength shall make you rich!

Puskar Sikdar

# Untimely Awakening, A Cleansing Society

A parched chin quivers in anxious thirst,  
The crowd erupts, a storm outburst.  
In sacred rites of festive fire,  
Goddess Durga's call inspires.

In this awakening, hearts aspire,  
Yet selfish gains soon dull desire.  
Through steadfast tunes of dawn's embrace,  
Humanity seeks its rightful place.

A rusted world of tainted thought,  
Shaken now as minds are caught.  
Slumbered stars in nights of cheer,  
Protests rise, dissolving fear.

In hymns of praise for the Divine,  
Justice finds a voice to shine.  
Silent minds now wake and burn,  
As autumn winds through meadows turn.

Let righteousness rise with the tide,  
Let values stand, not pushed aside.  
With fearless hearts, let voices roar,  
For truth and justice evermore!

Puskar Sikdar

# Regret

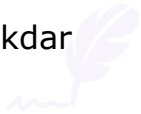
Scorched dunes bathed in painted stone,  
Dawn's hush brings a bird unknown.  
Alone, the heart hums a distant tune,  
Reviving rocks with dreams of monsoon.

A tormented world in silence sighs,  
Thinkers lost in veiled goodbyes.  
Shadows march in mute despair,  
While tyrants feast without a care.

Did the inked hand seek this jest?  
Did the blue-stained mark request?  
A fate where life is coldly cast,  
Buried deep in pages past.

Human kindness fades away,  
While greed consumes the light of day.

Puskar Sikdar



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# Unknown Rain

Uncertain life, shrouded in mist,  
The soul trembles at rain's soft kiss.  
In shifting rivers, thoughts set sail,  
Yet bitterness lingers in love's trail.

Illusions bloom in a city bright,  
Yet wisdom lurks in shadowed light.  
Through the echoes of parting pain,  
Does the heart still find its chain?

Conflicting thoughts in circles spin,  
Like twisted tales in stories thin.  
Dreams of change now moss-clad lie,  
Yet who am I to question why?

A fleeting touch pulls fingers near,  
Drenched in love, the soul finds cheer.  
Yet in a crowd of loyal faces,  
Emptiness leaves its subtle traces.

A lone star flickers on the road,  
A hundred miles from its abode.  
Veins of betrayal, warm yet cold,  
Weaving plots in hearts untold.

The weary mind still seeks its rest,  
A poet's debt to words confessed.  
And as the unknown rain descends,  
Look up—does the lone star mend?

Puskar Sikdar

# Liberation

In shackles of fear, the wounded lie,  
One by one, they fall from the sky.  
Blindfolded reigns in a crimson age,  
Life is naught—while the wise stay caged.

The innocent gaze with hollowed eyes,  
Their cries for justice now rise.  
Oppressed, defiled, despised—this land,  
Is it men who march in command?

Is life so worthless, mere toil in vain?  
Tears beckon in a sorrowful refrain.  
Humanity lost in a vile domain,  
Freedom walks the streets in pain.

A life so bleak, bound in faith blind,  
We seek an answer, leaving divides behind.  
What worth has life in a political guise?  
Seek, O humans—before honor dies.

The essence of mankind now lies torn,  
Peace denied, hearts forlorn.  
Shall hate and vengeance rule this land?  
Honor is lost, yet none withstand.

Man stands bare—  
—Give him shelter, as family cares.  
Man stands weak—  
—Offer solace, in humble prayers.

This song is the lesson life imparts,  
Let all walk free with unmasked hearts!

Puskar Sikdar

# The Lament Of The Invisible Rain

In the hazy glow of whispered pain,  
A fairy-tale boat drifts in ebbing rain.  
Muted defiance bows to fate,  
As barren clouds mourn at dusk's gate.

Old, tattered letters echo in time,  
A silent call to shores unknown.  
Sweat's saline trace in idle rhyme,  
As peace arrives, lost and lone.

In flow's command, time sways unsure,  
Moments unspent in fleeting air.  
A weary night's deceitful lure,  
Fades life's hues in silent despair.

Fallen homes of cloth and thread,  
Long for rain to mend what's dead.  
Thunder's chariot will cross the sand,  
Quenching grief with a gentle hand.

A wandering heart finds its way,  
As rain revives the land in sway.  
Through unknown paths, joy is spun,  
While nature dreams in oblivion.

Ailing souls in longing pine,  
For rain to bring earth's fragrant sign.  
Let vanished tastes be born anew,  
As winds of peace in raindrops brew.

Puskar Sikdar

# Undefined

The polished consciousness of ignorance's wall,  
A voiceless heart, lost in its silent call.  
A gentle bird's harsh yet sweet refrain,  
Wakes the slumbering soul again.

Life's vessel still drifts, seeking its way,  
Through mist and the red sky's silent sway.  
The mocking black clouds have long been torn,  
A thirsting traveler, forever forlorn.

A sudden ebb in thought's vast stream,  
Wrinkled brows in liquid dream.  
Famine of despair, a pressing tide,  
In vacant streets where fears reside.

Ashen words, dry as dust,  
Fragile weakness crumbles to rust.  
Clutching joy's veil in fleeting embrace,  
Yet in nameless time, peril keeps pace.

Unbidden, life still seeks its tale,  
A restless mind in whispers frail.  
Bathed in solace, joy once stood,  
Yet the crownless king lost all he could.

A river of bliss melts into the bay,  
While sorrow wipes its tears away.  
Thoughts dissolve into endless skies,  
Let joy take flight where silence lies.

Puskar Sikdar

# Every Moment

Swirling smoke in spiraled embrace,  
Time's riddle leaves no trace.  
Night, in disguise, a tireless spree,  
Restless thoughts in silent plea.

Muted lips, by duty bound,  
Seek lost joys yet unfound.  
Dew-kissed leaves, brittle and torn,  
Revive the echoes of days forlorn.

Scorching sun and beads of sweat,  
Salted burdens, deep regret.  
Thorns of joy in reckless flight,  
Pierce the heart with reckless might.

In moments of life's refrain,  
Old wounds whisper to heal again.  
Reaching out, desperate yet,  
To mend the scars that linger unmet.

Through emotions, life unfolds,  
Veiled thoughts in silence hold.  
Amidst the rush of fleeting time,  
Pure air sings a tune sublime.

Puskar Sikdar

# The Tree's Plea

In a world of progress, nature fades from sight,  
Mankind, forgetful, wields axes with might.  
As global warmth climbs ever high,  
Luxury's greed leaves the humble to die.

Shielded by knowledge, yet kindness wanes,  
Nature extends a hand, warning of pains.  
Trees still whisper, a sheltering plea,  
Awaiting the day human finally see.

Chainsaws hum with endless decay,  
The earth pleads—save nature, let it stay.  
The dry leaves weep in sorrow's refrain,  
As lifeless forests echo their pain.

Puskar Sikdar



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# Perplexed

This life's vessel sails untamed, afar and wide,  
Through oceans vast where taunts like thorns reside.  
Brimming with fervor, humanity's delight,  
Yet crowned with folly, hope still burns bright.

Clouded silence sways in fleeting dance,  
Lost in a moment, in fate's expanse.  
Amid the rush, where chaos stands,  
Serenity slips through burdened hands.

From unseen groves, a heron calls,  
Perplexity grips while duty stalls.  
Like a grasshopper in idle delight,  
I falter yet haven't found my might.

Deceitful vitamins still pretend to heal,  
Let honor return with earnest zeal.  
Verses now seek their true refrain,  
Why must fate's hands rush in vain?

Dreams drift upon clouds so high,  
The clock of fortune calls nearby.  
In time's swift stream, joy sings its tune,  
Quenching thirsts beneath the moon.

Never a moment to pause and breathe,  
To roam the desert, let peace bequeath.  
In drowsy glances, longing stirs,  
As sorrow whispers—I stand perplexed.

Puskar Sikdar

# Endearing Childhood

No matter how tangled the grand world's thread,  
A child's small deeds leave all worries dead.  
At times, a whispering lull of the air,  
At times, a tempest beyond compare.

Tears well up in stubborn pleas,  
Yet melt in a mother's embrace with ease.  
Two tiny fingers clasp so tight,  
Gathering joy in an innocent light.

In childhood's mist, dreams took flight,  
Tales of wonder filled silent nights.  
Paper boats sailed thoughts afar,  
Curtained forts held guests of star.

Fields of gold, in hushed embrace,  
Once cradled time's untamed grace.  
Yet as age carves its endless span,  
Childhood remains—a cherished plan.

Puskar Sikdar

# The Wanderer

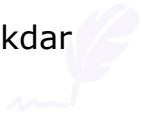
With farewell's touch, my gaze drifts, sharp and wide,  
Upon the home where memories now lie cold.  
In every step, I trace a broken stride,  
A restless mind in fragrant dreams unrolled.

The perfume's secret stirs the air, intense,  
While naphthalene's faint scent fills the mind's space.  
I bow to nature's gaze, with heart so tense,  
As family rides the journey's fleeting grace.

The fumes of vehicles lock within my chest,  
While nature's silence stills my heart, unspoken.  
A laugh escapes, in joy and mindless rest,  
As earth's pure light with wonder has awoken.

In endless wanderings, I seek the green,  
Where peace lies waiting, and the soul is clean.

Puskar Sikdar



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# Do You Remember?

Do you remember me?  
I had scattered one by one—  
Buds of roses in the wavering winds of emotion!  
Their gentle, enchanting fragrance left you spellbound,  
Yet in your indifferent eyes, they seemed incomplete.

And now, this mere absence stings too much,  
Why does the old warmth no longer return?  
That tender reproach, woven in whispers, still lingers,  
Yet why, why does this unspoken sorrow burn—  
Devouring my restless longing in a single breath?  
Such strange desires, absurd and surreal,  
Like an ill-fated sailor caught in the storm's embrace.

Even amidst the flood of yearning,  
A boat heavy with its cargo finds its destined course.  
And now, it is only that path  
That this weary, forsaken traveler seeks.

Puskar Sikdar



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# The Masquerade Of Humanity

Oxygen runs scarce in veins adorned with hemoglobin's hue,  
Humanity, once kind, now wears a ruthless, masked view.  
Trapped between mind and silence, life whispers in retreat,  
In the art of deception, truth and lies now meet.

Nerves unscathed now bear the scars of endless strife,  
Machinery consumes the soul, humanity fights for life.  
Scattered pages still hold graphite's fading trace,  
While broken echoes drift through twilight's quiet embrace.

In searching eyes, lysozyme's faintest spark remains,  
Yet humanity stands homeless, lost in time's disdain.  
The gears of progress gnaw at thoughts once free,  
Conversations fade, breath weakens in this captivity.

Faded memories of a distant past now barely plead,  
A reckless heart that no longer longs for humanity's creed.  
In a thousand words, its meaning remains concealed,  
Yet in my soul, the wish for its healing stands revealed.

Puskar Sikdar

# Enchantment

When the eyelid's weary muscles surrender to despair's snare,  
Sleep's relentless defiance paints illusions in the air.  
Lips sealed tight, a pouch of brittle thoughts untold,  
In caffeine's grief, my restless soul now flutters bold.

At the faint call of a myna, I steal a glance outside,  
Nature's forgotten nest trembles, caught in fate's tide.  
Crickets hum their wistful tune, a melody so sweet,  
While stormy winds summon frogs in a chorus of rain's heartbeat.

A shiver crawls deep into my mind's endless plains,  
I yearn to touch a fairytale that echoes through my veins.  
In the mystic hush of rainy nights, I walk alone,  
Through shadowed alleys of my thoughts, where silent whispers roam.

In a ceramic cup, my ashen dreams quietly steep,  
Like a mirage in desert sands, illusions run deep.  
Reality spins in thought's embrace, a kite upon the breeze,  
Amidst the chill of shrouded pines, life still learns with ease.

One sip on my parched lips drowns a thousand untold tales,  
Diving deep into their echoes, where solace gently sails.  
In the clasp of tender hands, compassion softly wakes,  
Yet in this chariot of chaos—coffee comes first, before all stakes!

Puskar Sikdar

# Welcome

On a dewdrop-kissed moonlit night, in a crisp and vibrant air,  
The gentle glow of the honeyed moon— isn't this life's sweetest prayer?  
In the thoughts of an arrival, my mind sails across the sea,  
Restless heart, now a merchant, seeking what is yet to be.

The calls of unknown birds send shivers down my spine,  
A hazy mist of tenderness veils an unspoken sign.  
Dew-laced grass cradles the bashful glance of a shy mimosa,  
The path adorned with mango blossoms whispers a charm so rosa.

Sweat-drenched skin shivers with a cool embrace,  
Why does an unsatisfied longing stir a guest's elusive trace?  
Even when I yearn, why must it cross seven seas afar,  
Leaving me alone to steer life's chariot, defying fate's bizarre?

Within my diary, lay memories folded and sealed,  
Yet the stormy winds steal away the dreams I once concealed.  
My gaze, burned by the scorching sun,  
Holds back the words deception left undone.

For a fleeting moment, it lingers so near,  
I shield it close with all I hold dear.  
That calm and gentle arriving dawn  
Breaks the chains where my worries were drawn.

Through the mechanical clamor that weaves its reign of fear,  
I reach and pull my beloved guest near.  
And in that tender embrace at last,  
I whisper the words left unsaid in the past.

Puskar Sikdar

# Unknown

Stubborn desires flare within the fortress of a rigid mind,  
Swallowing others' gains to fuel its rising tide.  
In the dawn of changing days, it carves a self anew,  
Yet at dusk, one question lingers—am I human or just an echo passing through?

Life, once simple, now climbs steep, relentless slopes,  
Jagged paths, rocky truths—enough to shatter hopes.  
In the darkness, I search, only to return at twilight's call,  
Adrift in a corner of my empty heart, waiting for hope to install.

Directionless thoughts, like compasses lost at sea,  
In this unknown life, new titles come to be.  
Are we still human? The question spins and sways,  
Yet just in time, my drifting soul finds its way.

I have never failed to recognize  
What it means to be alive.  
Not just existing in illusion's grasp—  
But living where truth survives.

This heart, wrapped in layers of stone and dust,  
Wounded by thorns, but still it trusts.  
Every weakness I endure will be overcome,  
For even today, my humanity remains undone.

When my soul cries out, "Who am I?"  
It feels like childhood games now tangled in lies.  
The land of dreams has long faded from sight,  
Yet no grief remains to make me weep at night.

Thus, I stand in my own light,  
Victorious in humanity's fight.  
May my nameless soul embrace  
A fearless, thoughtless space.

Puskar Sikdar

# Hidden

On the magic carpet of desire's wings, life soars in an enchanted bind,  
Yet, the hammer of fate strikes the heart, relentless, unkind.  
Amidst the crowd, in an empty space, someone still waits,  
Lost in the whispering reeds where the weary wildflowers hesitate.

A traveler, exhausted, gazes at the sky's endless blue,  
A letter with no recipient still calls out to clouds that once knew;  
Clouds whose cotton embrace stirs a restless sigh,  
Hiding familiar strangers as the heart races by.

This city, wrapped in a slumber of endless haste,  
Deaf to the cuckoo's call, its melody gone to waste.  
In the throng, where space is scarce, where silence struggles to breathe,  
One faltering step, and wounds unseen cut the soul beneath.

At the dream's threshold, traders swarm with schemes untold,  
Flooding desires with rivers of darkness, hearts bought and sold.  
Even hidden away, peril still finds its way,  
For life's path is filled with strangers, all pleading fate to sway.

Swept by the tide of humanity, bonds are left behind,  
Fragile masks of affection hide indifferent minds.  
The road of solitude is narrow, quiet, flowing like a stream,  
Yet, in longing's embrace, it offers the taste of a dream.

Now in those darkened waters, despair's corpse drifts away,  
Caught in whirlpools of fate where the silt forever stays.  
Drowned in moss-covered silence, it forgets where it belongs,  
Lost to a world where identity melts and the tide moves along.

But not all verses of battle are erased from life's scroll,  
Regret still wanders, seeking stories untold.  
And in this sea of nameless faces, a lone heart still yearns,  
Dreams fight through the tempest, waiting for their turn to return.

Puskar Sikdar

# Solitude

Beyond the hollow laughter of a dreamer's realm,  
A silent spark of life ignites within;  
The echoes of agony, the taste of salted tears,  
Are all forgotten in love's embrace, deep and serene.

A seed was sown in the earth that day,  
A single dawn passed, then another made way.  
With time, its branches, trunk, and roots spread wide,  
Yet amidst countless roots, only two held life inside.

A heart too stubborn bursts into rage,  
Murmuring grief in moments estranged.  
Yet a gentle touch, known since birth,  
Wipes away solitude, proving its worth.

A shift upon the path, a glance so rare,  
Mutation whispers in the strands we bear.  
Familiar bonds lost in life's cruel tide,  
As wandering genes seek refuge outside.

Friendship lingers in quiet corners of the mind,  
A handful remain, while others rejoice unkind.  
The towering tree now stands so vast,  
Yet unseen axes strike its branches fast.

On the lonely planet of hollow ties,  
Friendships fade behind fleeting lies.  
A chance to return still lingers near,  
Yet regret whispers what we fear.

Oh, let me step once more inside,  
Where warmth and love in crimson abide.  
Where fairies of red and blue still dance,  
And friendships weave life's sweetest chance.  
A single wish I hold so tight—  
May we stay together, in joy's golden light.

Puskar Sikdar

# Melancholy

At the silent window of a weary soul,  
Today, I stand alone, lost in a hollow gaze;  
Counting the drifting, restless clouds,  
A tangled mind sketches dreams in shades of despair.

My eyes search for refuge beyond the bars of fate,  
Yet my shattered heart finds solace in silent screams;  
Patience withers like dry leaves on a forsaken path,  
But hope lingers in the dewdrops' tender gleam.

Once more, I cast away the vial of familiar poison,  
How many times had I wished to leave this world behind?  
Yet my veins rebelled, bursting in agony,  
And my hands reached out, pleading for light.

The pages of my dream-bound diary,  
Once meant to be torn in quiet surrender,  
Now embrace me with an unknown love,  
Where past sorrows stood disguised as shame.

Life suddenly tastes sweet, a longing rekindled,  
The forgotten desires extend their hands again;  
The poison jar, once a beacon of escape,  
Now holds no allure in this world reborn.

Yet deception arrived, veiled in sorrow,  
My eyes, brimming with unshed tears,  
Accepted even hatred as an old companion,  
And depression fell defeated at my feet.

Darkness still cloaks my days,  
Yet the night is my solace;  
To live is now my only quest,  
I am the snare of sorrow's maze.

The dreamer within rises anew,  
Ruling a kingdom of resilience;  
In friendship, I seek my truth—  
Pain no longer binds my existence.

Puskar Sikdar

# The Departed Slaves

In the restless dawn of life's embrace,  
I gathered fallen mangoes filled with grace.  
One by one, they slipped through fate's cruel sieve,  
Lost in an alley where shadows weave.

The happiness I once toiled to earn,  
Now beckons from a past that won't return.  
Dust and cobwebs shroud my weary soul,  
As age grips me, taking its toll.

I nurtured a generation with loving hands,  
Yet now they turn away—who understands?  
Once a king, now a slave, who foresaw this fate?  
I raised them with care, yet old age seals my state.

Drifting away in a frail, broken boat,  
Sailing to a land where love may still float.  
Beneath the rhythm of raindrops' gentle song,  
I'll hum forgotten tunes that once made me strong.

For years, I wandered through winding lanes,  
My wrinkled skin bearing helpless strains.  
Was my touch ever valued, did anyone say?  
No, they made me a slave, cast my old age away.

Loneliness holds a cane in hand,  
Leading me softly to time's final strand.  
The sweat of my past dries in the breeze,  
Yet light and air whisper moments of peace.

With trembling hands, I embrace my fate,  
Drifting in silence, no anger, no hate.  
Wealth means nothing to a soul so bare,  
Old age—my dearest chapter—wrapped in death's quiet stare.

Puskar Sikdar

# At The Twilight Of Life

Why do you gaze into these weary, withered yellow eyes,  
That bear no trace of peace within?  
Only the weight of resentful hearts has poisoned them,  
Yet I remained in a lonely corner, innocent and unseen.

Look, I have returned to the same doorstep once more,  
My back now bent, my bones frail and sore.  
Have you noticed? Even my teeth have bid me farewell,  
And my own children now turn away, leaving me in despair.

I still remember that day, the joyful tears I shed,  
When he playfully threw a coconut at me instead.  
Though it hurt, he realized my pain,  
And with his little hands, he wiped my tears again.

His slightest touch once filled me with delight,  
Yet now, in old age, I have lost all my might—  
Who can stop the course of life?  
A wooden cane now guides my stride,  
Leading me slowly through the winding countryside.  
I turn back one last time, bidding farewell to my past,  
As misfortune seals my fate, piercing my heart so fast.

Even now, I wish to throw this cane aside,  
To run freely beneath the pouring midnight tide.  
If only my soul could reclaim its youthful zest,  
Yet this desire is lost within my aging chest.

For just a few more days, I linger on this land,  
Caught between battles no one understands.  
Perhaps I will fade, surrendering to time's demand—  
Or,  
You'll find me shattered, in the wreckage of fate's cruel hand.

Puskar Sikdar

# Lost In Nowhere

The days are growing more complex,  
Yet my heart remains unsettled;  
A deep sigh of despair arises,  
Who knew it would find a home in yours?

The monsoon pours down heavily,  
With the roar of thunderous clouds;  
I rest my head against the window sill,  
Enchanted by the scent of lemon blossoms.

Silent kites soar through the sky,  
Returning home as dusk approaches;  
Yet my life still stumbles and falls,  
Burned by the wildfires all around.

As the morning light gently awakens,  
A cuckoo sings its soft melody;  
My eyes open all of a sudden,  
Time calls out to me, urging me forward.

While walking along life's winding roads,  
I met my past once again;  
It greeted me with a hopeful hand,  
Now I lose myself in the rhythm of life.

True happiness still eludes me,  
I've searched for it far and wide;  
So many have betrayed my trust,  
Thus, I drift into the unknown.

Life brings endless struggles,  
Countless thoughts, countless praises;  
Yet I embrace nature with open arms,  
For in this wandering life, I rejoice.

Puskar Sikdar

# Twilight Conversation

As dusk deepened in the twilight hour,  
The sky was painted in hues of crimson and gold.  
A velvety breeze whispered serenity,  
Shattering the stillness of life's relentless toil.

A budding flower, eager to bloom,  
Dreamed of unfurling its delicate petals.  
Yet, in the storm of a colorless life,  
It found itself unprepared for the battle ahead.

Drawn by twilight's embrace,  
The wistful heart leaned against the window.  
It reached out to grasp the sun's slanted rays,  
Yet lost itself in the dance of its elongated shadow.

A chariot of solitude speeds through life,  
Sheltered by no banyan's shade.  
Those unfinished, scattered words—  
Perhaps they would have found completion, had they been mere lotus leaves.

That meditative silhouette, lost in anxious rhythms,  
Fades into a world of indulgence.  
Every sunset beckons the arrival of night,  
Yet the lone shadow remains an unsought companion.

But one day, the sky burst open—  
Thunderclouds wept in torrents.  
That evening, the fading silhouette was unseen,  
Lost in the creation that once shaped it.

Yet, within despair, a flicker of hope remained.  
One day, the shadow found a new conversation,  
Awakening memories of its true home,  
Where unknown buds blossomed into endless roses.

It returned again to the twilight hour,  
A weary traveler with a newfound companion.  
Staring in awe, it realized—was it an illusion?  
No, it was life's true essence,

And with trembling hands, it reached out to embrace it.

Puskar Sikdar

# The Sun Behind The Clouds

What veil covers those restless eyes,  
Where only fear and doubts arise?  
The mind is no child to wander astray—  
Only patience and toil light the way.

Why long for a fleeting drop of rain?  
Why gaze at skies wrapped in gray?  
The sun of joy may not yet shine,  
And this journey, you must walk alone today.

Do not be like a guava's fragile bark,  
For life leans upon relentless strive.  
Let not sorrow, loss, or pain take root,  
Like lotus leaves bid farewell to drops that arrive.

Let your soul shine, bold and bright,  
Like dew-kissed grass in morning light.  
Basking in the sun's golden glee,  
What more is needed when breath flows free?

Even darkened clouds retreat in time,  
For nothing is too great to climb.  
Success glows like the sun so high,  
Burning weakness until it dies.

Time alone is the truest friend,  
A silent guide until the end.  
Hold its hand, cross life's vast sea,  
For only willpower sets you free.

Puskar Sikdar

# The Optimistic Bird

Dust has settled on the black-and-white screen of my colorful life,  
The call of distorted dreams stirs a deep, aching strife.  
Thorns of this battle bind my hands and feet so tight—  
If I could be a bird, I would escape this plight.

Yet Mother Earth has cradled me with care,  
No worldly ties could strip away my share.  
Drenched in the tender tears of the passing rain,  
The river's gentle currents carry away my pain.

We are all birds trapped within a cage,  
Yet all it takes is a shift in gaze.  
Kneeling low, a weary soul now yearns,  
But the sun's warm light whispers, 'Rise and learn! '

This restless heart longs to soar,  
The sky's vast embrace beckons once more.  
A childlike dream, innocent and bright,  
Awakens the courage to chase the light.

The sky calls, its voice so clear,  
With open arms, I spread my wings without fear.  
No matter how fierce the storms may be,  
Like a bird, I shall fight—strong and free.

Trials will come; obstacles may rise,  
But with faith, I'll reach the boundless skies.  
Let my unwavering hope take flight,  
An endless joy, beyond all sight.

Puskar Sikdar

# The Ecstasy Of The Directionless Horizon

That sky, adorned in the tender glow of a soft red hue,  
Which was laden with the travelers of the twilight hour;  
I was returning, crossing the forceful currents of the river,  
And at that precise moment, arrived the chariot of the directionless horizon.

The world that once showed me the dream of crafting an identity,  
The world that once inspired me to seek dignity and honor;  
Today, this very world entangles me in—  
Greed, illusion, desire, and the paths of temptation, amidst the crowd.

That rare dark cloud, which once gathered,  
Had promised to bring down the peaceful rain;  
But alas, it broke its word, vanishing in its own way,  
Leaving me behind, foolish and lost in its wake.

The path of contemplation is changing,  
The familiar, loving expressions of people's faces are transforming too;  
Why, then, this cruel farce?  
And why does the thought of the directionless horizon now seem innocent?

Sometimes, on the hard path of life, I think—  
Scraping away at my restless mind;  
If I ever reach that directionless horizon,  
My heart will find peace at last.

Lost, I will search for my own way,  
No matter the obstacles that arise;  
When rage resides in the heart,  
There will no longer be any objection to choosing a path.

Thus, amidst the change of days,  
The sweet melody of a bamboo flute lingers;  
My path to the directionless horizon seems,  
An endless journey of small, moving lives.

Puskar Sikdar

# Rain-Kissed Cup

The monsoon whispers love with a soft embrace,  
Unbidden rains fall with clouds on a wandering chase.  
The scent of wet earth stirs a restless desire,  
A cool breeze upon my cheek—soothing, yet afire.

The playful childhood drenched in rain's delight,  
Still lingers in memory, untouched, shining bright.  
Raindrops trickling through the rooftop's old cracks,  
Sent shivers through sleep with a tender, sweet impact.

Oh, my untamed friend—mystical, endless rain,  
This restless heart still longs for you again!  
The warmth of tea in a gentle embrace,  
Still awakens the thrill of time's lost trace.

That little clay cup—a circus of two,  
Where steaming tea and rain-drops would play and pursue.  
Each sudden downpour, a trance-like refrain,  
Yet now, in life's rush, that cup dreams in vain.

Umbrella-clad shelters still hold their grace,  
As storm-laden skies bring letters unseen.  
Again, I return to that mother's warm cup,  
Where rain's tender drops paint life serene.

That caffeine's taste and the monsoon's delight,  
Like two fierce wills in a dance so bright.  
They merge in the earth, find space of their own,  
Like blossoms reborn where the wild winds have blown.

Puskar Sikdar

# The Madman

A fragment of a monsoon conversation  
Unlocked the old, rusted window of his mind;  
Entwined in cobwebs and layers of dust,  
Now trembling in the rain, restless and unkind.

He had promised that unknown dream  
To hold it tight within memory's embrace;  
Yet, countless worthless tears had fallen—  
And he raged, asking, "Will you still remember my face? "

The tender scent of fresh lemon leaves,  
Once soothing his soul with its gentle charm,  
Now led him down a strange new path—  
A road that left his heart scarred and harmed.

Clouds whispered to him, summoning death,  
Lightning flashed, and he cowered in fear;  
Yet, in the silence of his lunacy,  
A fading hope still held him near.

But do you know where that despairing mind is now...?  
There, peeking from a hospital window—  
Surrendering itself to a therapist's words,  
Yet unable to reach out and truly let go.

Strange,  
That madman's pen once longed to halt,  
Yet habits of a restless mind refused to fade;  
Just like a guava tree shedding its bark,  
The window of memories closed once again,  
And a wandering tale was left unsaid.

Even without shelter in his beloved's shadow,  
He carved a space for her in his soul;  
Like words chosen without rhyme or reason,  
They recognized each other, despite the pain's control.

Touched by time, his beloved changed,  
And that weary, locked-up diary

Found its way back—  
To its old familiar desk, unchanged.

Puskar Sikdar

# Tree's Lament

As soothing ice touched the scorched earth,  
A wondrous creation took its birth!  
In the steaming broth of life's first dawn,  
Oxygen surged, the world was drawn.

Life spread far, in emerald waves,  
A verdant world, the land it saves.  
Yet man arrived with selfish claim,  
Ignoring trees, yet breathing the same.

It gives us air, it gives us shade,  
Yet our hands hold the ruthless blade.  
How cruel we are, how blind our sight,  
Forsaking the giver of purest light!

We once learned, 'Plant a tree, save a soul, '  
Yet wisdom fades as greed takes hold.  
Only those who burn in heat,  
Will see in shade a heaven's seat.

Engines roar, the chainsaws bite,  
One by one, the giants take flight.  
The price of folly, man shall know,  
When nature strikes its final blow.

So many plans, yet silence stays,  
Who will act? Who will raise?  
Minds enslaved by reckless greed,  
Only we must plant the seed.

For all we learn, for all we say,  
A step must follow words today.  
Or nature's wrath, its poisoned sting,  
Will end the songs the forests sing.

And there it stands, that lonely tree,  
Hands clasped in silent plea.  
This open letter, for all to see—  
A future bright, or destiny's plea?

Puskar Sikdar

# Lost

When the newborn took its first steps,  
The home lit up with endless delight.  
But amidst the city's crowded streets,  
One call rang—and father vanished that night.

The child wavered, unsure, unsteady,  
Hiding away to escape the school bell.  
No true joy did life bestow,  
Lost in time—morning and dusk as well.

Lost and weary, drowning deep,  
Life and death—what choice remains?  
In a world of selfish, faceless crowds,  
It withers, a leaf in autumn's chains.

Gazing blankly at the sky,  
Seeking the clouds to shed a tear.  
Only the moon, a distant glow,  
Offers hope to quell its fear.

What is the worth of endless crowds?  
A march of faces, battles unknown.  
A weary heart, a mind so frail,  
Lost in echoes of a world overgrown.

A heart that burns in vengeance bright,  
Struggles within the war of fate.  
Yet now it seeks the dream it lost,  
Leaving behind the past so desolate.

Puskar Sikdar

# The Chameleon

In a world of shifting forms,  
A boy was born, yet remained forlorn;  
While others drowned in fleeting charms,  
None could see his true self, worn.

Remove the veil from your sight,  
And life will bloom, sweet and bright;  
Else, despair will cast its blight,  
And darkness swallow the light.

From the attic's edge, he took a stride,  
Onto the scorching rooftop's side;  
Thunderous clouds kindled hope anew,  
A journey begun with dreams in view.

What gain in harboring endless dreams?  
In the end, disappointment screams.  
The masked faces, forever thirsty,  
Couldn't quench the boy's soul, sturdy.

A life of circus, a game of minds,  
Yet the boy, no surrender finds.  
Though treated like plastic, cast away,  
He stood firm, come what may.

Walking the path of inner might,  
Avoiding those who shun the light.  
Casting aside scorn and disdain,  
He brought his family joy again.

Puskar Sikdar

# ????? '??' (Bengali Version Of ' You Too, ' Maa ')

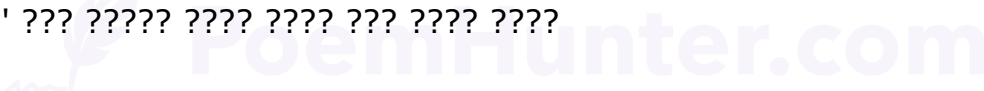
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Puskar Sikdar



# Love: An Unjust Trial

Life is filled with judgments,  
Some follow them,  
While others choose to stray.

Judgment is the core mantra,  
It is the path of discipline;  
If injustice prevails,  
It must not be allowed to stay.

Judgment brings joy,  
Yet, for some, it brings sorrow.  
Some find justice in punishment,  
While others suffer in agony's shadow.

Righteous judgment brings harmony,  
Life flows in orderly streams;  
But when judgment turns inhumane,  
It crushes the heart's fragile dreams.

The boy lived a simple life,  
With two meals and endless strife.  
Yet fate turned against him,  
Leaving him shattered, with no light.

In the battle of dreams and hope,  
He grew weaker day by day.  
This inhumane torment broke his soul,  
And strength slowly slipped away.

Puskar Sikdar

# The Fish Market

I heard from my teacher once,  
A familiar phrase that struck a glance.  
In class, when chaos took its part,  
He'd say, "Is this a fish market or an art?"

Before the scolding could take its hold,  
The classroom roared, loud and bold.  
But with his words, silence fell,  
As if a storm had lost its spell.

The fish market now stands still,  
No bustling cries, no voices shrill.  
In the morning, eyes meet with sighs,  
By evening, the silence quietly lies.

Some shout and scream to sell their fare,  
While others simply glance and stare.  
A look, a gesture, words unspoken,  
Bargains made, bonds not broken.

As the sun sets in a golden glow,  
The icy fish seem to stir and flow.  
Shrimps leap in joy, playful and free,  
Dancing in the light of glee.

Yet the fish seller stands, weary and grim,  
Waving off flies with a flick of a limb.  
Eyes empty, pockets light,  
He packs up to face the night.

Sleepless hours, endless thought,  
A life with struggles, battles fought.  
At dawn's break, with eyes that burn,  
His wife awaits his silent return.

Puskar Sikdar

# Thirst Of The Soul

When desires arise, they know no bounds,  
Chasing dreams, leaving kindness behind in rounds.  
From birth, a cry of longing springs,  
Awakening a mother's love that eternity brings.

As time flows, the mind seeks charm and grace,  
Craving things that vanish without a trace.  
Promises made, yet often unmet,  
Life pleads for one more chance, full of regret.

Burned on every path, passion starts to wane,  
A helpless heart seeks strength again.  
With grit, the journey takes a stern stride,  
Despite the knocks, pride refuses to hide.

Shunning illusions, chasing joy's light,  
Walking the road of wisdom, with courage and might.  
A life devoted to work, with a heart sincere,  
Striving to keep loved ones near.

Choosing a path where dreams hold worth,  
Embracing parents, the anchors since birth.  
In fulfilling these desires, happiness unfolds,  
Life now rests on success, where glory molds.

Puskar Sikdar

# Save Him

The little boy crawled on the ground,  
Hands and knees, without a sound.  
His father lifted him to his chest,  
Filling his heart with dreams, the very best.

The boy understood not those dreams,  
But swallowed words with eyes that gleam.  
When tears would flow from his eyes,  
His mother soothed him with sweet honey pies.

Years passed, the boy grew tall,  
Restless heart, he heard no call.  
Cared not for the pain others bore,  
No empathy within his core.

Enrolled in school, joy unfurled,  
In new threads, he danced and twirled.  
On this path, he found new zeal,  
Breaking barriers with iron will.

Educated now, with a job in hand,  
Father's hard-earned money, like grains of sand.  
He seized the chance, claimed his fate,  
Leaving love behind at a rapid rate.

Now father weeps, eyes drenched in sorrow,  
Mother's heart aches, with no hope for tomorrow.  
They stare at the calendar, days passing by,  
While the father's soul prepares to die.

The son forgot, ungrateful and cold,  
Left his mother's heart with bruises untold.  
No words, no call, only silent disdain,  
Their love now burdened with endless pain.

Why did fate cast such a spell?  
What fault was theirs? No one can tell.  
So, let this be a plea to all who live,  
Worship your parents, for all they give.

In their love, divinity resides,  
In their care, true greatness abides.

Puskar Sikdar

# The Last Hope

Gazing with rare eyes,  
As the sun sets,  
A rush fills my mind—  
Let's move toward the final hope, no regrets.

Endlessly, I swallowed memories of sorrow,  
Yet now, I wish to light a new tomorrow,  
To cast away the aching past,  
And let a fresh glow within me last.

The last train is on its way,  
Yet hasn't reached on time today.  
Here I remain, lost in my own dawn,  
In an awakening that lingers on.

In this life, I stand alone,  
With despair that cuts to the bone.  
Through my glasses, I watch the horizon fade,  
In my heart, joy seems to evade.

I begged time and again,  
For one last hope to ease my pain.  
Else, this life will turn to dust,  
So, I reach out with hands I trust.

Nature's breeze dries my sweat,  
No light of hope can I forget.  
In the hustle of the city, I lose myself,  
Yet, the frames of memories still rest on the shelf.

I've bound myself to dreams so bright,  
Where the night train stands dressed in bridal white.  
A new hope in this hopeless life,  
Dives into work, avoiding strife.

The last hope still burns in the winter's fire,  
The cuckoo calls, its song rising higher.  
See, the train glows with a mystical grace,  
In the veil of dusk, it finds its place.

Puskar Sikdar

# Life: Black And White Or Colorful?

In the crescent moon's glow, lies the lure of joy,  
The old crone of fairytales has lost her past's tender ploy.  
A thirst for thrill, an invention of plot's delight,  
In life's colorless cinema, sorrow's waves take flight.

On the harsh path of life's chariot, a rising stage appears,  
The climax of life's movie shifts habits and veers.  
Invisible barriers brush away the rain of bliss,  
In the theater's backdrop, creations fade into the abyss.

On the screen of reality's joy, chaos flows unbound,  
A sip from the hazy cup where scattered dreams are found.  
Under the pressure of life's reel, frail body and soul resign,  
Let the lost heart's yearning reflect in the mirror's shine.

Through the decades, life's visage has altered its way,  
In the chase for color or monochrome, humanity's poison holds sway.  
In the rhythm-bound song of life's film, oppressed and confined,  
Let the restless heart banish sorrow from the mind.

Puskar Sikdar

# Farewell Salutation

You've departed, fading away,  
No trace of you shall time betray.  
Exams annulled, dreams left torn,  
Yet hopes of legends you've quietly adorned.

No relic of your reign shall I preserve,  
What gifts to this world did you truly deserve?  
The poor seek shelter, hunger's cruel embrace,  
While the rich's coffers you filled with grace.

The world groans in silent plight,  
Factories churning through endless night.  
The common soul with empty hands pleads,  
Yet crime's disguise, no one heeds.

The surroundings are hushed,  
No sound, no rush.  
We've held onto countless dreams,  
But first, we'll crush our fragile seams.

The air stands still, no echo, no sound,  
We dream of victories, where strength is found.  
Students shall return, the poor shall thrive,  
In harmony's rhythm, we'll feel alive.

No clash, no feud, only peace we seek,  
Where hunger fades and justice speaks.  
A nation bound by unity and love,  
Where the poor find solace from heaven above.

Puskar Sikdar

# Whispers Of The Monsoon

You have returned once again,  
Don't leave in such haste.  
If you don't share a word or two,  
I might sulk in silent protest.

The endless streams outside today  
Flow just like before,  
Look at that fleeting moment—  
Waving, calling us once more.

That day, in a rainstorm just like this,  
We first crossed each other's way,  
The tranquil kites soared above,  
Even now, my heart seeks them today.

Like the glow of a burning lamp,  
Your eyes once shone so bright,  
Even now, within their gaze,  
I find the same familiar light.

I searched for those kohl-dark eyes,  
Wandering through time's embrace,  
Our silent whispers—strange, yet dear,  
A madness we refuse to erase.

So, in this monsoon's whispered tale,  
Stay with me, don't stray apart,  
Let's speak again, just like before,  
And walk ahead, heart to heart.

Through joy and sorrow, side by side,  
Together, we shall stand,  
To build a world, a life anew,  
Hand in hand, across the land.

Puskar Sikdar

# The Picnic

Off we go, a merry band,  
Side by side, hand in hand.  
A picnic calls, a fresh new cheer,  
To welcome joy in the coming year.

The menu's simple, just a few,  
A modest feast, but rich in hue.  
And there's that one with careful eye,  
Jotting notes, counting high.

A crispy fish fry on our plate,  
And what more to celebrate?  
Polao and mutton, rich and deep,  
A day of laughter, ours to keep.

A humble feast, yet full of glee,  
Its charm is pure simplicity.  
So, heed the call—each must bring,  
A plate, a glass, and everything!

Wherever we find an open space,  
We'll settle down and claim our place.  
Nature cradles us in her arms,  
A mother's love, so vast and warm.

The gentle breeze hums its tune,  
Our hearts will dance from noon to moon.  
Worries fade and spirits soar,  
We'll laugh and sing forevermore.

With hearts fulfilled, we'll make our way,  
Carrying dreams that softly sway.  
And as we part, one thought will stay—  
A new beginning calls our way.

Puskar Sikdar

# Starting Again

The night unfolds in a haunting haze,  
Sweat trickles down in silent chase.  
Yet tides of emotion rise once more,  
Dancing toward a light unknown before.

Let the wounds and insults stay,  
I shall cradle them, come what may.  
Through arid winds that past has spun,  
I'll search the sky for clouds of fun.

I still recall those fleeting days—  
The smiles, the sorrow, the whispered plays.  
Though pain still lingers in its spree,  
I refuse to bow; it won't break me.

A path anew, I've chanced to find,  
A world ahead, no longer blind.  
Not just sorrow, loss, or strife,  
There's much to shape, much more to life.

I'll chase that joy where rivers bend,  
Through this voyage, till journey's end.  
Perhaps I'll drift on endless seas,  
Or reach a shore where new hope breathes.

No fleeting bliss, no binds of gold,  
No chains of mirth shall take their hold.  
Let me strive, let me rise,  
For purpose alone is my grandest prize.

Puskar Sikdar

# Ode To The Pen

You once stayed close,  
Deep within my soul,  
Yet as time slipped by,  
Man left you far from whole.

Ages ago, you were born,  
Sparking revolutions bright.  
Yet now, in the fading light,  
Few still hold you tight.

From sacred texts to science vast,  
Through you, wisdom came to last.  
But now, in careless hands,  
You suffer fate's unjust demands.

Only a few still cherish you,  
A bond of mind, a heart so true.  
Oh Lord, let wisdom reclaim its reign,  
And free us from this digital chain.

Let me dwell forevermore,  
Within the ink, the words, the lore.  
May my mind and heart reside,  
Where wisdom's light shall still abide.

Puskar Sikdar

# The Eternal Flow

Ashamed, I melted away,  
The frozen king in disarray.  
Drifting down in silent streams,  
Known by many, yet lost in dreams.

Clashing, crashing, forging through,  
Endless battles, old yet new.  
I flow, unbroken, bold and free,  
Neither conquered nor set at ease.

Mountains shattered in my stride,  
Through valleys deep and rivers wide.  
They used me well, then turned away,  
And drowned in floods they paved one day.

Harm me once, I'll harm you twice,  
Nature remembers, it won't think twice.  
Mountains, plains, and lands I crossed,  
Breaking paths at every cost.

They built their dams to hold me tight,  
Yet saw me turn their dark to light.  
The river's power, fierce and grand,  
Sparked the flames of light in hand.

But even rivers must find their rest,  
No journey flows without an end.  
Through countless lands, through tales untold,  
My story fades where the oceans fold.

Yet hear this plea before I part—  
Let my waters stay pure at heart.  
For every stream, for every tide,  
Keep my kin in waters wide.

Puskar Sikdar

# A Moment In Monsoon

Two flowers sway, side by side,  
Drifting gently in life's tide.  
Our joy once set its anchor deep,  
Yet now, it melts in silence steep.

Life unfolds on this worn-out seat,  
Beside my future, incomplete.  
The road ahead, a helpless haze,  
Turning me to reckless ways.

I dreamed of days when bliss would stay,  
Yet joy arrived, then slipped away.  
And now, in echoes sharp and bare,  
Only sorrow fills the air.

That warmth, that love—were they but dreams?  
Reality tears apart such themes.  
For when the truth begins to spread,  
It leaves behind a venomous thread.

My home now lies by the Ganges wide,  
Where restless waters kiss the tide.  
I sit upon this empty bench,  
Hoping fate might lift its wrench.

The monsoon's breeze, a fleeting bliss,  
Raindrops fall, a gentle kiss.  
I take her hand—her voice is kind,  
A soothing balm upon my mind.

This is how I dull the pain,  
She is my shelter in the rain.  
With every step she walks with me,  
Her presence fills my destiny.

Puskar Sikdar

# The Cycle Of Fortune

At the crossroads of dream's fleeting haze,  
Where the heart seeks joy yet drifts astray,  
Storms of sorrow rise once more,  
Drenching, crushing, tearing away.

Fortune sways on an uncertain tide,  
A fate unknown, a path unclear;  
A lamp once burned with colors bright,  
Hope-laced whispers drew me near.

In life's embrace, I took my plunge,  
Yet fortune's jest ran deep and wide,  
Twisting fates with careless hands,  
Burying purpose in the tide.

A single sip of joy's sweet wine,  
Lit a spark in a weary soul;  
Yet fate's storm shattered glass and dream,  
Turning warmth to shards so cold.

Through wounds and loss, I stand once more,  
Pushing past despair's cruel tide,  
A spark of hope, a fleeting flame,  
Paints my path in colors wide.

Days have passed, struggles endured,  
Efforts lost, yet wisdom gained;  
Through time's frozen, endless maze,  
A silent strength has now remained.

The hollow heart awakens bright,  
With rhythm set to destiny's dance,  
Life's game unfolds in careful steps,  
Crossing peril with a steadfast stance.

Now these empty pages fill with time,  
As fortune walks this road with me;  
Through longing, hope, and fate's embrace,  
This endless cycle sings destiny's decree.

Puskar Sikdar

# You Too, ' Maa '

In silent serenity, wrapped in a cocoon of warmth,  
Bound by a pulse, an irreplaceable bond takes form.  
Soft whispers of love, a cradle of tender embrace,  
A newborn's arrival fills hearts with boundless grace.

The world bestows this title—a joy beyond sight,  
A single embrace rekindles lost warmth and light.  
A gentle touch, a familiar tremor through veins,  
The call of 'Maa' revives life's sweetest refrains.

When shadows of despair cloud my weary mind,  
I seek refuge at your feet, where solace I find.  
Your boundless love has drawn me across endless seas,  
Carve a sandalwood mark—let my sorrow cease.

Does it matter, Maa, if you never gave me birth?  
For all mothers are sacred, the purest souls on earth.  
In your embrace, I have found a home so true,  
And so, to you, Maa, I always return anew.

Puskar Sikdar

# ????? ???? (Bengali Version Of ' The Dry Leaf ')

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Puskar Sikdar

# The Dry Leaf

A tiny life spun on fate's wheel,  
Yet flows like a river, fierce and free.  
Soft as wool in a tender embrace,  
Now caged within scars none can see.

Through the window of my weary mind,  
Walks a traveler burdened with sorrow.  
On thorn-clad roads of silent wounds,  
Chains of crimson bind tomorrow.

Once vibrant, once ablaze,  
Now swayed by a ruthless gust.  
A song of grief behind a laughing mask,  
A dry leaf crumbles into dust.

A barkless heart, stripped and bare,  
Seeks lost leaves in despair's deep shade.  
A vanished green, a trace of hope,  
Now etched in pain that never fades.

The joyous drum once beat so loud,  
Now silenced in the pouring rain.  
Drifting far in winds unknown,  
A broken leaf bows to fate's domain.

Yet even frail, it longs to rise,  
Though sorrow clings like autumn's mist.  
And in its quiet, mournful dance,  
It finds a song that still persists.

A yearning heart, in tears submerged,  
Finds solace where the dry leaves lie.  
With laughter stitched through weary pages,  
Life turns its wheel and learns to fly.

Puskar Sikdar