

Poetry Series

**sourav sarkar**  
**- poems -**

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# Between Day And Night

BETWEEN DAY AND NIGHT

Between day and night It felt strong  
became the cynosure of all  
Who vehemently chased at in definite day  
Whether it would sound as piccolo or  
A bagpipe in remote Swiss valley.  
Between day and night in bohemian intuition  
Wonder around a mountain lagoon  
Pine arches vitrified themselves  
Bellflower embodied as filament.  
Between day and night  
Between sun and moon..

dream catcher

sourav sarkar

# Dungeon

DUNGEON

Dense, dark, driven cunningly placed  
Before my sight  
Languish ushered as flint  
Demonic fire flow shrills high  
My patience tensed  
Brink of half deadened lakes  
Glimpses often.  
Tampered soul loses strength  
Affectation made aloof  
Saffron blowpipes sounds bore  
Getting dense , dark , dense

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# Final Words

Your final words I will remember  
I will remember your final words  
Often spoken  
Often unspoken  
Often sweeter  
Often bitter  
But I will remember your final words;  
More you delve  
More I lose  
More you pretend  
More I surprise  
Yet I must remember your final words;  
I can not suppress  
The words can not be suppressed  
Better I lose  
Better you surprise  
Better you live  
Better I die  
These are your final words  
I am remembering now.

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# Its 1: 37 Now

ITS 1.37 NOW

Everybody fallen asleep , its 1.37 now  
Silence and angels and fantasy will flow  
Impatient mind  
And have a heart too, undesired  
Clinching and fluctuating , unstated  
With an eye of curious kind.  
Oh! Its 1.37 now  
No more again,  
Such blank expression  
Neither a gibber nor a blab  
The words fall short  
Dawn is on a way to dusk  
Close the window  
Close the task  
Hurry its 1.37 now, its time to go.

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# Look Tiffany

LOOK, look, Tiffany sky melting as chocolate  
Look at cow charming in grassland  
Strawberry leaves shedding eyebrows at sunset  
Dew often intervenes as friend.  
Look beauty from top  
Share feeling with loft  
Look Tiffany my soul is here  
You can see as they hear  
The path that follows to that hut  
I will leave my soul apart  
Look Tiffany sky is pale now  
We don't know where's that cow?

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