

Poetry Series

Somali Mukherjee
- poems -

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Somali Mukherjee(14 October,1993)

Born in 1993, I am working with a publishing house in Kolkata at present. The love for trying to put my thoughts on paper commenced at an early age. Apart from writing poetry, I provide vent to my thoughts and emotions by means of writing short stories, lyrics etc. I am an ardent lover of music.

Some of my write-ups can be found on

A Patriotic Song

We are honest, and we are bold,
We will fight, as, we're never old.
We will march, establish our right;
For us, the Sun will shine more bright.

We need no siren, no bugle
From our opponent enemies,
As, none ever can us heckle,
As, none ever can make us cease.

O, come on, reunite once more,
Let us redeem our own country;
Never forget what our land bore
Once; but now only liberty.

Get up, wake up, you all, you all,
Listen to our Country's sweet call.
Let us battle for the freedom;
Mark, never must we feel tiresome.

Mind it that we are who we are:
We're not forgiving for ever;
As, lenience became feeble,
We'll never any more fumble.

Once we were indeed merciful,
But now, we've become malignant;
To our land, we are dutiful
With love, just to fight hand in hand.

Fire us more, but we'll never die,
One blood-drop'll be the breeding ground
Of crores of troops, making you sigh,
Our foes, as you're just full of sound.

Let our blood seethe, let us all bleed,
Still, we'll not leave our holy creed.
We'll rescue her with patriotism,
Resulting in all optimism.

Somali Mukherjee

A Rainy Day

Lo! The coconut tree is tossing its head,
Before the grey background,
When the soothing clouds
Are getting mound and mound.

Now, a cool storm
Is ready to blow;
I am in my balcony;
My cup of happiness does flow.

Thereafter, a mild breeze blows,
And it drizzles,
And I can hear the thunder roaring,
When the lightning dazzles.

The window-curtains are dancing
In great delight,
As the rain seems comforting,
From the blistering summer's twilight.

The exam-result is about to come out;
It is knocking at the door,
But, in this beautiful Nature of sprouts,
I am now ready to soar.

The dust gets washed away
By the heart-contenting rain,
And the blossoms, and the trees,
All tidy again.

Somali Mukherjee

A Tribute To William Wordsworth

You attribute poetic beauty
To humble things of Nature;
Your ballads always mesmerise me,
And advise me to love every living creature.

You were the worshipper of Nature,
Now and then exposing your poetic mood;
You immersed yourself in the world of literature;
I regard you from my early childhood.

I admire you inexpressibly;
To me, you are so dear;
I know not why you're so talented;
My esteem for you is really very sheer.

God's created many incredible beauties of Nature;
You enjoy them to your heart's content;
I'm nothing but a silly layman;
O, please, free my soul from this horrid confinement.

This poem's just a small gift,
From me to you;
Now, I would like to enjoy
Our Nature's loveliest view.

Somali Mukherjee

Aspect

Many things are given;
Many things are taken away;
Collect Manna even from leaven;
You will find each positive day.

Whatever we gain
Depends on our aspect;
We'll gain joy, not pain,
If all we can respect.

Somali Mukherjee

Awakening Of Soul

Aye, sometimes it feels like
You are hurt by all,
But never worry,
And do not tarry,
To overcome your fall,
That can be broken like fragile dike.

Just try always,
To stretch your wings,
Across the azure sky;
Gets happy days
He, who just clings,
Like a bird to fly.

Do never give up,
Just prove that you can do also,
And one day, teasers will clap,
When the fact they will know.

Go, answer, respond those,
Who humiliate your soul;
Mark, when your being goes,
You will surely approach your goal.

Now allow them to see
That you are more efficient,
And that you too can be
Good and great and self-sufficient.

Somali Mukherjee

Bleeding Earth (Haiku)

The environment
Cries today with drops of blood
For our corruption.

Somali Mukherjee

Come Back, Grandpa

Then I was a little kiddy,
When I first learnt to call 'Grandpa', □
When all the dusks did feel so glad,
Because you used to take me there
In the playground, holding my hand,
My little hand, which always clung
To you, just who was my shelter,
Who loved me most in the household;
In the entire family of five,
You were my one and only mate.

I grew up in your loving lap,
You brought me up with your own hands,
Because I was so fond of you.
Whenever I was snubbed by others,
You embraced me to forget pain,
The utmost pangs born of foul things;
When I stretched my little arms
Round your neck always from your back,
You held me up high in your hands;
I used to giggle and enjoy.

But now, I feel only anguish,
Since you have left me all alone,
On this Earth, so tearful for me;
I feel gagged to breathe as I weep,
I feel desperately lonely
To survive in this state of sobs;
Come back to me, be here once more,
Let me, please, once again hug you,
To call you my 'Grandpa' again,
Or, take me with you for ever.

None understands me any more,
None loves me more than you just did;
I know, I'm a grown up right now,
Still, just you nurtured me with love,
With your lots of pure and true love;
That affection you gifted me

Has gone far away, far away;
Therefore, come back to me, come back
Once more, come back, love me again.
Who else, Grandpa, will wipe my tears?

Somali Mukherjee

Composed In The Lap Of Nature

Dazzling molten golden glow
Touches me like pure white snow;
Crimson cluster, blaster of hue,
Turns our lives ever-new.
Human riddle does diddle;
The cawing crows play on fiddle.
The sunbeams' toil does recoil;
The night'll serve as the foil.
Breathless beauty, divine duty
Provide all with lots of gaiety.

Somali Mukherjee

Corona

Constant Corona-fear
Sets us all in tears;
The dirge at us leers;
O, hear, O, hear,
The distant cries of me and you;
It's time to bid adieu, adieu!

We face flood;
We face drought;
Time is wrought;
Tide of blood
Overflows everywhere in the society;
Corona, the aftermath of bestial gaiety.

Somali Mukherjee

Cosmic Order (Haiku)

The sea call'd the wind;
The wind ruffled; the sea swell'd;
The cosmic order.

Somali Mukherjee

Cyclic Change

The sun goes down;
The moon comes up;
The stars do drown
In the sun's club.

Rotate and revolve;
Rotate and revolve;
Ups and downs involve
"Rotate and revolve".

Somali Mukherjee

Divine Bliss

It would have been even more splendid,
If a fountain had started to flow,
Through the titanic mountains afar,
Wrapped up with pure, white snow.

Behind the visages of the mountains,
I can behold with ease the blue sky,
So beautiful, so magnificent that it can
Turn my soul into a bird to fly.

Its reflection will sparkle,
And splutter the fountain's water,
With sunbeams falling on it,
And, about the beauty, will secretly mutter.

Lo! The lovely scarlet blossoms
Of the yon rhododendron trees;
O, come, listen to the sweet melody
Of the humming bees.

Such a majestic beauty always
Provides such divine bliss
To everyone, to receive Nature's reply,
Which is actually always ready to please.

Somali Mukherjee

Divinity Incarnate

Give a chance to
The phoenix within
You. Wake it up;
Nurture it with care.

Such divine force
Is incarnate.
Give it a chance;
It'll take care of you.

Our frail temple
Nurtures our phoenix;
Even though we perish,
It will immortalise us.

Somali Mukherjee

Eternal Bliss (Haiku)

Golden "honeydew";
Pouring from the twilight sky.
What bliss eternal!

Somali Mukherjee

Eternal Call (Haiku)

The sea gives a call
To the wind like You call me.
Endless love indeed!

Somali Mukherjee

Eternal Change (Haiku)

The sun does wane down;
The milky moon, then, climbed up
Behind the mountain.

Somali Mukherjee

Gifts

Human life relies upon
Our beholding it -
To stay like a stone,
Or to relish its beat.

It fosters its own music,
It possesses its own hue,
Depending on the trade's trick;
Learn how to live true.

If we've transparent minds,
Other things too will be so;
To sever the complex binds,
At first, let's have a go.

□

Everything gifts us a lesson;
These gifts are priceless;
We all should them beckon,
Though, they may seem heartless.

Somali Mukherjee

Glass

Last night, I came to know
From my father's age-old experience
That every human life is like a glass:
Full of uncountable scratches at close sight,
Though, from a distance, each looks even to all.
It is not our fault, as we don't
Have proximity enough which makes us find
Others' so good to know
And imagine with perpetual sense
Of warmth, love - to smoothly run and then pass
The barricade with utmost will and might.
At first, they, too, were humble and ordinary like us,
Whose lives we never think to be arduous like ours,
That takes so much agony, struggle and strength.
Yes, I mean the celebrities,
Whose lives are originally full of painful sojourns,
Which we just can't see from afar;
So, though those lives appear to be full of comfort,
They are not so....
They just go on
With lots of hardships, to be one day cool
To us, always, for ever -
And each of those lives just warns
Never to weep, nor to be full of subdued sobs,
But always to perform all our duties,
To persevere and not to yield to hurdles;
To glow with the brilliance of glass.

Somali Mukherjee

Green Atmosphere

Thousands of green leaves
Are touching the sunny sky;
Shall I never come to know
How they do so and why?

Pleasant weather and greeneries;
Lo! What a marvelous sight!
The verdant fellows are trying
To approach the dazzling sunlight.

They grow taller so rapidly,
As if they are real contestants,
Creating a novelty so majestically
Among us, that is greatly pleasant.

They get mature so hastily,
That they would kiss their mother, the sky;
And, so, they nod their heads gladly,
To climb up more and more high.

The young ones get overshadowed
By their tall siblings;
But they utter, "He'll see you;
Later we'll be the queens and kings";.

Who can not get lost,
In such a green atmosphere,
To enjoy Nature's beauty, and
The sweet melody to hear?

Somali Mukherjee

Hold On

Hold on, hold on!
After such a Marah
Will come an Elim.
Hold on, hold on!
We will sing "Hurrah";
After such a scary scream.
Hold on, hold on!
Life will give all
An equal share.
Hold on, hold on!
Us He will call,
But we must dare.

Somali Mukherjee

In Heaven

The fragrance of the path familiar
Lit my heart like a chandelier;
It drew away my plight,
After my lifelong fight.
I'm no more the same;
Life's just a game;
It's over now.
I wonder how
I came over all of it;
Now only divine tidbit!
The distressed heart feels divine love;
Now I'm all worries above.

Somali Mukherjee

Landscape

All day do the landscape I view;
Yet they are always evernew.
I must know,
I must know-
Whenever it does tire,
Destiny will play dire,
For the moment we cease
Loving her, we crease
Our mentality,
Full of brutality.
We must know,
We must know
That our time's drawing close;
Time will not be as it goes.

Somali Mukherjee

Life, A Boomerang

The more you write,
The more 'exact' you will be;
The more you fight,
The more challenged you will be.

The more you criticise,
The more disgraced you will be;
The more you optimise,
The more esteemed you will be.

Whatever we do or say,
Returns to us for sure;
One beholds the brightest day,
When one knows how to endure.

Life is a boomerang;
We know it, yet care not;
Sometimes, we need to hang
On to improve our lot.

Somali Mukherjee

Life, A Hurdle

Like a newborn babe
Girdled by
A colony of ants,
Like a bird in
A wooden cage,
Like a prisoner
In the Bastille,
Each human life
Is ensnared with
A great number
Of hurdles:
The path of life
Is never laden with
Silk and blossoms.
If we endeavour indeed,
We'll attain life's ambrosia.

Somali Mukherjee

Like A Burning Candle

Like a burning candle,
Lighting up its surroundings
To the last flame of fire,
An artist needs to
Pour down everything
To the last lees
To enlighten the world,
To inform the people,
To try to transform them,
By knocking at the door
Again and again until
It gets opened, for
The repeated knock will
Wear away every darkness
To open the world up
To a lasting light,
To endless eternity.

Somali Mukherjee

Like A Play

Lo! Yon the moon
Is a spotlight
On the Ganges!
The dark canopy
Is hung from above
With millions of diamonds
Encrusted in it.
O! Hear the distant desire
Of the entering and exiting
Steamers, oscillating like
A pendulum, on the stage.
The curtain has been raised
Long, long ago.
Someday the curtain will
Fall down (who knows when)
When we'll be given
A chance to purge off
Our sins, all our sins.

Somali Mukherjee

Lone (Haiku)

The clear sky above;
The ridge mingles with the sea;
I'm never more lone.

Somali Mukherjee

Love The Life

No more will I make life freeze;
I will enjoy my life up to its lowest lees.
Life is short; it is precious;
Life can't stand with things malicious.
Why shouldn't I, why shouldn't I?
Soar with wings up in the sky?
Aye, I do love to dream;
Like the stars, I don't gleam,
But I will shine, shine, for sure;
The more will I shine, the more endure.
I'll shed no more tears,
Banish all my fears,
To become purified,
No more feel petrified.
No more will I let life freeze;
I'll enjoy life up to its lowest lees.
I may be wrong; I may be right;
No more indulge sheer sham fright.
There is just one life for living;
Don't waste it with flattering craving.
Love life more, love it even more;
Such love will balm your every sore.
The truth will surely come to light;
Each thing'll be revealed extra-bright.
What we try to hide,
May flow free like tide;
What we try to bring to light,
May be murky like the night.

Somali Mukherjee

Metamorphosis

The shower of sapless leaves,
Dancing in the midst of them,
My deep despair do they cleave;
I'm never more the same.

Lo! This blade of grass
Edifies so many things;
Yonder the golden mass
Lessons my heart that sings.

We change every day;
We are born again and again;
We never decease any day;
Everything's in a chain.

That I'll never die
Produces in me bounty and joy;
When one's soul's uplifted high,
One sheds off being coy.

Somali Mukherjee

My Little Sister's Naughty Pranks

At first jumping in the lumpy bed,
Then tickling Grandpa pretty often
To wake him up each and every morn,
She commences her naughty sojourn
Of the day, making almost insane
The entire family from toe to head.

Then it is just Granny's turn, of course,
When she's sleeping with her open mouth,
Where the girl puts some sugar and salt,
When Granny in fear just says, "Halt! Halt!
How can you each day be so uncouth?
Do you never have any remorse?"

But, the little kid squeezes her nose,
And leaping down, escapes at a glance,
When that elder has nothing to do.
Meanwhile, Mamma gets up to give true
Affection and find a perfect chance
To make her study, sometimes with force,

Sometimes with love, when she brings her dolls
Instead of books, because she hates school,
When she pulls her sister's hair, to try
To seek refuge in her quilt, and cry
Just not to read; she does not befool,
However, with her sentiments, false.

Returning home from his morning-walk,
Daddy gets ready for his office, just
When she finds some cuddle from his heart.
However, she never tries to hurt
Any at all, though, all just stay aghast
Just when with Mom, school ward does she stalk.

Then all heave a deep sigh of relief,
Definitely, for the time being,
Until she invades again after
The hours in her school, when the elder

Sister performs her duties, seeing
The younger is the household's belief.

Somali Mukherjee

Nature's Pinnacle

Thin shreds of white clouds
Are floating in the blue sky
Above the snowy mountains
Which are erected so high.

Underneath the natural monuments,
There is a vale so profound,
With lots of beauty and menace,
Which are always mound.

By the side of the valley,
I can find so many verdant fellows;
Enchanting, mesmerizing me,
As if the dale always hallows.

I can feel the snowy flakes
Falling downwards in my lap;
But as there is no blizzard,
There is no mishap.

And when the radiant beams fall,
On the snow from the Sun's holy face,
The entire calm atmosphere
Takes a golden grace.

Where can we find such a beauty?
Unless we try to fancy,
To approach Nature's pinnacle?
And behold the entire world,
That is always a miracle?

Somali Mukherjee

No Life (Haiku)

I'm feeling lonely;
Without You, I don't exist;
A shadeless shadow.

Somali Mukherjee

Our Actual Identity

Who am I? Who are you?
Wherefrom do I come?
Which place is this?
Where will I go?

Why do we fight?
For sheer sham fright?
For premeditated position?
What's that? How long will it last?

We are none, we are nobody
But the divided parts
Of the Supreme Soul;
We are the divided bread-loaves.

We will have to go
There where we come from;
We have come here, on this
Transient playhouse to prove,
Prove how we can perform.

We get involved in this
World's illusions, mirages,
That will never last,
That will fade away
Through the ages.

Somali Mukherjee

Our Own Endeavour

Without shedding gore,
Silently adore
God in mankind;
Envy turns us blind;
We lose reason;
We commit treason;
We act unkind.

Suppressed fears,
Depressed tears
Haunt today's people;
Life becomes brittle;
Not heaven above
But human love
Can change this world a little.

Somali Mukherjee

Persistence

I burn midnight oil;
All day do I toil;
Yet, don't get success;
Life is full of mess;
Why such injustice?
In spite of practice?
Life is hard and tough;
We cry, people laugh;
I trust to succeed;
Though sometimes I bleed,
I will not give up,
To get Fortune's club.

Somali Mukherjee

Phoenix (Haiku)

Overpower me;
Not caring, I will still rise;
I am a phoenix.

Somali Mukherjee

Prayer Of A Fallen Individual

I'm forsaken as Atlantis;
I'm fading away like
The sun going down;
I'm deserted as
An abandoned tragedy;
I'm lifeless just
Like a grey shadow;
I've lost my identity
In the midst of
Names numberless.

Lift me up on
Your shoulders;
Hold me firm
With Your hands;
Keep me fast
With Your velocity;
Pacify my soul
With Your eyes;
Fill me up
With Your Divinity.

Somali Mukherjee

Short Life (Haiku)

Life is short indeed;
Time is time to fly away;
We cling to vain feuds.

Somali Mukherjee

Stillness

Milk and gall!
Rise and fall!
Such thoughts do arise;
Behold the dappled skies.
Their fluttering sound
Fills up the mind profound.
Why is everything so still?
Will a storm work and fill?
A rain is in the offing;
Banish baseless bickering
By all of us;
Why feel so harsh?
What we give is what we gain-
Joy for joy and pain for pain.

Somali Mukherjee

The Essence Of Life

The azure canopy hung from above
Whispers into our ears of Divine Love.
How is it that all birds feel free,
When we, the humans, try to flee?
What is wrong, what is right,
Can't be gained when we fight;
If we learn from each trifle,
None can ever do us baffle,
For none is born perfect;
We all function like an insect,
As vile grips us in its fire,
Rendering us with ill desire.
If we wish, we may learn;
From each naïve thing, we may earn
Wisdom rather than mere knowledge;
Without making a quest for privilege,
O Lord, can't we have divine wings?
One gains success when one clings
To one's principle and aim.
With the birds, let's be the same,
And one, and identical,
But never detrimental.
We were born, we will die;
One day in dust we will lie.
What is mortal, what is not?
One day all'll be brought to naught.
Over-usage of eternity's too tedious;
Hence, look up and be melodious
In life rather than sapless.
Nothing is hopeful, nothing is hapless -
Let's all be in divine mirth;
Death's not too far away from birth.

Somali Mukherjee

The Juvenile Days

I truly get dumbfounded
To look back at the days I had once,
And to get them back again,
I will not be given any chance.

I do not burst into remorse,
Knowing this outrageous fact well;
If my soul tries to force,
It would simply fail.

First, to a nursery school,
Then to a kinder-garten one;
Now, I just can't mull
How they all are gone.

Whenever I take an expedition
Down my memory lane,
I do not receive anything
But lots of pain.

I become astonished to think
How great those juvenile days were;
But, all went away in a wink,
Forever, forever, forever...

Many hands in a tiffin-box,
Many children at a play,
Always ready for others to coax,
To be ever-happy, ever-gay.

Am I having a perfect time?
Does everything happen for good?
Now, I yearn to get back to
The days of my childhood.

Somali Mukherjee

The Month Of Pride

No need of shame,
But right to pride;
For all, love's not a game;
It's the month of pride.

I may be a gay;
I may be a lesbian;
People have nothing to say
That I am a plebeian.

We too are human;
We too have right;
I too am a clan
To shine extra-bright.

The continent we complete;
None can live as an island;
The social standards might not meet
Our love and point of stand.

At us, do you frown;
Still, we'll establish the right;
Our love we won't drown,
Though we may not be so trite.

Somali Mukherjee

The Obituary (Haiku)

That you are no more
Turns my sea to commotion;
A great storm at hand!

Somali Mukherjee

The Sunrise

Lo! Behind the hills afar,
The wonderful Sun is rising at dawn;
Each time it gives a new life to the Earth,
And always grows green grasses on the lawn.

One will just be captivated by the beauty of the Sunrise,
Then the whole sky will seem to one as the Paradise,
And the moist clouds sparkling with the dazzling sunlight,
Float in the golden sky creating an incredible sight.

There are so many heart-gratifying beauties of Nature,
But, perchance, amongst all, the Sunrise is the best;
No wonder, it is a genuine gift from God
To us, that is the choicest.

Somali Mukherjee

The Teenager's Talk

Will it kill us all, Mum?
You say, one gets the sum
Of one's deeds -all of them;
Now it doesn't seem the same.
I've just stepped at thirteen;
Won't I too be spared by COVID-19?
I wish to meet more people;
I wish to soar on the ripple
Of my fantastic land,
Holding your and Dad's hand.
Corpses on corpses are getting piled;
I don't want to be exiled,
Mum, don't want to be exiled.
You say, I'll be a big man,
An honorable and pure man;
I need to grow up
With your club.
Won't this virus let me go?
Can't I fulfill my dreams and grow?
Please, don't you cry, Mum;
I'm ready to get my sum.

Somali Mukherjee

The Truth

The truth is firm;
It is always holy;
It does never harm,
But, is really
Too pure
To be neglected;
So, get sure
To be respected,
By respecting others,
And loving all as sisters and brothers.

The truth is the power;
It is inevitable;
One can't be a coward,
If one is true and noble.

Try to love all,
By listening to Nature's call;
Don't dishearten any,
Not to receive woe from many
In your future
As thousands of preying vultures
At a stage;
Get relief from this haze.

You may belong to another world,
But your fantasy must be true;
It may not be real in word,
But must be true, according to you.

Just interrogate yourself whether
You yourself can be the master
Of Truth, Meekness and Purity,
And also Faith, Hope and Charity.

Somali Mukherjee

Time To Pretend

When life gets stationary
Like a mossy stone,
When time feels like
A claustrophobic cul-de-sac,
When people pelt stones at you
Like a pack of snarling stray-dogs,
It is felt that we must pretend;
Aye, it's time to pretend,
For, being unmasked, you can't
Survive in the midst of
An unruly mob of
Masked people with
The same visages.
Hence, all must pretend;
It's time to pretend.

Somali Mukherjee

To My Dear Helen

You began to write the history of your life
With a kind of fear;
I know not why you are so great;
O, Helen, to me, you are so dear.

You're talented, you're esteemed;
How enchanting your fantasy is!
Your voice is always buzzing in my heart,
Just like the honey-seeker bees.

You are fantastic, you are the greatest;
I look upon you as my buddy;
You're as broad-minded as Mount Everest;
You're cleaning my spirit which was muddy.

Whenever I feel frustrated,
Your story stimulates me;
O, pal, I really love you heartily;
In my melancholy moments, you provide me with glee.

You foment me with new vigor,
When my life is a smilax;
You counsel me to practice with great rigor;
You help me reach the climax.

Somali Mukherjee

To The Blade Of Grass

I learn from you,
O, blade of grass;
Trodden are you
By the mass.

You stay at calm;
You stay at peace;
You silently hum,
"You can't snatch my bliss".

These are all
Sublime virtues;
Your sweet call
Turns my heart loose.

Stay at calm,
In utmost peace;
I, too, hum,
"I'm in my bliss".

Somali Mukherjee

True Friendship

All our relationships are created
By God since our birth, but, we all
Can too make something, and that's friendship.
May our true friendship last forever!
Let us increase our understandings
At least hundred times more everyday.
Let me stand by your side just always.
Let me love you even more each day.
Death can't even part us, because we
Will find each other in Afterlife
Again. There we'll stay as super best chums
Again just as we're here on this Earth.
So, why do you shed tears, my sweet mate?
Always trust, always know, we'll stay one
Forever, for always, all the days.
Yes, I know, just like me, you also
Feel the same oneness when you breathe in -
We both are tied together with
One another with our true emotions.
Therefore, cute comrade, let's always stay
Inseparable just as we're now,
As, we two are meant for each other
And will remain the same forever.
May our true friendship stay forever!

Somali Mukherjee

Vanquished Corona

Corona's tyranny
Can't be our destiny.
We're not afraid
Of Corona's raid.
We will live;
We won't die;
Corona will leave
And feel shy.
How, O, how?
Tell me how.
Yes, I will.
Sure, I will.
Hold your breath;
Close your eyes;
Conquer death;
Conquer sighs;
Live we will
With goodwill.
Live we must. Live we must;
Corona will feel aghast
With our strong mettle;
Aye! We'll resettle.
We will defeat
Corona's fit.
We're not mundane human;
We each is a superman.

Somali Mukherjee

Was It True?

My heart gnaws me down,
Shattering my all to the ground.
Human nature is treacherous,
Hindering in keeping promises;
The slogan of "It's mine"
Has become the be-all-and-end-all
At present, resulting in great fall.
Sadistic snobbery knocks me down;
I feel wounded; my heart bleeds;
Was it for this that
The rapport grew up
Brick by brick, piece by piece?
Everything seems a false mockery,
Whenever people give vent to snobbery.

Somali Mukherjee

What Can It Do?

Fame? What can your fame do,
Unless you be a real human being?
Name? What can your name do,
Unless you know how to love
A helpless, hopeless living being?

Recognition? What can it do,
Unless you learn true forgiveness?
Eminence? What can it do,
Unless you help those,
Who are struggling against utmost distress?

Have you ever fancied,
Who has brought you up?
Have you ever fancied,
Who has been your life's guide-map?

Performance? What can it do,
Unless you show your gratitude
To your benefactor?
Eligibility? What can it do,
Unless you perceive any kind of matter?

Career? What can it do,
Unless you stand beside the destitute?
Leadership? What can it do,
If nothing you can retribute?

Optimism? What can it do,
Unless you be a real optimist?
Theism? What can it do,
Unless you be a true theist?

Somali Mukherjee