

Poetry Series

**Satyapriya Gupta**  
**- poems -**

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**Satyapriya Gupta()**

# Adieu

Promises were made never to part,  
Love was returned in its sweet path,  
Again left alone like a tortured tart,  
Will i survive? Questions the heart.

The october breeze carries his fragrance sweet,  
Memories of him plays symphony bittersweet,  
The persent repeatedly feels like a lost retreat,  
The fate threw its dice right at my bare feet.

Being together was always a broken wish,  
The pain feels like that of a dying fish,  
Misery of mine is destiny's favourite fetish,  
Lifelong dreams seem impossible to accomplish.

Adieu described as the most cruel phrase,  
Such was his dilemma, sadness on his face,  
Tears in my eyes when he said the goodbye phrase,  
As he walks away marking his last pace.

Satyapriya Gupta

# Death As It Seems

I want to die, I want to die,  
I want to die so bad,  
Embrace death and go to the death land.

Peace and love had me deprived,  
I lead without a meaning to my life.

Full of disgrace and lament I live,  
I now crave for a heavenly life.

God will take me or give me to Satan,  
I shall either be abode or go to repent.

Please take me; please take me, to god I cry,  
Don't leave me amidst these people to regret and die.

I'll sit on the railing with my back facing down under,  
Push me my enemies so I fall in that deep plunder.

My soul; the poor being taken away when I was a child,  
I, forsaken for the sins not yet committed in my mind.

What do I do now with this life full of apprehension,  
It's better to die and live with god in his heaven.

So I go to sit on the railing,  
Someone just pushed me out of my paining.

Being in love did not help,  
I had to finally get out of this hell.

I am dead as I write these verses,  
Out of the life which is full of curses.

To people I tell, and I tell it alright,  
Learn to live and forgive to be bright,  
Then come out of it to join the god divine.

Satyapriya Gupta

## For Two Special People..

Friend! Friend! friend is all one seek,  
beautiful, loving, caring and meek,  
wanting a friend is everyone's need,  
as they all want one while feeling low and weak.

Variety is difficult amidst this anxiety,  
to find friends with such gravity.  
one is cool and full of activity,  
other being docile and lost in her ambiguity.

I have my friends though the set is few,  
lightening up my green pasture with their soft dew.  
Sanchi, my darling is always fresh and new,  
Sonu, the sweetheart i know will never say adieu.

Talking about sanchi known as famous sandu,  
always full of life but her words are few.  
Then comes sonu fondly called as gappu,  
the expressionlessness and happiness she always will pursue.

Done there, been there perpetually for me,  
never had i to look back as they issued the lead.  
Took my hands and held me in their arms,  
i am now headstrong because of their norms.

This poem i write for my two dear friends,  
it's not a poem but the feelings that my heart tends,  
thanking for always being there is all i can say,  
I had wanted this gratitude of mine exhibited in some special way.

Satyapriya Gupta

# Happy Surprises

As i watch the rain,  
I feel the cloud's pain,  
The dry earth in vain,  
Rejoices the droplets, simply plain.

When i see a lover,  
I feel an absolute loner,  
My lost sweet love gone forever,  
The memories now are just a breather.

Honeydew words sprinkled with promises,  
Seemed so real but all broken pieces,  
All bereft with a cup of tarnished hope,  
Shattered was the heart, difficult to cope.

You came with a rainbow of happy surprises,  
Different hues pf colors, all bright gay splashes,  
My heart rises, the soul rejoices,  
When i am with you, life inside me rushes,  
Thanks to you for the happy surprises.

Satyapriya Gupta

# Here From My Terrace

A beautiful day of sunshine.  
An even calmer peaceful night,  
All in my arms to make a sublime sight,  
Here from my terrace i take my plight.

The clear blue skies with birds flying high,  
The aftermath of the rain creates such a sigh,  
My wings all ready to dive in the sky height,  
Here from my terrace i take my plight.

The city alight with it's dazzling light,  
The old buildings wrapped and shining bright,  
Small people busy with their work all night,  
Here from my terrace i take my plight.

Fireflies encircling me all around as i dance,  
My private getaway, a heavenly trance,  
I remove my dancing shoes as they give me a chance,  
One last chance from my terrace to take my plight.

Satyapriya Gupta



# Him

After the rain, there's always sunshine,  
Alike i forget the pain and wear a smile,  
When all's in vain and nothing seems fine,  
He holds my hands and cheers up my mind.

His promising words make me look upto him,  
I collect my happiness and add them to my hymn,  
'Times like these', he says, 'will stay awhile',  
So i take my seat and hold onto dear life.

Satyapriya Gupta

# I Say Bye

Tonight will be the night,  
For the night will be mine.  
Tonight my lover I shall not call you,  
For the heart of mine does not want you.

I must not think of or about you,  
But the heart in here shall always carry a portrait of you,  
A portrait of your heart that is young and juvenile,  
A picture of you that is full of love and life.

I'll move on in life like the others,  
Have a career which will be full of wonders,  
I'll leave this prosaic love-life of ours,  
For each other's soul never belonged to us.

Goodbye I say, and I say it with delight,  
Take out my wings and have my plight.  
Neither was I suffocated,  
Nor was I plagued.  
You did not force  
Or  
Even make me your own.  
We had our own lives and we had it differently,  
I did never have a say and it almost killed me.

How do I still go on? Tell me my love,  
You are not even saying one single word.  
A word of love I am so craving to hear,  
You only talk about having me as regret.

I was a pain for all you've got to say,  
Tell me my darling for why I shall remain.  
Be with you, I'll mend my ways.  
But do you want me for all glorious days?

No, you keep saying and still don't want me,  
When I walk out the door then why do you stop me?  
Let me go. Let me go my sweet darling,  
I cannot see you all confused and crying.

My life with you was no less than a paradise,  
I have no hard feeling which is a surprise.  
I'll love you. I'll always love you for the rest of my life,  
I'll miss you. I'll still seek you till the day I die.

Goodbye my lover. Goodbye my companion.  
Just call my name and I'll run to you like a stallion.  
I am a free bird but I hate this life.  
Please be my master and lock me in a cage tight.

Being with you is all that I need,  
But how can I stay when you've turned me on my heel?  
So I say again goodbye to you,  
For the rest of my days I shall miss you.

Satyapriya Gupta

# I Think About You All The Time

I think about you all the time.

You are the first thought as i open my eyes in the morning

AND

You are definitely the last one when i close my eyes at night

AND

You don't leave me alone even in the dreams that are mine.

I think about you all the time.

You haunt me throughout the day,  
which makes me all happy and gay..

You are with me at night,  
when i feel nothing is going right..

I think about you all the time.

All the time,  
You keep running in my mind.

When i am cooking,  
when i am eating,

When i am the host,  
when i feel like a ghost,

When i am dancing,  
when i am singing,

When i am working,  
when i feel like dozing,

When i am up and out,  
when i am totally down,

When i am engrossed in a movie,  
when i feel like a complete zombie,

When i am happy and gay.  
Well, i think about you everyday..

Just the fact that i have you  
makes me feel all fresh and new.  
And if you think the verses are about some mate,  
then thou i shall regret to hate.  
But if you think this poem is about YOU,  
then i will say 'I Love You'..! !

Satyapriya Gupta

## I Wish...

I wish I was a tree,  
With green leaves and sway free.  
The water coming down from the clouds,  
Embarks the beautiful object in its bouts.  
Enjoying and relishing every moment in the rain,  
But I sitting here can see its suffering and pain.  
The pain for standing at one point all alone,  
Never having a chance to love and for a being to atone.

I wish I was a bird with wings and flying,  
Spread out my wings to follow my dreams undying.  
Be it morning, noon, evening or midnight,  
Always having time enough to have a plight.  
From one twig to another and another and forward,  
But the fervour to live its life seems to me awkward.  
A bird free spirited in all of its way,  
Isn't it the one being caged and dies of decay?

Satyapriya Gupta

# Love- Our Divinely Right

Your love for me I find so sublime,  
Lights up my heart like a candle burning in dull mind.

I, before an untouched being,  
looking for true love that my soul was needing,  
then came across beauty personified,  
someone who is you; out of this world dignified.

We amidst people torpidly prosaic,  
who trying to vacillate our love mosaic.

Never give up will be our love description,  
Even if the imbeciles work on our separation.

Our divinely love circumferencing the holy under its omnipotence,  
they will preach the needy and the foolish under its influence.

We'll be true in making our love a completion,  
Be productively rich and consume our perdition.!

Satyapriya Gupta

# My Treasure Box

In my treasure box, I have memories of you,  
Bitter and sweet, of different hue,  
Brightens me up with its residue,  
I have a diamond, dint have a clue.

As I open it, shining stars come out,  
Thinking of us, the perpetual relation about,  
I feel love all over and all around,  
My heart reminds me of us as a beautiful sound.

Down and hidden, I find your heavenly smile,  
A delightful symphony, a true sublime,  
I can hear the notes ringing deep in my mind,  
My one true wish, you brought it alive.

The middle occupied by all your endearments,  
I dance around, completely smitten,  
Your ethereal words of love, every verse written,  
Plays in my ears like a love song hidden.

I take out your love and hold it in my arms,  
Kiss it and bring it close to my heart,  
Your love words sing for me as my days stand,  
Surreal it may seem, does like a rainbow band.

All my life I waited for you,  
A fantasy, but 'tis true,  
Happiness hugged me out of the blue,  
My heart sings aloud a thank you.

A thank you phrase for you my dove,  
I gift myself to you as a token of love,  
For all the memories and moments that we make,  
I have my treasure box to keep them all safe.

Satyapriya Gupta



# Poetry

I don't want to write,  
neither do i want to think,  
how do i help these words coming to my mind,  
'tis driving me mad and insanely crazy,  
i don't want to be a poet living in the world of poesy.

My body is tired and my hands are paining,  
i so much feel like giving up this art of writing.  
Poetry has possessed me and all my being,  
i feel like a trapped bird hoping to fleeing.

Nice words, mere words,  
Big words, small words,  
keep coming in my mind,  
i keep rhyming them while walking like a blind.

I never wanted it to consume me,  
please tell a way to get it rid of me.  
It's a stupid thought and I know I'll be barren,  
barren when these words will leave me in this haven.

I was a painter and never a poet,  
now i have a pen in my hand instead of a brush.  
Portraying my thoughts in a thin pamphlet,  
is not as much fun as painting in a rush.

I don't want to give up writing,  
neither do i want my thoughts fighting.  
One tells me give it away and be happy,  
the other tells me keep it up and believe in multi-tasking.

so i write, i write my hand out,  
of the words that keep waltzing in my mind aloud.  
i am so tierd of this poetry,  
but giving it up is one stupidty.

Satyapriya Gupta

# Sorry

Sorry: heavy yet just a five letter word,  
To apologize; such a difficult verse,  
Forgiveness, the remedy for a broken curse,  
Braveheart is you, don't leave me midway: in a rush.

Pride, a masseur for the ego of a cur,  
Blissful memories forgotten all in a spur,  
Sad moments form unhappiness in a blur,  
Everything goes haywire except bitterness without any stir.

An err forgiven is considered divine,  
Its a human nature, so please be kind,  
Thou wrath on me showered by your keen chide,  
A misunderstanding does not make me a mean snide.

The soft words of a friend the heart misses,  
Life is so barren without your cute kisses,  
Forgetting me is no manuscript of your thesis,  
Sorry, my soul says in such a crisis.

Satyapriya Gupta

# The Dirty Nymph

She can hear the bell ringing,  
Loud and clear; blinging,  
On her swing made of flat tyre,  
She goes round and in a gyre.

Happy and ecstatic as a free flying lark,  
Trusting completely the tree's strong bark,  
Singing aloud for her beloved is coming,  
Worth the wait for his care and loving.

Hey and ho, Hark he comes,  
Holds her up and takes her palms,  
A kiss here; a kiss for the forehead,  
Her then pink lips now a hue of rosy red.

As he lies her down on the flowery bed,  
She holds his gaze then turns her head,  
Shy as a sheep, bold as a gazelle,  
He turns her into a pretty mademoiselle,

'Lie down my love', says he; the lover,  
'Relax and rest and enjoy your clover'.  
The evening breeze now cold and harsh,  
Her loveless left her in a wet land marsh.

'Hark, here comes the dirty nymph',  
They all shout aloud in rhythmic sync,  
Teary eyes look up at the sky; the beautiful night,  
Oh! what a pain, it remind her of the deceitful knight.

Satyapriya Gupta

# The Man

Talking about the human smartness,  
We stand up for his rankness.  
Be it everything or a mere conversation,  
Hats off to him for his uniqueness.

The epitome of bravery, a gyre of activity,  
Talk of the town is his creativity.  
The bulleteers stand to cheer for him vociferously,  
As he takes the road to drive out miraculously.

Nobody can stop him; none can stand in his way,  
He is the master we all bow down to obey.  
Words seek him for his sole ministry,  
He is the day of all today's poetry.

Colors, canvases, brushes and all,  
Are just mere objects for him to have a ball.  
Tendency to make a working room stop,  
Which he enters and everybody is in awe.

Amazed to see such a beautiful art of god,  
Relishing in his attitude as he takes the lot.  
His sophisticated gait, his wonderful style,  
Is food for all the men out to have a life.

Stand up, as we stand up to respect his humility,  
But he shakes his head in his own modesty,  
Never have I come across a person so perfect,  
We all know him as.

Satyapriya Gupta

# The Urchin Boy

With sad tears in unfathomable eyes,  
His life, methinks, is full of despise,  
A young soul devoid of life's surprise,  
The urchin boy walks on as he cries.

Little feet covered in dirt, sticky grime,  
Step by step he continues his journey, prime,  
Does he know about the upcoming thousand mile?  
The urchin boy walks on with a scenic smile.

Harsh cruel word being his only abode,  
Pokes at him as he takes the lonely road,  
Hunger for knowledge, thirst for pride,  
The urchin boy walks on the green path; wide.

Warmth from the sun, love showered by the cloud,  
Compassionate mother nature leaves him awed, spellbound,  
Simplicity and sublimity have him in its bouts,  
The urchin boy walks on without any doubts.

Life is a gift, he is not aware,  
'It is a curse', he says, 'Beware'.!  
Doves larking in the sky with amusing dare,  
The urchin boy walks with nothing to spare.

Poverty, an ogre; his friend for life,  
The fervour to die seems a comprehensive lie,  
Death only salvages the weak, convinces his vibe,  
The urchin boy walks on now cheerfully fine.

Satyapriya Gupta

# We, The People.

We crib, we cry,  
We hurt, we hide.  
We are happy, we are gay,  
Our feelings sometime make us pay.

We get into our past,  
Thinking it to be a blast,  
We try going back to it,  
'Till we realize it's a false pit.

Humans are we with feelings truly deep,  
Hurt it, stab it and we reach the highest peak,  
Convinced and ready to end our life,  
Behaving like an imbecile and not going with our vibe.

The nice us, the good us,  
And we become frivolous,  
The bad us, the evil us,  
And we turn heinous.

Everything that we crave seems so elusive,  
We try to attain it in a manner cohesive.  
The world is our platter and we are the players,  
Then why do we just sit and not enjoy the layers.

A voice from within speaks the inimical truth,  
We find it obnoxious and pray for it to never intrude,  
Living the immediate reality has become a tough job,  
Being in an imaginary world has its own loss.

We are confused; we are in a stupor,  
Trying to overcome our very own fervour,  
Fervour to atone, fervour to apologize,  
This is the end and now we realize.

Satyapriya Gupta

## Yet Again..

Yet again the memories of you play their part,  
Yet again you strike a chord in my lonely heart,  
Yet again the winter evenings remind the beautiful past,  
Yet again the heart wants to relive the painful blast.

Yet again the wind blows on my face,  
Yet again i remember life's most sublime phase.  
Yet again Your face flashes in the moment's base,  
Yet again I treasure your love in my protective case.

Yet again i miss being in your secure arm,  
Yet again your words work as a soothing balm,  
Yet again the mornings are colorless and stark,  
Yet again the sunshine has lost its glaring spark.

Yet again the shadows cover my happiness,  
Yet again i live in my utter loneliness,  
Yet again my hand craves for your soft tresses,  
Yet again i wish for your love and caresses.

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