

Poetry Series

Trailakya Roy
- poems -

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Trailakya Roy(24-05-1992)

I am not a poet. I just try to put down my random thoughts into rhythm. Besides I have not full fluency in English as it is not my mother tongue. There might be some errors within the words. If you would like to join me in social networks, find me at

Instagram/trailakyar

A Rhyme To My Muse

'In my praise make a rhyme or line,
For your love's sake by virtue of thine.'
I am not a poet, seemed quite tough,
But tried my best and made one rough.

Read, re-read, did a good revise,
Polished and colored, yet not a fine device.
Thought time and again in day and night,
Simile or epithet -what should be right?

Searched in my heart, there couldn't reach,
Asked for help to my dear, she might teach.
And it worked, she became my Muse,
Rhymes began flowing, fine and huge.

I fulfilled her wish after a year,
And thought to ask, 'How about it dear? '
I made a rhyme, the best I bore,
Oh, she couldn't hear, she is no more.

Trailakya Roy

A Dream

The day was cloudless, clear was the sky,
She came close to me and say, 'Hi'.
I was at a loss, couldn't tell a line,
Only looked at her eyes: dark and fine.
She gave her hand for a shake,
Together we sat beside a lake.
She talked sweetly under the shade,
Hummed a little in the noon-late.
She said in my eyes, 'I love you'.
I smiled at her face, knew only few.
She said silently, 'You're mine, I choose,
Grow old with me, never let emotions loose.'
'Let's move now', loudly she said.
I woke up and found myself on bed.

Trailakya Roy

A Girl's Complain

They thought me fragile,
So always they did guard.
And never let me fly free,
Over the sky like a free bird.

All were unhappy,
When I was born.
He was upset then,
Her dream was torn.

So I brought up,
Like the weeds.
In land of dreams,
Did bitter the sweets.

Before testing my wings,
They called me soft and sick.
They told me to be a girl,
And never to dream of a peak.

They praised my beauty,
As I grew edible and tall.
Marry her off now,
Suggested they all.

They decorated me a bride,
And sent to in-laws in hurry,
Had I any dream unseen?
And they did that bury.

Trailakya Roy

A Poet

A poet is a masquerade,
With letters he does play;
When lives are in shade
And break like soft clay.

A poet wakes up at five,
And sees the sun rising.
Forgets his daily works,
And then starts rhyming.

A poet is a vagabond,
Goes for winter sleep at noon,
And dreams of a costly award,
Wakes up and writes brilliant soon.

A poet is an idle man,
He creates leisure to write.
He is a disabled man,
Against evils cannot fight.

A poet believes more in his rhyme,
Than any other action.
Rhymes can stand against time!
So he makes witty caption.

A poet is yet to come,
Equal in action and rhyme,
We need such a poet,
Who can change this time.

Trailakya Roy

A Rainy Day

On a sunny noon -late,
Returning home with my mate.
All of a sudden clouds covered the sky,
Came dark all around, white birds fled high
We were happy, stood there
Swiftly came rain like a hare.
Bathed us rain, gave us cold,
Poured all rains that she hold.
Rain came down cats and dogs,
We looked far, seemed us fogs.
Came out boys, came out girls,
Came on road, they did dance.
Clouds ran away slowly, we saw light.
Dark went out, all became bright.
We looked eastwards, saw a rainbow,
violet, blue, red, green, orange, yellow and indigo.
'Who can touch that? ', we ran in quest,
As we ran, the Sun set out in west.

Trailakya Roy

An Evening

An evening with mind in fairy lands,
I sat on a river bank watching the sands,
Above my head the moon was yet to be full,
Glow worms piercing the dark, breeze was cool.
Sat there for a while and did a smoke,
She came in mind and what I spoke.
Through the air to her ear
Clearly the moment and the fear,
I had in my heart with jumping beats,
And unexplained passion of strange fits.

Liked her at second, loved her at first sight,
Never judging my qualities whether I was right.
Kept her innocent face in my heart,
With love and care, never allowed any dirt.
She was fair, fairer than the moon,
Shined in her own beauty, but dropped soon.

Trailakya Roy

An Evening In A Dream

Silently I sat looking at the west,
Searching the open sky to meet my quest.
What I saw above - a large bowl,
Covered me all around, gave a howl.
I remained quiet, heard flow of sound,
I howled again, a great joy I found.
Birds screamed in the bush, I felt sorry,
To disturb them and to make them worry.
I remained quiet piercing the dark,
Heard the river flowing, dogs did bark,
Watched the shining stars above my head,
Lying on the grassy land like in a bed.
Watched the queen Moon running in the east,
With her little fays on a grand feast.
Swiftly veiling and unveiling her face,
With all little angels accelerating the pace.
I stood there to have a look,
Woke up there facing my book.

Trailakya Roy

Broken Heart

She seeks neither peace nor any joy
Played he with her like a new toy
Now she is dirty, ugly and old
Shines no more like diamond or gold
She suffers every moment in and out
Burning deep but can't say loud.
All are gone now, none is near
Cannot cry, rolls down her tear
She thinks only lying in her bed
Silently hours and hours as if dead.
Was it me who was wrong?
She writes lines or sing a song.
Is love fake or game of passions
Grows old with time as a fashion.
She thinks daily time and again.
Wants freedom but cannot escape its chain.

Trailakya Roy

Dead Now

Heart is dead now,
See only blood.
Coming out rapidly,
Like a flood.

Love is dead now,
See only violence.
Every day and every night,
Hear only condolence.

Belief is dead now,
Hear only lies.
Lying in a dustbin,
Full of flies.

Peace is dead now,
See only killings.
Love is flirt now,
Has no feelings.

Dream is dead now,
See only dark.
Lost in a maze,
Dogs do bark.

Trailakya Roy

Don't

Don't wait for me
I may not return again.
Don't waste your time,
Standing and looking vain.

Don't cry for me
I may not hear.
Please don't do
Now wipe your tear.

Don't think of me
I may stumble on road.
Don't pray for me
In choking throat.

Don't keep my portrait
By your sight.
It may help you
To pass sleepless night.

Tear all my letters,
Throw the gifts away.
Live your life now,
I am now far away.

Don't kill yourself,
That's a pray to you.
Don't blame me buddy
For all my due.

Don't play music
For my last rite.
Don't grieve buddy
Just think bright.

Trailakya Roy

Dreams Are Water Bubbles

Met her in the college, eye to eye
Fixed for a moment, no hello or hi.
Liked her dark eyes- the only thing,
Instantly made her Queen, me the King.
Still couldn't talk to her, queen too far,
Because I knew, love alone cannot conquer,
The moon though she gives you delight,
Knowledge can perhaps if you have a right.

We gathered all in rows, three or four,
As three years jumped out of the door.
To have a memory in wall's frame,
To say and to show, here we came.
She was with me in the same line,
Dressed in silk-pure, new and fine.
'Smile'- he said to all as did balance,
Upon her face I cast my glance,
To see a smile in her bright face,
Perhaps the last, in life's long race.

I could still remember the day,
She was in her best, lovely and gay,
And sad when she talked to her mate,
I wanted to have a word, but was late.
Clouds were dark, soon started the rain,
She dispersed in crowd, never came again.
Days passed, months passed, passed few years,
Lived with her memories, rubbing my tears.
Made busy myself with my boys,
Fading was her face amid their noise.
Still I lived in a world, full of dreams,
Like water bubbles flowing in streams.

Met her again when I was a guest,
In a marriage party, meantime of rest.
Greeted me, taking my hand upon her,

Thought the very moment, dream is not far,
The next moment I fell from the fairy land,
She smiled and introduced to her husband.
There I talked to her the very first time,
Dreams are water bubbles - transient and fine.

Trailakya Roy

Durga Puja(Durgotsava)

Hail, Devi Durga- Mother of all,
So, at last you respond to our call.
Breeze is there, catkin swings,
Clouds move slowly with their wings.
Green are paddies, brimming with joys,
Peasants are free now, putting their loys.
Children are waiting for new dress,
Jaba and Jui are blooming now fresh.
For you Devi, decorating new seat,
Covered in white, clean and neat.
We're waiting whole through the year,
With hope, excitement, joy and cheer.
Mother as you come, make us feel,
To erase evil and selfishness to kill.
Bless us to worship you with devotion and care,
And fill us brotherly love so we can share.

Trailakya Roy

Dying Heart

Heart it is, hurt no more,
Lying torn in indescribable sore.
Weak and thin, can't make sound,
Lying in garbage, wounded by a hound.
It's dying, so no more trick,
Look! Closer! there's a prick.
What's the cause? who can say?
Tell me at once, to all I pray.
Who dared to hurt thee?
Do you know where is he?
Bring him here, show her face,
Running perhaps, go and trace.
Why are you here? go! go! fast!
It's getting cold, won't long last.
Once it was young, full of life,
As honey full in a hive.
A young beauty is losing her spirit,
Nothing to do? punish the culprit.

Trailakya Roy

Few Forms Of Love

Love for self is care
For friends it's share.
Love for parents makes us tender
Love for greats makes us wonder.
Love for children is affection
Love for work is profession.
Love for lovers is emotion
Love for tours is passion.
Love for beauty makes us lover,
Reverence is love for the Giver.
Love for knowing is enthusiasm,
Love for country is patriotism.
Regard is love for our teachers,
Kindness is love for little creatures.

Trailakya Roy

I Will Be With You

I will be with you
If you can share,
Taking your soft hands
With utmost care.

I will be with you
If only you marry,
Ever and forever,
With love's carry.

I will be with you
If give me a chance,
With you always,
Touring in France.

I will be with you
If you sit in my car,
Dreaming to move
To unknown and far.

I will be with you
If you bind me in chain
Of love and laughter
In a cold rain.

Trailakya Roy

I Wish To Be On A Land

I wish to be on a land now or soon,
Under a cold Sun and a full moon.
A place of dream but on this earth,
No pain to reign, love never dearth.
Full of mellifluous tone of birds and bees,
And eternal river of love, loyalty and bliss.
A deep forest full of intoxicating charm,
Animals of enchanting colours never to harm.
I wish to be on that land now or soon.
And hum a little drinking the moon.

Trailakya Roy

In My Dream

When I met her
She was in her teen.
Curly was her hair
Her figure was thin.

I called her
The cutie lass.
Walked slowly
Upon the grass.

I was thrilled
With some joy.
O beauty queen!
Pure and coy.

I asked her not
Her sweet name.
I followed her not
Nor became a sane.

I gazed and gazed
As she crossed the road
I was confused
As she stood on board.

On that midnight
I had a dream.
Was she in danger?
I heard a scream.

No, no I cried aloud.
She was falling.
What's wrong my son?
I heard a calling.

Trailakya Roy

India Modified(In Praise Of Narendra Modi)

Perhaps neither was nor will be
A pillar of states like thee,
With a heart that can feel for all,
So You gave the clarion call.
To millions and millions of this land,
Sent through air -on sky, water or sand,
With a will strong and pure,
To bring a change, sure
Within nerves and veins
Killing the germ that reigns,
Spoiling the worms of heart
That lies scattered to row dirt
In the minds who want to shine
Like cancer destroying good and fine.

You united us again,
Here where did reign
The whites, centuries in glee
When we were united, they did flee.
To the masses of different gods,
Colours, creeds, castes and lots.
Through fire and force, a surprise
Crossing the borders before sun rise.
Killing the enemies that always bark,
Making holes in their hearts in dark.
Perhaps they learnt a lot,
Do it again if they not.

You, the magician of this land
What do you do that they can't
Utter fouls on you as they did
Before you took that Seat
Why do you spend sleepless night?
None for but to bring back the right
Upon this old land, pride of all
So you gave the clarion call.
Terribly we need that at this hour,
Upon this dark land like a shower,

That lies unswept for no terms
Breeding fast, worms and germs.

You, the pioneer give the call,
To the masses that includes all.
To look through the lens of the Old man
To come forward that we easily can-
Clean the home and to rear
A habit to speak truth, not fear
Clean the mind, that may become a victim of ill
So it can hear the music of diversity at left or right
Ringing across the globe, like a star shining bright.

You, the discoverer dreamt of a new dawn
So you moved the earth like a fawn.
Neither to enjoy nor for fashion
But tried to build a nation
Among all with head high
We hoped best, goal was nigh
You're right they all did say
But One stopped us to gay.

Still we cherish the Ulyssesean dream-
Never to yield, made fine cream
To celebrate what we deserve
With burning crackers that we preserve.

Be that what you are, may allow He
NaMo, NaMo, NaMo- Long live thee.

Trailakya Roy

Killing Cold

The night is chill
To make me heal
The best way I feel
All windows to seal,
Suffocate cold and kill.

Trailakya Roy

Kolkata

Tall-short buildings left and right,
Yellow, Blue and white, side by side.
Old - new cars runs round the clock.
Hawkers do all footpaths block.
Wide- narrow roads run all the sides.
Crowds of people come like the tides.
Full of garbage -all men throw,
Clay and mud, flies only crow.
Full of plastic, full of rags,
Full of banners, full of rags,
Rich or poor -full of fashions,
All are hungry, have no passions.
If Sun shines, it's too hot,
If it rains, then water- logged.
Full of mosquitoes through the year,
Stealing and trampling are main fear.

Trailakya Roy

Loneliness

Wind gently kissing the trees
Above me Sun is shining
Cold is the gentle breeze
As I look out from bed lying.

The lonely Sun moves gently
Passing some chronic thoughts.
Reminds me of Life's journey
Though I did that a lots.

Day passes idly, comes the moon,
She comes in thought like cronic cancer
Fear I, will she vanish soon?
I console my heart and say 'No' answer.

Trailakya Roy

Looking For A Bride

I thought to make her my bride.
And bring her home with joy and pride.
But a handsome guy came and took her away
Again I chose a girl but she ran away.
Then I saw a girl, got very amazed.
Thought of proposing, she said 'engaged'.
I was sad, roaming through the garden.
Trying to refresh and remove all burden.
There I met a lovely lady whose hairs were curl.
She said her rate, I knew a call-girl.
I was upset, thought not to marry
And made my mind to enjoy life and be merry.

Once I went to a nearby fair
There I saw a lovely pair
Suddenly I changed my mind.
And started again to find
To get my dream soul mate
With whom I could share love and hate.
Oneday I was puzzled by a sound.
I looked back and her I found.
'I love you', sweetly said she.
I said boldly 'I won't disappointment thee'.

Trailakya Roy

Mood In Autumn

Lotus - lily dressed in colour, took my soul at a glance
As autumn breeze brings peace and the catkins do dance.
Heaven is pure blue and kind is the Sun,
Morning dews are diamonds, it's really fun.
White clouds, as they move piece by piece,
I want to be desperate and all of them do sieze.
And gather them in piles to build a big castle
To relax like in heaven from day to day 's hustle.
Ignorant of life and love and their infinite sorrows
Like the lotos-eaters and with Aurora' s morrows.

Trailakya Roy

Morning's Cup Of Tea

Good morning,
says the dim light.
Look at outside,
All are bright.
A cup of tea
comes to my bed.
In the very morning,
Never a little late.
Kiss her lips
In fine morrow,
Taste her flavors
Forgetting my sorrow.
Kiss her again,
For her taste,
Pains and anxieties,
All are rest.

Trailakya Roy

My Daughter

My daughter is cutie.
Like her mom's beauty.
I call her little Bini
Sumi calls lovely Mini.
Lying in her swing-bed
Tries to raise her head
Makes some bubbling sound.
Makes us spellbound.
Looking at her tiny face
I forget all weariness.
Sumi's heart she is, and my Head.
Now Our dream is to make her great.

Trailakya Roy

My Lover

I'm unexpected to this now
The youthful chivalry has gone.
No one to cheer, no one to love
Family, friends, I have none.

I am unmatched with time
But someone still wants me
And sincere and careful too,
Death, forever young is he.

He knows the remedy of all pains,
Whether of body or mind,
I rejected his offer time and again
But I know he didn't mind.

He doesn't look at my face,
He can't bear the pains I suffer
His love is most unconditional,
So he gives 'Come with me' offer.

But this time I will not reject,
Most selfish I'm, but he will cure.
I need the panacea of his touch
To go for the eternal sleep, sure.

Trailakya Roy

New Year

Here comes the New Year,
Holidays and fun
But like Blake I fear
For it brings me none.

Lovers must have chosen a place
To roam in the crowd lonely
Under Nature's lap or a palace.
To make this day memorable and lovely.

Fathers must have given a day
To return to his family in gay.
Friends must have chosen cards for their pals
Fathers must haven't forget the presents for his Dolls.

Nothing special it gives to me
Except few texts on phone
Does it give fun to thee?
I feel tired and alone.

Trailakya Roy

Night

Night accompanying,
Taking us all in its land
To make us equal.

Trailakya Roy

No One Cares For Us

We are the grass,
So no one cares for us.
We are the downtrodden,
We are the bed ridden,
No one cares for us
No one thinks of us.
Men make us loose,
Men make us dry.
No one cares for us
As we are the grass.

We hear of the Sun,
Poets say, he is kind
But we don't find.
He is too careless,
Sometimes shines more, sometimes too less.
We hear of clouds,
They wear good masks.
They revive first,
Then keep us deep under water.
Think not even a little
Until we are rotten.

We heard of the sky
He is useless,
He looks at us always,
Watches our plight
But says not a word.

We heard of the wind,
Swift like a horse.
He brings sands
And press us down.
Yet we come out
Not losing our dream
To show you a nameless flower.
But cattles come,
Trample us and eat our dreams
No one cares for us,

As we are the grass.

Trailakya Roy

Ode To Time

Healer and killer of all, o Time!
You are all powerful, always in prime.
You eat all slowly like an ant.
You are invincible, no one can't,
Stop you by force or by brain.
Walls can't prevent you nor iron chain.
You don't differ good and bad,
You take old, young- even a day's lad.
You tranform new to old and the reverse.
I sing of you O Time in my verse.

Trailakya Roy

On International Youth Day

O youths of prime
Stand for a change,
Against all narrow walls,
Within your range.
Awake and arise
With noble heart,
Fight for a cause,
Remove inner dirt.
Clean all garbages,
With noble hands,
Fight against diseases,
With all your bands.
Fight against hunger,
Fight against poverty,
Stop child abuse,
And all which are dirty.
In your leisure time,
Think of all's health,
How to save tree,
Distribute earth's wealth.
How to remove all
pains, HIV and AIDs,
How to spend youth,
In service of the saids.
How to create works,
Rich and poor-for all,
How to educate the mass,
For their sake in a call.
You have the guts to bring that new,
Need you all and trying those few.

Trailakya Roy

One Day

It was chance perhaps or Fate
That one afternoon I met
Her... her voice was lovely
She was cute, her hair was curly.

She asked for a short walk, i agreed
The place was new, so she lead
The way, I was behind her
It was lovely to see the setting sun far.

Together we walked hundred meter
She said we would continue later
But I wanted that the longest so far
For I wanted to grow old with her

Trailakya Roy

Rain And River

I am the rain,
You are the river.
Bear me always,
I am the giver.

You run always,
To meet the sea.
I am within you,
As written to be.

I fly to the sky,
Day by day.
You are lonely
Like a hay.

You are sick,
Lose of blood.
So I return,
Make you flood.

Again you bear,
Me to the sea.
We are bound,
As wrote He.

Trailakya Roy

Rain! Rain!

Rain! rain! water drops,
Saves man, saves crops.
Falls down like chains,
Revives trees, saves grains.
Saves life, gives us fun,
In summer and sun.

Full of water lake and drain,
Cats and dogs falls the rain.
Rain! rain! falls down night and day.
Full of water like the Bay.
Man suffers, and the cattle,
It seems like a battle.
Nothing to do but wait and see,
Lowering water level of this sea.
And wait for the kind Sun to shine,
Clearing all clouds and make days fine.
No rain now, all pray to God,
Sun shines heavily, making days hot.

All pray to God - Rain, rain, rain!
Rain starts falling like a chain.

Trailakya Roy

Remembering My Love

I said sorry to myself
For loving with heart.
And she acted with skill
For fun and to desert.

I became dumd
For a day or two.
I wished her good
And wiped all my woe.

For her I was second
She was my first.
I became a prey
As she glanced a cast.

We kept it secret
Friends oonly knew it.
We met once or twice
They knew not a bit.

I gazed at her pic
When all offed their light.
Pretended to read
Till mid of the night.

There came Valentine's day
I wanted to present a rose
She rejected twice
As she feared her boss.

Okay, I said to her
And kept it safe.
Today I looked at it
It's dry and fade.

I uttered in silence
O my lovely Rosie.
I forgot you not
Though I'm busy.

You wanted what
Today I became.
But couldn't erase
You and your name.

Why did you desert?
I asked you never
How could you be silent?
I may not know ever.

We may not meet again
On this earth.
Rosie, on my part
Love wasn't dearth.

Still I keep my hope
To unite again
And be yours ever
As I remain.

Be happy Rosie
I kept wishing.
And wishing now
As I'm passing.

Trailakya Roy

Remembering My School Days

With tiny legs
we walked through sands,
Bags and books
At back and in hands.
Bare footed in group
Always we moved,
Having our meals
That mothers cooked.
Together we moved
In the open sun
Walking and running
There was fun.
Sat on plain floor
Opened our books,
Teachers were calm,
Friendly in looks.

The days are gone
Leaving me none.
Except few moments,
And teacher's comments.
Friends are far, lost
Never to get at any cost,
All are settled by time's call.
I do remember, miss them all.

Trailakya Roy

Re-Version Of Ulysses

It little profits that a jobless lover,
By his still determination,
Among those competitors living a depressed life.
I eat and sleep, no hope unto a Waste Bengal: that lectures and sleeps, and
know not me.

I cannot rest from love:
I will drink love to the lees, all time
I have enjoyed greatly,
I am become a lover.
Much I have seen and known,
But I am become a part of fate,
And a job seems an arch
Whose margin fades,
Forever and forever when I move,
Now efforts piled on efforts
Are all too little, and to me little remains,
For some three years she gave to decide,
Now to love her is like a sinking star,
Beyond my capacity and thought.

There she lies, dressed like a bride,
But I am frustrated, lost all honour,
Yet whenever 'P' speaks,
The lights begin to twinkle in hope-
The long desire to put on a garland,
Round with many voices.

Come my friends, it's never too late
To get a job, let's come and fry CHOP,
It may be that we will become Ambani,
It may be that we will build five storied building,
And make honeymoon with whom we loved in Burj Khalifa.

Though much is gone,
We are not now that strength, which
In old days rocked a college stage,
Now we are one equal sufferer of dreamy hearts,
But strong in will,

To qualify, to get, to live and not to leave.

Trailakya Roy

River - A Haiku

River runs always
On its own way, curved or straight
Whether light or dark.

Trailakya Roy

Robert Bruce

Long long ago there was a king,
Greatest of the Scotts- all they sing.
Became a king killing John,
But failed twice against Briton.
He was hunted by two race,
Hid in a cave to save his face.
Saw a spider trying to fix
Its net but failed times six.
But it succeeded it time seven,
Bruce took this to be an omen.
Resolved to struggle for his kingdom,
Bravely he fought and won the freedom.

Trailakya Roy

She Is A Mystery

She was always a mystery; still she is,
I cannot call her name, a mysterious piece.
She is the air I breathe, the vision I see,
The voice I speak, and all, invisible she.
Still I intend to paint, not through my pen,
But through my mind, failed though time and again.
I cannot see her now, she is too far,
Still she is within me, there's no bar.
She is the loveliest piece I had ever seen,
And mysterious too, always increasing my keen.
I cannot call her a moon, for it has black spot,
Nor the golden star, sometimes it's too hot.
I cannot compare her, she will be a mystery,
In future as she is now and as was in history.

Trailakya Roy

Spider-A Haiku

Rider, a spider
In the middle of a web
Always dreams of life.

Trailakya Roy

The Bird

The bird wants the sky
We give it fencing,
The poor bird jumps
We think dancing.

The bird wants trees
We give it rings,
The bird cries loud
We think it sings.

Trailakya Roy

The Fox And The Crow

Once a fox saw a crow with a cheese in its beak,
A fox wanted to have it but the crow was on peak.
'As I am a fox, that must be for me free.'
So he walked to the foot of the tree.
'Good day, Mrs Crow, how bright your eye,
How glossy your feathers, its not a lie.
I feel your voice must surpass all,
Let me hear some, so I can call
Queen of Birds and all others to call
You will be famous, known to all.'
The crow was happy, began to caw
The cheese fell down, the fox said, 'Ah'
Thanks Mrs Crow, this is very fine,
What I wanted, it's now mine,
For your cheese, an advice, don't forget ever,
Remind it 'Don't trust a flatterer.'

Trailakya Roy

The Golden Egg

There was a peasant, very poor,
He used to work, door to door.
One day he went to a market,
There he bought a hen at low rate.
Next day he saw in his delight,
A golden egg by the hen's side.
It gave a golden egg everyday,
He sold the egg and was very gay.
Soon he became very rich,
He thanked the hen with warm kiss.
But he wanted all eggs at one single go,
He took a knife and cut the hen so.
He saw only blood inside the hen,
He searched but got not a single even.
He was highly grieved then,
For he lost eggs and even the hen.
He became poorer as time did pass,
Know ye all- Greed is curse.

Trailakya Roy

The Leaf - A Haiku

The green leaf grows fast
To be big, broad, gray and pale
And melt in the dark.

Trailakya Roy

The Moon And My Wife

Moon Moon Silver Moon
You are calm and lovely.

But here is my Love-
Why she is ugly?

I brought her, she was like you

Thought I not then what she is now.

She was cute and calm- tender was her age,

She was a pure rose in her dress.

Sixty years passed, wrinkles in her face now.

She has changed a lot, know not how.

Trailakya Roy

The Poor Tree Appeals

The poor tree appeals, 'Cut me not
I give you shelter in sun and hot,
I give you rain, I give you peace,
Taking all poisons, do oxygen release,

I give you honey, I give you song,
Give you food, is it wrong?
Stop erosion and flood, give you shades,
Give you honey, rain, and all your beds.

Do you think me still a foe?
If not, then throw axe, and go.
Plant my child for your good,
And save my mates, no more loot.

But the cruel hearts feel it not,
And the blind eyes see it not.
Hands are ready to cut the tree,
To be civilised and jungle free.

The tree is helpless, stands still,
When man does not see and feel.
The poor tree still does appeal,
Save my life, do not kill.

But the dead hearts see it not.
The poor tree appeals, 'Cut me not'.
The poor tree appeals, 'Cut me not'.
The poor tree appeals, 'Cut me not'.

Trailakya Roy

The Road- A Haiku

The road, narrow and long,
Always ahead of us all,
Dirty and restless.

Trailakya Roy

The Sea- A Haiku

The vast silent sea
Keeps its soul a mystery to all
Being blue, deep and dark.

Trailakya Roy

The Sky-A Haiku

The versatile sky,
Its supreme knowledge of all,
Fruitless in barren land.

Trailakya Roy

The Star

Throw light burning self
With a hope from distant far
To make us delight.

Trailakya Roy

The Stone

The stone lies asleep
Never to wake up again
Dreaming of a light.

Trailakya Roy

The Strange Moon

Once the moon came to the earth keeping out her pride,
Of beauty and brightness and wanted to be my bride.
I was at a loss- there must be some terms?
' Be qualified my boy and take her arms '

I live in a cottage while she is in His heaven,
So I nodded to the terms what they had given.
I became a good boy and tried to be better,
Hoped she will be mine only sooner or later.
Lived in a world full of dreams and lights
Calling her soft name in darkness of nights.
I became a half-moon with her thought,
In rains and muds and cold I caught,

Called her silently to say a 'sorry ',
'Dear, You will be okay soon and don't worry.'
I am okay now, how about you?
'Lively and shiny in His rays
like a morning dew'.

Wow, be so always or be better dear,
With love and joy but always I fear,
Will you ever be mine, O moon, my dear?
She said, 'Don't know', perhaps ne'er.

Five years passed since I met her,
In a fine late evening without a bar,
She was lovely, together we walked
She was quite wise, while she talked.

Time passed swiftly, made her cute,
And never talked again, found her mute.
Never made an answer to my call,
Why remained mute, God knows all.

Trailakya Roy

The Sun

The Sun burns always
To remove darkness of all
Shining selflessly.

Trailakya Roy

Time Consumes All

Time consumes all-fine or rough,
Good or bad, soft or tough.
Time consumes all like an ant,
Slowly and silently that we can't
Understand the bites and feel,
Slowly Times takes us to kill
With its palms-dark and cold,
Making us weak-young or old.
Time is blind, knows not new or old,
Monument or palace, diamond or gold.
But Time has a sense,
It brings us a change.

Trailakya Roy

To Death, My Lover

You're my heart, you're my soul,
Pure like water having no foul.
You want me more than do I,
Know this very well, here's no lie.
You love me never to desert,
Love me really, there's no flirt.
Eagerly you move, I'm busy though,
You'll wait till night, surely I know.
Like a shade you move by my side,
With my pleasures, always you fight.
To take me away in your land,
Slowly in dark touching my hand.
I want you too after my task,
Wait a little more, it's now dusk.

Trailakya Roy

To My Beloved

O my Cutie, you are the beauty
I searched until now
It's God's will, the way
I came across you.

O my Cutie, you are the beauty
I dreamt ever and ever.
Giver gives me
To keep in touch
And forget never.

O my Cutie, you are the beauty
To paint in my heart
I tried thousand times.
Passed sleepless night
To write a few lines.

O my Cutie, you are the beauty
That keeps me alive
To have a sight
Makes me a dreamer
In broad day light.

O my Cutie, you are the beauty
In seas of trouble
That keeps away my pain
In the hottest day of summer
Gives me coolest rain.

O my Cutie, you are the beauty
Be my wife now
Listen to my last wish
Be my comrade
In our way to paradise.

Trailakya Roy

To My Fair Lady

Lets go outside, love is in the air
Don't be idle today sitting in the chair.
let's roam today with open heart.
Let's fly far and far like a bird.
Be my close, look at my eyes.
Talk to me, never tell lies.
Let me hold you, don't be shy
Make me warm, don't say bye.
Lean on my breasts, listen to heart.
Really I love you, it's not flirt.
Believe me fair lady, o listen!
Be seated a while and go then.

Trailakya Roy

To My Lord

O Lord! O Almighty!
I pray to thee,
Show in me some light,
So I can make bright
The world of darkness
And fear of weakness.

O Lord! O Almighty!
I pray to thee,
Illumine my heart,
So I can remove the dirt
Lying for years in mind
And bring change of a kind.

O Lord! O Almighty!
I pray to thee,
Raise in me ideas sublime,
So I can write a glorious line
In prose or verse
And send it to the universe.

O Lord! O Almighty!
I pray to thee,
Give me some power,
So I can reach the tower,
With my loud voice to poor and rich,
And declare proudly your message of peace.

O Lord! O Almighty!
I pray to thee,
Give me an order,
So I can cross the border,
With your messages of call
To love you and man and all.

O Lord! O Almighty!
I pray to thee,
Give me an eraser,
So I can go far and far,
And erase pain and sorrow,
Colour, caste, creed for a better morrow.

Trailakya Roy

To Praise Your Beauty

To praise your beauty
I cannot tell lies.
As I become dumb
When I look at your eyes.

So here are few words
That I guessed once
When we were at river-bank
To have some romance.

Eyes are fine but
I cannot compare them.
For you will laugh at
And there's no fame.

I wonder every time
When you smile
And watch more
There's no guile.

I cannot call you
A fine fresh lily
It would be fine
But idea is silly.

You are more lovely
Than the morning rose.
With few dew drops
As the winter goes.

A cuckoo even listens
When you sweetly talk.
Mild breeze starts

As you gently walk.

I cannot call you Mermaid
Your hairs are dry.
As clean as the white clouds
At evening summer sky.

I hear a sweet music
When you laugh.
These are the words
For you my love.

Trailakya Roy

To The Freedom Fighters

O fighters, where are you all?
Awake again with your clarion call,
For real freedom of this land,
To move towards hands in hand.

O the fighters, awake and raise yours voice
Like a thunder upon the mass and stop all noise,
What you dreamt of and what we see!
Hunger, injustice and riots... in front of thee.
You cannot stand still like a stone,
Come again, with all might that you shone.
Your dreams are dying as days pass,
Became foul and rotten to the mass.
Leaders born- all are fake,
They do all for their sake,
Loot money, do injustice and what not!
Live a luxury and travel a lot.
Here we poor mass cry for food,
There they do all what seem good.
We have none to hear our voice,
Fruitless all cries, die our noise.
We dream of you in summer like a rain,
O saviours of the land, come again.

Trailakya Roy

To The Indian Soldiers

You make us proud again,
That you have the powers,
To send them under shroud,
In rows under the bowers.

You make us proud again,
To hear the sound of boots,
Trampling the enemies,
And sound of the shoots.

You make us proud to tell,
That you are the braves,
To make them fall back,
Or send them to graves.

You are right in action,
No matter, whatever they call,
You protect our Mother's rights,
It is known to all.

Trailakya Roy

To You Brother On Your Birth Day

Happy to learn,
Again returns the day.
On this occasion,
Few words wanna to say.
Be happy this day,
And days to come.
Keep smiling always,
With pure fun.
May God fulfill your dream,
Like the flow of a stream,
Taking all pebbles to hole
Meets the sea as its goal.
May God give you power,
To overcome any bar
And achieve what's your aim,
By all means and in time.
May God keep you healthy and fit,
Without pain and depression not a bit.
Now, wishing you a happy birth day.
Be happy Brother! sincerely I pray.

Trailakya Roy

Tonight, To My Ladylove

The wind is still tonight, the night is cool.
Let's be together tonight, and watch the moon full.
Take my hands, and be seated, please.
Watch the queen moon, and have God's bliss.
Listen to my heart and say what you choose
Be more closer and never let emotions loose.
Let's have a common dream, by God's bliss
Be my soul's soul and give me a kiss.
Let's walk to the life for ever and ever
Hand in hand, side by side, and break up never.

Trailakya Roy

Trailakya

He is 24 years,
Trailakya is his name
Lives in a remote village,
Without any fame.
Passed his childhood there,
Like the other boys.
Playing with clay and mud,
With sorrows and joys.
He is a common man,
Like the grass.
Neither gold nor diamond
But like brass.

Trailakya Roy

Trap Of Beauty

The other day I saw a lass,
Sending All Arabia, as I pass.
Decided not to look at her face,
So I increased my walking pace.
But her beauty was like a fine trap,
I became a prey, my heart did scrap.
She made my passions blow like flood,
But when I looked, frozen my blood.
For 'to see her is to love her,
And love but her for ever;
For Nature made her what she is,
And never made another. '

Trailakya Roy

Waste Bengal

West of Bengal is now past,
Waste of Bengal is now just.
Reds were defeated, and they came.
Change in words-all are same.
Hope of masses are ready to die,
Full of promises - nothing but lie.

Trailakya Roy

What Is Love

Some say God, some say foul
Some say it destroys a soul
Some say bogus, some say pure.
Some say it's a disease, has no cure
Some want pleasure, some want fame.
Some say frankly it's a good game.
Some are happy, some are sad,
Some are in jail, some are mad.

Some make cry, some do fight.
Some are in dark, some are in light.
Some become poor, some become rich
Some lose their sleep, some gets peace.
Some get heaven, some get hell
Panacea or pain - cannot tell.

Trailakya Roy

You Are My...

You are my heart, my head and only mine,
You are my nurse and my muse in prose and rhyme.
You are my eyes, my ears, and my tongue,
You are my mind, my melody and the song unsung.
You are my skin, my lips and my nose,
You are my day, my dream and a rose.
You are my morning, my melody and my noon,
You are my sun, my summer and my moon.
You are my breath, my bride, and my soul.
You are my veins, my Venus and my goal.

Trailakya Roy

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Trailakya Roy

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