

Poetry Series

**Soumili Karmakar**  
**- poems -**



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Soumili Karmakar()



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# The Hues Of Happiness

My roses were crimson scarlett with sharp thorns;  
Rainbow Starfrontlet wished to dwell only for enormous nectars since a thousand years aeon.

Brightly sailing to a majestic land;  
The tender breeze sang notes with the little girl,  
Who stood up on the deck with the help of her mother's hand  
She knew showers were about to make their magical arrival.

Tiny droplets fell on the petals of my roses,  
And with great devotion they prayed to God for the little girl to reach before dark.

My roses were dancing through the breeze,  
As they were waiting for their Ally.  
And whenever the clouds bursted  
Their heartstrings played songs of Christmas Eve.

The holy shrine was chanting verses from the Psalm;  
Stories were heard of sacred Mary,  
Who gave birth to the divine:  
The child was in the womb of his mother,  
When Magi paid a visit, the child was rejoicing inside the womb by the cheerful junction.  
Just like the butterflies experience the first enlightenment after being born.

Live for us and live for you,  
Make the crowd know, that you are your own brilliant hue.  
Don't you forget we will be there for you  
Even if you were someone standing out from the crew.

An unborn living without seeing the world still felt happy,  
My roses dancing, still unknown when their ally would come,  
The little girl singing with the whole blue sky above,  
Just believed and loved  
Helped them in adventuring  
And finding a way through the dark,  
Where the heaven blessed them from the above.

The meaning of our present is happiness;  
You shall find a bird whistling for you,

You shall find a beautiful butterfly gently flying around you.

My roses were good listeners,  
And bestfriends of lovers too.  
They were passed with letters,  
And some were kept even after being pale  
As token of blossoming love.

My roses were Flowers,  
Transformed as everlasting memories  
As immortal arts.  
It made us understand the kind words of our holy father:  
&quot; Love as I've loved you,  
Love as I love you now at this very moment,  
And Love is in giving.&quot;

Soumili Karmakar

# Manifesting Epics

I found a way without despairing,  
Faced reality with eyes longing  
For this glorious entity.  
Distant from the crowding horizons at play  
A show: where all performed with masks every day.  
On a table, a photoframe was kept  
Past school-day visions were retained.  
Long, lost, confused souls;  
I found answers to doubtful simplifications.  
Life lessons and gratitude were learned bravely and without hesitation.  
Poems were flowing expressions  
For souls who loved admiration.  
Heaven on Earth—peace bloomed in the ethereal plain;  
Watered the bud, away from the rising main.  
The sound of waves calling my name  
Outburst of tears and reminiscence of heartfelt laughter in vain.  
Jewels of silver pebbles fixed on the shore  
Groping in the extending darkness, she rode.  
But who caught her when she mistook tomorrow for not being a plot?  
As her windows were open, so was her heart  
One varied, and the other shattered.  
Hands moulding clay  
Besmeared by mud halfway,  
The lamp with oil beside her bed  
Conjured her heart to stay.  
Holy lands: Rome and Greece,  
Famous for architecture and full of evergreens,  
Are known as the 'Era of the Epics.'  
The dove painted pictures;  
Didn't wanted to live for concealed textures  
Flames were burning within  
Finding an imperial place to win.

Soumili Karmakar

# The Magical Spells

Winter mornings are cold by the passing mist of sweet air;  
The fragrance of fresh daisies  
And Oak trees so fair.  
The dawn breaks leaving fogs and droplets;  
For the unsaid magical stories  
Living for ages in fair hearts to share.  
The sun appears and wishes ' good morrow';  
The incredible path of the cave we follow  
Covered with heavy boulders and rocks,  
But the weather has its spelling cast.  
Walking straight: sound of the ticking clock  
Memories of you and me happily wrapped in a cloak.  
The universe beckons to rise;  
Daffodils singing, colourful butterflies rejoicing nectar as their prize.  
Valleys full of life and light;  
My journey begins with the world  
Looking at the trees gilted with rays of gold.  
I find beautiful angels blooming  
And dancing through the edge of the breeze;  
Some walking down the pretty streets,  
Some sitting on the gallant branches,  
Some flying round and round in the sky above  
Making garlands with selfless love.  
Sparrows chirping aloud;  
Making the dazzling world go around.  
The thread keeps us unite;  
Of this today with you,  
Even if tomorrow we fight.  
Musical voices enriched by great hearts;  
White clouds of the heavenly blues running faster before all  
Finding a place to teach the world not to thrall.  
Presenting their showers for us;  
The beautiful sky praises them announcing a ball.  
A love without conditions and expectations;  
A love helping the world to grow,  
A love with all its glory to bestow,  
And a promise of a better tomorrow,  
Here I write for you to know.



# Her Favourite Colour

Refreshing hues of blue she wore;  
Her favourite colour, which she adore.  
Blues were for the skies and seas,  
Still she loved the colour of the morning trees.  
Skies were worshipped by woods;  
As, it was the master and god of light and water for their emerald hues.  
Walking through the distant place;  
The soil had a freshening scent,  
Though her home was without the fence,  
Still she managed to keep her four cranes;  
Sweet and safe at the plains.  
Lighting those dark night skies by stars:  
Whereas, one falling was taken as Amorous Arts.  
She did her best as she could;  
She gave her rest to the world,  
As, here I include.  
Our destiny crossed paths,  
And we held our arms tight as fast.  
Our roots were strong in all the seasons,  
She knew I had my eyes on her for every reasons.  
Our eyes caught a million little details,  
Which were left unsaid.  
Our beliefs were alike, our dreams were too-  
The mountains we wished to visit,  
The first chocolate we shared with the few,  
The lie, I told just to have a couple of conversations unfold to you.  
The first walk on the stairs together and then balancing not to fall on one  
another;  
Led a mould of her shape in my loving heart.  
The call that came, the whistling of nightjars in vain wondered too by flocking  
their wings.  
You see?  
'The first', which I wrote is for 'Her', that bore.  
I hope she could hear a bit, after allowing me to read.  
The air was travelling from the Himalayas  
accompanied by clouds, and lullabies of nightjars singing each notes gracefully  
for us.  
Calm, she was in her every word.  
All I do recall is -



The kindness on her face,  
The smile that sweetened every sunset,  
The soul that waited every night for the sun to rise,  
And a home of mine was found in her bright eyes.

Soumili Karmakar

# Cherry Blossom

A sweet music was heard in a blooming field;  
Long ago, a weeping promise kept was healed.  
She stood up there by her own;  
Not knowing where to roam alone.  
The sun was in gold,  
She was to be mould.  
As the guide, sun, thus spoke -  
'Let her live the way she believed,  
Let her dreams rise,  
As she's not afraid of her pride '  
She was found anew;  
Light shone on her to make her journey renew.  
She was loved by the winds, held by the hands,  
Unknown to others, where her destiny was planned!  
Glancing at the little bird;  
Looking at her from the braches, where it calmly sat,  
She knew her admiration was intact.  
Flying towards her by the wings,  
Her heart was amused by such gentle greetings.  
The sky was clear;  
The love was near.  
Did she knew, who was to hear?  
Cherry blossoms were speaking among themselves,  
She fell for the blossoms, she fell for the colours;  
Praying for them to stay there forever in their powers.  
She cared, she embraced,  
She watered,  
She was the one, who loved in terms of devotions;  
Without a word uttered.  
The path was beautiful, so was the trees;  
Her tresses were swinging by the breeze.  
A feeling of hope, a feeling within her chest was beating at its place  
How couldn't she admire?  
How could she speak less?  
The elements were making her burden light;  
Worthy of thoughts, worthy of life;  
She was born to live, and not to cry.  
Butterflies were happy to cherish the spring,  
Those waited every year for there beings.

Her friends were few, nobody knew  
She was still dancing with her heavenly hues.  
Certain was she, different from all;  
She chose herself after the fall.  
Accompanied by harmony;  
Love was found.  
Thus, she knew, she was to be crowned.

Soumili Karmakar

# Musings

When nights are dark, and you are wide awake drawing an arc.  
When the city is shining bright, and you are far away boarding a flight.  
Do remember, my dearest.  
There is a lamp, burning for you right.  
There is, a pair of eyes, waiting to see your light.  
When the stormy winds are knocking at your window panes,  
And you're shouting aloud "I've got nothing to claim";  
Think about your journey, for once and for all.  
Think about how far you've come, to where you belong.  
When you are lost, and you know "there's nothing to cost";  
When your wooden chair is placidly, rocking beside the mantelpiece,  
And you are watching, little dusk on the letter you held so close at ease.  
Don't forget the hand that wrote,  
Don't forget the bliss that float.  
When walls are high, but someone gets through with an elusive 'hi'.  
When love is fair,  
Please, do not declare.  
When, we are US.  
I don't care who curse.  
Hence,  
When she calls, you love it without a pause.  
This is where you are,  
This is where I've been.  
Imagining you by my side,  
But when I open my eyes  
You disappear, leaving me in my plight.  
Noble love, why have you been this?  
Is all, what I want to know.  
Don't you know, for you I write?

Soumili Karmakar

# Growing And Glowing

Reading about the Oak trees, mountains, flowing essence of waterfalls, the scent of wet ferns, and the heart shaped leaves of Peepul.

Took my breath away.

And when I witnessed,

I was deeply inspired.

Time was flowing, but my eyes were asking for a lifetime with them.

I wished to freeze such moments.

It made me think about the power of elements.

I'm wholeheartedly grateful to the almighty.

For giving me the gift to see, to love, and to be loved by my great friend, the nature.

Our noble homeland, our worthy notions about;

The sacred trees,

Such as Peepul, and Banyan.

The shades and shelter-

For weary souls to rest,

Out in the scorching heat,

The sun sings without haste.

It helps in growing, and yielding.

With the help of his acquaintance,

The blissful rain.

The sunbeams are not be contempted.

Farmers working in the fields,

As you know morning never delays, nor do they.

Sweats falling down their foreheads.

I see, Responsibilities, and efforts, my friend.

An image of not giving up.

However, only giving hearts and souls for us all day along.

Providing food in the market, and our mothers filling up bags with fresh vegetables and fruits.

The demand, granted by the help of the whole universe.

A sphere, where we live.

The dreams that we believe in,

And seek to live someday.

Keeps us alive,

Acts shall be implied on that day

Which will make our pathway, known to all.

Like the flow of work divided among buzzing bees in making of beehives,

Inside it contains the sweetest honey.

Patience, and perseverance, my friend.  
So, when you work  
Be an exception, be you, for you  
While, making your dreams come true.  
Just like the well, which has been covered by tall buildings, but still deep down  
the soil, the purity still flows immensely.  
Helping the trees to grow.  
The great foliage,  
vividly dancing to the tunes of air.  
Elements of nature,  
Do you hear?  
I'm sorry on behalf of all.  
Your lands, are inherited by us.  
But some do not protect you from the foul.  
You being the nurturer,  
Doesn't expects anything in return, always gives, and gives.  
Embraces of mist air on our faces  
Like cotton clothes, wiping away our fears, Which we hold.  
Observe, my dear friend.  
As it may, mean a lot to you, as well.  
Water, wells, streams, rivers, and blue oceans.  
The luminous soul image  
On the water, without any disdain.  
One that wishes, a picture so firm,  
Without dust, and roughness.  
Oh! Such mesmerizing images of love, hope, gratitude and inspiration.  
It is you, yes, it is this beautiful you.  
One has to rise, when the whole divine nature is on your side.  
Not only humans do inspire us, do you see?  
Don't you?  
I praise the cosmos, so beautiful  
purple hues, the last colour of the universe.  
It blooms fantastically on the Himalayan mountain slopes.  
Long before I've known.  
A mellow of Primroses,  
I'm the one, caught at the moment  
While observing such beauties.  
And, when the winds passes through my hair,  
I believe my appreciations are assented.

Soumili Karmakar

# Miracles Do Happen

It was a cool winter breeze,  
Snows were falling down to freeze.  
A gravely concern of mine, 'what to call, whom to call.'  
Ended up with my heart  
Calling as, my align.  
Since, ages smirked.  
A young child by a golden heart,  
About to run.  
Shall I call it a photograph to be captured?  
Which was hard to be graphed in rapture.  
In the picture,  
eyes could only acknowledge the beauty of the galaxy,  
Without attaining the depth of their sweet connection.  
Meadows, full of green valleys gilded with sunny rays of the grand yellow Sun.  
Sharing one's light,  
Doesn't makes one dull.  
Here, I waited to see the sunset like an orange plum.  
I saw him bidding farewell for the day to the Moon, who was on time to see off  
his friend.  
Though, he couldn't walk pass by him.  
But still managed to glance the whole of him through his eyes everyday, without  
fail.  
With a cheerful face the Moon shone brightly,  
As I had to return; some works undone lately.  
The care we seek, the acceptance we wish,  
Often are answered,  
But hardly one notices.  
I praised his manner, and glory.  
Mine effort was minimal,  
All do I recall.  
Just stood there, watching at him, to where I belong.  
Making my departure a bit late,  
Was not at fault.  
Painting up my walls with seven divine colours, made my heart dance along.  
Who knew that the whole night would pass?  
Who knew that tomorrow with you would last?  
They say, ' it is all darkness', but I couldn't trace such a feeling, or experience,  
by making my heart beat less.  
As I was inclined towards the moonlight,

I felt the mild gentle wind touching my face.  
You know, I've always been a window child.  
My only confidants were high up in the sky.  
My father is also one of those stars that guides my way back home.  
Nature's love is serene,  
So are the love's of some dead.  
No discrimination, no elimination at all.  
The bare foot of mine was delighted to experience the softly wet ground.  
Eyes, if I could speak were nurturing the beloved above,  
Who lighted our hearts with lanterns of love.  
A cloud came near the Moon,  
As if waving her hand at me.  
Little did she know, I was acquainted by her presence.  
I and my eyes, both passed on smiles intensely.  
Gracious - my heart exclaimed in this merry counsel!  
Stars were glittering like diamonds,  
The sound of air was felt by ears for a thousand years.  
And I was immersed in noticing them, eternity was written down.  
One had to listen, one had to understand!

Soumili Karmakar



# My Interventions Calling Our Journey

A refreshing winter evening,  
With the sunset, on its crest.  
The church with its evening prayers.  
Relatively, the mass gathering.  
Candles with flames of light before Christ,  
Held an in-depth picture,  
At the bottom of my heart.  
With moist cold air, and sweet breaths of youth,  
Welcoming snowflakes, and wishing -  
Merry Christmas.  
A song, vividly heard before.  
The chords, one playing on the grand piano, and the choir singing  
Had a soothing effect on my conscience.  
When I heeded peacefully,  
I grasped my fingers back tight.  
Deep in my soul,  
I knew, I was inclining forward,  
To an unplanned destination,  
Which was awaiting under a Maple tree.  
Fate - they called.  
However, I opposed.  
The mere journey was accompanied by distinct thoughts,  
A solitary vision of how far I came.  
An old coffee shop was discovered, the entrance was made abruptly.  
A table was shot, a wooden chair withdrawn,  
Through the glasses,  
Observations were framed.  
A child smiling with joy, while having hot chocolate, and playing with his friends  
caught up my mind.  
A portrait was made,  
But witnessed another.  
A girl, who sat under a cherry tree.  
Hardly, could make out her manoeuvres from a distant.  
But gracefully, her cheeks were cherry itself, could be marked.  
I saw her drawing a picture of the river beside, when I went out to seek for her  
sight, she took me down to the serene riverside.  
The solitary chair,  
Which I viewed from outside the cracked up glasses, looked pale and grey  
But alive, and calm.

I wondered, stories are passed, and made every now and then,  
If one ever glared at the wooden chair, one could feel, the chair's willingness to  
share so many different stories just by sitting inside in the warm.  
This amused me, and I wanted to listen to stories.  
The base of the chair was made by wood,  
Which was long cut down by a hood.  
Deceived, by the latter.  
The weapon you may call.  
Humans, they are known, but certainly acts of inhuman in them are seen.  
Forgetting their base, that in dust they shall mix.  
Pity, to know one cannot breathe,  
Still woods are hoodwinked.  
A rose tinted vase, on the table,  
With wildflowers plucked, and placidly kept.  
Took my breath for a moment,  
Made me think of the woods precisely, where I saw fields of wildflowers swaying,  
admirably through the winds.  
A deep runaway while facing the sun, took me towards the maple tree, where I  
saw leaves fallen,  
Some dry, and some withered  
But the gallant tree was standing firm,  
Sorrows full of devoid,  
Just like being defeated in a war,  
Concealed tears,  
A sheer grief, as you may call.  
My diary lied on the ground,  
A maple leaf was carried away inside the pages.  
A chosen leaf was it,  
A vision of courage,  
Of falling, but unhiding truth of growing.  
Though, dead, but beautiful.  
A memory, you see, to keep one going.  
Here, it all lies - the hope.  
The golden destined place of reverence, will be remembered.  
Kindness, is all we need  
To make the world a better place to be.  
Thus, my heart dances to an infinite beat,  
And here we shall live forever young, with our good deeds.

Soumili Karmakar

# Thankful

Hey, beloved! I hope you're doing fine.  
Wanted to let you know, I'm in line.  
Lately, to express,  
I miss you, not to deny the fact-  
I miss everything, starting from you finding me, where I was.  
And then coming to enquire, from the corner of the door.  
Yeah, then pretending the search was not precisely, for me.  
You know, I always look for you, in the midst of the crowds, even though you're standing right at the front space, and talking to your companions.  
On the internet, I notice you posting pictures,  
looks though you are a food-blogger, whatsoever they call.  
But I know you love mountains, just as much as I.  
I tell myself 'I hope my one is happy'.  
But not to lie,  
I wish it was me, exploring destinations with you.  
Don't misjudge me for this, I cannot lie,  
And I'm unbound to.  
I've seen you moving across my lane, leaving me unacquainted, which my heart aches to encounter.  
I wish to gift you sunflowers,  
The bright, sunny ones.  
Surely, one day I will.  
Flowers like you,  
The Iris - blossoms, and cherishes friendship.  
I love mountains, I love the serendipity, the serene atmosphere out there.  
I wrote to you,  
And I told the same to them too, about you.  
I wish us to be there, on a journey together, holding hands, and driving all the way round, watching clouds, and snowy mountain tops, hearing the whistling of birds, sipping hot coffees, and tasting delicious dishes, clicking pictures of us with the clouds, and the whole damn, beautiful environment.  
I fancy, it'll be magic, you and me.  
My jaw dropped in awe, while watching the white clouds, from my window panes, and the first thing it struck mind was-

I wish I could show you such flawless purity, with so many blooming flowers smiling at you, and then I glanced at a Rainbow, near the waterfalls.  
Rainbow defines, faith and divine immortal love.  
After heavy pouring, we see this out of the blues. Isn't it?

I remember those birds, chirping with fondness,  
Welcoming all the new comers, simultaneously bidding goodbyes to the leave takers.

Who says we are alone? When the whole divine nature is with us. Prudently, I hope you understand now.

Our eloquence was little, but we kept some unsaid words within us, didn't we? Some were scared, some lacked the courage, and some just wanted to read the eyes, and this latter is me.

The constellation of stars,

The moonlight,

The rays of sunlight,

where we were, witnessed our true self, by accepting who we were.

Without projecting questions on our desires, and things we have messed, or missed.

Profoundly, I admire these wholly, without skipping a beat.

And, my suggestion is humans should take lessons from such natural elements.

It was you, my beloved, who sprinkled the acquisition of encountering little details about life.

But these were partly flawless in themselves, I surrender.

It all started, because my eyes were on you.

Thus, I shall write, to express my wholehearted gratitude for my almighty

As long as I live,

And as I'm gone,

It shall still remain - persistent, and pretty, all along.

Soumili Karmakar

# If She Knew My Heart

Flowers were blooming, near the river side,  
The cool breeze was smiling, when they past by her site.  
A girl by the shores, searched for the nightingale's site.  
Shores were not her.  
Thus, she wished for the woods,  
Where the nightingale flew,  
Who loved her right.  
The nightingale sang sweet songs,  
To make her sleep tight.  
A benevolence;  
Mostly divine,  
In all its spheres.  
There was she,  
Where, was I.  
Appreciated every bit, and accepted to dive.  
Her Oceans were deep  
So was my love,  
Thought of telling her,  
All above.  
Drowning was accepted,  
Just for her.  
Didn't mind to welcome death,  
If the topic was her.  
My willingness to accept defeat, If she won, was figured out.  
How well she was known,  
by all my heart.  
Songs were sung,  
Bells were rung.  
Her eyes were seen,  
In search of her one.  
And  
As soon as I came,  
She asked me 'why, so late? '  
My Heart was beating fast,  
Unknown, who was in search.  
Certainly,  
As she said, it was a must.  
When she cleared, 'not you as such.'  
My world shattered just then, but stood up for myself.

Somber heart saw her,  
So did mind,  
Tickling of the clock said nine.  
Was too close, whispering in her ears,  
Did she encounter?  
My home was discovered.  
Fear was in war,  
Thoughts were roaming in the middle of the streets,  
No address found.  
Thus, got lost in search of her countenance.  
Was not scared,  
Was not loved,  
Still was there,  
To keep up my word.  
Heart shyly called her,  
Eyes searched for her too,  
But she was not there,  
Guiding, through a clue.  
Can you feel it deep within your chest too, when someone prefers to leave rather  
than stays?  
Her musings were out of reach,  
Though my heart beseeched.  
Little did she knew,  
I was keen,  
Spoke about her to my beings.  
The moon smiled, stars shined,  
And she was not there to be found.  
But she was encountered by my words.  
'Futile attempt'- they said.  
'I'll still try' - was said.  
So many questions circled in my head!  
Was she acquainted? Asked my sorrowful heart.  
But, none tried to answer,  
Whereas, expectation was from her.  
Help was needed,  
To be raised above.  
Never dared to leave,  
Without making her loved.  
None stayed, except my words,  
Here you shall read,  
All about her.



# Slipping Away In The Dark

When I see you,  
You look away,  
Why don't you see me, when I sob away?  
I don't blame you for anything,  
It was me, who wept within.  
Looked away from every sight,  
Didn't wish you to catch the flight.  
I Prayed for you,  
Certainly, nothing desired from you.  
My life was stuck in your eyes, even though I didn't catch your sight.  
Chère mon amie,  
If you find someone new,  
I want you to cherish every morning dew.  
Everytime you made me feel exceptional,  
I was flying above in hues of happiness, summoning your infinite name.  
And when it rained, the rainbow smiled from a distant view, to catch your  
glimpse for a love so true.  
You avoided my eyes,  
And I knelt down, being helpless.  
Just prayed for you,  
selfless.  
Tears were streaming down my cheeks,  
Faces known;  
Were unknown now.  
I was weeping there,  
But didn't wish you to care.  
You said, 'I do see you, but I don't want your mates catching me looking at you,  
because I do see you more than them'.  
Here it all went wrong,  
The puzzle I tried to solve.  
Though you neglected me,  
As if we were not written in our stars.  
Wise one, Who knows where it all leads?  
Wise one, it is unwise to tell lies through eyes.  
Fogs in the cold misty air,  
Desires a warmth of your smile,  
For which I've waited since spring,  
But didn't find you coming anyway.  
Was falling apart, when you rejected my heart.



Constantly, tried to be a better one,  
I was happy to see you, as it gifted me a purpose to live,  
But, now I only think about how you went!  
While I was smoking cigarettes,  
I was wondering, what did you find when you looked into my eyes. Did you  
understand my affection?  
Maybe, I was at fault.  
Maybe, I was unworthy of your love.  
But, love still lives here.  
My heart desired to find days in your light, but you denied.  
You drove me in the dark,  
Where I was wide awake, yet you were hiding away.  
Farewell.

Soumili Karmakar

# Fought And Fallen Thoughts

Empty spaces, made me wonder a bit,  
Then I saw the fluorescent hint.  
Smelt the wet ground, and was driven in the past.  
Ground, where I laid at ease,  
Just to find my peace.  
The world is a battlefield was known, with so many faces unknown.  
Though, Books were read, and songs were skipped for a while too,  
Made me think about the milieu.  
The muses were great,  
Faces were new,  
But was stricken by the doom.  
Escape was watching from the far,  
Reality was fighting in the war.  
Good ones were shedding bloods, criticisms were taken up by swords.  
The air was blowing up too fast, still struggling through was the cast.  
Silver plates were spears, a mass fighting commenced,  
And wished Adieu.  
Victory was the goal, defeat was taken as a foul.  
Ladies were waiting for their lords to return,  
Thus,  
A child was found in their hearts.  
The door was near, heaven or hell,  
Nobody knew.  
A hero knocked,  
God's grace evolved,  
but melancholy was there,  
To be found.  
The fight ended, so did life, but the sky was shining, with its light.  
Little hearts were beating like drums, and a crowd was moving, with its risen  
crown.  
Triumphants, were now to be heard.  
Unpredictable future laid before,  
Sins were committed,  
Graves were prepared.  
At last, everybody left, except the wreath.

Soumili Karmakar

# Since The Day I Saw Her

Perhaps, it is hard to hold on, but how could I just let go?  
I've been well acquainted, as when you look at me, you are stuck, without a blink  
of an eye, without any doubts in my mind, constant in your every word.  
The feelings I go through, when it is only about you, I thus, feel  
Maybe, she feels, or might not ! Both are accepted, without regrets.  
As I've been taught to wish the best for people, even if I'm not the one for them.

I love you smiling,  
When I notice your eyes,  
Perhaps, you neglect,  
At the same time, it makes me sad, and mad.  
I know, I've nothing to offer, expect my devoted heart, and best wishes.  
Desiring you to feel, and having pictures of us, living happily ever after.  
I know, it makes me a selfish being, thinking only about my desires, whereas,  
I'm unaware of your thoughts.  
Dear love,  
I hope to see you happy in your own prime,  
But my anticipation, seeking for your hand, and heart, won't ever be faded, like  
the sands on a seashore side, where I leave my footprints.  
Therefore, I glance on the deep blue sea, your favourite colour, out of the blue.  
We're under the same blue sky, the destination might differ, but not my  
conscience.  
I might not be the one for you, but just like the mountains, standing firm,  
enduring through showers, and white snows, without breaking, is my promise.  
But you are for me, the only one,  
Whom I don't chase, rather wish to understand, and I know you wish the best for  
me,  
But, sometimes, some best wishes do hurt, where confusion arises, only in my  
mind.  
I have dreams too,  
Where I encounter you,  
Maybe, the almighty too knows,  
My thoughts won't reach you,  
It is not an infatuation so, don't get me wrong,  
It is about a lifetime, where acceptance plays its part, and I love through my  
heart.

Soumili Karmakar

# To Her

In a room full of people, eyes caught at only one,  
That one, made me realise for a turn,  
Making me fall in love, for an infinite paradise,  
With your's hues of blue, and mine yellow sun shining so young.  
Defining, a correlation beyond,  
Where our destiny beholds.  
You say, ' I don't like people praising me, I'm not for sweet words'.  
But, you know, your sweet Lily face,  
Forbids me to live,  
Without praising you, and your worth, is a thousand crowns of admiration,  
To be lived for - I speak.  
Lights of Eclipse, and blessings of Twilight puts forth, life in our story,  
When I talk about you.  
Mostly, they call me an admirer,  
whenever I share about our story, they feel I'm continuously contemplating, the  
same old things, since a long time, without skipping a bit.  
You are too stuck here with me,  
My thoughts seem to be more of you, and less of me,  
Whenever you wave your hand at me, it fabricates happiness in my soul.  
Let me lift your heart, and make you mine.  
I'm wearing my heart on my sleeves,  
I'm grateful for your arrival,  
This arrival doesn't looks for a departure.  
I know, staring at you,  
Mesmerizes you too,  
I won't be leaving without stealing every bit of your heart.  
A heart old of mine, desires forever, for you.  
A heart old of mine, sees you forever, as mine.

Soumili Karmakar

# An Ally Of Mine

The two sparkling eyes, were now explored.  
Where mostly I searched for assurance,  
And was assured by thine light;  
Where I lost my way in the dark,  
But was found in the blooming park.  
The sweet appraisal was no-where to be hoisted,  
The sky was still blue,  
The birds were fluttering in a crew.  
Now,  
when I'm searching for a path,  
didn't caught your sight, for even a footpath.  
Maybe, was unbecoming.  
&quot;I lost,  
Oh, my mind! &quot; - I shed tears.  
Somehow, I managed to retrieve,  
By controlling plights.  
Pictures of yours,  
And epistles of faithful love,  
Summoning evermore,  
for its recipient.  
You were a sweet bosom,  
which was never perplexed,  
But my confederacy confirmed thine eternal name.  
Maybe, myths were all about the believers who believed.  
Maybe, you were there,  
But not really living there.  
Over and over again,  
I fell for thine cupid eyes,  
where I visualized a world so bright,  
In all its sights.  
Where just the two of us lived.  
Wish, I could freeze time,  
And rewind gaspingly!  
As a favourite song, we carry on listening to,  
Particularly on a rainy day,  
When we're deeply fascinated.  
Ofcourse, an outlook was requisite,  
Just to make you prerequisite.  
Who doesn't wishes for happiness?

I wonder,  
What if you too felt the same,  
in thine terms.  
Although, a love between a pair,  
Emancipated mine long gazing,  
Into flames- as heavenly.  
As you were trying to save me,  
Just then our era witnessed - a true Ally.  
So long striving, for being thine,  
So long trying, to find mine.

Soumili Karmakar

# Yes, My Lady Know'st

Thou know'st, dost thou?

The thou's of thine, suffused in mine.

Desire of knowing this well acquainted confab,

Which was spell out by thou anon,

Just after my confrontation.

As sunflowers dost sweetened their smiles,

whilst facing the lightened sun.

We two were glorifying one another, by its powerful enchantment in each other's radiance.

Know'st thou were in my victory, and vain.

Lost was I, admiring the whol'st thou, as my main.

Since the commencement of my golden days, methinks of thou wholeheartedly.

Conversing through eyes, was our manner, lady.

Twinkling eyes, and charismatic smiles exchanged, as divine as purple hews of wreaths, a promise to be kept to rise, and fall jointly - a constellation of the universe.

Enchanted was I, to perceive thou as mine, without drawing their single scrutiny on us.

Grateful was I, when thou justified thine part.

Despite, gulping thine words, were heavy by heart to bear.

Hurtful eyes, afflicted immortal pain in mine chest.

Moreover, contemplating of mine worth in thine eyes, willing to know'st the divine truth, was my utmost captivate.

Which was explored anon.

Lady,

thine words play hide and seek in mine intellect smoothly.

Was it thou? Or was it I?

Or was it our eyes?

Thou know'st,

If my fate sentenced exilment,

Where to live, and die in thine eyes for the rest,

I would have happily bowed, and accepted- the defeat, without a haste.

There's no such safest place than thine eyes, lady.

For which I rise in all mine wars, searching for a shelter,

And some peace.

Where I design to live for a thousand years, and more.

Where I would be solely thine forever, and more.





# Shimmering Pearls Defining Life

Just like the winds of spring, you pass by the cotton mill.  
This spring doesn't bid farewell,  
Like any other season,  
And the leaves doesn't wither with time.  
They only do fall for you everyday, whenever you pass by them.  
Starting our glorious days with rays of light in the morning,  
And silently continuing into the darkest of nights,  
due to the process of rotation, it's unchangeable, and prominent.  
But you see, I don't find any changes in your aura.  
You possess brilliant hues of life,  
And this charm has build an empire in an undiscovered island.  
A skiff on which I'm travelling solo,  
Sailing on the divine sea,  
And witnessing  
your honest faith on me,  
The almighty, letting me discover your holy island.  
You with your endless divinity of high tides, low tides,  
Often rise and fall on yourself all along.  
Whereas, a heart old of mine, keeps a note of your divinely powers,  
by taking an oath of eternal revolution of exploring you.  
Here by the seashore I find shimmering pearls inside the seashells.  
The seashells are expressing their longings for the pearls,  
and I hear them conversing - "I let you live in me, for a thousand decades  
of world's time. Your existence compel, and spell eternally with my beholding  
admiration, even though I know, owning you is not my part, but still I will lend  
you my heart."  
And then, I see you standing next to me..  
Yes,  
I do remember you as the one,  
Making deads back alive,  
By lighting sweet candles of hope, and faith.  
It's true, which are meant to be praised too.  
It becomes hard for me to overlook your view,  
when you're standing right in front with masses of few.  
Being certain of I,  
After these days of battles against the "I",  
Observing the wind passing by the woods,  
just as you do unknowingly stand there out of the whole maze, as the tallest pine  
tree, unaware of the shelter, and shade it gives away to others struggling during

heavy rainstorm.

These divinely powers are to be appreciated,  
which I wish you to keep soulfully, even after death.

Immortal in its own prolong.

Wish I could tell you where my heart belonged,  
amidst making you vow to end yourself in mine solace.

Even though I know you are far beyond my trace,  
But here I am spinning for your preach, since you have reached.

After a heavy rain, in a stormy dark midnight, where beyond my thoughts I shall  
find you in my dreams.

I hope to find you soon in my arms

I hope them to find you in my charms.

Soumili Karmakar

# These Longings Within Me

Here I am, writing my tale.

If you wish to listen, be conscious enough to keep your six senses inclined to every detail.

Put your attention on all my sentences, one after the other, falling and rising profoundly in the course of living time without fail.

I'm young, and loved, I'm beloved, and berated. You have seen me passing by you, just like an ordinary mortal being, with an exceptionally old soul immortal within me.

A girl always with her earpods on. Usually walking down the streets, living in her own lane, since twenty one years along! Like days of Spring with all its youthful essences, I pass by you, and you keep on watching me. I wonder how I catch you staring at me, with two trembling eyes pleading to me for a wish or so.

Like a morning dew; gently kissing your face out of the blue, I pass by you.

Hush, my beloved!

Do not be in your contemplations.

Do speak, if you must.

Thus, must shall I know what's there in your sweet little heart. Do you remember, my beloved, we held hands intensely, by confessing our affection to walk on this devoted journey together?

Couple of glances exchanged by our sparkling eyes, you see!

My intentions for us were divinely pure, like a blossom of crimson flowers singing together when the sky was in pretty colours!

Long ago I've known you pretty well; with all its acquisitions held up without fail, I hope you do remember how I just bloomed only for you!

You see, these wonderful traces shall be praised, which my heart precisely longed for.

And on our beauteous gray days we'll walk again, hand in hand to step in our eternal days.

Just as we passed our youthful days giggling with smiles, thus we shall stand here sincerely by keeping our promises to go on for miles.

Soumili Karmakar

# Realisation

When she was high up on the plane, and he was pouring out the champagne!  
Little did she know, it was her from the beginning.  
One by one she visualised her long survival days,  
She gave a pat on her shoulder,  
And raised her glass to give a little toast.  
Feelings of love, and vain came through the course of time.  
Times which made her realise about her own being,  
At times she wasn't aware of things, but with time she knew it was all her will.

Soumili Karmakar



PoemHunter.com

# Nature As Us

The sun shines bright, with its heavenly beams, shining all on the woods  
heavenly  
it seems.

Woods, then confess their love for showers.

Showers, that fall from the heaven's above, that vow they keep so strong, and  
still till the infinity to the eternity, keeping this, as their wills.

We as spectators;

often do observe them in our deepest astonishment. Controlling all our sights,  
and lovingly listening to the music of divinity at times.

Though times of drizzling, thunder, and lightening, as often it strikes in our mind,  
so well.

And we know, it is the woods and the showers conversing in their lines intensely,  
so well.

Woods, do admire certainly, their long-far away friend - showers, by grace of air  
in which they breathe, at every pores passing through their branches, and  
droplets of heaven, welcoming on their leaves feels joy from within.

Therefore, they radiate their glittering gems as powers of the divinity so damn  
well.

These woods are so beautiful we see, a strong touch of nourishment,  
well, it seems.

Seems this, as this is so splendidly beautiful, in all it is so ecstatic.

The sun is certain about its fate. While, fate is to be said, said it as it may, with  
all its faith drawn up so well.

Thus, the sun says, 'Dear Woods, love as you may. The showers shall know you,  
and obey. Love with all your promises held above, thus I shall pleasingly gaze  
from the sky's above, so well, far away from a different lane, that will pray for  
your lovely tale'.

Soumili Karmakar

# Mine Ador'st Art In Thine Eyes

Lost in the woods of thine brown eyes, I adore mine reflection there,  
Never been able to treasure thyself before, no amount of appreciation would let  
go,  
Who thought I'd smile like a fool, In reverse to how thou give thee butterflies all  
along.  
Thou became mine cocoon, I'll be admiring losing my whol'st empire through  
thine eyes.  
Thou art mine yellow in thine daisy, the brightest core.  
Through my looped songs, I adore thee endlessly.  
I admire how we let each other loose, solely trusting we won't lose each other.  
This is thy state of happiness, which thou behold.  
Ears yearn to hear thee,  
But not a word uttered from thine lips,  
Often thine eyes speak to mine in grace, and as long as I think, mine wishes are  
graciously granted by thy heaven's conspiracy, I pray.  
You aren't acknowledged yet, thou live in thy heart for longest, till thy eternal  
days.  
I thank thee, for always rescuing me anytime from insanity.  
Thine affection holds thee tight, in these cold nights of the heaven's above.  
They say, nights, and days are of the great universe,  
But all I say, thou art my whole universe.

Soumili Karmakar

# The Walls Of My Room Are Empty

The walls of my room are empty,  
Just like I wanted my school bag to be,  
I'm out of school now, with the weight of all empty things,  
I cannot confine them in a bag. And so they have occupied all of my body.  
Songs are moving photo-frames.  
People in it, are never stuck like they are in the photographs,  
They move in, and out, like a carriage on the ropeway of my earpods,  
The only one stuck, on them, is me.  
I'm alright as long as they appear each time I summon them to,  
I address people I miss through songs, what better way can it be?  
But the time I miss myself, and hum a song, I never appear back.  
The walls of my room are empty,  
Just like I wanted my school bag to be.

Soumili Karmakar



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