

Poetry Series

Smruti Ranjan Mohanty
- poems -



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Smruti Ranjan Mohanty()

Smruti Ranjan Mohanty is a widely read and renowned Indian English poet, essayist, and writer from Odisha, known for his reflective and philosophical poetry. His works often delve into themes of life, spirituality, human emotions, and the complexities of existence. He has written extensively on topics such as self-awareness, simplicity, and the transient nature of life. Many of his poems, like those from his series A Look at Life, Something I Look at, The Journey, The Rivulet etc emphasize introspection and finding meaning in everyday experiences.



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A Look -408

A LOOK -408

Your Palm

You combine both grace and serenity,
beauty and magnanimity,
tradition and modernity.

And your palm, a class of its own,
reveals how majestic you are at heart
and how grounded and down-to-earth in life.

It is as tender as a blooming lotus,
yet as firm as a sculptor's chisel
that can cut through the hardest rocks.

Your palm is not merely a symbol of grace and beauty,
it also epitomises strength and divinity.

Sometimes, in its quiet warmth,
I feel the tiredness of my days slowly melt away.

I have seen both
the sun and moon in it.
It is as cool and soothing as the silver moon,
and as vibrant and burning
as the midday sun.

Yet perhaps love itself is born
where fire learns to live beside light.

As for me,
I cherish both—
the fascinating moon
and the dazzling sun.

In both, I hear your love speak.

And long after the day is gone,

that warmth still remains in my hands.

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India

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Smruti Ranjan Mohanty

A Look -407

A LOOK-407

The only thing
that stands between you
and the beauty of life
is your ego.

Get over it,
and the whole world
will slowly open its doors to you.

A heart made light can hold the sky.

And strangely, what we fight outside
often begins within.

The only thing
that makes your life
a burning cauldron
is jealousy.

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Coupled with anger and malice,
it turns even a quiet mind
into a house of unrest.

Yet the moment you rise above them,
even ordinary mornings begin to shine.

Go beyond it, and you will see
how beautiful life truly is.

And perhaps life was waiting all along
for your heart to grow quiet enough to see it.

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#everydayphenomenal #poetsofinstagram #Odisha #everyone #poems

Smruti Ranjan Mohanty

A Look-406

A LOOK-406

Sometimes I look at the beauty of the fading sun
and the crimson glow of your palm,
at a loss to understand which is more soothing—
the grandeur of the dying evening
or the matchless grace
of your golden palm.

A strange peace begins to bloom in me
whenever your fingers open like light.

Your palm is a cradle
which sorrow never dares to touch.
It is like a beautiful sunset
folded into human skin,
soft with warmth and silent kindness,
as if compassion itself has taken shape.

And perhaps that is why even grief grows quiet there.

Your palm is the abode of Goddess Lakshmi
and the loving consort of Lord Vishnu.
When you place your palm,
stone begins to speak with eloquence,
and the poorest of the poor
find a reason to smile and rest.

Even tired hearts seem to breathe again beneath its shade.

For me,
the shadow of your palm is the most beautiful treasure
I have ever received,
the grace of which
lies beyond words.
It is a poet's dream,
an architect's masterpiece,
and a small heaven
where my restless soul learns silence.

Sometimes I still look at the fading sun—
yet return quietly to the crimson glow of your palm.

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A Look -405

A LOOK-405

Your Palm

When I look at your palm
it seems as if I am seeing a dancing lotus
under the morning sun,
a grand spectacle
holding the quiet wonder of a rainbow
on a rain-soaked morning.

It is tender like a moonbeam
silently touching still water,
with the soft allure
of a crimson lily in bloom.

The more I look at it,
the more I fail to remain myself—
as if some forgotten tenderness
returns quietly to my soul.

For me, your palm
is a beautiful poem composed
with the finest of emotions,
like the whisper of youth and grace.

And yet, beyond its beauty,
there lives a strange kindness in it.

In it I smell
the fragrance of unspoken love,
the patience of unseen hands
that shaped it with golden care
and endless affection.

When you place your palm
on those who deserve it,
it becomes a salvation for them
from want and misery,

like shade to a weary traveller
crossing the desert of life,
or a cool touch on a grieving forehead.

For me,
your palm is the finest melody of love,
one the heart remembers
even after silence returns—
still glowing like a dancing lotus
under the morning sun.

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Something I Look At-469

SOMETHING I LOOK AT-469
BY-SMRUTI RANJAN MOHANTY

You have travelled far and wide,
dined, wined and seduced
wherever your fortune carried you.

Your eyes have seen,
your ears have listened,
your senses have
felt, enjoyed and endured
the glitter and burden of life.

But what about yourself?

Have you truly enjoyed anything?
Have you truly seen anything?
Have you truly heard anything?
Have you travelled anywhere at all,
or has your whole life been
a restless pursuit of something unnamed?

And somewhere between applause and loneliness,
you quietly lost the road leading back to yourself.

If you have not travelled within,
not heard the sound of eternity,
not seen the hidden symmetry of life there,
you remain where you were
on the day of your birth.

For the longest journey begins
when a man sits alone
and dares to meet his own soul.

Despite your riches,
you remain among the poorest of the poor,
standing beside the same stagnant pool
all through your life.

Neither did you travel anywhere,
nor did you truly learn anything.

Unless there is a craving to know
who you are,
where you came from,
and why you are here,
life becomes another silent waste
carried away by time.

And after all the roads you crossed,
the unanswered self still waits within you.

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Something I Look At-468

SOMETHING I LOOK AT-468
BY-SMRUTI RANJAN MOHANTY

Till my last breath,
my love will remain the same—
pure and unalloyed,
without even an iota of hypocrisy in it.

Even my silences return to you like tired birds finding their nest.

Love is beyond circumstances,
beyond birth and death,
beyond time and space.
It lingers like fragrance in the air
even after the loved ones are gone.

And somewhere along the way,
love quietly turns into prayer.

You may not understand it.
Maybe you have never truly been in love.
You may have touched its surface,
but never drowned in its depth.
The deeper you enter love,
the more you forget yourself
until you begin to live in the other person.

You may not understand me,
my contradictions and helplessness.
You may not understand this longing.
When one soul embraces another soul, the longing is
totally at a different level,
the ache reaches a place
where words can no longer follow.
It is difficult to understand
unless one has lived through such love.

I never expect you to fully understand me
or the sorrow I silently carry within.

But my love for you is complete.
That is why I seek nothing from you
except your happiness,
except a serene smile upon your lips.

If ever life becomes heavy,
remember—someone once loved you beyond himself.

No tsunami can wash this love away,
no earthquake can shake it.
It is only yours,
and it will remain yours
even after I am gone.

Till my last breath,
my love will remain the same

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A Look-404

A LOOK -404

You have one
who loves only you,
the way you wished
love to be shown.

Unfortunately, nothing stands on his side—
neither time nor wind.

Up against circumstances,
he silently waits in a corner,
wishing for you
a brighter and fulfilling tomorrow.

And somewhere within that silence,
he keeps lighting small lamps of hope,
praying the Almighty to see you
through the stormy sea and violent weather.

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My Mother -10

MY MOTHER-10

BY-SMRUTI RANJAN MOHANTY

When you look at me,
a thousand sorrows
dissolve in the ocean of bliss.
Thousands of agonies find salvation.

When you smile,
a thousand problems find solutions.
When you open your lips
and say, "I am with you, my son,
go ahead without fear, "
I find no thorns on my way—
it is your love all the way.

At your lotus feet
my tears and smiles find their lone asylum.
In you, Maa, lies my whole life—
my childhood, youth and middle age,
my sorrow and happiness.
I and my life are all yours.

Tell me, my mother,
who will take care of your life
when you are no more?

You were never for yourself.
You lived for others—
for your children
and all those you loved.
For them, you stretched your life a little more,
for which you silently suffered.

My Maa,
who else can suffer for her children
except a mother?

Maa!

How beautiful life was
when you and Bapa were here.
How dull and pale the world looks
after losing you both.

To have that infinite bliss again,
one has to die
and take birth once more.

To have you and my father again,
I am prepared to die a hundred deaths
and take a hundred births,
to endure sufferings innumerable,
just to become
your unworthy son
again and again.

Even today, Maa,
I walk through life
holding the invisible edge of your saree,
afraid that if I let it go,
the world will become
too lonely for me.

And in every silent prayer of mine,
I still search for the warmth
of your tired hands on my head.

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Smruti Ranjan Mohanty

A Look -403

A LOOK -403

You sparkle in a thousand eyes,
you whisper in a million breaths,
you shine in a billion dreams,
but you reign in only one heart—
that is mine, exclusively mine.

In that silent kingdom,
you are the queen
at whose feet my unspoken feelings
find their rhythm and rhyme,
like lonely lamps learning
the language of light for the first time.

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A Look -402

A LOOK-402

No regrets,
no one understood me.
My only regret—
you too could not get me.

Maybe,
I could not make myself understood.
Some feelings arrive without
without a word,
remain unfelt and unheard
and wait all their life
at closed doors.

Perhaps,
silence translated me wrongly,
and my unsent truths
kept fading between the lines.

No regrets—
only a quiet ache
that even you
could not hear my silence.

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A Look -401

A LOOK-401

Never complained,
never hurt anyone,
accepted life as it is—
that is how I have been.

Suffered a lot,
sacrificed a lot,
carefully nourished
my bleeding wounds.

No regrets.
Life, in return,
has taught me much
and given me much
even through pain,
even through silence.

Today,
my scars no longer frighten me,
they sit beside me quietly
like old companions of time.

And perhaps that is why
I have learnt to smile softly
even when the heart rains within

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Something I Look At-467

SOMETHING I LOOK AT-467
BY-SMRUTI RANJAN MOHANTY

I live within
I enjoy being with myself
Why should I come out and socialise in vain
when I have endless worlds
within my own domain

I am my best friend
I am my worst enemy too
I talk to myself in silence
and listen to my whispers through and through
Do I really need another hand
in this weary world of take and demand?

Sometimes in silence
by the window late at night,
I hear old wounds softly speak to my soul
when the room has withdrawn its light
I return to those forgotten paths
and let the ancient sorrows roll
I relish my past, however deep the scar,
for even broken memories shape who we are

Some memories burn gently
like embers refusing to depart
yet I gather their fading warmth
and hide it close to my heart

I am the seeker
I am the sought
Nothing, no one stands in between
I seek my felicity in my own sky
untouched, unheard, unseen
I am the cause, I am the effect
the reason my tears and smiles intersect

When I lose myself in the crowd's loud sea,

it is within that I return quietly to me.

Why should I wander outside again?
Does anyone truly understand my pain?
Can anyone read what my silences impart,
or understand the language of a bleeding heart?

Perhaps life's longest journey, as all hearts know,
is from the restless mind to the soul below
And I enjoy being me, calm and free,
living with myself
like a river meeting its own sea.

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A Look -400

A LOOK-400

Since years,
searching for something—
something which transcends love,
that selfless longing which
hardly breathes in human dimensions, but unites two souls.

Hope, I will find it one day,
maybe in you—
till then—
I walk with its absence as if it were a silent companion,
and feel its vibration in the spaces where words fall away—
as if that something still calls me, from beyond love.

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A Look -399

A LOOK-399

Something exists beyond

Something exists beyond
what people call love.
Love breathes in a dimension—
like a quiet flame within—
but that something
lives beyond.

If you know it,
you know what love is—
or perhaps, what love cannot say.
You may feel it
in the hush between two heartbeats,
where no longing remains.

Yes, something exists beyond—
beyond even the name we give it.

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A Look-398

A LOOK-398

Know not
what to say,
how to say,
if at all I am to say.

Should I say
I love you—
too inadequate, the way
it is understood nowadays,
too small a word for what trembles within,
and yet, it is all I can say.

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Something I Look At-466

SOMETHING I LOOK AT-466
BY-SMRUTI RANJAN MOHANTY

As And When I Came

As and when I came,
I begged your hands.
This time, I cannot.
Up against time and tide,
I lay my heart at your feet—
if you have time,
listen to it;
it beats for you, for you only.

I was with you
in all my births.
I am with you even now,
though not in the same way
I once was—
yet the soul remembers
what time forgets.

Forgive me, if you can.
Destiny tore us apart.
I hardly match your grace and grandeur in this birth—
tell me, with what face
shall I face you,
the epitome of grace and elegance?
I carry only a name that trembles before you,
a name that burns in its own longing.

Though miles away,
I see you, feel you deep inside,
live with you every moment—
when awake,
and even in my subconscious mind,
it is none but you
who silently reign,
like a prayer I cannot unlearn.

You cannot imagine
how I feel
when I do not sense you,
when your shadow leaves me in a barren land,
leaving me all alone
with my aching heart—
I reach out to silence, hoping it still carries you,
but even silence breaks without you,
and still, it beats for you, for you only.

Let your shadow shine forever,
and looking at it,
let me make my final departure—
a quiet return into your unseen light.

As and when I came,
it was always you—
beyond births and endings,
the one I remain within,
the one I return to, again and again.

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A Look -397

A LOOK-397

I breathe in your heart—
hope, you do too.
I see through your Ieyes,
hope, you do.

Hope, one day,
our longing will come to rest,
and we will meet
on the other side—
where two hearts, throbbing for each other,
become one,
and a single pair of eyes
beholds the dancing rivulet,
carving its lyric
on mountain stone.

Till then, I breathe in your heart—
hope, you do too.

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A Look -396

A LOOK-396

I tried,
but miserably failed.
Neither could I see you,
nor hear you.
What I saw was your shadow—
one that could never fathom
the depth of my feelings,
nor gauge the intensity of my longing.

You remained behind the curtain,
and I, in my shattered dreams.
We were miles apart,
and love kept searching its zenith
in the wilderness—
lost, yet refusing to fade.

Excuse me
if I am wrong.
Excuse me when I suggest you
to do and undo.
I know, I have no rights—
a non-entity, a fleeting cloud
on the distant horizon.
I know where I stand,
yet my heart never listens,
it wanders back to you.

Excuse me,
if you can—
for I am still there,
standing where I began,
calling you in silence.

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A Look -395

A LOOK-395

Do not ask me

Do not ask me
who am I.
The name of my lane,
my identity, my likes and dislikes,
my passions and ambitions,
my compulsions and priorities—
I have forgotten all these long since.

Do not ask my name,
I do not remember.
Those who had given me a name,
a place to stand on, have left me long since.
With them have gone my likes and dislikes,
my passions and ambitions,
the very priorities of my life.

And in their silent departure,
I too slipped out of myself—
unnoticed, unnamed.

Do not ask me
who am I.
I do not know.
My sky above and earth below
have left me in a no man's land,
where I float in a quiet vacuum
like an aimless cloud—
a nameless drift in a forgotten sky.

Do not ask me... who am I.
For even the echo no longer answers.
Please... do not ask me.

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A Look-394

A LOOK-394

Let me depart
when still alive,
alive to my fancies and passions,
to feelings that still find their way,
and priorities that are truly mine.

Not as one dead long since,
socialising with an unknown face,
languishing on a hospital bed,
breathing through life support,
a life prolonged, yet emptied within.

Let me leave with eyes wide open,
looking at the vast azure sky,
leaving my mortal remains
to mingle with their source—
like a breath dissolving into silence.

Unburdened, unnamed,
without a trace to defend or claim,
just a quiet returning
to what I have always been.

Let me depart
when still alive.

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A Look -393

A LOOK -393

The universe takes many forms,
like bubbles rising on the ocean,
yet the essence remains the same,
the same universe both within and without

The bubbles dissolve
and become the sea

So too the countless forms of existence—
appearing for a moment in time,
then fading into the vast whole.

When they dissolve,
they become the universe again,
and the illusion of duality disappears,
like bubbles melting into the silent sea.

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Smruti Ranjan Mohanty

A Look At Life -98

A LOOK AT LIFE-98

BY SMRUTI RANJAN MOHANTY

A JOURNEY

The world outside,
no doubt, is beautiful and fascinating,
but it is nothing in comparison to
the inner world
where you hardly live.

You have travelled a lot,
your mind wandering here and there.
Your organs of sense searched
for happiness everywhere—
yet you failed miserably;
real happiness you found nowhere.

Now, when there is no outer world to roam,
lock down your outings
for a change.
Look within.
Go inside and see what lies therein.

Just close your eyes
and sit for a few minutes.
That will convince you
of the treasure
that lies deep within.

As you go deeper,
move along the spine—
layers of consciousness will unfold
until you become the whole
and your identification is complete.

Expand your consciousness
and be the universe.
Contract yourself to a dot.

Feel you are the ocean and the mountains.
Feel you are the atom—
the protons and neutrons in the nucleus,
the electrons orbiting around.

Think you are eating
through thousands of mouths.
You are suffering
in millions of bodies.

You are taking birth
and dying every moment.
You are Krishna and Arjuna,
Dhritarashtra and Duryodhan,
and the beheaded Belalasen
who could see nothing
but the Sudarshan Chakra
cutting alike friends and foes.

You are in the mid-sea
surrounded by water—
yet inside you
there is hardly any water.

That visualisation
will introduce you to yourself
and bring you closer to reality.

Be a spectator.
Watch your breath—
you will realise
you are not the breath.

Watch your body and mind—
hands, legs, eyes, ears,
and the other organs of sense.
You will realise
you are neither body nor mind.

You are that consciousness
which drives body and mind to action

without being involved.

Consciousness has neither birth nor death.
It is immune to pleasure and pain.
It is untouched
by the pairs of opposites.

It is above time and space.
It has been there since infinity,
when there was neither time nor space.

Consciousness is not many—
it is one,
that pervades, holds,
and in fact
is the whole universe.

And the journey you began outside
ends quietly
within.

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A Look At-247

A LOOK-247

Whatever we do and undo,
we remain under the illusion
that we are right,
and quietly tend to justify ourselves.

Pause for a moment—
look at yourself as an outsider,
or ask your conscience in silence;
you will know where you stand,
unadorned, unargued, true.

And in that still mirror,
the illusion gently fades,
leaving you face to face
with your own truth.

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Something I Look At-94

Composed during the corona pandemic

A LOOK AT LIFE-94

BY SMRUTI RANJAN MOHANTY

BATTLE OF NERVES

When the battle is on,
why a meek surrender?
Why not a brave fight?
Let us carry ourselves,
and those who cannot.

Let us put our body, mind,
head and heart together—
we will be the victor
before the encounter begins.

Many a war
we have fought with empty hands,
and won by the power of will
and perseverance.
Now we have the means and expertise—
why so much fear?
When we know the enemy on our soil
is only for days and hours.

Let us find the man within us—
the coward who panics
will be no more.

Just listen to your reason.
Take care of your hands,
never allow them to play
with your nose, eyes and lips,
and bring disaster for no reason.

Do not touch your face, eyes and nose.
Wash your hands frequently

with soap or sanitizer,
ensure it before you touch your mouth.
When you touch a suspected object,
never forget to wash your hands.

Take warm water with lemon, amla,
rich in natural Vitamin C—
help your body's immunity
fight the invader.

Remain away from the crowd,
do not build gatherings.
If possible, remain in isolation—
social distancing is the best solution.

Never leave home
unless there is an emergency.
Listen, from time to time,
to what the experts say—
never turn a deaf ear
to those risking their lives for us.

When you feel unwell,
maintain distance from others,
remain confined to home isolation.

When you cough or sneeze,
cover your mouth—
help others remain safe.

Never panic.
All coughing, sneezing and fever
are not due to the Novel Coronavirus,
yet we must take care and comply,
and help the system do the rest.

If you have come from abroad,
never fail to register,
never hide your illness.
Talk to a doctor,
stand with the system
fighting the deadly virus.

Help yourself, help your family,
the nation,
and the whole of humanity.

Be cautious, but never panic.
Be a disciplined soldier.
Know for sure—
the victory will be yours.

Have patience—
the days of Corona are numbered,
it will not be here forever.

And when the battle is on again,
may we never choose a meek surrender.

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Something I Look At -245

SOMETHING I LOOK AT-245
BY SMRUTI RANJAN MOHANTY

GOD

Have you seen God?
I have seen—
Yes, I have seen God
In the smile and tears of my mother,
I have seen God
In the sweat and blood of my father.

My God is not in heaven,
My God flows in my arteries and veins.
My God is not in temples,
Nor in holy books and scriptures—
My God stands right in front,
Taking care of me,
Of my life, my needs, my worries,
Nourishing and sustaining me against all odds,
Without a thought for themselves,
Though they have a life of their own.

The unseen and infinite God
Cannot be unlike my father and mother—
If He is not within them,
He is nowhere else.
Searching for God beyond one's parents
Is but an attempt in vain.

Can anyone say—
"My son, why are you worried,
When we are here?
Enjoy the nectar,
We shall swallow the poison."
Can anyone live and die for you
Except God?

Yes—only God can live and die for you.

God never leaves your hand,
Whatever may be the situation.
Only God can forget and forgive
Your gestures, indifference,
Your actions and inaction.

And perhaps, God chooses love over judgment—always.

Open your eyes—
God is right in front:
The infinite in a finite form,
Your father and mother.

Take care—
Before time silently snatches them away forever.

Have you seen God?

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Smruti Ranjan Mohanty

Something I Look At -329

SOMETHING I LOOK AT-329

BY-SMRUTI RANJAN MOHANTY

You are alone,
so also I am,
But we are not lonely.
How can we be,
when we carry each other
deep inside—
like an unspoken presence that never fades.

Is there any better place
to keep one, except in one's heart?
We are unlike others, so also our love,
But it is no less—
in fact, much more,
more gratifying, more fulfilling
than a thousand mundane affairs.

I have never left you even for a minute.
In my deep sleep, I am with you;
in my dreams,
in my ups and downs, cheers and tears,
I am with you—
in my sun and shower, wherever you are.
Always yours, always with you,
forever—here and hereafter.

And yet, between love and life,
there lies a silent distance we endure.

When love and reality never go together,
the lovebirds suffer
for no fault of theirs.
When desires and weather do not coincide,
a pair of longing hearts
silently shed tears.

Circumstances and situations

may affect a relationship,
but love is beyond all these.
It is a feeling, a longing
which cannot be imprisoned under any condition,
and has the wings
to fly across oceans and mountains—
untouched, unbound, eternal.

Yes, love is like that—
it never exists beyond a feeling,
definitely not in any physical dimension.

It lives where words fail
and silence remembers.

And still—
we are alone,
yet never lonely.

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A Look -244

A LOOK-244

BY-SMRUTI RANJAN MOHANTY

Birth and death are both sides of the same coin.
Due to ignorance, one is celebrated
while the other is deeply mourned.

Yet both arrive with equal silence,
and depart with the same unseen grace.

What we call beginning and end
are but passing shadows of the eternal.

Birth and death are both sides of the same coin.

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 PoemHunter.com

A Look At Life-93

A LOOK AT LIFE-93

BY-SMRUTI RANJAN MOHANTY

THY WILL IS MY WILL

I believe in God
Neither am I afraid of life
Nor am I afraid of death
In both, I see the will of my Lord

Neither do I see the sun
Nor the shower
It is He who is born
It is He who dies
It is He who lives,
Enjoys and endures

He is Krishna,
He is Arjun, Ashwathama,
Sakuni and Duryodhan
He lives in a thousand bodies
He is everywhere
In whatever I see and perceive,
And what lies beyond
My vision and perception
It is His game
He knows how to play it—
Why should I worry?

Happiness is His,
So also the sorrow
Why so much fear?
So much anxiety?
So much possessiveness?
When I am not the doer,
The doer is someone else
The drama is His
He knows how to enact it—
Why should I bother?

When I come close to my real nature,
I feel—
I am He and He is me
The vast void, the cosmic consciousness
Neither is there life nor death,
Only consciousness unfolding
A silent procession from eternity to eternity
And I myself,
The actor, spectator and director
A witness within the play of the Infinite
Beyond me, nothing exists—
Absolutely nothing

And yet, in that nothingness, everything is He

Thy will is my will.

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Something I Look At-33

SOMETHING I LOOK AT-33
BY SMRUTI RANJAN MOHANTY

So beautiful and elegant you are,
Having no equal, no parallel
In this brutal world.
You are God incarnate on earth—
Give us everything you have,
And still you keep giving more.

You are the poetry of love and dedication,
From womb to earth,
To the full bloom of youth,
And thereafter,
You remain by our side,
Loving unconditionally,
Expecting nothing in return.

You are the epitome of sacrifice
And all that is finer in this world.
If we do not see God in you,
Then there is no other God for us.

You hardly live for yourself,
From cradle to the grave,
In the role of sister, daughter, friend,
Wife and mother—
You only complement and
Fulfil others,
Hardly ever wrong,
Yet silently bearing what words cannot say.

You are virtue, love and compassion personified,
My mother—
You are the most beautiful
And fascinating lady on earth.

All mothers are alike—
Time to know her,

Her unconditional love,
And reciprocate
When she needs us the most.
Nothing is more urgent, more sacred.

Let us respect women—
The mothers and future mothers,
Or else we have no right to
Call ourselves civilised.
A society that does not
Respect its women
Is but heading towards its doom.

Forget not—
We are men because
Of the women in our life;
And in forgetting her, we forget ourselves.

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A Look At Life-148

A LOOK AT LIFE-148

BY-SMRUTI RANJAN MOHANTY

Let me lose
So that I may savour my victory to the full.

Let me endure
So that my moments of happiness feel certain and true.

Let me part
So that I may cherish the beauty of reunion.

Let me work
So that I may discover and feel the grace of leisure.

Let me remain awake
So that sleep may come to me as a blessing.

Let me remain in want
So that I may truly value affluence.

Let me go close to death
So that I may feel the deeper charm of life.

Without darkness
Light has no meaning.

Without one,
the other remains incomplete.

I am not afraid of either.
I want both—
for in their union
life becomes full and complete.

And perhaps it is in this quiet balance of opposites
that the true taste of living unfolds.

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Something I Look At -92

A LOOK AT LIFE-92

BY - SMRUTI RANJAN MOHANTY

HELP YOURSELF

Be happy

When someone in need calls you.

Be happy

When someone needs you,
needs your help, wants you to be with him
in his moments of agony and distress.

Be with him when you feel

he is truly in need.

Let your mind and body, eyes and ears,

heart and soul dance in quiet joy—

God has given you

one more opportunity to serve Him.

To see and feel Him in all His manifestations,

His creation right in front of you.

Don't miss it.

Feel with all your heart that none else but

the Almighty is asking for your service.

Serve Him with your heart and mind.

If your God is only in heaven,

you may be deceiving yourself.

See God standing in front of you.

If you do not see God in His creations,

there is no other God for you.

Feel happy

that you are of some use to someone.

If you have the means,

help him with love and humility.

Never let him feel
you are the lone saviour
working out his salvation—
that will poison the very elixir of help.

Be modest while helping others;
otherwise, do not help.

If you lament later for helping someone,
refrain from it—
your help will become too heavy
for them to carry and bear.

To help someone is not easy;
it must rise from the heart,
reflected in your attitude,
in thoughts, words, and deeds.

Fortunate are those
whose hearts cry for life
in sorrow and distress,
who go all out to help them
even in the face of death.

A silent hand extended in compassion
is often the truest prayer to the Divine.

If you are for others,
others will be for you, and
life will be full and fulfilling.

After all, we are manifestations
of the same consciousness
pervading the whole universe.

By helping others,
we help none but ourselves—

for in serving another soul,
we quietly serve the same Divine within us.

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Something I Look At-462

SOMETHING I LOOK AT-462

BY-SMRUTI RANJAN MOHANTY

Thousands of poems
I have composed,
yet I found my poetry incomplete
until I found you,
my finest poetry , my love
without whom life is like a flower without hue.
None of my poems—nor anyone else's—
can ever match
the beauty of your smile,
the depth of your dancing eyes,
the crimson glow of your whispering lips.

I have read poets of different eras,
dived deep into the heart of their verses,
yet none can equal
the symmetry of your form,
the flow in each of your movements,
their effortless, unmatched grace.
The finest craft of the Almighty
stands luminous amid lesser stars.

Your eyes speak so much
that your lips need not speak.
Your presence alone creates waves
no sea can ever imagine.
No ornament can equal your elegance,
no simile or metaphor can capture
the way you are.

You arrive without words
and leave my heart gently altered.

You are my masterpiece.
After seeing you,
my eyes forget every other face.
After hearing you,

my ears lose interest
even in the cuckoo's call
and the nightingale's song.

My lines desert me.
The dimples on your cheeks
weave lyrics of love
no written line can rival.
Your dreamy eyes carry me to an island
where even I forget myself.

In your silence, I learn
why words were never enough.

My pen falls quiet
before the most fascinating poetry
standing in front of me.

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Something I Look At-461

SOMETHING I LOOK AT-461

BY-SMRUTI RANJAN MOHANTY

A Silent Wave

Neither I
nor my feelings
ever dare to touch your horizon.
They rise and subside
like waves of the ocean—
unheard, unfelt, unnoticed.

They rush to the shore
to say, "My love, I am here."
Yet neither can they touch you
nor your feelings.
Silently, they return
to where they first arose.

They see you from a distance—
your golden hair
dazzling in a crimson glow,
dancing in the naughty breeze along the shore,
and your speaking eyes
looking far beyond the horizon
in search of someone
I may never be.

Feelings arise,
emotions surge high,
only to meet their inevitable end.
From ashes they reincarnate,
only to die once again.

Ma'am,
do not feel pity for me.
That is my destiny—
to live amid death,
hoping to touch your shore,

if I come once more.

Till then, I remain a silent wave,
loving you enough to return
without being seen.

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Something I Look At-459

In memory of someone I love and adore, not merely a remembrance, but a pause of the heart—a moment to bow before a life that walked with grace, endured with dignity, and departed without noise.

SOMETHING I LOOK AT-459

BY-SMRUTI RANJAN MOHANTY

A Tribute To The Man Who Lived And Left With Dignity,
My Father In Law, Engineer Late Pratap Chandra Mohanty.

In the midnight of seventeen
He silently passed away,
without a complaint,
without a regret,
without telling anything to anyone—
with a mysterious serenity on his face,
fulfilling his only desire,
a deep craving
to meet his wife
somewhere on the way.

He left as quietly as he had lived,
carrying no burden,
owing no explanation to the world.

A man died in the ICU,
fighting his last battle alone
in the lonely corridors of life.
The hero of many a war
lost to time;
with him, an institution collapsed—
an institution that had faced
the vagaries of violent weather,
turbulent seas, scorching heat, winter showers and gusty winds
for more than ninety years,
now mingled into oblivion.

Strength stood its ground till the very end,
then bowed gently

before the inevitable.

Tears rolled down cheeks,
emotions ran high;
earth and sky seemed to come together
to mourn the sad demise
of a true son of the soil.
A family melodrama unfolded for days—
mourning the poignant tragedy,
recapitulating the buried past.
The reincarnation of bygone days
brought only tears to tired eyes;
but the man—
the pivot around which the family revolved—
never came back.

His absence spoke louder
than his lifelong presence.

Memories fade,
tears vanish,
reason slowly rules the mind.
Man learns to live with reality.
The wound heals,
but the scar remains—
sometimes you see it,
sometimes you forget.
Life goes on,
leaving moments of happiness and sorrow behind.
But the man—
the architect of the family's destiny,
the silent axis of our revolving lives—
slowly withers away from our reality.
That is the saddest part of life.

Time moves forward,
but the heart lingers behind.

Pratap Chandra Mohanty
has been dead since the seventeenth of this month—
but is he gone forever,
or present in multiple forms,

in multiple dimensions
we do not dare to enter,
to which we have no access,
yet feel—
in silence,
in memory,
in love?

Bio-

Pratap Chandra Mohanty, beloved son of Ananda Chandra Mohanty and Nishamani Mohanty, was born on 28 November 1934 in the historic city of Cuttack. From an early age, his life bore the marks of discipline, diligence, and quiet brilliance. He received his schooling at P.M. Academy, Cuttack, where the foundations of his character and intellect were firmly laid.

With a keen scientific temper, he went on to pursue Intermediate Science at Ravenshaw College, the premier seat of learning in Odisha, whose scholarly ambience further shaped his mind. His academic journey then led him to Bhubanananda Engineering School, Cuttack, where he trained in Electrical Engineering, preparing himself for a life of service and technical excellence.

Upon successful completion of his studies, he joined the Government of Odisha as an engineer. Over the years, he distinguished himself as a dynamic, innovative, and conscientious technocrat, earning the respect of colleagues and the trust of the institution he served. His career culminated with his retirement as an Executive Engineer, marking the end of a professional life defined by integrity, competence, and quiet achievement.

He was united in marriage with Kishori Bala Mohanty, his constant source of inspiration and his perfect companion in every sense. Their bond was one of deep understanding, mutual respect, and unwavering affection. Though his ancestral roots lay in Dagan, Balikuda, Jagatsinghpur district, part of undivided Cuttack district and his paternal home stood at Bamphi Sahi, Cuttack, he chose to settle at Bomikhal, Bhubaneswar, where he made his home and heart.

After retirement, he devoted himself wholeheartedly to the upliftment of the locality. A man of conscience and concern, he became the voice of the people in various social forums, working selflessly for the common good and earning enduring goodwill.

He was blessed with a loving family—two sons, one daughter, their spouses, two

granddaughters, two grandsons, and a great-granddaughter. By his guidance and blessings, all are well settled in their respective walks of life, carrying forward his values and legacy.

The passing of his wife two years ago dealt him a blow too deep to bear. The shock was so profound and poignant that it erased even the memory of her departure from his mind. Till his final days, he lived under the gentle illusion that she was still by his side. Though he survived her by two years, life, in its true sense, had quietly ebbed away from him.

It was no mere coincidence that both of them departed this world on the same tithi—Chaturdashi—and were consigned to the flames on the very same chullah, Chullah No.22, at Swargadwara, Puri. Such an alignment of time and place feels almost ordained, as if destiny itself conspired to reunite them beyond life. It speaks eloquently—far beyond words—of a love so deep and a longing so enduring that even death could not keep them apart. Their final journey mirrors the quiet, unwavering bond they shared, affirming that some connections transcend the boundaries of time, ritual, and mortality.

Surrounded by his sons and daughter, Pratap Chandra Mohanty breathed his last on 17 December 2025, leaving behind a silence heavy with absence. His departure has created a vacuum that can never truly be filled.

He was a man of honesty and uprightness, of character and conviction—simple in living, strong in spirit, and steadfast in principle. He never bowed before changing fortunes, nor compromised with his conscience.

I humbly pray to the Almighty to grant his departed soul a place at His lotus feet, a grace he richly deserves. May his immortal spirit continue to shower blessings upon his family, as he always did in life.

ENGINEER PRATAP CHANDRA MOHANTY DAGAN

E-Engrossed in duty from his early day,

N-Nurtured in Cuttack where values found their way.

G-Gifted son of Ananda and Nishamani dear,

I- Integrity shaped his path, steady and clear.

N-November twenty-eight marked his first breath,

E-Entering life with grace, not fearing death.

E-Early schooling at P.M. Academy stood,

R-Rooting his mind in discipline and good.

P-Pursuing science at

R-Ravenshaw's light,
Refined by learning, reason, and insight.

A-At Bhubanananda he mastered his art,

T-Training as an engineer, sharp of heart.

A-Adept in electrical craft and design,

P-Prepared for service, precise and fine.

C-Called by the state, Odisha his field,

H-Honest in labour, no truth concealed.

A-As years went by, his merit was seen,

N-Named Executive Engineer—calm, composed, keen.

D-Dynamic yet gentle, respected by all,

R-Rising by merit, never by thrall.

A-A life of work done quietly well,
Leaving no boastful tale to tell.

M-Married to Kishori, his anchor and guide,

O-One soul, one journey, forever side by side.

H-Home at Bomikhal, though Dagan his root,

A-Affection for people his chosen pursuit.

N-Never aloof, but deeply aware,

T-To local upliftment he gave his care.

Y-Years after service, he served once more.

D-Devoted to people, their voice and their shore,

A-A blessed family—children, grandchildren, great grand child bright,

G-Guided by values, walking in light.

A-After his wife's loss, memory grew thin,
Living gently, believing she still walked within.

N-Now rests his soul at the Lord's lotus feet—
A life upright, serene and complete

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25.12.2025

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Think Once More-24

THINK ONCE MORE -24

CONSCIOUSNESS

The following essay does not advance a scientific theory, nor does it critique science in any way. Rather, it offers one perspective—one rooted in observation, informed by scientific understanding, and then continuing gently beyond it. The thoughts that follow explore consciousness not as thought or awareness but as a more fundamental principle implicated in life, matter, and change itself. What follows is not a conclusion to be accepted but rather a perspective to consider.

Consciousness as the Principle of Becoming

When we speak of consciousness, we are generally referring to the mind, encompassing thoughts, feelings, memory, and awareness. Science demonstrates quite clearly that these depend upon the brain. When the brain is damaged, the mind is altered. When the brain ceases to function, personal awareness comes to an end. The understanding is true but incomplete. Long before there is a brain, life is already at work. A single fertilized cell has no brain, no nerves, no thoughts. Yet it divides and organizes itself, corrects errors, and gradually takes on the form of a living body. There is no overseer guiding the process. No thinker to plan the steps. And yet the process unfolds steadily toward coherence and form. Something acts before thought begins. This motivating force does not think. It does not plan or decide. And yet it acts with order and consistency. When we look at nature more closely, we find the same pattern everywhere. Things arise, peak, stabilize, change, dissolve, and reappear in new forms. Atoms combine and break apart. Stars are born, burn, collapse, and become the substance of new stars. Particles emerge from fields and disappear again into them. Life follows the same rhythm. As physics now understands, matter is not fixed or inert. Even space itself is alive with energy. Everything is in motion. Everything is process. Through living and non-living realms, one tendency is everywhere present: the urge to take form, to cohere, to endure for a time, to dissolve, and to form anew. If we apply the word consciousness at this primordial level, we must define it carefully. Here, consciousness does not imply awareness. It does not imply thought or experience. It is the fundamental dynamism of existence—the tendency of reality to be something rather than nothing. In this sense, consciousness is not something possessed by things. It is that by which things can appear. Life does not create it. Life intensifies it. The brain does not produce it. The brain gives it

reflection and form. Human awareness is not the source of consciousness. It is one of its most complex expressions. Death, then, is not the end of consciousness. Death ends a specific form—a body, a brain, a mind, a personal story. What ends is organization. What does not end is process. The same force that took the form of this life before birth and assumes another afterwards. The same force that beat your heart, healed your wounds, digested your meals, is the same force that spins galaxies and cooks stars. What survives is not a person. Not memory. Not identity. What survives is the principle which keeps the universe in motion. Birth and death pertain to forms. Continuity pertains to becoming.

Consciousness is not something we have; it is something the universe does. The brain knows consciousness as experience; the universe knows it as becoming.

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Something I Look At-458

SOMETHING I LOOK AT-458

BY - SMRUTI RANJAN MOHANTY

Enough riches you have —
pelf and power,
beauty and grace in abundance.
People come crowding to you,
praising your charm and elegance.
You have everything
one needs
to make a life look complete.

You have seen the violent sea —
high tides and tsunami.
What you have not seen
are its beauty and serenity,
its spellbinding grace
and grandeur.

You understand love-making,
but you have not seen love,
felt it, breathed it
the way you breathe
your abundance.
If you have love,
the whole world lives in you;
if you don't,
you stand like a beggar
in the midst of everything —
holding plenty
yet missing the one thing
that makes it all worthwhile.

When love surrounds you,
the outer glitter fades.
A quiet richness develops inside —
deeper than whatever you have seen,
steadier than affluence and opulence,
name and fame —

and you come to realise
you are the richest person alive.

When love leads,
there are roses and roses
all the way,
and you rise gently
to a height that welcomes you.
There, nothing but love speaks —
in its own voice:
soft, simple,
to fill your emptiness.

Be a lover —
life will turn into
a small garden of Eden;
spring will return every day.
The cuckoo's voice
will echo in every corner,
and even the smallest chore
will feel warm and easy,
as if the heart
is humming along with you.

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Something I Look At-457

SOMETHING I LOOK AT-457

BY-SMRUTI RANJAN MOHANTY

You Flow in Me

You flow in me
like a dancing rivulet,
touching my shore,
touching each of my cells,
nourishing them, fulfilling them,
and completing them in your own way.

I flow with your flow,
move to its rhythm and rhyme.
When you cease to flow,
time stops for a while—
I forget who I am,
whether dead or still breathing.

When I first saw your shadow,
it became the pivot,
my be-all and end-all,
around which I revolved,
forgetting my destiny,
my identity, my reality.

I talk to your shadow,
fall in love with it,
tell it the story of my life—
sad and poignant.
It listens to me
with a teardrop glistening in its eyes.

It caresses my wounds, deep and wide,
tells me in a soft voice,
"Do not worry, I have come.
I will take care of your tears,
your shattered dreams and battered past—
my love, let them be mine.

forever mine "

And in that quiet moment,
I feel whole again—
as if love itself has come to heal,
to flow once more through my veins and arteries,
like you in me.

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Something I Look At-456

SOMETHING I LOOK AT-456
BY-SMRUTI RANJAN MOHANTY

Are You Still in Love with Me

Are you still in love with me,
or moved ahead, leaving me—
my emotions and feelings far behind?
Believe me, my love,
when you entered my heart,
it closed forever—
not only for this birth, but many yet to start.

As and when I come,
I will come with your memory.
My love will find you;
I will fall for you again and again.
You may or may not reciprocate,
but my love for you will never fade.

I do not want Nirvana,
nor ever dare to move away from you.
I will live with a desire
that drags me to your world—
to be with you again and again.

Hope, in some birth,
I will hold your hand,
place my heart upon your palm—
my years of love and longing,
my tears, my shattered dreams—
before my princess
without whom I never lived,
I never lived

And if love is life's only truth,
I will keep dying to live for you again.
I will drink my frustration and agony
till there is time—

to live fully, maybe for a while.

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Something I Look At-455

SOMETHING I LOOK AT-455

BY-SMRUTI RANJAN MOHANTY

YOU ARE MY ONLY REALITY

Know not
what you mean to others,
but for me,
you are the only reality—
my ever-loving,
my ever-caring Maa.

Sometimes I see you as my Mother,
who takes care of me,
tends to all my needs,
loves me as no one can,
and shapes me softly in her own hands.

My questions are many,
so are my needs.
You answer each in silence,
fulfilling my wants in your quiet way,
knowing always what is best for me.

Sometimes,
I see you as my Daughter—
naughty yet graceful,
playing hide and seek with me
all the time.

Your childishness has mellowed now;
you know your father grows old.
You sit upon my lap in silence,
and with your sweet, soothing voice, you say:
“Why do you worry?
I am with you, forever and always.
Through storm and tide,
through the blazing sun overhead,
I shall steer your ship.

Fear not, for I am here, I am here "

Sometimes,
I see you in me,
and me in you.
At times, I become you—
something I never meant to do.

I want you to remain my Daughter,
to this ailing, aging father;
become his Mother only
when he needs you the most—
when he gropes in darkness
and drifts toward the abyss.

I am your trembling father,
with a tottering body and mind;
you are the able navigator—
sometimes my Daughter,
sometimes my Mother,
but always with me, forever.

Life turns its circle, love changes form,
but your presence keeps me warm.
In your eyes, I see my dawn and end—
a Daughter, a Mother, my eternal Friend.
Whatever I lose, whatever I gain,
your love alone shall ever remain.

When the body fails, and breath grows dim,
hold my hand, sing your silent hymn.
In your grace, I find my rest—
my soul at peace upon your chest.

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Something I Look At-454

SOMETHING I LOOK AT - 454

BY- SMRUTI RANJAN MOHANTY

LOVE IS TOO PRECIOUS

Love is too precious—
you never realise
how priceless it is
until you lose it.

Cherish it with care,
nurture it with heart and soul,
guard it with your gentle touch
before time steals it away.

By the time you see
how beautiful love truly is,
it may be too late—
your love may no longer stay.

Know not—
your love may be silently dying,
in some distant corner,
preparing to drift away.

Don't wait for distance
to teach you its worth,
don't let silence grow
between two hearts.

A kind word, a smile,
a tender touch today
can save what tomorrow
may tear apart.

If you are in love,
you are the luckiest soul on earth.
Love does not visit every heart—
it graces a few, like drops of mirth.

A blessing descending
from heaven above,
a whisper of eternity
wrapped in love.

Love is not found—
it unfolds.
It lives in small gestures, quiet words,
and hearts that choose to stay
when the world walks away.

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Something I Look At-451

SOMETHING I LOOK AT-451
BY-SMRUTI RANJAN MOHANTY

THE MOMENT I LAST LIVED

Cannot say
when I last looked at the sun.
I do not know
where time is
or where I am.
My watch stoped tickinng
long a go

My watch still shows
the same time,
the moment when I last lived.
My cellphone mocks me:
"Man, do you know
when you last spoke to me? "
Perhaps years have passed
since you looked at me.

Time stands still —
I never dare step out of it.
I may lose the moment,
may lose you forever,
if today steals my yesterday.

I am happy
living with your memory;
so hard to live with time
where you are not with me.
My memory — stay
till I leave.
I will carry you
to the other side.
When I come back,
you will be with me.

Sometimes I still hear your voice
in the quiet of the night,
as if the wind carries
the words
my heart forgot to write.

And when morning comes,
I feel you near —
a gentle presence
holding the moment
I last lived.

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A Look-390

A LOOK -390

Your Ears

The sun
behind the clouds,
the moon hiding its face
behind the mango grove—
how beautiful they look.

The bridge between
the outer world and inner,
that connects the finite with the infinite,
the poem the world forgot to compose
but remembered to feel.

Is a pair of ears,
delicately adorning
your beautiful face,
like a canvas of dawn
painted in hues no artist could capture.

The more I look at them,
the more I forget to breathe.

In the garden of bloom
that intoxicates me
like a cup of red wine,
I hear a faint murmur
' Man, stay a little longer
You have your home and heaven here:

I look at these calmly,
silently listening
to the beats of my restless heart.
Though they never speak,
I hear the answer:

“Man, wait,

nothing is over."

A whispered song
my inner self yields to
for in those tender ears
I see a doorway to your heart,
as if they were waiting
to cradle my words,
and hold my love close,
alive in your heart forever.

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A Look -389

A LOOK -389

Your Eyebrows

My wondering eyes pause for a while
on a mountain terrain,
where a dancing rivulet
softly caresses a lonely rock.

It reminds me of
the grace and beauty
of a leaping deer
on a sunlit grassy lane.

My mind rests on your eyebrows,
the arrows of flowers
that land softly
upon my aching heart.

They ask many questions
your mysterious lips
never care to ask,
yet they linger in the air.

They are like a dark river—
the deeper I go,
the more I lose myself
in its endless depths.

Sometimes they dance and speak;
sometimes they keep silent,
adding a subtle weight to the air,
making it difficult to breathe.

And in their quiet shadows
I find a world that is entirely yours—
a prison of beauty and silence,
where my heart slowly breaks.

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A Look-388

A LOOK -388

Your Golden Locks

When I Look at You

When I look at you,
my eyes get lost in your hair—
beautiful strands reminding me
of dark clouds drifting in a summer sky.
But soon I see my folly:
how can fleeting clouds ever match
the grace of your hair—
so original, so captivating,
so soothing to the eyes?

Your golden locks resemble
the rays of the morning sun,
yet gentler, more tender,
more cooling to behold.
When you toss your hair,
it flows like dancing waves
across the blue sea,
like the fluttering wings of birds
in the boundless sky.

Sometimes your tresses swing
like rain-soaked vines
swaying with the wind—
yet more graceful, more enchanting,
a rare delight to the eyes.

And when your locks move,
they are rain in a distant forest,
a nightingale's song in the desert,
a garden of roses blooming
in barren land—
and with every sway,
you steal a little more of me.

With every strand that brushes me,
I fall in love a little more.

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Something I Look At-439

SOMETHING I LOOK AT-439
BY-SMRUTI RANJAN MOHANTY

Love
never asks for anything,
not even love in return.

Love
breathes when cherished,
and quietly wilts when pushed away.

Love
lives as a feeling,
never as a craving.

Love
is easy to fall into,
yet hard to grow into a true lover.

Love
lingers beyond space and time,
long after those in love are gone.

Love
is precious—
hold it close, live it fully.

Love
before desire clouds its light
and turns it into a shadow.

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Something I Look At-438

SOMETHING I LOOK AT-438

BY-SMRUTI RANJAN MOHANTY

A heart that beats

Your tears

find their way to my eyes.

Let my smile

quietly dwell on your lips.

I feel your pain

deep in my heart.

Do you feel as I do,

the burden I keep inside?

Believe me

I have a heart.

A tender heart

that whispers your name.

I have a conscience

shaped by society.

It never allows me

to wander free in the sunshine.

Do you listen

to the beats of my heart,

or turn away from the emotions

that rise for you and sink in me?

Yet I dream

of the day you will know.

That love is the light

where our souls finally meet.

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Something I Look At-437

SOMETHING I LOOK AT-437

BY-SMRUTI RANJAN MOHANTY

You Can

The past seldom remembers,
the future rarely waits,
and the present slips away

Memory lingers,
Future hunts,
Yet neither stays with you.

Voices and faces
arrive,
but never dwell.

You exist—
past, present, future
breathe through you.

Nothing, no one
can make you happy,
only you can.

Lost at crossroads?

Be a dreamer,
be passionate, chase your dreams
and see how beautiful life becomes

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Something I Look At-436

SOMETHING I LOOK AT-436

BY-SMRUTI RANJAN MOHANTY

Life's Whisper

In every step,
life unfolds itself.
Each day,
it tells a different story,
each unique in its own way.

Life tells you:
never look back.
No one is gazing at you.
Do not look to your left,
to your right—
none is with you.

Life tells you:
do not look ahead,
do not live in shadows,
do not chase a mirage—
they do not exist.

Life tells you:
neither your past
nor your future
walk beside you.
Look at me—
I was with you,
I am with you,
and I will be.

Be with me.
I am your reality,
not the dreams of the future,
not the beauty of the past.
Stay close as you walk,
for I am the only companion

you truly have.

Never leave my hand.
I will not let you stumble.
I will share your silence,
stand by your side,
and walk with you
until your journey is done.

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Something I Look At-433

SOMETHING I LOOK AT-433

BY-SMRUTI RANJAN MOHANTY

I bow to Chandra Dev,
son of Rishi Atri and Devi Anusuya,
lord of mind, emotions, sensitivity, and creativity,
consort of the twenty-seven Nakshatras,
daughters of Daksha.

I bow to Soma,
who endured the curse of waning light,
and regained his radiance
by the grace of Lord Shiva.

I bow to Chandra Dev,
born, as the legends tell,
from the churning of the cosmic ocean,
father of Budha,
lord of water, tides, and time.

I bow to Chandra Dev,
who rests upon the forehead of Mahadeva,
whose cool rays soothe the earth,
who guides the farmer through his seasons,
and fills the poet with gentle inspiration.

I bow to Chandra Dev,
the timeless witness of love and longing,
the silent friend of the sleepless,
the comfort of travellers in the night,
the dream of many hearts.

I bow to Chandra Dev,
deity of beauty, grace, and grandeur,
whose light belongs to all—
to the rich and poor,
the strong and weak alike.

O gentle moon,

the light of all eyes,
friend of the lonely child gazing at the sky,
comfort to the mother consoling the infant,
the keeper of secrets whispered in the dark,
you rise night after night,
a timeless witness of human life.

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Something I Look At-432

SOMETHING I LOOK AT-432

BY-SMRUTI RANJAN MOHANTY

SURYADEV

I bow to Suryadev,
son of sage Kashyapa,
and Deva-mata Aditi,
loving consort of Sanjana, —

the light of all eyes,
the beat of all hearts,
the spark of all lives.

Like a father you watch us,
like a friend you stay with us,
silent, yet ever near.

Suryadev,
you rise with each dawn,
driving away darkness,
reminding us—

no night is eternal,
nothing abides forever,
in this world of light and shade.

You burn, yet bless,
you scorch and sustain.
Without you,
the earth is barren,
life—a fading, withered dream.

In your glow we learn
to shine without pride,
to give without measure,
to live without fear.

O eternal witness,

teach us to rise after every fall,
to kindle warmth in cold hearts,
and to walk our path
with the light of truth.

For in your fire we see
that what we give
is what we become.

And when at last
our journey is done,
take us beyond—

to the light of all lights,
the source of all sources.

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A Look -387

A LOOK-387

Your Nose

The Silent Poem

Your nose—
neither a mountain nor a plateau,
but a graceful curve
that adds radiance to your beautiful face.

Neither high nor low,
neither proud nor shy,
yet holding the delicate balance
of your lovely features,
like a bridge
between charm and innocence,
serenity and elegance.

Carved by Thy immaculate hand,
shaped by Thy will,
a soft rhythm of nature,
a silent poem written
in the centre of your dazzling face.

As beautiful as your eyes,
as fascinating as your lips,
as dainty as your rosy cheeks—
an art, a creation of unfathomable beauty,
a supreme craft
of the Master Craftsman.

And yet, to me,
it is simply you—
the tender breath of life,
the smile that keeps me alive,
the quiet wonder
that makes my world complete.

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A Look -386

A LOOK - 386

Everyone is poor
in one way or another,
yet rich in their own way,
in their own sphere.

Let us cherish
each other's poverty and affluence,
like twin sisters—
both incomplete,
each searching for the other.

Never cry,
never exult;
we are all the same.
Nothing to mourn,
nothing to cheer,
nothing to rise for,
nothing to sink with.

For we are but
two sides of the same being,
turning endlessly
in the hands of time,
dancing to its rhythm.

And in that rhythm,
we find our oneness.

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A Look -385

A LOOK -385

Know Not

Know not
how to pen
the beauty of your cheeks,
their grace,
their elegance.

When I venture,
I run out of thoughts,
short of words
to express their true grandeur.

Should I call them the moon,
that touches every heart?

The perennial stream
that relentlessly flows,
soothing all souls
that come along its path?

Should I call them the rising sun,
that adds life to the lifeless,
bringing a smile
to a million faces?

The azure sky,
whose beauty and vastness
lend grace and serenity
to everything?

My heart
often whispers the answer:
nothing—absolutely nothing—
can compare
with the beauty of your dimpled cheeks.

All are incomplete
in more than one way.
Neither the moon with its scars,
nor the sun with its fire,
nor the stream or the sky
with their limitations,
can match the timeless beauty
of your golden dimples.

You are your own simile,
you are your own metaphor.
Nothing can stand in comparison.

For me,
the beauties of the universe
are condensed and personified
in that beautiful pair of cheeks.

By seeing them,
I wish to see nothing else—
and long to go blind
for all time.

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A Look -384

A LOOK -384

When Your Lovely Cheeks Blush into Bloom

When your lovely cheeks blush into bloom,
the earth and sky
rewrite the lyric of love and longing.

The lotus and the sun
weave a dream of reunion,
after a long night of separation.

The lily dances in delight,
romancing the silver moon
that lingers in the sky.

The newlywed beneath the veil
smiles silently,
seeing her beloved on the way.

When your cheeks dance like waves in the sea,
I see vernal blossoms in a dry summer,
carrying me to the land of colours.

And I lose myself for a while,
just watching you,
the smile and the glow in your eyes.

Where silence speaks the language of love,
dreams take form in reality,
and the heart gently rules over reason,

where rationality bows to love's embrace.

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A Look -383

A LOOK - 383

Adorning Your Cheeks

When I look at your cheeks,
it feels as if I'm seeing golden ripples
upon a vibrant sea.

A dancing rivulet,
touching all shores
with a tender feel.

When your cheeks widen,
I see petals of love,
smiling with joy.

A lone rock,
singing softly
the lyric of togetherness.

When your cheeks bloom
with crimson glow,
the rainbow blushes behind soft clouds.

Everything fades away—
except that golden dimple
adorning your dainty cheeks.

And my earth dances in joy,
romancing with the misty breeze,
hoping for rain on the way.

But more than rain,
it is your smile I crave,
the one that lifts me, wave after wave.

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A Look -382

A LOOK-382

When Your Lips Whisper

When your lips whisper,
they create an atmosphere
where the voiceless find a voice,
the hopeless a ray of hope—
and I find a reason
to go on and on.

Your words touch every heart,
your gestures, your body language
say: man, come out of seclusion,
not everything is over.
The world is yours,
so are the wind and the sun.
For me, it is music to the ears,
a melody that lingers long.

You are the voice of tradition,
you are the voice of modernity,
a shelter where all may rest.
It echoes in a hundred ears,
finds takers in every sphere.
For me, it is the long-awaited song,
the cuckoo's cry in a desert—
a twinkling star in the dark sky

You say little—
but when you say,
it falls like rain
in a distant forest,
a song to a million hearts.
For me, it is the stay of my life,
a reason to smile.

Let these lips murmur till eternity,
bringing cheer to a million hearts,

a breath of life to those
defeated, resigned to fate.
A few drops of nectar
to my aching heart—
enough to carry me
through the bitterest agony,
the hardest part of life.

Whisper.

When you whisper,
life whispers back—
making my brief sojourn
a paradise on earth.

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A Look -381

A LOOK -381

When Your Lips Open

When your lips open,
petals of love unfold;
their fragrance drifts afar
touching every nook and corner.

When your lips open,
doors for the poor swing wide;
humanity finds its hope,
its ultimate saviour.

When your lips open,
tradition greets modernity;
side by side they stand,
each in its splendour.

When your lips open,
new vistas rise for the young;
earth and sky embrace the old,
a gift for every soul.

When your lips open,
beauty walks with elegance;
dignity walks with prudence,
each taking new form.

When your lips open,
the sky leans down to the earth,
the river runs to the ocean,
rewriting the lyric of love.

For me, it is a parade—
a march of grace and beauty,
unparalleled in the history of mankind;
the divine melody,
the voice of the queen of heaven on earth.

When your lips open,
life finds its meaning
its song,
its rhythm and rhyme,
its heart and soul

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A Look -380

A LOOK-380

Your Lips

When your lips become quiet,
quiet becomes the world—
where you silently reign.

The wind stops blowing,
rivers and rivulets cease to flow,
the tides recede.

The air grows heavy
when frantic searches yield nothing,
when eyes cannot find you,
when ears fail to hear you—
life sinks into the abyss.

In your absence,
time stands still.
The air loses freshness,
flowers fade in colour,
the sun loses its warmth,
the moon its coolness.
Birds do not chirp,
stars forget to twinkle—
life turns into a poignant tragedy.

You know not
what you mean to me,
how I feel
when your shadow disappears,
when I no longer see you
in my mind's eye.

You are that beautiful dream,
that precious feeling
that keeps me moving
against time and tide,

against all adversities.

Keep whispering,
or I may fall
into a silence so deep
I may never return.

Please—
keep murmuring,
if not for you, for me—
for the one who values your presence
more than his life.

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A Look -378

A LOOK - 377

When I watch the setting sun,
your dazzling lips
dance before my eyes.

I wonder—
can the crimson sun
ever match
the beauty of your lips,
their soft, coral glow?

The heart knows—
an unshakable no.

Neither the sun
nor the moon
can rival your lips—
graceful as the sun,
soothing
as the moon in bloom.

Far-off stars
glitter with elegance,
gleam with desire—
yet none can touch
the spellbound grandeur
of your whispering lips—
their beauty,
their serenity.

Nothing,
absolutely nothing, compares
to that wondrous pair of lips
that reflect
bliss and divinity—

like a prayer unspoken,
a lyric incomplete,

dawn breaking
over a wounded heart,
the promise of love,
the promise of peace,
in this restless world
of empty words
and hollow vows.

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A Look -377

A LOOK-377

BY-SMRUTI RANJAN MOHANTY

Your Closed Lips

Your closed lips
tell many a story
which no ears hear,
no heart dares to hold.

Your untold agonies—
my heart takes them in,
feels their weight,
their silence,
their sting.

They rise to my eyes.
Your tears
roll down
my cheeks,
as though they were mine.

The more I carry,
the more I find myself
drawn to you—
the quiet, hurting,
beautiful you.

In the end,
I find the undone me
silently languishing
in the cage of dos and don'ts,
and leave your tears
dry on their own.

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A Look -376

A LOOK-376

Your Lips

Know not
why I miss you so much,
why I feel your absence
like a bird
without any sky above

Know not
why I yearn
for your lips
to whisper to the air—
Man, do not worry.
I am nice and happy as ever

Know not
why I wait
for the wind
to reach my shore,
to bring your breath,
your hush of comfort,
to my aching soul.

Know not
why I long
to see you
see your reflection
in the mirror of my vision—

Know not
why I seek you
to assure
my heart and soul
that all is well,
just as it was before.

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A Look -375

A LOOK-375

Your Lips

When your lips quiver,
Quivers the earth below,
The sky above—
And I sense it,
Feel the tsunami touching my shore.

When your lips quiver,
My present shakes;
A tremor runs through me,
Stirring both mind and soul.
And I feel the storm.

When your lips quiver,
Petals of love descend
Like nectar from heaven of joy
And I dream a golden dawn—
A moment I treasure forever.

When your lips quiver,
My heart hears
The music of love
I drift into a trance,
Where only your lips whisper.

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A Look -374

A LOOK -374

Your Smile

I love the ocean—
its beauty and grace,
its soothing touch
and wild, untamed charm,
the tides that come and go.

I love the cool breeze.
I even love the violent sea—
the changing weather,
the tsunami it hides.

I love the sea,
its fluctuating priorities,
its frequent mood swings.
Sometimes,
it silently touches me;
sometimes,
it menacingly asserts itself.

I love all these.
When I look into it,
I see myself.
Sometimes, I speak to it—
as if it were a friend
who listens in silence.
Like a beloved,
it embraces and abandons—
never promising to stay,
yet always returning
with renewed grace.

It silently whispers—
“Man, if you love me,
bear me,
and be prepared

for the violent weather,
the turbulent sea,
and the tsunami
that walks with me.

I have seen the pearl
in your oceanic eyes.
To bear you—
your changing moods,
your fluctuating priorities—
won't be too much for the asking."

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A Look -373

A LOOK-373

Your eyes say
What you seek to hide.
I get it—
Even when your gestures
Fail to convey,
Even when you are
Miles away.

What you do not know
Is how I feel,
What I endure
When your smile fades,
When your eyes lose their gleam,
And my heart knows—
You're not in your ebullient shell.

I may not speak much,
But I notice every silence.
I sense the pain
Behind your quiet gaze.

I am not what
You think me to be.
I appear different—
A bird in a golden cage.

When circumstances dictate terms,
Love may lose its warmth,
But its essence and freshness remain intact.
Nothing, not even death,
Can put an end
To soul-love—
It exists, beyond time and space.

I ask those beautiful eyes
To look into mine.
Do they see a hypocrite there—

Or an innocent heart
That beats only
For your well-being?

I may falter,
But my love never does.
If the answer is yes,
Don't I deserve to know
How you are?

Am I asking for too much?
Is it too much
For one
Who loves
Without a condition?

I just want to be with you,
In happiness and sorrow,
To listen when words are few,
And let you know
I am still with you—

In all weather:
Rain, summer, and winter.

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A Look -372

A LOOK-372

When the ocean touches the shore,
The tides pull me deep inside.
It whispers, Man, don't go by my size—
My length, my breadth, my silent tide.
Just look at me,
Look in my eyes,
They are eagerly waiting for you
Through years gone by.

Look into those eyes—
You'll only find yourself.
Though I'm the ocean,
You are that breeze,
That pleasant moonbeam
Which makes me smile,
Which makes me rise.

Somewhere between the waves and sky,
I've kept your footprints—never let them dry.
I've heard your silence more than your words,
Felt your ache in every shorebird.

And to the ocean,
I say with a pause:
My love,
I've been lost in you long ago.
How could I ever fathom you—
Your depth and breadth, your grace and grandeur?

But I'm at peace—you welcomed me,
Made me part of you.
The ocean kissed the smallest stone
And made him feel
He wasn't alone.
My love, what more
Your poor lover can ask for?

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A Look-371

A LOOK-371

Your eyes speak to me,
your shadow brushes my skin
like a forgotten dream.

It is my refuge
when I am at my lowest,
broken and resigned to fate.
I look at it—
it whispers, Why this despair, man?
I may not be with you,
but my shadow is.

When the world turns away,
your shadow follows,
silent, yet holding my trembling heart
like a beloved clasping a lover's hand.

That pair of eyes
is the mirror of my life.
When I gaze into them,
I see myself—
a coward drifting
upon an ocean of joy.

They tell me, You wasted your hours,
torn between mind and conscience,
emotion and reason,
love and loyalty,
life and reality—
you ruined what life had placed in your hands.

At times those eyes seem to smile,
as though they forgive my follies,
as though they know
how fragile this heart is.

Your image steadies my life,

your eyes are my heaven of ecstasy.
With them I speak and fall in love,
believing you can still hear me,
feel the faint beats of a wounded heart,
and the broken dreams
that lie behind these weary eyes.

And my love, in that shadow
I learn to breathe,
learn to live once more,
believing you are still with me.

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A Look-368

A LOOK -368

BY-SMRUTI RANJAN MOHANTY

Your Eyes

As soon as I get up,
my ears want to hear you,
hear the tingling sound of your bracelet;
my eyes want to see you,
see your shadow—
the breath of my life
whispering with a smile,
"Man, do not worry,
everything is fine for a while."

I long to see
your beautiful eyes
dancing in joy,
like birds
in the morning sky
that never shy.

You know not
what became of me
when you took your eyes away.
I bore it all,
but still can't say
how melancholic I felt these days,
how lonely life turned—
when your shadow
quietly slipped away,
leaving me in silent dismay.

I talk to your shadow,
share my moments,
fall in love with it in flow.

Your shadow touches me,
touches my heart,

touches my feelings and emotions.
It tells me—
“Man, look into my eyes,
you are still there; love never dies.”

And I smile
through my tears,
knowing—
love never truly ends.
I still believe
in the magic you cast,
and wait for your smile
to return with the dawn at last.

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A Look -367

A LOOK-367

Your Eyes

Wherever I go,
those fascinating eyes chase me—
haunt me,
make me realise
how much I love
how much I long for,
how deeply I miss them and
how hollow and helpless I feel
when they are not around.

Sometimes I wonder—
have I slipped out of your gaze,
from that beautiful pair of eyes
I adore beyond words?

Again, I look at myself,
only to find
I'm standing right in front—
lost in the vastness
of that blue ocean
that holds me,
nourishes me
through every season—
rain, summer, and winter.

You are my only reality—
one I can never escape.
You are no ordinary mortal,
and you know not
where you stand
or what you mean to me.

I admit it—
I am a coward,
and you—

the brave girl
who keeps me going.

Let your radiant eyes,
with all their charm and sparkle
shine till eternity
even if I lose mine
to make yours dazzle
through every adversity,
I'll have no regrets.
For I will still see the world
through the eyes
I love more than mine.

My love,
you live in the quiet corners of my breath,
in the heart of my heart—
where there is none but your shadow,
a shadow more fulfilling,
more real,
more gratifying
than my living reality.

Even in silence,
I see your eyes smile,
lips quiver,
and I hear your voice echo in me—
not in words,
but in the way my soul listens.

You are the poem
life whispers to me each day—
unwritten,
but always present.

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A Look -366

A LOOK - 366

Your Eyes

when
your shadow
falls on me

i look up—
into your
dreamy eyes

mine meet yours,
two dazzling orbs
gazing beyond time,
whispering—

man, get up,
be on the go,
before time takes it away

i keep looking,
mesmerized—
and it lets me

dream—

a rainbow,
a beautiful tomorrow
i never dreamt,
never dared,
until you came

again,
i look into your eyes—
they smile with me
and say—

you're not dreaming,

open your eyes.

your dream
and your reality
are one.

i am both—
your dream,
your reality

in your eyes,
i see myself—
not who i am
but who i long to be

your gaze
fills the hollow,
gives shape to silence,
makes it real—

makes it
me, the lover,
in the lap of the beloved,
forever, forever.

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A Look -365

A LOOK-365

Your Eyes

I have seen eyes — and eyes —
but not a single pair
as beautiful,
as captivating
as yours.

You speak so little —
your eyes say the rest.

A fascinating pair of eyes,
where I see waves of emotions
conveying so much:

sometimes joy,
sometimes sorrow,
sometimes pain,
sometimes pleasure —
like waves of the ocean
touching my silent shore.

When I look into them,
I get carried away
to a distant island,
to which I do not belong —
yet finally,
I become one with it:

its cheers,
its tears,
and the silence
that speaks
more than words could ever.

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A Look-364

A LOOK-364

Your Smile

When you smile,
I sip every drop of it,
breathe every ounce of it.
Your smile makes me
look forward to life—
with a smile on my lips.

When you smile,
I forget my present,
the way I am,
the years I lived—
and look ahead
to the life that remains,
to explore its warmth and beauty,
to become the "me"
I tried, but failed to be,
until your shadow
stepped into my life.

Keep smiling—
and let the world smile,
forgetting pain, sorrow, and misery.

For in your smile, I find
a reason to rise,
a grandeur to embrace,
a motivation to shine—
and truly live,
wrapped in the beauty of your smile.

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A Look-363

A LOOK-363

Your Smile

Your smile speaks little,
but conveys so much—
the pain and agony,
the suffering and distress
hidden behind.

It twinkles like a star in the dark sky,
echoes like a bulbul's song
in a barren desert,
whispering to the world:
there is still hope—
every black night
is followed by a golden dawn.

Your smile wakes me up,
softly murmuring in my ear:
'Man, everything is not over—
get up and see
how beautiful life still is.'

And I smile back,
knowing life still has something in store.

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A Look -362

A LOOK - 362

Your Smile

I had forgotten to smile—
Long ago.
I don't even remember
When I last smiled
Before your shadow fell on me.

It was your shadow
That made me smile—
Something no one else could ever do.

When you smile,
It finds its way to my lips.
My heart dances,
And my soul smiles with joy.

Your smile breathed life into me,
Rejuvenated my spirit,
And helped me see the world
Through a pair of young eyes—
As if I were born,
Just to smile with you again

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A Look -361

A LOOK-361

When You Smile

When you smile,
The smile of Mona Lisa fades.
I grew up
With her portrait hanging before my mind's eye.

They say her smile holds depth and mystery—
But yours,
Yours has more grace, more beauty.
Its serenity touches the soul,
Penetrates deep within,
And makes one dance to its rhythm—
A feat Mona Lisa's smile
Could never accomplish
In all these years.

Your smile is no mystery—
It's a gesture of grace,
A spellbinding grandeur,
A miracle I live for.

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A Look -358

A LOOK -358

Your Smile

When you smile,
The sun shines in my sky,
And a thousand lotuses bloom in my heart.

When you smile,
The smile of the moon fades,
And it hides its face
Behind a bank of clouds.

When you smile,
The half-bloomed jasmine in my yard
Opens its petals and whispers in my ear:
'Man, you are in love—
Just listen to her voice
And lose yourself forever
In her matchless beauty and elegance.'

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A Look-357

A LOOK -357

Your Smile

You smile—
Even when up against a million odds.

You smile in the abyss,
Only to see others smile.
You smile solely to bring cheer
To a thousand gloomy faces,
Even when you're drowning
In pain and distress.

You are different—
Different is the way you smile,
And the way you deal
With yourself and others.

None can match you.
You are a queen
In the desert of sorrow and darkness,
Just as you are a queen
In the heaven of joy and happiness.

None else—
Yes, none else—
Only you
Express yourself.

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A Look-355

A LOOK-355

Your smile

When you smile
Rain begins to pour
On a summer afternoon.
The sun kisses the earth
On a winter morning.

Waves rush
To meet the rivulet.
Stones speak,
And heaven descends
To sing love's eternal song.

And the air
Takes me to the land of joy,
Where I weave dreams
And lose myself
In the fragrant breath
Of eternal spring.

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A Look -354

A LOOK-354

Your smile

I have seen
A smile in your tears,
And tears in your smile.
In both, I've seen your signature—
A quiet strength, deep inside

Neither the turbulent sea
Nor the restless breeze
Could steal that beautiful smile
From your lips.

None like you—
None can ever be—
Shining alike
In a cloudy sky
And in bright sunshine

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A Look -353

A LOOK-353

Your Smile

Please Smile

I have seen enough tears—
Swallowed every drop of them.
I have seen enough pain—
Felt it, endured it,
Lived through every ounce of it.

But I can't see you suffer anymore.
I can withstand
no more tears,
no more pain and agony

Please—

Bid farewell to pain and sorrow,
To agony and despair.
You deserve a life
Much better than this.

Please smile—

If not for yourself,
Then for me, at least.
Your smile means everything—
Yes, everything.
Don't deprive me of it—
The only anchor of my life.

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A Look -352

A LOOK - 352

With your smile,
nothing can compare—
not even the wealth and grace
of the entire universe.

When you smile,
nectar drips from your lips,
sustaining the hearts and souls
of the defeated—
those resigned to fate,
with no means
and no meaning to live.

To me,
it is life-breath—
the anchor of my being,
the reason
I am still alive.



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A Look -351

A LOOK-351

Your Smile

Your smile,
like a dancing stream in mountain terrain,
touches everyone it meets,
making them smile,
forgetting their sorrow and pain—
if only for a while.

You know not
what your touch of grace means to them.
If you wish to know,
read my face,
read my smile, and the life I live
since you walked into it.
There you'll find your answer—
the magic, the spell you cast on others.

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A Look -350

A LOOK-350

Your Smile

When you smile

I see it,
smell it,
feel every bit of it—
yet fail to express
what stirs within.

The poet in me
falls short of words
to capture the beauty and grace
embedded in it.

When you smile,
stars twinkle in my sky.
The dancing lily
unfolds to embrace
the silver moon,
and the air hums
songs of love and longing.

And in that fleeting curve of your lips, lies the grace and beauty of the whole
universe
which no poet can pen

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A Look-349

A LOOK-349

Your Smile

Know not
what makes you smile.
Had I known,
I would have left no stone unturned,
spared no effort
to bring that filigree smile to your lips.

I could sacrifice all I have
just to see those dancing eyes
and speaking lips
light up in joy.

That alone would complete me—
yes, that alone would fulfill me
and make my life worth living.

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A Look-348

A LOOK-348

Your Smile

You know not
what your smile means—
many like me
wait for it
to begin the day
with a smile on your lips
and retire with your face—still smiling—
hanging gently before their eyes.

Your smile
turns my world
into a rainbow of colours,
makes my body and mind
dance with joy
to its gentle rhythm.

May my end come
with your smile
lighting my way
through the ocean of darkness.

Keep smiling, my love—
your smile
means so much
to so many.
And this humble soul
seeks its salvation
in the beauty of your smile.

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A Look-347

A LOOK-347

Your Smile

Nothing touches me
as deeply as your smile.
It pierces the soul,
intoxicates,
and lifts me to the paradise of love—
a place where nothing exists
but a pair of beautiful eyes
and quivering lips,
whispering me away from agony and distress
urging me to stay with them
forgetting the world where I live

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A Look -346

A LOOK-346

When your lips quiver
And eyes begin to smile,
I slip into a trance—
A world where I see nothing
But a pair of speaking eyes
Drowning me
In its bluish vastness.

I listen to
A pair of lips,
Whispering into my soul
The melody of divine bliss,
Letting me lose myself completely
In its unmatched symphony.

And in the end,
Your smile erases
Every trace of me.

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A Look At Life-166

A LOOK AT LIFE-166

BY- SMRUTI RANJAN MOHANTY

When ego speaks,
The world around silently withers away.
With it drifts the beauty of life—its grace, its freshness—
All those finer things
That make one's journey here
A path to bliss and divinity.

When selfishness and jealousy come in between,
What remains is not friendship,
But a calculated device for mutual benefit.
Friendship is much more—
It is living for the other, without condition.

When ill feelings and hatred take the front seat,
You become an island unto yourself,
With none near but your inflated ego,
Which misguides you to hell of a life.
Your false vanity
Never lets you emerge
From the well to bask in golden sunshine.

Love ceases to be love
When it becomes too demanding.
It cannot survive the scorching summer
Or the biting winter chill.
The petals of love wilt
When ego toys with it.
Love loses its fragrance and sublimity
When it is not truly for the loved one

Very few understand
The charm and glory of life.
Most let negative emotions
Wreak havoc on its harmony.
Life is a delicate musical marvel—
Play it soft

If you wish to make the best of it.
Else, you will be left
Listening to its harsh cacophony

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Something I Look At-430

SOMETHING I LOOK AT-430

BY-SMRUTI RANJAN MOHANTY

As you age
And walk along the shifting sands of time,
Life begins to move faster than you.
You get outpaced
And are forced to sit with the audience,
Watching someone else perform on the centre stage.

As time moves on,
You find yourself outdated.
A day comes when you realise
You are not only outpaced,
But also irrelevant.
You no longer identify with your own creation
Time makes you a foreigner in your own den.

You don't know
When you became unwanted.
You ask yourself, again and again,
But finally accept the truth:
Nobody wants you in the game.

You sit quietly,
Watching the drama unfold—
On that very stage
You once built
With your dreams,
Your sweat,
Your life.
Now it slips away,
Fading from view

Is it not wise to leave the game
Before someone asks you to?
Is it not prudent to step away from the centre stage
Before it steps away from you?

Somewhere, someone
Still finds comfort in your presence.
Be with them for whom you matter before you turn into a forgotten relic
In the very world you shaped
For the ones you loved.

Is it not wise
To find your own little space
Before becoming obsolete
In another's?

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The Journey -30

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The Journey-Thirty

Tell the truth
How true are you, how true am I,
And how true is our love?

How true
Is the sun on the horizon,
Or the moon hidden beneath a veil of clouds?

How true
Are the lush greens of the Oasis,
The endless tales of grandma,
The life of the beautiful princess inside the box?

How true
Are my dreams, your pain,
And your tear after tear
That flows like blood from my eyes?

Tell the truth
How much do you love me,
And I—how much do I love you?

Tell the truth
Have you ever measured the depth of the ocean,
Felt the emptiness of the sky?

Then
Why am I who I am?
Why are you who you are?
And why is there such a distance between us?

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Something I Look At-429

SOMETHING I LOOK AT-429

BY-SMRUTI RANJAN MOHANTY

I know

You are the only reality.

I love You, adore You, worship You,
Yet fail to know why my mind wavers—
Why I forget my relationship with You
And get entangled in Maya.

Know not

Why I run after Your affluence,
The world around me—
A dream, a shadow, a fleeting illusion.
Why do I look to my right, back, and left
When You are right in front?

Know not

Why I chase a mirage
When the perennial river of bliss is within me.
Why I go for an optical illusion
When the dazzling sun shines overhead?

Why this sense of incompleteness,
Alienation, and apathy
In the very kingdom of bliss?
Why this agony, frustration, fear, and
Waves of negative emotions
When You bathe me in the nectar of ecstasy?

My Lord,

I have tried and failed—
Moved one step forward
Only to fall two steps back
Thus this birth.

Tried all paths—
From non-dualism, qualified dualism
To dualism,

From devotion to knowledge—
But failed.

Nothing helped me,
For my efforts, like me, were incomplete.
Now I realise:
Nothing is possible without Your grace.

Grace me, My Father,
To break free from Your
Spellbinding grandeur
And be with You forever.

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Something I Look At-428

SOMETHING I LOOK AT-428

BY-SMRUTI RANJAN MOHANTY

Behind that beautiful smile

Behind that beautiful smile of the golden bird

I have seen a thousand sorrows

Behind that island of joy and abundance

I have seen an ocean of tears

Drowning It every now and then

I have seen that beautiful mind

Wounded for none of its fault

A beautiful garden devastated by summer sun

And ravaged by winter shower before it could blossom

Into a paradise on earth

The heart that beat for all

The eyes that see no fault in others

The ears that listened to the symphony

Of suffering souls

The spirit that weaved dreams for all

Remain unseen and unheard for months and years

An old bird in the cage could feel it,

Could sense the pangs of sorrow and separation

Only to find its wings crippled and its feelings

And emotions locked forever

The bird in the cage holds itself responsible

For not being there

When its love needed it the most.

It sheds tears silently

wishing a better tomorrow

for the one it loves

To soar high in the sky,

Beside a prince charming,

Ahead of all

Living a life full of colour and grace,

On her own terms.

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Something I Look At-427

SOMETHING I LOOK AT-427

BY- SMRUTI RANJAN MOHANTY

A Father

One who loves you
unconditionally — is your father.

One who toils from dawn to dusk so you may live in comfort — is your father.

One who forgets his own needs and seeks the whole world for you — is your
father.

One who hides his sweat and tears, yet appears a superman to you — is your
father.

One who bears all burdens, absorbs your worries, and still keeps you smiling — is
your father.

One who endures your indifference and harsh words as you grow — is your
father.

One so immersed in raising you that he forgets he has a life of his own — is your
father.

A father remains a father till his last breath,
While the priorities of a son keep changing.

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Something I Look At-426

SOMETHING I LOOK AT-426

BY-SMRUTI RANJAN MOHANTY

I Have Never Seen You

I have neither seen you,
I have neither heard you,
Nor will I ever see you,
Nor will I ever hear you.
But I feel—every moment,
Every split second of that half-minute
You endured in that ill-fated plane.
I can sense how life feels
When death stands right in front—
How pathetic, how poignant,
To silently accept
That only a few seconds remain.

Death is not a tragedy—
It happens to everyone.
What makes it tragic is the timing,
The way it strikes
When we least expect it.
What separates cheer and tear,
Hope and despair—
Are but split seconds.
And that is life—
So cherished, so carefully constructed,
With plans, permutations, and dreams,
Yet fragile—like a water bubble.

When I think of it,
I feel breathless and choked.
It seems I am the one
Dying inside—
The one whose dreams are shattered,
Whose craving for reunion,
Hopes and tomorrows,
Were hanged before arrival.

It seems I am the one who has died,
The one who lost their family—
Their kids, their wives, their husbands, their lovers—
And I watched it all unfold
As a mute spectator.

It seems as if it is me
Who silently succumbed while doing my duty,
Unaware of what was happening.
It was a bolt from the blue—
And I surrendered without a fight.

Tell me, my Lord, where did I err?
Where did I go wrong?
Why this punishment—
Not just for me,
But for my whole family,
Who now must live the rest of their lives
Without truly living?

The identification is complete.
The horror has sunk in.
The incident—so raw, so real,
No one can help but feel
As if it happened to them.

A sense of loss grips us all.
No tear is enough,
No gesture, no RIP,
No word of solace
Can stop the wound from bleeding—
Until we, too,
Cross to the other side.

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Something I Look At-425

SOMETHING I LOOK AT-425

BY- SMRUTI RANJAN MOHANTY

The Essence of Love

Love never remains love
when expectations enter into it.
Love, in its purest form,
is not acceptable to the vast majority.
Only a few understand its language,
dive into its soul
to discover what lies within.

One who enters its depths
rarely wants to come back
to tell others of its beauty.
It is a treasure—
and having it,
one needs nothing more.

Love is not lovemaking.
It is not falling for someone.
Love is not desire,
nor possession.
Love is the complete identification
with the beloved,
the dissolution of one's own existence
in the other—forever.

Love is like the beauty of nature,
the aroma of a flower,
a mesmerizing composition,
a memory that stays.
The more you experience it,
the more you lose yourself
in its unfathomable grace and beauty.

Love is the reunion of two halves
that were once a single whole.

It is the longing to be complete again,
a yearning to rediscover
one's original oneness,
to be oneself—once more.

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Something I Look At-424

SOMETHING I LOOK AT-423

BY- SMRUTI RANJAN MOHANTY

I Knew It From the Start

I did know from the beginning
I was never the one you were waiting for.
Perhaps my verses brought you near,
But my scribbles could never match your filigree smile.

I hold no charms—
No grace, no beauty, no wealth, no power—
Nothing to please the queen of beauty forever.
I stand against time and tide,
Empty-handed, yet within your sight.
It's your kindness, not my worth,
That keeps me in your gaze.

Love is love—
Blind to reason, deaf to reality.
It knows not where the princess dwells,
Nor where I stand in darkness.
Yet your love gave me wings—
Wings that sometimes soar
To that forbidden, dream-laced land.

Yes, I love you.
Not out of want, not out of need.
It is selfless, pure,
A prayer, a wish for your rise—
That you may find a world,
And a prince, worthy of your reign.

As for me,
I loved, I love, and will love you
Until my last breath.
And if fate grants me another life,
I shall return—
Just the way you wish—

To hold your hand,
And walk beside your soul, forever.

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Something I Look At-422

SOMETHING I LOOK AT-422

BY- SMRUTI RANJAN MOHANTY

I do not know
what I mean to you,
or where I stand
in this sky full of stars,
each radiant, resplendent in its own right,
while I drift—dull, dim,
without my own light.

I do not know
how to belong in this grand display
of grace and splendour,
where I stumble through silence,
lost in the glitter
of well-dressed smiles and cheers.

This world moves
to the rhythm of grace, beauty,
wealth, and power.

I, a wounded soul
with only a trembling heart,
stand unheard and unseen
in an empty corner.

Nothing walks with me—
not time, not tide,
not even hope.
Even my shadow
has left long since.

Yet still, I move.
Step by step toward a mirage,
where pain waits
like an old friend
I never learned
to live without.

Smruti Ranjan Mohanty

India

5.6.2025

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Something I Look At-421

SOMETHING I LOOK AT-421

BY- SMRUTI RANJAN MOHANTY

Touch the sky,
and if you must, go even beyond—
for even for you, the sky is no limit.

But when you rise,
carry with you the scent of your soil,
the flavour of moist earth,
the aroma of wilting petals,
the silence of roots,
the warmth of the ground that knew you
before the world did.

Let your feet remember the earth
as your spirit touches the stars.
That is where your truth lives—
between the wind that lifts you
and the dust that shaped you.

And as you rise,
my love will watch,
not with a jealous pair of eyes
but with a heart full of joy,
a soul ecstatic and content,
a mind deeply meditative,
knowing that the one I love
is now more than I ever dared to dream she could ever be.

Yes, my love, it will make me complete and, be sure, I will never ask for
anything more.

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Something I Look At-420

SOMETHING I LOOK AT-420

BY- SMRUTI RANJAN MOHANTY

How is it
that I still wait—
for even a flicker, a word,
a sign to know how you are

I have no claim,
no right to ask.
I have given nothing
worthy of return.

And yet,
this heart—
this stubborn,
foolish heart—
listens to no logic.

It only beats
to the thought of you.
It aches
to know
how you are.

Not as a plea,
not as a demand—
just a soft,
unspoken
request.

If you are that close to me
If I dwell in your heart
Tell me how you are—
not because you must,
but because I still care,
quietly,
hopelessly.



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Something I Look At-419

SOMETHING I LOOK AT-419
BY-SMRUTI RANJAN MOHANTY

Before I Leave

I am with you
as long as I remain

I love you
accept you the way you are,
even when you change,
even when your thoughts drift
and your heart turns elsewhere.

You are a part of me—
and I will not let that part
be hurt while I am still alive

I pray for you,
not loudly,
but in the way I breathe and that will see you through the violent weather and
virulent sea
And oh, when you smile,
it gives me the strength
to stand again
in the beauty of life.

All I ask is that you smile.
It gives meaning
and adds life to my remaining days

Before I go,
find someone kind—
to fill the silence,
to walk with you,
in sun and storm,
in bloom and rain.

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Something I Look At-417

SOMETHING I LOOK AT-417

BY-SMRUTI RANJAN MOHANTY

My love,
Never leave your attitude
Hold on to your spirit—
the fire in you,
the truth in your steps.

You are changing,
as all things do,
but never forget
who walks beside you,
and who silently fades.

Your presence is a gift—
I feel it deeply,
and so do others
whose hearts recognize yours.

Stay close
to those who see you,
not just in passing,
but in essence.

People drift in and out
like tides,
but a few—
a rare few—
will remain
like the shore beneath your feet.

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Something I Look At-416

SOMETHING I LOOK AT- 416

BY- SMRUTI RANJAN MOHANTY

As I Slowly Move Toward the End

As I slowly drift toward the great unknown,
I don't know why your faces calmly return.
The closer I come to the end,
the more I feel how hollow my journey has been without you—
empty, solitary, and pathetic.

Life has lost its rhythm, its music, its warmth, its meaning.
Each day and night feels like a burden I quietly carry.
And this strange thought keeps circling—
that my life began with you,
and in the end
will dissolve into you.

People surround me,
the world moves on.
But no presence feels as real
as yours—
my father,
my mother.

I have never found
in any other eyes that same love,
that same quiet care, that deep, wordless understanding.

Who else could read
the silence in my eyes,
feel the ache behind my smile,
know the storm beneath my calm?
Who else could celebrate my joys without envy,
or grieve my losses
without needing words?

Since you left, I live in a world
poor in feeling—where no one really listens, no one truly sees.

Without you, my life feels half-lived.
My happiness is dimmed,
my sorrow left unheard.
No one senses my pain as you did.
No one stands beside my joy like you once did.

I have never seen God.
But I saw you—
and that was enough.
You were my truth in a cold world of changing wants
and fleeting bonds.

I was once a part of you.
One day, I will return to that place—
to that love.
And that thought
is the only comfort I live with.

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A Look-339

A LOOK-339

How is it that you shine so bright
More complete than any soul in sight?
True as your love, pure and deep,
In your heart no secrets sleep.

Your cravings speak of honest grace
No mask you wear, no need to chase.
You dwell beyond the world's disguise,
With open hands and open eyes.

You help, you heal, you simply give,
In your own quiet way, you live.
To me, you are the very best—
The calm, the fire, the fearless quest.

Because of you I still survive,
In barren lands you keep me alive.
For you, I dance, I sing, I dream,
Though life may lose its gentle gleam.

No one else compares to you,
So rare, so kind, so wholly true.
I take you as you are, complete—
With every flaw, so pure, so sweet.

To me you are the perfect blend—
A lover, a guide, a truest friend.
In all the world, none can outshine
This woman's heart I call divine.

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A Look-338

A LOOK - 338

You are nowhere near,
but when I look within,
I find you deep inside—
beating in rhyme to keep me alive.
I see a cool, radiant face,
spreading love and grace,
feeling the agony of each,
working for the salvation of wounded hearts and ailing humanity

My love, you may not be mine,
not in name, not in time,
but you live
in the heart of my heart,
and will remain there
until I cross
to the other side.

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A Look -337

A LOOK-337

Give Me Your Sorrows

Give me your fear
Give your tears—
I will drink them with a heart so pure.

Get angry with me,
let your fury rise—
In silence I will swallow all these

Offer me your pain,
your despair,
the weight that bends your back.
I will carry these with a smile on my lips.

Hand me everything
you wish you could leave behind.
I will hold these with love and care
as long as I am alive.

That is love—
not in words and gestures,
but in the beauty of a heart,
in the willingness
to live for the one
you love.

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A Look -336

A LOOK-336

A quiet ache begins to grow
when I see another bask in your glow.
And deeper still the pain does swell
as you walk to them where I can't dwell.

I whisper gently, 'I'm not possessive, '
but my heart, it paints a tale more expressive.
This silent wish I hide inside—
to hold you close, though fate denied.

Is this love that softly burns,
or just the ache of empty turns?
The echo of a dream that flew
for you were never mine to lose...

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A Look-335

A LOOK-335

Your presence makes all the difference, it's true,
Your smile turns grey skies to a vibrant blue.
You mean so much—more than words can say,
Without you time halts and dreams drift away.
Stay with your spellbinding charm so pure—
The world feels dim without your grace and allure.

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A Look -334

A LOOK-334

Be sure, my love,
A beautiful life lies ahead.
Someone will come
and your heart will be fed.
As for this poor man left behind
One smile of yours will always shine—
Guiding him gently through time.

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A Look -333

A LOOK-333

You know the heart
that beats for you,
the eyes that long to see you,
the ears that crave to hear you,
the mind that dwells upon you,
the soul that breathes within you.

Take care of that heart—
it may stop.
The eyes may lose their light,
the ears may fall to silence,
the mind may drift to madness,
and the soul may fade away.

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A Look-332

A LOOK-332

There is not even a trace of falsehood in my love, however slight
It is only for you, my love
my heart's sole light.
Beyond the flesh, beyond the mind,
A purer bond you will never find.
I seek no riches
no worldly pleasures and bliss,
Just the heaven of a smile upon your lips.
I dwell in you, you dwell in me
How can you leave and still let me be?
Let me depart, my time be done
Then you may follow, one by one.

Be sure, my love
You can not leave
till I am alive

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A Look-331

A LOOK-331

My love, for me
you are a beautiful dream
A vision aglow with a radiant gleam.
A tale of wonder tender and bright
Larger than life bathed in light.

With hope I cherish soft and true
That one day fate may lead me to you.
If not in this life then another may be
Where dreams unfold and souls run free.

Till time stands still and stars
forget to shine
I will wait for you, love—eternally mine.

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A Look-329

A LOOK-329

My heart says
you missed me too
your eyes sought mine
though a thousand gazed at you.
Perhaps your longing wasn't loud or wide
but love, I felt it, deep inside.

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A Look-330

A LOOK-330

My dream coincides with yours
My soul meets yours when silence pours
In the dead of night
while the world lies still
Our spirits dance beyond all will.
But when I wake you're far from me,
Miles away from reality.
Yet in both dreams and waking strife
You beat deep in my heart and life.

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