

Poetry Series

Souradip Guchhait

- poems -

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Souradip Guchhait(14/09/2005)

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Souradip Guchhait

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Souradip Guchhait

The Choice

It's the darkest of moments
That make you;
Not the light, not the bright,
Not the crowd.
It's you that makes you.
It's the grit that makes you
And pushes you
Even when all life in you
Has been sucked up by the devil.

It may be that your dream
Is too big, unrealistic.
But an ordinary dream
Never made an extraordinary impact.

So Man, get up!
Rise again!
Shut up that voice, that says
There's no try left in you.
I bet there is!
There is! There is!
You might be smart.
You might know better.
But a goddamn suicide will do no better
Than writing off your name, forever!
Life's once, and once is enough.
Tough times, they come in limited editions.
And your very present
Might be some great man's past.

Victory is seldom 'veni, vidi, vici'.
It's very dull, sullen all over.
But to finish the race tottering
Is incredibly more satisfying
Than to leave it midway.

Souradip Guchhait

Grieve Not, My Friend!

Grieve not my friend,
Wipe your tears.
When you feel low,
Look at the stars.
High up in the sky
They blink and flicker.
Men come, men pass.
But they still glitter,
Touching the lives
Of all whom they meet.
Be a lamp, my friend,
On life's dark street.
And grieve not, my friend!

Souradip Guchhait

Déjà Vu

On the rainy night I set out
And go atop the bridge nearby.
Thoughts hunt my mind, and I shout;
But no one's there to hear me cry.

Lonely memories blur my eyes,
The olden times plead to return.
"What dreams I chased? ", "What prize? "
But no one's there to watch me burn.

As the clouds eclipse the moon,
And a bolt hits the other bank,
The past scenes keep playing over;
Is it amnesia? Or my ships really sank?

Then I see a face by me;
Where did he come from? How could he?
Frozen I am to throw a glance;
He seems known to me, by chance!

He speaks to me a word or two
And sends my pain to its tomb.
Then he walks down the rue.
The storm stops, and I come back home.

Souradip Guchhait