

Poetry Series

**Sanjukta Nag**  
**- poems -**

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**Sanjukta Nag(05-07-1992)**

# A Bike Ride

On the backseat of your bike I left my mind.  
Body is on the lonely bed, closing eyes  
Counting tranquil waves of night.  
But the pupils of my heart are still mesmerized,  
Gazing intently at that tree filled mirror  
Where sun twinkled like polestar,  
During our stretched ride through airstream  
Breaking fragile fences of paradise.  
I saw the edges of your brown hair took  
A mouthful of slanted shimmers,  
And altered themselves into strands of gold.  
You roared against the wind with clenched fist  
But we didn't strive hard, rather floated  
Like a canoe on the endlessness of our journey.  
Fragrance of dust opened itself on us, and  
I revealed my faith on the nearness of your back.  
Moments passed, you stopped, I didn't.  
Still weaving images like that sparkling mirror  
To reflect them on my thirsty bedroom wall.

Sanjukta Nag

# A Dreamlike Dream

Dream with me the dream of a meadow  
Where is a luminous tree of silver shadow,  
You hang a swing set on branch of the tree  
I'm laying upon it facing the southern sea.  
Aroma of wild flowers touches our bodies  
Mountain wind carries such sweet melodies,  
You're with a canvas standing by me  
Painting white lilies and a little honey bee.  
Here east is the west with a full bloom moon  
Reflecting itself on the crystal blue lagoon,  
I want this dream to cross boundary of time  
As your smile making it more than sublime.  
I don't know what makes my body so swing  
Is it the swing set or our love's free wings?

Sanjukta Nag

# A Haiku On Haiku

Five seven then five  
Three lines from Japan derived  
Let's make haiku jive.

Sanjukta Nag

# A Lover's Monologue

So many thoughts of you  
All over my mind  
(Though you said I don't have one)  
Laughing crying dancing singing  
That's truly unkind.  
I waited for them to disappear  
(Actually I was waiting for you)  
For 17 days 8 months and a year.  
Still they are reigning in my brain  
Unconditionally falling like rain  
(Making my eyes so wet.)  
I thought I can't live without you  
(But see I am breathing)  
And I was so right  
You're my dumbness  
You're my insight.  
I shouldn't have taken this so far  
(Don't think I regret about us)  
What now left with me  
Is some burning scar.  
I dream about us every night  
Walking down the street  
(Can you picture us?)  
Suddenly you vanish in the air  
Leaving it incomplete.  
Everything is shattered  
Since you've gone  
(No, you're not gone from my heart)  
Now there's no difference  
Between dusk and dawn.  
Do you think of me  
(I know you think of me)  
In happiness  
Or in the blue?  
Then just give me a clue.  
'Cause all the time I crave  
To fill up this gap  
(I guess you know that by now)  
I'm promising you this time

I'll surely not mess up.

Sanjukta Nag

## A Lover's Monologue 2

Do you remember those days  
When I had written so many poems on you  
With the ink of my love...

Thereafter,  
The earth revolved around the sun half a dozen times  
The moon made the sky black by waning herself over and over  
Sandy storms appeared to blow away some leaves of life.  
Dust spread its wings upon the eyes  
And blurred the vision with tears.  
I know,  
All these are preserved well inside the secret box of our mind.  
But can you answer my dear  
What happened in the middle of the journey of our love?  
What occurred between the expected and unexpected desires of our heart  
That our bed of fondness  
Covered itself with bloody thorns!  
Nowadays, when I open my dried eyes  
I can witness,  
Our primeval Adam-Eve relationship has transformed into a fossil  
North wind has swallowed the only missing-link  
Pleasure is running towards unpleasantry  
Life is dying inside us every hour.  
Do you know,  
How all the warmth died?  
Who buried those cozy moments wrapped with caresses?  
I didn't want to be dead  
I didn't want them to be dead  
You also never pictured this in your darkest nightmare.  
Then what becomes the reason for us to suffer?  
What has made our youth so rougher?

Do you still remember those days  
When I had written so many poems on you  
With the ink of my love...

Sanjukta Nag



# A Midnight Message

I am still awake  
Sitting on the corner of the moon,  
Waiting patiently  
Only for you  
Only for your love,  
As you said that you would come  
To sing to me good night song,  
But it's becoming too long  
To believe that you'll appear!  
Yes, you've refused again to see me in my dream!

The sun shows up  
Snatching the sleeping lines from my face,  
And I sit speechless on bed  
Looking at the touch screen on my hand,  
Where you came in the midnight  
With a soft blue light  
Sending a vibration  
Towards my unconscious body.

I know you're the untouchable fairy  
Of the surreal world.  
But my misfortune had failed last night  
To connect to you  
In the reality too.

Sanjukta Nag

# A Poem For Poets

This is the moment of supernaturalism  
When we bury the sun under Mariana Trench,  
Slaying him into pale pieces.  
Or we lit up the moon on the forehead of dawn.  
This is the moment of supreme joy  
When we swing like little children  
From the colourful bough of imagination.  
Life starts flowing like a translucent holy river,  
Where we wash hands for writing  
The eternal words of our rain-soaked hearts.  
This is when impeccable poems take birth.

Sanjukta Nag

# A Poem On Love Poem

Writing a love poem is so easy  
When you are swimming in love with someone.  
Just compose some maudlin lines  
On the eternal 'Romeo-Juliet' ideas of romanticism.  
Sprinkle silvery stardust and soft moonbeams,  
So that your lover's face can glow  
More and more bright than any astral light.  
And conclude your journey by lying with him  
On the bed of thornless roses  
While heads sharing the same pillow,  
Hearts reflecting the same domestic dream.

But writing a love poem seems to be most painful  
When you have drifted apart from your loved one,  
Like a lost ship floats hopelessly under foggy clouds,  
In the middle of the Bermuda triangle.  
Each emotion you try to scribble  
On the red-turned-black paper of love,  
Instantly brings thousand years of rain in your eyes.  
The sun becomes inadequate to warm your cold skeleton,  
The moon appears like a confused silly satellite  
That keeps changing its avatar every single night.  
And you pretend to be in love,  
Only to be the most fortunate lover in the world of poetry.  
It hurts,  
It hurts to consider that  
For whom you are putting those words one by one,  
Clothing them beautifully with praised rhetoric,  
Is never going to read that  
Or look back at you in his farthest oblivion.  
Because he doesn't know,  
You still sleep each night on the lap of darkness  
Remembering his playful smiles,  
And wake up screaming his name from a nightmare.  
He doesn't want to know,  
You are still writing something about him,  
That is supposed to be known as a love poem.



# A Sleepy Poem

I've just found a dizzy poem,  
Laying on his face  
On the secure pillow of last winter.  
And he revealed a secret  
Into the mouth of my stunned pen,  
That poems also hibernate  
Under the daydreaming blanket  
Of a warm poetic mind.

Sanjukta Nag

# A Wish

Let's hang our endless love  
From the stable boughs  
Of an evergreen tree called eternity.

Stars may descend from sky  
But we'll elevate our love  
Against the inevitable force of gravity.

Sanjukta Nag

# Affirmatives

This life is not made of metaphor,  
And I've never recognized  
The definition of sweet talker.  
Still I can offer you fragment of yes  
In a world devoid of positivity.  
Close the darkness in your eyes  
To open the insight of your heart.  
And you can sense energies,  
Swirling and dancing between us  
In glee, with the resonance of  
Our unstoppable emotions.  
Because the syntax of love is shaped  
With millions of affirmatives.

Sanjukta Nag

## After Dinner

They abandoned the midnight garden,  
For the sake of  
Warm softness of a bed.  
Two chairs are now sitting alone  
Under the silent celebration of stars.  
Crystal beauty of wine glasses is lying  
On beige linen of the table.  
Some unheard words as white as doves  
Had oozed from the corners  
Of their intoxicated lips.  
Now chariot of wind  
Is carrying them out of the earth,  
For engraving  
Those romantic letters on the  
Black mountain of mischievous moon.

Sanjukta Nag



# Alone

And there I was standing alone  
On the surf  
Of a lonely beach unknown.  
Beneath an endless mocking sky  
Who has stars or moon for his night  
Here everyday I die and try  
To wipe you out from my sight.  
Now nothing I am  
But a betrayed thing,  
With nowhere to go  
No people to cling,  
Forgetting still day by day  
That I ever was a human being.  
So, there I was standing alone  
Just trying to breathe on my own.

Sanjukta Nag

# An Afternoon Dream

I broke the glory of moon into pieces  
And hung them by nooses  
From the ceiling of our drunken bedroom.  
Little souls started to grow bigger  
Pale souls started to glow brighter.  
You said, 'Death is too powerful  
As it made heaven step down on us.'  
I laughed at our imagination and  
Counted the movements of your pupils,  
While your mind saw the silky sky  
Flowing so crystal blue like a young river.  
But before giving you a nudge of life  
You vanished in the atmosphere  
To catch stars for a delicious astral dinner.

Sanjukta Nag

# An Appeal

An invisible sky so confidential  
Behind your smiling eyes,  
Always sends prismatic rays  
Through the fine alleys of your  
Aroused eyelashes.  
And I'm the greedy one,  
Holding virgin white lilies of last night  
For asking you to paint them,  
With the breathtaking tangibility  
Of your rainbow rave.

Sanjukta Nag

# Apple Is Just An Excuse

A man and a woman in an exotic garden  
Plucking mellow fruits and musky flowers,  
In the crystal clear waterfall of infinity  
Hand in hand they are taking shower.

At night he weaves blue dreams in his eyes  
She wears crimson shyness on her cheeks,  
While innocence and experience starts to play  
The most secretive game of hide and seek.

They don't know how to ignite fire of desire  
Though firewood of passion is surely ready,  
He has the magnetism of a majestic lion  
Her voice is sweet like nightingale's melody.

Their togetherness is unaware of any science  
Only throbbing heart is filled with chemistry,  
Both of them always feel curious to discover  
The tree of knowledge's hidden mystery.

Soon Satan with the forbidden fruit appears  
With joy she makes a glass of delicious juice,  
They drink and desire burns to let us know  
That the apple is merely just a silly excuse.

Sanjukta Nag

# Are You There?

The light that burns darkness  
Still sleeping above faint sky

World is splinted with woods  
Steel is constructing mankind

Removing the portraits of life  
They play the game of smoke

Happiness crossed terminator  
Reddening my eyes with moan

Let me discover my reflection  
On pupil of Your evident soul

Lift me up with Your firm arms  
For staircase demotes to Hell

Tend my existing solitude and  
Whisper, "It's still not too late."

Sanjukta Nag

## Arrows Of Gold

Pebbles always sink into the sea of grass,  
Like you lay your face on softness  
Hearing the dripping lullabies of cloudburst.  
I have only transparency to offer you  
On this drenched night of cozy possibilities.  
The song of tomorrow will bring Eldorado  
With the golden arrows of mighty Apollo,  
On the familiar porch of your safe daydreams.

Sanjukta Nag

# Beginning

Chorus of morning leaves  
Paint trees deeper in happy green.  
Sunrays ricochet  
From your eyes to my lips.  
Maybe we are dying  
For heaven has stepped down between us.  
Heart beat resonates  
All over the sky  
Carried by the wild wings of  
White doves.

Sanjukta Nag

# Bereft

Bereft I am  
Of hope, of love  
Bereft of everything  
The all I had have.  
The eternal moon-beams that soothes the mind  
Is also devoid of me being unkind,  
Though shadow is reluctant to fill my heart  
On each midnight it gives me alert  
Of the nothingness which contains you  
Absorbing from my soul all the hue.  
You, the celestial forbidden fire  
Combusting in me like a deathless pyre.  
Endure I must, for having to go nowhere  
Nothing has left but to be bereft of desire.

Sanjukta Nag



# Best Part Of Dream

Gleaming oars of crescent  
Rowed slow wind like water,  
Whole afternoon.

You, on the gallery of sun  
Counted shadows of your  
Fallen fingerprints.

Best part of my dream is  
To expose its bold mystery,  
Inside your laughter.

Sanjukta Nag

# Birth And Death Of A Poet

Remembering the day,  
I sent you a love poem of your favorite poet  
With a pleasant expectation  
Of making our love story more romantic.  
But I was rewarded  
By an unsweetened frown!  
You said angrily,  
"Don't ever forward me a borrowed love script,  
If you desire to send me a poem  
Then first compose one with your own words."

That was the beginning.  
And from that phenomenal moment,  
Every day I used to write  
A poem for you,  
On the paper of my love  
With the ink of your inspiration.

Though time shows,  
I'm not fortunate enough.  
As on one rainy day  
The ink of your inspiration was over,  
So did our relationship.  
In spite of this,  
I never have put my pen down  
And I'm still penning the words of my heart.

Because,  
A poet takes birth twice.  
First, when he comes out of mother's womb  
Second, when he writes his first poem.  
But my dear,  
A poet dies once  
Only when his body does.

Sanjukta Nag

# Birth Of Fire

You are making flares  
Behind the tenderness of my eyeballs,  
I'm invoking tornado  
To show you the bursting of thunder into pieces,  
That dissolve like meteors  
Over the natural layers of our bodies.  
And this is how fire takes birth.  
No twirling of hands on a wooden plate,  
Just some sawdust of desire  
To initiate the eruption of Kilimanjaro,  
Inside the red veins of our contracted flesh.

Sanjukta Nag

# Black

Enough.

Enough of the pretension that the colour of love is red.

Remember,

When you crushed my heart under your filthy shoes

It was black that I bled.

And from that day it has become my favourite colour.

Though black is not the colour of my soul

It's the colour of the hole

That you had punched in my heart.

Remember,

We used to cuddle

Under the blanket of blue beams,

While our eyes kept themselves busy

Sharing the same blue dreams.

But now,

I wake up every hour of night

Screaming your name from a black and blue nightmare,

My sweaty clothes cling to my body instead of you

And all of a sudden I feel so bare,

My eyes circled with darkness fail to witness you there.

Oh how I miss you breathing those words on my cheek

Holding me tight,

"Don't be afraid of the dark my dear

For white lilies blossom at night."

But you forgot to tell me

What time the black roses bloom!

Though it doesn't matter now

As all my days and nights are full with gloom.

So, enough.

Enough of the pretension that the colour of love is red,

'Cause black is the colour of my eye ball

And of all the tears that I shed.

Sanjukta Nag

## Blind Stars

When the darkness of midnight starts dripping  
From the inner walls of a lover's betrayed heart,  
No lunar luminescence can soothe the sadness  
As eyes transfigure themselves into blind stars.

Sanjukta Nag

## Blood Glows Red

Vermilion hue of your violent love,  
Threatens me for confronting it  
With grey shades of bare eyes.  
Like someone has set fire on Mars,  
And reddened, it's burning aloud  
Sending black and blue smoke to earth,  
To blur my throat with choked tears.

Sanjukta Nag

# Body And Soul

A Greek godlike figure of yours  
Is caressed by my body  
Countless times,  
Under amorous eyes of moon.

Now, let the hands of my heart  
Enter inside of your being,  
To lit the torch of your soul  
With holy light of lifelong love.

Sanjukta Nag

# Born To Love

This poem is not for me.  
This poem is not for you.  
But for those people who failed to recognize their love.  
Who do not know,  
Even the confused song of a grasshopper can bring out the name...  
A lover's name for which they cried night after night cursing the moon.  
Who do not show the bed sheets,  
Wet with warm blood, dripped from their bruised heart...  
A lover's heart that had carried millions of joyfulness in a single moment for  
another equal one.  
These lovers-  
Once swore to each other by the name of Cupid to write their own love poem.  
But now unchaining their hands,  
They give up their fate in the hands of stars!  
Those falling stars that can't even change their own destiny of turning into ashes!

And still the lovers believe,  
They were meant to be apart,  
By disbelieving in that four letter word!  
Love, that has the power to fill the shadows with sunrays,  
Love, that can pour shower over a twelve years of scorched earth,  
Love, that doesn't lower itself to any theories of nihilism.  
Yet they fall.  
They fall out of love.  
The new moon transforms itself into a full one  
And then they try over and over again,  
To regain,  
What is lost!  
Or what they had lost without realizing...  
Their summer's sunshine, autumn's wine,  
Monsoon's rain and winter's pain,  
While reconciliation makes them sane,  
Telling, that it must have been love.  
The love that only needs to be taken care of by two people,  
Who didn't mean to be together,  
But at the end of the day,  
Who make themselves meaningful to each other.  
And the secret of it lies in the deep coral reef of our hearts,  
Which is- love only needs to be loved.



So, dive,  
Dive into that core of yourselves to find the gem,  
Which is called Love, from the time immemorial,  
Which can be savoured without a denial.  
'Cause we are born to love and to be loved.

Sanjukta Nag

# Breathless

Shadow of time walking by the edge of mortality  
To drop withered leaves of lonely moments  
Over the barren horizon of down falling life.  
Age is just a number made by mathematicians,  
Death can spread its impermissible roots any time  
On any step of journey, to leave you breathless.

Sanjukta Nag

# Bridge

I often sit still looking at the bridge,  
Boats painted in the colour of purple stooped sky  
May be sailing towards your wildest dreams  
From my sweaty nightmares.  
It has been one and a half years -  
We chose to move in different ways.  
Though with every dawn break  
Overflowed by our extinct emotional caress,  
I sense of moving backward to your adulterous arms.  
Yes, it is long one and a half years  
Since I haven't seen your face,  
But I can surely assume even now,  
False promises and lies still reside in your eyes.  
And a crumpled heart of mine  
Laying somewhere alone in a dark store room of yours.  
You used to say, "Life is like a river."  
If it is true, then I am certain by now,  
There is an unbreakable one sided bridge of thoughts  
That never stops connecting me with you.

Sanjukta Nag

# Broken Sky

When you parted our sky in two halves  
It bled white, spreading  
The smoky scent of drifted light.  
Stars cried tears of Lily petals  
Those pricked my skin  
Like hails on a wintry morning.  
With my blind heart deprived of love  
I had nothing to observe,  
Only eyes inhaled your promises  
Which fell from the cracked sky,  
For being wet by  
The darkest clouds of desolation.

Sanjukta Nag

# But You

I'd prefer death than breathing without you  
It's not the sun that makes my sky blue,  
but you.

I'd prefer to wake up than not dreaming of you  
It's not the moon that makes my nights true,  
but you.

Sanjukta Nag

## By Your Touch

I'm not a composer of poems,  
Only I gather them with amazement  
Like a treasurer collects gold.  
'Cause you have the heavenly hands  
Of legendary King Midas.  
Whatever you touch my love,  
Reflects the golden rave of poetry.

Sanjukta Nag

# Choices

Eyes that fear the imminent truth,  
Hide their faces under the transparent blanket of life  
While ears count slow sloping steps of death.

Eyes that seek the forbidden truth,  
Struggle hard to conquer the elevated summit of life  
Before death asks them to exhale last breath.

Sanjukta Nag

# Colours Of Distance

You are running faster  
With your ears shut by deaf happiness.  
Body penetrates  
The translucent landscape of air,  
Leaving red moisture of love poems behind.  
I'm screaming your name  
In a voice higher than white skyscrapers,  
But your silhouette is getting smaller  
Against the orange backdrop of a setting sun.  
Now, I can reach your little image  
Through the curved distance  
Between my index finger and thumb.  
Though at some point,  
It will also dissolve over the horizon.  
Then I'll put my eyes on a kaleidoscope  
To envision your vividness through imagination.

Sanjukta Nag



# Colours Of Life

The freedom in your white laughter  
Paints my palette  
With the sweet blue of happiness,  
While the tender branches  
Of your affection  
Make me see crimson everywhere.  
And now I can identify that,  
The absolute truth of life  
Is hiding in these two colours of contrast.  
As the redness of blood  
Always reaches for the door of heart,  
By swimming through  
The quiet tunnels of navy blue veins.

Sanjukta Nag

# Communication Gap

Your heart speaks in a dead language,  
My eyes try to understand it  
With an opaque magnifying glass.  
As if we're falling from a bottomless hill  
Only death knows how to stop.  
Our home trembles like a volcano  
When unknown letters spill out like lava.  
Under rain of ashes we sleep shutting ears  
While limbs silently burn in synthesis,  
Clinging to our familiar communication gap.

Sanjukta Nag

# Constellation Of Dreams

Pillow is pampering the softness  
Of your left cheek,  
While the right one is revealed  
Towards the cold of night.  
A smile, so pink like a lustful rose  
Is rolling down from creases of your lips.  
But the wonder lies inside  
Your honey eyes of fascination,  
Where bright blue constellation of dreams  
Is built like a castle of light,  
That shimmers only  
With the blushful touch of love.

Sanjukta Nag

# Contrast

The innocence of your smile  
Is quite strong for defeating any  
Heavenly shadow,  
Embarrasses the whiteness of  
Moon all night long.

But when you clench a fist,  
The light between your fingers  
Crumbles like withered leaf of winter,  
And darkness of experience  
Takes birth inside.

Sanjukta Nag

# Cracks Of Love

The darkest wind of winter  
Combs the leafy bodies of pine trees.  
Their green edges of sharpness,  
Shiver like the tattered page  
Of a lost love poem,  
That once slipped from a lover's rusty lips.  
Chill is blooming silently like a thief,  
While the temple of heart  
Is burning with an unceasing fire  
For worshiping a Demigod named love,  
Who was defeated miserably  
In an egoistic battle between two minds.  
Now living the powerless life  
Of a flawed human being.

Sanjukta Nag

# Crippled Heart

Standing on the shore of life  
When I pick up the pebbles of memory  
My eyes become hazy  
Remembering our unfinished story.  
A gust of breeze comforts my body  
But my soul doesn't feel the same  
The walls of my heart never stop  
Echoing your painful name.  
The sun sinks into the ocean  
Abandoning the love of sky  
Beneath that purple light  
I recall the day you said goodbye.  
I wish you all the joy and glory  
Like a sky full of stars  
I won't mind spending my life  
With your love's bluish scars.

Sanjukta Nag

# Dawn

Silence of last night  
Laying on the pillow  
Waiting to be touched  
By the liquid sun.

Sleep draped eyes  
Opening adorably  
To steal a morning kiss  
From the loved one.

Sanjukta Nag

# Dear God

You taught the dawn to break the cloud  
You taught the birds to sing aloud  
So, there cannot be any doubt  
That night has gone to bed.

The sun starts to scatter its rays  
The wind starts to find its ways  
In hills forests deserts and bays  
To obey what You said.

The morning is serene and sound  
You made everything profound  
I'll always follow You around  
Bowing my heart and head.

Sanjukta Nag



# Difference

I asked Him very politely,  
'If goodness is only preferred by You,  
Then why have You put the right path beside the wrong? '

He smiled and said mildly,  
'To expose the truth in front of you,  
That a night owl could never sing a morning song.'

Sanjukta Nag

# Divine Dream

Your spirited silhouette on my bedside wall  
Bringing down the cloud-nine under my body.  
Life is a river, flowing through the chest of sky  
And we're crossing the bridge of white doves,  
Realizing the immortality of unfathomable love.  
While hearts hope to drink the potion of divinity  
That will invite the innocent Eden upon earth.

Sanjukta Nag

# Don'T Let Me Die

Put your hand on my hand o dear  
Your heart is all I want to bear  
Let's look at the constellation there  
Glistening in the sky.

Moon is hiding behind the cloud  
I can sense your heart aloud  
Leaving all the rational crowd  
Together we will fly.

Night is flowing like a slow river  
Touch of your lips making me shiver  
If life is now or never  
Then don't let me die.

Sanjukta Nag

# Doomed

Your heart carries dark clouds  
But never promises to leave smudges of rain,  
So, I have only emptiness to cling to.  
Days of yearning stroll too leisurely  
To deny the difference  
Between solitude and you.  
Every time I try hard to lift the curtain,  
Dreaming the artificiality in your eyes  
May be now speaks the truth,  
Catastrophe enshrouds my body  
With a cloak of frost.  
I don't know how you are floating still  
While I am shrinking bit by bit in dimness.  
I had pawned all of my hopes in your fancy shop  
And got some metallic assurance in return,  
They are rusted now.  
So, come back and tell me  
If you are worth waiting for,  
If the dark clouds of your heart have  
Silver linings around the edges.

Sanjukta Nag

# Downcast

Day by day  
Drop by drop  
I'm squeezing your memories from my vein,  
Clearing the clutters you've left in my life  
Though all my struggles are going in vain.  
Millions of your pictures all over my heart  
Singing their saddest song  
Of how we fell apart  
While rapidly spilling pain like rain,  
And I am here  
Soaked with despair  
Shivering with a false air  
To see you on my door step again.

Sanjukta Nag

# Dreamcatcher

When the tender dawn breaks  
On our bridge of silent emotions,  
Your sunny eyes stretch out my  
Dream of last night to such an  
Extent, that my bedazzled mind  
Wonders either it was ever surreal,  
Or you are the real dream of life  
I've always dreamt of living with!

Sanjukta Nag

# Edenic Touch

Desired darkness of the Edenic earth  
Was stirred up by heavy sound and flash,  
As thunder spread white serpents on sky  
Guiding him to steal a momentary glimpse.  
His eyes witnessed her tender cheeks,  
Spilling crimson, her fair chest heaving  
Beneath his amorous shaking fingertips.

Sanjukta Nag

# Either Or

Either

Those fancy petals of  
Titanic white lilies are  
Glowing more fairer  
In the soft dream of  
Stretched out moonlight!

Or

The touch of your love  
Is making my head spin  
To envision everything  
Big and bright at these  
Darkest hours of midnight!

Sanjukta Nag



# Emotion

Yellow song of dried soul  
Bathing in fine drizzles of summer

Wiped out ink smudges  
Made those papers of heart softer

Trembling of eyelashes  
Puts the emotions in a secret cover

Life sometimes dangles  
In the unconscious arms of a lover

Moonlight hurts at night  
When none is there to hug tighter

Love is not loved deeply  
Until you cry one thousand rivers.

Sanjukta Nag

# Empty Dreams

Days are passing by  
So are we,  
Apart from each other  
Like the sky and the river  
Flowing separately ripping the heart of eternity  
Yet so together in affinity  
Sleeping with empty dreams.

If I were a waterfall  
I would have fallen in love  
With your heart of stone  
And you would break me from drop to droplets  
Or I would have made you unstone.

If I were a rainbow  
You must have written on me  
Seven colours of poetry,  
Though life doesn't seem to rhyme  
But I would have listened to you all night long  
If you were a wind chime.

Since life isn't a role playing game  
You and me running parallel  
Carrying different aims.  
There's no possibility to embrace each other  
As life is not what it seems,  
At the end of each day  
We are still sleeping with empty dreams.

Sanjukta Nag

# Empty Space

My body relishes the pride of an astronaut  
When it roams like a somnambulist  
On infinite space of your midnight heart,  
By touching the stars of your emotions  
With bare hands and lips.  
While I bathe in the softness of moonlight  
That your love radiates,  
Passionate comets invite me to  
Explore more of your invincible galaxies.  
But my eyes only give birth to empty dreams,  
When your heavy words make my pillow  
Soaked with silent tears.  
I wonder why I didn't realize before  
This universe also possesses a black hole,  
To swallow the strength of weak spirits like mine.

Sanjukta Nag

# End Of The Day

Silent dreams are dressing  
Inside greenish eyelids of woods

From finest glossy wings  
Ethereal touch is slipping smooth

To the faraway west  
Where sun simpered alone hazily

Reflecting on the stream  
That conceives rainbow secretly

The moon breaks beams  
On the edges of tranquil retreat

I'll offer you half of my heart  
If you find me the other half of it.

Sanjukta Nag

# Escapist

How could I escape  
From the  
Sovereignty of gloomy silence,  
When I use  
Silence's dark charm  
To escape  
From everything!

Sanjukta Nag

# Eyes Of Storm

Your love has the tragic eyes of a storm,  
That never care to look back  
To the destruction  
It has caused to my fragile earth.  
Those eyes always fail to witness  
The uprooted evergreen forest of promises  
Once you had planted for us.  
Moreover, the darkness in its eyes  
Everytime blinds the blue vision of my sky  
With grayish clouds of desolation.

Sanjukta Nag

## False Hope

I wanted to write a poem on you  
While watching the sun setting over the bay,  
I wanted to set a fire for you  
In the chilly evening of a winter's day.  
I wanted to love you all the night  
Till the dawn breaks to touch your hair,  
But these all wishes stop I might  
As you never wanted me to be for you there.

Sanjukta Nag

# Fate Of A Star

I've never seen a star – falling,  
From the black sky of night  
Like a drifted drop of light  
To dissolve in the distant skyline.

Though I heard many of the myths,  
If your heart makes a wish  
It will certainly accomplish  
To make you reach on cloud-nine.

But I wonder on its truthfulness,  
For it always comes down straight  
Unable to alter its own fallen fate,  
Then how will it change mine?

Sanjukta Nag



# Favourite Word

If you ask me  
What my favourite word is,  
I'll answer -

The favourite word of my eyes  
Is  
'Dream'

The favourite word of my ears  
Is  
'Story'

The favourite word of my heart  
Is  
'Hope'

Oh! Don't be upset my darling,  
'Cause  
Your name  
Is the favourite word  
Of that portion of my body,  
From where all words take birth.

Sanjukta Nag

## Five Senses Of Love

When eyes speak the language of love  
Only eyes can hear sweetness it spread.  
Thus, closeness reverberates  
Between the compassion of two souls.  
Definition of music alters,  
As ears taste the symphony  
That voice of love dribbles.  
Pores of skin inhale the aroma of warmth.

Sanjukta Nag

# Flower In A Book

I will let myself be a flower  
If you can be a book of poetry.  
Then some romantic mind will pluck my body  
From the garden of love,  
To place me between your open pages.  
I promise to bathe your every letter with my fragrance,  
To drop my pollens on your cleavage,  
And I know you'll breathe me safe in your chest.  
Thus, I'll be laying upon you, intact,  
Even after my death.

Sanjukta Nag

# Flowers Of Eternity

You didn't find a secure corner in the sky  
To plant the intimacy of previous night.  
On the lap of rusty afternoon  
Your sun yawns and spreads yellow,  
Before drifting away quietly  
From the sapphire core of zenith.  
But don't bury hopes with the sun my love.  
At the end of the day,  
You have to pour smooth orange of dusk  
On this invisible soil of infinite space.  
'Cause the seeds of your nocturnal wishes  
Surely will grow a tree someday,  
With dazzling stars hanging  
From the sweetness of romantic branches.

Sanjukta Nag

# Flute Heart

If you're going to punch a hole in my heart  
Then consider it as a work of art  
And drill more six holes with measure.  
For I am a fallen petal of Cupid's wreath  
So whenever I'll take a breath  
In the air of my pensive-pleasure,  
My heart will play for you like a flute  
Carrying sound from the secret root  
Of divine symphonic leisure.  
Maybe one day the black mountains of moon  
Will melt hearing my melancholic tune  
While clouds resonate my gloomy melody,  
But I am aware of your heart of stone  
That's still sitting upon cruelty's throne  
Will never drop a tear for my rhapsody.

Sanjukta Nag

# For Love

'Cause I have waited for you  
Through thousand years of lunar eclipse  
In the darkness of unforgiving earth,  
'Cause I have waited for you  
Through the thousands years of restless peace  
With the loneliness of my shivering heart.  
'Cause I have thought of you  
In the months of the fallen leaves  
That touched the thirsty ground,  
'Cause I have thought of you  
In the months of the monsoon breeze  
That made my sterile earth round.  
'Cause I have dreamt of you  
From the beginning of the eternity  
Which never comes to an end,  
'Cause I'll dream of you  
Till the last point of infinity  
Which I would always like to tend.  
'Cause there will be enough causes  
Those are only to feel not to explain,  
'Cause there'll be reasons to create causes  
For loving you over and over again and again.

Sanjukta Nag

## For What?

Why your memory keeps bugging me all the night?  
Why I see you in front of me when you are out of sight?  
Why my silly heart beats in the name of your?  
Without you honey how can I find a cure?  
How can I let you go when I'm so into you?  
How can I color my heart to red from blue?  
How can you leave me when you are living in me?  
Darling when will you look at me with your eyes of blue sea?  
When will you wipe the tears that roll down my cheek?  
When will you stop playing this game of hide & seek?  
When will my shoulder get the weight of your head?  
My love why did you forget all the promises that we made?

Sanjukta Nag

# Force

Flood of yellow lights  
Rising from your navel,  
I can sense euphoria, as  
Darkness dies on my lap.  
The universe is too small  
Or our souls – enormous.  
Let us both become sun,  
Constant nuclear fusion  
Will keep our love warm.

Sanjukta Nag



# Forest Is Your Middle Name

Maybe Forest is your middle name  
For your body grows so green with kindness.  
Soul like a hungry leaf of morning  
Constantly absorbs the rays  
That our love emits.  
Freedom of wild song birds resides  
In your mind,  
Still your root so strong  
And head holding itself higher,  
Is reaching for sunshine.  
While these poor lungs of mine  
Only inhale the oxygen of happiness you offer.  
Moreover, the vastness of your heart  
Shelters all of my desires  
Under the serene shade of comfort.

Sanjukta Nag

# Forgiven

Under the tree of forgiveness  
We sat for hours  
Cross-legged, cross minded,  
Our short-lived breaths started colliding  
With the wings of wind.  
The bark I leaned against seemed rough  
As you have pampered my skin  
Since time immemorial.  
Cruelty of silence also proved unbearable  
Until you broke it into pieces with  
Your words of affection.  
And we found reciprocity as  
A common page in our books of life.  
For true love always knows how to excuse  
The flaws of innocent hearts.

Sanjukta Nag

# Fountain

Fountain,  
Find me a definition that will be sufficient  
To depict your melodious silvery water force,  
That penetrates the earthly lid of sunless chasm  
And arises straight, holding its foamy head high  
To blossom lucidly for the infinite blue sky.

Fountain,  
Somewhere you are slender and forlorn  
Somewhere spreading branches like a tree of water  
Sprinkling fragile drops to keep air sweet and wetter,  
With sun's blessing, you paint yourself like a rainbow  
I'm fortunate to admire you all day through my window.

Sanjukta Nag

# Freed My Soul

Elevate my soul upwards, to the heavenly light  
So I can breathe in it, bathe in it.  
For I am so exhausted of being hidden  
Inside this earthly dreadful darkness,  
Strangling me like a satanic python  
Whispering death in my ears.

It's not that I want to be immortal  
Only I want to die in the light of your love  
As I had taken birth, years ago,  
Knowing nothing but you,  
Carrying a light of innocence.

Now, I beg your forgiveness,  
For I have lost it in the forest of black leaves,  
For I have drenched my soul  
In the murky water of worldly contentment.  
And I am ready to believe,  
This body is too rotten to reach for you.  
And I am ready to leave,  
Illusion of decadence  
That has always been an obstacle to touch you.

So save me my lord,  
Freed my soul,  
And elevate it upwards, to the heavenly light.

Sanjukta Nag

# Game Of Masquerade

I place my mind on the corner of sidewalk  
And watch how the strangers  
Melt down in the mouth of subway,  
Wearing your face above their dwarf necks.  
As if the entire town is playing  
A cruel game of masquerade  
With the trembling of my blurry eyes.  
And I can't tear up their playful mask  
As my hands are tied up with our drifted love.

Sanjukta Nag

# Garden Of Infinity

Rising slowly, every beat of this fallen heart  
To the hollow mouth of Your transcendent bliss.  
Flakes of snow can stick to moist wintry ground  
But my soul will never reach for the denouement.  
I am floating, seeking Your immense presence  
And failing usually to cling still to Your swiftness.  
You neither have a beginning nor an ending  
Now it's time to meet You in the garden of infinity.

Sanjukta Nag

# God Wants Friend

If we mirror the images of Him,  
Then He must be like us. Feels lonely  
And asks for sympathy with stormy sighs.  
But selfishly we hide ourselves under shades  
When he cries hard, tearing those black clouds.

Sanjukta Nag

# God's Breath

You inhale the shadow of darkness  
From little pores of this whole universe,  
And exhale sacred luminosity  
On the surfaces of planets and stars.  
So that, our souls can ricochet and resonate  
With the eternal idealism of life.

Sanjukta Nag



# Guess Who I Am

I can show your eyes the serenity of starry night,  
Even if you are gleaming under the brightness of day.

I can put in your ears the sweet sound of serenade,  
Even if you don't have anyone to sing under your balcony.

I can make you smell the moist scent of season's first rain,  
Even if you are striving hard in the scorching heat of sun.

I can let your body feel the angry touch of storm,  
Even if you are wrapped with the safety of a home.

I can feed your mouth the taste of warm affection,  
Even if you are sitting still in the absence of your lover.

No, no, no,  
I'm not a God with a heavy thunder on hand.  
I'm not a witch carrying a magical wand.  
I'm just a poet holding a pen in my hand.

Sanjukta Nag

# Haiku - A Kite's Dream

Kite in morning sky  
Forced to burn by golden heat  
Closing eyes, leaves sigh.

He ponders whole day  
To float midst the silvery stars  
Of vast Milky Way.

Over midnight clouds  
Bathing in tranquil moon beams  
He wants to sing loud.

With cool blow of air  
His eyes dream to glide and touch  
Lunar atmosphere.

Though sun breaks his thoughts  
Still his mind owns the hopes of  
Having a night shot.

Sanjukta Nag

## Haiku - Beauty

Admiration makes  
Beauty more beautiful, 'cause  
Rose isn't only one.

Sanjukta Nag

## Haiku - Buoyancy

My poem floats with glee  
In golden sky of your love,  
Where sun never sets.

Sanjukta Nag

## Haiku - Festival Of Love

Dark nights are lit up  
With blithe lights of desire, for  
Festival of love.

Sanjukta Nag

## Haiku - Firefly

When the darkness speaks  
Sudden eye-catching bodies  
Enjoy hide and seek.

Every now and then  
Tiny fluorescent flickers  
Driving me insane.

Beneath midnight sky  
Drifted drops of astral light  
Transform as firefly.

Sanjukta Nag

# Haiku - Gloves Of Death

Life's falling like snow  
My palms fail to sense it, for  
Wearing gloves of death.

Sanjukta Nag

# Haiku - Imagination

Imagination

Is only way to sense your  
Love, inside my mind.

Sanjukta Nag



## Haiku - It's Never Late

It's never too late  
To hold hands and say sorry.  
Love is merciful.

Sanjukta Nag

## Haiku - Life

It's a long night walk  
On the drunken road of fate  
Seeking tint of dawn.

Sanjukta Nag

## Haiku - Liquid Heat

Sun tilts glowing head  
Behind leaves of savage wood  
Beaming naughtily.

Eyelids fluttering  
Hand shelters sea green iris  
Cheeks emit liquid heat.

Slender body of  
Lonely passerby, asks sky  
To convoke dark clouds.

Sanjukta Nag

## Haiku - Love And Life

Love is all around  
Unlock your senses and feel  
Its pleasant presence.

Don't waste priceless time  
Judging if life's short or long,  
Admire its beauty.

Sanjukta Nag

# Haiku - Mirror Of Dreams

My reality  
Reflects bliss, when you unveil  
Mirror of your dreams.

Sanjukta Nag

# Haiku - Mirror Of Failed Love

Mirror of failed love  
Draped with smoky veil of gloom  
Reflects illusion.

Sanjukta Nag

## Haiku - Narcissus

Crystal clear image  
Of own consistence, made him  
Engrossed in beauty.

Sanjukta Nag

## Haiku - Prayer

Make my soul divine  
With the celestial touch of  
Eternal sunshine.

Sanjukta Nag



## Haiku - Promiscuity

In garden of life  
Love is butterfly, glowing  
With adultery.

Sanjukta Nag

# Haiku - Raining In And Out

My desolate soul  
By the edge of the window  
Keep thinking of you.

With the sound of rain  
Going down memory lane  
Again and again.

It feels wet inside  
Inner clouds showering gloom  
As your love didn't bloom.

Hopes are shivering  
Heart is too fragile to mend  
Still love never ends.

Sanjukta Nag

## Haiku - Road Of Love

Empty road of love  
Laying roses on chest, waits  
For your blushful feet.

Sanjukta Nag

# Haiku - Satisfaction

Satisfaction is  
The doorbell of happiness.  
Spreads music in soul.

Sanjukta Nag

## Haiku - Shelter

Heart is envelope,  
Protecting our feelings, from  
Falling down like rain.

Sanjukta Nag

## Haiku - Silver Lining

Dark cloud appears with  
Silver lining round the edges.  
Make a nest for hope.

Sanjukta Nag

## Haiku - Trust

Trust is house of cards,  
A mild blow of betrayal  
Can break it apart.

Sanjukta Nag

## Haiku - Wind Chime

Slender rods of rays  
Forming wind chime, to vibrate  
Sweet songs of nature.

Sanjukta Nag



# Haiku- Festival Of Light

Drops of fire drip, from  
Your lightened torch of colours,  
Brightening black night.

Sanjukta Nag

## He Barks Like A Bird

My snowball-like puppy barks like a bird,  
Whenever that sparrow enters my window  
Like a sudden sunray of winter.  
She perches on a luminous spot  
To sing him the sweetness of nature, that  
She composed when dawn kissed her feathers.  
He rhythmically stirs air with his thin white tail,  
And concentrates hard on imitating  
The morning song of that little sparrow.  
Days walk like this on my room  
Resonating with their twittering symphony.  
Now I think, maybe it's not only a music lesson  
But a chapter of learning the secrecy of flying.  
'Cause yesterday afternoon I dreamt,  
My puppy flew out of the open window  
With his two new glittering wings of sparrow,  
Singing the brightest song of freedom.

Sanjukta Nag

# Heaven

A huge gate that never opened  
Still no rust, no dust, upon its  
Iron grills of angelic figures.

Standing patiently in front of it  
I shouted everyday my name,  
For their identity was unknown  
To this worldly ignorant soul.

Then one day a reply floated out,  
"Make your heart kind like wind  
And no bar will resist you to enter."

Sanjukta Nag

# Here He Comes

Gradually the slanted rays of spring  
Seep in through pale veins of frost,  
And let it melt in silence  
On the forgotten green chest of woods,  
Like dream becomes liquefied  
Under those awakened eyelids of dawn.  
Barks are brown in resurrection,  
Maybe two or more twigs call for  
A melody of rejuvenation.  
Swimming across the wind it comes,  
And sweet cheeks of cherry blush  
While blossoming under the protection  
Of the clear leaves of hope.

Sanjukta Nag

# Homeless Wings

Witness the lyrics of sorrow  
Upon the evening wings of a butterfly,  
Tanned with yellow pollens of sun.  
It's time to rest now, as  
Flowers folded themselves against moon.  
She is rebounding alone  
On the chilled hands of breeze  
Without a drop of honey from night's bud,  
And missing the warmth of a home  
That she had lost,  
When she flew out at dawn  
Tearing the cozy cells of her cocoon.

Sanjukta Nag

# Hope Looks Bright

Sun smoothed the first chilled air  
With green hands made of leaves  
To straighten tilted rays of morrow.

You have won the honey blue of sky  
And used it to clean my dusty porch  
Filled with yesterday's fallen sorrow.

Illumination isn't illusion any more  
Happiness has washed its little feet  
For dancing with songs of sparrow.

Sanjukta Nag

# I Am Not A Poet

I am not a poet...  
Though my pen had given birth to some poems  
On the yellow pages of a torn diary  
Under the afternoon light  
Or a peaceful night,  
That later transformed itself into fiery.  
While everybody was enjoying leisure  
The mild breeze of your thoughts  
Shook the boughs of my imagination with pleasure.  
The mystery of those creations is not unknown to you  
The clouds of my condensed emotion  
And sometimes a bit of desolation  
Had poured the poems of happiness and blue.  
But I was not the only evil  
Your love made me responsible  
To fill those words with rhythm.

Today empty is my poem's box,  
You were my insight  
Your love was my inscribe  
Now my feelings are hard like rocks.  
Though your presence is still floating  
With my every blood cell,  
But the full moon of your love has hidden itself  
Behind the darkness's veil,  
Only by waning time after time  
Making me forget what is called rhyme.  
Now my yellow pages don't dream of rainbow  
If there is no today left for us  
There cannot be any tomorrow.  
So, if anyone now asks me to write a verse  
I'll rather take it as a curse,  
And say to them straight  
That I've never been a poet.

Sanjukta Nag

# I Am The Escapist

I am the escapist,  
Who drinks potion of surrealism  
From the goblet of a cold fossilized life  
And runs aloud touching the fence of wind.

I am the escapist,  
Who still worships redness of heart  
And sings lullabies to the crescent moon  
Under black and blue rainbow of civilization.

Yet this escapist,  
Never wants to escape death's call  
And dreams to rebound with holy spirits  
Above the zenithal core of vacant universe.

Sanjukta Nag



# I Asked Life

I asked life,  
"Why am I still alive? "  
No answer was found.  
I asked again,  
"Why my cheeks are wet with rain? "  
I heard the echo of my sound.  
They say,  
"You have many sums to do,  
That's why you're still on earth."  
But no one places a fair clue  
Of why have I took here birth!  
Is it called life  
That's obliged to come to an end?  
Why after every heart-break  
It becomes so difficult to mend?  
One life. One death.  
And my presence will be oblivious,  
What I need to do  
To make each of my days precious?  
Then I question life,  
"How will I make you please? "  
She replies this time,  
"Just write without a leash."  
Though I haven't got an idea  
Whether life is simple or complicated!  
All I've realized by now is,  
Let this life not be wasted.

Sanjukta Nag

# I Believe In Humanism

Would you mind my countrymen  
If I say I don't believe in patriotism!  
Yes, I question that patriotism  
Which forces one towards hostility  
Against another country or community,  
Only for showing love to his own  
Forgetting we all is made of same blood and bone.  
I despise that patriotism  
Which denies any duties of humanism  
And send soldiers in the front for eternal sleep,  
So the citizens can wake up tomorrow  
Unrealizing what is war and its sorrow.  
It's the flare of patriotism  
That still radiates from Hiroshima and Nagasaki,  
Don't the patriots know by now  
What made the air of Pearl Harbour murky!  
What made the Jews run from their home  
Hiding their body's black and blue marks,  
Great leaders of history showed the world  
This is how nationalism works!  
Though, the sun still rises in the east  
The moon still wanes at night,  
We, the people of this earth  
Still living under the same astral light.  
So, if I say I disbelieve in nationalism  
My country, would you mind?  
'Cause I don't want to create any bind.  
I dislike to leave my human feelings  
Behind the sharp barb-wired lands,  
The resemblance between desert and sea is  
In both of the places we find sands.  
We are all same in the nucleus  
Seeking peace in every single day,  
One doesn't need to be a patriot  
As "I'm a human" is easier to say.  
I accept humanism  
That is born to care the people of this earth,  
For there were no borderlines between soil and sea  
When the blue planet first took birth.

So, I don't care about nationalism  
That puts land against land, men against men,  
If we all die together an atomic death  
Only then it'll liberate us from its chain.  
Or will it follow us to the heaven? !

Sanjukta Nag

# I Believe In Reincarnation

What can I say my dear  
When you are feeling so 'no' for me!  
All I can do is to consume the heat of the bonfire  
Which you just lit up in my heart.  
All I can do is to drown in the river  
Which will never end up meeting the sea of your love.  
Yet still I can love,  
And I will love you  
Till the moon collide with the earth.  
But I beg you,  
Stop colliding with me  
'Cause  
All I want is to cling to you to death,  
All I ever wanted is to cling to you till death.

If love were like a firefly  
Then I collected thousands of them for you in an open bowl,  
So that, you can glow  
With the fluorescent light of my fondness,  
And you radiated to such an extent  
That the darkness fell upon me  
And how easily you forgot that you belong to me!

What will I do now my dear?  
Tell me,  
'Cause  
I had stopped thinking from the day I started to think about you  
I had stopped looking for the sun as you were the sun to me  
I had stopped believing in death since you became my one and only life.

Do you remember?  
Once that philosopher said,  
"I believe in reincarnation."  
I laughed at him  
But now-a-days my reflection jeers at me,  
While I feel  
His notion is running through my veins.  
If lives are filled with losses and gains  
Will I be able to find your love again?

Sanjukta Nag

# If I Had A Transparent Body

If I had a transparent body  
Then I could have shown you when your love enters my heart,  
It looks like numerous morning sunrays  
Entering through the bones of my ribcage  
And I'm exploding with light...  
As if my heart is a bud  
That waited for you enduring thousand nights of coldness,  
As you feed it with your golden warmth  
It blooms instantly...  
And my emotions are dazzling butterflies  
Flying around it  
Dipped in vividness...

Sanjukta Nag

# I'LI Write For Your Sake

You are my midnight song  
Spreading drowsiness over my soul  
Yet keeping this body awake...  
I said, "I don't write for anyone's sake."  
Now I leave my eyes open  
To hear the sound of dawn  
Breaking the curtain of misty clouds...  
You said, "You are way too proud."  
I was also proud of you  
On how you made my heart run  
When you held it on your palms  
Each time I glowed like a sun.

You are my Mediterranean sea  
Floating smooth with waves of eternity  
That'll never touch my shore...  
I wish I had loved you more.  
You said, "Draw me a constellation."  
I chose crayon and paper  
Instead of reaching for the sky...  
It was very hard to cry goodbye.

You are my lost reason.  
You are my hidden treasure.  
You are the midnight song  
Which brightens my pensive pleasure.  
You are the Mediterranean Sea  
Whom I can't dream to measure.  
Ask me again  
To draw you a constellation,  
I promise, I'll tear up the sun  
To create more shiny stars  
And will undo what I had done.  
You are my closest name  
I utter with every breath I take,  
Now if I write my dear,  
I'll only write for your sake.





# Imminence

What is so hollow in the origin of nonexistence  
That keeps extracting plasmas from my bones  
And spreading my atoms out over the galaxy!

I'm now afraid to be lost again in stardust O Lord,  
Shelter me inside the cozy home of Your arms  
Before the burden of mortality falls upon us.

Sanjukta Nag

# Immortality

If I engrave your name  
On the stony wall of grayish ancient cave  
Darkness will wrap those dearest letters  
With the cape of nihility...

If I inscribe your name  
On the slushy sand of blanched sea shore  
Waves will envelop those dearest letters  
With the veil of anonymity...

But, if I write your name  
In the midst of my crimson love poem  
Fondness will embrace those dearest letters  
With the cloak of immortality...

Sanjukta Nag

# Impossibility

To warm this languishing heart  
I have lit up innumerable bonfires on your name,  
But the iceberg you have left on my chest  
Is still emitting frost,  
To remind me time after time  
It's impossible to get the treasure which is lost.

To mend this vulnerable heart  
I have torn all the proofs that told you were real,  
But the word you have engraved in my soul  
Is still spilling blood,  
To remind me over and over  
It's impossible to get a flower from a dried up bud.

Sanjukta Nag

## In Love With Winter

He hated the frosty bitterness,  
As his blue veins were clasped by  
The numbness that winter offers.  
To him, it was like falling through  
A bottomless pit, where coldness  
Eagerly enveloped his body with  
The shroud of dark dead hopes.  
It was season of depression then.

But on one chilled silent morning,  
His eyes saw the girl of his dream  
Standing on white carpet of frost,  
Catching snow flakes, an icy drop  
Touched her soft lilac lips lightly,  
Making his aroused heart to melt  
All of the ices with burning desire.  
Warmth came back in his senses,  
Heart awakened from drowsiness  
By the sunny glance of her eyes,  
That let him fell in love with winter.  
It is the season of affection now.

Sanjukta Nag

# In Your Light

All the words that I breathe  
All the thoughts that I sip  
Streaming from the canyon of your entity,  
And I'm whirling peacefully in the warm embrace  
Of an invisible force called love,  
For composing the poem of infinity.  
Yes, I am convinced by now,  
Nothing but your mighty arms are lifting me higher  
Against this cold earth's gravity.  
But I beg you my darling,  
Let me get down on my knees for once,  
'Cause your love is my worship  
You are my divinity.

Sanjukta Nag

# In Your Shadow

You think curves of stones speak truth  
Like the newborn poems of hope.  
And trees breathe secretly  
Like frozen people of Antarctica.  
Your sky scatters dusty whiteness  
Of a forgotten road named love,  
Still you brush out the fragments of rust  
From orange leaves of autumn.  
You taught me what revolves around life  
While your Pegasus played on harp.  
Now I'll craft you bouquets of joy  
Even if moon forgets to reflect sun's smile,  
Just let me carry my dear poet  
Your eternal heart of imaginations.

Sanjukta Nag

# Inevitable

Million particles of tangible emotions  
Whirling in the ever thirstful atmosphere  
Of intoxicated Edenic earth.

A little drizzle of Eve's moist fondness  
Will start combustion on the compassion  
Of Adam's languishing heart.

Sanjukta Nag

# Irony Of Civilization

Under the mountain, beside the fire,  
We roared against the audacity of darkness,  
Painted our bare hairy limbs  
Using the sharp teeth of stalactites.  
We engraved the moon inside our cave wall,  
And worshiped her with bison's raw blood.  
Beneath moss covered trees  
Every night our wild bodies made love,  
Sipping the rotten smoke of burned carcasses.  
Survival was harder than it sounds,  
Still our hearts radiated like amaranth flower  
With each rising ray of ancient sun.  
In spite of living in the chasm of uncertainty,  
Never these primitive souls  
Got lost in a forest of depression,  
Or bowed heads to the empire of negativity  
Like modern men do under the security of roofs.

Sanjukta Nag



# It Is Heart That Is Hurt

It is heart that is hurt  
The veins still spill the blood apart  
But I scorn to scream anymore  
I've closed the door of my core.

It is heart that is hurt  
Each moment it gives me alert  
Of the darkness that denies to die  
I want to breathe in a bright blue sky.

It is heart that is hurt  
Life seems to be an empty desert  
Now I'm out of your breathless bind  
Craving for the oasis to find.

Sanjukta Nag

# It Is So

It's not empty.  
It's not full though.  
I'm burning too mildly to glow.

It's not hard.  
It's not easy though.  
You're drowning too deeply to row.

Is it love?  
It's not hatred though.  
We are breathing too slowly to show.

Sanjukta Nag

## It's Never Late For Love

Hold me close inside your heaving chest,  
And let me listen to the friction of those  
Gray pebbles inhabiting your heart.  
I'll extract gold from the crown of Apollo  
For piercing impenetrable darkness,  
Mourning on the air between us.  
Green pines above the soiled core of earth,  
Crave for that comfortable sweetness  
Your violin plays through midnight breeze.  
Believe me darling, it's still not late  
To look for Cupid's secret chalice, that  
Sleeps in a forgotten fragment of your soul.

Sanjukta Nag

# It's Not Fiction

Disappeared through the fabric of curtains,  
Worst dream of yesterday  
And the sorrows I dug out from night's womb,  
As the God of our galaxy enters this place.  
Once I created a waterfall of emotions  
On the corner of my room,  
Now it acts like the clear mind of crystal,  
Captures pictures of lights  
And frames them on my walls of possibilities.  
The name of this poem is Morning  
And it taught me,  
We don't need to close eyes for dreaming,  
Instead an open heart would be perfect  
To dissolve the shadows of dark  
Into the white rays of today's happy-beats.

Sanjukta Nag

# It's Time To Dream

Think about the pure white clouds  
Of your beating heart,  
Carefully kept inside a crystal box  
That only unlocks by the whisper of  
A key called hope.

Time will never knock the door,  
Until the innocence of your eyes recognizes  
The call of baby blue in faraway hills and sky  
For climbing to your dreams,  
Which are always wrapped with the purity  
Of white clouds.

Sanjukta Nag

# Knowledge Is A Time Machine

Knowledge is a time machine.  
If you are touched by its blessed light,  
Then you can skip the centuries ahead  
By riding on its timeless carriage,  
And it will extend your mind in front of future's door  
Where no one of this present era  
Has ever imagined of stepping before.  
But if you are not fortunate  
To obtain the company of knowledge,  
Then in spite of residing in the twenty first century,  
You will be stuck on the superstitions of medievalism  
Or will feel the agony of a primitive man,  
Living in the ignorance's deep chasm.

Sanjukta Nag

# Land Of Overwhelmed Arms

Here sky stoops with treasure of sun  
To teach the withered leaves of winter  
Green songs of rejuvenation.

Here heart glows bigger than moon  
And wraps the secret passage of love  
With silvery flowers of emotion.

This is the land of overwhelmed arms  
That embraces the wrecked souls  
By opening their eyes to illumination.

Sanjukta Nag

## Left Love

You left and left behind  
Some clot of love  
Knot of love

I am now selling them  
In the market of  
Nothingness

To feed my  
Thirstful mouth  
Measureless salty tears.

Sanjukta Nag



## Let It Flow

All of my yearnings are flowing swiftly  
To be captivated  
In the valley of endless embrace,  
Where you are lying still  
Yet twinkling like pale pink stars  
Of an imaginative night.  
Life is breathing hard  
As passion overflows from your heaving chest,  
Like reminiscence streams down  
From an ecstatic heart,  
Only for taking in my existence  
Time after time.

Sanjukta Nag

# Life As We Know It

Life is stirred in a  
Goblet made of the  
Ashes of nothingness

We are drinking it  
With intoxicated lips  
Of sheer hopefulness.

Moments slip out  
Of a golden spine  
Possessed by infinity

Breath of yesterday  
Talks on the nape of  
Today's possibility.

Songs of sorrow  
Cling to moonlight  
On ledge of shadows

Dreams can't fly out  
If we deny to open our  
Bright-eyed windows.

Sanjukta Nag

# Light And Shadow

Shadow of darkness  
Shadow of the night  
Shedding black tears  
For the death of a light.

As shadow only survives  
In presence of light  
Or it will be swallowed  
By the darkness of night.

Sanjukta Nag

# Lighthouse

I won't be afraid  
If I ever get lost  
In the foggy sea of hopelessness.  
'Cause I know,  
Your eyes have the glowing streaks  
Of a lighthouse.  
That will guide my ship of life  
To find the Cape of Good Hope.

Sanjukta Nag

# Like Raindrops

We are all like raindrops,  
Falling parallel in a dull manner  
Towards the chasm of uncertainty.  
Life is too short to become conscious  
About the reason of existence.  
By the time wisdom spreads its seven colours  
Holding the hand of eternal sunshine,  
The unknown land of death embraces our wet body  
And we are sucked by its greedy thirstful mouth,  
To be vanished forever  
Into the cruelty of oblivion.

Sanjukta Nag

## Look Of Love

When lyrics of your heart  
Mingles with music of my soul,  
The distance between the nearness of  
Our bodies fills itself with  
The resonance of life's newly created song.  
Love finds shelter inside the leaves of faith,  
And unfolds petals of promises  
In the sunrays of serendipity.

Sanjukta Nag

## Lost Lilac

While raking the bottom of my heart  
Carpeted with yellowed withered leaves,  
A flicker of hope  
Searches for the pink lilac,  
That fell from the branch of our love  
During the bleak blizzard  
Of our long term frozen relationship.

Sanjukta Nag

# Lost Love

I've failed to keep promises.  
I've failed to keep you.  
All the objects of my life has turned into blue  
After losing you.  
I don't know what made as apart  
Can't recall what was the guilt!  
My soul keep searching you  
At the home that I built  
In my heart as your abode;  
Where my emotions finds its way,  
But I've stopped believing my dear  
We will be reunited on someday!  
Though I still believe in you  
I believe in our lost love and charm,  
Knowing that you'll forget those  
When you'll be in your lover's arm!

Sanjukta Nag



# Love And Longing

Come here my love for the last time  
To tell me love happens once in a life time,  
And I'll wait for you  
Like the penguins do  
For their partners in faraway Antarctica,  
Who were separated due to migration  
Each day under the less visible sun  
They long for their lost beloved one.  
When they reunite again,  
They sing together their favourite love song  
Throughout the day all along.

And I, beneath the starry sky,  
Still wish if you were here  
Only to whisper in my ear,  
That love happens once in a life time.  
Then I'll not say farewell to my hope of you  
Even knowing it's very true,  
You'll never come back to me  
'Cause we didn't lose each other  
It was you who chose to leave me.

Sanjukta Nag

# Love Extraordinary

Your memories in my heart  
Or my heart in your memory  
Leaving our bodies behind  
Crossed the celestial boundary.

Love is the reason to be alive  
Or life makes love revolutionary  
This secret was known to the lovers  
Who made their love extraordinary.

Sanjukta Nag

# Love Feels Red

Hell is burning out loud  
Between the hearts of  
Our powerful tongues.

We've washed our limbs  
With the repetition of  
Their reckless first sin.

Spring dances around  
As your hands blossom  
Upon my fiery figure.

Sanjukta Nag

# Love In Rain

I dreamed of kissing you all the night  
In a rainforest of fireflies bright  
The cozy curve of your lips were glowing  
Moist breeze of monsoon was blowing.  
As you draped me in a loving embrace  
I felt your heart's beating with pace,  
For the extreme force our bodies were creating  
As if we were in a lovers' first meeting,  
Desiring it before the thousand years of rain  
Knowing that you'll be in my arms again.  
Suddenly the misty clouds burst into shower  
Promising the rain will be lasting for hours.  
Water drops shinning like diamonds in your chest  
I'm a treasure hunter on my way to quest.  
Honey we'll never miss the first rain of the season  
For it has always been one of our reasons  
To celebrate the joy of loving back each other  
To always have the certainty of kissing you forever.

Sanjukta Nag

# Love Infinite

If I had a time machine with me  
I would have given you a ride immediately,  
And we would cross the barriers of Milky Way  
Wandering far, far and far away  
Skipping centuries together, holding hands  
Before stopping by a wonderland...  
There you can foresee  
A very familiar image of me,  
Sitting on a wild flower meadow  
Under the deep blue shadow  
Of a red leafed tree,  
Looking at you, lovingly...

Sanjukta Nag

# Love Needs No Season

Chameleon leaves  
Of sugar maple tree  
Wait for autumn  
To change orange  
Colour of their  
Old summer dresses  
Into vermilion red.

But holding breath  
My skin longs to  
Blush beneath your  
Softest fingertips  
For telling the world  
Love needs no season  
To paint crimson  
On a lover's cheeks.

Sanjukta Nag

# Love Timeless

I started loving you before legends were born  
Before humans learnt how to reap a corn  
Before there was any spark of imagination  
In their sanity,  
We swore together to evolve  
To find each other's body to dissolve  
And the earth only knew to revolve  
On the orbit of reality.  
Then your love was my bonfire  
You were my serendipity.

When the darkness set in upon no man's land  
You put your hand on my hand  
We slept with a hope to expand  
Our infinite possibility,  
There was neither shadow nor a shed  
Only the starry sky over our heads  
But the colour of our hearts were red  
Which made our identity.  
Then your love was my daydream  
You were my eternity.

From that primitive to the future days  
I have loved you in every possible ways  
And I'll love you till the earth decays  
Losing its gravity,  
I promise you to stand by your side  
On life's each and every tide  
To make our reverie wider from wide  
With spontaneity.  
'Cause your love is my worship  
You are my divinity.

Sanjukta Nag

# Made In Sun

Maybe the sky forgot again,  
Today is the month of May,  
And blurred itself with snowy songs of winter.  
My window has opened its wings,  
Grey eyes adoringly  
Gaze at the sugar maple tree - changing clothes.  
She is always a good dresser  
With a great sense of seasonal harmony.  
But my limbs, too pale like those soiled roots  
Hidden under a creased blanket,  
Yearning for a letter.  
A letter that possesses a bridge of light inside,  
Made in the country of sun.

Sanjukta Nag



# Made Of Glass

Sometimes I think I am lucky  
That my heart was not made of glass.  
'Cause when you had thrown the stone of "no" to it,  
Then it would have broken into two hundred pieces  
Spreading cacophony all around my existence.  
And the whole neighbourhood's ears would have witnessed  
The nakedness of my shattered privacy.

But sometimes I think I am unlucky  
That my heart was not made of glass.  
'Cause if it were, then I could have shown you,  
The four rooms of this glass house is filled  
With the presence of your miscellaneous moving figures.  
And each of those sixteen glass walls  
Only reflects your vivid images.

Sanjukta Nag

# Memory

Memory is a heavy word,  
That flies through our mind  
Like a little bird.  
It preserves the precious things  
Inside a secret box,  
Some are as light as feathers  
Some act hard like rocks.  
Some taste sweet like rose  
Some are bitter and morose.  
They stay together holding hands,  
Before leaving forever  
Toward oblivion's land.

Sanjukta Nag

# Merciful

Thousand of excuses they have used  
To deny the undeniable truth,  
That You are there.  
So, I'm still here,  
Bound with a loveless bond  
In the midst of Your deserted earth.  
Impatiently looking for the day,  
When the sun in Your eyes will emit darkness  
And give birth to apocalypse,  
To bury all falsified facts.  
But, men will rise  
Through the lunar luminescence,  
'Cause You are merciful.

Sanjukta Nag

# Mermaid

Long arms of moonlight are stretching out  
To the gigantic ocean,  
For touching those soft curls  
Of her mahogany coloured hair.  
Eyes more azure  
Than Pacific's quiet dream  
Glowing too bright,  
Embarrassing the fluorescence of water.  
Resting hands on the fair breasts  
She is floating on her back  
Gazing at the blessed purple sky.  
While silvery cream of starlets  
Is nourishing every wet curve  
Of her slender body, with  
Gentle caress.  
But the unfortunate humans are  
Still unable to witness  
The mystery of her beauty,  
Which is carefully confined  
Inside the secret chest of Mariana Trench.

Sanjukta Nag

# Merry Morrow

Sun spreads its seven coloured smile  
To rescue the minds of yesterday's sorrow,  
God has drawn the terminator line  
To separate dark night from joyful morrow.

Sanjukta Nag

# Message In A Bottle

Your heart is like a message in a bottle,  
Appeared on my land  
Floating through the sea of infinity.  
Neither have you opened the cork  
To let me get in touch with your inner emotions,  
Nor I can break your outer glass-body  
To possess the sealed message,  
For interpreting it to my heart out loud.  
Only I can wait long-sufferingly  
And see it resting on the shore of my soul,  
While I request Poseidon  
To unlock the mystery of your inaccessible heart.

Sanjukta Nag

# Migration

Tiny words of sacred hearts  
Quietly migrate from cells to cells  
Blood to blood, inside mine and yours.

Monarch butterflies of July  
Dip wings in roadside violet buds  
With legs yellowed by wasted pollens.

Two journeys of love and life  
Continue till one faces ending line  
Spirits keep resonating with lost truth.

Sanjukta Nag

# Moments

A spark of lightning  
On my window glass,  
Left a silhouette  
On your eyelash.

Some fallen leaves  
By a gush of breeze,  
Flying around  
Without any leash.

A thunder struck  
Far from here,  
My heart throbbed  
As you came near.

Some dark dreams  
Becoming alive,  
Into your core  
I'm about to dive.

A moist touch  
Upon your skin,  
Allow me to see  
The most unseen.

Some drops of rain  
'Neath the cloudy sky,  
Reminded me again  
I don't wanna die.

Sanjukta Nag



## More Moons

When the soothing light of your eyes  
Exchange glances with the sun  
On the colossal blue,  
Colours start swimming around me  
Like dazzling butterflies.  
And my silly heart  
Bewitched by your majestic charm,  
Still revolves around you like a mere satellite,  
In spite of visualizing that  
You have more moons than Jupiter!

Sanjukta Nag

# More Than Enough

I still don't get enough light  
To envision darkness' death  
Under my aching feet.

I still don't have enough words  
To engrave an elegy  
On my mournful heart.

But I'll not blame You for those insufficiencies  
As I have never ever begged You for immortality.

Only I want to die on the lap of love,  
Only I want to lie on the drops of love,  
Which I need plenty.

Yes, I want more, more love,  
Maybe more than enough!

Sanjukta Nag

## Morning Call

Curtains soaked with the yellow of sun,  
Sudden symphony of an awakened alarm,  
Drag the slumber from corners of  
The intoxicated eyes of a poet.  
And place an intense whisper on the  
Edges of his fortunate palms,  
"Hold the pen now to brighten the day."

Sanjukta Nag

# Morning Coffee

I like the way your last night skin  
Burns the iciness,  
When the first reddish ray of sun  
Penetrates each pore of your bare back.  
And every time I touch  
The mocha colour of your skin,  
Fragrance of caffeine  
Seeps in through my nerves  
To make me intoxicated.  
Now, there is no doubt left, that  
My morning is going to be good.

Sanjukta Nag

# Morning Glory

Rising golden rays  
Peeping through the curtain  
Unlock some shadows  
And thoughts uncertain.  
Some shivering aurora  
Upon your spine  
Lifting the ambience  
Above cloud nine.  
Here's a bit of laziness  
Swimming on the bed  
Sunshine touches  
Your fair forehead.  
Flushed silky cheeks  
Honey coloured eyes  
Inside the mind  
Jazzy butterflies.  
Connected breaths  
Entangled hands  
Did inane things  
That were unplanned.  
A bluish sight  
Of the morning glory  
Gives me a flash of  
Our midnight story.

Sanjukta Nag

# Muse

When you are with me  
Millions of words drizzle upon my heart,  
And it seems like I'm floating in the  
Enchanted sea of poetry.

Sanjukta Nag

## Nature On Life

Hundred rivers took birth from my poems  
But I haven't seen a real one coming out  
From the womb of a secret cave.

Hundred suns set in the sea of my poems  
But I haven't seen a real one diving into  
The blue chest of faraway waves.

So many moons enlightened my poems  
But I haven't felt a real one bathing  
My molecules with white purity.

So many trees gave shade to my poems  
But I haven't felt a real one greening  
My city life with calm possibility.

I have confined nature  
Within the four walls of a paper  
With the dark ink of my imagination.

But now I'll imprison myself  
In the comfortable arms of nature  
To liberate each line of my composition.

Sanjukta Nag

## New Horizon

Whenever my soul plunges into the sea of your love,  
You enrich each molecule of my being  
With the sweetness of nectar.  
And I feel it's time for me  
To revolutionize the theories of life!  
As I can see, that  
Every sea doesn't contain salty water.

Sanjukta Nag



# Nightly Desire

Snatching me from the valley of luminescence,  
Drowsiness is devouring my mind  
Little by little.

But,  
Before submitting myself in the chest of darkness,  
The yearning for your tender touch  
Is still keeping me awake...

With the melancholic long scream of night owl,  
Hourglass is dropping sand grains  
Little by little.

But,  
Before surrendering myself in the arms of slumber,  
The craving for your tight embrace  
Is still keeping me awake...

Sanjukta Nag

# Nightly Routine

Again a night of melancholic blindness  
Decides to crawl towards me like a creepy reptile  
Through the cracks of my bedside window.

Rustling trees took off their silvery robes  
To leave me quivering with your frozen thoughts  
That'll eventually entangle my throat.

My ignorant hands are piercing darkness  
To touch you but failing miserably each time  
With a face black and blue with shame.

Maybe I need a new sun for erasing  
The rusted hopes and dreamlessness of midnight  
From the labyrinth of this solar system.

Sanjukta Nag

# Nostalgia

On the bridge of romantic letters,  
We walked barefoot  
Entangling the fingers of our souls.  
The sky sprinkled nectar on us,  
A sweetness so melodic like your smile  
Made me lost my heart.  
Yet at the same time  
I found hidden treasures of my youth,  
Which I happily placed forever  
On your pinkish palms of affection.

Sanjukta Nag

## Not Eden But Earth

You're carrying white seeds of light  
While I'm digging deep hole in darkness  
To plant together the tree of enlightenment  
With a hope of devouring sweet fruits of knowledge.

Sanjukta Nag

# Nothing

There is nothing hollower than a nothing.  
So deeper, bigger and darker,  
Swallowing us gradually day by day  
Squeezing everything that meant anything to us  
By letting us turn into nothing.

And we sit still inspite of recognizing,  
There is nothing more shameful  
Than having everything and giving nothing.

And we sit still inspite of realizing,  
There is nothing more painful  
Than living for everything and dying for nothing.

Sanjukta Nag

# Nothing's Beyond You

Colours of the day are slowly fading away  
As I want them to be out of my way.  
I don't care if the sky isn't blue  
Since you drape my world with all the hue.  
Winter is spreading its wings around us  
Beyond the edges of our cozy canvas.  
In grey concrete or greenish farm  
Thoughts of you always keep me warm,  
So, I don't need bonfire or a blazing sun.  
Tell me again I'm your only loved one.  
My ears will hear you amidst thousand voice  
Whatever happens I'll make the choice  
To cross the distance of million miles  
Just to savour your face with glowing smiles.  
The twinkle of your eyes have enough spark  
To enlighten me when everything is dark.  
I'll never desire an earth to hold me  
If you always stand by me, my baby.  
As long as your eyes are on me,  
I'll never be in need of anything to see.

Sanjukta Nag

# On Her Way To School

She followed the striped cat  
Stepping slowly - one two three,  
Then became bore to count more,  
And left her school bag hanging  
On the branch of a tree.

Her favourite tiffin box - blue  
Without showing any clue  
Dropped in the middle of street,  
To give the illiterate hungry dogs  
A sudden delicious treat.

She followed the striped cat,  
Forgetting her school and rule  
Of knotty arithmetic,  
It was only her curious eyes  
And brown legs of the cat  
Were leading her - automatic.

They crossed a lofty wall  
To land on the greenish ground  
Where the little girl found,  
Four kittens of big blue eyes,  
Lying in a cane basket  
With furs of chocolate pies.

Though she had lost her way,  
Her eyes were still gleaming  
Like a bright sunny day.  
'Cause she realized already,  
This joy is more genuine  
Than her lots of dolls & teddy.

Sanjukta Nag

# One Sentence On You

You are the fragrance of dawn's first ray,  
mesmerizing my eyes to hear the symphony  
of bubbling butterflies, that collect colours  
from your jazzy heart and each time I wonder  
how could anyone taste so sweet like nectar,  
when you touch my soul's flower with purity.

Sanjukta Nag



# Open Yourself To Life

I'm the silent words of your lips,  
Flying beyond the territory of your consciousness.  
Drop by drop if you pour sun in my eyes,  
I'll gleam and blossom myself  
To reveal your pollens of imagination boiling in me.

I'm the silent thoughts of your heart,  
Intoxicated by melancholic tune of your fragility.  
Unveil the palette in your sinking brain,  
And I'll be your holy canvas  
To let you be the compassionate artist of tomorrow.

Sanjukta Nag

# Paper Boat And Paper Camel

I reside in the country of rain  
So whenever the sky decides to pour,  
I sit by my damp window pane  
Pondering why these cloudbursts occur!  
I make a dozen of newspaper boats  
But I dislike sailing them into water,  
I mail them where nothing can float  
To make my foreign-friend feel better.  
'Cause he can't sleep without a struggle  
Against the wild storms of fiery sand,  
He knows to shape paper camel  
The faithful ship of desert land.  
He breathes the scent of misty rain  
When he gets my newspaper boats,  
Unfolding those into paper again  
He concentrates on its weather reports.  
I'm bored here with the wet seasons  
Ask him for some sands of desert,  
But he gives me his own dull reasons  
Of not sending a wrap full with dirt.  
So we make a plan through the letters  
Of merging our lands together one day,  
Half filled with sand; half with water  
A unity that creates a beautiful bay.  
Though it's absurd to escape the reality  
For I reside in the country of rain,  
And he knows this plan is a stupidity  
As he dwells in the land of sand grain.

Sanjukta Nag

# Parachute Hearts

We were floating on the summit of the sky  
Amongst the clouds of imagination...  
When the time came to step down to the reality  
I offered myself  
And opened my heart like a parachute,  
So that you could land without harm  
Swimming through the finest wind of love...  
But your heart was a parachute that never opened  
And I fell and fell and fell,  
Like a leaf falls from the topmost branch of a tree  
Knowing the earth is its deathbed...

Sanjukta Nag

# Perception

You are a dream,  
That flawlessly flows like a river  
Through thirstful heart of my earth.

I keep my eyes open,  
To witness tidal waves of love  
That the arms of your moon offer.

Sanjukta Nag

# Phoenix

I want to fly free like a bird  
Though my wings are hidden somewhere,  
I tried to search but not so hard  
As I'm afraid they have run into fire.  
I tossed and turned again and again  
For thinking of myself through the night,  
It only appeared a cloud without rain  
Covering all hopes out of my sight.  
I don't know where to put my will  
Each of the places seem confusing  
All those undesired things now I feel  
Standing between right and wrong choosing.  
Then I think back of the mythical bird  
Who burns to death to take a re-birth  
Its magical spirit make me wondered  
And helped my heart to be full with mirth.  
Now I'm not scared if the wings catch fire;  
I must be brave like a ignited phoenix  
To regain my dreams from wherever they are;  
I'm now prepared to bear all risks.  
Soon there will be an unbound day  
When I shall soar beyond the sky  
Gliding smoothly from bank to bay  
Where no one could make me tie.  
Though I shall return safe to home  
Here all my peace happily lies,  
The day after that I'll again roam  
Following the golden rays of sun-rise.

Sanjukta Nag

# Photograph

Love not only resides inside the veins  
That send blood in a young heart  
Faster than an excited light,  
But love also dwells peacefully  
On the wrinkled skin of pale cheeks  
That denies to glow red anymore.  
For I can envision love,  
When my grandma's aged eyes talk  
To the silent photograph of my grandpa  
Who had stopped breathing 13 years ago.

Sanjukta Nag

# Poem Of Life

I owe you every word that I have used  
For painting poems on calm riverlike  
Floating surface of your bare chest.  
You make my pen dance with the  
Swaying bodies of sharp conifers  
At the bottom of faraway misty hills.  
When you flutter eyelashes against dark  
Wind clears the barriers of clouds  
To drag sun out on my window glass  
And I compose lines on your warmth.  
Now let me retire under blanket of sleep  
Thread the words of love bit by bit  
With your own poetic hands to make me  
Your one and only complete poem of life.

Sanjukta Nag

# Poem Of Unison

Ultramarine words are seeping leisurely  
From my trident shaped veins,  
To crawl upwards into your scarlet heart.  
And you are the one,  
Who threads them bit by bit  
With the softest thoughts filled with  
Faith, desire and innocence,  
For moulding the poem of our unison.

Sanjukta Nag



# Poetry Of Life

You are my unsaid words.

I am your unfinished thoughts.

Striving together in synthesis,  
To form the poetry of life.

Sanjukta Nag

# Poppysmic

"Poppysmic"

She uttered the word,  
With a smile on the corner of her lips.  
They were sitting on a stone bench  
In the green shade of a huge chestnut tree,  
Leaning against each other.  
His fingers were playing with her brown hair,  
While his rapid heart was fancying a kiss.  
"What? " He replied,  
Lifting an eyebrow out of curiosity  
For that unknown word.  
She began, "This is the sound of..."  
But his heart was not patient enough  
To hear more, and instantly  
His supple lips touched those soft lips of hers.  
Pa – pee – smik  
The sound occurred.  
She winked and he giggled in joy  
As the mystery of poppysmic was unlocked.

Sanjukta Nag

# Pour Me Drunkenness

Your dark-gray sky  
Hasn't got enough rain  
To drench this thirsty soul.  
So, pour me divine drunkenness  
That can make my heart overflow  
Through a somnolence of surrealism.  
And I'll close my drooping eyes peacefully  
On the soft grass blades of greenish coziness  
Forgetting the turmoil of your abandoned earth.

Sanjukta Nag

# Quest

From the corner of my dreams  
To the caves of your bloodlogged heart,  
Every step is worth taking  
To find the Holy Grail containing love.  
I need to wage war against arms of sun  
I need to ignite myriads of full moons,  
To discover the key of passion  
Hidden amidst the layers of unsaid words,  
That crawl out from your tangible lips.  
If I ever become tired of constantly searching  
For the known sight of unknown,  
Remind me, existence is still present  
Inside the lettering of nonexistence.

Sanjukta Nag

# Rain In July

Dark clouds nuzzle the nape of July  
With an overwhelmed heart of moisture

Amorous droplets are rolling down  
From his fingers to her curved posture.

Rustling of trees startles emotions  
Between their internal fire at bare night

Unseen moment is revealed again  
Under the flashdance of heavenly light.

Melted phase of snow drizzles down  
Breaking wild sky with salacious smile

Mesmerized minds drink fondness  
As monsoon makes barren earth fertile.

Sanjukta Nag

## Rain Soaked Sun Porch

Clouds are crawling like ghosts  
Over the grassland,  
Leaving moist message of mourning  
Upon the tip of green.  
The sky is not unlighted yet,  
Shimmering with a pale whiteness  
Like the sclera of your eyes.  
Then a sudden gust of rain drenches  
Our nostalgia for the sun,  
That you've hoisted as yellow flags  
At our open porch of afternoon-love.

Sanjukta Nag

# Rainbow

Crystal clear water  
Removing the cloak of cloud  
Plunge into the earth  
To keep their vows.

Those transparent wings  
Capture seven colours  
As they cross the sun's  
Golden boughs.

Sanjukta Nag

# Raincoming

Stygian cloud enshrouds the sun  
To glow golden around the edge.

Grasshopper begins rainy day song  
Behind the African umbrella sedge.

Annoyed wind is rattling windows  
Memory drips from heart's ledge.

Sudden rain obstructs passerby  
To go and accomplish his pledge.

Sanjukta Nag



# Rainless Clouds

River lives outside of faraway windows  
Dust is left here with some sharp stones  
Maybe some pieces of rosewood too  
To build a black Pegasus for you.  
But you are no Persius out of heaven  
Human hands of yours can't grip a thunder  
For invoking the celestial moisture here.  
So, life will feed us bowls of sterile soup  
We'll pour dead hopes in cracks of soil  
And adopt Futility as our official surname.  
While walking down twilight pavements  
One day our nostrils will start exhaling fire  
To challenge raindrops to breathe upon us.

Sanjukta Nag

# Reality

You are like an angel  
Who is afraid of falling down on earth.  
I am a mere human  
Too earthly to reach for your white wings.  
And it's not a story of love  
But a story of survival only by thinking of love.

Sanjukta Nag

## Reality In Dream

Last night I dreamt of white roses,  
So bright and innocent like your face  
Emitting light from petals to remove  
Darkness from my life as you do.  
Fragrance of your body oozed from them,  
Enchanted I inhaled it with all my senses  
Through mild strokes of midnight wind.  
But before tasting the steps of dawn,  
I left the strength of my heart  
Upon the weakness of their stems.

Sanjukta Nag

# Resurrection

I can see angels playing in your eyes  
When sun breaks your sweet slumber  
With his golden streaks of whisper.  
Life pronounces promises of rejuvenation  
As your hands ring the bells of my heart.

Sanjukta Nag

# Rhododendron Love

You embosom me with your presence  
That has the dense vastness of the boughs  
Of a rhododendron tree.  
Evergreen leaves constantly assure  
My each heartbeat about the timelessness  
Of your ethereal love.  
The purity and passion of your endearment  
Keep blossoming millions of white and red flowers  
To refresh the meaning of my life every day.

Sanjukta Nag

# Ring

Feed my earth with more forces of gravity  
For absorbing the weight of your fondness.  
Waves of senses opened the gate of ecstasy  
Souls shatter into constant gleaming pieces.  
I'd like to see you transfiguring into Saturn  
Who possesses one thousand celestial rings,  
Though one will be enough for us, my darling  
To engage our love in an eternal bonding.

Sanjukta Nag

## Rising In Love

Your love has no visible colour – no red, no green.  
Its translucency of an innocent spirit  
Soars swiftly on the sky of my amazed eyes,  
Tending them to be closed for illustrious moments.  
It is like monsoon breeze, flying to me from bay  
Only to offer my heart some moist of intimacy,  
Bedazzled, I'm breaking bit by bit in a good way.  
The little pieces of my luminous soul,  
Ascending up, falling down, whirling in sunrays,  
Mingling with you to float in the gush of fondness.  
Synthesis of nature and your purity  
Ringing all the bells of my limited consciousness,  
To wake me up from the numbness of tedium.  
And the voice of eternity rests on the lap of your love,  
Calling my name constantly from the faraway nearness  
To spread melting gold over the horizon of life.

Sanjukta Nag

# Save Our Souls

If You can tear up the clouds  
With a thunder in Your firm hands,  
Guiding them to drizzle umpteen drops of purity  
On greenish carpet of earthly softness,  
So that, our bodies smell wet with tranquil pleasure,  
Then why don't You tear up the pain  
Of hostility that we possess against our own race!  
Why don't You destroy the aggression; causing war every day,  
And eating up our heart to spill crimson  
On the hard rocks and barren soil of no man's land!  
Every time fear spreads its wings around us  
Our lips mumble Your name and eyes look for Your sign,  
But You don't send any guardian angel  
To drive away the darkness of hopelessness.  
If each particle of this universe is a part of Yours  
Then why don't You again be a prism  
And bring together the seven colours in us?  
So that, our murky souls can reach the righteousness  
Through your white luminous innocence.

Sanjukta Nag



# Say Yes To Conscience

Say yes to the appeal of conscience  
And evaluate your large steps.  
'Cause this life always bents  
Towards the opaque whispers of evil.  
What comes easily  
Is not a fruit of righteousness.  
As we know well,  
The clear journey of a day feels harder  
Than night's dark softness.

Sanjukta Nag

# Scarlet Night

Shivering boughs of trees  
Painting invisible strokes  
On the warm atmosphere  
Of our midnight secrecy.

Black mountains of moon  
Melting on blanched sky  
To deepen the colours of  
Cupid's clever-conspiracy.

Sanjukta Nag

# Season Of Crystal Drops

Wind is slowly stirred  
Over the lightness of moist grassy sheet

Dark is the colour of  
Stooped clouds, ready for a noisy retreat

Season of crystal drops  
Spreads the lightning like a white serpent

Upon the slanting sky  
Who whispers secretly with the Omnipotent

Noon in avatar of night  
Promising the gloominess will stay for long

I crave for those days  
When we sang together the rainy day song.

Sanjukta Nag

# Season Of Fallen Leaves

All my days now resemble  
The season of fallen leaves.

Frozen heart is suffering  
From wrinkled emotions.

Hopes never stop trembling,  
Fogs tend to serve blind eyes.

Sun is too icy to be true,  
Reason of life feels grayish.

Blizzard of millions misery  
Blowing down mellow dreams.

Emitting darkness of grief,  
My season of fallen leaves.

Sanjukta Nag

# Seasonal Colours

Winter has worn  
Cape of farewell  
To leave for cold  
Hills of snowy blue

Cuckoo is climbing  
Soft wall of spring  
To gather orange  
Melodies for you

Summer is warm  
With Sun's love  
Weaving blanket  
Of yellowish hue

Monsoon is always  
Drizzling kindness  
For green glowed  
When trees grew

Autumn is floating  
Over white clouds  
Winking at flowers  
Which feels so new.

Sanjukta Nag

## Second Love

This is for the person  
Who showed me what is first love,  
This is for the person  
Who showed you what is first love,  
And this is for that first love  
Which never turned into a last one,  
For that love did not last forever.  
It destroyed the dreams of foolish dreamers  
Like me, like you,  
It taught the naïves like us  
Everything of love doesn't always become true.  
So, this is for those false lovers,  
Who changed our every hope into delusion  
Who wrapped gifts for us with icy desolation.  
And this is for us too,  
As we waited patiently for miracles to happen  
Like moon sometimes shines blue in the sky  
Sometimes glows red when people die  
Screaming their first lover's name,  
Till their throat's each vein  
Burst into unbearable pain,  
And they choke with their own blood  
Helplessly surrounded by impossibility's flood!  
But life doesn't stop, so we learn to cope  
Each day we see sun and reincarnation of hope  
From the windows of our heart.  
Sometimes we yearn for the stars and the moon  
In the sky of a dazzling noon,  
And maybe, maybe we get a glimpse again  
Of the love that never dies.  
The love of giving everything  
Until we are left with nothing.  
Thus, with our eyes of gleaming tears  
We start looking for a someday  
That will one day  
Bring for us the second love of tomorrow.

Sanjukta Nag

## Senryu - Tune Of Love

Swimming through moonbeams  
Nightingale spreads tune of love  
On lover's lewd eyes.

Sanjukta Nag

# Sense

Do you know?  
The moments I have spent with you,  
Still lingering on my sense...

But I know,  
All of these palpable things for you  
Have never made any sense...

Sanjukta Nag



# Shore

A tinge of burning brown  
On nakedness of her neck  
Absorbing glittering gold  
From Sun's slanting rays.

And those eyes baby blue  
Delighted with the desire  
To be meek like mermaids  
While bathing in the bay.

Sanjukta Nag

# Show Me Your Eyes

Only your infinite eyes can stop the time  
That is running against my will  
Snatching me from the green mouth of life.  
I am mortified now with this avaricious mind,  
As I used to savour worldly pleasure  
Instead of pleasing your dreamlike heart.  
All I have left now is a mortal life  
Confined in an island of sterility,  
Waiting so long for your enchanted feet  
That can transform it into Cape of Good Hope.  
Turn around; show me your deep dazzling eyes  
To enlighten my black starless nights,  
Spread your arms and hold my frightened heart tight,  
Before the sprinted hands of time  
Steal my dizzy soul from the cave of life.

Sanjukta Nag

# Silhouette Dream

Silhouette dream.  
Waves of light,  
Standing in a row  
Moved out of sight.  
They walked too fast  
Or my feet were slow,  
Trapped in the dark  
It felt so mellow.  
You held my hand  
I took a breath,  
We ran towards sun  
To escape death.

Sanjukta Nag

## Soil In My Blood

I never have dreamt of being a bird  
Or wanted to swim tearing the airstream.  
Every time I cut my heart  
I bled on the bare breast of gravity.  
I wear the clothes of its confidence  
I'm fed on its fidelity  
And I'm too earthy to detach it from me.  
I planted poems everyday deep in the ground,  
The tree is growing larger than life now  
And laughing softly by emitting  
Shades of green around my existence.  
This is me, no wings, only limbs,  
Climbing it slowly to reach for white clouds,  
While my roots are still singing  
Inside the ceaseless core of mother earth.

Sanjukta Nag

# Something For You

Spread your arms,  
Like the sun scatters its rays  
To show how much warmth it has got for you...

Reveal your heart,  
Like the flowers expand their petals  
To show how much pollen they have got for you...

Open your eyes,  
Like I open mine  
To show how much love I have got for you...

Sanjukta Nag

# Song Of Trees

Last night I heard the sudden song of trees,  
Green ribbons like, it twirled around my head.  
Milder than whisper, a bit louder than heartbeat  
Causing the blue moon spread whitish cream.  
You said in my eyes, "This is the finest absurd! "  
But I didn't mind to your surreal misdeeds.  
As my reality is more melodious with you dear,  
Than the green songs of frenzied night trees.

Sanjukta Nag

# Stay With Me

Stay,  
Stay with me.  
Though you hide your urge  
And pretend  
You don't want to.  
But I know,  
Your desires gleam  
More fluorescently  
Than sea water in the dark night...

Stay with me,  
For you are my home  
With embroidered curtains of hope,  
For I am your world  
Draped with atmosphere of dreams...

Stay with me,  
To let me hold your hands tight  
Till they tremble with age.  
As we planned  
To grow together in time  
To glow together in love...

Stay with me,  
So I can keep my promise  
Of always lighting the lamp of your heart,  
Until death comes  
Infront of me...

Stay,  
Not only because you love me  
Not only because I love you,  
But,  
For there is an us  
And for our love for us,  
Stay with me.

Sanjukta Nag

## Still Fallen

You sculpted a couple of mountains  
On the north of our bed,  
And invoke the sun  
To ascend behind them,  
For sprinkling golden rays of holiness  
On our entangled limbs,  
Which are still wrapped by the  
Sinful shroud of midnight.  
He rises; our souls also rise with him,  
But bodies remain fallen  
Knowing that no sun can elevate us  
To the luminous field of lost Eden.

Sanjukta Nag



# Story Of A Fallen Leaf

After the end of winter  
Spring comes into sight  
With a green flag  
And a sky of sunlight...  
While I am a fallen leaf  
Laying wrinkled on dusty ground  
On the demand of the wind  
Sometimes flying around...  
Crossing the bridge  
Over a swift flowing river  
Crossing the ridge  
With a feel of chilly shiver...  
Trees are clad in new leaves  
Coloured with shades of green  
In those melodious song  
Cuckoo's glee is also seen...  
But this withered me  
Is cruelly cast aside  
By the happiest newborns  
From spring's joyride...  
There were good days  
I also danced and sang  
Like these flowery trees  
When spring's first bell rang...  
Now I'm a dried soul  
Thirsty for a drop of water  
Knowing life's truth that  
Nothing can make me better...  
"Farewell, my earth"  
This is what I must say  
By the law of nature  
Here comes my last day...

Sanjukta Nag

## Summer Offers Sun

Blades of straw are still lying leveled  
On the ground, left by our worried body,  
Blowing crimson dust of twilight, we move  
Playing broken harp of forgotten melody.  
Three miles gone, then a dried river comes  
We cross the bridge of realistic reason,  
Nothing to give or nothing to receive  
During the sterility of scorching season.  
Soul of soil is baked by sunny love  
Our stomachs progress in lighting up fire,  
Striving hard to count each day, while  
Heart has learnt how to burn soft desire.  
Four five six more unsure miles to wander  
Till we discover a water body on the way,  
Then we'll sleep by it and ask the night  
To sing lullaby of sweet monsoon day.

Sanjukta Nag

# Sunrise In Galapagos

I rose with chilled air of dawn.  
Holding the baby sun on my palm  
I ponder at his mystery of liquefaction,  
That spreads the hidden gold of Eldorado  
Over my shivering shoulders.  
I wish if I were a flamingo  
Waiting on one leg  
For the perfect moment of sunrise,  
To dissolve all of my tints of pink  
With his melted gold  
On the blue lagoon of Galapagos.

Sanjukta Nag

# Sunset

A tinge of red  
Slopped down like a drop  
From the forehead  
Of slanted afternoon sky,  
For diving  
Into the chest of ultramarine  
Where all of the  
Hidden treasures lie.

Sanjukta Nag

# Swinging Doors

Your heart is like a pair of swinging doors,  
Every time I need to give it a push  
To make it open and wide,  
And after I cross the threshold  
It closes itself without fail.  
I can't deny  
It feels good to be a prisoner of your heart.  
But sometimes I wonder my dear  
What if the situation changes,  
Then your hands will shove my body hardily,  
The entrance will transform into exit  
And I will be out of it at once  
Stumbling on the ground,  
Again it will close itself immediately.  
I can't deny  
It'll feel bad to be thrown out of your core.  
Oh how I wish  
Your heart was not like a pair of swinging doors!

Sanjukta Nag

# Synthesis

May be there is music in my blood  
And your love has the hands of a pianist,  
For whenever you touch me  
My whole body illuminates melody...

May be there are words in my soul  
And your love has the passion of a poet,  
For whenever you hold me  
My whole body radiates poetry...

May be there is nothing common between us  
Except the love that inhabits our heart,  
But whenever you kiss me  
My whole body feels our unity...

Sanjukta Nag

# Take It All

Life,  
You can take anything from me,  
Except the words that inhabit my soul.  
And I'll thread them one by one  
To create thousands of poems.

Take my happiness,  
Despair will flow from my pen  
Like tears flow from eyes.

You can take my hope,  
As my words can deal  
With sheer hopelessness.

If you pluck dreams from my eyes,  
I'll be awake all night long  
To inscribe poems on moon.

Snatch my love,  
With warm blood of my broken heart,  
I'll write poems of loneliness.

But if you want to give me something,  
Then seize my life  
And give me death.  
For I know,  
My poetry will live  
Even after I take leave  
From this earth.

Sanjukta Nag

# Tanka - Shipwreck

Broken pieces of  
Cold emotions are sinking  
In deep salty sea  
Of my measureless blue tears,  
As this heart is a shipwreck.

Sanjukta Nag



# Tears Of Happiness

One day clouds will forget to  
Roar aloud ripping the ears of sky,  
Legs of rain will shrink and fail miserably  
To step on dry grass blades.  
But my love for you will never be dwarf.  
I'll make your cheeks wet with green tears,  
Because happiness isn't happiness  
Until your eyes smile like a glorious lake.

Sanjukta Nag

# The Promise

On my way back home I ran  
Only to seek the orangey sun  
Cleverly who was hiding his face  
Along with my gladsome pace  
Behind the nameless golden leaves,  
And I desired him to give  
A smile that was my very own,  
Down the sky he softly shone  
For the last hour of afternoon,  
To let the darkness cover soon  
This fallen forest, the dusty ground,  
As the earth is a merry-go-round  
He kissed me goodbye with his setting ray  
And thought he would find his way  
To the other side of the awaited earth  
Where he'll certainly take a rebirth,  
Escaping from this world of mine  
Leaving me dizzy with my evening wine.  
But my eyes captured him for the rest of the day;  
Again he came near my cheek to say  
"Tomorrow will be a bright sunny day."

Sanjukta Nag

## The Promise Part Two

The sunny tomorrow didn't come today yet  
May be promises are not meant to be kept.  
Instead he sent some monstrous clouds  
Furious enough to sound aloud,  
In grayish blue cloak covering the sky  
They make me wonder all day, why  
The sun intend to give me such grief  
Or is it his another mischief  
To relish the game of hide and seek?  
Oh how I'm craving for him to peek  
Between the branches of the savage wood  
Who are dancing with delighted mood,  
Swaying bodies, praying the god of rain  
While despair is flowing through my veins.  
Losing my playmate in the density of dark  
All I can hear is some wild dogs' bark  
Howling loud as if sensing ill omen  
Suddenly the sky breaks into rain.  
They say monsoon breeze is coming from the bay  
Children are humming songs of rainy day  
O when the sun will appear to say?  
"Tomorrow will be a bright sunny day."

Sanjukta Nag

# The Road Without You

The road that was taken by us  
Is now muffled up in dust and smoke  
Trees are like shadows of immoral giants  
Motionless sweet homes appear to be haunted  
There's nothing more than you I have ever wanted.

Stars are multiplying darkness  
I lit up my eyes with pictures of you  
Walking alone surrounded with isolation  
I distinguish my each breath so claustrophobic  
I didn't know life without you would be so horrific.

Heart is skipping its habitual beats  
It would be easier if I could omit this life  
For I've transfigured into the ghost of present  
Wandering on this road with a fruitless searching  
While my right hand misses your left hand's touching.

Sanjukta Nag

# Then And Now

Then,  
Starlets were broken into  
Myriads of invisible dust  
To mould zillions of you.

Now,  
Evolutionary you sprint  
To the stars, forcing tired  
Earth to spill malevolence.

Sanjukta Nag

# There Is A Window

There is a window in front of us  
Waiting for the curtain to be lifted,  
So that, the liquid sun can open our vision  
For showing the landscape of futurity.  
But we are the reluctant sleepy heads,  
Still groggy in bed  
Breathing the past years over and over.  
Every night we're breaking dreams with own hands  
To become too tired to see the dawn breaking!  
We curse yesterday  
Waste today  
And tell stories about the insecurity of tomorrow  
Ignoring the truth that,  
There is always a window in front of us  
Waiting for the curtain to be lifted,  
So that, the sun can fill our lungs with warm rays,  
And the fresh morning air can guide us  
To inhale the present's glory  
To exhale the past's memory,  
Only to make a home for the hope of blessed future.

Sanjukta Nag

# Thinking Of Thoughts

Under the hands of ancient sun  
We wash our thoughts  
And leave them amidst the blades of grass,  
To be soaked again  
By the watery faces of clouds.  
A game of recycling is played everyday  
On the transparency of life.  
Rain makes some words fertile  
Some are still barren,  
Waiting with a curious mind, full of yearning  
To be chosen  
For painting red a poem of love.

Sanjukta Nag

# To Death

You can't possess all the grains of life  
I contain.  
The fragrance of light I gathered,  
Warmth of hope,  
Ruffling sweetness of glee,  
Illusion of shadow inside the moon.  
All are dancing cheek to cheek  
With their eloquent internal symphony.  
And I'm growing larger than life,  
Floating beyond your black hands of coldness.  
You can own this fragile flesh of mine,  
But the rainbow of my transparent spirit will  
Never rest on your palms,  
For they are invisible particles,  
Revolving swiftly  
Around the invincible universe of infinity.

Sanjukta Nag



# To My Unknown Lover

My imagination has woven  
A boulevard of untouched words for you,  
Beneath the purpleness  
Of a velvety star studded sky.  
Now, remove their veils  
With the lunar radiance of your poetic mind.  
Whoever you are,  
I know one day we will fall like tropical rain  
From the green clouds of future.  
Till then my unknown lover,  
Paint some love poems with  
Those scarlet words for my hungry heart,  
On the blank canvas of your transparent life.

Sanjukta Nag

# Today's Love

There was never  
A collision  
Between the little hearts  
Of a liberated heart  
Called love.  
Until modern civilization  
Taught us,  
Love is not just  
A breathtaking feeling,  
It's a decision  
Made of  
Severe complexities.

Sanjukta Nag

# Touch My Mind

Touch my mind  
With the cloud  
That embraced the moon before crying...

Touch my mind  
With the leaf  
That embraced the sun before dying...

Touch my mind  
With the mind  
That carries a heavenly light,  
And I promise to touch you back  
With a handful of insight.

Sanjukta Nag

# Translucent Dream

Translucent dreams,  
Beneath your colossal eyes,  
Soaring through stardust  
Beyond the mountain-highs.  
A flick of sweet smile  
On the corner of your lips,  
Beauty is oozing from your face  
I'm thirsty to take a sip.  
I can feel soft breath  
Rising from your heaving chest,  
Too deep to plunge into  
Tomorrow I'll have some rest.  
Moon rays are lapping us,  
The clouds have undone illusion,  
I can watch you all night long  
Until birds tell us about the sun.  
Your eyelashes may quiver lightly,  
Limbs will be ready to stretch,  
In the canvas of my heart  
Hurriedly I'll make a sketch.  
Blue sky is upon the bridge;  
If life acts like a river,  
Let us flow down the streams  
Clinging to each other forever.

Sanjukta Nag

# Treacherous Love

How far do I need to go?  
To retrieve my feeble heart  
Which is still screaming, for being confined  
In the unyielding prison of your treacherous love.

How long do I need to walk?  
To repossess my delicate soul  
Which is still crying, for being lost  
In the condensed forest of your treacherous love.

Sanjukta Nag

# Two Nights

I can still hear the night  
Pounding in my heart out loud  
When you first ran the four letter word through my ears  
And kissed me spreading goose bumps all over my flushed body.  
I failed to reciprocate  
Even I felt that my heart might stop due to overwork.

I can still sense the night  
Shattering my heart into tiny pieces  
When you chose to close all your doors to me  
And pushed me in the dark hollow of isolation.  
I failed to converse  
Even I felt that my heart had collapsed due to overwork.

Sanjukta Nag

# Unfathomable Love

Fragments of fire stand like blade of grass  
On the threads of my awakened nerves.  
Compass succeeds here frequently  
To detect similarities between east and west,  
As sweetness is flowing like a river  
Towards our measureless Mediterranean Sea.  
All of my blues turn into phosphoric orange  
Without any bruises, that  
A reckless sin can cause in the darkness of desire.  
Seasons mingle together to create a new spring,  
Since your flexible fingers are blooming like petals  
On every inch of my crimson skin.

Sanjukta Nag

# Universe Of Love

Whenever the latitudes  
Of your earth  
Cross my longitudes,  
Life plays  
Sweet chords of rejoice.  
Every object around us  
Becomes blurry,  
You and I  
Dance brightly like polestar.  
While the magnetism of  
Truth asks us,  
To be united for  
Reforming  
A new world of our own,  
Amidst this  
Infinite universe of love.

Sanjukta Nag



# Unremovable

Try harder my dear  
With your capable hands of a rake,  
But you can't remove  
The honey-white roots of grasses  
From this breakable skin of brown ground.  
Here in my body of flesh and blood  
A heart is resting  
Under a soiled layer like the surface of earth.  
An invisible seed of love  
Is planted there  
With the determination of eternity,  
That can never be scraped up  
By the unkind hands of resentment.

Sanjukta Nag

## Verse Of Love

I have let my verse free  
To float in the air that surrounds you.  
The symbols of passion lying on the words  
Will touch your crimson skin,  
While your eyes will witness the imagery  
That my devotion unveils.  
I promise there will be no irony  
Hidden in the phrases of my affection.  
Only alliteration will resonate frequently  
Through the deep tunnels of your ears,  
Carrying the softest L sounds of  
Love, love and love.

Sanjukta Nag

# Visions

A stream like you,  
never stops to  
look, what calls  
him always, to  
get home back.

A stone like me,  
awaits in the  
muddy bank,  
regretting what  
her life lacks!

A sky like you,  
opening wide  
his blue chest,  
doesn't care of  
what flies by.

A cloud like me,  
cries millions of  
drops, to realize  
her love for him,  
was born to die!

Sanjukta Nag

# Wall

We painted our wall orange in autumn  
Dipping the brushes into white smiles.  
You said, 'The fire of our navel  
Will make it vermilion red by winter,  
When the moonlit quilt will be torn  
By passionate silhouettes of us.'  
It is spring now my darling,  
The wall is blemished with dark gray.  
And my instinct has realized it well,  
Walls are never meant to be decorated  
But to be broken with arms of love.

Sanjukta Nag

# Water Of Life

Let's break ourselves in each other's arms,  
Like water breaks into water over and over  
From one drop to several droplets  
Then dust of water forms a new wave.  
It has neither beginning nor end  
A process goes life-long, maybe beyond it.  
Glistening in the immortality of light,  
They mingle, they collide  
With each other, against each other  
To finally offer themselves on the shore of life.  
Let's form ourselves in each other's arms  
And no one will be able to separate us,  
Until death drowns in our water bodies  
Like darkness falls into ocean.

Sanjukta Nag

## Wet Heart

It started raining heavily inside me,  
When you left me easily on a bright sunny day;  
Losing all the warmth of love  
I was trying to find back my way.  
Though my vision was still blurred out  
By the silly water drops on my eyes,  
I moved and fell and broke my mind  
Realizing all your promises were lies.  
So, there I was, with my betrayed heart  
Which can't be mend as they say,  
Wondering why it's felt so wet  
I walked alone on a bright sunny day.

Sanjukta Nag

## What I Wouldn'T Do

Without your touch how could I be warm?  
What shall I do to have you in my arms?  
I would paint the sky green  
I would look for the unseen.  
Through the swirling darkness I'll float  
To the galaxy of eternal love-  
Where I'll write you an anecdote,  
On all the moments I have  
Fantasized to spend on your lap,  
With a promise to make up this gap.  
And I'll caress the swells of your body  
Wanting our love as a rhapsody,  
To be remembered through all the ages  
In full moon or sun's bright blazes.  
Believe me darling, to make this things true,  
There is nothing that I wouldn't do.

Sanjukta Nag

## While In Love

I've never fallen in love,  
Only I rise higher and higher  
Like a glorious morning sun,  
Depending on the soft firmness  
Of your adoring arms.  
Though I know sun also stoops  
At the end of a blissful day.  
So, I'm ready to drown my dear  
'Cause you are there  
Opening sapphire blue of your chest,  
Like the vastness of an ocean  
To drink my entire tinge of red.

Sanjukta Nag



# Who Is Greater?

They say, "God lives in the heart of human."  
But command to hurt men on the name of Him,  
Forgetting easily that they are hurting God  
To satisfy their polluted religion's whim.

Discrimination is abiding above seventh heaven  
Now it seems better to embrace agnosticism,  
For I will not let myself believe in that God  
Who appears to be greater than humanism.

Sanjukta Nag

# Wind Chime

Let us be a wind chime,  
For whenever the storm of life will blow  
Either it is hard or low  
We will sound together simultaneously,  
And thus our love will glow  
Like the silver sticks of wind chime shine in the sun.  
Maybe there will be collision  
Between our opinion  
Of what melody we should hit,  
But I know we'll find our own way, to play  
To make it sure of never missing a beat,  
For anything else in our lives,  
'Cause we are each other's reason to survive  
At the end of each night and day.  
Thus, every moment will be a ceremony,  
As we will play the notes of love side by side  
In a perfect musical harmony.

Sanjukta Nag

# Wings Of Freedom

Pointing at a pair of white seagulls,  
Floating happily on the  
Distant blue of Pacific islands,  
Your curious eyes asked me,  
"Is this the definition of freedom to you? "  
Then I turned your index finger  
Towards the sunlit window of my heart,  
To make you recognize  
The gentle flapping of my wings  
In the sweet airstream of your ardour,  
And answered through a smile,  
"This is my freedom in the sky of your love."

Sanjukta Nag

# Wishing Well

If I only have one wish to make  
I'll wish your eyes to be a Wishing Well,  
So I can drop all my dreams about you into them  
And I know you'll make me lucky someday.

Sanjukta Nag

## With Love

There is a garden  
Hidden in my soul,  
Where blind flowers  
Of trust sway  
With your breeze  
Of compassion.  
And white finches  
Tweet the songs  
Of timelessness,  
When your feet  
Dance with the  
Jolly cadence of  
My mortal heart.

Sanjukta Nag

# Wonder Of Love

Sitting by the mortal window of  
A moving train called life,  
One by one I dropped some seeds of emotions  
Into invisible holes of wind  
With an arising hope that the hands of your heart  
Will water them thoughtfully,  
And one day people will be able to witness  
Another hanging garden of Babylon,  
Glowing green in the tender sunshine of our love.

Sanjukta Nag

# World Of Lovers

My eyes never knew how to observe  
The magnetized pointers of a compass,  
And heart always failed to appreciate  
The colours of this world's political map.  
All I ever wanted is to revolve around  
The axis of the tender firmness of your mind,  
And to understand thoroughly the  
Geography of your flamboyant emotions,  
As our love is the one absolute world to me  
Which doesn't possess a prominent equator  
To separate the poles of our little desires.

Sanjukta Nag

# Worth Waking

Curtains burned the pre-dawn darkness  
Liquid gold starts oozing from keyhole.  
It seems earth just made a round of sun  
But my earth still rests in my midnight arms.  
Each breath I exhale through my nerves  
His lustful mouth catches it dreamily  
Before it gets lost in creases of bed sheet.  
His caring shoulders are wide enough  
To lay my inane wishes and reason of life  
That makes my every morning worth waking.

Sanjukta Nag



## Writer's Block

When the mindless fingers of mine  
Suffer from a vacuous fever,  
They spill gibberish  
Under the mask of poetry.  
I see letters dancing on paper,  
Some accidentally fall  
From the edge of its whiteness.  
And I remain silent  
Seeing the tragic death of perfection.

Sanjukta Nag

# Writing Our Names

You said, 'Love seems to be  
More lighter than the feather  
Of a free winged sparrow,  
That swirls across the landscape of sun  
Painting our names on every pore  
Of floating moistures in the wind.'

You said, 'Love feels so deeper  
Like the long living roots  
Of an African baobab tree,  
That move hundred miles inside earth  
Inscribing our names on every fragment  
Of those soft pebbles in the soil.'

Though love always glitters  
More brighter than astral lights  
Don't say stardusts will write our names  
On those nightly twinkling stars,  
'Cause they're constant in staying apart  
Which is the most excruciating thing for us.

Sanjukta Nag

# You

Don't ask me my love  
To compose a poem on you,

For you are the most exquisite poem  
God has ever inscribed!

Sanjukta Nag

# You Are Human

Flakes of ashes weave the carpet  
Under your feet, that forgot  
The soft colour of earthly green.  
Your eyes are afraid of butterflies,  
But drink nectar from  
An opaque glass-jar called civilization.  
Myth is lost from your black bloodline  
Still you slay moonbeams every night with  
Your adamant sword of progress.  
You have possessed all the freedoms  
On the concrete-made lines  
Of your so called fortunate palms,  
Yet you are making cage legally  
For confining your own brotherhood.  
You are the one, you are the all,  
You are the invincible.  
Maybe now God needs to pay  
Thousands of tsunamis to destroy you.

Sanjukta Nag

# You Are The One

You are the one I was looking for  
While walking down the shore of insight,  
The waves of reality touched my feet over and over  
To seize my imagination of you  
To snatch you away from my dream.  
They shouted by pointing fingers at me  
Their eyes reddened with anger,  
Saying that I was wrong  
You did not exist  
Searching for you was another name of wasting time.  
But believe me darling,  
I didn't believe them  
I didn't let go of my desire, my aim  
My reverie of you...

After a long period of patience,  
You appeared in my life  
Like a star,  
Removing all the grey smoke of isolation,  
Brightening my universe within a moment.  
You filled my eyes with ecstasy  
My soul with tranquility  
That a person could ever had in this world.

You are the one.  
Now, when I stand in front of you  
Our eyes reflect affection for each other,  
And my fantasy starts to vanish  
I envision a new reality,  
'Cause you are something more than dream  
Something beyond divinity.  
Those who once said that you do not exist  
Today clasping the strong bond of our love  
I want to declare to them loud and clear,  
That you exist  
You exist to be mine  
As sun has always existed for earth to shine.



# Your Love That I Lack

You left me, saying out of the blue,  
"There is nothing left between us to continue."  
I didn't protest, knowing well,  
Love cannot be contained in a jail.  
And I know, maybe you are right  
For there's nothing new visible in my sight.  
Except the new moon,  
Who forgot waxing and started to wane  
To turn me more and more insane,  
Like I'm a butterfly still inside her cocoon,  
Furious enough to come out soon  
To be painted wholly in pitch black.  
Yes, it is only your love that I lack.

Sanjukta Nag

# You're The Poet, I'm Not

Every night you water my silent emotion  
With your jar of supple alphabets,  
By dawn it grows into  
A flamboyant tree of romantic words.  
Like tender breeze of autumn plays with  
The blond hair of morning sun,  
Your eyes play with the  
Unfinished thoughts of my heart,  
And convert them into scarlet poems of love.

Sanjukta Nag