

Poetry Series

Shayan Das
- poems -

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Shayan Das(25th August,2003)

Myself Shayan Das, a teen poet writing under the banner of Michael Laureate. I had been writing poems and novels since 11years. I belong to a small state of India and desire to give the best I can give to English Literature. I am currently working on two novels. Also trying to pen down some of my best poems along with school studies. Trying to complete and publish my first poetry collection entitled- The initial thoughts. Working hard to accomplish all my desires and aspirations. My inspiration is P.B Shelley, one of the greatest poet of the English romantic era. Also I am a big fan of Beryl Edmonds FFP Poet Laureate. My poems mostly belong to three catagory- LIFE, LOVE and NATURE. All my poems bear a fixed rhyming scheme and most of them are written in verse with a smooth flow. All I am is because of the blessings and love of my parents. Hope you will like my art.

A Bond Of Love

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

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

And the earth bears no rocks but gold
With diamonds, rubies and precious gems,
And in air the scents and aromas hold
Some magic that blooms the flowers and stems.

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

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

Shayan Das

A Heavenly Sight

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

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

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

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

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

Shayan Das

A Letter

Sweet Beloved,

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

Thy Love(the soldier)

Shayan Das

A Night Of Mutual Love

O let be a day of we lovers
and a night in moonshine,
when you and I close together
and your rosy lips in mine.

And in that night of we lovers,
Oh give me pleasure by your touch,
and we two under a single cover
do whatever pleases much.

O I shall kiss thy pleasing hands
and gaze at your alluring eyes,
and you and I will mingle and blend
and make this Earth paradise.

O I shall kiss thy winsome face
and you and I will stick like glue,
and I will stay under your embrace
to let thee know I belong to you.

O I shall lie upon thy breasts
under trillion stars and silvery night,
and we shall sing with blooming chests
the notes of Beethoven, holding tight.

So come and merge in my arms
and let your parts touch with mine,
and let give pleasure and let do calm
this little heart which now is thine.

And let us sit hand in hand,
when the beautiful moon lying above,
and be the luckiest in this land
to enjoy the pleasure of mutual love.

Shayan Das

A Song Of Life

How darkly fair this fleeting life
With many a puzzling bend!
By facing terrors of countless strifes
We voyage towards its end.

We know not where the tough road goes,
And what future doth wait;
But moving ahead amidst all woes
Is the concealed voice of fate.

And hearts that seem like silken rose
In this eternal way,
Strangely turn in foreign foes
With each concluding day.

And only when those days are bright
With many a blended tone,
Divine it seems each dreary night—
Each substantial stone.

And fair then seems this mortal birth
Beneath the firmament,
And heart's beloved this mystic earth
With all its citric scents.

And then arouses human heart—
To weave silvery rhymes,
And dupe his kindred through his art
In course of fleeting time.

But soon when the sparkle wanes
With charm slumbered in rust,
Into ashes turn the rhythmic rain
And blends with grimy dust.

And songs that once with soothing showers
Did bloom the pleasant whiles,
Now sadly part like withered flowers
And sail a thousand miles.

And then we come to know that life
Is beyond these fancy lines,
And many a skirmish, many a strife
Does make it soar and shine.

And life is not for hearts of night
That dream but dreams are gone,
But they who conquer secret heights
With every pristine dawn.

Shayan Das

A Song Of Love

For oft when in my cloistered room
I lie beside this window pane,
And gaze upon the flowers in bloom
And merge my tune with April rain,
I dream so deep with all my heart
About the blooming fair romance;
The way you hug my darling art
And kiss my lips in every chance.
The way you hold me in your breast,
And I feel the tranquil softness there,
And I blend my soul with endless zest
And breathe so soft my winsome prayer.
And the way I behold the firmament,
And hark the thousand mingled tones—
Of birds that sing with hearts content
In a mid-spring day upon the stones.
Ah! What pleasure in thy chest!
To lie in peace, do sleep and rest,
And behold the twinkling stars at night,
Holding thy seraphic body tight.
Fair thou art, my warbling Queen,
The fairest among all cosmic beings!
And my love for thee is emerald green—
So sweet, so pure, but still unseen.
And remember though I can't gift thee
With an elegant verse so deep as sea,
Or like an ancient swain behold thy face
And sing in tune of thy smooth grace,
But I still love thee and my love is true,
So fresh and fair like a morning dew;
And smashing all bars my love shall flow
Like an endless brook through fire and snow.
And I'll love you still, till in every way
Thy heart doth bloom and beat for me,
And my heart is thine, Oh till that day
I become an unseen part of thee!

Shayan Das

A Strange World

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Shayan Das

A Wish

I wish someday a shooting star
From the fair firmament far,
Hark and grant the prayer of mine
To weave some magic lines.

Some lines that please the moon at night
And bloom the flowers at day,
And cease for aye all earthly fights
And make the hearts to play.

Some lines that fuse with every song
Sang ever in tune,
And wash away all ancient wrongs
And heal everything soon.

Some lines that soothe each withered leaf
And revive someone who's dead,
And breaking the chains of untold grief
Clasp the breasts when read.

Some lines that glue two parted hearts
Snapped with all their love,
And shower blossoms of glorious art—
Of peace with cooing of dove.

Some lines with which the morning sun
Kiss the eastern sky,
And sleeps again when day is done
Through the mountains high.

Some lines with which the oppressed wings
Touch again the height,
And again procure each abused being-
His thousand year's right.

Some lines with which the twilight shines
And dance the oceans deep,
And still wishper the love of mine
The day when I sleep!

Shayan Das

Amore Immortale

See I may write a thousand rhymes
With my lyrical tranquil art,
And weave thy name in threads of time
To melt thy ardent heart.
To please thy tender heart my dear,
I may sing a thousand songs
That soothe for aye each trembling tear,
And heal the antique wrongs.
But neither the lines nor melodic grace—
Of saccharine songs in tune,
Can ever depict thy occult face
Beneath the idyllic moon.
And neither the words nor lyrical charms—
In the waves of rhythmic sea,
Can ever express the love that comes
From me and goes to thee.
For it seems that I have loved to thee
In a countless modes and ways,
And we love with a love greater than we
Which is beyond the nights and days.
Which is beyond the diurnal moves my dear
Of this seraphic baffling Sphere,
A love so young, a love so true
After thousand mystic years.
And it seems that all the potions deep
In the Earth's eternal sea,
Carry for aye my secret ship
In the magic shores of thee.
For in every star and every place,
And every lyrical line,
I find thy tranquil mystic face
Ere the eyes of mine.
And with every breath and every beat,
In every purple year,
Through echoing woods and echoing streets,
Thy silent voice I hear.
And thy fragrance so slow unfurls
The secrets of my breast,
Like gilded stones and sparkling pearls,

As keys open the chests.
And it seems that I have loved to thee,
Yeah loved forever high!
For thousand moons and thousand springs
Under the endless sky.
And we have danced hand in hand
Amidst a thousand heart,
And promised to straighten every bend,
And never ever to part.
So kiss to me, my fragrant rose,
The melody of my soul,
Let us break the chains of woes,
And blend for aye as whole.
And lock for aye our virgin bloods
Through the iron gates of trust,
And sing forever, O sweet bird
With the hot rhythms of lust.
And neither death nor evil powers
Will dare to part our hearts,
For our love shall live in sacred flowers—
Immortalized by arts!

Shayan Das

Away Away

O away away from city and towns
To the wildest woods and solitary sounds,
O where tears not rush and sorrow not sings
For death and mourns over moribund beings;
I will carry my soul and build my house
With joys and bliss where hearts arouse,
And flee like birds and flee like beast—
To the darkest moors where fears resist,
I will forget to me and leave in peace
O away away where pain doth cease,
And share my rhymes and share my words
And recite my verse with beguiling birds,
And enjoy my pleasures, enjoy my life,
Oh away away from clash and strife;
And then yea merge in this woods so deep
And perish perish in eternal sleep!

Shayan Das

Bring For Me

With thousand wars and blended tears
Of pains, agonies, lasting strife,
Oh I never do crave and long for years
Ghostly blooming to ruin my life.

And I never require thy baffling grace,
And wish thy greetings in new-born years,
If you promise to blacken my days
With fathomless woes and unknown fears.

Rather bring me back in years being crossed
By me when so bright was clime,
Oh bring for me the glees being lost
While climbing the stairs of awful time.

Bring for me those tales of past,
Those golden woods where birds did sing,
With undying love when hearts were vast—
Calm and serene like blossoming spring.

Bring for me those whiles of fun,
Of bliss and peace when Sphere was small,
And tears when flowed with tears of one,
And sorrows of one was sorrows of all.

And please never do care or help
If you require my bliss and cheers,
And love to me but not my self,
And never promise to kiss my tears.

Shayan Das

Cosmic Romance

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

The sun doth say to moon, "My fair,
You deserve all heat and light,
And ever and ever my glace is there
I will keep you in my heart and sight.

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

The moon doth say to sun, "My heart,
Never do use your romantic rhymes
For all I know you(so so smart)
To love two ladies at two very times.

She follows to you just all her hour,
Round and round your hot hot heart,
And you forget all relations(our) ,
Written in heart Oh each smooth part.

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

Shayan Das

Divine The Earth

Divine the lands Oh divine the seas,
Divine the blossoming air;
Oh divine the beasts, divine the trees,
And divine so Earth and rare!

Oh all the sphere is Eden in land—
The brooks, the hills, the soothing rain;
Oh beauty resides in grains of sand,
In love and care, Oh bliss and pain.

In oceans, woods and azure sky,
The stars, the Sun, the beguiling moon;
Oh beauty resides in mountains high,
In moors, meadows and flowers of June.

Oh divine the birds— their tune descent,
Divine the hearts that shine;
Oh divine the spring— her soothing scent
And fair this Earth divine!

Oh all the Earth is mere romance
Of joy and sorrow where beauty lies,
Oh all the things have grace that dance
With viewer's move and holder's eyes.

And if can't see the grace thy heart
And feel the sphere— her dazzling shine,
Then blame not Lord, his glorious art,
For thou art dark, the fault is thine!

Shayan Das

Do You Want?

Part—I

Do you want to meet a dauntless man,
Who has power to change this Sphere,
Whose untold might and glimpses can
Shake each trembling fear?
Whose sword amidst the twilight flares,
Whom sorrows can't overwhelm;
Whom nothing can stop, nay curse nor prayers
To beat and win his realm.
Who rules over each harrowing night
With a heart of sacred gold,
And triumph over each treacherous fight,
With a valorous blood so bold.
Go and stand in scorching heat
With your back facing the sun,
And behold the earth bedside your feet,
Ere the day is done.
You will see the man is waiting there
Like an ancient valiant Knight,
And waiting for you in secret prayers
With all his brawn and might.

Part—II

Do you want to meet thy truest friend,
A friend like twinkling star,
Whose smiling face and tranquil hands
May carry thy aches far?
The one who will stand along thy side
In all thy gloom and fears,
And swiftly soothe and swiftly hide
Thy baffling silent tears.
The one who will soak thy lasting woes
And shine each dreary day,
And make you bloom like charming rose,
And mend each broken way.
Go and stand beside a lake,
And behold the elixir deep,
And gaze upon for thy own sake,
Ere going for sleep.

You will see thy friend is waiting there
Like a peaceful silent dove,
And waiting for you in secret prayers
With all his hope and love.

Part—III

Do you want to meet an able guide
Who will shower upon you light,
And make you stroll and sail with pride
And take thy name in height?
The one who will show the truest ways
To rise and beat each fall,
And brighten again the darkling days,
And make thy stand so tall.
The one who will catch thy drowning hands
In all the sunless hours,
And straighten again the puzzling bends
To cover thy life with flowers.
Go and stand near mountains high
Like an ancient valiant Knight,
And yell beneath the azure sky
With all thy powers and might.
Then stand like brave— firm and still,
Ere going for strife,
For the voice that comes from distant hills
Is the voice to change your life.

Shayan Das

Dread No More

Dread no more the darkling sky,
Nay, the thousand vicious blows,
For the gloom is brief and so shall die
Like sweet blossom that daily goes.

And again shall shine the golden Sun,
And soon shall flow the tender breeze;
And play the kids-do leap and run
In the fair medows with winsome trees.

And again shall rush in human breast
The endless streams of tranquil words,
And soon shall sing the breaming chests
With the sweet rhythms of warbling birds.

So lose not hope in the stygian cage,
But recall rather by wiping tears,
Those heroic stories of bygone age,
Heard and praised in the yesteryears.

And recall rather— do wake and take—
Those sterling features of thy own race;
Recall how they for other's sake
Had fought and died with a smile in face.

And recall how they had faced such days
With aches in heart and untold pain,
And had fallen in clay and smoggy haze,
But still stood up and rised again.

So, tears for what in sanguine eyes?
And fears for what in valliant breast?
Oh flesh and blood do give thy best
And He from height will do the rest.

Shayan Das

Eden Is Earth

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

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

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

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

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

Shayan Das

Endless Love

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

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

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

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

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

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

Shayan Das

Farewell

With lasting memories, tears and woes,
Wrapped in a dream and sealed with a rose;
And with a dolorous heart(away from scent) ,
How shall I ever forget to lament?
How shall I forget with poignant eyes
Those beguiling days, yea days that cries?
And like a pitiless stone not weave my rhyme,
My desolate art that dread not time!
And forget the tales— those tales of past,
Crushing sorrows that come yea first,
Or those glimpses of love— my joys, my pains,
And memories of years that make insane!
Those tales of abhorrence and young romance
With elegant accounts of hearts that dance!
How shall I forget those affable whiles,
The love of those souls like undying miles;
Or those noble preceptors who taught me to write,
To pen my feelings in stars so bright!
Those whiles of triumph and days of trying
And bitter failures and moments of crying!
O there are memories we all forget
in the journey of life- life's ebbing sunset,
But still some memories adhere and stay
Like silken blossoms in life's highway.
And with all those memories like azure sky
Let us now part with agonized hearts,
And with zillion kisses let's bid good-bye
And sail like gallants for a pristine start.
O adieu! adieu! friends and foes,
My sterling prayer with ye all goes.
O adieu! adieu! youngs and olds,
My love for ye is eternal gold!
O parting is such sorrow where part
Two enduring souls that once were near,
And with a final wave two broken hearts
Slumber for aye under silent tears.
So remember for aye my farewell words,
Preserve oh them with love and woe,
For wrecking all bonds like a warbling bird,

With thousand memories I shall go.

Shayan Das

For My Valentine

For her this note whose tender heart
Shimmers like moon in the emerald sea,
And longs whose soul, whose silken parts
For aye to blend and merge with me.
For her who rules over my dreams,
My joys, my pains, my obscure fears,
And soothes whose touch like silver beams
My anguished heart with ceaseless tears.
For her who like an elegant bud
Unfurls so slow in this earthly frame,
And sails like blossoms in my virgine blood,
Blooming my spirit with heavenly game.
For her who like the waves of sea
Clasp my shores with eternal glee.
For her, my love in whose melody
My verse revives and gets beauty.
For her my three enchanting words,
My craze, my lust and all that's mine;
For her, my lass, my warbling bird,
My sweet, serene, my sole valentine.

Shayan Das

Glorious Spring(Acrostic Poem)

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

Shayan Das

If I Were A Hero

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

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

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

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

Michael Laureate
30 July,2019

Shayan Das

Imperishable- Acrostic

Imperial kingdoms and monuments high,
Momentary last and mutely die.
Palaces and sculptures which stayed once pride,
Embraces the earth and swiftly hide.
Royal cities and thrones of past,
Inside the earth they fuse with dust.
Strenths and crowns all lasts short time,
Hearts that defy are never sublime.
All that immortal is just fame,
Beyond the nature remains the name.
Love and devotion- great these arts,
Every ages they conquer hearts!

Michael Laureate

Shayan Das

Imperishable Beauties

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

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

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

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

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

Michael Laureate
1st July,2019

Shayan Das

Law Of Change

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

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

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

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

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

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

Michael Laureate
09 July,2019

Shayan Das

Lines Of Hope

The brook that lose her way in sands
Of barren lands with haunted souls,
Oh never does lose her hope but bends
To make her routes through silver goals.

The sun that lose his shine in clouds,
In besmirched charm of dusty fumes,
Oh never does swathe himself in shrouds,
But shines again to bright his rooms.

The birds that can't make way with sky
And soar upwards- mountains high,
Oh never lose hope and cease to fly,
But dreams again and keep their try!

The plant that can't bloom tranquil flowers,
No fruits, no grace when rush her arms,
Oh never she lose her hope and powers
And merge for aye in earth her charms!

Oh the lands that felt not art of rain
And splintered whose heart in thrones with rays,
Oh never lose hope though high their pain
And dreams again and lose not ways.

When all such great things make their door
Of life even their sweet things gone,
Can't thou live life and dream once more,
And keep thy faith, thy hope go on?

Michael Laureate
14 December,2019

Shayan Das

Lines Of Tears

She cries Oh hear with hopeless heart-
The brooks, the beasts, the anguished
stream

That flows with blood in midst of dirt
Was once so gold in world's esteem!

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

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

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

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

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

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

No fruit plants bloom nor think of past-

Those tranquil days of beguiling years.
And with pains and smoke and dust she sings
With me in love her lines of tears!

Michael Laureate
24 October,2019

Shayan Das

Lines Written In Seraphic Night

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

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

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

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

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

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

Michael Laureate
28 June, 2019

Shayan Das

Love And Care

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

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

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

Michael Laureate
14-05-2019

Shayan Das

Nothing Goes In Vain

In this fleeting life with endless quests—
For fame and powers and gains,
Oh I trust, I trust with buoyant breast—
That nothing does go in vain.

O the esteemed pen that lose its words
And efforts that end with pain,
Or the plaintive prayers that stay unheard—
Oh nothing does go in vain.

For the tranquil whiles and pleasant hours—
That today remain unsung,
Shall tomorrow turn in silken flowers
And make me bold and young.

And the constant falls and dismal songs—
That cease the blooming light,
Shall shatter and beat all future wrongs
And take my name in height.

And every hope and every try—
That ends today in tears,
Shall tomorrow break the chains and fly
And change the odious Sphere.

And no dream stays a dream, I trust—
If heart has power to reign,
And no wish ends and merges with dust—
For nothing does go in vain.

Shayan Das

October Lines

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

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

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

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

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

Michael Laureate
06 October,2019

Shayan Das

Ode To Love

What bliss? What pain? Oh what ecstasy?
Which words explain what thou art?
And in the midst of pain- all dark fantasy,
How two souls fuse when all things part?
Oh love what charm? What spell ye are?
What soul did make thee sublime?
Unexplainable, baffling, weird and far
For earthlings, nature, so our rhyme!

And thou knowest all pains and hark
All blended sorrows and bloom this sphere,
And all the agonies, woes so dark
Do fade and part when thou is near.
And thou dost heal and break this world,
The cause of glee and endless tears;
And thy charm blush like rose unfurled-
In forms of art that shatter all fears.

Oh what thoughts? What moves? What lines convey-
What treasure bears thy exotic heart,
And in the midst of facts, what logic can say?
And explain thy mysteries part by part!
Oh love what beauty? What magic ye are?
Thy fathomless colours which being can find?
And though so great, the tsar of stars,
Can't explain Oh thee, our intricate mind.

And lucky the hearts that get thy touch,
With passion's fire whom thou dost kiss;
Like boundless seas, their souls are such-
That fear not death for paramour's bliss.
And with trillion stars in celestial sky
That twinkle and bloom the heaven above,
Their love does shine, their names do lie
In blossoms of gold whom thy heart love!

Oh obscure art, Oh uncharted queen,
Do bloom like storms but don't yea hurt,
And embrace this Earth, do make serene,

And soothe the spirit- my wingless heart!
And never be rude nor go so far
Beyond the miles and behold the war,
For when thy charm fade, Oh thee when leave-
The world shall forget the art to live!

Michael Laureate
16 January,2020

Shayan Das

Ode To Poetry

O immortal verse with ethereal lines
That flows through heart like sweetest dreams,
If thou couldst know my love that shines—
For thee like Sun and Silver-beams.

Like spring that comes and breeze that moves
Through midst of heart in happiest time
And wash all woes and calms and soothes
Like words of thee, O golden rhyme!

Like birds that sing and flowers that blush
With joys and bliss in a humid day
And spreads their scents to flow and crush—
All pains that cling in life's highway.

Like clouds that please the beguiling sea
In a burning, warm and summery clime,
Oh my love, my craze and lust for thee
If you could know, O rhyme!

Never sadden O immortal verse,
Thy lines that blush like flowers in hearts
And shines for aye like undying stars—
Like fames and names and lasting arts.

Like mountains, sky and endless sea
That please the world with fathomless charm,
Oh never defy and steal their glee
Of they who beleive in thee so warm.

Of they who adore and love thy grace,
In thee who beleive in darkest grief,
Oh never sadden their charming face
Of they who care and trust thee deep.

Hark the voice— the call of flowers, ,
Of brook, the beasts and ravishing birds,
They love Oh thee and trust thy powers,
Thy strength, thy lines and beguiling words.

Hark the voice— the call of weak,
Of poor freedomless oppressed wings,
They adore Oh thee and trust and speak
With words of thee, O baffling thing!

Hark the voice— the call that shines
Of beauty, heaven and tranquil peace,
Oh love do adore to thee Oh lines,
Thy charm that defy all tears and cease.

O immortal verse do spread thy spells
In anguished hearts like soothing rain,
Let regain powers Oh line that tells—
The tales of love, of bliss and pain.

And regain power Oh fathomless thing
And run this Sphere with thy sweet rhyme,
Oh let I be the slave and you be the King
The Tsar of Earth and Tsar of time!

Shayan Das

Ode To The Nature

Part I

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

O beasts, O birds, O immortal rose,
Bless my lines Oh bless my art-
To flow through ye, through far and close.

Part II

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

And forgive Oh forgive, Oh hark my verse
And scatter thy fire for earthly sake,
And forget all wrath O awful curse-
To spread back love- Oh hear Oh wake!

Michael Laureate
03 October,2019

Shayan Das

Ode To Tragedy

O vigorous storm, thou needst not wreck,
Nor put thy fangs, thy venomous arms;
Nor waste thy powers, thy strength to break
Monuments, thrones and earthly charms.
For won't come God nor beguiling elves
To help nor catch their drowning hands,
Oh when men will kill to men themselves,
And wash their brothers' blood in sands.

O ruinous shake, thou needst not rise,
Nor embrace lands nor give thy share;
And waste thy powers, thy treacherous size
To demolish city and lives in air.
For won't come God nor sterling elves
To help nor soothe their soul's desire,
Oh when men will kill to men themselves,
And smash their brothers' hearts in fire.

O devastating waves of menacing seas,
Thou needst not bloom nor change thy way,
And waste thy might to stop and cease-
Eternal glory of life for aye!
For won't come God nor ravishing elves
To help nor catch their shivering hands,
Oh when men will kill to men themselves
And fuse their flesh with grains of sands.

Oh adieu! adieu! beasts and birds,
Forgive to me, my acts and words;
For thou shalt go and myself too-
To kiss sweet death's blossoming air.
And when thy charm fades, perish and fall,
Oh when thou art dead and gone,
With all the livings- great and small,
Ah! The life shall slumber on!

Michael Laureate
22 December, 2019

Over The Plains

My road does rush through thorns and hills,
Over the moors- through mountains high;
Oh where charm so unique patently thrills-
The sparse pedestrians fading in sky!

Through boulders, rocks and crumbling bones
Of hearts so valorous dared to rise;
Like jingling sounds of mingling tones
Of fears that strolls like phantoms' eyes!

Through possessed nights and scary days
And vicious blows of haunted wraiths,
Oh where ways do lead to squillion ways
With treacherous blocks that demolish faiths!

Through deserted heights and away from plains
And levelled lands with seraphic grace,
Oh my road does rush through rocky lanes,
Through menacing peaks and teparing space.

And though not long- over miles it's stretch
Like endless routes that bear not pains,
Oh my road though trace the gloomiest sketch-
Keeps running Oh higher than plains!

Michael Laureate
19 December,2019

Shayan Das

Power Of Passion

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

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

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

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

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

Michael Laureate
4th July,2019

Shayan Das

Silver Moon

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

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

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

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

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

Michael Laureate
26 March, 2019

Shayan Das

Since I Have Seen Thy Grace

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

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

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

Our creator doth through nature's beauty hone
Our eternal spirit for its heavenly home.

Michael Laureate
11 October, 2019

Shayan Das

Soothing Rain

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

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

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

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

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

Michael Laureate
24 May,2019

Shayan Das

The Conqueror

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

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

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

Michael Laureate
1st January,2019

Shayan Das

The Daily Song

When the withered leaf departs from tree
and sings in tune her plaintive songs,
and the obscure souls retire and flee,
leaving behind all earthly wrongs.

When the sparkling star of the mystic sky
embraces this Earth in her dreamless sleep,
and the beauteous streams with elegance dry,
bidding her bye to the colossal deep!

I behold the Sphere- this world of pains,
the golden crowns and the silver chains;
the hues of loathing and ill-desires,
smashing this world with burning fires.

The shadows of gloom and baffling fears,
the laments of poors- their silent tears,
the terrors of wars and wild damage,
the savage diseases and worldly rage.

But still they fear- the terrors of death
and still they desire their diurnal whiles,
those ardent feelings with every breath
and flowers of past with fragrant smiles!
And thus they fight and thus they spread-
the notice of love with blooming chests,
and then espy with gifted heads-
that the sweet heaven is in their breast!

Michael Laureate
21st March,2020

Shayan Das

The Song Of My Life

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

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

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

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

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

Michael Laureate
17 September,2019

Shayan Das

To Beryl Edmonds

How high like stars thy melodies score,
Reaching the soul that fervently sings;
As if thoughts have found their words to soar,
And words have found their wings!

As if the source of generous mirth,
You bridge the gaps of heart in whole;
O Beryl! Thou art the star in Earth,
And singest like birds in core of soul.

As if the breeze in summery clime,
Thou soothest the warmth of earthly frame;
Or like passionate rain with streams of rhyme-
Blooming my heart with heavenly game.

And I might grow weary, fragile and old,
But yeah! Thy lines shall have their stress;
And touching my spirit, thy pen of gold,
With the same tenderness shall express.

Oh I trust my lines when shattered and torn,
With thousands of beholders but none to care,
Ah! Thy words shall again come on,
And kiss them again to mount in air.

Michael Laureate
21 January, 2020

Shayan Das

To His Son

He was so proud of his growing son,
climbing the stairs of life with grit;
and by thrashing the trammels of onerous run,
moving ahead through cold and heat.
"Dearest son, my valorous sword",
stated the ardent heart of Dad,
"Retain for aye my arduous words-
to live a life with risen head.
For life is a strenuous boundless test,
the one where lasts is eternal gold;
and with a single triumph- a sole conquest,
a thousand masteries remain untold.
So stroll like brave and earn thy breads
with a colossal breast to learn and teach,
and weave thy name with golden threads
where no hearts dare to plod nor reach.
But never follow a vicious mood,
nor allow thyself in an odious crime;
nay pull someone for thy own good-
in a stygian ditch which is hard to climb.
And never do whine for things thy lack,
nor compare thy luck with the blooming rest;
but drive ahead in thy own track,
for thou art in thy own way best.
And keep thy foes greater than friends
to live like living a conscious life,
for only then with thy own hands,
thou shalt learn to cease thy strife.
And believe for aye and hark thy heart,
but never keeping thy head in dark;
and never be vain of glories nor art,
but be modest and cherish thy work.
And finally in the ending phase
if thou succeed this wearying game,
still my child with a humble face,
behold thy foes and friends the same.
And then if thou becomest a man,
a manly man who dread not pain;
ah! I feel I have not lived-

this transient life in complete vain! "

Shayan Das

To My Mother

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

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

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

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

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

Michael Laureate
12-05-2019

Shayan Das

To My Winged Friends

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

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

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

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

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

Michael Laureate
27 October 2019

Shayan Das

When I Will Die

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

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

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

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

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

Michael Laureate
06 September,2019

Shayan Das

With What Shall I Compare Thee?

PART- I

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

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

PART- II

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

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

PART- III

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

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

Michael Laureate
21 May, 2019

Shayan Das