

Poetry Series

Tanya Roy
- poems -

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Tanya Roy(07/08/1999)

She was born on 7th of August,1999 in Bhikhanpur mohalla, in Bhagalpur, childhood only, she was very much fond of Indian comics like, Chacha Choudhary and Sabu, Champak, Nandan, which desperately shows her keen interest in poems and literature, from her earlier childhood; as her mother studied in Beekay Public School till class four, where her mother also, was mathematics teacher.

After that she persued her secondary education from St. Paul's School, passed her higher secondary from D.A.V. Public School, now, she is preparing for engineering entrances,2017.

Her first story, LAGAN published in town's quarterly magazine, ANGCHAMPA, at the age of was the youngest writer of that edition. She also writes as a poet in love for literature has brought her before the world to present herself as a is always ready to accept the praises, advises and criticises for her every work, which shows her sheer interest in learning from ding to her, she is just a new born baby poet like a caterpillar who don't even know the magnificence and tragedies of the poetic world.

Bidding You Goodbye..

Bidding you goodbye..
Would be so hard..
I really never knew..
Beyond the tyranny of emotions where I lay..
All I remember afterwards is
meeting of our eyes..
Meeting, destined to be forever
was disconnected up by nature..
I didn't wanted to move an eye-contact with you..
But all I could do
at the very moment you know,
Is to turn all around from your way..
And to promise to not to look back again..
As I feared, you'll caught my eyes full of tears..
I walked away from you, imagining you looking at me..
With all your due and subtle patience
Waiting for me in return to turn around once..
Restricted by my own thoughts, I walked and walked..
Pondering over-
Was this good-bye for ever?
What about that promise-that you made-
'I'll leave you never! '
Walked straight without anywhere sticking,
until the turning point after bridge
made my heartbeat galloping..
Resisted myself harder and harder
from turning all around to look back atleast once at you..
In an never ending hope,
may my eyes catch a glimpse of you..
I turned around,
And looked throughout the bridge,
as far as I could-
beyond the horizon,
But neither there were your existence
nor you..
All I could see was that alone dove
that higher and higher flew..
Amidst the clouds and dew..
with bright moon playing hide-and-seek with it,

And stuck in the black sky with no clue..

Tanya Roy

Deep Into The Ocean Of Your Eyes..

Deep into the ocean of your eyes..
There lies a dark forest of your secrets..
Secret which speaks of your honesty.
Secret which unfolds your hidden emotions..
The blink of your eyes can
make anyone fall for you..
It has all the shine and attraction
to make anyone lost in it..
Deep into the ocean of your eyes
lies an unspoken truth..
Truth which has divine energy
to turn all nothingness into completeness..
Truth which can turn all
nightmares into beautiful dreams...
Right behind your eye lashes
there lies an unfelt existence of belongingness.
Deep into the ocean of your eyes
there lies modesty...
Modesty which reveals
your life's interesting journey.
Deep into the ocean of your eyes there lies serenity..
Serenity which is as vivid
and crystal clear as moon's calmness and purity.
Enwrap me into those dark forests,
Into those warmth of your eye-lids,
let me read those secrets
which is untold to everyone,
let me feel those unfelt existence,
allow me to enter that world of yours
which is unseen by many...
All I want from destiny;
is your inner chaos, your emotions and your tyranny..
Allow me to peep into the eyes of yours deeply..
So that I can atleast have a glimpse of you keenly..

Tanya Roy

Is It Love?

Is it love?

I haven't slept all night,
hugging my teddy tight.
Hope its all-right!
Or is it just might
that I'm on a dream flight?
Can it happen,
the love at first-sight?
Can I speak of it for a slight
or I should leave it for
heart and mind's fright?
Is it just might?
Burden not so light
to carry as life's plight.
Am I wrong or right?
Confused flow of emotions,
flows like pen's ink elite.
Is it just might?
I'm on great height.
Is it love?
So delight.

Tanya Roy

Like A Bird In The Sky..

Have you ever seen a bird, flying in the sky?
Free from all rivalries and and problems in the unbounded sky.

(Contrary to humans)

Feeling the beauty and independence of world

Away from the interweaving crowd.

And never even they have

any tension for food and shroud.

(contrary to humans)

Have you ever seen a bird,

Flying in the sky.

With hearts full of proud and

A relief of sigh.

Have you ever imagined yourself?

Like a bird in the sky.

I had once..

But after my grandpa came to know,

He warned me against my dreams to not make it as so.

Instead that dream was not only a dream but an overturning reality

Upto my unpredictable destiny.

I was filled with remorse and guilty.

I gave up my untold dream before restrictions of society.

My grandpa again told me.

I am a girl not too wise..

But born only to sacrifice.

I soon realised, my destiny is not only to be shaped as a bride..

But to achieve success..

So that my grandpa takes me as his pride.

I made it my firm determination,

That with full dedication,

I will try my utmost to achieve highest education

And then with flying colours I will be able to pass life's all examination.

Although, I know it very well that this manly world would treat me as a sly

When they'll come to know about my dream so high.

But I don't know that when I would fly, with whom I would fly and where I would fly..

But I do know it very well that once in my life,

I'll fly,
Like a bird in this unbounded sky.

Tanya Roy

Magic

Rheumy, dead, gloomy
eyes of tiny tots-
in their only shorts,
with their hollow and sunken cheeks,
unable to speak;
abdominal and back together,
crying for everlasting pain,
in that unworthy rain,
lie beside
their mother's helpless body;
when came into the lap of mine,
there was
an eternal magic in their smile.

Tanya Roy

May I Have It Once, Daddy?

On a wonderful morning,
with a bright sun shining.
Sitting in my balcony,
in agony,
searching the newspaper;
inside the hidden cluster.
For some interesting news,
which might have been, in dues.
A sense of being sincere
was, in my mind, adhere.

Like a nightmare,
my four year old daughter, Clare
asked "May I have it once, Daddy? "
For me it was too shabby.
It drew my attention, twice,
her so called acrid voice.
Her eyes peeping into mine,
seemed that time, divine,
was asking for my Cigar,
which, I used to have,
though, being a Vicar.

I, who was earlier an acquit,
now filled with guilt.
My addiction atavastic,
to which I was stick.
Ashamed I felt,
and soon, noisome I smelt.
Which, coming out from Cigar
of mine; An insane Vicar.

Decided I, a mystic
being a mystique,
for my old addiction to mutate
and avoid life from being complicate.
In a moment or a bit more,
Cigar was in dustbin,
And my daughter of four

playing with her toy, Goblin.

Tanya Roy

My Love Is Lost Somewhere..

My love is lost somewhere.

All here and there,

I searched everywhere,

can't find him anywhere.

Bursting into warm tear,

my heart whispers in my ear.

My love is lost somewhere.

I can here,

his voice so clear,

He ain't anywhere.

I wish he knew how much I care,

what feelings with him I do share,

My life; gloomy and despair,

my silence and secrets talks only of him, my dear!

Can't He please hear?

My love is lost somewhere.

Tanya Roy

The Dawn, I Never Knew..

Dawn is so beautiful,
Oh! I never knew.
So quite and peaceful,
people ain't in any queue.
Birds twittering and chirping,
feeding their nestling.
Lone roads,
Away from crowds,
Oh! what a fatalism,
No criticize and sarcasm.
The fantasy of nature,
can be seen.
The world's sculpture,
so clean.

Dawn is so beautiful,
Oh! I never knew.
Away from all hubbub,
and not even one shrew.
Sky, so clear and vivid.
Shine of sun, about to hide
the moon on its sky-ride.
The diverging beam of sun,
started coveting,
the hummock and mountains on either side.

Dawn is so beautiful,
Oh! I never knew.
Hypnotism; not yet flew.
Ethereal disembodied
in temples, mosques and churches can be heard.
The chronic gray sky has discoloured.
Sun, playing hide and seek with cloud,
made the day much brighter and loud.

Dawn is so beautiful,
Oh! I never knew.
Marguerite and marigold,
are about to grew.

The fields blooming,
mare and cows,
neighing and mooing,
moths and butterflies fluttering.
Moonlit has faded up,
Sun; beyond the horizon, came up.

Dawn is so beautiful,
Oh! I never knew.
Painting, sky in cyan, saffron and blue,
sun, stuck to sky, as with glue.
Moorhens, doves, and sparrows,
about to flew.
Nature and skylark singing nocturne,
while moving and flying,
never takes an about turn.
Fishermen, on a shore, mooring,
eager to catch fish;
Rosemary and raspberry ain't now waspish.

Dawn is so beautiful,
Oh! I never knew.
Leaves of shrubs,
covered with dew.
Mother nature in morning,
has a magnificent debut.
With silence, secrets and peace,
She approaches, from heaven to this beautiful avenue;
as if nobody knew.
She never discriminates;
amidst, christian, hindu and jew.
Its not even a full charisma,
but just a preview,
of a beautiful scenario.
Another quintessence, nature did, to make people, sew.
Dawn is so beautiful.
Ain't this for you....?

Tanya Roy

'The Insane Mother'

"Insane;
She is",
Mocked his,
son in din.
And her eyes,
filled upto brim.

Deceived,
She felt.
When before her kid,
she knelt,
for a permission
to not to be sent,
to old-age home;
In commotion.
It was him,
whom she always protected,
from every grim.
But never she was respected.

And now,
the fortune
has brought him
to this tune.
Felt she lame.
But no body to claim
and to blame.

Was that the crime,
for her ladyship?
To make her son creep;
and leap.
To sing lullabuy,
so that he peacefully,
sleep,
merrily.
Was that the insanity,
to pamper her baby?
Is this a legacy?

By her only kid,
to throw out a lady,
out of a mother- child
relationship.
The insane;
Felt this pain
more than,
the pain of gestation,
which she suffered in
winter, summer and rain.

In a car she was carried
to her new home,
which her son chosed,
away from all norm.
Non-stop he drived,
In a vied.
Felt she hunch,
for something unfortunate.
Hum,
it was,
of the train.
Remembered, "She,
is now an insane.

Soon hubbub arrived,
of people like her aged.
Unhappy to see her fortunate home
she stepped,
out of a vehicle.
Thinking of her life's cycle.
With mind, fickle.
The insane;
cried with pain.

Bid,
she, a good-bye.
to her only kid.
Prayed to God;
For her son's safety,
In mid,
as he drives hurriedly.

An insane;
with heart full of pain.

Tanya Roy

The Tramp

Wandering,
all the town around,
fluttering,
with his unhealed wound.
Foraging for both food
and shelter;
he, helter and skelter.
Filled with inseparable
and unsurmountable loneliness and hunger,
which for him seemed to be the biggest disaster.

Though, being habituated
hoping, running,
wandering all around.
Like a deadly being;
with
people avoiding him, body for him,
in this crowd.
No body to laugh, cry and share with;
even lost his sanity.
There left only, sorrow and guilty.

Wrinkles on faces,
got spaces.
Interminable bones could be seen,
as if eager to pierce the skin.
Partly covered with clothes,
or better, a house of moths.
All ragged and torn,
through which his body shown.
Curly black-brown, intangible hair,
and body's colour not so fair.
Hair, which never were combed,
with twist and turn,
all around
his forehead, covering his squeak little eyes,
are disturbed often by flies.
Murky body smelt,
as if it will nauseate.

Seemed furious
and nefarious.

No body to care,
about him,
though looked by pity,
by them.

They negate
his existence
and still he fight in life,
with persistence.

Tanya Roy

Why Am I So Much Into You?

The silver moon,
the twinkling stars,
all reminds me of you.
The dream within a dream,
the thought within a thought,
all cares for you.
The moving leaves of trees,
the blooming flowers,
the rain as it showers,
the candle light flickering
could never answer
Why am I so much into you?

The destiny unfavoured,
the tragedy uncovered,
the dancing and fluttering butterflies,
the sparrows and the flies
in my lows and highs,
all reminds me of you.
The sun-flower looking after sun,
my unending sight towards horizon,
my tennis racket
and whisteling cricket,
all cares for you.
The incomplete letters;
Rose inside mutters,
with crisp and clutters
of my eternal love for you,
but they could never answer,
Why am I so much into you?

My messed up mind,
says love is blind.
My tears upto eyes' brink
my heart about to sink,
often says,
over the bays and my prayers,
I ain't anybody without you,
but they could never answer

Why am I so much into you?
Perhaps I'm always there for you.

Tanya Roy

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Tanya Roy