

Poetry Series

Sudipta Pathak
- poems -

Publication Date:
2011

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Sudipta Pathak(8th December,1995)

Hi, People!

I'm a fresher in this arena of poetry.

I hope you will appreciate my creation.

Nevertheless I would like to say, 'People, Let Your Creative Juices Flow.' (:

°°* Memories Will Always Be Endured *°°

What a time has come
It seems like no more fun
We entered this class
With no charm.
And now, when we depart,
We count every single second of hour,
Spent in this prestigious class.
Life is too short,
How time passed by... no one got to know
Gloom never showed its face
But it was charisma of happiness
That mesmerized juveniles at every instance
We mimicked, we cried,
We fought, we mocked,
We danced, we fell,
We giggled...
At times became the attention-seeker
And enjoyed every flash of time...
Oh! I wanted to capture every single minute
I want to pen down every single sensation...
Some separated,
Some found new soul mates...
Some welcomed friendship...
While some, 'Tussles'
Is it our class's aura?
Or our persona?
That unfurls tender bliss...

The Story of our class-
Teachers call it 'A FABLE'
But I call it 'A RECITAL'.
They call us 'LAZYBONES'
But dear teachers, we are always 'IN FORCE'
They call us 'DISGUSTING'

'Cause we are endowed with the lips that keep on 'CHATTERING'
This Class
Will be a landmark of 'AMITY'
Which our dear teachers commonly say 'UNITY'

With every single memory we embed
We move on
To come across new journey, new facets...
Wherever the journey of life takes us
We yet stand there,
Consider being the same old student of the past year
And recall the fun we had,
The moments which we immortalized...

For the time may come and go, but memories will always be endured!

-Sudipta (:

Sudipta Pathak

Harmony, Peace And Love

When I was born on this earth
I didn't know the gist of harmony, peace and love
Being notorious was the most when I was a baby
Played in sand, made sand castles, caught insects
My acts became amusement for my kiths and kins

Time moved on and I moved with it
Sometimes behind, Sometimes ahead
Months changed, Days changed, Dates changed,
Years changed, I changed
Explored voyages
Discovered new roads
Met dignified and assorted mortals
Filled my life with colours
Didn't have hatred feelings for neither superior nor inferior
Witnessed unity, seldom times clashes
Found a space for respect for each other in every heart
But still didn't get the gist of harmony, peace and love

When the time came to leave earth
I found desolation in every eye
All had same heartbeat, same thoughts
Saw the shining stars twinkling
Grief came and glee went away
Seemed like time's halted
A juicy fruit is going to be borne
A fruit with harmony, peace and love

When I had gone, I.....
Realised the gist of harmony, peace and love

When I was born on this earth
I didn't know the gist of harmony, peace and love

In The Search Of *essence*

Her life seems to be an exile
Why doesn't anyone let the bird soar high?
Who is left to trust?
When she's completely crushed...

She is detained in the world of terror, torture, agony and cruelty...
Every instance she's slaughtered...
Who to tell how much is she distraught?
Kin have left her alone
Whom to love, whom to support?
Who is clement, who is trustworthy...
How to find in the flock of bloodthirsty?

Every soul wears a deceptive mask...
Need to watch out, comes out to be a new task!
She wants to sway away from the crowd,
So that one day she could make herself proud...
But when she opens her wings to fly
She's led down with a sigh!

"Oh little birdie! ", a voice evokes from within.
"You are not the one to sit like a dumb!
Perk up your spirits...
Open the gateways
Of love, cheer and happiness
Chuck all your worry and fear
Don't let the world bluff you
Bear everything which obstructs you!
Whack all your pessimism and welcome optimism
The world never declares
It's Him who decides the stones and stars

Life is a satire,
a wind of grief and glee
Then why to blame it?
Why to be in melancholy?
Learn to glide,
Learn to slide...
And eventually you'll learn to soar high! "

Sudipta Pathak

Life

LIFE, A RACE TO BE FINISHED
BEFORE GETTING ENDED
AN ICE-CREAM TO GOBBLED
BEFORE GETTING VANISHED
A BUNDLE OF STICKS AND STRUGGLES
A SCRAMBLE OF PUZZLES
A STREAM TO BE GUSHED BEFORE GETTING FLUSHED
A TYPICAL SCIENCE WITH LOT OF FORMULAS
A PRECIOUS GIFT
GIFTED BY GOD.....

Sudipta Pathak

Media

Media is a mind-controller,

A just another roller-coaster.

It makes you revolve round the world,

Browsing all the events

which befall.

It makes your head go round and round,

With the perplexity

of arguments and grounds.

The mantra of 'believe it or not' twists here,

'cause at times, it will

make you believe what is not to be believed.

And no matter whether you believe it or not,

The exaggeration and

manipulation will make you believe for sure.

Here comes another phase,

Which takes you on a jaunty ride of

interface,

A co-relation between people society and race.

From paparazzi, travelogue, what to

buy and what not, cuisines, natives, momentous events to festive times,

Media can make you travel around the world in the

nick of time.

Media is vast,

With so many casts.

From politicians, common people to movie stars.

It is a revelation...

Which connects the people with the reality

To decipher society's

morality.

It peels off the hidden mask of the hypocrites,

Extricating the ethical

from unethical

And bringing forth the people with the veracious principles.

Media is a mind-controller,

A doorway to witness the whole

world

Sudipta Pathak

Mohan Das

He is Mahatma
He is our god
An idol for every human
He is one whom we call father of our nation
He is Gandhi
The name which evokes power and perception
A deity of non-violence
It was in his doom that he became a boom
A menace for Whites

He's Bapu for children
Mahatma for nation
He was born in Porbandar
He was Mohan Das Karam Chandra
Who knows where he is?
It's just irony of fate that he isn't with us
He who is in search of him
Will surely find him.....
'Cause he's there in our heart.....
He's there with us.....
Looking at us
Desiring to see a peaceful nation.....
A nation without destitution....
Let's make his dream come true.....
By joining hands in hands
And making this swarming nation without destitution...

He is Mahatma
He is Mohan
Who dreamt of a peaceful nation.....

Sudipta Pathak

My God

MY GOD KNOWS ABOUT ME
I AM NOT A SAINT NEITHER A DRINKER
I DON'T KNOW WELL ABOUT MYSELF
I AM NOT SO CHEERFUL
HAPPINESS, NOT NEAR TO ME NOR FAR AWAY.....
MY GOD KNOWS
WHO AM I? ? ? ? ?

I AM NOT CLEVER
NEITHER A DIVINITY
SEARCHING THE EXACT MEANING OF HUMANITY
ONLY MY GOD
MY MULLAH KNOWS ABOUT ME.....

I AM NOT HINDU NOR MUSLIM
NOE BELONG TO ANY RELIGION.....
I AM NOT A LOVER NOR A CHEATER
EVEN NOT AWARE WITH THE MEANING OF LIFE
AND WHAT FOR AM I HERE? ? ? ? ?
WHO AM I? THE ONLY QUESTION PROWLING AROUND ME.....

MY GOD KNOWS EVERYTHING ABOUT ME

MY GOD KNOWS EVERYTHING ABOUT ME AND YOU
HE ALWAYS KEEP AN EYE ON US, MAKES US UNDERSTAND WHAT'S
LIFE.....

HE BRINGS CHEER IN EVERYONE'S LIFE
HE'S NEVER RUDE TO ANYONE
BUT.....SOMETIMES TAKE HARSH TESTS TO MAKE US REALISE
WAHT'S LIFE.....

MY LIFE WILL MOVE ON
BUT MY MULLAH, MY GOD I'LL NEVER FORGET YOU
FOR ME YOU ARE MY SOUL AND MY EVERYTHING

MY GOD KNOWS EVERYTHING ABOUT ME.....

Nightfall

stars twinkling
moon's hiding.
.. behind the clouds
fog and mist making the folks shivering
daylight ends
nightfall begins...
nightingale carols
a euphonious hymn

the welkin's ebony
the beaming moon
the flaring nova
casting like an ugly oldie's mein
amid countless swears

the hooting of owls
the nightingale's song
the jackal's din
breaking the reticence of the welkin
playing a musical rhythm
like a choir in orchestra
echoing till the peaks of silent valleys

the flowers withered
seeming like closed eyes of charming maiden

nightfall, a nature's magnificent law.....

Sudipta Pathak

On A Way To Find Liberty

i went on and on
on a way to find liberty

murk all around, 'cause there's no one to help me out
my heart is totally unfilled
sorrow's all around

my shadow staggers beside me
and i am all alone in the boulevard
wanting someone to make me jovial
to show me the way to find liberty

i gaze at the sky
and see a golden bird flying high
pleading to the deity to open my arms and let my fly high
higher and higher until i reach my destiny
where there's liberty around me

i shouted, i yelled but no one heard me
at last a ray of hope and aspirations penetrated my heart
and i flew away from the murky boulevard

i didn't halt until i found my destiny
i went on and on
on a way to find liberty

Sudipta Pathak

Reach My Destiny! ! ! ! !

I am trying to reach my destiny
Murk is all around
There's no way for the bright sun to arise
I am totally crushed, there's no one to bring grace on my face, no one to make
me happy
I am completely alone.....
Wanting someone to espouse me.....
No one understands me... No one gets me.....
Everyone's busy, there's no one for me.....
I have lost my spirits.....
Become completely violent.....
Wanting someone to let my creative juices flow.....
Who am I? ? ?
What for I am born on this swarming world? ? ? ? ?
What's my duty? ? ?
Where's my destiny? ? ? ?
Are the questions, wandering around my mind.....
I plead to that one and all divine power to send someone who brings grace on
everyone's face.....
I will not standstill until I reach my destiny.....

Sudipta Pathak

Where The Mind Is Without Fear.....

Where the mind is without fear and the head is held high;

Where knowledge is free;

Where the world has not been broken up into fragments by narrow domestic walls;

Where words come out from the depth of truth;

Where tireless striving stretches its arms towards perfection;

Where the clear stream of reason has not lost its way into the dreary desert sand of dead habit;

Where the mind is led forward by thee into ever-widening thought and action...

Into that heaven of freedom, my father, let my country awake.

by

rabindranath tagore

Sudipta Pathak

Wind Blows And Stops

wind blows and stops
like a cycle of grief and glee

wind when blows brings with it many natural things
and grief, when they come
bring lot of tension, aggression and apprehension
when wind gets tired it stops and move away
leaves a message to come later
when a person has faced lot of sorrows
they are all gone
and leave a message to come later

wind blows and stops
like a cycle of grief and glee

wind blows and brings a new season, a refreshing weather
and glee, when it comes
it brings lot of hopes, aspirations, cheerfulness, exhilaration and jubilation
and when wind and glee have given sufficient happiness
they all are gone
and leave a message that they'll come later

for these all may come and these may go
but life goes on forever.

wind blows and stops
like a cycle of grief and glee

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