

Poetry Series

**Sudipta Biswas**  
**- poems -**

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# Sudipta Biswas()

Sudipta Biswas is a well known poet of West Bengal (India) .His poems have been widely published in different magazines in Bengali and y books of Sudipta Biswas: -

- r Meye, (Rhymes, Bengali)
- udir Dub, (poems, Bengali)
- r Life, (poems, English)
- k Jibon, (poems, Bengali)
- r Deshe, (Rhymes, Bengali)
- Chuye Jay.(poems, Bengali)

# A Holy Tradition

This is not only good  
This is not only beautiful  
This is splendid!  
Paving the journey of time, this marching forward...  
The marching forward of the newcomer  
In the track of future...  
This is really splendid.  
In the kingdom of creation  
We all are running...  
Holding the holy lamp in our hand  
We all are chanting in the great song of life.  
I can boast  
I can boast because I am flowing...  
Flowing in the current of beauty  
I can boast because I am mixing...  
Mixing up with the great music of creation...

I never expect more than this  
No one can expect more.

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# A Point

For long no one came near to me  
For long I also not approached to anyone.  
In fact no one come near to any one now-a-days.  
We all have forgotten how to come closer.  
We are moving towards our own circumference  
But alas! The circle has become a point.  
Now, we have no circumference at all  
We have neither any diameter nor a radius  
We are all transformed into a trivial point.  
We have forgotten about our past wings...  
Many times borrowing wings of the neighbors  
- Helped us to march forward beyond the horizon.  
Of late our existence converted into a small petty point.  
Our perception, faith, belief and humanity  
-Confined into that paltry trivial point.

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# Crematorium

On the riverbank, there are half burnt  
Firewood, an old pillow, a tattered quilt  
And a broken terracotta pot  
All spread out all over the place.

Four bamboo sticks are at four corners,  
Still burning with smoke.

The water from the river flows and it washes  
All the charred firewood left,  
And it soaks the torn quilt and pillows.

Only, the body is not there.  
Those who watched the cremation  
— Have also left.

So, the wind starts to blow  
In the dark of the night  
Crying for the deceased.

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# Death

Which ripples goes how far...  
Which one breaks near the very point of formation...  
The ocean never calculates that.  
We are coming and going back  
Our life and death  
All are nothing but ripples.  
Someone could efface early  
Someone could touch the sea sore.  
Some stars suddenly become meteors  
By the order of Death.

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# Face Of My Departed Lover

Still, at a busy rail station  
In the moving crowd  
I get, I discover  
The face of my departed lover.

Occasionally and suddenly  
I get her face, lips,  
Eyes, ear, throat or shape.  
Still I frighten at different stations.

Everyday I teach myself  
How to live by head and not by heart.  
I tell myself that two plus two  
Makes four and not five or three.  
But still I discover in the crowd  
The face of my departed lover.

My tears condensed and became pearl  
I spend vigil night with sickle shaped moon.  
With ticking of watch  
With the hooting of owl  
Blood fall down from my heart.  
I still discover the face of my departed lover.

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# I Remember You

If possible, come back in my life  
At dead night  
With the ticking of clock  
With the hooting of owl  
With the sickle shaped moon  
I remember you.

When the train runs very fast  
Or stops in an unknown station  
When a beggar begs  
I remember you.  
On the pavement of a busy street  
In a sampan on the holy Ganges  
At the quietness of the Himalaya  
I remember you.  
If the sky is overcast  
Or in a bright beautiful morning,  
In the rainy day  
I remember you.  
At Sundarban, in the vessel  
My friends are looking for tiger...  
I remember you.  
At moonlit night of Narmada bank  
In the cliff of the marble rock  
I remember you.

All busy people of Mumbai  
Running for their offices...  
The entire world is hankering after money...  
Throwing heap of money in the dustbin  
I remember you.

Before going to bed at night, I remember you.  
In lonely bed, I remember you.  
At dawn, at dusk, at twilight, at sunset, I remember you.  
Throughout the day, throughout the night, I remember you.

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# If I Can Get Back My Love

If i can get back my love??

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If i can get back my love

I will dance like a dove.

I will throw away cigarette butts

I will agree to dwell in huts

I will give up imported wine

I will better starve than dine!

If i can get back my Love

I will dance like a dove.

I will tell the air, about my happiness

I will tell the sky, about my happiness

I will tell the mountain, about my happiness

I will tell the stars, about my happiness!

If i can get back my Love

I would be as happy as a dove

If i can get back my Love

I will ornate myself borrowing hues from the rainbows,

i will flow gently as the river flows...

If i can get back my Love

I will live like an eternal dove!

I would live each and every moment

I would live each and every autumn

I would live each and every year

I would live each and every decade

And failed to satisfy my desire to live

I would say,

'Life is at best very short! '

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# Insult

Why should I write poems? Why?

It fails to quench my thirst

It fails to meet my two ends

So, in poems, I write insult.

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## Insult Of A Diver

My love comes after touching all flowers, birds and stars  
Where can I get that sanctity to keep the sacred pearl?  
So I want it should be evaporated like camphor.  
Like a mad I looked for a suitable pot but failed  
And at last sat inside stark darkness ...  
Now if someone prays for a pearl to me  
-I would fail to present him that.  
There is no depth in these small ponds  
Basically they are insult of a diver.

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# Into Another Galaxy

My entire poetry went away...  
Even after a whole hearted try  
I can't write a poem of love.  
But, one day I was a lover!

Jointly, we have counted stars night after night  
Spend afternoon with panipuri and potato-chips  
We have counted ripples of river from the bank  
Day after day, I was absent from my office  
Everyday, after changing three trains  
I reached beside that pond...  
Where we have seen how the sun become red yolk  
How night comes in the beautiful world.  
Closing my eyes...  
Diving...diving in the deep sea of love  
I have learnt how to reach in another galaxy...

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# Invitation

Silently, very silently my heart cried  
Stream of blood has been flown inside me.  
But all are in vain.  
Many a moonlit night, bright brisk day  
Remain unproductive and morose.  
Still a rosy bud silently waits for the honey bee  
After long, long waiting  
After very long vigil night  
I've kept aside all untold desires.  
Silently time passed away  
A old star died, new one came in the sky  
Alone, I still remain alone  
Lonely noon became a gray afternoon  
Alone I've seen the world  
I've suppressed all desires of mind  
I've suppressed all emotions...  
Like the sudden eruptions of volcanoes  
Darling, you please come ...  
Come with that old privilege of allure  
Knock the close door again and again.  
Prick me, thrill me, enchant me...  
Escort me in the magical moonlit world  
Let the sweat of your wing drops on my wing  
Let the fountain engulfs with joy  
Let your sweet ambrosia flown over me...

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# Mother

If someone does something  
If any shadow of a danger may come  
with the utmost affection and love  
You protect your child  
from an unknown past,  
you remain ever attentive with vigil eyes  
who'll dare to touch your child?

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# Nature And I

I walk in the field behind my house  
Walk and become the field  
Trees are growing inside me  
Leaves are clapping there hands  
Lotus and lily buds in my chest  
Birds fly inside me.  
A piece of cloud  
Comes from the outer horizon  
Melts to rain in my soft chest...  
I love the rivulet  
And I become the rivulet  
I flow through the green paddy field...  
At night, with glossy stars  
I work as a night guard  
I count stars throughout the night  
And at last I become the sky  
My body shines with  
Countless red, blue stars...

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# Night

Oh night! Come, Come back in our world  
Bring leisure in the bed of life  
Bring out sound slumber in busy life...

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## O Bird... Come Bird...

Whenever I see a lonely bird is flying  
I frighten,  
once again I have to fall in love!

Once again I have to fly beside her  
Once again I have to burn my wings  
Once again I have to wet my pillows.

I have swum in the river of sorrow.  
Vampire sucked my vein,  
Hyena, dog and fox devoured my flesh.

But still I like to watch  
A lonely bird is flying...  
If I get you naked at night  
Beside me in my bed  
I'll not become a mad  
Rather, in very low voice  
I 'll call you, "O bird... Come bird."

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# Oyster Life

Now, in this beautiful world  
We'll live an oyster-life.

I'll hover throughout the night  
Keeping my palm on your palm  
Giving up all calculations  
With leaf and with star  
We'll live an oyster-life.

Pearl like white foam will condense.  
Bright day will come out from the mist  
Suddenly, getting a single penny or two  
Poor children will present us a bright smile.  
Now, we'll live a bright oyster-life.

In the clear sky of the mountain  
Very bright stars will come out.  
Not with flowers,  
But by collecting leaves from the ground  
We'll pray to the jungle goddess.  
We'll live a sacred oyster-life.

A red rose is blooming in the garden  
Other trees, clapping their leaves,  
Congratulating her.... Now, please come,  
We'll live a rosy oyster-life.

If anybody recognize us,  
I'll present him a flower from my poetry books.  
Oh! Look at the sun-yolk in the eastern sky.  
With the sacred Gayatri-mantra  
Now, let us live a holy oyster-life.

This winter, not with any poppy leaf or rose  
I'll hibernate with you, only with you, butterfly.  
Now, let us live a drowsy oyster-life.

Two lives will unite into one  
In the tranquil moonlit night

We'll fly in the sky, where  
The moon and clod will fight.  
Let a bird build her nest  
Let a bee build a hive  
Let us dissolve all disputes  
Let us live an oyster-life.....

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# Problems And Opportunities....

The more problems the more opportunities  
The more opportunities the more problems  
The world is the golden treasury of -  
Infinite problems and opportunities....

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# Save Us

Oh river! come  
Oh ripples! come  
Oh cloud! come  
Oh blue sky! Oh earth quake!  
You do come,  
Come and save our dead city...

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# The Last Call

The last day my address will be changed  
I will reach into an unknown star  
You'll come in the Ganga bank to adieu me  
At the end of the day I'll whisper -  
'Go back! Go back! '

Homely food, sweet dish  
Many a gift, stolen kiss  
All remain left.

The summer nights, the sunny days  
Beloved child's dreamy face  
The sweet home, the sole's cage  
All remain left!

But, listen to the whisper of air  
Listen to the music of the river  
The moonlit night is calling you  
The world remains same forever!

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# The Marching Forward

This is not only good.

This is not only beautiful.

This is splendid!

Paving the track of time, with this marching forward...

The marching forward of the newcomer

—On the way to the future...

This is really splendid.

In the kingdom of Creation

— We are all running.

Holding the holy lamp in our hand

— We are all chanting the great song of life.

I can boast

I can boast because I flow

— Inside the current of beauty

I can boast because I mix...

I merge with the great harmony of creation...

I never expect more than this.

No one can expect more.

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# Voice Of Stras

Oh! Look at the river  
Look at her silvery necklace.  
Oh! Look at the ripples of the ocean  
Look at her breathing style.  
Oh! Look at the mountain peek  
Look at her beautiful breast.  
Oh! Look at the dense forest  
Look at her mysterious black hair.  
Oh! Look at the moon  
Look at her red dot of her forehead.  
In fact, she looks more beautiful in sleep.  
Her abdomen rises and falls with the tide and ebb  
We all blink and watch her.  
Watch, watch and watch throughout the night...  
After falling in love with her from that unknown ancient time  
We cannot sleep at night.

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# Waiting

Long before you have left me  
Still I believe soon you will come back  
That rosy life will come back.  
Many a water has been flown along the river  
Probably by the course of time  
I have also changed.

I have also forgotten to count stars at night  
Forgotten how to become a mad  
Probably you have also forgotten  
To become moon light  
To become pearl of oyster  
Probably now you love another man  
You pray for his benevolence  
Or even you have forgotten how to become a lover.

Still today, I am looking for that call  
Eagerly, waiting for that call  
That may come any moment  
And bring forward my lost oyster life.

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