

Poetry Series

Tapashya Das
- poems -

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Tapashya Das()

A Pair Of Shoes...

Pair of shoes
The splendid cave of zillion's hooves,
Walks along quiet,
Across moors,
O'er heights,
For meters and miles
Nevertheless expressing
Notions emotions
Grief or smile...

Pair of shoes
The only armor
Of gallivant feet,
The only shield
In war of cold,
In battle of heat,
O'er bundles of sand
A pair of shoes
The only sheet...

Often;
In crowds of noble's corner,
Amongst rest pairs of
Gloss and shimmers,
A pair of shoes
Depicts honor...
Nevertheless;
Beholding attire of,
Scarlet leather,
Ornamented bosom of,
Stones and feathers,
Wrapped in felicity
Around tender feet of Royals,
Kiss with grace,
The dust of weather...

Often;
The eyes haste to greet,
The numerous new born shoes,

Laying in cradle of shop racks,
Scattering alike rainbow dews,
Revealing elegance by,
Crimson, viridian and radiant hues...

A pair of shoes,
Still a desired dream for thousands
Miserable poor recluse,
Their cracked untidy feet
Impatient to behold,
A touch of
Metonym comfort of
A pair of shoes...

I feel amuse,
When I put on my shoes,
Interesting to observe
While mine foot
Hide in shoe hole
Alike a little mouse...
Rests mine feet
In bed of soles,
While the feet of shoes
Walks lone,
Along the path of coals...

A pair shoes,
The only companion
Yore and forever,
A united union,
Does not have personal opinion,
Does not have personal excuse,
Since yore,
A pair of care,
The only pair of shoes...

Tapashya Das

A Touch...

A truth of touch is a moment to feel,
A touch if felt
The moment thy mind heel...
A touch of nature creates glen,
A touch of heavenly drop
Makes a leaf clean...
A touch of ray makes a mirror shine,
A touch of ferment,
Makes wine...
A touch can be the reason to shy,
An innocent touch,
Could make the wings of emotions fly...
A touch of question compels ye to think a while,
Where,
A touch of unquestioned answers can make ye smile...
A touch of wind
Moves water,
A touch of warmth
Melts butter...
A touch of pain makes a man wild,
A touch of kiss,
Makes a soul mild...
A touch of season,
Blows up the fragrance of blossoms,
A touch of emotions,
Conveys several notions...
A touch of thinking,
Creates endless thoughts,
A touch of conflict,
Can be the reason to fight...
A touch of hope shows thee the path of survival,
A touch of guilty,
Change a man to evil...
A touch of regret,
Can make thy soul cry,
A touch of breeze,
Has the courage to let thy tears dry...
A touch of love
Could make thy life static,

A touch of life,
Could make a love dynamic...
A touch of perfection
Gifts ye the bounty of excellence,
A touch of labor,
Delivers thee thy success...
A touch of rhythm plays a song,
A touch in within feels thee warm...
A touch of lips feels the lust of kiss,
A touch of care,
Brings the desire to wish...
A touch of compassion creates friendship,
A touch of faith prays worship...
A touch of hug,
Can make affection intimate,
A touch of someone,
Feels the affectionate soul mate...
A touch of skill gives fame,
A touch of respect gives name...
A touch of harvest produces grain,
A touch of cloud
Showers rain...
A touch of humanity
Makes a soul,
Let "US" create,
A peaceful a safe world,
As a whole...! ! !

Tapashya Das

Aaj Hai Naya Saal...

Aaj hai naya saal,
Samajh na paau mai
Bole meri khushi ya gam,
Kaise karu mai bayaan?
Hoon pareshaan mai ye soch ke
Kya hai mere desh ka haal...
Aaj hai naya saal,
Shayad koi aatanki
Boon raha hai aaj
Maut ka naya jaal...
Is naye saal mein,
Kaun banega apna dhal?
Hoontho pe liye angeenat sawal,
Bechain hai ye dil
Kaisa hoga ye naya saal...
Aaj hai naya saal,
Charo oor chhayi hai
Khushiyoon ka umang
Aur
Sangeet ke taal,
Kahi magan hai log
Vanbhoj ke aanand mein,
To kahi,
Nashe mein choor sharaabi
Kar rahe hai mastii bawal...
Aaj hai naya saal,
Aaj hai ek naya shubh aarambh,
Kya hogi khushal?
Apna ye naya saal...
Kisse karu mai ye sawal?
Magan hai aaj sabhi,
Naye saal ke jashn mein,
Kyu ki;
Aaj hai naya saal...
Aaj waqt ne naye saal ko dastak di hai,
Aaj samay ne naye saal ko nyota di hai,
Aaj aaye hai ye saal
Hamare Atithi banke,
Padhare hai ye saal

Hamare mahemaan banke,
Aanjan hoon mai,
Kya laya hoga apne sang wo tofa zindegi ka,
Ye naya saal khud, dakiya banke...
Aaj lage badla badla sa,
Samay ke waqt ka chaal,
Beeten toofano ko bhul ke aaj
Magan hai khushi mein duniyaan,
Kyu ki;
Aaj hai naya saal...
Hai meri dil ki dua,
Na ho aab wo,
Jo pachele hua,
Na aye wo bhuchal,
Jo degaye wo beeten saal,
Buss ho ullas bhara ye saal
laye khushi,
Dilon mein shaanti,
Aur bhaicharon ki haansi
Sang apne ye naya saal...
Rahe aabaadh hamara desh,
Bane har din ek naya saal,
Aao aaj milke jhoome
Kyu ki,
Aaj hai Naya Saal,
Aaj hai Naya Saal! ! !

Tapashya Das

Aazad-E-Hindustan...

The Azadi k wo din,
Sunhera sham
Aur
Din rangeen...
Dilon me tha pyar aur umang,
Tha wo ek anokha tarang...
Afsoss...
Aaj lage ye duniya
Kitni
Berang, berang aur berang...

Azadi k wo din,
Layatha sukoon bhara savera...
Per aaj hai wo din
Jaha charo oor hai
Dehshat ka andhera...
Dilaye ahesas
Hum aam janta hai
Kitne,
Behal, besahara...

The Azadi k wo din,
The wo amar jawan,
Jo chalaye the rakh kar
Apne chati per aag se bhara Kaman...
Per aaj hai wo din
Jaha karte apne log khud
Bharat ma ko neelam...

The azadi k wo din
Jab diye gaye the
Lakho kurbaniya...
Per aaj hai wo din
Jaha li ja rahi hai
Aapne swarth hetu,
Lakho kurbaniya...

Kyu hai log

Apne hi duniya me magan?
Jab suna parda hai desh ka aangan...
Kya yun hi vyarth jane de
Hum apna jeevan? ? ?

Keheneko duniya aazad hai,
Fir kyu
Aaj ki vardaaten
Eetni dardnak hai? ? ?
Kya iska koi jawab hai? ? ?

Kya din kya raat,
Keheneko rakshak sada jagte rehte,
Fir kyu
Ek peerdit
har din har raat
tardapte rehte? ? ?
kartoot gava hai
na ayega sukoon,
behta rahega khoon hi khoon! ! !
Jab tak hai dehshati junoon...
Susth na bano,
Nigahon se patti hatao
Aye mere Andha Kanoon! ! !

The wo azadi k din
Jab garda gaya
Ganatantra ka jhanda,
Buland hua Swatantrata ka parcham
Aur
Leheraya garv ka Tiranga...
Per aaj hai wo din
Jaha us Tirange ki koi laj na rakh paya
Jiske rangone jeevan shailee bataya...

Saab dekhne ko uthsukh
Ek chamakta heera,
Per aaj insaan
Dekhna to door,
Sochte tak nai
Kaun gira,
Kaun mara...

Log hai jan kar v aanjan
Kya hoti
Ek aurat ki dard aur peerda! ! !

Wo aazadi k din
Jab rahat k hawa the chale
Per aaj hai wo din
Jaha palkon tale
Shaitano ki toil hai pale,
To kahi,
Aatanki hamla bole! ! !
Kyu ek majbur,
Majburi orde zinda jale? ? ?
Kehte hai,
Raat chaye jab shaam dhale,
Savera khile jab raat dhale...
Jab kudrat apni rah chale,
To hum kyu
Annyaye bhrashtachar sehte rahe,
Aur
Deshdrohiyon k pairo tale piste rahe...
Aye mere nagrikon...
Hai ek veenitee
Kyu na hum
apne hi andar kuch acche badlav
late rahe...
taki pura brahmand
INCREDIBLE INDIA
Gaate rahe! ! !

Wo azadi k din
Wo azadi k rang,
Jo thi,
Wo rahega hamesha apne sang...
Hai nivedan apse,
Na karo
Is azadi k muskan ko bhang...
Do maan, karo samman
Jab duniya Garv se bole
AZAD-E-HINDUSTAN AZAD-E-HINDUSTAN AZAD-E-HINDUSTAN
Jay Hind! ! ! Jay Bharat! ! ! Jai Hindustan! ! !

Alone I...in My Loneliness...

Standing alone I am
On the moors of loneliness,
Faded mine hopes
In clouds of loneliness...
Gliding mine tears o'er my cheeks
In pang of loneliness,
Even mine shadow has disappeared
Under dark shade of loneliness...
My ears could behold the beats of heart
In silence of loneliness,
While
My voice could speak loud
To the breath of soul
In crowd of loneliness...
Mine arms are stretched
For a hug,
On the desert of loneliness,
Thirsty mine throat
For a drop of love,
In ocean of loneliness...
Eighteen years ago
Lonely I was in womb of loneliness
Infant I was to conceive the warmth
Of dark and brightness
Yet I am crawling,
In the phases of loneliness...
Walking my desires
Across the path of loneliness,
My days are blowing swift
In the whirl of loneliness
Bleeding mine heart
In ache of loneliness,
Fleeting mine feelings far
With dust of loneliness...
Alone mine faith
Shivering in loneliness,
Alone mine dreams
Dreaming alone in loneliness...
Parted my presence

With disgrace of loneliness
Discarded my merriness
With regrets of loneliness...
Eternally killed I am
With hates of loneliness,
Mine veins are chopped
With the knife of loneliness...
Like moon and sun shines
In the bounty of its loneliness,
Me in aisle of mine mortal universe
Burning in the magma of loneliness...
Striving mine hope
For the compassion of loneliness,
It seems;
Mine Lord of my eternal soul has died
In war of my loneliness...

Tapashya Das

Beamish Moon.

Quite in silence
On silver shoon
In a recluse voyage
A Beamish Moon...
In core of dark palm,
Walking lone and calm,
Sometimes; in folds of cloud
Sometimes; dipped in wind
Waving sparkle wings
Moves on and on and on...
A silver sphere in heart of night
Walks the night in her silver flight
In peace of world so high,
Glides across roof of sky...
In hues of dusk
In freshness of dawn,
The panoply of Beamish Moon goes on...
Sometimes; in folds of cloud
Sometimes; dipped in wind
Waving sparkling wings
Moves on and on...

Tapashya Das

Birthday...A Day Towards Death!

A DAY TOWARDS DEATH.
Celebrating one's birthday,
Is the day indeed,
Methinks,
Celebrating a step ahead,
Towards one's own death way...
To every birthday,
I frail, I fear for the while,
Nevertheless,
I had been celebrating
Its merriness, it's gay,
Since I were a child...
Confused I am for,
Why 'the souls of knowledge'
Celebrate their birth,
Is art they unaware of forsooth,
Since the conscience says,
Each day of birth a station,
We halt,
Have refreshments,
Discarding past,
Proceed further towards,
Final destination
In darkness of mortality...
Fretted candles over cakes glow,
While,
Impatient the lips more,
To shower its breadth over to blow...
Sometimes,
This candle ceremony recalls,
A day shall be the same,
When my owns oculus
Will shed its drops in my call...
We these candles,
Lit up by one in a while,
Where,
The lips of time,
Blow thy ashes away a mile...
I chuckle,

Chuffed to glee the moment I took birth,
In lap of earth,
Besides awakes my soul,
A day for me is kept,
On the pedestal of my life,
When again,
I have to take rest,
In the same warmth of mother earth...
Closed,
Will my lids,
Freeze,
Will my breadth,
Nevertheless,
Mine soul could never realize,
The journey of death...
My gallivant thoughts,
Explained me the course,
Between heaven and hell,
However, innocent the soul is,
Moves silently across its nut's shell...
The day of birth
We celebrate,
Evaluate yet age,
Nevertheless of evaluating,
The days we left for
Walking into mortal cage...
I could have ardent,
Wearing neo clothes
With glee and joy,
While,
My conscience in its coy,
States me;
"Thee a molded toy,
Thee thyself an attire of thine soul.",
Hence,
Methinks of it useless
To wrap the molded Old,
While,
My own soul's wrapper is losing,
Its strength to behold...
I blow my breadth
In balloons chest,

Unaware I was for,
The syringe of these birthdays
Fetching my breadth
To its own crest,
Digging house of coffin for my rest...
Impatiently mesmerized I was,
To intake the music,
The rhyme of birthday song,
However today,
Impatiently vexed I am,
To behold the rhythm of my death,
Singing in applauses...
Birthday is the day,
Recalls the day we breadth,
Besides,
Birthday is the day too,
Calls aloud its inevitable death...
Life is dismal,
Play hard,
Discarding away the vex apart...
Therefore,
Nevertheless celebrating birthday,
Smile to every ample moment of breathing,
When the Death itself would speak aloud;
"Celebrate thy glee of life
To the elevated heights of infinity,
Because I am still
Far apart..."

Tapashya Das

Dreams...

Dreams to we,
Dreams to thee
Forever and since,
A glimpse of glee...
A novel glean across,
Glisten gleam,
Dreams are desires
Glides along emotion's stream...
Dreams,
Yore last in closed eyes flash,
Same flee vanish,
In unfold lash...
Dreams,
The tiny seeds
Bay of beatific beads,
The mind sows,
The source the origin,
Since where the beauteous morrow grows...
Behold thy dreams in thee,
Nevertheless a disguise prose,
It is thy emotion's passion held by ye...
Dreams,
The sweetest mellows of cream,
Love thy dream,
Dream what thee love,
Frail not ye to deserve the cream,
Ye ought to dream...
Dreams,
The garden of desired fantasy,
Where the soul walks along
In silent hypocrisy...
Dreams are on warmth of fire,
While thy heart desires elevates thee,
Thy soul to an extreme high air...
Dream in ye ever,
Stretch thy apex forever
Let thy courage down never...
Dreams,
Drives thou in darkness of sky,

While thine body remains in unconscious shy,
Mirage of folks woke the soul,
In sheen of high
Nevertheless a flyover to fly...
People in dreams,
Boundless and calm,
Hence, not they built,
Barriers, bridges and walls...
Dreams views grace and beauty,
While,
Feelings feel the bounty of it,
Even the dream manipulates,
Lunatics, lovers and poets,
However,
The feelings of imagination
The motion of dreams completes it...
Within a dream,
A soul hopes real,
A real hope wipes off darkness away,
Within a darkness,
A life hopes death,
The awaited dream of death calls mortality,
However,
While the dream awakes yet its sleep,
It again a bright immortality wakes...
Dreams of immortality,
Brings thee thy death,
Dreams of ultimate mortality,
Brings ample of glory and sustained faith...
Think huge, desire high,
A small dream waits thy try...
Ye forever and since,
Dream alike such,
To thy vision dream,
The world may watch...

Tapashya Das

Ek Dard-E-Dil Ki Kahani...

Dard hi dard chupa hota hai ek chote se dil me,
Angeenat kantee chubhe hote hai ek chote se dil me,
Aksar har jati hai zindegi, ye keh kar;
'aaj zinda to hoon
Per tere khoon ke aansuyon me behekar...'
Kiss se sifarish kare ye dil,
Kiss se dard bayan kare ye dil,
Hai anjaan ye dunaya
Hai apne bhi anjaan,
Har rishsta lage besahara aur benaam...
Bandh hai aaj ye dil us gam k pinjere mein
Jaha se koi use nikal nahi sakta,
Bol rahi hai aap hi wo khamoshi mein;
'aaj dard k sagar mein doobna chahti hu
Hai aur kitna dard uske geherai mein
Aaj sare dard kismet k mai peena chahti hu,
Bus hai guzarish us uparwale se,
Zinda rakhna is chote se dhadakte huye dil ko
Kyu ki aaj aazmana hai khud ko,
Dekhna hai kitna pani hai tere sagar k paimano mein,
Jo duba de is dil ko,
Dekhna hai kitni aag hai tere suraj ke angaaron mein,
Jo jalade is dil ko,
Aye uparwale kya khatam karoge aap is chote se dil ko? ? ?
Hai itni aag is dil me hi
Ki khud ko jala du! ! !
Hai itni aansu is dil me hi
Ki khud ko dubo du! ! !
Na ban itna beraham mujhse tu,
Ki ek din mai khud ko hi mita du! ! !

Tapashya Das

Ek Paigaam Deshwasion Ke Naam.

Aye mere deshwasiyon...
Ho kya gaya hai aap sab ko? ? ?
Kya aap susth ho?
Ya apne hi desh se rushth ho? ? ?
Chup na raho..
Aapki khamoshi kehti hai ki
Aap, deshdrohion k sath ho...
Kya aap sab ne prn liya hai?
Ki ab se hamare apne bhi pirdit ho..
Aaj hai wo din,
Veenitee hai aap sab se,
Neend se jago,
Aur Rajghat me soye hue lahu ki
Sahi keemat do...

Aaj bhare parde hai,
Har gali me,
Shaitanon ki toil,
Jo uthne na de hum betion ki doli...
Kyu charhate ho sherawli pe ordni?
Jab fardni hai apne hi maa-bahano ki chunri....

Agar aap buzurg samajh gaye hote desh ka mamla,
To na hoti har roz ye aatanki haamla..
Aaj ye pramarn hai,
Diye gaye kurbaniyan vyarth hai...
Gyar to gyar the,
Per aaj apne v gyar hai..

Kaun kehta hai isse azad Bharat?
Jahan jhel rhe hai hum har roz, har pal,
Ek khauf ka qayamat..
Itihas gava hai,
Kabhi ye shareefon ka basera tha,
Aaj luteron ka basera hai...
Yu hi aankhe bandh rakhoge to,
Pura duniyan andhera hai..
Insaano k kartoot ka insaan khud shikar hai,
Hote peerdit to kehte duniya bekar hai...

Kuch insaan rupi haiwan hai bhare parde,
Jinke karan ek aam insaan,
Har roz, ek chowrahe par hai mare parde..
Jo peerda us peerdit ne sahi,
Kya uske zimmedar hum nai? ? ?

Sukoon se baitha insaan
Ye kyu nai sochta?
Ki door, koi hai,
Sarhad per baitha,
Jo har pal, har lambha
Apni akhri pal hai ginta..
Har saal hum manate,
Kabhi holi to kabhi diwali,
Kya kisi ne socha hai?
Kaisi hoti hogi jawno ki
Khoon ki holi aur goli-barud ki diwali..
Aye mere desh k nagriko
Yu hi na jane do
Unki balidanon ko khali..

Aaj is dehshat k duniya me
Sapne bhi sapne hai,
Har chalakte ansoon,
Har tapakte lahu ki
Vajah v hum hai..
Aaj agar hosh me hote hue v
Hum Gandhiji k Bandar hai,
To majburan khooni v hum hai..

Burai ko jard se ukhado,
Annyaye ka virodh karo, kyu ki desh ke wasi v hum hai....

Tapashya Das

Ek Pyaara Sa Intezaar...

Hai mujhe v kisika intezaar...
Jab hoga mujhe v kabhi
Kisise pyaar...
Hoga wo,
Jo karega mere jeevan me
Khushiyon ki bouchar...
Jiske dil me ho bus pyaar hi pyaar...

Na jane kaun hoga wo?
Hai na koi anuman...
Ho sabse alag,
Bus hai yehi ek armaan...
Aasman jaisa ho uska dil,
Sath na chode,
Chahe aye kitni v mushkil...

Sagar se v gehera ho jiska saath,
Bin bole samjhe meri har baat...
Hoga wo kio khass...
Jo kabhi na tode mera vishwass...
Mere armano ka kare kadr,
Kare hamesha mere
Mata-pita aur pure parivar ka
Tahe dil se samman aur adar...

Ho ek aisa insaan,
Jo na kare kavi bhed-bhav
Ho koi garib ya kisan,
Koi Sikh, koi Isayi
Ho Hindu ya Musalman,
Rahe har ek k liye bus pyar aur samman...

Ho sacchai bhara savera,
Jo bane mera jeene ka sahara...
Hoga wo mera sapno ka rajkumar,

Jiske paas ho preet ka daulat beshumar...
Unchi ho uski imandari ka imarat,
Suraj se v ujla ho
Uska shaksiyat...
Hoga wo mere sapno ka darpan
Jise meri ibadat kare
Har lamha aarpan...
Hai bus ek dua,
Aaye kabhi na hamare beach
Duri ya bichran...

Tapashya Das

Experimental Life

Life is an experiment,
Sometimes neutral
Sometimes violent...
Reactions may be explosive,
Generally they are basic...
Outcomes may positive
We never know!
Sometimes may negative...
Theoretically endothermic,
Practically exothermic...

Life is an experiment
Practiced without payment,
Need not need any management...
It's full of agreement,
Thirsty for settlement
To gain achievement...
Full of sentiments
Often treated with punishments...
How to overcome? ? ?
Its passion its fun...
Full of emotions
Full of notions
Moves along with gradual motion...
There may be cautious
Be ready with precautions...

Care relations
Love affections
Dare not make any section
Shall create explosive reactions...

Life is a dream
Feel it as a cream,
Never make scheme
Lift up your chin...
Be supreme
Try to gain, try to win...

Tapashya Das

Father... I Adore Thee...

I laid mine life before thee,
Lacking my words to state,
The abundance,
I love thee...
Thine blessings,
Mine access,
Thine blessing,
Mine acclivity
Forever with time,
Behold me alike infant I cried,
Hence thy ignorance frails me,
Could be mine declivity,
Singing my breath today,
Father I adore thee...

Acclaim to the world I loud
Thee mine beloved father,
Mine soul cries with elevated proud,
Thee forever a compassionate pal,
Thee forever an immortal principal,
Perennial is thy devoted efforts,
Beneath thy shade,
My fortune has behold
The placid comforts...
Me, a tiny little crop,
Thee, a Heavenly drop,
Shower me water with thy blessings,
And feed me up with love forever,
Let me grow tall like trees,
Hopes mine leaves of success,
Kiss the feet of thy
Singing mine breath today,
Father I adore thee...

Blessed I am,
With bounty of thee to me,
Grateful mine soul to Lord,
I the daughter to thee...
May thee live for immortal years,

May thee glow alike sun cheers,
Might I had hurt thee,
Guilty I am, mine soul today,
Eternally plead thee,
Hoping mine little eyes,
Let it bath thy feet
With its waves of tears...
My folded palms begs thee,
My bowed head prays thee,
Singing mine breath today
Father I adore thee...

In the crowd of discouragement,
In the world of discrimination,
Thee mine role model,
Thee mine only
Symbol of inspiration...
Thy support accelerates my motion,
Thine devotion to me,
Fills my heart with boundless emotions,
Thy teachings molds me,
With art of living notions...
Thy hatred, mine fear,
Since I breathe in,
I am a child of thy care,
Alike Lord,
Mine soul compared thee,
Singing mine breath today,
Father I adore thee...

Tapashya Das

Feelings...

Sometimes;
Feelings are easy to express,
Strong feelings can make one depress...
Feelings are speechless,
Sometimes they are useless...
When feelings are felt,
Often harsh souls melt...

Beautiful essence of silence,
Fragrance of innocence,
Feelings are the symbol of tolerance...
Feelings are mild,
Has the capacity
To make a person wild...

Feelings realizes the pain of parting,
Sometimes we feel
There is nothing what we get,
A feeling describes life is so hate...

Feelings are boundless,
Often it makes us restless...
Feelings signifies Love,
It's the heart who serves...
Feelings are the beauty of emotions,
Fragment of realistic notions...
Glories of passion,
Brings about new horizon...

Feelings,
The painful hope of soul,
One day the departed destiny will
Again be the whole...
People drown in the feelings of ocean
When they move deep into
Lively temptation...

Can be felt through

Feelings of life

World's beauty and delight...

Colors of feelings can be maximize,

When we
Fly into the fascinating silence with closed eyes...
Feelings are mild,
Sometimes brings about innocent smile...
We often fear,
When our heart conveys the feelings
There is no one who cares...
Feelings are strange,
Makes the lips smile even in rage
But sometimes;
Feeling of feelings,
Compels thy eyes,
which brings about
Soul's tear,
When the vex for ever dies...

Tapashya Das

Hoon Aaj Mai Choor Bus Nashe Mein ...

Hoon nashe mein aaj,
To ye duniya,
Ye log,
Sab apne the,
Thi hosh mein kal,
To ye duniya,
Ye log,
Sab sapne the...
Aaj hoon majboor,
Aaj hoon nashe mein choor,
Kyu ki,
The jo kal paas mere,
Aaj sab hai
Kitne door, kitne door, kitne door...
Aaj hai nashe me bandh
Ye nigahein,
Aaj hai magan madhosh
Ye bahein,
Roya beshumar jo dil tha,
Aaj nashe ne us dil ko haansa diya,
Bhool gayi wo pal
Gam ke,
Kyu ki
Hoon aaj mai choor bus nashe mein...
Gam ki botal mein jab bandh thi
Meri wo shaam,
Thi tanha
Hoke bechain
Apne hoontho se lagaliya
Paimane ki wo sunheri jaam,
Anjaam se thi anjaan
Tha mere hoontho pe
Bus ek uska hi naam,
Hoke madhosh,
Hoon aaj mai madhushala mein,
Bhool gayi wo pal gam ke,
Kyu ki
Hoon aaj mai choor bus nashe mein...
Dil mein liye dard,

Aaj bhatakti hoon mai dar dar
Un bedardon ke aashiyano mein,
Nakare ye zalim duniya mujhe,
Doob chuki hoon mai
Is nafrat ki dariya mein...
Aaj hoon mai aur meri jaam
Hai ek ye
Khubsurat anokha shaam,
Jab mere aansu ghul jate
Us sharaab ke paimane mein,
Peekar har ghoonth wo zakham ke
Bhool gayi wo pal gam ke,
Kyu ki
Hoon aaj mai choor bus nashe mein...
Kuch khaas hai
Un jam ke boondo mein,
Jab dil se guzre to khub jalaye,
Gam ke dard se lipte
To khub rulaye,
Nashe mein hoon aaj mai is qadar,
Dadmaga rahi hai mere khwahishon ka dagar,
Magar;
Khush hoon aaj mai nashe ki sagar mein,
Bavli hui hoon nashe ki keher mien,
Bhool gayi wo pal gam ke,
Kyu ki
Hoon aaj mai choor bus nashe mein...
Khud mai nasha thi kisi ki,
Aaj ek saza hoon,
Shayad thi meri khata jo
Aaj mai akeli hoon...
Mera nasha hai nashe me choor,
Aaj hoon majboor
Kyu ki,
The jo kal paas mere,
Aaj sab hai
Kitne door, kitne door, kitne door...
Berukhi ke us pyale me
Doob chuki hoon main,
Peekar wo pyaala jaam ka,
Bhool gayi wo pal gam ke,
Aaj sun na paoon

duniya ki baat,
hoon aaj mai nashe mein,
bus sun rahi hoon khamosh,
dil ki baat...
bin uske,
kya din kya raat,
aaj hoon nashe mein
mai, mere lafz,
bin ruke bol rahi hai ye
bus dil ki baat...
doob chuki hoon mai
uske aashiqi ke pyale mein,
bus chuki hoon mai, meri tanhai,
uske chahat ke madhushale mein,
kya batau duniyawalon,
kaun hoon mai,
hoon to insaan hi,
per kisi ki jaan hoon mai...
hoon aaj uske nashe mein choor,
hoon aaj mai nashe mein,
bhool gayi hoon wo sare pal gam ke,
kyu ki,
hoon aaj mai choor bus nashe mein...

Tapashya Das

In Glimpse Of Rain...

Today;
Lost I am in blowing breeze
In showers of heaven my soul freeze,
Glistening drops o'er petals of roses
Smiling mime in standing poses
In glimpse of rain
My heart reposes...

Breathless rain showering restless
All day gliding across roof of sky,
Beholding earth kissing its crust
Leaves, petals, grass
Lad and lass,
Flora and fauna in showers of love
Together art wet in coy of lust,
In glimpse of rain
The streets are flowing along melting dust...

Today;
Lost I am in glen of refresh nest
My mind goes fantasized of fastness,
In cradle of branches in fascinating joy
Crew of birds in passion singing loud,
While;
In rage of anger,
The voice of thunder screaming aloud! ! !
In mellifluous fantasy
In glimpse of rain
The Eyes of Heaven
The glowing proud
Yet;
Napping under blanket of misty cloud...

From the vanishing point of heavenly arc,
Beholding glee of morning lark,
On moors of sky
Crawling crimson sphere
Up and up and up on azure high...
So gently so calmly

Swaying o'er and o'er
Glowing the world with radiance of desire...
Post showering day
The burning courage is turning day
So convincing its gay of ray,
In glimpse of rain
It's again an Ardent Day...

Tapashya Das

In Hues Of Dusk...

In hues of dusk
Scarlet sun in remorse smile
Gliding beneath Viridian vale,
Beholding pale and gloomy mask...
The palms of labor has paused
In hues of dusk,
Relaxing the day in weary moors
Hungry bodies are on heights of husk...
In hues of dusk,
O'er waves of Azure
The Moon is sailing fade and fade,
Nevertheless;
Dusk in his fascinating fiesta,
Admires the mellifluous screeching
Under giant mallow shade...
In hues of dusk,
Behind petals of mauve
Metonym to conceive,
The intimate pair of dove,
Under beams of radiance
A glistening pair of love...
In hues of dusk,
The flute of wind
Whistling in sky,
The glowing crackle on roof of earth
Slowly silently blinking their eyes
Hiding behind clouds
Beholding lust of coy...
In hues of dusk,
The day melting dry
In fear of dark
The rain of dews cry...
In hues of dusk,
The soul of breathings,
Recalls;
A dusk of life arriving soon,
Where the body rests
And finally falls...
In hues of dusk,

The grass green sheet,
Regrets o'er,
The missing dismal feet,
Cool and lone are the lanes
Missing burning heat...
In hues of dusk,
The souls of emotions
Beholds spiritual air,
In Closed eyes and in folded palms
Lips dances in Lord's Prayer...
sometimes;
the nature too speaks,
where the day shines bright,
the dark fears night,
sometimes;
the nature too admires,
the gay of dawn
the gloom of vex
In hues of dusk,
In hues of dusk...!!!

Tapashya Das

It's Again Me! ! !

After a long;
Happiness beholden me,
In care of parents, in smile of pals
With mellows of cream
The time has molded me...
Today,
I am in glen of refreshness,
Today,
I am in me,
Yes after a long
It's again me! ! !
The time has passed in chains of rust
The days do blew off in clock of dust! ! !
Beholding trust,
I am on every land of heart
I am again on every land of crust! ! !
Infant was I melted in Black Ocean,
Responsible was I drown in notorious notion,
Today,
Books of failure taught me success
After a long
It's again me
Relaxing on expectancy desk,
Discarding vex...
Silly was I
Floating o'er brooks of tears
Owl was I in nights of mare
But; it's again me
Under blankets of love
Under blankets of care
Happiness beholden me,
Yes, after a long it's again me! It's again me! ! !

Tapashya Das

Love Song Of A Little Bird...

Today;
My love desire,
To fly to sing,
My feathers are crowned
Golden Wings...
My emotions are blown
By Heaven's breeze,
Regrets and worries
Are in silent freeze...
I held my bosom,
O'er metonym cloud,
Ardent my joy on extreme loud...
My wings beholds
Mellows of cloud, its bust,
My enthusiastic affection
Is on its extreme lust...
My beak touched a kiss
O'er wet cloud mist,
Methinks,
Thunders of His bliss...
I blew off,
O'er mountains and towers
My wings went wet,
In rains of showers...
In the dusk's of glowing twilight,
The cream of ice
Are enjoying its
Romantic and lively delight...
The hearts in blowing couples
Are filled with divine temptations,
Where,
The souls are in silent conversation...
Quite and calm
The cloud sails,
Regretting o'er which,
Me frails...
A touch of pleasure
Touch me whole,
Methinks of glory alike,

Waving through diamond's coal...
Cloud disappeared in heights of sky,
Admiring the day
My emotions conceived shy...
Thanking thou gratefully,
May this day returns,
Along new sun, my hopes cry joyfully...
Today;
My eyes beholding a new sun,
Admiring a past with new moon
My life indeed, is blessed
With Ye,
As everlasting boon...
It is again my love,
This begs
Thirsty so much for thy affection,
My heart aches...
Thine love;
Blew me o'er yellow fields,
O'er green oceans
The farmer yields...
Here again my destined pleasure,
Ye so near! Ye so closer!
Singing my love for thee,
Oh! Metonym Cloud!
Behold me in dissolving ye,
Love me loud...
Us in remote phase of universe's foundation,
Let's drown in divine glaze of
Lively temptation...
The lace of wind bonded us
Alike lust dream,
Melting one's love o'er another
Alike soundless stream...
My beak goes thirsty
For thy marshy mellows,
It grabs thou whole,
Sipping of thy juicy shallow...
My wings stretched in freshness of joy,
Thy chilling droplets of love
Feels me coy...
Oh! Thou Metonym Cloud!

Forever such
Be thee mine,
Oh! Thou Metonym Cloud!
Forever such
Love me loud! ! !

Tapashya Das

Love....

Always for one who deserves,
Is the heart
Who serves...
Love,
Symbol of care
Often unspoken words
Are shared...
Does not criticize
Dark or fair...

Love is a string
Hold two hearts
In a ring...
Love of a Part
Never goes apart,
It moves swiftly
In emotion's cart...
An often soul goes melt
In the ocean of cream,
When feelings of love
Are in dream...
Sometimes,
The one we miss
For the rose
It feels the touch
Of a mild kiss...

Love,
Is not just the word we speak for,
Love is faith,
Love is belief,
The heart seeks for...

Love,
Is not just to stay together,
Love is the divine promise
This holds two souls immortal forever...
Love,
The continuous try,

The desire of love
Makes people,
Cry, cry, & cry...
Smile of pain
Is the name given to,
Love's game...
In today's world,
Love is nothing
But passion,
It is common,
Just a fashion...

Love has no end,
Initiated as
Compassionate friend...

Love,
The essence of innocence
A beautiful reprise of silence...
Love blows thy up
In the blossom
Of its fragrance...
The world is in the custody of love,
Is the almighty,
Is the God,
The desert of Love
Is the creator himself
Who serves...

Love,
The truth of friendship,
The holy relation
A beautiful creation of worship...
Love has neither month,
Nor season,
Love does not judge caste and religion...
Love humanity
Serve devotion,
Stretch your arms
For a

Beautiful relation,
Carry thou soul
For a true relation...
LOVE LIFE...

Tapashya Das

Meerabai... The Soul Of Music

Says the woman of divine devotion;
"Forever for thee,
Laid my soul in sleeping,
Weeping mine love,
Mine life knows no walking...
Desiring thy bounty,
Me frails
In tears of emotions
My present sails...
My fingers pluck over
The strings of my lute,
While my ears conceive
Thy divine melody
Of thy flute...
Thee lilt mediate me whole,
In exult,
Folds mine eyelids,
The glory of thy oculus unfold,
The whole depicts my soul...
In thy oasis of lyricism,
My faith of devotion
Is on its extreme,
Ruthless the world
My love is on lips of criticism...
In thy shades of
Green calm feathers,
Me feels,
The warmth and cold,
Bounty and its seasons together,
My hairs blow in thy breath,
Thy presence rotates me,
The world, its weather...
Ye,
The ray serene,
Me the molded crust,
Thy peeling anthem of love,
Awaken me again,
From the silent dust...
Thy sounds of music

Lit the earth, its physic,
Me a beetle-flake to thee,
Lull me whole thine music,
Mine to me the least specific...
Why thee so unworthy to me?
Always there, ye for the world
Except me...
Oh thou!
The sparkling coal,
Nevertheless a merciless soul,
Speak aloud
Bathe me all
In thine showers of intimate clouds...
Who am I?
Plead I thee!
In seek of reply...
My mind has restricted
Thinking rest,
Since I held my head,
On crest of thy soul's chest...
Me flowing calm
In thy stream of music's,
Tapping my life on its feet,
In thy arcs of rhythm...
Thy shadow on me the sky,
A single touch of thou on me the shy...
Behold me my wings,
The day is now,
In praise of ye,
Desires my love to sing...
Thou in me my whole
Rejoice mine destiny,
'Thee the music of mine soul! "'

Tapashya Das

Mere Yaadon Ki Kavitayen...

Meri yaadon ki kavitayen,
Hai ye wo kavitayen
Jo mere dil ki har wo kahani bataye.
Mere yaadon ki kavitayen
Bil bole wo sab kuch kehe jaye...
Wo yaaden;
Jo kabhi gam
To kabhi khushi jataye,
Hai ye wo yaaden;
Jo bin bulaye khub saataye...
In kavitaon me
Apne khwab bunti hoon,
Bandh nigaahon se
Bus inhi kavitaon ke lafz sunti hoon...
Hai ye kavitayen mere,
Hai mere yaadon ke panne
Likha hai har wo baat,
Jo thi mere man me...
Meri kavitayen leti hai saanse
Un yaadon ke sahare
Na hai aanjan meri kavitayen
Kya kehe rahi hai ye wadiyaan ye baharen...
Yaad karti hoon mai un yaadon ko
In kavitaon ke sahare
Jeeti hoon apni zindegi
Yaadon ki kavitaon ke kinare...
Sunti hoon mai har wo baat,
Jo duniya mujhse keheti hai
Per likhti hai ye kalam meri
Jo mera dil use keheti hai...

Kya khoob hai ye yaadon ki daastan,
Bada hi dilchasp
In yaadon ka raasta...
Yaaden to wo daastan hai
Jo zubaan bayan nahi karti,
Yaaden to wo raasten hai
Jo muda nahi karti,
Yaaden to bus wo haasen yaaden hai

Jinko yaaden khud
Bhulaya nahi karti...
Aye... zalim yaaden,
Tu hamesha yaad kyu ati hai?
Ye teri beinteha yaaden mujhe jeene nahi deti hai...
Aagar mar jaau kabhi
Teri inhi yaadon me doob kar,
To kya kabhi yehi yaaden karengi mujhe yaad?
Sab kuch bhul kar...
Hai to ye kavitayen meri,
Jisne mujhko kavi banaya,
Per hai sirf wo yaaden teri,
Jisne ye kavitayen banaye...
Hai ye kavitayen meri
Per inme basi hai mohabbat teri,
Hai to ye kalam meri,
Per chalti hai bus khayalon me teri,
In panktiyon me to alfaz hai mere,
Per in kavitaon ke bhavnao me hai lafz sirf tere...
Teri yaaden meri kavitaon me base,
Jo rahe tu khush
To mere akshar aap hi haanse...
Tere gam meri kavitaon ko khamosh kar jaye,
Tere saanson ki harqat,
In kavitaon me saanse bhad jaye...
Bin tere mai kavi kaise banti,
Tere hi kahani se shuru hai meri har ek pankti...

Tapashya Das

Meri Kahani...Tumse Hi...

Na jane;
Aaj ye jhoke hawa ke
Mujhse kya kehe rahi hai,
Na jane;
Sare phool mujhe dekh sharmake
Kyu muskura rahi hai,
Na jane;
Hoke madhosh kyu
Ye patte dol rahe hai,
Na jane;
Kyu hoon mai aanjan
Aaj in kudraton ke haseen isharon se,
Na jane;
Kyu aaj ye dil sunna chahta hai
Bol sirf
Pyaar, ishq, chahat aur mohabbat ke...

Ye dilwale kafi aajeeb hote hai,
Kafi dilkash unke andaz hote hai,
Bade dildar hote hai ye janaab,
Natkhat bhari wo unki
Saadgi bhara swabhav,
Ye wo shikari hai
Jo mohabbat ke jaal bichaye,
Zalim,
Zubaan se ishaar nai karte
Per nigaahon se war kar jate hai...

Ye mohabbat ek wo dariya hai
Jisme hum dubte chale gaye,
Iski unchui geherai ko chute chale gaye...
Is dariya ka kinara to hai,
Per hum apne aapko kinare tak,
Pohochne na de sake
Hoke madhosh hum bus,
Dubte chale gaye...
Shayad yehi ek wo dariya tha,
Jisme hum doob ke
Zindegi ko jeena sikh gaye...

Aapki ada bhi kya khoob hai,
Aapki nigahein apke dil ke raaz kehe jati hai,
Per us dil se puchu to
Aapki zuban bayan nai kar pati hai
Jane wo kaun se lafz hai,
Jo aapke hoonth bol nahi pate,
Un ankahin baton me
Na jane;
Kaisi nazakat hai,
Ki mere palke sharmake jhuk jate...

Aapse do baten karna to ek bahana hai,
Aapse apne yaadon ko batna bhi ek bahana hai,
Mulakatein to hoti reheti hai,
Haqeeqat to ye hai,
Bahane se bahana banana hi ek
Pyaar ka bahana hota hai...

Aarz hai;
Ye nigahein aap na jhukao,
Gustakhi to humne ki,
Sharm se yu aap na sharmao,
Sharmindegi to humne di,
Hoke pareshan,
Aap na ho yu bechain,
Kyu ki kambaqkt,
Bechaini bhi to humne di,
Dil pe rakh ke haath aap yu na itraao
Kyu ki aapne to sirf apne dil ka ishaar kiya,
Aur humne to tahe dil se aapse mohabbat ki...

Tere yaadon mein mai is qadar khoyi rahu,
Lage jaise jag kar bhi soyi rahu,
Tere khayaloon me apni,
Aalag hi duniya banati hoon,
Bus teri khushi me
Apni saari khushi manati hoon...
Bandh karu ye aankhe,
To lage,
Tere bahoon me reheti hoon,
Kasam hai teri,

Har hawa ke jhoke ko bus tera hi sparsh manti hoon...

Tujhse pyaar karna to meri aadat hai,
Tera pyaar hi ek bus meri latt hai,
Tera saath hi mera ek waqt hai,
Hai jo tu ek bus meri taqat hai...
Tere saanson me meri karwat hai,
Tujhe chahana meri ibadat hai,
Teri khushi hi is dil ki rehmat hai,
Tera sahara hi ek bus meri jannat hai,
Hai tu ek bus meri amanat,
Tujhko pana hi
Mere dil ki mannat hai.

Subha banu teri,
Suraj ki laali banke,
Kadi dhoop me
Teri chaon banu,
Wo barkat banke,
Dhalte shaam me saath rahu tere
Wo nashili jam banke,
Tere tanhai me tujhe gheru,
Apne bahoon me
Wo raat banke,
Tere sare taqleefen apna loon
Wo kiza banke,
Sawan me jhoomu tere sang
Mor banke,
Khushnuma jeevan ho tera,
Aur mai teri,
Chha jau mai tere zindegi me,
Wo indra-dhanush banke,
Hai ye bus dua meri...

Tere dil ko apne dil se jod rakha hai,
Hamare do dilon ko
Maine apne dhadkano se bandh rakha hai,
Un dadkano me hai saanse tumhari,
Per hai isme zindegi hamari,
Hai khush naseeb,
Ye zindegi, ye jawani
Kyu ki hai ye anokhi.

Bus teri-meri kahani,
Saang dil chale leke
Wo pyaar ki bimari...

Teri bechaini me
Ye rooh tadapti hai,
Tere aawaz sunne ko ye kaan tarasti hai,
Shayad kahi door khafa hai tu mujhse,
Kabhi bhula na de teri yaaden mujhko,
Yehi soch ke ye dil darta hai...
Meri jaan hai tujhme basi,
Tera dil ye jaanta hai,
Ek tuhi mera sahara,
Shayad tu bhi isse manta hai...
Tereliye ban na jau padosi kahi,
Yehi soch ke mera soch darta hai,
Kyu ki,
Ye dil bus ek tujhi ko hi chahata hai...

Hum de chuke hai tujhe
Wo dil apna,
Tujh pe haar chuke hai
Wo dil apna,
Meri duniyan me hai
Ek tuhi apna,
Tere sang mai har ek pal jeeu,
Hai ye meri ek aakhri sapna...

Hai ek bus tu mera,
Jisse mai apna keheti hoon,
Hai bus teri yaadein wo,
Jise mai yaad karti hoon,
Na jaana kabhi door mujhse tu,
Shayad ye hardin tujhse keheti hoon...
Na hoga tu kabhi door mujhse,
Hai bharosa tujhpe,
Mai har lamha apne dil se keheti hoon...

Mana ki hum door hai,
Kyu ki ye halat majboor hai,
Hum door hoke bhi paas hai,
Kyu ki,

Is dil ko tumse milne ki aas hai,
Teri yaadein
Mujhe tujhse alag na hone de,
Jo hoti hoon tanha akeli,
Bin tere pyaar ke
Na rok mujhe,
Thoda ro lene de,
Thoda Ro lene de...

Teri yaadein is dil ko tanha kar jaye,
Teri yaadein in saanson ko khamosh kar jaye,
Duniya ke aage ye nigahein ro bhi na paye
Bus yuhi tere pyaar ka silsila,
Chalta chala jaye
Chalta chala jaye...
Jhuke jab ye nigahein,
To aansu chalak jaye,
Tere bicchadan ki peed ye hoonth
Kisiko bayan bhi na kar paye,
Bus teri chavi,
Teri pyaar ki dastaan
Mujhko mayus kar jaye,
Aur yuhi tere pyaar ka silsila,
Chalta chala jaye,
Chalta chala jaye...
Aye khuda,
Tune ye duniya kyu banayi?
Insaan to insaan,
Tune ye mashab kyu banayi?
Ye gustakhi maine ki hai,
Jo bewafayi maine tujhe di hai,
Shayad na hai afsos ki,
Maine tera dil toda,
Shayad isiliye kyu ki,
Maine apno ke liye tujhko chora,
Shayad ab na hoga tera saath,
Shaya na mile mujhko ab tera maaf,
Meri saanse gava hai,
Ayegi yaad har lamha wo pal,
Jab tak the tere haathon me mera haath...

Jane kitne dino ke baad,

Us bheed me ye nigahein,
Teri bus ek jhalak ko tarse,
Jo aaye na tu nazar,
Ye dil jane kyu
Zoro se dhadke,
Ummeed chor chuke the hum tumse milne ki,
Fir tera wo sparsh,
Wo tha ek khubsurat harsh...
Na jane kya jadoo the us ek pal mein,
Mujhe kar gayi madhosh madhosh madhosh...
Bus kho chuki thi mai apna hosh...
'aye zalim;
Nahi hai ye koi nai si baat,
Hai ye sirf ek mera dil ka dosh,
Jo tere pyaar ke khushboo se,
Bus yuhi hojata
Khamosh khamosh khamosh...

Teri khamoshi mujhe is qadar rulaye,
Khana to kya,
Niwala bhi na khilaye,
Neend ati nahi,
Aur ye bechaini na sulaye,
Bhulana chahti hoon gam apna,
Jo bhule nahi bhulaye...
Pyaas meri bujh si gayi,
Pani ki aas mano mit si gayi,
Jab ye dil,
Ye rooh,
Pyaas ki trishna se tadpe,
Majboor ye nigahein apne boondh se,
Unke pyaas bujhaye...

Aye bewafa!
Tere bewafai kya kya tofa du?
Yaad jo aye teri,
Man kahe do lamha zara ro loon...
Tere bin jeene ki tamanna na thi,
Per aaj hai wo din,
Jab tujhe aur is duniya ko
Meri zarurat na thi...
Sanam tu bewafa nahi,

Na hai teri khata,
Hai ye bus ek meri hi
Bedardi kismat,
Jo najane kyu
Hojata rehe-rehe ke khafa...
Aye khuda!
Kyu kar raha wo,
Dekh kar bhi andekha mujhko?
Kya le raha wo meri takleefon ka maza?
Shayad yehi hai mere zindegi ki,
Sabse badi saza,
Sabse badi saza...

Hoti hoon bebas,
Jab na ho saath tera,
Muskura ke sehe leti hoon,
Wo har nafarat tera...
Rota hai ye dil,
To nam hoti ye nigahein,
Bus ek intezar me tarse,
Tere ek sparsh ko,
Meri ye bahein...
Kyu ki besharm hai ye dil,
Jo sirf tujhko hi chahe...

Hai wo teri angeenat yaadein,
Jo ye dil yaad nahi kar pati,
Aanjan hoon mai,
Un yaadon se,
Jo mujhe sone nahi deti...
Hoke pareshan,
In yaadon se door hona chahti hoon,
Per mera dil ye na mane,
Bole;
Aur bhi in yaadon ki geheraion mein
Kho ke doobna chahti hoon...

Tapashya Das

Mistakes...

Every time I make mistakes,
Each time I follow mistaken steps,
My thoughts shift,
Often I conceive wrong impressions...
I regret,
I lament,
Since,
I fail to get what I deserve ...
While destiny cheats me with time,
My heart suggests,
Nothing is really mine...
With the souls of my intimates,

Thoughts of emotions I share,
Beholding my pains
In their flattering hearts,
Fake pals leave me as one
Far off, far apart...
Me a lonely shadow,
Feels so hopeless,
To the earth,
My presence so valueless...
In the burning phase of ignorance,
My cry dries,
Alike Mortal I my soul in hell,
As I am losing myself out of the shell...

Recalling my past,
Recalling my pals,
I behold my mistakes,
My grief,
My pains,
Where today,
Looking into the mirror,
I could behold my strength,
My courage,
The future of my ardent days...
Frailty for past,
Is furious,

Is egregious,
Nevertheless,
The feelings of mortality are worthless,
Fake such decisions,
For soulless creations...
I the only I,
To stand in my way to death,
It's the only me myself,
Who can feel the pains in me of my rest...
Nevertheless the world,
It's the only I,
Can dive into my own thoughts of understandings...
All day of my days
Art my own,
Apart my shadow
It's I myself
Who stands to the world alone,
There is nothing else on earth
I consider my own...
Since,
The theory states forsooth,
Mistakes by life of souls,
A universal truth...

I often blame my lord,
Might has He crushed His thoughts
Might He have forgotten I am still on earth
Instead with time today,
I could feel His warmth...
Thus,
A day is today is everyday
I teach my mind
Close not so intimate with World's hearts,
Where fakes discloses emotions of eternal marts...
Merriness art rare to find,
Rare a heart born
To read one's mind...
Methinks,
Pals hospitality,
Just formality
Moment arrives
Moreover, shows reality...

Alike me,
The souls of the world suffers the same,
Since,
The lives of souls
A passion of game
Appetite for name and fame...
Nevertheless mistakes,
Nevertheless regrets and laments,
Elevate thy vision
To the truth's infinity
Sheen the world with shining destiny...

Tapashya Das

My Incarnating Love! ! !

Anishya...a name that spells 'My incarnating Love'! ! ! !

I spell thy name
in every breath of my life
I feel thee in my elevated delite
Hence art thee mine ultimate hope of light,
Thee my Golden wings of flight...
Through windows of eyes
I see me in thy reflected morning rise,
So gentle so soothing
I smell thy fragrance in my early breathing...
Beholding mellows of splendid pleasure,
I stretch my arms in waves of desire,
In every pinch of wind
In every quench of sound
Thy spectrum of voice i hear
Calling me loud
O dear! O dear!
Curving in thy bosom
I feel so near...
Thee my Ardent Sapphire
O'er my murals of life discarding fear
On my heart of soul
Wrote my incarnating Love
I inscribed thee whole
With all grasping seconds
In all flair frissing moments
More and more and more
In romance of tranquility
Embrace me in thee forever... Amor
Let me blend into thee as one
Forever in thee
Just forever as 'we'! ! !

Always for thee...! ! !

Tapashya Das

My Little Angel...My Little Sister! ! !

So long so long so long,
I waited so long,
To behold the mellows of those little palms,
To behold the tender of those little fingers,
To behold the mellifluous melody
Of a new born singer,
I waited so long...
Yore, once;
I begged, I cried;
"Oh! Thou, the Almighty Big Master,
I beg Thee a little sister".
Forever perennial,
The Great Heavenly Father,
I am blessed with a Golden Corn,
One morrow she born...
I swayed my fingers
O'er velvet head,
Twinkling eyes shining fair,
I breathe sweet blossom relaxing under mother's shade
In couch of lap
A purple rose smiling on cradle's bed...

In radiance of her
I am trapped
Into her innocence,
I am grabbed;
Her elegance of movement
Beauty incarnate
Inflating my soul with inestimable glory of enchantment...

An angel of Empyrean,
Crawling genteelly on floor,
Tiny lips dancing on
Unknown encomium...
I filled my arms with her bounty
I felt the warmth of utmost responsibility
She is too young to calculate
My love to her is too elevated
Hard to evaluate...

She stood on my feet,
Holding my fingers as calm as flute,
We stepped ahead
Finally we fell on bed
So high so high
We burst into mirth,
With joy I'm wrapped
Beholding my sister on the earth...

Her lips chant
Halting and stammering chirping song...
Delighted my birth
Eager to conceive for a word
So long so long so long
A day
A memorable page of my life
Her tiny lips called me up..."Didi"
For which I waited since
So long so long so long...
My companion my friend,
She the only choral my life gained;
So lucent her smile,
My vex melts far in a while...

She the doll of my lap,
She plays; I clap!
My source of fun,
She chases; I run...
So long so long so long
My life had been lone
Since so long...
She the only gifted oxygen of my life
In her bounty,
I grew, I revived,
Alike after decades,
After so long, so long, so long! ! !

Tapashya Das

My New Moon! ! !

I found myself alive
In mirror of thy eyes,
I found myself in thee
Where my new morrows arise...
In thy affection's mart
Standing I am with a scarlet rose,
On door of thy heart...
Today;
Singing my love for thee, my dear! ! !
I desire to steal thee
Out of the world, with delicacy and care...
I desire to hide thee, in my eyes
I desire to love thee
Melt in thee restless,
My lips desire to kiss thee breathless,
Let my love be passionate, be speechless...
Ye the only my love,
The compassionate beloved affectionate...
Awaited my arms to behold thee,
My soul eager to live immortal; forever,
Only and only for Ye...
Thy fingers has filled the gaps of love
Of my recluse palms,
Let me rest my head
On pillows of thy arms...
What a beautiful world I see! ! ! My love! ! !
Beholding thee in me,
So metonym thine touch,
My feelings could not pause its lust...
I suppose;
Could be thy breathe forever!
I suppose;
I could lose in thee forever!
My expectancy begs to be thine forever
Of the rest,
Hope to be the only nightingale forever
Of thy nest...
I laid mine life in garden of thy smile,
With thee,

On moor of love I shall walk
Mile after miles...
Thee; so tender, so gentle, so mild,
Thy bounty is pleasure of a child...
Thee; the breeze in June,
Post my eclipse,
Thee my love; The Ardent New Moon...! ! !

Tapashya Das

My Petals Of Love...

I spell thy name
In every breath of my life,
I feel thee in my elevated delight,
Hence art thee mine love
My ultimate hope of life,
Thee mine Golden wings of flight...
Oft beautiful butterflies on scarlet rose address us;
"A pair of Compass"
The more I think,
The more I sink in thy bounty of mass,
In thy love,
Thus I gather;
My petals of love...

What magic it exist in thee?
What fragrance doth exist in thee?
This oft blossoms my soul and me...
What magnet it exist in thee?
That snatches me out of me...
How could I behold myself in me?
In presence of thee...
Thee the ocean of love
I a gliding drop on thee...
Oh! The mighty wind of time!
Blow us o'er the sky,
Let us flee in hues of glee...
What doth exist behind luxury and charm?
While;
I found my royalty in thy arms...
What doth exist behind wealth?
While;
Thy bounty compel me to think upon myself
The Queen of Universe
Thee my King...
The world search for dismal smile,
While;
Thy spell of name makes my lips smile...
Oft; men desires for once visit
Of the world in one's life

While;
I reside in the world of thine custody,
And my life plays in thy garden of love,
My rhythm of heart sings for thee,
My vision of eyes desires for thee...
Thee; the bouquet of love
Me a Rose in thee...
Forever;
Behold me in thy bosom
Hence I may scatter on thee
My petals of love! ! !

Tapashya Das

On This Day...

Today is the day for someone,
Who is precious to me, the special one...
These lines are always for the one,
Whose eyes are continuous on the words
One after one...
Today is the day to admire,
A friend like you my soul desire...
I never expected any gift from you,
Since you yourself is the precious gift given by you...
On this auspicious occasion of FRIENDSHIP DAY,
Our souls are making
Their new way,
On the path of bright ray...
Today is the day,
The world celebrates as,
Of a holy relation
Where our friendship
Describes more than a definition...
Proud to declare,
Such friendship
Can only be gathered through holy worship...
Today is the day,
I promise...
Our friendship will climb
Above the peaks of mountain's trees...
Yes, the friend is need when the friend is in deed,
But, a friend such you
A heart always is in need...
Today is the day,
My words are lacking,
To express you thanks...
My dictionary of thoughts
Are looking its path...
In reply for your true & pure friendship,
I only listen to my little heart...
On this day,
My heart rejoice,
For it has its BEST FRIEND of its own choice...
Today is the day,

I pray, I wish, I care,
Happy my words of you to share...
Your friendship as you,
Deserves more than respect than I care,
It has no reason,
For I have forever locked
Your friendship for the prized position...

Tapashya Das

Pains Of Tears...

Oh thou!
The souls of knowledge and emotions,
Speak aloud,
The damn vexed cause
Beneath thy remote silence...
Why thy strategy provoked with disgrace?
Why thy conscience showering angriness?
Why I have thrown into
An ultimate ignorance...?
Is thine soul least worthy
To thy own lass,
Is Ye the monumental patience,
Since thy irony character conveys,
Fretted hypocrisy...
Yore thy dramatic irony rang,
My soul pang.
'Ye' the Nobles,
A celestial architect
Of mine mortal aisle...
Let thy voice speak,
Me mine hope in its
Justice's seek...
My destiny has sentenced
In custody of revolutionary chain,
It's "Pain Of Tears"
My youth gain...
The Hands are kept
O'er my bosom
Nevertheless on my head
For the virtue of bliss and emotions...
Frailty My name,
Destruction of purity
Doth my fortune's game...
Ye the noble spirits,
Ye the pride citizens,
The country's fame,
"Me",
A destroyed soul,
The country's shame...

Loud thy cause for,
My existence abused,
Thy humanity reduced...
Let thine lips call not 'Mother',
Since thou thyself peel her feathers.
Ye the merciless mortality,
Indeed thy origin was in thy mother's Grail,
Where in manipulating world of revolution,
Thou the demon
Destroying "The Holy Grail".
Mine pains of tears in folding palm
Are in continuous pleading,
Chopped is my soul,
My grail is bleeding...
Thy life is flowing along
Horns and corns,
My heels are dragging over,
Deadly thorns...
My mortality is on motion's cart,
Yore is my emotions and desires
A far apart...
The eyes of the world
Beholding discrimination,
Further is my birth
Suffering,
The pang of cremation...
Since decades and till,
Lad,
The symbol of honor and glad,
Besides,
Lass,
Whose funeral is in
Regular flash...
Forever and since,
Frailty is mine name,
I beg thou,
Do never thine
Courage of humanity frail,
Resulting when,
The Mother Earth
Will live still with discarded grail,
Leaving the world

To an ultimate deadly hell...

Tapashya Das

Ranchi Geet...

Ranchi sa shahar koi bataye,
Aao JOHAR kare
Sab sheesh jhukaye...
Yaha
Sur bhi sur milaye,
Mera shahar, meri geet,
Gaye chale jaye...

Prakrutik sundarta ka farsh,
Jise,
BHAGWAN BIRSA MUNDA ke gaurav ne,
Kiya sparsh,
Aisa hai mere Ranchi ka
Harsh...

Suraj nikle karke
Sunhera savera,
Cham-cham, chamke,
SWARNREKHA ka kinara...
Aaj v,
Jaha hai base,
Kavi guru RABINDRANATH TAGORE ka dil,
Koi bhule kaise,
TAGORE HILL...
Mahakaye Ranchi ka aangan,
Fulon se ladi RAJ BHAWAN...
Chahake man,
Dekh NAKSHATRA VAN...
Chalo saath kare
MACHLI GHAR ka bhraman...

Haaye! ! !
Kya nazara
DHURWA DAM,
Kitni rangeen
KANKE DAM! ! !

Jaha DHONI ne apne bachpan bitaye,
Wahi itihās

JAGANNATH, PAHADI BABA, aur RAM MANDIR ke,
Katha sunaye...
To kahi
SIDDHU-KANHU man me romanch bhar de jaye...

Aisa hai KANKE KA ASPATAL,
Jo swasth karde,
bigde PAGALON ki haal...
Uff! ! !
Ye hawa ke jhoke,
BADA TALAB kinare
Kadam roke...
Chote bacche ho ke begane
Hai SCIENCE-CITY, FUN-CASTLE, ROCK-GARDEN ke diwane...

Shahar ki shaan,
Sundar,
Ayetiharik,
MORABADI MAIDAN...
Ye hai RANCHI meri jaan! ! !

Ranchi sa shahar koi bataye,
Aao JOHAR kare
Sab sheesh jhukaye...
Yaha
Sur bhi sur milaye,
Mera shahar, meri geet,
Gaye chale jaye...

Tapashya Das

Regrets! ! !

A poorest child on earth,
Hope,
Such child should never be given birth...
Someday,
The parents felt so shy,
The reason was the only the child.
The world emerged,
Too rusty too dry,
It felt such,
The child would have died
Prior to open the eyes...
A handful gift of pains,
Gifted by the child,
Indeed chopping
Parent's veins...
Lucky the child to have such parents,
So devoted so mild
Nevertheless,
Parents are ashamed of,
Unlucky to have such child...
The child;
Invalid and needless,
The one,
Whose ill deeds are countless...
The cursed soul on the earth,
Besides having everything,
Today left behind nothing,
Except,
To cry cry and cry...
With time have lost,
Faith and grace,
Should burry the face
Under mortal case,
Since;
Non-eligible for love and bless...
A prayer of poor soul;
"Wana quit thy earth,
Let me rest my body my soul,
To thee whole...

Oh! The lord Of Land!
Me lamenting on thy shore,
No intention further,
To stab mine parents more and more..."
To life,
The poor destiny always to come,
Each time blamed
Which has not been performed...?
Punished life!
Full of regrets,
Full of embarrassments,
Shall never return the bounty back
Received from parents...
Always been a dream,
To be parent's cream,
Lord blesses!
"Let thy eyes cry,
Let thy heart scream,
Though thee have poked thy parent's dream..."
The destiny begs;
"Oh lord!
Open thy door,
Let me rest on thine Hell's core
And,
Let me drink the poisonous pains,
Of mine dear parents
Forever I did pour!

Tapashya Das

Shirdi Wale Baba... Mere Sai...Mere Sai!

Shirdi ke baba
Shirdi ke vidhata,
Dilon ke sadguru,
Chaitanya ke samrat
Mere sai... mere sai...
Sabka data sabka bhai,
Virat nirakar,
Sone ka suraj,
Chandi ki chandini,
Mere sai... mere sai...
Wo bejod gutthi
Jo sulajh na payi,
Wo resham ka dhaga
Jisko taqat kat na payi,
Ek masoom ki muskaan,
Mere sai... mere sai...
Wo amrit sagar,
Jisko geherai naap na payi,
Sai ahesaas wo lehere,
Jisko koi rok na payi,
Mukti ka kinara,
Mere sai... mere sai...
Sai naam wo madhur geet,
Jise koi sur bin gaye ruk na paye,
Sai naam wo madhur dhun,
Sun kar dole naso mein khoon,
Sai naam wo madhur vani,
Jiska sparsh raigisthan mein bhi bhad de pani...
Jisne duniya ko
Shraddha saburi ka path padhaya
Bhole bhandari
Mere sai... mere sai...
Sai ki roshni duniya chamkaye,
Sai ki mahek sansaar mahekaye...
Wo lal gulab to khamosh
Sai charno mein rehti hai,
Per bikhre gulabon ki pankhuri bhi,
Sai naam keheti hai...
Lakho bheed to sai naam pukare,

Bus sai awaz to keval
Apna dil hi sun paye...
Har zakhm,
Har peeda,
Har bimari ki booty dawai,
Dehkte huye sai dhuni ne banayi,
Har chutki bibhuti mein base
Mere sai... mere sai...
Jo rooh jeevan ke aandhkaar mein
Til til marti,
Ujjwal hojaye zindegi
Dekh sai ki manohar aarti...
Sai barsaath, moti barsaye,
Sai kusum, saanse mahekaye...
Sai wo mashab hai
Jo;
Geeta, Quran, Granth aur Bible sunayi,
Brahmand ke malik
Mere sai... mere sai...
Hai sai chitiyon ke dor mein,
Hai sai ek pankh mor mein,
Hai sai hawaon ke shore mein,
Hai sai har mushkil wale morrd mein...
Sai geet to har panchi gati hai,
Sai ki saanson mein har patti dolti hai,
Sai nath wo ghane chaon hai,
Jinke palko tale
Savera apni nigahein kholti hai...
Brahmand ka kalam
Sai charith likh nahi sakti,
Aakash ke panne sai katha ko simat nahi sakti,
Sai aadhar mera jeevan,
Sai sraddha mera kalam,
Sai vishwas mere panne,
Sai bhakti meri siyahi,
Base mere kavitaon mein
Mere sai... mere sai...
Meri kavitayein pukare bus ek hi naam,
Sai naam...
Mere Rahim,
Mere Govind,
Mere Ishwar,

Mere Raam...
hey sai raam! ! !

Tapashya Das

Teri Tanhai Mein...

Khush hoon teri tanhai mein,
Aankhe naam teri tanhai mein,
Na bole ye lafz teri tanhai mein,
Palke jhuke teri tanhai mein,
Ye dil dhadke teri tanhai mein,
Khoji is qadar teri tanhai mein,
Thi aanjan apne wajood se,
Hoon hairan;
Jane kab bani insaan se shayar
Bus teri hi tanhai mein...
Gun-gunati hoon teri tanhai mein,
Yu leti aangraiyaan teri tanhai mein,
Hoti khafa teri tanhai mein,
Aur bhi hoti hoon paas
Jab hoti hoon teri hi tanhai mein...
yu to be lafz hai teri tanhai,
jane kaise chal padti hai ye kalam
jab hoti hai teri tanhai mein...
hoke diwani,
machalti, jhoomti,
teri hi tanhai mein...
tanhai me tanha hoke
jeeu zindegi teri tanhai mein,
yu zindegi ki shehnai goonjti rahe,
teri meethi meethi yaadon ki tanhai mein...

Tapashya Das

The Only Companion Of Thee... I Am A Tree! ! !

In forest of breathing crowd
In garden of wealthy proud
I stretch I elevate,
In arms of boundaries I grow
Free and fro;
Post few days I'm stabbed merciless
And made to throw! ! !
Nevertheless;
The only companion of thy life
The only companion of thee... I am a tree! ! !

I blow my oxygen into thee
I shelter my arms to shade thee
I am the only home of flying souls,
Besides;
Thee... the earthly souls,
Has laid me on o'er burning coal...
Till my last breath
The only companion of thy life
The only companion of thee... I am a tree! ! !

Tapashya Das

The Pain... Resides In Prison Of Jail...

In tranquil silence of dark corner,
Sitting recluse is He,
The body in custody of rusty chain
Hues of skin strive to peep,
Through long murky mane...
Crawling blood resting pause,
O'er black stone floor,
Lamenting the soul in disgust
For a day more! For a day more!
In Grail of Hell,
Alone in remorse emotes
Unbearable pang in warmth of vein,
Cry! Laugh! Shout!
Loud! Loud! And Loud! ! !
Deaf is We to conceive them;
These mute yell,
The Pain... resides in prison of jail!

Bathing the eyes profuse,
The vision is fade,
Perennial tears o'er rugged cheeks
The morrow is dead...
In regret,
Heels of cracked feet drag on stone-brick,
Awaited words are impatient
To narrate its tale...
The murals of close and beloved
On walls of heart;
Is dull, fade and pale...
These suffocation, behind bars
The pain... Resides in prison of jail...

The mellows of past
Blew in dust of times,
The present is swallowed
By sin of crimes,
In grief of deeds
The palms are wet,
In storm of destiny

The phases of future sailing
On boat of death...
Far on moors of piquant vale,
These breathing skeletons,
The pain... Resides in prison of jail...

The cage of mortal wall restricts
The beams of Bliss,
Inside bars of suffering scars
Holy scarlet feet writs;
Beholding hymns of chapped chanting lips
Helpless to cure,
The Holy shadow weeps...
The time has paused in wrecked clock,
The days of month of endless years
Disguise in decades
On arms of cold blocks,
The dreams have perished in dunes of hail,
This muteness of beating hearts
In resident of death
The pain... Resides in prison of jail...

Weary body sleeping o'er bed of thorns,
Recalls the day;
He breathe, he born
The air is mourn
Starving stomach begging,
A corn! Acorn!
Today,
The sound of life is quite in silence,
Yore,
So long had he heard herds
Today,
Impatience ears eager to conceive,
Crowded melody of lyric perching birds;
The night is day,
The dark is ray,
Oculus searches holes on murals
A desired beam of sun-ray...
In fleeting seconds of life,
The hope frails
These suns of dusk

The pain... Resides in prison of jail...

Tapashya Das

The Phases Of Time Go On...

Blooming petals on tough branches,
Juicy fruits in rude bunches,
On stage of various age,
Smiling lips behind bars of iron cage...
When;
Rays of hopes peeps through dark horizon,
In cage of life
The phases of time go on...

Wings of wisdom
Till dusk since dawn,
Fly high and high; on and on,
Sometimes in crowd
Sometimes recluse
Sails alone on roof of night; the moon,
In cage of life
Phases of time go on...

Feet of struggle on path of life,
Nevertheless impediments;
O'er blankets of flowers,
O'er rocks of thorns,
Walking distant miles
While;
Oculus cry with graphic smile
In cage of life
Phases of time go on...

Climbing across huge walls,
Often tiny ants fall,
With constant determination,
With determined admiration,
Still; they move on and on and on,
Beholding unchanged expression
In cage of life
Phases of time go on...

Tapashya Das

Thee... Mine Loving Mother...

Thee;
The Lord of mine breath,
Thee;
The savior of mine death,
Glad I am
Glad is mine birth,
Divine and utmost
Thine efficient effort...
Thee;
An unbound perennial river
Bathing mine sins in; as daughter,
Thee;
Mine glisten supernova
The creator that Almighty has discover
Forever;
Immortal thine love
Thee mine loving mother...
Thee;
The ocean of love,
Thy milk of nectar unbound sailing in mine blood,
Thee;
The Grail of mine birth,
Thine lap mine earth,
Thine feet mine floor,
Thine glee mine mirth,
Thine desires mine feathers,
Forever;
Immortal thine love
Thee mine loving mother...

The beats of mine heart conceive
The purity of Bhagwat Geeta perceive,
In voice of thy words, I receive...

The roots of mine gallivant mind beholds
The bliss of Quran Sharif
In thy uncounted waves of affection's folds...

The emotions of mine soul

Depicts the images painted o'er,
The ecstasy of Holy Bible's pages
Under the lucent shades of thy caring phases...

Yore;
I gained my sense,
In thy school of admiration,
In thy temple of knowledge,
Obedient was I, the follower of thee
The only disciple,
The palms of mine conscience
Beholds thy bounty of teachings,
Alike;
Mine notions of life art learning
The Guru Granth Sahib's preaching...

Thee an Oak, me a creeper,
Thine hope mine future,
Immortal thine love
Thee mine loving mother...

To thee;
Infant was I,
Infant will I,
Infant I am
Forever to thee... my mom! ! !
Closed art mine eyes in adore,
Resting with glee my head
On thy shore... on thy shore...
Molded I am in ye,
I the child of thy core...
Thy stretched wings of arms
Mine fortune's door,
Immortal forever,
Immortal thine love
Thee mine loving mother...

Me the shadow of thine dawn hover,
Me a drop of thine blessing shower,
Might;
In lobbies of mischief
I spoke thee haughty,

Might;
In couch of childhood,
I abhorrence thee naughty,
I thy child poor,
Nevertheless;
Forever, since and yet
I thy dear,
Thy child of care,
Immortal thine love
Thee mine loving mother
Thee mine loving mother...! ! !

Tapashya Das

Theory Of A Broken Heart...

Where are the promises?

He made...

Where are the promising words?

He said...

How could he so bitter?

Indeed, he proved himself a cheater...

Why has he stolen me from her part?

Since his intention was to stay apart...

Where is the faith?

I desire,

Why the Compass met?

I in her solitude,

The only bearer of soundless pain of cry,

I the single evidence of the pang she gain,

With sword of affection

He chopped her vein...

The rhythms in me cry in freeze,

When his thoughts scratch her feelings,

Her breaths of lungs are remote in breeze...

Today,

Her stupendous speeches are speechless,

I her closest compassionate turned so hopeless...

Since forever,

She the symbol of molded coy,

And I in her a molded toy,

With it,

The hands of flattery and fake play and destroy...

In the glen of romance,

We the hearts of two shells,

Beholding one for the other

Alike mellows of cloud beholds wings of dove,

Recalling the days, my rhythm breaks,

Nevertheless was just the touch of material love...

Grief, a rewarded name of love,

Drinks of tears, a rewarded treat,

I drowned in her sorrow such,

Retarded my circulation,

I forgot how to beat...

I used to,
Smile in her joy,
Shy in her coy,
Today,
I lie in her joy,
Frail my conscience,
I pause in her coy...

I the only purest Part of shell,
Where he made me feel,
I the worst Part made in hell...
Broken I am to love him high,
However, my words of affections have never spoken a lie...
Forever since and yet,
Me in she, loved he,
 To every moment fleet,
To my every beat,
I am impatiently awaited
For the same warmth of my soul mate's hug of greet...

Tapashya Das

Thirsty Land...

THIRSTY LAND.

Me the whole,
Thirsty for thy shower,
A drop of ye
My crust desire...
Flakes of sun
Burnt me whole,
In drought of oasis
My soul yowls...
Yore have been in me
The ocean green,
Under giant shades
The fowl screams...
Yonder fade days,
Mortal now,
Youth of maize
Vision search for cattle graze...
Lend me thine drops,
Crying mine nano crops...
Wet my bosom,
Let again mine ever,
Gloomy buds blossom...

Plead thee humble!
Refill my stream,
Me for yore
Dazzling swift aisle
A desired dream...
Thee a life Bard!
Thee a life Guard!
Nevertheless,
How could ye convert?
Mine land to a nature's graveyard...
Thy demons of misery
Choking kids,
Ye the Hands,
To sow my seeds,
While Ye the only Hands, Who feed...
Shower thy bliss on me,

Save my beloved,
Be not so unkind thee...
Naked I whole
With wrinkled cracked skin,
Unbearable pang,
Alike piercing ample pins...
My creatures mortal
In grief and wail
Where,
Thy metonym clouds
Are on merry sail...
Mercy me, Mine creation,
Showers of mercy
Thy own lord's sensation.
Plead thou!
Let not my land convert as,
'Bed of cremation'.
Shrivel my nature in keen head,
Shun is thy kindness,
My lap is turning into sickbed...
Narrate me thee
My sin loud,
The reason behind my land not plough,
Nevertheless,
Beholding oceans of clouds,
Why aren't they drifting loud?
Me the whole,
Thirsty for thy shower,
Naked I am,
My hope is on fire,
Shower thy mercy,
Just a drop of thee, my crust desire...

Tapashya Das

Tribute To Library.

Collection of thoughts,
Collection of theory,
Is the definition of a library...
My mind goes lost in HISTORY,
Post reading their thrilling mysteries...

Serve thy country,
Live like a legend...
AUTOBIOGRAPHY conveys the messages
The Nobles had sent...

Who raised the sword?
Today's topper of board...
A person went to moon,
An ultimate discovery launching soon...
Scientists' warning for global warming,
Terrorism rising night and morning...
Rewarded cricketer of the year,
All above information and data
Are served by CURRENT AFFAIRS...

The earth's autobiography
Has narrated by GEOGRAPHY...
Population, economy, politics & conditions,
We often get puzzled of CIVICS for
Seven continents and five oceans...

My worries go locked in jail,
The moment I read
FAIRY TALES...
Deactivates terror
Activates memory,
When my eyes
Moves over
THE DETECTIVE STORIES...

I fear,

I feel someone is near...
Someone stares me out of mirror
When I hold the BOOK OF HORROR...

A library is alone
Without a companion,
Hence, it has a LIBRARIAN...
The tribute to a librarian,
To visit LIBRARY again and again...

Do not worry!
If you have any query...
Just...
Move your eyes over the library shelf
You will find a friend that help!

Tapashya Das

Wayfarer...

Rudeness beholden from midst of its heart
Destiny has left me alone
On moors of loneliness far apart...
I'm lost in ocean of life
I'm drowned in depth of tears
Recluse I'm on path of hope..
Bless me mercy; O lord! ! !
Thee merciless soul,
Mine heart is on burning coal...
Where doth my ecstasy lost?
Why doth my life paying its utmost cost?
In showers of blame in crowd of pain,
My soul is waiting to proceed to the kingdom f death,
Nevertheless;
Hell or Heaven...

This is journey of access to death vale
Indeed is the game of inhale and exhale
We quit us fail...
On broken glass of destiny
The lungs are bleeding
The palms are pleading
My hope is searching
The road of success...

Oh! Thou ... Time;
I aid my hands to thee
Bind me with thy seconds
Let together we flee...
Oh! Thou ... Time;
Tarry thee not! ! !
Carry me on thy wings
Let us together elope
on heights of glee...! ! !

Tapashya Das

Women's Spectrums...

Women;
Beauty of grace,
Symbol of tolerance
Left their footprints
On the moon in the space...
Beside following household criteria,
Women have won
The noble prizes in different areas...

In the fascinating world of
Fake and bully,
Women are running
The industries successfully...
A woman besides being
A wife, a mother & a sister,
Has also scattered their lights
In the field of president & prime minister...
In the world of aristocrats
Women are positioned as
Top-level technocrats...
In the growing world of
Scorpion and spider,
Women are acting as
Poisonous leaders...
In the world of countless strangers,
Women are considered the best manager...
In the field of
Science, technology, and informatics
Women showing their excellence
As brilliant scientists...

Women with numerous factors
Entertaining world as
Poet, painter, singer and actor...
Friend, philosopher
Doctor & mentor,
Are the characteristic feature
Induced in woman's nature...

Since, women are born to be
A graceful bride,
Indeed are capable of
Being Nation's Progress
Society's Pride...
Source of creation,
Ocean of emotion
Women are the symbol of
Passionate determination...

Tapashya Das

Wonders Of Science!

Science is a treasure,
Difficult to measure...
Science is a boon,
Its magic is carrying the man to moon...

Science is a mystery,
Full of chemical history,
Solved by ultimate chemistry...
Symbol of silence,
Factor of brilliance,
Science is the challenge of excellence...

Science of universal ecology,
Narrated by biology...
Where,
Plants and animals has
Their separate morphology...
Section of treatment and cure for danger,
Biology provides a magical chamber...

Physics is the science of
Relations and notions,
For which technology moves
With gradual motions...
World of creation,
World of resource,
Together bonded with
Gravitational force...

Science of statistics,
Played with mathematics
Wonders of geometry,
Aspiring the heights of earthly creativity...
In the world of scientific creation,
Mathematics is searching for its own solutions...

World of technology,
World of science,
Mortal without computer's advice...

Manufactured feature,
Universal preacher,
Widely used
Apartheid in nature...
Connecting people,
Connecting mates...
The world is in the custody of internet...

Science the wonder
Science the great,
Constructing bridges of
Success and faith...
Rapidly developing nations and states...

Tapashya Das

Words Of Emotions...

Behold my face in thy eyes
Behold me in thy arms
Let me place my faith in thy soul
Let me rest my head on thy chest
Let not thy lips to utter a while
Hence, I could hear the rhythm
Thy heart beats in silent smile.
Let my silence profess thee
Let my trust prevails thee
Frailty is not my name
Nor is I
That cause, who vex thee thy fame.
Today my words are on its emotion's vale
Stop not ye me
Let it flow in its own swift sail.
Let my throat drink
All thy tears of pain
Lend me thy all impurities flowing in thy vein
Happy will me, my soul, my destiny
To share thy sin...
Let my fingers to enclose
Thy finger gaps
Let thy hope be
In my affection's wrap.
Let my lips confess its deeds of guilty
Sorry mine conscience is
Might for the pains I feed
Today stop not me
My lips desire for thy metonym kiss.
Behold my face
Place in thy heart
Be it thy pal
Be not thee its mare
Then ye shall remember me forever and ever and ever.
Forever as days I shall be never
Since for thy destiny
I shall be forever.
The pasts of thy journey could dull
Nevertheless, mine Love for thee

Past and forth
Would last immortal fresh and tall.
Behold me all in thyself
Melt me whole in thy essence
Bath me in thy fragrance
Shower me with thy freshness
Demands my soul for thy divine kindness.
My desire for thee
Spells worship
Worship in silent words refers kinship.
Thy loving kindness
I feel so nigh
Thy loving kindness
Elevates me to an abstract high
Thy loving kindness
Is better than life
Thy loving kindness
Makes me up in worst of hives.
Today my words are on its ejaculation
Sublime I today in thine notions
Behold me my soul
In thy affection
Grateful will I
In thy renovation...
My love is always for thee
From the bottom of my heart's ocean!
Love Forever! ! !

Tapashya Das

Zindegi Ke Un Galiyon Mein...

Ye zindegi ki duniyan,
khamosh bandh reh jati hai akeli,
woh choti si muniya...
aksar;
pyaar ke un anjaan galiyon mein,
mohabbat ke un dilkash pinjere mein,
zindegi to mil jate hai,
per;
zindegi ke un galiyon mein,
waqt ke un angeenat pinjere mein,
sacchi chahat pyaar ke
shayad hi kabhi mil pate hai...
gumshuda hota hai ye jism,
zindegi ke un galiyon mein...

aasan hai ye bayan karna
samay se bada marham koi nahi,
aasan hai ye kehena
waqt se bada farishta koi nahi,
per;
aye jab wo waqt banke khud katil,
aur
samay khud banke zakham,
aye zalim duniya;
jab un dard per marham laganewala koi nahi,
aur
tadpe ye rooh dard mein,
tab;
khoon ke aansu chalke,
zindegi ke un galiyon mein...

chita aur chinta,
apni hi ek nayab duniyan banati hai
jeevan-mrityu ke baag mein,
koi zindegi ki
to koi maut ki haansi sunati hai...
jeekar to marte hai har koi,
per
jeete ji marte hai bus wohi...

chita to jalati hai jism ko
maut ki khamoshi mein,
per
chinta wo aag hai
jo jalati hai rooh ko,
zindegi ki khamoshi mein,
tab
gaddar sa lage ye duniya,
zindegi ke un galiyon mein...

wo zakham hi kya
jo dard na dein zindegi ke gam mein,
wo yaadein hi kya
jo sahara na dein zindegi ke akelepan mein,
wo pyaar hi kya
jo imtehaan na dein zindegi ke pagalpan mein,
zindegi to har kisi ke paas hai
jism ke aashiyanon mein,
per wo zindegi hi kya jo jeene ki aas na dein
zindegi ke un galiyon mein...

aksar ye dil,
zindegi ke imtehaan se kuch yu guzarta hai,
hoke bebas ye taqdeer
apne zindegi se dar jata hai...
yu guzarta hai ye dil zindegi ke bechaini mein,
ye dil;
kabhi jane kabhi anjane,
dhadakna bhul jata hai,
saanse to chalti hai
per
khabhi jane kabhi anjane,
saans lena bhul jati hai
zindegi ke un galiyon mein...

aaj hai ye zindegi khafa,
saare raste lage bewafa,
manzil is duniyaan ki hai
kosoo door,
chal rahi hai saang ye berehem duniya majboor...
kisse puchu kaunsi hai rah meri
in andheri rahoon mein,

jahan hai din wahi hai raat,
kisse karu baat
is duniyaan ki bheed mein,
khadi mai ek anjaan,
aanjan hoon mai aaj
tha koi apna mera,
tha ek anokha bandhan kisise
hoon mai akeli
hai sab door aaj
zindegi ke un galiyon mein...

bebas hoon mai
meri zindegani,
kambakht ishq
majboor ye jawani,
shayad
ye ghutan bhari zindegi hi meri kahani...
kaanton ki sej pe leti hoon mai,
kyu ki
beta nahi, ek beti hoon mai,
kahi door
hoke choor
toot chuki hoon mai,
zindegi ke un galiyon mein...

ab khushi na mile un khushiyon mein,
gam na mile un takleefon mein,
sach to ye hai doston! □
khushi aur gam saath mile,
zindegi ke un galiyon mein...

ye safar mera hai
aur manzil meri,
hai ye zindegi meri
jiski kahani abtak hai adhuri,
khub sare sapne hai in aankhon mein,
jinka koi kinara nahi
aksar;
pati hoon khud ko un sapno ke kshitij mein
jab hoti hoon
zindegi ke un galion mein...
pareshani to har zindegi ka dastoor hai,

pareshani to har zindegi ka ek
unchaha saath hai,
aaj har zindegi doobi hai pareshani ke geherai mein,
aaj har kahani doobi hai pareshani ke tanhai mein,
kahi kho gayi hai wo khushiyaan,
jo thi kabhi gaati muskurati,
zindegi ke un galiyon mein...

Tapashya Das