

Poetry Series

**Anirban Dasgupta**  
**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**  
2009

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

# Anirban Dasgupta(21/10/1977)

life is a poem....

# 15th August

Sare janase accha...

India Hamara .....

Democratic, progressive, united...they say

Love, non-violence, kindness....they pray

Celebration and religion all that we got

We are the patriots .....

Hindu, Muslim, Christians, Sikhs....all in one

Cricket! Who told? The game is religion.....

Long on, mid filed, slip or a Got-up match....

Hate, kill, rape, terror.... Religion..Man of the match.

Baba Deo or Rakhi Sawant.....blessed from their chariots

We are the patriots....

Sale Sale Sale.....shoppers be ready

Coke, Pepsi, blood or kidney.....also nationality

Three cheers for World Bank! they sell you humanity

Money flies in parliament and the PM get caught.....

We are the patriots....

.....The old man in the bus

Never learnt who killed him and why

Was it because he protested?

or was it because he was too old for the world.....?

Free the world is free are all who kill

Not the lovers who wish to share some freedom at will

Technology and Hospitals - nations pride as they say

Not for those who die everyday..... shares the bed with the stray

Still the promises float through air on 15th august...

We are the patriots.....

Strange our faith our trust our God.....

Kahmere, Assam, Maoist, Mamta...quite a lot.....

Flu! Who told? The country itself is suffering ....

Caste, religion, politics, corruption.....virus is growing.

Still we stand on a song and salute a flag

We are the patriots ....

Happy Independence Day.....

Anirban Dasgupta

# Beyond The Green Fields

The golden line .....speaks of their plight  
The boastful sun is no more bright....  
As it sinks behind the bay  
Beyond the green fields ...goes another day.....

Rahul, Pulu, Bubuns....running back home all sweat  
Little birds fly hard....the last try to get some foods before its too late  
Cattle are hurried back to stable before losing their way  
Homeless Pintu plays his flute.... Beyond the green fields ...goes another day...

Thus passes the evening -shy as a women under the veil  
Silence raps the cold night as the dog growls near the rail.  
Only the sound of the flute passes through the ears  
The melancholic music soothes the tears.....  
Life here is not served in a tray..... Beyond the green fields ...goes another day....

Black night and the full moon ....not an angel or the Queen  
Still they dream ...they dream of freedom and how to win  
When time stands to still and stars could not shine ....  
There comes the dream.....and they forget to scream....just like an old wine  
Life is a game and we all must play.....beyond the green field ....goes another  
day....

Anirban Dasgupta

# Each Moment

Each moment dies in a reaction  
And all the moments put together  
don't make a tangible whole

What she dreamt of wearing  
into a silky story  
Was left as a sandy saga  
Slipping from her helpless hands

Stunned, at the slicing numbness  
of the indifferent shards around,  
She twisted and turned  
And then fell into an amorphous mass  
that hardened into an icy stone

Which the passion could not melt,  
And the frost failed to fuse  
Neither the tears could move  
nor rain wash.

Anirban Dasgupta

# For You Jack

We will never see you again  
Floating into darkness  
Staring into the night  
Counting one minute more  
No one to break the silence  
No warmth to break the ice.

The dry lips trembling to speak  
The stiffen fingers kissing each other  
The cool wind dancing around  
. Teasing the dying lovers.

That was the first time we saw  
The colour of true love  
That was the first time we perceive  
The strength of true passion  
The "king of Love" standing apart in the "ocean of secret"  
-Filling the emptiness through emotion.

The giant is sinking behind with all its glory  
The old couple had slept forever  
Thousands of hearts are craving for life  
The dark night smiling heavily with a cruel flavor.

But there you are-one of the thousands  
To smile back at the destiny –singing the song of love...  
"Don't give up Rose when there is a glimmer of a chance"  
a moment of dream, inviting love and perfect romance.

Jack makes us cry, Jack makes us laugh  
O' the night would stop and we will laugh and cry and laugh.  
More sweet more dangerous.  
The cool wind, the dark night, breathless silence  
They all witness the sage-  
God of death was shoot that night, by a trembling bow-  
Three simple words of love-'never let go'.

Anirban Dasgupta

# Forever

It's long since you loved me  
But now the memory has lost it too..  
Did you love me in some valleys deep?  
Or in lands strange?

Was it when the woods were my home?  
Or when the river was my abode?  
No it was even before;  
Amongst the far hills,  
Where the earth and sky met.

The clock since has ticked slower  
And the wait has been longer than eternity  
The mariner's prayer was answered  
The clouds cleared to show him the northern star  
But not I saw you.

Hot summer day met the cool breeze  
Sooner than you met me  
The parched earth did not bide for quenching rain  
As long as me.  
The dark night found the blue moon  
But nit I found you.

Moment after moment dreams washed me  
You filled my emptiness  
And you were not there

Lead me o northern star to those valleys deep  
Where my love sleeps  
Come o' gentle breeze and carry me  
To lands strange-  
Where she lays ignorant of my lonely yearnings;  
Today o! rain wet my outer and inner both  
And dropp them into the river-  
That crosses the vales, the woods, the lands to meet the sea  
Then o! sun you come not before  
And fill the lives with sunshine-  
Bring a squirrel along to spread your warmth



When the dusk comes, she returns to the heavenly abode  
Playing with the hear  
In blissful pleasure, forever, forever...

Anirban Dasgupta

# Little Sparrow

As the first dropp of sun peeks through the window....

The little sparrow dances around...

Over the roof round and round.....

Even the happy prince would have been proud

Watching the dancing swallow...

□

Morning shows the day as they say ....where is the little angel today!

Nowhere to find the sweet frock ....sitting over the little rock...

Used to dance, play and dance.....as the swallow learnt .....

No time to play this is the time to grow

School bus on its way never be slow

Nine to three....science, Maths, Geo, History...

At lunch foods seem no more tasty.

Four to five guitar-classes is must ...these days life is fast...

Painting classes are for Sundays ....a renowned painter had shown his trust....

Six to eight ...strictly for Home-tasks

Nine is right for dinner....time never walks....

And the little sparrow dances alone...

Its teacher has indeed grown.....

Anirban Dasgupta

# On Valentines Day

On Valentines Day

Love is a tingling in your heart  
That never stops  
Love is  
Midsummer night's dream  
And a few dew drops  
Love is a mystery without a clue  
Love is  
To say, yes I love you.

Love is a utopia  
But you can see, feel and touch  
Love is a reality  
That makes you laugh, cry and laugh.

Love is  
Buying a rose on Valentine's Day  
Love is  
A falling star that makes you pray  
Love is  
Rare but also true  
Love is  
To say, yes- I love you.

Love makes you think  
Love makes you dream  
Love makes you to tour  
Singapore or Palmpore...  
Love makes you see  
How lonely a man can be  
Love is to start never to adieu  
Love is to say- yes, I love you.

Love is history and love is future  
Love brings us close to nature  
Love is Bengal and also Himachal  
Love is me and love is you

Love is to say- Shanu I love you!

Anirban Dasgupta

# One Day!

One day all of a sudden.....I see...

The chirping birds...the trembling cold...the whistling wind

A new morning...fresh like the dew drops.....

On an unknown path...

And I found a poem in my heart...

.

A winter dawn .....mystic lights .....

Searching swallows... drenched in the first ray of the sun

I with me...

And I found a poem in my heart...

An unnamed river flows through its curvy path

As it vanishes behind the hills

through the fog...

A casual search and a sudden found

The old painting drawn by a five- years old.....peeking from the Maths book .....

Left behind long ago.....with the lost song from a virgin heart

A busy evening in CP...the known faces...my metro

And I found a poem in my heart...

The sketchy hills behind the fading fog

Beyond the unknown curves....

Runs my pen... my heart...on a desire to get lost...

The cloudy noon...wet road...you and me

Under the tin-shade of a tea-shop

And I found a poem in my heart...

On the pages of a old diary

The scent of a lost childhood...

One Day...one different morning.....

I found a poem in my heart...



# One Of Them

One of them

I am one of them  
They call them minority ...  
For some it's a shame  
For others a stage to show insanity-  
- No, I am none of them.

One can see a savage Taliban  
A world trade tower may give them fun  
The child that kills to live and lives to kill  
A fighter Osama shows the power of will  
-No, I am none of them.

The drunk on the street, arms in hand  
To cut the neighbors head in the name of riots  
No money to eat they fight ...  
They fight to find a place in the book of idiots  
Strange as they are – their God, their claim  
-No, I am not one of them.

See, the man on your television  
A week before the election  
Shouting out of his breath  
Desperate to help some community as he speaks ...  
Thinking whom to blame?  
No, I m not one of them.

I also enjoy the Sun, the bird and the sky  
I also wish to find the friendly lips ready to fly  
And yet, I feel the bow – as they call me so...  
I write, I sleep and I dream  
And I fear ..., as I am a Muslim...

Anirban Dasgupta

# Scent Of Heaven

Scent of Heaven

Just when you sense the scent of heaven.....

Just when you are about to touch the sky...

Just when you try to lit the light .....

.....a single stroke of fate brings you down to the floor

Heavens falls on the earth and there is darkness at its core ....

The baby gathers all its strength to stand on its feet....

A world of mountain, air and sea - the treat.....

Tough the world is more so for someone who crawls

Biting the lips with invisible teeth the baby tries hard to grip the walls.....

.....and a single stroke of fate brings you down to the floor.

Heavens falls on the earth and there is darkness at its core

As the wild snake climbing up the forest tree...

In a frenzy to catch the food above

Just as it reaches the top beating all the toughs....

The sharp claws invade through the dark blue.....

The owl has its eyes on its food too.....

A single stroke of fate brings you down to the floor.

Heavens falls on the earth and there is darkness at its core

They won't let us sing.....they won't let us fly ...

They won't let us dream...they won't let us die.....

Owls are everywhere waiting for you.....

A moment of madness will see you through....

Tears still roll on, moist eyes still brave to dream ...

The golden cage is not for you...the blue sky is indeed

Yesterday, today and tomorrow "you said it....."

Hide and seek with freedom.....all must play

We shall overcome someday! ! !

...anirban

Anirban Dasgupta



# Time & Memory

Time and memory ...

Dark night.....sound of rain  
A sad note breaking the silence ....  
The howling owl flies away.....

Life in melancholy wrapped in doubt  
Sound of wings through the cold night...  
Darkness that makes you sick, pale....makes you shout  
In despair, what is wrong and what is right.

\* \* \*

Time heals, they say  
And memory took that away...  
And they survive to serve  
Life in a tray-  
Happiness, sadness- a mixed theme of life  
Till you close your eyes for all that to strive

\* \* \*

Time stumbles on a momentary sleeplessness....

As the nightmare makes you shrink, tears rolling down  
And you smile to the destiny ...to the lost crown  
An attempt failed to resist the restlessness.....

\* \* \*

Known faces down the memory lane, all pale and fade

Laughing at you  
From the pages of the old album  
All eager to hide the agony sounding an empty drum

Colour of blood is no more red....

\* \* \*

Tomorrow is yet to die...lets all pray  
Time heals wounds and memory takes them away...

\* \* \*

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# When I Will Be No More

When I will be no more  
I will leave my address with the storm  
Storm that's brings destruction along  
Storm that scared the blue bird and made  
the mariners lose their way in the deep sea

When I will be no more  
I will leave my address with the cloud  
Dark grey clouds that on a journey to eternity  
The cloud that never speaks to anyone but moves on...  
never cares to stop ☐

When I will be no more  
I will leave my address with the boat man  
Grand old man whose sad tones even sadden the sea  
Rowing the boat with white hairs flying in the strong wind

And you may find me when ...  
Storm that kills also brought along the seeds for a fresh new life  
And when the dark cloud opens its window for the golden sunrise  
The sad tunes of the boatman soothes the hearts that lost everything

And you may find me when there is still hope.....

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