

Poetry Series

Somnath DasGupta
- poems -

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Somnath DasGupta()

writer, poet, playwright, philosopher and in general lover and quarterback of life.

Oh Devil- You Are My Complication

Listen, can you listen
There is an uprising tension, playing with the leaves
We often forget to mention
The sound of twigs which often loses its motion.

We are surrounded with such emotions and objects so peculiar
They were not to be imagined and trusted,
all around, tantalizing my senses, tickling my thoughts
We leave the matter, just to leave the sense being so complicated.
It's a emotion unlike anything I've ever seen
Lets name it complicated
It's a friend that I hate talking
lets do something more interesting and leave it to the word of complicated
again there is a friend, who I truly love or like
And as hard as I try
I can't seem to describe
Like a most improbable dream
But you must believe when I tell you this
It's as real as my emotions in my beautiful eyes and it does exist
Here, let me show you
This is a thing called being uninterested or complicated
The whole thing starts with a thought
of you DEVIL
oh thee my friend is devil

Somnath DasGupta

The Opaqueness Of Autumn

Autumn was always so confusing for me
sitting down near the window
sipping that hot cup of coffee
and staring that colourful rainbow
suddenly I saw a drop of rain crawling down my window
a small drop of first rain of the autumn
the first welcome note of the chilly winter
looked deep into it and I thought about everything in my life
is fading away like this drop of water.

I realised somehow have now a problem in recollecting that beautiful face
even your face opaques away from the realms of my memory
as this change in season brings a thought in my mind about change
change,
the habits of the day and the night
in which was also a habit of meeting you everyday
change
the way I have been looking at the life
and now how the life looks back at me
change
the way I use to smile at the life
also the way you use to smile at me.

the sweet chilly wind just blew by
it just touched and left a feeling and passed on
like your messages, your thoughts use to come
touch me, make me smile, bring the anger out of me
but use to bring thoughts of you
somehow I use to remember the melody of your voice too

one day even I thought to keep your voice in a paper and pin it to my diary
like some people keep that beautiful dry leaf of autumn in their diary
or those wings of butterfly which kids keep in their photo album or scrap book.

you asking those questions in your voice
and while asking your smile that reached up to your eyes
and while saying a word 'CO' your lips use to become round like those big
keyring but with beautiful expressions.

suddenly the rain have started
do you remember the rain we ran and hide in the roof
and instead of came in storm of your words and questions
the similarity both the rain had some similar sweet fragrance
your words and these water
I think they both know how to bring fragrance of thoughts

Autumn I will never understand this season
a potpourri of everything rain, chilly winter
beauty, falling of leaves
same as you, your words, your silence
your thoughts
remains a mystery

Somnath DasGupta

The Wanderer

Oh wanderer, stop your wandering heart.

Wait,

Savor this moment, feel the air, bring that hidden smile of yours.

&

Smile to the wind.

The wind that blew, feeling your face.

Touched me, my soul and;

Ailing heart for thee.

Today the day of LOVE, we celebrate.

When the sky fell in love with the full moon.

The bright moon became pale, when I stared at him,

Asking for your address, I just wanted to relegate.

But it turned pale and ran into the depth of clouds.

The wilderness beckons me!

I wait on the cross roads,

Putting my fear in shrouds.

Followed the directions, that leads to nowhere

But my mind guides, that it leads to you.

To a place where you sit down and smile wearing a mohair.

A place, which is abandoned by sensible people,

Who define love and its boundaries in days, hours and relations.

Where there are small uninhabited emotions forming beautiful carnations.

There are thorns too and so are flowers with fragrance.

Some saw desert there when they came with the soul of logic

And you saw the fertility there with a soul of wanderer.

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